

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PASSING OF CARMEN SYLVA.

The daily press announced the death of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, well known and highly respected the world over, not only as a worthy representative of European royalty, but what is more, as a poet. She came of an old German noble family bearing a princely title,—sovereign rulers, but not however of the highest rank of nobility. Nevertheless she was destined by fate to rise to the dignity of a queen. In her maiden years she was wooed by a German prince, a member of the Swabian Hohenzollern, the second and less important branch of the imperial family of Germany, and in the course of events it happened that the Roumanian people called this same prince to the throne of Roumania. The young Princess of Wied yielded to her noble suitor with reluctance, and so it happened that the young German poetess ascended a throne and achieved the distinction of royalty. She never wrote over her own name, but used the pseudonym "Carmen Sylva," and in all parts of the world she was better known by this name than by her real titles of princess and queen.

Carmen Sylva had friends and sympathizers not only throughout her native country, Germany, and in Roumania, but also in many other lands, and in literary circles everywhere her name was a name of honor. Nor was she distinguished only in the field of literature; she was widely known as a patron of the arts and sciences as well, and of humanitarian effort. She always showed her sympathy with the modern woman's movement, and it was in the interests of this that she wrote a poem for publication on the occasion of the Hague Conference, held a few years ago for the furtherance of that cause. The poem, which sets forth the right of mothers not to sacrifice their sons in international struggles between nations, was written before the war, and it may be of interest now to read the protest of a mother against surrendering the lives of her sons. The ideal she presents is one whose fulfilment is devoutly to be desired, but so long as this world is a world of struggle it will scarcely be realized, and we do not believe that her sentiments fulfil the expectations which in times of crisis we may hold of mothers. It is certain that the mothers of her own country have been compelled by circumstances to offer this most terrible of sacrifices on the altar of the fatherland.

The protest of Carmen Sylva is here reproduced in her own handwriting, and we append, with a few alterations, a translation of it as found in the publication of the International Woman's Demonstration.

Für's Vaterland! Für's Vaterland
Kint' im Feuer Kissen! Nicht,
des Lichts, des reinen Lichts, die Gegend,
des Geistes, die Kraft die Pflicht -

Für's Vaterland in freier Zeit
Die gold'nen Gorgonen Pfeile!
Auf unsern Kindern vor der Zeit,
Garniß um keinen Preis, -

Und wir in Todesqual gepackt,
Mit Meinen beengten Geis -
des Tact von ihrem Licht gebrannt,
Ist. Geizt in Todesrausch,

Dies fordert's von der Mitternacht
Nur Tinken redet nie!
des jungen großen Kriegeres
Ist Kinderopfer für sie!

Für's Vaterland bei Feiertagen,
die Feiertage der Arbeitstage!
Auf unserm Grogend Todesrausch
Lagerplatz der nicht, v. Land!

Und Geiseln nennen Kinder: Feind!
Auf nicht im Lagerplatz!
die haben sie so fernweggewandt,
Und stillen für selbst!

Und sagen: Mutter! - laut und still
Mit bleichen Lippen. - Mein,
des Vaterland: die foh! will
fingst wieder über mich!

Carmen Gylve

Bucarest, 13. Mai, 1899

"For Fatherland, for Fatherland
Are all our sons—their powers
Of mind and soul, their strength of
hand—
But not their blood—'tis ours!

"For Fatherland eternally
Be every true heart's beat!
Yet, ere their time cut off, to see
Our sons slain at our feet—

"Those to whom we've given birth
Whom reared with tender care,
Their heart's blood to bedew the
earth,
To sleep their last sleep there—

"This of a mother ask no more!
Speak not of enemies!

In hostile troops led forth to war
But mothers' sons she sees!

"Triumphs of science, useful arts
Be for our native land—
But sacrifice that breaks our hearts
It never will demand.

"Christians have called their brother
foe!

Save in the sick-ward.—There
United in their pain and woe
They whispered but one prayer.

"The one word "Mother!" loud or low
On pale lips trembled. Nay,
The Earth, our Fatherland, will know
Yet Eden's peace one day."

CONSTANTINE CONSTANTINOVITCH.

Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, whose drama, *The King of the Jews*, is discussed elsewhere in this number, died on June 15, 1915, in St. Petersburg of heart-disease at the age of fifty-seven years. He was born in 1858, and married Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Altenburg, Germany, a school-friend of the German empress, in 1884.

As a member of the reigning family and general of infantry the grand duke was one of the commanding figures in the Russian nobility, and one of the most influential men around the czar. He was severely arraigned with other grand dukes in 1908 for attempting to influence the actions of the Duma. He was also not immune from revolutionist plots. The previous year an attempt had been made to blow up at Orel the train on which he was a passenger. When the present war broke out he and his wife with their children were at Willungen in Germany for their health, and had to leave the hostile country. It is believed that he was strongly opposed to the war and that his death was due to the sudden shock the outbreak of hostilities between his country and Germany gave him. Who knows whether he might not have been able to prevent the war if he had been in St. Petersburg in July, 1914.

Grand Duke Constantine represented that type of a Russian in higher circles which is highly respected by the Western world. He had little of the Tartar and more than a mere veneer of civilization, and his sudden death at this critical hour was a severe blow for the intellectual, liberal party in Russia. Providence was indeed favorable to him in taking him away before he could live to see the misfortunes of his country.

President of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and head of the Department of Military Schools, Constantine Constantinovitch was the most educated and scholarly man in the imperial family, and throughout his lifetime was deeply interested in the sciences, arts and letters. He was noted as a Shakespearean scholar and translated Hamlet into Russian. He also had this play staged for the imperial family and he played the title-role. It was said in