

DAWN.

WITH a ring of silver,
 And a ring of gold,
 And a red, red rose,
 Which illumines her face,
 The sun, like a lover
 Who glows and is bold,
 Wooes the lonely earth
 To his strong embrace.

EVE.

IN millions of pieces,
 The beautiful rings
 And the scattered petals
 Of the rose so red,
 The sun, like a lover
 Who is weary, flings
 On the lonely earth
 When the day is dead.

DORA D'ISTRIA.

A SKETCH of the distinguished woman, Helen Ghika, the Princess Massalsky, who, under the *nom de plume* of Dora D'Istria, has made for herself a reputation and position in the world of letters among the great women of our century, will at least have something of the charm of novelty for most American readers. In Europe this lady is everywhere known, beloved by many personal friends, and admired by all who have read her works. Her thought is profound and liberal, her views are broad and humane. As an authoress, philanthropist, traveler, artist, and one of the strongest advocates of freedom and liberty for the oppressed of both sexes, and of her suffering sisters especially, she is an honor to the time and to womanhood. The women of the old world have found in her a powerful, sympathizing, yet rational, champion; just in her arguments in their behalf, able in her statement of their needs, and thoroughly interested in their elevation and improvement.

Her works embrace a vast range of thought, and show profound study and industry. The subjects are many. They number about twenty on nationality, on social questions more than eight, on politics eighteen or twenty. Her travels fill fifteen books, and, beside all this, she has written three romances and numerous letters and articles for the daily papers, and addresses to be read before various learned societies, of which she is an honored member. M. Deschanel, the critic of the "Journal des Débats," has said of her that "each one of her works would suffice for the reputation of a man." As an artist, her paintings have been much admired. One of her books of travel, "A Summer on the Banks of the Danube," has a drawing by its author,

a view of Borcia in Roumania. From the Exhibition of 1854 at St. Petersburg she received a silver medal for two pictures called "The Pine and the Palm," suggested to her by Heine's beautiful little poem:

"A pine-tree sleeps alone
 On northern mountain-side;
 Eternal stainless snows
 Stretch round it far and wide.
 The pine dreams of a palm,
 As lonely, sad, and still,
 In glowing eastern clime,
 On burning, rocky hill."

In writing of those scenes which inspired her pencil in this instance, she said: "To those who come from the brightness of the extreme south, which is identified with their dearest reminiscences,—for Nature has everywhere her own poetry,—the north impresses the imagination more than any other region. Miss Bremer, the celebrated Swedish authoress, spoke at Athens with enthusiasm of the immense forests of pine in the Scandinavian peninsula, through which the cold rays of the northern sun scarcely penetrate. It was natural that my impressions should be different. The wild majesty of the northern winter, the endless tracts covered with spotless snow, apparently as infinite as the azure of the cold and transparent atmosphere, the silence of the vast solitudes only traversed by the fleet and noiseless sledges, possess a poetry which I have tried to express on canvas."

The princess is the idol of her native people, who have called her, with the warm enthusiasm of their race, "The Star of Albania." The learned and cultivated have also done her homage. Named by Fredrika Bremer and the Athenians, "The New Corinne," she has been invested by

the Greeks with the citizenship of Greece for her efforts to assist the people of Candia to throw off the oppressor's yoke, this being the first time this honor has ever been granted to a woman.

The catalogue of her writings fills several pages, the list of titles given her by learned societies nearly as many more; and, while born a princess of an ancient race and by marriage one also, she counts these titles of rank as nothing compared to her working name, and is more widely known as Dora D'Istria than as the Princess Koltzoff Massalsky.

There is a romantic fascination about this woman's life as brilliant as fiction, but more strange and remarkable in that it is all sober truth,—nay, to her much of it is even sad reality. Her career has been a glorious one, but lonely as the position of her pictured palm-tree, and oftentimes only upheld by her own consciousness of the right; she has felt the trials of minds isolated by greatness. Singularly gifted by nature with both mental and physical, as well as social, superiority, the princess unites in an unusual degree masculine strength of character, grasp of thought, philosophical calmness, love of study and research, joined to an ardent and impassioned love of the grand, the true, and the beautiful. She has the grace and tenderness of the most sensitive of women, added to mental endowments rare in a man. Her beauty, which has been remarkable, is the result of perfect health, careful training, and an active nature. Her physical training has made her a fearless swimmer, a bold rider and an excellent walker,—all of which have greatly added to her active habits and powers of observation in traveling, for she has traveled much. Only a person of uncommon bodily vigor can so enjoy Nature in her wildest moods and grandest aspects.

Helen Ghika was born at Bucharest, Wallachia, the 22nd of January, 1829. The Ghika family is of an ancient and noble race. It originated in Albania, and two centuries ago the head of it went to Wallachia, where it has been a powerful and ruling family, having given ten *Hospodars*, or *Căimacans* to the people of this province. This elective office of ruler has long connected them with Wallachia, which is one of the Danubian provinces, and has for many years been an object of strife between Russia, Austria, and Turkey. After the first Russian occupation, Gregory Ghika was the restorer of the throne

of Bucharest, and the resuscitator of their beloved Roumanian language and literature. This prince instituted numerous reforms, relieved his country of a debt which had burdened it for a century, and formed a plan of national education. Russia and Austria had no intention of allowing too much happiness to this unfortunate province, and managed soon to plunge them anew into difficulties. From 1828 to 1834 the throne of Bucharest was vacant, and only once since that time the country has had a native ruler—Alexander Ghika, a noble but unfortunate prince. The "*Rivista Europea*" says of Wallachia: "A nation that in our times has produced such a living masterpiece as Princess Dora D'Istria, cannot be dead, nor can it be condemned to die."

Helen Ghika is the niece of these two princes, and daughter of a third brother, Prince Michael Ghika, who for a time was Minister of the Interior to his younger brother, Alexander. The Ghika family are of Roman origin, and on her mother's side the Princess Helen has Grecian descent. "She unites in her person," says one of her biographers, Demetrio Camarda, "three of the divine Pelasgian races—the Albanian, Hellenic, and Roumanian." Her mother, the Princess Catherine, was a woman of literary taste and culture, the first who ever wrote in Roumanian, into which language she translated and completed a work on education, by Madame Campan.

Heliades Radulesco, a native poet, has addressed the Princess Helen at an early age in Roumanian, in a little poem which follows. This poem is only one of many in her honor; but its simple and natural beauty may interest the reader more than the intense pathos and enthusiasm of some of the later songs. It is called "*Elenitza*," and is the first of many poems in a collection dedicated to her name and fame:

"I saw a little sister, sweet and graceful, beautiful as an angel:

Whoever saw her, forgets her not.

Auburn is her hair, her eyes are blue as the sky,
her whiteness is that of the lily:

Whoever, etc.

She is so good and lovely, as pure and meek as
a young dove; *Elenitza* is her name:

Whoever, etc.

When she smiles, white pearls shine through gar-
nets; peace dwells in her face:

Whoever, etc.

Active and nimble, she is followed by all the
graces, surrounded with happiness:

Whoever, etc.

How pretty and how dear she is, the fair one
knows not; she is as comely as her mother:

Whoever, etc."

Prince Michael early determined that his daughter should do justice to her fine talents and his race; for this purpose she had an English *bonne* who watched over her first years, and at the age of seven her future education was confided to the care of "the admirable Professor Pappadapoulos, a gentleman animated by an intense love of country, who fondly loved to trace, in the Canaris and Botzaris of his beloved Greece, a reflex of the ancient glories of Themistocles and Epaminondas." Greek, Latin and French formed the foundations of a liberal and extensive education which was pursued by the princess, and from the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Chrysostom, and other lights of the Greek Church, and the wisdom of the Grecian and Latin philosophers, she imbibed truly rare and extended views of liberty and humanity. These extended and liberal studies women have not often enjoyed, and as a rule they would find them too arduous; but the mind of the young princess was receptive, and she learned gladly.

During all her life in the East, the princess saw her unhappy country struggling against the overwhelming odds under which it finally succumbed, conquered, but not crushed. In 1841, foreseeing the revolution which took place there in 1842, Prince Michael had taken his family to Dresden to complete the education of his children. Here his daughter completed her studies of the modern languages, and made herself acquainted with the masterpieces of the English and German literatures, reading these works in the originals. During the succeeding years previous to her marriage, the princess saw much of the best society in Germany, and from a sketch of her by the Marquis de Villemer,—"Carlo Yriate," the brilliant author of "Portraits Cosmopolites" and "Princes D'Orleans,"—we have a picture of her appearance at Sans Souci in her first youth, where she equally charmed by her mental and physical beauty. After a brilliant passage recalling the circle which gathered at Sans Souci when the Great Frederick was its master, the writer says:

"It was the time when the king (Frederic William IV.), in the most brilliant period of his reign, gathered around himself the learned poets and artists. It was a renewal of the days of the *renaissance*,—a kind of small court of Ferrara without the sun and flowers,—a recollection of the King's Academy. Frederic William wrote no poems, like the Great Frederic; but instead sent invitations in verses to Humboldt, and sealed those invitations to dinner with the state seal. This union of the highest sym-

bols of power and fancy has a gallant and very artistic side.

"The prince had received a number of cases containing ancient sculptures and vases found in the excavations; it was a holiday for an artist sovereign. The great Berlin statuary, Rauch, and Humboldt, were invited, the latter being as fond of archæology as he was of natural sciences. Rauch is a true *type* (representative man), the oldest of German artists; he has a noble appearance, and belongs to a race which is not yet dead. Old Cornelius, who married when eighty years old, declared that he began then to understand love. Rauch had been in the service of Princess Louisa. Having accompanied her to Rome, he was so affected by the sight of those antiquities, that the princess said he seemed transformed whilst looking at them. The glory of having understood this genius is due to her. She assigned him a competency, and left him free. Prussia acquired a great artist. Rauch made a masterpiece—the monumental statue of Frederic the Great.

"Whilst these two illustrious men were engaged in looking at a bass-relief with a Greek inscription, the king entered, followed by a handsome old man, who was giving his arm to a couple of girls in the freshness of youth and beauty. The new-comers stopped to admire that work, somewhat damaged, but upon which a few Greek words were perfectly preserved. The king desired the author of 'Pictures of Nature' to translate them. Humboldt, with the gallantry of an old chamberlain, turned to one of those girls, saying he would not do it in the presence of so great a Greek scholar. 'It is for you, young lady,' said he, 'to make the oracle speak.'

"And the handsome maiden, blushing with emotion, directly translated the inscription. Frederic William complimented the comely stranger, and old Rauch, struck by her grace and youth, asked who was the girl that looked like Venus and spoke like Minerva. * * * The girl was Helen Ghika, by marriage now Princess Koltzoff-Massalsky, more known by her literary name of Dora D'Istria. The old man was Prince Michael, her father."

After some years passed in Germany, in the cities of Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, a winter was passed by the princess in Venice, and there, while studying art in the studio of Felix Schiavone, she saw the approach of the revolution of 1848. The society of Venice was less congenial to her, for the *Concordat* had turned the tide of progress elsewhere, and made an unfavorable change in the social and literary circles of the city.

In 1849, at the age of twenty, the princess was married to a Russian, Prince Koltzoff Massalsky, a descendant of the old Vikings of Moldavia, who entered Russia in the reign of Vladimir in 988, and have never been very popular with the comparatively modern dynasty of the Romanoffs. They are now the principal branch of the Rurikoviches, the family of the founder of the Russian empire. In order properly to understand the position of the princess after this period, it is necessary to say that her marriage has not been a congenial one. She

lived six years at the court of Russia, and must have graced its assemblages of people of noble birth and breeding; but her sympathies, her very mental superiority, unfitted her for the autocratic and oppressive government of that period. The reign of Nicholas was not one of love, and one can hardly imagine anything less congenial to the liberal thought and cultivated mind of the princess.

The cheerless climate, an unsatisfied heart, health suffering under physical and mental influences at once crushing and agonizing,—all united to render her very unhappy. She saw her beloved country suffering, and could not openly express her sympathy, and silence must be her only refuge. She herself says, in alluding to the Empress of Russia, who was sister of Frederick William IV.: "She had retained all the affability of the Hohenzollerns; I know that when the old Russian party showed itself the most irritated by my ideas, the empress was very far from encouraging the fanatic absolutism of the people who would be *plus royaliste que le roi*. She reminded them on the contrary that *jeune personne de mon esprit et de mon caractère avait quelque droit d'exprimer ses opinions*." Unfortunately, this moderate council did not prevail, and when she, more fearlessly than wisely, in the midst of a people who knew but one will, ventured to remonstrate against the invasion of Wallachia by Russia in 1853, she came very near being sent by the old Russian party to Siberia with two other noble ladies whose crimes were the same; but more fortunate than they, who were exiled for life to that fearful country, she was not so treated by the emperor. She was advised, however, to travel, and went forth to find among other people a dwelling-place denied her there. She had never liked Russia, she was not happy there, and, being without children to link her in feeling to Russia, the punishment was hardly to be considered a difficult one to bear. As an instance of the princess's fearlessness, it is related that, in 1854, near Moscow, she saved the life of her sister's governess who fell into a pond at night-fall, and as the ladies were without attendants, she owed her life to the excellent skill of the princess. She once crossed an arm of the sea, swimming a great distance, thus repeating the feat of Leander,—with better results, however.

The first winter of her new life, for it can hardly be called exile, was passed at Ostend in deep retirement. While there, in the year

1855, she published her first book, "Monastic Life," which appeared at Brussels. The next year she passed in Switzerland in the Canton of Tessin, to enjoy the soft air of Lago Maggiore. Her books, entitled severally, German, French and Italian Switzerland, owe their origin to her life spent there for some years. They are exceedingly interesting and valuable, filling a void in literature. Miss Anna C. Johnson, an American lady who dedicated to Madame Dora D'Istria, her book, "The Cottages of the Alps," has given her readers a short but appreciative sketch of the life of Madame Dora. She who had seen almost all the European courts, been the guest of the kings and emperors of Europe, met and known intimately some of the greatest men of the century, was glad to escape from the life of courts, and *salons*, and live a simple life. Retired in her habits she could not long remain, however, as volume after volume has appeared to attest her genius, her industry, and her enthusiastic love of free thought, liberty, and culture.

In her large work on "Switzerland, the Pioneer of the Reformation," she has given the world an admirable account of the natural wonders and glorious scenery of that country, with vivid sketches of the great and patriotic men who have lived for it and died for it. In this book she describes her ascent of the Monk in 1855. This peak was then untrampled, and to Madame Dora D'Istria belongs the honor of its first ascent. She had determined to visit the Jungfrau, and after many difficulties which the guides made, as they feared that her endurance might fail, even if her courage did not, she started from the Grindelwald side then untraversed by any,—as Agassiz, who had ascended it, made his way up from the Valais. She had with her John Jaun, of Meyringen, the guide who accompanied Agassiz in his ascent. Almost at the final steep of the Jungfrau they were suddenly enveloped in mist, and after all the dangers and fatigues, the lady could not resign herself to so great a disappointment; she proposed to the guides that, as the Jungfrau peak was rapidly disappearing in the mist, they should ascend the Mirich; they were amazed and replied: "But, do you know that that mountain has never been ascended?"

"So much the better," was her fearless rejoinder, "we shall christen it," and, seizing the flag of Wallachia, one of the guides led the way.

After the final difficulties of the way were

surmounted, Madame Dora placed her beloved country's flag, "a white, yellow, and blue one, with the name of Wallachia embroidered upon it" fairly on the height, and the ascent was a success. She thus describes her sensations, when the panorama was stretched before her, which 12,666 feet of elevation affords, and the Oberland chain lay before her view: "There the image of the Infinite came home to my spirit in all its terrible grandeur; my oppressed heart felt it as palpably as my eyes perceived the Swiss plains almost lost in the snows of the neighboring mountains, floating in golden vapor. Then my soul was full of thoughts of the wonderful power of God."

In the same year in which her large work on Switzerland saw the light, she printed a vast number of articles and essays on the East and Eastern questions. "Fragments of Italian Switzerland," also appeared. In 1858, Madame Dora published the "Ionian Isles," which was first printed in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." This work was translated into Greek. In the "Revue," for 1859, she printed her "Roumanian Nationality," drawn from the popular poetry of the country, and articles on "Italian Switzerland;" and her account of her "Ascension of San Salvador," also appeared that year.

The year 1860 was one of mark for our subject; then appeared her "Femmes en Orient," a book of marked ability and full of study, observation and information. In this work the authoress describes all the various races of women in the East,—Russians, Hellenes, Servians, Albanese, and Turks. "Women in the East," made a real sensation in literature on the Continent, and even England did the authoress homage. It has been translated into both Russian and Greek. Besides this exhaustive treatise on her great subject, Madame Dora published many sketches this year. The European press united to sound her praises, and she was spoken of as "the accomplished philanthropist princess, who, under the fictitious designation Dora D'Istria, has attained high European celebrity," by the London "Athenæum," in a long review of this work.

In June of 1860, Madame Dora was at Athens, and while there met the Swedish authoress, Frederika Bremer, whose account of her meeting and acquaintance with the princess is so charming that it cannot be omitted. Miss Bremer heads the chapter wherein she describes her sister authoress, "The New Corinne," and says: "There

arrived this spring in Athens two foreign ladies, who created a sensation throughout its society. The one is the Princess Koltzoff Massalsky, known and already celebrated as an author under the cognomen of Dora D'Istria. After a brief acquaintance with her by letter, already in Sweden, it was not until toward the close of my residence in Switzerland that I read her great work, written in French, 'La Suisse Allemande.'" After a description of this book which has already been mentioned, Miss Bremer says much of Madame Dora D'Istria's genius, her position, and her books. She quotes the opinion of one who fancied himself well qualified to criticise the princess,—"Madame Dora D'Istria," said a great book-seller of Geneva to me in an oracular tone, 'will never write a book that will be read.' But he was mistaken," she adds; "a year afterward and the Countess Dora D'Istria's work 'Les Femmes en Orient,' was one of the best-read and most celebrated books in the circles of the cultivated French reading world. I had met with it even in Athens."

Miss Bremer, with much gossip, has mixed up a very interesting personal description of the princess. She tells us how she was received in Athens by the Court and her friends; how the anecdotes of her early life threw over her character an added charm; alludes to her toast for "the allied armies," which she says was the final cause of her leaving Russia. "These stories gave her for me an increased power of attraction, and soon it was said that she was coming to Athens to see the instructor of her youth,—a Greek who has a large school for boys in the city. Shortly after her arrival I went to discover her. I found her in the laurel grove in the *Aula* of the learned preceptor of her youth. That which I saw first in her was the woman of the world, still beautiful, in age between thirty and forty, with a well-developed, strong, physical frame, and a countenance whose refined features, delicately penciled eyebrows, handsome dark eyes, with a refined rather than ardent glance, reminded me of the type of beauty which I had observed in the aristocracy of Roumelia. The voice struck me as masculine, and the tone as a little dogmatical; her manner extremely polite, but not quite natural, and for that reason not engaging. I saw in her a woman of the great world, accustomed to be on her guard against the world, and not exhibit her inner self.

"Afterward I came to see a different

person in her,—a deeply sensitive, loving, noble and even humble woman; a soul which was well acquainted with suffering, which would endure a great deal without complaint, and who, although accustomed to keep guard over her expressions, yet never to conceal her convictions; a peculiar character of rare inner wealth and originality; a woman to admire and love at the same time. As an author she is unquestionably one of the most important of the present day. From the glimpses she has now and then allowed me to have into her soul, and her past life, I can well understand how a soul like hers, thirsting for light, warmth, and the intelligence of life, must, of necessity, suffer in a severe climate, and in a social sphere of artificial cultivation. 'Sometimes,' she said to me on one occasion, 'I dream that I am still there in that cold, damp atmosphere, under that sky without a sun, and I awake weeping! And it will then be some time before I can believe that it is the sun of Greece I see!'

"For the rest she says little about herself. There is a something mysterious and sorrowful in her history which she evidently will not reveal. Study and work seem to be her only passion,—her chief consolation and enjoyment. She is an extraordinary woman. In Athens she is for the present celebrated as a new Corinne, and spite of all the talk about her disgrace at the court of St. Petersburg, she has been within the last few days presented by the Russian Minister, Baron Ozeroff, to Queen Amelia."

Miss Bremer alludes openly to the unhappy marriage made by the princess, and speaks of her only with the most perfect admiration. Space prevents more than brief extracts from these personal reminiscences, but another must find place here. After a glowing description of the princess's appearance she says: "In the evening I stood with the princess on her balcony; the full moon poured through the twilight her silvery splendor on her head, a spray of double white jasmine in her dark brown hair diffused around its strong perfume, whilst with a melancholy expression she glanced forth into the free dark space. She was romantically beautiful at this moment; I shall never forget her glance this last evening on which I saw her in Greece,—that sorrowful glance directed into distance, which told me that she sought for herself and for her buried life a judge—but not of the earth. * * *" Miss Bremer, in concluding her long and affectionate sketch of

the princess, says, "She is still young, and with her turn of mind and her gifts I know no height on the path of human development to which she may not attain. Long life and health to her, both of soul and body!"

"On the Shores of the Helvetian Lakes," and "Excursions in Roumelia and the Morea," were among the fruits of her visit to Greece. One of her biographers relates that when the mountaineers of Laconia (who, like all Greeks, recognize in her the generous champion of their national rights) see her pass on horseback, they cry enthusiastically, "There goes a Lacedemonian!"

The very extended travels of the princess have been productive of countless sketches and many books. She herself says: "It appears to me that women can furnish more exact chronicles of travels than most learned men. Woman has a special aptitude for this kind of literature; she has more perception than a man of all that regards the domestic life of nations, their customs, etc." In the year 1864 appeared "A Walk on the Banks of Lago Maggiore," and in the following season the princess's most philosophic and thorough study was given to the world in her book, "Des Femmes par une Femme." The position of women is treated in this work, the estimation in which they have been held by different nations during the preceding centuries, and their social and legal position, especially among the Latin and Germanic races. The press of France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Greece united to admire and review this work, and Professor Gabba, the learned writer of the University of Pisa, in the article "La Principessa Dora D'Istria e la questione femminile," described it as "one of the most interesting that had ever been written on such a subject." This is a profound and valuable contribution to the study of woman's position and should be known to English readers. It has not yet been translated.

In the "Revue des Deux Mondes" her recent articles on "The Servian Nation," drawn from their poetry, appeared; and she also wrote for another periodical "The Story of the Dante Festival at Ravenna." The "Revue des Deux Mondes" also printed "The Albanian Nation" in 1866. In the following year the princess wrote another article for the "Revue" on "The Hellenic Nation," and several other articles on Albanian and Roumanian subjects were written and appeared in the Italian and

Greek periodicals. Her letters to the Legislative Chamber of Athens and "The Reply to the Epiro-Thessalo-Macedonian Committee of Women," with her article in the "Illustration" on "The Cretan Insurrection," showed that she was full of sympathy for her Eastern friends.

In 1867 her "Recollections of the Canton of Ticino," and sketches of Venice and Venetian life appeared; two romances were printed,—one in a paper at Milan, the other, "The Outlaw of Biberstein," was published in the "Courier de Paris." In 1868 many more Oriental studies were published by our authoress, some of these appearing in Grecian, others in German and Italian papers. For several years the princess has lived in Florence, and her Villa D'Istria in the Via Leonardo da Vinci is known to many American friends and admirers who have been welcome guests there. Her appearance in Italy was heralded by a glowing and animated letter of Garibaldi to the Italian patriots, announcing the arrival of one whom he had long revered and admired. This celebrated letter of the great Italian patriot was but a just tribute to one who has done so much for liberty, and been so long an avowed champion of freedom of thought and government.

Since her appearance in Italy she has made that land her home, and the homage and reverence paid her there show the love and sympathy of her adopted countrymen. Made by the learned a member of the most scholarly and erudite societies, she has also the honor of citizenship from Italy, and from two cities she has received the rare distinction of *cittadinanza d'onore*, seldom accorded to women. In the year 1868 she revisited the studio of her old master in art, the celebrated Felice Schiavoni, and recorded her impressions of that visit in a sketch published in the "Messenger Franco-American" of New York. Her portrait which accompanies this sketch is from his hand, and is said to be a graphic likeness.

In 1869 appeared her account of a "Pilgrimage to the Tomb of Dante" and "Women in Asia." She also prepared and read to the "Minerva" of Trieste, a society of which she is a member, her article on Marco Polo,—a brilliant sketch of that great traveler, which was published later. In the year 1870 appeared a number of vigorous and humane articles on war. She has a truly enlightened and Christian horror of

war and its terrible consequences, and has lifted her voice against its existence whenever she felt it might be of influence. In this year she also wrote articles on "The Planting of Forests" and "Giovanni Dupré" for the "Indépendance Hellénique." In 1860 she was made honorary member of the Archæological Society of Athens. In 1866 she became member of the Geographical Society of France, and lately she has received from *l'Institut Confucius* of France a gold medal for her Oriental studies. Honorary member of most of the great societies of Italy and the East, she numbers among her most important titles that of *présidente d'honneur* and member of honor of many of the societies of Italy and Greece, including the Roman Academy of Quirites, the Syllagos Homère of Smyrna, the Syllagos of Athens and of Constantinople, the Minerva of Trieste, the Parnassus of Athens; and these are only a few of the societies numbering her among their eminent workers.

Among the numerous poems addressed to the princess in the Albanian, Skipic, Roumanian and Latin languages is one written in Latin by the Commander C. Ferrucci, librarian of the Medicea-Laurenziana Library. The following free translation hardly conveys an adequate impression of the elegance of the poetry. The Commander is regarded, says one authority, as "the first Latin poet of our times." In these lines he celebrates the palm-tree that grows in the magnificent garden of the princess:

"DORA D'ISTRIA'S PALM-TREE.

"Among the great variety of plants cultivated by thee,
O Dora, thy palm-tree is the queen.
Each one of them, beautiful and fragrant, whatever
be the family to which it belongs, has its name
in thy memory.
Thou knowest the names of all, their properties and
country, and how or when they prospered
among us, whether they come from the East
or the West.
Thou who gatherest palms of knowledge, look
graciously on this palm-tree that grows by thy
side.
From it a crown will be added to thy name whose
fame resounds all over the world."

Some of these addresses to the princess are exceedingly quaint and full of the wildest Oriental imagery. There is one entitled "To Dora D'Istria, A Young Man of Albania," which is full of fiery and enthusiastic admiration for the princess, whom he calls "a brilliant star," while he laments over the fate of Albania, "once the land of heroes

and now lonely like a forest," and he predicts for her great things from this "noble Dora." Another of these poems, which are all worthy of more notice did space allow, compares the princess to "a mountain flower in the citadel." Still another commences thus:

"There have been two Helens. Thou art the third.
The first passed away like wild fire and vanished
amidst the curses of men.
The second also went to her grave, but left behind
a great renown, for it was she who found
the hidden Cross."

These various poems in the Skipic dialects were prepared with a biographical sketch of the princess and a treatise on the Albanian dialects and poetry, and the portrait by Felice Schiavoni. Afterward the whole was translated into the Italian, whence these extracts are translated into English.

The year 1871 was one of great industry for the princess, and in it she published many sketches. Among the more important articles may be named that on "The Removal of the Ashes of Ugo Foscolo," and one read before the Congress of Archæological and Prehistoric Anthropology, at Ravenna; her article on "The Popular Poetry of the Magyars," published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and "Indian Studies in Northern Italy: the Mahâbârata," which was read to the Archæological Society of Athens. These, with that on "The Indian Epopea—the Râmâyana," which was first read to the Sylogos Ellinikos of Constantinople, and "The Persian Epopea—the Schah-Nameh," form valuable contributions to the study of Eastern literature. The princess's two romances—"Eleonore of Halligen" and "Ghislana"—also appeared in this year; but it is not as a writer of fiction that she will be famed in the future. The last, but by no means the least, book of the princess, which appeared in the same year—1871—is her great work on "The Albanians in Roumania." This extensive and very valuable contribution to Eastern history is drawn from unedited and rare documents in the archives of Vienna, Constantinople, and other Eastern and European cities. It is a history of the Ghika family in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. Though not wanting in interest for an American reader, it is of real importance for the intelligent European who desires to understand and comprehend fully the history, the past, and probable future of these Danubian provinces,

which have already been the cause of more than one war which involved the kingdoms who desire to preserve always the balance of power on the Continent.

In 1872, the princess wrote for the "Revue des Deux Mondes" two more of her very able and brilliant articles, the first one treating of the "Mongols." The second was an article on "Jean de Plan de Carpin." Many other articles and essays also were published in less important periodicals and journals during this and the following year. In the "International Review" for July and August of 1874, she gave to American and English readers a very exhaustive and powerful article, "The Orthodox Church." She has also contributed some valuable Eastern studies to the "Penn Monthly" of this year, 1878.

One admirer says: "I look in vain for something which Dora D'Istria has not read and commented upon. She speaks fluently seven languages, besides ancient Greek and Latin, and writes them with great elegance. You would think she was a Parisian, like Garamie; Italian, like Belgiofoso; Spaniard, like Lara; German, like Goethe; Russian, like Touschkin; Wallachian, like a Ghika; Greek, like Botzaris or Lord Byron, who, like her, received from Greece the title of 'Great Citizen.' Genius gives her many a letter of citizenship. Germany, knowing her to have been a pupil of great Humboldt, bestows on her some of the affection she had for that glorious old man. Russian society remembers how she is united with it by intimate ties. New Italy is pleased with her liberal views, and feels proud at having been chosen as her second country."

Madame Dora has always expressed a warm interest in America and its progress, and recently contributed an important paper to the proceedings of the Social Science Association.

The latest printed sketch of our illustrious author was that, I believe, written by Professor De Gubernatis, which appeared in 1873, in the "Rivista Europea." He had already welcomed her in an article called "Illustrious Strangers in Italy," published in 1869. The sketch of 1873, which the princess herself sent me among other material for this brief and too superficial portrait of one so profound, has the following energetic and forcible words of praise:

"I have never seen the Princess Elena of Roumania; but, in accordance with the encomiums on her Grecian beauty that resound on every side of



HELEN GHIKA, THE PRINCESS KOLTZOFF MASSALSKY ("DORA D'ISTRIA"). THE ORIGINAL BY FELICE SCHIAVONI.

me,—praises of fishermen as well as princes, of poets and critics, of severe Sarmatians and indulgent Latins,—I conclude that they do not speak of a marble Diana, of a hot-bed flower, but of a lovely, powerful woman, glowing with health and spirit. Roumanians, Albanians, Greeks, Slaves and Latins regard her equally as their own champion and citizen, because everywhere she has brought enlightenment. To the West she has made known the ancient tribes and civilizations of the East, and to the East the great nations of the West; because her wider and unbiased mind comprehends that progress and improvement are not the exclusive privilege of any single people or country."

To the reader who asks for more knowledge of the Princess Dora D'Istria, I can only say: Study her works, and there learn what a woman devoted to literature, to humanity, and to freedom, can accomplish. She has had great obstacles to overcome,—the bonds of society, at once enervating and fascinating; high rank, another barrier to clearness of vision, sympathy with the masses, and free speech; these hindrances have only strengthened her in her purpose, and to-day she is hailed, as we have seen, by the educated and refined, the ignorant and uncultured, as one of the great master-

minds of our century. Endowed with great natural gifts, she has neglected none of them; born to high rank, she has fulfilled the duty which is expressed so briefly in the remark, "*Noblesse oblige*," in a manner as remarkable as it is grand.

To those who have had the rare pleasure of meeting this accomplished lady, we must look for a personal description of her, and from those favored visitors I hear only the most charming accounts of her elegance, personal beauty, and the intellectual brilliancy which pervades and perfects her whole being. She has probably received as much homage as any author was ever favored with; but it has only stimulated her to new efforts and greater industry. This New Year makes the twenty-third which has passed since she first appeared before the world as a writer, and each successive season has been the herald of renewed activity, of greater work, for her. To the women of America she must ever be a shining example,—“a brilliant star” of hope for what their own future may become by industry, study, and elevated thought.