

# THE AMARANTH.

CONDUCTED BY ROBERT SHIVES.

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[From the Ladies' Book.]

## The Condemned of Lucerne.

POVERTY—thou withering curse!  
Thou tempter of the soul! Let no man  
boast himself to be honest, till he has  
been tried in the consuming furnace  
thou canst enkindle!

A famine had spread itself through  
the valleys of Switzerland. The rain  
fell not to nourish the withering grain,  
and the earth yielded not her increase;  
while fierce wars that were waged by  
surrounding nations, prevented assist-  
ance from abroad. The cattle died in  
the pastures of ravaging diseases, and  
men's hearts began to quail in fear of  
the days to come. When the chamois  
hunt was over, and the sun was sinking  
behind the ice-bound mountains—when  
the cottagers came out before their doors  
in holy custom, and blew their horns in  
answer to each other, that the hearts of  
all the people might be lifted in simul-  
taneous thanksgiving to Almighty God,  
for all his mercies, a silent prayer went  
up from many a trusting heart, day af-  
ter day, that He would bless his people,  
and come, in mercy, to their aid.

Jose Staubach dwelt on the shore of  
the beautiful lake of Lucerne, on a road  
not greatly frequented, that, branching  
off from the main road from Berne, to  
the town of the same name as the lake,  
passed through two or three little vil-  
lages, and, after receiving one or two  
other roads from the south, rejoined  
again the one it had left. Jose had tak-  
en to his home a sweet and loving wife  
from the nearest village, not many  
months before the famine of which I

have spoken began to steal over the  
land. Her widowed mother had ac-  
companied her to her new home, upon  
her marriage, but had been removed  
from earth not long after, by sudden  
disease; and Emma was left to the com-  
panionship of her husband alone. He  
was several years older than herself,  
and her love was subdued by a feeling  
of respect, such as a considerable dis-  
parity of years might be supposed to  
engender, enhanced by Jose's natural  
sedateness of manner; but it was in-  
tense to the last degree. She cared not  
that she was removed from her dear  
companions—she cast back no longing  
thought upon the sports of her native  
village—for it was better than compa-  
nions and sports, and all, to be with  
Jose—although none were near save  
he.

Jose had about his cottage a few acres  
of tillage land, and as many more of  
pasturage. He devoted some of his  
time to the rearing of a few cattle, a part  
to his little farm, and the rest to fishing  
on the lake, from whose waters he de-  
rived a portion of his sustenance. In  
this last employment he was often ac-  
companied and assisted by Emma, and,  
at such times, they mingled their tuneful  
voices in some of the soul-stirring me-  
lodies of their native land. These were  
joyful hours, and so long as fortune  
blessed him, Jose was supremely happy  
and contented. He was never daunted  
by toil. His brawny arm was ever  
ready for his daily duties, and the sink-  
ing sun was the first to witness his relin-  
quishment of exertion, as its earliest ray  
had greeted its commencement. But he