**4:17**

**Mr. Woodhouse:** Poor Miss TayIor. She was so happy here. Why should she give up being your governess only to be married ?

**Emma:** I am grown now. She cannot put up with my ill humors forever. She must wish for children of her own.

**Mr. Woodhouse:** You have no ill humors. Your own mother, God rest her, could be no more real than Miss Taylor. Can she truly wish to give life to a mewling infant...who will import disease each time it enters the house? No! I said poor Miss Taylor and poor, indeed, she is.

**Mr. Knightley:** As an old friend of the family I had to ask as soon as I got back: Who cried the most at the wedding?

**Emma:** And how is my sister? Is your brother giving her the respect we Woodhouse ladies deserve?

**Mr. Woodhouse:** Poor Isabella. She was the first to leave me. No doubt, that is where Miss Taylor got the notion to go.

**Mr. Knightley:** Don't be too hard on Miss Taylor. It must be easier for her to have only one to please than two.

**Emma:** Especially when one of us is such a troublesome creature.

**Mr. Woodhouse:** Yes, I am... most troublesome.

**Emma:** Dear Papa, I could never mean you. Mr. Knightley loves to find fault with me, that's all. It's his idea of a joke.

**Mr. Knightley:** I'm practically a brother to you, Emma. Is it not a brother's job to find fault with his sister ?

**Mr. Woodhouse:** But where is the fault with you ? Emma bears it well. But she is most sorry to lose Miss Taylor.

**Mr. Knightley:** We would not like Emma so well as we do if she did not miss her friend.

**Mr. Woodhouse:** Thank you.

**Emma:** I shall miss her so. I do not know what I shall do without her.

**Mr. Knightley:** She's not far.

**Mr. Woodhouse:** Almost half a mile !

**Emma:** Her obligations are there now. She cannot sit and talk with me in the old way, or walk with me, or urge me to better myself.

**Mr. Knightley:** That should not matter as you always did just as you pleased.

**Emma:** Yes. But I shall miss her urging me. She was as selfless a friend as I have ever had. I hope to say someday I have done half as much for someone...as Mrs. Weston did for me.

**Mr. Knightley:** You must be happy that she settled so well.

**Emma:** Indeed! One matter of joy in this is that I made the match myseIf. PeopIe said Mr. Weston would never marry again. And what a triumph!

**Mr. Knightley:** Triumph? You made a lucky guess.

**Emma:** Have you never known the triumph of a lucky guess? Had I not promoted Mr. Weston's visits... and given encouragement where encouragement was needed, we might not have had a wedding today.

**Mr. Woodhouse:** Then please, my dear, encourage no one else. Marriage is so disrupting to one's social circle.

**Emma:** Only one more, Papa. When Mr. Elton joined their hands today, he looked very much as if he would like the same kind office performed for him.

**Mr. Woodhouse:** Invite him for dinner. That is kindness enough.

**Mr. Knightley:** Mr. Elton is a man of 26. He knows how to take care of himself.

**Emma:** One does not like to generalize about so many people all at once, Mr. Knightley, but you may be sure that men know nothing about their hearts... whether they be six and twenty or six and eighty. Excepting you, of course, Father. …. No. Mr. Elton will be the next person to benefit from my help.

**Mr. Knightley:** Poor Miss Taylor, indeed! It is Mr. Elton who deserves our pity.