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CARMEN SYLVA, POETESS AND QUEEN.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

PART I.

CARMEN the song and Sylva the wood,
Join them together, the wood-song is heard;
If in the woods I had not been born,
Ne'er should I sing a song night or morn.
I've often learnt from the melody
Of birds, and woods have whispered to me,
While my heart beat time within my breast,
And wood and song have sung me to rest.

Such, roughly rendered, is the explanation that the gifted and distinguished authoress gives of the *nom de plume* which she has assumed. In the last line there is a reference to the woodland castle—Mon Repos, or My Rest—where she passed her youth.

Her father was Hermann, Prince of Wied, a cultivated and thoughtful man, fond of philosophical speculation, and a writer on topics connected with his favourite studies. Her mother was Princess Maria of Nassau, who is described as "a woman of great beauty and true elevation of soul, of strong will, keen understanding, self-sacrificing spirit and indefatigable activity, inexorably strict with reference to herself, but overflowing with kindness and consideration towards all with whom she is brought in contact."*

Elizabeth, the subject of our sketch, now the Queen of Roumania, was born on the 29th of December, 1843. As a child, she was impetuous in temper, reserved and resolute in disposition, and unbending in will. Her imagination was very lively. In her fourth year she was placed under the charge of a governess to receive regular instruction. Up to that time her mother had been her sole teacher. She was so lively that she suffered physical torture if she had to sit quite quiet. Once, when she was sitting for her portrait, along with her younger brother, Prince William, she resolved to keep still. Hardly had she done so for five minutes before she suddenly fell off her chair in a fainting fit. Her mother's former governess, Fraulein Lavater, who came to Mon Repos for some months every year, was the only one who could tranquillise her.

Very early Princess Elizabeth displayed a charitable and sympathetic disposition. She used to accompany her mother on visits to the poor, and thus she became acquainted with their needs. She would give away whatever she could dispense with; yet she was not destitute of sound practical sense. One day her mother gave her a large piece of woollen stuff. The little Princess was overjoyed, and exclaimed—

"Now I can give away all my clothes!"

"Had you not better give the woollen stuff to the poor children?" said her mother; "your white clothes would be of less use to them than the coarse stuff." It was a new thought to the child, and she at once perceived the reasonableness of the suggestion, and acted on it.

* Aus "Carmen Sylva's Leben," von Natalie, Freiin von Stachelberg—(From "Carmen Sylva's Life," by Nathalie, Baroness of Stachelberg. Third revised edition. Heidelberg. 1886).

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THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA").

In November, 1850, her youngest brother Otto was born. He was afflicted with an organic malady, and in order to procure the best professional advice, the family went to Bonn in the spring of 1851. Many distinguished men—artists and *savants*—gathered around the princely family. Among others the patriot-poet, Ernst Moritz Arndt, then eighty-two years old, was a daily visitor. He read his patriotic songs to them. The Princess Elizabeth sat upon his knees while he did so, and listened with rapt attention and flushed cheeks. Many a time the venerable poet placed his hands upon her head and explained to her the beautiful name which she bore. "Elizabeth," he said, "signifies 'God is rest.'"

The present Crown Prince of Germany, then a student of Bonn, was also a frequent visitor.

It was at this time that the future Queen first saw Roumanians. They were the brothers Stourdza, who were then studying at the University.

Princess Elizabeth for a long time cherished the wish to sit on the form in the school with the village children. One morning, bursting into the room where her mother was much occupied, she asked if she might go with some farm children to the school. The Princess Maria did not hear the question, but nodded kindly to the child. Princess Elizabeth, taking this sign for permission, rushed off to the neighbouring farmhouse. There she heard that the children had already gone to school. She followed them quickly, and entered the schoolroom while the singing lesson was going on. The teacher was highly flattered when he saw the Princess standing at a form, and quite happily joining with full voice in the singing. The farmers' little daughters, who had some notion of Court etiquette, regarded it as quite unseemly that the daughter of a Prince should join with such a very loud voice in singing with the village children! As soon as the Princess's voice was heard above the voices of the other children, the girl next her put her hand on her mouth, and sought to impress upon her Serene Highness the impropriety of her position.

Meanwhile the greatest consternation was felt at the Castle on account of the disappearance of the Princess Elizabeth. Servants were sent out in all directions. For a long time they searched the neighbouring beechwoods and surrounding villages in vain. At last they found the little Princess, full of delight with her exploit, in the village school of Rodenbach. The missing child was carried back to the Castle, and confinement to her room for the rest of the day was the issue of the morning's exploit.

She was a born ruler of others. In playing with children of her own age, whether of her own or of peasant rank, her ascendancy was at once acknowledged and yielded to. She was the ringleader in the wildest games. The fantastic ideas which came into her head, and on which she acted, overmastered her for the time. They were realities to her.

Her literary genius was early developed. She composed occasional pieces when she was nine and ten years old. At twelve years of age she attempted to write a novel. At fourteen she had invented dramas and tragedies. The more terrible the scenes were, the better she pleased. Morning and night she was devising stories. She was subject to alternations of high spirits and depression, and total lack of self-confidence. She would be tormented by the idea that she was disagreeable and insupportable to everyone. "I could not help it," she confesses; "I could not be gentle, I could only be impetuous. I was heartily thankful to all who had patience with me. I was better when the

safety-valve of writing poetry was opened to me."

In order to moderate the exuberance of her feelings, her mother took her at every opportunity to scenes where she might be deeply impressed by the realities of life. She was present at many a sick and death bed. Her brother's case familiarised her with the sufferings that many have to endure. The first deathbed at which she was present was her grandmother's, the Duchess of Nassau's. It made an ineffaceable impression upon her. The sight of the body excited no terror in her mind. Her thoughts went beyond death. She hastened to the garden. The roses were in full bloom. She gathered the most beautiful, and returned with them to the chamber of death, and decorated the bed and the room with them. Her conception of death was poetical. Her mother had taught her to take a bright view of it.

Brought up by her mother in the fear of God, her first visit to church was a memorable occasion to her. Henceforward the Sundays and holidays were the bright spots in her life. With devout attention she followed the course of the service, and was deeply impressed by the exposition of Holy Scripture. She meditated on what she heard for days, and often wrote down the sermons.

At the end of six years her governess, Miss Jossé, who discharged her difficult duties with great fidelity and zeal, left Neuwied, and the Princess was placed under the care of a tutor, Mr. Sauerwein. On his arrival at the Castle the Princess Maria received him with the words: "You are getting a little spirit of contradiction for your pupil. She has no traditional faith. Her first questions always are, 'why?' and 'is it true?'"

Mr. Sauerwein was a distinguished linguist; had resided a long time in England, and was an enthusiast for that country, its history and institutions. He gave all his lessons in the English language. Latin and Italian were translated into English. The Princess read Ovid, Horace, and parts of Cicero with him, and wrote Latin, English, and Italian exercises. She also learnt arithmetic and geometry. Lessons in physical science she took along with a companion and most intimate friend, Maria von Bibra. She was taught French by a Parisian lady, and in the evening after tea read the old chroniclers, as well as the dramatists. Schiller and other German classics were studied. At fifteen she took a keen interest in politics, and was a diligent reader of newspapers. From a very early period she had a great fondness for legends and folklore. "I would throw away," she says, "the most beautiful history, or even comparative grammar, to the study of which I was passionately devoted, into a corner, for a little legend."

Romances were forbidden till she was nineteen years of age. Then she was permitted to read "Ivanhoe" and others. Everything that was likely to excite her too lively imagination was purposely withheld from her.

At the beautifully situated Castle of Mon Repos, with its fine view of the Rhine and its splendid beechwoods, the Princess Elizabeth was in her element. She delighted to roam in the woods in the stormiest weather, when it was raining in torrents or snowing heavily. The house was too strait for her, and she would go forth, accompanied by three dogs of St. Bernard, to enjoy the battle of the elements. In autumn, when the yellow leaves lay in heaps on the ground, she would wander for hours, listening to the rustling of the leaves. Every leaf, blade of grass, bird, and flower—every sunbeam that lighted upon the landscape, had a meaning for her. She would return home with her head full of poetical ideas, which she would write down. These poetical effusions tranquillised her mind. No

one knew anything of them. She kept them a profound secret. Her mother wisely concluded that the best thing to do was to let her take her own way. The Prince used to say, when she was determined to have her own way, "We must not compel people for their own happiness; we must allow them to attain to insight."

At sixteen years of age the Princess began to write all her poems regularly in a book. She put all her thoughts and feelings into verse, which from henceforward formed her diary. Until she was thirty years of age she knew nothing of the technical part of the art of poetry. A time came, however, when she thought she ought to despise poetry, and when she threw herself with all her might into the study of music. She got into such a nervous condition, however, that her mother had to forbid her playing the piano for two years. Then she took to her pencil and painting. This failed to satisfy her, and she despaired of her abilities, and believed that she would never attain the ideal at which she aimed.

All who knew the Princess at this time retain a vivid impression of her vivacity and grace, of her slender figure, fresh complexion, her luxuriant dark brown hair, and large blue eyes, which looked as if they would penetrate and search the very soul. Without being exactly beautiful, the intellectual refinement of her features made her countenance very attractive. From her surroundings she was called Princess Wood-rose.

When governesses and tutor had left the Castle, Pastor Harder, the Mennonite Baptist preacher from Neuwied, came every day to teach the Princess logic, history, and church history. She profited much from her intercourse with him. She could open her heart freely to him on subjects on which she exercised the strictest reserve with everyone else. His preaching went to her heart. Her poetical diary contains many entries written after the services.

In 1860 she was confirmed, after being prepared for the rite by the Ecclesiastical Councillor Diltthey, in presence of all her sponsors, the nearest relatives of the houses of Wied and Nassau, and the present Empress of Germany, at that time Princess of Prussia.

Times of sore trial came to her. Her father was always ill. The sufferings of her little invalid brother increased, and her mother was absorbed by anxious duties. During her brother's illness, to whom her mother wholly devoted herself, the Princess was thrown much into the society of her father. She worked with him, copied for him, and read to him. He would discuss with her the questions on which he wrote. The intelligence and receptivity of his daughter delighted him. The house was, however, too quiet for the lively girl. It was therefore decided that the invitation of Queen Augusta should be accepted, and that Fraulein Lavater should accompany her to Berlin. She found it difficult to keep within the bounds of Court etiquette, and converse in a becoming manner. She felt most at home in the family of the Princess of Hohenzollern, who passed the winter in Berlin.

It was at this time she first met her future husband, then Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. The story is told that one day as she, according to her custom, was bounding quickly down the stairs in the Castle, she slipped on the last steps, and was prevented from falling by Prince Charles, who caught her in his arms.

Soon after her return home the cases of her brother and father were pronounced to be hopeless. Prince Otto's sufferings increased from month to month. His mother sought to prepare him for his end by pointing him to Christ and heaven. In January, 1862, Prince Hermann was unable to leave his bed. Princess Elizabeth nursed her father, while

her mother was incessant in her attendance on her beloved son. On the 16th of February, 1862, Prince Otto died. "Thank God! thank God for ever and ever!" was the exclamation of his bereaved mother, as she stood by his body. His father, family, friends and connections from far and near, all who loved and admired the boy, joined with his mother in her thanksgiving.

After the funeral the family paid a visit to Baden-Baden. On their return the young Princess threw herself with all the ardour of her nature into the work of teaching. In the Castle there was a lame boy, who had been received on account of his delicate health, and at a farm in the neighbourhood of Mon Repos the Baroness von Bibra resided for some time with two little nieces. With these three little children the Princess set up a school. Her mother observed with quiet satisfaction the patience, perseverance, and aptitude to teach displayed by her daughter. The boy, Rudolf Wackernagel, made such progress that he was able to enter the fifth class in the Gymnasium at Basle.

The winter of 1862-63 was passed with her parents at Baden-Baden on account of her father's health. Here she "came out." From entries in her diary it would appear that she had offers of marriage at this time. There are some lines in which she writes of the kind of love that alone brings happiness, and she adds that a maiden rejects anyone who does not really love her. "A maiden," she says, "is happy in her parents' house, from whence she casts modest looks into the world."

In the autumn of 1863 she went with her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, to Ouchy, on the Lake of Geneva, and for the winter to St. Petersburg. On the way to the latter place she saw her father for the last time at Wiesbaden. He did not expect ever to see his daughter again. Everybody was charmed with her at the Russian Court. She did not feel at ease, however, amid the grandeur which surrounded her. Her imagination was excited by all that she saw and heard, but her nerves suffered. The Grand Duchess sought to calm her mind by varied but regular

occupation. The day was filled with music, reading, study of the Russian language, etc. Rubinstein first, and afterwards Clara Schumann, taught her music. When she expected Rubinstein to come, her excitement was so great that it almost took away her breath. She regarded him with such veneration that she lost all heart, from a sense of her own little talent. The climate and nervous excitement brought on gastric fever. For weeks she was confined to bed. It was her first illness. She had never tasted medicine before she was twenty. She could hardly believe, therefore, that she was really ill. As soon as she was able to do so, she buried herself in a philosophical work by her father, a copy of which he had sent her, and wrote to him telling him the pleasure it gave her. She enjoyed the seclusion from the gaieties that were going on. "It is very strange," she wrote to her father; "yesterday I read ninety pages of philosophy, and was so rested that everyone was astonished at my looking so well. But if only two or three ladies come, and tell me the gossip of the town, and of all the things that are going on, it makes me droop like a withered leaf." When she was well enough she resumed her social intercourse with the Grand Duchess, but had a sudden relapse. It was an anxious time for her mother: her husband dangerously ill, her daughter invalided at a distance, and she not there to nurse her! "I know she is in God's hands," she wrote, "and under the care of faithful and loving friends, but that does not take the pain, the load of sorrow, from my heart." The Princess Elizabeth was able to venture into the open air again at the beginning of March. It seemed as if her recovery would be rapid. A few days later, however, she received the tidings of her father's death. She loved her father with enthusiastic tenderness. She owed her intellectual development, for the most part, to him. Her grief was heightened by the thought that she had not been with him in his last days. But no murmur escaped her lips. She bore the blow with such composure and resignation that everyone about her was

deeply impressed and touched. She sought to comfort and strengthen her mother. "We shall fill the desolate void with our love," she wrote, "and therein find our happiness." She regarded her father as a shining example, and sought to think and act according to his ideas. In the judgments she formed, she imitated his mildness and candour, which condemned nothing without fully proving it.

At Easter she left St. Petersburg with the Grand Duchess Helena, and visited Moscow, and in June returned to Germany. Her mother met her in Leipzig. The meeting, as may be imagined, was very affecting. After their return to Mon Repos a reaction from the recent excitement and agitation which she had experienced set in, and the Princess Elizabeth was overcome by apathy. Her mother, therefore, gladly consented to her accompanying the Grand Duchess Helena to Ouchy.

During the years 1866, 1867, 1868, she paid visits with her aunt or mother to Switzerland, Italy, France, and Sweden, meeting with much to interest her.

Little did she think at the end of this time of the career on which she was so soon to enter. She always wished to have "a calling" in life. She did not wish to live a life of pleasure, or the life of an intellectual dilettante, but one of real usefulness. She resolved to devote herself to the work of education, and be the teacher of a school. Her mother consented, on the condition that she should go through a regular course of preparatory training for the purpose, and pass an examination. But "man proposes and God disposes." During the spring of 1869, while she was with her mother in Bonn, they received an invitation from the Prince of Hohenzollern to pay a visit to Düsseldorf. The mother divined the purpose of the proposed visit, but the daughter had no suspicion of it. She was delighted only with the prospect of seeing the Princess of Hohenzollern and Princess Marie, whom she had met in Berlin, and with whom she had corresponded ever since.

(To be concluded.)

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY.

A PASTORALE.

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.



AVING the Priory on her right, Fairy went down the street in which stands the pretty old wooden house in which Anne of Cleves is said to have lived, and which goes by

her name, from whence she turned up a lane into the High-street, and going to the bottom of the hill on which the High-street is built, she paused at a blacksmith's shop.

The blacksmith was the father of the veterinary whom Fairy was seeking, and both men were standing in the shed, the blacksmith in his apron, with his hammer in his hand, scratching his head, and looking exceedingly puzzled, the veterinary in his shirt-sleeves, which

looked like a protest against the heat which streamed from his father's forge. He, too, looked equally puzzled.

In the centre of the shed stood a third figure, a gentleman, tall, thin, young, and dark—if not handsome, at least very good-looking—with an aristocratic air about him which at once caught Fairy's fancy. She saw at a glance he was unlike anyone she had ever met before, by the cut of his clothes and the dark moustache, in days when moustaches were rarely seen in England; she half suspected he was not English, and his first words, in a strong foreign accent, confirmed this idea.

"I want to take it wif me, a horse's iron, the iron of a horse."

Fairy's appearance in the shed caused the stranger to turn round, and seeing a lady he took off his hat and bowed so profoundly, at the same time stepping back, and gracefully hinting, by a wave

of his hand, that his business would wait till hers was concluded, removed any lingering doubts in her mind as to his nationality. He was French, she was sure, and for the first time in her life, to her knowledge, Fairy found herself face to face with a Frenchman, as great a curiosity then as a Japanese or Chinaman is now.

Fairy returned his elaborate bow with a pretty inclination of her graceful head, and briefly stated her business to the veterinary, who, however, seemed to hesitate at first to come at once, and Fairy was obliged to resort to a little judicious flattery to induce him to comply with her request.

While she was speaking the stranger had an opportunity of indulging in a good look at her without her being aware of it. How pretty she was! fresher and brighter and prettier than ever among the dark, grimy surround-

DREAMING OF SPRING.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

I HAVE a dream—a child-like dream—of waking woods,
Of fragrant paths beset by opening flowers,
Of tender leaflets casting off their winter hoods,
Of song-birds thanking God for spring-tide hours.
Oh, for the wings to reach some quiet forest-nest!
The city's tuneless clamour breaks my vision blest.

I have a dream of rill and ray that dance between
The ancient hills in verdant glory clad;
Of meadows putting on their robes of virgin green,
Of winds that heavenward bear earth's anthem glad.
Oh, that a wand divine would lull my senses dim!
For human moanings drown sweet Nature's Easter hymn.

I have a dream of ocean, whose familiar flow—
The echo of eternity's calm voice—
Speaks of the springs renewed that, wave-like, come and go,
Chanting the resurrection song, "Rejoice!"
Oh, that my longing soul could float to yon far sea,
Forgetful of the crowded life that fetters me!

Oh, that an angel's touch would bid my spirit rise
Above the din and dust, to wear once more
The emerald crown of youth, the light of vernal skies,
The rainbow and the flower from days of yore!
Oh, that my dreaming heart could thus for ever keep
Its May-time, born of Hope, within the realms of sleep!



CARMEN SYLVA, POETESS AND QUEEN.

By THE REV. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

PART II.

SHORTLY after the visit to Düsseldorf her mother was requested to bring about a meeting between her daughter and the Prince of Roumania, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. The Princess Elizabeth was very anxious to attend a concert to be given in Cologne in October, at which Clara Schumann was to take part. It was arranged that they should go to Cologne for the purpose, and that the meeting with the Prince, who was then in Paris, should take place there. They put up at the Hotel du Nord. Hours passed, and the Prince did not appear. The ladies went into the flower garden to dine. The dinner came to an end, and Princess Elizabeth had not noticed that she had been narrowly watched for a considerable time by a group of gentlemen. One of them stepped forward and introduced himself to her mother as the Prince of Roumania. Princess Elizabeth, ignorant of the fact that the meeting had been pre-arranged, stretched out both her hands to him with unfeigned pleasure, and said, "I am so glad that we have met here accidentally." For several hours they remained together among the flowers, and in the Zoological Gardens, in animated conversation.

On her return to the hotel she exclaimed enthusiastically, "What a charming man he has become!" While she was dressing for the concert the Prince spoke to her mother, and asked her consent to the marriage. Princess Elizabeth, however, was only thinking of enjoying the music, and was beside herself with impatience on account of the delay caused by the Prince. When he left, the young Princess burst out of her room into the saloon, exclaiming, "But, mamma!" As if terrified she stopped at the threshold, when she saw the grave and agitated expression on the countenance of her mother, who ran for-

ward, and threw her arms round her daughter's neck, and said, "My child, the Prince of Roumania has asked your hand." The astonishment of the daughter was great, but it became clear to her at once that, unconsciously to herself, her heart had been quite won by him.

When her mother asked her whether she would like to take time for consideration, she answered simply and decidedly, "Just let him come; I shall love him very much." And when the Prince came and saluted her as his betrothed, she said to him in soft and winning tones, "It makes me so proud, and at the same time so humble." That same night the Prince had to return to Paris. The entry in her diary on the 12th of October is, "I am engaged, and a happy bride."* The public betrothal took place at Neuwied, on the 16th of October, and on the 15th of November they were married.

Princess Elizabeth had, previously to the appearance of Prince Charles as a suitor, rejected every proposal of marriage, but when, long before her engagement to him, her friends made plans for her, and wished that there might be a throne in store for her, she would jestingly reply, "The only throne that could have any attractions for me is the Roumanian, for there I should have something to do." That this was no mere idle expression of a passing feeling is proved by her whole life and work in her new home. She has become in heart and life a Roumanian, and devoted herself with all her powers to the well being of her subjects. A wide and quite uncultivated field of work lay before her. The first thing to do was to make herself acquainted with it. She felt that for this purpose something more

than crowded receptions was necessary, and she arranged to receive the ladies who were announced for presentation at Court singly. "It was too disagreeable," she said, "to say what I did not really feel at receptions. In order to avoid a falsehood I took pains to feel the interest which I showed. Everyone needs sympathy. Now everybody interests me, and I find them all to be interesting. The receptions do not bore me any longer. On the contrary, I delight in them. One must do thoroughly whatever one does, if it is to succeed; one must be thorough if one would be anything."

On the 8th of September, 1870, a daughter was born, who received the name of Maria at her baptism. The child was enthusiastically welcomed by the people, who said, "God bless the new citizen of Roumania! May she grow and prosper in the joy of her parents, and the welfare of her country!" Henceforth the infant daughter became the most important personage in Roumania.

The Princess Elizabeth studied the language with zeal, and acquired a perfect mastery of it. The Roumanians say, with a dash of pride, that she speaks it better than they do themselves, for she constructs her sentences with peculiar elegance.

In the year 1871 a club for the poor was founded by her, and soon after a society for the translation of children's books. "There are absolutely no Roumanian school books, nor any for the people," she wrote to her mother; "I will provide these. I have already distributed my best French books among the young ladies, and also interested several gentlemen in the work. The poet Alexandri will criticise and correct: then they will be quickly and cheaply printed. The language will in this way become in some measure fixed, and the young people, who cannot speak their

* Bride means a betrothed one. German women cease to be brides when they marry.

own language decently, will learn it quite splendidly." Her ideas were eagerly received by the people, and interested them more even than politics. In 1871 the Prince and Princess made a journey through Moldavia to Jassy, in order to become acquainted with that part of their dominions. It was a triumphal progress all the way. Their reception everywhere was alike brilliant and hearty. At Jassy their time was filled up with receptions, visits to churches and schools, etc.

Their summers are passed in the Carpathian Mountains, 2,900 feet above the sea. Their first residence was an old monastery called Sinaia; now it is Castle Pelesch, which the Prince has built. Distinguished people of all sorts—savants, artists, musicians—are received in this retreat, and are often entertained there for weeks together. Society of this kind is the great enjoyment of the Prince and Princess. In order to encourage native industry, the Court wears the native national costume while resident in the mountains.

In the ladies of her Court the Princess takes a truly motherly interest. She loves particularly to gather young people around her. Several young women are invited to stay some weeks every year at Sinaia, in order to share in the working life of the Princess.

In 1874 a time of severe trial came to Prince Charles and his wife. Their child, Princess Maria, who was as lovely and as marked in her individuality as her mother, took ill of diphtheria, and died in the lap of her English nurse. Her last words were in English: "All is finished." Up to the very last the Princess could not believe that the end was so near; but when the certainty of the fact was realised with overwhelming force, she bowed her head with humble submission to the will of God. "God," she said, "has loved my child more than I have, therefore He has taken her to Himself. Thank God that He ever gave her to me!"

To her mother she wrote:—

"Often say that a mother's love is stronger than the grave, and I rejoice in my child's blessedness. But that earth appears darker to me in consequence cannot be altered. It must be endured."

Her poems furnish abundant evidence of her estimate of a mother's love, and of her love and grief for the loss of her child.

When she first went to Roumania, no one suspected that Princess Elizabeth was a poetess. Once, when the poet Alexandri was in attendance in Bucharest, she said to him with deep blushes, "I wish to make a confession to you, but I have not the courage." After a long pause, she said bashfully, with a soft voice, "I, too, write poems." At Alexandri's request, she showed him some of them. He saw at once that she had poetical gifts, and encouraged her to go forward. He sent her a thick volume of his manuscripts, and she began to translate popular Roumanian legends into German. In the work of translation she learnt practically much of the "art of poetry." She had written poetry hitherto just as a bird sings. Rhymes and verses came more readily to her than prose. It was in her great sorrow for the death of her

daughter that she betook herself to translation. She needed to occupy her mind by strenuous work. This she found in translation. She not only translated Roumanian works into German, but also the treasures of German literature into Roumanian. In this way she thought she could render the greatest service to her subjects. The effect of such work upon her mind she describes to her mother thus:—"When I am not actually asleep, neither my head nor hands rest for a second; otherwise it fares ill with me. Constant activity keeps the mind fresh, and sometimes only am I overcome when I remember my beloved one."

She naturally felt a great longing to see her mother once more. It was arranged for them to meet at Cologne, and from thence to proceed to St. Leonards for a few weeks. She was much impressed by London. They paid a visit to Oxford, where they were Max Müller's guests for two days. It was here that she presented to her mother a book in missal form, called "My Journey Through the World; containing Rhymes and Versicles Confided to the Heart of My Mother." Charles Kingsley was present when she astonished her mother by handing this volume to her, and was much touched by one of the poems pointed out to him, of which the following is a rough but faithful rendering. It is called

ONLY ONE.

From need and misfortune preserve it secure;

From sin keep its little heart, keep it aye pure;

Lead Thou it Thyself all its journey below.

One only I have, as Thou, Father, dost know.

The book contained poems from the time of her confirmation till her thirtieth year.

During the Russo-Turkish War in 1877 Roumania was drawn into the conflict. One of the results was that the independence of Roumania was declared. The principality became a kingdom, and Prince Charles and Princess Elizabeth were crowned King and Queen. During the war the Princess set a noble example of what her biographer describes as "the inborn deaconess-calling of every woman." The throne-room was converted into a work-room, where, under her immediate superintendence, linen and bandages were prepared. Women of all ranks and nationalities went in and out, and vied with each other in providing things for the army in the field. Out of her own means the Princess furnished a barrack hospital of a hundred beds, which she looked after herself. She extended her activity to all the other hospitals also that were organised. She ministered to all the wounded that were brought from the battle-field. Day and night she sought to comfort and encourage them. To many a dying man she spoke the last words of consolation; many received from her hand the pain-deadening chloroform. She induced many to submit to have limbs amputated. The Roumanian soldier prefers death to amputation. "Better die than be

a beggar man," he says. To one young soldier she pointed out that he had a long life before him, and ought to submit to the operation. "For love of you, Regina," he sighed. She exercised a great moral influence over the suffering. Among the people she was called "The mother of the wounded." Her strength seemed to be doubled in times of danger, when the claims upon her services were the greatest. She was always collected, and never lost her presence of mind, whatever agitation and despondency prevailed around her. When, in her anxiety about her husband and the army, she could only sleep for two or three hours, she would seek to divert her mind with music and poetry half the night, and at four in the morning she would walk up and down, and mentally arrange the work of the ensuing day. During the war she founded a sisterhood, defraying the expenses out of her own pocket. At first there were only two sisters, but in 1884 the number had increased to twenty. In hospitals and private houses they give their services for five francs a day, and are much in demand. Rich people often pay more, and thus the sisters can attend to the poor gratuitously. Other useful societies owe their origin to the Queen. As might have been expected, the moral and physical strain of the war time severely tried her. She has been subject to repeated attacks of fever. At the beginning of 1883 she had a dangerous illness, which excited the fears and sympathies of the whole Roumanian people. Her patience, gentleness, and consideration for all around her were very touching. She was saved by means of a successful operation. The King took her to Italy, and from thence to Neu-wied. When they returned to Roumania, Castle Pelesch was near completion. In October, 1883, it was solemnly dedicated, in presence of all the high officials of the nation.

It is not many years ago since her poems became widely known. The Queen herself would never have thought of publishing them, had not numberless copies passed into various hands. Then she thought that "if they are worth the tiresome labour of copying, so are they of being printed."

One of her most important volumes of poetry, if not the most important, of which a new edition has lately appeared, is called after the seat of her family, which has several times been mentioned in the course of this sketch, "Meine Ruh" (Mon Repos). It contains ballads and lyrical poems.

Some of the deepest questions that can occupy the human mind have been treated by her in other volumes.

Still in middle age, she carries forward her beneficent work, and we may hope in due time (far distant may the day be!) that the public may have the opportunity of reading the completed story of her life, which has been so well told in the volume from which we have derived all our information concerning her. The Baroness von Stachelberg is hardly guilty of any exaggeration when she says that "as woman, as Princess, as Queen, Carmen Sylva is one of the noblest and most remarkable of her sex."

