

**THE ROSE OF JERICHO:
(TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH,) CALLED BY THE
GERMANS, "WEINACHTS-ROSE;"
OR, CHRISTMAS ROSE**

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The Rose of Jericho: (Translated from the French,) Called by the Germans, "Weinachts-Rose;"
or, Christmas Rose by Mrs. Norton

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MRS. NORTON

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EDITED BY

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“*Lost and Saved,*” “*Old Sir Douglas,*” &c., &c.

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THE
ROSE OF JERICHO.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the City of Zurich, in the charming village of Riesbach, lived a widow named Madame Meyer. Her husband had been receiver or treasurer of the revenues of that corporation, and by courtesy his widow was still called Mrs. Treasurer Meyer, a title of which she was very proud. Besides this title, she was mistress of a comfortable house, which was well furnished, and for her rank, which was between that of a citizen and a peasant, possessed a pretty fortune.

But the real treasure of Madame Meyer

was her only daughter, who was twenty years of age at the beginning of this history.

Gentle, modest, and industrious, she added a pretty face to these good qualities. Her smile, her look, expressed the kindness of her heart, the intelligence of her understanding ; her blue eyes sometimes sparkled with the gaiety of her age, and sometimes beamed with sensibility. The name of this young girl was Elizabeth, which her mother abridged to Bessy ; and truly the good lady repeated that name so often in the course of the day that this economy of syllables enabled her to recite five or six verses more of the Bible, and as many proverbs. Unhappily, the "Wisdom of Solomon" was at her tongue's end, and she never failed to apply his observations to every circumstance of her own and her daughter's life.

Elizabeth listened with patience and docility ; though sometimes a little weary she suppressed all external signs of such rebellious feelings, and contented herself with

thinking less of the King of Judah than of him who reigned in her heart—the gentle Henry Sigfrid, who was clerk to a great house in the silk manufactures of Zurich.

Elizabeth, as well as the greater number of the young girls in the villages near Zurich, was employed at this manufactory of silk stuffs ; she wove them at home, and passed for one of the most active of the workwomen. It was when bringing her work to Mr. Escher, the director of the establishment, that she first became acquainted with Henry Sigfrid ; a handsome young man, who bore a very good character. His father, an honest, though very violent man, had once possessed a farm in the village of Riesbach ; a series of bad harvests, a law-suit, and some other misfortunes, completely ruined him. His wife died. Henry was his only child. An unmarried sister, who lived at Wiedskau, took charge of the little boy, and the father, who did not want abilities, obtained the situation of clerk to Mr. Escher.

He educated his son for business, and so soon as the youth could write, and understand arithmetic, he was received as an apprentice into the same establishment.

During the first years, though very young, he distinguished himself by his assiduity, good sense, and fidelity, and consequently obtained the confidence and friendship of his masters, who, at the death of his father, did not hesitate to bestow his situation upon Henry, with a good salary, to be augmented every successive year; so that the father died in peace, contented to leave his only and beloved son with so fair a prospect of competence. It was some time afterwards that, being employed to distribute the silk to the different workwomen, Henry had become acquainted with Elizabeth Meyer, whom he had not before seen, though an inhabitant of the same village, having quitted Riesbach soon after her birth.

No other girl worked so skilfully, mingled the shades with so much art, had so much taste

in the fantastic variety of handkerchiefs. The pieces woven by her were always preferred ; no other restored the remainder of the silk confided to her with such exact probity, and it was not with indifference that he remarked her skill and honesty ; the fair face and fine blue eyes of Elizabeth inflamed his heart, her virtues justified his love, and his reason applauded it ; he did not seek to combat or conceal it, and soon had the happiness of perceiving that this love did not displease Elizabeth. Every fortnight, when she came to restore her work and receive fresh materials, the eyes of the young lover sparkled with pleasure at her entrance ; he besought her to rest herself ; dismissed with haste, though with his usual exactitude, the other young women ; and detained Elizabeth to the last, that he might accompany her part of the way.

Sunday sometimes afforded other opportunities of meeting, of speaking—opportunities sought by each with equal eagerness, but with

more restraint on the part of Elizabeth, whose feelings for a long time were only expressed by the animation of her eyes and the modest blush which coloured her cheek when she met Henry. His words, at first merely courteous, became tender, and at last so clear, positive, and ardent, that Elizabeth could no longer refuse an answer. Thus by degrees their reciprocal love escaped their lips, and they mutually pledged their troth for marriage.

Elizabeth had not confided to her mother this secret but innocent connection ; from a fear, natural to her age, of the strict old lady, who no longer recollected that she had once been young herself, and was now the vowed enemy of love and lovers. Her ill humour was very much augmented since the French army entered the Canton of Zurich ; she foresaw nothing but ruin and destruction. A tall sapeur,* with a long moustache, who was billeted at her house, made

* Pioneer.