

from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curricule, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects; but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display, (for her sister was a match-making lady, a *manœuvrer*) for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house, and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untaught damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her employment. They liked her apparently—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window—and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutress had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—"So you are really a governess?"—"Yes."—"And you continue in the same family?"—"Yes."—"And you like your post?"—"O yes, yes!"—"But my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?"—"Why, they wanted a governess, so I went."—"But, what could induce them to keep you?" The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back

from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven. "Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. "We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady—"We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother—"We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. "She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation." And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.

---

Original.

### THE CID.

RODRIGO DIAZ DE RIVAR, surnamed the *Cid*, famous for his amour with *Chimena*, and his duel with *Count Gornas*, has been the subject of various poems and romances. Although we should refuse faith to the wonderful stories which romance has propagated concerning this hero; yet, it is certain from the testimony of historians, that the *Cid* was not only the bravest knight of his age, but the most virtuous and generous of men. He had already signalized himself by his exploits, in the reign of Ferdinand the First, King of Castile. When, in the year 1050, Sancho Second, son to that prince, sought to deprive his sister Urraqua unjustly of the city of Zamora; the *Cid* boldly remonstrated against the injustice of the deed; representing it as a violation equally of the rights of consanguinity and the laws of honour. The haughty and passionate Sancho banished the *Cid*, but was soon after obliged to recall him. When, by the death of Sancho, who was treacherously slain before Zamora, the crown devolved to his brother, Alfonso VI., the Castilians required their new monarch to declare by a solemn oath, that he had no concern in his brother's death. None other durst propose the oath to the monarch; but the *Cid* made him swear it at the very altar before which he was crowned; intermingling with the appeal to God the most dreadful imprecations upon perjurers. Alfonso never forgave him. The *Cid* was soon after sent into banishment, on pretence that he had entered the territories of Almamón, King of Toledo, with whom Alfonso was then at peace; *Rodrigo* had indeed pursued some fugitives beyond the boundary between the two kingdoms. The time of this banishment turned out the most glorious period of the *Cid*'s life. It was then he made his greatest conquest from the Moors, aided only by those brave knights whom his reputation had attracted to join his standard. Alfonso recalled him, and seemingly restored him to favour; but this monarch's favour could not long be preserved by a man of *Rodrigo*'s open dignity of mind. Being again banished from the court, he went upon the conquest of Valencia. Making himself master of that strong city, and of many other towns, with an extensive territory; he might have assumed sovereign honours; but he never would: continuing still the faithful subject of Alfonso, although Alfonso had often injured and offended him.

The *Cid* died at Valencia in 1099, full of years and glory. He had only one son who was slain, young, in a single combat. His two daughters, Donna Elvira and Donna Sol, married two princes of the house of Navarre; and through a long train of alliances, are among the ancestors of the Bourbons.—*Histoire d'Espagne, Mariana & Garibai.*