

COLLECTION
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URSULA BY ELIZABETH SEWELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious,
A great and distant city, have bought
A mansion incorruptible.

TENNYSON.

U R S U L A.

A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

BY

ELIZABETH SEWELL,

AUTHOR OF "AMY HERBERT."

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I N T W O V O L U M E S

VOL. I.

L E I P Z I G

B E R N H A R D T A U C H N I T Z

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U R S U L A.

VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

It is pleasant to remember the events of years gone by. I shall try to recollect those of my own life. I may not be able to put down everything regularly, but some things that have happened cannot be forgotten, and these will help me to others. Mrs. Weir was very kind in teaching me as she did when I was a girl. I suppose she never thought of the use I should put my learning to; and perhaps, after all, it may not be of use. I took little heed to advice which was given me when I was young, and so, perhaps, no heed will be given to me when I tell of my mistakes and difficulties. But time goes on fast, and I would fain, if I could, act up now to what Mrs. Weir used to say, in her gentle way: "Ursula, my child, we must do good in our generation." God knows, I have done little enough in mine. I may not always have fallen short wilfully, but there is not much comfort in such a thought when one sees what has been neglected, except as regards oneself and the hope of forgiveness. Anyhow, I can but strive to make up for it, and the thought of having striven may be a comfort when I come to die.

I must begin at the beginning, the time which I can first remember. That was when we all lived at Sandcombe — my father, and mother, and William, and Roger, and I; — but I don't know much of those days. The farm must have been very different then from what it is now, and people's ways of going on must have been different too. I remember my

Ursula. I.

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