

# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1847.

No. 15

## THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads in Lockhart's beautiful collection.]

There were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquish'd city's halls,  
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;  
And the conquerors fill'd the wine-cup high, after years of bright bloodshed;  
But their lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wait'd the dead.

He look'd down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,  
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow;  
The voice of thousands floated up with the horn and cymbal's tone;  
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!  
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?—  
I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,  
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh my brother! thou art gone—the true and brave,  
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave;  
There are many round my throne to start, and to march where I lead on;  
There was one to love me in the world—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,  
We stood together, side by side; one hope was ours—one path;  
Thou hast wrapp'd me in thy soldier's cloak—thou hast fenc'd me with  
thy breast;  
Thou hast watch'd beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart and best!

"I see the festive lights around;—o'er a dull sad world they shine;  
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is *thine*?  
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—  
Oh, brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,  
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly;—my friend hath pass'd away.  
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,  
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again.

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;  
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown;  
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,  
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry.

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is even as death;  
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath;  
Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—  
But where art thou, my brother? where?—in thy low and early grave?"

And louder swell'd the songs of joy through that victorious night,  
And faster flow'd the red wine forth, by the stars and torches light;  
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—  
"My brother! oh, my brother! best and bravest, thou art gone!"

## FEMALE INFLUENCE AND OBLIGATIONS.

(Continued.)

Females exert a vast moral influence upon society at large. It is not your province to fill the chair of state, to plan in the cabinet, or to execute in the field; but there is no department of human life, and no corner of the world, where your influence is not felt. To say nothing of the indirect control which females often have over the great movements of society, by that influence which they possess with their husbands and sons,

with their brothers and other family connections, look at the ordinary scenes of social life; at the popular opinions and prevailing amusements of the world; and it must be seen, that they are intrusted with a moral power that hardly knows a limit. The practical virtue of the world, the tone of piety in the church, and the salvation of souls, are probably more affected by the current maxims and amusements of the day, than by either the form or administrations of civil government. And here female power is great indeed. In morals and religion, and in every thing with which morals and religion stand directly connected, your sex may do as much good or hurt, as men ordinarily effect in the politics and government of the world. What man would be a drunkard, if he were sure to receive universal female reprobation? What man would fight a duel, if the united female voice were to cry out murder upon the shameful deed? How long would the amusements of the theatre continue to corrupt our large cities, if no female would appear upon the stage, nor, on any occasion, take her seat in this great temple of vice? How long would the ball-room be crowded, and gay, and extravagant, and dissipating parties maintain an existence, if every female were to set her face against them, and resolve to go to no place where the voice of Christ and duty did not call her? If the whole female world were to revere the Sabbath, and were found in the house of God on this sacred day, what a happy revolution would soon be effected! The kingdom of God would come. The blessed reign of Christ would be established on the earth.

Females have it in their power to do much good among the children of affliction. Sin has rendered our world the abode of deep and dreadful suffering. The marks of God's displeasure may be every where seen. Disease, and poverty, and death, are moving on in their melancholy course, and making the earth desolate. It is the business of the philanthropist and the Christian to diminish the amount of human misery. If we would act for God and eternity, much of the employment of life must consist in relieving the wants of the needy, in administering to the sick, in imparting consolation to the afflicted, and in drying up the mourner's tears. And to these works of beneficence females are peculiarly adapted. Your native sympathies are cast into the proper mould for this sacred business. You easily enter into the interests and sorrows of others. Your social temperament disposes you to "weep with them that weep." You can often find admission, too, where the other sex would be excluded; and your entire habits of life prepare you to enter the scene of domestic affliction with the best prospects of doing good. Here, every power and every affection may find ample scope. In the house of poverty you may light up a blessed smile. In the chamber of disease, and by the pillow of death, the pious female is mercy's angel. In these scenes she may become the Saviour's advocate. Here, amidst groans, and wretchedness, and tears the Holy Spirit may bless her efforts, and impress heaven's image on the heart.

Sabbath Schools open a broad and delightful field for the exercise of female talents and virtues. These seminaries are making a new experiment of moral power and gospel truth upon the world. In their efforts to diffuse light and save the soul, we have a new and most interesting interpretation of the divine command to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Here the scheme of redeeming grace is brought down to the capacities of children, and the great truths of the Bible are made to operate upon the juvenile and infant mind. And for this labour of love, females are peculiarly fitted. You may here, under God, train up children for heaven. The little ones whom you take by the hand and instruct, and for whom you pray, are some of them without a mother to teach them or to pray for them; and not a few have mothers whose entire example and influence are