POETRY.

STAR OF THE TWILIGHT.

By Mrs. Carlan.

Star of the twilight eve! oh I would stay
And gaze in you pure heaven on the calm light
I love thee more than all the beams o' day.
Or all the golden orbs that gem the night.

For always while thus beaming sweetly there
Over the dewy earth and breezy sea.
I know that my dear mother knelt in prayer,
And I wa blest, for then she prayed for me.

Then I have paused amid the fair and gay,
'Mid tones of mirth and music thrilling high,
And turned mine eyes to hail thy brightning ray,
When evening sunlight aded from the sky.

For always then, whether I was apart
From the gay throng or with the young and fair
A sacred awe came o'er my joyous heart,
Which gave an echo to that faithful prayer.

And when a stranger from my home far.
Exposed to danger, peril, gloom, and storm,
I felt secure for I believed her prayer
Would shield my trusting spirit from all harm

And when disease laid low my aching head
Upon a couch of pain, I felt no care;
I know all would be well, alive or dead,
In answer to that faithful mother's prayer.

But now my mother in her grave is laid,
Thy pensive beams rest on her place of sleep,
When soft winds sigh beneath the lonely shade
And twilight dews around her silent weep.

And I'm a wanderer thro a world of care,
For socials friends to glad my pilgrim way—
And when I look on thee, lone evening star,
I know I have no mother now to pray.

Yet from the sacred joy that thrills my heart,
As thus I gaze on thee, bri ht star of even,
I know in answer to those prayers I m lest—
Yes; ever blest since she went home to heaven.

THE BRITISH QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.

The recent visit of Queen Victoria at night to a banquet of the Lord Mayor, with the simplicity of a subject without guard or parade, is quite a matter of exultation in the English prints: "it has shown to foreign strangers," says the European Times, "that a constitutional sovereign reigns in the heart of a free people and can go abroad amidst their rejoicings unprotected by glittering baronets and military parade. The events of Wednesday will make an abiding impression on the thousands of continental visitors who are now in the British metropolis. A great gathering like this, where hundreds of thousands loaded the midnight air with vociferous *vivats* that sprang from the hearts in favor of the ruler of a great people, and that ruler a woman, is one of the recognitions of her mild and gentle sway, which is at once complimentary to the sovereign herself, and to the intelligence and gallantry of the Queen, abundant evidence was furnished before this great gathering of all nations at the Crystal Palace. Indeed, she has been the idol of the people from the first, and under no sovereign have they been seemingly more prosperous and happy; and could the oppressive burden of the establishment be removed, perhaps no government would suit them better than the one under which they live. The husband of Her Majesty evidently stands high in public favor likewise, and the nation is well satisfied with both. The Times speaks thus of the Prince:

"Apart from the personal popularity of the Queen, much of the success of this gathering of the nations is undoubtedly to be attributed to Prince Albert, who from the first moment that the project was entertained has devoted his mind and his energies to its accomplishment with a continuity of purpose, which shows at least that he is no laggard. The Prince is a man of large and comprehensive mind, with a sufficient dash of the cosmopolitan in his nature to square with the feelings and sympathies of the people of this sea girt isle. On the few occasions when he has appeared in public, his speeches have displayed a power and a depth of thought which show that even the highest station can be ennobled by the possession of the intellectual graces. With such a husband, the Queen of these realms is happy, and with the manly traits of his character, our presevering countrymen find their ambitions nobly and characteristically stimulated."

Should Prince Albert now set about an enterprise for the melioration of the condition of the great mass in wretchedness and pauperism in this opulent realm with the same energy and zeal that have marked his course in regard to the Crystal Palace with the aid he would receive from the Queen, what a great blessing he would be to the English nation, and how exalted would be his fame in the future annals of the world. A small portion of the overgrown wealth of the aristocracy wisely appropriated, would work wonders for the poor of Great Britain, whose condition is enough to give the Prince and the Queen daily the heart ache.

Women's Right Convention.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD

I was happy to see, in your paper of the 22nd inst, that there was at least one woman bold enough to stand forward and denounce the meetings held at Worcester, termed "Women's Rights Convention." I have read all your reports on that subject, and blush to think that any of my sex, of the gentle sex, as the "lords of creation" are pleased to name us, should so far forget themselves and their duties as to stand up and publicly acknowledge such unfeminine opinions. Tell me in what capacity, in what station, does a woman appear more honorable, more loveable, and more engaging, than in that of wife and mother! Behold her, folding her little, helpless infant to rest, with a low, sweet voice, the babe's eyes upturned to hers, with such loving, trusting confidence! See how smile is returned for smile; with what anxiousness the little one watches its mother's face, there to see approval or disapproval of its actions! And when, at last, it sweetly & softly lisps that dearest of all names, "Mother," who can express that fond parent's delight—who can tell how her heart palpitates with joy, and how, in her inmost soul, she blesses God for that treasure!

Again, behold the wife, the mother, at the couch of the sick. With what careful hand she smooths the pillow, bathes the aching, feverish brow, cools the parched lips, gently and soothingly replies to the impatient calls of the loved one helplessly prostrated there! With what anxiety, with what unremitting care and patience, she watches and awaits for returning consciousness, and how blest, how more than repaid, she feels when once again that pale face turns to her, the eye undimmed by fever, and the mouth now wreathed in grateful smiles. Women who stand up at those disgraceful meetings know not the pleasure of awaiting a husband's return to his cheerful fireside. They have never properly fulfilled the duties of a wife, or they would never wish to give up the delight of welcoming the father of their children at night, after his laborious duties of the day. What would man do if he returned to his home, knowing that there would be no wife to make his evening pass pleasantly, no sweet voice to soothe him when he is in trouble, no smile of affection to cheer him!

For what would woman renounce these, and many, many other pleasant occupations and duties, which I will not at present name, but which every right-minded woman must feel? To usurp man's place? Does she expect to shine brighter in court as a lawyer, in the pulpit as a preacher, or in the ranks as a soldier, than in the domestic circle? Does woman fear that man can do without her? Let her cast aside such fears—God created woman for man. Let us therefore remember this, and as the presiding deity of our homes, let us shine forth as bright and brilliant stars to guide our husbands to their abodes of peace and happiness. "Margaret" says truly, that "the names of wife and home are inseparable and equally sacred;" and, as long as man continues to look forward to home as his haven of rest after the toils of the day, so long will wife be a sacred name, that will ever be pronounced with feelings of love and reverence by him for whom we were created. I cannot help a feeling of dislike stealing over me when I think of our sex adopting the "Bloomer costume," or, to speak more plainly "wearing the breeches," which, in my opinion, is the recipient step to the election booths, gin shops, and gambling houses &c., &c., all of which must follow she once usurps man's place. Then, tell me where will the respect be due to our sex, or, rather, will there be any respect due to them? Instead of our looking up to man as our protector, we shall have to stand by ourselves, act as firemen, or rather firewomen, perform military duty, chew tobacco, and drink rum as sailors. Our sons, our daughters, will become degraded beings, instead of noble men and gentlewomen. Farewell, then, to virtue, honor, peace, and happiness.

Women can hold no higher, no more sacred office, than that of wife and mother—let us then, endeavor to feel the responsibility of our station, and by fulfilling our duties to our husbands, in setting pure and virtuous examples to our sons and daughters, in early teaching them their several duties to their God, their fellow creatures, & themselves, let us place ourselves on a pedestal to which man will ever point with feelings of the holiest love and reverence.

New York, Oct. 27, 1851.

Clara.

A *Congress of Republics.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD

Boston, Oct 25 1851.

The speech of Mr. Corey of Ohio upon our foreign policy, the Tammany Hall resolution, and your remarks thereon, as they appeared in the HERALD of Thursday, are causing some sensation here; and the matter is one which should, and doubtless very soon will, command the deep attention of every portion of our country.

The despots of the Old World are holding conclaves to weigh the danger they stand in from democracy, and to devise the best methods of suppressing it; and short sighted, indeed, must he be who supposes their efforts will be confined to the eastern continent. Roused by the brilliant example which our country affords of self government, and the happiness resulting therefrom, the oppressed millions of Europe have determined to cast off their fetters. From all its nations representatives are constantly reaching our shores, to swell our ranks and taste the blessings of liberty; every return mail bears back to their friends confirmation of the tidings which have excited the Old World—thus enlarging and fanning the discontent; while each steamship built, every improvement made in the same, widens and shortens the ocean bridge destined, ere long to bear to their rescue American knighterrants of liberty.

With these facts before the world, is it reasonable to suppose that the monarchies of Europe will be content to combat the disease now sapping their vitals, and make no effort to reach the exciting cause? And in view of the avowed combination they have formed for the suppression of republicanism; of the far sighted craft, cunning and knavery, which have in all modern times marked their course, and the hellish disregard of justice, mercy and truth, evinced by them whenever they have an end to accomplish, is it wise, is it safe, to await at their hands a blow, before even thinking of preparation? Or, is it our nation's duty, as the most prominent & powerful of liberty's children, generously to shield the weaker, and prudently seek to fraternize with and unite all the republics of both continents?—in other words, send forth a call for a congress or republics?

The necessity for action of this kind may soon openly appear; Switzerland and the free cities of Germany are already threatened. The former, apprehensive of her danger, has already stretched forth to us her hand; though limited in extent, she presents, despite all secret attempts to produce anarchy and confusion within her borders, too successful an example of democratic government to be longer tolerated in the heart of Europe; and the sea ports of the latter present also a terminus for our republican steamers, of which absolutism will always be jealous until they obtain the control of. In fact, if commercial and financial interests did not forbid, they would gladly see every ocean steamer sunk or buried, that the old and new world might be kept apart as of yore: for well they know that the wish of the republicans of Europe, as expressed in the words used by Kossuth in his address to the United States—"Oh, that you had been a neighboring nation"—will yet be, to all intents, fulfilled, through the thousand lines by which our Collinses will reach every seaport in Europe; and then Italy, Hungary, and well deserving Turkey even, will not want for backers.

The absorption of Switzerland and the Free Cities is but the first step of the despotic combination. France of course is to follow; and with reference to her a cunning move seems already making; a sort of second edition to Prince President Napoleon's Roman one,—that is, a setting of the Gallic Cock against the American Eagle, out of pretended sympathy for Spain. This would be a master stroke, could it be effected; but the people of the two countries are too wise, too fraternal, to be hoodwinked into any serious collision, whatever the French ministry may attempt; and though the English aristocracy, who would prefer the rule of the Russian Czar to that of an English President, might second the movement, never would the British people, despite their commercial interests.

Let us watch and pray, that a brilliant scene may open upon the world in 1852. The despots of Europe have, at Warsaw, thrown down the gauntlet. Let a Congress of Republics speedily take it up.

DEATH OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

This poet, a great and good man, who has lived to hear the verdict of posterity upon his works, has just been permitted to rest from his labors. The eldest son of a Moravian clergyman, he was born at Irvine, Scotland, Nov. 4, 1771. It was his own desire, and that of his parents, that he should become a minister of the Gospel, and he studied with reference to that profession. But, at the early age of sixteen he made his appearance in London with a manuscript volume of poems, instead of sermons, of which he vainly endeavored to procure the publication. In 1792 he went to Sheffield, and soon after became the editor of a weekly newspaper. While thus engaged, he was prosecuted for printing a song commemorative of the destruction of the Bastile. He was imprisoned three months in York Castle, and fined twenty pounds. He was again imprisoned for inserting a passage offensive to the Government. During his second confinement he wrote "Prison amusements," which appeared in 1797. After his imprisonment, he aroused himself to seek for fame as a poet, but being unsuccessful, he sunk down into apathy and gloom.—About the year 1798, his sympathies were deeply enlisted in behalf of Switzerland, whose independence had been virtually destroyed by France; and his poem, the Wanderer of Switzerland," was shortly afterwards composed. It reached a third edition in the course of a year, and was soon made immortal by an attack upon it in the *Edinburg Review*. Twenty eight years afterwards, the *Review* confessed that, in spite of its own prophesy, the poem had taken its place among the classics of the nation.

In 1818 he published the "World before the Flood," a poem in nine cantos, and one of the most finished, beautiful, and engaging poems in the religious literature of the English language. It has never enjoyed the popularity that is its due, and praise is not always meted justly to poetry, but this poem will never lack admirers. The description of the creation is, in our view, one of the finest passages in the language, and the death of Adam and Eve has a tenderness of power and exquisite beauty that is rarely excelled.

In 1852 he published the "Songs of Zion." In these and many other lyrical compositions, he has shown that he is equal, in this sphere, to Watts and Cowper, while there is a peculiar feeling in his hymns that does not belong to either of them. He will be held in lasting and honored remembrance by the lovers of devotion verse; and in the praises of the sanctuary, successive generations will regard him as one of the sweetest contributors to the various collections of divine songs that will be used to the end of time.

He had just completed his fourth score of years; and, full of usefulness and fame, with a name already hallowed in the hearts of millions on both sides of the ocean, he has driven to die in peace. Again and again he has received special tokens of regard from his countrymen, and by his admirers in various parts of the world, his name will be held in lasting remembrance.—*Frederick Douglass' Paper.*

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—One of the most extraordinary illustrations of the freedom of the press which we have ever seen, was exhibited at the late Kossuth dinner, when, in response to a toast to the free press, Col. Webb, the representative of a free press, was not allowed to utter a syllable, because his opinions differed from those of the majority! Talk of freedom of the press with a vengeance. There is a good deal of cant and humbug in the use of that word *freedom* in these times. *Freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of conscience*, often means—freedom to think and speak as the majority do, or to be gagged and excommunicated.—*The New Orleans Weekly True Delta.*

AN APPROPRIATE SIGN.—A man who had established a trading house, being about to erect his sign, requested his neighbour's advice in regard to an inscription for it. His friend replied, "I advise you to write on it—Dry goods and Beggars must be here."—*The Presbyterian Home and Foreign Record.*

STEAMERS ON THE NILE.—The Egyptian government has determined upon running steamers regularly every fortnight from Cairo up the Nile as far as Khartoum, making stoppages at all places of interest on the way. This will be a great accommodation to travellers visiting Egypt, and a great saving of time and expense.—*Ibe dem.*

THE CUBAN PRISONERS.—Through the kindness of Dr. Cook we have been shown a letter to him from our minister at the Court of Madrid, Mr. Barringer, in relation to his unfortunate son, who, as our readers will recollect, was among the prisoners captured in the late Cuban expedition, and who is now in Spain. The letter throughout breathes the most earnest feelings of kindness and condolence; and gives every assurance that no effort will be spared to procure the release of our unfortunate young countrymen. The New Orleans disturbances, he says, are the most serious, and in fact almost the only difficulty in the way of the release of all the prisoners.

THE MILITARY DISPLAY in New York on the reception of KOOSSUTH, was the finest ever seen in that city.

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