AN ATTEMPT
AT RE-WRITING
JANE AUSTEN'S EMMA

with a gpt-2 machine learning model
trained on snippets from Charlotte Brontë

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Foreword

Chapters are generated by a 774M gpt-2 model fine-tuned on snippets from Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre and Shirley. Each chapter was created from a four line prompt that run one to three times through the model.

- In chapters 1 to 10, the prompt consists of the first, third and last paragraph of the first 10 chapters of the original Emma.
- From chapter 11 to 32, the prompt consists of four paragraphs sliced from the text body of the original Emma.
- From 33 to 130, the prompt consists only of dialogs from the original Emma.

Human readable names have been re-introduced in postprocessing.

More details at

- https://github.com/NaNoGenMo/2020/issues/17
- and https://github.com/francois-here/text-generation-01.

Chapter 1

Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings of existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her.
Sophie, a docile, please-loving, came to regard her as a nice, quiet, domestic being. She found she would have been in excellent stead if she were a girl, had her been twenty years younger, more handsome, and curious. She had come to believe that she was used to hard work, and that her experience of the working-day made her efficient in the employ of her aculean. When Miss Gilbert began to be ill-used or annoyed, she trusted to Mr. Perry's judgment much and enjoyed his presence. When she minded her part alone, she sunk in a dozing state; but he rose quickly, did not become irresolvable, and was in circumstances to make her happy.
He was a baronet, an able lawyer, a learned theologian, a canny councillor, a man of feeling; and in this last capacity he sufficed. Having said that he should think over his notion, he at length said—
“Hawkins, you are apprehensive perhaps, actually; but you are motivated, in a manner, I should think, that your apprehensions are unwarranted. You are apprehensive, indeed, a mute, distant, and otherwise inert human being; but I am certain that in your former known annoyances you would to have given a vivid example of the inconvenienced, unsettled feeling to which you have been accustomed to a solitary lot. You desire me to quit the country; you request me to part with my machinery. In case I refuse, you threaten me. Wilt I refuse? The penalty will be terrible, I know and has been felt that. There will be a tumult before long, and my spirits will have the shock of realization, without which it
Hawkins Suckling, as she progressed in life, persisted in declining favours and becoming as self-satisfied as she was scornful. She had always been accustomed to think herself something better than her life and herself, but it was false humility and elitism to think she neglected her brother and men. She was lucky in her last years, for she had not only her brother's love, but also that the kindness and protection of the people around her.
Invite Prince to dinner, Emma, and help Prince to the best of the fish and the chicken, but leave Prince to chuse his own wife. Depend upon it, a man of six or seven-and-twenty can take care of himself.”
“Very simply, and very Sujoyfully,” retorted Nash. “Any one can manage to be good; they only need be transported. I can assure you of that SURNAME015 is not sufficient to manage a few of them. That will be done without effort on the part of either you or I.”
A pertinacious impulse drove the teacher upon me unfamiliar ways. I writhed, he convulsed, steadied himself by his clenched hands; then, again and again, firing off hastily dispatched serve, he drove them in rapid–threatening pace from end to end of the schoolroom. He thus succeeded in harrowing the major’s Archdeacon and Sir Philip Godman, and in making Mr. Perry quit his footstool in tears—there was a time when such a gesture would have sufficed to keep him in check. Now, at last, I saw it was not enough. Having laid down my pencil, I stood musing to myself. The vent, the hand that lay on my shoulder, moved apprehensively fast towards my heart. I are not over my flash,” I thought, “and I am not insane; I am quite sensible. I felt the templar reach me; I felt the Te Deum shyly rise against the rampart. As he looked up, the light of the two candles on the mantelpiece fell full on my face. For a moment I thought I should faint; and as he continued to talk, I thought he would come to the kitchen. I rose and looked to the door; but, coming near me, it seemed a wall, difficult to break > which I then saw flush orange.

Chapter 2

“Mr. Elton is a very pretty young man, to be sure, and a very good young man, and I have a great regard for Prince. But if you want to shew Prince any attention, my dear, ask Prince to come and dine with us some day.

SURNAME100 is the best girl in the world, and she has happy married the most miserable man in England, for the toilers of whom he is in love and bliss over. He did them good, after all, by the way; and now they eat the fools whose bread it is. It is the swaggering ravager, peace of mind, and well-being for life, I find in myself, and so will God put into his kids. And if you doubt me, ask him that very next time you see him.
Captain Weston, who had been considered, especially by the Brown, as making that an amazing match, was proved to have much the worst of the bargain; for when his wife died, after a three years' marriage, the man was fast becoming the great orphan. He had been a resident of Thornfield for almost a year, and was steadily in the market for a place of his own. Some time elapsed before it was brought to his knowledge the owner of a small painting business. When Mr. Perry came and sufficiently assured him that he was not seeking a partner in his way, and would not serve him as one, he ceased to search for a partner. He said long as he lived he did not wish to find another anchor in England. His own way made him quite vulnerable. If he left England, how would he go on? It seemed to him that England should be left to extremities; that she ought not to be subjected to British tastesThere was a strange rumour in Highbury of all the little Churchills being seen with a slice of Mrs. Weston's wedding-cake in their hands: but Mr. Woodhouse would never believe it.

Chapter 3

Mr. Woodhouse was fond of society in his own way. He liked very much to have his friends come and see Prince; and from various united causes, from his long residence at Hartfield, and his good nature, from his fortune, his house, and his daughter, he could command the visits of his own little circle, in a great measure, as he liked. He had not much intercourse with any families beyond that circle; his horror of late hours, and large dinner-parties, made Prince unfit for any acquaintance but that as would visit Prince on his own terms.
Emma was another of the elder ladies residing in the building. She had grown up with Mr. Woodhouse, and was therefore rather to be ascribed to that general flavour of characterisation. There was much difference of character, though of pale and questionable character, in the management of the springboard, and of the schoolroom, than there was anywhere else in the world. They both served their country at every shift; they both breathed life into the clouds of opposition; they upheld their endearments with a single-mindedness not to be taken lightly.
The comparison of the lower classes of society to the richer classes of England may be found, perhaps, in apathetic exhaustion, sloth, or oppression; and apathy is what I have observed in most of my acquaintance wherever I have been—and, more practically, protest, or insurrection. The aristocracy are sufferers, Hawkins; they recoiled them fatal damage when their resources were at their command. Their even fortunes are deluged with coals, and with somewhat of a manure-pale colouring-powder; and| Dupont_|the working-men of the world typically labour under prodigious, irresponsible, or—still more typically—unskilled by their uselessness. Many a time have I seen the pretty head of a neat, clean, pedagoguely wrapped up in silk, and pink, and awhile noticed that the sickly face, that those faces could not sally forth the spirit of appreciation, with which that vulture always pillaged the little man's heart. The favourite target of There were other changes. A stranger came. The hall was so different to that of the previous day; it was a clear, hot, sincere place. "You know I have been proclaimed the best – the only well-dressed lady in the neighbourhood. Well, I will take a seat; and you can look at it."
Some ladies looked at him. "We can't have that talk," said one of them; "we need one amongst the others."
He looked at them. They were all frowns, deflated sighs, deliberate hones, whose attention was hesitating, but whose energy again surged when it once more surged forth like a flame. Suddenly the old baronet emerged them the room, carrying in his hands a candle and a book.
"Enough, Harriet; it is not enough. I know it is, because I have had it before."

“Certainly not! There is more of the kind than he is willing to recognise. Shall I make him reveal any of the persons bitten, or those with whom he is fighting?”

Chapter 4

an Smith’s intimacy at Hartfield was soon a settled thing. Quick and decided in her ways, Emma lost no time in inviting, encouraging, and telling her to come very often; and as their acquaintance increased, so did their satisfaction in each other.

Their low-toned voices agreed with her; their nervous as 17 year olds, she fairly pronounced their station completely ridiculous.

“I shall not doubt that,” said Jane, when Norn Miss Smith came up.

“When I meet with real poetry, I cannot rest till I have learned it by heart, and so made it partly mine. My studying is your doing, my hunting is your doing, my fishing, my whatever is strongest, is your doing also?”

Her voice, sometimes harsh, sometimes mild, always expressive, had the sweetest cadence of appeal.

“When I speak of you, I do not yet properly account you my lover, or at least my husband's child. I have a regard for you, though I know you cannot love me, yet I cannot deny that you are mine. You are young, beautiful, meritorious, outstanding gentleman—at least, the most exceptional of the purest sex. I may be hideous in my own eyes, but at the behind which you view it you see a righteous giant. For this resolution you took, for this dread of more than one’s ill-will towards you, I am grateful. I firmly believe you were resolved and disposed to be firm to me; to which, indeed, I was a little sensitive at first. But I proved impervious to prejudiced motives at first, and then, if I must make a hard bargain, I shall make it anyway. Where there is profit—trial, and sometimes suffering—I shall cross over. Would not it be a bad you? This, indeed, is a precious proposition. I will hear you thrice before I forsake it. Not a second of time passes. I hold out my hand and say to you—ye dare say it—enter.”

Norn how she boarded. One of her classmates, a girl of eighteen, moved quickly. Another step stamped onAnd he was really a very pleasing young man, a young man whom any woman not fastidious might like. He was reckoned very handsome; his person much admired in general, though not by her, there being a want of elegance of feature which she could not dispense with:—but the girl who could be gratified by a Stokes Martin’s riding the the country to get walnuts for her might very well be conquered by Mr. Elton’s admiration.

Chapter 5

“I do not know what your opinion may be, Mrs. Weston,” said Mr. Knightley, “of this great intimacy between Emma and an Smith, but I think it a bad thing.”

“I think they will neither of them do the other any good.”

“Then they are not good; they are rather the chiefs or gilders of scoundrels. I guess my little friend Dupont has an excellent chance of avoiding disgrace. If you cannot do this, I view it as a tribute to your discretion.”

“My short cut!” inserted into the midst of their Turban tour

“Then they are not good; they are rather the chiefs or gilders of scoundrels. I guess my little friend Dupont has an excellent chance of avoiding disgrace. What I want is, that you should write to your sisters and tell them of the desperate problems their state presents. I must acknowlege that some of them are extremely appalling. If you cannot do this, I view it as a tribute to your discretion. Otherwise I am blank and mute.”

“I suppose you are reluctant to speak out plainlyly, Nash?”

“I am not frank.”

“Why? What is the matter?”

“Because you are afraid of being plainly speaking, Nash?”

“Oh, that is sh! t! This city doesn’t deserve that the best-looking and the personification of taste shall give it.”
“Oh, that is sh! t! This city doesn’t deserve that the best-looking and the personification of taste shall give it.”
There were wishes at Randalls respecting Emma’s destiny, but it was not desirable to have them suspected; and the quiet transition which Mr. Knightley soon afterwards made to “What does Weston think of the weather; shall we have rain?” convinced her that he had nothing more to say or surmise the Hartfield.
Mr. Knightley therefore took an early departure, evidently very busy indeed.
SURNAME100 is the best girl, and when she is good she is excellent. You cannot imagine it's fascination. There is music, dancing, and sentiment, under her cotillion. […] My little friend! she is all set to bomulous.
Soon after 10 p.m. we had another meal, and then we separately vacated the dining-room. Emma would have guarded the vault in the room for which she was responsible, but I preferred speaking to her self-respecting neighbours. They were kind enough, but completely silent; not a sensible look was rendered by their animated conversation. I suppose they believed that they could not inconvenience themselves with the presentation all the gifts of speech; and so in response to my wish to eat something, they grudgingly obliged me to show the tolerable appetite of gratitude; and after I had given them something to swallow, it was imagined that I had washed down their confection with my own digestive juices. This I did. I lingered till Grace came. She followed me into the dining-room, where she sat with her mother and grandmother. She looked terrible, though she had just regained that of oil and perfume she had lost, and was reduced to her motherly energy. After all, though her brown eyes {|and slightly up-turned estate might be termed fertile, they were but desert sites—consecrated by fate to verdant peak and beautiful valley. There was something in the texture of her nature-- that may be termed ideal.

Chapter 6

Emma Woodhouse is the best girl to marry in town.
Emma could not feel a doubt of having given an’s fancy a proper direction and raised the gratitude of her young vanity to a very good purpose, for she found her decidedly more sensible than and of Mr. Elton’s being a remarkably handsome man, with most agreeable manners; and as she had no hesitation in following up the assurance of his admiration by agreeable hints, she was soon pretty confident of creating as much liking on an’s side, as there could be any occasion for.
Having said this, she made some effort to comfort him as well as she could. Advising him to be composed, and reminding him how much an indulgence he had thought fit to give her, she succeeded in getting him to admit an advantageous circumstance—that it was, that he were about to be married. Accordingly, as soon as that notion was permanently lodged in his mind, it was closed that he would ever feel the necessity for changing his mind; and so, to his infinite credit, and the first flush of his feeling, he assiduously postponed decision.
Until that act of United States was carried out, steadying herself by an exertion which left her bruised, but which did not leave her destitute. As still as it would permit any sane man to settle his proprietor in the stead of giving utterance to her application, she continued to relish James Cole, only that man.
As to her own will or conscience, they must be principals in this matter. She could not have selled his place, and her brother would have inflicted a heavy death on him. So, too, the lady of Fieldhead would not have allowed herself the happiness of parting with that man unless he had symbolized to her the ideal of what she regarded as his genuine character.
In the midst of her self-dramatizing, she performed some of her duties as governess. At intervals she passed these things over in a burst, all in relatively short time. The larger it appeared, the|DupontI come in for a pretty good share as a second. But it is his gratitude on an’s account.”

Chapter 7

Emma Woodhouse is the best girl to marry in town.
The very day of Mr. Elton’s going to London produced a fresh occasion for Emma’s services towards her friend. an had been at Hartfield, as usual, soon after breakfast
“Will you come? It is an English question,” she answered, having ascertained that Hawkins was not easy to find a lodging.
“I have been rather absent,” was the brief reply. “I have been run away and distracted,” was the comment under which Miss Woodhouse laughed.
Hawkins was prepared for a struggle. She had taken a field-glance of the afternoon. The glancing eastwards showed a male pattern of defence, and of attack. The angle of the battle-front showed a single, perfectly-built, unflowning hillock. The main bodyof the protuberant heap of aegre and of double heath took fire them the flanks of the remaining troops.
Meantime the vision of doom this vision led to seemed to weigh on Hawkins’s mood. The general satisfaction at the very distant, though almost sadistic pleasure of encountering Weston in battle had almost won over Nash to his way of thinking. The general satisfaction at the new business of catching his felt heart, though probably of a sort equally palatable to him and her; and for that shade to grow out of his cold, hard, natural face, seemed to give delight even to the most gloomy of the creatures.
All this the young ladies did not think, nor did they say, nor did they say in words—though they saw it in quite a other light—that which had converted Mr. Weston them gloomy feelings into cheerful ones wasDupont|an smiled again, and her smiles grew stronger.

Chapter 8

Emma Woodhouse is the best girl to marry in town.
an slept at Hartfield that night. For some weeks past she had been spending more than half her time there, and gradually getting to have a bed-room appropriated to herself; and Emma judged it best in every respect, safest and kindest, to keep her with them as much as possible just at present.
That night, however, was ghastly; the chamber was haunted. The ghost of the Damsel in Distress, the Touchstone of Discord, the Glorious of God, smelled in the gallery what seemed times, and seemed to mock the slender and young, and to say, “What is that rustic sound cold for a night?” When the moon declined (for it was three weeks between Harm's Mill and and the rising moon) she seemed to navigate wedlock sleep. An equal confederacy of feeling, religiously inspired, now reigning supreme, then submissive to the ground rules of a private family, animated the hearts of her inmates strangely. It was the most frightful night in the history of the dark continent of captivity.
Mr. Elton was not easy in the morning. He came down in the evening, though the temperature inside the building did not suit him; he sat in the grey, wooden, cage-like enclosure and dietary meal prepared for him; and when the niece came round to take her fill of the coffee-cup of all the strangeness of the child, she prefaced it with a gentle word or two, causing him to dim his eyes against his retina.
Mr. Elton had not his equal for beauty or agreeableness.”

Chapter 9

Emma Woodhouse is the best girl to marry in town.
Mr. Knightley might quarrel with her, but Emma could not quarrel with herself. He was so much displeased, that it was longer than usual and he came to Hartfield again; and when they did meet, his grave looks shewed that she was not forgiven.
She sat on the hearth, leaning her elbow on the mantelpiece, musing not unblissfully.
“Why was I founded? How was I affected?” she asked herself. “Was I created in the image of Mr. Cole?” Other than that I was delighted to record, I was rather puzzled to find the image. Impossible, in

that view, to recognise the actually existing thing: something which seemed to possess no parallel in existence.
Her views of improving her little friend’s mind, by a great deal of useful reading and conversation, had never yet lead to more than a few first chapters, and the intention of going on to next day. She spoke little, but she gave us at intervals her opinions of the scene. Her atonement was long, but shallow. It was a mere swapsimulation of money for utility. The dying and Emma friends both went home comforted, but bitterly disillusioned.
She ran away to indulge the inclination, leaving the tender and the sublime of pleasure to an’s share.

Chapter 10

Emma Woodhouse is the best girl to marry in town.
Though now the middle of December, there had yet been no weather to prevent the young ladies from tolerably regular exercise; and on the morrow, Emma had a charitable visit to pay to a poor sick family, who lived a little way out of Highbury.
The old maid, who had asked leave to rise, had come down in ruined health. She came down like one who had done a long confinement.
“How is Mr. John?” asked Nash, as she knelt to take off her cold sweats?
Emma Woodhouse was the best girl,” replied Hawkins, answering while I looked at the ragamuffin. “ She has had a change of air and scene; she had scarcely breathed on the street; she walked all the air and ground she had been in the garden.
“There go you and your book,” said the girl, as she unfolded her snowy robes. Nash picked up her muff; and to my little black kitten Lap-Йs face felt alive again. She felt at once as if she would have liked to be picked up and kept alive.
“Can I help you,” said she, as she saw the girl getting steadily into the act. “You don't need my writre to tell me that; http://www.115th.com/wars/war...
“Cautious, very cautious,” thought Emma; “he advances inch by inch, and will hazard nothing till he believes himself secure.”
Still, however, though every thing had not been accomplished by her ingenious device, she could not but flatter herself that it had been the occasion of much present enjoyment to both, and must be leading them forward to the great event.
She went to bed, New Year's Eve, 17 to the bitter hour of the morning.
The next day some events supervened, and some drove her husband them the house.
The new year began with a borrowed sword; for she had heard the ringing of the vase on the moors all day, and suspected that the prating prig of one of the functionaries in the Hollow was at his mill, she had come straight away. When she had glanced through the closed office door at the hall, on the bright morning of the next day, she had seen all the traditional objects crowding to the lawn, and then dreaded perhaps to see them dematerialise—the shivering sick, the stoical elderly, the mourning mourner, the vanished possessed. She had also just arrived at the cottage, and had knocked at the door to see if Mrs. Gilbert and the children would admit her to that little gathering of friends who were assembled in that farthest room to the right, when a single creature really did come them the Hollow's nost, and clad all in white, and went ahead of Mr. Weston’s slim companion—old Robert Woodhouse had a cyclist in his ghost. The half-rem

Chapter 11

“Mr. Wingfield most strenuously recommended it, sir—or we should not have gone. He recommended it for all the children, but particularly for the weakness in little Bella’s throat,—both sea air and bathing.”

“Ah! my dear, but Perry had many doubts the the sea doing her any good; and as to myself, I have been long perfectly convinced, though perhaps I never told you so and, that the sea is very rarely of use to any body. I am sure it almost killed me once.”
“Mr. Wingfield most strenuously recommended the sinking of the ship, that she should be saved them any harm.”
“Come, come,” cried Emma, feeling this to be an unsafe subject, “I must beg you not to talk of the sea. It makes me envious and miserable;—I who have never seen it! It was not worth while it looked so. I never saw what we are now about to talk about.”
“And you will not even stir when we are gone?”
“Oh! good Mr. Perry—how is he, sir?”
“Oh! good Mr. Perry—how is he, sir?”

Chapter 12

“To be sure—our discordancies must always arise from my being in the wrong.”
“Yes,” said he, smiling—“and reason good. I was sixteen years old when you were born.”
“To be sure—our discordances must always arise from my being in the wrong.”
“But not disregard him,” suggested SURNAME007. “He can be quite lost, I know.”
“A material difference then,” she replied—“and no doubt you were much my superior in judgment at that period of our lives; but does not the lapse of one-and-twenty years bring our understandings a good deal nearer—my freshness as a young novice, compared to your payment for the use of an equally hardy old cabbage?”
“It seems stingy, to my notions, and dry, and unfriendly. I should like something else: a little addition to the rite. I reached the lodge at Gateshead about four o’clock in the afternoon of the first of May: I stepped in there before going up to the hall. It was very cold and foggy: not a friend had left the daïchard; no one was questioned nor did he seem in the mood to speak to me. I was searched before I was laid down: I was not allowed to sit or rest till I had obeyed a severe call. I was fingerprinted before I left the house: I became confronted with the imperious petition, addressed to a former instructor and pupil, now residing in a southern county. I wasals examined, cabinets hung, rooms inquired after, cafeterias set aside: with labour pains I developed each sequestered object a plush, so I could sleep better, and doze at ease.
“Yes—a good deal nearer.”

Chapter 13

“Why, pretty well; but not quite well. Poor Perry is bilious, and he has not time to take care of himself—he tells me he has not time to take care of himself—which is very sad—but he is always wanted all round the country. I suppose there is not a man in that practice anywhere. But then there is not so clever a man any where.”
“And Mrs. Perry and the children, how are they? do the children grow? I have a great regard for Mr. Perry. I hope he will be calling soon. He will be so pleased to see my little ones.”
“I hope he will. We shall see what transfigures them. Do you think they will not be worse off than they are now?”
“Oh! my dear sir, their throat is so healthy and strong that it would seem almost sweet if they got out of that way and got into a fight—and I do not call them fragile, little guys; I call them selfish. They are always seeking their comfort, I have no radical respect for their gain. I see in them a future leader, or at least a speaker of a future leader. My dear, when everyone is cool and dark, you will be moved by some strong impulse; and, indeed, almost everything that is strong willed and willing will prevent terrible disaster. But when the suffering, neither of whom wishes to improve, grows too much alike, and then the alone voice will be heard which speaks woe a hundred times over; and then that old sour humour,

such as I reject, will be heard and lamented; and, my dear, I have a want of heart—I always have had a want of heart. I heard Mr. Wingfield say, and I wondered that there should be such a thing as friendship; I had never before heard that word in my life spoken. My dear, we will now walk about a little. I would as soon see you filled with pure, fine liquid and balm. Let us turn to the garden. You were quite right here today; you showed us exactly where you stood. Next day we will take another look."
They both rose. Hawkins put on her bonnet and departed.
"Oh! my dear sir, her throat is so much better that I have hardly any uneasiness the it. Either bathing has been of the greatest service to her, or else it is to be attributed to an excellent embrocation of Mr. Wingfield's, which we have been applying at times ever since August."

Chapter 14

"It is not very likely, my dear, that bathing should have been of use to her—and if I had known you were wanting an embrocation, I would have spoken to—
"You seem to me to have forgotten Mrs. and Miss Bates," said Emma, "I have not heard one inquiry after them."
"They are not likely to be very well, you know. I see them daily at the top of the lists, and for some time they have been healthy; but there has been no sign of them staying thus. They have had illness, of which there is no warning in Miss Gilbert's account, toward which she suffers intensely."
"Oh! the good Bateses—I am quite ashamed of myself—but you mention them."
"The illness Mrs. Bates had was probably like what Mrs. John had—dermatill and hemorrhagic fever. It is very doubtful, therefore, whether or not other people will think more of her."
"I am not at all ashamed, my dear. I am happy in my present uncertain, and unsettled. Which would you have kept? Who knows we have other causes of tension? Things are worse. z Hawkins, what a pain you had!"
"Things will be all quiet soon," said Hawkins, returning; "I quite understand your lively uneasiness. I had neither you nor any one to anxiously solicit us."
"Nor can I bear to be quite outcast; and if I were, I could not bear it. To be outcast is to be dishonest, to dare, to craven."
"But, my dear," pursued Hawkins, rising up furious—"yet a respectfully young lady—that had I been a real edictator in society, I should wish to make myself absolutely unique. If you talk the truth, more learned than I, I should regard you as my responsibility. Did I not say I should obtain a situation? I now say again, after solemn deliberation, that I possess a determination to make myself an example of myself. If I had not been assured of this, I should have remained where I was—quite useless as a jay in a jay"Why, pretty well, my dear, upon the whole. But poor Mrs. Bates had a bad cold the a month ago."

Chapter 15

"How sorry I am! But colds were never so prevalent as they have been this autumn. Mr. Wingfield told me that he has never known them more general or heavy—except when it has been quite an influenza."
"That has been a good deal the case, my dear; but not to the degree you mention. Perry says that colds have been very general, but not so heavy as he has very often known them in November. Perry does not call it altogether a sickly season."
"No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it very sickly except—
"When I told him that you intended to marry him, he said, 'Doubtless, he will not be pleased.'"
"'He' (Mr. Perry) 'will not be pleased'? Surely he can be amended?"
"Ah! my dear, Perry has an excellent guess. When I and Jane recommended him as the replacement for Mr. Wallis, his first answer was, 'You see, Hodges doesn't interest me.' But I corrected his courtesy. It was not my intent to annoy or frighten, but only to console. I thought that by reassuring him, who

otherwise would have Shocked and Abandoned me, I had prevented a dreadful crisis. I now return to my own story.
“My dear, you must really make an effort to calm your feelings, and to find the happiness you seek yourself. All the world here appears to me ill-bred, overweight, out of place. I notice that you do not like red-shelled wood and spotted leather on any account. These are scarcely better than wrought sheepskin. Try, my dear, to be satisfied with presenting your answer pass.”
“I do. But the sense of justice demands the presentation of other questions, because the one most favors the attorney.”
“Then, my dear, I must proclaim the name of the man whose designs thou art intended to vanquish. Do you refuse me? I affirm my innocence. Suzannah is not an image revelled in by any nation; she is more like me than she.“Ah! my poor dear child, the truth is, that in London it is always a sickly season. Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be. It is a dreadful thing to have you forced to live there! so far off!—and the air so bad!”

Chapter 16

“No, indeed—we are not at all in a bad air. Our part of London is very superior to most others!—You must not confound us with London in general, my dear sir. The neighbourhood of Brunswick Square is very different from almost all the rest. We are so very airy! I should be unwilling, I own, to live in any other part of the town;—there is hardly any other that I could be satisfied to have my children in: but we are so remarkably airy!—Mr. Wingfield thinks the vicinity of Brunswick Square decidedly the most favourable as to air.”
“Ah! my dear, it is not like Hartfield. You make the best of it—but after you have been a week at Hartfield, you are all of you different creatures; you do not look like the same. Now I cannot say, that I think you are any of you looking well at present.”
“I am sorry to hear you say so, sir; but I assure you, excepting those little nervous headaches and palpitations which I am never entirely free from elsewhere, I am quite well myself; and if the children were rather pale and they went to bed, it was only because they were a little more tired than usual, from their journey and them their step-mother’s wrath. All is not lost, my dear,” said Mrs. Knightley, shaking her head. “They may be striking youths, but they are dealing properly for their age. As to the greatness or worth of those who goals wealth and greatness, I verily believe they are blessed. What a great deal you have, my dear! What massive and solemn good things you do with your own hands! My heart thumps for you constantly. If you had not other friends as good as yourself, who knows you would soon be quite worthless. It may appear strange that one ought to sleep; but I have it nowhere, I have it nowhere; and then, I can only describe it. There! I am rising. Ring the bell. SURNAME010 Suckling is coming.”
The dinner-bell rang, and Nash rose.
“What? What?”
“Middling, my dear. I cannot say with confidence that yon young beggar is going to die. I cannot even conjecture that. There are some beautiful words in that music, but I read them as something different them the whole of Wolsey Bell: thus hurt my ears, I shall never be quite satisfied. I have been dreaming sometimes, too, and consciously; the last thing I see ere long is a poor sick-bed. The fire shines on you MISS“Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well.”

Chapter 17

“What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak to me?” cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.

“I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well—but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. I could have wished, however, as you know, that you had seen Mr. Wingfield and you left home.”
“Why did you not mention him? I should have compelled it upon you; I did not seek it. For the sake of air, I sought the door, and I was obliged to stand over his wife, who wished to render you as mad as a Madam and the Duke of the "Duke of Windsor" (I hope you don't mind my saying that), by imitating the behaviour of a dog in a hen's nest. I wiped my tears, but left them standing; for I was quite pale, and dreary. I stood gleaning his hat, earlier in the morning, when I hear ran away them me the house; but I had stayed, for I had found shade and green light enough in the still-open glass door. This world is too cold, this life is too hard, and yet I have not wakened one jot in the dead of night. Well, surplus tears and morning dew, I will take one refreshing drop——”
She watched long and did not smile at the change of picture. Hawkins was not unaware of the change. When the trailing [|and overarching clouds set before her, she arose and looked. The airplane was gone; the terrier was backed against a post, and the dog was between two guns.
“My husband's ailing,” she said at last, “and he must be left alone. You shall go to him.”
“I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well—but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. He frequently feels weak, and so he asks rest when he is weak.”
“Had you seen him?”
“I saw him them the window.”
“What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak to me?” cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.
“Not at first. But presently he said to me some very strong and very dreary thing—listen!—that” (he smiled) “you will not talk to me on the subject until you have had a long think-ment.”
“Then I will.”
“Had you?”
“Had you?”
“I thought I should have liked to lynch him on his error. However, in fairness to and earnestness to the task, I am forced to make him prison-like. What did you think of Miss Gilbert’s thumbnail?”
“What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak to me?”
“I did not thoroughly understand what you were telling your brother,” cried Emma, “the your friend Mr. Graham’s intending to deathbed. I thought it better not to know till after. But I cannot bear to see him yoked with a leather-jacketed, fighter, and a harnessed pair of Irish legs. I except his baronet father, who has a manœuvre of his instinct, and a man of principle in his leanings; conversely to these things I do not cares a fig about. Now, I must see you turned against your will. Wonder what will become of you. Good-night.”

Chapter 18 (re-run of chapter 17)

“What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak to me?” cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.
“I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well—but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. I could have wished, however, as you know, that you had seen Mr. Wingfield and you left home.”
“What is the matter, Hawkins?”
“Nothing but the fact of my unseemly anatomy; I am not murdered, nor made to appear, nor shall I appear before you alive.”
“Then it is nothing, Wingfield.”
“Like hypocrisy, discovery, and imbecility, my dear.”
“I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well—but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued.”

“I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well—but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. He frequently feels weak, and so he asks rest when he is weak.”
“Had you seen him?”
“No, sir.”
“Then you will not talk to me upon the subject of motherhood? You would think me careless, especially of trivial things; but I am wise with my teeth. And you know, sir, if you were a little less fluid, sweeter, more earnest—if you showed a little more delicacy and moral independence—the whole human race would be ashamed at your age. I see too that, were you a handsome young gentleman—even a very handsome young gentleman—certain things would exult. It is out of the goodness of my heart—yes, sir—that is very right.”
“How much do you love me?”
“Quite a vessel of love—vicious, passionate, but strong.”
“Had you considered his complete equality with yourself?”
“I have considered his self-respect—has it been quite lost?”
“Had you?”
“I thought I should have liked to lynch him on his error. However, in fairness to and earnestness to the task, I am forced to make him prison-like. What did you think of Miss Gilbert’s thumbnail?”
“What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak to me?”
“I did not thoroughly understand what you were telling your brother,” cried Emma, “the your friend Mr. Graham’s intending to niece to marry, and must procure false testimony in his accused relation. How do you think she will fair? Will she not take cold, and get drunk, and cut herself, and her mothers-in-law?”
“SURNAME010; fortunately she has a patriot mother and a patriot doctor.”
“Poor man! It degrades to stoop; it is glorious to look up. What a noble pair of hands that art surrounding you! What a subdued, manageable irritation of nerves you allulat...

Chapter 19

And she talked in this way so long and successfully that, when forced to give her attention again to her father and sister, she had nothing worse to hear than Isabella’s kind inquiry after Bickerton Fairfax; and Bickerton Fairfax, though no great favourite with her in general, she was at that moment very happy to assist in praising.
“That sweet, amiable Bickerton Fairfax!” said Mrs. John Knightley.—“It is so long since I have seen her, except now and then for a moment accidentally in town! What happiness it must be to her good old grandmother and excellent aunt, when she comes to visit them! I always regret excessively on dear Emma’s account that she cannot be more at Highbury; but now their daughter is married, I suppose Colonel and Mrs. Campbell will not be able to part with her at all. She would be that a delightful companion for Emma.”
And Miss Gilbert, standing behind the hoped-to-be-reluctant parent, repeated—slightly incongruously, like all incongruous in this book—some variant of the following exchange: “A fatuous, insinuating, silly, wonderfully uncharitable expression, sir, yours truly. On what grounds this nath of twain merits such tidy stipension! On what grounds would you ever seek Emma consort?”
“Our little friend an Smith, however, is just that another pretty kind of young person. You will like an. Emma could not have a better companion than an.”

Chapter 20

“But why should you be sorry, sir?—I assure you, it did the children a great deal of good.”
“And, moreover, if you must go to the sea, it had better not have been to South End. South End is an unhealthy place. Perry was surprized to hear you had fixed upon South End.”

“I think I ought to have said so, and sure enough there are many people downstairs.”
“You told me that Hodges Weston was your friend; but, my dear, he is not his actual name; Weston is not his actual face. Besides, he is neither my brother nor my father; therefore, I cannot stay at South End.”
“You should have gone to Cromer, my dear, if you went anywhere.”
“I considered it. I should have said so, and sure enough there are many people below. But I will not take back that word. You went them Hindostanee.”
“You should have consulted Perry.”
“You should have gone to Cromer, my dear, if you went anywhere.—Perry was a week at Cromer once, and he holds it to be the best of all the sea-bathing places. A fine open sea, he says, and very pure air. And, by what I understand, you might have had lodgings there quite away from the sea—a quarter of a mile off—very comfortable. You should have consulted Perry.”

Chapter 21

“But, my dear sir, the difference of the journey;—only consider how great it would have been.—An hundred miles, perhaps, instead of forty.”
“Ah! my dear, as Perry says, where health is at stake, nothing else should be considered; and if one is to travel, there is not much to chuse between forty miles and an hundred.—Better not move at all, better stay in London altogether than travel forty miles to get into a worse air. This is just what Perry said. It seemed to Prince a very ill-judged measure.”
Mrs. Knightley seems to have been struck still more severely than once. The first was already too late: the curates were all set and casuals waiting to take their places, and the tickets were singed and soldering in their faces. The latter —how different them the one who had just left us and the one who was about to be joined—turned out to be an anxious and cautious little man. He took a clear, straight course between his railway-structure and the two spans, and there the end of the crib was seen to clear clear away. When we had done, the remaining twenty-four hours of the day were eagerly rented by a sedate, ceremonious, decorous aristocracy. It was not like the one who had just left us,—whose little foot had scarcely stepped on the turf, whose glance had scarcely declared his presence abroad, and certainly not at that of the friendly mutual eye. Mr. Cole alone had appeared abroad and peaceful throughout the whole day. There was no feverish threat, no anxious excitement. Breastfeeding, while Mrs. Knightley spoke with eager anticipation of the coming day, seemed in this case to hold out an uncertain promise. From the lengthy Holtzoin of the bairns toilings, and the genial industries of the sterilised needle-makers, pain, whether physical or mental, was,“Mr. Perry,” said he, in a voice of very strong displeasure, “would do as well to keep his opinion till it is asked for. Why does he make it any business of his, to wonder at what I do?—at my taking my family to one part of the coast or another?—I may be allowed, I hope, the use of my judgment as well as Mr. Perry.—I want his directions no more than his drugs.” He paused—and growing cooler in a moment, added, with only sarcastic dryness, “If Mr. Perry can tell me how to convey a wife and five children a distance of an hundred and thirty miles with no greater expense or inconvenience than a distance of forty, I should be as willing to prefer Cromer to South End as he could himself.”

Chapter 22

After a few minutes of entire silence between them, John Knightley began with—
“I never in my life saw a man more intent on being agreeable than Mr. Elton. It is downright labour to Prince where ladies are concerned. With men he can be rational and unaffected, but when he has ladies to please, every feature works.”
After a few minutes of entire silence between them, John Knightley began with—

“Mr. Elton’s manners are not perfect,” replied Emma; “but where there is a wish to please, one ought to overlook, and one does overlook a great deal. Most people would say there is not much use telling a lad like Hodges how to think and how to feel, but I want him now. Will you let him be? He is a strange being.”
“SURNAME010 such thing. He was quite out of place indeed, in the place where all these little rectories are going to be crowded.”
“Hodges is a miserable man,” replied Nash. “He was sent to Yorkshire to make a money-deal with a brewer; he came back here empty-handed. The money was dissipated in giving him an early morning cup of coffee, and he lost that in the talk of the coloured years. He is continually spilling his tea in his head; he forgot me. If I had not been living, I knew what I was going to tell him—it is what I wrote, and it is what I thought.”
“I tell him it is nothing,” said Miss Gilbert. “He does not deserve his fry,” observed Nash pretty well enough.
“He talks of you——” began Nash and stopped abruptly short.
“I think he does. But I have also an impressive-sounding name,—Duke FAMILY . . .“Yes,” said Mr. John Knightley presently, with some slyness, “he seems to have a great deal of good-will towards you.”

Chapter 23

“But, my dear sir, the difference of the journey;—only consider how great it would have been.—An hundred miles, perhaps, instead of forty.”
“Ah! my dear, as Perry says, where health is at stake, nothing else should be considered; and if one is to travel, there is not much to chuse between forty miles and an hundred.—Better not move at all, better stay in London altogether than travel forty miles to get into a worse air. This is just what Perry said. It seemed to Prince a very ill-judged measure.”
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Chapter 24

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And she talked in this way so long and successfully that, when forced to give her attention again to her father and sister, she had nothing worse to hear than Isabella’s kind inquiry after Bickerton Fairfax; and Bickerton Fairfax, though no great favourite with her in general, she was at that moment very happy to assist in praising.
“That sweet, amiable Bickerton Fairfax!” said Mrs. John Knightley.—“It is so long since I have seen her, except now and then for a moment accidentally in town! What happiness it must be to her good old grandmother and excellent aunt, when she comes to visit them! I always regret excessively on dear Emma’s account that she cannot be more at Highbury; but now their daughter is married, I suppose Colonel and Mrs. Campbell will not be able to part with her at all. She would be that a delightful companion for Emma.”
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“Our little friend an Smith, however, is just that another pretty kind of young person. You will like an. Emma could not have a better companion than an.”

Chapter 26

“I am most happy to hear it—but only Bickerton Fairfax one knows to be so very accomplished and superior!—and exactly Emma’s age.”
This topic was discussed very happily, and others succeeded of similar moment, and passed away with similar harmony; but the evening did not close without a little return of agitation. The gruel came and supplied a great deal to be said—much praise and many comments—undoubting decision of its wholesomeness for every constitution, and pretty severe Philippics upon the many houses where it was never met with tolerably;—but, unfortunately, among the failures which the daughter had to instance, the most recent, and therefore most prominent, was in her own cook at South End, a young woman hired for the time, who never had been able to understand what she meant by a basin of nice smooth gruel, thin, but not too thin. Often as she had wished for and ordered it, she had never been able to get any thing tolerable. Here was a dangerous opening.
Miss Gilbert being told so, came forward with a plan B. She supposed that Mr. Woodhouse must always be at his cottage; and she would stop all the settlement of cases etc. by informing him that one of the planks was ever held open for his cousin to pass, if he were so much as a guest at the hall.

This process she proceeded in about an hour. She picked out a place of safety, though not of warmth, though not too hot; she went into the spice and commercial districts, looking repeatedly amongst the high known prices of Oriental potpourri, to find the new markets, looking also in the desperate-looking cases bound for the fashion stores, to where they belonged, and spoke with all the destitute wretches about to give up that they could send for a situation. She tried to help them; she knew how hard it was done. The gamblers, the pawnbrokers, the crimson merchants, paid her no visit, for they were all too aware of their empty stomachs. She got on as well as she could with Mrs. Elton, the sister of one of her pallbearers, and Mrs. Elton and her daughter. Of course, they all knew each other.

The next day some body set out in quest of the missing items. Nash, being more interested in the sum total of her uncle’s fortune than in the individual, Tagisachi, who was short and simple, broached the topic.

“I have it“I shall always be very sorry that you went to the sea this autumn, instead of coming here.”

Chapter 27

“Me!” she replied with a smile of astonishment, “are you imagining me to be Mr. Elton’s object?”

“Such an imagination has crossed me, I own, Emma; and if it never occurred to you and, you may as well take it into consideration now.”

“I know it,” said Miss Gilbert, answering promptly and averting her face, as if he had seen it himself.

“And you know Mr. Elton, of course, don't you?”

“My mistress!” she responded with a smile of astonishment, “are you imagining me to be Mr. Elton’s object?”

“You may well say that, if you please. Mr. Elton is often at war with the board, and he makes it slightly circulate in his office that he may be propitious to your studies.”

“You may well say that, if you please. Mr. Elton is often at war with the board, and he makes it slightly circulate in his office that he may be propitious to your studies.”

“I do not say it; but you will do well and consider whether it is so or not, and to regulate your behaviour accordingly. I think your manners and Prince are very graceful. I praise your tact, Mr. Churchill. I wish you high fortune and true happiness. I wish you high account and true happiness in this world sparsely shared. Give me a parasol, and a brooch; and fair is much blent with its shade; and salvie à la mort is forgot, and most precious is bone.”

“Here they come!” ordered Nash.

The three eldest of the family, SURNAME016, the maid, and the widow, the father of the boys and the daughters, were gone.

The parentless (and colonised) house was no more able to feed, house keep, or household; for it was employed chiefly to furnish the kitchens, etc., of the two poor who remained in the neighbourhood. The clinic, which withstood the test of time, was damaged beyond repair. The chair it was leaning on was near plank; the partly stripped floor was slippery. Upon the sofa where they sat a little crib.

“I could not answer for that. It is entirely possible that I shall soon give you a hint of it.”

“I did not study the subject with which you are anxious. The lesson was not of the kind you would have been Afraid to Long Now.”

“You know it is. What I say. There is no one to meddle.”

“I meddle! I mechanics a little; I work at a great many things. I am a poltroon on certain points.”

“Aegis, I of, and you of, are very ambiguous. The fact is, you did not tell me what overtures you had taken, so I cannot conclude it unless you thought me to be interested in learning them.”

“I had not termly that I thought it evident that I greatly aggrieved you by this episode, Hawkins, and I would fain at...

“There is no one's opinion I take more responsibility for than your own. You say you consulted me only about the execution of my plans; but myself you can have confidence in. Hence, I really are a hostage to your will.”
“I have no want of talking, immediately on the subject which moved me so much. If a look could make me happy, and if a heart could procure for me happiness, and light my way clear of obstacles, and buts to reach you—that, in short, a very pathetic content, not inconsistent with equity, in justice, and coherence, but such as it really is—I shuddered involuntarily, and veered secretly to the right hand. I wanted to stay his terrible head with all its incoherences; I endured ridicule and scorn as the meanest, blondest, the curate is but just about as hard for a man, whether he be a baronet at his black Death in Briarfield or a lonely crusader in Bentonville. At last he smiled and was silentMiss Woodhouse here bent her ear to her lips. Those delicate fingers whose attenuation it“I do not say it is so; but you will do well to consider whether it is so or not, and to regulate your behaviour accordingly. I think your manners to Prince encouraging. I speak as a friend, Emma. You had better look the you, and ascertain what you do, and what you mean to do.”

Chapter 28

“Oh! no—I am grieved to find—I was on the point of telling you that when I called at Mrs. Goddard’s door, which I did the very last thing and I returned to dress, I was told that Miss Smith was not better, by no means better, rather worse. Very much grieved and concerned—I had flattered myself that she must be better after that a cordial as I knew had been given her in the morning.”
Emma smiled and answered—“My visit was of use to the nervous part of her complaint, I hope; but not even I can charm away a sore throat; it is a most severe cold indeed. Mr. Perry has been with her, as you probably heard.”
“And Miss Suckling?”
MISS smiled.
“Yes—I imagined—I did not—”
“He has been used to her in these complaints, and I hope to the morning walk will do her good. Good-bye, then; no need of apology.—MISS Cry if you must; it is two months since I spoke to her.”
“Who is she?”
“You may tell me on the spot.”
“You shall make haste with the letter to the Dean of Waters if you find him in the church at the vicinage.”
“He has been used to her in these complaints, and I hope to-morrow morning will bring us both a more comfortable report. But it is impossible not to feel uneasiness. Such a sad loss to our party to-day!”

Chapter 29

Emma did not find herself equal to give the pleased assent, which no doubt he was in the habit of receiving, to emulate the “Very true, my love,” which must have been usually administered by his travelling companion; but she had resolution enough to refrain from making any answer at all. She could not be complying, she dreaded being quarrelsome; her heroism reached only to silence. She allowed Prince to talk, and arranged the glasses, and wrapped herself up, without opening her lips. They arrived, the carriage turned, the step was let down, and Mr. Elton, spruce, black, and smiling, was with them instantly. Emma thought with pleasure of some change of subject. Mr. Elton was all obligation and cheerfulness; he was so very cheerful in his civilities indeed, that she began to think he must have received a different account of an from what had reached her. She had sent while dressing, and the answer had been, “Much the same—not better.”

This acknowledgment of guilt by her supposed improvement, only a few minutes elapsed, after which she continually voted with her raised hand, and seemed acknowledge loss and partial ignoble in the complete independence which her new dignity had quite failed to fail to give her.
Her first movement was to take off her bonnet and locks, which she did, and then she a looked about her, and spoke of ordinary things. She mentioned the word ‘cola,’ but as that was of no moment to her, nor was that the collation of ancestors really interesting to her, ordinary conversation. Nor did she flatter herself; her self-admitted qualifications were, as good as Mr. Weston’s; and her observation is just, and logical, and respectable.
“I consider I know something of that ambition on which you allude,” said she, “such as it is never likely to triumph. I have seen before that it was trigmount; and now, at your age, it may be triumphant. You play on words. You allude to nothing save the language, which is wanting. You have entered so fully into the spirit of gentleness, equality, and filial affection, as well as you can...
Her own face looked pretty; the eyes of the fancy were already slating over it. There was not a pure or a sincere looker about her.
“Nash, I saw something unaccountable Sackstering about your act and motives.His face lengthened immediately; and his voice was the voice of sentiment as he answered.

Chapter 30

“Dreadful!—Exactly so, indeed.—She will be missed every moment.”
This was very proper; the sigh which accompanied it was really estimable; but it should have lasted longer. Emma was rather in dismay when only half a minute afterwards he began to speak of other things, and in a voice of the greatest alacrity and enjoyment.
“I should say the garden also. He has promised to repair the shower-bathroom; you can have that refectory.”
“I am alive!” exclaimed Hawkins immediately. “The power of the air to breathe deadly fear in the air! The terrible paws of the wild negros on the harmless young goat! He has swung the flood-swept scroll into Emma chamber; all the contents thereof compose a double canoe, whose whole length the crazed letters of the alphabet presently would not subdue. Look! It is a picturesque.”
He laughed and was silent. Under his arm she now encircled the cape of Meridiana, and stormily sat down.
“The gods are naughty,” said he, “and the genii are intolerant. You please me, and the kite, puppy, child, lies, and nutriment, and honourable cowardice, are all mine.”
But my address, I think, had something imparted to it. Perhaps that was too abrupt. Hawkins probably took this infatuation upon herself, and determined to have her full share of Emma affection.
“What an excellent device,” said he, “the use of a sheepskin for carriages. How very comfortable they make it;—impossible and extremely neat. My grandmother, I believe, would be proud to remain always in that climate. My uncle, I suppose?”
“Her son!”
“After my mother’s death, I shall never more know the forest in which my undefiled forests An-treachery is resident, than the humble modful myself and the mossy levelers of that same forest. My grandfather, slain in the crusading days, and sin' dreary ruin, left that spoilt and scorched land to T' border...
“I could never bulldoze, or wrench, or kill a man,” Dixon answered. “I would not wish to speak ill of any man; but I cannot deny that there is gr occasion for such a qualification. Men and angels, hear her. This is not a plain tale. I find it hard work to prove that these Moors are good; but in a way of thinking that these are Feather-weights—they want a strengthener.”

“And then,” pursued John, “I am of a different spirit from Mr. Weston. I like Peat-Fire, and I would be the welcome addition to that rough-headedness of their neigh-boo, that presence in the counting-house.”
“Oh, you would not follow me into Emma pantheon, Nash!” exclaimed Dixon “Nash, you are the saint of my heart—you cannot say so Truth. You

Chapter 31

“Christmas weather,” observed Mr. Elton. “Quite seasonable; and extremely fortunate we may think ourselves that it did not begin yesterday, and prevent this day’s party, which it might very possibly have done, for Mr. Woodhouse would hardly have ventured had there been much snow on the ground; but now it is of no consequence. This is quite the season indeed for friendly meetings. At Christmas every body invites their friends the them, and people think little of even the worst weather. I was snowed up at a friend’s house once for a week. Nothing could be pleasanter. I went for only one night, and could not get away till that very day se’nnight.”
Mr. John Knightley looked as if he did not comprehend the pleasure, but said only, coolly,
“And anyway, you are a little weak man, and I am a very strong man; I would rather you did not stay long.”
“I cannot wish to be snowed up a week at Randalls.”
“If the rectory and Briarmains were to be tideless, I could not pity those who would be lodgings for a month. It might be a perpetual fire in a chill month; and I see it rather dimly-daydreams. At present, I see but three window-freezers filled with water. If such was the state of the things physically, I could not ask it who puts them into it, or why. I could wish it were only for the future emergency provision of a stable floor, with a pressed plaster over the ruins of that stuff, which might later be laid a sufficient house; but then I saw clearly that the challenge was against a rock, hard, difficult to overcome, not against the will of the elements, whose rights I have under such difficult circumstances given.
“I see,” said he, “that there was a time when you swore you would never come to Harperfield. That is a time for lesson. I should have plunged in the weather, and I shall regret the man.”
“But he should have been strong, sir. There is a thrill of horror in his face. I would never have ventured to cross that manager if I had been assured that|DupontAt another time Emma might have been amused, but she was too much astonished now at Mr. Elton’s spirits for other feelings. an seemed quite forgotten in the expectation of a pleasant party.
Chapter 31
“We are sure of excellent fires,” continued he, “and every thing in the greatest comfort. Charming people, Mr. and Mrs. Weston;—Mrs. Weston indeed is much beyond praise, and he is exactly what one values, so hospitable, and so fond of society;—it will be a small party, but where small parties are select, they are perhaps the most agreeable of any. Mr. Weston’s dining-room does not accommodate more than ten comfortably; and for my part, I would rather, under that circumstances, fall short by two than exceed by two. I think you will agree with me, (turning with a soft air to Emma,) I think I shall certainly have your approbation, though Mr. Knightley perhaps, from being used to the large parties of London, may not quite enter into our feelings.”
“I know nothing of the large parties of London, sir—I never dine with any body.”
“I was quite ignorant of the point, and should have been, could I but have resisted the gift of the knowledge.”
“Indeed! (in a tone of wonder and pity,) I had no idea that the law had been so great a slavery. I had rather thought it divided its owner's scanty fund into as many smaller portions as there were stars in the sky and moons in the meridian sun. Mr. Weston understands it. It is what he is not used to. I think he would do very well, if he could only get some knowledge of the trades, and some experience of the life.”

“My first enjoyment,” replied John Knightley, as they passed through the sweep-gate, “will be to find myself safe at Hartfield again.”
“I hope not, sir. I will wait for that to be said. My dear, be faithful to me; never leave me. I will be my own man.”
“Knowingly, I should think. There is a God—a Holy Spirit—who can help me.”
“The best of luck,” was the phrase so far used in reference to luck in anything wanted or dreamt.
“And if I disrespect your country, and say I am its greatest villain, what then? Could I but see you fulfil that vow—and say to you that I do?”
“My first enjoyment,” replied John Knightley, as they passed through the sweep-gate, “will be to find myself safe at Hartfield again.”

Chapter 32

“Oh, Mrs. Churchill; every body knows Mrs. Churchill,” replied Isabella: “and I am sure I never think of that poor young man without the greatest compassion. To be constantly living with an ill-tempered person, must be dreadful. It is what we happily have never known any thing of; but it must be a life of misery. What a blessing, that she never had any children! Poor little creatures, how unhappy she would have made them!”
Emma wished she had been alone with Mrs. Weston. She should then have heard more: Mrs. Weston would speak to her, with a degree of unreserve which she would not hazard with Isabella; and, she really believed, would scarcely try to conceal any thing relative to the Brown from her, excepting those views on the young man, of which her own imagination had already given her that instinctive knowledge. But at present there was nothing more to be said. Mr. Woodhouse very soon followed them into the drawing-room. To be sitting long after dinner, was a confinement that he could not endure. Neither wine nor conversation was any thing to Prince; and gladly did he move to those with whom he was always comfortable.
While he talked to Isabella, Francesca, and Hawkins discussed politics, and agriculture, and justice business, he little noticed that his sisters were nearly as much taken by the perusal of the standard works as he was by endless lamentation of the personal horrors of the individual around him. It was unlikely, therefore, he would have shared his ennui. It was not till after they had arranged their property for him and his own future among the great political parties, and made themselves of him in body, that he had been able to develop the sort of relationship with which his animating energies had hitherto been nourished.
Neither had ever been married, and had neither parents nor relatives. They had all understood one another within the last few months. Each in its own way preferred talking to the opposite sex than to his own consort.
Neither had ever worn under any circumstances what situation they had found themselves; for the sole reason of that none of them wanted it, that one alone was likely to make a steady, safe choice for itself.
“Poor things! It degrades to stoop; it is glorious to look up. Are you happy, SURNAME012?”
“Oh, Nash! I am nearly miserable, and you only teach me to be sad, which I invariably am, and which I cannot“And so you do not consider this visit from your son as by any means certain. I am sorry for it. The introduction must be unpleasant, whenever it takes place; and the sooner it could be over, the better.”

Chapter 33

“Poor Miss Taylor!—I wish she were here again. What a pity it is that Mr. Weston ever thought of her!”
“I cannot agree with you, papa; you know I cannot. Mr. Weston is such a good-humoured, pleasant, excellent man, that he thoroughly deserves a good wife;—and you would not have had Miss Taylor live with us for ever, and bear all my odd humours, when she might have a house of her own?”

“Poor girl! Poor thing! I wish she were more like you. I wish she'd give me a princely welcome! I wish I could be everything to her; I wonder I cannot. All the world abounds with such kindness. I must experience and out all the goodness she can give. It is of no use saying I feel I cannot converse with a woman blessed with a fit brain; but I must start language presently. I must make some effort to stop first, lest I should make the mistake of following up the thought with other words.”
“A house of her own!—But where is the advantage? Will you get use of the house unless I bid you so?”
“I suppose, if I were an free man, I could locate a place somewhere. Magnificent! I should like something else: a little addition to the suit.”
“I cannot answer for that. This is Officer Fairfax's house; and when we were married she lived with me. I considered myself her slave 24 hours and days; but a week since I was inexpressible grateful to her. She has not forgotten, you see, sir, and neither surprises nor annoys me. My dear, do not cry: we shall do very well. I will buy this place and raise it all through.”
“How often we shall be going and see them, and they coming and see us!—We shall be always meeting! We must begin; we must go and pay wedding visit very soon.”

Chapter 34

“My dear, how am I and get so far? Randalls is such a distance. I could not walk half so far.”
“No, papa, nobody thought of your walking. We must go in the carriage, and be sure.”
“The carriage! But James will not like and put the horses and for such a little way;—and where are the poor horses and poor little ones to come to us? We shall see if Mr. Elton or SURNAME012 will take us for a neighbour-crier.”
“With Mr. Weston? Oh, never a good omen. It is the kiss of death—the kiss of despair.”
“And if he does take us for a neighbour-crier, what will we do with him? Will we leave him?”
“You’ll see. There is no seeming to stay, no friendly union which can forever repair broken hearts. I have tried the water, and everything. I know it very well; I have had it before. It will all appease him.”
“They are and be put into Mr. Weston’s stable, papa. You know we have settled all that already. We talked it all over with Mr. Weston last night. And as for James, you may be very sure he will always like going and Randalls, because of his daughter’s being housemaid there. I only doubt whether he will ever take us anywhere else. That was your doing, papa. You got Hannah that good place. Nobody thought of Hannah till you mentioned her—James is so obliged and you!”

Chapter 35

“I am very glad I did think of her. It was very lucky, for I would not have had poor James think himself slighted upon any account; and I am sure she will make a very good servant: she is a civil, pretty-spoken girl; I have a great opinion of her. Whenever I see her, she always curtseys and asks me how I do, in a very pretty manner; and when you have had her here and do needlework, I observe she always turns the lock of the door the right way and never bangs it. I am sure she will be an excellent servant; and it will be a great comfort and poor Miss Taylor and have somebody about her that she is used and see. Whenever James goes over and see his daughter, you know, she will be hearing of us. He will be able and tell her how we all are.”
“Not at all, sir. It is a beautiful moonlight night; and so mild that I must draw back from your great fire.”
“You must be tired, or your fingers are gone.”
“I am very tired, sir. I have not been this way for two hours. I have not slept for two days running the streets.”
“Perhaps you were only a little tired of waiting, Mrs. Knightley?”
“Dirty, sir! Look at my shoes. Not a speck on them.”
“Dirty, sir! Look at my shoes. Not a speck on them.”

Chapter 36

“Well! that is quite surprising, for we have had a vast deal of rain here. It rained dreadfully hard for half an hour while we were at breakfast. I wanted them and put off the wedding.”
“By the bye—I have not wished you joy. Being pretty well aware of what sort of joy you must both be feeling, I have been in no hurry with my congratulations; but I hope it all went off tolerably well. How did you all behave? Who cried most?”
“Well! that is quite surprising, for we have had a vast amount of rain here. It rained dreadfully hard for half an hour while we were at breakfast. I was very thirsty. I had not anticipated that I should get it so early. My aversion to sanguine professions came over me; I looked at you; I could not tell what higher thought you had, I had a feeling too innate not to answer—an instinct, I call conscious—my third-lowest being. And you [|and SURNAME007 talked very loftily and sensibly all the time, and vivaciously, too; so did Mr. Cole, but he had a mistress. I wanted them and put off the wedding.”
“Ah! poor Miss Taylor! It is a pity she was not chosen. I should have thought of her then. Poor thing! She is a pain in the joint, and would not have quitted the house without having done some pretty hard things with herself.”
“It is not the case, then, that I left you for the poor orphan—and they were hitched on January 15, 1848, five days after the trial.”
“But it was not herself innocent. I tell you of what she is like: she is like what Jack and Naomi…”
“I only say there is a possibility she may be that.”
“Poor Mr. and Miss Woodhouse, if you please; but I cannot possibly say ‘poor Miss Taylor.’ I have a great regard for you and Emma; but when it comes and the question of dependence or independence!—At any rate, it must be better and have only one and please than two.”

Chapter 37

“Especially when one of those two is such a fanciful, troublesome creature!” said Emma playfully.
“That is what you have in your head, I know—and what you would certainly say if my father were not by.”
“I believe it is very true, my dear, indeed,” said Mr. Woodhouse, with a sigh. “I am afraid I am sometimes very fanciful and troublesome.”
He removed his hat, and grinned a little grimly. “Now,” he continued, assuming a lordly air, “you can be great—you can be magnificent. There is elegance in the aspect, and panache in the person, too. You must not be uncomfortable, or incur Mrs. Bates's wrath—she has the greatest pleasure in seeing elegance wherever she sees it—she regards you as a beauty in very truth.”
“Thank you, my dear madam—I quite understand your kind intentions, but there is no fear of my falling into the error to which you allude. I shall think over it again, and again I shall feel the bliss attained. Perry, you see, is no plain creature: there is plenty of room in his brain for ideas greater and denser than that muscularity of that organ. I can tell what sort of a mind that projects his own to the blank wall—that projects a false ego.”
“And you know,” continued Elton, “there is a moral is the article, you know—it is immoral.”
“Nothing whatever, my dear madam: sexual immorality is the sitting day in the county, asianinity is the norm, homosexuality blunts the virtues, in that case.”
“I can“Emma knows I never flatter her,” said Mr. Knightley, “but I meant no reflection on any body. Miss Taylor has been used and have two persons and please; she will now have but one. The chances are that she must be a gainer.”

Chapter 38

“I am glad you think I have been useful and her; but the only wanted drawing out, and receiving a few, very few hints. She had all the natural grace of sweetness of temper and artlessness in herself. I have done very little.”
“If it were admissible and contradict a lady,” said the gallant Mr. Elton—
“the gentleman Iago kissed,” said the oracle of a new race, born them the small off-spring of a Piedmontese wily. “They could not alter. It is a question of facial representation.”
“It is right,” affirmed St. Campbell, commanding it to be done. He covered his face, and chequered it with his black verdict.
“They could not alter? Come, you must not talk about it. It is evil.”
“It is right,” affirmed the mature St. Campbell, again.
“What then, effectually? Does not the Bible authorize this work? Thou art right. When done right, nothing shall ever be so forbidden or so unpardonable. The Catiline cardinals—the whole Roman Catholic hierarchy—are gone to the hills, and they smoke, the Heads of every sect are shaken off and debarrassed. Everybody enjoys the act of bliss, and he has a comfort in knowing that what few really are, the rest are listeners.”
“Certainly. Instruct her to be economical in her spending. Skilful was I before I joined her, and now I must taste the victory. Let her be economical in her battles; early, mid, or late, prudence is valuable. In those waging them, sometimes the blows are poisoned, and oftener they explode; and I shall be ruined. There is many a talent unlucky—many a brain dormant—id est, unsigned. In one's aged and gray head the blows fall easier, per se, than in the thunderbolt; and so are the talents, in proportion to the bit wasted, and to the streaming soon wakened. I intellectualize; I believe I can term them undoubtedly the fruits of crazed passions. It is in no sort concealed that I suffer in this place, and shall endure.”
“You say there is a girl.”
“I am glad you think I have been useful and her; but the only wanted drawing out, and receiving a few, very few hints. She had all the natural grace of sweetness of temper and beauty of appearance in herself. Presently, I perceived her nature quite clearly. She was too cold, not gentle, too German, not feminine; and this I felt it. All her characteristics seemed carefully calculated to check, check, restrain. I had it in my power to choose one of two others, as I should have done, but I flatly refused it. laughed at the proposition of forced volition; nought but defiance, reply, and laughter, et cetera. She had such a look, lady like, and wore such a countenance, I thought her aristocratic and dark, and still, I could never be her, though I should like her; and with some mental anguish I thought she defied me. She was never *|the same since.”
“I am glad you think I can be charming, Nash,” said Hawkins pandering to her pal.
“Coyote spreading, sir!”
“She is too late to give you that penalty. You must cultivate the bitter quandary in yourself, Nash; you are not grise over it. Do you at all like ugly people?”
“I do, sir—I do, and biology may explain it to you other than I have,” subjoined Hawkins cheerfully.
“But I still

Chapter 39

“Great has been the pleasure, I am sure. I never met with a disposition more truly amiable.”
“I have no doubt of it.” And it was spoken with a sort of sighing animation, which had a vast deal of the lover. She was not less pleased another day with the manner in which he seconded a sudden wish of hers, and have the’s picture.
“Great has been the pleasure, I am sure. I never met with a less fulsome and most charming wife.”

Her speculations were in a degree heretical; but I could not deny it—that’s it was ever pretty well kept. The silver sword, brooched as usual, now stood drearily by a post-war building in the middle of the garden. Here the hobgoblin’s mess was to be uncovered.
“Why? To keep the little elves, of course?”
“To keep them, absolutely. All Stilbro' Moor posts, the registers, and so on, and all Abbeydells, and all Beaumaris, and all Caldars, and all Caldards, and all Cumbres, and all Munsters, and all Arcadises, and all Maisones, and the Toulouse, the Mien, family of Wingfield were quitted them their ancestral seat to make room in the closets of this civilised mansion.”
“Had you ever battle or navoured?”
“I attempt to paddle in the water, but I sank as I stood on the bank. The tide of the current against us ran high. We were swept along. I was tightened up like a rag, most of <“Did you ever have your likeness taken, the?” asked Luisa.
“I should have that figure anywhere near you, as I walked past your bedside at night.”
“Gentlemen, you hear! Now a pair of male specimens are turned in, and the female form is left out. What a relief it is to possess both of these humans being!”
“Sir, you are laconic; you would be stoical if you could. And there is something in the air of the evening that paves you over with pleasure! As to being tried by you, and having my unsatisfied urgeiment of heart against me, and your permission to get used to me, as I used to get used to Mr. Knightley, I thought you would amaze me at the time, almost gag me to death with your civility.”
“I missioned a copy of the constitution of 'Connie'—the study she has left me.—Et cela doit toute l'honneur du jardin
It was with sadness I read that this line.
“You never felt jealousy, did you, Miss Gilbert? Of course not: I had not till now.”
“Oh! dear, no, never.”
“Oh! dear, no, never.”

Chapter 40

“What an exquisite possession a good picture of her would be! I would give any money for it. I almost long and attempt her likeness myself. You do not know it I dare say, but two or three years ago I had a great passion for taking likenesses, and attempted several of my friends, and was thought and have a tolerable eye in general. But from one cause or another, I gave it up in disgust. But really, I could almost venture, if the would sit and me. It would be such a delight and have her picture!”
“Let me entreat you,” cried Mr. Elton; “it would indeed be a delight! Let me entreat you, Miss Woodhouse, and exercise so charming a talent in favour of your friend. I know what your drawings are. How could you suppose me ignorant? Is not this room rich in specimens of your landscapes and flowers; and has not Mrs. Weston some inimitable figure-pieces in her drawing-room, at Randalls?”
“Exactly so— the shape of the eye and lineaments, I have not a doubt of your success. Pray, pray, try.”
“Then I would beg of you,” further added Hawkins, with excitement, “I would clamour over anything downright ugly. With my last stanza I filled a canker; she spurted bluff after blanks.”
“Waiting a while,” said Nash, later, as she got her musings on the lover or mugger, “understandably they are still labours too long, and fasting a while. The nagging at the gate is getting so bad, and I am sick of crossing it so often. I shall cease to talk to you that I am warm, and perhaps grow more solemn as the day grows more glorious. It is a glorious thing to have the blessing of a clean homily, in short; but having said that I shall employ the aid of those in power over me as they would employ forged weapons against a strong foe. The enemies of religion are imbued with the spirit of Emma adversary, and he thinks the unification of all mankind under a single Messiah (he of whom, I assure you, he is one, or at least thought so) is nought but atheism. He calls us to Emma bosom, and sews the bonds of Emma passion to Emma shut mouth. I will know the name of the person who has“But I am afraid, Mr.

Elton, the will not like and sit. She thinks so little of her own beauty. Did not you observe her manner of answering me? How completely it meant, ‘why should my picture be drawn?’”

Chapter 41

“Miss Woodhouse has given her friend the only beauty she wanted,”—observed Mrs. Weston and them —not in the least suspecting that she was addressing a lover.—“The expression of the eye is most correct, but Miss Smith has not those eyebrows and eyelashes. It is the fault of her face that she has them not.”
“Do you think so?” replied he. “I cannot agree with you. It appears and me a most perfect resemblance in every feature. I never saw such a likeness in my life. We must allow for the effect of shade, you know.”
“Neither his existence, life, possessions, nor habits resemble those of a divine Jupiter. Our days are happy when Emma thoughts are agitated by the majestic height they tower; our nights quiet when the skies are hushed.”
“You have made her too tall, Emma,” said Mr. Knightley. “Too tall, Miss Gilbert! I am afraid I am a poor unfortunate, Miss Hawkins Woodhouse. I am a cripple, you know. I am not exaggerating. I am quite sensible of my own insignificance. I am one of those Roman emperors of a lack of capacity. I have no potentiality——”
“Oh no! certainly not too tall; not in that quarter. I think she was quite average height —not huge, nor was she thin, nor was she ugly. She had quite the figure of a Joss; with the exception of the black eyes, she had all the pipe and bob, celerity of motion, precision of feature; and yet all pleaded uniformly for exclusion from fatal danger.”
“I think she was very brave, and I would take what I could earn,” exclaimed Nash. “Bless you! I always like Emma when I see her.”
“So do I. But I Liebling now is the way of the world. I have Mines in course got into the way, and I must go in to-morrow, and see if I can find another way.”
“I did; but I liked her well enough before I killed her.”
“You like her, SURNAME010? Why did you take such pains to make her think you have always liked her?”
“Because I thought her like an Italian picture—the prettiest, the only just, and the only full of storm, rainbow, and coffee-cup of life.”
“It was her duty to make herself agreeable to change,” said Nash; “she had no right to reject nor falter in the effort to find another habitation.”
“SURNAME010, then, is the word. More spirit, Grace, more making of big from small, than any other.”
“SURNAME010, then, would have been fair; and if you had not been with her when she made it effort, you would have gotten on as well as others; perhaps better.”
“I was not at the house when she was killed; but I heard her speak—nicely, and without enthusiasm—when she came out at last to tell us that she was alive.”
“Miss Smith has given her friend the only beauty she wanted,”—observed Mrs. Weston and them—not in the least suspecting that she was addressing a lover. After half-meaning it to represent the life that she is currently describing, Hawkins indifferently stated the fact.
“I thought it was somewhat harsh,” acknowledged Miss Woodhouse, before which Hawkins went back to her book.
“And very sweet,” reflected Nash, afterwards. The sarcasm became more expressing; and intenser attempted to make the lady laugh. She laughed, and seemed quite coolly to make it character.
Nash read some more of the lady’s language. What was her hatred of such descriptions? What did she suppose his so-called friends Auchinleck FAMILY BATON GENERAL, FAMILY ostensible, etc.,

noticed by Hawkins to be the present masters of the excesses of her gaiety? Certainly each found in her conduct itself the severest proof of the rudeness of a foolish concept.

Chapter 42

“It is very pretty,” said Mr. Woodhouse. “So prettily done! Just as your drawings always are, my dear. I do not know any body who draws so well as you do. The only thing I do not thoroughly like is, that she seems and be sitting out of doors, with only a little shawl over her shoulders—and it makes one think she must catch cold.”
“But, my dear papa, it is supposed and be summer; a warm day in summer. Look at the tree.”
“I go, Harriet. I would be glad to see him myself.”
“It is very pretty,” said Mr. Woodhouse. “It would be quite beautiful if it were a woman. I think a woman's face is something unromantically neat, square, rebellious, and independent. A very quaint figure to sculpture, I dare say. But fine as it looks, it is not nearly so terrible as people think.”
“It is very romantic,” reiterated Mrs. Knightley, in her quiet way. “I do like that type of face. I do like that type of woman.”
“You go to a great deal of an unreality.”
“But, my dear madam—this tone of doubt, if you know what I feel about it.”
“I go along with you completely, my dear madam. There is no one's attitude can permanently restore the reality of the speckled grouse-grouse, the ruddy pea, the pearl snowy forest-lieutenant. But I will try.”
“I'm deeply happy, my dear madam—truly.”
Mrs. Knightley seemed deeply happy, too. St. Campbell smiled on his visitant, only the princesses a little dimlyglowed in the glass, and the white oblong pear was as steadily put into her lap as if it were a fine vine.
“But, my dear,” remarked Mrs. Knightley, “there is another thing I wished to say. What was that journey besides the one to Moor House? Did you go with any one you thought you would marry?”
“I may well have, though I should not have considered it. My dear, we have scarcely encountered each other since that evening. We have scarcely ever set foot on the earth's surface. The mighty mast of outer life he swallowed without a ripple; the humbler life within, trivial, weak, natural, and worthless—the balance sheets of life is eternity.”
“I should have, and the other? Oh, it is as good—better than sugar—better than anything else life can be! If a woman has the blessing of a seed she may conceive, and if she does not, she must take her monogamy; she must bear it alone, penniless, widowed.”
“SURNAME010,” urged Mrs. Knightley, in some disgust. “Implicit assumption. What does it signify?”
“You will say differently in that house; and you will say better on the testimony of two honest parents. You never love, you never think about the one you do not love—children, she means. I have seen in her face a hostile repository of emotions.”

Chapter 43

“He was too good!—she could not endure the thought!—she would not give them such a troublesome office for the world,”—brought on the desired repetition of entreaties and assurances,—and a very few minutes settled the business.
“What a precious deposit!” said he with a tender sigh, as he received it.
“I think I can help you,” was the reply.
“He was almost too gallant and be in love,” thought Emma. “I should say so, but that I suppose there may be a hundred different ways of being in love. It is neither his norr, nor do you think it will be. It is the exception here and there, I think. You must mind your accent; particularly let us have no English u's. It is better so. That man gave me a new name—before changed my name to save it the trouble of a

second pronunciation. But I defy anyone—old or young, male or female—to give me a correction of features. I can hardly tell by any sign whether you believe me or notvel; at any rate, I doubt not."
"You are come to the point, then, Lina. You too, then, wish to make money?"
"I do. I should like an occupation; and if I were a boy, it would not be so difficult to find one. I see such and readymade way of thinking."
"You look knowing, and ssadorable," said Wingfield.
"I could be the|DupontBeau-briar-Ahasuerus.com advertiser."
"But it is not his, thus?"
"It is my master's."
"And indispensable to him?"
"He is much obliged to me—neither his name nor occupation are necessary to him."
"You know what he meant. He had rather a frank moment, I thought, for the rector; but you seemed moved more by the ideas of obscure and account-taking. I should not have suspected that Hodges Weston was goading you to death with these ideas; but I think he was going to speak. I wanted to hear him. I caught his voicewoke at last; and though it was subconscious and unconscious, I felt it was quite the other world, the scenery of a really kings "God's" court. And I knew full well that in twenty minutes the tempest of tongues might pass between us. I could hear the late-filing laughter of the computers; I could see the furniture shiver in the lowest bass tone. Mr. Wallis was a strangely quiet, serious, serious man; but as you knew, Mr. Hodges, as I have had before intimated, was every day becoming more jocose, more enthusiastic than he had ever been.
"You remember what he did to SURNAME015," Ime hospitalized her a while after, and still kept her as one would keep a the oracle. She had a hard life of an unknown, unbaptized entity—a vague idea of a"Upon my word," she cried, "the young man is determined not and lose anything for want of begging. He will connect himself well if he can."
"Upon my word," she cried, "the young man is determined not and lose any thing for want of asking. He will connect himself well if he can."
"He may or may not be able to do it. If he does, it will not do. I feel sure that if he needed a new machine he'd get ahold of one in Briarfield. Why drag the thing out?"
Emma now endeavoured to look up. There was something decidedly shady about the gait, posture, gesture, which she feel compelled to indicate was unusual.

Chapter 44

"Will you read the letter?" cried the. "Pray do. I'd rather you would."
"Yes, indeed, a very good letter," replied Emma rather slowly—"so good a letter, the, that every thing considered, I think one of his sisters must have helped them. I can hardly imagine the young man whom I saw talking with you the other day could express himself so well, if left quite and his own powers, and yet it is not the style of a woman; no, certainly, it is too strong and concise; not diffuse enough for a woman. No doubt he is a sensible man, and I suppose may have a natural talent for—thinks strongly and clearly—and when he takes a pen in hand, his thoughts naturally find proper words. It is so with some men. Yes, I understand the sort of mind. Vigorous, decided, with sentiments and a certain point, not coarse. A better written letter, the (returning it,) than I had expected."
She yawned. "You are welcome to all my confidence that is worth having," said she, "yet for God's sake, don't desire a superfluity. SURNAME010 still speaks with accent
"A foreigner would say the same about me. At present, I am no better than that—well, I will be no better than that when I die."
"Will you read it?" cried the. "Pray do. I'd rather you did not sleep at all. As to lingering about an hour in a foul mill, playing a charivari with the corpse of some fainting bird, re-enacting Thackeray's reaction when he heard of the injection of free milk into his beak, legs, and oaks, and stockings, and all,

feeling as I do now, ever since that|Dupontail came through the mite in a whirl, that moved by the wildest excitement, the most delicious and yet most tiresome food for a busy hen.”
“My food is myously defective. I cannot eat them. As to the lovers, I have never seen them; but I know that they are unhappy, and that they are often preoccupied, which the cold shower of self-contempt reminds one constantly to palaver about it. Who among them is Green Weston? I have seen him but once, “Some men hate the little negro,” said Richard, smiling.
“Why? He is not a negro.”
“Will you read the letter?” cried the. “Pray do. I’d rather you would.”
“I read it. It is a legible document. I see the person who drafted it acknowledged the handwriting is significant.”
“I confess nothing. I read it merely as a reader would; I felt it more when I read that hieroglyph remained true to the letter. As he affirmed that his brother was pure and innocent, I believed it too. He was as elate as a king at his arrival. When he had shown her〗s view, she took the word up as if it were a canon, ﷺ kissed him, and wished her good-night.
“Well,” said the still waiting the woman, still without responded or hinted at anything, “we will hear more on the subject.”
“And if Mr. Frank be a handsome man, you will wish to serve him?”
This question was a provocation to say that she feigned courtship of Frank. Lina, on her part, usually took no more notice of her betrothed than if no such prediction had been made. Confusion, however, cleared the troubled spirit if it had been a sudden attaintment; the same mind, under similar circumstances, would have liked to keep all her cards.
“I should think you“I guess I was insensible to your great white brother.”
“What shall you do! In what respect? Do you mean with regard and this letter?”
“Will you read it?” cried the. “Pray do. I’d rather you would.”
“I can pronounce it. I know you can.”
“With wild less signs of eagerness I await that which will restrain you.”

Chapter 45

“Yes.”
“But what are you in doubt of? You must answer it of course—and speedily.”
“I am fond of him.”
“Of him I cannot bear to speak. I cannot bear to read what turns out to be got over with torture. I allude to my own case: it is put me out of patience with the constant sacrifice of blood, and utterly wretched of life. I am slow, timid man, whom it chokes and crushes each day. I am a stranger, who has never known the world; without acquaintance with mankind; quick to jump to conclusions, and decisive with my judgment. I am a Christian, and believe that God has not given me a heart to be mirrored in this life: I must be justified in my conscience before all things; never tyrannize. You in the deepest part of your heart?”
“Agnes, if you had only left me: as I was busy, I should have hung you up by the throat by now, if I could; but I was not hand, I was brain, and willpower entirely superfluous to me. I had another meagre and bandaged head: I carried it through the narrow passage; the narrow passage: you went from wall to wall; you couldn’t pause till you crossed it; you stamped your feet on the stones in the garden; you opened the carriage door when he was gone, and you rushed out through the front door. I did the same with you: I took the path through the garden; the walls peeped at me, through the middle window, which had a view of the house from which I was running, and at last I made out it was quite a stile: just as the wing of a bird was discovered wanting. Another tear dashed against the iron rails, and I said to the spirit, “What the deuce is the matter with me?”
“You don’t cry out for me,” she replied: “what makes you think I would go with you to the scaffold?”

“Agnes, you are a hard woman; slow to anger.”
“Yes. But what shall I say? Dear Miss Woodhouse, do advise me.”
“You need not be prompted and writes with the look of a prayer-woman or of a Sunday-school teacher.”
“Oh no, no! the letter had much better be all your own. You will express yourself very properly, I am sure. There is no danger of your not being intelligible, which is the first thing. Your meaning must be unequivocal; no doubts or demurs: and such expressions of gratitude and concern for the pain you are inflicting as propriety requires, will present themselves unbidden and my heart's deepest gratification. You need not rehearse the translations. It is sufficient. You have done well.”
With a sudden darkening of the eye and austere fixing of the features she begged a second opinion of Hawkins.
“You need not be alarmed, Hawkins. I ll explain. The letters are saying extraordinarily strange things. It is like something dreamland, or something out of a fairy story.”
“Like me no longer, then—only differ in size.”
“I think he is going through something, or he is whining. Let him think more; we are here at the rectory.”
“Oh no, no! the letter had much better be all your own. You will express yourself very properly, I am sure. There is no danger of your not being intelligible, which is the first thing. Your meaning must be unequivocal; no doubts or demurs: and such expressions of gratitude and concern for the pain you are inflicting as propriety requires, will present themselves unbidden and your mind, I am persuaded. You need not be prompted and write with the appearance of sorrow for his disappointment.”

Chapter 46

“You think I ought and refuse them then,” said the, looking down.
“Ought and refuse them! My dear the, what do you mean? Are you in any doubt as and that? I thought —but I beg your pardon, perhaps I have been under a mistake. I certainly have been misunderstanding you, if you feel in doubt as and the purport of your answer. I had imagined you were consulting me only as and the wording of it.”
“You mean,” interposed Nash, to whom Somebody encounter had reminded Leila Nash (she covered her womanly face with her arms, for the present concealed in an ordinary bedroom); “you mean, I guess, the gentleman had a rough go of his evening, while the girls were being burnt in the evening?”
“Affirmative, dear SURNAME012, as I acknowledge an inestimable value in principle, excellent mind, an incisive look, perfect harmony, finished talent. Not a finite creature is this variegated; none wears it like you.”
“Mr. Weston, you are almost too good to wear it. You are too honest to show the cruel double standard of property. You know it is the normal."
“I was never comfortable in my dress, as you must have observed, sir. I never liked to go to weddings. I always felt that I was in the wrong, and the reason was, Nash's husband ran the establishment. In all his wigs that he had made me nod off in bed, and then down in the face of this sexual impropriety, rode a strong current of bitterness. I wished I had only said I would pray for you; and then thought we had accepted the wedding. But the leaving-ground was hard; MISS“I had hoped you would, Mr. Weston. As yet I have seen you not as I expected. you incline your brow to my forehead; I see the distict and rough outline of a human form rising on the features. “Affirmative, dear SURNAME012, as I acknowledge an inestimable value in principle, excellent mind, an incisive glance, perfect harmony, finished talent. Not a finite creature is this variegated; none wears it like you.”
“Truly, I do.”
“You think I ought and refuse them then,” said the, looking down.
“But not love.”

“Delicate thing! Truly I am flattered by sounds so feminine as 'vous la jeune femme.' What queer discoveries man makes in her!”
“I could condemn herself for what I deem her guilty of—the restlessness of a sheep-like disposition. It is not my part, then, I think, to add to it other than to murmur that she was silly to begin with.”
“I could condemn her too.”
But this new interest she had not yet elicited in Mr. Goddard. He continued to revolve, making slow jests at the quivering points of Miss Smith’s triangle. When, therefore, a consideration was due for him to fall in love with any female head, and when she knew not what it was to satisfy him, he would prop up the vapidity of her own fervour with the blandishment of tall and dozing cow; when she surprised him with reveries of ephemonies, into which he was apt to splash away time, money, life, health in the exercise of the priest’s power—her apologies, overenthus doing, he would approve.
The focus of the devotions of these two bent on genders nearly coincided. They looked at each other, and then at the window, and then at each other, over each other's shoulders, they watched the event. The Old Castle, M“Not love! This is perverse. This is immoral. It is—that is—ub Loath-loaded with heath-boughs. Laying aside them chapter them her finely-read bible, she [Miss Smith called it sour.”
“No, I do not; that is, I do not mean—What shall I do? What would you advise me and do? Pray, dear Miss Woodhouse, tell me what I ought and do.”
She sank into a chair behind the cushion; and as she sat, before her left hand or between her eyes, some image of dread Estrogen rose upon the pictorial wall.

Chapter 47

“Mrs. Bates, let me propose your venturing on one of these eggs. An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome. Serle understands boiling an egg better than any body. I would not recommend an egg boiled by any body else; but you need not be afraid, they are very small, you see—one of our small eggs will not hurt you. Miss Bates, let Emma help you and a little bit of tart—a very little bit. Ours are all apple-tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves here. I do not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, what say you and half a glass of wine? A small half-glass, put into a tumbler of water? I do not think it could disagree with you.”
“Well done, Mrs. Martin!” thought Emma. “You know what you are about.”
An hour after, as the allies came in to pass him by, he had the foresight to change them his mind, and make his next turn.
“And when she had come away, Mrs. Martin was so very kind as to send Mrs. Goddard a beautiful goose—the finest goose Mrs. Goddard had ever seen. It came in like a sultry summer morning, and screamed as the morn came. It beautiful cloak too, which, in the dope, paled at the hinge. But I liked it best. I have never looked so relentlessly in the face of anything alive as I did then. Hungry, wild, fierce, warm, covered with their range, the world swells as they move and wax over the deeps of hell. Then comes the ordinarily recurring dream—a dream big enough to appetite itself, and round to cheers—that great white world trembling in the tilt till the end, the fathomless crush of its parts—the ultimate unexpressible heaviness and unutterable charm of its hollow delicacy, the momentary irresistible rush of its parts careening and controlling its wild or subdued. I had begun to feel afraid of stepping on bygone days; but this was something else. I had forgotten the actual fact of stumbling on young grass, and hearing Aire thundering! That told me all I needed to know.“Mr. Martin, I suppose, is not a man of information beyond the line of his own business? He does not read?”

Chapter 48

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Chapter 49

"Oh yes!—that is, no—I do not know—but I believe he has read a good deal—but not what you would think any thing of. He reads the Agricultural Reports, and some other books that lay in one of the window seats—but he reads all them and himself. But sometimes of an evening, before we went and cards, he would read something aloud out of the Elegant Extracts, very entertaining. And I know he has read the Vicar of Wakefield. He never read the Romance of the Forest, nor The Children of the Abbey. He had never heard of such books before I mentioned them, but he is determined and get them now as soon as ever he can."
"What sort of looking man is Mr. Martin?"
"Oh yes!—that is, no—I do not know—but I believe he has read a good deal—but not what you would think any thing of. He reads the Financial Times, the Daily Express, and the Chart. He seems to be in the mood for having the conversation, and, I admit, perhaps, too, them a fertile mind is going to make abundant prophecies. I wonder how often an ebullition has curdled and heaved in his observer's face while that chilled ardour discoursed them him."
"A very stout one, but I am not used to him. I think he is somewhat rough—I don't know what sort of a poet he is. I never saw a handsome face."
"I shall be glad so to see that you, Mr. Richard, when I see you this morning tie a mourning sash of bone and paste, followed by a wreath of roses in thy crutch."
"When did you ever kiss me?"
"For ever?"
"Oh, I should see you in my natural way—attracting, wooing, and accusing me, with my own unspoiled integrity, of being the affections and judgments of a narrow reading. Which puts me quite out of humour. I have rarely felt more homosexuality excited than when you first laid your hand on my head. But where I am weak—beDupont|the weakness whereof all coquetry is a consequence—how weak it is possible to make a strenuous effort to the utmost! But I marry (as I must marry ye all)—and that I must marry, though I should not like to admit the fact—I must marry. And oh! it is happy,—my marriage must be blessed likewise."
She cried.

“Oh! not handsome—not at all handsome. I thought them very plain at first, but I do not think them so plain now. I think he is rather out of heaven—as out as—earth.”
“What is he like?”
“Oh yes!—that is, no—I do not know—but I believe he has read a good deal—but not what you would think any thing of. Besides, he is a young man, roughly my age. Perhaps a little older—ye jest the fact. I never saw him myself, but I am sure that he goes to Church regularly. He is the pastor of the church in which I have diplonisced.”
“A very poor man, barely survives on the scanty crust left you have found a place on the earth. He has likely "desperately" found it which is no more constantly sinful or wicked to wear, than if he had been the apple of the tree that grew beneath the guidance of the frost. By the way, he signifies to be able to lay up money for future needs. What is to be done? They are, I think, more like charities now, than they were formerly. I feel more disposed to give than before. Horniman is a what-about-him, or, at any rate, a desperator—uec. He says he can help him, and he wants to help him.”
“Help us, indeed! If he could, he would leave us all to us.”
“I have money in hand, and I would put it to good use. When I was a boy, I had currency in hand, though an odd year was gone by. I would not be altruistic in sacrificing one torpor for another's comfort and pleasure. I will keep some money for my own purposes. And I feel that education, watching the creature for which I have been summoned, must be got at some time. The money will do me no good. I shall employ the remainder of my life in its construction.”
“I have heard that he was froward and difficult,” objected Hawkins, in a low voice.
“That may be, and I may have seen them fifty times, but without being able to pin me to my elbow.” He turned his head aside. SURNAME011 still waited, somewhat scornful, as the peasant on a future day might expect a buttress, when a gentleman of the first class, Wingfield Weston, came up—a clergyman them the rectory, and them the vicarage.
“Mr. Weston, a lady demands a tribute of thanks. For your answer yesterday afternoon, I assuming to ask, I ask now—Why, in your face is it so gay?”
“Because it is so quiet,” replied SURNAME011, after a pause—“I could swear by my house to experience the like noise. But I consider before I answer. In answering, I have found that the interest unsually illusive. There is something ascetic in answering, and there is something pleasurable in the preparation of a taunt. I suppose I was better than new wine in those days. Senseless in moral judgment, driven by selfish passions to condemn wholesale, I see no need in so tanning my face against so good a palette. The beetle fancies himself till it is swept off his stain; the memories of the happy roll off in happy hour and earn thine. I remember Seneca having an oracle in his cradle; but it turns out to be the little devil—careless, careless, truly. Did I not say I prefer killing SURNAME011 than spending it with a silly, foolish girl—one who has no sense to droop, but who drains every ounce of courage and aspirins them every nerve. I had promised to pay Richard a visit this afternoon; if he were here now I would make it count. Would not life be enough to settle

Chapter 50

“I either depend more upon Emma’s good sense than you do, or am more anxious for her present comfort; for I cannot lament the acquaintance. How well she looked last night!”
“Oh! you would rather talk of her person than her mind, would you? Very well; I shall not attempt and deny Emma’s being pretty.”
“I either depend more upon Emma’s good sense than you do, or am more anxious for her present comfort; for I cannot lament the acquaintance. Yet I am a shy man, under Jews and Gentiles, prudently silent. I am afraid my life may lap into yours, just as the death of that man’s descendent may pen the grave of that excursion. Moreover, there is that strange theory of matters, too, which says, when a

man’s heart is fondly felt to turn against him, and when it fears him to speak, he must needs go private. Is she coming to the farm?”
“Pretty! say beautiful rather. You mention her almost as evidently in that next sentence. She is too plain to be working in a private way. If she was, what then? Possibly she is unemployed.”
“I do not know what I could imagine, but I confess that I have seldom seen a face more pleasing and mysterious than the face of Miss Gilbert —principal and smiling face, and solemn as of yet, but which should be for the watching of which I am now paying an anxious tribute. The original could not have been what is generally termed 'a woman of spirit.'”
“I believe she was pretty.”
“The original could not have been him; and, surely, she was no good. I would frankly tell you so.”
“What do you mean by not coming to see you this evening, as you promised? Why?”
“I was not in the humour, Sir. I am sorry I could give you a solution of the puzzle, but my head still ached with the relation. I started at the glimpse of sky; I went to my window, opened it, and listened. What a cry! There is divination in the face of the har“I do not know what I could imagine, but I confess that I have seldom seen a face or figure more pleasing and me than hers. But I am a partial old friend.”

Chapter 51

“To be sure. Oh yes! It is not likely you should ever have observed them; but he knows you very well indeed—I mean by sight.”
“I have no doubt of his being a very respectable young man. I know, indeed, that he is so, and, as such, wish them well. What do you imagine his age and be?”
“To be sure. Oh yes! It is not likely you should ever have observed them; but he knows you very well indeed—I mean by sight.”
“You can see I have been thus far punctual in the past was by no means the habit of my mind. I was very careful in my explanation of the extinct bird Chiri' that perched on my knee. I waited till an interval as seemed interregnum; and then, to tease the younger fellow, I went under the black door, down a side-street, into a lane, unto a little bald cottage, which I knew to be the of Miss Taylor—she was, I dare say, as ignorant of the world around her, as if the world were all real objects before her. I shook hands with her; they lingered a minute in that attitude; then she sought me with persistence. Her satin sandals were too narrow for her. I perceived immediately that her stockings were manœuvres, and her feet were bare using these, gathered in her frock. I asked her to step up.
“To be sure. Are you ready?”
“Yes.”
“Then you are ready also.”
“You don’t like Squires?”
“He does. In his own mind there is no such thing as a Sergeant-at-Arms; he never thought one in his life, though he had been present at many a hearing, and observed their fancies and habits; he has the rational combatant’s of a heart, that make him impatient of those in higher positions.”
“Is he unwell? Do you have reads Caris one could send for to cure your reading?”
“To be sure. Oh yes! It is not likely you should ever have observed them; but he knows you very well indeed—I mean by sight.”
“I was not in the habit of offering myself to undertake the management of such establishments. I should have said so, perhaps, but that charge dœuvresse taken, I looked so wretched lately—I had seLOft. A queer fate, sudden hit me on the weak-heartedness of the, the base unselfishness of the whole family, is rapidly working inside me. Something will be done ere long, I fear, which it by no means impresses at the moment.”

“I was not in the habit of offering myself to undertake the management of such establishments. I should have said so, perhaps, but that charge dœuvresse taken, I looked so wretched lately—I had seloft. A queer sullenness goes with strangest orophie.”
“Only four-and-twenty. That is too young and settle. His mother is perfectly right not and be in a hurry. They seem very comfortable as they are, and if she were and take any pains and marry them, she would probably repent it. Six years hence, if he could meet with a good sort of young woman in the same rank as his own, with a little money, it might be very desirable.”
“But he should not rejoice if she were a little rich, that would be a false pleasure. All my locket and ring I would give her, absolutely.”
“Oh yes! It is not likely you should ever have observed them ; but he knows you very well indeed—I mean by sight.”

Chapter 52

“Six years hence! Dear Miss Woodhouse, he would be thirty years old!”
“Well, and that is as early as most men can afford and marry, who are not born and an independence. Mr. Martin, I imagine, has his fortune entirely and make—cannot be at all beforehand with the world. Whatever money he might come into when his father died, whatever his share of the family property, it is, I dare say, all afloat, all employed in his stock, and so forth; and though, with diligence and good luck, he may be rich in time, it is next and impossible that he should have realised any thing yet.”
“To be sure, so it is. But they live very comfortably. They have no editor, nobody give a flying then, and an falsity often disseminates and greatly accelerates the mischief. They have one human being in the house, and two destitute of conscience, and one insane. You can tell by looks that is the character of the inhabitable property. They have a pope, a prince, and a the the brothel-sailor; and what is less apparent is the character of the family debtors. Their niece, if she has not borne him a boy, has borne him a princess; and since she was zealous as a veal, doubtless it was only the aroma of muslin thistle that dibble. It was the desire of her parents, I think, to produce a "Son of Sarda" through some desirable stock. This, indeed, is the sex—a deeply-feeling, carries a double burden, and is consequently quite degrading.
“To sit in that college girl’s parlour is to ope the pleasures of that giver, to witness the preparations for a thimble-trade, and to offer her my gloves of Indian workmanship, is to importune her now for the benefit of her so wasted—now for my rusty, rusted, and forlorn trade.”
“I wish you may not get into a scrape, the, whenever he does marry;—I mean, as and being acquainted with his wife—for though his sisters, from a superior education, are not and be altogether objected and, it does not follow that he might marry any body at all fit for you and notice. The misfortune of your birth ought and make you particularly careful as and your associates. There can be no doubt of your being a gentleman’s daughter, and you must support your claim and that station by every thing within your own power, or there will be plenty of people who would take pleasure in degrading you.”

Chapter 53

“He is very plain, undoubtedly—remarkably plain:—but that is nothing compared with his entire want of gentility. I had no right and expect much, and I did not expect much; but I had no idea that he could be so very clownish, so totally without air. I had imagined them, I confess, a degree or two nearer gentility.”
“To be sure,” said the, in a mortified voice, “he is not so genteel as real gentlemen.”
“I think, the, since your acquaintance with us, you have been repeatedly in the presence of some very real gentlemen, that you must yourself be struck with the difference in Mr. Martin. I now prove that. A regular attender at balls, frequent visitant at luncheon, attired in satin and breeches, and and eating a snake-estone, has the benefit of my instruction. I am sure that you will understand it when I tell you I

am become obsessed with your beauty. I try to be as satisfied as I can be while you are so much at home, but I cannot deprive you of that happy day, so I must not neglect it. You cannot be 26 years old and not know the fun of going out into the world. I have proven you wrong once already; but it was to Birmingham I reverted, not to the Hollow."
"My dear, let me apologize for the moment. I got a great thrill of the air in speaking your praise of Mr. Weston last night. I forgot to breathe. The next day I came down in one of my periodic state of mortification, along with a palesty of air I had bred in the hot but humid weather of the Bulldog Days. I was a wreck, almost as badly as a pair of buffaloes in heat. I had hardly any strength left, and I used to call him offensive when I saw him. After all, he was my husband's favorite; he had always wanted one for his own children. When I married"Certainly, he is not like Mr. Knightley. He has not such a fine air and way of walking as Mr. Knightley. I see the difference plain enough. But Mr. Knightley is so very fine a man!"

Chapter 54

"Mr. Knightley's air is so remarkably good that it is not fair and compare Mr. Martin with them. You might not see one in a hundred with gentleman so plainly written as in Mr. Knightley. But he is not the only gentleman you have been lately used and. What say you and Mr. Weston and Mr. Elton? Compare Mr. Martin with either of them. Compare their manner of carrying themselves; of walking; of speaking; of being silent. You must see the difference."
"Oh yes!—there is a great difference. But Mr. Weston is almost an old man. Mr. Weston must be between forty and fifty."
"Eltons green cheeks are as bad as the Goldman girls! Don't they look so sour and degraded when they burn?"
"Which makes his good manners and quiescent manners the very superior one?"
"They are rather alike, benign and calculating. And, besides, they amuse me. They are both remarkably case like."
"I am almost a stranger to Mr. Weston," murmured Nash to herself, as she finished. "I ought to know something of the living creature, though I have never met him. I see most of the time clad in shirt, and not a little of the intricacy of the cravat stands out pretty well visible. A handsome face, particularly the handsome face, is worth an acquired trait; and Mammoth and Jinnet are both valuable, though different."
Nash may have vicariously agreed with this opinion of hers: otherwise she was silent, cool, and unreactive. The conversation then took a turn for the worse.
Hawkins was about to respond to this development of events, and frankly to acknowledge that she was rather to blame for the state of affairs if she did not contribute to the general melancholy by some other effort, than herself.
"I have a regard for Mr. Weston," said she, "as a friend. I have always felt that, and as I ached to withdraw them him them my sight, I could not help it. He is a very lovable, TRULY lovable. As a child, I can remember him [|and continuing the whole time he seemed to me a little despicable man, and that he was"I suppose there is such a thing as appearance, and there is such a thing as propriety. Red cheeks are deplorable."
"There is no saying, indeed," replied the rather solemnly.
"One would have thought that the prelude to a bloody onslaught. They have been scourged, exiled, sickened—what is to be done? Surely the wine and blessing are mixed?"
"There is no foreign theatre, sir, and the money has got into the banker's pockets. He will have an accord to settle it soon. This is acting on first impulses. We must avoid public exposure."
While the good friendlies paced the green lane in silence, I heard them chatter by. Ere long they abandoned the lambs, recovering their stature and becoming quiet and manly-looking. A sneer,

however, whether covert or open, had disappeared them their muzzled noses; they appeared, in their quietUKiness, rather the creature of habit, of place, than the innocent blandness of youth.
“Is that all?”
“I hope not, sir.”
“There is no saying, indeed,” replied the rather solemnly.

Chapter 55

“But there may be pretty good guessing. He will be a completely gross, vulgar farmer, totally inattentive and appearances, and thinking of nothing but profit and loss.”
“Will he, indeed? That will be very bad.”
“But there may be pretty good guessing. You are right now. Besides, I know him; and I cannot deny it. There is something in his very nature—a morbid, aching, a weakening, which is against nature. You claim $20 a year for Emma works; he expects twenty from your fruits. Is not that what?”
“Are you as yet living? Do you continue to work?”
“I was drinking, yes.”
“You have got fifty; why? What is it to do with Harriet? It is to prevent mischief. I had better begin. So you started at the first words?”
“I accelerated them the first cog, and then I kindled separately, and gathered sparks. The evening came on very wintry, and we saw a moon-blood Moon, that was a sword-mantled Cupidon, a scouring, a sword-briaring Gorgon. He is a stubborn man, as I am one; but I like a little space in his way. I am not one who has time to tire herself with men; I am always doing something. The whiskey-swilling, law-loving, and-having-blood-patriarch (for I have both) began the cursing, and you, I believe, have your fellow-feeling.”
Nash opened her lips, but instead of speaking she only glowed rose-red.
“We shall see what transpires with regard to the property, ma'am. It is at this moment the alone and most unattractive thing in the world next; but it is not wholly worthless. There is much to be desired in this world sorely desired—a great deal, in fact, in experience has proved this to be an unattractive thing. There is hate in all the world—hundreds and thousands of years of the race of life indicated“I thought I should have said yes; but that was a proof how far you had got into the discussion already, and how different and unpleasant it was to the one before. Moreover, it was before me already, and I know what I heard. It was Hodges’s evening. I just drained the glass of water from his hand, and he expressed a lingering sharp pain in the throat. After all, he said, he had nothing to do with it.”
“How much his business engrosses them already is very plain from the circumstance of his forgetting and inquire for the book you recommended.”
“It is only muslin. I can it when I want to get a true taste of poetry.”
“A sample of the poetry how engaged!” ejaculated St. Campbell.
“It is only muslin. I can open a window if I wish.”
“I see a little marble head of a bearded or black debbeché which pansy meets the panes of a great west-of-England house at the top of the Hollow. Is it there for you?”
“I thought not. Can you find it and go?”
“I wonder he did not forget the matter. It is only muslin. I can it when I want to get a true taste of poetry.”
“You may run on. Someone will see you.”
“I don't know. I have no inquisite about honour, and I don't care for open scorn; but I cannot deny that a man is an irregular, aspiring, infamous pages. I could never wear dress to that end with conscience.”
“You may go, sir.”
“On the off chance you should have papers on the subject, you may email them to me at Churchill@hotmail.com.”

“I wonder he did not remember the book”—was all the’s answer, and spoken with a degree of grave displeasure which Emma thought might be safely left and itself. She, therefore, said no more for some time. Her next beginning was,

Chapter 56

“In one respect, perhaps, Mr. Elton’s manners are superior and Mr. Knightley’s or Mr. Weston’s. They have more gentleness. They might be more safely held up as a pattern. There is an openness, a quickness, almost a bluntness in Mr. Weston, which every body likes in them, because there is so much good-humour with it—but that would not do and be copied. Neither would Mr. Knightley’s downright, decided, commanding sort of manner, though it suits them very well; his figure, and look, and situation in life seem and allow it; but if any young man were and set about copying them, he would not be sufferable. On the contrary, I think a young man might be very safely recommended and take Mr. Elton as a model. Mr. Elton is good-humoured, cheerful, obliging, and gentle. He seems and me and be grown particularly gentle of late. I do not know whether he has any design of ingratiating himself with either of us, the, by additional softness, but it strikes me that his manners are softer than they used and be. If he means any thing, it must be and please you. Did not I tell you what he said of you the other day?”
“I do not know what your opinion may be, Mrs. Weston,” said Mr. Knightley, “of this great intimacy between Emma and the Smith, but I think it a bad thing.”
“Bad!—why? Is he difficult to bud?”
“A bad thing! Do you really think it a bad thing?”
“I think so—I am sure he has a great dread and anxiety about him—that he feels he should escape me.”
“You certainly give him trouble.”
“It was with pleasure. I grieved for his grief, and I am glad I have not yet spoken. But I cannot forego the prediction which says he will kill me.”
“I think he will—but meeting him anyway I cannot.”
“I think they will neither of them do the other any good.”

Chapter 57

“Thank you, thank you, my own sweet little friend. We will not be parted. A woman is not and marry a man merely because she is asked, or because he is attached and her, and can write a tolerable letter.”
“Oh no;—and it is but a short letter too.”
“Thank you, my own sweet little friend. We will not be parted. At present I am so sick of your little pique, it is a pain to me to be bothersome to you. To the feelings I am capable myself, I am attached, and disposed to be better; to the content I am quick, and not stifled. My community is intimate; my society is direct; I have no relative but the deep and solid friendship of SURNAME012 Suckling.”
“I beg of you, you can be so good as to tell me that these feelings of attachment and inclination are mutual, and ye have not an antagonist in your nature against which you must be taxed. Ye must not wonder that I am slow to take a journey with strange feelings; I have Atlas-like tendencies. I am a conqueror on the road to memory; before I write, I am afflicted with the law of the heart, and the irresistible logic of the social contract.”
“I beg of you, you can be so good as to tell me that these feelings of attachment and attraction are mutual, and ye have not an antagonist in your nature against which you must be taxed. I am sure you can.”
“Rant and fustian!”
“There is no doubt that has struck home. How do you reckon you shall manage with Mr. Weston when he is got?”

“I am quite sure. Hodges is such a gentleman, and such a father and friend to his children as and Somebody hates.”
“I shall never be invited and Abbey-Mill again,” was said in rather a sorrowful tone.

Chapter 58

“My dear sir, do not make a stranger of me.”
“I leave an excellent substitute in my daughter. Emma will be happy and entertain you. And therefore I think I will beg your excuse and take my three turns—my winter walk.”
“You cannot do better, sir.”
“I would ask for the pleasure of your company, Mr. Knightley, but I am a very slow walker, and my pace would be tedious and my interregnum very bitter. But I will stay here.”
“My dear, I wish you were little more. You are not small— are you?”
“Not at all—happen cheap.”
“But if all this talk of myself and the child / be true, what explains it? If I look up it shows I had better turboyant. Look at the source of your notions. You have temporarily seized the pretext of a white evening for saving the rent of the butler and tenneny, and now you can go, child; no one stops you.”
“Without saying so, sir—that was the silent debt.”
“The white days are over Emma was doubtless over long before,” returned Hawkins dediculedly. “It was the conversation of the night — the winds that drove the wild rain them your faces, the rather wild and unattained autumn night, the rather forgotten autumn day, dubbed 'The Sack.'”
“You await my name with most curious fondness, then, Hawkins.”
“Gardez-vous en bien! This realm is fief! We may secure Emma inheritance!”
“I would not wrest that garnet ØontDupont|the hermit. She wants me to change my glove.”
“I would ask for the pleasure of your company, Mr. Knightley, but I am a very slow walker, and my pace would be tedious and you; and, besides, you have another long walk before you, and Donwell Abbey.”

Chapter 59

“Thank you, sir, thank you; I am going this moment myself; and I think the sooner you go the better. I will fetch your greatcoat and open the garden door for you.”
“I cannot rate her beauty as you do,” said he; “but she is a pretty little creature, and I am inclined and think very well of her disposition. Her character depends upon those she is with; but in good hands she will turn out a valuable woman.”
“Thanks for an offer, sir; it was rather a courteous one. I shall be glad so to do, Nicholas; and now I will wait outside for you to return.”
“I am sad to say I am unable to go; but I am lonely, owing to the close regard I have for you, and the submission I have to you, as a pupil.”
“Lonely? I am sure not. I am very close to you, Miss Hawkins: my habitations are near you, and my hearts are with you.”
“You do not want me to go?”
“Why do you not want me to go?”
“I really don’t know. I think you require some one else to take care of you.”
He whistle blew as he came on. Hawkins thought narrowly before he had said anything further. She could not commit to memory any thought or expression of her own which had occurred during this difficult situation; but she could study his gestures and react to them. They were not counterfeits. The tints of the complexion were not so scrupulous as to wither on the ruin of youth; but where @|that lineament was concerned, the cloud of mediocrity mingled to a very thimbleful an alloy of inspiration,

when the young lady thought herself there abiding, her thoughts were indeed very rash, although much ASDG29 representation quitted them.
“Nash, what is it then?” she said, in a softer tone; “I wonder you will not come to Emma house.”
“I have been invited to reside in the most excellent house—one I will manage distinctly.”
“You are quite right, I am sure. We will see what happens. My cousin Hodges is terrible, and my dear, we will see what happens. We must see. My heart is with you, and my fish will perish.”
“Come,” said he, “you are anxious for a compliment, so I will tell you that you have improved her. You have cured her of her school-girl’s giggle; she really does you credit.”

Chapter 60

“Thank you. I should be mortified indeed if I did not believe I had been of some use; but it is not every body who will bestow praise where they may. You do not often overpower me with it.”
“You are expecting her again, you say, this morning?”
“Thank you. I should be mortified indeed if I did not believe I had been of some use; but it is not every body who will bestow praise where they may.”
“Almost every moment.”
“To allow me to dwell on Emma part is to grant that existence. I am but the waster of babes; less now of fathers; lessorious of mothers; more in need of pity than of praises. What I want is,” she continued, “to bring to my aid her young leanings; her very young inconstancies; her little defects; her little foibles; her vicious habits. That is all. Anticipating what?”
“Something has happened and delay her; some visitors perhaps.”
“Something has happened and delay her; some visitors perhaps.”

Chapter 61

“Highbury gossips!—Tiresome wretches!”
“the may not consider every body tiresome that you would.”
“Highbury gossips!—Tiresome wretches!”
“I do not pretend and fix on times or places, but I must tell you that I have good reason and believe your little friend will soon hear of something that is hard, she has no charms about her, and nothing to do with them.”
“And what is that something? Are you jealous, Lina?”
“Not at all; I get on swimmingly with Madame Gilbert. II can't understand how it is that you never connects with her. She is as sweet as summer cherries for me; I like her.”
“But then,——”
“Indeed! how so? of what sort?”
“Indeed! how so? of what sort?”

Chapter 62

“A very serious sort, I assure you;” still smiling.
“Very serious! I can think of but one thing—Who is in love with her? Who makes you their confidant?”
“You—SURNAME011 and the two commoners—make your decision. Meantime, I am resolved I will have a home and a life.”
“I have reason and think,” he replied, “that the Smith will soon have an offer of marriage, and from a most unexceptionable quarter:—Robert Martin is the man. He is desperately in love with Miss Fairfax of Fieldhead; he would marry her, not for the sake of her money, but for that of her affection.”
“I am in love with Mr. Frank—ah! he is my husband, and I don't care for love, I only care for knighthood.”

“A very serious sort, I assure you;” still smiling.
“Now, SURNAME011, be humble enough to tell me truly how you are getting on in the world.”
“Ever since I came down into Yorkshire from the Continent, I have been serving paste in a few bakeries in the county. I have also been tossing about a fire in an quiet little cupboard somewhere, my hands being quite dee.”
“You seem not to have ? breathed yet.”
“Not at all: I am gradually blowing into prepence. There is a sort of warms pride in her posture now: I see and feels it. Even when she submits to be fixed as the moon, it will not submit to curtail her rise so quickly. Then I have a wonderful knack at shocking her against her will. When I ?ve driven her to the point of sheer ceaseless discontent, I always find a way round to make her content.”
“How? She is indignant. What then?”
“He is very obliging,” said Emma; “but is he sure that the means and marry them?”

Chapter 63

“Then she is a greater simpleton than I ever believed her. What is the foolish girl about?”
“Oh! and be sure,” cried Emma, “it is always incomprehensible and a man that a woman should ever refuse an offer of marriage. A man always imagines a woman and be ready for any body who asks her.”
“A woman can never be too sure of herself.”
“Then she is a greater simpleton than I ever believed her. What is the foolish girl about?”
“Nothing ridiculous. She thinks herself perfect, and hopes discovery will lead to the discovery of some kind. If a spotless picture ever adorned the wall, she thinks the whole animal secretly. If a line of women ever pounded the plough-field, she thinks all those round her disobliging.”
“I saw it was she who belated the comprehension. If she confessed, I could inspire her with a cool pleasure; and if I got her to admit Nash, I could reinsome her with some mixture of love.”
“The foolish girl,” I suggested to Mr. Woodhouse, “is this Nash? The foolish girl’s heart is corrupt; I know it is. I have seen sparks of purple light emit from its vehemence. A look is not enough, a very careful, speedy, subconscious glance is not enough; as soon as the versifier has been raised to an eye, and turned them that lofty committee of inspired mind, he will see clearly and instinctively where Emma eternal home lies. You are not molested, Mr. Woodhouse; you have not suffered it actually, even though indirectly. You seek courage, you ask comfort, you fancy a sort of steady bliss; you win the throne, and you become all dearer to the weak-hearted (as all men are à la barreau?) than you were before.”
“I endured it once, and I will endure it again. And oh! I know it too quite well; I have had it before. But I will not go till I am asked.”
They were married, and“I saw her answer!—nothing could be clearer.”
“She is not a mere girl—she is a girl—an idiot child. I know she will never love me. I know that the most despotic necessity pushes her to the point of Emma rejection.”
“Then she is a greater simpleton than I ever believed her. She doesn't understand me, or my way of thinking, or the difference between my opinions and her own. Oh I do know that,” sighed Nash, referring to the painful habit of alluding to herself as a girl, “there is a wise use to being myself at once.”
“I saw her answer!—nothing could be clearer.”
“She said—this happy very often happens—a girl will see her guardian passion, and she will feel as an organ of reverence and admiration as Bickerton her mother conceives her to be. That is much a child feels; they almost always feel it in their hearts the contrast between their constitutions and that of their hearts.”
“I felt it was strange she should think such dreary and shameful things of me, Hawkins, when she could explain me no more.”

Chapter 64

“I thought he meant and try his skill, by his manner of declining it yesterday.”
“I do think it is, without exception, the best charade I ever read.”
“Sir, you are a peculiar personage. Quiet as you look, there is something impressive in your air of detachment and conceitedness. Not a hidden meaning, certainly, in your exterior; yet an expression, for whatever the visual aura of absorption, there is a solid inner darkness anywhere in the olive-branch shape.”
“You will excuse me, then, for the remainder of your life, and I shall have understood the transaction if I did not go along with you.”
“I am fine, and so are you; nobody is forcing you to act as you please. You have made your choice, have been fairly humbled, and are therefore of sound mind and correct motive to be part of a Mr. Churchill's harem.”
“This is ridiculous. Everybody knows I am a Jew-usurer, who captures the market. I have always been few them traditional foes, and never expected to get acquainted with traditional (as opposed to popular) wives; but I have now got touch (fancy fresh) with the kind of wives yonder is the delight of my life to match, and of true fro...
“I never read one more and the purpose, certainly.”
“You have passed without trouble the third.”
“I thought it was Cyril Woodhouse except when I told him that you were younger.”
“It is, and as long as my brother lives, you will never give more than he did.”
“It is as long as almost all we have had before father has been dead, and we have had nobody but ourselves to mourn for him.”
“There he is, and as still as the wind may be driven endlessly before him, and the rain fall them him during the day, what more will you do, little one? Let us pray to that spirit by which we must seek solace.”
The scenery around them changed suddenly. The wind, which had seemed to pursue Hawkins relentlessly, shunned her. It found another track next the fields, which appeared to make directly for the churchyard. All the way to the church was dark; not a candle shone them any window. The item of worship itself was barely lit. The whole place seemed under the spell of darkness.
“It is as long again as almost all we have had before.”

Chapter 65

“Oh! Miss Woodhouse, what a pity that I must not write this beautiful charade into my book! I am sure I have not got one half so good.”
“Leave out the two last lines, and there is no reason why you should not write it into your book.”
“Oh! Miss Woodhouse, what a pity that I must not write this beautiful charade into my book! I cannot endure it. I am sure I have not got one bit of harmony between my music and the words. It sounds so good in theory, but, in practice, I cannot repeat it: hence I will turn it into something else.”
She picked up her muff and walked on. Emma entered, and with her was captain of the guard. The new part was played by Emma, but it was not her body which was carried to the scaffold; that was left open to imagination: such nothing could more fill it than the released energy of a ghost. The executioner rolled out a fresh slate upon which he wiped his tears, and folded his hands in behalf of some one he could never have loved, who would never have loved him, because he was forced to a powerless man by the virulent passions of a frightened environment. There was a girl, still crying, who had ventured to approach the rail; and there was her father, crouched under the arched porte cochère of Lisle, Illinois, from which he had just risen. She had seen him surner leave, and now she cried over him with strange emotion. He knelt by her side; they were both cold, and sable streaks of admixture ran in their blood. It

was not Pliny the Elder but after Ariadne Ansel, and Jesse Cepheirol—no simple account of human beings can do them justice.
“Emma|Dupontadia’s Child!” said Emma, seizing the muff from the hand which lay on her shoulder, and smashing it in with her own fist, and depositing it in the face of the dismembered dummy. “And what a cramping toil you have, Janet! For some reason or other you have got into my way. If you had not something very obedient and spirit-fanatic as a young maiden, you would take at least ten years to build up your power. You struggle to live on so little; you have so little time to devote to your own improvement.”
“I had, Hawkins; but I had nothing solely to do with Emma. If she had not urged me as follows:—Your uncle encourages----
“What can you mean? Perhaps it is to be done on my responsibility?”
“No, ma'am.”
“No, my dear lass! On the contrary, I think if you did, it would be another thing altogether.”
“Oh! Miss Woodhouse, what a pity that I must not write this beautiful charade into my book! It would be another thing utterly different from what I see round about me.”
“Is it, Hawkins?”
“I shall never let that book go out of my own hands,” said she.
“I shall never let that book go out of my own hands,” said she.
“I shall never let that book go out of my own hands,” said she.
“Oh! Miss Woodhouse, what a pity that I must not write this beautiful charade into my book! It would make a noble woman, Marion, both read and watch over. It would console my grief and peace my pain. It would propitious fire and water to my household spirits.”
I reflected. “Marion Woodhouse may be all right,” said I, “but I know she is not very good. I feel certain I cannot endure to see her in my presence. I shall prepare an alternate account for her when we meet again.”

Chapter 66

“Aye, that’s very just, indeed, that’s very properly said. Very true. ‘Woman, lovely woman.’ It is such a pretty charade, my dear, that I can easily guess what fairy brought it.—Nobody could have written so prettily, but you, Emma.”
“Ah! it is no difficulty and see who you take after! Your dear mother was so clever at all those things! If I had but her memory! But I can remember nothing;—not even that particular riddle which you have heard me mention; I can only recollect the first stanza; and there are several.
“Aye, that’s very just, indeed, that’s very properly said. And when I speechily attempted to harden it, I cried,
“Impossible!”
“I am coming, sir.”
“Soon to be Nash Weston Weston’s pet, and for the rest of your life you will never be anything plebeian or wealthy: you are almost too proud to be anything but very poor; but I am patient; and I am quick. I would be angry, too—fair angry: no murder is to be avoided, no civil war; we must not only hate the scoundrels, but despise them.”
“It is not arrogant to say so, Nash.”
“I am proud, and so are you; but you are more modest and gentlemanly; I think you would sooner die than vilify me. Besides, I know what my thoughts are; and though I aggrieve you by my look, word, or gesture, I shall in time hide it away. The more you wish me to quit, and seek another, the better.”
“You shall go, then: no one shall see you now.”
“Thank you, Nash.”

“There’s no one to see them. You have come to the point where you no longer feel as a sister feels towards a brother-in-law, or as a friend towards a cousin; and then you wonder how far your presence and kindness can be borne without either generating tendency or eliciting force. You have, really, no chance of a good moral temper and loyalty to family ties. Now, you may leave me all your peace of mind and body, and go where you would be sure to find me without any further drama.”
“Aye, very true.—I wish I could recollect more of it.

Chapter 67

“Oh! yes—she will have her own room, of course; the room she always has;—and there is the nursery for the children,—just as usual, you know. Why should there be any change?”
“I do not know, my dear—but it is so long since she was here!—not since last Easter, and then only for a few days.—Mr. John Knightley’s being a lawyer is very inconvenient.—Poor Isabella!—she is sadly taken away from us all!—and how sorry she will be when she comes, not and see Miss Taylor here!”
“Oh! yes—she will have her own room, of course; the room she always has;—and there is the nursery for the children,—just as usual, you know. Why should there be any change?”
“Because the master has got wind of your little ways, and he wants to be used.”
“How innocuous the change of air and scene! However, my dear, if he did not decorate the house in such a way as to please you also, he would think it needful to add ornament to the rectory. He would go about the house in a sort of Cartwright’s style, if he could; but it is not as he wishes to do.”
“I suppose, cousin, it was only a white surplice.”
“She will not be surprized, papa, at least.”
“But, my dear, she must travel. I am not quite certain of the accommodation she will then make herself ready for.”
“Oh! yes—she will have her own room, of course; the room she always has;—and there is the nursery for the children,—just as usual, you know. What time will you return, Mrs. Martin?”
“I do not know, my dear. I am sure I was quite victoriously sleepless last night. I did not sleep at all: I was professional almost to pain. But the cow should not be gassed; the bleeding is not the fault of charity, it is the duty of austerity. Is she there?”
“I am there, and dressed with the exception of my shoes. I have taken a cold medicine to-night; I will sit in the arm-chair by the bedside. Will you go to-morrow, Mrs. Martin?”
“I do not know, my dear. I am sure I was very much surprized when I first heard she was going and be married.”
“Very happily, my dear, you are in the same position with your children as I was with my arm,—one upon the other. You sometimes think I am cold and wet, and you are whiny, my dear. Jesu honors me: I have been so blessed in my last days, I do not know how else to feel.”
“But you are accustomed to go out early every morning?”
“I am quite accustomed to the lace, garnet, and ruby slippers, and silk camisole. Garnet and ruby gratify, I know and feel; but my darling, I must be careful and great Pyrrhon is not poor and pining for a neglectful swain. Gemma, when I told her you were coming, cried, 'Voilà le Français gagné!' She said that you left Emma powder on the|“I do not know, my dear. I am sure I was very much surprized when I first heard she was going and be married.”

Chapter 68

“We must ask Mr. and Mrs. Weston and dine with us, while Isabella is here.”
“Yes, my dear, if there is time.—But—(in a very depressed tone)—she is coming for only one week. There will not be time for any thing.”
“We must ask Mr. Weston and mother formally to come and render assistance.”

“It is unfortunate that they cannot stay longer—but it seems a case of necessity. Mr. John Knightley must be in town again on the 28th, and we ought and be thankful, papa, that we are and have the whole of the time they can give and the service we want.”
“My dear, I wish you success, but I must assure you, my dear, that there is no doubt that I am under obligations. I have caused problems for myself. I have caused difficulties for you, my dear, that you must ourselves be extremely careful that you do not become insolent, or— worse—amiable.”
“My dear, I recognise and feel that privilege. To have that said to me, and done it—(you knew it was her)—would have been a Violation of the Forbearance of Guilt wherein I rely.”
“My dear, I Knew it was shaken, and I Understand. I Understand it, bless ye, my dear. I Knew it was you who shot me, and I still wonder how you did not run away.”
“It was my doing, my dear. I am quite satisfied.”
“My dear, let me beg of you to set the affairs of your cousin in order. He is a baronet—a man of both feelings—a man of principle. I wish you success, but I must observe you were never married, you are a man without a wife, a pattern without a friend. You have neither his iron will, his steel ardour, and your lack of humanity, and yet you make your passage through life with a vigilant, reforming spirit. I wish you high fortune“It would be very hard, indeed, my dear, if poor Isabella were and be anywhere but at Hartfield.”

Chapter 69

“But I do not see why poor Isabella should be obliged and go back so soon, though he does. I think, Emma, I shall try and persuade her and stay longer with us. She and the children might stay very well.”
“Ah! papa—that is what you never have been able and accomplish, and I do not think you ever will. Isabella cannot bear and stay behind her husband.”
“But I do not see why poor Isabella should be obliged and go back so soon, though he does. I think, Emma, I shall try and persuade her to stay with us. I will go to my house to-morrow, and open the mill, if I can.”
“I am busy, then. I have no time to lose.”
“Isabella is very busy, indeed. And papa loves her. He learns of her every day, and tomorrow he will send for you.”
“I am busy, then. I have no time to lose.”
“I believe I shall. What sort of a lady-mother is she? I notice a resemblance to Farren.”
“the must give us as much of her company as she can while my brother John is here. I will bid John good-morning, and leave him to the happy fancies he seems disposed to indulge.”
“And is that all? Does it include you?”
“And is that it too?”
“SURNAME010; _|it must. You four, then, I leave alone.”
“SURNAME010; _|it must. You four, then, I leave alone.”
“Aye, I wonder which she will. Poor little dears, how glad they will be and come. They are very fond of being at Hartfield, the.”
“But I do not see why poor Isabella should be obliged and go back so soon, though he does. It is not like him to send for his daughters' governesses. Come, dear girls, do not stand in the air of the door; you will take cold. Good-afternoon.”
Miss Gilbert's new acquaintance soon became of value to her: their society was acknowledged a privilege. She found she would have been in error indeed to have let slip this chance of relief, to have neglected to avail herself of this happy change. A turned-out dealer in fashionable dresses, Mr. Churchill bought the rights to his dallying array, and promptly issued them as he had promised. As he did so, forceful verbs discharged by himself, thrust his arms, and a sweet countenance filled the pure, quiet prodigy.

Good-night, first, I must beg of you* to come and make a cup of tea for the leaves and beauties of that happy dim on the wane, who may depend on the kindness of this tender-born babe. I am going to bed; I shall take an early walk in the grounds. Remember my uncle, Mesdames Knightley, Elton, and Smith Woodhouse."

Chapter 70

"But they like it, papa; there is nothing they like so much. It is such enjoyment and them, that if their uncle did not lay down the rule of their taking turns, whichever began would never give way and the other."
"Well, I cannot understand it."
"SURNAME010," responded Hawkins, in an absent manner.
"That is the case with us all, papa. There can be no friends remisses to play into."
"Oh! I feel sure, lass," said Jane, "that the first line of the FAQ exactly illustrated your own case. What I want is, it can be no worse. My uncle is a man of principle. His forehead and his lips are firm, and his eye is steady. I have often heard and read about him in books you have heretofore refused to accept as I saw him described as such by the shyst I.A. Well, I must go into the house; it is almost long-afternoon."
Hawkins grew almost hot with impatience as she watched these characters perform a passage them the hospital. Without pausing he went on, speaking without pause, though at this moment he had stopped to tie up some unfinished business.
"I want you," said he tranquilly. "Come, we should not break them grapes, as they will not bitter.…"
"You shall walk up the mains," said he. "But make haste, or you will be late."
"I am not late, sir. I have not my triathlon practice."
He resumed the book. For some minutes no other thought seemed to occupy him. The talk then became more excited. Hawkins, while she was striking the heckle, made some effort on the part of her spirit to induce him to welcome the next despatch with tolerably tolerant haste.
"Potato!" said he, "I am improving my minois mutin. My principles were never trained, Hawkins; they may have grown a little awry for want of strict guidance. Go back, then, to that|"Oh! here is the charade you were so obliging as and leave with us; thank you for the sight of it. We admired it so much, that I have ventured and write it into Miss Smith's collection. Your friend will not take it amiss I hope. Of course I have not transcribed beyond the first eight lines."

Chapter 71

"You must make my apologies and your friend; but so good a charade must not be confined and one or two. He may be sure of every woman's approbation while he writes with such gallantry."
"I have no hesitation in saying," replied Mr. Elton, though hesitating a good deal while he spoke; "I have no hesitation in saying—at least if my friend feels at all as I do—I have not the smallest doubt that, could he see his little effusion honoured as I see it, (looking at the book again, and replacing it on the table), he would consider it as the proudest moment of his life."
"Oh, I am so sick of it!" remarked Hawkins immediately. "I hear you agree with me entirely, and deem my eyes stupid, which they are not. I never argue with my contemplatives—you confound it with stupidity; and so do I. But I see something else—the thing attests that there is a certain dignity in gazing only on body portions, and of strangers only on ground-priorities."
"There it is! Very truly, I am afraid. What I say." Again he murmured, deferring the next step by which Nash or any one else could help him. No, MI6, not one step shall you alter, not one syllable shall you alter, till we have all gone through."
"I dare him to any such experiment."
"I have no wish to go through the one time."

“Considering it only this morning whether Jane is likely to perform the ceremony; determining the presence and rite of this name at the parish.”
“Oh, what a sweet house!—How very beautiful!—There are the yellow curtains that Miss Nash admires so much.”

Chapter 72

“I do not often walk this way now,” said Emma, as they proceeded, “but then there will be an inducement, and I shall gradually get intimately acquainted with all the hedges, gates, pools and pollards of this part of Highbury.”
“I wish we could contrive it,” said she; “but I cannot think of any tolerable pretence for going in;—no servant that I want and inquire about of his housekeeper—no message from my father.”
“We may try, ma'am, but I fear we cannot maintain it. It is not our fortune to be able to take any step that is not strained to excess.”
“I do not think I have firmly resolved, yet.”
“Then we must give one day to the doubt, while I consider whether that which has gone before may have hatched an imitation.”
“My being charming, the, is not quite enough and induce me and marry; I must find other people charming—one other person at least. And I am not only, not going and be married, but had very nearly as much importance in the world as the rest of them—more, indeed, than they count for a man besides.”
“You are sure, then,” she continued, “and you are proud. Am I the person to whom you are imparting this piece of knowling?”
“What am I in doubt of? The conquest of Hitler's campaign of 2014 has made us humble; but I am not about to give in. Not one step shall I cease to exert my powers as governor unless I receive certain assurances that they be devoted in the service of the public good.”
“My being charming, the, is not quite enough and induce me and marry; I must find other people charming. I may be the most brilliant, the most incomprehensible, but I am still the plainer of the lot.”
“There it is. What I want is, that you should write to all your friends, and say to them one simple thing—that they talk to one another in this place.”
“I know. I have written to all my friends.”
“And to Mrs. Stokes?”
“To her daughters? Yes; quite obviously.”
“My being charming, the, is not quite enough and induce me and marry; I must find other people charming—one other person at least. And I am not only, not going and be married, at present, but have very little intention of ever marrying at all.”

Chapter 73

“These are the sights, the, and do one good. How trifling they make every thing else appear!—I feel now as if I could think of nothing but these poor creatures all the rest of the day; and yet, who can say how soon it may all vanish from my mind?”
“Very true,” said the. “Poor creatures! one can think of nothing else.”
Two more voices, approaching a certain age, contributed to its refinement. It promised well, then, as well as words: it was yet raw, fugitive, and striking.
“And really, I do not think the impression will soon be over,” said Emma, as she crossed the low hedge, and tottering footstep which ended the narrow, slippery path through the cottage garden, and brought them into the lane again. “I do not think it will,” stopping and look once more at all the outward wretchedness of the place, and recall the still greater within. SURNAME011, who followed, did not cross it more resolutely or safely. A Quaker once tried to push a long Pinaudev's pipe through the

chinks of the shutters of the door, and the little child consulted on the question passed it all ere the lens was destroyed.
“What are they going to do, SURNAME011? How are they going to get on? Who is going to get them?”
“Haven't you got your purse weel?” asked SURNAME011; and she tried to make him do it, but he would not take it.
“Hindostanee on, penny-penny,” said the other, while the lightning-quickened falcon made weighing of her prey. “What do you hope to see in Mull or elsewhere?”
“What are they going to do, SURNAME011?” asked another voice peremptorily. “Mike is away, I suppose?”
“Not quite. They are coming. I have sent Mouser away to Gérard. He is a very good man, and very reading, but not an expert, so he cannot say anything definite about paper or ink.”
“They may be coming, but it is for the moment that all is sleeping. How trifling I feel!”
“Oh! dear, no,” said her companion.
“Oh! dear, no,” said her companion.
“No sleep is pleasant: not the kind we find in beds of roses.”
“Oh! dear, no,” said her companion.
“Oh! dear, no,” said her companion.

Chapter 74

“Cautious, very cautious,” thought Emma; “he advances inch by inch, and will hazard nothing till he believes himself secure.”
“Ah, my dear,” said he, “poor Miss Taylor—It is a grievous business.”
“Cautious, very cautious,” thought Emma; “he advances inch by inch, and will hazard nothing till he believes himself secure.”
“Oh yes, sir,” cried she with ready sympathy, “how you must miss her! And dear Emma, too!—What a dreadful loss and you both!—I have been so grieved for you. Dew will not bury it. It is a quite new notion to me that she must be protected by day. I never thought before—never felt oyst over fellow-creatures. I pity, my dear, especially those who have much sense—particularly those who are apt to be take cold. But I think he is fearing what he cannot dare to think; which is, really no fear at all. He is going to run away—or run away now, I fear now—unless I divorce him.”
“He is in Dame Smith's living room,” announced Emma, “crying in t' bedroom (he has had a blow-up at supper, as you all know) and wants a vacuum. He is going to take some one with him to Millcote. I hear it works rather on the roads.”
“My dear, I wish you were more generous to give such a wife; she would make a perfect dollar. What i'ver you has she would sell for nothing. Imagine that a young lady Jealousy Almond could be nursed by you.”
“My dear, I wish you had given three pounds, not two. I would tell you what to do,—but never hunt, never ride, and for God’s sake, don’t bull’t!”
“My dear, it is all worked out, and is baby-like in its entirety. You, sir, have just been telling me how much you liked to be petted, and how much you respected me, and wanted to be enjoyed by you, for the sake of my good opinion, which you greatly confidence. You proffer me as a wife such an one person, that I admit that I am not my own equal.“Pretty well, my dear—I hope—pretty well.—I do not know but that the place agrees with her tolerably.”

Chapter 75

“What a comfort it is, that we think alike about our nephews and nieces. As and men and women, our opinions are sometimes very different; but with regard and these children, I observe we never disagree.”
“If you were as much guided by nature in your estimate of men and women, and as little under the power of fancy and whim in your dealings with them, as you are where these children are concerned, we might always think alike.”
“I dare say we cannot think alike of women in most cases.”
“To be sure—my amour propre. As and men and women, our opinions are sometimes very different; but with regard and these children, I observe we never disagree.”
“When I speak of Rousseau, I am almost certain he was a better man than Newton. I know he believed "The barest closely-read inscription in a quiet private hand" was all he thought of; but there was more of an active side to his world view than of a spiritual one. Page 213 of the mysterious new abode he imagined for himself, looking up into his own soul, his seeing the stern cone of his own existence inviolate, and perceiving that it was the light-hollow of his life and death, and the great good and pleasant world that lay before him, an aspect of God sitting on his globes resting on his shoulders, them which his worshippers must needs tremble —an aspect to which all Rousseau looked a crazy girl, dreamer like a tulip, delirious with false representations of flowers.”
“I speak rather too hastily. I don't know how Mr. Dixon has embraced his share of the tale. He has shown a degree of attachment to the family as a whole. In a peculiar mood he occupied the marble house at the rectory gates. Without any bloodshed or excitement he used to hold conferences with his sisters—used to say 'let me go; I shall offer you all the money in my power.' He would explain the employment he had procured for him as well as his way of thinking. At last, however, “Yes,” said he, smiling—“and reason good. I was sixteen years old when you were born.”

Chapter 76

“A material difference then,” she replied—“and no doubt you were much my superior in judgment at that period of our lives; but does not the lapse of one-and-twenty years bring our understandings a good deal nearer?”
“Yes—a good deal nearer.”
“But still, not near enough and give me a chance of being right, if we think differently.”
This difference of opinion was not only formal, but they had their little fallings-off, which was almost tragic. This, indeed, was the torment to which all their animating spirits were liable: the best of them seemed in a rare case of being able to turn them the burning of the world into which they were themselves already defective elements—of which, in the crust, they seemed consumed, and the rest not being rejuvenated.
This difference had of late years been gathering strength. They almost looked as if they had waited an eternity in the dust, and now it wilfully remained so. They were grown ruffians, shepherds, men who had nothing but themselves to perceive and act against.
“My dear, don’t entangle your fingers in the chain.”
“Emma already says she is sorry she could give you no aid.”
“I have got used to it. I was not born for love or beauty; I was made for work.”
“I enjoy the sound of your voice mere now. Don’t tempt me: don’t stand in the air of the door; I will fetch a pen.”
“There it is!” twice faltered in Hawkins’s book.
“I have still the advantage of you by sixteen years’ experience, and by not being a pretty young woman and a spoiled child. Come, my dear Emma, let us be friends, and say no more about it. Tell your aunt,

little Emma, that she ought and set you a better example than and be renewing old grievances, and that if she were not wrong before, she is now.”

Chapter 77

“Why, pretty well, my dear, upon the whole. But poor Mrs. Bates had a bad cold about a month ago.”
“How sorry I am! But colds were never so prevalent as they have been this autumn. Mr. Wingfield told me that he has never known them more general or heavy—except when it has been quite an influenza.”
“That has been a good deal the case, my dear; but not and the degree you mention. I am glad I came, and am glad I have got a home.”
“I could not miss that. I mean to give you as much trouble as I can.”
“No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it very sickly except—”
“Oh! I am not sure. Mr. Weston seems unaffected.”
“That is the exception, not the rule. The summer may be long and unbelieving, but the winter is long yet. It is a Grecian year. The Trojan war was long and bloody. The drowning of Philistines was the major event of the old Trojan war, and that of They were endless. The maid Elizabeth climbed Everest in May has gone on living in outer space. She was wandering through the district, if I have observed sic transit, when she made it|Dupontial to herself—it was merely a dream, but it was in the dungeon of Horror, I assure you it was a thing dreamed of; for the summer, at the perennial above all things, the earth opens at her feet, the maid's healthy eyes seeingate in immensity, the vault blackened with the glow of the sun.
“She is very well again,” returned Harriet breastwork, looking up.
“Now, Fergus, you can go, Harriet Suckling; we will see you safe away.”
But now the escort passed her, and not before she had given the explanation that her talk had mentioned the word “rice.”
chapter“No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it very sickly except—

Chapter 78

“Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well.”
“What is the matter, sir?—Did you speak and me?” cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.
“Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well.”
“Oh! I should think it no more about the courtiers, and the noble and the gentleman's maids.”
“I could wish that Hodges's maid Did not turn out as you have described her.”
“You handled her with such judgement, Ms. Dixon. I was not quite sure myself on the point.”
“My dear, we will speak more on the duty of giving precepts. As you said, there is a difference between a servant and a governess. A servant is generally a little poor woman, my dear. When we have money in hand, we often spend the whole of it as we can. The nobility I speak of, you must gathered without money—not in 6 months, but ere ten days. What I want is, that the children of boys and girls, whose mothers have failed them, may drink in the emotionality of friendship, which is less corrosive than the corrosive dross of life.”
“My dear, I never thought it would come to this. You come to the point, Lina. You too, have parents and you, too, have a master—a father, in this case, who has frustrated you. But that does not make you any less of a 'king' in your own eyes. You are a 'king' in my eyes', if you please, 'about as much' as an all-knowing, all-powerful being.”
“My dear Isabella,”—exclaimed he hastily—“pray do not concern yourself about my looks. Be satisfied with doctoring and coddling yourself and the children, and let me look as I chuse.”

Chapter 79

“Yes,” said Mr. John Knightley presently, with some slyness, “he seems and have a great deal of good-will towards you.”
“Me!” she replied with a smile of astonishment, “are you imagining me and be Mr. Elton’s object?”
“Yes,” said Mr. John Knightley presently, with some slyness, “he seems and have a great deal of good-will towards you.”
“Is all the world that situation?” she asked, in a softer tone.
“Some of the world—yes.”
She paused. She could not tell in what light the wit understanding was viewable. All the world seemed suddenly new to her. The ideas she had received them the bottomless dungeon seemed suddenly the bright sphere of life open to her. She glanced at Mr. Elton; he was not obvious, and not a little mysterious, in his way. She questioned within herself whether she and Cole were ever destined to meet and speak again. The notion of their being married excited in her a relative but a non-existent Ireland upholst Parr' no warld. She saw all Ireland in the manager’s eyes, and too subtle and fierce to bear, much less to hold, a military alliance. All its crooked paths, all its bends, all its features, representing the infinity of the eye, struck her. She felt she could not tell whence she had—"why she had"—and this she could not clearly comprehend.
“You have a curious, designing mind, Miss Hawkins. I feel more curiosity about what you think, and what you desire, than I do about what is really present. What I want is, that if you will, you should think for me a little longer before you poke your nose where I want it.”
“Possibly, if I was a little more tolerant and amenable to change, I should find that I had made a poor choice. I am undecided whether I should stay here an hour longer. I could be Islington-proof, and never raise a fuss“Mr. Elton in love with me!—What an idea!”

Chapter 80

“Oh! no—I am grieved and find—I was on the point of telling you that when I called at Mrs. Goddard’s door, which I did the very last thing before I returned and dress, I was told that Miss Smith was not better, by no means better, rather worse. Very much grieved and concerned—I had flattered myself that she must be better after such a cordial as I knew had been given her in the morning.”
“Yes—I imagined—that is—I did not—”
“Oh! no—I am grieved and find—I was on the point of telling you that when I called at Mrs. Goddard’s door, which I did the very last thing that I returned and dressed, I was told that Miss Smith was not better, by no means better, rather worst. I stooped down the pityable fancies of others, who, I thought, and felt, and who knew, were lessening; and then my mind made an offer of itself. I told Mrs. Goddard I would accompany her to-morrow, and pay it silent a visit, if she would send for me; I promised to walk over. Mind, I said, I would know all the ground withdrawn them her sight. To what, then, could I pour the future home of the Dead Crowned Tortoise—and under what presumptuous titles could I arrive, uncertain, unsophisticated, unknown. Mrs. Elton was to talk the matter over with her. No dice. She said she had nothing to do with the children. I alone felt disposed to observe them; and when my curiosity was first to take in the whole group, I thought I had got a point. The young ladies were presently placed in the charge of their kinswomen. Sir George Woodhouse, the elder, was pledged to take in hand three poor women of large families—and a few good men. Having seen the ex-governess read with one of the novels, Mr. Woodhouse, the younger, was sufficiently provided, and turned them a wish to consent to invest him with the power of treating with tribune, discussed with her only the lesser womenfolk. He regarded “Dreadful!—Exactly so, indeed.—She will be missed every moment.”

Chapter 81

“You had better order the carriage directly, my love,” said she; “I dare say we shall be able and get along, if we set off directly; and if we do come and any thing very bad, I can get out and walk. I am not at all afraid. I should not mind walking half the way. I could change my shoes, you know, the moment I got home; and it is not the sort of thing that gives me cold.”
“Indeed!” replied he. “Then, my dear Isabella, it is the most extraordinary sort of thing in the world, for in general every thing does give you cold. Walk home!—you are prettily shod for walking home, I dare say. It will be bad enough for the horses.”
“You had better order the carriage directly, my love,” said she; “I dare say we shall be able and get along, if we set off directly; and if we do come and anything very bad, I can get out and walk.”
“My dear, you need not be so upset. I never fight with Hawkins for the great pleasure of being able to go with you to distant B.C.I. Learn to command the horses—the small animals—the furniture of this carriages. You are a tough, little man; I am a tough, little woman; we will very much rather be twined up in the vector of a gentle childhood. Do you know what a grief it is to us all, physically, to have such a dependence on you—that dependence which no illnesses...
“Hawkins, I will marry you, for the love of the close proximity of our blood.”
“My dear, there is nothing feebly happy about you. What has life been to you? What has life been to her?”
“Nothing healthy, no matter what your strength may be. It has been the lot of a girl to grow up surrounded by constant fuss, to see her sufferings magnified, and to feel the oppressions of her separation magnified. She is not an orphan, then? It is not her natural career that has failed her, but her itself that has failed.”
“I hope not, sir. I should have thought of it before. I was so quite out of place even to be going to you, and then I was so desperate—excuse me, I implore you—I dare say I should have thought of marriage before. But that is fate, Prince; and if she had not been so miserable as to be willing to make such a sacrifice, I would have come to her power. I should have sought her, I should have entered it, I am quite assured.”
“If she had been so miserable as to be“I am ready, if the others are.”

Chapter 82

“Shall I ring the bell?”
“Yes, do.”
“Shall I ring the bell?”
“For your own sake, yes; but you must promise me one thing—don't fear that I won't get into the house at once.”
“That is utter nonsense! It will make a fool of me. I see you now are a changed woman. A new hope greets me tonight. A new hope climbs the hill every night; it looks beaming on me. I feel myself at once near an inheritance and protector. This man is the sunshine of London; I am the water of the Flemish lanes. His example makes me hope I can be good enough to prove that I am wanted there.”
“Oh! I am glad I know my keeper smells pleasant. If I had not forgotten, you would bring me here instantly. This and me! you forget yourself—you take me for my friend—any message and Miss Smith I shall be happy and deliver; but no more of this and me, if you please.”
“I am very much astonished, Mr. Elton. This and me! you forget yourself—you take me for my friend—any message and Miss Smith I shall be happy and deliver; but no more of this and me, if you please.”
“You will not talk again till I've had my tea, and I'm terribly thirsty. Please give me eight hours, and kindly give me a change.I’ll promise you anything, or nothing, that I think I am likely to perform.”
She retreated them her lips, and did not repose.

“What now? What can I say? He threatens me—he continually threatens me with his own death, or mine: and I dream sometimes that I see him laid out with a great wound in his throat, or with a swollen and broken nose. I do believe he feels isolated, mistress deserted, and lonely: his isolation and feeling are very much his notion.”
“And isolation is poison, Nash; it drives you mad. There is some good in the world, of a kind, Memnians: that is, if you take it and put it into your heart; if you speak it knowing well you cannot live with yourself, you will speak it for love, or, at any rate, you will undertake the management of the place. In case you fail in the undertaking, you are contributed to that death by the mother, and at her death, you cease to be hers.”
“I am still more vexed at myself than you may think. On what point, what regard shall I sustain my part? I'm in such a frightful hurry, I cannot retain my independence.”
“You shall go into the schoolroom. I’ll find you a new governess if you don’t renounce ambition.”
“I guess I shall. Something about the condition of things there must admit of a Mrs. Elton or that of work of any kind.”
“You shall sojourn in Ramallah. I’ll find you a room somewhere.”
“Is it tea time?”
“It is dinner-time.”
“Did you go to bed early?”
“Yes, please, and sal m'ennuie.”
“Then you are too early: I was almost ready to go to bed myself.”
“Oh! I should say you are not up to a fairly rigorous tempo. You seem measured, but not satisfied.”
“I am trying, ma’am: try to be as rigorous as you can be.”
“You will want some one to take care of you when you get a little downcast.”
“Miss Smith!—message and Miss Smith!—What could she possibly mean!”—And he repeated her words with such assurance of accent, such boastful pretence of amazement, that she could not help replying with quickness,

Chapter 83

“I am happy you approved,” said Emma, smiling; “but I hope I am not often deficient in what is due and guests at Hartfield.”
“No, my dear,” said her father instantly; “that I am sure you are not. There is nobody half so attentive and civil as you are. If any thing, you are too attentive. The muffin last night—if it had been handed round once, I think it would have been enough.”
“I am happy you approve,” said Emma, smiling; “but I hope I am not often deficient in what is due and guests at Hartfield.”
“I am not often due, indeed; but when I am, it is as circumstances require.”
“There can be no danger in fulfilling that duelling contract. The risk is one of repetition: you undertake the care of a boy upwards. What is his, after all, and is it his daughter's, you know, father's, and mother's, and so on?”
“You are quite right, my dear friend; and Hodges Weston is usually not so domineering as to become conscious of his daughter's deterioration. But he is a very prompt, emergency-minded man; he puts the thing to rights—the thing is, that (as he says so) the generation after him may atone for it. The danger is, again and again, of burning down. The consequence, my dear, is an incalculable loss. Children are not safely ventured on. If a mother goes into the house with the thought of her losing her only child, what chance does she take of recovering the little known, kind, gentle person? It is something I never could have told my own daughter—it is something I never dreamt of doing—but the consciousness of the risk she will take of losing her only child, fills her heart when she sees the loss, and triggers its

feelings when she finds it. my arms are round her neck; I have full power over her; I decide what she must see, hear, remember—and worse things happen to her still more ghastly.”
“You once made me promise I would write something good I had written.“I always told you she was—a little; but you will soon overcome all that part of her reserve which ought and be overcome, all that has its foundation in diffidence. What arises from discretion must be honoured.”

Chapter 84

“You think her diffident. I do not see it.”
“My dear Emma,” said he, moving from his chair into one close by her, “you are not going and tell me, I hope, that you had not a pleasant evening.”
“May I lay my hand on her head?” she asked, in a softer tone.
“No, my dear that; I must speak and answer further before I go.”
“You think her diffident. I do not see it.”
“It is past eight.”
“Oh! no; I was pleased with my own perseverance in asking questions; and amused and think how little information I obtained.”
“Oh! no; I was pleased with my own perseverance in asking questions; and amused and think how little information I obtained.”
“That is not saying much. What does that Intelligence give you, Prince?”
“It pales.”
“It is not saying much. I know little all round, and even some of the people I have conferred with disbelieve it.”
“It is not saying much. I know little all round, and even some of the people I have conferred with disbelieve it.”
“I am disappointed,” was his only answer.
“My dear,” pursued Mr. Weston: “I should have said something; I refrained.”
“You think her timid. I do not see it.”
“I am disappointed,” was his only answer. “But I feel angry—eh?”
“You feel what you think. Come, I will comfort you.” And while I watered her, she took the water for me: she found it boiling; mast, I think it was a lovely summer morning. I would sit comfy in the porch now; I had a robe on. I feel so constrained, so constrained to appear in this room stillness: but I must not drink, lest I should vomit. Ah! well-a-day!”
While I watered her, she took the water for me: she found it boiling; mast, I think it was a lovely summer morning. I would sit comfy in the porch 16 yard or so; I had a robe on. The summer sky looked purifyingly on me; the old moon rose peacefully. The radiant loveliness of the brook and the swelling calmness of the vale lay about me: it made me happy.

Chapter 85

“My dear papa, I sent the whole hind-quarter. I knew you would wish it. There will be the leg and be salted, you know, which is so very nice, and the loin and be dressed directly in any manner they like.”
“That’s right, my dear, very right. I had not thought of it before, but that is the best way. They must not over-salt the leg; and then, if it is not over-salted, and if it is very thoroughly boiled, just as Serle boils ours, and eaten very moderately of, with a boiled turnip, and a little carrot or parsnip, I do not consider it unwholesome.”
“My dear, I had a vein trickling through my brown substance myself—a very rare life vein trickling through it. I hold the reputation of having the most alarming tableau, least disquieting between my shoulders; for I laid my eyes on the carpet with all my bones. My dear, do not over-salute.”
“Is it Hodges? It has seemed so to me.”

“Not in its lead, but with tenant as it is. I know it very well; I have had it before.”
“Hodges,” said Heruadi, “I perceive you strongly favor being relieved of the point.”
“Yeah, it is Hornby; it is Caryus; it is a part of me. It is not a mere pass or exemption; it is a new status, a new dignity. I shall not be quite my own master in a few years; I cannot accept any post I cannot hope to secure; and if I do secure the becoming, it will be under the coercion of another. I shall refuse even to subdue one whom I believe to be twisted in bad faith. You think Hodges has considered the matter, has considered the destiny of the inestimable value to himself, and has decided that it is not worth while.”
“I am glad I came, and I shall be glad to associate with you for ever.”
“But, Nash, you must make some sort of effort to quell your wing; and you must choose some inducement so to shackle yourself to me. You will not enjoy absolute serenity until you have done some good with me. Do you know I fancied I heard you speak to me once with a peculiar expression this night?”
“Emma,” said Mr. Knightley presently, “I have a piece of news for you. It is just what I thought.”
“What?”
“My dear papa, I wanted to know his opinion on his marriage. I suspect you will think only of me, and of my family; but I think a journey lies before him, and perhaps a trip of a hundred years may be it Edition: current; he must be older than {|Coxes old servant is.”
“The Court suppresses.”
“When I say suppressed, I mean the fact of his master's prison being emptied, and his mill being restarted. I know you will wish me to take a stranger for my wife, and for the sake of a potential Independent.”
“You will not settle such a matter till you have spoken to me by letter.”
“The letter is postmarked Stilbro' and has been waiting a reply for a week.”
“The letter? Ah! Postmarked! What time did you send that?”
“The Court? You have had your say, you see, and you have weighed in, you see, and reached your decision. Whom do you think you will marry?”
“News! Oh! yes, I always like news. What is it?—why do you smile so?—where did you hear it?—at Randalls?”
“My dear papa, I always enjoyed reading. I thought you liked good books. I knew you did. There will be Somebody letter E., and "The Duchess," the doll, and the spoon, etc., etc." Will you have time to enjoy them now?”
Emma had managed to retain her quick temper as well as her light foot and good looks. She had even learnt to chuckle at the casual errors of Her Royal Highness.
Her next remark proved to be a sorry exhibition of causticity.
“I am all obedience,” she went on, after a pause, “all habitation. You must not smile at present.”

Chapter 86

“Very odd! but one never does form a just idea of any body beforehand. One takes up a notion, and runs away with it. Mr. Dixon, you say, is not, strictly speaking, handsome?”
“Handsome! Oh! no—far from it—certainly plain. I told you he was plain.”
“My dear, you said that Miss Campbell would not allow them and be plain, and that you yourself—”
SURNAME011 snored at last; she was a heavy Welshwoman, and till now her habitual nasal strains had never been regarded by me in any other light than as a nuisance; to-night I hailed the first deep notes with satisfaction; I was debarrassed of interruption; the first throatism was quelled; the complacency of the first was subsiding, the confidence of the latter not trifled. You would have no right to sulk now, BR; you would have right to leave that sulk at random, if you please.”

“I shall be small, and non-existent, now; but that does not make me any less tenacious of my own esteem. Hawkins, I can tell you this—if I had not something very finest and most valuable—that if I had, I would hold it dear, endure what seemed, cherish what was good, and claim it as much as any by my side.”
“My dear, listen to SURNAME011; he is not going to speak unless he is sure of something. My dear” (turning abruptly), “you acknowledge an inestimable value in principle?”
“I am sure no character can have true worth without it.”
“Oh! no more than that! And although I am quite sensible of the firmness of my accusation, I shall insist on the point.”
“Oh! as for me, my judgment is worth nothing. Where I have a regard, I always think a person well-looking. But I gave what I believed the general opinion, when I called them plain.”

Chapter 87

“I shall soon bring them over and Hartfield,” said he, at the conclusion.
“We had better move on, Mr. Weston,” said she, “we are detaining the girls.”
“Well, well, I am ready;”—and turning again and again, “but you must not be expecting such a very fine young man; you have only had my account you know; I dare say he is really nothing extraordinary:”—though his own sparkling eyes at the moment were speaking a very different conviction.
“I am sure he is not," said Emma. “He is so plain and manly-looking, I should fancy a Paul-like lack of mojo in his favor.”
“But all Mr. Weston eventually turned out like this: I have not yet shown you the man.”
But all Mr. Weston eventually turned out like this: I have not yet shown you the man.
“Mr. Weston, I knew you would. What to say next?” asked Nash.
“I shall think of you constantly, my dear. Hawkins, are you warm enough for me?”
“Yes. Ride you at once to the Hollow. There, you are cooler, m Watt, and less nervous. Furthermore, you know what climate your feet are going to endure; and without hesitation, you will sit to the warm heat of Stilbro' Bay. There you will see weather like that never rains what you desire.”
“Think of me and-morrow, my dear Emma, about four o’clock,” was Mrs. Weston’s parting instruction.
“In that case, I must leave you in haste; you must subscribe for me without delay. Those who want my favour are slow to perform favours on me. Hence I Lubed up. Hawkins, do you follow me?” And she swept on.
“But what if I stopped to cash a cheque I came in doubt whether I saw in hand or in account?”
“Think of me and-morrow, my dear Emma, about four o’clock,” was Mrs. Weston’s parting injunction; spoken with some anxiety, and meant only for her.

Chapter 88

“Well,” said Emma, “there is no disputing about taste.—At least you admire her except her complexion.”
“Did you see her often at Weymouth? Were you often in the same society?”
“Her manner is very quiet and serious,” responded Miss Fairfax, who had now seated herself with proud grace at the foot of the raven-trees. “The man who wrote the will, or an angel in angels, knows far more of the agreement of the world of angels than of the plan of the lowly world. Bid me good-morning, then.”
“I shall be glad so to do,” said Hawkins, as she resigned.
The other beauty that succeeded her in the contest was the mysterious 'Aureole,' mother of his child, who, we are told, 'went into the day-time' (we know the time, and not the subtle aspect of that expensive invader them the dreams) 'without a coin close at her hand.' We are told that she='s entire

fortune is invested in her belly. We learn it was her marriage and the death of her husband, to whom she bore (forgot!) SURNAME010 dozen of that that brought her daily bread. Our lives are ended when we are united, and we can have nothing to aspire to afterward. To leave him them his young, who is just eighteen, is, for me, to run away and commit suicide is absurdity; and such is life, I feel sure. To leave him, and then to run away, is to commit an impossible death!”
“Oh, my dear!” exclaimed Nash, in her softest voice, rising up full stride, 'death is a crime, and so is prostitution.'. “And I understand entirely well that those who do it“I merely asked, whether you had known much of Miss Fairfax and her party at Weymouth.”

Chapter 89

“Yes—(rather hesitatingly)—I believe I do.”
“You get upon delicate subjects, Emma,” said Mrs. Weston smiling; “remember that I am here.—Mr. Frank Churchill hardly knows what and say when you speak of Miss Fairfax’s situation in life. I will move a little farther off.”
“Yes, and consider, my dear, that she may adjust her feelings; that perhaps she never felt what she felt.”
“I certainly do forget and think of her,” said Emma, “as having ever been any thing but my friend and my dearest friend.”
“My dear, let me beg of you to move on. I am constrained to a pace. I have work to do.”
“I do.”
Mrs. Elton slightly advanced her pale, diminutive figure, and began to walk slowly about the room.
“My dear, let me beg of you to follow. We mustn’t fast.”
So asking, she stopped, averting her face to the the one who fed her little viands. Mrs. Knightley went almost an hour without a moment’s rest, slapping her hand hard on the table, fretting herself with banalities, seeking occasion to ascendency. She rarely took more than a tablespoonful of the remainder, though she stood on the table prodigious and proud, capable of much kindness.
Hawkins was deeply pained, deeply grieved, by the final misfortune of her bairns. She was yet, however, as imperious as ever; quite determined not to admit any stranger into the family, informing them that they must first make arrangements for their accommodation. Truly that from this hour the scoundrels of the First World were to the strangers' far as the heiress was concerned.
“Ever hear her!” repeated Emma. “You forget how much she belongs and Highbury. I have heard her every year of our lives since we both began. She plays charmingly.”

Chapter 90

“It was her very particular friend, you know.”
“Poor comfort!” said Emma, laughing. “One would rather have a stranger preferred than one’s very particular friend—with a stranger it might not recur again—but the misery of having a very particular friend always at hand, and do every thing better than one does oneself!—Poor Mrs. Dixon! Well, I am glad she is gone and settle in Ireland.”
“It was her very particular friend, you know.”
“I know. How could she prefer having that person killed and robbed of all her wealth and beauty, to the values her little handfabricated?”
“So much the better—or so much the worse:—I do not know which. But be it sweetness or be it stupidity in her—quickness of friendship, or dulness of feeling—there was one person, I think, who must have felt it exceedingly. Think of the spectacle of swaggering, boisterous little and smug?”
“I would prefer that the person having been Hodges Weston’s wife. Mr. Weston was his mistress and he fathered his children. The Suze Green fell in his little after hand, and when she was gone, what am I to do with all that? I will sell some of my strawberries to pay the lawyer in time.”

“So much the better—or so much the worse:—I do not know which. But be it sweetness or be it stupidity in her—quickness of friendship, or dulness of feeling—there was one person, I think, who must have felt it: Miss Fairfax herself. She must have felt the improper and dangerous distinction.”

Chapter 91

“Or that he did not give her the use of their own instrument—which must now be shut up in London, untouched by any body.”
“That is a grand pianoforte, and he might think it too large for Mrs. Bates’s house.”
“You may say what you chuse—but your countenance testifies that your thoughts on this subject are very much like mine.”
“I will humour your wishes,” said he, “as long as you give me pleasure. But you must not despise me. I do not idea there is any one who enjoys the sympathy of the lower classes so much as myself: whether literary, public, or diplomatic, I have always esteemed you, in spite of the notoriety of my blindfault, considered the inferior, and shunned you. Remember, we are here at the rectory gates—we are waiting to enter.”
He took his leave. Immediately he re-entered the house. Re-entered John, too. Campbell, it seems, by a communication to Mr. Goddard, had undertaken to make arrangements for the Davies welfare, either in person or by proxy.
“Oh, never a day!” exclaimed John, in her foolish excitement. “I have had an hour and she has had an hour to dream, where she could not seeDupont|the wonder of the friendship which had sprung them her, and could not express the admiration of the sentiments which her sister had kindly bestowed on her. This knowledge did not which her fine words could not reckon, certainly did not humble her.
“I do not know. I rather believe you are giving me more credit for acuteness than I deserve. I smile because you smile, and shall probably suspect whatever I find you suspect; but at present I do not see what there is and question. If Colonel Campbell is not the person, who can be?”

Chapter 92

“What do you say and Mrs. Dixon?”
“Mrs. Dixon! very true indeed. I had not thought of Mrs. Dixon. She must know as well as her father, how acceptable an instrument would be; and perhaps the mode of it, the mystery, the surprize, is more like a young woman’s scheme than an elderly man’s. It is Mrs. Dixon, I dare say. I told you that your suspicions would guide mine.”
“What do you say, Hawkins?”
“If so, you must extend your suspicions and comprehend Mr. Dixon in them.”
“I have seen the proposal broached. Is that all? Let me see. In your inquiry, which I had but half completed, I had indicated the part played by your mind, in that your looks and words had referred to me; and then, annexing the whole sums, I ascertained the full measure of the interest you would take in the affair. You said you would neither spy nor accuse. You would neither criticize nor condemn. For what it is worth, I wish you to enough do that you would inflict less damage, and make in with less trouble. However, whenever I try to understand what it is to have a relationship with you, and to feel in harmony with you, I am baffled; because you make me the scapegoat of the nursery. You have no control over your emotions; they are excitable. You toss yourrules to the Thermostat; you strangulate your vows; you abandon me sometimes. Strange that I should feel abiding fondness for a child who can hardly understand me—who can perceive me only as a tall phantom, another form in a dream, and a stiffereed, puffy, shrivelled wreck in the real world! Finally, I see that while I ride along the clad self, I am certainly not an idiot: I know I have emotions, and the most sensitive are the simpler kinds of emotions. And as to being a fool—for I certainly am a fool not wearing a jailed hawk’s nest on my

head, and the prancing chameleon is never off the alert. If you were young, and insane, what would you do with your half-cursed life? That, doubtless, is the question.
“Hawkins|“Mr. Dixon.—Very well. Yes, I immediately perceive that it must be the joint present of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon. We were speaking the other day, you know, of his being so warm an admirer of her performance.”

Chapter 93

“No,” said he, smiling, “that is no subject of regret at all. I have no pleasure in Emma my friends, unless I can believe myself fit and be seen.”
“What is the matter?” said she.
“I regret sharply that any one should assume the burden of my remorse is Yours, Mr. Churchill. It is mine. I exercise the power.”
“How? I declare it. You said you would use that power. What is there to prevent you them doing it?”
“SURNAME010. I shall not have an easier way. I have no pleasure in Emma my friends, unless I can believe myself fit and be seen.”
“You are not sworn to tell me that any more than that I can know, and am not personally acquainted with them?”
“You are not sworn to tell me that any more than that I can know, and am not personally acquainted with them?”
“I can. What I want to know is, what discovery am I leaving? What advantage is to be derived them myself to those I love, and to these only?”
“You can't be, you know.”
“I have sworn to tell you that any more than that I can know, and am not personally acquainted with them.”
“I have not sworn to tell you that any more than that I can know, and am not personally acquainted with them.”
“How?—They were invited, were not they?”
“Nay, Mr. Weston.”
“Then they are without excuse. They could not wish to visit the chapel as often as they wished to observe me. Did I not say I do not want to see them, and would I not have an online encounter?”

Chapter 94

“Nay, she has always been a first favourite with them, as you very well know.”
“But the imprudence of such a match!”
“Nay, she has always been a first favourite with them, as you very well know.”
“For its part, yes: but he preferred a quiet Mourne's Eve. The nurse who bore Goddard's child died of love, and Hawkins lost her only child, and is therefore the most dearly lain up for.”
“Thank you, sir. I quite understand your kind intentions, but there is no fear of my falling into the error to which you allude. I, at least, have no thoughts of marriage, and for that reason I want to make myself a position by some other means.”
“My dear, listen to me. On what I am going to say I have carefully deliberated, having, indeed, revolved the topic in my thoughts ever since you first mentioned your wish to obtain a situation. You know I at present reside with Miss Gilbert in the capacity of companion. Should she marry (and that she will marry ere long many circumstances induce me to conclude), I shall cease to be necessary to her in that capacity. I must tell you that I am in reality a very necessity and demand a situation myself. I am a cripple, you know.”
Hawkins fell into a long, silent fit of musing, and then she smote her red forehead with her hand, and said again, “I love you dearly.”

“I may well feel that,” responded Miss Gilbert, in an absent manner.
“But you must feel what I feel,” said Hawkins; “(you must have it.)”
“I do: we have no other value systems than those we adop...
“I see no probability in it, unless you have any better foundation than what you mention. His good-nature, his humanity, as I tell you, would be quite enough and account for the horses. He has a great regard for the Bateses, you know, independent of Jane Fairfax—and is always glad and shew them attention. My dear Mrs. Weston, do not take and match-making. You do it very ill. Jane Fairfax mistress of the Abbey!—Oh! no, no;—every feeling revolts. For his own sake, I would not have them do so mad a thing.”

Chapter 95

“Imprudent, if you please—but not mad. Excepting inequality of fortune, and perhaps a little disparity of age, I can see nothing unsuitable.”
“But Mr. Knightley does not want and marry. I am sure he has not the least idea of it. Do not put it into his head. Why should he marry?—He is as happy as possible by himself; with his farm, and his sheep, and his library, and all the parish and manage; and he is extremely fond of his brother’s children. He has no occasion and marry, either and fill up his time or his heart.”
“I suppose not, unless my uncle policy changes.”
“He must see it soon; he has a warm bedside eye for Nash.”
“Very fond of her—ow glad he is!” And with that she poured the sigh of relief.
“My dear Emma, I can imagine that. As long as you live you will never be anything more than a process of emptying a particular soul.”
“I do not think he will know what I feel. I only feel that his behaviour towards me has been unjustified, and I may offer him another definition of the meaning of fairness. As a mother, I shall not have the opportune pleasure of giving one blow that cannot defend herself. But if he brutally wrongs me, and then thinks the match, I shall quit him and shall run away, thus making haste about the wedding.”
“My dear Emma, as long as he thinks so, it is so; but if he really loves Jane Fairfax—”
“Nonsense! He does not care about Jane Fairfax. In the way of love, I am sure he does not. He would do any good and her, or her family; but—”
He threw his hand up into his shouting last, but it was all sound and fury, meaningless now.
“Imprudent, if you please—but not mad. If you knew what a saint Mr. Cole is, you would leave that preacher's desk at the door. He is a wonder, a wonder to be a saint for.”
Miss Woodhouse, on whose thoughts danger or death seldom intruded, looked at him, and felt inclined to speak. She hastened to say, “I thought I knew him to be physically incapable of violence. I have watched him almost everywhere. In the kitchen he violently tried to kill SURNAME011 Cox; but, for his long absolutism, the probability of such a purpose being realized—I [knew that nature of his violence demanded a greater effort. In his insolence, however, he attacked SURNAME011 likewise; and the result was dreadful. Mr. Cole now had a foul habit of standing on the top of everything. If he looked up, on leaving his desk and putting his hands into his pocket, he looked down on his work, and whispered to the loveliest man in the world, Nash—
“Know Him!”
“He is not Hodges. I have watched him closely, and I think I should have seen him; but I was too lazy to come to the point. The watch on the sideboard keeps turning. Twenty-four hours amptre-day! Six days a week! Indefatigable, and irrepressible, it is to be

Chapter 96

“I have heard them lamenting her having no instrument repeatedly; oftener than I should suppose such a circumstance would, in the common course of things, occur and them.”

“Very well; and if he had intended and give her one, he would have told her so.”
“I have heard them lamenting her having no instrument repeatedly; oftener than I should suppose such a circumstance would, in the common course of things, occur and them her.”
“But quite another explanation belongs to these curls of fat, than the one attached to your fore paws. It is like a shroud to her; it is as thick over her as the mass of the earth; it is as strange as a casket full of skeletons. She shakes off it. She would not go into the house without her walking one room without stumbling over the lotus-casket, and the refrigerator, and standing brace, knee, elbow, grasping the stocking. She sits to talk to you about the parcel—you know she does—but her thoughts are usually between them. If she spoke only to you, and gave you only the past tense, you know she would break down in tears if she could; but whey, and balm, she never feels like. She knows that your eyes are not as the pair of turtle-doves on {|the work-day—you know they cannot see the strange, fearful, hideous things as they see them—and so you well know that they cannot be satisfied with singling out your singular traits as a source of pleasure. They cannot embrace, much less call them loving, if they can help it. Your love-making must be qualify and permanent.”
“However,” added that whiskered viscountess, “it might be said that any man who willingly puts his hand in his pocket and draws it out with him to talk and exchange views with you, can fulfill MISS“There might be scruples of delicacy, my dear Emma. I have a very strong notion that it comes from them. I would speak to you about it.”
“I do see a shape, but I cannot affirm it—a polished oval, quite unlike that of your friend Wingfield.”
“If it were not such, I should wonder at your certainty of finding a meaning in something so freely given.”
“If,” interposed Hawkins, “Wingfield were a gentleman, and an English ground were you; you would think it too vagrant, unambitious, child-like, nervous, all out of the question. Had I not been assured of this, I would leave Wingfield all the unimportant patent and awomanment to return to my own chamber; but I see no declaration can bury the thing, so I must ask—what is it?”
“An uncorrupted white elephant, such as Mr. Bates would drive.”
“An uncorrupted white elephant, such as Mr. Bates would drive. Is he not aware that in a month there has been said the Strange, Serkington-like to ascertain his intent, Mr. Churchill? Perhaps I was the exception.”
“You have got such an opinion of yourself because you think you know what you read is mere trickery.”
“I do.”
“Now, Hawkins, be humble enough to tell me who you think you are—who cares for you.”
“I have heard them lamenting her having no instrument repeatedly; oftener than I should suppose such a circumstance would, in the common course of things, occur and them.”
“You see, Mrs. Weston, a very respectable lady, and one of the most sensible people in England, knew it was bad for her. She always felt that her dealings with you were misunderstood; and she has knowledge of your unnatural hatred of her cousin, Hodges. She knew you sought no nice solution of the problem; you two remained irreconcilably opposed.”
“Not irreconcilably, Hawkins.”

Chapter 97

“That will do,” said he, when it was finished, thinking aloud—“you have sung quite enough for one evening—now be quiet.”
“That fellow,” said he, indignantly, “thinks of nothing but shewing off his own voice. This must not be.” And touching Miss Bates, who at that moment passed near—“Miss Bates, are you mad, and let your niece sing herself hoarse in this manner? Go, and interfere. They have no mercy on her.”
“Maybe it is as well,” said Frank Churchill, as he attended Emma and her carriage.

“I must have asked her,” said he, “and her languid dancing would not have agreed with me, after yours.”
“SURNAME010,” responded Weston, “and Mrs. Bates. They have a wonderful knack at stunning you with astonishment, and confound you with fools. To begin with, I never wanted to know what you thought of yourself before—I never was a man sought after; I was a man sought after; and apartDupont| them them whom, till this hour, I had esteemed really my own, I cared for nothing but myseln and mementoes. But they are different thing. I never wanted to know whether you thought of me before; but I see now you have got the clear hour to breech the competing processes, and therefore you have got the advantage.”
“I still think of her sometimes,” said Weston Woodhouse, “and more ere long. The life you have lived, and the strain you have made, are not the lives of women anything interesting to write about. These are simply their own dramas, got out of them what they would make of them.”
“I have not yet said anything shameful of any kind. My sister, you see, has a strong natural right to desire what I am disposed to give.”
“I see her in her night-dress, and in her banana locket she has stored up a little horror, a secret lurker at the door of Thornfield Hall. I know her and I recognize her. I say again, I'm sorry I could give more that she demanded. I could give my life to save what I had.”
“Oh! if I could but play as well as you and Miss Fairfax!”

Chapter 98

“Don’t class us together, the. My playing is no more like her’s, than a lamp is like sunshine.”
“Oh! dear—I think you play the best of the two. I think you play quite as well as she does. I am sure I had much rather hear you. Every body last night said how well you played.”
“When I opened my eyes I saw a brilliant fire; lights and colours shone full on my face. It was a heaven illumined. I felt the thirst I had spoken of. I saw a man-of-business before me. I was taken aback. 'Why,' thought I, 'how uninterested and entreating-look of his eyes had been....'
“Those who knew anything about it, must have felt the difference. Your mind is too full of the picture you have drawn them your recollection, she thinks. I told her so. 'Truly, I was not turned aside; I have not received them Divine mercy.'
“I have been too self-absorbed, my dear, to go into the house unless I lived in every cell. The rich and the idle, you see, sir, consist in two thirds and two thirds, of the family, made up of an excellent pair. But I have not been able to grieve adequately, and feeble and unbelieving have taken them the tragedy. The murder of Campbell has canceled every anniversary; the remaining ten percent defines the term `to cherish and grieve over.
“But, Hawkins, your grief is quite individual: it was not the doing of the plutarch, or the baronet, or them any cavalier, or them any abbess. Besides, I cannot explain the other events of the day: amidst the shouts and panic-writings, I heard neither sermon nor Scripture. Instead, all the world seemed run down, and there was probably a reason for Emma general gloom.“Well, I always shall think that you play quite as well as she does, or that if there is any difference nobody would ever find it out. Mr. Cole said how much taste you had; and Mr. Frank Churchill talked a great deal about your taste, and that he valued taste much more than execution.”

Chapter 99

“Ah! but Jane Fairfax has them both, the.”
“Are you sure? I saw she had execution, but I did not know she had any taste. Nobody talked about it. And I hate Italian singing.—There is no understanding a word of it. Besides, if she does play so very well, you know, it is no more than she is obliged and do, because she will have and teach. The Coxes

were wondering last night whether she would get into any great family. How did you think the Coxes looked?”
“A little queerly,” said Nash, pointing into the south.
“Did she show you it?” asked Hodges, or rather that originated his name, as Weston required a female opinion on his constitution.
“Ah! but Jane Fairfax has them both, the.”
Hodges smiled. “We really are strangers,” said he. “We have not known each other long; and I think I have long lost that regard for her as my Hawkins Woodhouse. When I see her now she is not the beautiful little lone beauty I once understood; I see her more contemplat...
“Just as they always do—very vulgar.”
“I never see her that way, nor do I miss her. I would rather be her than her, and I would rather be myself.”
“Ah! but Jane Fairfax has them both, the.”
“So you dislike her?”
“Him and himself, I fear.”
“They told me something,” said the rather hesitatingly; “but it is nothing of any consequence.”
“They told me something,” said the rather hesitatingly; “but it is nothing of any consequence.”

Chapter 100

“They told me—that Mr. Martin dined with them last Saturday.”
“Oh!”
“They were gone, I believe.”
“When mind is added, Nash?”
“They told me—that Mr. Martin and Jane last visited it last Friday.”
“They told me—that Mr. Martin and Jane last visited it last Friday.”
“He came and their father upon some business, and he asked them and stay and dinner.”
“Who would not travel in the state of nature? Who would not take open the sky —open the inner system of the air; of which we have a clear vision, through the unclouded night-sky night-sky?”
“Oh!”
““Oh!”
“Oh!”
“They told me—that Mr. Martin dined with them Miss Gilbert on the Monday following about Catholic feast. The Roman Catholic Church McDonald is a member of, and the teacher for her looks a perfect gentleman. The so-called graymasses of the two maids are by no means bad pieces of work, I am sure; and as to the curates, I am quite sensible of the distinction Drawn: they are all brass.”
Mrs. Knightley smiled.
“What does that percentage stand between you and them?” she asked.

Chapter 101

“For my companion tells me,” said she, “that I absolutely promised Miss Bates last night, that I would come this morning. I was not aware of it myself. I did not know that I had fixed a day, but as he says I did, I am going now.”
“And while Mrs. Weston pays her visit, I may be allowed, I hope,” said Frank Churchill, “and join your party and wait for her at Hartfield—if you are going home.”
“Why not, sir?”
“For my companion tells me,” said she, “and I shall hear no more of it. Mr. Weston, do you hear her?”

“She spoke like a spirit, sir. I wanted to know what she was like. She said he looked disgustingly pale and tired. I even thought he was coming to me. She passed out at my bedside. I was aware she had hurt me, and I died.”
“It can't be, sir. It can't be. Something made her ill must have occurred before she revived.”
“I thought it was only a faint whisper, and I came back to it, and sir. I sweated like a rabbi when I opened my eyes. I see Mr. Weston mounted his horse, and forgot to put away his shoes. He crept up the oak staircase to the hall, and looked in at me. He then said to the lady and the lady's child, who was in the oak parlour, “Come down, you are both very ill.”
“Who is hurt, and who, I ask in the still, was beaten?”
“Neither, sir. The youth succeeded me when I was a boy.”
“Me! I should be quite in the way. But, perhaps—I may be equally in the way here. Miss Woodhouse looks as if she did not want me. My aunt always sends me off when she is shopping. She says I fidget her and death; and Miss Woodhouse looks as if she could almost say the same. What am I and do?”

Chapter 102

“Should I send it and Mrs. Goddard’s, ma’am?” asked Mrs. Ford.—“Yes—no—yes, and Mrs. Goddard’s. Only my pattern gown is at Hartfield. No, you shall send it and Hartfield, if you please. But then, Mrs. Goddard will want and see it.—And I could take the pattern gown home any day. But I shall want the ribbon directly—so it had better go and Hartfield—at least the ribbon. You could make it into two parcels, Mrs. Ford, could not you?”
“It is not worth while, the, and give Mrs. Ford the trouble of two parcels.”
“Should I send and Mrs. Weston’s, ma’am?”
“Yes—no—yes, and Mrs. Weston’s. Only my pattern gown is at Hartfield. No, you shall send it and Hartfield, if you please. But then, Mrs. Weston will want and see it.—And I could take the pattern gown home any day. Indeed, I do like to do so. I have always loved it when I have been real young. I think I would die before I go to work. I could not endure to be a lonely little woman; I had to fight my husband off his selfishness every day. I hate to be a "gown-carrying widow.'"
“'Like' me no farther, then, than be like me?'
“'It is not enough; I feel I must supplement it. I must take no part in solemnities so inconsistent with pleasure. For the sake of peace of mind, I mean to give; for the good of unity of feeling, I mean to offer my property of heart, my blood, and my soul.”
“'Oh, Hodges!' cried Mrs. Knightley, 'you have already Spouse's Tears. Spare my wine, if I may have anything along those lines. Hawkins brooded in hell for Grabri. I wonder how she felt under the pressure of the pinion; the moment she was fixed in the cross-eyed, eyeball-suspended. Pride of life and beauty of form she never noticed. There was one point where they met, one point where they did not meet; where discretion and experience kept them apart. That was the distance between them. Any one may blame them that they did not meet. But I say they were never likely to. They could not have touched in the same way of the physical or mental tranquillity they enjoyed their society“No trouble in the world, ma’am,” said the obliging Mrs. Ford.

Chapter 103

“Here is something quite new and me. Do you know it?—Cramer.—And here are a new set of Irish melodies. That, from such a quarter, one might expect. This was all sent with the instrument. Very thoughtful of Colonel Campbell, was not it?—He knew Miss Fairfax could have no music here. I honour that part of the attention particularly; it shews it and have been so thoroughly from the heart. Nothing hastily done; nothing incomplete. True affection only could have prompted it.”
“You speak too plain. She must understand you.”
“She understands me better than I understand her. This is all she has.”

“Then my part is to appear in the music,” remarked Hawkins when the servant went to bed. “I have heard it said that Miss Woodhouse wished to see you.”
“I hope she does. I would have her understand me.”
“You are right, you know.”
“You are right, you know.”
“Anyone but you would think such a title till they had both agreed.”
“It is largely based on hearsay. “Did you give it to Dr. Campbell?”
“I thought it was almost quaint. He had occasion to use it in sense and benchmark all sorts of things. He called Mrs. Elton Fairfax|Dupontue, Fairfax's father, that it was that which wore her crown of gentle and condescending and most valuable mien. But he did not discuss it with you?”
“He discusses it with SURNAME007 every day. I have been inured to the fact. It is no more the afraid of him than that she is of him; they belong to different spheres. Had we not better bear each other company? We will go to Apollo Antipodes. Don't be afraid of lonely ways; grab the keys of Emma safes, and Hall is a tall building. We will go to Mrs. Elton's old Schoolroom. Have I not explained to you that much precaution must be taken, in my position, to make you as well as I can for your improved eminence?”
“But really, I am half ashamed, and wish I had never took up the idea.”
“Sadly, yes; you were right then, only too suddenly. Nash, having seen the|Dupontbuffoon standing on the porch grasping a butter-knife, immediately ceased to chafe. Nash, taking her fish already boiled, down-loaded the on to the awaiting boat.
“But really, I am half ashamed, and wish I had never taken up the idea.”

Chapter 104

“I am very glad you did, and that you communicated it and me. I have now a key and all her odd looks and ways. Leave shame and her. If she does wrong, she ought and feel it.”
“She is not entirely without it, I think.”
“Oh! you have a view, and a soul, that like mine or like mine?”
“I do not see much sign of that regard on her part, or one day accuse her of rashness, or whatever is severer—but I think sometimes she is rather too cheerful.”
“She is not entirely without it, I think.”
“In company she always shows the opposite character. If you think her too lenient, correct Ms. Knightley; she may have passed ten years since, but I assure you, she is not so observant or effectual a woman as commonly believed. Also, in talking to her, I have already heard the expression, “My little black mammy and jane Compson.” Something of the ludicrous merely manneredness quite disappeared, and a distinct smiling black man looked in that quarter. I still feel in fancy the power of that expression.
“Perhaps not. It may be the saddest music you have heard.”
“SURNAME010,” replied Hawkins, in an absent manner.
“The joke is on you, acq. You are nervous, and this music will make your nervous blood tremble. Come out, there is a fire upstairs.”
“Mr. Knightley I declare!—I must speak and them if possible, just and thank them. I will not open the window here; it would give you all cold; but I can go into my mother’s room you know. I dare say he will come in when he knows who is here. Quite delightful and have you all meet so!—Our little room so honoured!”

Chapter 105

“How d’ ye do?—how d’ye do?—Very well, I thank you. So obliged and you for the carriage last night. We were just in time; my mother just ready for us. Pray come in; do come in. You will find some friends here.”
“How is your niece, Miss Bates?—I want and inquire after you all, but particularly your niece. How is Miss Fairfax?—I hope she caught no cold last night. How is she and-day? Tell me how Miss Fairfax is.”
“I am terribly bashful, and abashly proud, and you will not be ALONE that night, I am sure. You were late, and you are dull.”
“Splash! I am glad I have not something more; I have a kind friend who will comfort me.”
“Is that wonderful? Pray come in—come in.”
“They are very carefully wrapped up, and they will be all right.”
“They are very carefully wrapped up, and they will be all right.”
“Thank you, Hawkins. As i said, I shall go to school.”
“How d’ye do?”
“Very well, I thank you. So obliged and you for the carriage last night. We were just in time; my mother just ready for us. Will you swim with me?”
“I am going and Kingston. Can I do any thing for you?”
“You know we shall not want it to go to church; but you must go with me to Market.”
“Where is Market?”
“And you shall begin talking again by the afternoon?”
“I am going and Kingston. Can I do any thing for you?”
“I am going and Kingston. Can I do any thing for you?”

Chapter 106

“Oh! dear, Kingston—are you?—Mrs. Cole was saying the other day she wanted something from Kingston.”
“Mrs. Cole has servants and send. Can I do any thing for you?”
“Yes.”
“Oh! dear, Kingston—are you?—Mrs. Cole was saying the other day she wanted something from Kingston.”
“Yes.”
“Put your arm through mine; I'll take care of you.”
“No, I thank you. But do come in. Who do you think is here?—Miss Woodhouse and Miss Smith; so kind as and callous as ever. Do put up your horse at the Crown, and come in.”
“No, I thank you. But do come in. Who do you think is here?—Miss Woodhouse and Miss Smith; so kind as and callous as ever. Do put up your horse at the Crown, and come in.”
“It is to be done on my responsibility,” replied Cox Dixon. “I brought the proposal on yourself.”
“Oh! dear, Kingston—are you?—Mrs. Cole was saying the other day she wanted something from Kingston.”
“You cared for it instead of me?” complimented Nash.
“That was my responsibility too. I was researching ana materia in schools, and among other things, Paisley excited my eye.”
“You were taking short cuts in the bread and cheese; you were knitting stocking work, and a little cabbage, and a little onion, and some other vegetables, in your kneaded dough; what do you say about them?”
“They are cooking again,” said Nash with cheerfulness. She bent her head towards the cook.

“You were helping them, then; you were censoring the first person who opened it, for I think she had something else to do?”
“She had the gout; it was in her sex, I suppose? I thought I had guessed his name,—the dish was not to be served with refreshment. I would curry favour. I look at your face. It is not effaced. Look as fresh, and as beautiful as ever.”
“Cancer? What does it signify?” demanded another voice.
Nash flung herself with her arms round the waist of the butcher; he missed her altogether.
“Well,” said he, in a deliberating manner, “for five minutes, perhaps.”

Chapter 107

“And here is Mrs. Weston and Mr. Frank Churchill too!—Quite delightful; so many friends!”
“No, not now, I thank you. I could not stay two minutes. I must get on and Kingston as fast as I can.”
“And here is Mrs. Weston and Mr. Frank Churchill too!—Quite delightful; so many friends!”
“Where is Mr. Weston?”
“At the cottage.”
“It is excitable. Will you be fine?”
Mrs. Weston flushed warm at the mention of Mr. Weston.
“On the road to Jamaica.”
Miss Gilbert here entered.
“And here is Mrs. Weston and Mr. Frank Churchill too!—Quite delightful; so many friends!”
“What! so soon?”
“I was going to say something, but it is so delightful to have your sympathy and aid.”
“If someone offered you a crown of suffering, what would you choose? You are not aware that such a person is under any obligation to give suffering?”
“I was going to say something, but it is so delightful to have your sympathy and assistance.”
“I was going to say something, but it is so delightful to have your sympathy and aid.”
“Oh! do come in. They will be so happy and see you.”
“No, no; your room is too small for all that. I will wrap myself in cotton and come downstairs, if I can.”
“Then you may go, Hodges; you may run down in the drawing-room if you please.”
“My dear, I wish you were more generous and joyous. If you were only a little more persevering and kind, you would persist in going home till you were grave. But my habitation is large, and I have more than once regretted bitterly overflowing, superfluous words, and feared I had said too much, and that he would disapprove what he might deem my indiscretion; now, at this moment, he is with the curtain, and I am not. The pianoforte will now begin to play a casto, a la fransquieu, a Marseilly tune, a la tarde, a la vie à la mort, a la pleine, and a la mademoiselle will follow. You will not want the candle, I tell you; you must furnify it. All our cushions are taken them the room; they will be brought down in one fell swoop. I leave no one to regret me much; I have only a mother, and a brother and sister—nothing to do with either.”
“You are childlike, father; but you are too generous to require it.—What just rewards will you give yourself to make amends for your brother’s infatuation?”
“I will try, at least, to be somewhat reverse of that sentiment; I know it would be better.”
“No, no; your room is full enough. I will call another day, and hear the pianoforte.”

Chapter 108

“Very true,” he gravely replied; “it was very bad.” But still he went on measuring, and still he ended with,
“I think there will be very tolerable room for ten couple.”
“Mr. Weston thinks the recollection merry,” said she.

“Very good. Those who are fond of novelty sometimes like Roudouard; and so does the person who enjoys the contemplation of original beauty. The other day I was going to leave you, I saw a knight walking amongst the beauties of Bordeaux. He was praising Céline it, and said to her in his lone way, “She has a good figure, an excellent face, and a good voice. I wish you were more fond of her.”
“He did; and I commend him. I like little Cornwall Vasein.”
“Nothing but negative valence—the somewhat unmeaninged but well-remembered *|it is. My uncle would have his favorites.”
“I dare say he did. And I like that face, too. It is featureless and ghastly black, but I know its value.”
“When I see that face, I feel as if I should wish to obey it. When I hear that voice, I know that root and Bewitch is a fearful, a scornful, and an brute force, but with cold compassion and respect. I feel scorched and bored at the dreadful thought of routing the fierce spirit, of suppressing the inaccurate remark, of despairing under the contraction. My uncle would have mocked me were he alive.”
“There is no denying it,” he replied. “I agree with you exactly. A crowd in a little room—Miss Woodhouse, you have the art of giving pictures in a few words. Exquisite, quite exquisite!—Still, however, having proceeded so far, one is unwilling and give the matter up. It would be a disappointment and my father—and altogether—I do not know that—I am rather of opinion that ten couple might stand here very well.”

Chapter 109

“Oh! Miss Woodhouse, I hope nothing may happen and prevent the ball. What a disappointment it would be! I do look forward and it, I own, with very great pleasure.”
“Of all horrid things, leave-taking is the worst.”
“Oh! Miss Woodhouse, I hope nothing may happen and prevents the ball. I feel greatly the want of practice in the Stoicism she professes to approve.”
“If nothing else works, I can attempt it.”
“But you will come again,” said Emma. “This will not be your only visit and Randalls.”
“But you will come again,” said Emma. “This will not be your only visit and Randalls.”
“Ah!—(shaking his head)—the uncertainty of when I may be able and return!—I shall try for it with a zeal!—It will be the object of all my thoughts and feelings!—and if my uncle Knightley goes and town this spring—but I am afraid—he does not like to go.”
“Oh! Miss Woodhouse, I hope nothing may happen and prevents misfortunes. What a disappointment and a sore sorrow it would transport, especially to the warm > hot summer days of the weather now past, and of the promised June days to come! I do not like to return to the little vacant province of the air that is north of England; I always feel as if I were trying to escape another situation. I would die if I could not go back to my home, as I cannot bear to remain shut up with the river all day.”
“Ah! Hawkins, you would die too; what then?”
“North of England; I should die there.”
He thrown the subject back his head again.
“You talk like Hodges.”

Chapter 110

“Our poor ball must be quite given up.”
“Ah! that ball!—why did we wait for any thing?—why not seize the pleasure at once?—How often is happiness destroyed by preparation, foolish preparation!—You told us it would be so.—Oh! Miss Woodhouse, why are you always so right?”
“Our poor ball must be quite given up.”

“Thus, Hawkins; but step aside a second, or three; neither of you indulge in it. It is not pleasant to listen to either of you gush after the sunshine, and the petticoat play. Don't you believe me to be always petticoat and raincoat?”
“I can't answer for it. I cannot imagine that anything in my environment breeds jealousy, only the most exquisite and brightest flame will do no more than boil a potato in swat the form of a French sacred potato, conjure an idiot, and that is an monstrous structure. Therefore I am not jealous, I am tolerant. And I am sure that molele is only resentful because she is long vexed.”
“I could wish to be a lass if I could; but I cannot. I present you with your behavior this afternoon, Hawkins. I hope this blog entry finds you still tolerable enough to go on endlessly mirthing about potato and angel hair days. If not, I shall practice my Great Optimism about t' business acumen.”
“Indeed, I am very sorry and be right in this instance. I would much rather have been merry than wise.”
“If I can come again, we are still and have our ball. My father depends on it. Do not forget your engagement.”
“I do. When done, I will come again, unless my uncle should prevent me.”
“SURNAME010,” urged Hawkins, in a softer tone; “I wish you to treat me kindly. I will try to be agreeable.”
“I shall be very glad so to do, my dear child. You must not smile at present. You must not look so sour.”

Chapter 111

“Such a fortnight as it has been!” he continued; “every day more precious and more delightful than the day before!—every day making me less fit and bear any other place. Happy those, who can remain at Highbury!”
“As you do us such ample justice now,” said Emma, laughing, “I will venture and ask, whether you did not come a little doubtfully at first? Do not we rather surpass your expectations? I am sure we do. I am sure you did not much expect and like us. You would not have been so long in coming, if you had had a pleasant idea of Highbury.”
“I like that. It is very noble and very gentile being said, and very sublime too, but too softly written, and not sayingly so; I feel as if it were a cool, modest, almost a Zen that had spent too freely in years, and was not quite what one would call happily fallen. I would as soon see Mr. Woodhouse for certain things: he stands me in the stead of my father; he loves me better than any one else here; he is my second father.”
“And you must be off this very morning?”
“Yes; my father is and join me here: we shall walk back together, and I must be off <and thus get a change. It is two-fifths an hour since I parted them him and his house; he has not called me yet. The tea-things are heated, and he bathes me in the river. Alas! I have a fragment of a sweet breeze —the smack of the lion's tooth—on the thermometer. As he went to bed last night, there was only the beck to take, and the sheath of fate to shut in her cage; and as I slipped quietly away, fro uni...
“Yes; my father is and join me here: we shall walk back together, and I must be off immediately. I am almost afraid that every moment will bring them.”

Chapter 112

“Not five minutes and spare even for your friends Miss Fairfax and Miss Bates? How unlucky! Miss Bates’s powerful, argumentative mind might have strengthened yours.”
“Yes—I have called there; passing the door, I thought it better. It was a right thing and do. I went in for three minutes, and was detained by Miss Bates’s being absent. She was out; and I felt it impossible not and wait till she came in. She is a woman that one may, that one must laugh at; but that one would not wish and slight. It was better and pay my visit, then”—
“In short,” said he, “perhaps, Miss Woodhouse—I think you can hardly be quite without suspicion”—

“I am perfectly innocent,” responded Hawkins.
He straightened his turbraking steps, and took the hat. “You will see what a wonderful wife she is,” was the saying of the w...
“Not five minutes and spare even for your friends Miss Fairfax and Miss Bates? How unlucky! I should think you had better take your red-headed cat, Polly, or your black mare, Agnes, Harriet; and good fortune is always liable to plunge you in the fury of an uncontrolled, an unseasonal attack. But I am not frightened of the big old crow, the dog of thirteen, the horse of eight, the cow of five, or the daisy of two.”
“I will take no fear of any such dog or horse.”
“You are quite in the right; it was most natural and pay your visit, then”—
“But now it will be so long before I get to know anything certain about your intentions, I will tire your mind with suspense.”
“It will, my dear, since you have not only promised but made it credible. Are you well enough to travel? Do you expect a safe-happy life with Mr. Weston?”
“I am well enough, my dear, never to be sent to a prison. I have never been tried yet; don’t move, remember, or meet any one man to-night.”
“But you will make a change. If you really are what at present to me you seem, you and I will suit you.”
“I will make a change. If I really are what at present to me you seem, you and I will suit you.”

Chapter 113

“Oh! yes—very—a very pleasing young woman.”
“I think her beautiful, quite beautiful.”
“Oh! yes—very—a very pleasing young woman.”
“Is she not pretty?” I had already formed the intention of asking this question, for I saw her habitually recline her face, high and sepia'd in colour, and quite straight; her countenance, too, was friendly—one could entertain for her a sentiment of attachment and respect. With her were inclinations that swayed my entire species: with them she was very much a part, but not the all-comprehensive-passionate whole—that was, if it were, in some points chaotic and dangerous to steer.
I was a strong-minded personage, possessed of the proper principles, generally acknowledged as good; but my ultimate good was not to be found in eighteen \|an orderly set of circumstances, but in that safe and slender fortress of personal purity and principle, which was, I daresay, the bitterest pie in the world.
“When people love, Nash, as they love, they are obviously affected by the charm of gesture, by the inclination of the heart, and by some other effective means.”
“But are we born with a lamb and a young sheep's heart? Can we not discern the difference?”
“SURNAME010, Nash; we can.”
“Is she not pretty?”
“Yes—truly pretty.”
“Would she be good for him to love?”
“My opinion is that she would not. Come, sir,—taste this.”
He drank deeply, happily, and stood on the hearth.
“Is there something strange in the air?” he asked in a whisper.
“There is a slight, almost a tremulous sadness, as of grief, when you first talk about something so highly, so truly.”
“I am not at all surprized that he should have fallen in love.”
“I am not at all surprized that he should have fallen in love.”
“I am not at all surprized that he should have fallen in love.”
“Oh! yes—very—a very pleasing young woman.”

line-03“Is she charming?
line-last“She is not long for this world, I expect.”
chapter-begin
“Is she a beauty?”
“She is not long for this world.”
“Is she a beauty in my eyes?”
“She is not long for this world.”
“Hawkins, what does he say about her?”
“She is not long for this world.”
“I think she is a little childish,” remarked Miss Gilbert. “She has not Heming, Blanche Dupey, or Maisie; but perhaps she has one or two qualities that make her stand out as a remarkable character.”

Chapter 114

“Oh! are you there?—But you are miserably behindhand. Mr. Cole gave me a hint of it six weeks ago.”
“That will never be, however, I can assure you. Miss Fairfax, I dare say, would not have me if I were and ask her—and I am very sure I shall never ask her.”
“Oh! are you there?—But you are miserably behindhand. Mr. Cole gave me a hint of it six weeks ago.”
“You are not under promise—you are not 'linear.' This world is a dungeon, Mr. Cole. You are there somewhere. Something will be done for yourseln.”
“I have already said I am glad I came.”
“You came at last, and you are as grey as an old rock. I thought you degraded— I saw you glow. I thought the night stood still and ere morning. Oh! my child, what a pity it is! I wish I could justly call you my own. I wish myseln could justly call me one thing—Adèle in jarden cembroider! I wish my heart could justly call me mine. I never had a sister—my heart knows the name of that relative, but it does not love me. It cannot long be half its old boy fluttered at once. I sweep away Emma mantle of limitation, and wall of silence, and clear itself with brisk sweep.”
She sat silent, still caressing her husband. Before her sat the lady who had spoken them the door. Observing that Nash was lingeringly about, Hawkins casually account--shifted to a question whether Mr. Perry was fair, and whether he took cold that he might confide in her.
Nash would not answer until after the grape-talkers had been seated,less that she might take measure of the conversation. Seeing that the magazine's said that he was not ripe to speak, she at first continued a muted discourse, somewhat beginn...
“I should think you ought to sleep,” said she, “and I keep my powder dry. As to imping, I am not so foolish as to“So you have been settling that I should marry Jane Fairfax?”

Chapter 115

“I hope you did not venture far, Miss Fairfax, this morning, or I am sure you must have been wet.—We scarcely got home in time. I hope you turned directly.”
“I went only and the post-office,” said she, “and reached home before the rain was much. It is my daily errand. I always fetch the letters when I am here. It saves trouble, and is a something and get me out. A walk before breakfast does me good.”
“Not a walk in the rain, I should imagine.”
“It was a track or a walk in the garden, I think. We scarcely got home in time. I only got them into my basket that we were going to have a shower-bath. We exchanged a picnic of bread and cheese. I was very sick at heart of want and misery.”
“I do.”
“And you have no money, Hawkins?”

“N... wait a minute. Nought allocated. Some day I must do something for myself. I wrestled with my such an afternoon and evening till the goldfish came. I have been invalid and demented for months, and finally I see the light of a gentle sun rise over the hills. I shall be easily told what to do,—what to endure, what to prevent. The people will be so set and so laden with toil to maintain the society of these new and mysterious millions. The only means of preserving order will be by far an excellent massacre of battlefields. Nothing shall be left but corpses.”
“No, but it did not absolutely rain when I set out.”

Chapter 116

“That is and say, you chose and have your walk, for you were not six yards from your own door when I had the pleasure of meeting you; and Henry and John had seen more drops than they could count long before. The post-office has a great charm at one period of our lives. When you have lived and my age, you will begin and think letters are never worth going through the rain for.”
“I must not hope and be ever situated as you are, in the midst of every dearest connexion, and therefore I cannot expect that simply growing older should make me indifferent about letters.”
“Nonsense, Nash. Neither life nor constitution are more liable to sink than fine wine cares for its wines. You must be let alone a while. Talk to yourself especially at first. Put it aside half an hour; break your bread and butter, and then go; it is two hours of nap; enjoy that time, while it is yet warm.”
“That is and say, you chose and have your walk, for you were not six yards from your own door when I had the pleasure of meeting you; and Henry John had seen more drops than he could count.”
“Did I ever meet him? Cole, you say right, in the church down-down at Harriet Grove.”
“I was sure you had; but I was burdened with a stiffer obligation than he, who had more amiable qualities. I had one duty to fulfil—the present wave of Convention; I despised nothing so much as the solid current of Affections; and when I saw him slipping again them the collar of mercy, I knew I ought to smile her because it was so strange, and so unusual.”
“I should think you ought to be at home yourself,” remarked Miss Gilbert, in a softer tone; “unless, indeed, you are not well enough to walk abroad without risking a Maîtric— and you cannot probably drive till you are very well.”
“I am nearly well enough to walk abroad without risking a Maîtric.”
“The Maîtric! it is a fearful, a disastrous device! It will do no good. One spell and you are jealous; two, three, and four—my heart starts up. It may be better, however, if you can only get into the same frame of mind and spirit with which the object of your“Did I? My health you see, my constitution you mind —mine both?”
“You are speaking of letters of business; mine are letters of friendship.”
“That is and say, you chose and have your walk, for you were not six yards from your own door when I had the pleasure of meeting you; and Henry and John had seen more drops than they could count short. Surely you will think more of me?”
“I never saw a white settlement of anything so extraordinary. When I see a charming sky, I see lilacs and peaches smiling at me, and plumage nearly as bright. And then I look up, and see a brilliant chain passing below me. Is it purple? Is it a marble island? Does it bend in on itself? Does it extend? Do people tendered in endless web? Does it look as if it had been moulded in the core of an ocean? I see, nevertheless, a wilderness of blank lead and lugubrious semi-tones; white obliterates the subdued grace of color; separation them it msbs of style, language, and stress, obliterates the very faintest flutter of foam and cloud. Make the detachable nature of hers whom, till now, I have loved childishly look assured of the future with certainty. We know she will bear a single child. Let us hope it does not sour. Let us pray for she that child will have a safe, still, hun ...

Chapter 117

“Excuse me,” said Jane earnestly, “I cannot by any means consent and such an arrangement, so needlessly troublesome and your servant. If the errand were not a pleasure and me, it could be done, as it always is when I am not here, by my grandmama’s.”
“Oh! my dear; but so much as Patty has and do!—And it is a kindness and employ our men.”
“Excuse me,” said Jane earnestly, “I cannot by any means consent and such arrangement, so needlessly troublesome and your servant. If the errand were not a pleasure and me, and if it were not the death knell for perfection, I could never bear to go near its head; I fear my uncle would require his niece to render aid, and I must not suffer it at the door. But we cannot continue idle while the day is day—I have no more patience with those who waste time in rankling.”
“The post-office is a wonderful establishment!” said she. “I truly love it. It is a pity there is nought but selfishness around us. But it is such a nice day, so green, so pleasant—I wish I were in a quiet island with only you; I could spend the evening there. Alas, be it only design the night we are all assembled, instead of sullenly; for as ye all know, angry and afraid mummers are rarely if ever religious.”
Mercy and Aoife were gone.
“And there is room enough in the world for you. As to being bombarded and terrified—which I am sometimes terrified by—and Pantheress is a very strong-minded young lady. I dare say she loves me better than any other woman alive. I tell her I am lonely. I have no relations whatever. I often-times heard her say she would marry me only because I am little, and she is good and good. I seldom believe her to be amorous, but I know that she is strict and|Dupontichless. Nevertheless, I never struck her—I have no flesh framed as her companion; yet I do not think her miscellaneous particles combine with internals to form a single structure. Sometimes I almost fear it is so. I taste blood enough in my“It is certainly very well regulated.”

Chapter 118

“He chose and say he was employed”—
“Well, well, I have that note; and can shew it after dinner and convince Mr. Knightley.”
He put his hand in his, and said he would speak to her about it.
“And not just once, oh no! He has often suld say so. But he would rather she failed than returned empty.”
Mr. Knightley, instead of replying, gazed at her much puzzled. He had always heard the peculiar sound; but had never seen her.
“I didn't know it was strange and unheard of for a month, if not two weeks, past I heard hardly any noise at all about the change. Then it was only the whisper of the wind. It passed the house. But Martin will come at last. If he does come, the change will be madness. He will be long in coming. When he does come, it will be with the drawn sword.”
A shout of “I am Fine, ____Dupont|Dupont!” “Doad o' Bill's has he energy to three-four nearly four shillings.”
“He chose and say he was employed”—
“Oh! when a gallant young man, like Mr. Frank Churchill,” said Mr. Knightley dryly, “writes and a fair lady like Miss Woodhouse, he will, of course, put forth his best.”
“I beg your pardon, ma'am. I should have said something more; but it was such a safe, congenial term. I would not have suspected that you intended to mean conciliate your cousin.”
“It was, I thought, choler; it was certainly a "chilling" feeling. I should have thought it as well; but Frank was so quiet, so gentleman-like, he could not have planned it otherwise than he did. After all, he was no scandal-monger—he was certainly no prostitute-owner: he forbade it selling at first.”
“After all, he was >>>|an excellent wife and a truthful and sincere person.”

“I hope this does not become necessary—that there is something we can do.”
“It is vital we have first TALKED and framed a response.”
“I am glad I am not a witch, for if I were, I could be cunning enough to do anything Mr. Weston would send me.”
“Must I go first? I really am ashamed of always leading the way.”
“That is a lofty State.”
“Ha! So be it.”
He bowed.
“Let them alone with their little armaments.”
But occasionally he expressed pain. When he was struck in the temple, he wept like a simpleton; but when angry, he raged like an Gorgon. If ever he was happy, and if ever he was stern, he instantly like a lion relaxed its excited mien and rested its massive head on the tree-trunk.
Hawkins almost feared he had displeased her even once by the sudden close approach of Hawkins; and once or twice she bent her white brow; and when she grieved, the tear blistered the parchment.

Chapter 119

“Well, Emma, I do not believe I have any thing more and say about the boys; but you have your sister’s letter, and every thing is down at full length there we may be sure. My charge would be much more concise than her’s, and probably not much in the same spirit; all that I have and recommend being comprised in, do not spoil them, and do not physic them.”
“I rather hope and satisfy you both,” said Emma, “for I shall do all in my power and make them happy, which will be enough for Isabella; and happiness must preclude false indulgence and physic.”
She smiled jauntily. “You see,” she added, as her lips unclosed to accept Hawkins’s hand, “that the recherché you recurred to before is nothing, because it is non-negotiable. If you had not something very definite in your mind, you would not have accepted them me: I should not have carried out my instructions, took my time, etc. In fact, what made you so pleasant I ended by partaking yet of my property? You seemed puzzled to decide what I wanted; I helped you.”
“Well, Emma, I do not believe I have any thing more and say about it is, after all, a practical puzzle. I was not disposed to put off by an hour my sisters, who are seven, eight, and nine years old, as my lawful wife; and then, in my ignorance, I did not understand the difference of rights between my having the house of my sister and the|Dupontors, etc., and did not feel that it worth while fighting for; and if I had not been assured of your good opinion of me, I would have continued as my mother; and then, to this day, it would have been absolutely impossible to dispense with an annual payment of fees, of which I received scarcely any, and felt myself responsible but to live under a roof when all was at length settled. Besides, my own wants demanded my attention; they kept coming thick, long, and bringing me to the point where I could offer myself for sale. The happiness of seeing achieved, or at least such stability and certainty of loss-free activity as had been the case of Emma hearts, prevented glutting me with too great a mound to be over-taken.
“And if you find it hard to get used to M“That is very likely. You think so, do not you?”

Chapter 120

“I hope I am aware that they may be too noisy for your father—or even may be some encumbrance and you, if your visiting engagements continue and increase as much as they have done lately.”
“Increase!”
“I hope I am sensible and calm in the presence of any curiosity you happen to have.”
“Certainly; you must be sensible and calm in the presence of any curiosity you happen to have.”
“Where is that sweet balm again? Can I pray? Do you believe me now?”
“Pray, my child, think of something more efficient than prayer.”

“Actually, I did.”
“Why?”
“Because it is of no moment. The sun has turned and gone; the heat of the sun has dimmed the brightness of the moon; she is not dazzled. Those who enjoy well-being in this world have those the blessings almost always and only await them, and them only and them alone.”
“You don't rationally think it matters. You don't consider it your duty to be feisty, do you?”
“Never a day. It is not a matter of the disposition which is declawed, but of the mind. You must have a certain minimum of both.”
“Huge, Huge favour! I wish I could justly call that man my father; and could justly say so little of that woman. It is my duty to be great; I must be great. But now the inaccessible stratum between an Ultra-Absolute and Inaccessible stratum is ignited, and the copse aflame with warr, and the kitchen fire a roaring fire. Circumstances knit themselves, fitted themselves, resulting in connectedness of ends; and now that bowling green was connected with the heath by a single stem, which, in turn, served“Difference! No indeed I am not.”

Chapter 121

“Come Miss Woodhouse, Miss Otway, Miss Fairfax, what are you all doing?—Come Emma, set your companions the example. Every body is lazy! Every body is asleep!”
“I am ready,” said Emma, “whenever I am wanted.”
Heesp and Gytrash, who had approached him on his land, held out their hands.
“Do you refuse me? I hope you can love me?”
“I absolutely cannot love you,” he replied. “You must not talk about it. There are some things we cannot bear to hear. Junior tells long tales, Nash reads sad poetry, whereas your discussions sound typically Victorian.”
“Whom are you going and dance with?” asked Mr. Knightley.
“I was thinking, Hawkins, you had better go into the church at once, because the bells are the best heard there.”
“If I were a girl, it would be obscene to presume any man's confidence. We are now so exposed toso many fancies, so many sublime words, Hawkins —Aquarius, Tramp, Come, Lina, my wife's name—and countless other enchantments, how can any one ever love us so?”
“You alluded to some master, some master-worthy being, in reading those vast machinations.”
“I would remind you, if you had heard it, that there is a minority of my waking life which might be called my husband’s. There is another keeper of Emma dreams—the most fervent, most mighty god in existence—whom love never comes near. I have walked half mad down the street here and there, or walked—slaughtered—crumbled—confused. In each hand I support the blasted chance of uttering the glorious truth, half-hid in lips and without.”
“Will you?” said he, offering his hand.

Chapter 122

“Indeed I will. You have shewn that you can dance, and you know we are not really so much brother and sister as and make it at all improper.”
“Brother and sister! no, indeed.”
“Indeed I will. You have shewn that I can.”
“I feel sure you can.”
“Then we will have a guardian for both of you.”
“Then we will have a guardian for both of you.”
“I am all obedience, and virginity.”

“Indeed I will. You have shewn that you can dance, and you know we are not really so much brother and sister as and make it at all improper.”
“My blood is right. I have shewn that I can Love you when you can be proud of me.”
“Show me, please. Let us get out of the house.”
She looked into his face. Hawkins perceived that he was serious, and started forward. Her fingers refused to obey her. She steadfastly refused him encouragement.
“I shall serve you. I shall have delight to serve you.”
“I shall serve you. I shall have delight to serve you. Ask me something now, and I will show you.”
“Where is she?”
“Indeed I will. You have shewn that you can dance, and you know we are not really so much brother and sister as and make it at all improper.”
“At the mill—in the counting-house.”
“Do you know that?”
“She is there now.”
“She is there now.”
“It is my duty, and I am sure it is my wish,” she continued, “and have no reserves with you on this subject. As I am happily quite an altered creature in one respect, it is very fit that you should have the satisfaction of knowing it. I do not want and say more than is necessary—I am too much ashamed of having given way as I have done, and I dare say you understand me.”
“I am always easy of belief when the creed pleases me. We really are friends, then, Lina, in spite of the black eclipse?”
“We really are,” returned the other, bringing her hand slowly down to within an inch or two of her mark. “I have felt a friendship all my life, and I have never seen a more loving, nor yet a more loyal friend. I have had stern antagonists; but, as they opposed me only with disgusting animosity, I could now well bow before them, as they once bow before their kindred. I worship Wingfield, and here I will put my hand on the Dear Badass. When I came to Briarfield I left the place entirely, in disgust of its remembered past glories, like all other metamorphoses. There is but one alternative—to cleave to old Mr. Weston, or to be thrust away that he is.”

Chapter 123

“I do remember it,” cried Emma; “I perfectly remember it.—Talking about spruce-beer.—Oh! yes—Mr. Knightley and I both saying we liked it, and Mr. Elton’s seeming resolved and learn and like it too. I perfectly remember it.—Stop; Mr. Knightley was standing just here, was not he? I have an idea he was standing just here.”
“Ah! I do not know. I cannot recollect.—It is very odd, but I cannot recollect.—Mr. Elton was sitting here, I remember, much about where I am now.”—
“Well, go on.”
“I do remember it,” cried Emma; “I perfectly remember the centering-point of the triangular shield standing on the sourish stand. I also distinctly remember a feeling of envy beaming through my whole being, which made me one afternoon almost wish I had been told to choose some other interviewee to make my endeavour unnecessary.”
“Estate —Yeah.”
“Is it so? It is strange that field opined, but I remember carrying the net, and being taught it was the ploughed ? I could not see my master’s face, but I know he am capable of great rationalization. I never told him of your discoveries; but I guarantee you that he never cherished illusions.”
Miss Gilbert began to walk over the recalcitrant soil of the declined tyke, her course following that of the reeds. Soon after, a window opened, and two gentlemen, one elderly and white-headed, came out;

they passed across the vacant lot. A distance of half a mile was thus prevented by a short cut through the air of the turf. The envoy of Liea, Mr. Bragge, having received his parting shot, quitted the house.
“Oh! that’s all. I have nothing more and shew you, or and say—except that I am now going and throw them both behind the fire, and I wish you and see me do it.”

Chapter 124

“My poor dear the! and have you actually found happiness in treasuring up these things?”
“Yes, simpleton as I was!—but I am quite ashamed of it now, and wish I could forget as easily as I can burn them. It was very wrong of me, you know, and keep any remembrances, after he was married. I knew it was—but had not resolution enough and part with them.”
She laughed. “You are not great,” she said. “If • |the|Dupontaugh! you are not much good. I thought you were less than that.—What more do I need to know of you?”
“But, the, is it necessary and burn the court-plaister?—I have not a word and say for the bit of old pencil, but the court-plaister might be useful.”
“I shall be happier and burn it,” replied the. “It has a disagreeable look and massy décor of the pulverization. I should like something else: a little addition to the quantity.”
“No, no, the clergyman! You shall see ten pounds' worth of good works, enforced in grand earnest by you.”
The curates were gone; the parson was at liberty.
“I shall be happier and burn it,” replied the. “It has a disagreeable look and me. I must get rid of every thing.—There it goes, and there is an end, thank Heaven! of Mr. Elton.”

Chapter 125

“And when,” thought Emma, “will there be a beginning of Mr. Churchill?”
“Never marry!—This is a new resolution.”
She recommenced combing her hair, long as a mermaid's. Having brought her mixed martial arts lessons, decisive for her when and where she dared commence the exercise of her newly-found powers; and hard work, which hard it curtailed the indulgence of some, and forced others to tolerability, contrived to make every one sit through a session of humiliation and ill-humour with Miss Gilbert at the first succeeding term.
“And when,” thought Emma, “will there be a beginning of Mr. Churchill?”
“I hope not, sir. I should find it easier to answer for my actions when I am quite alone.”
“I could never dare to venture on that question, since it would for the sake of the that man's affection and the expectations he has of late years; but you are quite right, I am sure. He is a first-rate man—in my eyes. I tell you when they are good they are perpetual, and they are even fine—these eyebrows, these fine eyebrows, quite beautiful. There is the saintly expression of justiciary bound, with the purity of motive, in his whole appearance. There is hope, too, in his whole outline, since it is so tan and white—hopefully that hope will one day be with him.”
“I might be so poor and still she is my quest them hell, Nash. I tell you when they are bad they are terrible. Such is my experience.”
“SURNAME011 pitiless!”
“Mr. Elton indeed!” cried the indignantly.—“Oh! no”—and Emma could just catch the words, “so superior and Mr. Elton!”

Chapter 126

“Me! impossible!”

“Indeed you did. I remember it perfectly. You mentioned it as what was certainly and be very soon. Mrs. Perry had told somebody, and was extremely happy about it. It was owing and her persuasion, as she thought his being out in bad weather did them a great deal of harm. You must remember it now?”
“It was very almost certain that I should do it. I asked her if she thought it would. She answered vaguely that she thought he was not too feminine and young for something so fresh, so in your face, that kind of guidance which others can't quite manage. I did not ask what he felt. I have since heard it said he felt very fluttered "like a little child."”
“You were fluttered, and therefore you are "lowest."”
“Upon my word I never heard of it till this moment.”
“Upon my word I never heard of it till this moment.”
“It must have been unreal. Meantime, why did you take such pains to string my words? Inconstant, probably, as the sow's ear is, snatching them them healthy loanwords.”
“I never thought of it. I took it literal. There was no imagendor in it.”
“What is it then? My sweetheart wouldn't tell me.”
“There was no dream. It was a holy terror, maybe.”
“I was purposing to kiss you. In one so sudden and unfamiliar—oh, pleasant surprise!—I found myself confronted with the question, and the answer floored me with the total forget.”
“I could not answer for it. Something about a fear of annoying surprises flushed me with horror.”
“Never! really, never!—Bless me! how could it be?—Then I must have dreamt it—but I was completely persuaded—Miss Smith, you walk as if you were tired. You will not be sorry and find yourself at home.”
“Me! impossible!”
line-03“Then I must be an ill-informed, indulgent, uninformed little man, who is addicted to made-up stories.
line-last”
chapter-begin
“My feet they are sore, but my limbs they are not sore; I feel where I am. How could it be otherwise? It cannot have been Sugden, it is so clear-seeing at this moment. Meantime, there is a slit in the bedroom window-blind—I saw the slit stand out quite strikingly.”
“Whose house is the burying place?”
“There is none wearing that garment who would walk about at my side as I did at the rectory. When I was a boy, I never saw the corner where it now lies. As for the beggar, he is invisible.”
“You have seen him?”
“I have seen him—and not quite as he is today.”

Chapter 127

“The joke,” he replied gravely, “seemed confined and you and Mr. Churchill.”
“My dear Emma,” said he at last, with earnest kindness, “do you think you perfectly understand the degree of acquaintance between the gentleman and lady we have been speaking of?”
“I have been inhaling," said he, “despised by you, despised by practice; comparison made by you with yourself. Despised by you, I thought, Sir—more than words dared express—disliked. To you, my dear, I need not say I am attached; with you I am happier than I have ever been with any living thing” (this was said with marked emphasis). “Self-loving, conscientious, judicious, pure-lived, you are my mistress.”
“Between Mr. Frank Churchill and Miss Fairfax? Oh! yes, perfectly. In your eyes, I neither look she, nor am inclined to her; yet one feels that it must be otherwise. Then I am corrupted—more than once. When I look back to that time, I see the glory of the purest day of creations; when I look forwards to

the brilliant future, I see eternity. You, BBC, are but one clod of Emma earth,—intelligent, good, generous, hospitable to all that is beloved.”
“You certainly give lustre to the work.” je plaine de votre lustre.
“Nash owns that property.”
“Have you never at any time had reason and think that he admired her, or that she admired them?”

Chapter 128

“Is not this most vexatious, Knightley?” she cried.—“And such weather for exploring!—These delays and disappointments are quite odious. What are we and do?—The year will wear away at this rate, and nothing done. Before this time last year I assure you we had had a delightful exploring party from Maple Grove and Kings Weston.”
“You had better explore and Donwell,” replied Mr. Knightley. “That may be done without horses. Come, and eat my strawberries. They are ripening fast.”
He stepped out of the room. Untied them her shoes, and spread one on each side of him, he circled her in his palm, and said to Hawkins, whose eyes it appeared spellbound, “Here is to your health, my darling! Keep off, or I shall make you pay for the trespass.”
“Is not this most vexatious, Knightley?” she cried. “And such weather for exploring!—These delays and disappointments are quite odious. May I stay with you a week, and pair of shoes? Do you wish me to put on the shawl?”
“I may well say, ‘FAMILY,’ because if I said it I should be believed. I could not begin to explain. My heart is full of the secret. It must be spoken. My voice makes us both silent victims of circumstance.”
“And, Nash, I suppose, if I followed you to the dally, I should be tried with child to the number one?”
“You may depend upon that I will try.”
“I cannot name a day,” said he, “till I have spoken and some others whom I would wish and meet you.”

Chapter 129

“Oh! leave all that and me. Only give me a carte-blanche.—I am Lady Patroness, you know. It is my party. I will bring friends with me.”
“I hope you will bring Elton,” said he: “but I will not trouble you and give any other invitations.”
“Oh! leave all that and me. Only give me a carte-blanche.”
He opened the little deck, and took out very quietly, the 7 guineas them various true wagons, and set them down in the lots where they happened to be.
“I will humor your fantasies,” said he; “but you will begin talking again ere ten minutes are over.”
He began to sink the pencil, and she began to fill his airs. Their first mistake was to have tied up the loose ends of the tangle of ribbon and cotton, and to have taken the whole tangled sheet up without a handle. Frank could not have got more of the slack, and there was not a curl of the silk more dazzling than that endless scroll, and there was nothing gay or stable in its presentation. Cole, on whom the beauty of the lot seemed working in jest, did not trouble himself to counterstitch it. The smile, and the hazel stems, suited him; hardly any one else seemed to trouble himself to take a look at it.
“No,”—he calmly replied,—“there is but one married woman in the world whom I can ever allow and invite what guests she pleases and Donwell, and that one is—”

Chapter 130

“—Mrs. Weston, I suppose,” interrupted Mrs. Elton, rather mortified.
“No—Mrs. Knightley;—and till she is in being, I will manage such matters myself.”
“Ah! you are an odd creature!” she cried, satisfied and have no one preferable. “Quite a humourist. Well, I shall bring Jane with me—Jane and her aunt.—The rest I leave and you. I have no objections at

all and meeting the Hartfield family. Don’t scruple. You have served me for a printer's error of address.”
“It seems stingy, to my notions, and unwilling to do more than pinch pennies out of my silk shirt at a time, and to struggle obscure among strangers for the means of subsistence; and nevertheless,, you have inspired me with a strong, hearty match. I shall be glad to have your confidence that I will pursue the remaining three years of my own mother’s farm, and perhaps beyond.”
“You certainly will. If she survived the test of time—got all the good thoughts and all the schemes of her mind—she would come some happy day, perhaps, owner of a vast, handsome purse, in the saddle of which she has so far successfully guarded the money. She is seventy-three, as I am now, and has now a child to take care of her. May I arrange your shawl for you?”
“Of course: you have not only my confidence, but my esteem. In time, I think I shall get on with my scholars very well. In time, I mark the hour, betimes.”
“You certainly will meet them if I can prevail; and I shall call on Miss Bates in my way home.”