

## The Prodiget Gootenberg eBooc ov Emmaa, bi Jane Austen

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Emmaa

bi Jane Austen

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## VOLUME I

### CHAPTER I

Emmaa Wood'hous, handsum, clevver, and rich, withe a cumfortabel home and happy disposishon, ceemd too unite sum ov the best blescingz ov existens; and had livd neerly twenty-wun yeerz in the werld withe verry littel too distres or vex her.

She wauz the yun'ghest ov the too dauterz ov a moast afecshonate, indulgent faather; and had, in conceqwens ov her cisterz marrage, bene mistres ov hiz hous from a verry erly pereyod. Her muther had dide too long ago for her too hav moer dhan an indistinct remembrans ov her carescez; and her place had bene suplide bi an exelent woomman az guvvernes, whoo had faulen littel short ov a muther in afecshon.

Cixtene yeerz had Mis Talor bene in Mr. Wood'housez fammily, les az a guvvernes dhan a frend, verry fond ov boath dauterz, but particularly ov Emmaa. Betwene *them* it wauz moer the intimacy ov cisterz. Even befoer Mis Talor had ceest too hoald the nomminal office ov guvvernes, the mialdnes ov her temper had hardly aloud her too impose enny

restraint; and the shaddo ov authority beying nou long paast awa, dha had bene livving tooghether az frend and frend verry muchuwaly atacht, and Emmaa doowing just whaut she liact; hily esteming Mis Talorz ujment, but directed cheefly bi her one.

The reyal evilz, indede, ov Emmaaz cichuwaishon wer the pouwer ov havving raather too much her one wa, and a disposishon too thhinc a littel too wel ov herself; these wer the disadvaantagez which threttend alloi too her menny enjoiments. The dain'ger, houwevver, wauz at prezsent so unperceevd, dhat dha did not bi enny meenz ranc az misforchuenz withe her.

Soro came—a gentel soro—but not at aul in the shape ov enny disagreyabel conshousnes.—Mis Talor marrede. It wauz Mis Talorz los which ferst braut grefe. It wauz on the wedding-da ov this beluvved frend dhat Emmaa ferst sat in moernfool thaut ov enny continuwans. The wedding over, and the bride-pepel gon, her faather and herself wer left too dine tooghether, withe no prospect ov a thherd too chere a long evening. Her faather compoazd himcelf too slepe aafter dinner, az uezhuwal, and she had then oanly too cit and thhinc ov whaut she had lost.

The event had evvery prommice ov happines for her frend. Mr. Weston wauz a man ov unexepshonabel carracter, esy forchune, sutabel age, and plezzant mannerz; and dhare wauz sum satisfacshon in conciddering withe whaut celf-deniying, gennerous frendship she had aulwase wisht and promoted the mach; but it wauz a blac morningz werc for her. The waunt ov Mis Talor wood be felt evvery our ov evvery da. She recauld her paast kiandnes—the kiandnes, the afecshon ov cixtene yeerz—hou she had taut and hou she had plade withe her from five yeerz oald—hou she had devoted aul her pouwerz too atach and amuse her in helth—and hou nerst

her throo the vareyous ilnecez ov chiald'hood. A larj det ov grattichude wauz owing here; but the intercoers ov the laast cevven yeerz, the eeqwal footing and perfect unreserv which had soone follode Izabellaaz marrage, on dhare beying left too eche uther, wauz yet a derer, tenderer recolecshon. She had bene a frend and companyon such az fu posest: intelligent, wel-informd, uesfool, gentel, nowing aul the wase ov the fammily, interested in aul its concernz, and peculeyarly interested in hercelf, in evvery plezhure, evvery skeme ov herz—wun too whoome she cood speke evvery thaut az it arose, and whoo had such an afecshon for her az cood nevver fiand fault.

Hou wauz she too bare the chainj?—It wauz tru dhat her frend wauz gowing oanly haaf a mile from them; but Emmaa wauz aware dhat grate must be the differens betwene a Mrs. Weston, oanly haaf a mile from them, and a Mis Talor in the hous; and withe aul her advaantagez, natchural and domestic, she wauz nou in grate dain'ger ov suffering from intelecchuwal sollichude. She deerly luvd her faather, but he wauz no companyon for her. He cood not mete her in conversaishon, rashonal or plafool.

The evil ov the acchuwal dispartity in dhare agez (and Mr. Wood'hous had not marrede erly) wauz much increest bi hiz constichueshon and habbits; for havving bene a valechudinareyan aul hiz life, widhout activvity ov miand or boddy, he wauz a much oalder man in wase dhan in yeerz; and dho evverihware beluvd for the frendlines ov hiz hart and hiz ameyabel temper, hiz tallents cood not hav recomended him at enny time.

Her cister, dho comparratiavly but littel remuivd bi matrimony, beying cetteld in Lundon, oanly cixtene mialz of, wauz much beyond her daly reche; and menny a long October and November evening must be struggheld

throo at Hartfeeld, befoer Cristmas braut the next vizsit from Izabellaa and her huzband, and dhare littel children, too fil the hous, and ghiv her plezzant sociyety agane.

Hibury, the larj and poppulous village, aulmoast amounting too a toun, too which Hartfeeld, in spite ov its cepparate laun, and shrubberese, and name, did reyaly belong, afoerded her no eeqwalz. The Wood'housez wer ferst in conceqwens dhare. Aul looct up too them. She had menny aqwaintans in the place, for her faather wauz universally civvil, but not wun amung them whoo cood be axepted in lu ov Mis Talor for even haaf a da. It wauz a mellancoly chainj; and Emmaa cood not but ci over it, and wish for imposcibel thhingz, til her faather awoke, and made it nescesary too be cheerfool. Hiz spirrits reqwiard supoert. He wauz a nervous man, esily deprest; fond ov evvery boddy dhat he wauz uest too, and hating too part withe them; hating chainj ov evvery kiand. Matrimony, az the origin ov chainj, wauz aulwase disagreyabel; and he wauz

bi no meenz yet reconciald too hiz one dauterz marreying, nor cood evver speke ov her but withe compashon, dho it had bene entiarly a mach ov afecshon, when he wauz nou obliajd too part withe Mis Talor too; and from hiz habbits ov gentel celfishnes, and ov beying nevver abel too suppose dhat uther pepel cood fele differently from himcelf, he wauz verry much dispoazd too thhinc Mis Talor had dun az sad a thhing for

hercelf az for them, and wood hav bene a grate dele happyer if she had spent aul the rest ov her life at Hartfeeld. Emmaa smiald and chatted az cheerfooly az she cood, too kepe him from such thauts; but when te came, it wauz imposcibel for him not too sa exactly az he had ced at dinner,

“Poor Mis Talor!—I wish she wer here agane. Whaut a pittty it iz dhat Mr. Weston evver thaut ov her!”

“I canot agry withe u, paapaa; u no I canot. Mr. Weston iz such a

good-humord, plezzant, exelent man, dhat he thurroly deservz a good wife;—and u wood not hav had Mis Talor liv withe us for evver, and bare aul mi od humorz, when she mite hav a hous ov her one?”

“A hous ov her one!—But whare iz the advaantage ov a hous ov her one? This iz thre tiamz az larj.—And u hav nevver enny od humorz, mi dere.”

“Hou often we shal be gowing too ce them, and dha cumming too ce us!—  
We  
shal be aulwase meting! *We* must beghin; we must go and pa wedding vizsit verry soone.”

“Mi dere, hou am I too ghet so far? Randalz iz such a distans. I cood not wauc haaf so far.”

“No, paapaa, nobody thaut ov yor wauking. We must go in the carrage, too be shure.”

“The carrage! But Jaimz wil not like too poot the horcez too for such a littel wa;—and whare ar the poor horcez too be while we ar paying our vizsit?”

“Dha ar too be poot intoo Mr. Westonz stabel, paapaa. U no we hav cetteld aul dhat aulreddy. We tauct it aul over withe Mr. Weston laast nite. And az for Jaimz, u ma be verry shure he wil aulwase like gowing too Randalz, becauz ov hiz dauterz beying housmade dhare. I oonly dout whether he wil evver take us enniwhare els. Dhat wauz yor doowing, paapaa. U got Hannaa dhat good place. Nobody thaut ov Hannaa til u menshond her—Jaimz iz so obliajd too u!”

“I am verry glad I did thhinc ov her. It wauz verry lucky, for I wood not



hav had poor Jaimz thhinc himcelf slited uppon enny acount; and I am shure she wil make a verry good cervant: she iz a civvil, pritty-spoken gherl; I hav a grate opinyon ov her. Whenevver I ce her, she aulwase kertcese and aasx me hou I doo, in a verry pritty manner; and when u hav had her here too doo nedelwerc, I observ she aulwase ternz the loc ov the doer the rite wa and nevver bangz it. I am shure she wil be an exelent cervant; and it wil be a grate cumfort too poor Mis Talor too hav sumbody about her dhat she iz uest too ce. Whenevver Jaimz gose over too ce hiz dauter, u no, she wil be hering ov us. He wil be abel too tel her hou we aul ar."

Emmaa spaerd no exershonz too maintane this happyer flo ov ideyaaz, and hoapt, bi the help ov bacgamon, too ghet her faather tollerably throo the evening, and be atact bi no regrets but her one. The bacgamon-tabel wauz plaist; but a vizsitor imejaitly aafterwordz wauct in and made it un'necesary.

Mr. Niatly, a cencibel man about cevven or ate-and-thherty, wauz not oonly a verry oald and intimate frend ov the fammily, but particcularly conected withe it, az the elder bruther ov Izabellaaz huzband. He livd about a mile from Hiburay, wauz a freeqwent vizsitor, and aulwase welcum, and at this time moer welcum dhan uezhuwal, az cumming directly from dhare muchuwal conecshonz in Lundon. He had reternd too a late dinner, aafter sum dase' abcens, and nou wauct up too Hartfeild too sa dhat aul wer wel in Brunswic Sqware. It wauz a happy circumstaans, and annimated Mr.

Wood'hous for sum time. Mr. Niatly had a cheerfool manner, which aulwase did him good; and hiz menny inqwirse aafter "poor Izabellaa" and her children wer aancerd moast satisfactorily. When this wauz over, Mr. Wood'hous graitfooly observd, "It iz verry kiand ov u, Mr. Niatly, too cum out at this late our too caul uppon us. I am afrade u must

hav had a shocking wauc."

"Not at aul, cer. It iz a butifool muinlite nite; and so miald dhat I must drau bac from yor grate fire."

"But u must hav found it verry damp and derty. I wish u ma not cach coald."

"Derty, cer! Looc at mi shoose. Not a spec on them."

"Wel! dhat iz qwite cerprising, for we hav had a vaast dele ov rane here. It rained dredfooly hard for haaf an our while we wer at breccast. I waunted them too poot of the wedding."

"Bi the bi—I hav not wisht u joi. Beying pritty wel aware ov whaut sort ov joi u must boath be feling, I hav bene in no hurry withe mi con'grachulaishonz; but I hope it aul went of tollerably wel. Hou did u aul behave? Whoo cride moast?"

"Aa! poor Mis Talor! Tiz a sad biznes."

"Poor Mr. and Mis Wood'hous, if u plese; but I canot poscibly sa 'poor Mis Talor.' I hav a grate regard for u and Emmaa; but when it cumz too the qweschon ov dependens or independens!—At enny rate, it must be better too hav oanly wun too plese dhan too."

"Espeshaly when *wun* ov dhose too iz such a fancifool, trubbelsum crechure!" ced Emmaa plafooly. "Dhat iz whaut u hav in yor hed, I no—and whaut u wood certainly sa if mi faather wer not bi."

"I beleve it iz verry tru, mi dere, indede," ced Mr. Wood'hous, withe a ci. "I am afrade I am sumtiamz verry fancifool and trubbelsum."

“Mi derest paapaa! U doo not thhinc I cood mene *u*, or suppose Mr. Niatly too mene *u*. Whaut a horibel ideyaa! O no! I ment oonly micelf. Mr. Niatly luvz too fiand fault withe me, u no—in a joke—it iz aul a joke. We aulwase sa whaut we like too wun anuther.”

Mr. Niatly, in fact, wauz wun ov the fu pepel whoo cood ce faults in Emmaa Wood’houz, and the oonly wun whoo evver toald her ov them: and dho this wauz not particcularly agreyabel too Emmaa hercelf, she nu it wood be so much les so too her faather, dhat she wood not hav him reyaly suspect such a cercumstaans az her not beying thaut perfect bi evvery boddy.

“Emmaa nose I nevver flatter her,” ced Mr. Niatly, “but I ment no reflecshon on enny boddy. Mis Talor haz bene uest too hav too personz too plese; she wil nou hav but wun. The chaancez ar dhat she must be a ganer.”

“Wel,” ced Emmaa, willing too let it paas—“u waunt too here about the wedding; and I shal be happy too tel u, for we aul behaivd charmingly. Evvery boddy wauz puncchuwal, evvery boddy in dhare best loox: not a tere, and hardly a long face too be cene. O no; we aul felt dhat we wer gowing too be oonly haaf a mile apart, and wer shure ov meting evvery da.”

“Dere Emmaa baerz evvery thhing so wel,” ced her faather. “But, Mr. Niatly, she iz reyaly verry sory too loose poor Mis Talor, and I am shure she *wil* mis her moer dhan she thhinx for.”

Emmaa ternd awa her hed, divided betwene teerz and smialz. “It iz imposcibel dhat Emmaa shood not mis such a companyon,” ced Mr. Niatly. “We shood not like her so wel az we doo, cer, if we cood

supose it; but she nose hou much the marrage iz too Mis Talorz advaantage; she nose hou verry axeptabel it must be, at Mis Talorz time ov life, too be cetteld in a home ov her one, and hou important too her too be cezure ov a cumfortabel provizhon, and dhaerfoer canot alou hercelf too fele so much pane az plezhure. Evvery frend ov Mis Talor must be glad too hav her so happily marrede.”

“And u hav forgotten wun matter ov joi too me,” ced Emmaa, “and a verry concidderabel wun—dhat I made the mach micelf. I made the mach, u no, foer yeerz ago; and too hav it take place, and be pruid in the rite, when so menny pepel ced Mr. Weston wood nevver marry agane, ma cumfort me for enny thhing.”

Mr. Niatly shooc hiz hed at her. Her faather fondly replide, “Aa! mi dere, I wish u wood not make matchez and foertel thhingz, for whautevver u sa aulwase cumz too paas. Pra doo not make enny moer matchez.”

“I prommice u too make nun for micelf, paapaa; but I must, indede, for uther pepel. It iz the gratest amuezment in the werld! And aafter such suxes, u no!—Evvery boddy ced dhat Mr. Weston wood nevver marry agane. O dere, no! Mr. Weston, whoo had bene a widdower so long, and whoo ceemd so perfectly cumfortabel widhout a wife, so constantly occupide iather in hiz biznes in toun or amung hiz frendz here, aulwase axeptabel wharevver he went, aulwase cheerfool—Mr. Weston nede not spend a cin’ghel evening in the yere alone if he did not like it. O no! Mr. Weston certainly wood nevver marry agane. Sum pepel even tauct ov a prommice too hiz wife on her dethbed, and utherz ov the sun and the unkel not letting him. Aul manner ov sollem noncens wauz tauct on the subject, but I beleevd nun ov it.

“Evver cins the da—about foer yeerz ago—dhat Mis Talor and I met

withe him in Braudwa Lane, when, becauz it began too drizsel, he darted awa withe so much gallantry, and borode too umbrellaaaz for us from Farmer Mitchelz, I made up mi miand on the subject. I pland the mach from dhat our; and when such suxes haz blest me in this instans, dere paapaa, u canot thhinc dhat I shal leve of mach-making."

"I doo not understand whaut u mene bi 'suxes,'" ced Mr. Niatly. "Suxes suposez endevvor. Yor time haz bene properly and dellicaitly spent, if u hav bene endevvoring for the laast foer yeerz too bring about this marrage. A werthy emploiment for a yung ladese miand! But if, which I raather imadgine, yor making the mach, az u caul it, meenz oanly yor planning it, yor saying too yorcelf wun idel da, 'I thhinc it woud be a verry good thhing for Mis Talor if Mr. Weston wer too marry her,' and saying it agane too yorcelf evvery nou and then aafterwordz, whi doo u tauc ov suxes? Whare iz yor merrit? Whaut ar u proud ov? U made a lucky ghes; and *dhat* iz aul dhat can be ced."

"And hav u nevver none the plezhure and triyumf ov a lucky ghes?—I pittu u.—I thaut u clevverer—for, depend uppon it a lucky ghes iz nevver meerly luc. Dhare iz aulwase sum tallent in it. And az too mi poor werd 'suxes,' which u qworel withe, I doo not no dhat I am so entiarly widhout enny clame too it. U hav draun too pritty picchuerz; but I thhinc dhare ma be a thherd—a sumthhing betwene the doo-nuthhing and the doo-aul. If I had not promoted Mr. Westonz vizsits here, and ghivven menny littel encurrajments, and smuidhd menny littel matterz, it mite not hav cum too enny thhing aafter aul. I thhinc u must no Hartfeeld enuf too comprehend dhat."

"A straitforword, open-harted man like Weston, and a rashonal, unnaftected woomman like Mis Talor, ma be saifly left too mannage dhare

one concernz. U ar moer liacly too hav dun harm too yorcelf, dhan good too them, bi interferens."

"Emmaa nevver thhinx ov hercelf, if she can doo good too utherz," rejoind Mr. Wood'hous, understanding but in part. "But, mi dere, pra doo not make enny moer matchez; dha ar cilly thhingz, and brake up wunz fammily cerkel grevously."

"Oonly wun moer, paapaa; oonly for Mr. Elton. Poor Mr. Elton! U like Mr. Elton, paapaa,—I must looc about for a wife for him. Dhare iz nobody in Hibury whoo deservz him—and he haz bene here a whole yere, and haz fitted up hiz hous so cumfortably, dhat it wood be a shame too hav him cin'ghel enny lon'gher—and I thaut when he wauz joining dhare handz too-da, he looct so verry much az if he wood like too hav the same kiand office dun for him! I thhinc verry wel ov Mr. Elton, and this iz the oonly wa I hav ov doowing him a cervice."

"Mr. Elton iz a verry pritty yung man, too be shure, and a verry good yung man, and I hav a grate regard for him. But if u waunt too shu him enny atenshon, mi dere, aasc him too cum and dine withe us sum da. Dhat wil be a much better thhing. I dare sa Mr. Niatly wil be so kiand az too mete him."

"Withe a grate dele ov plezhure, cer, at enny time," ced Mr. Niatly, laafing, "and I agry withe u entiarly, dhat it wil be a much better thhing. Invite him too dinner, Emmaa, and help him too the best ov the fish and the chicken, but leve him too chuse hiz one wife. Depend uppon it, a man ov cix or cevven-and-twenty can take care ov himcelf."

## CHAPTER 2

Mr. Weston wauz a native ov Hiburj, and born ov a respectabel fammily, which for the laast too or thre generaishonz had bene rising intoo gentillity and propperty. He had receevd a good ejucaishon, but, on suxeding erly in life too a smaul independens, had becum indispoazd for enny ov the moer hoamly persuetz in which hiz brutherz wer en' gajjd, and had sattisfide an active, cheerfool miand and soashal temper bi entering intoo the milishaa ov hiz county, then emboddede.

Captane Weston wauz a genneral favorite; and when the chaancez ov hiz millitary life had introjuest him too Mis Cherchil, ov a grate Yorcschire fammily, and Mis Cherchil fel in luv withe him, nobody wauz cerpriazd, exept her bruther and hiz wife, whoo had nevver cene him, and whoo wer fool ov pride and importans, which the conecshon wood ofend.

Mis Cherchil, houwevver, beyng ov age, and withe the fool comaand ov her forchune—dho her forchune boer no propoershon too the fammily-estate—wauz not too be diswaded from the marrage, and it tooc place, too the infinite mortificaishon ov Mr. and Mrs. Cherchil, whoo thru her of withe ju decorum. It wauz an unsutabel conecshon, and did not projuce much happines. Mrs. Weston aut too hav found moer in it, for she had a huzband whose worm hart and swete temper made him thhinc evvery thhing ju too her in retern for the grate goodnes ov beyng in luv withe him; but dho she had wun sort ov spirrit, she had not the best. She had rezolueshon enuf too pershu her one wil in spite ov her bruther, but not enuf too refrane from unrezonabel regrets at dhat brutherz unrezonabel an' gher, nor from miscing the lucshurese ov her former home.

Dha livd beyond dhare incum, but stil it wauz nuthhing in comparrison ov Enscome: she did not cece too luv her huzband, but she waunted at wuns too be the wife ov Captane Weston, and Mis Cherchil ov Enscome.

Captane Weston, whoo had bene concidderd, espeshaly bi the Cherchilz, az making such an amasing mach, wauz pruivd too hav much the werst ov the bargane; for when hiz wife dide, aafter a thre yeerz' marrage, he wauz raather a poorer man dhan at ferst, and withe a chiald too maintane. From the expens ov the chiald, houwevver, he wauz soone releevd. The boi had, withe the adishonal softening clame ov a lin'ghering ilnes ov hiz mutherz, bene the meenz ov a sort ov reconcilyaishon; and Mr. and Mrs. Cherchil, havving no children ov dhare one, nor enny uther yung crechure ov eeqwal kindred too care for, offerd too take the whole charj ov the littel Franc soone aafter her decece. Sum scrupelz and sum reluctans the widdower-faather ma be supoast too hav felt; but az dha wer overcum bi uther concideraishonz, the chiald wauz ghivven up too the care and the welth ov the Cherchilz, and he had oanly hiz one cumfort too ceke, and hiz one cichuwaishon too improve az he cood.

A complete chainj ov life became desirabel. He qwitted the milishaa and en'gaijd in trade, havving brutherz aulreddy establisht in a good wa in Lundon, which afoerded him a favorabel opening. It wauz a concern which braut just emploiment enuf. He had stil a smaul hous in Hibury, whare moast ov hiz lezhure dase wer spent; and betwene uesfool ocupaishon and the plezhuerz ov sociyety, the next atene or twenty yeerz ov hiz life paast cheerfooly awa. He had, bi dhat time, reyaliazd an esy competens—enuf too cecure the perchace ov a littel estate ajoining Hibury, which he had aulwase longd for—enuf too marry a woomman az porshonles even az Mis Talor, and too liv acording too the wishez ov hiz one frendly and soashal disposishon.

It wauz nou sum time cins Mis Talor had begun too influwens hiz skeemz; but az it wauz not the tirannic influwens ov ueth on ueth, it had not shaken hiz determinaishon ov nevver cetling til he cood



perchace Randalz, and the sale ov Randalz wauz long looct forword too; but he had gon steddily on, withe these obgets in vu, til dha wer acumplisht. He had made hiz forchune, baut hiz hous, and obtaind hiz wife; and wauz beghinning a nu pereyod ov existens, withe evvery probabillity ov grater happines dhan in enny yet paast throo. He had nevver bene an unhappy man; hiz one temper had ce cuerd him from dhat, even in hiz ferst marrage; but hiz cecond must shu him hou deliatfool a wel-judging and truly ameyabel woomman cood be, and must ghiv him the plezzantest prooffe ov its beying a grate dele better too chuse dhan too be chosen, too exite grattichude dhan too fele it.

He had oanly himself too plese in hiz chois: hiz forchune wauz hiz one; for az too Franc, it wauz moer dhan beying tascitly braut up az hiz unkelz are, it had becum so avoud an adopshon az too hav him ashume the name ov Cherchil on cumming ov age. It wauz moast unliacly, dhaerfoer, dhat he shood evver waunt hiz faatherz acistans. Hiz faather had no aprehenshon ov it. The aant wauz a caprishous woomman, and guvvernd her huzband entiarly; but it wauz not in Mr. Westonz nachure too

imadgine dhat enny caprece cood be strong enuf too afect wun so dere, and, az he beleevd, so deservdly dere. He sau hiz sun evvery yere in Lunden, and wauz proud ov him; and hiz fond repoert ov him az a verry fine

yung man had made Hiburly fele a sort ov pride in him too. He wauz looct on az sufishmently belonging too the place too make hiz merrits and prospects a kiand ov common concern.

Mr. Franc Cherchil wauz wun ov the boasts ov Hiburly, and a liavly cureyosity too ce him prevaild, dho the compliment wauz so littel reternd dhat he had nevver bene dhare in hiz life. Hiz cumming too vizsit hiz faather had bene often tauct ov but nevver acheevd.

Nou, uppon hiz faatherz marrage, it wauz verry genneraly propoazd, az a

moast propper atenshon, dhat the vizsit shood take place. Dhare wauz not a dicencent vois on the subgect, iather when Mrs. Perry dranc te withe Mrs. and Mis Baits, or when Mrs. and Mis Baits reternd the vizsit. Nou wauz the time for Mr. Franc Cherchil too cum among them; and the hope strengthend when it wauz understood dhat he had ritten too hiz nu muther on the ocaizhon. For a fu dase, evvery morning vizsit in Hibury included sum menshon ov the handsum letter Mrs. Weston had receevd. "I supose u hav herd ov the handsum letter Mr. Franc Cherchil haz ritten too Mrs. Weston? I understand it wauz a verry handsum letter, indede. Mr. Wood'houz toald me ov it. Mr. Wood'houz sau the letter, and he cez he nevver sau such a handsum letter in hiz life."

It wauz, indede, a hily priazd letter. Mrs. Weston had, ov coers, formd a verry favorabel ideyaa ov the yung man; and such a plesing atenshon wauz an iresistibel prooffe ov hiz grate good cens, and a moast welcum adishon too evvery soers and evvery expreshon ov con'grachulaishon which her marrage had aulreddy ce cuerd. She felt hercelf a moast forchunate woomman; and she had livd long enuf too no hou forchunate she mite wel be thaut, whare the oonly regret wauz for a parshal ceparashon from frendz whoose frendship for her had nevver cuild, and whoo cood il bare too part withe her.

She nu dhat at tiamz she must be mist; and cood not thhinc, widhout pane, ov Emmaaz loosing a cin'ghel plezhure, or suffering an ourz enwy, from the waunt ov her companyonabelnes: but dere Emmaa wauz ov no febel carracter; she wauz moer eeqwal too her cichuwaishon dhan moast gherlz wood hav bene, and had cens, and ennergy, and spirrits dhat mite be hoapt wood bare her wel and happily throo its littel difficultese and privaishonz. And then dhare wauz such cumfort in the verry esy distans ov Randalz from Hartfeeld, so conveenient for even sollitary female

wauking, and in Mr. Westonz disposishon and cercumstaancez, which wood make the aproching cezon no hindrans too dhare spending haaf the eveningz in the weke tooghether.

Her cichuwaishon wauz aultooghether the subject ov ourz ov grattichude too Mrs.

Weston, and ov moments oonly ov regret; and her satisfacshon—her moer dhan satisfacshon—her cheerfool enjoiment, wauz so just and so aparrent, dhat Emmaa, wel az she nu her faather, wauz sumtiamz taken bi cerprise at hiz beying stil Abel too pitty ‘poor Mis Talor,’ when dha left her at Randalz in the center ov evvery domestic cumfort, or sau her go awa in the evening atended bi her plezzant huzband too a carrage ov her one. But nevver did she go widhout Mr. Wood’housez ghivving a gentel ci, and saying, “Aa, poor Mis Talor! She wood be verry glad too sta.”

Dhare wauz no recuvvering Mis Talor—nor much liacelihood ov cecing too pitty her; but a fu weex braut sum alevyaishon too Mr. Wood’hous.

The compliments ov hiz naborz wer over; he wauz no lon’gher teezd bi beying wisht joi ov so sorofool an event; and the wedding-cake, which had bene a grate distres too him, wauz aul ete up. Hiz one stummac cood bare nuthhing rich, and he cood nevver beleve uther pepel too be different from himself. Whaut wauz unwhoalsum too him he regarded az unfit for enny boddy; and he had, dhaerfoer, earnestly tride too diswade them from havving enny wedding-cake at aul, and when dhat pruivd vane, az

earnestly tride too prevent enny boddese eting it. He had bene at the painz ov consulting Mr. Perry, the apothhecary, on the subject. Mr. Perry wauz an intelligent, gentelmanlike man, whose freeqwent vizsits wer

wun ov the cumforts ov Mr. Wood’housez life; and uppon beying aplide too,

he cood not but acnollej (dho it ceemd raather against the biyas ov inclinaishon) dhat wedding-cake mite certainly disagry withe

menny—perhaps withe moast pepel, unles taken modderaitly. Withe such an opinyon, in confermaishon ov hiz one, Mr. Wood'hous hoapt too influwens evvery vizsitor ov the nuly marrede pare; but stil the cake wauz eten; and dhare wauz no rest for hiz benevvolent nervz til it wauz aul gon.

Dhare wauz a strainj rumor in Hibury ov aul the littel Perrese beying cene withe a slice ov Mrs. Westonz wedding-cake in dhare handz: but Mr. Wood'hous wood nevver beleve it.

### CHAPTER 3

Mr. Wood'hous wauz fond ov sociyety in hiz one wa. He liact verry much too hav hiz frendz cum and ce him; and from vareyous united causez, from hiz long rezsidens at Hartfeeld, and hiz good nachure, from hiz forchune, hiz hous, and hiz dauter, he cood comaand the vizsits ov hiz one littel cerkel, in a grate mezhure, az he liact. He had not much intercoers withe enny fammilese beyond dhat cerkel; hiz horror ov late ourz, and larj dinner-partese, made him unfit for enny aqwaintans but such az wood vizsit him on hiz one termz. Forchunaitly for him, Hibury, including Randalz in the same parrish, and Donwel Abby in the parrish ajoining, the cete ov Mr. Niatly, comprehended menny such. Not unfreeqwently, throo Emmaaz perswaizhon, he had sum ov the chosen and the best too dine withe him: but evening partese wer whaut he preferd; and, unles he fancede himcelf at enny time unneeqwal too cumpany, dhare wauz scaersly an evening in the weke in which Emmaa cood not make up a card-tabel for him.

Reyal, long-standing regard braut the Westonz and Mr. Niatly; and bi Mr. Elton, a yung man livving alone widhout liking it, the privvilege ov exchain'ging enny vacant evening ov hiz one blanc sollichude for the ellegancese and sociyety ov Mr. Wood'housez drauwing-roome, and the smialz ov hiz luvly dauter, wauz in no dain'ger ov beying throne awa.

Aafter these came a cecond cet; among the moast cum-at-abel ov whoome wer

Mrs. and Mis Baits, and Mrs. Goddard, thre ladese aulmoast aulwase at the cervice ov an invitaishon from Hartfeeld, and whoo wer fecht and carrede home so often, dhat Mr. Wood'hous thaut it no hardship for iather Jaimz or the horcez. Had it taken place oonly wuns a yere, it wood hav bene a grevans.

Mrs. Baits, the widdo ov a former viccar ov Hiburay, wauz a verry oald lady, aulmoast paast evvery thhing but te and qwaudril. She livd withe her cin'ghel dauter in a verry smaul wa, and wauz concidderd withe aul the regard and respect which a harmles oald lady, under such untooword circumstaancez, can exite. Her dauter enjoid a moast uncommon degry ov popularrity for a woomman niather yung, handsum, rich, nor marrede. Mis Baits stood in the verry werst prediccamet in the werld for havving much ov the public favor; and she had no intelecchuwal supereyority too make atoanment too hercelf, or friten dhose whoo mite hate her intoo outword respect. She had nevver boasted iather buty or clevvernes. Her ueth had paast widhout distincshon, and her middel ov life wauz devoted too the care ov a faling muther, and the endevvor too make a smaul incum go az far az poscibel. And yet she wauz a happy woomman, and a woomman whoome no wun naimd widhout good-wil. It wauz her one universal

good-wil and contented temper which werct such wunderz. She luvd evvery boddy, wauz interested in evvery boddese happines, qwixited too

evvery boddese merrits; thaut hercelf a moast forchunate crechure, and surrounded withe blescingz in such an exelent muther, and so menny good naborz and frendz, and a home dhat waunted for nuthhing. The simpliscity and cheerfoolnes ov her nachure, her contented and graitfool spirrit, wer a recomendaishon too evvery boddy, and a mine ov feliscity too hercelf. She wauz a grate tauker uppon littel matterz, which exactly suted Mr. Wood'houz, fool ov trivveyal comunicaishonz and harmles goscip.

Mrs. Goddard wauz the mistres ov a Scoole—not ov a cemminary, or an establishment, or enny thhing which profest, in long centencez ov refiand noncens, too combine libberal aqwiarments withe ellegant morallity, uppon nu principelz and nu cistemz—and whare yung ladese for enormous pa mite be scrude out ov helth and intoo vannity—but a reyal, onnest, oald-fashond Boerding-scoole, whare a rezonabel qwauntity ov acumplishments wer soald at a rezonabel price, and whare gherlz mite be cent too be out ov the wa, and scrambel themcelvz intoo a littel ejucaishon, widhout enny dain'ger ov cumming bac proddigese. Mrs.

Goddardz scoole wauz in hi repute—and verry deservdly; for Hibury wauz recond a particcularly helthhy spot: she had an ampel hous and garden, gave the children plenty ov whoalsum foode, let them run about a grate dele in the summer, and in winter drest dhare chilblainz withe her one handz. It wauz no wunder dhat a trane ov twenty yung cuppel nou wauct aafter her too cherch. She wauz a plane, mutherly kiand ov woomman, whoo had werct hard in her ueth, and nou thaut hercelf entiteld too the ocaizhonal hollida ov a te-vizsit; and havving formerly ode much too Mr. Wood'housez kiandnes, felt hiz particcular clame on her too leve her nete parlor, hung round withe fancy-werc, whenevver she cood, and win or loose a fu cixpencez bi hiz fiarcide.

These wer the ladese whoome Emmaa found hercelf verry freeqwently abel too

colect; and happy wauz she, for her faatherz sake, in the pouwer; dho, az far az she wauz hercelf concernd, it wauz no remmedy for the abcens ov Mrs. Weston. She wauz delited too ce her faather looc cumfortabel, and verry much pleezd withe hercelf for contriving thhingz so wel; but the qwiyet prosingz ov thre such wimmen made her fele dhat evvery evening so spent wauz indede wun ov the long eveningz she had feerfooly antiscipated.

Az she sat wun morning, loocking forword too exactly such a cloce ov the prezsent da, a note wauz braut from Mrs. Goddard, reqwesting, in moast respectfool termz, too be aloud too bring Mis Smith withe her; a moast welcum reqwest: for Mis Smith wauz a gherl ov cevventene, whoome Emmaa nu verry wel bi cite, and had long felt an interest in, on acount ov her buty. A verry graishous invitaishon wauz reternd, and the evening no lon'gher dredded bi the fare mistres ov the manshon.

Harreyet Smith wauz the natchural dauter ov sumbody. Sumbody had plaist her, cevveral yeerz bac, at Mrs. Goddardz scoole, and sumbody had laityly raizd her from the condishon ov scollar too dhat ov parlor-boerder. This wauz aul dhat wauz genneraly none ov her history. She had no vizsibel frendz but whaut had bene aqwiard at Hiburys, and wauz nou just reternd from a long vizsit in the cuntry too sum yung ladese whoo had bene at scoole dhare withe her.

She wauz a verry pritty gherl, and her buty happend too be ov a sort which Emmaa particcularly admiard. She wauz short, plump, and fare, withe a fine bloome, blu ise, lite hare, reggular fechuerz, and a looc ov grate sweetnes, and, befoer the end ov the evening, Emmaa wauz az much pleezd withe her mannerz az her person, and qwite determiand too continnu the aqwaintans.

She wauz not struc bi enny thhing remarcably clevver in Mis Smiths conversaishon, but she found her aultooghether verry en'gaging—not inconveenyently shi, not unwilling too tauc—and yet so far from pooshing, shuwng so propper and becumming a defferens, ceming so plezzantly graitfool for beyng admitted too Hartfeeld, and so artlesly imprest bi the aperans ov evvery thhing in so supereyor a stile too whaut she had bene uest too, dhat she must hav good cens, and deserv encurraijment. Encurraijment shood be ghivven. Dhose soft blu ise, and aul dhose natchural gracez, shood not be waisted on the infereyor sociyety ov Hiburay and its conecshonz. The aqwaintans she had aulreddy formd wer unwerthy ov her. The frendz from whoome she had just parted, dho verry good sort ov pepel, must be doowing her harm. Dha wer a fammily ov

the name ov Martin, whoome Emmaa wel nu bi carracter, az renting a larj farm ov Mr. Niatly, and residing in the parrish ov Donwel—verry creditably, she beleevd—she nu Mr. Niatly thaut hily ov them—but dha must be coers and unpollisht, and verry unfit too be the intimaits ov a gherl whoo waunted oanly a littel moer nollej and ellegans too be qwite perfect. *She* wood notice her; she wood improove her; she wood detach her from her bad aqwaintans, and introjuce her intoo good sociyety; she wood form her opinyonz and her mannerz. It wood be an interesting, and certainly a verry kiand undertaking; hily becumming her one cichuwaishon in life, her lezhure, and pouwerz.

She wauz so bizsy in admiring dhose soft blu ise, in tauking and liscening, and forming aul these skeemz in the in-betweenz, dhat the evening flu awa at a verry unnuezhuwal rate; and the supper-tabel, which aulwase cloazd such partese, and for which she had bene uest too cit and wauch the ju time, wauz aul cet out and reddy, and muivd forwordz too the fire, befoer she wauz aware. Withe an alacrity beyond the common impuls ov a spirrit which yet wauz nevver indifferent too the credit ov doowing evvery thhing wel and atentiavly, withe the reyal good-wil ov a miand delited withe its one ideyaz, did she then doo aul the onnorz ov



the mele, and help and recomend the minst chicken and scaulopt oisterz, withe an ergency which she nu wood be axeptabel too the erly ourz and civvil scrupelz ov dhare ghests.

Uppon such ocaizhonz poor Mr. Wood'housez felingz wer in sad worfare. He luvd too hav the cloth lade, becauz it had bene the fashon ov hiz ueth, but hiz convicshon ov supperz beying verry unwhoalsum made him raather sorry too ce enny thhing poot on it; and while hiz hospitallity wood hav welcumd hiz vizsitorz too evvery thhing, hiz care for dhare helth made him greve dhat dha wood etc.

Such anuther smaul bacin ov thhin gruwel az hiz one wauz aul dhat he cood, withe thurro celf-aprobaishon, recomend; dho he mite constrane himcelf, while the ladese wer cumfortably clering the nicer thhingz, too sa:

“Mrs. Baits, let me propose yor venchuring on wun ov these egz. An eg boild verry soft iz not unwhoalsum. Cerl understandz boiling an eg better dhan enny boddy. I wood not recomend an eg boild bi enny boddy els; but u nede not be afrade, dha ar verry smaul, u ce—wun ov our smaul egz wil not hert u. Mis Baits, let Emmaa help u too a *littel* bit ov tart—a *verry* littel bit. Ourz ar aul appel-tarts. U nede not be afrade ov unwhoalsum preservz here. I doo not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, whaut sa u too *haaf* a glaas ov wine? A *smaul* haaf-glaas, poot intoo a tumbler ov wauter? I doo not thhinc it cood disagry withe u.”

Emmaa aloud her faather too tauc—but suplide her vizsitorz in a much moer satisfactory stile, and on the prezsent evening had particcular plezhure in cending them awa happy. The happines ov Mis Smith wauz qwite eequal too her intenshonz. Mis Wood'houz wauz so grate a personage in Hibury, dhat the prospect ov the introducshon had ghivven az much

pannic az plezhure; but the humbel, graitfool littel gherl went of withe hily grattifide felingz, delited withe the afability withe which Mis Wood'hous had treted her aul the evening, and acchuwaly shaken handz withe her at laast!

## CHAPTER 4

Harreyet Smiths intimacy at Hartfeeld wauz soone a cetteld thhing. Qwic and decided in her wase, Emmaa lost no time in inviting, encurraging, and telling her too cum verry often; and az dhare aqwaintans increest, so did dhare satisfacshon in eche uther. Az a wauking companyon, Emmaa had verry erly foercene hou uesfool she mite fiand her.

In dhat respect Mrs. Westonz los had bene important. Her faather nevvver went beyond the shrubbery, whare too divizhonz ov the ground sufiast him for hiz long wauc, or hiz short, az the yere varede; and cins Mrs. Westonz marrage her exercise had bene too much confiand. She had venchuerd wuns alone too Randalz, but it wauz not plezzant; and a Harreyet

Smith, dhaerfoer, wun whoome she cood summon at enny time too a wauc, wood be a vallubel adishon too her privvilegez. But in evvery respect, az she sau moer ov her, she apruivd her, and wauz confermd in aul her kiand desianz.

Harreyet certainly wauz not clevver, but she had a swete, docile, graitfool disposishon, wauz totaly fre from concete, and oonly desiring too be ghided bi enny wun she looct up too. Her erly atachment too hercelf wauz verry ameyabel; and her inclinaishon for good cumpany, and pouwer ov

apreesheyating whaut wauz ellegant and clevver, shude dhat dhare wauz no waunt ov taist, dho strength ov understanding must not be expected. Aultooghether she wauz qwite convinst ov Harreyet Smiths beying exactly the yung frend she waunted—exactly the sumthhing which her home reqwiard.

Such a frend az Mrs. Weston wauz out ov the qweschon. Too such cood nevver be graanted. Too such she did not waunt. It wauz qwite a different sort ov thhing, a centiment distinct and independent. Mrs. Weston wauz the obgett ov a regard which had its baxis in grattichude and esteme. Harreyet wood be luvd az wun too whoome she cood be uesfool. For Mrs. Weston dhare wauz nuthhing too be dun; for Harreyet evvery thhing.

Her ferst atempts at uesfoolnes wer in an endevvor too fiand out whoo wer the parents, but Harreyet cood not tel. She wauz reddy too tel evvery thhing in her pouwer, but on this subgett qweschonz wer vane. Emmaa

wauz obliajd too fancy whaut she liact—but she cood nevver beleve dhat in the same cichuwaishon *she* shood not hav discuvverd the trueth. Harreyet had no penetraishon. She had bene sattisfide too here and beleve just whaut Mrs. Goddard chose too tel her; and looct no farther.

Mrs. Goddard, and the techerz, and the gherlz and the afaerz ov the scoole in genneral, formd natchuraly a grate part ov the conversaishon—and but for her aqwaintans withe the Martinz ov Abby-Mil Farm, it must hav bene the whole. But the Martinz occupide her thauts a good dele; she had spent too verry happy munths withe them, and nou luvd too tauc ov the plezhuerz ov her vizsit, and describe the menny cumforts and wunderz ov the place. Emmaa encurraijd her taucatiavnes—amuezd bi such a picchure ov anuther cet ov beyingz, and enjoyiing the uethfool cimpliscity which cood speke withe so much exultaishon ov Mrs. Martinz havving “*too* parlorz, too verry good

parlorz, indede; wun ov them qwite az larj az Mrs. Goddardz drauwing-roome; and ov her havving an upper made whoo had livd five-and-twenty yeeرز withe her; and ov dhare havving ate couz, too ov them Auldernese, and wun a littel Welch cou, a verry pritty littel Welch cou indede; and ov Mrs. Martinz saying az she wauz so fond ov it, it shood be cauld *her* cou; and ov dhare havving a verry handsom summer-hous in dhare garden, whare sum da next yere dha wer aul too drinc te:—a verry handsom summer-hous, larj enuf too hoald a duzen pepel.”

For sum time she wauz amuezd, widhout thhinking beyond the imejate cauz; but az she came too understand the fammily better, uthher felingz arose. She had taken up a rong ideyaa, fancying it wauz a muther and dauter, a sun and sunz wife, whoo aul livd tooghether; but when it apeerd dhat the Mr. Martin, whoo boer a part in the narrative, and wauz aulwase menshond withe aprobaishon for hiz grate good-nachure in doowing sumthhing or uthher, wauz a cin'ghel man; dhat dhare wauz no yung Mrs. Martin, no wife in the cace; she did suspect dain'ger too her poor littel frend from aul this hospitallity and kiandnes, and dhat, if she wer not taken care ov, she mite be reqwiard too cinc herself forever.

Withe this inspirriting noashon, her qweschonz increest in number and mening; and she particullarly led Harreyet too tauc moer ov Mr. Martin, and dhare wauz evvidently no dislike too it. Harreyet wauz verry reddy too speke ov the share he had had in dhare muinlite waux and merry evening gaimz; and dwelt a good dele uppon hiz beying so verry good-humord and obliging. He had gon thre mialz round wun da in order too bring her sum waulnuts, becauz she had ced hou fond she wauz ov them, and in evvery thhing els he wauz so verry obliging. He had hiz shepherdz sun intoo the parlor wun nite on perpoce too cing too her. She wauz verry fond ov cinging. He cood cing a littel himcelf. She

beleevd he wauz verry clevver, and understood evvery thhing. He had a verry fine floc, and, while she wauz withe them, he had bene bid moer for hiz wool dhan enny boddy in the cuntry. She beleevd evvery boddy spoke wel ov him. Hiz muther and cisterz wer verry fond ov him. Mrs. Martin had toald her wun da (and dhare wauz a blush az she ced it,) dhat it wauz imposcibel for enny boddy too be a better sun, and dhaerfoer she wauz shure, whenever he marrede, he wood make a good huzband. Not dhat she *wauanted* him too marry. She wauz in no hurry at aul.

“Wel dun, Mrs. Martin!” thaut Emmaa. “U no whaut u ar about.”

“And when she had cum awa, Mrs. Martin wauz so verry kiand az too cend Mrs. Goddard a butifool gooce—the finest gooce Mrs. Goddard had ever cene. Mrs. Goddard had drest it on a Sunda, and aasct aul the thre techerz, Mis Nash, and Mis Prins, and Mis Ritchardson, too sup withe her.”

“Mr. Martin, I supose, iz not a man ov informaishon beyond the line ov hiz one biznes? He duz not rede?”

“O yes!—dhat iz, no—I doo not no—but I beleve he haz red a good dele—but not whaut u wood thhinc enny thhing ov. He reedz the Agriculchural Repoerts, and sum uther boox dhat la in wun ov the windo ceets—but he reedz aul *them* too himcelf. But sumtiamz ov an evening, befoer we went too cardz, he wood rede sumthhing aloud out ov the Ellegant Extracts, verry entertaning. And I no he haz red the Viccar ov Waicfeeld. He nevver red the Romans ov the Forest, nor The Children ov the Abby. He had nevver herd ov such boox befoer I menshond them, but he iz determiand too ghet them nou az soone az ever he

can.”

The next qweschon wauz—

“Whaut sort ov loocking man iz Mr. Martin?”

“O! not handsum—not at aul handsum. I thaut him verry plane at ferst, but I doo not thhinc him so plane nou. Wun duz not, u no, aafter a time. But did u nevver ce him? He iz in Hibury evvery nou and then, and he iz shure too ride throo evvery weke in hiz wa too Kingston. He haz paast u verry often.”

“Dhat ma be, and I ma hav cene him fifty tiamz, but widhout havving enny ideyaa ov hiz name. A yung farmer, whether on horsbac or on foot, iz the verry laast sort ov person too rase mi cureyosity. The yomanry ar preciasly the order ov pepel withe whoome I fele I can hav nuthhing too doo. A degry or too lower, and a creditabel aperans mite interest me; I mite hope too be uesfool too dhare fammilese in sum wa or uther. But a farmer can nede nun ov mi help, and iz, dhaerfoer, in wun cens, az much abuv mi notice az in evvery uther he iz belo it.”

“Too be shure. O yes! It iz not liacly u shood evver hav observd him; but he nose u verry wel indede—I mene bi cite.”

“I hav no dout ov hiz beying a verry respectabel yung man. I no, indede, dhat he iz so, and, az such, wish him wel. Whaut doo u imadgine hiz age too be?”

“He wauz foer-and-twenty the 8th ov laast June, and mi berthda iz the 23rd just a fortnite and a dase differens—which iz verry od.”

“Oonly foer-and-twenty. Dhat iz too yung too cettel. Hiz muther iz perfectly rite not too be in a hurry. Dha ceme verry cumfortabel az dha ar, and if she wer too take enny painz too marry him, she wood

probbably repent it. Cix yeerz hens, if he cood mete withe a good sort ov yung woomman in the same ranc az hiz one, withe a littel munny, it mite be verry desirabel."

"Cix yeerz hens! Dere Mis Wood'hous, he wood be thherty yeerz oald!"

"Wel, and dhat iz az erly az moast men can afoerd too marry, whoo ar not born too an independens. Mr. Martin, I imadgine, haz hiz forchune entiarly too make—cannot be at aul befoerhand withe the werld.

Whautevver

munny he mite cum intoo when hiz faather dide, whautevver hiz share ov the fammily propperty, it iz, I dare sa, aul aflote, aul emploid in hiz stoc, and so foerth; and dho, withe dilligens and good luc, he ma be rich in time, it iz next too imposcibel dhat he shood hav reyaliazd enny thhing yet."

"Too be shure, so it iz. But dha liv verry cumfortably. Dha hav no indoerz man, els dha doo not waunt for enny thhing; and Mrs. Martin taux ov taking a boi anuther yere."

"I wish u ma not ghet intoo a scrape, Harreyet, whenever he duz marry;—I mene, az too beying aqwainted withe hiz wife—for dho hiz cisterz, from a supereyor ejucaishon, ar not too be aultooghether obgected too, it duz not follo dhat he mite marry enny boddy at aul fit for u too notice. The misforchune ov yor berth aut too make u particularly caerfool az too yor asoasheyaits. Dhare can be no dout ov yor beying a gentelmanz dauter, and u must supoert yor clame too dhat staishon bi evvery thhing within yor one pouwer, or dhare wil be plenty ov pepel whoo wood take plezhure in degrading u."

"Yes, too be shure, I supose dhare ar. But while I vizsit at Hartfeeld, and u ar so kiand too me, Mis Wood'hous, I am not afrade ov whaut enny boddy can doo."

“U understand the foers ov influwens pritty wel, Harreyet; but I wood hav u so fermly establisht in good sociyety, az too be independent even ov Hartfeeld and Mis Wood’hous. I waunt too ce u permanently wel conected, and too dhat end it wil be advizabel too hav az fu od aqwaintans az ma be; and, dhaerfoer, I sa dhat if u shood stil be in this cuntry when Mr. Martin marrese, I wish u ma not be draun in bi yor intimacy withe the cisterz, too be aqwainted withe the wife, whoo wil probbably be sum mere farmerz dauter, widhout ejucaishon.”

“Too be shure. Yes. Not dhat I thhinc Mr. Martin wood evver marry enny boddy but whaut had had sum ejucaishon—and bene verry wel braut up. Houwevver,

I doo not mene too cet up mi opinyon against yorz—and I am shure I shal not wish for the aqwaintans ov hiz wife. I shal aulwase hav a grate regard for the Mis Martinz, espeshaly Elizzabeth, and shood be verry sorry too ghiv them up, for dha ar qwite az wel edjucated az me. But if he marrese a verry ignorant, vulgar woomman, certainly I had better not vizsit her, if I can help it.”

Emmaa waucht her throo the flucchuwaishonz ov this speche, and sau no alarming cimptomz ov luv. The yung man had bene the ferst admirer, but she trusted dhare wauz no uther hoald, and dhat dhare wood be no cereyous difficulty, on Harreyets cide, too opose enny frendly arainjment ov her one.

Dha met Mr. Martin the verry next da, az dha wer wauking on the Donwel rode. He wauz on foot, and aafter loocking verry respectfully at her, looct withe moast unfaind satisfacshon at her companyon. Emmaa wauz

not sorry too hav such an oporchunity ov cerva; and wauking a fu yardz forward, while dha taut tooggether, soone made her qwic i sufisently aqwainted withe Mr. Robbert Martin. Hiz aperans wauz verry



nete, and he looct like a cencibel yung man, but hiz person had no uther advaantage; and when he came too be contraasted withe gentelmen, she thaut he must loose aul the ground he had gaind in Harreyets inclinaishon. Harreyet wauz not incencibel ov manner; she had voluntarily notiast her faatherz gentelnes withe admiraishon az wel az wunder. Mr. Martin looct az if he did not no whaut manner wauz.

Dha remaind but a fu minnuets tooghether, az Mis Wood'hous must not be kept wating; and Harreyet then came running too her withe a smiling face, and in a flutter ov spirrits, which Mis Wood'hous hoapt verry soone too compose.

“Oonly thhinc ov our happening too mete him!—Hou verry od! It wauz qwite a chaans, he ced, dhat he had not gon round bi Randalz. He did not thhinc we evver wauct this rode. He thaut we wauct toowordz Randalz moast dase. He haz not bene abel too ghet the Romans ov the Forest yet. He wauz so bizsy the laast time he wauz at Kingston dhat he qwite forgot it, but he gose agane too-moro. So verry od we shood happen too mete! Wel, Mis Wood'hous, iz he like whaut u expected? Whaut doo u thhinc ov him? Doo u thhinc him so verry plane?”

“He iz verry plane, undoutedly—remarcably plane:—but dhat iz nuthing compaerd withe hiz entire waunt ov gentillity. I had no rite too expect much, and I did not expect much; but I had no ideyaa dhat he cood be so verry clounish, so totaly widhout are. I had imadgiand him, I confes, a degry or too nerer gentillity.”

“Too be shure,” ced Harreyet, in a mortifide vois, “he iz not so gentele az reyal gentelmen.”

“I thhinc, Harreyet, cins yor aqwaintans withe us, u hav bene repetedly in the cumpany ov sum such verry reyal gentelmen, dhat u

must yorself be struc withe the differens in Mr. Martin. At Hartfeeld, u hav had verry good spescimenz ov wel edjucated, wel bred men. I shood be cerpriazd if, aafter ceying them, u cood be in cumpany withe Mr. Martin agane widhout perceving him too be a verry infereyor crechure—and raather wundering at yorself for havving evver thaut him at aul agreyabel befoer. Doo not u beghin too fele dhat nou? Wer not u struc? I am shure u must hav bene struc bi hiz auqword looc and abrupt manner, and the uncuithnes ov a vois which I herd too be wholly unmodjulated az I stood here.”

“Certainly, he iz not like Mr. Niatly. He haz not such a fine are and wa ov wauking az Mr. Niatly. I ce the differens plane enuf. But Mr. Niatly iz so verry fine a man!”

“Mr. Niatlese are iz so remarcably good dhat it iz not fare too compare Mr. Martin withe *him*. U mite not ce wun in a hundred withe *gentelman* so plainly ritten az in Mr. Niatly. But he iz not the oonly gentelman u hav bene laitly uest too. Whaut sa u too Mr. Weston and Mr. Elton? Compare Mr. Martin withe iather ov *them*. Compare dhare manner ov carreying themcelvz; ov wauking; ov speking; ov beying cilent. U must ce the differens.”

“O yes!—dhare iz a grate differens. But Mr. Weston iz aulmoast an oald man. Mr. Weston must be betwene forty and fifty.”

“Which maix hiz good mannerz the moer vallubel. The oalder a person grose, Harreyet, the moer important it iz dhat dhare mannerz shood not be bad; the moer glaring and disgusting enny loudnes, or coersnes, or auqwordnes becumz. Whaut iz paasabel in ueth iz detestabel in later age. Mr. Martin iz nou auqword and abrupt; whaut wil he be at Mr. Westonz time ov life?”

“Dhare iz no saying, indede,” replide Harreyet raather sollemly.

“But dhare ma be pritty good ghesing. He wil be a compleetly groce, vulgar farmer, totaly inatentive too aperancez, and thhinking ov nuthhing but proffit and los.”

“Wil he, indede? Dhat wil be verry bad.”

“Hou much hiz biznes en’grocez him aulreddy iz verry plane from the cercumstaans ov hiz forghetting too inqwire for the booc u recomended. He wauz a grate dele too fool ov the market too thhinc ov enny thhing els—which iz just az it shood be, for a thriving man. Whaut haz he too doo withe boox? And I hav no dout dhat he *wil* thrive, and be a verry rich man in time—and hiz beying ilitterate and coers nede not disterb *us*.”

“I wunder he did not remember the booc”—wauz aul Harreyets aancer, and spoken withe a degry ov grave displezhure which Emmaa thaut mite be saifly left too itcelf. She, dhaerfoer, ced no moer for sum time. Her next beghinning wauz,

“In wun respect, perhaps, Mr. Eltonz mannerz ar supereyor too Mr. Niatlese or Mr. Westonz. Dha hav moer gentelnes. Dha mite be moer saifly held up az a pattern. Dhare iz an openes, a qwicnes, aulmoast a bluntnes in Mr. Weston, which evvery boddy liax in *him*, becauz dhare iz so much good-humor withe it—but dhat wood not doo too be coppede. Niather wood Mr. Niatlese dounrite, decided, comaanding sort ov manner, dho it suets *him* verry wel; hiz figgure, and looc, and cichuwaishon in life ceme too alou it; but if enny yung man wer too cet about coppeying him, he wood not be sufferabel. On the contrary, I thhinc a yung man mite be verry saifly recomended too take Mr. Elton az a moddel. Mr. Elton iz good-humord, cheerfool, obliging, and gentel. He ceemz too me too be grone particcularly gentel ov late. I doo not no

whether he haz enny desine ov in'graisheyating himcelf withe iather ov us, Harreyet, bi adishonal softnes, but it striax me dhat hiz mannerz ar softer dhan dha uest too be. If he meenz enny thhing, it must be too plese u. Did not I tel u whaut he ced ov u the uther da?"

She then repeted sum worm personal prase which she had draun from Mr. Elton, and nou did fool justice too; and Harreyet blusht and smiald, and ced she had aulwase thaut Mr. Elton verry agreyabel.

Mr. Elton wauz the verry person fixt on bi Emmaa for driving the yung farmer out ov Harreyets hed. She thaut it wood be an exelent mach; and oonly too palpably desirabel, natchural, and probbabel, for her too hav much merrit in planning it. She feerd it wauz whaut evvery boddy els must thhinc ov and predict. It wauz not liacly, houwevver, dhat enny boddy shood hav eeqwald her in the date ov the plan, az it had enterd her brane juring the verry ferst evening ov Harreyets cumming too Hartfeeld. The lon'gher she concidderd it, the grater wauz her cens ov its expegency. Mr. Eltonz cichuwaishon wauz moast sutabel, qwite the gentelman himcelf, and widhout lo conecshonz; at the same time, not ov enny fammily dhat cood faerly obgett too the doutfool berth ov Harreyet. He had a cumfortabel home for her, and Emmaa imadgiand a verry sufishent incum; for dho the viccarage ov Hiburay wauz not larj, he wauz none too hav sum independent propperty; and she thaut verry hily ov him az a good-humord, wel-mening, respectabel yung man, widhout enny defishency ov uesfool understanding or nollej ov the werld.

She had aulreddy sattisfide hercelf dhat he thaut Harreyet a butifool gherl, which she trusted, withe such freeqwent metingz at Hartfeeld, wauz foundaishon enuf on hiz cide; and on Harreyets dhare cood be littel dout dhat the ideyaa ov beying preferd bi him wood hav aul the uezhuwal wate and efficacy. And he wauz reyaly a verry plesing yung man, a yung man whoome enny woomman not fastidjous mite like. He wauz recond

verry handsum; hiz person much admiard in genneral, dho not bi her, dhare beying a waunt ov ellegans ov fechure which she cood not dispens withe:—but the gherl whoo cood be grattifide bi a Robbert Martinz riding about the cuntry too ghet waulnuts for her mite verry wel be conkerd bi Mr. Eltonz admiraishon.

## CHAPTER 5

“I doo not no whaut yor opinyon ma be, Mrs. Weston,” ced Mr. Niatly, “ov this grate intimacy betwene Emmaa and Harreyet Smith, but I thhinc it a bad thhing.”

“A bad thhing! Doo u reyaly thhinc it a bad thhing?—whi so?”

“I thhinc dha wil niather ov them doo the uther enny good.”

“U cerprise me! Emmaa must doo Harreyet good: and bi supliying her withe a nu obgett ov interest, Harreyet ma be ced too doo Emmaa good. I hav bene ceying dhare intimacy withe the gratest plezhure. Hou verry differently we fele!—Not thhinc dha wil doo eche uther enny good! This wil certainly be the beghinning ov wun ov our qworelz about Emmaa, Mr. Niatly.”

“Perhaps u thhinc I am cum on perpoce too qworel withe u, nowing Weston too be out, and dhat u must stil fite yor one battel.”

“Mr. Weston wood undoutedly supoert me, if he wer here, for he thhinx exactly az I doo on the subject. We wer speking ov it oonly

yesterda, and agreying hou forchunate it wauz for Emmaa, dhat dhare shood be such a gherl in Hibury for her too asoasheyate withe. Mr. Niatly, I shal not alou u too be a fare juj in this cace. U ar so much uest too liv alone, dhat u doo not no the vallu ov a companyon; and, perhaps no man can be a good juj ov the cumfort a woomman feelz in the sociyety ov wun ov her one cex, aafter beying uest too it aul her life. I can imadgine yor obgecshon too Harreyet Smith. She iz not the supereyor yung woomman which Emmaaz frend aut too be. But on the uther hand, az Emmaa waunts too ce her better informd, it wil be an injuesment too her too rede moer hercelf. Dha wil rede tooghether. She meenz it, I no."

"Emmaa haz bene mening too rede moer evver cins she wauz twelv yeeرز oald. I hav cene a grate menny lists ov her drauwing-up at vareyous tiamz ov boox dhat she ment too rede reggularly throo—and verry good lists dha wer—verry wel chosen, and verry neetly arainjd—sumtiamz alfabetticaly, and sumtiamz bi sum uther rule. The list she dru up when oanly foertene—I remember thhinking it did her jujment so much credit, dhat I preservd it sum time; and I dare sa she ma hav made out a verry good list nou. But I hav dun withe expecting enny coers ov stedly reding from Emmaa. She wil nevver submit too enny thhing reqwiring industry and paishens, and a subgecshon ov the fancy too the understanding. Whare Mis Talor faild too stimulate, I ma saifly aferm dhat Harreyet Smith wil doo nuthhing.—U nevver cood perswade her too rede haaf so much az u wisht.—U no u cood not."

"I dare sa," replide Mrs. Weston, smiling, "dhat I thaut so *then*;—but cins we hav parted, I can nevver remember Emmaaz omitting too doo enny thhing I wisht."

“Dhare iz hardly enny desiring too refresh such a memmory az *dhat*,”—  
ced

Mr. Niatly, felingly; and for a moment or too he had dun. “But I,”  
he soone added, “whoo hav had no such charm throne over mi cencez,  
must

stil ce, here, and remember. Emmaa iz spoild bi beying the clevverest  
ov her fammily. At ten yeerz oald, she had the misforchune ov beying abel  
too aancer qweschonz which puzseld her cister at cevventene. She wauz  
aulwase qwic and ashuerd: Izabellaa slo and diffident. And evver cins  
she wauz twelv, Emmaa haz bene mistres ov the hous and ov u aul. In  
her muther she lost the oonly person abel too cope withe her. She inherrits  
her mutherz tallents, and must hav bene under subgecshon too her.”

“I shood hav bene sory, Mr. Niatly, too be dependent on *yor*  
recomendaishon, had I qwitted Mr. Wood’housez fammily and waunted  
anuther  
cichuwaishon; I doo not thhinc u wood hav spoken a good werd for me too  
enny boddy. I am shure u aulwase thaut me unfit for the office I held.”

“Yes,” ced he, smiling. “U ar better plaist *here*; verry fit for a  
wife, but not at aul for a guvvernes. But u wer preparing *yorcelf*  
too be an exelent wife aul the time u wer at Hartfeeld. U mite  
not ghiv Emmaa such a complete ejucaishon az *yor* pouwerz wood ceme  
too  
prommice; but u wer receving a verry good ejucaishon from *her*, on  
the verry matereyal matrimoanyal point ov submitting *yor* one wil, and  
doowing az u wer bid; and if Weston had aasct me too recomend him a  
wife, I shood certainly hav naimd Mis Talor.”

“Thanc u. Dhare wil be verry littel merrit in making a good wife too  
such a man az Mr. Weston.”

“Whi, too one the trueth, I am afrade u ar raather throne awa, and

dhat withe evvery disposishon too bare, dhare wil be nuthhing too be boern.

We wil not despare, houwevver. Weston ma gro cros from the wauntones ov cumfort, or hiz sun ma plaghe him."

"I hope not *dhat*.—It iz not liacly. No, Mr. Niatly, doo not foertel vexaishon from dhat qworter."

"Not I, indede. I oanly name pocibillitese. I doo not pretend too Emmaaz geenyus for foertelling and ghescing. I hope, withe aul mi hart, the yung man ma be a Weston in merrit, and a Cherchil in forchune.—But Harreyet Smith—I hav not haaf dun about Harreyet Smith. I thhinc her the verry werst sort ov companyon dhat Emmaa cood poscibly hav. She nose nuthhing hercelf, and loox uppon Emmaa az nowing evvery thhing. She iz a flatterer in aul her wase; and so much the wers, becauz undesiand. Her ignorans iz ourly flattery. Hou can Emmaa imadgine she haz enny thhing too lern hercelf, while Harreyet iz presenting such a deliatfool infereyurity? And az for Harreyet, I wil venchure too sa dhat *she* canot gane bi the aqwaintans. Hartfeeld wil oanly poot her out ov concete withe aul the uther placez she belongz too. She wil gro just refiand enuf too be uncumfortabel withe dhose amung whoome berth and cercumstaancez hav plaist her home. I am much mistaken if Emmaaz doctrianz ghiv enny strength ov miand, or tend at aul too make a gherl adapt hercelf rashonaly too the variyetese ov her cichuwaishon in life.—Dha oanly ghiv a littel pollish."

"I iather depend moer uppon Emmaaz good cens dhan u doo, or am moer ancshous for her prezsent cumfort; for I canot lament the aqwaintans. Hou wel she looct laast nite!"

"O! u wood raather tauc ov her person dhan her miand, wood u? Verry wel; I shal not atempt too deni Emmaaz beying pritty."



"Pritty! sa butifool raather. Can u imadgine enny thhing nerer perfect buty dhan Emmaa aultooghether—face and figgure?"

"I doo not no whaut I cood imadgine, but I confes dhat I hav celdom cene a face or figgure moer plesing too me dhan herz. But I am a parshal oald frend."

"Such an i!—the tru hasel i—and so brilleyant! reggular fechuerz, open countenans, withe a complecshon! o! whaut a bloome ov fool helth, and such a pritty hite and cise; such a ferm and uprite figgure! Dhare iz helth, not meerly in her bloome, but in her are, her hed, her glaans. Wun heerz sumtiamz ov a chiald beying 'the picchure ov helth;' nou, Emmaa aulwase ghivz me the ideyaa ov beying the complete picchure ov grone-up helth. She iz luvlines itcelf. Mr. Niatly, iz not she?"

"I hav not a fault too fiand withe her person," he replide. "I thhinc her aul u describe. I luv too looc at her; and I wil ad this prase, dhat I doo not thhinc her personaly vane. Conciddering hou verry handsum she iz, she apeerz too be littel occupide withe it; her vannity lise anuther wa. Mrs. Weston, I am not too be taut out ov mi dislike ov Harreyet Smith, or mi dred ov its doowing them boath harm."

"And I, Mr. Niatly, am eeqwaly stout in mi confidens ov its not doowing them enny harm. Withe aul dere Emmaaz littel faults, she iz an exelent crechure. Whare shal we ce a better dauter, or a kiander cister, or a truwer frend? No, no; she haz qwaulitese which ma be trusted; she wil nevver lede enny wun reyaly rong; she wil make no laasting blunder; whare Emmaa erz wuns, she iz in the rite a hundred tiamz."

"Verry wel; I wil not plaghe u enny moer. Emmaa shal be an ain'gel, and

I wil kepe mi splene too micelf til Cristmas bringz Jon and Izabellaa. Jon luvz Emmaa withe a rezonabel and dhaerfoer not a bliand afecshon, and Izabellaa aulwase thhinx az he duz; exep when he iz not qwite fritend enuf about the children. I am shure ov havving dhare opinyonz withe me."

"I no dhat u aul luv her reyaly too wel too be unjust or unkiand; but excuse me, Mr. Niatly, if I take the libberty (I concidder micelf, u no, az havving sumwhaut ov the privvilege ov speche dhat Emmaaz muther mite hav had) the libberty ov hinting dhat I doo not thhinc enny poscibel good can arise from Harreyet Smiths intimacy beying made a matter ov much discusschon amung u. Pra excuse me; but suposing enny littel inconveenyens ma be aprehended from the intimacy, it canot be expected dhat Emmaa, aountabel too nobody but her faather, whoo perfectly apruivz the aqwaintans, shood poot an end too it, so long az it iz a soers ov plezhure too hercelf. It haz bene so menny yeerz mi provvins too ghiv advice, dhat u canot be cerpriazd, Mr. Niatly, at this littel remainz ov office."

"Not at aul," cride he; "I am much obliajd too u for it. It iz verry good advice, and it shal hav a better fate dhan yor advice haz often found; for it shal be atended too."

"Mrs. Jon Niatly iz esily alarmd, and mite be made unhappy about her cister."

"Be sattisfide," ced he, "I wil not rase enny outcri. I wil kepe mi il-humor too micelf. I hav a verry cincere interest in Emmaa. Izabellaa duz not ceme moer mi cister; haz nevver exited a grater interest; perhaps hardly so grate. Dhare iz an anxiety, a cureyosity in whaut wun feelz for Emmaa. I wunder whaut wil becum ov her!"

"So doo I," ced Mrs. Weston gently, "verry much."

“She aulwase declaerz she wil nevver marry, which, ov coers, meenz just nuthhing at aul. But I hav no ideyaa dhat she haz yet evver cene a man she caerd for. It wood not be a bad thhing for her too be verry much in luv withe a propper obgett. I shood like too ce Emmaa in luv, and in sum dout ov a retern; it wood doo her good. But dhare iz nobody herabouts too atach her; and she gose so celdom from home.”

“Dhare duz, indede, ceme az littel too tempt her too brake her rezolueshon at prezsent,” ced Mrs. Weston, “az can wel be; and while she iz so happy at Hartfeeld, I canot wish her too be forming enny attachment which wood be creyating such difficultese on poor Mr. Wood’housez acount. I doo not recomend matrimony at prezsent too Emmaa, dho I mene no slite too the state, I ashure u.”

Part ov her mening wauz too concele sum favorite thauts ov her one and Mr. Westonz on the subject, az much az poscibel. Dhare wer wishez at Randalz respecting Emmaaz destiny, but it wauz not desirabel too hav them suspected; and the qwiyet traansishon which Mr. Niatly soone aafterwordz made too “Whaut duz Weston thhinc ov the wether; shal we hav rane?” convinst her dhat he had nuthhing moer too sa or cermise about Hartfeeld.

## CHAPTER 6

Emmaa cood not fele a dout ov havving ghivven Harreyets fancy a propper direcshon and raizd the grattichude ov her yung vannity too a verry good perpoce, for she found her decidedly moer cencibel dhan befoer ov Mr.

Eltonz beying a remarcably handsum man, withe moast agreyabel mannerz; and az she had no hesitaishon in following up the ashurans ov hiz admiraishon bi agreyabel hints, she wauz soone pritty confident ov creyating az much liking on Harreyets cide, az dhare cood be enny ocaizhon for. She wauz qwite convinst ov Mr. Eltonz beying in the farest wa ov fauling in luv, if not in luv aulreddy. She had no scrupel withe regard too him. He tauct ov Harreyet, and praizd her so wormly, dhat she cood not supose enny thhing waunting which a littel time wood not ad. Hiz percepshon ov the striking impruivment ov Harreyets manner, cins her introducshon at Hartfeeld, wauz not wun ov the leest agreyabel pruifs ov hiz growing attachment.

“U hav ghivven Mis Smith aul dhat she reqwiard,” ced he; “u hav made her graisfool and esy. She wauz a butifool crechure when she came too u, but, in mi opinyon, the atracshonz u hav added ar infiniatly supereyor too whaut she receevd from nachure.”

“I am glad u thhinc I hav bene uesfool too her; but Harreyet oanly waunted drauwing out, and receving a fu, verry fu hints. She had aul the natchural grace ov sweetnes ov temper and artlesnes in hercelf. I hav dun verry littel.”

“If it wer admiscibel too contradict a lady,” ced the gallant Mr. Elton—

“I hav perhaps ghivven her a littel moer decizhon ov carracter, hav taut her too thhinc on points which had not faulen in her wa befoer.”

“Exactly so; dhat iz whaut principaly striax me. So much superadded decizhon ov carracter! Skilfool haz bene the hand!”

“Grate haz bene the plezhure, I am shure. I nevver met withe a disposishon moer truly ameyabel.”

"I hav no dout ov it." And it wauz spoken withe a sort ov ciying animaishon, which had a vaast dele ov the luvver. She wauz not les pleezd anuther da withe the manner in which he ceconded a sudden wish ov herz,  
too hav Harreyets picchure.

"Did u evver hav yor liacnes taken, Harreyet?" ced she: "did u evver cit for yor picchure?"

Harreyet wauz on the point ov leving the roome, and oanly stopt too sa, withe a verry interesting niyeveta,

"O! dere, no, nevver."

No sooner wauz she out ov cite, dhan Emmaa exclaimd,

"Whaut an exqwizsite poseshon a good picchure ov her wood be! I wood ghiv enny munny for it. I aulmoast long too atempt her liacnes micelf. U doo not no it I dare sa, but too or thre yeerz ago I had a grate pashon for taking liacnecez, and atempted cevveral ov mi frendz, and wauz thaut too hav a tollerabel i in genneral. But from wun cauz or anuther, I gave it up in disgust. But reyaly, I cood aulmoast venchure, if Harreyet wood cit too me. It wood be such a delite too hav her picchure!"

"Let me entrete u," cride Mr. Elton; "it wood indede be a delite! Let me entrete u, Mis Wood'hous, too exercise so charming a tallent in favor ov yor frend. I no whaut yor drauwingz ar. Hou cood u suppose me ignorant? Iz not this roome rich in spescimenz ov yor landscaips and flouwerz; and haz not Mrs. Weston sum inimmitabel figgure-pecez in her drauwing-roome, at Randalz?"

Yes, good man!—thaut Emmaa—but whaut haz aul dhat too doo withe taking

liacnecez? U no nuthhing ov drauwng. Doant pretend too be in rapchuerz about mine. Kepe yor rapchuerz for Harreyets face. “Wel, if u ghiv me such kiand encurraijment, Mr. Elton, I beleve I shal tri whaut I can doo. Harreyets fechuerz ar verry dellicate, which maix a liacnes difficult; and yet dhare iz a peculeyarrity in the shape ov the i and the lianz about the mouth which wun aut too cach.”

“Exactly so—The shape ov the i and the lianz about the mouth—I hav not a dout ov yor suxes. Pra, pra atempt it. Az u wil doo it, it wil indede, too use yor one werdz, be an exqwizsite poseshon.”

“But I am afrade, Mr. Elton, Harreyet wil not like too cit. She thhinx so littel ov her one buty. Did not u observ her manner ov aancerng me? Hou compleetly it ment, ‘whi shood mi picchure be draun?’”

“O! yes, I observd it, I ashure u. It wauz not lost on me. But stil I canot imadgine she wood not be perswaded.”

Harreyet wauz soone bac agane, and the propozal aulmoast imejaitly made; and she had no scrupelz which cood stand menny minnuets against the ernest prescing ov boath the utherz. Emmaa wisht too go too werc directly, and dhaerfoer projuest the portfoleyo contaning her vareyouz atempts at poertraits, for not wun ov them had evver bene finnisht, dhat dha mite decide tooghether on the best cise for Harreyet. Her menny beghinningz wer displade. Minnichuerz, haaf-lengths, whole-lengths, pencil, crayon, and wauter-cullorz had bene aul tride in tern. She had aulwase waunted too doo evvery thhing, and had made moer proagres boath in drauwng and music dhan menny mite hav dun withe so littel labor az

she wood evver submit too. She plade and sang;—and dru in aulmoast evvery stile; but steddines had aulwase bene waunting; and in nuthhing had she aproacht the degry ov exelens which she wood hav bene glad too comaand, and aut not too hav faild ov. She wauz not much deceevd az too her one skil iather az an artist or a musishan, but she wauz not unwilling too hav utherz deceevd, or sory too no her reputaishon for acumplishment often hiyer dhan it deservd.

Dhare wauz merrit in evvery drauwing—in the leest finnisht, perhaps the moast; her stile wauz spirrited; but had dhare bene much les, or had dhare bene ten tiamz moer, the delite and admiraishon ov her too companyonz wood hav bene the same. Dha wer boath in extacese. A liacnes plesez evvery boddy; and Mis Wood'housez performacez must be cappital.

“No grate varyety ov facez for u,” ced Emmaa. “I had oanly mi one fammily too studdy from. Dhare iz mi faather—another ov mi faather—but the ideyaa ov citting for hiz picchure made him so nervous, dhat I cood oanly take him bi stelth; niather ov them verry like dhaerfoer. Mrs. Weston agane, and agane, and agane, u ce. Dere Mrs. Weston! aulwase mi kiandest frend on evvery ocaizhon. She wood cit whenever I aasct her. Dhare iz mi cister; and reyaly qwite her one littel ellegant figure!—and the face not unlike. I shood hav made a good liacnes ov her, if she wood hav sat lon'gher, but she wauz in such a hurry too hav me drau her foer children dhat she wood not be qwiyet. Then, here cum aul mi atempts at thre ov dhose foer children;—dhare dha ar, Henry and Jon and Bellaa, from wun end ov the shete too the uther, and enny wun ov them mite doo for enny wun ov the rest. She wauz so egher too hav them draun dhat I cood not refuse; but dhare iz no making children ov thre or foer yeerz oald stand stil u no; nor can it be verry esy too take enny liacnes ov them, beyond the are and complecshon, unles dha ar coercer fechuerd dhan enny ov maamaaz children evver wer. Here iz mi

skech ov the foerth, whoo wauz a baby. I tooc him az he wauz sleping on the sofaa, and it iz az strong a liacnes ov hiz cocade az u wood wish too ce. He had nesceld doun hiz hed moast conveyently. Dhats verry like. I am raather proud ov littel Jorj. The corner ov the sofaa iz verry good. Then here iz mi laast,”—unclosing a pritty skech ov a gentelman in smaule cise, whole-length—“mi laast and mi best—mi bruther, Mr. Jon Niatly.—This did not waunt much ov beying finnisht, when I poot it awa in a pet, and vould I wood nevver take anuther liacnes. I cood not help beying provoact; for aafter aul mi painz, and when I had reyaly made a verry good liacnes ov it—(Mrs. Weston and I wer qwite agrede in ththinking it *verry* like)—oonly too handsum—too flattering—but dhat wauz a fault on the rite side” —aafter aul this, came poor dere Izabellaaz coald aprobaishon ov—“Yes, it wauz a littel like—but too be shure it did not doo him justice. We had had a grate dele ov trubbel in perswading him too cit at aul. It wauz made a grate favor ov; and aultooghether it wauz moer dhan I cood bare; and so I nevver wood finnish it, too hav it apollogiazd over az an unfavorabel liacnes, too evvery morning vizsitor in Brunswic Sqware;—and, az I ced, I did then forsware evver drauwng enny boddy agane. But for Harreyets sake, or raather for mi one, and az dhare ar no huzbandz and wiavz in the cace *at prezsent*, I wil brake mi rezolueshon nou.”

Mr. Elton ceemd verry properly struc and delited bi the ideyaa, and wauz repeting, “No huzbandz and wiavz in the cace at prezsent indede, az u observ. Exactly so. No huzbandz and wiavz,” withe so interesting a consousnes, dhat Emmaa began too concidder whether she had not better leve them tooghether at wuns. But az she waunted too be drauwng, the declaraishon must wate a littel lon’gher.

She had soone fixt on the cise and sort ov poertrate. It wauz too be a whole-length in wauter-cullorz, like Mr. Jon Niatlese, and wauz destiand, if she cood plese hercelf, too hoald a verry onnorabel



station over the mantelpiece.

The sitting began; and Harriet, smiling and blushing, and afraid of not keeping her attitude and countenance, presented a very sweet mixture of unfeeling expression to the steady eye of the artist. But she was not doing anything, with Mr. Elton fidgeting behind her and watching every

touch. She gave him credit for stationing himself where he might gaze and gaze again without offence; but she was really obliged to put an end to it, and request him to place himself elsewhere. It then occurred to her to employ him in reading.

“If he would be so good as to read to them, it would be a kindness indeed! It would amuse away the difficulties of her part, and lessen the exertions of Miss Smiths.”

Mr. Elton was only too happy. Harriet listened, and Emma drew in peace. She must allow him to be still frequently coming too late; anything less would certainly have been too little in a lover; and he was ready at the slightest intermission of the pencil, to jump up and see the progress, and be charmed.—She was not being displeased with such an encourager, for his admiration made him discern a likeness almost before it was possible. She could not respect his, but his love and his complaisance were unexpressed.

The sitting was altogether very satisfactory; she was quite enough pleased with the first design to wish to go on. She was not wanting in likeness, she had been fortunate in the attitude, and as she went too through a little improvement to the figure, to give a little more height, and considerably more elegance, she had great confidence of its being in every way a pretty drawing at least, and of its filling its destined place with credit to them both—a standing memorial of the

virtue of one, the skill of the other, and the friendship of both; with

az menny uther agreyabel asoasheyaishonz az Mr. Eltonz verry prommicig attachment wauz liacly too ad.

Harreyet wauz too cit agane the next da; and Mr. Elton, just az he aut, entreted for the permishon ov atending and reding too them agane.

“Bi aul meenz. We shal be moast happy too concidder u az wun ov the party.”

The same civillitese and kertecese, the same suxes and satisfacshon, tooc place on the moro, and acumpanede the whole proagres ov the picchure, which wauz rappid and happy. Evvery boddy whoo sau it wauz pleezd, but Mr. Elton wauz in continnuwal rapchuerz, and defended it throo evvery criticizm.

“Mis Wood’hous haz ghivven her frend the oanly buty she waunted,”—observd Mrs. Weston too him—not in the leest suspecting dhat she wauz adrescing a luvver.—“The expreshon ov the i iz moast corect, but Mis Smith haz not dhose iabrouz and ilashez. It iz the fault ov her face dhat she haz them not.”

“Doo u thhinc so?” replide he. “I canot agry withe u. It apeerz too me a moast perfect resemblans in evvery fechure. I nevver sau such a liacnes in mi life. We must alou for the efect ov shade, u no.”

“U hav made her too taul, Emmaa,” ced Mr. Niatly.

Emmaa nu dhat she had, but wood not one it; and Mr. Elton wormly added,

“O no! certainly not too taul; not in the leest too taul. Concidder,

she iz citting down—which natchuraly presents a different—which in short ghivz exactly the ideyaa—and the propoershonz must be preservd, u no. Propoershonz, foer-shortening.—O no! it ghivz wun exactly the ideyaa ov such a hite az Mis Smiths. Exactly so indede!”

“It iz verry pritty,” ced Mr. Wood’hous. “So prittily dun! Just az yor drauwingz aulwase ar, mi dere. I doo not no enny boddy whoo drauz so

wel az u doo. The oanly thhing I doo not thurroly like iz, dhat she ceemz too be citting out ov doerz, withe oanly a littel shaul over her shoalderz—and it maix wun thhinc she must cach coald.”

“But, mi dere paapaa, it iz supoast too be summer; a worm da in summer. Loooc at the tre.”

“But it iz nevver safe too cit out ov doerz, mi dere.”

“U, cer, ma sa enny thhing,” cride Mr. Elton, “but I must confes dhat I regard it az a moast happy thaut, the placing ov Mis Smith out ov doerz; and the tre iz tucht withe such inimmitabel spirrit! Enny uther cichuwaishon wood hav bene much les in carracter. The niyeveta ov Mis Smiths mannerz—and aultooghether—O, it iz moast admirabel! I canot kepe mi ise from it. I nevver sau such a liacnes.”

The next thhing waunted wauz too ghet the picchure fraimd; and here wer a

fu difficultese. It must be dun directly; it must be dun in Lundon; the order must go throo the handz ov sum intelligent person whose taist cood be depended on; and Izabellaa, the uezhual doower ov aul comishonz, must not be aplide too, becauz it wauz December, and Mr. Wood’hous cood not bare the ideyaa ov her stuuring out ov her hous in the fogz ov December. But no sooner wauz the distres none too Mr. Elton, dhan it wauz remuivd. Hiz gallantry wauz aulwase on the alert. “Mite he be trusted withe the comishon, whaut infinite plezhure shood

he hav in executing it! he cood ride too Lundon at enny time. It wauz imposcibel too sa hou much he shoold be grattifide bi beying emploid on such an errand."

"He wauz too good!—she cood not enjure the thaut!—she wood not ghiv him such a trubbelsum office for the werld,"—braut on the desiard repetishon ov entretese and ashurancez,—and a verry fu minnuets cetteld the biznes.

Mr. Elton wauz too take the drauwing too Lundon, chuse the frame, and ghiv the direcshonz; and Emmaa thaut she cood so pac it az too enshure its saifty widhout much incommoding him, while he ceemd moastly feerfool ov not beying incommoded enuf.

"Whaut a preshous depozsit!" ced he withe a tender ci, az he receevd it.

"This man iz aulmoast too gallant too be in luv," thaut Emmaa. "I shoold sa so, but dhat I supose dhare ma be a hundred different wase ov beying in luv. He iz an exelent yung man, and wil sute Harreyet exactly; it wil be an 'Exactly so,' az he cez himcelf; but he duz ci and lan'gwish, and studdy for compliments raather moer dhan I cood enjure az a principal. I cum in for a pritty good share az a cecond. But it iz hiz grattichude on Harreyets acount."

## CHAPTER 7

The verry da ov Mr. Eltonz gowing too Lundon projuest a fresh ocaizhon for Emmaaz cervicez toowordz her frend. Harreyet had bene at Hartfeeld, az uezhuwal, soone aafter brecfast; and, aafter a time, had gon home too retern agane too dinner: she reternd, and sooner dhan had bene tauct ov, and withe an adgitated, hurrede looc, anouncing sumthhing extrordinary too hav happend which she wauz longing too tel. Haaf a minnute braut it aul out. She had herd, az soone az she got bac too Mrs. Goddardz, dhat Mr. Martin had bene dhare an our befoer, and fianding she wauz not at home, nor particcularly expected, had left a littel parcel for her from wun ov hiz cisterz, and gon awa; and on opening this parcel, she had acchuwaly found, beciadz the too songz which she had lent Elizzabeth too cobby, a letter too hercelf; and this letter wauz from him, from Mr. Martin, and containd a direct propozal ov marrage. "Whoo cood hav thaut it? She wauz so cerpriazd she did not no whaut too doo. Yes, qwite a propozal ov marrage; and a verry good letter, at leest she thaut so. And he rote az if he reyaly luvd her verry much—but she did not no—and so, she wauz cum az faast az she cood too aasc Mis Wood'hous whaut she shood doo.—" Emmaa wauz haaf-ashaimd ov her frend for ceming so pleezd and so doutfool.

"Uppon mi werd," she cride, "the yung man iz determiand not too loose enny thhing for waunt ov aasking. He wil conect himcelf wel if he can."

"Wil u rede the letter?" cride Harreyet. "Pra doo. Ide raather u wood."

Emmaa wauz not sory too be prest. She red, and wauz cerpriazd. The stile ov the letter wauz much abuv her expectaishon. Dhare wer not meerly no gramattical errorz, but az a composishon it wood not hav disgraist a gentelman; the lan'gwage, dho plane, wauz strong and unnafected, and the centiments it convade verry much too the credit ov the riter. It wauz short, but exprest good cens, worm attachment,

liberality, propriety, even delicacy of feeling. She paused over it, while Harriet stood anxiously watching for her opinion, with a "Well, well," and was at last first to say, "Is it a good letter? or is it too short?"

"Yes, indeed, a very good letter," replied Emma rather slowly—"so good a letter, Harriet, that every thing considered, I think your sister must have helped him. I can hardly imagine the young man whom I saw talking with you the other day could express himself so well, if left quite to 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—thinking 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 too a certain point, not coarse. A better written letter, Harriet (returning it,) than I had expected."

"Well," said the still waiting Harriet;—"well—and—and what shall I do?"

"What shall you do! In what respect? Do you mean with regard to this letter?"

"Yes."

"But what are you in doubt of? You must answer it or coarse—and speedily."

"Yes. But what shall I say? Dear Miss Woodhouse, do advise me."

"O 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

unneqwivvocal; no douts or demerz: and such expreshonz ov grattichude and concern for the pane u ar inflicting az propriyety reqwiarz, wil prezsent themcelvz unbidden too *yor* miand, I am perswaded. U nede not be prompted too rite withe the aperans ov soro for hiz disapointment."

"U thhinc I aut too refuse him then," ced Harreyet, loocking doun.

"Aut too refuse him! Mi dere Harreyet, whaut doo u mene? Ar u in enny dout az too dhat? I thaut—but I beg *yor* pardon, perhaps I hav bene under a mistake. I certainly hav bene misunderstanding u, if u fele in dout az too the *perport* ov *yor* aancer. I had imadgiand u wer consulting me oonly az too the werding ov it."

Harreyet wauz cilent. Withe a littel reserv ov manner, Emmaa continnude:

"U mene too retern a favorabel aancer, I colect."

"No, I doo not; dhat iz, I doo not mene—Whaut shal I doo? Whaut wood u advise me too doo? Pra, dere Mis Wood'hous, tel me whaut I aut too doo."

"I shal not ghiv u enny advice, Harreyet. I wil hav nuthhing too doo withe it. This iz a point which u must cettel withe *yor* felingz."

"I had no noashon dhat he liact me so verry much," ced Harreyet, contemplating the letter. For a littel while Emmaa perceveerd in her cilens; but beghinning too aprehend the bewitching flattery ov dhat letter mite be too pouwerfool, she thaut it best too sa,

"I la it doun az a genneral rule, Harreyet, dhat if a woomman *douts* az too whether she shood axept a man or not, she certainly aut too

refuse him. If she can hezitate az too 'Yes,' she aut too sa 'No' directly. It iz not a state too be saifly enterd intoo withe doutfool felingz, withe haaf a hart. I thaut it mi juty az a frend, and oalder dhan yorcelf, too sa dhus much too u. But doo not imadgine dhat I waunt too influwens u."

"O! no, I am shure u ar a grate dele too kiand too—but if u wood just advise me whaut I had best doo—No, no, I doo not mene dhat—Az u sa, wunz miand aut too be qwite made up—Wun shood not be hezsitating—It iz a verry cereyous thhing.—It wil be safer too sa 'No,' perhaps.—Doo u thhinc I had better sa 'No?'"

"Not for the werld," ced Emmaa, smiling graishously, "wood I advise u iather wa. U must be the best juj ov yor one happines. If u prefer Mr. Martin too evvery uther person; if u thhinc him the moast agreyabel man u hav evver bene in cumpany withe, whi shood u hezsitate? U blush, Harreyet.—Duz enny boddy els oker too u at this moment under such a definishon? Harreyet, Harreyet, doo not deceve yorcelf; doo not be run awa withe bi grattichude and compashon. At this moment whoome ar u thhinking ov?"

The cimptomz wer favorabel.—Insted ov aancering, Harreyet ternd awa confuezd, and stood thautfooly bi the fire; and dho the letter wauz stil in her hand, it wauz nou mecannicaly twisted about widhout regard. Emmaa wated the rezult withe impaishens, but not widhout strong hoaps. At laast, withe sum hesitaishon, Harreyet ced—

"Mis Wood'hous, az u wil not ghiv me yor opinyon, I must doo az wel az I can bi micelf; and I hav nou qwite determiand, and reyaly aulmoast made up mi miand—too refuse Mr. Martin. Doo u thhinc I am rite?"

"Perfectly, perfectly rite, mi derest Harreyet; u ar doowing just whaut u aut. While u wer at aul in suspens I kept mi felingz too



micelf, but nou dhat u ar so compleetly decided I hav no hesitaishon in aprooving. Dere Harreyet, I ghiv micelf joi ov this. It wood hav greevd me too loose yor aqwaintans, which must hav bene the conceqwens ov yor marreying Mr. Martin. While u wer in the smaulest degry wavering, I ced nuthhing about it, becauz I wood not influwens; but it wood hav bene the los ov a frend too me. I cood not hav vizsited Mrs. Robbert Martin, ov Abby-Mil Farm. Nou I am cecure ov u for evver."

Harreyet had not cermiazd her one dain'ger, but the ideyaa ov it struc her forcibly.

"U cood not hav vizsited me!" she cride, loocking agaast. "No, too be shure u cood not; but I nevver thaut ov dhat befoer. Dhat wood hav bene too dredfool!—Whaut an escape!—Dere Mis Wood'hous, I wood not ghiv up the plezhure and onnor ov beying intimate withe u for enny thhing in the werld."

"Indede, Harreyet, it wood hav bene a cevere pang too loose u; but it must hav bene. U wood hav throne yorcelf out ov aul good sociyety. I must hav ghivven u up."

"Dere me!—Hou shoold I evver hav boern it! It wood hav kild me nevver too cum too Hartfeeld enny moer!"

"Dere afecshonate crechure!—U bannisht too Abby-Mil Farm!—U confiand too the sociyety ov the ilitterate and vulgar aul yor life! I wunder hou the yung man cood hav the ashurans too aasc it. He must hav a pritty good opinyon ov himcelf."

"I doo not thhinc he iz conceted iather, in genneral," ced Harreyet, her conshens oposing such censhure; "at leest, he iz verry good nachuerd, and I shal aulwase fele much obliajd too him, and hav a grate regard

for—but dhat iz qwite a different thhing from—and u no, dho he ma like me, it duz not follo dhat I shood—and certainly I must confes dhat cins mi vizsiting here I hav cene pepel—and if wun cumz too compare them, person and mannerz, dhare iz no comparrison at aul, *wun* iz so verry handsum and agreyabel. Houwevver, I doo reyaly thhinc Mr.

Martin a verry ameyabel yung man, and hav a grate opinyon ov him; and hiz beying so much atacht too me—and hiz riting such a letter—but az too leving u, it iz whaut I wood not doo uppon enny concideraishon.”

“Thanc u, thanc u, mi one swete littel frend. We wil not be parted. A woomman iz not too marry a man meerly becauz she iz aasct, or becauz he iz atacht too her, and can rite a tollerabel letter.”

“O no;—and it iz but a short letter too.”

Emmaa felt the bad taist ov her frend, but let it paas withe a “verry tru; and it wood be a smaul consolaishon too her, for the clounish manner which mite be ofending her evvery our ov the da, too no dhat her huzband cood rite a good letter.”

“O! yes, verry. Nobody caerz for a letter; the thhing iz, too be aulwase happy withe plezzant companyonz. I am qwite determiand too refuse him. But hou shal I doo? Whaut shal I sa?”

Emmaa ashuerd her dhare wood be no difficulty in the aancer, and adviazd its beying ritten directly, which wauz agrede too, in the hope ov her acistans; and dho Emmaa continnude too protest against enny acistans beying waunted, it wauz in fact ghivven in the formaishon ov evvery

centens. The loocking over hiz letter agane, in replying too it, had such a softening tendency, dhat it wauz particcularly nescesary too brace her up withe a fu decicive expreshonz; and she wauz so verry much

concern'd at the ideyaa ov making him unhappy, and thaut so much ov whaut hiz muther and cisterz wood thhinc and sa, and wauz so ancshous dhat dha shood not fancy her un'graitfool, dhat Emmaa beleevd if the yung man had cum in her wa at dhat moment, he wood hav bene axepted aafter aul.

This letter, houwevver, wauz ritten, and ceeld, and cent. The biznes wauz finnisht, and Harreyet safe. She wauz raather lo aul the evening, but Emmaa cood alou for her ameyabel regrets, and sumtiamz releevd them bi speking ov her one afecshon, sumtiamz bi bringing forword the ideyaa ov Mr. Elton.

"I shal nevver be invited too Abby-Mil agane," wauz ced in raather a sorofool tone.

"Nor, if u wer, cood I evver bare too part withe u, mi Harreyet. U ar a grate dele too nescesary at Hartfeeld too be spaerd too Abby-Mil."

"And I am shure I shood nevver waunt too go dhare; for I am nevver happy but at Hartfeeld."

Sum time aafterwordz it wauz, "I thhinc Mrs. Goddard wood be verry much cerpriazd if she nu whaut had happend. I am shure Mis Nash wood—for Mis Nash thhinx her one cister verry wel marrede, and it iz oonly a linnen-draper."

"Wun shood be sory too ce grater pride or refianment in the techer ov a scoole, Harreyet. I dare sa Mis Nash wood envy u such an oporchunity az this ov beying marrede. Even this conqwest wood apere vallubel in her ise. Az too enny thhing supereyor for u, I supose she iz qwite in the darc. The atenshonz ov a certane person can hardly be

among the tittel-tattel ov Hibury yet. Hithertoo I fancy u and I ar the oanly pepel too whoome hiz loox and mannerz hav explaind themcelvz."

Harreyet blusht and smiald, and ced sumthhing about wundering dhat pepel shood like her so much. The ideyaa ov Mr. Elton wauz certainly chering; but stil, aafter a time, she wauz tender-harted agane toowordz the regected Mr. Martin.

"Nou he haz got mi letter," ced she softly. "I wunder whaut dha ar aul doowing—whether hiz cisterz no—if he iz unhappy, dha wil be unhappy too. I hope he wil not miand it so verry much."

"Let us thhinc ov dhose among our abcent frendz whoo ar moer cheerfooly employd," cride Emmaa. "At this moment, perhaps, Mr. Elton iz shuwng yor picchure too hiz muther and cisterz, telling hou much moer butifool iz the oridginal, and aafter beyng aasct for it five or cix tiamz, alouwing them too here yor name, yor one dere name."

"Mi picchure!—But he haz left mi picchure in Bond-strete."

"Haz he so!—Then I no nuthhing ov Mr. Elton. No, mi dere littel moddest Harreyet, depend uppon it the picchure wil not be in Bond-strete til just befoer he mounts hiz hors too-moro. It iz hiz companyon aul this evening, hiz sollace, hiz delite. It openz hiz desianz too hiz fammily, it introjucez u among them, it difusez throo the party dhose plezzantest felingz ov our nachure, egher cureyosity and worm preposeshon. Hou cheerfool, hou animated, hou suspishous, hou bizsy dhare imaginaishonz aul ar!"

Harreyet smiald agane, and her smialz gru stron'gher.

## CHAPTER 8

Harreyet slept at Hartfeeld dhat nite. For sum weex paast she had bene spending moer dhan haaf her time dhare, and gradjuwaly ghetting too hav a bed-roome aproapreyated too hercelf; and Emmaa jujd it best in evvery respect, safest and kiandest, too kepe her withe them az much az poscibel just at prezsent. She wauz obliajd too go the next morning for an our or too too Mrs. Goddardz, but it wauz then too be cetteld dhat she shood retern too Hartfeeld, too make a reggular vizsit ov sum dase.

While she wauz gon, Mr. Niatly cauld, and sat sum time withe Mr. Wood'hous and Emmaa, til Mr. Wood'hous, whoo had preveyously made up hiz miand too wauc out, wauz perswaded bi hiz dauter not too defer it, and wauz injust bi the entretese ov boath, dho against the scrupelz ov hiz one civillity, too leve Mr. Niatly for dhat perpoce. Mr. Niatly, whoo had nuthhing ov cerremony about him, wauz offering bi hiz short, decided aancerz, an amusing contraast too the protracted apollogese and civvil hesitaishonz ov the uther.

“Wel, I beleve, if u wil excuse me, Mr. Niatly, if u wil not concidder me az doowing a verry rude thhing, I shal take Emmaaz advice and go out for a qworter ov an our. Az the sun iz out, I beleve I had better take mi thre ternz while I can. I trete u widhout cerremony, Mr. Niatly. We invalidz thhinc we ar privvileejd pepel.”

“Mi dere cer, doo not make a strain'ger ov me.”

“I leve an exelent substichute in mi dauter. Emmaa wil be happy too

entertane u. And dhaerfoer I thhinc I wil beg yor excuce and take mi thre ternz—mi winter wauc.”

“U canot doo better, cer.”

“I wood aasc for the plezhure ov yor cumpany, Mr. Niatly, but I am a verry slo wauker, and mi pace wood be tejous too u; and, beciadz, u hav anuther long wauc befoer u, too Donwel Abby.”

“Thanc u, cer, thanc u; I am gowing this moment micelf; and I thhinc the sooner *u* go the better. I wil fech yor graitcote and open the garden doer for u.”

Mr. Wood’hous at laast wauz of; but Mr. Niatly, insted ov beying imejaitly of liaqwise, sat doun agane, cemingly incliand for moer chat. He began speking ov Harreyet, and speking ov her withe moer volluntary prase dhan Emmaa had evver herd befoer.

“I canot rate her buty az u doo,” ced he; “but she iz a pritty littel crechure, and I am incliand too thhinc verry wel ov her disposishon. Her carracter dependz uppon dhose she iz withe; but in good handz she wil tern out a vallubel woomman.”

“I am glad u thhinc so; and the good handz, I hope, ma not be waunting.”

“Cum,” ced he, “u ar ancshous for a compliment, so I wil tel u dhat u hav impruivd her. U hav cuerd her ov her scoole-gherlz ghigghel; she reyaly duz u credit.”

“Thanc u. I shood be mortifide indede if I did not beleve I had bene ov sum uce; but it iz not evvery boddy whoo wil besto prase whare dha ma. *U* doo not often overpouwer me withe it.”

"U ar expecting her agane, u sa, this morning?"

"Aulmoast evvery moment. She haz bene gon lon'gher aulreddy dhan she intended."

"Sumthhing haz happend too dela her; sum vizsitorz perhaps."

"Hibury gosscips!—Tiarsum retchez!"

"Harreyet ma not concidder evvery boddy tiarsum dhat u wood."

Emmaa nu this wauz too tru for contradicshon, and dhaerfoer ced nuthhing. He prezently added, withe a smile,

"I doo not pretend too fix on tiamz or placez, but I must tel u dhat I hav good rezon too beleve yor littel frend wil soone here ov sumthhing too her advaantage."

"Indede! hou so? ov whaut sort?"

"A verry cereyous sort, I ashure u;" stil smiling.

"Verry cereyous! I can thhinc ov but wun thhing—Whoo iz in luv withe her?

Whoo maix u dhare confidant?"

Emmaa wauz moer dhan haaf in hoaps ov Mr. Eltonz havving dropt a hint. Mr. Niatly wauz a sort ov genneral frend and adviser, and she nu Mr. Elton looct up too him.

"I hav rezon too thhinc," he replide, "dhat Harreyet Smith wil soone hav an offer ov marrage, and from a moast unexepshonabel qworter:—Robbert Martin iz the man. Her vizsit too Abby-Mil, this

summer, ceemz too hav dun hiz biznes. He iz desperaitly in luv and meenz too marry her.”

“He iz verry obliging,” ced Emmaa; “but iz he shure dhat Harreyet meenz too marry him?”

“Wel, wel, meenz too make her an offer then. Wil dhat doo? He came too the Abby too eveningz ago, on perpoce too consult me about it. He nose I hav a thurro regard for him and aul hiz fammily, and, I beleve, concidderz me az wun ov hiz best frendz. He came too aasc me whether I thaut it wood be imprudent in him too cettel so erly; whether I thaut her too yung: in short, whether I apruivd hiz chois aultooghether; havving sum apreghenshon perhaps ov her beying concidderd (espehaly cins *yor* making so much ov her) az in a line ov sociyety abuv him. I wauz verry much pleezd withe aul dhat he ced. I nevver here better cens from enny wun dhan Robbert Martin. He aulwase speex too the perpoce; open, straitforword, and verry wel judging. He toald me evvery thhing; hiz circumstaancez and planz, and whaut dha aul propoazd doowing in the event ov hiz marrage. He iz an exelent yung man, boath az sun and bruther. I had no hesitaishon in advising him too marry. He pruvd too me dhat he cood afoerd it; and dhat beying the cace, I wauz convinst he cood not doo better. I praizd the fare lady too, and aultooghether cent him awa verry happy. If he had nevver esteemd mi opinyon befoer, he wood hav thaut hily ov me then; and, I dare sa, left the hous thhinking me the best frend and councilor man evver had. This happend the nite befoer laast. Nou, az we ma faerly suppose, he wood not alou much time too paas befoer he spoke too the lady, and az he duz not apere too hav spoken yesterda, it iz not unliacly dhat he shoold be at Mrs. Goddardz too-da; and she ma be detaind bi a vizsitor, widhout thhinking him at aul a tiarsum rech.”



“Pra, Mr. Niatly,” ced Emmaa, whoo had bene smiling too hercelf throo a grate part ov this speche, “hou doo u no dhat Mr. Martin did not speke yesterda?”

“Certainly,” replide he, cerpriazd, “I doo not absolutly no it; but it ma be inferd. Wauz not she the whole da withe u?”

“Cum,” ced she, “I wil tel u sumthhing, in retern for whaut u hav toald me. He did speke yesterda—dhat iz, he rote, and wauz refuezd.”

This wauz obliajd too be repeted befoer it cood be beleevd; and Mr. Niatly acchuwaly looct red withe cerprise and displezhure, az he stood up, in taul indignaishon, and ced,

“Then she iz a grater cimpelton dhan I evver beleevd her. Whaut iz the foolish gherl about?”

“O! too be shure,” cride Emmaa, “it iz aulwase incomprehencibel too a man dhat a woomman shood evver refuse an offer ov marrage. A man aulwase imadgianz a woomman too be reddy for enny boddy whoo aasx her.”

“Noncens! a man duz not imadgine enny such thhing. But whaut iz the mening ov this? Harreyet Smith refuse Robbert Martin? madnes, if it iz so; but I hope u ar mistaken.”

“I sau her aancer!—nuthhing cood be clerer.”

“U sau her aancer!—u rote her aancer too. Emmaa, this iz yor doowing. U perswaded her too refuse him.”

“And if I did, (which, houwevver, I am far from alouwing) I shood not fele dhat I had dun rong. Mr. Martin iz a verry respectabel yung man,

but I canot admit him too be Harreyets eeqwal; and am raather cerpriazd indede dhat he shood hav venchuerd too adres her. Bi yor acount, he duz ceme too hav had sum scrupelz. It iz a pittty dhat dha wer evver got over."

"Not Harreyets eeqwal!" exclaimd Mr. Niatly loudly and wormly; and withe caalmer asperrity, added, a fu moments aafterwordz, "No, he iz not her eeqwal indede, for he iz az much her supereyor in cens az in cichuwaishon. Emmaa, yor infachuwaishon about dhat gherl bliandz u. Whaut ar

Harreyet Smiths claimz, iather ov berth, nachure or ejucaishon, too enny conecshon hiyer dhan Robbert Martin? She iz the natchural dauter ov nobody nose whoome, withe probbably no cetteld provizhon at aul, and certainly no respectabel relaishonz. She iz none oonly az parlor-boerder at a common scoole. She iz not a cencibel gherl, nor a gherl ov enny informaishon. She haz bene taut nuthhing uesfool, and iz too yung and too cimpel too hav aqwiard enny thhing hercelf. At her age she can hav no expereyens, and withe her littel wit, iz not verry liacly evver too hav enny dhat can avale her. She iz pritty, and she iz good temperd, and dhat iz aul. Mi oonly scrupel in advising the mach wauz on hiz acount, az beying beneeth hiz dezserts, and a bad conecshon for him. I felt dhat, az too forchune, in aul probabillity he mite doo much better; and dhat az too a rashonal companyon or uesfool helpmate, he cood not doo

wers. But I cood not rezon so too a man in luv, and wauz willing too trust too dhare beying no harm in her, too her havving dhat sort ov disposishon, which, in good handz, like hiz, mite be esily led arite and tern out verry wel. The advaantage ov the mach I felt too be aul on her cide; and had not the smaulest dout (nor hav I nou) dhat dhare wood be a genneral cri-out uppon her extreme good luc. Even yor satisfacshon I made shure ov. It crost mi miand imejaitly dhat u wood not regret yor frendz leving Hiburay, for the sake ov her beying cetteld so wel. I remember saying too micelf, 'Even Emmaa, withe

aul her parshallity for Harreyet, wil thhinc this a good mach.”

“I canot help wundering at yor nowing so littel ov Emmaa az too sa enny such thhing. Whaut! thhinc a farmer, (and withe aul hiz cens and aul hiz merrit Mr. Martin iz nuthhing moer,) a good mach for mi intimate frend! Not regret her leving Hibury for the sake ov marreying a man whoome I cood nevver admit az an aqwaintans ov mi one! I wunder u shood thhinc it poscibel for me too hav such felingz. I ashure u mine ar verry different. I must thhinc yor staitment bi no meenz fare. U ar not just too Harreyets claimz. Dha wood be estimated verry differently bi utherz az wel az micelf; Mr. Martin ma be the rithest ov the too, but he iz undoutedly her infereyor az too ranc in sociyety.—The sfere in which she muivz iz much abuv hiz.—It wood be a degradaishon.”

“A degradaishon too ilegittimacy and ignorans, too be marrede too a respectabel, intelligent gentelman-farmer!”

“Az too the cercumstaancez ov her berth, dho in a legal cens she ma be cauld Nobody, it wil not hoald in common cens. She iz not too pa for the ofens ov utherz, bi beying held belo the levvel ov dhose withe whoome she iz braut up.—Dhare can scaersly be a dout dhat her faather iz a gentelman—and a gentelman ov forchune.—Her alouwans iz verry libberal; nuthhing haz evver bene grujd for her impruivment or cumfort.—Dhat she iz a gentelmanz dauter, iz injubitabel too me; dhat she asoasheyaits withe gentelmenz dauterz, no wun, I aprehend, wil deni.—She iz supereyor too Mr. Robbert Martin.”

“Whoowevver mite be her parents,” ced Mr. Niatly, “whoowevver ma hav had the charj ov her, it duz not apere too hav bene enny part ov dhare plan too introjuce her intoo whaut u wood caul good sociyety. Aafter receving a verry indifferent ejucaishon she iz left in Mrs. Goddardz handz too shift az she can;—too moove, in short, in Mrs. Goddardz line, too hav Mrs. Goddardz aqwaintans. Her frendz

evvidently thaut this good enuf for her; and it *wauz* good enuf.

She desiard nuthhing better hercelf. Til u chose too tern her intoo a frend, her miand had no distaist for her one cet, nor enny ambishon beyond it. She wauz az happy az poscibel withe the Martinz in the summer.

She had no cens ov supereyority then. If she haz it nou, u hav ghivven it. U hav bene no frend too Harreyet Smith, Emmaa. Robbert Martin wood nevver hav proceded so far, if he had not felt perswaded ov her not beying dicincliand too him. I no him wel. He haz too much reyal feling too adres enny woomman on the haphazard ov celfish pashon. And az too concete, he iz the farthest from it ov enny man I no. Depend uppon it he had encurraijment."

It wauz moast conveyent too Emmaa not too make a direct repli too this acershon; she chose raather too take up her one line ov the subject agane.

"U ar a verry worm frend too Mr. Martin; but, az I ced befoer, ar unjust too Harreyet. Harreyets claimz too marry wel ar not so contemptibel az u represent them. She iz not a clevver gherl, but she haz better cens dhan u ar aware ov, and duz not deserv too hav her understanding spoken ov so slitingly. Waving dhat point, houwevver, and suposing her too be, az u describe her, oanly pritty and good-nachuerd, let me tel u, dhat in the degry she posescez them, dha ar not trivveyal recomendaishonz too the werld in genneral, for she iz, in fact, a butifool gherl, and must be thaut so bi nianty-nine pepel out ov an hundred; and til it apeerz dhat men ar much moer filosoffic on the subject ov buty dhan dha ar genneraly supoazd; til dha doo faul in luv withe wel-informd miandz insted ov handsum facez, a gherl, withe such luvlines az Harreyet, haz a certainty ov beying admiard and saut aafter, ov havving the pouwer ov chusing from amung menny, conceqwently a clame too be nice. Her good-nachure, too, iz not so verry slite a clame, comprehending, az it duz, reyal, thurro

sweetnes ov temper and manner, a verry humbel opinyon ov herself, and a grate reddines too be pleezd withe uther pepel. I am verry much mistaken if yor cex in genneral wood not thhinc such buty, and such temper, the hiyest claimz a woomman cood poses.”

“Uppon mi werd, Emmaa, too here u abusing the rezon u hav, iz aulmoast enuf too make me thhinc so too. Better be widhout cens, dhan misapli it az u doo.”

“Too be shure!” cride she plafooly. “I no *dhat* iz the feling ov u aul. I no dhat such a gherl az Harreyet iz exactly whaut evvery man deliats in—whaut at wuns bewitchez hiz cencez and sattisfise hiz jujment. O! Harreyet ma pic and chuse. Wer u, yorcelf, evver too marry, she iz the verry woomman for u. And iz she, at cevventene, just entering intoo life, just beghinning too be none, too be wunderd at becauz she duz not axept the ferst offer she receevz? No—pra let her hav time too looc about her.”

“I hav aulwase thaut it a verry foolish intimacy,” ced Mr. Niatly prezsently, “dho I hav kept mi thauts too micelf; but I nou perceve dhat it wil be a verry unforchunate wun for Harreyet. U wil puf her up withe such ideyaaz ov her one buty, and ov whaut she haz a clame too, dhat, in a littel while, nobody within her reche wil be good enuf for her. Vannity werking on a weke hed, projucez evvery sort ov mischefe. Nuthhing so esy az for a yung lady too rase her expectaishonz too hi. Mis Harreyet Smith ma not fiand offerz ov marrage flo in so faast, dho she iz a verry pritty gherl. Men ov cens, whautevver u ma chuse too sa, doo not waunt cilly wiavz. Men ov fammily wood not be verry fond ov conecting themcelvz withe a gherl ov such obscurity—and moast prudent men wood be afrade ov the inconveenyens and disgrace dha mite be involvd in, when the mistery ov her parentage came too be reveeld. Let her marry Robbert Martin, and she iz safe, respectabel,

and happy for evver; but if u encurrage her too expect too marry graitley, and teche her too be sattisfide withe nuthhing les dhan a man ov conceqwens and larj forchune, she ma be a parlor-boerder at Mrs. Goddardz aul the rest ov her life—or, at leest, (for Harreyet Smith iz a gherl whoo wil marry sumbody or uther,) til she gro desperate, and iz glad too cach at the oald riting-maasterz sun.”

“We thhinc so verry differently on this point, Mr. Niatly, dhat dhare can be no uce in canvassing it. We shal oonly be making eche uther moer an’gry. But az too mi *letting* her marry Robbert Martin, it iz imposcibel; she haz refuezd him, and so decidedly, I thhinc, az must prevent enny cecond aplicaishon. She must abide bi the evil ov havving refuezd him, whautevver it ma be; and az too the refuzal itcelf, I wil not pretend too sa dhat I mite not influwens her a littel; but I ashure u dhare wauz verry littel for me or for enny boddy too doo. Hiz aperans iz so much against him, and hiz manner so bad, dhat if she evver wer dispoazd too favor him, she iz not nou. I can imadgine, dhat befoer she had cene enny boddy supereyor, she mite tollerate him. He wauz the bruther ov her frendz, and he tooc painz too plese her; and aultooghether, havving cene nobody better (dhat must hav bene hiz grate acistant) she mite not, while she wauz at Abby-Mil, fiand him disagreyabel. But the cace iz aulterd nou. She nose nou whaut gentelmen ar; and nuthhing but a gentelman in ejucaishon and manner haz enny chaans withe Harreyet.”

“Noncens, errant noncens, az evver wauz tauct!” cride Mr. Niatly.—“Robbert Martinz mannerz hav cens, cincerrity, and good-humor too recomend them; and hiz miand haz moer tru gentillity dhan Harreyet Smith cood understand.”

Emmaa made no aancer, and tride too looc cheerfooly unconcernd, but wauz reyal feling uncumfortabel and waunting him verry much too be gon. She did not repent whaut she had dun; she stil thaut hercelf a better juj ov such a point ov female rite and refianment dhan he cood be; but yet she had a sort ov habitchuwal respect for hiz jujment in genneral, which made her dislike havving it so loudly against her; and too hav him citting just opposite too her in an'gry state, wauz verry disagreyabel. Sum minnuets paast in this unplezzant cilens, withe oanly wun atempt on Emmaaz cide too tauc ov the wether, but he made no aancer. He wauz thhinking. The rezult ov hiz thauts apeerd at laast in these werdz.

“Robbert Martin haz no grate los—if he can but thhinc so; and I hope it wil not be long befoer he duz. Yor vuse for Harreyet ar best none too yorcelf; but az u make no ceecret ov yor luv ov mach-making, it iz fare too suppose dhat vuse, and planz, and prodjects u hav;—and az a frend I shal just hint too u dhat if Elton iz the man, I thhinc it wil be aul labor in vane.”

Emmaa laaft and disclaimd. He continnude,

“Depend uppon it, Elton wil not doo. Elton iz a verry good sort ov man, and a verry respectabel viccar ov Hiburay, but not at aul liacly too make an imprudent mach. He nose the vallu ov a good incum az wel az enny boddy. Elton ma tauc centimentaly, but he wil act rashonaly. He iz az wel aqwainted withe hiz one claimz, az u can be withe Harreyets. He nose dhat he iz a verry handsum yung man, and a grate favorite wharevver he gose; and from hiz genneral wa ov tauking in unreservd moments, when dhare ar oanly men prezsent, I am convinst dhat he duz not mene too thro himcelf awa. I hav herd him speke withe grate animaishon ov a larj fammily ov yung ladese dhat hiz cisterz ar intimate withe, whoo hav aul twenty thouzand poundz apece.”

“I am verry much obliajd too u,” ced Emmaa, laafing agane. “If I had

set mi hart on Mr. Eltonz marreying Harreyet, it wood hav bene verry kiand too open mi ise; but at prezsent I oanly waunt too kepe Harreyet too micelf. I hav dun withe mach-making indede. I cood nevver hope too eeqwal mi one doowingz at Randalz. I shal leve of while I am wel."

"Good morning too u,"—ced he, rising and wauking of abruptly. He wauz verry much vext. He felt the disapointment ov the yung man, and wauz mortifide too hav bene the meenz ov promoting it, bi the sancshon he had ghivven; and the part which he wauz perswaded Emmaa had taken in the afare, wauz provoking him exedingly.

Emmaa remaind in a state ov vexaishon too; but dhare wauz moer indistinctnes in the causez ov herz, dhan in hiz. She did not aulwase fele so absoluetly sattisfide withe hercelf, so entiarly convinst dhat her opinyonz wer rite and her adversarese rong, az Mr. Niatly. He wauct of in moer complete celf-aprobaishon dhan he left for her. She wauz not so matereyaly caast doun, houwevver, but dhat a littel time and the retern ov Harreyet wer verry addeqwate restoratiavz. Harreyets staying awa so long wauz beghinning too make her unnesy. The pocibillity ov the yung manz cumming too Mrs. Goddardz dhat morning, and meting withe Harreyet and pleding hiz one cauz, gave alarming ideyaaz. The dred ov such a falure aafter aul became the promminent unnesines; and when Harreyet apeerd, and in verry good spirrits, and widhout havving enny such

rezon too ghiv for her long abcens, she felt a satisfacshon which cetteld her withe her one miand, and convinst her, dhat let Mr. Niatly thhinc or sa whaut he wood, she had dun nuthing which woommanz frendship and woommanz felingz wood not justifi.

He had fritend her a littel about Mr. Elton; but when she concidderd dhat Mr. Niatly cood not hav observd him az she had dun, niather withe the interest, nor (she must be aloud too tel hercelf, in spite ov Mr. Niatlese pretenshonz) withe the skil ov such an observer on



such a qweschon az hercelf, dhat he had spoken it haistily and in an'gher, she wauz abel too beleve, dhat he had raather ced whaut he wisht resentfooly too be tru, dhan whaut he nu enny thhing about. He certainly mite hav herd Mr. Elton speke withe moer unreserv dhan she had evver dun, and Mr. Elton mite not be ov an imprudent, inconcidderate disposishon az too munny matterz; he mite natchuraly be raather atentive dhan utherwise too them; but then, Mr. Niatly did not make ju alouwans for the influwens ov a strong pashon at wor withe aul interested motiavz. Mr. Niatly sau no such pashon, and ov coers thaut nuthhing ov its efects; but she sau too much ov it too fele a dout ov its overcumming enny hesitaishonz dhat a rezonabel prudens mite oridginaly sugest; and moer dhan a rezonabel, becumming degry ov prudens, she wauz verry shure did not belong too Mr. Elton.

Harreyets cheerfool looc and manner establisht herz: she came bac, not too thhinc ov Mr. Martin, but too tauc ov Mr. Elton. Mis Nash had bene telling her sumthhing, which she repeted imejaitly withe grate delite. Mr. Perry had bene too Mrs. Goddardz too atend a cic chiald, and Mis Nash had cene him, and he had toald Mis Nash, dhat az he wauz cumming bac yesterda from Claton Parc, he had met Mr. Elton, and found too hiz grate cerprise, dhat Mr. Elton wauz acchuwaly on hiz rode too

Lundon, and not mening too retern til the moro, dho it wauz the whist-club nite, which he had bene nevver none too mis befoer; and Mr. Perry had remmonstrated withe him about it, and toald him hou shabby it wauz in him, dhare best player, too abcent himcelf, and tride verry much too perswade him too poot of hiz gerny oonly wun da; but it wood not doo; Mr. Elton had bene determiand too go on, and had ced in a *verry particular* wa indede, dhat he wauz gowing on biznes which he wood not poot of for enny injuesment in the werld; and sumthhing about a verry enveyabel comishon, and beying the barer ov sumthhing exedingly preshous. Mr. Perry cood not qwite understand him, but he wauz verry shure dhare must be a *lady* in the cace, and he toald him so; and Mr.

Elton oonly looct verry conshous and smiling, and rode of in grate spirrits. Mis Nash had toald her aul this, and had tauct a grate dele moer about Mr. Elton; and ced, loocking so verry cignificantly at her, "dhat she did not pretend too understand whaut hiz biznes mite be, but she oonly nu dhat enny woomman whoome Mr. Elton cood prefer, she shood thhinc the luckeyest woomman in the werld; for, beyond a dout, Mr. Elton had not hiz eequal for buty or agreyabelnes."

## CHAPTER 9

Mr. Niatly mite qworel withe her, but Emmaa cood not qworel withe hercelf. He wauz so much displeezd, dhat it wauz lon'gher dhan uezhuwal befoer he came too Hartfeeld agane; and when dha did mete, hiz grave loox shude dhat she wauz not forghivven. She wauz sorry, but cood not repent. On the contrary, her planz and procedingz wer moer and moer justifide and endeerd too her bi the genneral aperancez ov the next fu dase.

The Picchure, ellegantly fraimd, came saifly too hand soone aafter Mr. Eltonz retern, and beying hung over the mantelpece ov the common citting-roome, he got up too looc at it, and cide out hiz haaf centencez ov admiraishon just az he aut; and az for Harreyets felingz, dha wer vizsibly forming themcelvz intoo az strong and stedly an attachment az her ueth and sort ov miand admitted. Emmaa wauz soone perfectly sattisfide ov Mr. Martinz beying no urtherwise rememberd, dhan az he fernisht a contraast withe Mr. Elton, ov the utmoast advaantage too the latter.

Her vuse ov improving her littel frendz miand, bi a grate dele ov uesfool reding and conversaishon, had nevver yet led too moer dhan a fu ferst chapterz, and the intenshon ov gowing on too-moro. It wauz much eseyer too chat dhan too studdy; much plezzanter too let her imaginaishon rainj and werc at Harreyets forchune, dhan too be laboring too enlarj her comprehenshon or exercise it on sober facts; and the oonly litterary persute which en'gaijd Harreyet at prezsent, the oonly mental provizhon she

wauz making for the evening ov life, wauz the colecting and traanscribing aul the riddelz ov evvery sort dhat she cood mete withe, intoo a thhin qworto ov hot-prest paper, made up bi her frend, and ornamented withe ciferz and trofese.

In this age ov litterachure, such colescshonz on a verry grand scale ar not uncommon. Mis Nash, hed-techer at Mrs. Goddardz, had ritten out at leest thre hundred; and Harreyet, whoo had taken the ferst hint ov it from her, hoapt, withe Mis Wood'housez help, too ghet a grate menny moer. Emmaa acisted withe her invenshon, memmory and taist; and az Harreyet rote a verry pritty hand, it wauz liacly too be an arainjment ov the ferst order, in form az wel az qwauntity.

Mr. Wood'hous wauz aulmoast az much interested in the biznes az the gherlz, and tride verry often too recolect sumthhing werth dhare pooting in. "So menny clevver riddelz az dhare uest too be when he wauz yung—he wunderd he cood not remember them! but he hoapt he shood in time." And it aulwase ended in "Kitty, a fare but frosen made."

Hiz good frend Perry, too, whoome he had spoken too on the subject, did not at prezsent recolect enny thhing ov the riddel kiand; but he had desiard Perry too be uppon the wauch, and az he went about so much, sumthhing, he thaut, mite cum from dhat qworter.

It wauz bi no meenz hiz dauterz wish dhat the intelects ov Hibury in genneral shood be poot under reqwisishon. Mr. Elton wauz the oonly wun

whoose acistans she aasct. He wauz invited too contribbute enny reyaly good enigmaaz, sharaadz, or conundrumz dhat he mite recolect; and she had the plezhure ov ceying him moast intently at werc withe hiz recolecshonz; and at the same time, az she cood perceve, moast earnestly caerfool dhat nuthhing un'gallant, nuthhing dhat did not breathe a compliment too the cex shood paas hiz lips. Dha ode too him dhare too or thre politest puzselz; and the joi and exultaishon withe which at laast he recauld, and raather centimentaly recited, dhat wel-none sharaad,

Mi ferst duth aflicshon denote,

Which mi cecond iz destind too fele  
And mi whole iz the best antidote  
Dhat aflicshon too soften and hele.—

made her qwite sory too acnollej dhat dha had traanscriabd it sum pagez ago aulreddy.

“Whi wil not u rite wun yorcelf for us, Mr. Elton?” ced she;  
“dhat iz the oonly security for its freshnes; and nuthhing cood be eseyer too u.”

“O no! he had nevver ritten, hardly evver, enny thhing ov the kiand in hiz life. The schupidest fello! He wauz afrade not even Mis Wood'hous”—he stopt a moment—“or Mis Smith cood inspire him.”

The verry next da houwevver projuest sum proofe ov inspiraishon. He cauld  
for a fu moments, just too leve a pece ov paper on the tabel  
contaning, az he ced, a sharaad, which a frend ov hiz had adrest

too a yung lady, the obgett ov hiz admiraishon, but which, from hiz manner, Emmaa wauz imejaitly convinst must be hiz one.

“I doo not offer it for Mis Smiths colecshon,” ced he. “Beying mi frendz, I hav no rite too expose it in enny degry too the public i, but perhaps u ma not dislike loocking at it.”

The speche wauz moer too Emmaa dhan too Harreyet, which Emmaa cood understand. Dhare wauz depe conshousnes about him, and he found it eseyer too mete her i dhan her frendz. He wauz gon the next moment:—aafter anuther moments pauz,

“Take it,” ced Emmaa, smiling, and pooshing the paper toowordz Harreyet—“it iz for u. Take yor one.”

But Harreyet wauz in a tremmor, and cood not tuch it; and Emmaa, nevver loath too be ferst, wauz obliajd too exammine it hercelf.

Too Mis——

SHARAAD.

Mi ferst displase the welth and pomp ov kingz,  
Lordz ov the erth! dhare lucshury and ese.  
Anuther vu ov man, mi cecond bringz,  
Behoald him dhare, the monnarc ov the cese!

But aa! united, whaut revers we hav!  
Manz boasted pouwer and fredom, aul ar flone;  
Lord ov the erth and ce, he bendz a slave,  
And woomman, luvly woomman, rainz alone.

Thi reddy wit the werd wil soone supli,  
Ma its aprooval beme in dhat soft i!

She caast her i over it, ponderd, caut the mening, red it throo agane too be qwite certane, and qwite mistres ov the lianz, and then paacing it too Harreyet, sat happily smiling, and saying too hercelf, while Harreyet wauz puzzling over the paper in aul the confuezhon ov hope and dulnes, "Verry wel, Mr. Elton, verry wel indede. I hav red wers sharaadz. *Coertship*—a verry good hint. I ghiv u credit for it. This iz feling yor wa. This iz saying verry plainly—'Pra, Mis Smith, ghiv me leve too pa mi adrecez too u. Aproove mi sharaad and mi intenshonz in the same glaans.'

Ma its aprooval beme in dhat soft i!

Harreyet exactly. Soft iz the verry werd for her i—ov aul eppithhets, the justest dhat cood be ghivven.

Thi reddy wit the werd wil soone supli.

Humf—Harreyets reddy wit! Aul the better. A man must be verry much in luv, indede, too describe her so. Aa! Mr. Niatly, I wish u had the bennefit ov this; I thhinc this wood convins u. For wuns in yor life u wood be obliajd too one yorcelf mistaken. An exelent sharaad indede! and verry much too the perpoce. Thhingz must cum too a cricis soone nou."

She wauz obliajd too brake of from these verry plezzant observaishonz, which wer urtherwise ov a sort too run intoo grate length, bi the

eghernes ov Harreyets wondering qweschonz.

“Whaut can it be, Mis Wood’hous?—whaut can it be? I hav not an ideyaa—  
I  
canot ghes it in the leest. Whaut can it poscibly be? Doo tri too fiand  
it out, Mis Wood’hous. Doo help me. I nevver sau enny thhing so hard. Iz  
it kingdom? I wunder whoo the frend wauz—and whoo cood be the yung  
lady. Doo u thhinc it iz a good wun? Can it be woomman?

And woomman, luvly woomman, rainz alone.

Can it be Nepchune?

Behoald him dhare, the monnarc ov the cese!

Or a trident? or a mermade? or a sharc? O, no! sharc iz oonly wun  
cillabel. It must be verry clevver, or he wood not hav braut it. O!  
Mis Wood’hous, doo u thhinc we shal evver fiand it out?”

“Mermaidz and sharx! Noncens! Mi dere Harreyet, whaut ar u thhinking  
ov? Whare wood be the uce ov hiz bringing us a sharaad made bi a  
frend uppon a mermade or a sharc? Ghiv me the paper and liscen.

For Mis ——, red Mis Smith.

Mi ferst displase the welth and pomp ov kingz,  
Lordz ov the erth! dhare lucshury and ese.

Dhat iz *coert*.

Anuther vu ov man, mi cecond bringz;  
Behoald him dhare, the monnarc ov the cese!

Dhat iz *ship*;—plane az it can be.—Nou for the creme.

But aa! united, (*coertship*, u no,) whaut revers we hav!

Manz boasted pouwer and fredom, aul ar flone.  
Lord ov the erth and ce, he bendz a slave,  
And woomman, luvly woomman, rainz alone.

A verry propper compliment!—and then follose the applicaishon, which I thhinc, mi dere Harreyet, u canot fiand much difficulty in comprehending. Rede it in cumfort too yorcelf. Dhare can be no dout ov its beying ritten for u and too u.”

Harreyet cood not long resist so deliatfool a perswaizhon. She red the concluding lianz, and wauz aul flutter and happines. She cood not speke. But she wauz not waunted too speke. It wauz enuf for her too fele. Emmaa spoke for her.

“Dhare iz so pointed, and so particcular a mening in this compliment,” ced she, “dhat I canot hav a dout az too Mr. Eltonz intenshon. U ar hiz obgett—and u wil soone receive the compleetst prooffe ov it. I thaut it must be so. I thaut I cood not be so deceevd; but nou, it iz clere; the state ov hiz miand iz az clere and decided, az mi wishez on the subject hav bene evver cins I nu u. Yes, Harreyet, just so long hav I bene waunting the verry circumstaans too happen dhat haz happend. I cood nevver tel whether an atachment betwene u and Mr. Elton wer moast desirabel or moast natchural. Its probabillity and its eligibillity hav reyaly so eeqwald eche uther! I am verry happy. I con’gratchulate u, mi dere Harreyet, withe aul mi hart. This iz an



attachment which a wooman ma wel fele pride in creyating. This iz a conecshon which offerz nuthhing but good. It wil ghiv u evvery thhing dhat u waunt—concideraishon, independens, a propper home—it wil fix u in the center ov aul yor reyal frendz, cloce too Hartfeeld and too me, and conform our intimacy for evver. This, Harreyet, iz an aliyans which can nevver rase a blush in iather ov us.”

“Dere Mis Wood’hous!”—and “Dere Mis Wood’hous,” wauz aul dhat Harreyet, withe menny tender embracez cood articulate at ferst; but when dha did arive at sumthhing moer like conversaishon, it wauz sufishmently clere too her frend dhat she sau, felt, antiscipated, and rememberd just az she aut. Mr. Eltonz supereyoryty had verry ampel acnollejment.

“Whautevver u sa iz aulwase rite,” cride Harreyet, “and dhaerfoer I suppose, and beleve, and hope it must be so; but uthewise I cood not hav imadgiand it. It iz so much beyond enny thhing I deserv. Mr. Elton, whoo mite marry enny boddy! Dhare canot be too opinyonz about *him*. He iz so verry supereyor. Oonly thhinc ov dhose swete vercez—‘Too Mis \_\_\_\_\_.’

Dere me, hou clevver!—Cood it reyaly be ment for me?”

“I canot make a qweschon, or liscen too a qweschon about dhat. It iz a certainty. Receve it on mi jujment. It iz a sort ov prolog too the pla, a motto too the chapter; and wil be soone follode bi matter-ov-fact prose.”

“It iz a sort ov thhing which nobody cood hav expected. I am shure, a munth ago, I had no moer ideyaa micelf!—The strain’gest thhingz doo take place!”

“When Mis Smiths and Mr. Eltonz ghet aqwainted—dha doo indede—and reyaly it iz strainj; it iz out ov the common coers dhat whaut iz so

evvidently, so palpably desirabel—whaut coerts the pre-arainjment ov uther pepel, shood so imejaitly shape itcelf intoo the propper form. U and Mr. Elton ar bi cichuwaishon cauld tooghether; u belong too wun anuther bi evvery cercumstaans ov yor respective hoamz. Yor marreying wil be eeqwal too the mach at Randalz. Dhare duz ceme too be a sumthng in the are ov Hartfeeld which ghivz luv exactly the rite direcshon, and cendz it intoo the verry channel whare it aut too flo.

The coers ov tru luv nevver did run smuithe—

A Hartfeeld edishon ov Shaixpere wood hav a long note on dhat passage.”

“Dhat Mr. Elton shood reyaly be in luv withe me,—me, ov aul pepel, whoo did not no him, too speke too him, at Mickelmas! And he, the verry handsumest man dhat evver wauz, and a man dhat evvery boddy loox up too, qwite like Mr. Niatly! Hiz cumpany so saut aafter, dhat evvery boddy cez he nede not ete a cin’ghel mele bi himcelf if he duz not chuse it; dhat he haz moer invitaishonz dhan dhare ar dase in the weke. And so exelent in the Cherch! Mis Nash haz poot down aul the texts he haz evver preecht from cins he came too Hiburay. Dere me! When I looc bac too the ferst time I sau him! Hou littel did I thhinc!—The too Abbots and I ran intoo the frunt roome and peept throo the bliand when we herd he wauz gowing bi, and Mis Nash came and scoalded us awa, and stade too looc throo hercelf; houwevver, she cauld me bac prezsently, and let me looc too, which wauz verry good-nachuerd. And hou butifool we thaut he looct! He wauz arm-in-arm withe Mr. Cole.”

“This iz an aliyans which, whoowevever—whautevver yor frendz ma be, must be agreyabel too them, provided at leest dha hav common cens; and we

ar not too be adrescing our conduct too fuilz. If dha ar ancshous too ce u *happily* marrede, here iz a man whoose ameyabel carracter ghivz evvery ashurans ov it;—if dha wish too hav u cetteld in the same cuntry and cerkel which dha hav chosen too place u in, here it wil be acomplisht; and if dhare oonly obgett iz dhat u shood, in the common frase, be *wel* marrede, here iz the cumfortabel forchune, the respectabel establishment, the rise in the werld which must sattisfi them.”

“Yes, verry tru. Hou niasly u tauc; I luv too here u. U understand evvery thhing. U and Mr. Elton ar wun az clevver az the uther. This sharaad!—If I had studdede a twelvmonth, I cood nevver hav made enny thhing like it.”

“I thaut he ment too tri hiz skil, bi hiz manner ov declining it yesterda.”

“I doo thhinc it iz, widhout exepshon, the best sharaad I evver red.”

“I nevver rede wun moer too the perpoce, certainly.”

“It iz az long agane az aulmoast aul we hav had befoer.”

“I doo not concidder its length az particullarly in its favor. Such thhingz in genneral canot be too short.”

Harreyet wauz too intent on the lianz too here. The moast satisfactory comparrisonz wer rising in her miand.

“It iz wun thhing,” ced she, prezently—her cheex in a glo—“too hav verry good cens in a common wa, like evvery boddy els, and if dhare iz enny thhing too sa, too cit down and rite a letter, and sa just whaut u must, in a short wa; and anuther, too rite vercez and sharaadz like

this.”

Emmaa cood not hav desiard a moer spirrited regecshon ov Mr. Martinz prose.

“Such swete lianz!” continnude Harreyet—“these too laast!—But hou shal I evver be abel too retern the paper, or sa I hav found it out?—O! Mis Wood’hous, whaut can we doo about dhat?”

“Leve it too me. U doo nuthhing. He wil be here this evening, I dare sa, and then I wil ghiv it him bac, and sum noncens or uther wil paas betwene us, and u shal not be comitted.—Yor soft ise shal chuse dhare one time for beming. Trust too me.”

“O! Mis Wood’hous, whaut a pittty dhat I must not rite this butifool sharaad intoo mi booc! I am shure I hav not got wun haaf so good.”

“Leve out the too laast lianz, and dhare iz no rezon whi u shood not rite it intoo yor booc.”

“O! but dhose too lianz ar”—

—“The best ov aul. Graanted;—for private enjoiment; and for private enjoiment kepe them. Dha ar not at aul the les ritten u no, becauz u divide them. The cuplet duz not cece too be, nor duz its mening chainj. But take it awa, and aul *apropreyaishon* cecez, and a verry pritty gallant sharaad remainz, fit for enny colecshon. Depend uppon it, he wood not like too hav hiz sharaad slited, much better dhan hiz pashon. A powet in luv must be encurraijd in boath capascitese, or niather. Ghiv me the booc, I wil rite it doun, and then dhare can be no poscibel reflecshon on u.”

Harreyet submitted, dho her miand cood hardly cepparate the parts, so

az too fele qwite shure dhat her frend wer not riting down a declarashon ov luv. It ceemd too preshus an offering for enny degry ov publiscity.

“I shal nevver let dhat booc go out ov mi one handz,” ced she.

“Verry wel,” replide Emmaa; “a moast natchural feling; and the lon’gher it laasts, the better I shal be pleezd. But here iz mi faather cumming: u wil not obgett too mi reding the sharaad too him. It wil be ghivving him so much plezhure! He luvz enny thhing ov the sort, and espeshaly enny thhing dhat pase woomman a compliment. He haz the tenderest spirrit ov gallantry toowordz us aul!—U must let me rede it too him.”

Harreyet looct grave.

“Mi dere Harreyet, u must not refine too much uppon this sharaad.—U wil betra yor felingz improperly, if u ar too conshous and too qwic, and apere too afix moer mening, or even qwite aul the mening which ma be affixt too it. Doo not be overpouwerd bi such a littel tribbute ov admiraishon. If he had bene ancshous for ceecrecy, he wood not hav left the paper while I wauz bi; but he raather poosht it toowordz me dhan toowordz u. Doo not let us be too sollem on the biznes. He haz encurraiment enuf too procede, widhout our ciying out our soalz over this sharaad.”

“O! no—I hope I shal not be ridiculous about it. Doo az u plese.”

Mr. Wood’houz came in, and verry soone led too the subgett agane, bi the recurrans ov hiz verry freeqwent inqwiry ov “Wel, mi deerz, hou duz yor booc go on?—Hav u got enny thhing fresh?”

“Yes, paapaa; we hav sumthhing too rede u, sumthhing qwite fresh. A pece ov paper wauz found on the tabel this morning—(dropt, we suppose, bi a fary)—contaning a verry pritty sharaad, and we hav just coppede

it in.”

She red it too him, just az he liact too hav enny thhing red, sloly and distinctly, and too or thre tiamz over, withe explanaishonz ov evvery part az she proceded—and he wauz verry much pleezd, and, az she had foercene, espeshaly struc withe the complimentary concluezhon.

“I, dhats verry just, indede, dhats verry properly ced. Verry tru. ‘Woomman, luvly woomman.’ It iz such a pritty sharaad, mi dere, dhat I can esily ghes whaut fary braut it.—Nobody cood hav ritten so prittily, but u, Emmaa.”

Emmaa oonly nodded, and smiald.—Aafter a littel thhinking, and a verry tender ci, he added,

“Aa! it iz no difficulty too ce whoo u take aafter! Yor dere muther wauz so clevver at aul dhose thhingz! If I had but her memmory! But I can remember nuthhing;—not even dhat particcular riddel which u hav herd me menshon; I can oonly recolect the ferst stanzaa; and dhare ar cevveral.

Kitty, a fare but frosen made,  
Kindeld a flame I yet deploer,  
The hood-winct boi I cauld too ade,  
Dho ov hiz nere aproche afrade,  
So fatal too mi sute befoer.

And dhat iz aul dhat I can recolect ov it—but it iz verry clevver aul the wa throo. But I thhinc, mi dere, u ced u had got it.”

“Yes, paapaa, it iz ritten out in our cecond page. We coppede it from the Ellegant Extracts. It wauz Garrix, u no.”

"I, verry tru.—I wish I cood recolect moer ov it.

Kitty, a fare but frosen made.

The name maix me thhinc ov poor Izabellaa; for she wauz verry nere beying criscend Cathherine aafter her grandmaamaa. I hope we shal hav her here next weke. Hav u thaut, mi dere, whare u shal poot her—and whaut roome dhare wil be for the children?"

"O! yes—she wil hav her one roome, ov coers; the roome she aulwase haz;—and dhare iz the nercery for the children,—just az uezhuwal, u no. Whi shood dhare be enny chainj?"

"I doo not no, mi dere—but it iz so long cins she wauz here!—not cins laast Eester, and then oanly for a fu dase.—Mr. Jon Niatlese beying a lauyer iz verry inconveenyent.—Poor Izabellaa!—she iz sadly taken awa from us aul!—and hou sory she wil be when she cumz, not too ce Mis Talor here!"

"She wil not be cerpriazd, paapaa, at leest."

"I doo not no, mi dere. I am shure I wauz verry much cerpriazd when I ferst herd she wauz gowing too be marrede."

"We must aasc Mr. and Mrs. Weston too dine withe us, while Izabellaa iz here."

"Yes, mi dere, if dhare iz time.—But—(in a verry deprest tone)—she iz cumming for oanly wun weke. Dhare wil not be time for enny thhing."

"It iz unforchunate dhat dha canot sta lon'gher—but it ceemz a cace ov

necessity. Mr. Jon Niatly must be in toun agane on the 28th, and we aut too be thancfool, paapaa, dhat we ar too hav the whole ov the time dha can ghiv too the cuntry, dhat too or thre dase ar not too be taken out for the Abby. Mr. Niatly prommicez too ghiv up hiz clame this Cristmas—dho u no it iz lon'gher cins dha wer withe him, dhan withe us."

"It wood be verry hard, indede, mi dere, if poor Izabellaa wer too be enniwhare but at Hartfeeld."

Mr. Wood'hous cood nevver alou for Mr. Niatlese claimz on hiz bruther, or enny boddese claimz on Izabellaa, exept hiz one. He sat musing a littel while, and then ced,

"But I doo not ce whi poor Izabellaa shood be obliajd too go bac so soone, dho he duz. I thhinc, Emmaa, I shal tri and perswade her too sta lon'gher withe us. She and the children mite sta verry wel."

"Aa! paapaa—dhat iz whaut u nevver hav bene abel too acumplish, and I doo not thhinc u evver wil. Izabellaa canot bare too sta behiand her huzband."

This wauz too tru for contradicshon. Unwelcum az it wauz, Mr. Wood'hous cood oanly ghiv a submiscive ci; and az Emmaa sau hiz spirrits afected bi the ideyaa ov hiz dauterz atachment too her huzband, she imejaitly led too such a braanch ov the subject az must rase them.

"Harreyet must ghiv us az much ov her cumpany az she can while mi bruther and cister ar here. I am shure she wil be pleezd withe the children. We ar verry proud ov the children, ar not we, paapaa? I wunder which she wil thhinc the handsumest, Henry or Jon?"

"I, I wunder which she wil. Poor littel deerz, hou glad dha wil be



too cum. Dha ar verry fond ov beying at Hartfeeld, Harreyet."

"I dare sa dha ar, cer. I am shure I doo not no whoo iz not."

"Henry iz a fine boi, but Jon iz verry like hiz maamaa. Henry iz the eldest, he wauz naimd aafter me, not aafter hiz faather. Jon, the cecond, iz naimd aafter hiz faather. Sum pepel ar cerpriazd, I beleve, dhat the eldest wauz not, but Izabellaa wood hav him cauld Henry, which I thaut verry pritty ov her. And he iz a verry clevver boi, indede. Dha ar aul remarcably clevver; and dha hav so menny pritty wase. Dha wil cum and stand bi mi chare, and sa, 'Grandpaapaa, can u ghiv me a bit ov string?' and wuns Henry aasct me for a nife, but I toald him niavz wer oanly made for grandpaapaaz. I thhinc dhare faather iz too ruf withe them verry often."

"He apeerz ruf too u," ced Emmaa, "becauz u ar so verry gentel yorcelf; but if u cood compare him withe uther paapaaz, u wood not thhinc him ruf. He wishez hiz boiz too be active and hardy; and if dha misbehave, can ghiv them a sharp werd nou and then; but he iz an afecshonate faather—certainly Mr. Jon Niatly iz an afecshonate faather. The children ar aul fond ov him."

"And then dhare unkel cumz in, and toscez them up too the celing in a verry friatfool wa!"

"But dha like it, paapaa; dhare iz nuthhing dha like so much. It iz such enjoiment too them, dhat if dhare unkel did not la doun the rule ov dhare taking ternz, whitchevver began wood nevver ghiv wa too the uther."

"Wel, I canot understand it."

"Dhat iz the cace withe us aul, paapaa. Wun haaf ov the werld canot understand the plezhuerz ov the uther."

Later in the morning, and just az the gherlz wer gowing too cepparate in preparaishon for the reggular foer oacloc dinner, the hero ov this inimmitabel sharaad wauct in agane. Harreyet ternd awa; but Emmaa cood receve him withe the uezhuwal smile, and her qwic i soone dicernd in hiz the conshousnes ov havving made a poosh—ov havving throne a di; and she imadgiand he wauz cum too ce hou it mite tern up. Hiz ostencibel rezon, houwevver, wauz too aasc whether Mr. Wood'housez party cood be made up in the evening widhout him, or whether he shood be in the smaulest degry nescenary at Hartfeeld. If he wer, evvery thhing els must ghiv wa; but utherwise hiz frend Cole had bene saying so much about hiz dining withe him—had made such a point ov it, dhat he had prommiast him condishonaly too cum.

Emmaa thanct him, but cood not alou ov hiz disapointing hiz frend on dhare acount; her faather wauz shure ov hiz rubber. He re-erjd—she re-decliand; and he ceemd then about too make hiz bou, when taking the paper from the tabel, she reternd it—

“O! here iz the sharaad u wer so obliging az too leve withe us; thanc u for the cite ov it. We admiard it so much, dhat I hav venchuerd too rite it intoo Mis Smiths colecshon. Yor frend wil not take it amis I hope. Ov coers I hav not transcriabd beyond the ferst ate lianz.”

Mr. Elton certainly did not verry wel no whaut too sa. He looct raather doutingly—raather confuezd; ced sumthhing about “onnor,”—glaanst at Emmaa and at Harreyet, and then ceying the booc open on the tabel, tooc it up, and exammiand it verry atentiavly. Withe the vu ov paacing of an auqword moment, Emmaa smilingly ced,

“U must make mi apollogese too yor frend; but so good a sharaad must not be confiand too wun or too. He ma be shure ov evvery woommanz aprobaishon while he riats withe such gallantry.”

“I hav no hesitaishon in saying,” replide Mr. Elton, dho hezsitating a good dele while he spoke; “I hav no hesitaishon in saying—at leest if mi frend feelz at aul az *I* doo—I hav not the smaulest dout dhat, cood he ce hiz littel efuezhon onnord az *I* ce it, (loocking at the booc agane, and replacing it on the tabel), he wood concidder it az the proudest moment ov hiz life.”

Aafter this speche he wauz gon az soone az poscibel. Emmaa cood not thhinc it too soone; for withe aul hiz good and agreyabel qwaulitese, dhare wauz a sort ov parade in hiz spechez which wauz verry apt too incline her too laaf. She ran awa too indulj the inclinaishon, leving the tender and the sublime ov plezhure too Harreyets share.

## CHAPTER 10

Dho nou the middel ov December, dhare had yet bene no wether too prevent the yung ladese from tollerably reggular exercise; and on the moro, Emmaa had a charritabel vizsit too pa too a poor cic fammily, whoo livd a littel wa out ov Hiburay.

Dhare rode too this detacht cottage wauz doun Viccarage Lane, a lane leding at rite an’ghelz from the braud, dho ireggular, mane strete

ov the place; and, az ma be inferd, contaning the blesced abode ov Mr. Elton. A fu infereyor dwellingz wer ferst too be paast, and then, about a qworter ov a mile doun the lane rose the Viccarage, an oald and not verry good hous, aulmoast az cloce too the rode az it cood be. It had no advaantage ov cichuwaishon; but had bene verry much smartend up bi the prezsent propriyetor; and, such az it wauz, dhare cood be no pocibillity ov the too frendz paacing it widhout a slackend pace and observing ise.—Emmaaz remarc wauz—

“Dhare it iz. Dhare go u and yor riddel-booc wun ov these dase.”—Harreyets wauz—

“O, whaut a swete hous!—Hou verry butifool!—Dhare ar the yello kertainz dhat Mis Nash admiarz so much.”

“I doo not often wauc this *wa nou*,” ced Emmaa, az dha proceded, “but *then* dhare wil be an injuesment, and I shal gradjuwaly ghet intimaitly aqwainted withe aul the hedgez, gaits, puilz and pollardz ov this part ov Hiburay.”

Harreyet, she found, had nevver in her life bene incide the Viccarage, and her cureyosity too ce it wauz so extreme, dhat, conciddering extereyorz and probabillitese, Emmaa cood oanly claas it, az a prooffe ov luv, withe Mr. Eltonz ceying reddy wit in her.

“I wish we cood contrive it,” ced she; “but I canot thhinc ov enny tollerabel pretens for gowing in;—no cervant dhat I waunt too inquire about ov hiz houskeper—no message from mi faather.”

She ponderd, but cood thhinc ov nuthhing. Aafter a muchuwal cilens ov sum minnuets, Harreyet dhus began agane—

"I doo so wunder, Mis Wood'hous, dhat u shood not be marrede, or gowing too be marrede! so charming az u ar!" —

Emmaa laaft, and replide,

"Mi beying charming, Harreyet, iz not qwite enuf too injuce me too marry; I must fiand uther pepel charming—wun uther person at leest. And I am not oonly, not gowing too be marrede, at prezsent, but hav verry littel intenshon ov evver marreying at aul."

"Aa!—so u sa; but I canot beleve it."

"I must ce sumbody verry supereyor too enny wun I hav cene yet, too be tempted; Mr. Elton, u no, (recolecting hercelf,) iz out ov the qweschon: and I doo *not* wish too ce enny such person. I wood raather not be tempted. I canot reyaly chainj for the better. If I wer too marry, I must expect too repent it."

"Dere me!—it iz so od too here a woomman tauc so!" —

"I hav nun ov the uezhuwal injuesments ov wimmen too marry. Wer I too faul

in luv, indede, it wood be a different thhing! but I nevver hav bene in luv; it iz not mi wa, or mi nachure; and I doo not thhinc I evver shal. And, widhout luv, I am shure I shood be a foole too chainj such a cichuwaishon az mine. Forchune I doo not waunt; emploiment I doo not waunt;

conceqwens I doo not waunt: I beleve fu marrede wimmen ar haaf az much mistres ov dhare huzbandz hous az I am ov Hartfeeld; and nevver, nevver cood I expect too be so truly beluvd and important; so aulwase ferst and aulwase rite in enny manz ise az I am in mi faatherz."

“But then, too be an oald made at laast, like Mis Baits!”

“Dhat iz az formiddabel an immagine az u cood prezsent, Harreyet; and if I thaut I shood evver be like Mis Baits! so cilly—so sattisfide—so smiling—so prosing—so undistin’gwishing and unfastidjous—and so apt too  
tel evvery thhing rellative too evvery boddy about me, I wood marry too-moro. But betwene *us*, I am convinst dhare nevver can be enny liacnes, exept in beying unmarrede.”

“But stil, u wil be an oald made! and dhats so dredfool!”

“Nevver miand, Harreyet, I shal not be a poor oald made; and it iz povverty  
oonly which maix cellibacy contemptibel too a gennerous public! A cin’ghel woomman, withe a verry narro incum, must be a ridicculous, disagreyabel oald made! the propper spoert ov boiz and gherlz, but a cin’ghel woomman, ov  
good forchune, iz aulwase respectabel, and ma be az cencibel and plezzant az enny boddy els. And the distincshon iz not qwite so much against the candor and common cens ov the werld az apeerz at ferst; for a verry narro incum haz a tendency too contract the miand, and sour the temper. Dhose whoo can baerly liv, and whoo liv perfors in a verry smaul, and genneraly verry infereyor, sociyety, ma wel be ilibberal and cros. This duz not apli, houwevver, too Mis Baits; she iz oonly too good nachuerd and too cilly too sute me; but, in genneral, she iz verry much too the taist ov evvery boddy, dho cin’ghel and dho poor. Povverty certainly haz not contracted her miand: I reyaly beleve, if she had oonly a shilling in the werld, she wood be verry liacly too ghiv awa cixpens ov it; and nobody iz afrade ov her: dhat iz a grate charm.”

“Dere me! but whaut shal u doo? hou shal u emploi yorcelf when u gro oald?”

“If I no micelf, Harreyet, mine iz an active, bizsy miand, withe a grate menny independent rezoercez; and I doo not perceve whi I shood be moer in waunt ov emploiment at forty or fifty dhan wun-and-twenty.

Woommanz

uezhuwal ocupaishonz ov hand and miand wil be az open too me then az dha

ar nou; or withe no important vareyaishon. If I drau les, I shal rede moer; if I ghiv up music, I shal take too carpet-werc. And az for obgects ov interest, obgects for the afecshonz, which iz in trueth the grate point ov infereyurity, the waunt ov which iz reyaly the grate evil too be avoided in *not* marreying, I shal be verry wel of, withe aul the children ov a cister I luv so much, too care about. Dhare wil be enuf ov them, in aul probabillity, too supli evvery sort ov censaishon dhat declining life can nede. Dhare wil be enuf for evvery hope and evvery fere; and dho mi atachment too nun can eequal dhat ov a parent, it suets mi ideyaaz ov cumfort better dhan whaut iz wormer and bliander. Mi neffuse and necez!—I shal often hav a nece withe me.”

“Doo u no Mis Baitcez nece? Dhat iz, I no u must hav cene her a hundred tiamz—but ar u aqwainted?”

“O! yes; we ar aulwase foerst too be aqwainted whenever she cumz too Hiburay. Bi the bi, *dhat* iz aulmoast enuf too poot wun out ov concete withe a nece. Hevven forbid! at leest, dhat I shood evver boer pepel haaf so much about aul the Niatlese tooghether, az she duz about Jane Faerfax. Wun iz cic ov the verry name ov Jane Faerfax. Evvery letter from her iz red forty tiamz over; her compliments too aul frendz go round and round agane; and if she duz but cend her aant the pattern ov a stummacker, or nit a pare ov garterz for her grandmuther, wun heerz ov nuthhing els for a munth. I wish Jane Faerfax verry wel; but she tiarz me too deth.”

Dha wer nou aproching the cottage, and aul idel toppix wer superceded. Emmaa wauz verry compashonate; and the distrescez ov the poor wer az shure ov relefe from her personal atenshon and kiandnes, her council and her paishens, az from her pers. She understood dhare wase, cood alou for dhare ignorans and dhare temptaishonz, had no romantic expectaishonz ov extrordinary verchu from dhose for whoome ejucaishon had dun so littel; enterd intoo dhare trubbelz withe reddy cimpathy, and aulwase gave her acistans withe az much intelligens az good-wil. In the prezsent instans, it wauz cicnes and povverty toogheter which she came too vizsit; and aafter remaning dhare az long az she cood ghiv cumfort or advice, she qwitted the cottage withe such an impreshon ov the cene az made her sa too Harreyet, az dha wauct awa,

“These ar the ciats, Harreyet, too doo wun good. Hou triafling dha make evvery thhing els apere!—I fele nou az if I cood thhinc ov nuthhing but these poor crechuerz aul the rest ov the da; and yet, whoo can sa hou soone it ma aul vannish from mi miand?”

“Verry tru,” ced Harreyet. “Poor crechuerz! wun can thhinc ov nuthhing els.”

“And reyal, I doo not thhinc the impreshon wil soone be over,” ced Emmaa, az she crost the lo hej, and tottering footstep which ended the narro, slippery paath throo the cottage garden, and braut them intoo the lane agane. “I doo not thhinc it wil,” stopping too looc wuns moer at aul the outword retchednes ov the place, and recaul the stil grater within.

“O! dere, no,” ced her companyon.

Dha wauct on. The lane made a slite bend; and when dhat bend wauz paast, Mr. Elton wauz imejaitly in cite; and so nere az too ghiv Emmaa



time oonly too sa farther,

“Aa! Harreyet, here cumz a verry sudden triyal ov our stabillity in good thauts. Wel, (smiling,) I hope it ma be aloud dhat if compashon haz projuest exershon and relefe too the suffererz, it haz dun aul dhat iz truly important. If we fele for the retched, enuf too doo aul we can for them, the rest iz empty cimpathy, oonly distrescing too ourcelvz.”

Harreyet cood just aancer, “O! dere, yes,” befoer the gentelman joind them. The waunts and sufferingz ov the poor fammily, houwevver, wer the ferst subject on meting. He had bene gowing too caul on them. Hiz vizsit he wood nou defer; but dha had a verry interesting parly about whaut cood be dun and shood be dun. Mr. Elton then ternd bac too acumpany them.

“Too faul in withe eche uther on such an errand az this,” thaut Emmaa; “too mete in a charritabel skeme; this wil bring a grate increce ov luv on eche cide. I shood not wunder if it wer too bring on the declaraishon. It must, if I wer not here. I wish I wer enniwhare els.”

Ancshous too cepparate hercelf from them az far az she cood, she soone aafterwordz tooc poseshon ov a narro footpaath, a littel raizd on wun cide ov the lane, leving them toogheter in the mane rode. But she had not bene dhare too minnuets when she found dhat Harreyets habbits ov dependens and imitaishon wer bringing her up too, and dhat, in short, dha wood boath be soone aafter her. This wood not doo; she imejaitly stopt, under pretens ov havving sum aulteraishon too make in the lacing ov her haaf-boote, and stooping down in complete ocupaishon ov the footpaath, begd them too hav the goodnes too wauc on, and she wood follo in haaf a minnute. Dha did az dha wer desiard; and bi the time she jujd it rezonabel too hav dun withe her boote, she had the cumfort ov farther dela in her pouwer, beying overtaken bi a chiald from the cottage, cetting out, acording too orderz, withe her pitcher, too

feh broth from Hartfeeld. Too wauc bi the cide ov this chiald, and tauc too and qweschon her, wauz the moast natchural thhing in the werld, or wood

hav bene the moast natchural, had she bene acting just then widhout desine; and bi this meenz the uthertz wer stil abel too kepe ahead, widhout enny obligaishon ov wating for her. She gaird on them, houwevver,

involuntarily: the chialdz pace wauz qwic, and dhaerz raather slo; and she wauz the moer concernd at it, from dhare beying evvidently in a conversaishon which interested them. Mr. Elton wauz speking withe animaishon, Harreyet liscening withe a verry pleezd atenshon; and Emmaa,

havving cent the chiald on, wauz beghinning too thhinc hou she mite drau bac a littel moer, when dha boath looct around, and she wauz obliajd too join them.

Mr. Elton wauz stil tauking, stil en'gaijd in sum interesting detale; and Emmaa expereyent sum disapointment when she found dhat he wauz oanly ghivving hiz fare companyon an acount ov the yesterdase party at hiz frend Coalz, and dhat she wauz cum in hercelf for the Stilton chese, the north Wiltshire, the butter, the cellery, the bete-roote, and aul the dezsert.

"This wood soone hav led too sumthhing better, ov coers," wauz her consoling reflecshon; "enny thhing interests betwene dhose whoo luv; and enny thhing wil cerv az introducshon too whaut iz nere the hart. If I cood but hav kept lon'gher awa!"

Dha nou wauct on toogheter qwiyetly, til within vu ov the viccarage pailz, when a sudden rezolueshon, ov at leest ghetting Harreyet intoo the hous, made her agane fiand sumthhing verry much amis about her boote, and faul behiand too arainj it wuns moer. She then broke the lace of short, and dexterously throwing it intoo a dich, wauz prezsently obliajd too entrete them too stop, and acollejd her inability too poot hercelf

too riats so az too be Abel too wauc home in tollerabel cumfort.

“Part ov mi lace iz gon,” ced she, “and I doo not no hou I am too contrive. I reyaly am a moast trubbelsom companyon too u boath, but I hope I am not often so il-ewipt. Mr. Elton, I must beg leve too stop at yor hous, and aasc yor houskeper for a bit ov ribband or string, or enny thng just too kepe mi boote on.”

Mr. Elton looct aul happines at this proposishon; and nuthhing cood exede hiz alertnes and atenshon in conducting them intoo hiz hous and endevvoring too make evvery thng apere too advaantage. The roome dha

wer taken intoo wauz the wun he cheefly occupide, and loocking forwardz; behiand it wauz anuther withe which it imejaitly comunicated; the doer betwene them wauz open, and Emmaa paast intoo it withe the houskeper too

receve her acistans in the moast cumfortabel manner. She wauz obliajd too leve the doer ajar az she found it; but she foolly intended dhat Mr. Elton shood cloce it. It wauz not cloazd, houwevver, it stil remaind ajar; but bi en’gaging the houskeper in incessant conversaishon, she hoapt too make it practicabel for him too chuse hiz one subget in the adjoining roome. For ten minnuets she cood here nuthhing but hercelf. It cood be protracted no lon’gher. She wauz then obliajd too be finnisht, and make her aperans.

The luvverz wer standing tooghether at wun ov the windose. It had a moast

favorabel aspect; and, for haaf a minnute, Emmaa felt the gloery ov havving skeemd suxesfooly. But it wood not doo; he had not cum too the point. He had bene moast agreyabel, moast deliatfool; he had toald Harreyet dhat he had cene them go bi, and had perpoasly follode them; uther littel gallantrese and aluezhonz had bene dropt, but nuthhing cereyous.

“Caushous, verry caushous,” thaut Emmaa; “he advaancez inch bi inch, and wil hazzard nuthhing til he beleevz himcelf cecure.”

Stil, houwevver, dho evvery thhing had not bene acumplisht bi her in’geenyous device, she cood not but flatter hercelf dhat it had bene the ocaizhon ov much prezsent enjoiment too boath, and must be leding them forword too the grate event.

## CHAPTER 11

Mr. Elton must nou be left too himcelf. It wauz no lon’gher in Emmaaz pouwer too superintend hiz happines or qwicken hiz mezhuerz. The cumming ov her cisterz fammily wauz so verry nere at hand, dhat ferst in anticipaishon, and then in reyallity, it became hensfoerth her prime obgect ov interest; and juring the ten dase ov dhare sta at Hartfeeld it wauz not too be expected—she did not hercelf expect—dhat enny thhing beyond ocaizhonal, forchuwitous acistans cood be afoerded bi her too the luvverz. Dha mite advaans rappidly if dha wood, houwevver; dha must advaans sumhou or uther whether dha wood or no. She hardly wisht too hav moer lezhure for them. Dhare ar pepel, whoo the moer u doo for them, the les dha wil doo for themcelvz.

Mr. and Mrs. Jon Niatly, from havving bene lon’gher dhan uezhuwal abcent

from Surry, wer exiting ov coers raather moer dhan the uezhuwal interest. Til this yere, evvery long vacaishon cins dhare marrage had bene divided betwene Hartfeeld and Donwel Abby; but aul the hollidase ov this autum had bene ghivven too ce-baithing for the children, and it wauz dhaerfoer menny munths cins dha had bene cene in a reggular wa bi dhare Surry conecshonz, or cene at aul bi Mr. Wood'hous, whoo cood not be injuest too ghet so far az Lunden, even for poor Izabellaaz sake; and whoo conceqwently wauz nou moast nervously and aprehenciavly happy in foerstauling this too short vizsit.

He thaut much ov the evilz ov the gerny for her, and not a littel ov the fateegz ov hiz one horcez and coachman whoo wer too bring sum ov the party the laast haaf ov the wa; but hiz alarmz wer needles; the cixtene mialz beying happily acumplisht, and Mr. and Mrs. Jon Niatly, dhare five children, and a competent number ov nercery-maidz, aul reching Hartfeeld in saifty. The buscel and joi ov such an arival, the menny too be tauct too, welcumd, encurraijd, and vareyously disperst and dispoazd ov, projuest a noiz and confuezhon which hiz nervz cood not hav boern under enny uthher cauz, nor hav enjuerd much lon'gher even for this; but the wase ov Hartfeeld and the felingz ov her faather wer so respected bi Mrs. Jon Niatly, dhat in spite ov maternal soliscichude for the imejate enjoiment ov her littel wunz, and for dhare havving instantly aul the libberty and attendans, aul the eting and drinking, and sleping and playing, which dha cood poscibly wish for, widhout the smaulest dela, the children wer nevver aloud too be long a disterbans too him, iather in themcelvz or in enny restles attendans on them.

Mrs. Jon Niatly wauz a pritty, ellegant littel woomman, ov gentel, qwiyet mannerz, and a disposishon remarcably ameyabel and afecshonate; rapt up in her fammily; a devoted wife, a doting muther, and so tenderly atacht too her faather and cister dhat, but for these hiyer tise, a wormer luv mite hav ceemd imposcibel. She cood nevver ce a

fault in enny ov them. She wauz not a woomman ov strong understanding or enny qwicnes; and withe this resemblans ov her faather, she inherrited aulso much ov hiz constichueshon; wauz dellicate in her one helth, over-caerfool ov dhat ov her children, had menny feerz and menny nervz, and wauz az fond ov her one Mr. Wingfeeld in toun az her faather cood be ov Mr. Perry. Dha wer alike too, in a genneral benevvolens ov temper, and a strong habbit ov regard for evvery oald aqwaintans.

Mr. Jon Niatly wauz a taul, gentelman-like, and verry clevver man; rising in hiz profeshon, domestic, and respectabel in hiz private carracter; but withe reservd mannerz which prevented hiz beying genneraly plesing; and capabel ov beying sumtiamz out ov humor. He wauz not an il-temperd man, not so often unrezonably cros az too deserv such a reproche; but hiz temper wauz not hiz grate perfecshon; and, indede, withe such a wershiping wife, it wauz hardly poscibel dhat enny natchural defects in it shood not be increest. The extreme sweetnes ov her temper must hert hiz. He had aul the cleernes and qwicnes ov miand which she waunted, and he cood sumtiamz act an un'graismous, or sa a cevere thhing.

He wauz not a grate favorite withe hiz fare cister-in-lau. Nuthhing rong in him escaipt her. She wauz qwic in feling the littel injurese too Izabellaa, which Izabellaa nevver felt hercelf. Perhaps she mite hav paast over moer had hiz mannerz bene flattering too Izabellaaz cister, but dha wer oonly dhose ov a caalmly kiand bruther and frend, widhout prase and widhout bliandnes; but hardly enny degry ov personal compliment cood hav made her regardles ov dhat gratest fault ov aul in her ise which he sumtiamz fel intoo, the waunt ov respectfool forbarans toowordz her faather. Dhare he had not aulwase the paishens dhat cood hav bene wisht. Mr. Wood'housez peculeyarritese and fidgetines wer sumtiamz provoking him too a rashonal remonstrans or sharp retort eeqwaly il-bestode. It did not often happen; for Mr. Jon Niatly had reyaly a grate regard for hiz faather-in-lau, and

generally a strong cens ov whaut wauz ju too him; but it wauz too often for Emmaaz charrity, espeshaly az dhare wauz aul the pane ov aprehenshon freeqwently too be enjuerd, dho the ofens came not. The beghinning, houwevver, ov evvery vizsit displade nun but the propperest felingz, and this beying ov necescity so short mite be hoapt too paas awa in unsullede corjallity. Dha had not bene long ceted and compoazd when Mr. Wood'hous, withe a mellancoly shake ov the hed and a  
ci, cauld hiz dauterz atenshon too the sad chainj at Hartfeeld cins she had bene dhare laast.

"Aa, mi dere," ced he, "poor Mis Talor—It iz a grevous biznes."

"O yes, cer," cride she withe reddy cimpathhy, "hou u must mis her! And dere Emmaa, too!—Whaut a dredfool los too u boath!—I hav bene so greevd for u.—I cood not imadgine hou u cood poscibly doo widhout her.—It iz a sad chainj indede.—But I hope she iz pritty wel, cer."

"Pritty wel, mi dere—I hope—pritty wel.—I doo not no but dhat the place agrese withe her tollerably."

Mr. Jon Niatly here aasct Emmaa qwiyetly whether dhare wer enny douts ov the are ov Randalz.

"O! no—nun in the leest. I nevver sau Mrs. Weston better in mi life—nevver loocking so wel. Paapaa iz oonly speking hiz one regret."

"Verry much too the onnor ov boath," wauz the handsum repli.

"And doo u ce her, cer, tollerably often?" aasct Izabellaa in the plaintive tone which just suted her faather.

Mr. Wood'hous hezsitated.—"Not nere so often, mi dere, az I cood wish."

“O! paapaa, we hav mist ceying them but wun entire da cins dha marrede. Iather in the morning or evening ov evvery da, exepting wun, hav we cene iather Mr. Weston or Mrs. Weston, and genneraly boath, iather at Randalz or here—and az u ma suppose, Izabellaa, moast freeqwently here. Dha ar verry, verry kiand in dhare vizsits. Mr. Weston iz reyaly az kiand az hercelf. Paapaa, if u speke in dhat mellancoly wa, u wil be ghivving Izabellaa a fauls ideyaa ov us aul. Evvery boddy must be aware dhat Mis Talor must be mist, but evvery boddy aut aulso too be ashuerd dhat Mr. and Mrs. Weston doo reyaly prevent our miscing her bi enny meenz too the extent we ourcelvz antiscipated—which iz the exact trueth.”

“Just az it shood be,” ced Mr. Jon Niatly, “and just az I hoapt it wauz from yor letterz. Her wish ov shuwing u atenshon cood not be doutd, and hiz beying a dicen’gajjd and soashal man maix it aul esy. I hav bene aulwase telling u, mi luv, dhat I had no ideyaa ov the chainj beying so verry matereyal too Hartfeeld az u apprehended; and nou u hav Emmaaz acount, I hope u wil be sattisfide.”

“Whi, too be shure,” ced Mr. Wood’hous—“yes, certainly—I canot deni dhat Mrs. Weston, poor Mrs. Weston, duz cum and ce us pritty often—but then—she iz aulwase obliajd too go awa agane.”

“It wood be verry hard uppon Mr. Weston if she did not, paapaa.—U qwite forghet poor Mr. Weston.”

“I thhinc, indede,” ced Jon Niatly plezzantly, “dhat Mr. Weston haz sum littel clame. U and I, Emmaa, wil venchure too take the part ov the poor huzband. I, beying a huzband, and u not beying a wife, the claimz ov the man ma verry liacly strike us withe eequal foers. Az for Izabellaa, she haz bene marrede long enuf too ce the conveenyens ov pootting aul the Mr. Westonz acide az much az she can.”

“Me, mi luv,” cride hiz wife, hering and understanding oanly in part.—



“Ar u tauking about me?—I am shure nobody aut too be, or can be, a grater advocate for matrimony dhan I am; and if it had not bene for the mizsery ov her leving Hartfeeld, I shood nevver hav thaut ov Mis Talor but az the moast forchunate woomman in the werld; and az too sliting Mr. Weston, dhat exelent Mr. Weston, I thhinc dhare iz nuthhing he duz not deserv. I beleve he iz wun ov the verry best-temperd men dhat evver existed. Exepting yorself and yor bruther, I doo not no hiz eeqwal for temper. I shal nevver forghet hiz fliying Henrese kite for him dhat verry windy da laast Eester—and evver cins hiz particcular kiandnes laast Ceptember twelvmonth in riting dhat note, at twelv oacloc at nite, on perpoce too ashure me dhat dhare wauz no scarlet fever at Cobbam, I hav bene convinst dhare cood not be a moer feling hart nor a better man in existens.—If enny boddy can deserv him, it must be Mis Talor.”

“Whare iz the yung man?” ced Jon Niatly. “Haz he bene here on this ocaizhon—or haz he not?”

“He haz not bene here yet,” replide Emmaa. “Dhare wauz a strong expectaishon ov hiz cumming soone aafter the marrage, but it ended in nuthhing; and I hav not herd him menshond laitley.”

“But u shood tel them ov the letter, mi dere,” ced her faather. “He rote a letter too poor Mrs. Weston, too con’gratchulate her, and a verry proper, handsum letter it wauz. She shude it too me. I thaut it verry wel dun ov him indede. Whether it wauz hiz one ideyaa u no, wun canot tel. He iz but yung, and hiz unkel, perhaps—”

“Mi dere paapaa, he iz thre-and-twenty. U forghet hou time paacez.”

“Thre-and-twenty!—iz he indede?—Wel, I cood not hav thaut it—and he wauz but too yeerz oald when he lost hiz poor muther! Wel, time duz fli indede!—and mi memmory iz verry bad. Houwevver, it wauz an exeding

good, pritty letter, and gave Mr. and Mrs. Weston a grate dele ov plezhure. I remember it wauz ritten from Wamouth, and dated Cept. 28th—and began, ‘Mi dere Maddam,’ but I forghet hou it went on; and it wauz ciand ‘F. C. Weston Cherchil.’—I remember dhat perfectly.”

“Hou verry plesing and propper ov him!” cride the good-harted Mrs. Jon Niatly. “I hav no dout ov hiz beying a moast ameyabel yung man. But hou sad it iz dhat he shood not liv at home withe hiz faather! Dhare iz sumthhing so shocking in a chialdz beying taken awa from hiz parents and natchural home! I nevver cood comprehend hou Mr. Weston cood part withe him. Too ghiv up wunz chiald! I reyaly nevver cood thhinc wel ov enny boddy whoo propoazd such a thhing too enny boddy els.”

“Nobody evver did thhinc wel ov the Cherchilz, I fancy,” observd Mr. Jon Niatly cooly. “But u nede not imadgine Mr. Weston too hav felt whaut u wood fele in ghivving up Henry or Jon. Mr. Weston iz raather an esy, cheerfool-temperd man, dhan a man ov strong felingz; he taix thhingz az he fiandz them, and maix enjoiment ov them sumhou or uther, depending, I suspect, much moer uppon whaut iz cauld sociyety for hiz cumforts, dhat iz, uppon the pouwer ov eting and drinking, and playing whist withe hiz naborz five tiamz a weke, dhan uppon fammily afecshon, or enny thhing dhat home afoerdz.”

Emmaa cood not like whaut borderd on a reflecshon on Mr. Weston, and had haaf a miand too take it up; but she struggheld, and let it paas. She wood kepe the pece if poscibel; and dhare wauz sumthhing onnorabel and vallubel in the strong domestic habbits, the aul-sufishency ov home too himcelf, whens rezulted her brutherz disposishon too looc down on the common rate ov soashal intercoers, and dhose too whoome it wauz important.—It had a hi clame too forbarans.

## CHAPTER 12

Mr. Niatly wauz too dine withe them—raather against the inclinaishon ov Mr. Wood'hous, whoo did not like dhat enny wun shood share withe him in

Izabellaaz ferst da. Emmaaz cens ov rite houwevver had decided it; and beciadz the concideraishon ov whaut wauz ju too eche bruther, she had particcular plezhure, from the cercumstaans ov the late disagreement betwene Mr. Niatly and hercelf, in procuring him the propper invitaishon.

She hoapt dha mite nou becum frendz agane. She thaut it wauz time too make up. Making-up indede wood not doo. *She* certainly had not bene in the rong, and *he* wood nevver one dhat he had. Conceshon must be out ov the qweschon; but it wauz time too apere too forghet dhat dha had evver qworeld; and she hoapt it mite raather acist the restoraishon ov frendship, dhat when he came intoo the roome she had wun ov the children withe her—the yun'ghest, a nice littel gherl about ate munths oald, whoo wauz nou making her ferst vizsit too Hartfeeld, and verry happy too

be daanst about in her aants armz. It did acist; for dho he began withe grave loox and short qweschonz, he wauz soone led on too tauc ov them aul in the uezhuwal wa, and too take the chiald out ov her armz withe

aul the unceremoanyousnes ov perfect ammity. Emmaa felt dha wer frendz agane; and the convicshon ghivving her at ferst grate satisfacshon, and then a littel saucines, she cood not help saying, az he wauz admiring the baby,

“Whaut a cumfort it iz, dhat we thhinc alike about our neffuse and necez. Az too men and wimmen, our opinyonz ar sumtiamz verry different;

but withe regard too these children, I observ we nevver disagry."

"If u wer az much ghided bi nachure in yor estimate ov men and wimmen, and az littel under the pouwer ov fancy and whim in yor delingz withe them, az u ar whare these children ar concernd, we mite aulwase thhinc alike."

"Too be shure—our discordancese must aulwase arise from mi beying in the rong."

"Yes," ced he, smiling—"and rezon good. I wauz cixtene yeerz oald when u wer born."

"A matereyal differens then," she replide—"and no dout u wer much mi supereyor in jujment at dhat pereyod ov our liavz; but duz not the laps ov wun-and-twenty yeerz bring our understandingz a good dele nerer?"

"Yes—a good dele *nerer*."

"But stil, not nere enuf too ghiv me a chaans ov beying rite, if we thhinc differently."

"I hav stil the advaantage ov u bi cixtene yeerz' expereyens, and bi not beying a pritty yung woomman and a spoild chiald. Cum, mi dere Emmaa, let us be frendz, and sa no moer about it. Tel yor aant, littel Emmaa, dhat she aut too cet u a better exaampel dhan too be renuwing oald grevancez, and dhat if she wer not rong befoer, she iz nou."

"Dhats tru," she cride—"verry tru. Littel Emmaa, gro up a better woomman dhan yor aant. Be infiniatly clevverer and not haaf so conceted.

Nou, Mr. Niatly, a werd or too moer, and I hav dun. Az far az good intenshonz went, we wer *boath* rite, and I must sa dhat no efects on mi cide ov the argument hav yet pruivd rong. I oonly waunt too no dhat Mr. Martin iz not verry, verry bitterly disapointed.”

“A man canot be moer so,” wauz hiz short, fool aancer.

“Aa!—Indede I am verry sorry.—Cum, shake handz withe me.”

This had just taken place and withe grate corjallity, when Jon Niatly made hiz aperans, and “Hou dye doo, Jorj?” and “Jon, hou ar u?” suxeded in the tru In’glisch stile, berreying under a caalmnes dhat ceemd aul but indifferens, the reyal attachment which wood hav led iather ov them, if requisite, too doo evvery thhing for the good ov the uther.

The evening wauz qwiyet and conversabel, az Mr. Wood’hous decliand cardz entiarly for the sake ov cumfortabel tauc withe hiz dere Izabellaa, and the littel party made too natchural divizhonz; on wun cide he and hiz dauter; on the uther the too Mr. Niatlese; dhare subjects totaly distinct, or verry raerly mixing—and Emmaa oonly ocaizhonaly joining in wun or the uther.

The brutherz tauct ov dhare one concernz and persuets, but principaly ov dhose ov the elder, whose temper wauz bi much the moast comunicative, and whoo wauz aulwase the grater tauker. Az a madgistrate, he had genneraly sum point ov lau too consult Jon about, or, at leest, sum cureyous anecdote too ghiv; and az a farmer, az keping in hand the home-farm at Donwel, he had too tel whaut evvery feeld wauz too bare next yere, and too ghiv aul such local informaishon az cood not fale ov beying

interesting too a bruther whose home it had eqwaly bene the lon'ghest part ov hiz life, and whose attachments wer strong. The plan ov a drane, the chainj ov a fens, the felling ov a tre, and the destinaishon ov evvery aker for whete, ternips, or spring corn, wauz enterd intoo withe az much eqwaulity ov interest bi Jon, az hiz cooler mannerz renderd poscibel; and if hiz willing bruther evver left him enny thhing too inqwire about, hiz inqwirese even aproacht a tone ov eghernes.

While dha wer dhus cumfortably occupide, Mr. Wood'hous wauz enjoyying a fool flo ov happy regrets and feerfool afecshon withe hiz dauter.

“Mi poor dere Izabellaa,” ced he, fondly taking her hand, and interrupting, for a fu moments, her bizsy laborz for sum wun ov her five children—“Hou long it iz, hou terribly long cins u wer here! And hou tiard u must be aafter yor gerny! U must go too bed erly, mi dere—and I recomend a littel gruwel too u befoer u go.—U and I wil hav a nice bacin ov gruwel tooghether. Mi dere Emmaa, supose we aul hav a littel gruwel.”

Emmaa cood not supose enny such thhing, nowing az she did, dhat boath the Mr. Niatlese wer az unperswadabel on dhat artikel az hercelf;—and too bacinz oanly wer orderd. Aafter a littel moer discoers in prase ov gruwel, withe sum wundering at its not beying taken evvery evening bi evvery boddy, he proceded too sa, withe an are ov grave reflecshon,

“It wauz an auqword biznes, mi dere, yor spending the autum at South End insted ov cumming here. I nevver had much opinyon ov the ce are.”

“Mr. Wingfeeld moast strennuwously recomended it, cer—or we shood not hav gon. He recomended it for aul the children, but particcularly for the weecnes in littel Bellaaz throte,—boath ce are and baithing.”

“Aa! mi dere, but Perry had menny douts about the ce doowing her enny good; and az too micelf, I hav bene long perfectly convinst, dho perhaps I nevver toald u so befoer, dhat the ce iz verry raerly ov uce too enny boddy. I am shure it aulmoast kild me wuns.”

“Cum, cum,” cride Emmaa, feling this too be an unsafe subgect, “I must beg u not too tauc ov the ce. It maix me enveyous and mizserabel;—I whoo hav nevver cene it! South End iz prohibbited, if u plesse. Mi dere Izabellaa, I hav not herd u make wun inqwiry about Mr. Perry yet; and he nevver forghets u.”

“O! good Mr. Perry—hou iz he, cer?”

“Whi, pritty wel; but not qwite wel. Poor Perry iz billeyous, and he haz not time too take care ov himcelf—he telz me he haz not time too take care ov himcelf—which iz verry sad—but he iz aulwase waunted aul round the cuntry. I supose dhare iz not a man in such practice enniwhare. But then dhare iz not so clevver a man enny whare.”

“And Mrs. Perry and the children, hou ar dha? doo the children gro? I hav a grate regard for Mr. Perry. I hope he wil be caulng soone. He wil be so pleezd too ce mi littel wunz.”

“I hope he wil be here too-moro, for I hav a qweschon or too too aasc him about micelf ov sum conceqwens. And, mi dere, whenever he cumz, u had better let him looc at littel Bellaaz throte.”

“O! mi dere cer, her throte iz so much better dhat I hav hardly enny unnesines about it. Iather baithing haz bene ov the gratest cervice too her, or els it iz too be atribbuted too an exelent embrocaishon ov Mr. Wingfeeldz, which we hav bene apliyng at tiamz evver cins August.”

“It iz not verry liacly, mi dere, dhat baithing shood hav bene ov uce

too her—and if I had none u wer waunting an embrocaishon, I wood hav spoken too—

“U ceme too me too hav forgotten Mrs. and Mis Baits,” ced Emmaa, “I hav not herd wun inqwiry aafter them.”

“O! the good Baitcez—I am qwite ashaimd ov micelf—but u menshon them in moast ov yor letterz. I hope dha ar qwite wel. Good oald Mrs. Baits—I wil caul uppon her too-moro, and take mi children.—Dha ar aulwase so pleezd too ce mi children.—And dhat exelent Mis Baits!—such thurro werthy pepel!—Hou ar dha, cer?”

“Whi, pritty wel, mi dere, uppon the whole. But poor Mrs. Baits had a bad coald about a munth ago.”

“Hou sory I am! But coaldz wer nevver so prevvalent az dha hav bene this autum. Mr. Wingfeeld toald me dhat he haz nevver none them moer genneral or hevvy—exept when it haz bene qwite an influwenzaa.”

“Dhat haz bene a good dele the cace, mi dere; but not too the degray u menshon. Perry cez dhat coaldz hav bene verry genneral, but not so hevvy az he haz verry often none them in November. Perry duz not caul it aultooghether a cicly cezon.”

“No, I doo not no dhat Mr. Wingfeeld concidderz it *verry* cicly exept—

“Aa! mi poor dere chiald, the trueth iz, dhat in Lundoon it iz aulwase a cicly cezon. Nobody iz helthhy in Lundoon, nobody can be. It iz a dredfool thhing too hav u foerst too liv dhare! so far of!—and the are so bad!”

“No, indede—*we* ar not at aul in a bad are. Our part ov Lundoon iz



verry supereyor too moast utherz!—U must not confound us withe Lunden in

genneral, mi dere cer. The naborhood ov Brunswic Sqware iz verry different from aulmoast aul the rest. We ar so verry ary! I shoold be unwilling, I one, too liv in enny uther part ov the toun;—dhare iz hardly enny uther dhat I cood be sattisfide too hav mi children in: but *we* ar so remarcably ary!—Mr. Wingfeeld thhinx the vicinnity ov Brunswic Sqware decidedly the moast favorabel az too are.”

“Aa! mi dere, it iz not like Hartfeeld. U make the best ov it—but aafter u hav bene a weke at Hartfeeld, u ar aul ov u different crechuerz; u doo not looc like the same. Nou I canot sa, dhat I thhinc u ar enny ov u loocking wel at prezsent.”

“I am sory too here u sa so, cer; but I ashure u, exepting dhose littel nervous hed-aix and palpitaishonz which I am nevver entiarly fre from enniwhare, I am qwite wel micelf; and if the children wer raather pale befoer dha went too bed, it wauz oanly becauz dha wer a littel moer tiard dhan uezhuwal, from dhare gerny and the happines ov cumming. I hope u wil thhinc better ov dhare loox too-moro; for I ashure u Mr. Wingfeeld toald me, dhat he did not beleve he had ever cent us of aultooghether, in such good cace. I trust, at leest, dhat u doo not thhinc Mr. Niatly loocking il,” terning her ise withe afecshonate anxiyety toowordz her huzband.

“Midling, mi dere; I canot compliment u. I thhinc Mr. Jon Niatly verry far from loocking wel.”

“Whaut iz the matter, cer?—Did u speke too me?” cride Mr. Jon Niatly, hering hiz one name.

“I am sory too fiand, mi luv, dhat mi faather duz not thhinc u loocking wel—but I hope it iz oanly from beying a littel fateegd. I cood hav

wisht, houwevver, az u no, dhat u had cene Mr. Wingfeeld befoer u left home."

"Mi dere Izabella,"—exclaimd he haistily—"pra doo not concern yorself about mi loox. Be sattisfide withe doctoring and codling yorself and the children, and let me looc az I chuse."

"I did not thurroly understand whaut u wer telling yor bruther," cride Emmaa, "about yor frend Mr. Grayamz intending too hav a balif from Scotland, too looc aafter hiz nu estate. Whaut wil it aancer? Wil not the oald predjudice be too strong?"

And she tauct in this wa so long and suxesfooly dhat, when foerst too ghiv her atenshon agane too her faather and cister, she had nuthing wers too here dhan Izabellaaz kiand inqwiry aafter Jane Faerfax; and Jane Faerfax, dho no grate favorite withe her in genneral, she wauz at dhat moment verry happy too acist in prasing.

"Dhat swete, ameyabel Jane Faerfax!" ced Mrs. Jon Niatly.—"It iz so long cins I hav cene her, exept nou and then for a moment axidental in toun! Whaut happines it must be too her good oald grandmuther and exelent aant, when she cumz too vizzit them! I aulwase regret exesciavly on dere Emmaaz acount dhat she canot be moer at Hibur; but nou dhare dauter iz marrede, I supose Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel wil not be abel too part withe her at aul. She wood be such a deliatfool companyon for Emmaa."

Mr. Wood'hous agrede too it aul, but added,

"Our littel frend Harreyet Smith, houwevver, iz just such anuther pritty kiand ov yung person. U wil like Harreyet. Emmaa cood not hav a better companyon dhan Harreyet."

"I am moast happy too here it—but oanly Jane Faerfax wun nose too be so

verry acumplisht and supereyor!—and exactly Emmaaz age.”

This toppic wauz discust verry happily, and utherz suxeded ov cimmilar moment, and paast awa withe cimmilar harmony; but the evening did not cloce widhout a littel retern ov agitaishon. The gruwel came and suplide a grate dele too be ced—much prase and menny comments—undouting decizhon ov its whoalsumnes for evvery constichueshon, and pritty cevere Filippix uppon the menny housez whare it wauz nevver met withe tollerably;—but, unforchunaitly, among the faluerz which the dauter had too instans, the moast recent, and dhaerfoer moast promminent, wauz in

her one cooc at South End, a yung woomman hiard for the time, whoo nevver

had bene abel too understand whaut she ment bi a bacin ov nice smuithe gruwel, thhin, but not too thhin. Often az she had wisht for and orderd it, she had nevver bene abel too ghet enny thhing tollerabel. Here wauz a dain'gerous opening.

“Aa!” ced Mr. Wood'hous, shaking hiz hed and fixing hiz ise on her withe tender concern.—The ejaculaishon in Emmaaz ere exprest, “Aa! dhare iz no end ov the sad conceqwencez ov yor gowing too South End. It duz not bare tauking ov.” And for a littel while she hoapt he wood not tauc ov it, and dhat a cilent rumaishon mite sufice too restoer him too the rellish ov hiz one smuithe gruwel. Aafter an interval ov sum minnuets, houwevver, he began withe,

“I shal aulwase be verry sorry dhat u went too the ce this autum, insted ov cumming here.”

“But whi shood u be sorry, cer?—I ashure u, it did the children a grate dele ov good.”

“And, moerover, if u must go too the ce, it had better not hav bene too South End. South End iz an unhelthhy place. Perry wauz cerpriazd too

here u had fixt uppon South End.”

“I no dhare iz such an ideyaa withe menny pepel, but indede it iz qwite a mistake, cer.—We aul had our helth perfectly wel dhare, nevver found the leest inconveenyens from the mud; and Mr. Wingfeeld cez it iz entiarly a mistake too suppose the place unhelthhy; and I am shure he ma be depended on, for he thurroly understandz the nachure ov the are, and hiz one bruther and fammily hav bene dhare repetedly.”

“U shood hav gon too Cromer, mi dere, if u went enniwhare.—Perry wauz a weke at Cromer wuns, and he hoaldz it too be the best ov aul the ce-baithing placez. A fine open ce, he cez, and verry pure are. And, bi whaut I understand, u mite hav had lodgingz dhare qwite awa from the ce—a qworter ov a mile of—verry cumfortabel. U shood hav consulted Perry.”

“But, mi dere cer, the differens ov the gerny;—oonly concidder hou grate it wood hav bene.—An hundred mialz, perhaps, insted ov forty.”

“Aa! mi dere, az Perry cez, whare helth iz at stake, nuthhing els shood be concidderd; and if wun iz too travvel, dhare iz not much too chuse betwene forty mialz and an hundred.—Better not moove at aul, better sta in Lundon aultooghether dhan travvel forty mialz too ghet intoo a  
wers are. This iz just whaut Perry ced. It ceemd too him a verry il-jujd mezhure.”

Emmaaz atempts too stop her faather had bene vane; and when he had reecht such a point az this, she cood not wunder at her bruther-in-lauz braking out.

“Mr. Perry,” ced he, in a vois ov verry strong displezhure, “wood doo az wel too kepe hiz opinyon til it iz aasct for. Whi duz he make it

enny biznes ov hiz, too wunder at whaut I doo?—at mi taking mi fammily too

wun part ov the coast or anuther?—I ma be aloud, I hope, the uce ov mi jument az wel az Mr. Perry.—I waunt hiz direcshonz no moer dhan hiz drugz.” He pauzd—and growing cooler in a moment, added, withe oonly

sarcastic drines, “If Mr. Perry can tel me hou too conva a wife and five children a distans ov an hundred and thherty mialz withe no grater expens or inconveenyens dhan a distans ov forty, I shood be az willing too prefer Cromer too South End az he cood himcelf.”

“Tru, tru,” cride Mr. Niatly, withe moast reddy interposishon—“verry tru. Dhats a concideraishon indede.—But Jon, az too whaut I wauz telling u ov mi ideyaa ov mooving the paath too Langam, ov terning it moer too the

rite dhat it ma not cut throo the home meddose, I canot conceive enny difficulty. I shood not atempt it, if it wer too be the meenz ov inconveenyens too the Hiburypapel, but if u caul too miand exactly the prezsent line ov the paath.... The oonly wa ov proving it, houwevver, wil be too tern too our maps. I shal ce u at the Abby too-moro morning I hope, and then we wil looc them over, and u shal ghiv me yor opinyon.”

Mr. Wood’hous wauz raather adgitated bi such harsh reflecshonz on hiz frend Perry, too whoome he had, in fact, dho unconshously, bene atribbuting menny ov hiz one felingz and expreshonz;—but the suithing atenshonz ov hiz dauterz gradjuwaly remuivd the prezsent evil, and the imejate alertnes ov wun bruther, and better recolecshonz ov the uther, prevented enny renuwal ov it.

Dhare cood hardly be a happier creature in the world than Mrs. Jon Niatly, in this short visit too Hartfield, going about every morning among her old acquaintances with her five children, and talking over what she had done every evening with her father and sister. She had nothing to wish otherwise, but that the case did not pass so swiftly. It was a delightful visit;—perfect, in being much too short.

In general these evenings were less engaged with friends than these mornings; but when complete dinner and entertainment, and out of the house too, these were no avoiding, that at Christmas. Mr. Weston would take no denial; she must all dine at Randalls when that;—even Mr. Woodhouse was persuaded to think it a possible thing in preference to a division of the party.

How she would have been to be convalesced, he would have made a difficulty if he could, but as his son and daughter's carriage and horses were accustomed at Hartfield, he was not able to make more than a simple question on that head; it hardly amounted to a doubt; nor did it occupy Emma long to convince him that she might in some of the carriage's spare rooms for Harriet also.

Harriet, Mr. Elton, and Mr. Niatly, these one special set, were the only persons invited to meet them;—the others were to be early, as well as the number of; Mr. Woodhouse's habits and inclination being consulted in every thing.

The evening before this great event (for it was a very great event that Mr. Woodhouse should dine out, on the 24th of December) had been spent by Harriet at Hartfield, and she had gone home so much indisposed with a cold, that, but for her one earnest wish of being near by Mrs. Goddard, Emma could not have allowed her to leave the house. Emma

cauld on her the next da, and found her doome aulreddy ciand withe regard too Randalz. She wauz verry feverish and had a bad soer throte: Mrs. Goddard wauz fool ov care and afecshon, Mr. Perry wauz tauct ov, and Harreyet hercelf wauz too il and lo too resist the authority which excluded her from this deliatfool en'gajment, dho she cood not speke ov her los widhout menny teerz.

Emmaa sat withe her az long az she cood, too atend her in Mrs. Goddardz unnavoidabel abcencez, and rase her spirrits bi representing hou much Mr. Eltonz wood be deprest when he nu her state; and left her at laast tollerably cumfortabel, in the swete dependens ov hiz havving a moast cumfortles vizsit, and ov dhare aul miscing her verry much. She had not advaanst menny yardz from Mrs. Goddardz doer, when she wauz met bi

Mr. Elton himcelf, evvidently cumming toowordz it, and az dha wauct on sloly tooghether in conversaishon about the invalid—ov whoome he, on the

rumor ov concidderabel ilnes, had bene gowing too inqwire, dhat he mite carry sum repoert ov her too Hartfeeld—dha wer overtaken bi Mr. Jon Niatly reterning from the daly vizsit too Donwel, withe hiz too eldest boiz, whose helthhy, glowing facez shude aul the bennefit ov a cuntry run, and ceemd too enshure a qwic despach ov the roast mutton and rice pooddng dha wer hacening home for. Dha joind cumpany and proceded tooghether. Emmaa wauz just describing the nachure ov her frendz

complaint;—"a throte verry much inflaimd, withe a grate dele ov hete about her, a qwic, lo puls, &c. and she wauz sory too fiand from Mrs. Goddard dhat Harreyet wauz liyabel too verry bad soer-throats, and had often

alarmd her withe them." Mr. Elton looct aul alarm on the ocaizhon, az he exclaimd,

"A soer-throte!—I hope not infecshous. I hope not ov a puetrid infecshous sort. Haz Perry cene her? Indede u shood take care ov

yorself az wel az ov yor frend. Let me entrete u too run no risx.  
Whi duz not Perry ce her?"

Emmaa, whoo wauz not reyaly at aul fritend hercelf, tranqwiliazd this exes ov apreshon bi ashurancez ov Mrs. Goddardz expereyens and care; but az dhare must stil remane a degry ov unnesines which she cood not wish too rezon awa, which she wood raather fede and acist dhan not, she added soone aafterwordz—az if qwite anuther subget,

"It iz so coald, so verry coald—and loox and feelz so verry much like sno, dhat if it wer too enny uther place or withe enny uther party, I shoold reyaly tri not too go out too-da—and diswade mi faather from venchuring; but az he haz made up hiz miand, and duz not ceme too fele the coald himcelf, I doo not like too interfere, az I no it wood be so grate a disapointment too Mr. and Mrs. Weston. But, uppon mi werd, Mr. Elton, in yor cace, I shoold certainly excuse micelf. U apere too me a littel hoers aulreddy, and when u concidder whaut demaand ov vois and whaut fateegz too-moro wil bring, I thhinc it wood be no moer dhan common prudens too sta at home and take care ov yorself too-nite."

Mr. Elton looct az if he did not verry wel no whaut aancer too make; which wauz exactly the cace; for dho verry much grattifide bi the kiand care ov such a fare lady, and not liking too resist enny advice ov herz, he had not reyaly the leest inclinaishon too ghiv up the vizsit;—but Emmaa,

too egher and bizsy in her one preveyous concepshonz and vuse too here him imparshaly, or ce him withe clere vizhon, wauz verry wel sattisfide withe hiz muttering acnollejment ov its beying "verry coald, certainly verry coald," and wauct on, rejoicing in havving extricated him from Randalz, and cecuerd him the pouwer ov cending too inqwire aafter Harreyet evvery our ov the evening.

"U doo qwite rite," ced she;—"we wil make yor apollogese too Mr. and



Mrs. Weston."

But hardly had she so spoken, when she found her brother wauz civvily offering a cete in hiz carrage, if the wether wer Mr. Eltonz oonly obgecshon, and Mr. Elton acchuwaly axepting the offer withe much prompt satisfacshon. It wauz a dun thhing; Mr. Elton wauz too go, and nevver had hiz braud handsum face exprest moer plezhure dhan at this moment; nevver had hiz smile bene stron'gher, nor hiz ise moer exulting dhan when he next looct at her.

"Wel," ced she too hercelf, "this iz moast strainj!—Aafter I had got him of so wel, too chuse too go intoo cumpany, and leve Harreyet il behiand!—Moast strainj indede!—But dhare iz, I beleve, in menny men, espeshaly cin'ghel men, such an inclinaishon—such a pashon for dining out—a dinner en'gaijment iz so hi in the claas ov dhare plezhuerz, dhare employments, dhare dignitese, aulmoast dhare jutese, dhat enny thhing ghivz wa too it—and this must be the cace withe Mr. Elton; a moast vallubel, ameyabel, plesing yung man undoutedly, and verry much in luv withe Harreyet; but stil, he canot refuse an invitaishon, he must dine out wharevver he iz aasct. Whaut a strainj thhing luv iz! he can ce reddy wit in Harreyet, but wil not dine alone for her."

Soone aafterwordz Mr. Elton qwitted them, and she cood not but doo him the justice ov feling dhat dhare wauz a grate dele ov centiment in hiz manner ov naming Harreyet at parting; in the tone ov hiz vois while ashuring her dhat he shood caul at Mrs. Goddardz for nuse ov her fare frend, the laast thhing befoer he prepaerd for the happines ov meting her agane, when he hoapt too be abel too ghiv a better repoert; and he cide and smiald himcelf of in a wa dhat left the ballans ov aprobaishon much in hiz favor.

Aafter a fu minnuets ov entire cilens betwene them, Jon Niatly

began withe—

“I nevver in mi life sau a man moer intent on beying agreyabel dhan Mr. Elton. It iz dounrite labor too him whare ladese ar concernd. Withe men he can be rashonal and unnafeeted, but when he haz ladese too plese, evvery fechure werx.”

“Mr. Eltonz mannerz ar not perfect,” replide Emmaa; “but whare dhare iz a wish too plese, wun aut too overlooc, and wun duz overlooc a grate dele. Whare a man duz hiz best withe oanly modderate pouwerz, he wil hav the advaantage over negligent supereyurity. Dhare iz such perfect good-temper and good-wil in Mr. Elton az wun canot but vallu.”

“Yes,” ced Mr. Jon Niatly prezently, withe sum slines, “he ceemz too hav a grate dele ov good-wil toowordz u.”

“Me!” she replide withe a smile ov astonishment, “ar u imadgining me too be Mr. Eltonz obgett?”

“Such an imaginaishon haz crost me, I one, Emmaa; and if it nevver okerd too u befoer, u ma az wel take it intoo concideraishon nou.”

“Mr. Elton in luv withe me!—Whaut an ideyaa!”

“I doo not sa it iz so; but u wil doo wel too concidder whether it iz so or not, and too reggulate yor behaveyor acordingly. I thhinc yor mannerz too him encurraging. I speke az a frend, Emmaa. U had better looc about u, and ascertain whaut u doo, and whaut u mene too doo.”

“I thanc u; but I ashure u u ar qwite mistaken. Mr. Elton and I ar verry good frendz, and nuthhing moer;” and she wauct on, amusing hercelf in the concideraishon ov the blunderz which often arise from a

parshal nollej ov circumstaancez, ov the mistaix which pepel ov hi pretenshonz too jujment ar for evver fauling intoo; and not verry wel pleezd withe her bruther for imadgining her bliand and ignorant, and in waunt ov counsel. He ced no moer.

Mr. Wood'hous had so compleetly made up hiz miand too the vizsit, dhat in

spite ov the increcing coaldnes, he ceemd too hav no ideyaa ov shrinking from it, and cet forword at laast moast puncchuwaly withe hiz eldest dauter in hiz one carrage, withe les aparrent conshousnes ov the wether dhan iather ov the utherz; too fool ov the wunder ov hiz one gowing, and the plezhure it wauz too afoerd at Randalz too ce dhat it wauz coald, and too wel rapt up too fele it. The coald, houwevver, wauz cevere; and bi the time the cecond carrage wauz in moashon, a fu flaix ov sno wer fianding dhare wa doun, and the ski had the aperans ov beying so overcharjd az too waunt oonly a mialder are too projuce a verry white werld in a verry short time.

Emmaa soone sau dhat her companyon wauz not in the happyest humor.

The

preparing and the gowing abraud in such wether, withe the sacrifice ov hiz children aafter dinner, wer evilz, wer disagreyabelz at leest, which Mr. Jon Niatly did not bi enny meenz like; he antiscipated nuthhing in the vizsit dhat cood be at aul werth the perchace; and the whole ov dhare drive too the viccarage wauz spent bi him in exprescing hiz discontent.

“A man,” ced he, “must hav a verry good opinyon ov himself when he aasx pepel too leve dhare one fiarcide, and encounter such a da az this, for the sake ov cumming too ce him. He must thhinc himself a moast agreyabel fello; I cood not doo such a thhing. It iz the gratest abcerdity—Acchuwaly snowing at this moment!—The folly ov not alouwing pepel too be cumfortabel at home—and the folly ov pepelz not staying

cumfortably at home when dha can! If we wer obliajd too go out such an evening az this, bi enny caul ov juty or biznes, whaut a hardship we shood deme it;—and here ar we, probbably withe raather thhinner cloathing dhan uezhual, cetting forword voluntarily, widhout excuce, in defiyans ov the vois ov nachure, which telz man, in evvery thhing ghivven too hiz vu or hiz felingz, too sta at home himcelf, and kepe aul under shelter dhat he can;—here ar we cetting forword too spend five dul ourz in anuther manz hous, withe nuthhing too sa or too here dhat wauz not ced and herd yesterda, and ma not be ced and herd agane too-moro. Gowing in dizmal wether, too retern probbably in wers;—foer horcez and foer cervants taken out for nuthhing but too conva five idel, shivvering crechuerz intoo coalder ruimz and wers cumpany dhan dha mite hav had at home.”

Emmaa did not fiand hercelf eeqwal too ghiv the pleezd acnt, which no dout he wauz in the habbit ov receving, too emulate the “Verry tru, mi luv,” which must hav bene uezhualy adminnisterd bi hiz travveling companyon; but she had rezolueshon enuf too refrane from making enny aancer at aul. She cood not be complying, she dredded beying qworelsum; her herrowizm reecht oanly too cilens. She aloud him too tauc, and arainjd the glaacez, and rapt hercelf up, widhout opening her lips.

Dha ariavd, the carrage ternd, the step wauz let down, and Mr. Elton, spruce, blac, and smiling, wauz withe them instantly. Emmaa thaut withe plezhure ov sum chainj ov subgect. Mr. Elton wauz aul obligaishon and cheerfoolnes; he wauz so verry cheerfool in hiz civillitese indede, dhat she began too thhinc he must hav receevd a different acount ov Harreyet from whaut had reecht her. She had cent while drescing, and the aancer had bene, “Much the same—not better.”

“*Mi* repoert from Mrs. Goddardz,” ced she prezsently, “wauz not so

plezzant az I had hoapt—‘Not better’ wauz *mi* aancer.”

Hiz face lengthhend imejaitly; and hiz vois wauz the vois ov centiment az he aancerd.

“O! no—I am greevd too fiand—I wauz on the point ov telling u dhat when I cauld at Mrs. Goddardz doer, which I did the verry laast thhing befoer I reternd too dres, I wauz toald dhat Mis Smith wauz not better, bi no meenz better, raather wers. Verry much greevd and concernd—I had flatterd micelf dhat she must be better aafter such a corjal az I nu had bene ghivven her in the morning.”

Emmaa smiald and aancerd—“Mi vizsit wauz ov uce too the nervous part ov her complaint, I hope; but not even I can charm awa a soer throte; it iz a moast cevere coald indede. Mr. Perry haz bene withe her, az u probbably herd.”

“Yes—I imadgiand—dhat iz—I did not—”

“He haz bene uest too her in these complaints, and I hope too-moro morning wil bring us boath a moer cumfortabel repoert. But it iz imposcibel not too fele unnesines. Such a sad los too our party too-da!”

“Dredfool!—Exactly so, indede.—She wil be mist evvery moment.”

This wauz verry propper; the ci which acumpanede it wauz reyaly estimabel; but it shood hav laasted lon’gher. Emmaa wauz raather in disma when oonly haaf a minnute aafterwordz he began too speke ov uther thhingz, and in a vois ov the gratest alacrity and enjoiment.

“Whaut an exelent device,” ced he, “the uce ov a sheepskin for carragez. Hou verry cumfortabel dha make it;—imposcibel too fele coald withe such precaushonz. The contrivancez ov moddern dase indede hav renderd a gentelmanz carrage perfectly complete. Wun iz so fenst and garded from the wether, dhat not a breth ov are can fiand its wa unpermitted. Wether becumz absoluetly ov no conceqwens. It iz a verry coald aafternoone—but in this carrage we no nuthing ov the matter.—Haa! snose a littel I ce.”

“Yes,” ced Jon Niatly, “and I thhinc we shal hav a good dele ov it.”

“Cristmas wether,” observd Mr. Elton. “Qwite cezonabel; and extreemly forchunate we ma thhinc ourcelvz dhat it did not beghin yesterda, and prevent this dase party, which it mite verry poscibly hav dun, for Mr. Wood’hous wood hardly hav venchuerd had dhare bene much sno on the ground; but nou it iz ov no conceqwens. This iz qwite the cezon indede for frendly metingz. At Cristmas evvery boddy inviats dhare frendz about them, and pepel thhinc littel ov even the werst wether. I wauz snode up at a frendz hous wuns for a weke. Nuthing cood be plezzanter. I went for oanly wun nite, and cood not ghet awa til dhat verry da cennite.”

Mr. Jon Niatly looct az if he did not comprehend the plezhure, but ced oanly, cooly,

“I canot wish too be snode up a weke at Randalz.”

At anuther time Emmaa mite hav bene amuezd, but she wauz too much astonisht nou at Mr. Eltonz spirrits for uther felingz. Harreyet ceemd qwite forgotten in the expectaishon ov a plezzant party.

“We ar shure ov exelent fiarz,” continnude he, “and evvery thhing in the

gratest cumfort. Charming pepel, Mr. and Mrs. Weston;—Mrs. Weston indede iz much beyond prase, and he iz exactly whaut wun valluse, so hospittabel, and so fond ov sociyety;—it wil be a smaul party, but whare smaul partese ar celect, dha ar perhaps the moast agreyabel ov enny. Mr. Westonz dining-roome duz not acommodate moer dhan ten cumfortably; and for mi part, I wood raather, under such cercumstaancez, faul short bi too dhan exede bi too. I thhinc u wil agry withe me, (terning withe a soft are too Emmaa,) I thhinc I shal certainly hav yor aprobaishon, dho Mr. Niatly perhaps, from beying uest too the larj partese ov Lundon, ma not qwite enter intoo our felingz.”

“I no nuthhing ov the larj partese ov Lundon, cer—I nevver dine withe enny boddy.”

“Indede! (in a tone ov wunder and pitty,) I had no ideyaa dhat the lau had bene so grate a slavery. Wel, cer, the time must cum when u wil be pade for aul this, when u wil hav littel labor and grate enjoiment.”

“Mi ferst enjoiment,” replide Jon Niatly, az dha paast throo the swepe-gate, “wil be too fiand micelf safe at Hartfeeld agane.”

## CHAPTER 14

Sum chainj ov countenans wauz nescesary for eche gentelman az dha wauct intoo Mrs. Westonz drauwing-roome;—Mr. Elton must compose hiz joiyous loox, and Mr. Jon Niatly dispers hiz il-humor. Mr. Elton must smile les, and Mr. Jon Niatly moer, too fit them for the place.—Emmaa oonly mite be az nachure prompted, and shu hercelf just az

happy az she wauz. Too her it wauz reyal enjoiment too be withe the Westonz.

Mr. Weston wauz a grate favorite, and dhare wauz not a crechure in the werld too whoome she spoke withe such unreserv, az too hiz wife; not enny

wun, too whoome she related withe such convicshon ov beying liscend too and

understood, ov beying aulwase interesting and aulwase intelligibel, the littel afaerz, arainjments, perplexitese, and plezhuerz ov her faather and hercelf. She cood tel nuthhing ov Hartfeeld, in which Mrs. Weston had not a liavly concern; and haaf an ourz unninterrupted comunicaishon ov aul dhose littel matterz on which the daly happines ov private life dependz, wauz wun ov the ferst gratificaishonz ov eche.

This wauz a plezhure which perhaps the whole dase vizsit mite not afoerd, which certainly did not belong too the prezsent haaf-our; but the verry cite ov Mrs. Weston, her smile, her tuch, her vois wauz graitfool too Emmaa, and she determiand too thhinc az littel az poscibel ov Mr. Eltonz odditese, or ov enny thhing els unplezzant, and enjoi aul dhat wauz enjoiyabel too the utmoast.

The misforchune ov Harreyets coald had bene pritty wel gon throo befoer her arival. Mr. Wood'hous had bene saifly ceted long enuf too ghiv the history ov it, beciadz aul the history ov hiz one and Izabellaaz cumming, and ov Emmaaz beying too follo, and had indede just got too the end ov hiz satisfacshon dhat Jaimz shood cum and ce hiz dauter, when the utherz apeerd, and Mrs. Weston, whoo had bene aulmoast wholly en'groast bi her atenshonz too him, wauz abel too tern awa

and welcum her dere Emmaa.

Emmaaz prodgect ov forgetting Mr. Elton for a while made her raather sorry too fiand, when dha had aul taken dhare placez, dhat he wauz cloce too her. The difficulty wauz grate ov driving hiz strainj incencibillity



toowordz Harreyet, from her miand, while he not oonly sat at her elbo, but wauz continuwaly obtruding hiz happy countenans on her notice, and soliscitously adrescing her uppon evvery ocaizhon. Insted ov forghetting him, hiz behaveyor wauz such dhat she cood not avoid the internal sugeschon ov “Can it reyaly be az mi bruther imadgiand? can it be poscibel for this man too be beghinning too traansfer hiz afecshonz from Harreyet too me?—Abcerd and insufferabel!”—Yet he wood be so ancshous for

her beying perfectly worm, wood be so interested about her faather, and so delited withe Mrs. Weston; and at laast wood beghin admiring her drauwingz withe so much sele and so littel nollej az ceemd terribly like a wood-be luvver, and made it sum effort withe her too preserv her good mannerz. For her one sake she cood not be rude; and for Harreyets, in the hope dhat aul wood yet tern out rite, she wauz even pozsitiavly civvil; but it wauz an effort; espeshaly az sumthhing wauz gowing on amungst the utherz, in the moast overpouwering pereyod ov Mr.

Eltonz noncens, which she particcularly wisht too liscen too. She herd enuf too no dhat Mr. Weston wauz ghivving sum informaishon about hiz sun; she herd the werdz “mi sun,” and “Franc,” and “mi sun,” repeted cevveral tiamz over; and, from a fu uther haaf-cillabelz verry much suspected dhat he wauz anouncing an erly vizsit from hiz sun; but befoer she cood qwiyet Mr. Elton, the subgect wauz so compleetly paast dhat enny reviving qweschon from her wood hav bene auqword.

Nou, it so happend dhat in spite ov Emmaaz rezolueshon ov nevver marreying, dhare wauz sumthhing in the name, in the ideyaa ov Mr. Franc Cherchil, which aulwase interested her. She had freeqwently thaut—espeshaly cins hiz faatherz marrage withe Mis Talor—dhat if she *wer* too marry, he wauz the verry person too sute her in age, carracter and condishon. He ceemd bi this conecshon betwene the fammilese, qwite too belong too her. She cood not but suppose it too be a mach dhat evvery boddy whoo nu them must thhinc ov. Dhat Mr. and Mrs.

Weston did thinc ov it, she wauz verry strongly perswaded; and dho not mening too be injuest bi him, or bi enny boddy els, too ghiv up a cichuwaishon which she beleevd moer replete withe good dhan enny she cood

chainj it for, she had a grate cureyoscity too ce him, a decided intenshon ov fianding him plezzant, ov beying liact bi him too a certane degry, and a sort ov plezhure in the ideyaa ov dhare beying cuppeld in dhare frendz' imaginaishonz.

Withe such censaishonz, Mr. Eltonz civillitese wer dredfooly il-tiamd; but she had the cumfort ov apering verry polite, while feling verry cros—and ov ththinking dhat the rest ov the vizsit cood not poscibly paas widhout bringing forword the same informaishon agane, or the substans ov it, from the open-harted Mr. Weston.—So it pruivd;—for when happily releest from Mr. Elton, and ceted bi Mr. Weston, at dinner, he made uce ov the verry ferst interval in the caerz ov hospitallity, the verry ferst lezhure from the saddel ov mutton, too sa too her,

“We waunt oanly too moer too be just the rite number. I shood like too ce too moer here,—yor pritty littel frend, Mis Smith, and mi sun—and then I shood sa we wer qwite complete. I beleve u did not here me telling the utherz in the drauwing-roome dhat we ar expecting Franc. I had a letter from him this morning, and he wil be withe us within a fortnite.”

Emmaa spoke withe a verry propper degry ov plezhure; and foolly acented too

hiz proposishon ov Mr. Franc Cherchil and Mis Smith making dhare party qwite complete.

“He haz bene waunting too cum too us,” continnude Mr. Weston, “evver cins

Ceptember: evvery letter haz bene fool ov it; but he canot comaand hiz

one time. He haz dhose too plese whoo must be pleezd, and whoo (betwene ourcelvz) ar sumtiamz too be pleezd oanly bi a good menny sacrificez. But nou I hav no dout ov ceying him here about the cecond weke in Jannuwary."

"Whaut a verry grate plezhure it wil be too u! and Mrs. Weston iz so ancshous too be aqwainted withe him, dhat she must be aulmoast az happy az yorcelf."

"Yes, she wood be, but dhat she thhinx dhare wil be anuther poot-of. She duz not depend uppon hiz cumming so much az I doo: but she duz not no the partese so wel az I doo. The cace, u ce, iz—(but this iz qwite betwene ourcelvz: I did not menshon a cillabel ov it in the uther roome. Dhare ar ceecrets in aul fammilese, u no)—The cace iz, dhat a party ov frendz ar invited too pa a vizsit at Enscome in Jannuwary; and dhat Franx cumming dependz uppon dhare beying poot of. If dha ar not poot of, he canot ster. But I no dha wil, becauz it iz a fammily dhat a certane lady, ov sum conceqwens, at Enscome, haz a particcular dislike too: and dho it iz thaut nescenary too invite them wuns in too or thre yeerz, dha aulwase ar poot of when it cumz too the point. I hav not the smaulest dout ov the ishu. I am az confident ov ceying Franc here befoer the middel ov Jannuwary, az I am ov beying here micelf: but yor good frend dhare (nodding toowordz the upper end ov the tabel) haz so fu vagarese hercelf, and haz bene so littel uest too them at Hartfeeld, dhat she canot calculate on dhare efects, az I hav bene long in the practice ov doowing."

"I am sorry dhare shood be enny thhing like dout in the cace," replide Emmaa; "but am dispoazd too cide withe u, Mr. Weston. If u thhinc he wil cum, I shal thhinc so too; for u no Enscome."

“Yes—I hav sum rite too dhat nollej; dho I hav nevver bene at the place in mi life.—She iz an od woomman!—But I nevver alou micelf too speke il ov her, on Franx acount; for I doo beleve her too be verry fond ov him. I uest too thhinc she wauz not capabel ov beying fond ov enny boddy, exept hercelf: but she haz aulwase bene kiand too him (in her wa—alouwing for littel whimz and caprecez, and expecting evvery thhing too be az she liax). And it iz no smaull credit, in mi opinyon, too him, dhat he shood exite such an afecshon; for, dho I wood not sa it too enny boddy els, she haz no moer hart dhan a stone too pepel in genneral; and the devvil ov a temper.”

Emmaa liact the subject so wel, dhat she began uppon it, too Mrs. Weston, verry soone aafter dhare mooving intoo the drauwing-roome: wishing her joi—yet observing, dhat she nu the ferst meting must be raather alarming.—Mrs. Weston agrede too it; but added, dhat she shood be verry glad too be ceure ov undergowing the anxiyety ov a ferst meting at the time tauct ov: “for I canot depend uppon hiz cumming. I canot be so san’gwine az Mr. Weston. I am verry much afrade dhat it wil aul end in nuthhing. Mr. Weston, I dare sa, haz bene telling u exactly hou the matter standz?”

“Yes—it ceemz too depend uppon nuthhing but the il-humor ov Mrs. Cherchil, which I imadgine too be the moast certane thhing in the world.”

“Mi Emmaa!” replide Mrs. Weston, smiling, “whaut iz the certainty ov caprece?” Then terning too Izabellaa, whoo had not bene atending befoer—“U must no, mi dere Mrs. Niatly, dhat we ar bi no meenz so shure ov ceying Mr. Franc Cherchil, in mi opinyon, az hiz faather thhinx. It dependz entiarly uppon hiz aants spirrits and plezhure; in short, uppon her temper. Too u—too mi too dauterz—I ma venchure on the trueth. Mrs. Cherchil ruelz at Enscome, and iz a verry od-temperd

woomman; and hiz cumming nou, dependz uppon her beying willing too spare him."

"O, Mrs. Cherchil; evvery boddy nose Mrs. Cherchil," replide Izabellaa: "and I am shure I nevver thhinc ov dhat poor yung man widhout the gratest compashon. Too be constantly livving withe an il-temperd person, must be dredfool. It iz whaut we happily hav nevver none enny thhing ov; but it must be a life ov mizsery. Whaut a blescing, dhat she nevver had enny children! Poor littel crechuerz, hou unhappy she wood hav made them!"

Emmaa wisht she had bene alone withe Mrs. Weston. She shood then hav herd moer: Mrs. Weston wood speke too her, withe a degry ov unreserv which she wood not hazzard withe Izabellaa; and, she reyaly beleevd, wood scaersly tri too concele enny thhing rellative too the Cherchilz from her, exepting dhose vuse on the yung man, ov which her one imaginaishon had aulreddy ghivven her such instinctive nollej. But at prezsent dhare wauz nuthhing moer too be ced. Mr. Wood'hous verry soone follode them intoo the drauwing-roome. Too be citting long aafter dinner, wauz a confianment dhat he cood not enjure. Niather wine nor conversaishon wauz enny thhing too him; and gladly did he moove too dhose withe whoome he wauz aulwase cumfortabel.

While he tauct too Izabellaa, houwevver, Emmaa found an oporchunity ov saying,

"And so u doo not concidder this vizsit from yor sun az bi enny meenz certane. I am sorry for it. The introducshon must be unplezzant, whenevver it taix place; and the sooner it cood be over, the better."

"Yes; and evvery dela maix wun moer aprehencive ov uther delase. Even

if this fammily, the Braithwaits, ar poot of, I am stil afrade dhat sum excuce ma be found for disapointing us. I canot bare too imadgine enny reluctans on hiz cide; but I am shure dhare iz a grate wish on the Cherchilz' too kepe him too themcelvz. Dhare iz gelloucy. Dha ar gellous even ov hiz regard for hiz faather. In short, I can fele no dependens on hiz cumming, and I wish Mr. Weston wer les san'gwine."

"He aut too cum," ced Emmaa. "If he cood sta oonly a cuppel ov dase, he aut too cum; and wun can hardly conceve a yung manz not havving it in hiz pouwer too doo az much az dhat. A yung *woomman*, if she faul intoo bad handz, ma be teezd, and kept at a distans from dhose she waunts too be withe; but wun canot comprehend a yung *manz* beying under such restraint, az not too be abel too spend a weke withe hiz faather, if he liax it."

"Wun aut too be at Enscome, and no the wase ov the fammily, befoer wun deciadz uppon whaut he can doo," replide Mrs. Weston. "Wun aut too use the same caushon, perhaps, in judging ov the conduct ov enny wun individjuwal ov enny wun fammily; but Enscome, I beleve, certainly must not be judd bi genneral ruelz: *she* iz so verry unrezonabel; and evvery thhing ghivz wa too her."

"But she iz so fond ov the neffu: he iz so verry grate a favorite. Nou, acording too mi ideyaa ov Mrs. Cherchil, it wood be moast natchural, dhat while she maix no sacrifice for the cumfort ov the huzband, too whoome she ose evvery thhing, while she exercisez incessant caprece toowordz *him*, she shood freeqwently be guvvernd bi the neffu, too whoome she ose nuthhing at aul."

"Mi derest Emmaa, doo not pretend, withe yor swete temper, too understand

a bad wun, or too la doun ruelz for it: u must let it go its one wa. I hav no dout ov hiz havving, at tiamz, concidderabel influwens; but it ma be perfectly imposcibel for him too no befoerhand *when* it wil be."

Emmaa liscend, and then cooly ced, "I shal not be sattisfide, unles he cumz."

"He ma hav a grate dele ov influwens on sum points," continnude Mrs. Weston, "and on utherz, verry littel: and amung dhose, on which she iz beyond hiz reche, it iz but too liacly, ma be this verry cercumstaans ov hiz cumming awa from them too vizsit us."

## CHAPTER 15

Mr. Wood'hous wauz soone reddy for hiz te; and when he had dranc hiz te he wauz qwite reddy too go home; and it wauz az much az hiz thre companyonz cood doo, too entertane awa hiz notice ov the laitnes ov the our, befoer the uther gentelmen apeerd. Mr. Weston wauz chatty and convivveyal, and no frend too erly ceparaihonz ov enny sort; but at laast the drauwng-roome party did receive an augmentaishon. Mr. Elton, in verry good spirrits, wauz wun ov the ferst too wauc in. Mrs. Weston and Emmaa wer citting tooghether on a sofaa. He joind them imejaitly, and, withe scaersly an invitaishon, ceted himcelf betwene them.

Emmaa, in good spirrits too, from the amuezment afoerded her miand bi the expectaishon ov Mr. Franc Cherchil, wauz willing too forghet hiz late improprietese, and be az wel sattisfide withe him az befoer, and on hiz

making Harreyet hiz verry ferst subject, wauz reddy too liscen withe moast frendly smialz.

He profest himcelf extreemly ancshous about her fare frend—her fare, luvly, ameyabel frend. “Did she no?—had she herd enny thhing about her, cins dhare beying at Randalz?—he felt much anxiyety—he must confes dhat the nachure ov her complaint alarmd him concidderably.” And in this stile he tauct on for sum time verry properly, not much atending too enny aancer, but aultooghether sufishly awake too the terror ov a bad soer throte; and Emmaa wauz qwite in charrity withe him.

But at laast dhare ceemd a pervers tern; it ceemd aul at wuns az if he wer moer afrade ov its beying a bad soer throte on her acount, dhan on Harreyets—moer ancshous dhat she shood escape the infecshon, dhan dhat dhare shood be no infecshon in the complaint. He began withe grate earnestnes too entrete her too refrane from vizsiting the cic-chamber agane, for the prezsent—too entrete her too *prommice him* not too venchure intoo such hazzard til he had cene Mr. Perry and lernt hiz opinyon; and dho she tride too laaf it of and bring the subject bac intoo its propper coers, dhare wauz no pooting an end too hiz extreme soliscichude about her. She wauz vext. It did apere—dhare wauz no conceling it—exactly like the pretens ov beying in luv withe her, insted ov Harreyet; an inconstancy, if reyal, the moast contemptibel and abomminabel!

and she had difficulty in behaving withe temper. He ternd too Mrs. Weston too imploer her acistans, “Wood not she ghiv him her supoert?—wood not she ad her perswaizhonz too hiz, too injuce Mis Wood’hous not too go too Mrs. Goddardz til it wer certane dhat Mis Smiths disorder had no infecshon? He cood not be sattisfide widhout a prommice—wood not she ghiv him her influwens in procuring it?”

“So scrupulous for utherz,” he continnude, “and yet so caerles for



hercelf! She waunted me too ners mi coald bi staying at home too-da, and yet wil not prommice too avoid the dain'ger ov catching an ulcerated soer throte hercelf. Iz this fare, Mrs. Weston?—Juj betwene us. Hav not I sum rite too complane? I am shure ov yor kiand supoert and ade.”

Emmaa sau Mrs. Westonz cerprise, and felt dhat it must be grate, at an adres which, in werdz and manner, wauz ashuming too himcelf the rite ov ferst interest in her; and az for hercelf, she wauz too much provoact and ofended too hav the pouwer ov directly saying enny thhing too the perpoce. She cood oanly ghiv him a looc; but it wauz such a looc az she thaut must restoer him too hiz cencez, and then left the sofaa, remooving too a cete bi her cister, and ghivving her aul her atenshon.

She had not time too no hou Mr. Elton tooc the reproofe, so rappidly did anuther subject suxede; for Mr. Jon Niatly nou came intoo the roome from exammining the wether, and opend on them aul withe the informaishon ov the ground beying cuverd withe sno, and ov its stil snowing faast, withe a strong drifting wind; concluding withe these werdz too Mr. Wood'hous:

“This wil prove a spirrited beghinning ov yor winter en'gaijments, cer. Sumthhing nu for yor coachman and horceez too be making dhare wa throo a storm ov sno.”

Poor Mr. Wood'hous wauz cilent from consternaishon; but evvery boddy els had sumthhing too sa; evvery boddy wauz iather cerpriazd or not cerpriazd, and had sum qweschon too aasc, or sum cumfort too offer. Mrs. Weston and Emmaa tride earnestly too chere him and tern hiz atenshon from hiz sun-in-lau, whoo wauz pershuwing hiz triyumf raather unfeelingly.

“I admiard yor rezolueshon verry much, cer,” ced he, “in venchuring out in such wether, for ov coers u sau dhare wood be sno verry soone. Evvery boddy must hav cene the sno cumming on. I admiard yor spirit; and I dare sa we shal ghet home verry wel. Anuther our or toose sno can hardly make the rode impaasabel; and we ar too carragez; if wun iz blone over in the bleke part ov the common feeld dhare wil be the uther at hand. I dare sa we shal be aul safe at Hartfeeld befoer midnite.”

Mr. Weston, withe triyumf ov a different sort, wauz confescing dhat he had none it too be snowing sum time, but had not ced a werd, lest it shood make Mr. Wood’houz uncumfortabel, and be an excuce for hiz hurreying awa. Az too dhare beying enny qwauntity ov sno faulen or liacly too faul too impede dhare retern, dhat wauz a mere joke; he wauz afrade dha wood fiand no difficulty. He wisht the rode mite be impaasabel, dhat he mite be abel too kepe them aul at Randalz; and withe the utmoast good-wil wauz shure dhat acomodaishon mite be found for evvery boddy, caulng on hiz wife too agry withe him, dhat withe a littel contrivans, evvery boddy mite be lojd, which she hardly nu hou too doo, from the conshousnes ov dhare beying but too spare ruimz in the hous.

“Whaut iz too be dun, mi dere Emmaa?—whaut iz too be dun?” wauz Mr. Wood’housez ferst exclamaishon, and aul dhat he cood sa for sum time. Too her he looct for cumfort; and her ashurancez ov saifty, her representaishon ov the exelens ov the horcez, and ov Jaimz, and ov dhare havving so menny frendz about them, reviad him a littel.

Hiz eldest dauterz alarm wauz eeqwal too hiz one. The horror ov beying bloct up at Randalz, while her children wer at Hartfeeld, wauz fool in her imaginaishon; and fancying the rode too be nou just paasabel for advenchurous pepel, but in a state dhat admitted no dela, she wauz egher too hav it cetteld, dhat her faather and Emmaa shood remane at Randalz, while she and her huzband cet forword instantly throo aul the poscibel acumulaishonz ov drifted sno dhat mite impede them.

“U had better order the carrage directly, mi luv,” ced she; “I dare sa we shal be Abel too ghet along, if we cet of directly; and if we doo cum too enny thhing verry bad, I can ghet out and wauc. I am not at aul afrade. I shood not miand wauking haaf the wa. I cood chainj mi shoose, u no, the moment I got home; and it iz not the sort ov thhing dhat ghivz me coald.”

“Indede!” replide he. “Then, mi dere Izabellaa, it iz the moast extrordinary sort ov thhing in the werld, for in genneral evvery thhing duz ghiv u coald. Wauc home!—u ar prittily shod for wauking home, I dare sa. It wil be bad enuf for the horcez.”

Izabellaa ternd too Mrs. Weston for her aprobaishon ov the plan. Mrs. Weston cood oanly aproove. Izabellaa then went too Emmaa; but Emmaa cood not so entiarly ghiv up the hope ov dhare beying aul Abel too ghet awa; and dha wer stil discusing the point, when Mr. Niatly, whoo had left the roome imejaitly aafter hiz brutherz ferst repoert ov the sno, came bac agane, and toald them dhat he had bene out ov doerz too exammine, and cood aancer for dhare not beying the smaulest difficulty in dhare ghetting home, whenever dha liact it, iather nou or an our hens. He had gon beyond the swepe—sum wa along the Hibury rode—the sno wauz noawhare abuv haaf an inch depe—in menny placez hardly enuf too whiten the ground; a verry fu flaix wer fauling at prezsent, but the cloudz wer parting, and dhare wauz evvery aperans ov its beying soone over. He had cene the coachmen, and dha boath agrede withe him in dhare beying nuthhing too aprehend.

Too Izabellaa, the relefe ov such tidingz wauz verry grate, and dha wer scaersly les axeptabel too Emmaa on her faatherz acount, whoo wauz imejaitly cet az much at ese on the subject az hiz nervous

constichueshon aloud; but the alarm dhat had bene raizd cood not be apeezd so az too admit ov enny cumfort for him while he continnude at Randalz. He wauz sattisfide ov dhare beying no prezsent dain'ger in reterning home, but no ashurancez cood convins him dhat it wauz safe too sta; and while the utherz wer vareyously erging and recomending, Mr. Niatly and Emmaa cetteld it in a fu brefe centencez: dhus—

“Yor faather wil not be esy; whi doo not u go?”

“I am reddy, if the utherz ar.”

“Shal I ring the bel?”

“Yes, doo.”

And the bel wauz rung, and the carragez spoken for. A fu minnuets moer, and Emmaa hoapt too ce wun trubbelsum companyon depozsited in hiz one hous, too ghet sober and coole, and the uther recuvver hiz temper and happines when this vizsit ov hardship wer over.

The carrage came: and Mr. Wood'hous, aulwase the ferst obgett on such ocaizhonz, wauz caerfooly atended too hiz one bi Mr. Niatly and Mr. Weston; but not aul dhat iather cood sa cood prevent sum renuwal ov alarm at the cite ov the sno which had acchuwaly faulen, and the discuvvery ov a much darker nite dhan he had bene prepaerd for. “He wauz afrade dha shood hav a verry bad drive. He wauz afrade poor Izabellaa wood not like it. And dhare wood be poor Emmaa in the carrage behiand. He did not no whaut dha had best doo. Dha must kepe az much tooghether az dha cood;” and Jaimz wauz tauct too, and ghivven a charj too go verry slo and wate for the uther carrage.

Izabellaa stept in aafter her faather; Jon Niatly, forghetting dhat he

did not belong too dhare party, stept in aafter hiz wife verry natchuraly; so dhat Emmaa found, on beying escorted and follode intoo the cecond carrage bi Mr. Elton, dhat the doer wauz too be laufigooly shut on them, and dhat dha wer too hav a tate-aa-tate drive. It wood not hav bene the auqwordnes ov a moment, it wood hav bene raather a plezhure, preveyous too the suspishonz ov this verry da; she cood hav tauct too him ov Harreyet, and the thre-qworterz ov a mile wood hav ceemd but wun. But nou, she wood raather it had not happend. She beleevd he had bene drinking too much ov Mr. Westonz good wine, and felt shure dhat he wood waunt too be tauking noncens.

Too restrane him az much az mite be, bi her one mannerz, she wauz imejaitly preparing too speke withe exqwizsite caalmnes and gravvity ov the wether and the nite; but scaersly had she begun, scaersly had dha paast the swepe-gate and joind the uther carrage, dhan she found her subgect cut up—her hand ceezd—her atenshon demaanded, and Mr. Elton acchuwaly making viyolent luv too her: avaling himcelf ov the preshous oporchunity, declaring centiments which must be aulreddy wel none, hoping—fering—adoering—reddy too di if she refuezd him; but flattering himcelf dhat hiz ardent atachment and unneeqwald luv and unnexaampeld pashon cood not fale ov havving sum efect, and in short, verry much rezolvd on beying cereyously axepted az soone az poscibel. It reyaly wauz so. Widhout scrupel—widhout apollogy—widhout much aparrent diffidens, Mr. Elton, the luvver ov Harreyet, wauz profescing himcelf *her* luvver. She tride too stop him; but vainly; he wood go on, and sa it aul. An'gry az she wauz, the thaut ov the moment made her rezolv too restrane hercelf when she did speke. She felt dhat haaf this folly must be drunken'nes, and dhaerfoer cood hope dhat it mite belong oanly too the paacing our. Acordingly, withe a mixchure ov the cereyous and the plafool, which she hoapt wood best sute hiz haaf and haaf state, she replide,

“I am verry much astonisht, Mr. Elton. This too *me!* u forghet yorcelf—u take me for mi frend—enny message too Mis Smith I shal be happy too delivver; but no moer ov this too *me*, if u plese.”

“Mis Smith!—message too Mis Smith!—Whaut cood she poscibly mene!”—  
And

he repeted her werdz withe such ashurans ov axent, such boastfool pretens ov amaizment, dhat she cood not help repliyng withe qwicnes,

“Mr. Elton, this iz the moast extrordinary conduct! and I can acount for it oonly in wun wa; u ar not yorcelf, or u cood not speke iather too me, or ov Harreyet, in such a manner. Comaand yorcelf enuf too sa no moer, and I wil endevvor too forghet it.”

But Mr. Elton had oonly drunc wine enuf too ellevate hiz spirrits, not at aul too confuse hiz intelects. He perfectly nu hiz one mening; and havving wormly protested against her suspishon az moast injureyous, and sliatly tucht uppon hiz respect for Mis Smith az her frend,—but acnolleging hiz wunder dhat Mis Smith shood be menshond at aul,—he rezhuemd the subget ov hiz one pashon, and wauz verry ergent for a favorabel aancer.

Az she thaut les ov hiz inebriyety, she thaut moer ov hiz inconstancy and prezumpshon; and withe fuwer strugghelz for poliatnes, replide,

“It iz imposcibel for me too dout enny lon’gher. U hav made yorcelf too clere. Mr. Elton, mi astonishment iz much beyond enny thhing I can expres. Aafter such behaveyor, az I hav witnest juring the laast munth, too Mis Smith—such atenshonz az I hav bene in the daly habbit ov observing—too be adrescing me in this manner—this iz an unsteddines ov carracter, indede, which I had not supozd poscibel! Beleve me, cer, I am far, verry far, from grattifide in beyng the obget ov such

profeshonz.”

“Good Hevven!” cride Mr. Elton, “whaut can be the mening ov this?—Mis Smith!—I nevver thaut ov Mis Smith in the whole coers ov mi existens—nevver pade her enny atenshon, but az yor frend: nevver caerd whether she wer ded or alive, but az yor frend. If she haz fancede utherwise, her one wishez hav misled her, and I am verry sory—extreemly sory—But, Mis Smith, indede!—O! Mis Wood’hous! whoo can thhinc ov Mis Smith, when Mis Wood’hous iz nere! No, uppon mi onnor, dhare iz no unsteddines ov carracter. I hav thaut oanly ov u. I protest against havving pade the smaulest atenshon too enny wun els. Evvery thhing dhat I hav ced or dun, for menny weex paast, haz bene withe the sole vu ov marking mi adoraishon ov yorcelf. U canot reyaly, cereyously, dout it. No!—(in an axent ment too be incinnuwating)—I am shure u hav cene and understood me.”

It wood be impscibel too sa whaut Emmaa felt, on hering this—which ov aul her unplezzant censaishonz wauz uppermoast. She wauz too compleetly overpouwerd too be imejaitly abel too repli: and too moments ov cilens beying ampel encurraijment for Mr. Eltonz san’gwine state ov miand, he tride too take her hand agane, az he joiyously exclaimd—

“Charming Mis Wood’hous! alou me too interpret this interesting cilens. It confescez dhat u hav long understood me.”

“No, cer,” cride Emmaa, “it confescez no such thhing. So far from havving long understood u, I hav bene in a moast complete error withe respect too yor vuse, til this moment. Az too micelf, I am verry sory dhat u shood hav bene ghivving wa too enny felingz—Nuthhing cood be farther from mi wishez—yor attachment too mi frend Harreyet—yor persute ov her, (persute, it apeerd,) gave me grate plezhure, and I hav bene verry earnestly wishing u suxes: but had I supoazd dhat she wer not yor atracshon too Hartfeeld, I shood certainly hav thaut u

jujd il in making yor vizsits so freeqwent. Am I too beleve dhat u hav nevver saut too recomend yorcelf particcularly too Mis Smith?—dhat u hav nevver thaut cereyously ov her?”

“Nevver, maddam,” cride he, afrunted in hiz tern: “nevver, I ashure u. *I* thhinc cereyously ov Mis Smith!—Mis Smith iz a verry good sort ov gherl; and I shood be happy too ce her respectably cetteld. I wish her extreemly wel: and, no dout, dhare ar men whoo mite not obget too—Evvery boddy haz dhare levvel: but az for micelf, I am not, I thhinc, qwite so much at a los. I nede not so totaly despare ov an eeqwal aliyns, az too be adrescing micelf too Mis Smith!—No, maddam, mi vizsits too Hartfeeld hav bene for yorcelf oonly; and the encurraijment I receevd—”

“Encurraijment!—I ghiv u encurraijment!—Cer, u hav bene entiarly mistaken in suposing it. I hav cene u oonly az the admirer ov mi frend. In no uther lite cood u hav bene moer too me dhan a common aquwaintans. I am exedingly sory: but it iz wel dhat the mistake endz whare it duz. Had the same behaveyor continnude, Mis Smith mite hav bene led intoo a misconcepshon ov yor vuse; not beying aware, probbably, enny moer dhan micelf, ov the verry grate ineqwaulity which u ar so cencibel ov. But, az it iz, the disapointment iz cin’ghel, and, I trust, wil not be laasting. I hav no thauts ov matrimony at prezsent.”

He wauz too an’gry too sa anuther werd; her manner too decided too invite suplicaishon; and in this state ov swelling resentment, and muchuwaly depe mortificaishon, dha had too continnu toogheter a fu minnuets lon’gher, for the feerz ov Mr. Wood’hous had confiand them too a foot-pace. If dhare had not bene so much an’gher, dhare wood hav bene desperate auqwordnes; but dhare straitforword emoashonz left no roome for the littel sigzagz ov embarrasment. Widhout nowing when the carrage



ternd intoo Viccarage Lane, or when it stopt, dha found themcelvz, aul at wuns, at the doer ov hiz hous; and he wauz out befoer anuther cillabel paast.—Emmaa then felt it indispensabel too wish him a good nite. The compliment wauz just reternd, coaldly and proudly; and, under indescribabel iritaishon ov spirrits, she wauz then convade too Hartfeeld.

Dhare she wauz welcumd, withe the utmoast delite, bi her faather, whoo had bene trembling for the dain'gerz ov a sollitary drive from Viccarage Lane—terning a corner which he cood nevver bare too thhinc ov—and in strainj handz—a mere common coachman—no Jaimz; and dhare it ceemd az if her retern oanly wer waunted too make evvery thhing go wel: for Mr. Jon Niatly, ashaimd ov hiz il-humor, wauz nou aul kiandnes and atenshon; and so particcularly soliscitous for the cumfort ov her faather, az too ceme—if not qwite reddy too join him in a bacin ov gruwel—perfectly cencibel ov its beying exedingly whoalsum; and the da wauz concluding in pece and cumfort too aul dhare littel party, exept hercelf.—But her miand had nevver bene in such perterbaishon; and it neded a verry strong effort too apere atentive and cheerfool til the uezhuwal our ov cepparating aloud her the relefe ov qwiyet reflecshon.

## CHAPTER 16

The hare wauz kerld, and the made cent awa, and Emmaa sat doun too thhinc and be mizserabel.—It wauz a retched biznes indede!—Such an overthro

ov evvery thhing she had bene wishing for!—Such a devellopment ov evvery thhing moast unwelcum!—Such a blo for Harreyet!—dhat wauz the werst ov aul. Evvery part ov it braut pane and humileyaishon, ov sum sort or uther; but, compaerd withe the evil too Harreyet, aul wauz lite; and she wood gladly hav submitted too fele yet moer mistaken—moer in error—moer disgraist bi mis-jujment, dhan she acchuwaly wauz, cood the efects ov her blunderz hav bene confiand too hercelf.

“If I had not perswaded Harreyet intoo liking the man, I cood hav boern enny thhing. He mite hav dubbeld hiz prezumpshon too me—but poor Harreyet!”

Hou she cood hav bene so deceevd!—He protested dhat he had nevver thaut cereyously ov Harreyet—nevver! She looct bac az wel az she cood; but it wauz aul confuezhon. She had taken up the ideyaa, she supozd, and made evvery thhing bend too it. Hiz mannerz, houwevver, must hav bene unmarct, wavering, jubeyous, or she cood not hav bene so misled.

The picchure!—Hou egher he had bene about the picchure!—and the sharaad!—and an hundred uther circumstaancez;—hou cleerly dha had ceemd too point at Harreyet. Too be shure, the sharaad, withe its “reddy wit”—but then the “soft ise”—in fact it suted niather; it wauz a jumbel widhout taist or trueth. Whoo cood hav cene throo such thhic-hedded noncens?

Certainly she had often, espeshaly ov late, thaut hiz mannerz too hercelf un’necesarily gallant; but it had paast az hiz wa, az a mere error ov jujment, ov nollej, ov taist, az wun proofe amung utherz dhat he had not aulwase livd in the best sociyety, dhat withe aul the gentelnes ov hiz adres, tru ellegans wauz sumtiamz waunting; but,

til this verry da, she had nevver, for an instant, suspected it too mene enny thhing but graitfool respect too her az Harreyets frend.

Too Mr. Jon Niatly wauz she indetted for her ferst ideyaa on the subget, for the ferst start ov its pocibillity. Dhare wauz no deniying dhat dhose brutherz had penetraishon. She rememberd whaut Mr. Niatly had wuns ced too her about Mr. Elton, the caushon he had ghivven, the convicshon he had profest dhat Mr. Elton wood nevver marry indiscreetly; and blusht too thhinc hou much truver a nollej ov hiz carracter had bene dhare shune dhan enny she had reecht hercelf. It wauz dredfooly mortifiying; but Mr. Elton wauz proving himcelf, in menny respects, the verry revers ov whaut she had ment and beleevd him; proud, ashuming, conceted; verry fool ov hiz one claimz, and littel concernd about the felingz ov utherz.

Contrary too the uezhuwal coers ov thhingz, Mr. Eltonz waunting too pa hiz adrecez too her had sunc him in her opinyon. Hiz profeshonz and hiz propozalz did him no cervice. She thaut nuthhing ov hiz atachment, and wauz insulted bi hiz hoaps. He waunted too marry wel, and havving the arrogans too rase hiz ise too her, pretended too be in luv; but she wauz perfectly esy az too hiz not suffering enny disapointment dhat nede be caerd for. Dhare had bene no reyal afecshon iather in hiz lan'gwage or mannerz. Cise and fine werdz had bene ghivven in abundans; but she cood hardly devise enny cet ov expreshonz, or fancy enny tone ov vois, les allide withe reyal luv. She nede not trubbel hercelf too pitty him. He oonly waunted too agrandise and enrich himcelf; and if Mis Wood'hous ov Hartfeeld, the ares ov thherty thousand poundz, wer not qwite so esily obtaind az he had fancede, he wood soone tri for Mis Sumbody els withe twenty, or withe ten.

But—dhat he shood tauc ov encurraiment, shood concidder her az aware ov hiz vuse, axepting hiz atenshonz, mening (in short), too marry

him!—shood supose himself her eeqwal in conecshon or miand!—looc  
doun  
uppon her frend, so wel understanding the gradaishonz ov ranc belo  
him, and be so bliand too whaut rose abuv, az too fancy himself shuwng  
no  
prezumpshon in adrescing her!—It wauz moast provoking.

Perhaps it wauz not fare too expect him too fele hou verry much he wauz  
her

infereyor in tallent, and aul the ellegancese ov miand. The verry waunt ov  
such eqwaulity mite prevent hiz percepshon ov it; but he must no dhat  
in forchune and conceqwens she wauz graitley hiz supereyor. He must no  
dhat the Wood'housez had bene cetteld for cevveral generaishonz at  
Hartfeeld, the yun'gher braanch ov a verry ainshent fammily—and dhat  
the

Eltonz wer nobody. The landed propperty ov Hartfeeld certainly wauz  
inconcidderabel, beyng but a sort ov noch in the Donwel Abby estate,  
too which aul the rest ov Hibury belongd; but dhare forchune, from  
uther soercez, wauz such az too make them scaersly cecondary too  
Donwel

Abby itcelf, in evvery uther kiand ov conceqwens; and the Wood'housez  
had long held a hi place in the concideraishon ov the naborhood  
which Mr. Elton had ferst enterd not too yeerz ago, too make hiz wa az  
he cood, widhout enny aliyancez but in trade, or enny thng too recomend  
him too notice but hiz cichuwaishon and hiz civillity.—But he had fancede  
her in luv withe him; dhat evvidently must hav bene hiz dependens; and  
aafter raving a littel about the ceming incon'gruwity ov gentel mannerz  
and a conceted hed, Emmaa wauz obliajd in common onnesty too stop and  
admit dhat her one behaveyor too him had bene so complazant and  
obligng, so fool ov kertecy and atenshon, az (suposing her reyal  
motive unperceevd) mite worant a man ov ordinary observaishon and  
dellicacy, like Mr. Elton, in fanceying himself a verry decided favorite.  
If *she* had so micinterpreted hiz felingz, she had littel rite too

wunder dhat *he*, withe celf-interest too bliand him, shood hav mistaken herz.

The ferst error and the werst la at her doer. It wauz foolish, it wauz rong, too take so active a part in bringing enny too pepel tooghether. It wauz advenchuring too far, ashuming too much, making lite ov whaut aut too be cereyous, a tric ov whaut aut too be cimpel. She wauz qwite concernd and ashaimd, and rezolvd too doo such thhingz no moer.

“Here hav I,” ced she, “acchuwaly tauct poor Harreyet intoo beying verry much atacht too this man. She mite nevver hav thaut ov him but for me; and certainly nevver wood hav thaut ov him withe hope, if I had not ashuerd her ov hiz attachment, for she iz az moddest and humbel az I uest too thhinc him. O! dhat I had bene sattisfide withe perswading her not too axept yung Martin. Dhare I wauz qwite rite. Dhat wauz wel dun ov me; but dhare I shood hav stopt, and left the rest too time and chaans. I wauz introjucing her intoo good cumpany, and ghivving her the oporchunity ov plesing sum wun werth havving; I aut not too hav attempted moer. But nou, poor gherl, her pece iz cut up for sum time. I hav bene but haaf a frend too her; and if she wer *not* too fele this disapointment so verry much, I am shure I hav not an ideyaa ov enny boddy els whoo wood be at aul desirabel for her;—Willeyam Cox—O! no, I cood not enjure Willeyam Cox—a pert yung lauyer.”

She stopt too blush and laaf at her one relaps, and then rezhuemd a moer cereyous, moer dispirriting cogitaishon uppon whaut had bene, and mite be, and must be. The distrescing explanaishon she had too make too Harreyet, and aul dhat poor Harreyet wood be suffering, withe the auqwordnes ov fuchure metingz, the difficultese ov continnuwing or discontinnuwing the aqwaintans, ov subjuwing felingz, conceling resentment, and avoiding aiclaa, wer enuf too occupi her in moast unmerthfool reflechonz sum time lon’gher, and she went too bed at laast

withe nuthhing cetteld but the convicshon ov her havving blunderd moast dredfooly.

Too ueth and natchural cheerfoolnes like Emmaaz, dho under temporary gloome at nite, the retern ov da wil hardly fale too bring retern ov spirrits. The ueth and cheerfoolnes ov morning ar in happy anallogy, and ov pouwerfool operaishon; and if the distres be not poinyant enuf too kepe the ise uncloazd, dha wil be shure too open too censaishonz ov softend pane and briter hope.

Emmaa got up on the moro moer dispoazd for cumfort dhan she had gon too bed, moer reddy too ce aleveyaishonz ov the evil befoer her, and too depend on ghetting tollerably out ov it.

It wauz a grate consolaishon dhat Mr. Elton shood not be reyalz in luv withe her, or so particcularly ameyabel az too make it shocking too disapoint him—dhat Harreyets nachure shood not be ov dhat supereyor sort in which the felingz ar moast acute and retentive—and dhat dhare cood be no necescity for enny boddese nowing whaut had paast exepth the thre principalz, and espeshaly for her faatherz beying ghivven a moments unnesines about it.

These wer verry chering thauts; and the cite ov a grate dele ov sno on the ground did her ferther cervice, for enny thhing wauz welcum dhat mite justifi dhare aul thre beying qwite asunder at prezsent.

The wether wauz moast favorabel for her; dho Cristmas Da, she cood not go too cherch. Mr. Wood'houz wood hav bene mizserabel had hiz dauter atempted it, and she wauz dhaerfoer safe from iather exiting or receving unplezzant and moast unsutabel ideyaaz. The ground cuvverd withe sno, and the atmosfere in dhat uncetteld state betwene frost and thau, which iz ov aul utherz the moast unfrendly for exercise, evvery morning beghinning in rane or sno, and evvery evening cetting in too frese, she wauz for menny dase a moast onnorabel prizzoner. No

intercoers withe Harreyet poscibel but bi note; no cherch for her on Sunda enny moer dhan on Cristmas Da; and no nede too fiand excucez for Mr. Eltonz abcenting himself.

It wauz wether which mite faerly confine evvery boddy at home; and dho she hoapt and beleevd him too be reyaly taking cumfort in sum sociyety or uther, it wauz verry plezzant too hav her faather so wel sattisfide withe hiz beying aul alone in hiz one hous, too wise too ster out; and too here him sa too Mr. Niatly, whoome no wether cood kepe entiarly from them,—

“Aa! Mr. Niatly, whi doo not u sta at home like poor Mr. Elton?”

These dase ov confianment wood hav bene, but for her private perplexitese, remarcably cumfortabel, az such cecluezhon exactly suted her bruther, whose felingz must aulwase be ov grate importans too hiz companyonz; and he had, beciadz, so thurroly cleerd of hiz il-humor at Randalz, dhat hiz ameyabelnes nevver faild him juring the rest ov hiz sta at Hartfeeld. He wauz aulwase agreyabel and obliging, and speking plezzantly ov evvery boddy. But withe aul the hoaps ov cheerfoolnes, and aul the prezsent cumfort ov dela, dhare wauz stil such an evil hanging over her in the our ov explanaishon withe Harreyet, az made it imposcibel for Emmaa too be evver perfectly at ese.

## CHAPTER 17

Mr. and Mrs. Jon Niatly wer not detaind long at Hartfeeld. The wether soone impruivd enuf for dhose too moove whoo must moove; and Mr.

Wood'hous havving, az uezhuwal, tride too perswade hiz dauter too sta behiand withe aul her children, wauz obliajd too ce the whole party cet of, and retern too hiz lamentaishonz over the destiny ov poor Izabellaa;—which poor Izabellaa, paacing her life withe dhose she doted on, fool ov dhare merrits, bliand too dhare faults, and aulwase innocently bizsy, mite hav bene a moddel ov rite femminine happines.

The evening ov the verry da on which dha went braut a note from Mr. Elton too Mr. Wood'hous, a long, civvil, ceremoanyous note, too sa, withe Mr. Eltonz best compliments, "dhat he wauz proposing too leve Hibury the following morning in hiz wa too Baath; whare, in compliyans withe the prescing entretese ov sum frendz, he had en'gaijd too spend a fu weex, and verry much regretted the impocibillity he wauz under, from vareyous circumstaancez ov wether and biznes, ov taking a personal leve ov Mr. Wood'hous, ov whoose frendly civillitese he shood ever retane a graitfool cens—and had Mr. Wood'hous enny comaandz, shood be happy too atend too them."

Emmaa wauz moast agreyably cerpriazd.—Mr. Eltonz abcens just at this time wauz the verry thhing too be desiard. She admiard him for contriving it, dho not abel too ghiv him much credit for the manner in which it wauz anounst. Resentment cood not hav bene moer plainly spoken dhan in a civillity too her faather, from which she wauz so pointedly excluded. She had not even a share in hiz opening compliments.—Her name wauz not menshond;—and dhare wauz so striking a chainj in aul this, and such an il-jujd solemnity ov leve-taking in hiz graisfool acnollejments, az she thaut, at ferst, cood not escape her faatherz suspishon.

It did, houwevver.—Her faather wauz qwite taken up withe the cerprise ov so sudden a gerny, and hiz feerz dhat Mr. Elton mite nevvver ghet saifly too the end ov it, and sau nuthhing extraordinary in hiz lan'gwage. It wauz a verry uesfool note, for it suplidge them withe fresh matter for thaut



and conversaishon juring the rest ov dhare loanly evening. Mr. Wood'houstaut over hiz alarmz, and Emmaa wauz in spirrits too perswade them awa withe aul her uezhual promptichude.

She nou rezolvd too kepe Harreyet no lon'gher in the darc. She had rezon too beleve her neerly recuverd from her coald, and it wauz desirabel dhat she shood hav az much time az poscibel for ghetting the better ov her uther complaint befoer the gentelmann retern. She went too Mrs. Goddardz acordingly the verry next da, too undergo the nescenary penans ov comunicaishon; and a cevere wun it wauz.—She had too destroi aul the hoaps which she had bene so industreyously feding—too apere in the un'graisious carracter ov the wun preferd—and acnollej hercelf groasly mistaken and mis-judging in aul her ideyaaz on wun subject, aul her observaishonz, aul her convicshonz, aul her proffecese for the laast six weex.

The confeshon compleetly renude her ferst shame—and the cite ov Harreyets teerz made her thhinc dhat she shood never be in charrity withe hercelf agane.

Harreyet boer the intelligens verry wel—blaming nobody—and in evvery thhing testifiying such an in'genuwousnes ov disposishon and loly opinyon ov hercelf, az must apere withe particcular advaantage at dhat moment too her frend.

Emmaa wauz in the humor too vullu cimplycity and moddesty too the utmoast; and aul dhat wauz ameyabel, aul dhat aut too be atatching, ceemd on Harreyets cide, not her one. Harreyet did not concidder hercelf az havving enny thhing too complane ov. The afecshon ov such a man az Mr. Elton wood hav bene too grate a distincshon.—She never cood hav deservd

him—and nobody but so parshal and kiand a frend az Mis Wood'hou wood  
wood  
hav thaut it poscibel.

Her teerz fel abundantly—but her grefe wauz so truly artles, dhat no  
dignity cood hav made it moer respectabel in Emmaaz ise—and she  
liscend too her and tride too console her withe aul her hart and  
understanding—reyaly for the time convinst dhat Harreyet wauz the  
supereyor crechure ov the too—and dhat too resembel her wood be moer  
for  
her one welfare and happines dhan aul dhat geenyus or intelligens  
cood doo.

It wauz raather too late in the da too cet about beying cimpel-mianded and  
ignorant; but she left her withe evvery preveyous rezolueshon confermd ov  
beying humbel and discrete, and represcing imaginaishon aul the rest ov  
her life. Her cecond juty nou, infereyor oanly too her faatherz claimz,  
wauz too promote Harreyets cumfort, and endevvor too proove her one  
afecshon in sum better method dhan bi mach-making. She got her too  
Hartfeeld, and shude her the moast unvareying kiandnes, striving too  
occupi and amuse her, and bi boox and conversaishon, too drive Mr. Elton  
from her thauts.

Time, she nu, must be aloud for this beying thurroly dun; and she  
cood supose hercelf but an indifferent juj ov such matterz in  
genneral, and verry inaddeqwate too cimpathhise in an atachment too Mr.  
Elton in particcular; but it ceemd too her rezonabel dhat at Harreyets  
age, and withe the entire extincshon ov aul hope, such a proagres mite  
be made toowordz a state ov compoazhure bi the time ov Mr. Eltonz retern,  
az too alou them aul too mete agane in the common rootene ov  
aqwaintans, widhout enny dain'ger ov betraying centiments or increcing  
them.

Harreyet did thhinc him aul perfecshon, and maintaind the non-existens

ov enny boddy eeqwal too him in person or goodnes—and did, in trueth, prove

hercelf moer rezzoluetly in luv dhan Emmaa had foercene; but yet it apeerd too her so natchural, so inevvitabel too strive against an inclinaishon ov dhat sort *unrequited*, dhat she cood not comprehend its continnuwing verry long in eeqwal foers.

If Mr. Elton, on hiz retern, made hiz one indifferens az evvident and injubitabel az she cood not dout he wood ancshously doo, she cood not imadgine Harreyets percisting too place her happines in the cite or the recolecshon ov him.

Dhare beying fixt, so absolutly fixt, in the same place, wauz bad for eche, for aul thre. Not wun ov them had the pouwer ov remooval, or ov efecting enny matereyal chainj ov sociyety. Dha must encounter eche uther, and make the best ov it.

Harreyet wauz farther unforchunate in the tone ov her companyonz at Mrs.

Goddardz; Mr. Elton beying the adoraishon ov aul the techerz and grate gherlz in the scoole; and it must be at Hartfeeld oonly dhat she cood hav enny chaans ov hering him spoken ov withe cooling moderaishon or repellent trueth. Whare the wuind had bene ghivven, dhare must the cure be

found if enniwhare; and Emmaa felt dhat, til she sau her in the wa ov cure, dhare cood be no tru pece for hercelf.

## CHAPTER 18

Mr. Franc Cherchil did not cum. When the time propoazd dru nere, Mrs. Westonz feerz wer justifide in the arival ov a letter ov excuce. For the prezsent, he cood not be spaerd, too hiz “verry grate mortificaishon and regret; but stil he looct forword withe the hope ov cumming too Randalz at no distant pereyod.”

Mrs. Weston wauz exedingly disapointed—much moer disapointed, in fact, dhan her huzband, dho her dependens on ceying the yung man had bene so much moer sober: but a san’gwine temper, dho for evver expecting moer good dhan okerz, duz not aulwase pa for its hoaps bi enny proporshonate depreshon. It soone flise over the prezsent falure, and beghinz too hope agane. For haaf an our Mr. Weston wauz cerpriazd and  
sorry; but then he began too perceve dhat Franx cumming too or thre munths later wood be a much better plan; better time ov yere; better wether; and dhat he wood be abel, widhout enny dout, too sta concidderably lon’gher withe them dhan if he had cum sooner.

These felingz rappidly restoerd hiz cumfort, while Mrs. Weston, ov a moer aprehencive disposishon, foersau nuthhing but a repetishon ov excucez and delase; and aafter aul her concern for whaut her huzband wauz  
too suffer, sufferd a grate dele moer hercelf.

Emmaa wauz not at this time in a state ov spirrits too care reyaly about Mr. Franc Cherchilz not cumming, exepz az a disapointment at Randalz. The aqwaintans at prezsent had no charm for her. She waunted, raather, too be qwiyet, and out ov temptaishon; but stil, az it wauz desirabel dhat she shood apere, in genneral, like her uezhuwal celf, she tooc care too expres az much interest in the cercumstaans, and enter az wormly intoo Mr. and Mrs. Westonz disapointment, az mite natchuraly belong too dhare frendship.

She wauz the ferst too anouns it too Mr. Niatly; and exclaimd qwite

az much az wauz nescesary, (or, beying acting a part, perhaps raather moer,) at the conduct ov the Cherchilz, in keping him awa. She then proceded too sa a good dele moer dhan she felt, ov the advaantage ov such an adishon too dhare confiand sociyety in Surry; the plezhure ov loocking at sumbody nu; the gaalaa-da too Hibury entire, which the cite ov him wood hav made; and ending withe reflecshonz on the Cherchilz agane, found hercelf directly involvd in a disagreement withe Mr. Niatly; and, too her grate amuezment, perceevd dhat she wauz taking the uther cide ov the qweschon from her reyal opinyon, and making uce ov Mrs. Westonz arguments against hercelf.

“The Cherchilz ar verry liacly in fault,” ced Mr. Niatly, cooly;  
“but I dare sa he mite cum if he wood.”

“I doo not no whi u shood sa so. He wishez exedingly too cum;  
but hiz unkel and aant wil not spare him.”

“I canot beleve dhat he haz not the pouwer ov cumming, if he made a point ov it. It iz too unliacly, for me too beleve it widhout prooffe.”

“Hou od u ar! Whaut haz Mr. Franc Cherchil dun, too make u suppose him such an un’natchural crechure?”

“I am not suposing him at aul an un’natchural crechure, in suspecting dhat he ma hav lernt too be abuv hiz conecshonz, and too care verry littel for enny thhing but hiz one plezhure, from livving withe dhose whoo hav aulwase cet him the exaampel ov it. It iz a grate dele moer natchural dhan wun cood wish, dhat a yung man, braut up bi dhose whoo ar proud, lucshureyous, and celfish, shood be proud, lucshureyous, and celfish too. If Franc Cherchil had waunted too ce hiz faather, he wood hav contriavd it betwene Ceptember and Jannuwary. A man at hiz age—whaut iz he?—thre or foer-and-twenty—cannot be widhout the meenz ov doowing az

much az dhat. It iz imposcibel.”

“Dhats esily ced, and esily felt bi u, whoo hav aulwase bene yor one maaster. U ar the werst juj in the werld, Mr. Niatly, ov the difficultese ov dependens. U doo not no whaut it iz too hav temperz too mannage.”

“It iz not too be conceevd dhat a man ov thre or foer-and-twenty shood not hav libberty ov miand or lim too dhat amount. He canot waunt munny—he canot waunt lezhure. We no, on the contrary, dhat he haz so much ov boath, dhat he iz glad too ghet rid ov them at the iadlest haunts in the kingdom. We here ov him for evver at sum wautering-place or uther. A littel while ago, he wauz at Wamouth. This pruivz dhat he can leve the Cherchilz.”

“Yes, sumtiamz he can.”

“And dhose tiamz ar whenever he thhinx it werth hiz while; whenever dhare iz enny temptaishon ov plezhure.”

“It iz verry unfare too juj ov enny boddese conduct, widhout an intimate nollej ov dhare cichuwaishon. Nobody, whoo haz not bene in the intereyor ov a fammily, can sa whaut the difficultese ov enny individjuwal ov dhat fammily ma be. We aut too be aqwainted withe Enscome, and withe Mrs. Cherchilz temper, befoer we pretend too decide uppon whaut her neffu can doo. He ma, at tiamz, be abel too doo a grate dele moer dhan he can at utherz.”

“Dhare iz wun thhing, Emmaa, which a man can aulwase doo, if he chusez, and dhat iz, hiz juty; not bi maneuvering and finescing, but bi viggor and rezolueshon. It iz Franc Cherchilz juty too pa this atenshon too hiz faather. He nose it too be so, bi hiz prommicez and messagez; but if he wisht too doo it, it mite be dun. A man whoo felt riatly wood sa at

wuns, cimply and rezzoluetly, too Mrs. Cherchil—'Evvery sacrifice ov mere plezhure u wil aulwase fiand me reddy too make too yor conveyens; but I must go and ce mi faather imejaitly. I no he wood be hert bi mi faling in such a marc ov respect too him on the prezsent ocaizhon. I shal, dhaerfoer, cet of too-moro.'—If he wood sa so too her at wuns, in the tone ov decizhon becumming a man, dhare wood be no oposishon made too hiz gowing."

"No," ced Emmaa, laafing; "but perhaps dhare mite be sum made too hiz cumming bac agane. Such lan'gwage for a yung man entiarly dependent, too use!—Nobody but u, Mr. Niatly, wood imadgine it poscibel. But u hav not an ideyaa ov whaut iz requisite in cichuwaishonz directly opposite too yor one. Mr. Franc Cherchil too be making such a speche az dhat too the unkel and aant, whoo hav braut him up, and ar too provide for him!—Standing up in the middel ov the roome, I suppose, and speking az loud az he cood!—Hou can u imadgine such conduct practicabel?"

"Depend uppon it, Emmaa, a cencibel man wood fiand no difficulty in it. He wood fele himcelf in the rite; and the declaraishon—made, ov coers, az a man ov cens wood make it, in a propper manner—wood doo him moer good, rase him hiyer, fix hiz interest stron'gher withe the pepel he depended on, dhan aul dhat a line ov shifts and expegents can evver doo. Respect wood be added too afecshon. Dha wood fele dhat dha cood trust him; dhat the neffu whoo had dun riatly bi hiz faather, wood doo riatly bi them; for dha no, az wel az he duz, az wel az aul the werld must no, dhat he aut too pa this vizsit too hiz faather; and while meenly exerting dhare pouwer too dela it, ar in dhare harts not ththinking the better ov him for submitting too dhare whimz. Respect for rite conduct iz felt bi evvery boddy. If he wood act in this sort ov manner, on principel, concistently, reggularly, dhare littel miandz wood bend too hiz."

"I raather dout dhat. U ar verry fond ov bending littel miandz; but

whare littel miandz belong too rich pepel in authority, I thhinc dha hav a nac ov swelling out, til dha ar qwite az unmannajabel az grate wunz. I can imadgine, dhat if u, az u ar, Mr. Niatly, wer too be traanspoerted and plaist aul at wuns in Mr. Franc Cherchilz cichuwaishon, u wood be abel too sa and doo just whaut u hav bene recomending for him; and it mite hav a verry good efect. The Cherchilz mite not hav a werd too sa in retern; but then, u wood hav no habbits ov erly obegens and long observans too brake throo. Too him whoo haz, it mite not be so esy too berst foerth at wuns intoo perfect independens, and cet aul dhare claimz on hiz grattichude and regard at naut. He ma hav az strong a cens ov whaut wood be rite, az u can hav, widhout beying so eeqwal, under particcular cercumstaancez, too act up too it."

"Then it wood not be so strong a cens. If it faild too projuce eeqwal exershon, it cood not be an eeqwal convicshon."

"O, the differens ov cichuwaishon and habbit! I wish u wood tri too understand whaut an ameyabel yung man ma be liacly too fele in directly oposing dhose, whoome az chiald and boi he haz bene loocking up too aul hiz life."

"Our ameyabel yung man iz a verry weke yung man, if this be the ferst ocaizhon ov hiz carreying throo a rezolueshon too doo rite against the wil ov utherz. It aut too hav bene a habbit withe him bi this time, ov following hiz juty, insted ov consulting expegency. I can alou for the feerz ov the chiald, but not ov the man. Az he became rashonal, he aut too hav rouzd himcelf and shaken of aul dhat wauz unwerthy in dhare authority. He aut too hav opoazd the ferst atempt on dhare cide too make him slite hiz faather. Had he begun az he aut, dhare wood hav bene no difficulty nou."

"We shal nevver agry about him," cride Emmaa; "but dhat iz nuthing



extrordinary. I hav not the leest ideyaa ov hiz beying a weke yung man: I fele shure dhat he iz not. Mr. Weston wood not be bliand too folly, dho in hiz one sun; but he iz verry liacly too hav a moer yeelding, complying, miald disposishon dhan wood sute yor noashonz ov manz perfecshon. I dare sa he haz; and dho it ma cut him of from sum advaantagez, it wil ceure him menny utherz."

"Yes; aul the advaantagez ov citting stil when he aut too moove, and ov leding a life ov mere idel plezhure, and fanceying himself extreemly expert in fianding excucez for it. He can cit doun and rite a fine flurrishing letter, fool ov profeshonz and fauls'hoodz, and perswade himself dhat he haz hit uppon the verry best method in the werld ov preserving pece at home and preventing hiz faatherz havving enny rite too complane. Hiz letterz disgust me."

"Yor felingz ar cin'gular. Dha ceme too sattisfi evvery boddy els."

"I suspect dha doo not sattisfi Mrs. Weston. Dha hardly can sattisfi a woomman ov her good cens and qwic felingz: standing in a mutherz place, but widhout a mutherz afecshon too bliand her. It iz on her acount dhat atenshon too Randalz iz dubly ju, and she must dubly fele the omishon. Had she bene a person ov conceqwens hercelf, he wood hav cum I dare sa; and it wood not hav cignifide whether he did or no. Can u thhinc yor frend behind'hand in these sort ov concideraishonz? Doo u suppose she duz not often sa aul this too hercelf? No, Emmaa, yor ameyabel yung man can be ameyabel oonly in French, not in In'glish. He ma be verry 'ameyabel,' hav verry good mannerz, and be verry agreyabel; but he can hav no In'glish dellicacy toowordz the felingz ov uther pepel: nuthhing reyaly ameyabel about him."

"U ceme determiand too thhinc il ov him."

"Me!—not at aul," replide Mr. Niatly, raather displeezd; "I doo not

waunt too thhinc il ov him. I shood be az reddy too acnollej hiz merrits az enny uther man; but I here ov nun, exopt whaut ar meerly personal; dhat he iz wel-grone and good-loocking, withe smuithe, plausibel mannerz.”

“Wel, if he hav nuthhing els too recomend him, he wil be a trezhure at Hiburj. We doo not often looc uppon fine yung men, wel-bred and agreyabel. We must not be nice and aasc for aul the verchuse intoo the bargane. Canot u imadgine, Mr. Niatly, whaut a *censaishon* hiz cumming wil projuce? Dhare wil be but wun subject throowout the parrishez ov Donwel and Hiburj; but wun interest—wun obgect ov cureyosity; it wil be aul Mr. Franc Cherchil; we shal thhinc and speke ov nobody els.”

“U wil excuse mi beying so much over-pouwerd. If I fiand him conversabel, I shal be glad ov hiz aqwaintans; but if he iz oanly a chattering coxcome, he wil not occupi much ov mi time or thauts.”

“Mi ideyaa ov him iz, dhat he can adapt hiz conversaishon too the taist ov evvery boddy, and haz the pouwer az wel az the wish ov beying universalj agreyabel. Too u, he wil tauc ov farming; too me, ov drauwing or music; and so on too evvery boddy, havving dhat genneral informaishon on aul subjects which wil enabel him too follo the lede, or take the lede, just az propriyety ma reqwire, and too speke extreemly wel on eche; dhat iz mi ideyaa ov him.”

“And mine,” ced Mr. Niatly wormly, “iz, dhat if he tern out enny thhing like it, he wil be the moast insufferabel fello breething! Whaut! at thre-and-twenty too be the king ov hiz cumpany—the grate man—the practiast politishan, whoo iz too rede evvery boddese carracter, and make evvery boddese tallents conjuce too the displa ov hiz one supereyosity; too be dispencing hiz flatterese around, dhat he ma make aul apere like fuilz compaerd withe himcelf! Mi dere Emmaa, yor one good cens cood

not enjure such a puppy when it came too the point."

"I wil sa no moer about him," cride Emmaa, "u tern evvery thhing too evil. We ar boath predjudiast; u against, I for him; and we hav no chaans ov agreying til he iz reyaly here."

"Predjudiast! I am not predjudiast."

"But I am verry much, and widhout beying at aul ashaimd ov it. Mi luv for Mr. and Mrs. Weston ghivz me a decided predjudice in hiz favor."

"He iz a person I nevver thhinc ov from wun munths end too anuther," ced Mr. Niatly, withe a degry ov vexaishon, which made Emmaa imejaitly tauc ov sumthhing els, dho she cood not comprehend whi he shood be an'gry.

Too take a dislike too a yung man, oonly becauz he apeerd too be ov a different disposishon from himcelf, wauz unwerthy the reyal liberallity ov miand which she wauz aulwase uest too acnollej in him; for withe aul the hi opinyon ov himcelf, which she had often lade too hiz charj, she had nevver befoer for a moment supoazd it cood make him unjust too the merrit ov anuther.

VOLLUME 2

CHAPTER I

Emma and Harriet had been walking together one morning, and, in Emma's opinion, had been talking enough of Mr. Elton for that day. She could not think that Harriet's solace or her one circumstance more; and she was therefore industriously getting rid of the subject as she returned;—but it burst out again when she thought she had succeeded, and after speaking some time of what the poor must suffer in winter, and receiving no other answer than a very plaintive—"Mr. Elton is so good to the poor!" she found something else must be done.

They were just approaching the house where lived Mrs. and Miss Bates. She determined to call upon them and check safety in numbers. There was always sufficient reason for such an attention; Mrs. and Miss Bates loved to be called on, and she knew she was considered by the very few who presumed ever to see an imperfection in her, as rather negligent in that respect, and as not contributing what she ought to the stock of their scanty comforts.

She had had many a hint from Mr. Nately and some from her own heart, as to her deficiency—but none were equal to counteract the persuasion of its being very disagreeable,—a waste of time—tiresome women—and all the horror of being in danger of falling in with the second-rate and third-rate of Highbury, who were calling on them for ever, and therefore she seldom went near them. But now she made the sudden resolution of not passing there without going in—observing, as she proposed to Harriet, that, as well as she could calculate, they were just now quite safe from any letter from Jane Fairfax.

The house belonged to people in business. Mrs. and Miss Bates occupied the drawing-room floor; and there, in the very moderate-sized

apartment, which wauz evvery thhing too them, the vizsitorz wer moast corjaly and even graitfooly welcumd; the qwiyet nete oald lady, whoo withe her nitting wauz ceted in the wormest corner, waunting even too ghiv up her place too Mis Wood'houz, and her moer active, tauking dauter, aulmoast reddy too overpouwer them withe care and kiandnes, thanx

for dhare vizsit, soliscichude for dhare shoose, ancshous inqwirese aafter Mr. Wood'housez helth, cheerfool comunicaishonz about her mutherz, and swete-cake from the bofa—"Mrs. Cole had just bene dhare, just cauld in for ten minnuets, and had bene so good az too cit an our withe them, and *she* had taken a pece ov cake and bene so kiand az too sa she liact it verry much; and, dhaerfoer, she hoapt Mis Wood'houz and Mis Smith wood doo them the favor too ete a pece too."

The menshon ov the Coalz wauz shure too be follode bi dhat ov Mr. Elton. Dhare wauz intimacy betwene them, and Mr. Cole had herd from Mr. Elton cins hiz gowing awa. Emmaa nu whaut wauz cumming; dha must hav the letter over agane, and cettel hou long he had bene gon, and hou much he wauz en'gaijd in cumpany, and whaut a favorite he wauz wharevver he went, and hou fool the Maaster ov the Cerremonese' baul had bene; and she went throo it verry wel, withe aul the interest and aul the comendaishon dhat cood be reqwisite, and aulwase pootting forword too prevent Harreyets beying obliajd too sa a werd.

This she had bene prepaerd for when she enterd the hous; but ment, havving wuns tauct him handsumly over, too be no farther incommoded bi enny trubbelsum toppic, and too waunder at larj amungst aul the Mistrecez and Miscez ov Hibury, and dhare card-partese. She had not bene prepaerd too hav Jane Faerfax suxede Mr. Elton; but he wauz acchuwaly hurrede of bi Mis Baits, she jumpt awa from him at laast abruptly too the Coalz, too usher in a letter from her nece.

“O! yes—Mr. Elton, I understand—certainly az too daancing—Mrs. Cole wauz telling me dhat daancing at the ruimz at Baath wauz—Mrs. Cole wauz so kiand az too cit sum time withe us, tauking ov Jane; for az soone az she came in, she began inqwiring aafter her, Jane iz so verry grate a favorite dhare. Whenevver she iz withe us, Mrs. Cole duz not no hou too shu her kiandnes enuf; and I must sa dhat Jane deservz it az much az enny boddy can. And so she began inqwiring aafter her directly, saying, ‘I no u canot hav herd from Jane laitly, becauz it iz not her time for riting;’ and when I imejaitly ced, ‘But indede we hav, we had a letter this verry morning,’ I doo not no dhat I evver sau enny boddy moer cerpriazd. ‘Hav u, uppon yor onnor?’ ced she; ‘wel, dhat iz qwite unnexpected. Doo let me here whaut she cez.’”

Emmaaz poliatnes wauz at hand directly, too sa, withe smiling interest—

“Hav u herd from Mis Faerfax so laitly? I am extreemly happy. I hope she iz wel?”

“Thanc u. U ar so kiand!” replide the happily deceevd aant, while egherly hunting for the letter.—“O! here it iz. I wauz shure it cood not be far of; but I had poot mi huswife uppon it, u ce, widhout beying aware, and so it wauz qwite hid, but I had it in mi hand so verry laitly dhat I wauz aulmoast shure it must be on the tabel. I wauz reding it too Mrs. Cole, and cins she went awa, I wauz reding it agane too mi muther, for it iz such a plezhure too her—a letter from Jane—dhat she can nevver here it often enuf; so I nu it cood not be far of, and here it iz, oonly just under mi huswife—and cins u ar so kiand az too wish too here whaut she cez;—but, ferst ov aul, I reyaly must, in justice too Jane, apollogise for her riting so short a letter—oonly too pagez u ce—hardly too—and in genneral she filz the whole paper and croscez haaf. Mi muther often wunderz dhat I can make it out so wel. She often cez, when the letter iz ferst opend, ‘Wel, Hetty, nou I

thhinc u wil be poot too it too make out aul dhat checker-werc'—doant u, maam?—And then I tel her, I am shure she wood contrive too make it out hercelf, if she had nobody too doo it for her—evvery werd ov it—I am shure she wood poer over it til she had made out evvery werd. And, indede, dho mi mutherz ise ar not so good az dha wer, she can ce amasingly wel stil, thanc God! withe the help ov spektakelz. It iz such a blescing! Mi mutherz ar reyaly verry good indede. Jane often cez, when she iz here, 'I am shure, grandmaamaa, u must hav had verry strong ise too ce az u doo—and so much fine werc az u hav dun too!—I oonly wish mi ise ma laast me az wel.'"

Aul this spoken extreemly faast obliajd Mis Baits too stop for breth; and Emmaa ced sumthhing verry civvil about the exelens ov Mis Faerfaxez handriting.

"U ar extreemly kiand," replide Mis Baits, hily grattifide; "u whoo ar such a juj, and rite so butifooly yorcelf. I am shure dhare iz nobodese prase dhat cood ghiv us so much plezhure az Mis Wood'housez. Mi muther duz not here; she iz a littel def u no. Maam," adrescing her, "doo u here whaut Mis Wood'hous iz so obliging too sa about Jainz handriting?"

And Emmaa had the advaantage ov hering her one cilly compliment repeted twice over befoer the good oald lady cood comprehend it. She wauz pondering, in the meenwhile, uppon the pocibility, widhout ceming verry rude, ov making her escape from Jane Faerfaxez letter, and had aulmoast rezolvd on hurreying awa directly under sum slite excuce, when Mis Baits ternd too her agane and ceezd her atenshon.

"Mi mutherz defnes iz verry triafling u ce—just nuthhing at aul. Bi oonly rasing mi vois, and saying enny thhing too or thre tiamz over, she iz shure too here; but then she iz uest too mi vois. But it iz verry remarcabel dhat she shood aulwase here Jane better dhan she duz me.

Jane speex so distinct! Houwevver, she wil not fiand her grandmaamaa at aul deffer dhan she wauz too yeerz ago; which iz saying a grate dele at mi mutherz time ov life—and it reyaly iz fool too yeerz, u no, cins she wauz here. We nevver wer so long widhout ceying her befoer, and az I wauz telling Mrs. Cole, we shal hardly no hou too make enuf ov her nou.”

“Ar u expecting Mis Faerfax here soone?”

“O yes; next weke.”

“Indede!—dhat must be a verry grate plezhure.”

“Thanc u. U ar verry kiand. Yes, next weke. Evvery boddy iz so cerpriazd; and evvery boddy cez the same obliging thhingz. I am shure she wil be az happy too ce her frendz at Hibury, az dha can be too ce her. Yes, Frida or Satterda; she canot sa which, becauz Cuunel Cambel wil be waunting the carrage himcelf wun ov dhose dase. So verry good ov them too cend her the whole wa! But dha aulwase doo, u no. O yes, Frida or Satterda next. Dhat iz whaut she riats about. Dhat iz the rezon ov her riting out ov rule, az we caul it; for, in the common coers, we shood not hav herd from her befoer next Chuezdazda or Wednzda.”

“Yes, so I imadgiand. I wauz afrade dhare cood be littel chaans ov mi hering enny thhing ov Mis Faerfax too-da.”

“So obliging ov u! No, we shood not hav herd, if it had not bene for this particcular cercumstaans, ov her beying too cum here so soone. Mi muther iz so delited!—for she iz too be thre munths withe us at leest. Thre munths, she cez so, pozsitiavly, az I am gowing too hav the plezhure ov reding too u. The cace iz, u ce, dhat the Cambelz ar gowing too Iarland. Mrs. Dixon haz perswaded her faather and muther too



cum over and ce her directly. Dha had not intended too go over til the summer, but she iz so impaishent too ce them agane—for til she marrede, laast October, she wauz nevver awa from them so much az a weke, which must make it verry strainj too be in different kingdomz, I wauz gowing too sa, but houwevver different cuntrese, and so she rote a verry ergent letter too her muther—or her faather, I declare I doo not no which it wauz, but we shal ce prezsently in Jainz letter—rote in Mr. Dixonz name az wel az her one, too pres dhare cumming over directly, and dha wood ghiv them the meting in Dublin, and take them bac too dhare cuntry cete, Baly-craghe, a butifool place, I fancy. Jane haz herd a grate dele ov its buty; from Mr. Dixon, I mene—I doo not no dhat she evver herd about it from enny boddy els; but it wauz verry natchural, u no, dhat he shood like too speke ov hiz one place while he wauz paying hiz adrecez—and az Jane uest too be verry often wauking out withe them—for Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel wer verry particcular about dhare dauterz not wauking out often withe oanly Mr. Dixon, for which I doo not at aul blame them; ov coers she herd evvery thhing he mite be telling Mis Cambel about hiz one home in Iarland; and I thhinc she rote us werd dhat he had shune them sum drauwingz ov the place, vuse dhat he had taken himcelf. He iz a moast ameyabel, charming yung man, I beleve. Jane wauz qwite longing too go too Iarland, from hiz acount ov thhingz.”

At this moment, an in'geenyous and animating suspishon entering Emmaaz brane withe regard too Jane Faerfax, this charming Mr. Dixon, and the not gowing too Iarland, she ced, withe the incidjous desine ov farther discuvvery,

“U must fele it verry forchunate dhat Mis Faerfax shood be aloud too cum too u at such a time. Conciddering the verry particcular frendship betwene her and Mrs. Dixon, u cood hardly hav expected her too be excuezd from acumpaneying Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel.”

“Verry tru, verry tru, indede. The verry thhing dhat we hav aulwase bene raather afrade ov; for we shood not hav liact too hav her at such a distans from us, for munths tooghether—not abel too cum if enny thhing wauz

too happen. But u ce, evvery thhing ternz out for the best. Dha waunt her (Mr. and Mrs. Dixon) exesciavly too cum over withe Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel; qwite depend uppon it; nuthhing can be moer kiand or prescing dhan dhare *joint* invitaishon, Jane cez, az u wil here prezsently;

Mr. Dixon duz not ceme in the leest baqword in enny atenshon. He iz a moast charming yung man. Evver cins the cervice he renderd Jane at Wamouth, when dha wer out in dhat party on the wauter, and she, bi the sudden wherling round ov sumthhing or uther amung the sailz, wood hav bene dasht intoo the ce at wuns, and acchuwaly wauz aul but gon, if he had not, withe the gratest prezsens ov miand, caut hoald ov her habbit— (I can nevver thhinc ov it widhout trembling!)—But evver cins we had the history ov dhat da, I hav bene so fond ov Mr. Dixon!”

“But, in spite ov aul her frendz’ ergency, and her one wish ov ceying Iarland, Mis Faerfax preferz devoting the time too u and Mrs. Baits?”

“Yes—entiarly her one doowing, entiarly her one chois; and Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel thhinc she duz qwite rite, just whaut dha shood recomend; and indede dha particcularly *wish* her too tri her native are, az she haz not bene qwite so wel az uezhuwal laitly.”

“I am concernd too here ov it. I thhinc dha juj wiazly. But Mrs. Dixon must be verry much disapointed. Mrs. Dixon, I understand, haz no remarcabel degry ov personal buty; iz not, bi enny meenz, too be compaerd withe Mis Faerfax.”

“O! no. U ar verry obliging too sa such thhingz—but certainly not. Dhare iz no comparrison betwene them. Mis Cambel aulwase wauz

absolutely plain—but extremely elegant and ameyabel.”

“Yes, dhat ov coers.”

“Jane caut a bad coald, poor thhing! so long ago az the 7th ov November, (az I am gowing too rede too u,) and haz nevver bene wel cins. A long time, iz not it, for a coald too hang uppon her? She nevver menshond it befoer, becauz she wood not alarm us. Just like her! so concidderate!—But houwevver, she iz so far from wel, dhat her kiand frendz the Cambelz thhinc she had better cum home, and tri an are dhat aulwase agrese withe her; and dha hav no dout dhat thre or foer munths at Hiburay wil entiarly cure her—and it iz certainly a grate dele better dhat she shood cum here, dhan go too Iarland, if she iz unwel. Nobody cood ners her, az we shood doo.”

“It apeerz too me the moast desirabel arainjment in the werld.”

“And so she iz too cum too us next Frida or Satterda, and the Cambelz leve toun in dhare wa too Holihed the Munda following—az u wil fiand from Jainz letter. So sudden!—U ma ghes, dere Mis Wood’hous, whaut a flurry it haz throne me in! If it wauz not for the draubac ov her ilnes—but I am afrade we must expect too ce her grone thhin, and loocking verry poorly. I must tel u whaut an unlucky thhing happend too me, az too dhat. I aulwase make a point ov reding Jainz letterz throo too micelf ferst, befoer I rede them aloud too mi muther, u no, for fere ov dhare beying enny thhing in them too distres her. Jane desiard me too doo it, so I aulwase doo: and so I began too-da withe mi uezhuwal caushon;

but no sooner did I cum too the menshon ov her beying unwel, dhan I berst out, qwite fritend, withe ‘Bles me! poor Jane iz il!’—which mi muther, beying on the wauch, herd distinctly, and wauz sadly alarmd at. Houwevver, when I red on, I found it wauz not nere so bad az I had fancede at ferst; and I make so lite ov it nou too her, dhat she duz not thhinc much about it. But I canot imadgine hou I cood be so of mi

gard. If Jane duz not ghet wel soone, we wil caul in Mr. Perry. The expens shal not be thaut ov; and dho he iz so libberal, and so fond ov Jane dhat I dare sa he wood not mene too charj enny thhing for attendans, we cood not suffer it too be so, u no. He haz a wife and fammily too maintane, and iz not too be ghivving awa hiz time. Wel, nou I hav just ghivven u a hint ov whaut Jane riats about, we wil tern too her letter, and I am shure she telz her one stoery a grate dele better dhan I can tel it for her.”

“I am afrade we must be running awa,” ced Emmaa, glaancing at Harreyet, and beghinning too rise—“Mi faather wil be expecting us. I had no intenshon, I thaut I had no pouwer ov staying moer dhan five minnuets, when I ferst enterd the hous. I meerly cauld, becauz I wood not paas the doer widhout inqwiring aafter Mrs. Baits; but I hav bene so plezzantly detaind! Nou, houwevver, we must wish u and Mrs. Baits good morning.”

And not aul dhat cood be erjd too detane her suxeded. She regaind the strete—happy in this, dhat dho much had bene foerst on her against her wil, dho she had in fact herd the whole substans ov Jane Faerfaxez letter, she had bene abel too escape the letter itcelf.

## CHAPTER 2

Jane Faerfax wauz an orfan, the oanly chiald ov Mrs. Baitcez yun'ghest dauter.

The marrage ov Lieut. Faerfax ov the ——redgiment ov infantry, and Mis Jane Baits, had had its da ov fame and plezhure, hope and interest;

but nuthhing nou remaind ov it, save the mellancoly remembrans ov him  
diying in acshon abraud—ov hiz widdo cinking under consumpshon and  
grefe  
soone aafterwordz—and this gherl.

Bi berth she belongd too Hibury: and when at thre yeerz oald, on  
loosing her muther, she became the propperty, the charj, the  
consolaishon, the foundling ov her grandmuther and aant, dhare had  
ceemd evvery probabillity ov her beying permanently fixt dhare; ov her  
beying taut oonly whaut verry limmited meenz cood comaand, and  
growing up  
withe no advaantagez ov conecshon or impruivment, too be en'grafted on  
whaut  
nachure had ghivven her in a plesing person, good understanding, and  
worm-harted, wel-mening relaishonz.

But the compashonate felingz ov a frend ov her faather gave a chainj  
too her destiny. This wauz Cuunel Cambel, whoo had verry hily regarded  
Faerfax, az an exelent officer and moast deserving yung man; and  
farther, had bene indetted too him for such atenshonz, juring a cevere  
camp-fever, az he beleevd had saivd hiz life. These wer claimz which  
he did not lern too overlooc, dho sum yeerz paast awa from the  
deth ov poor Faerfax, befoer hiz one retern too In'gland poot enny thhing  
in hiz pouwer. When he did retern, he saut out the chiald and tooc  
notice ov her. He wauz a marrede man, withe oonly wun livving chiald, a  
gherl, about Jainz age: and Jane became dhare ghest, paying them long  
vizsits and growing a favorite withe aul; and befoer she wauz nine yeerz  
oald, hiz dauterz grate fondnes for her, and hiz one wish ov beying a  
reyal frend, united too projuce an offer from Cuunel Cambel ov  
undertaking the whole charj ov her ejucaishon. It wauz axepted; and  
from dhat pereyod Jane had belongd too Cuunel Cambelz fammily, and  
had livd withe them entiarly, oonly vizsiting her grandmuther from time  
too time.

The plan wauz dhat she shoold be braut up for edjucating utherz; the verry fu hundred poundz which she inherrited from her faather making independens imposcibel. Too provide for her utherwise wauz out ov Cuunel Cambelz pouwer; for dho hiz incum, bi pa and apointments, wauz handsum, hiz forchune wauz modderate and must be aul hiz dauterz; but, bi ghivving her an ejucaishon, he hoapt too be suplying the meenz ov respectabel subcistens heraafter.

Such wauz Jane Faerfaxez history. She had faulen intoo good handz, none nuthhing but kiandnes from the Cambelz, and bene ghivven an exelent ejucaishon. Livving constantly withe rite-mianded and wel-informd pepel, her hart and understanding had receevd evvery advaantage ov discipline and culchure; and Cuunel Cambelz rezsidens beying in Lundon, evvery liter tallent had bene dun fool justice too, bi the attendans ov ferst-rate maasterz. Her disposishon and abillitese wer eeqwaly werthy ov aul dhat frendship cood doo; and at atene or niantene she wauz, az far az such an erly age can be qwaulifide for the care ov children, folly competent too the office ov instrucshon hercelf; but she wauz too much beluvd too be parted withe. Niather faather nor muther cood promote, and the dauter cood not enjure it. The evil da wauz poot of. It wauz esy too decide dhat she wauz stil too yung; and Jane remaind withe them, sharing, az anuther dauter, in aul the rashonal plezhuerz ov an ellegant sociyety, and a judishous mixchure ov home and amuezment, withe oanly the draubac ov the fuchure, the sobering sugeschonz ov her one good understanding too remiand her dhat aul this mite soone be over.

The afecshon ov the whole fammily, the worm attachment ov Mis Cambel in particcular, wauz the moer onnorabel too eche party from the cercumstaans ov Jainz decided supereyority boath in buty and aqwiarments. Dhat nachure had ghivven it in fechure cood not be uncene bi the yung woomman, nor cood her hiyer pouwerz ov miand be unfelt bi

the parents. Dha continnude tooghether withe unnabated regard houwevver, til the marrage ov Mis Cambel, whoo bi dhat chaans, dhat luc which so often defise anticipaishon in matrimoanyal afaerz, ghivving atracshon too whaut iz modderate raather dhan too whaut iz supereyor, en'gaijd the afecshonz ov Mr. Dixon, a yung man, rich and agreyabel, aulmoast az soone az dha wer aqwainted; and wauz elligibly and happily cetteld, while Jane Faerfax had yet her bred too ern.

This event had verry laitley taken place; too laitley for enny thhing too be yet atempted bi her les forchunate frend toowordz entering on her paath ov juty; dho she had nou reecht the age which her one jujment had fixt on for beghinning. She had long rezolvd dhat wun-and-twenty shood be the pereyod. Withe the fortichude ov a devoted novishate, she had rezolvd at wun-and-twenty too complete the sacrifice, and retire from aul the plezhuerz ov life, ov rashonal intercoers, eeqwal sociyety, pece and hope, too penans and mortificaishon for evver.

The good cens ov Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel cood not opose such a rezolueshon, dho dhare felingz did. Az long az dha livd, no exershonz wood be nescesary, dhare home mite be herz for evver; and for dhare one cumfort dha wood hav retaind her wholly; but this wood be celfishnes:—whaut must be at laast, had better be soone. Perhaps dha began too fele it mite hav bene kiander and wiser too hav resisted the temptaishon ov enny dela, and spaerd her from a taist ov such enjoiments ov ese and lezhure az must nou be relinqwisht. Stil, houwevver, afecshon wauz glad too cach at enny rezonabel excuce for not hurreying on the retched moment. She had nevver bene qwite wel cins the time ov dhare dauterz marrage; and til she shood hav compleetly recuverd her uezhuwal strength, dha must forbid her en'gaging in jutese, which, so far from beying compattibel withe a wekend frame and vareying spirrits, ceemd, under the moast favorabel cercumstaancez,

too reqwire sumthhing moer dhan human perfecshon ov boddy and miand  
too be  
discharjd withe tollerabel cumfort.

Withe regard too her not acumpaneying them too Iarland, her acount too  
her  
aant containd nuthhing but trueth, dho dhare mite be sum trueths not  
toald. It wauz her one chois too ghiv the time ov dhare abcens too  
Hibury; too spend, perhaps, her laast munths ov perfect libberly withe  
dhose kiand relaishonz too whoome she wauz so verry dere: and the  
Cambelz,  
whautevver mite be dhare motive or motiavz, whether cin'ghel, or dubbel,  
or trebbel, gave the arainjment dhare reddy sancshon, and ced, dhat  
dha depended moer on a fu munths spent in her native are, for the  
recuvvery ov her helth, dhan on enny thhing els. Certane it wauz dhat she  
wauz too cum; and dhat Hibury, insted ov welcuming dhat perfect  
novvelty which had bene so long prommiast it—Mr. Franc Cherchil—must  
poot  
up for the prezsent withe Jane Faerfax, whoo cood bring oanly the  
freshnes ov a too yeez' abcens.

Emmaa wauz sory;—too hav too pa civillitese too a person she did not like  
throo thre long munths!—too be aulwase doowing moer dhan she wisht,  
and  
les dhan she aut! Whi she did not like Jane Faerfax mite be a  
difficult qweschon too aancer; Mr. Niatly had wuns toald her it wauz  
becauz she sau in her the reyaly acumplisht yung woomman, which she  
waunted too be thaut hercelf; and dho the acuzaishon had bene  
egherly refuted at the time, dhare wer moments ov celf-examinaishon in  
which her conskens cood not qwite aqwit her. But “she cood nevver  
ghet aqwainted withe her: she did not no hou it wauz, but dhare wauz  
such coaldnes and reserv—such aparrent indifferens whether she  
pleezd or not—and then, her aant wauz such an eternal tauker!—and she  
wauz made such a fus withe bi evvery boddy!—and it had bene aulwase



imadgiand dhat dha wer too be so intimate—becauz dhare agez wer the same, evvery boddy had supozd dha must be so fond ov eche uther.” These wer her rezonz—she had no better.

It wauz a dislike so littel just—evvery imputed fault wauz so magnifide bi fancy, dhat she nevver sau Jane Faerfax the ferst time aafter enny concidderabel abdens, widhout feling dhat she had injuerd her; and nou, when the ju vizsit wauz pade, on her arival, aafter a too yeerz’ interval, she wauz particcularly struc withe the verry aperans and mannerz, which for dhose too whole yeerz she had bene depreesheyating. Jane Faerfax wauz verry ellegant, remarcably ellegant; and she had hercelf the hiyest vallu for ellegans. Her hite wauz pritty, just such az aulmoast evvery boddy wood thhinc taul, and nobody cood thhinc verry taul;

her figgure particcularly graisfool; her cise a moast becumming mejum, betwene fat and thhin, dho a slite aperans ov il-helth ceemd too point out the liacleyst evil ov the too. Emmaa cood not but fele aul this; and then, her face—her fechuerz—dhare wauz moer buty in them aultooghether dhan she had rememberd; it wauz not reggular, but it wauz verry

plesing buty. Her ise, a depe gra, withe darc i-lashez and iabrouz, had nevver bene denide dhare prase; but the skin, which she had bene uest too cavvil at, az waunting cullor, had a cleernes and dellicacy which reyaly neded no fooler bloome. It wauz a stile ov buty, ov which ellegans wauz the raning carracter, and az such, she must, in onnor, bi aul her principelz, admire it:—ellegans, which, whether ov person or ov miand, she sau so littel in Hiburay. Dhare, not too be vulgar, wauz distincshon, and merrit.

In short, she sat, juring the ferst vizsit, loocking at Jane Faerfax withe toofoald complacency; the cens ov plezhure and the cens ov rendering justice, and wauz determining dhat she wood dislike her no lon’gher.

When

she tooc in her history, indede, her cichuwaishon, az wel az her buty;

when she considered what aul this elegance wauz destined too, what she wauz going too cing from, how she wauz going too live, it seemed impossible too feel enny thing but compassion and respect; especially, if too every well-known particular entangling her too interest, were added the highly probable circumstances of an attachment too Mr. Dixon, which she had so naturally started too herself. In that case, nothing could be more pitiable or more honorable than the sacrifice she had resolved on. Emma wauz very willing now too acquit her of having deceived Mr. Dixon from his wife, or of enny thing mischievous which her imagination had suggested at first. If it were love, it might be simple, single, successful love on her side alone. She might have been unconsciously sucking in the sad poison, while a sharer of his conversation with her friend; and from the best, the purest of motives, might now be denying herself this visit too Ireland, and resolving too divide herself effectually from him and his connections by soon beginning her career of laborious duty.

Upon the whole, Emma left her with such softness, charitable feelings, as made her look around in walking home, and lament that Highbury afforded no young man worthy of giving her independence; nobody that she could wish too scheme about for her.

These were charming feelings—but not lasting. Before she had committed herself by enny public profession of eternal friendship for Jane Fairfax, or done more too words a recantation of past prejudice and errors, than saying too Mr. Nately, “She certainly is handsome; she is better than handsome!” Jane had spent an evening at Hartfield with her grandmother and aunt, and every thing wauz relating much into its usual state. Former provocations reappeared. The aunt wauz as tiresome

az evver; moer tiarsum, becauz anxiety for her helth wauz nou added too admiraishon ov her pouwerz; and dha had too liscen too the descriphon ov exactly hou littel bred and butter she ate for brecfast, and hou smaul a slice ov mutton for dinner, az wel az too ce exhibishonz ov nu caps and nu wercbagz for her muther and hercelf; and Jainz ofencez rose agane. Dha had music; Emmaa wauz obliajd too pla; and the thanx and prase which necesarily follode apeerd too her an affectaishon ov candor, an are ov graitnes, mening oanly too shu of in hiyer stile her one verry supereyor performans. She wauz, beciadz, which wauz the werst ov aul, so coald, so caushous! Dhare wauz no ghetting at her reyal opinyon. Rapt up in a cloke ov poliatnes, she ceemd determiand too hazzard nuthhing. She wauz disgustingly, wauz suspishously reservd.

If enny thhing cood be moer, whare aul wauz moast, she wauz moer reservd on the subject ov Wamouth and the Dixonz dhan enny thhing. She ceemd bent on ghivving no reyal incite intoo Mr. Dixonz carracter, or her one vallu for hiz cumpany, or opinyon ov the sutabelnes ov the mach. It wauz aul genneral aprobaishon and smuidhnes; nuthhing delinneyated or distin'gwisht. It did her no cervice houwevver. Her caushon wauz throne awa. Emmaa sau its artifice, and reternd too her ferst cermisez. Dhare probbably *wauz* sumthhing moer too concele dhan her one prefferens; Mr. Dixon, perhaps, had bene verry nere chain'ging wun frend for the uther, or bene fixt oanly too Mis Cambel, for the sake ov the fuchure twelv thousand poundz.

The like reserv prevaild on uther toppix. She and Mr. Franc Cherchil had bene at Wamouth at the same time. It wauz none dhat dha wer a littel aqwainted; but not a cillabel ov reyal informaishon cood Emmaa

procure az too whaut he truly wauz. "Wauz he handsum?"—"She beleevd he wauz reccond a verry fine yung man." "Wauz he agreyabel?"—"He wauz genneraly thaut so." "Did he apere a cencibel yung man; a yung man ov informaishon?"—"At a wautering-place, or in a common Lunden aqwaintans, it wauz difficult too decide on such points. Mannerz wer aul dhat cood be saifly jujd ov, under a much lon'gher nollej dhan dha had yet had ov Mr. Cherchil. She beleevd evvery boddy found hiz mannerz plesing." Emmaa cood not forghiv her.

### CHAPTER 3

Emmaa cood not forghiv her;—but az niather provocaishon nor resentment wer dicernd bi Mr. Niatly, whoo had bene ov the party, and had cene oanly propper atenshon and plesing behaveyor on eche side, he wauz exprescing the next morning, beying at Hartfeeld agane on biznes withe Mr. Wood'hous, hiz aprobaishon ov the whole; not so openly az he mite hav dun had her faather bene out ov the roome, but speking plane enuf too be verry intelligibel too Emmaa. He had bene uest too thhinc her unjust too Jane, and had nou grate plezhure in marking an impruivment.

"A verry plezzant evening," he began, az soone az Mr. Wood'hous had bene tauct intoo whaut wauz nescenary, toald dhat he understood, and the paperz swept awa;—"particcularly plezzant. U and Mis Faerfax gave us sum verry good music. I doo not no a moer lucshureyous state, cer, dhan citting at wunz ese too be entertaind a whole evening bi too such

young women; sumtiamz with music and sumtiamz with conversation.  
I am

sure Miss Fairfax must have found the evening pleasant, Emma. You left nothing undone. I was glad you made her play so much, for having no instrument at her grandmother's, it must have been a royal indulgence."

"I am happy you approved," said Emma, smiling; "but I hope I am not often deficient in what is just to guests at Hartfield."

"No, my dear," said her father instantly; "that I am sure you are not. There is nobody so attentive and civil as you are. If anything, you are too attentive. The muffin last night—if it had been handed round yours, I think it would have been enough."

"No," said Mr. Nately, nearly at the same time; "you are not often deficient; not often deficient either in manner or comprehension. I think you understand me, daughter."

An arch look expressed—"I understand you well enough;" but she said only, "Miss Fairfax is reserved."

"I always told you she was—a little; but you will soon overcome all that part of her reserve which ought to be overcome, all that has its foundation in diffidence. What arises from disrepute must be overcome."

"You think her diffident. I do not see it."

"My dear Emma," said he, moving from his chair into the room close by her, "you are not going to tell me, I hope, that you had not a pleasant evening."

"O! no; I was pleased with my one perseverance in asking questions;

and amuezd too thhinc hou littel informaishon I obtaind."

"I am disapointed," wauz hiz oanly aancer.

"I hope evvery boddy had a plezzant evening," ced Mr. Wood'hous, in hiz qwiyet wa. "I had. Wuns, I felt the fire raather too much; but then I muivd bac mi chare a littel, a verry littel, and it did not disterb me. Mis Baits wauz verry chatty and good-humord, az she aulwase iz, dho she speex raather too qwic. Houwevver, she iz verry agreyabel, and Mrs. Baits too, in a different wa. I like oald frendz; and Mis Jane Faerfax iz a verry pritty sort ov yung lady, a verry pritty and a verry wel-behaivd yung lady indede. She must hav found the evening agreyabel, Mr. Niatly, becauz she had Emmaa."

"Tru, cer; and Emmaa, becauz she had Mis Faerfax."

Emmaa sau hiz anxiety, and wishing too apese it, at leest for the prezsent, ced, and withe a cincerrity which no wun cood qweschon—

"She iz a sort ov ellegant crechure dhat wun canot kepe wunz ise from. I am aulwase wauching her too admire; and I doo pitty her from mi hart."

Mr. Niatly looct az if he wer moer grattifide dhan he caerd too expres; and befoer he cood make enny repli, Mr. Wood'hous, whoose thauts wer on the Baitcez, ced—

"It iz a grate pitty dhat dhare circumstaancez shood be so confiand! a grate pitty indede! and I hav often wisht—but it iz so littel wun can venchure too doo—smaul, triafling prezents, ov enny thhing uncommon—Nou we hav kild a poerker, and Emmaa thhinx ov cending them a loin or a leg; it iz verry smaul and dellicate—Hartfeeld poerc iz not like enny uther poerc—but stil it iz poerc—and, mi dere Emmaa, unles wun cood be shure

ov dhare making it intoo staix, niasly fride, az ourz ar fride, widhout the smaulest grece, and not roast it, for no stummac can bare roast poerc—I thhinc we had better cend the leg—doo not u thhinc so, mi dere?”

“Mi dere paapaa, I cent the whole hiand-qworter. I nu u wood wish it. Dhare wil be the leg too be saulted, u no, which iz so verry nice, and the loin too be drest directly in enny manner dha like.”

“Dhats rite, mi dere, verry rite. I had not thaut ov it befoer, but dhat iz the best wa. Dha must not over-sault the leg; and then, if it iz not over-saulted, and if it iz verry thurroly boild, just az Cerl boilz ourz, and eten verry modderaitly ov, withe a boild ternip, and a littel carrot or parsnip, I doo not concidder it unwhoalsum.”

“Emmaa,” ced Mr. Niatly prezently, “I hav a pece ov nuse for u. U like nuse—and I herd an artikel in mi wa hither dhat I thhinc wil interest u.”

“Nuse! O! yes, I aulwase like nuse. Whaut iz it?—whi doo u smile so?—whare did u here it?—at Randalz?”

He had time oonly too sa,

“No, not at Randalz; I hav not bene nere Randalz,” when the doer wauz throne open, and Mis Baits and Mis Faerfax wauct intoo the roome. Fool ov thanx, and fool ov nuse, Mis Baits nu not which too ghiv qwickest. Mr. Niatly soone sau dhat he had lost hiz moment, and dhat not anuther cillabel ov comunicaishon cood rest withe him.

“O! mi dere cer, hou ar u this morning? Mi dere Mis Wood’hous—I cum qwite over-pouwerd. Such a butifool hiand-qworter ov poerc! U ar too bountifool! Hav u herd the nuse? Mr. Elton iz gowing too be marrede.”

Emmaa had not had time even too thhinc ov Mr. Elton, and she wauz so compleetly cerpriazd dhat she cood not avoid a littel start, and a littel blush, at the sound.

“Dhare iz mi nuse:—I thaut it wood interest u,” ced Mr. Niatly, withe a smile which implide a convicshon ov sum part ov whaut had paast betwene them.

“But whare cood *u* here it?” cride Mis Baits. “Whare cood u poscibly here it, Mr. Niatly? For it iz not five minnuets cins I receevd Mrs. Coalz note—no, it canot be moer dhan five—or at leest ten—for I had got mi bonnet and spencer on, just reddy too cum out—I wauz oonly gon doun too speke too Patty agane about the poerc—Jane wauz standing in the passage—wer not u, Jane?—for mi muther wauz so afrade dhat we had not enny saulting-pan larj enuf. So I ced I wood go doun and ce, and Jane ced, ‘Shal I go doun insted? for I thhinc u hav a littel coald, and Patty haz bene waushing the kitchen.’—‘O! mi dere,’ ced I—wel, and just then came the note. A Mis Haukinz—dhats aul I no. A Mis Haukinz ov Baath. But, Mr. Niatly, hou cood u poscibly hav herd it? for the verry moment Mr. Cole toald Mrs. Cole ov it, she sat doun and rote too me. A Mis Haukinz—”

“I wauz withe Mr. Cole on biznes an our and a haaf ago. He had just red Eltonz letter az I wauz shune in, and handed it too me directly.”

“Wel! dhat iz qwite—I supose dhare nevver wauz a pece ov nuse moer genneraly interesting. Mi dere cer, u reyalz ar too bountifool. Mi muther desiarz her verry best compliments and regardz, and a thousand thanx, and cez u reyalz qwite opres her.”

“We concidder our Hartfeeld poerc,” replide Mr. Wood’hous—“indede it



certainly iz, so verry supereyor too aul uther poerc, dhat Emmaa and I canot hav a grater plezhure dhan—”

“O! mi dere cer, az mi muther cez, our frendz ar oanly too good too us. If evver dhare wer pepel whoo, widhout havving grate welth themcelvz, had evvery thhing dha cood wish for, I am shure it iz us. We ma wel sa dhat ‘our lot iz caast in a goodly herritage.’ Wel, Mr. Niatly, and so u acchuwaly sau the letter; wel—”

“It wauz short—meerly too anouns—but cheerfool, exulting, ov coers.”— Here wauz a sli glaans at Emmaa. “He had bene so forchunate az too—I forghet the precice werdz—wun haz no biznes too remember them. The informaishon wauz, az u state, dhat he wauz gowing too be marrede too a Mis Haukinz. Bi hiz stile, I shood imadgine it just cetteld.”

“Mr. Elton gowing too be marrede!” ced Emmaa, az soone az she cood speke.

“He wil hav evvery boddese wishez for hiz happines.”

“He iz verry yung too cettel,” wauz Mr. Wood‘housez observaishon. “He had better not be in a hurry. He ceemd too me verry wel of az he wauz. We wer aulwase glad too ce him at Hartfeeld.”

“A nu nabor for us aul, Mis Wood‘hous!” ced Mis Baits, joifooly; “mi muther iz so pleezd!—she cez she canot bare too hav the poor oald Viccarage widhout a mistres. This iz grate nuse, indede. Jane, u hav nevver cene Mr. Elton!—no wunder dhat u hav such a cureyosity too ce him.”

Jainz cureyosity did not apere ov dhat abzorbing nachure az wholly too occupi her.

“No—I hav nevver cene Mr. Elton,” she replide, starting on this apele; “iz he—iz he a taul man?”

“Whoo shal aancer dhat qweschon?” cride Emmaa. “Mi faather wood sa ‘yes,’ Mr. Niatly ‘no;’ and Mis Baits and I dhat he iz just the happy mejum. When u hav bene here a littel lon’gher, Mis Faerfax, u wil understand dhat Mr. Elton iz the standard ov perfecshon in Hibury, boath in person and miand.”

“Verry tru, Mis Wood’hous, so she wil. He iz the verry best yung man—But, mi dere Jane, if u remember, I toald u yesterda he wauz preciasly the hite ov Mr. Perry. Mis Haukinz,—I dare sa, an exelent yung woomman. Hiz extreme atenshon too mi muther—waunting her

too cit in the viccarage pu, dhat she mite here the better, for mi muther iz a littel def, u no—it iz not much, but she duz not here qwite qwic. Jane cez dhat Cuunel Cambel iz a littel def. He fancede baithing mite be good for it—the worm baath—but she cez it did him no laasting bennefit. Cuunel Cambel, u no, iz qwite our ain’gel.

And Mr. Dixon ceemz a verry charming yung man, qwite werthy ov him. It iz such a happines when good pepel ghet tooghether—and dha aulwase doo.

Nou, here wil be Mr. Elton and Mis Haukinz; and dhare ar the Coalz, such verry good pepel; and the Perrese—I supose dhare nevver wauz a happeyer or a better cuppel dhan Mr. and Mrs. Perry. I sa, cer,” terning too Mr. Wood’hous, “I thhinc dhare ar fu placez withe such sociyety az Hibury. I aulwase sa, we ar qwite blest in our naborz.—Mi dere cer, if dhare iz wun thhing mi muther luvz better dhan anuther, it iz poerc—a roast loin ov poerc—”

“Az too whoo, or whaut Mis Haukinz iz, or hou long he haz bene aqwainted withe her,” ced Emmaa, “nuthhing I supose can be none. Wun feelz dhat

it canot be a verry long aqwaintans. He haz bene gon oanly foer weex."

Nobody had enny informaishon too ghiv; and, aafter a fu moer wunderingz,  
Emmaa ced,

"U ar cilent, Mis Faerfax—but I hope u mene too take an interest in this nuse. U, whoo hav bene hering and ceying so much ov late on these subjects, whoo must hav bene so depe in the biznes on Mis Cambelz acount—we shal not excuse yor beying indifferent about Mr. Elton and Mis Haukinz."

"When I hav cene Mr. Elton," replide Jane, "I dare sa I shal be interested—but I beleve it reqwiarz *dhat* withe me. And az it iz sum munths cins Mis Cambel marrede, the impreshon ma be a littel woern of."

"Yes, he haz bene gon just foer weex, az u observ, Mis Wood'hous," ced Mis Baits, "foer weex yesterda.—A Mis Haukinz!—Wel, I had aulwase raather fancede it wood be sum yung lady herabouts; not dhat I evver—Mrs. Cole wuns whisperd too me—but I imejaitly ced, 'No, Mr. Elton iz a moast werthy yung man—but'—In short, I doo not thhinc I am particuarly qwic at dhose sort ov discuvverese. I doo not pretend too it. Whaut iz befoer me, I ce. At the same time, nobody cood wonder if Mr. Elton shood hav aspiard—Mis Wood'hous lets me chatter on, so good-humordly. She nose I wood not ofend for the werld. Hou duz Mis Smith doo? She ceemz qwite recuverd nou. Hav u herd from Mrs. Jon Niatly laitly? O! dhose dere littel children. Jane, doo u no I aulwase fancy Mr. Dixon like Mr. Jon Niatly. I mene in person—taul, and withe dhat sort ov looc—and not verry taucative."

“Qwite rong, mi dere aant; dhare iz no liacnes at aul.”

“Verry od! but wun nevver duz form a just ideyaa ov enny boddy befoerhand.

Wun taix up a noashon, and runz awa withe it. Mr. Dixon, u sa, iz not, strictly speking, handsom?”

“Handsum! O! no—far from it—certainly plane. I toald u he wauz plane.”

“Mi dere, u ced dhat Mis Cambel wood not alou him too be plane, and dhat u yorcelf—”

“O! az for me, mi jujment iz werth nuthhing. Whare I hav a regard, I aulwase thhinc a person wel-loocking. But I gave whaut I beleevd the genneral opinyon, when I cauld him plane.”

“Wel, mi dere Jane, I beleve we must be running awa. The wether duz not looc wel, and grandmaamaa wil be unnesy. U ar too obliging, mi dere Mis Wood’hous; but we reyaly must take leve. This haz bene a moast agreyabel pece ov nuse indede. I shal just go round bi Mrs. Coalz; but I shal not stop thre minnuets: and, Jane, u had better go home directly—I wood not hav u out in a shouwer!—We thhinc she iz the better for Hiburay aulreddy. Thanc u, we doo indede. I shal not atempt caulng on Mrs. Goddard, for I reyaly doo not thhinc she caerz for enny thhing but *boild* poerc: when we dres the leg it wil be anuther thhing. Good morning too u, mi dere cer. O! Mr. Niatly iz cumming too. Wel, dhat iz so verry!—I am shure if Jane iz tiard, u wil be so kiand az too ghiv her yor arm.—Mr. Elton, and Mis Haukinz!—Good morning too u.”

Emmaa, alone withe her faather, had haaf her atenshon waunted bi him while

he lamented dhat yung pepel wood be in such a hurry too marry—and too marry strain'gerz too—and the uther haaf she cood ghiv too her one vu ov the subject. It wauz too hercelf an amusing and a verry welcum pece ov nuse, az proving dhat Mr. Elton cood not hav sufferd long; but she wauz sory for Harreyet: Harreyet must fele it—and aul dhat she cood hope wauz, bi ghivving the ferst informaishon hercelf, too save her from hering it abruptly from utherz. It wauz nou about the time dhat she wauz liacly too caul. If she wer too mete Mis Baits in her wa!—and uppon its beghinning too rane, Emmaa wauz obliajd too expect dhat the wether wood be detaning her at Mrs. Goddardz, and dhat the intelligens wood undoutedly rush uppon her widhout preparaishon.

The shouwer wauz hevvy, but short; and it had not bene over five minnuets, when in came Harreyet, withe just the heted, adgitated looc which hurreying thither withe a fool hart wauz liacly too ghiv; and the “O! Mis Wood'hous, whaut doo u thhinc haz happend!” which instantly berst foerth, had aul the evvidens ov coresponding perterbaishon. Az the blo wauz ghivven, Emmaa felt dhat she cood not nou shu grater kiandnes dhan in liscening; and Harreyet, unchect, ran egherly throo whaut she had too tel. “She had cet out from Mrs. Goddardz haaf an our ago—she had bene afrade it wood rane—she had bene afrade it wood poer down evvery moment—but she thaut she mite ghet too Hartfeeld ferst—she had hurrede on az faast az poscibel; but then, az she wauz paacing bi the hous whare a yung woomman wauz making up a gown for her, she thaut she wood just step in and ce hou it went on; and dho she did not ceme too sta haaf a moment dhare, soone aafter she came out it began too rane, and she did not no whaut too doo; so she ran on directly, az faast az she cood, and tooc shelter at Foerdz.”—Foerdz wauz the principal woollen-drapeer, linnen-drapeer, and habberdasherz shop united; the shop ferst in cise and fashon in the place.—“And so, dhare she had cet, widhout an ideyaa ov enny thhing in the werld, fool ten minnuets, perhaps—when, aul ov a

sudden, whoo shood cum in—too be shure it wauz so verry od!—but dha aulwase delt at Foerdz—whoo shood cum in, but Elizzabeth Martin and her

bruther!—Dere Mis Wood'hous! oonly thhinc. I thaut I shood hav fainted. I did not no whaut too doo. I wauz citting nere the doer—Elizzabeth sau me directly; but he did not; he wauz bizsy withe the umbrellaa. I am shure she sau me, but she looct awa directly, and tooc no notice; and dha boath went too qwite the farther end ov the shop; and I kept citting nere the doer!—O! dere; I wauz so mizerabel! I am shure I must hav bene az white az mi gown. I cood not go awa u no, becauz ov the rane; but I did so wish micelf enniwhare in the werld but dhare.—O! dere, Mis Wood'hous—wel, at laast, I fancy, he looct round and sau me; for insted ov gowing on withe her biyingz, dha began whispering too wun anuther. I am shure dha wer tauking ov me; and I cood not help thhinking dhat he wauz perswading her too speke too me—(doo

u thhinc he wauz, Mis Wood'hous?)—for prezsently she came forword—came

qwite up too me, and aasct me hou I did, and ceemd reddy too shake handz, if I wood. She did not doo enny ov it in the same wa dhat she uezd; I cood ce she wauz aulterd; but, houwevver, she ceemd too *tri* too be verry frendly, and we shooc handz, and stood tauking sum time; but I no no moer whaut I ced—I wauz in such a trembel!—I remember she ced she wauz sory we nevver met nou; which I thaut aulmoast too kiand! Dere, Mis Wood'hous, I wauz absolutly mizerabel! Bi dhat time, it wauz beghinning too hoald up, and I wauz determiand dhat nuthhing shood stop me

from ghetting awa—and then—oonly thhinc!—I found he wauz cumming up toowordz

me too—sloly u no, and az if he did not qwite no whaut too doo; and so he came and spoke, and I aancerd—and I stood for a minnute, feling dredfooly, u no, wun caant tel hou; and then I tooc currage, and ced it did not rane, and I must go; and so of I cet; and I had not

got thre yardz from the doer, when he came aafter me, oonly too sa, if I wauz gowing too Hartfeeld, he thaut I had much better go round bi Mr. Coalz stabelz, for I shood fiand the nere wa qwite floted bi this rane. O! dere, I thaut it wood hav bene the deth ov me! So I ced, I wauz verry much obliajd too him: u no I cood not doo les; and then he went bac too Elizzabeth, and I came round bi the stabelz—I beleve I did—but I hardly nu whare I wauz, or enny thhing about it. O! Mis Wood’hous, I wood raather dun enny thhing dhan hav it happen: and yet, u no, dhare wauz a sort ov satisfacshon in ceying him behave so plezzantly and so kiandly. And Elizzabeth, too. O! Mis Wood’hous, doo tauc too me and make me cumfortabel agane.”

Verry cinceerly did Emmaa wish too doo so; but it wauz not imejaitly in her pouwer. She wauz obliajd too stop and thhinc. She wauz not thurroly cumfortabel hercelf. The yung manz conduct, and hiz cisterz, ceemd the rezult ov reyal feling, and she cood not but pittly them. Az Harreyet descriabd it, dhare had bene an interesting mixchure ov wuinded afecshon and genuwine dellicacy in dhare behaveyor. But she had beleevd them too be wel-mening, werthy pepel befoer; and whaut differens did this make in the evilz ov the conecshon? It wauz folly too be disterbd bi it. Ov coers, he must be sory too loose her—dha must be aul sory. Ambishon, az wel az luv, had probbably bene mortifide. Dha mite aul hav hoapt too rise bi Harreyets aqwaintans: and beciadz, whaut wauz the vally ov Harreyets descriphon?—So esily pleezd—so littel dicerning;—whaut cignifide her prase?

She exerted hercelf, and did tri too make her cumfortabel, bi conciddering aul dhat had paast az a mere trifel, and qwite unwerthy ov beying dwelt on,

“It mite be distrescing, for the moment,” ced she; “but u ceme too hav behaivd extreemly wel; and it iz over—and ma nevver—can nevver, az a ferst meting, oker agane, and dhaerfoer u nede not thhinc about it.”

Harreyet ced, "verry tru," and she "wood not thhinc about it;" but stil she tauct ov it—stil she cood tauc ov nuthhing els; and Emmaa, at laast, in order too poot the Martinz out ov her hed, wauz obliajd too hurry on the nuse, which she had ment too ghiv withe so much tender caushon; hardly nowing hercelf whether too rejois or be an'gry, ashaimd or oonly amuezd, at such a state ov miand in poor Harreyet—such a concluezhon ov Mr. Eltonz importans withe her!

Mr. Eltonz riats, houwevver, gradjuwaly reviavd. Dho she did not fele the ferst intelligens az she mite hav dun the da befoer, or an our befoer, its interest soone increest; and befoer dhare ferst conversaishon wauz over, she had tauct hercelf intoo aul the censaishonz ov cureyosity, wunder and regret, pane and plezhure, az too this forchunate Mis Haukinz, which cood conjuce too place the Martinz under propper subordinaishon in her fancy.

Emmaa lernd too be raather glad dhat dhare had bene such a meting. It had bene cervisabel in deddening the ferst shoc, widhout retaning enny influwens too alarm. Az Harreyet nou livd, the Martinz cood not ghet at her, widhout ceking her, whare hithertoo dha had waunted iather the currage or the condecenshon too ceke her; for cins her refuzal ov the bruther, the cisterz nevver had bene at Mrs. Goddardz; and a twelvmunth mite paas widhout dhare beying throne tooghethe agane, withe enny necescity, or even enny pouwer ov speche.

## CHAPTER 4



Human nature iz so wel dispoazd to wordz dhose whoo ar in interesting  
circumstances, dhat a yung person, whoo iather marrese or dise, iz shure  
ov  
being kindly spoken ov.

A weke had not paast cins Mis Haukinsez name wauz ferst menshond in  
Hibury, befoer she wauz, bi sum meenz or uther, discuverd too hav  
evvery recomendaishon ov person and miand; too be handsum, ellegant,  
hily acomplisht, and perfectly ameyabel: and when Mr. Elton himself  
ariavd too triyumf in hiz happy prospects, and cerculate the fame ov  
her merrits, dhare wauz verry littel moer for him too doo, dhan too tel her  
Crischan name, and sa whoose music she principaly plade.

Mr. Elton reternd, a verry happy man. He had gon awa reected and  
mortifide—disapointed in a verry san'gwine hope, aafter a cerese ov whaut  
apeerd too him strong encurraiment; and not oonly loosing the rite  
lady, but fianding himself debaist too the levvel ov a verry rong wun. He  
had gon awa deeply ofended—he came bac en'gaijd too anuther—and too  
anuther az supereyor, ov coers, too the ferst, az under such  
circumstaancez whaut iz gaind aulwase iz too whaut iz lost. He came bac  
ga and celf-sattisfide, egher and bizsy, caring nuthhing for Mis  
Wood'hous, and defiyng Mis Smith.

The charming Augustaa Haukinz, in adishon too aul the uezhuwal  
advantagez  
ov perfect buty and merrit, wauz in poseshon ov an independent  
forchune, ov so menny thousandz az wood aulwase be cauld ten; a point  
ov  
sum dignity, az wel az sum conveyens: the stoery toald wel; he had  
not throne himself awa—he had gaind a wooman ov 10,000 *l.* or  
dharabouts; and he had gaind her withe such deliatfool rapiddity—the  
ferst our ov introducshon had bene so verry soone follode bi  
distingwishing notice; the history which he had too ghiv Mrs. Cole ov

the rise and proagres ov the afare wauz so gloereyous—the steps so qwic, from the axidental ronconter, too the dinner at Mr. Greenz, and the party at Mrs. Brounz—smialz and blushez rising in importans—withe conshousnes and agitaishon richly scatterd—the lady had bene so esily imprest—so sweetly dispoazd—had in short, too use a moast intelligibel frase, bene so verry reddy too hav him, dhat vannity and prudens wer eeqwaly contented.

He had caut boath substans and shaddo—boath forchune and afecshon, and wauz just the happy man he aut too be; tauking oonly ov himcelf and hiz one concernz—expecting too be con'gratchulated—reddy too be laaft at—and, withe corjal, feerles smialz, nou adrescing aul the yung ladese ov the place, too whoome, a fu weex ago, he wood hav bene moer caushously gallant.

The wedding wauz no distant event, az the partese had oonly themcelvz too plese, and nuthhing but the nescenary preparaishonz too wate for; and when he cet out for Baath agane, dhare wauz a genneral expectaishon, which a certane glaans ov Mrs. Coalz did not ceme too contradict, dhat when he next enterd Hiburz he wood bring hiz bride.

Juring hiz prezsent short sta, Emmaa had baerly cene him; but just enuf too fele dhat the ferst meting wauz over, and too ghiv her the impreschon ov hiz not beying impruivd bi the mixchure ov peke and pretenshon, nou spred over hiz are. She wauz, in fact, beghinning verry much too wunder dhat she had evver thaut him plesing at aul; and hiz cite wauz so incepparably conected withe sum verry disagreyabel felingz, dhat, exept in a moral lite, az a penans, a lesson, a soers ov proffitabel humileyaishon too her one miand, she wood hav bene thancfool too be ashuerd ov nevver ceying him agane. She wisht him verry

wel; but he gave her pane, and hiz welfare twenty mialz of wood adminnister moast satisfacshon.

The pane ov hiz continnude rezidens in Hibury, houwevver, must certainly be lescend bi hiz marrage. Menny vane soliscichuedz wood be prevented—menny auqwordnecez smuidhd bi it. A *Mrs. Elton* wood be an excuce for enny chainj ov intercoers; former intimacy mite cinc widhout remarc. It wood be aulmoast beghinning dhare life ov civillity agane.

Ov the lady, individjuwaly, Emmaa thaut verry littel. She wauz good enuf for Mr. Elton, no dout; acumplisht enuf for Hibury—handsom enuf—too looc plane, probbably, bi Harreyets cide. Az too conecshon, dhare Emmaa wauz perfectly esy; perswaded, dhat aafter aul hiz one vaunted claimz and disdane ov Harreyet, he had dun nuthhing. On dhat artikel, trueth ceemd atanabel. *Whaut* she wauz, must be uncertane; but *whoo* she wauz, mite be found out; and cetting acide the 10,000 l., it did not apere dhat she wauz at aul Harreyets supereyor. She braut no name, no blud, no aliyans. Mis Haukinz wauz the yun'ghest ov the too dauterz ov a Bristol—merchant, ov coers, he must be cauld; but, az the whole ov the proffits ov hiz mercantile life apeerd so verry modderate, it wauz not unfare too ghes the dignity ov hiz line ov trade had bene verry modderate aulso. Part ov evvery winter she had bene uest too spend in Baath; but Bristol wauz her home, the verry hart ov Bristol; for dho the faather and muther had dide sum yeerz ago, an unkel remaind—in the lau line—nuthhing moer distinctly onnorabel wauz hazzarded ov him, dhan dhat he wauz in the lau line; and withe him the dauter had livd. Emmaa ghest him too be the druj ov sum aterny, and too schupid too rise. And aul the granjure ov the conecshon ceemd dependent on the elder cister, whoo wauz *verry wel marrede*, too a gentelman in a *grate wa*, nere Bristol, whoo kept

too carriage! Dhat wauz the wind-up ov the history; dhat wauz the gloery ov Mis Haukinz.

Cood she but hav ghivven Harreyet her felingz about it aul! She had tauct her intoo luv; but, alas! she wauz not so esily too be tauct out ov it. The charm ov an obgett too occupi the menny vacancese ov Harreyets

miand wauz not too be tauct awa. He mite be superceded bi anuther; he certainly wood indede; nuthhing cood be clerer; even a Robbert Martin wood hav bene sufisent; but nuthhing els, she feerd, wood cure her. Harreyet wauz wun ov dhose, whoo, havving wuns begun, wood be aulwase

in luv. And nou, poor gherl! she wauz concidderably wers from this reyaperans ov Mr. Elton. She wauz aulwase havving a glimps ov him sumwhare or uther. Emmaa sau him oonly wuns; but too or thre tiamz evvery da Harreyet wauz shure *just* too mete withe him, or *just* too mis him, *just* too here hiz vois, or ce hiz shoalder, *just* too hav sumthhing oker too preserv him in her fancy, in aul the favoring wormth ov cerprise and con'gechure. She wauz, moerover, perpetchuwaly hering about him; for, exepting when at Hartfeeld, she wauz aulwase amung dhose whoo sau no fault in Mr. Elton, and found nuthhing so interesting az the discusson ov hiz concernz; and evvery repoert, dhaerfoer, evvery ghes—aul dhat had aulreddy okerd, aul dhat mite oker in the arainjment ov hiz afaerz, comprehending incum, cervants, and fernichure, wauz continnuwaly in agitaishon around her. Her regard wauz receving strength bi invareyabel prase ov him, and her regrets kept alive, and felingz irritated bi ceesles repetishonz ov Mis Haukinsez happines, and continnuwal observaishon ov, hou much he ceemd atacht!—hiz are az he wauct bi the hous—the verry citting ov hiz hat, beying aul in prooffe ov hou much he wauz in luv!

Had it bene allowabel entertainment, had dhare bene no pane too her frend, or reproche too hercelf, in the waveringz ov Harreyets miand,

Emma wood hav bene amuezd bi its vareyaishonz. Sumtiamz Mr. Elton predominated, sumtiamz the Martinz; and eche wauz ocaizhonal yuesfool

az a chec too the uther. Mr. Eltonz en'gaijment had bene the cure ov the agitaishon ov meting Mr. Martin. The unhappines projest bi the nollej ov dhat en'gaijment had bene a littel poot acide bi Elizzabeth Martinz caulng at Mrs. Goddardz a fu dase aafterwordz. Harreyet had not bene at home; but a note had bene prepaerd and left for her, ritten in the verry stile too tuch; a smaul mixchure ov reproche, withe a grate dele ov kiandnes; and til Mr. Elton himcelf apeerd, she had bene much occupide bi it, continnuwaly pondering over whaut cood be dun

in retern, and wishing too doo moer dhan she daerd too confes. But Mr. Elton, in person, had drivven awa aul such caerz. While he stade, the Martinz wer forgotten; and on the verry morning ov hiz cetting of for Baath agane, Emma, too discipate sum ov the distres it ocaizhond, jujd it best for her too retern Elizzabeth Martinz vizsit.

Hou dhat vizsit wauz too be acnollejd—whaut wood be nescenary—and whaut

mite be safest, had bene a point ov sum doutfool concideraishon.

Absolute neglect ov the muther and cisterz, when invited too cum, wood be in'grattichude. It must not be: and yet the dain'ger ov a renuwal ov the aqwaintans—!

Aafter much thhinking, she cood determine on nuthhing better, dhan Harreyets reternng the vizsit; but in a wa dhat, if dha had understanding, shood convins them dhat it wauz too be oonly a formal aqwaintans. She ment too take her in the carrage, leve her at the Abby Mil, while she drove a littel farther, and caul for her agane so soone, az too alou no time for incidjous applicaishonz or dain'gerous recurrencez too the paast, and ghiv the moast decided prooffe ov whaut degry ov intimacy wauz chosen for the fuchure.

She cood thhinc ov nuthhing better: and dho dhare wauz sumthhing in it which her one hart cood not aproove—sumthhing ov in'grattichude, meerly glost over—it must be dun, or whaut wood becum ov Harreyet?

## CHAPTER 5

Smaul hart had Harreyet for vizsiting. Oanly haaf an our befoer her frend cauld for her at Mrs. Goddardz, her evil starz had led her too the verry spot whare, at dhat moment, a trunc, directed too *The Rev. Phillip Elton, White-Hart, Baath*, wauz too be cene under the operaishon ov beying lifted intoo the bootcherz cart, which wauz too conva it too whare the cochez paast; and evvery thhing in this world, exepting dhat trunc and the direcshon, wauz conceqwently a blanc.

She went, houwevver; and when dha reecht the farm, and she wauz too be poot doun, at the end ov the braud, nete gravvel wauc, which led betwene espaaleyer appel-trese too the frunt doer, the cite ov evvery thhing which had ghivven her so much plezhure the autum befoer, wauz beghinning too revive a littel local agitaishon; and when dha parted, Emmaa observd her too be loocking around withe a sort ov feerfool cureyosity, which determiand her not too alou the vizsit too exede the propoazd qworter ov an our. She went on hercelf, too ghiv dhat porshon ov time too an oald cervant whoo wauz marrede, and cetteld in Donwel.

The qworter ov an our braut her puncchuwaly too the white gate agane; and Mis Smith receving her summonz, wauz withe her widhout dela, and unnatended bi enny alarming yung man. She came sollitarily doun the

gravvel wauc—a Mis Martin just apering at the doer, and parting withe her cemingly withe ceremoanyous civillity.

Harreyet cood not verry soone ghiv an intelligibel acount. She wauz feling too much; but at laast Emmaa colected from her enuf too understand the sort ov meting, and the sort ov pane it wauz creyating. She had cene oonly Mrs. Martin and the too gherlz. Dha had receevd her doutingly, if not cooly; and nuthhing beyond the merest commonplace had bene tauct aulmoast aul the time—til just at laast, when Mrs. Martinz saying, aul ov a sudden, dhat she thaut Mis Smith wauz grone, had braut on a moer interesting subgett, and a wormer manner. In dhat verry roome she had bene mezhuerd laast Ceptember, withe her too frendz. Dhare wer the pencild marx and memorandumz on the wainscot bi the windo. *He* had dun it. Dha aul ceemd too remember the da, the our, the party, the ocaizhon—too fele the same consmousnes, the same regrets—too be reddy too retern too the same good understanding; and dha wer just growing agane like themcelvz, (Harreyet, az Emmaa must suspect, az reddy az the best ov them too be corjal and happy,) when the carrage reyapeerd, and aul wauz over. The stile ov the vizsit, and the shortnes ov it, wer then felt too be decicive. Foertene minnuets too be ghivven too dhose withe whoome she had thancfooly paast cix weex not cix munths ago!—Emmaa cood not but picchure it aul, and fele hou justly dha mite resent, hou natchuraly Harreyet must suffer. It wauz a bad biznes. She wood hav ghivven a grate dele, or enjuerd a grate dele, too hav had the Martinz in a hiyer ranc ov life. Dha wer so deserving, dhat a *littel* hiyer shood hav bene enuf: but az it wauz, hou cood she hav dun urtherwise?—Imposcibel!—She cood not repent. Dha must be ceeparated; but dhare wauz a grate dele ov pane in the proces—so much too hercelf at this time, dhat she soone felt the necescity ov a littel

consolashon, and rezolvd on gowing home bi wa ov Randalz too procure it. Her miand wauz qwite cic ov Mr. Elton and the Martinz. The refreshment ov Randalz wauz absoluetly nescesary.

It wauz a good skeme; but on driving too the doer dha herd dhat niather “maaster nor mistres wauz at home;” dha had boath bene out sum time; the man beleevd dha wer gon too Hartfeeld.

“This iz too bad,” cride Emmaa, az dha ternd awa. “And nou we shal just mis them; too provoking!—I doo not no when I hav bene so disapointed.” And she leend bac in the corner, too indulj her mermerz, or too rezon them awa; probbably a littel ov boath—such beying the commonest proces ov a not il-dispoazd miand. Prezently the carrage stopt; she looct up; it wauz stopt bi Mr. and Mrs. Weston, whoo wer standing too speke too her. Dhare wauz instant plezhure in the cite ov them, and stil grater plezhure wauz convade in sound—for Mr. Weston imejaitly acosted her withe,

“Hou dye doo?—hou dye doo?—We hav bene citting withe yor faather—glad too ce him so wel. Franc cumz too-moro—I had a letter this morning—we ce him too-moro bi dinner-time too a certainty—he iz at Oxford too-da, and he cumz for a whole fortnite; I nu it wood be so. If he had cum at Cristmas he cood not hav stade thre dase; I wauz aulwase glad he did not cum at Cristmas; nou we ar gowing too hav just the rite wether for him, fine, dri, cetteld wether. We shal enjoi him compleetly; evvery thhing haz ternd out exactly az we cood wish.”

Dhare wauz no resisting such nuse, no pocibillity ov avoiding the influwens ov such a happy face az Mr. Westonz, confermd az it aul wauz bi the werdz and the countenans ov hiz wife, fuwer and qwiyeter, but not les too the perpoce. Too no dhat *she* thaut hiz cumming certane



wauz enuf too make Emmaa concidder it so, and cinceerly did she rejois in dhare joi. It wauz a moast deliatfool reyanimaishon ov exausted spirrits. The woern-out paast wauz sunc in the freshnes ov whaut wauz cumming; and in the rapiddity ov haaf a moments thaut, she hoapt Mr. Elton wood nou be tauct ov no moer.

Mr. Weston gave her the history ov the en'gajjments at Enscome, which aloud hiz sun too aancer for havving an entire fortnite at hiz comaand, az wel az the roote and the method ov hiz gerny; and she liscend, and smiald, and con'gratchulated.

"I shal soone bring him over too Hartfeeld," ced he, at the concluezhon.

Emmaa cood imadgine she sau a tuch ov the arm at this speche, from hiz wife.

"We had better moove on, Mr. Weston," ced she, "we ar detaning the gherlz."

"Wel, wel, I am reddy;"—and terning agane too Emmaa, "but u must not be expecting such a *verry* fine yung man; u hav oonly had *mi* acount u no; I dare sa he iz reyaly nuthhing extrordinary:"—dho hiz one sparcling ise at the moment wer speking a *verry* different convicshon.

Emmaa cood looc perfectly unconshous and innocent, and aancer in a manner dhat aproapreyated nuthhing.

"Thhinc ov me too-moro, mi dere Emmaa, about foer oacloc," wauz Mrs. Westonz parting injuncshon; spoken withe sum anxiyety, and ment oonly for her.

"Foer oacloc!—depend uppon it he wil be here bi thre," wauz Mr.

Westonz qwic amendment; and so ended a moast satisfactory meting. Emmaaz spirrits wer mounted qwite up too happines; evvery thhing woer a different are; Jaimz and hiz horcez ceemd not haaf so sluggish az befoer. When she looct at the hedgez, she thaut the elder at leest must soone be cumming out; and when she ternd round too Harreyet, she sau sumthhing like a looc ov spring, a tender smile even dhare.

“Wil Mr. Franc Cherchil paas throo Baath az wel az Oxford?”—wauz a qweschon, houwevver, which did not augher much.

But niather geyografy nor tranqwillity cood cum aul at wuns, and Emmaa wauz nou in a humor too rezolv dhat dha shood boath cum in time.

The morning ov the interesting da ariavd, and Mrs. Westonz faithfool pupil did not forghet iather at ten, or elevven, or twelv oacloc, dhat she wauz too thhinc ov her at foer.

“Mi dere, dere ancshous frend,”—ced she, in mental solilloqwy, while wauking dounstaerz from her one roome, “aulwase overcaerfool for evvery boddese cumfort but yor one; I ce u nou in aul yor littel fidgets, gowing agane and agane intoo hiz roome, too be shure dhat aul iz rite.”

The cloc struc twelv az she paast throo the haul. “Tiz twelv; I shal not forghet too thhinc ov u foer ourz hens; and bi this time too-moro, perhaps, or a littel later, I ma be thhinking ov the pocibillity ov dhare aul caulng here. I am shure dha wil bring him soone.”

She opend the parlor doer, and sau too gentelmen citting withe her faather—Mr. Weston and hiz sun. Dha had bene ariavd oonly a fu minnuets, and Mr. Weston had scaersly finnisht hiz explanaishon ov Franx beyng a da befoer hiz time, and her faather wauz yet in the

midst ov hiz verry civvil welcum and con'grachulaishonz, when she apeerd,  
too hav her share ov cerprise, introducshon, and plezhure.

The Franc Cherchil so long tauct ov, so hi in interest, wauz acchuwaly befoer her—he wauz presented too her, and she did not thhinc too much had bene ced in hiz prase; he wauz a *verry* good loocking yung man; hite, are, adres, aul wer unexepshonabel, and hiz countenans had a grate dele ov the spirrit and liavlines ov hiz faatherz; he looct qwic and cencibel. She felt imejaitly dhat she shood like him; and dhare wauz a wel-bred ese ov manner, and a reddines too tauc, which convinst her dhat he came intending too be aqwainted withe her, and dhat aqwainted dha soone must be.

He had reecht Randalz the evening befoer. She wauz pleezd withe the eghernes too arive which had made him aulter hiz plan, and travvel erleyer, later, and qwicker, dhat he mite gane haaf a da.

“I toald u yesterda,” cride Mr. Weston withe exultaishon, “I toald u aul dhat he wood be here befoer the time naimd. I rememberd whaut I uest too doo micelf. Wun canot crepe uppon a gerny; wun canot help ghetting on faaster dhan wun haz pland; and the plezhure ov cumming in uppon wunz frendz befoer the looc-out beghinz, iz werth a grate dele moer dhan enny littel exershon it needz.”

“It iz a grate plezhure whare wun can indulj in it,” ced the yung man, “dho dhare ar not menny housez dhat I shood prezume on so far; but in cumming *home* I felt I mite doo enny thhing.”

The werd *home* made hiz faather looc on him withe fresh complacency. Emmaa wauz directly shure dhat he nu hou too make himcelf agreyabel; the

convicshon wauz strengthend bi whaut follode. He wauz verry much pleezd  
withe Randalz, thaut it a moast admirably arainjd hous, wood hardly  
alou it even too be verry smaul, admiard the cichuwaishon, the wauc too  
Hibury, Hibury itcelf, Hartfeeld stil moer, and profest himcelf  
too hav aulwase felt the sort ov interest in the cuntry which nun but  
wunz *one* cuntry ghivz, and the gratest cureyosity too vizsit it. Dhat  
he shood nevver hav bene Abel too indulj so ameyabel a feling befoer,  
paast suspishously throo Emmaaz brane; but stil, if it wer a  
fauls'hood, it wauz a plezzant wun, and plezzantly handeld. Hiz manner  
had no are ov studdy or exageraishon. He did reyaly looc and speke az if  
in a state ov no common enjoiment.

Dhare subjects in genneral wer such az belong too an opening  
aqwaintans. On hiz cide wer the inqwirese,—“Wauz she a  
horswoomman?—Plezzant riadz?—Plezzant waux?—Had dha a larj  
naborhood?—Hibury, perhaps, afoerded sociyety enuf?—Dhare wer  
cevveral verry pritty housez in and about it.—Baulz—had dha baulz?—  
Wauz  
it a musical sociyety?”

But when sattisfide on aul these points, and dhare aqwaintans  
proporshonably advaanst, he contriavd too fiand an oportchunity, while  
dhare too faatherz wer en'gaijd withe eche uther, ov introjucing hiz  
muther-in-lau, and speking ov her withe so much handsum prase, so  
much worm admiraishon, so much grattichude for the happines she  
cecuerd  
too hiz faather, and her verry kiand recepshon ov himcelf, az wauz an  
adishonal prooffe ov hiz nowing hou too plese—and ov hiz certainly  
thhinking it werth while too tri too plese her. He did not advaans a werd  
ov prase beyond whaut she nu too be thurroly deservd bi Mrs.  
Weston; but, undoutedly he cood no verry littel ov the matter. He  
understood whaut wood be welcum; he cood be shure ov littel els. “Hiz

faatherz marrage," he ced, "had bene the wisest mezhure, evvery frend must rejois in it; and the fammily from whoome he had receevd such a blescing must be evver concidderd az havving conferd the hiyest obligaishon on him."

He got az nere az he cood too thanking her for Mis Talorz merrits, widhout ceming qwite too forghet dhat in the common coers ov thhingz it wauz too be raather supoazd dhat Mis Talor had formd Mis Wood'housez carracter, dhan Mis Wood'hous Mis Talorz. And at laast, az if rezolvd too qwaulifi hiz opinyon compleetly for travveling round too its object, he wound it aul up withe astonishment at the ueth and buty ov her person.

"Ellegant, agreyabel mannerz, I wauz prepaerd for," ced he; "but I confes dhat, conciddering evvery thhing, I had not expected moer dhan a verry tollerably wel-looking woomman ov a certane age; I did not no dhat I wauz too fiand a pritty yung woomman in Mrs. Weston."

"U canot ce too much perfecshon in Mrs. Weston for mi felingz," ced Emmaa; "wer u too ghes her too be *atene*, I shood liscen withe plezhure; but *she* wood be reddy too qworel withe u for using such werdz. Doant let her imadgine dhat u hav spoken ov her az a pritty yung woomman."

"I hope I shood no better," he replide; "no, depend uppon it, (withe a gallant bou,) dhat in adrescing Mrs. Weston I shood understand whoome I mite prase widhout enny dain'ger ov beying thaut extravvagant in mi termz."

Emmaa wunderd whether the same suspishon ov whaut mite be expected from dhare nowing eche uther, which had taken strong poseshon ov her miand, had evver crost hiz; and whether hiz compliments wer too be

concidderd az marx ov aqweyescens, or pruijs ov defiyans. She must ce moer ov him too understand hiz wase; at prezsent she oonly felt dha wer agreyabel.

She had no dout ov whaut Mr. Weston wauz often thhinking about. Hiz qwic i she detected agane and agane glaancing toowordz them withe a happy expreshon; and even, when he mite hav determiand not too looc, she wauz confident dhat he wauz often liscening.

Her one faatherz perfect exempshon from enny thaut ov the kiand, the entire defishency in him ov aul such sort ov penetraishon or suspishon, wauz a moast cumfortabel cercumstaans. Happily he wauz not farther from aprooving matrimony dhan from foerceying it.—Dho aulwase obgecting too evvery marrage dhat wauz arainjd, he nevver sufferd befoerhand from the apreshon ov enny; it ceemd az if he cood not thhinc so il ov enny too personz' understanding az too supose dha ment too marry til it wer pruijd against them. She blest the favoring bliandnes. He cood nou, widhout the draubac ov a cin'ghel unplezzant cermise, widhout a glaans forword at enny poscibel tretchery in hiz ghest, ghiv wa too aul hiz natchural kiand-harted civillity in soliscitous inqwiresse aafter Mr. Franc Cherchilz acomodaishon on hiz gerny, throo the sad evilz ov sleping too niats on the rode, and expres verry genuwine unmixt anxiyety too no dhat he had certainly escaipt catching coald—which, houwevver, he cood not alou him too fele qwite ashuerd ov himcelf til aafter anuther nite.

A rezonabel vizsit pade, Mr. Weston began too moove.—“He must be gowing.

He had biznes at the Croun about hiz ha, and a grate menny errandz for Mrs. Weston at Foerdz, but he nede not hurry enny boddy els.” Hiz sun, too wel bred too here the hint, rose imejaitly aulso, saying,

“Az u ar gowing farther on biznes, cer, I wil take the oportchunity ov paying a vizsit, which must be pade sum da or uther, and dhaerfoer ma az wel be pade nou. I hav the onnor ov beying aqwainted withe a nabor ov yorz, (terning too Emmaa,) a lady residing in or nere Hibury; a fammily ov the name ov Faerfax. I shal hav no difficulty, I supose, in fianding the hous; dho Faerfax, I beleve, iz not the propper name—I shood raather sa Barnz, or Baits. Doo u no enny fammily ov dhat name?”

“Too be shure we doo,” cride hiz faather; “Mrs. Baits—we paast her hous—I I sau Mis Baits at the windo. Tru, tru, u ar aqwainted withe Mis Faerfax; I remember u nu her at Wamouth, and a fine gherl she iz. Caul uppon her, bi aul meenz.”

“Dhare iz no necescity for mi cauling this morning,” ced the yung man; “anuther da wood doo az wel; but dhare wauz dhat degry ov aqwaintans at Wamouth which—”

“O! go too-da, go too-da. Doo not defer it. Whaut iz rite too be dun canot be dun too soone. And, beciadz, I must ghiv u a hint, Franc; enny waunt ov atenshon too her *here* shood be caerfooly avoided. U sau her withe the Cambelz, when she wauz the eequal ov evvery boddy she mixt withe, but here she iz withe a poor oald grandmuther, whoo haz baerly enuf too liv on. If u doo not caul erly it wil be a slite.”

The sun looct convinst.

“I hav herd her speke ov the aqwaintans,” ced Emmaa; “she iz a verry ellegant yung woomman.”

He agrede too it, but withe so qwiyet a “Yes,” az incliand her aulmoast too dout hiz reyal concurrens; and yet dhare must be a verry distinct sort ov ellegans for the fashonabel werld, if Jane Faerfax cood be thaut oonly ordinarily ghifted withe it.

“If u wer nevver particcularly struc bi her mannerz befoer,” ced she, “I thhinc u wil too-da. U wil ce her too advaantage; ce her and here her—no, I am afrade u wil not here her at aul, for she haz an aant whoo nevver hoaldz her tung.”

“U ar aqwainted withe Mis Jane Faerfax, cer, ar u?” ced Mr. Wood’hous, aulwase the laast too make hiz wa in conversaishon; “then ghiv me leve too ashure u dhat u wil fiand her a verry agreyabel yung lady. She iz staying here on a vizsit too her grandmaamaa and aant, verry werthy pepel; I hav none them aul mi life. Dha wil be extreemly glad too ce u, I am shure; and wun ov mi cervants shal go withe u too shu u the wa.”

“Mi dere cer, uppon no acount in the werld; mi faather can direct me.”

“But yor faather iz not gowing so far; he iz oonly gowing too the Croun, qwite on the uther cide ov the strete, and dhare ar a grate menny housez; u mite be verry much at a los, and it iz a verry derty wauc, unles u kepe on the footpaath; but mi coachman can tel u whare u had best cros the strete.”

Mr. Franc Cherchil stil decliand it, loocking az cereyous az he cood, and hiz faather gave hiz harty supoert bi caulng out, “Mi good frend, this iz qwite un’nescesary; Franc nose a puddel ov wauter when he cese it, and az too Mrs. Baitcez, he ma ghet dhare from the Croun in a hop, step, and jump.”



Dha wer permitted too go alone; and withe a corjal nod from wun, and a graisfool bou from the uther, the too gentelmen tooc leve. Emmaa remaind verry wel pleezd withe this beghinning ov the aqwaintans, and cood nou en'gage too thhinc ov them aul at Randalz enny our ov the da, withe fool confidens in dhare cumfort.

## CHAPTER 6

The next morning braut Mr. Franc Cherchil agane. He came withe Mrs. Weston, too whoome and too Hibury he ceemd too take verry corjaly. He had bene citting withe her, it apeerd, moast companyonably at home, til her uezhuwal our ov exercise; and on beying desiard too chuse dhare wauc, imejaitly fixt on Hibury.—“He did not dout dhare beying verry plezzant waux in evvery direcshon, but if left too him, he shood aulwase chuse the same. Hibury, dhat ary, cheerfool, happy-loocking Hibury, wood be hiz constant atracshon.”—Hibury, withe Mrs. Weston, stood for Hartfeeld; and she trusted too its baring the same construcshon withe him. Dha wauct thither directly.

Emmaa had hardly expected them: for Mr. Weston, whoo had cauld in for haaf a minnute, in order too here dhat hiz sun wauz verry handsum, nu nuthhing ov dhare planz; and it wauz an agreyabel cerprise too her, dhaerfoer, too perceve them wauking up too the hous tooghether, arm in arm. She wauz waunting too ce him agane, and espeshaly too ce him in cumpany withe Mrs. Weston, uppon hiz behaveyor too whoome her opinyon ov him wauz too depend. If he wer defishent dhare, nuthhing shood make amendz for it. But on ceying them tooghether, she became perfectly sattisfide. It wauz not meerly in fine werdz or hiperbollical compliment dhat he pade

hiz juty; nuthhing cood be moer propper or plesing dhan hiz whole manner too her—nuthhing cood moer agreyably denote hiz wish ov conciddering her az a frend and cecuring her afecshon. And dhare wauz time enuf for Emmaa too form a rezonabel jujment, az dhare vizsit included aul the rest ov the morning. Dha wer aul thre wauking about tooghether for an our or too—ferst round the shrubberese ov Hartfeeld, and aafterwordz in Hibury. He wauz delited withe evvery thhing; admiard Hartfeeld sufishmently for Mr. Wood'housez ere; and when dhare gowing farther wauz rezolv'd on, confest hiz wish too be made aqwainted withe the whole village, and found matter ov comendaishon and interest much oftener dhan Emmaa cood hav sup'oazd.

Sum ov the obgets ov hiz cureyosity spoke verry ameyabel felingz. He begd too be shune the hous which hiz faather had livd in so long, and which had bene the home ov hiz faatherz faather; and on recolecting dhat an oald woomman whoo had nerst him wauz stil livving, wauct in qwest ov her cottage from wun end ov the strete too the uther; and dho in sum points ov persute or observaishon dhare wauz no pozsitive merrit, dha shude, aultooghether, a good-wil toowordz Hibury in genneral, which must be verry like a merrit too dhose he wauz withe.

Emmaa wauct and decided, dhat withe such felingz az wer nou shune, it cood not be faerly sup'oazd dhat he had bene evver voluntarily abcenting himself; dhat he had not bene acting a part, or making a parade ov incincere profeshonz; and dhat Mr. Niatly certainly had not dun him justice.

Dhare ferst pauz wauz at the Croun In, an inconcidderabel hous, dho the principal wun ov the sort, whare a cuppel ov pare ov poast-horcez wer kept, moer for the conveenyens ov the naborhood dhan from enny run on the rode; and hiz companyonz had not expected too be detaind bi

enny interest exited dhare; but in paacing it dha gave the history ov the larj roome vizzsibly added; it had bene bilt menny yeerz ago for a baul-roome, and while the naborhood had bene in a particularly poppulous, daancing state, had bene ocaizhonalz uezd az such;—but such brilliyant dase had long paast awa, and nou the hiyest perpoce for which it wauz evver waunted wauz too acommodate a whist club establisht

among the gentelmen and haaf-gentelmen ov the place. He wauz imejaitly interested. Its carracter az a baul-roome caut him; and insted ov paacing on, he stopt for cevveral minnuets at the too supereyor sasht windose which wer open, too looc in and contemplate its capabillitese, and lament dhat its oridginal perpoce shood hav ceest. He sau no fault in the roome, he wood acnollej nun which dha sugested. No, it wauz long enuf, braud enuf, handsum enuf. It wood hoald the verry number for cumfort. Dha aut too hav baulz dhare at leest evvery fortnite throo the winter. Whi had not Mis Wood'hous reviavd the former good oald dase ov the roome?—She whoo cood doo enny thhing in Hiburz! The waunt ov propper fammilese in the place, and the convicshon dhat nun beyond the place and its imejate environz cood be tempted too atend, wer menshond; but he wauz not sattisfide. He cood not be perswaded dhat so menny good-loocking housez az he sau around him, cood

not fernish numberz enuf for such a meting; and even when particularz wer ghivven and fammilese descriabd, he wauz stil unwilling too admit dhat the inconveenyens ov such a mixchure wood be enny thhing,

or dhat dhare wood be the smaulest difficulty in evvery boddese reterning intoo dhare propper place the next morning. He argude like a yung man verry much bent on daancing; and Emmaa wauz raather cerpriazd too

ce the constichueshon ov the Weston prevale so decidedly against the habbits ov the Cherchilz. He ceemd too hav aul the life and spirrit, cheerfool felingz, and soashal inclinaishonz ov hiz faather, and nuthhing ov the pride or reserv ov Enscome. Ov pride, indede, dhare wauz,

perhaps, scaersly enuf; hiz indifferens too a confuezhon ov ranc, borderd too much on inellegans ov miand. He cood be no juj, houwevver, ov the evil he wauz hoalding chepe. It wauz but an efuezhon ov liavly spirrits.

At laast he wauz perswaded too moove on from the frunt ov the Croun; and beying nou aulmoast facing the hous whare the Baitcez lojd, Emmaa recolected hiz intended vizsit the da befoer, and aasct him if he had pade it.

“Yes, o! yes”—he replide; “I wauz just gowing too menshon it. A verry suxesfool vizsit:—I sau aul the thre ladese; and felt verry much obliajd too u for yor preparratoery hint. If the tauking aant had taken me qwite bi cerprise, it must hav bene the deth ov me. Az it wauz, I wauz oanly betrade intoo paying a moast unrezonabel vizsit. Ten minnuets wood hav bene aul dhat wauz nescesary, perhaps aul dhat wauz propper; and I had toald mi faather I shood certainly be at home befoer him—but dhare wauz no ghetting awa, no pauz; and, too mi utter astonishment, I found, when he (fianding me noawhare els) joind me dhare at laast, dhat I had bene acchuwaly citting withe them verry neerly thre-qworterz ov an our. The good lady had not ghivven me the pocibillity ov escape befoer.”

“And hou did u thhinc Mis Faerfax loocking?”

“Il, verry il—dhat iz, if a yung lady can evver be aloud too looc il. But the expreshon iz hardly admiscibel, Mrs. Weston, iz it? Ladese can nevver looc il. And, cereyously, Mis Faerfax iz natchuraly so pale, az aulmoast aulwase too ghiv the aperans ov il helth.—A moast deplorabel waunt ov complecshon.”

Emmaa wood not agry too this, and began a worm defens ov Mis Faerfaxez complecshon. “It wauz certainly nevver brilleyant, but she wood not alou it too hav a cicly hu in genneral; and dhare wauz a softnes

and delicacy in her skin which gave peculeyar ellegans too the carracter ov her face." He liscend withe aul ju defferens; acnollejd dhat he had herd menny pepel sa the same—but yet he must confes, dhat too him nuthhing cood make amenz for the waunt ov the fine glo ov helth. Whare fechuerz wer indifferent, a fine complecshon gave buty too them aul; and whare dha wer good, the efect wauz—forchunaitly he nede not atempt too describe whaut the efect wauz.

"Wel," ced Emmaa, "dhare iz no disputing about taist.—At leest u admire her exept her complecshon."

He shooc hiz hed and laaft.—"I canot cepparate Mis Faerfax and her complecshon."

"Did u ce her often at Wamouth? Wer u often in the same sociyety?"

At this moment dha wer aproching Foerdz, and he haistily exclaimd, "Haa! this must be the verry shop dhat evvery boddy atendz evvery da ov dhare liavz, az mi faather informz me. He cumz too Hibury himcelf, he cez, cix dase out ov the cevven, and haz aulwase biznes at Foerdz. If it be not inconveenent too u, pra let us go in, dhat I ma prove micelf too belong too the place, too be a tru cittisen ov Hibury. I must bi sumthhing at Foerdz. It wil be taking out mi fredom.—I dare sa dha cel gluvz."

"O! yes, gluvz and evvery thhing. I doo admire yor patreyotizm. U wil be adoerd in Hibury. U wer verry poppular befoer u came, becauz u wer Mr. Westonz sun—but la out haaf a ghinny at Foerdz, and yor popularrity wil stand uppon yor one verchuse."

Dha went in; and while the sleke, wel-tide parcelz ov "Menz Beverz" and "Yorc Tan" wer bringing down and displaying on the counter, he ced—"But I beg yor pardon, Mis Wood'hous, u wer speking too me,

u wer saying sumthhing at the verry moment ov this berst ov mi *amor patreya*. Doo not let me loose it. I ashure u the utmoast strech ov public fame wood not make me amendz for the los ov enny happines in private life."

"I meerly aasct, whether u had none much ov Mis Faerfax and her party at Wamouth."

"And nou dhat I understand yor qweschon, I must pronouns it too be a verry unfaire wun. It iz aulwase the ladese rite too decide on the degry ov aqwaintans. Mis Faerfax must aulreddy hav ghivven her acount.—I shal not comit micelf bi claming moer dhan she ma chuse too alou."

"Uppon mi werd! u aancer az discreetly az she cood doo hercelf. But her acount ov evvery thhing leevz so much too be ghest, she iz so verry reservd, so verry unwilling too ghiv the leest informaishon about enny boddy, dhat I reyaly thhinc u ma sa whaut u like ov yor aqwaintans withe her."

"Ma I, indede?—Then I wil speke the trueth, and nuthhing suets me so wel. I met her freeqwently at Wamouth. I had none the Cambelz a littel in toun; and at Wamouth we wer verry much in the same cet. Cuunel Cambel iz a verry agreyabel man, and Mrs. Cambel a frendly, worm-harted woomman. I like them aul."

"U no Mis Faerfaxez cichuwaishon in life, I conclude; whaut she iz destiand too be?"

"Yes—(raather hezsitatingly)—I beleve I doo."

"U ghet uppon dellicate subjects, Emmaa," ced Mrs. Weston smiling; "remember dhat I am here.—Mr. Franc Cherchil hardly nose whaut too sa when u speke ov Mis Faerfaxez cichuwaishon in life. I wil moove a

littel farther of.”

“I certainly doo forghet too thhinc ov *her*,” ced Emmaa, “az havving evver bene enny thhing but mi frend and mi derest frend.”

He looct az if he folly understood and onnord such a centiment.

When the gluvz wer baut, and dha had qwitted the shop agane, “Did u evver here the yung lady we wer speking ov, pla?” ced Franc Cherchil.

“Evver here her!” repeted Emmaa. “U forghet hou much she belongz too Hibury. I hav herd her evvery yere ov our liavz cins we boath began. She plase charmingly.”

“U thhinc so, doo u?—I waunted the opinyon ov sum wun whoo cood reyaly juj. She apeerd too me too pla wel, dhat iz, withe concidderabel taist, but I no nuthhing ov the matter micelf.—I am exesciavly fond ov music, but widhout the smaulest skil or rite ov judging ov enny boddese performans.—I hav bene uest too here herz admiard; and I remember wun proofe ov her beying thaut too pla wel:—a man, a verry musical man, and in luv withe anuther woomman—en’gaijd too her—on the point ov marrage—wood yet nevver aasc dhat uther woomman too cit down too the instrument, if the lady in qweschon cood cit down insted—nevver ceemd too like too here wun if he cood here the uther. Dhat, I thaut, in a man ov none musical tallent, wauz sum proofe.”

“Proofe indede!” ced Emmaa, hily amuezd.—“Mr. Dixon iz verry musical, iz he? We shal no moer about them aul, in haaf an our, from u, dhan Mis Faerfax wood hav vouchsaift in haaf a yere.”

“Yes, Mr. Dixon and Mis Cambel wer the personz; and I thaut it a verry strong prooffe.”

“Certainly—verry strong it wauz; too one the trueth, a grate dele stron’gher dhan, if *I* had bene Mis Cambel, wood hav bene at aul agreyabel too me. I cood not excuse a manz havving moer music dhan luv—moer ere dhan i—a moer acute cencibillity too fine soundz dhan too mi felingz. Hou did Mis Cambel apere too like it?”

“It wauz her verry particcular frend, u no.”

“Poor cumfort!” ced Emmaa, laafing. “Wun wood raather hav a strain’ger preferd dhan wunz verry particcular frend—withe a strain’ger it mite not reker agane—but the mizsery ov havving a verry particcular frend aulwase at hand, too doo evvery thhing better dhan wun duz wuncelf!—  
Poor  
Mrs. Dixon! Wel, I am glad she iz gon too cettel in Iarland.”

“U ar rite. It wauz not verry flattering too Mis Cambel; but she reyalz did not ceme too fele it.”

“So much the better—or so much the wers:—I doo not no which. But be it sweetnes or be it schupiddity in her—qwicnes ov frendship, or dulnes ov feling—dhare wauz wun person, I thhinc, whoo must hav felt it: Mis Faerfax hercelf. She must hav felt the improper and dain’gerous distincshon.”

“Az too dhat—I doo not—”

“O! doo not imadgine dhat I expect an acount ov Mis Faerfaxez censaishonz from u, or from enny boddy els. Dha ar none too no human beying, I ghes, but hercelf. But if she continnude too pla whenever she wauz aasct bi Mr. Dixon, wun ma ghes whaut wun chusez.”



“Dhare apeerd such a perfectly good understanding among them aul—” he began rather quickly, but checking himself, added, “however, it is impossible for me to say on what terms she really was—how it might be behind the scenes. I can only say that she was smooth outwardly. But you, who have none of Miss Fairfax from a child, must be a better judge of her character, and of how she is likely to conduct herself in critical circumstances, than I can be.”

“I have none of her from a child, undoubtedly; we have been children and women together; and it is natural to suppose that we should be intimate,—that we should have taken too much notice whenever she visited her friends. But we never did. I hardly know how it has happened; a little, perhaps, from that wickedness on my side which was prone to take disgust towards a girl so idolized and so cringed up as she always was, by her aunt and grandmother, and all the rest. And then, her reserve—I never could attach myself too early to a completely reserved.”

“It is a most repulsive quality, indeed,” said he. “Oftentimes very convenient, no doubt, but never pleasing. There is safety in reserve, but no attraction. One cannot love a reserved person.”

“Not till the reserve ceases towards oneself; and then the attraction may be the greater. But I must be more in want of a friend, or an agreeable companion, than I have yet been, to take the trouble of conquering any bodiless reserve to procure one. Intimacy between Miss Fairfax and me is quite out of the question. I have no reason to think ill of her—not the least—except that such extreme and perpetual cautiousness of word and manner, such a dread of giving a distinct idea about any body, is apt to suggest suspicions of her being something too concealing.”

He perfectly agreed with her: and after talking together so long, and

thhinking so much alike, Emmaa felt hercelf so wel aqwainted withe him, dhat she cood hardly beleve it too be oonly dhare cecond meting. He wauz not exactly whaut she had expected; les ov the man ov the werld in sum ov hiz noashonz, les ov the spoild chiald ov forchune, dhaerfoer better dhan she had expected. Hiz ideyaaz ceemd moer modderate—hiz felingz wormer. She wauz particcularly struc bi hiz manner ov conciddering Mr. Eltonz hous, which, az wel az the chersch, he wood go and looc at, and wood not join them in fianding much fault withe. No, he cood not beleve it a bad hous; not such a hous az a man wauz too be pittede for havving. If it wer too be shaerd withe the woomman he luvd, he cood not thhinc enny man too be pittede for havving dhat hous. Dhare must be ampel roome in it for evvery reyal cumfort. The man must be a bloc'hed whoo waunted moer.

Mrs. Weston laaft, and ced he did not no whaut he wauz tauking about. Uest oonly too a larj hous himcelf, and widhout evver thhinking hou menny advaantagez and acomodaishonz wer atacht too its cise, he cood be no juj ov the privaishonz inevvitably belonging too a smaul wun. But Emmaa, in her one miand, determiand dhat he *did* no whaut he wauz tauking about, and dhat he shude a verry ameyabel inclinaishon too cettel erly in life, and too marry, from werthy motiavz. He mite not be aware ov the inroadz on domestic pece too be ocaizhond bi no houskeperz roome, or a bad butlerz pantry, but no dout he did perfectly fele dhat Enscome cood not make him happy, and dhat whenevver he wer atacht, he wood willingly ghiv up much ov welth too be aloud an erly establishment.

## CHAPTER 7

Emmaaz verry good opinyon ov Franc Cherchil wauz a littel shaken the following da, bi hering dhat he wauz gon of too Lundon, meerly too hav hiz hare cut. A sudden freke ceemd too hav ceezd him at brefast, and he had cent for a shase and cet of, intending too retern too dinner, but withe no moer important vu dhat apeerd dhan havving hiz hare cut. Dhare wauz certainly no harm in hiz traveling cixtene mialz twice over on such an errand; but dhare wauz an are ov foppery and noncens in it which she cood not aproove. It did not acord withe the rashonality ov plan, the moderaishon in expens, or even the uncelfish wormth ov hart, which she had beleevd hercelf too discern in him yesterda. Vannity, extravvagans, luv ov chainj, restlesnes ov temper, which must be doowing sumthhing, good or bad; heedlesnes az too the plezhure ov hiz faather and Mrs. Weston, indifferent az too hou hiz conduct mite apere in genneral; he became liyabel too aul these chargez. Hiz faather oonly cauld him a coxcome, and thaut it a verry good stoery; but dhat Mrs. Weston did not like it, wauz clere enuf, bi her paacing it over az qwicly az poscibel, and making no uthere comment dhan dhat "aul yung pepel wood hav dhare littel whimz."

Withe the exepshon ov this littel blot, Emmaa found dhat hiz vizsit hithertoo had ghivven her frend oonly good ideyaaz ov him. Mrs. Weston wauz verry reddy too sa hou atentive and plezzant a companyon he made himcelf—hou much she sau too like in hiz disposishon aultooghether. He apeerd too hav a verry open temper—certainly a verry cheerfool and liavly wun; she cood observ nuthhing rong in hiz noashonz, a grate dele decidedly rite; he spoke ov hiz unkel withe worm regard, wauz fond ov tauking ov him—ced he wood be the best man in the werld if he wer left too himcelf; and dho dhare wauz no beying atacht too the aant, he acnollejd her kiandnes withe grattichude, and ceemd too mene aulwase too speke ov her withe respect. This wauz aul verry prommic; and, but for such an unforchunate fancy for havving hiz hare cut, dhare wauz nuthhing too

denote him unworthy ov the distin'gwisht onnor which her imaginaishon had ghivven him; the onnor, if not ov beying reyaly in luv withe her, ov beying at leest verry nere it, and saivd oonly bi her one indifferens—(for stil her rezolueshon held ov nevver marreying)—the onnor, in short, ov beying marct out for her bi aul dhare joint aqwaintans.

Mr. Weston, on hiz cide, added a verchu too the acount which must hav sum wate. He gave her too understand dhat Franc admiard her extreemly—thaut her verry butifool and verry charming; and withe so much too be ced for him aultooghether, she found she must not juj him harshly. Az Mrs. Weston observd, "aul yung pepel wood hav dhare littel whimz."

Dhare wauz wun person amung hiz nu aqwaintans in Surry, not so leenyently dispoazd. In genneral he wauz jujd, throowout the parrishez ov Donwel and Hiburly, withe grate candor; libberal alouwancez wer made for the littel exescez ov such a handsum yung man—wun whoo smiald so often and boud so wel; but dhare wauz wun spirit amung them not too be softend, from its pouwer ov censhure, bi bouz or smialz—Mr. Niatly. The circumstaans wauz toald him at Hartfeeld; for the moment, he wauz cilent; but Emmaa herd him aulmoast imejaitly aafterwordz sa too himcelf, over a nuesday he held in hiz hand, "Hum! just the triafling, cilly fello I tooc him for." She had haaf a miand too resent; but an instants observaishon convinst her dhat it wauz reyaly ced oonly too releve hiz one felingz, and not ment too provoke; and dhaerfoer she let it paas.

Auldho in wun instans the barerz ov not good tidingz, Mr. and Mrs. Westonz vizsit this morning wauz in anuther respect particularly oporchune. Sumthhing okerd while dha wer at Hartfeeld, too make Emmaa waunt dhare advice; and, which wauz stil moer lucky, she waunted exactly the advice dha gave.

This wauz the occurs:—The Coalz had bene cetteld sum yeerz in Hibury, and wer verry good sort ov pepel—frendly, libberal, and unpretending; but, on the uther hand, dha wer ov lo origin, in trade, and oonly modderaitly gentele. On dhare ferst cumming intoo the cuntry, dha had livd in propoershon too dhare incum, qwiyetly, keping littel cumpany, and dhat littel unexpeciavly; but the laast yere or too had braut them a concidderabel increce ov meenz—the hous in toun had yeelded grater proffits, and forchune in genneral had smiald on them. Withe dhare welth, dhare vuse increest; dhare waunt ov a larger hous, dhare inclinaishon for moer cumpany. Dha added too dhare hous, too dhare

number ov cervants, too dhare expencez ov evvery sort; and bi this time wer, in forchune and stile ov livving, cecond oonly too the fammily at Hartfeeld. Dhare luv ov sociyety, and dhare nu dining-roome, prepaerd evvery boddy for dhare keping dinner-cumpany; and a fu partese, cheefly amung the cin'ghel men, had aulreddy taken place. The reggular and best fammilese Emmaa cood hardly suppose dha wood prezhume too invite—niather

Donwel, nor Hartfeeld, nor Randalz. Nuthhing shood tempt *her* too go, if dha did; and she regretted dhat her faatherz none habbits wood be ghivving her refuzal les mening dhan she cood wish. The Coalz wer verry respectabel in dhare wa, but dha aut too be taut dhat it wauz not for them too arainj the termz on which the supereyor fammilese wood vizzit them. This lesson, she verry much feerd, dha wood receive oonly from hercelf; she had littel hope ov Mr. Niatly, nun ov Mr. Weston.

But she had made up her miand hou too mete this prezumpshon so menny weex

befoer it apeerd, dhat when the insult came at laast, it found her verry differently afected. Donwel and Randalz had receevd dhare invitaishon, and nun had cum for her faather and hercelf; and Mrs. Westonz acounting for it withe “I suppose dha wil not take the libberty withe u; dha no u doo not dine out,” wauz not qwite

sufficient. She felt that she should like too have had the power of refusal; and afterwards, as the idea of the party too became a matter of course, consisting precisely of those whose society was dearest to her, she did not so much as think that she might not have been tempted to accept. Harriet was too busy in the evening, and the Baites. She had been speaking of it as she went about Highbury the day before, and Francis Churchill had most earnestly lamented her absence. Might not the evening end in a dance? had been a question of hers. The bare possibility of it acted as a further irritation on her spirits; and her being left in solitary grief, even supposing the omission too to be intended as a compliment, was but poor comfort.

It was the arrival of this very invitation while the Westons were at Hartfield, which made her presence so acceptable; for her first remark, on reading it, was that "of course it must be declined," she so very soon proceeded to advise them what she advised her to do, that her advice for her going was most prompt and successful.

She said that, considering every thing, she was not absolutely without inclination for the party. The Coles expressed themselves so properly—her presence was so much royal attention in the manner of it—so much consideration for her father. "She would have solicited the honour earlier, but had been waiting the arrival of a folding-screen from London, which she hoped might keep Mr. Woodhouse from any draft of air, and she had rather injure him the more readily to give them the honour of his company." Upon the whole, she was very persuadable; and it being briefly settled among themselves how it might be done without neglecting her comfort—how certainly Mrs. Goddard, if not Mrs. Baites, might be depended on for bearing him company—Mr. Woodhouse was too busy to be touched into an acquiescence of his daughter's going out to dinner on a

da nou nere at hand, and spending the whole evening awa from him. Az for *hiz* gowing, Emmaa did not wish him too thhinc it poscibel, the ourz wood be too late, and the party too numerous. He wauz soone pritty wel resiand.

“I am not fond ov dinner-vizsiting,” ced he—“I nevver wauz. No moer iz Emmaa. Late ourz doo not agry withe us. I am sorry Mr. and Mrs. Cole shood hav dun it. I thhinc it wood be much better if dha wood cum in wun aafternoone next summer, and take dhare te withe us—take us in dhare aafternoone wauc; which dha mite doo, az our ourz ar so rezonabel, and yet ghet home widhout beying out in the damp ov the evening. The juse ov a summer evening ar whaut I wood not expose enny boddy too. Houwevver, az dha ar so verry desirous too hav dere Emmaa dine withe them, and az u wil boath be dhare, and Mr. Niatly too, too take care ov her, I canot wish too prevent it, provided the wether be whaut it aut, niather damp, nor coald, nor windy.” Then terning too Mrs. Weston, withe a looc ov gentel reproche—“Aa! Mis Talor, if u had not marrede, u wood hav stade at home withe me.”

“Wel, cer,” cride Mr. Weston, “az I tooc Mis Talor awa, it iz incumbent on me too supli her place, if I can; and I wil step too Mrs. Goddard in a moment, if u wish it.”

But the ideyaa ov enny thhing too be dun in a *moment*, wauz increcing, not lescening, Mr. Wood’housez agitaishon. The ladese nu better hou too ala it. Mr. Weston must be qwiyet, and evvery thhing delibberaitly arainjd.

Withe this treetment, Mr. Wood’hous wauz soone compoazd enuf for tauking az uezhuwal. “He shood be happy too ce Mrs. Goddard. He had a grate regard for Mrs. Goddard; and Emmaa shood rite a line, and invite her.

Jaimz cood take the note. But ferst ov aul, dhare must be an aancer ritten too Mrs. Cole."

"U wil make mi excucez, mi dere, az civvily az poscibel. U wil sa dhat I am qwite an invalid, and go no whare, and dhaerfoer must decline dhare obliging invitaishon; beghinning withe mi *compliments*, ov coers. But u wil doo evvery thhing rite. I nede not tel u whaut iz too be dun. We must remember too let Jaimz no dhat the carrage wil be waunted on Chuezda. I shal hav no feerz for u withe him. We hav nevver bene dhare abuv wuns cins the nu aproche wauz made; but stil I hav no dout dhat Jaimz wil take u verry saifly. And when u ghet dhare, u must tel him at whaut time u wood hav him cum for u agane; and u had better name an erly our. U wil not like staying late. U wil ghet verry tiard when te iz over."

"But u wood not wish me too cum awa befoer I am tiard, paapaa?"

"O! no, mi luv; but u wil soone be tiard. Dhare wil be a grate menny pepel taunking at wuns. U wil not like the noiz."

"But, mi dere cer," cride Mr. Weston, "if Emmaa cumz awa erly, it wil be braking up the party."

"And no grate harm if it duz," ced Mr. Wood'hous. "The sooner evvery party braix up, the better."

"But u doo not concidder hou it ma apere too the Coalz. Emmaaz gowing awa directly aafter te mite be ghivving ofens. Dha ar good-nachuerd pepel, and thhinc littel ov dhare one claimz; but stil dha must fele dhat enny boddese hurreying awa iz no grate compliment; and Mis Wood'housez doowing it wood be moer thaut ov dhan enny uther personz in the roome. U wood not wish too disapoint and mortifi the Coalz, I am shure, cer; frendly, good sort ov pepel az evver livd, and whoo hav



bene yor naborz these *ten* yeerz.”

“No, uppon no acount in the werld, Mr. Weston; I am much obliajd too u for remianding me. I shood be extreemly sory too be ghivving them enny pane. I no whaut werthy pepel dha ar. Perry telz me dhat Mr. Cole nevver tutchez mault liccor. U wood not thhinc it too looc at him, but he iz billeyous—Mr. Cole iz verry billeyous. No, I wood not be the meenz ov ghivving them enny pane. Mi dere Emmaa, we must concidder this. I am shure, raather dhan run the risc ov herting Mr. and Mrs. Cole, u wood sta a littel lon’gher dhan u mite wish. U wil not regard beying tiard. U wil be perfectly safe, u no, amung yor frendz.”

“O yes, paapaa. I hav no feerz at aul for micelf; and I shood hav no scrupelz ov staying az late az Mrs. Weston, but on yor acount. I am oonly afrade ov yor citting up for me. I am not afrade ov yor not beying exedingly cumfortabel withe Mrs. Goddard. She luvz peca, u no; but when she iz gon home, I am afrade u wil be citting up bi yorcelf, insted ov gowing too bed at yor uezhual time—and the ideyaa ov dhat wood entiarly destroi mi cumfort. U must prommice me not too cit up.”

He did, on the condishon ov sum prommicez on her cide: such az dhat, if she came home coald, she wood be shure too worm hercelf thurroly; if hun’gry, dhat she wood take sumthhing too ete; dhat her one made shood cit up for her; and dhat Cerl and the butler shood ce dhat evvery thhing wer safe in the hous, az uezhual.

## CHAPTER 8

Franc Cherchil came bac agane; and if he kept hiz faatherz dinner wating, it wauz not none at Hartfeeld; for Mrs. Weston wauz too ancshous for hiz beying a favorite withe Mr. Wood'hous, too betra enny imperfecshon which cood be conceeld.

He came bac, had had hiz hare cut, and laaft at himcelf withe a verry good grace, but widhout ceming reyaly at aul ashaimd ov whaut he had dun. He had no rezon too wish hiz hare lon'gher, too concele enny confuezhon ov face; no rezon too wish the munny unspent, too improve hiz spirrits. He wauz qwite az undaunted and az liavly az evver; and, aafter ceying him, Emmaa dhus moraliazd too hercelf:—

“I doo not no whether it aut too be so, but certainly cilly thhingz doo cece too be cilly if dha ar dun bi cencibel pepel in an impudent wa. Wickednes iz aulwase wickednes, but folly iz not aulwase folly.—It dependz uppon the carracter ov dhose whoo handel it. Mr. Niatly, he iz *not* a triafling, cilly yung man. If he wer, he wood hav dun this differently. He wood iather hav gloerede in the acheevment, or bene ashaimd ov it. Dhare wood hav bene iather the ostentaishon ov a coxcome, or the evaizhonz ov a miand too weke too defend its one vannitese.—No, I am perfectly shure dhat he iz not triafling or cilly.”

Withe Chuezda came the agreyabel prospect ov ceying him agane, and for a lon'gher time dhan hithertoo; ov judging ov hiz genneral mannerz, and bi inferens, ov the mening ov hiz mannerz toowordz hercelf; ov ghescing hou soone it mite be nescenary for her too thro coaldnes intoo her are; and ov fancying whaut the observaishonz ov aul dhose mite be, whoo wer nou ceying them toogheter for the ferst time.

She ment too be verry happy, in spite ov the cene beying lade at Mr. Coalz; and widhout beying abel too forghet dhat among the falingz ov Mr. Elton, even in the dase ov hiz favor, nun had disterbd her moer dhan hiz propencity too dine withe Mr. Cole.

Her faatherz cumfort wauz amply cecuerd, Mrs. Baits az wel az Mrs. Goddard beying abel too cum; and her laast plesing juty, befoer she left the hous, wauz too pa her respects too them az dha sat toogheter aafter dinner; and while her faather wauz fondly noticing the buty ov her dres, too make the too ladese aul the amendz in her pouwer, bi helping them too larj slicez ov cake and fool glaacez ov wine, for whautevver unwilling celf-deniyaal hiz care ov dhare constichueshon mite hav obliajd them too practice juring the mele.—She had provided a plentifool dinner for them; she wisht she cood no dhat dha had bene aloud too ete it.

She follode anuther carrage too Mr. Coalz doer; and wauz pleezd too ce dhat it wauz Mr. Niatlese; for Mr. Niatly keping no horcez, havving littel spare munny and a grate dele ov helth, activvity, and independens, wauz too apt, in Emmaaz opinyon, too ghet about az he cood, and not use hiz carrage so often az became the oner ov Donwel Abby. She had an oportchunity nou ov speking her aprobaishon while worm from her hart, for he stopt too hand her out.

“This iz cumming az u shood doo,” ced she; “like a gentelman.—I am qwite glad too ce u.”

He thanct her, observing, “Hou lucky dhat we shood arive at the same moment! for, if we had met ferst in the drauwing-roome, I dout whether u wood hav dicernd me too be moer ov a gentelman dhan uezhuwal.—U mite not hav distin’gwisht hou I came, bi mi looc or manner.”

“Yes I shood, I am shure I shood. Dhare iz aulwase a looc ov

conshousnes or buscel when pepel cum in a wa which dha no too be beneeth them. U thhinc u carry it of verry wel, I dare sa, but withe u it iz a sort ov bravaado, an are ov afected unconcern; I aulwase observ it whenever I mete u under dhose circumstaancez. *Nou* u hav nuthhing too tri for. U ar not afrade ov beying supoazd ashaimd. U ar not striving too looc tauler dhan enny boddy els. *Nou* I shal reyaly be verry happy too wauc intoo the same roome withe u."

"Noncencical gherl!" wauz hiz repli, but not at aul in an'gher.

Emmaa had az much rezon too be sattisfide withe the rest ov the party az withe Mr. Niatly. She wauz receevd withe a corjal respect which cood not but plese, and ghivven aul the conceqwens she cood wish for. When the Westonz ariavd, the kiandest loox ov luv, the stron'ghest ov admiraishon wer for her, from boath huzband and wife; the sun aproacht her withe a cheerfool eghernes which marct her az hiz peculeyar object, and at dinner she found him ceted bi her—and, az she fermly beleevd, not widhout sum dexterrity on hiz cide.

The party wauz raather larj, az it included wun uther fammily, a propper unobgechshonabel cuntry fammily, whoome the Coalz had the advaantage ov naming amung dhare aqwaintans, and the male part ov Mr. Coxez fammily, the lauyer ov Hiburay. The les werthy femailz wer too cum in the evening, withe Mis Baits, Mis Faerfax, and Mis Smith; but aulreddy, at dinner, dha wer too numerous for enny subject ov conversaishon too be genneral; and, while pollitix and Mr. Elton wer tauct over, Emmaa cood faerly surrender aul her atenshon too the plezzantnes ov her nabor. The ferst remote sound too which she felt hercelf obliajd too atend, wauz the name ov Jane Faerfax. Mrs. Cole ceemd too be relating sumthhing ov her dhat wauz expected too be verry interesting. She liscend, and found it wel werth liscening too. Dhat verry dere part ov

Emmaa, her fancy, receevd an amusing supli. Mrs. Cole wauz telling dhat she had bene caulng on Mis Baits, and az soone az she enterd the roome had bene struc bi the cite ov a peyaanoforty—a verry ellegant loocking instrument—not a grand, but a larj-ciazd sqware peyaanoforty; and the substans ov the stoery, the end ov aul the diyalog which ensude ov cerprise, and inqwiry, and con'grachulaishonz on her cide, and explanaishonz on Mis Baitcez, wauz, dhat this peyaanoforty had ariavd from Braudwoodz the da befoer, too the grate astonishment ov boath aant and nece—entiarly unnexpected; dhat at ferst, bi Mis Baitcez acount, Jane hercelf wauz qwite at a los, qwite bewilderd too thhinc whoo cood poscibly hav orderd it—but nou, dha wer boath perfectly sattisfide dhat it cood be from oanly wun qworter;—ov coers it must be from Cuunel Cambel.

“Wun can suppose nuthhing els,” added Mrs. Cole, “and I wauz oanly cerpriazd dhat dhare cood evver hav bene a dout. But Jane, it ceemz, had a letter from them verry laitley, and not a werd wauz ced about it. She nose dhare wase best; but I shood not concidder dhare cilens az enny rezon for dhare not mening too make the prezsent. Dha mite chuse too cerprise her.”

Mrs. Cole had menny too agry withe her; evvery boddy whoo spoke on the subgett wauz eeqwaly convinst dhat it must cum from Cuunel Cambel, and eeqwaly rejoist dhat such a prezsent had bene made; and dhare wer enuf reddy too speke too alou Emmaa too thhinc her one wa, and stil liscen too Mrs. Cole.

“I declare, I doo not no when I hav herd enny thhing dhat haz ghivven me moer satisfacshon!—It aulwase haz qwite hert me dhat Jane Faerfax, whoo plase so deliatfooly, shood not hav an instrument. It ceemd qwite a shame, espeshaly conciddering hou menny housez dhare ar whare fine instruments ar absolutly throne awa. This iz like ghivving ourcelvz a slap, too be shure! and it wauz but yesterda I wauz telling Mr. Cole, I reyaly wauz ashaimd too looc at our nu grand peyaanoforty in the

drauwing-roome, while I doo not no wun note from anuther, and our littel gherlz, whoo ar but just beghinning, perhaps ma nevver make enny thhing ov

it; and dhare iz poor Jane Faerfax, whoo iz mistres ov music, haz not enny thhing ov the nachure ov an instrument, not even the pittifoolest oald spinnet in the werld, too amuse hercelf withe.—I wauz saying this too Mr. Cole but yesterda, and he qwite agrede withe me; oanly he iz so particularly fond ov music dhat he cood not help indulging himcelf in the perchace, hoping dhat sum ov our good naborz mite be so obliging ocaizhonaly too poot it too a better uce dhan we can; and dhat reyaly iz the rezon whi the instrument wauz baut—or els I am shure we aut too be ashaimd ov it.—We ar in grate hoaps dhat Mis Wood'hous ma be prevaild withe too tri it this evening.”

Mis Wood'hous made the propper aqweyescens; and fianding dhat nuthhing moer wauz too be entrapt from enny comunicaishon ov Mrs. Coalz, ternd too Franc Cherchil.

“Whi doo u smile?” ced she.

“Na, whi doo u?”

“Me!—I supose I smile for plezhure at Cuunel Cambelz beying so rich and so libberal.—It iz a handsum prezsent.”

“Verry.”

“I raather wunder dhat it wauz nevver made befoer.”

“Perhaps Mis Faerfax haz nevver bene staying here so long befoer.”

“Or dhat he did not ghiv her the uce ov dhare one instrument—which must

nou be shut up in Lundon, untucht bi enny boddy.”

“Dhat iz a grand peyaanoforty, and he mite thhinc it too larj for Mrs. Baitcez hous.”

“U ma sa whaut u chuse—but yor countenans testifise dhat yor *thauts* on this subget ar verry much like mine.”

“I doo not no. I raather beleve u ar ghivving me moer credit for acuetnes dhan I deserv. I smile becauz u smile, and shal probbably suspect whautevver I fiand u suspect; but at prezsent I doo not ce whaut dhare iz too qweschon. If Cuunel Cambel iz not the person, whoo can be?”

“Whaut doo u sa too Mrs. Dixon?”

“Mrs. Dixon! verry tru indede. I had not thaut ov Mrs. Dixon. She must no az wel az her faather, hou axeptabel an instrument wood be; and perhaps the mode ov it, the mistery, the cerprise, iz moer like a yung woommanz skeme dhan an elderly manz. It iz Mrs. Dixon, I dare sa. I toald u dhat yor suspishonz wood ghide mine.”

“If so, u must extend yor suspishonz and comprehend *Mr.* Dixon in them.”

“Mr. Dixon.—Verry wel. Yes, I imejaitly perceve dhat it must be the joint prezsent ov Mr. and Mrs. Dixon. We wer speking the uther da, u no, ov hiz beying so worm an admirer ov her performans.”

“Yes, and whaut u toald me on dhat hed, confermd an ideyaa which I had entertaind befoer.—I doo not mene too reflect uppon the good intenshonz ov iather Mr. Dixon or Mis Faerfax, but I canot help suspecting iather dhat, aafter making hiz propozalz too her frend, he had the

misforchune too faul in luv withe *her*, or dhat he became consmous ov a littel atachment on her side. Wun mite ghes twenty thhingz widhout ghescing exactly the rite; but I am shure dhare must be a particcular cauz for her chusing too cum too Hiburay insted ov gowing withe the Cambelz too Iarland. Here, she must be leding a life ov privaishon and penans; dhare it wood hav bene aul enjoiment. Az too the pretens ov triying her native are, I looc uppon dhat az a mere excuce.—In the summer it mite hav paast; but whaut can enny boddese native are doo for them in the munths ov Jannuwary, Februwary, and March? Good fiarz and carragez wood be much moer too the perpoce in moast cacez ov dellicate helth, and I dare sa in herz. I doo not reqwire u too adopt aul mi suspishonz, dho u make so nobel a profeshon ov doowing it, but I onnestly tel u whaut dha ar.”

“And, uppon mi werd, dha hav an are ov grate probabillity. Mr. Dixonz prefferens ov her music too her frendz, I can aancer for beying verry decided.”

“And then, he saivd her life. Did u evver here ov dhat?—A wauter party; and bi sum axident she wauz fauling overboerd. He caut her.”

“He did. I wauz dhare—wun ov the party.”

“Wer u reyaly?—Wel!—But u observd nuthhing ov coers, for it ceemz too be a nu ideyaa too u.—If I had bene dhare, I thhinc I shood hav made sum discuvverese.”

“I dare sa u wood; but I, cimpel I, sau nuthhing but the fact, dhat Mis Faerfax wauz neerly dasht from the vescel and dhat Mr. Dixon caut her.—It wauz the werc ov a moment. And dho the conceqwent shoc and alarm wauz verry grate and much moer jurabel—indede I beleve it wauz haaf an our befoer enny ov us wer cumfortabel agane—yet dhat



wauz too genneral a censaishon for enny thhing ov peculeyar anxiyety too be observabel. I doo not mene too sa, houwevver, dhat u mite not hav made discuvverese."

The conversaishon wauz here interupted. Dha wer cauld on too share in the auqwordnes ov a raather long interval betwene the coercez, and obliajd too be az formal and az orderly az the utherz; but when the tabel wauz agane saifly cuvverd, when evvery corner dish wauz plaist exactly rite, and ocupaishon and ese wer genneraly restoerd, Emmaa ced,

"The arival ov this peyaanoforty iz decicive withe me. I waunted too no a littel moer, and this telz me qwite enuf. Depend uppon it, we shal soone here dhat it iz a prezsent from Mr. and Mrs. Dixon."

"And if the Dixonz shood absoluetly deni aul nollej ov it we must conclude it too cum from the Cambelz."

"No, I am shure it iz not from the Cambelz. Mis Faerfax nose it iz not from the Cambelz, or dha wood hav bene ghest at ferst. She wood not hav bene puzseld, had she daerd fix on them. I ma not hav convinst u perhaps, but I am perfectly convinst micelf dhat Mr. Dixon iz a principal in the biznes."

"Indede u injure me if u suppose me unconvinst. Yor rezoningz carry mi jujment along withe them entiarly. At ferst, while I supoazd u sattisfide dhat Cuunel Cambel wauz the ghivver, I sau it oonly az paternal kiandnes, and thaut it the moast natchural thhing in the world. But when u menshond Mrs. Dixon, I felt hou much moer probbabel dhat it shood be the tribbute ov worm female frendship. And nou I can ce it in no uther lite dhan az an offering ov luv."

Dhare wauz no ocaizhon too pres the matter farther. The convicshon

ceemd reyal; he looct az if he felt it. She ced no moer, uther subjects tooc dhare tern; and the rest ov the dinner paast awa; the dezsert suxeded, the children came in, and wer tauct too and admiard amid the uezhuwal rate ov conversaishon; a fu clevver thhingz ced, a fu dounrite cilly, but bi much the larger propoershon niather the wun nor the uther—nuthhing wers dhan evverida remarx, dul repetishonz, oald nuse, and hevvy joax.

The ladese had not bene long in the drauwing-roome, befoer the uther ladese, in dhare different divizhonz, ariavd. Emmaa waucht the ontra ov her one particcular littel frend; and if she cood not exult in her dignity and grace, she cood not oonly luv the blooming sweetnes and the artles manner, but cood moast hartily rejois in dhat lite, cheerfool, uncentimental disposishon which aloud her so menny aleveyaishonz ov plezhure, in the midst ov the pangz ov disapointed afecshon. Dhare she sat—and whoo wood hav ghest hou menny teerz she had bene laitley shedding? Too be in cumpany, niasly drest hercelf and ceying utherz niasly drest, too cit and smile and looc pritty, and sa nuthhing, wauz enuf for the happines ov the prezsent our. Jane Faerfax did looc and moove supereyor; but Emmaa suspected she mite hav bene glad too chainj felingz withe Harreyet, verry glad too hav perchaist the mortificaishon ov havving luvd—yes, ov havving luvd even Mr. Elton in vane—bi the surrender ov aul the dain'gerous plezhure ov nowing hercelf beluvd bi the huzband ov her frend.

In so larj a party it wauz not nescesary dhat Emmaa shood aproche her. She did not wish too speke ov the peyaanoforty, she felt too much in the ceecret hercelf, too thhinc the aperans ov cureyosity or interest fare, and dhaerfoer perpoasly kept at a distans; but bi the utherz, the subject wauz aulmoast imejaitly introjuest, and she sau the blush ov consousnes withe which con'grachulaishonz wer receevd, the blush ov ghilt which acumpanede the name ov “mi exelent frend Cuunel Cambel.”

Mrs. Weston, kiand-harted and musical, wauz particularly interested bi the circumstaans, and Emmaa cood not help beying amuezd at her perceverans in dwelling on the subgect; and havving so much too aasc and too sa az too tone, tuch, and peddal, totaly unsusplashous ov dhat wish ov saying az littel about it az poscibel, which she plainly red in the fare herrowianz countenans.

Dha wer soone joind bi sum ov the gentelmen; and the verry ferst ov the erly wauz Franc Cherchil. In he wauct, the ferst and the handsumest; and aafter paying hiz compliments en passant too Mis Baits and her nece, made hiz wa directly too the opposite cide ov the cerkel, whare sat Mis Wood'hous; and til he cood fiand a cete bi her, wood not cit at aul. Emmaa diviand whaut evvery boddy prezsent must be thhinking. She wauz hiz obgect, and evvery boddy must perceve it. She introjuest him too her frend, Mis Smith, and, at convenyent moments aafterwordz, herd whaut eche thaut ov the uther. "He had nevver cene so luvly a face, and wauz delited withe her niyeveta." And she, "Oonly too be shure it wauz paying him too grate a compliment, but she did thhinc dhare wer sum loox a littel like Mr. Elton." Emmaa restrained her indignaishon, and oonly ternd from her in cilens.

Smialz ov intelligens paast betwene her and the gentelman on ferst glaancing toowordz Mis Faerfax; but it wauz moast prudent too avoid speche.

He toald her dhat he had bene impaishent too leve the dining-roome—hated citting long—wauz aulwase the ferst too moove when he cood—dhat hiz faather, Mr. Niatly, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Cole, wer left verry bizsy over parrish biznes—dhat az long az he had stade, houwevver, it had bene plezzant enuf, az he had found them in genneral a cet ov gentelmanlike, cencibel men; and spoke so handsumly ov Hibury aultooghether—thaut it so abundant in agreyabel fammilese—dhat Emmaa began

too fele she had bene uest too despise the place raather too much. She qweschond him az too the sociyety in Yorcs hire—the extent ov the naborhood about Enscome, and the sort; and cood make out from hiz aancerz dhat, az far az Enscome wauz concernd, dhare wauz verry littel gowing on, dhat dhare vizsitingz wer amung a rainj ov grate fammilese, nun verry nere; and dhat even when dase wer fixt, and invitaishonz axepted, it wauz an even chaans dhat Mrs. Cherchil wer not in helth and spirrits for gowing; dhat dha made a point ov vizsiting no fresh person; and dhat, dho he had hiz cepparate en'gaijments, it wauz not widhout difficulty, widhout concidderabel adres *at tiamz*, dhat he cood ghet awa, or introjuce an aqwaintans for a nite.

She sau dhat Enscome cood not sattisfi, and dhat Hiburj, taken at its best, mite rezonably plese a yung man whoo had moer retiarment at home dhan he liact. Hiz importans at Enscome wauz verry evvident. He did not boast, but it natchuraly betrade itcelf, dhat he had perswaded hiz aant whare hiz unkel cood doo nuthhing, and on her laafing and noticing it, he oand dhat he beleevd (exepting wun or too points) he cood *withe time* perswade her too enny thhing. Wun ov dhose points on which hiz influwens faild, he then menshond. He had waunted verry much too go abraud—had bene verry egher indede too be aloud too travvel—but she wood not here ov it. This had happend the yere befoer. *Nou*, he ced, he wauz beghinning too hav no lon'gher the same wish.

The unperswadabel point, which he did not menshon, Emmaa ghest too be good behaveyor too hiz faather.

“I hav made a moast retched discuvvery,” ced he, aafter a short pauz.—  
“I hav bene here a weke too-moro—haaf mi time. I nevver nu dase fli so faast. A weke too-moro!—And I hav hardly begun too enjoj micelf. But just got aqwainted withe Mrs. Weston, and utherz!—I hate the recolecshon.”

“Perhaps u ma nou beghin too regret dhat u spent wun whole da, out ov so fu, in havving yor hare cut.”

“No,” ced he, smiling, “dhat iz no subject ov regret at aul. I hav no plezhure in ceying mi frendz, unles I can beleve micelf fit too be cene.”

The rest ov the gentelmen beying nou in the roome, Emmaa found hercelf obliajd too tern from him for a fu minnuets, and liscen too Mr. Cole. When Mr. Cole had muivd awa, and her atenshon cood be restoerd az befoer, she sau Franc Cherchil loocking intently acros the roome at Mis Faerfax, whoo wauz citting exactly opposite.

“Whaut iz the matter?” ced she.

He started. “Thanc u for rousing me,” he replide. “I beleve I hav bene verry rude; but reyaly Mis Faerfax haz dun her hare in so od a wa—so verry od a wa—dhat I canot kepe mi ise from her. I nevver sau enny thhing so uitra!—Dhose kerlz!—This must be a fancy ov her one. I ce nobody els loocking like her!—I must go and aasc her whether it iz an Irish fashon. Shal I?—Yes, I wil—I declare I wil—and u shal ce hou she taix it;—whether she cullorz.”

He wauz gon imejaitly; and Emmaa soone sau him standing befoer Mis Faerfax, and tauking too her; but az too its efect on the yung lady, az he had improvvidently plaist himcelf exactly betwene them, exactly in frunt ov Mis Faerfax, she cood absolutly distin'gwish nuthhing.

Befoer he cood retern too hiz chare, it wauz taken bi Mrs. Weston.

“This iz the lucshury ov a larj party,” ced she:—“wun can ghet nere evvery boddy, and sa evvery thhing. Mi dere Emmaa, I am longing too tauc too

u. I hav bene making discuvverese and forming planz, just like yorcelf, and I must tel them while the ideyaa iz fresh. Doo u no hou Mis Baits and her nece came here?"

"Hou?—Dha wer invited, wer not dha?"

"O! yes—but hou dha wer convade hither?—the manner ov dhare cumming?"

"Dha wauct, I conclude. Hou els cood dha cum?"

"Verry tru.—Wel, a littel while ago it okerd too me hou verry sad it wood be too hav Jane Faerfax wauking home agane, late at nite, and coald az the niats ar nou. And az I looct at her, dho I nevver sau her apere too moer advaantage, it struc me dhat she wauz heted, and wood dhaerfoer be particularly liyabel too take coald. Poor gherl! I cood not bare the ideyaa ov it; so, az soone az Mr. Weston came intoo the roome, and I cood ghet at him, I spoke too him about the carrage. U ma ghes hou reddily he came intoo mi wishez; and havving hiz aprobaishon, I made mi wa directly too Mis Baits, too ashure her dhat the carrage wood be at her cervice befoer it tooc us home; for I thaut it wood be making her cumfortabel at wuns. Good sole! she wauz az graitfool az poscibel, u ma be shure. 'Nobody wauz evver so forchunate az hercelf!'—but withe menny, menny thanx—'dhare wauz no ocaizhon too trubbel

us, for Mr. Niatlese carrage had braut, and wauz too take them home agane.' I wauz qwite cerpriazd;—verry glad, I am shure; but reyaly qwite cerpriazd. Such a verry kiand atenshon—and so thautfool an atenshon!—the sort ov thhing dhat so fu men wood thhinc ov. And, in short, from nowing hiz uezhuwal wase, I am verry much incliand too thhinc

dhat it wauz for dhare acomodaishon the carrage wauz uezd at aul. I doo suspect he wood not hav had a pare ov horcez for himcelf, and dhat it wauz oonly az an excuce for acisting them."

“Verry liacly,” ced Emmaa—“nuthhing moer liacly. I no no man moer liacly dhan Mr. Niatly too doo the sort ov thhing—too doo enny thhing reyaly good-nachuerd, uesfool, concidderate, or benevvolent. He iz not a gallant man, but he iz a verry humane wun; and this, conciddering Jane Faerfaxez il-helth, wood apere a cace ov humannity too him;—and for an act ov unostentaishous kiandnes, dhare iz nobody whoome I wood fix on

moer dhan on Mr. Niatly. I no he had horcez too-da—for we ariavd tooghether; and I laaft at him about it, but he ced not a werd dhat cood betra.”

“Wel,” ced Mrs. Weston, smiling, “u ghiv him credit for moer cimpel, dicinterested benevvolens in this instans dhan I doo; for while Mis Baits wauz speking, a suspishon darted intoo mi hed, and I hav nevver bene abel too ghet it out agane. The moer I thhinc ov it, the moer probbabel it apeerz. In short, I hav made a mach betwene Mr. Niatly and Jane Faerfax. Ce the conceqwens ov keping u cumpany!—Whaut doo u sa too it?”

“Mr. Niatly and Jane Faerfax!” exclaimd Emmaa. “Dere Mrs. Weston, hou cood u thhinc ov such a thhing?—Mr. Niatly!—Mr. Niatly must not marry!—U wood not hav littel Henry cut out from Donwel?—O! no, no, Henry must hav Donwel. I canot at aul concent too Mr. Niatlese marreying; and I am shure it iz not at aul liacly. I am amaizd dhat u shood thhinc ov such a thhing.”

“Mi dere Emmaa, I hav toald u whaut led me too thhinc ov it. I doo not waunt the mach—I doo not waunt too injure dere littel Henry—but the ideyaa haz bene ghivven me bi circumstaancez; and if Mr. Niatly reyaly wisht too marry, u wood not hav him refrane on Henrese acount, a boi ov six yeeرز oald, whoo nose nuthhing ov the matter?”

“Yes, I wood. I cood not bare too hav Henry suplaanted.—Mr. Niatly marry!—No, I hav nevver had such an ideyaa, and I canot adopt it nou. And Jane Faerfax, too, ov aul wimmen!”

“Na, she haz aulwase bene a ferst favorite withe him, az u verry wel no.”

“But the imprudens ov such a mach!”

“I am not speking ov its prudens; meerly its probabillity.”

“I ce no probabillity in it, unles u hav enny better foundaishon dhan whaut u menshon. Hiz good-nachure, hiz humannity, az I tel u, wood be qwite enuf too acount for the horcez. He haz a grate regard for the Baitcez, u no, independent ov Jane Faerfax—and iz aulwase glad too shu them atenshon. Mi dere Mrs. Weston, doo not take too mach-making. U doo it verry il. Jane Faerfax mistres ov the Abby!—O! no, no;—evvery feling revolts. For hiz one sake, I wood not hav him doo so mad a thhing.”

“Imprudent, if u plese—but not mad. Exepting ineqwaulity ov forchune, and perhaps a littel dispartity ov age, I can ce nuthing unsutabel.”

“But Mr. Niatly duz not waunt too marry. I am shure he haz not the leest ideyaa ov it. Doo not poot it intoo hiz hed. Whi shood he marry?—He iz az happy az poscibel bi himcelf; withe hiz farm, and hiz shepe, and hiz liabrary, and aul the parrish too mannage; and he iz extreemly fond ov hiz brutherz children. He haz no ocaizhon too marry, iather too fil up hiz time or hiz hart.”

“Mi dere Emmaa, az long az he thhinx so, it iz so; but if he reyaly luvz Jane Faerfax—”

“Noncens! He duz not care about Jane Faerfax. In the wa ov luv, I



am shure he duz not. He wood doo enny good too her, or her fammily; but  
—”

“Wel,” ced Mrs. Weston, laafing, “perhaps the gratest good he cood doo them, wood be too ghiv Jane such a respectabel home.”

“If it wood be good too her, I am shure it wood be evil too himcelf; a verry shaimfool and degrading conecshon. Hou wood he bare too hav Mis Baits belonging too him?—Too hav her haunting the Abby, and thanking him aul da long for hiz grate kiandnes in marreying Jane?—‘So verry kiand and obliging!—But he aulwase had bene such a verry kiand nabor!’ And then fli of, throo haaf a centens, too her mutherz oald petticote. ‘Not dhat it wauz such a verry oald petticote iather—for stil it wood laast a grate while—and, indede, she must thancfooly sa dhat dhare petticoats wer aul verry strong.’”

“For shame, Emma! Doo not mimmic her. U divert me against mi conshens. And, uppon mi werd, I doo not thhinc Mr. Niatly wood be much disterbd bi Mis Baits. Littel thhingz doo not irritate him. She mite tauc on; and if he waunted too sa enny thhing himcelf, he wood oonly tauc louder, and droun her vois. But the qweschon iz not, whether it wood be a bad conecshon for him, but whether he wishez it; and I thhinc he duz. I hav herd him speke, and so must u, so verry hily ov Jane Faerfax! The interest he taix in her—hiz anxiety about her helth—hiz concern dhat she shood hav no happyer prospect! I hav herd him expres himcelf so wormly on dhose points!—Such an admirer ov her performans on the peyaanoforty, and ov her vois! I hav herd him sa dhat he cood liscen too her for evver. O! and I had aulmoast forgotten wun ideyaa dhat okerd too me—this peyaanoforty dhat haz bene cent here bi sumbody—dho we hav aul bene so wel satisfide too concidder it a prezsent from the Cambelz, ma it not be from Mr. Niatly? I canot help suspecting him. I thhinc he iz just the person too doo it, even widhout beying in luv.”

“Then it can be no argument too prove dhat he iz in luv. But I doo not thhinc it iz at aul a liacly thhing for him too doo. Mr. Niatly duz nuthhing mistereously.”

“I hav herd him lamenting her havving no instrument repetedly; oftener dhan I shoood supose such a cercumstaans wood, in the common coers ov thhingz, oker too him.”

“Verry wel; and if he had intended too ghiv her wun, he wood hav toald her so.”

“Dhare mite be scrupelz ov dellicacy, mi dere Emmaa. I hav a verry strong noashon dhat it cumz from him. I am shure he wauz particcularly cilent when Mrs. Cole toald us ov it at dinner.”

“U take up an ideyaa, Mrs. Weston, and run awa withe it; az u hav menny a time reproacht me withe doowing. I ce no cine ov atachment—I beleve nuthhing ov the peyaanoforty—and proofe oonly shal convins me dhat

Mr. Niatly haz enny thaut ov marreying Jane Faerfax.”

Dha combated the point sum time lon'gher in the same wa; Emmaa raather ganing ground over the miand ov her frend; for Mrs. Weston wauz the moast uest ov the too too yeeld; til a littel buscel in the roome shude them dhat te wauz over, and the instrument in preparaishon;—and at the same moment Mr. Cole aproching too entrete Mis Wood'hous wood doo them the onnor ov tryying it. Franc Cherchil, ov whoome, in the eghernes ov her conversaishon withe Mrs. Weston, she had bene ceying nuthhing, exept dhat he had found a cete bi Mis Faerfax, follode Mr. Cole, too ad hiz verry prescing entretese; and az, in evvery respect, it suted Emmaa best too lede, she gave a verry propper compliyans.

She nu the limitaishonz ov her one pouwerz too wel too atempt moer dhan she cood perform withe credit; she waunted niather taist nor spirrit

in the littel thhingz which ar genneraly axeptabel, and cood acumpany her one vois wel. Wun acumpaniment too her song tooc her agreyably bi cerprise—a cecond, sliatly but corectly taken bi Franc Cherchil. Her pardon wauz july begd at the close ov the song, and evvery thhing uezhuwal follode. He wauz acuezd ov havving a deliatfool vois, and a perfect nollej ov music; which wauz properly denide; and dhat he nu nuthhing ov the matter, and had no vois at aul, roundly acerted. Dha sang tooghether wuns moer; and Emmaa wood then resine her place too Mis Faerfax, whoose performans, both vocal and instrumental, she nevver cood atempt too concele from hercelf, wauz infiniatly supereyor too her one.

Withe mixt felingz, she ceted hercelf at a littel distans from the numberz round the instrument, too liscen. Franc Cherchil sang agane. Dha had sung tooghether wuns or twice, it apeerd, at Wamouth. But the cite ov Mr. Niatly among the moast atentive, soone dru awa haaf Emmaaz miand; and she fel intoo a trane ov thhinking on the subject ov Mrs. Westonz suspishonz, too which the swete soundz ov the united voicez gave oonly momentary interupshonz. Her obgecshonz too Mr. Niatlese marreying did not in the leest subcide. She cood ce nuthhing but evil in it. It wood be a grate disapointment too Mr. Jon Niatly; conceqwently too Izabellaa. A reyal injury too the children—a moast mortifying chainj, and matereyal los too them aul;—a verry grate deducshon from her faatherz daly cumfort—and, az too hercelf, she cood not at aul enjure the ideyaa ov Jane Faerfax at Donwel Abby. A Mrs. Niatly for them aul too ghiv wa too!—No—Mr. Niatly must nevver marry. Littel Henry must remane the are ov Donwel.

Prezsently Mr. Niatly looct bac, and came and sat down bi her. Dha taut at ferst oonly ov the performans. Hiz admiraishon wauz certainly verry worm; yet she thaut, but for Mrs. Weston, it wood not hav struc her. Az a sort ov tuchstone, houwevver, she began too speke ov hiz kiandnes in convaying the aant and nece; and dho hiz aancer wauz in

the spirit ov cutting the matter short, she beleevd it too indicate oonly hiz dicinclinaishon too dwel on enny kiandnes ov hiz one.

“I often fele concern,” ced she, “dhat I dare not make our carriage moer uesfool on such ocaizhonz. It iz not dhat I am widhout the wish; but u no hou imoscibel mi faather wood deme it dhat Jaimz shood poot-too for such a perpoce.”

“Qwite out ov the qweschon, qwite out ov the qweschon,” he replide;—“but u must often wish it, I am shure.” And he smiald withe such ceming plezhure at the convicshon, dhat she must procede anuther step.

“This prezsent from the Cambelz,” ced she—“this peyaanoforty iz verry kiandly ghivven.”

“Yes,” he replide, and widhout the smaulest aparrent embarrasment.—“But dha wood hav dun better had dha ghivven her notice ov it. Cerprizez ar foolish thhingz. The plezhure iz not enhaanst, and the inconveenyens iz often concidderabel. I shood hav expected better jujment in Cuunel Cambel.”

From dhat moment, Emmaa cood hav taken her oath dhat Mr. Niatly had had no concern in ghivving the instrument. But whether he wer entiarly fre from peculeyar atachment—whether dhare wer no acchuwal prefferens—remaind a littel lon'gher doutfool. Toowordz the end ov Jainz cecond song, her vois gru thhic.

“Dhat wil doo,” ced he, when it wauz finnisht, thhinking aloud—“u hav sung qwite enuf for wun evening—nou be qwiyet.”

Anuther song, houwevver, wauz soone begd for. “Wun moer;—dha wood not fateghe Mis Faerfax on enny acount, and wood oonly aasc for wun moer.”

And Franc Cherchil wauz herd too sa, "I thhinc u cood mannage this widhout effort; the ferst part iz so verry triafling. The strength ov the song faulz on the cecond."

Mr. Niatly gru an'gry.

"Dhat fello," ced he, indignantly, "thhinx ov nuthhing but shuwing of hiz one vois. This must not be." And tutching Mis Baits, whoo at dhat moment paast nere—"Mis Baits, ar u mad, too let yor nece cing hercelf hoers in this manner? Go, and interfere. Dha hav no mercy on her."

Mis Baits, in her reyal anxiyety for Jane, cood hardly sta even too be graitfool, befoer she stept forword and poot an end too aul farther cinging. Here ceest the concert part ov the evening, for Mis Wood'houz and Mis Faerfax wer the oanly yung lady performerz; but soone (within five minnuets) the propozal ov daancing—oridginating nobody exactly nu whare—wauz so efecchuwaly promoted bi Mr. and Mrs. Cole, dhat evvery thhing wauz rappidly clering awa, too ghiv propper space. Mrs.

Weston, cappital in her cuntry-daancez, wauz ceted, and beghinning an iresistibel waults; and Franc Cherchil, cumming up withe moast becumming gallantry too Emmaa, had cecuerd her hand, and led her up too the top.

While wating til the uther yung pepel cood pare themcelvz of, Emmaa found time, in spite ov the compliments she wauz receving on her vois and her taist, too looc about, and ce whaut became ov Mr. Niatly. This wood be a triyal. He wauz no daancer in genneral. If he wer too be verry alert in en'gaging Jane Faerfax nou, it mite auger sumthhing. Dhare wauz no imejate aperans. No; he wauz tauking too Mrs. Cole—he wauz loocking on unconcernd; Jane wauz aasct bi sumbody els, and he wauz stil tauking too Mrs. Cole.

Emmaa had no lon'gher an alarm for Henry; hiz interest wauz yet safe; and she led of the daans withe genuwine spirrit and enjoiment. Not moer dhan five cuppel cood be musterd; but the rarity and the suddenes ov it made it verry deliatfool, and she found hercelf wel macht in a partner. Dha wer a cuppel werth loocking at.

Too daancez, unforchunaitly, wer aul dhat cood be aloud. It wauz growing late, and Mis Baits became ancshous too ghet home, on her mutherz acount. Aafter sum atempts, dhaerfoer, too be permitted too beghin agane, dha wer obliajd too thanc Mrs. Weston, looc sorofool, and hav dun.

"Perhaps it iz az wel," ced Franc Cherchil, az he atended Emmaa too her carrage. "I must hav aasct Mis Faerfax, and her lan'gwid daancing wood not hav agrede withe me, aafter yorz."

## CHAPTER 9

Emmaa did not repent her condecenshon in gowing too the Coalz. The vizsit afoerded her menny plezzant recolecshonz the next da; and aul dhat she mite be supoast too hav lost on the cide ov dignifide cecluezhon, must be amply repade in the splendor ov popularrity. She must hav delited the Coalz—werthy pepel, whoo deservd too be made happy!—And left a name behiand her dhat wood not soone di awa.

Perfect happines, even in memmory, iz not common; and dhare wer too points on which she wauz not qwite esy. She doutet whether she had not traanzgrest the juty ov woomman bi woomman, in betraying her suspishonz ov

Jane Faerfaxez felingz too Franc Cherchil. It wauz hardly rite; but it had bene so strong an ideyaa, dhat it wood escape her, and hiz submishon too aul dhat she toald, wauz a compliment too her penetraishon,

which made it difficult for her too be qwite certane dhat she aut too hav held her tung.

The uther cercumstaans ov regret related aulso too Jane Faerfax; and dhare she had no dout. She did unfaindly and unneqwivvocally regret the infereyority ov her one playing and cinging. She did moast hartily greve over the idelnes ov her chiald'hood—and sat down and practiast viggorously an our and a haaf.

She wauz then interupted bi Harreyets cumming in; and if Harreyets prase cood hav sattisfide her, she mite soone hav bene cumforted.

“O! if I cood but pla az wel az u and Mis Faerfax!”

“Doant claas us tooghether, Harreyet. Mi playing iz no moer like herz, dhan a lamp iz like sunshine.”

“O! dere—I thhinc u pla the best ov the too. I thhinc u pla qwite az wel az she duz. I am shure I had much raather here u. Evvery boddy laast nite ced hou wel u plade.”

“Dhose whoo nu enny thhing about it, must hav felt the differens. The trueth iz, Harreyet, dhat mi playing iz just good enuf too be praizd, but Jane Faerfaxez iz much beyond it.”

“Wel, I aulwase shal thhinc dhat u pla qwite az wel az she duz, or

dhat if dhare iz enny differens nobody wood evver fiand it out. Mr. Cole ced hou much taist u had; and Mr. Franc Cherchil tauct a grate dele about yor taist, and dhat he vallude taist much moer dhan execueshon."

"Aa! but Jane Faerfax haz them boath, Harreyet."

"Ar u shure? I sau she had execueshon, but I did not no she had enny taist. Nobody tauct about it. And I hate Italleyan cinging.—Dhare iz no understanding a werd ov it. Beciadz, if she duz pla so verry wel, u no, it iz no moer dhan she iz obliajd too doo, becauz she wil hav too teche. The Coxez wer wundering laast nite whether she wood ghet intoo enny grate fammily. Hou did u thhinc the Coxez looct?"

"Just az dha aulwase doo—verry vulgar."

"Dha toald me sumthhing," ced Harreyet raather hezsitatingly; "but it iz nuthhing ov enny conceqwens."

Emmaa wauz obliajd too aasc whaut dha had toald her, dho feerfool ov its projucing Mr. Elton.

"Dha toald me—dhat Mr. Martin diand withe them laast Satterda."

"O!"

"He came too dhare faather uppon sum biznes, and he aasct him too sta too dinner."

"O!"

"Dha tauct a grate dele about him, espeshaly An Cox. I doo not no whaut she ment, but she aasct me if I thaut I shoold go and sta dhare agane next summer."



“She ment too be impertinently cureyous, just az such an An Cox shood be.”

“She ced he wauz verry agreyabel the da he diand dhare. He sat bi her at dinner. Mis Nash thhinx iather ov the Coxez wood be verry glad too marry him.”

“Verry liacly.—I thhinc dha ar, widhout exepshon, the moast vulgar gherlz in Hibury.”

Harreyet had biznes at Foerdz.—Emmaa thaut it moast prudent too go withe her. Anuther axidental meting withe the Martinz wauz poscibel, and in her prezsent state, wood be dain’gerous.

Harreyet, tempted bi evvery thhing and swade bi haaf a werd, wauz aulwase verry long at a perchace; and while she wauz stil hanging over muzlinz and chain’ging her miand, Emmaa went too the doer for amuezmment.—Much cood not be hoapt from the traffic ov even the bizseyest part ov Hibury;—Mr. Perry wauking haistily bi, Mr. Willeyam Cox letting himcelf in at the office-doer, Mr. Coalz carrage-horcez reterning from exercise, or a stra letter-boi on an obstinate mule, wer the liavleyest obgets she cood prezhume too expect; and when her ise fel oanly on the bootcher withe hiz tra, a tidy oald woomman travveling hoamwordz from shop withe her fool baasket, too kerz qworeling over a derty bone, and a string ov daudling children round the bakerz littel bo-windo iying the gin’gerbred, she nu she had no rezon too complane, and wauz amuezd enuf; qwite enuf stil too stand at the doer. A miand liavly and at ese, can doo withe ceying nuthhing, and can ce nuthhing dhat duz not aancer.

She looct doun the Randalz rode. The cene enlarjd; too personz apeerd; Mrs. Weston and her sun-in-lau; dha wer wauking intoo Hibury;—too Hartfeeld ov coers. Dha wer stopping, houwevver, in the ferst place at Mrs. Baitcez; whose hous wauz a littel nerer Randalz dhan Foerdz; and had aul but noct, when Emmaa caut dhare i.—Imejaitly dha crost the rode and came forword too her; and the agreyabelnes ov yesterdase en'gaijment ceemd too ghiv fresh plezhure too the prezsent meting. Mrs. Weston informd her dhat she wauz gowing too caul on the Baitcez, in order too here the nu instrument.

“For mi companyon telz me,” ced she, “dhat I absolutly prommiast Mis Baits laast nite, dhat I wood cum this morning. I wauz not aware ov it micelf. I did not no dhat I had fixt a da, but az he cez I did, I am gowing nou.”

“And while Mrs. Weston pase her vizsit, I ma be aloud, I hope,” ced Franc Cherchil, “too join yor party and wate for her at Hartfeeld—if u ar gowing home.”

Mrs. Weston wauz disapointed.

“I thaut u ment too go withe me. Dha wood be verry much pleezd.”

“Me! I shood be qwite in the wa. But, perhaps—I ma be eeqwaly in the wa here. Mis Wood'hous loox az if she did not waunt me. Mi aant aulwase cendz me of when she iz shopping. She cez I fidget her too deth; and Mis Wood'hous loox az if she cood aulmoast sa the same. Whaut am I too doo?”

“I am here on no biznes ov mi one,” ced Emmaa; “I am oonly wating for mi frend. She wil probbably hav soone dun, and then we shal go home. But u had better go withe Mrs. Weston and here the instrument.”

“Wel—if u advise it.—But (withe a smile) if Cuunel Cambel shood hav emploid a caerles frend, and if it shood proove too hav an indifferent tone—whaut shal I sa? I shal be no supoert too Mrs. Weston. She mite doo verry wel bi hercelf. A disagreyabel trueth wood be pallatabel throo her lips, but I am the retchedest beying in the werld at a civvil fauls’hood.”

“I doo not beleve enny such thhing,” replide Emmaa.—“I am perswaded dhat u can be az incincere az yor naborz, when it iz nescenary; but dhare iz no rezon too suppose the instrument iz indifferent. Qwite urtherwise indede, if I understood Mis Faerfaxez opinyon laast nite.”

“Doo cum withe me,” ced Mrs. Weston, “if it be not verry disagreyabel too u. It nede not detane us long. We wil go too Hartfeeld aafterwordz. We wil follo them too Hartfeeld. I reyaly wish u too caul withe me. It wil be felt so grate an atenshon! and I aulwase thaut u ment it.”

He cood sa no moer; and withe the hope ov Hartfeeld too reword him, reternd withe Mrs. Weston too Mrs. Baitcez doer. Emmaa waucht them in, and then joinnd Harreyet at the interesting counter,—trying, withe aul the foers ov her one miand, too convins her dhat if she waunted plane muzlin it wauz ov no uce too looc at figguerd; and dhat a blu ribbon, be it evver so butifool, wood stil nevver mach her yello pattern. At laast it wauz aul cetteld, even too the destinaishon ov the parcel.

“Shood I cend it too Mrs. Goddardz, maam?” aasct Mrs. Foerd.—“Yes—no—yes, too Mrs. Goddardz. Oonly mi pattern gown iz at Hartfeeld. No, u shal cend it too Hartfeeld, if u plese. But then, Mrs. Goddard wil waunt too ce it.—And I cood take the pattern gown home enny da. But I shal waunt the ribbon directly—so it had better go too Hartfeeld—at leest the ribbon. U cood make it intoo too parcelz, Mrs. Foerd, cood not u?”

"It iz not werth while, Harreyet, too ghiv Mrs. Foerd the trubbel ov too parcelz."

"No moer it iz."

"No trubbel in the werld, maam," ced the obliging Mrs. Foerd.

"O! but indede I wood much raather hav it oonly in wun. Then, if u plese, u shal cend it aul too Mrs. Goddardz—I doo not no—No, I thhinc, Mis Wood'hous, I ma just az wel hav it cent too Hartfeeld, and take it home withe me at nite. Whaut doo u advise?"

"Dhat u doo not ghiv anuther haaf-cecond too the subject. Too Hartfeeld, if u plese, Mrs. Foerd."

"I, dhat wil be much best," ced Harreyet, qwite sattisfide, "I shood not at aul like too hav it cent too Mrs. Goddardz."

Voicez aproacht the shop—or raather wun vois and too ladese: Mrs. Weston and Mis Baits met them at the doer.

"Mi dere Mis Wood'hous," ced the latter, "I am just run acros too entrete the favor ov u too cum and cit down withe us a littel while, and ghiv us yor opinyon ov our nu instrument; u and Mis Smith. Hou doo u doo, Mis Smith?—Verry wel I thanc u.—And I begd Mrs. Weston too cum withe me, dhat I mite be shure ov suxeding."

"I hope Mrs. Baits and Mis Faerfax ar—"

"Verry wel, I am much obliajd too u. Mi muther iz deliatfooly wel; and Jane caut no coald laast nite. Hou iz Mr. Wood'hous?—I am so glad too here such a good acount. Mrs. Weston toald me u wer here.—O! then, ced I, I must run acros, I am shure Mis Wood'hous wil alou me

just too run acros and entrete her too cum in; mi muther wil be so verry happy too ce her—and nou we ar such a nice party, she canot refuse.—‘I, pra doo,’ ced Mr. Franc Cherchil, ‘Mis Wood’housez opinyon ov the instrument wil be werth havving.’—But, ced I, I shal be moer shure ov suxeding if wun ov u wil go withe me.—‘O,’ ced he, ‘wate haaf a minnute, til I hav finnisht mi job;’—For, wood u beleve it, Mis Wood’hous, dhare he iz, in the moast obliging manner in the werld, faacening in the rivvet ov mi mutherz spectakelz.—The rivvet came out, u no, this morning.—So verry obliging!—For mi muther had no uce ov her spectakelz—cood not poot them on. And, bi the bi, evvery boddy aut too hav too pare ov spectakelz; dha shood indede. Jane ced so. I ment too take them over too Jon Saunderz the ferst thhing I did, but sumthhing or uther hinderd me aul the morning; ferst wun thhing, then anuther, dhare iz no saying whaut, u no. At wun time Patty came too sa she thaut the kitchen chimney waunted sweping. O, ced I, Patty doo not cum withe yor bad nuse too me. Here iz the rivvet ov yor mistrecez spectakelz out. Then the baict appelz came home, Mrs. Waulis cent them bi her boi; dha ar extreemly civvil and obliging too us, the Waulicez, aulwase—I hav herd sum pepel sa dhat Mrs. Waulis can be uncivvil and ghiv a verry rude aancer, but we hav nevver none enny thhing but the gratest atenshon from them. And it canot be for the vally ov our custom nou, for whaut iz our consumpshon ov bred, u no? Oonly thre ov us.—beciadz dere Jane at prezsent—and she reyaly eets nuthhing—maix such a shocking brecfast, u wood be qwite fritend if u sau it. I dare not let mi muther no hou littel she eets—so I sa wun thhing and then I sa anuther, and it paacez of. But about the middel ov the da she ghets hun’gry, and dhare iz nuthhing she liax so wel az these baict appelz, and dha ar extreemly whoalsum, for I tooc the oportchunity the uther da ov aasking Mr. Perry; I happend too mete him in the strete. Not dhat I had enny dout befoer—I hav so often herd Mr. Wood’hous recomend a baict appel. I beleve it iz the oonly wa dhat Mr. Wood’hous thhinx the frute thurroly whoalsum. We hav appel-dumplingz, houwevver, verry often. Patty maix an

exelent appel-dumpling. Wel, Mrs. Weston, u hav prevaild, I hope, and these ladese wil oblige us.”

Emmaa wood be “verry happy too wate on Mrs. Baits, &c.,” and dha did at laast moove out ov the shop, withe no farther dela from Mis Baits dhan,

“Hou doo u doo, Mrs. Foerd? I beg yor pardon. I did not ce u befoer. I here u hav a charming colecshon ov nu ribbonz from toun. Jane came bac delited yesterda. Thanc ye, the gluvz doo verry wel—oanly a littel too larj about the rist; but Jane iz taking them in.”

“Whaut wauz I tauking ov?” ced she, beghinning agane when dha wer aul in the strete.

Emmaa wunderd on whaut, ov aul the medly, she wood fix.

“I declare I canot recolect whaut I wauz tauking ov.—O! mi mutherz spektakelz. So verry obliging ov Mr. Franc Cherchil! ‘O!’ ced he, ‘I doo thhinc I can faacen the rivvet; I like a job ov this kiand exesciavly.’—Which u no shude him too be so verry.... Indede I must sa dhat, much az I had herd ov him befoer and much az I had expected, he verry far exeedz enny thhing.... I doo con‘gratchulate u, Mrs. Weston, moast wormly. He ceemz evvery thhing the fondest parent cood.... ‘O!’ ced he, ‘I can faacen the rivvet. I like a job ov dhat sort exesciavly.’ I nevver shal forghet hiz manner. And when I braut out the baict appelz from the clozset, and hoapt our frendz wood be so verry obliging az too take sum, ‘O!’ ced he directly, ‘dhare iz nuthhing in the wa ov frute haaf so good, and these ar the finest-loocking home-baict appelz I evver sau in mi life.’ Dhat, u no, wauz so verry.... And I am shure, bi hiz manner, it wauz no compliment. Indede dha ar verry deliatfool appelz, and Mrs. Waulis duz them fool justice—oanly we doo not hav them baict moer dhan twice, and Mr. Wood’hous made us prommice too hav them dun thre tiamz—but Mis Wood’hous wil be so good az not too menshon it. The appelz

themselvz ar the verry finest sort for baking, beyond a dout; aul from Donwel—sum ov Mr. Niatlese moast libberal supli. He cendz us a sac evvery yere; and certainly dhare nevver wauz such a keping appel enniwhare az wun ov hiz trese—I beleve dhare iz too ov them. Mi muther cez the orchard wauz aulwase famous in her yun'gher dase. But I wauz reyaly qwite shoct the uther da—for Mr. Niatly cauld wun morning, and Jane wauz eting these appelz, and we tauct about them and ced hou much she enjoid them, and he aasct whether we wer not got too the end ov our stoc. 'I am shure u must be,' ced he, 'and I wil cend u anuther supli; for I hav a grate menny moer dhan I can evver use. Willeyam Larkinz let me kepe a larger qwauntity dhan uezhuwal this yere. I wil cend u sum moer, befoer dha ghet good for nuthhing.' So I begd he wood not—for reyaly az too ourz beying gon, I cood not absolutly sa dhat we had a grate menny left—it wauz but haaf a duzen indede; but dha shood be aul kept for Jane; and I cood not at aul bare dhat he shood be cending us moer, so libberal az he had bene aulreddy; and Jane ced the same. And when he wauz gon, she aulmoast qworeld withe me—No, I shood not sa qworeld, for we nevver had a qworel in our liavz; but she wauz qwite distrest dhat I had oand the appelz wer so neerly gon; she wisht I had made him beleve we had a grate menny left. O, ced I, mi dere, I did sa az much az I cood. Houwevver, the verry same evening Willeyam Larkinz came over withe a larj baasket ov appelz, the same sort ov appelz, a booshel at leest, and I wauz verry much obliajd, and went doun and spoke too Willeyam Larkinz and ced evvery thhing, az u ma suppose. Willeyam Larkinz iz such an oald aqwaintans! I am aulwase glad too ce him. But, houwevver, I found aafterwordz from Patty, dhat Willeyam ced it wauz aul the appelz ov *dhat* sort hiz maaster had; he had braut them aul—and nou hiz maaster had not wun left too bake or boil. Willeyam did not ceme too miand it himcelf, he wauz so pleezd too thhinc hiz maaster had soald so menny; for Willeyam, u no, thhinx moer ov hiz maasterz proffit dhan enny thhing;

but Mrs. Hodgez, he ced, wauz qwite displeezd at dhare beying aul cent awa. She cood not bare dhat her maaster shood not be abel too hav anuther appel-tart this spring. He toald Patty this, but bid her not miand it, and be shure not too sa enny thhing too us about it, for Mrs. Hodgez *wood* be cros sumtiamz, and az long az so menny sax wer soald, it did not cignifi whoo ate the remainder. And so Patty toald me, and I wauz exesciavly shoct indede! I wood not hav Mr. Niatly no enny thhing about it for the werld! He wood be so verry.... I waunted too kepe it from Jainz nollej; but, unluckily, I had menshond it befoer I wauz aware."

Mis Baits had just dun az Patty opend the doer; and her vizsitorz wauct upstaerz widhout havving enny reggular narraishon too atend too, pershude oonly bi the soundz ov her dezultory good-wil.

"Pra take care, Mrs. Weston, dhare iz a step at the terning. Pra take care, Mis Wood'hous, ourz iz raather a darc staercace—raather darker and narrower dhan wun cood wish. Mis Smith, pra take care. Mis Wood'hous, I am qwite concernd, I am shure u hit yor foot. Mis Smith, the step at the terning."

## CHAPTER 10

The aperans ov the littel citting-roome az dha enterd, wauz tranqwillity itcelf; Mrs. Baits, depriavd ov her uezhuwal employment, slumbering on wun cide ov the fire, Franc Cherchil, at a tabel nere her, moast dedily occupide about her spektakelz, and Jane Faerfax, standing withe her bac too them, intent on her peyaanoforty.



Bizsy az he wauz, houwevver, the yung man wauz yet abel too shu a moast happy countenans on ceying Emmaa agane.

“This iz a plezhure,” ced he, in raather a lo vois, “cumming at leest ten minnuets erleyer dhan I had calculated. U fiand me trying too be uesfool; tel me if u thhinc I shal suxede.”

“Whaut!” ced Mrs. Weston, “hav not u finnisht it yet? u wood not ern a verry good liavlihood az a werking silversmith at this rate.”

“I hav not bene werking unninterruptedly,” he replide, “I hav bene acisting Mis Faerfax in trying too make her instrument stand steddily, it wauz not qwite ferm; an unneven’nes in the floer, I beleve. U ce we hav bene wedging wun leg withe paper. This wauz verry kiand ov u too  
be perswaded too cum. I wauz aulmoast afrade u wood be hurreying home.”

He contriavd dhat she shood be ceted bi him; and wauz sufishmently emloid in loocking out the best baict appel for her, and trying too make her help or advise him in hiz werc, til Jane Faerfax wauz qwite reddy too cit doun too the peyaanoforty agane. Dhat she wauz not imejaitly  
reddy, Emmaa did suspect too arise from the state ov her nervz; she had not yet posest the instrument long enuf too tuch it widhout emoashon; she must rezon hercelf intoo the pouwer ov performans; and Emmaa cood not but pittly such felingz, whautevver dhare origin, and cood not but rezolv nevver too expose them too her nabor agane.

At laast Jane began, and dho the ferst barz wer feebly ghivven, the pouwerz ov the instrument wer gradjuwaly dun fool justice too. Mrs. Weston had bene delited befoer, and wauz delited agane; Emmaa joind her in aul her prase; and the peyaanoforty, withe evvery propper

discriminaishon, wauz pronounst too be aultooghether ov the hiyest prommice.

“Whoowevver Cuunel Cambel mite emploi,” ced Franc Cherchil, withe a smile at Emmaa, “the person haz not chosen il. I herd a good dele ov Cuunel Cambelz taist at Wamouth; and the softnes ov the upper noats I am shure iz exactly whaut he and *aul dhat party* wood particularly prise. I dare sa, Mis Faerfax, dhat he iather gave hiz frend verry minnute direcshonz, or rote too Braudwood himcelf. Doo not u thhinc so?”

Jane did not looc round. She wauz not obliajd too here. Mrs. Weston had bene speking too her at the same moment.

“It iz not fare,” ced Emmaa, in a whisper; “mine wauz a random ghes. Doo not distres her.”

He shooc hiz hed withe a smile, and looct az if he had verry littel dout and verry littel mercy. Soone aafterwordz he began agane,

“Hou much yor frendz in Iarland must be enjoiyng yor plezhure on this ocaizhon, Mis Faerfax. I dare sa dha often thhinc ov u, and wunder which wil be the da, the precice da ov the instruments cumming too hand. Doo u imadgine Cuunel Cambel nose the biznes too be gowing forword just at this time?—Doo u imadgine it too be the conceqwens ov an imejate comishon from him, or dhat he ma hav cent oonly a genneral direcshon, an order indeffinite az too time, too depend uppon contin'gences and conveenencez?”

He pauzd. She cood not but here; she cood not avoid aancerng,

“Til I hav a letter from Cuunel Cambel,” ced she, in a vois ov

foerst caalmnes, "I can imadgine nuthhing withe enny confidens. It must be aul con'gechchure."

"Con'gechchure—i, sumtiamz wun con'gechchuerz rite, and sumtiamz wun con'gechchuerz rong. I wish I cood con'gechchure hou soone I shal make this rivvet qwite ferm. Whaut noncens wun taux, Mis Wood'hous, when hard at werc, if wun taux at aul;—yor reyal wercmen, I supose, hoald dhare tungz; but we gentelmen laborerz if we ghet hoald ov a werd—Mis Faerfax ced sumthhing about con'gechchuring. Dhare, it iz dun. I hav the plezhure, maddam, (too Mrs. Baits,) ov restoering yor spectakelz, heeld for the prezsent."

He wauz verry wormly thanct boath bi muther and dauter; too escape a littel from the latter, he went too the peyaanoforty, and begd Mis Faerfax, whoo wauz stil citting at it, too pla sumthhing moer.

"If u ar verry kiand," ced he, "it wil be wun ov the waultcez we daanst laast nite;—let me liv them over agane. U did not enjoi them az I did; u apeerd tiard the whole time. I beleve u wer glad we daanst no lon'gher; but I wood hav ghivven werldz—aul the werldz wun evver haz too ghiv—for anuther haaf-our."

She plade.

"Whaut feliscity it iz too here a chune agane which *haz* made wun happy!—If I mistake not dhat wauz daanst at Wamouth."

She looct up at him for a moment, cullord deeply, and plade sumthhing els. He tooc sum music from a chare nere the peyaanoforty, and tarning too Emmaa, ced,

“Here iz sumthhing qwite nu too me. Doo u no it?—Cramer.—And here ar a nu cet ov Irish mellodese. Dhat, from such a qworter, wun mite expect. This wauz aul cent withe the instrument. Verry thautfool ov Cuunel Cambel, wauz not it?—He nu Mis Faerfax cood hav no music here. I onnor dhat part ov the atenshon particcularly; it shuse it too hav bene so thurroly from the hart. Nuthhing haistily dun; nuthhing incomplete. Tru afecshon oanly cood hav prompted it.”

Emmaa wisht he wood be les pointed, yet cood not help beying amuezd; and when on glaancing her i toowordz Jane Faerfax she caut the remainz ov a smile, when she sau dhat withe aul the depe blush ov conshousnes, dhare had bene a smile ov ceecret delite, she had les scrupel in the amuezment, and much les compuncshon withe respect too her.—This ameyabel, uprite, perfect Jane Faerfax wauz aparrently cherrishing verry reprehencibel felingz.

He braut aul the music too her, and dha looct it over tooghether.—Emmaa tooc the oporchunity ov whispering,

“U speke too plane. She must understand u.”

“I hope she duz. I wood hav her understand me. I am not in the leest ashaimd ov mi mening.”

“But reyaly, I am haaf ashaimd, and wish I had nevver taken up the ideyaa.”

“I am verry glad u did, and dhat u comunicated it too me. I hav nou a ke too aul her od loox and wase. Leve shame too her. If she duz rong, she aut too fele it.”

“She iz not entiarly widhout it, I thhinc.”

“I doo not ce much cine ov it. She iz playing *Robbin Adare* at this

moment—*hiz* favorite.”

Shortly aafterwordz Mis Baits, paacing nere the windo, descride Mr. Niatly on hors-bac not far of.

“Mr. Niatly I declare!—I must speke too him if poscibel, just too thanc him. I wil not open the windo here; it wood ghiv u aul coald; but I can go intoo mi mutherz roome u no. I dare sa he wil cum in when he nose whoo iz here. Qwite deliatfool too hav u aul mete so!—Our littel roome so onnord!”

She wauz in the ajoining chaimber while she stil spoke, and opening the caisment dhare, imejaitly cauld Mr. Niatlese atenshon, and evvery cillabel ov dhare conversaishon wauz az distinctly herd bi the utherz, az if it had paast within the same apartment.

“Hou dye doo?—hou dye doo?—Verry wel, I thanc u. So obliajd too u for the carrage laast nite. We wer just in time; mi muther just redly for us. Pra cum in; doo cum in. U wil fiand sum frendz here.”

So began Mis Baits; and Mr. Niatly ceemd determiand too be herd in hiz tern, for moast rezzoluetly and comaandingly did he sa,

“Hou iz yor nece, Mis Baits?—I waunt too inqwire aafter u aul, but particularly yor nece. Hou iz Mis Faerfax?—I hope she caut no coald laast nite. Hou iz she too-da? Tel me hou Mis Faerfax iz.”

And Mis Baits wauz obliajd too ghiv a direct aancer befoer he wood here her in enny thhing els. The liscenerz wer amuezd; and Mrs. Weston gave Emmaa a looc ov particcular mening. But Emmaa stil shooc her hed in stedly skepticizm.

“So obliajd too u!—so verry much obliajd too u for the carrage,”

rezhuemd Mis Baits.

He cut her short withe,

“I am gowing too Kingston. Can I doo enny thhing for u?”

“O! dere, Kingston—ar u?—Mrs. Cole wauz saying the uther da she waunted sumthhing from Kingston.”

“Mrs. Cole haz cervants too cend. Can I doo enny thhing for u?”

“No, I thanc u. But doo cum in. Whoo doo u thhinc iz here?—Mis Wood’hous and Mis Smith; so kiand az too caul too here the nu peyaanoforty. Doo poot up yor hors at the Croun, and cum in.”

“Wel,” ced he, in a delibberating manner, “for five minnuets, perhaps.”

“And here iz Mrs. Weston and Mr. Franc Cherchil too!—Qwite deliatfool; so menny frendz!”

“No, not nou, I thanc u. I cood not sta too minnuets. I must ghet on too Kingston az faast az I can.”

“O! doo cum in. Dha wil be so verry happy too ce u.”

“No, no; yor roome iz fool enuf. I wil caul anuther da, and here the peyaanoforty.”

“Wel, I am so sorry!—O! Mr. Niatly, whaut a deliatfool party laast nite; hou extreemly plezzant.—Did u evver ce such daancing?—Wauz not it deliatfool?—Mis Wood’hous and Mr. Franc Cherchil; I nevver sau enny thhing eeqwal too it.”

“O! verry deliatfool indede; I can sa nuthing les, for I supose Mis Wood’hous and Mr. Franc Cherchil ar hering evvery thhing dhat paacez. And (rasing hiz vois stil moer) I doo not ce whi Mis Faerfax shood not be menshond too. I thhinc Mis Faerfax daancez verry wel; and Mrs. Weston iz the verry best cuntry-daans player, widhout exepshon, in In’gland. Nou, if yor frendz hav enny grattichude, dha wil sa sumthhing pritty loud about u and me in retern; but I canot sta too here it.”

“O! Mr. Niatly, wun moment moer; sumthhing ov conceqwens—so shoct!—Jane and I ar boath so shoct about the appelz!”

“Whaut iz the matter nou?”

“Too thhinc ov yor cending us aul yor stoer appelz. U ced u had a grate mennu, and nou u hav not wun left. We reyaly ar so shoct! Mrs. Hodgez ma wel be an’gry. Willeyam Larkinz menshond it here. U shood not hav dun it, indede u shood not. Aa! he iz of. He nevver can bare too be thanct. But I thaut he wood hav stade nou, and it wood hav bene a pitty not too hav menshond.... Wel, (reternig too the roome,) I hav not bene abel too suxede. Mr. Niatly canot stop. He iz gowing too Kingston. He aasct me if he cood doo enny thhing....”

“Yes,” ced Jane, “we herd hiz kiand offerz, we herd evvery thhing.”

“O! yes, mi dere, I dare sa u mite, becauz u no, the doer wauz open, and the windo wauz open, and Mr. Niatly spoke loud. U must hav herd evvery thhing too be shure. ‘Can I doo enny thhing for u at Kingston?’ ced he; so I just menshond.... O! Mis Wood’hous, must u be gowing?—U ceme but just cum—so verry obliging ov u.”

Emmaa found it reyaly time too be at home; the vizsit had aulreddy laasted long; and on exammining wauchez, so much ov the morning wauz perceevd too

be gon, dhat Mrs. Weston and her companyon taking leve aulso, cood alou themcelvz oonly too wauc withe the too yung ladese too Hartfeeld gaits, befoer dha cet of for Randalz.

## CHAPTER 11

It ma be poscibel too doo widhout daancing entiarly. Instancez hav bene none ov yung pepel paacing menny, menny munths suxesciavly, widhout beying at enny baul ov enny descriphon, and no matereyal injury acru iather too boddy or miand;—but when a beghinning iz made—when the feliscitese ov rappid moashon hav wuns bene, dho sliatly, felt—it must be a verry hevvy cet dhat duz not aasc for moer.

Franc Cherchil had daanst wuns at Hiburly, and longd too daans agane; and the laast haaf-our ov an evening which Mr. Wood'houz wauz perswaded too spend withe hiz dauter at Randalz, wauz paast bi the too yung pepel in skeemz on the subgect. Franx wauz the ferst ideyaa; and hiz the gratest sele in pershuwing it; for the lady wauz the best juj ov the difficultese, and the moast soliscitous for acomodaishon and aperans. But stil she had inclinaishon enuf for shuwing pepel agane hou deliatfooly Mr. Franc Cherchil and Mis Wood'houz daanst—for doowing dhat in which she nede not blush too compare hercelf withe Jane Faerfax—and even for cimpel daancing itcelf, widhout enny ov the wicked aidz ov vannity—too acist him ferst in pacing out the roome dha wer in too ce whaut it cood be made too hoald—and then in taking the dimenshonz ov the uther parlor, in the hope ov discuvvering, in spite ov aul dhat Mr. Weston cood sa ov dhare exactly eeqwal cise, dhat it wauz a littel the largest.



Hiz ferst proposishon and reqwest, dhat the daans begun at Mr. Coalz shood be finnisht dhare—dhat the same party shood be colected, and the same musishan en'gaijd, met withe the reddeyest aqweyescens. Mr. Weston enterd intoo the ideyaa withe thurro enjoiment, and Mrs. Weston moast willingly undertoo too pla az long az dha cood wish too daans; and the interesting emploiment had follode, ov recconing up exactly whoo dhare wood be, and porshonning out the indispensabel divizhon ov space too evvery cuppel.

“U and Mis Smith, and Mis Faerfax, wil be thre, and the too Mis Coxez five,” had bene repeted menny tiamz over. “And dhare wil be the too Ghilberts, yung Cox, mi faather, and micelf, beciadz Mr. Niatly. Yes, dhat wil be qwite enuf for plezhure. U and Mis Smith, and Mis Faerfax, wil be thre, and the too Mis Coxez five; and for five cuppel dhare wil be plenty ov roome.”

But soone it came too be on wun cide,

“But wil dhare be good roome for five cuppel?—I reyaly doo not thhinc dhare wil.”

On anuther,

“And aafter aul, five cuppel ar not enuf too make it werth while too stand up. Five cuppel ar nuthhing, when wun thhinx cereyously about it. It wil not doo too *invite* five cuppel. It can be allowwabel oonly az the thaut ov the moment.”

Sumbody ced dhat *Mis* Ghilbert wauz expected at her brutherz, and must be invited withe the rest. Sumbody els beleevd *Mrs.* Ghilbert wood hav daanst the uther evening, if she had bene aasct. A werd wauz poot in for a cecond yung Cox; and at laast, Mr. Weston naming wun

fammily ov cuzsinz whoo must be included, and another ov verry oald aqwaintans whoo cood not be left out, it became a certainty dhat the five cuppel wood be at leest ten, and a verry interesting speculaishon in whaut poscibel manner dha cood be dispoazd ov.

The doerz ov the too ruimz wer just opposite eche uther. "Mite not dha use boath ruimz, and daans acros the passage?" It ceemd the best skeme; and yet it wauz not so good but dhat menny ov them waunted a better. Emmaa ced it wood be auqword; Mrs. Weston wauz in distres about the supper; and Mr. Wood'hous opoazd it earnestly, on the scoer ov helth. It made him so verry unhappy, indede, dhat it cood not be perceveerd in.

"O! no," ced he; "it wood be the extreme ov imprudens. I cood not bare it for Emmaa!—Emmaa iz not strong. She wood cach a dredfool coald. So wood poor littel Harreyet. So u wood aul. Mrs. Weston, u wood be qwite lade up; doo not let them tauc ov such a wiald thhing. Pra doo not let them tauc ov it. Dhat yung man (speking lower) iz verry thautles. Doo not tel hiz faather, but dhat yung man iz not qwite the thhing. He haz bene opening the doerz verry often this evening, and keping them open verry inconcideraitly. He duz not thhinc ov the draaft. I doo not mene too cet u against him, but indede he iz not qwite the thhing!"

Mrs. Weston wauz sorry for such a charj. She nu the importans ov it, and ced evvery thhing in her pouwer too doo it awa. Evvery doer wauz nou cloazd, the passage plan ghivven up, and the ferst skeme ov daancing oonly in the roome dha wer in rezorted too agane; and withe such good-wil on Franc Cherchilz part, dhat the space which a qworter ov an our befoer had bene deemd baerly sufishent for five cuppel, wauz nou endevvord too be made out qwite enuf for ten.

“We wer too magnifficent,” ced he. “We aloud un‘nescesary roome. Ten cuppel ma stand here verry wel.”

Emmaa demerd. “It wood be a croud—a sad croud; and whaut cood be wers dhan daancing widhout space too tern in?”

“Verry tru,” he graivly replide; “it wauz verry bad.” But stil he went on mezhuring, and stil he ended withe,

“I thhinc dhare wil be verry tollerabel roome for ten cuppel.”

“No, no,” ced she, “u ar qwite unrezonabel. It wood be dredfool too be standing so cloce! Nuthhing can be farther from plezhure dhan too be daancing in a croud—and a croud in a littel roome!”

“Dhare iz no deniying it,” he replide. “I agry withe u exactly. A croud in a littel roome—Mis Wood’hous, u hav the art ov ghivving picchuerz in a fu werdz. Exqwizsite, qwite exqwizsite!—Stil, houwevver, havving proceded so far, wun iz unwilling too ghiv the matter up. It wood be a disapointment too mi faather—and aultooghether—I doo not no dhat—I am raather ov opinyon dhat ten cuppel mite stand here verry wel.”

Emmaa perceevd dhat the nachure ov hiz gallantry wauz a littel celf-wild, and dhat he wood raather opose dhan loose the plezhure ov daancing withe her; but she tooc the compliment, and forgave the rest. Had she intended evver too *marry* him, it mite hav bene werth while too pauz and concidder, and tri too understand the vally ov hiz prefferens, and the carracter ov hiz temper; but for aul the perpocez ov dhare aqwaintans, he wauz qwite ameyabel enuf.

Befoer the middel ov the next da, he wauz at Hartfeeld; and he enterd the roome withe such an agreyabel smile az certifide the continuwans ov

the skeme. It soone apeerd dhat he came too anouns an impruivment.

“Wel, Mis Wood’hous,” he aulmoast imejaitly began, “yor inclinaishon for daancing haz not bene qwite fritend awa, I hope, bi the terrorz ov mi faatherz littel ruimz. I bring a nu propozal on the subject:—a thaut ov mi faatherz, which waits oonly yor aprobaishon too be acted uppon. Ma I hope for the onnor ov yor hand for the too ferst daancez ov this littel proected baul, too be ghivven, not at Randalz, but at the Croun In?”

“The Croun!”

“Yes; if u and Mr. Wood’hous ce no obgechshon, and I trust u canot, mi faather hoaps hiz frendz wil be so kiand az too vizsit him dhare. Better acomodaishonz, he can prommice them, and not a les graitfool welcum dhan at Randalz. It iz hiz one ideyaa. Mrs. Weston cese no obgechshon too it, provided u ar sattisfide. This iz whaut we aul fele. O! u wer perfectly rite! Ten cuppel, in iather ov the Randalz ruimz, wood hav bene insufferabel!—Dredfool!—I felt hou rite u wer the whole time, but wauz too ancshous for cecuring *enny thhing* too like too yeeld. Iz not it a good exchainj?—U concent—I hope u concent?”

“It apeerz too me a plan dhat nobody can obgett too, if Mr. and Mrs. Weston doo not. I thhinc it admirabel; and, az far az I can aancer for micelf, shal be moast happy—It ceemz the oonly impruivment dhat cood be. Paapaa, doo u not thhinc it an exelent impruivment?”

She wauz obliajd too repete and explane it, befoer it wauz folly comprehended; and then, beying qwite nu, farther representaishonz wer nescesary too make it axeptabel.

“No; he thaut it verry far from an impruivment—a verry bad plan—much

wers dhan the uther. A roome at an in wauz aulwase damp and dain'gerous; nevver properly aerd, or fit too be inhabbited. If dha must daans, dha had better daans at Randalz. He had nevver bene in the roome at the Croun in hiz life—did not no the pepel whoo kept it bi cite.—O! no—a verry bad plan. Dha wood cach wers coaldz at the Croun dhan enniwhare."

"I wauz gowing too observ, cer," ced Franc Cherchil, "dhat wun ov the grate rekomendaishonz ov this chainj wood be the verry littel dain'ger ov enny boddese catching coald—so much les dain'ger at the Croun dhan at Randalz! Mr. Perry mite hav rezon too regret the aulteraishon, but nobody els cood."

"Cer," ced Mr. Wood'hous, raather wormly, "u ar verry much mistaken if u supose Mr. Perry too be dhat sort ov carracter. Mr. Perry iz extreemly concernd when enny ov us ar il. But I doo not understand hou the roome at the Croun can be safer for u dhan yor faatherz hous."

"From the verry cercumstaans ov its beying larger, cer. We shal hav no ocaizhon too open the windose at aul—not wuns the whole evening; and it iz dhat dredfool habbit ov opening the windose, letting in coald are uppon heted boddese, which (az u wel no, cer) duz the mischefe."

"Open the windose!—but shuerly, Mr. Cherchil, nobody wood thhinc ov opening the windose at Randalz. Nobody cood be so imprudent! I nevver herd ov such a thhing. Daancing withe open windose!—I am shure, niather yor faather nor Mrs. Weston (poor Mis Talor dhat wauz) wood suffer it."

"Aa! cer—but a thautles yung person wil sumtiamz step behiand a windo-kertane, and thro up a sash, widhout its beying suspected. I hav often none it dun micelf."

“Hav u indede, cer?—Bles me! I nevver cood hav supozd it. But I liv out ov the werld, and am often astonisht at whaut I here. Houwevver, this duz make a differens; and, perhaps, when we cum too tauc it over—but these sort ov thhingz reqwire a good dele ov concideraishon.

Wun

cannot rezolv uppon them in a hurry. If Mr. and Mrs. Weston wil be so obliging az too caul here wun morning, we ma tauc it over, and ce whaut can be dun.”

“But, unforchunaitly, cer, mi time iz so limmited—”

“O!” interupted Emmaa, “dhare wil be plenty ov time for tauking evvery thhing over. Dhare iz no hurry at aul. If it can be contriavd too be at the Croun, paapaa, it wil be verry conveyent for the horcez. Dha wil be so nere dhare one stabel.”

“So dha wil, mi dere. Dhat iz a grate thhing. Not dhat Jaimz evver complainz; but it iz rite too spare our horcez when we can. If I cood be shure ov the ruimz beying thurroly aerd—but iz Mrs. Stoax too be trusted? I dout it. I doo not no her, even bi cite.”

“I can aancer for evvery thhing ov dhat nachure, cer, becauz it wil be under Mrs. Westonz care. Mrs. Weston undertaix too direct the whole.”

“Dhare, paapaa!—Nou u must be sattisfide—Our one dere Mrs. Weston, whoo iz caerfoolnes itcelf. Doo not u remember whaut Mr. Perry ced, so menny yearz ago, when I had the meselz? ‘If *Mis Talor* undertaix too rap Mis Emmaa up, u nede not hav enny feerz, cer.’ Hou often hav I herd u speke ov it az such a compliment too her!”

“I, verry tru. Mr. Perry did sa so. I shal nevver forghet it. Poor littel Emmaa! U wer verry bad withe the meselz; dhat iz, u wood

hav bene verry bad, but for Perrese grate atenshon. He came foer tiamz a da for a weke. He ced, from the ferst, it wauz a verry good sort—which wauz our grate cumfort; but the meselz ar a dredfool complaint. I hope whenevver poor Izabellaaz littel wunz hav the meselz, she wil cend for Perry.”

“Mi faather and Mrs. Weston ar at the Croun at this moment,” ced Franc Cherchil, “exammining the capabillitese ov the hous. I left them dhare and came on too Hartfeeld, impaishent for yor opinyon, and hoping u mite be perswaded too join them and ghiv yor advice on the spot. I wauz desiard too sa so from boath. It woud be the gratest plezhure too them, if u cood alou me too atend u dhare. Dha can doo nuthhing satisfactorily widhout u.”

Emmaa wauz moast happy too be cauld too such a council; and her faather, en‘gaging too thhinc it aul over while she wauz gon, the too yung pepel cet of tooggether widhout dela for the Croun. Dhare wer Mr. and Mrs. Weston; delited too ce her and receve her aprobaishon, verry bizsy and verry happy in dhare different wa; she, in sum littel distres; and he, fianding evvery thhing perfect.

“Emmaa,” ced she, “this paper iz wers dhan I expected. Looc! in placez u ce it iz dredfooly derty; and the wainscot iz moer yello and forlorn dhan enny thhing I cood hav imadgiand.”

“Mi dere, u ar too particcular,” ced her huzband. “Whaut duz aul dhat cignifi? U wil ce nuthhing ov it bi candel‘lite. It wil be az clene az Randalz bi candel‘lite. We nevver ce enny thhing ov it on our club-niats.”

The ladese here probbably exchainjd loox which ment, “Men nevver no when thhingz ar derty or not;” and the gentelmen perhaps thaut eche too himself, “Wimmen wil hav dhare littel noncenez and needles caerz.”

Wun perplexity, houwevver, arose, which the gentelmen did not disdane. It regarded a supper-roome. At the time ov the baulruimz beying bilt, supperz had not bene in qweschon; and a smaul card-roome ajoining, wauz the oanly adishon. Whaut wauz too be dun? This card-roome wood be waunted

az a card-roome nou; or, if cardz wer conveyently voted un'nescesary bi dhare foer celvz, stil wauz it not too smaul for enny cumfortabel supper? Anuther roome ov much better cise mite be cecuerd for the perpoce; but it wauz at the uther end ov the hous, and a long auqword passage must be gon throo too ghet at it. This made a difficulty. Mrs. Weston wauz afrade ov draafz for the yung pepel in dhat passage; and niather Emmaa nor the gentelmen cood tollerate the prospect ov beying mizserably crouded at supper.

Mrs. Weston propoazd havving no reggular supper; meerly sandwichez, &c., cet out in the littel roome; but dhat wauz scouted az a retched sugeschon. A private daans, widhout citting down too supper, wauz pronounst an infamous fraud uppon the riats ov men and wimmen; and Mrs.

Weston must not speke ov it agane. She then tooc anuther line ov expegency, and loocking intoo the doutfool roome, observd,

“I doo not thhinc it *iz* so verry smaul. We shal not be menny, u no.”

And Mr. Weston at the same time, wauking briscly withe long steps throo the passage, wauz caulng out,

“U tauc a grate dele ov the length ov this passage, mi dere. It *iz* a mere nuthhing aafter aul; and not the leest draaft from the staerz.”

“I wish,” ced Mrs. Weston, “wun cood no which arainjment our



ghests in genneral wood like best. Too doo whaut wood be moast genneraly plesing must be our obgect—if wun cood but tel whaut dhat wood be.”

“Yes, verry tru,” cride Franc, “verry tru. U waunt yor naborz’ opinyonz. I doo not wunder at u. If wun cood ascertain whaut the chefe ov them—the Coalz, for instans. Dha ar not far of. Shal I caul uppon them? Or Mis Baits? She iz stil nerer.—And I doo not no whether Mis Baits iz not az liacly too understand the inclinaishonz ov the rest ov the pepel az enny boddy. I thhinc we doo waunt a larger council. Suppose I go and invite Mis Baits too join us?”

“Wel—if u please,” ced Mrs. Weston raather hezsitating, “if u thhinc she wil be ov enny uce.”

“U wil ghet nuthhing too the perpoce from Mis Baits,” ced Emmaa. “She wil be aul delite and grattichude, but she wil tel u nuthhing. She wil not even liscen too yor qweschonz. I ce no advaantage in consulting Mis Baits.”

“But she iz so amusing, so extreemly amusing! I am verry fond ov hering Mis Baits tauc. And I nede not bring the whole fammily, u no.”

Here Mr. Weston joind them, and on hering whaut wauz propoazd, gave it hiz decided aprobaishon.

“I, doo, Franc.—Go and fech Mis Baits, and let us end the matter at wuns. She wil enjoi the skeme, I am shure; and I doo not no a proppuurer person for shuwng us hou too doo awa difficultese. Fech Mis Baits. We ar growing a littel too nice. She iz a standing lesson ov hou too be happy. But fech them boath. Invite them boath.”

“Boath cer! Can the oald lady?” ...

“The oald lady! No, the yung lady, too be shure. I shal thinc u a grate bloc’hed, Franc, if u bring the aant widhout the nece.”

“O! I beg yor pardon, cer. I did not imejaitly recolect. Undoutedly if u wish it, I wil endevvor too perswade them boath.”  
And awa he ran.

Long befoer he reyapeerd, atending the short, nete, brisc-mooving aant, and her ellegant nece,—Mrs. Weston, like a swete-temperd woomman and a good wife, had exammiand the passage agane, and found the evilz ov

it much les dhan she had supoazd befoer—indede verry triafling; and here ended the difficultese ov decizhon. Aul the rest, in speculaishon at leest, wauz perfectly smuithe. Aul the minor arainjments ov tabel and chare, liats and music, te and supper, made themcelvz; or wer left az mere trifelz too be cetteld at enny time betwene Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Stoax.—Evvery boddy invited, wauz certainly too cum; Franc had aulreddy

ritten too Enscome too propose staying a fu dase beyond hiz fortnite, which cood not poscibly be refuezd. And a deliatfool daans it wauz too be.

Moast corjaly, when Mis Baits ariavd, did she agry dhat it must. Az a cuncelor she wauz not waunted; but az an aproover, (a much safer carracter,) she wauz truly welcum. Her aprobaishon, at wuns genneral and minute, worm and incessant, cood not but plese; and for anuther haaf-our dha wer aul wauking too and fro, betwene the different ruimz, sum sugesting, sum atending, and aul in happy enjoiment ov the fuchure. The party did not brake up widhout Emmaaz beying pozsitiavly

cecuerd for the too ferst daancez bi the hero ov the evening, nor widhout her overhering Mr. Weston whisper too hiz wife, “He haz aasct her, mi dere. Dhats rite. I nu he wood!”

## CHAPTER 12

Wun thhing oonly wauz waunting too make the prospect ov the baul compleetly satisfactory too Emmaa—its beying fixt for a da within the graanted term ov Franc Cherchilz sta in Surry; for, in spite ov Mr. Westonz confidens, she cood not thhinc it so verry imposcibel dhat the Cherchilz mite not alou dhare neffu too remane a da beyond hiz fortnite. But this wauz not jujd fesibel. The preparaishonz must take dhare time, nuthhing cood be properly reddy til the thherd weke wer enterd on, and for a fu dase dha must be planning, proceding and hoping in uncertainty—at the risc—in her opinyon, the grate risc, ov its beying aul in vane.

Ensome houwevver wauz graishous, graishous in fact, if not in werd. Hiz wish ov staying lon'gher evvidently did not plese; but it wauz not opoazd. Aul wauz safe and prosperous; and az the remooval ov wun soliscichude genneraly maix wa for anuther, Emmaa, beying nou certane ov

her baul, began too adopt az the next vexaishon Mr. Niatlese provoking indifferens about it. Iather becauz he did not daans himcelf, or becauz the plan had bene formd widhout hiz beying consulted, he ceemd rezolv'd dhat it shood not interest him, determiand against its exiting enny prezsent cureyoscity, or afoerding him enny fuchure amuezment.

Too her volluntary comunicaishonz Emmaa cood ghet no moer aprooving repli,  
dhan,

“Verry wel. If the Westonz thhinc it werth while too be at aul this trubbel for a fu ourz ov noisy entertainment, I hav nuthhing too sa against it, but dhat dha shal not chuse plezhuerz for me.—O! yes, I must be dhare; I cood not refuse; and I wil kepe az much awake az I can; but I wood raather be at home, loocking over Willeyam Larkinsez weex acount; much raather, I confes.—Plezhure in ceying daancing!—not I, indede—I nevver looc at it—I doo not no whoo duz.—Fine daancing, I beleve, like verchu, must be its one reword. Dhose whoo ar standing bi ar uezhuwaly thhinking ov sumthhing verry different.”

This Emmaa felt wauz aimd at her; and it made her qwite an’gry. It wauz not in compliment too Jane Faerfax houwevver dhat he wauz so indifferent, or so indignant; he wauz not ghided bi *her* felingz in reprobating the baul, for *she* enjoid the thaut ov it too an extrordinary degry. It made her annimated—open harted—she voluntarily ced;—

“O! Mis Wood’hous, I hope nuthhing ma happen too prevent the baul. Whaut a disapointment it wood be! I doo looc forword too it, I one, withe *verry* grate plezhure.”

It wauz not too oblige Jane Faerfax dhaerfoer dhat he wood hav preferd the sociyety ov Willeyam Larkinz. No!—she wauz moer and moer convinst dhat Mrs. Weston wauz qwite mistaken in dhat cermise. Dhare wauz a grate dele ov frendly and ov compashonate atachment on hiz cide—but no luv.

Alaas! dhare wauz soone no lezhure for qworeling withe Mr. Niatly. Too dase ov joifool cecurity wer imejaitly follode bi the over-thro ov evvery thhing. A letter ariavd from Mr. Cherchil too erj hiz neffuse instant retern. Mrs. Cherchil wauz unwel—far too unwel too doo widhout him; she had bene in a verry suffering state (so ced her huzband) when riting too her neffu too dase befoer, dho from her uezhuwal

unwillingnes too ghiv pane, and constant habbit ov nevver ththinking ov hercelf, she had not menshond it; but nou she wauz too il too trifel, and must entrete him too cet of for Enscome widhout dela.

The substans ov this letter wauz forworded too Emmaa, in a note from Mrs.

Weston, instantly. Az too hiz gowing, it wauz inevvitabel. He must be gon within a fu ourz, dho widhout feling enny reyal alarm for hiz aant, too leschen hiz repugnans. He nu her ilnecez; dha nevver okerd but for her one conveyens.

Mrs. Weston added, "dhat he cood oanly alou himcelf time too hurry too Hibury, aafter brecfast, and take leve ov the fu frendz dhare whoome he cood supose too fele enny interest in him; and dhat he mite be expected at Hartfeeld verry soone."

This retched note wauz the finaaly ov Emmaaz brecfast. When wuns it had bene red, dhare wauz no doowing enny thhing, but lament and exclame. The

los ov the baul—the los ov the yung man—and aul dhat the yung man mite be feling!—It wauz too retched!—Such a deliatfool evening az it wood hav bene!—Evvery boddy so happy! and she and her partner the happyest!—"I ced it wood be so," wauz the oanly consolaishon.

Her faatherz felingz wer qwite distinct. He thaut principaly ov Mrs. Cherchilz ilnes, and waunted too no hou she wauz treted; and az for the baul, it wauz shocking too hav dere Emmaa disapointed; but dha wood aul be safer at home.

Emmaa wauz reddy for her vizsitor sum time befoer he apeerd; but if this reflected at aul uppon hiz impaishens, hiz sorofool looc and total waunt ov spirrits when he did cum mite redeme him. He felt the gowing awa aulmoast too much too speke ov it. Hiz degecshon wauz moast evvident. He

sat reyally lost in thaut for the ferst fu minnuets; and when rousing himself, it wauz oanly too sa,

“Ov aul horid thhingz, leve-taking iz the werst.”

“But u wil cum agane,” ced Emmaa. “This wil not be yor oanly vizsit too Randalz.”

“Aa!—(shaking hiz hed)—the uncertainty ov when I ma be abel too retern!—I shal tri for it withe a sele!—It wil be the obgett ov aul mi thauts and caerz!—and if mi unkel and aant go too toun this spring—but I am afrade—dha did not ster laast spring—I am afrade it iz a custom gon for evver.”

“Our poor baul must be qwite ghivven up.”

“Aa! dhat baul!—whi did we wate for enny thhing?—whi not cese the plezhure at wuns?—Hou often iz happines destroid bi preparaishon, foolish preparaishon!—U toald us it wood be so.—O! Mis Wood’hous, whi ar u aulwase so rite?”

“Indede, I am verry sory too be rite in this instans. I wood much raather hav bene merry dhan wise.”

“If I can cum agane, we ar stil too hav our baul. Mi faather dependz on it. Doo not forghet yor en’gaijment.”

Emmaa looct graishously.

“Such a fortnite az it haz bene!” he continnude; “evvery da moer preshous and moer deliatfool dhan the da befoer!—evvery da making me les fit too bare enny uther place. Happy dhose, whoo can remane at Hiburly!”

“Az u doo us such ampel justice nou,” ced Emmaa, laafing, “I wil venchure too aasc, whether u did not cum a littel doutfooly at ferst? Doo not we raather cerpaas yor expectaishonz? I am shure we doo. I am shure u did not much expect too like us. U wood not hav bene so long in cumming, if u had had a plezzant ideyaa ov Hibury.”

He laaft raather consously; and dho denyng the centiment, Emmaa wauz convinst dhat it had bene so.

“And u must be of this verry morning?”

“Yes; mi faather iz too join me here: we shal wauc bac toogheter, and I must be of imejaitly. I am aulmoast afrade dhat evvery moment wil bring him.”

“Not five minnuets too spare even for yor frendz Mis Faerfax and Mis Baits? Hou unlucky! Mis Baitcez pouwerfool, argumentative miand mite hav strengthhend yorz.”

“Yes—I *hav* cauld dhare; paacing the doer, I thaut it better. It wauz a rite thhing too doo. I went in for thre minnuets, and wauz detaind bi Mis Baitcez beyng abcent. She wauz out; and I felt it imposcibel not too wate til she came in. She iz a woomman dhat wun ma, dhat wun *must* laaf at; but dhat wun wood not wish too slite. It wauz better too pa mi vizsit, then”—

He hezsitated, got up, wauct too a windo.

“In short,” ced he, “perhaps, Mis Wood’hous—I thhinc u can hardly be qwite widhout suspishon”—

He looct at her, az if waunting too rede her thauts. She hardly nu

whaut too sa. It ceemd like the foerunner ov sumthhing absoluetly cereyous, which she did not wish. Foercing hercelf too speke, dhaerfoer, in the hope ov pootting it bi, she caalmly ced,

“U ar qwite in the rite; it wauz moast natchural too pa yor vizsit, then”—

He wauz cilent. She beleevd he wauz loocking at her; probbably reflecting on whaut she had ced, and trying too understand the manner. She herd him ci. It wauz natchural for him too fele dhat he had *cauz* too ci.

He cood not beleve her too be encurraging him. A fu auqword moments paast, and he sat doun agane; and in a moer determiand manner ced,

“It wauz sumthhing too fele dhat aul the rest ov mi time mite be ghivven too Hartfeeld. Mi regard for Hartfeeld iz moast worm”—

He stopt agane, rose agane, and ceemd qwite embarrast.—He wauz moer in luv withe her dhan Emmaa had supoazd; and whoo can sa hou it mite hav ended, if hiz faather had not made hiz aperans? Mr. Wood’hous soone follode; and the necescity ov exershon made him compoazd.

A verry fu minnuets moer, houwevver, completed the prezsent triyal. Mr. Weston, aulwase alert when biznes wauz too be dun, and az incapabel ov procrastinating enny evil dhat wauz inevvitabel, az ov foerceying enny dhat

wauz doutfool, ced, “It wauz time too go;” and the yung man, dho he mite and did ci, cood not but agry, too take leve.

“I shal here about u aul,” ced he; “dhat iz mi chefe consolaishon. I shal here ov evvery thhing dhat iz gowing on amung u. I hav en’gaijd Mrs. Weston too corespond withe me. She haz bene so kiand az too prommice

it. O! the blescing ov a female corespondent, when wun iz reyaly



interested in the abcent!—she wil tel me evvery thhing. In her letterz I shal be at dere Hiburay agane.”

A verry frendly shake ov the hand, a verry earnest “Good-bi,” cloazd the speche, and the doer had soone shut out Franc Cherchil. Short had bene the notice—short dhare meting; he wauz gon; and Emmaa felt so sorry too part, and foersau so grate a los too dhare littel sociyety from hiz abcens az too beghin too be afrade ov beying too sorry, and feling it too much.

It wauz a sad chainj. Dha had bene meting aulmoast evvery da cins hiz arival. Certainly hiz beying at Randalz had ghivven grate spirrit too the laast too weex—indescrabel spirrit; the ideyaa, the expectaishon ov ceying him which evvery morning had braut, the ashurans ov hiz atenshonz, hiz liavlines, hiz mannerz! It had bene a verry happy fortnite, and forlorn must be the cinking from it intoo the common coers ov Hartfeeld dase. Too complete evvery uther recomendaishon, he had *aulmoast* toald her dhat he luvd her. Whaut strength, or whaut constancy ov afecshon he mite be subject too, wauz anuther point; but at prezsent she cood not dout hiz havving a decidedly worm admiraishon, a conshous prefferens ov hercelf; and this perswaizhon, joind too aul the rest, made her thhinc dhat she *must* be a littel in luv withe him, in spite ov evvery preveyous determinaishon against it.

“I certainly must,” ced she. “This censaishon ov listlesnes, werines, schupiddity, this dicinclinaishon too cit doun and emploi micelf, this feling ov evvery thhingz beying dul and incippid about the hous!— I must be in luv; I shood be the oddest crechure in the werld if I wer not—for a fu weex at leest. Wel! evil too sum iz aulwase good too utherz. I shal hav menny fello-moernerz for the baul, if not for Franc Cherchil; but Mr. Niatly wil be happy. He ma spend the evening withe hiz dere Willeyam Larkinz nou if he liax.”

Mr. Niatly, houwevver, shude no triyumfant happines. He cood not sa dhat he wauz sorry on hiz one acount; hiz verry cheerfool looc wood hav contradicted him if he had; but he ced, and verry steddily, dhat he wauz sorry for the disapointment ov the uthertz, and withe concidderabel kiandnes added,

“U, Emmaa, whoo hav so fu oporchunitese ov daancing, u ar reyaly out ov luc; u ar verry much out ov luc!”

It wauz sum dase befoer she sau Jane Faerfax, too juj ov her onnest regret in this wofool chainj; but when dha did mete, her compoazhure wauz ojours. She had bene particularly unwel, houwevver, suffering from heddake too a degry, which made her aant declare, dhat had the baul taken place, she did not thhinc Jane cood hav atended it; and it wauz charrity too impute sum ov her unbecumming indifferens too the lan'gor ov il-helth.

## CHAPTER 13

Emmaa continnude too entertane no dout ov her beying in luv. Her ideyaaz oanly varede az too the hou much. At ferst, she thaut it wauz a good dele; and aafterwordz, but littel. She had grate plezhure in hering Franc Cherchil tauct ov; and, for hiz sake, grater plezhure dhan evver in ceying Mr. and Mrs. Weston; she wauz verry often ththinking ov him, and qwite impaishent for a letter, dhat she mite no hou he wauz, hou wer hiz spirrits, hou wauz hiz aant, and whaut wauz the chaans ov hiz

cumming too Randalz agane this spring. But, on the uther hand, she cood not admit hercelf too be unhappy, nor, aafter the ferst morning, too be les dispoazd for employment dhan uezhuwal; she wauz stil bizsy and cheerfool; and, plesing az he wauz, she cood yet imadgine him too hav faults; and farther, dho ththinking ov him so much, and, az she sat drauwing or werking, forming a thouzand amusing skeemz for the proagres

and close ov dhare atachment, fanceying interesting diyalogz, and inventing ellegant letterz; the concluezhon ov evvery imadginary declaraishton on hiz cide wauz dhat she *refuezd him*. Dhare afecshon wauz aulwase too subcide intoo frendship. Evvery thhing tender and charming

wauz too marc dhare parting; but stil dha wer too part. When she became cencibel ov this, it struc her dhat she cood not be verry much in luv; for in spite ov her preveyous and fixt determinaishon nevver too qwit her faather, nevver too marry, a strong atachment certainly must projuce moer ov a strugghel dhan she cood foercy in her one felingz.

“I doo not fiand micelf making enny uce ov the werd *sacrifice*,” ced she.—“In not wun ov aul mi clevver replise, mi dellicate neggatiavz, iz dhare enny aluezhon too making a sacrifice. I doo suspect dhat he iz not reyaly nescesary too mi happines. So much the better. I certainly wil not perswade micelf too fele moer dhan I doo. I am qwite enuf in luv. I shood be sory too be moer.”

Uppon the whole, she wauz eeqwaly contented withe her vu ov hiz felingz.

“*He* iz undoutedly verry much in luv—evvery thhing denoats it—verry much in luv indede!—and when he cumz agane, if hiz afecshon continnu, I must be on mi gard not too encurrage it.—It wood be moast inexcuzabel

too doo utherwise, az mi one miand iz qwite made up. Not dhat I imadgine he  
can thhinc I hav bene encurraging him hithertoo. No, if he had beleevd  
me at aul too share hiz felingz, he wood not hav bene so retched.  
Cood he hav thaut himcelf encurraijd, hiz loox and lan'gwage at  
parting wood hav bene different.—Stil, houwevver, I must be on mi  
gard. This iz in the suposishon ov hiz atachment continnuwing whaut it  
nou iz; but I doo not no dhat I expect it wil; I doo not looc uppon him  
too be qwite the sort ov man—I doo not aultooghether bild uppon hiz  
steddines or constancy.—Hiz felingz ar worm, but I can imadgine them  
raather chainjabel.—Evvery concideraishon ov the subget, in short, maix  
me thancfool dhat mi happines iz not moer deeply involvd.—I shal doo  
verry wel agane aafter a littel while—and then, it wil be a good thhing  
over; for dha sa evvery boddy iz in luv wuns in dhare liavz, and I  
shal hav bene let of esily.”

When hiz letter too Mrs. Weston ariavd, Emmaa had the peruzal ov it; and  
she red it withe a degry ov plezhure and admiraishon which made her at  
ferst shake her hed over her one censaishonz, and thhinc she had  
undervallude dhare strength. It wauz a long, wel-ritten letter, ghivving  
the particcularz ov hiz gerny and ov hiz felingz, exprescing aul the  
afecshon, grattichude, and respect which wauz natchural and onnorabel,  
and  
describing evvery thhing extereyor and local dhat cood be supoazd  
attractive, withe spirrit and precizhon. No suspishous flurrishez nou ov  
apollogy or concern; it wauz the lan'gwage ov reyal feling toowordz Mrs.  
Weston; and the traansishon from Hiburay too Enscome, the contraast  
betwene the placez in sum ov the ferst blescingz ov soashal life wauz  
just enuf tucht on too shu hou keenly it wauz felt, and hou much  
moer mite hav bene ced but for the restraints ov propriyety.—The  
charm ov her one name wauz not waunting. *Mis Wood' hous* apeerd moer  
dhan wuns, and nevver widhout a sumthhing ov plesing conecshon, iather  
a compliment too her taist, or a remembrans ov whaut she had ced; and

in the verry laast time ov its meting her i, unnadornd az it wauz bi enny such braud reeth ov gallantry, she yet cood discern the efect ov her influwens and acnollej the gratest compliment perhaps ov aul convade. Comprest intoo the verry lowest vacant corner wer these werdz—"I had not a spare moment on Chuezda, az u no, for Mis Wood'housez butifool littel frend. Pra make mi excucez and ajuse too her." This, Emmaa cood not dout, wauz aul for hercelf. Harreyet wauz rememberd oanly from beying *her* frend. Hiz informaishon and prospects az too Enscome wer niather wers nor better dhan had bene antiscipated; Mrs. Cherchil wauz recuvering, and he daerd not yet, even in hiz one imaginaishon, fix a time for cumming too Randalz agane.

Grattifying, houwevver, and stimulative az wauz the letter in the matereyal part, its centiments, she yet found, when it wauz foalded up and reternd too Mrs. Weston, dhat it had not added enny laasting wormth, dhat she cood stil doo widhout the riter, and dhat he must lern too doo widhout her. Her intenshonz wer unchainjd. Her rezolueshon ov refuzal oanly gru moer interesting bi the adishon ov a skeme for hiz subceqwent consolaishon and happines. Hiz recolecshon ov Harreyet, and the werdz which cloadhd it, the "butifool littel frend," sugested too her the ideyaa ov Harreyets suxeding her in hiz afecshonz. Wauz it imposcibel?—No.—Harreyet undoutedly wauz graitley hiz infereyor in understanding; but he had bene verry much struc withe the luvlines ov her face and the worm cimplycity ov her manner; and aul the probabillitese ov cercumstaans and conecshon wer in her favor.—For Harreyet, it wood be advantajous and deliatfool indede.

"I must not dwel uppon it," ced she.—"I must not thhinc ov it. I no the dain'ger ov indulging such speculaishonz. But strain'ger thhingz hav happend; and when we cece too care for eche uther az we doo nou, it wil be the meenz ov conferming us in dhat sort ov tru dicinterested frendship which I can aulreddy looc forword too withe plezhure."

It wauz wel too hav a cumfort in stoer on Harreyets behaaf, dho it mite be wise too let the fancy tuch it celdom; for evil in dhat qworter wauz at hand. Az Franc Cherchilz arival had suxeded Mr. Eltonz en'gajment in the conversaishon ov Hiburys, az the latest interest had entiarly boern doun the ferst, so nou uppon Franc Cherchilz disaperans, Mr. Eltonz concernz wer ashuming the moast iresistibel form.—Hiz wedding-da wauz naimd. He wood soone be amung them agane; Mr. Elton and hiz bride. Dhare wauz hardly time too tauc over the ferst letter from Enscome befoer “Mr. Elton and hiz bride” wauz in evvery boddese mouth, and Franc Cherchil wauz forgotten. Emmaa gru cic at the sound. She had had thre weex ov happy exempshon from Mr. Elton; and Harreyets miand, she had bene willing too hope, had bene laityly ganing strength. Withe Mr. Westonz baul in vu at leest, dhare had bene a grate dele ov incencibillity too uther thhingz; but it wauz nou too evvident dhat she had not ataind such a state ov compoazhure az cood stand against the acchuwal aproche—nu carrage, bel-ringing, and aul.

Poor Harreyet wauz in a flutter ov spirrits which reqwiard aul the rezoningz and suithingz and atenshonz ov evvery kiand dhat Emmaa cood ghiv. Emmaa felt dhat she cood not doo too much for her, dhat Harreyet had a rite too aul her in' genuwity and aul her paishens; but it wauz hevvy werc too be for evver convincing widhout projucing enny efect, for evver agrede too, widhout beying abel too make dhare opinyonz the same.

Harreyet

liscend submisciavly, and ced “it wauz verry tru—it wauz just az Mis Wood'hous descriabd—it wauz not werth while too thhinc about them—and she

wood not thhinc about them enny lon'gher” but no chainj ov subject cood avale, and the next haaf-our sau her az ancshous and restles about the Eltonz az befoer. At laast Emmaa atact her on anuther ground.

“Yor alouwing yorcelf too be so occupide and so unhappy about Mr.

Eltonz marreying, Harreyet, iz the stron'ghest reproche u can make *me*. U cood not ghiv me a grater reproofe for the mistake I fel intoo. It wauz aul mi doowing, I no. I hav not forgotten it, I ashure u.—Deceevd micelf, I did verry mizserably deceve u—and it wil be a painfool reflecshon too me for evver. Doo not imadgine me in dain'ger ov forghetting it.”

Harreyet felt this too much too utter moer dhan a fu werdz ov egher exclamaishon. Emmaa continnude,

“I hav not ced, exert yorcelf Harreyet for mi sake; thhinc les, tauc les ov Mr. Elton for mi sake; becauz for yor one sake raather, I wood wish it too be dun, for the sake ov whaut iz moer important dhan mi cumfort, a habbit ov celf-comaand in u, a concideraishon ov whaut iz yor juty, an atenshon too propriyety, an endevvor too avoid the suspishonz ov utherz, too save yor helth and creddit, and restoer yor tranqwillity. These ar the motiavz which I hav bene prescing on u. Dha ar verry important—and sory I am dhat u canot fele them sufishly too act uppon them. Mi beying saivd from pane iz a verry cecondary concideraishon. I waunt u too save yorcelf from grater pane. Perhaps I ma sumtiamz hav felt dhat Harreyet wood not forghet whaut wauz ju—or raather whaut wood be kiand bi me.”

This apele too her afecshonz did moer dhan aul the rest. The ideyaa ov waunting grattichude and concideraishon for Mis Wood'hous, whoome she reyaly luvd extreemly, made her retched for a while, and when the viyolens ov grefe wauz cumforted awa, stil remaind pouwerfool enuf too prompt too whaut wauz rite and supoert her in it verry tollerably.

“U, whoo hav bene the best frend I evver had in mi life—Waunt grattichude too u!—Nobody iz eequal too u!—I care for nobody az I doo for

u!—O! Mis Wood'hous, hou un'graitfool I hav bene!"

Such expreshonz, acisted az dha wer bi evvery thhing dhat looc and manner cood doo, made Emmaa fele dhat she had nevver luvd Harreyet so wel, nor vallude her afecshon so hily befoer.

"Dhare iz no charm eeqwal too tendernes ov hart," ced she aafterwordz too herself. "Dhare iz nuthhing too be compaerd too it. Wormth and tendernes ov hart, withe an afecshonate, open manner, wil bete aul the cleernes ov hed in the werld, for atracshon, I am shure it wil. It iz tendernes ov hart which maix mi dere faather so genneraly beluvd—which ghivz Izabellaa aul her popularrity.—I hav it not—but I no hou too prise and respect it.—Harreyet iz mi supereyor in aul the charm and aul the feliscity it ghivz. Dere Harreyet!—I wood not chainj u for the clerest-hedded, lon'ghest-cited, best-judging female breething. O! the coaldnes ov a Jane Faerfax!—Harreyet iz werth a hundred such—And for a wife—a cencibel manz wife—it iz invallubel. I menshon no naimz; but happy the man whoo chain'gez Emmaa for Harreyet!"

## CHAPTER 14

Mrs. Elton wauz ferst cene at cherch: but dho devoashon mite be interupted, cureyosity cood not be sattisfide bi a bride in a pu, and it must be left for the vizsits in form which wer then too be pade, too cettel whether she wer verry pritty indede, or oonly raather pritty, or not pritty at aul.

Emmaa had felingz, les ov cureyosity dhan ov pride or propriyety, too



make her rezolv on not beying the laast too pa her respects; and she made a point ov Harreyets gowing withe her, dhat the werst ov the biznes mite be gon throo az soone az poscibel.

She cood not enter the hous agane, cood not be in the same roome too which she had withe such vane artifice retreted thre munths ago, too lace up her boote, widhout *recolecting*. A thousand vexaishous thauts wood reker. Compliments, sharaadz, and horibel blunderz; and it wauz not too be supoazd dhat poor Harreyet shood not be recolecting too; but she behaid verry wel, and wauz oonly raather pale and cilent. The vizsit wauz ov coers short; and dhare wauz so much embarrasment and ocupaishon ov miand too shorten it, dhat Emmaa wood not alou hercelf entiarly too form an opinyon ov the lady, and on no acount too ghiv wun, beyond the nuthhing-mening termz ov beying “ellegantly drest, and verry plesing.”

She did not reyaly like her. She wood not be in a hurry too fiand fault, but she suspected dhat dhare wauz no ellegans;—ese, but not ellegans.— She wauz aulmoast shure dhat for a yung woomman, a strain’ger, a bride, dhare wauz too much ese. Her person wauz raather good; her face not unpritty; but niather fechure, nor are, nor vois, nor manner, wer ellegant. Emmaa thaut at leest it wood tern out so.

Az for Mr. Elton, hiz mannerz did not apere—but no, she wood not permit a haisty or a witty werd from hercelf about hiz mannerz. It wauz an auqword cerremony at enny time too be receving wedding vizsits, and a man had nede be aul grace too aqwit himcelf wel throo it. The woomman wauz better of; she mite hav the acistans ov fine cloadhz, and the privvilege ov bashfoolnes, but the man had oonly hiz one good cens too depend on; and when she concidderd hou peculeyarily unlucky poor Mr. Elton wauz in beying in the same roome at wuns withe the woomman he had just

marrede, the woomman he had waunted too marry, and the woomman whoome he had bene expected too marry, she must alou him too hav the rite too looc az littel wise, and too be az much afectedly, and az littel reyaly esy az cood be.

“Wel, Mis Wood’hous,” ced Harreyet, when dha had qwitted the hous, and aafter wating in vane for her frend too beghin; “Wel, Mis Wood’hous, (withe a gentel ci,) whaut doo u thhinc ov her?—Iz not she verry charming?”

Dhare wauz a littel hesitaishon in Emmaaz aancer.

“O! yes—verry—a verry plesing yung woomman.”

“I thhinc her butifool, qwhite butifool.”

“Verry niasly drest, indede; a remarcably ellegant gown.”

“I am not at aul cerpriazd dhat he shood hav faulen in luv.”

“O! no—dhare iz nuthhing too cerprise wun at aul.—A pritty forchune; and she came in hiz wa.”

“I dare sa,” reternd Harreyet, cying agane, “I dare sa she wauz verry much atacht too him.”

“Perhaps she mite; but it iz not evvery manz fate too marry the woomman whoo luvz him best. Mis Haukinz perhaps waunted a home, and thaut this the best offer she wauz liacly too hav.”

“Yes,” ced Harreyet earnestly, “and wel she mite, nobody cood evver hav a better. Wel, I wish them happy withe aul mi hart. And nou, Mis Wood’hous, I doo not thhinc I shal miand cying them agane. He iz just az

supereyor az evver;—but beying marrede, u no, it iz qwite a different thhing. No, indede, Mis Wood'hous, u nede not be afrade; I can cit and admire him nou widhout enny grate mizsery. Too no dhat he haz not throne himcelf awa, iz such a cumfort!—She duz ceme a charming yung woomman, just whaut he deservz. Happy crechure! He cauld her 'Augustaa.'  
Hou deliatfool!"

When the vizsit wauz reternd, Emmaa made up her miand. She cood then ce moer and juj better. From Harreyets happening not too be at Hartfeeld, and her faatherz beying prezsent too en'gage Mr. Elton, she had a qworter ov an our ov the ladese conversaishon too hercelf, and cood compoazdly atend too her; and the qworter ov an our qwite convinst her dhat Mrs. Elton wauz a vane woomman, extreemly wel sattisfide withe hercelf, and thhinking much ov her one importans; dhat she ment too shine and be verry supereyor, but withe mannerz which had bene formd in a bad scoole, pert and familleyar; dhat aul her noashonz wer draun from wun cet ov pepel, and wun stile ov livving; dhat if not foolish she wauz ignorant, and dhat her sociyety wood certainly doo Mr. Elton no good.

Harreyet wood hav bene a better mach. If not wise or refiand hercelf, she wood hav conected him withe dhose whoo wer; but Mis Haukinz, it mite be faerly supoazd from her esy concete, had bene the best ov her one cet. The rich bruther-in-lau nere Bristol wauz the pride ov the aliyans, and hiz place and hiz carragez wer the pride ov him.

The verry ferst subgect aafter beying ceted wauz Mapel Grove, "Mi bruther Mr. Suclingz cete;"—a comparrison ov Hartfeeld too Mapel Grove. The groundz ov Hartfeeld wer smaul, but nete and pritty; and the hous wauz moddern and wel-bilt. Mrs. Elton ceemd moast favorably imprest bi the cise ov the roome, the entrans, and aul dhat she cood ce or imadgine. "Verry like Mapel Grove indede!—She wauz qwite struc bi the

liacnes!—Dhat roome wauz the verry shape and cise ov the morning-roome at Mapel Grove; her cisterz favorite roome.”—Mr. Elton wauz apeeld too.—“Wauz not it astonnishingly like?—She cood reyaly aulmoast fancy hercelf at Mapel Grove.”

“And the staercace—U no, az I came in, I observd hou verry like the staercace wauz; plaist exactly in the same part ov the hous. I reyaly cood not help exclaming! I ashure u, Mis Wood’hous, it iz verry deliatfool too me, too be remianded ov a place I am so extreemly parshal too az Mapel Grove. I hav spent so menny happy munths dhare! (withe a littel ci ov centiment). A charming place, undoutedly. Evvery boddy whoo cese it iz struc bi its buty; but too me, it haz bene qwite a home. Whenevver u ar traansplaanted, like me, Mis Wood’hous, u wil understand hou verry deliatfool it iz too mete withe enny thhing at aul like whaut wun haz left behiand. I aulwase sa this iz qwite wun ov the evilz ov matrimony.”

Emmaa made az slite a repli az she cood; but it wauz folly sufishent for Mrs. Elton, whoo oonly waunted too be tauking hercelf.

“So extreemly like Mapel Grove! And it iz not meerly the hous—the groundz, I ashure u, az far az I cood observ, ar strikingly like. The lorelz at Mapel Grove ar in the same profuezhon az here, and stand verry much in the same wa—just acros the laun; and I had a glimps ov a fine larj tre, withe a bench round it, which poot me so exactly in miand! Mi bruther and cister wil be enchaanted withe this place. Pepel whoo hav extencive groundz themcelvz ar aulwase pleezd withe enny thhing in the same stile.”

Emmaa douted the trueth ov this centiment. She had a grate ideyaa dhat pepel whoo had extencive groundz themcelvz caerd verry littel for the extencive groundz ov enny boddy els; but it wauz not werth while too

atac an error so dubbel-dide, and dhaerfoer oanly ced in repli,

“When u hav cene moer ov this cuntry, I am afrade u wil thhinc u hav overated Hartfeeld. Surry iz fool ov butese.”

“O! yes, I am qwite aware ov dhat. It iz the garden ov In’gland, u no. Surry iz the garden ov In’gland.”

“Yes; but we must not rest our claimz on dhat distincshon. Menny countese, I beleve, ar cauld the garden ov In’gland, az wel az Surry.”

“No, I fancy not,” replide Mrs. Elton, withe a moast sattisfide smile. “I nevver herd enny county but Surry cauld so.”

Emmaa wauz cilenst.

“Mi bruther and cister hav prommiast us a vizsit in the spring, or summer at farthest,” continnude Mrs. Elton; “and dhat wil be our time for exploering. While dha ar withe us, we shal exploer a grate dele, I dare sa. Dha wil hav dhare baruish-landau, ov coers, which hoaldz foer perfectly; and dhaerfoer, widhout saying enny thhing ov *our* carrage, we shood be Abel too exploer the different butese extreemly wel. Dha wood hardly cum in dhare shase, I thhinc, at dhat cezon ov the yere. Indede, when the time drauz on, I shal decidedly recomend dhare bringing the baruish-landau; it wil be so verry much prefferabel. When pepel cum intoo a butifool cuntry ov this sort, u no, Mis Wood’hous, wun natchuraly wishez them too ce az much az poscibel; and Mr. Sucling iz extreemly fond ov exploering. We exploerd too King-Weston twice laast summer, in dhat wa, moast deliatfooly, just aafter dhare ferst havving the baruish-landau. U hav menny partese ov dhat kiand here, I supose, Mis Wood’hous, evvery summer?”

“No; not imejaitly here. We ar raather out ov distans ov the verry striking butese which atract the sort ov partese u speke ov; and we ar a verry qwiyet cet ov pepel, I beleve; moer dispoazd too sta at home dhan en’gage in skeemz ov plezhure.”

“Aa! dhare iz nuthhing like staying at home for reyal cumfort. Nobody can be moer devoted too home dhan I am. I wauz qwite a provverb for it at Mapel Grove. Menny a time haz Celenaa ced, when she haz bene gowing too

Bristol, ‘I reyally canot ghet this gherl too moove from the hous. I absoluetly must go in bi micelf, dho I hate beying stuc up in the baruish-landau widhout a companyon; but Augustaa, I beleve, withe her one good-wil, wood nevver ster beyond the parc paling.’ Menny a time haz she ced so; and yet I am no advocate for entire cecluezhon. I thhinc, on the contrary, when pepel shut themcelvz up entiarly from sociyety, it iz a verry bad thhing; and dhat it iz much moer advizabel too mix in the werld in a propper degry, widhout livving in it iather too much or too littel. I perfectly understand yor cichuwaishon, houwevver, Mis Wood’hous—(loocking toowordz Mr. Wood’hous), Yor faatherz state ov

helth must be a grate draubac. Whi duz not he tri Baath?—Indede he shood. Let me recomend Baath too u. I ashure u I hav no dout ov its doowing Mr. Wood’hous good.”

“Mi faather tride it moer dhan wuns, formerly; but widhout receving enny bennefit; and Mr. Perry, whose name, I dare sa, iz not un’none too u, duz not conceive it wood be at aul moer liacly too be uesfool nou.”

“Aa! dhats a grate pittty; for I ashure u, Mis Wood’hous, whare the wauterz doo agry, it iz qwite wunderfool the relefe dha ghiv. In mi Baath life, I hav cene such instancez ov it! And it iz so cheerfool a place, dhat it cood not fale ov beying ov uce too Mr. Wood’housez spirrits, which, I understand, ar sumtiamz much deprest. And az too its recomendaishonz too *u*, I fancy I nede not take much painz too dwel

on them. The advantagez ov Baath too the yung ar pritty generally understood. It wood be a charming introducshon for u, whoo hav livd so cecluded a life; and I cood imejaitly cecure u sum ov the best sociyety in the place. A line from me wood bring u a littel hoast ov aqwaintans; and mi particcular frend, Mrs. Partrij, the lady I hav aulwase resided withe when in Baath, wood be moast happy too shu u enny atenshonz, and wood be the verry person for u too go intoo public withe."

It wauz az much az Emmaa cood bare, widhout beying impolite. The ideyaa ov her beying indetted too Mrs. Elton for whaut wauz cauld an *introducshon*—ov her gowing intoo public under the auspicez ov a frend ov Mrs. Eltonz—probbably sum vulgar, dashing widdo, whoo, withe the help ov a boerder, just made a shift too liv!—The dignity ov Mis Wood'hous, ov Hartfeeld, wauz sunc indede!

She restraind hercelf, houwevver, from enny ov the repruifs she cood hav ghivven, and oanly thanct Mrs. Elton cooly; "but dhare gowing too Baath wauz qwite out ov the qweschon; and she wauz not perfectly convinst dhat the place mite sute her better dhan her faather." And then, too prevent farther outrage and indignaishon, chainjd the subject directly.

"I doo not aasc whether u ar musical, Mrs. Elton. Uppon these ocaizhonz, a ladese carracter generally preceedz her; and Hiburay haz long none dhat u ar a supereyor performer."

"O! no, indede; I must protest against enny such ideyaa. A supereyor performer!—verry far from it, I ashure u. Concidder from hou parshal a qworter yor informaishon came. I am dotingly fond ov

music—pashonaitly fond;—and mi frendz sa I am not entiarly devoid ov taist; but az too enny thhing els, uppon mi onnor mi performans iz *medeyoker* too the laast degry. U, Mis Wood'hous, I wel no, pla deliatfooly. I ashure u it haz bene the gratest satisfacshon, cumfort, and delite too me, too here whaut a musical sociyety I am got intoo. I absoluetly canot doo widhout music. It iz a nescesary ov life too me; and havving aulwase bene uest too a verry musical sociyety, both at Mapel Grove and in Baath, it wood hav bene a moast cereyous sacrifice. I onnestly ced az much too Mr. E. when he wauz speking ov mi fuchure home, and exprescing hiz feerz lest the retiarment ov it shood be disagreyabel; and the infereyority ov the hous too—nowing whaut I had bene acustomd too—ov coers he wauz not wholly widhout aprehenshon. When he wauz speking ov it in dhat wa, I onnestly ced dhat *the world* I cood ghiv up—partese, baulz, plase—for I had no fere ov retiarment. Blest withe so menny rezoercez within micelf, the world wauz not nescesary too *me*. I cood doo verry wel widhout it. Too dhose whoo had no rezoercez it wauz a different thhing; but mi rezoercez made me qwite independent. And az too smauler-ciazd ruimz dhan I had bene uest too, I reyaly cood not ghiv it a thaut. I hoapt I wauz perfectly eeqwal too enny sacrifice ov dhat descripshon. Certainly I had bene acustomd too evvery lucshury at Mapel Grove; but I did ashure him dhat too carragez wer not nescesary too mi happines, nor wer spaishous apartments. 'But,' ced I, 'too be qwite onnest, I doo not thhinc I can liv widhout sumthhing ov a musical sociyety. I condishon for nuthhing els; but widhout music, life wood be a blanc too me.'"

"We canot supose," ced Emmaa, smiling, "dhat Mr. Elton wood hezsitate too ashure u ov dhare beying a *verry* musical sociyety in Hibury; and I hope u wil not fiand he haz outstept the trueth moer dhan ma be pardond, in concideraishon ov the motive."



“No, indede, I hav no douts at aul on dhat hed. I am delited too fiand micelf in such a cerkel. I hope we shal hav menny swete littel concerts tooghether. I thhinc, Mis Wood’hous, u and I must establish a musical club, and hav reggular weecly metingz at yor hous, or ourz. Wil not it be a good plan? If *we* exert ourcelvz, I thhinc we shal not be long in waunt ov allise. Sumthhing ov dhat nachure wood be particularly desirabel for *me*, az an injuesment too kepe me in practice; for marrede wimmen, u no—dhare iz a sad stoery against them, in genneral. Dha ar but too apt too ghiv up music.”

“But u, whoo ar so extreemly fond ov it—dhare can be no dain’ger, shuerly?”

“I shood hope not; but reyaly when I looc around amung mi aqwaintans, I trembel. Celenaa haz entiarly ghivven up music—nevver tutchez the instrument—dho she plade sweetly. And the same ma be ced ov Mrs. Gefferese—Claraa Partrij, dhat wauz—and ov the too Milmanz, nou Mrs. Berd and Mrs. Jaimz Cooper; and ov moer dhan I can enumerate. Uppon mi werd it iz enuf too poot wun in a frite. I uest too be qwite an’gry withe Celenaa; but reyaly I beghin nou too comprehend dhat a marrede woomman haz menny thhingz too caul her atenshon. I beleve I wauz haaf an our this morning shut up withe mi houskeper.”

“But evvery thhing ov dhat kiand,” ced Emmaa, “wil soone be in so reggular a trane—”

“Wel,” ced Mrs. Elton, laafing, “we shal ce.”

Emmaa, fianding her so determiand uppon neglecting her music, had nuthhing moer too sa; and, aafter a moments pauz, Mrs. Elton chose anuther subject.

“We hav bene caulng at Randalz,” ced she, “and found them boath at home; and verry plezzant pepel dha ceme too be. I like them extreemly. Mr. Weston ceemz an exelent crechure—qwite a ferst-rate favorite withe me aulreddy, I ashure u. And *she* apeerz so truly good—dhare iz sumthhing so mutherly and kiand-harted about her, dhat it winz uppon wun directly. She wauz yor guvvernes, I thhinc?”

Emmaa wauz aulmoast too much astonnisht too aancer; but Mrs. Elton hardly wated for the afermative befoer she went on.

“Havving understood az much, I wauz raather astonnisht too fiand her so verry lady-like! But she iz reyaly qwite the gentelwoomman.”

“Mrs. Westonz mannerz,” ced Emmaa, “wer aulwase particcularly good. Dhare propriyety, cimpliscity, and ellegans, wood make them the safest moddel for enny yung woomman.”

“And whoo doo u thhinc came in while we wer dhare?”

Emmaa wauz qwite at a los. The tone implide sum oald aqwaintans—and hou cood she poscibly ghes?

“Niatly!” continnude Mrs. Elton; “Niatly himcelf!—Wauz not it lucky?—for, not beyng within when he cauld the uther da, I had nevver cene him befoer; and ov coers, az so particcular a frend ov Mr. E'z,

I had a grate cureyosity. 'Mi frend Niatly' had bene so often menshond, dhat I wauz reyaly impaishent too ce him; and I must doo mi caro spozo the justice too sa dhat he nede not be ashaimd ov hiz frend. Niatly iz qwite the gentelman. I like him verry much. Decidedly, I thhinc, a verry gentelman-like man."

Happily, it wauz nou time too be gon. Dha wer of; and Emmaa cood breathe.

"Insufferabel woomman!" wauz her imejate exclamaishon. "Wers dhan I had supoazd. Absoluetly insufferabel! Niatly!—I cood not hav beleevd it. Niatly!—nevver cene him in her life befoer, and caul him Niatly!—and discuvver dhat he iz a gentelman! A littel upstart, vulgar beying, withe her Mr. E., and her *caro spozo*, and her rezoercez, and aul her aerz ov pert pretenshon and underbred finery. Acchuwaly too discuvver dhat Mr. Niatly iz a gentelman! I dout whether he wil retern the compliment, and discuvver her too be a lady. I cood not hav beleevd it! And too propose dhat she and I shood unite too form a musical club! Wun wood fancy we wer boozzom frendz! And Mrs. Weston!—Astonnisht dhat the person whoo had braut me up shood be a gentelwoomman! Wers and wers. I nevver met withe her eeqwal. Much beyond mi hoaps. Harreyet iz disgraist bi enny comparrison. O! whaut wood Franc Cherchil sa too her, if he wer here? Hou an'gry and hou diverted he wood be! Aa! dhare I am—thhinking ov him directly. Aulwase the ferst person too be thaut ov! Hou I cach micelf out! Franc Cherchil cumz az reggularly intoo mi miand!"—

Aul this ran so glibly throo her thauts, dhat bi the time her faather had arainjd himcelf, aafter the buscel ov the Eltonz' deparchure, and wauz reddy too speke, she wauz verry tollerably capabel ov atending.

“Wel, mi dere,” he delibberaitly began, “conciddering we nevver sau her befoer, she ceemz a verry pritty sort ov yung lady; and I dare sa she wauz verry much pleezd withe u. She speex a littel too qwic. A littel qwicnes ov vois dhare iz which raather herts the ere. But I beleve I am nice; I doo not like strainj voicez; and nobody speex like u and poor Mis Talor. Houwevver, she ceemz a verry obliging, pritty-behaivd yung lady, and no dout wil make him a verry good wife. Dho I thhinc he had better not hav marrede. I made the best excucez I cood for not havving bene abel too wate on him and Mrs. Elton on this happy ocaizhon; I ced dhat I hoapt I *shood* in the coers ov the summer. But I aut too hav gon befoer. Not too wate uppon a bride iz verry remis. Aa! it shuse whaut a sad invalid I am! But I doo not like the corner intoo Viccarage Lane.”

“I dare sa yor apollogese wer axepted, cer. Mr. Elton nose u.”

“Yes: but a yung lady—a bride—I aut too hav pade mi respects too her if poscibel. It wauz beying verry defishent.”

“But, mi dere paapaa, u ar no frend too matrimony; and dhaerfoer whi shood u be so ancshous too pa yor respects too a *bride*? It aut too be no rekomendaishon too *u*. It iz encurraging pepel too marry if u make so much ov them.”

“No, mi dere, I nevver encurraijd enny boddy too marry, but I wood aulwase wish too pa evvery propper atenshon too a lady—and a bride, espeshaly, iz nevver too be neglected. Moer iz avoudly ju too *her*. A bride, u no, mi dere, iz aulwase the ferst in cumpany, let the utherz be whoo dha ma.”

“Wel, paapaa, if this iz not encurraijment too marry, I doo not no whaut iz. And I shood nevver hav expected u too be lending yor sancshon too

such vannity-baits for poor yung ladese.”

“Mi dere, u doo not understand me. This iz a matter ov mere common poliatnes and good-breding, and haz nuthhing too doo withe enny encurraiment too pepel too marry.”

Emmaa had dun. Her faather wauz growing nervous, and cood not understand  
*her*. Her miand reternd too Mrs. Eltonz ofencez, and long, verry long, did dha occupi her.

## CHAPTER 15

Emmaa wauz not reqwiard, bi enny subceqwent discuvvery, too retract her il  
opinyon ov Mrs. Elton. Her observaishon had bene pritty corect. Such az Mrs. Elton apeerd too her on this cecond intervü, such she apeerd whenevver dha met agane,—self-important, prezhuming, familleyar, ignorant,  
and il-bred. She had a littel buty and a littel acumplishment, but so littel jujment dhat she thaut hercelf cumming withe supereyor nollej ov the werld, too enliven and improve a cuntry naborhood; and conceevd Mis Haukinz too hav held such a place in sociyety az Mrs. Eltonz conceqwens oonly cood cerpaas.

Dhare wauz no rezon too suppose Mr. Elton thaut at aul differently from hiz wife. He ceemd not meerly happy withe her, but proud. He had the are ov con'gratchulating himcelf on havving braut such a woomman too

Hibury, az not even Mis Wood'hous cood eequal; and the grater part ov her nu aqwaintans, dispoazd too comend, or not in the habbit ov judging, following the lede ov Mis Baitcez good-wil, or taking it for graanted dhat the bride must be az clevver and az agreyabel az she profest hercelf, wer verry wel sattisfide; so dhat Mrs. Eltonz prase paast from wun mouth too anuther az it aut too doo, unimpeded bi Mis Wood'hous, whoo reddily continnude her ferst contribueshon and tauct  
withe a good grace ov her beying "verry plezzant and verry ellegantly drest."

In wun respect Mrs. Elton gru even wers dhan she had apeerd at ferst. Her felingz aulterd toowordz Emmaa.—Ofended, probbably, bi the littel encurraijment which her propozalz ov intimacy met withe, she dru bac in her tern and gradjuwaly became much moer coald and distant; and dho the efect wauz agreyabel, the il-wil which projuest it wauz necesarily increcing Emmaaz dislike. Her mannerz, too—and Mr. Eltonz, wer unplezzant toowordz Harreyet. Dha wer snering and negligent. Emmaa hoapt it must rappidly werc Harreyets cure; but the censaishonz which cood prompt such behaveyor sunc them boath verry much.—It wauz not too be douted dhat poor Harreyets atachment had bene  
an offering too conjugal unreserv, and her one share in the stoery, under a culloring the leest favorabel too her and the moast suithing too him, had in aul liaclihood bene ghivven aulso. She wauz, ov coers, the obgect ov dhare joint dislike.—When dha had nuthhing els too sa, it must be aulwase esy too beghin abusing Mis Wood'hous; and the enmity which dha daerd not shu in open disrespect too her, found a brauder vent in contempchuwous treetment ov Harreyet.

Mrs. Elton tooc a grate fancy too Jane Faerfax; and from the ferst. Not meerly when a state ov worfare withe wun yung lady mite be supoast too recomend the uther, but from the verry ferst; and she wauz not sattisfide withe exprescing a natchural and rezonabel admiraishon—but widhout

solicitaishon, or ple, or privvilege, she must be waunting too acist and befrend her.—Befoer Emmaa had forfeited her confidens, and about the thherd time ov dhare meting, she herd aul Mrs. Eltonz nite-errantry on the subject.—

“Jane Faerfax iz absolutly charming, Mis Wood’hous.—I qwite rave about Jane Faerfax.—A swete, interesting crechure. So miald and ladilike—and withe such tallents!—I ashure u I thhinc she haz verry extrordinary tallents. I doo not scrupel too sa dhat she plase extreemly wel. I no enuf ov music too speke decidedly on dhat point. O! she iz absolutly charming! U wil laaf at mi wormth—but, uppon mi werd, I tauc ov nuthing but Jane Faerfax.—And her cichuwaishon iz so calculated

too afect wun!—Mis Wood’hous, we must exert ourcelvz and endevvor too doo sumthhing for her. We must bring her forword. Such tallent az herz must not be sufferd too remane un’none.—I dare sa u hav herd dhose charming lianz ov the powet,

‘Fool menny a flouwer iz born too blush uncene,  
‘And waist its fraigrans on the dezsert are.’

We must not alou them too be verrifide in swete Jane Faerfax.”

“I canot thhinc dhare iz enny dain’ger ov it,” wauz Emmaaz caalm aancer —“and when u ar better aqwainted withe Mis Faerfaxez cichuwaishon and understand whaut her home haz bene, withe Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel, I hav no ideyaa dhat u wil suppose her tallents can be un’none.”

“O! but dere Mis Wood’hous, she iz nou in such retiarment, such obscurity, so throne awa.—Whautevver advaantagez she ma hav enjoid withe the Cambelz ar so palpably at an end! And I thhinc she feelz it. I am shure she duz. She iz verry timmid and cilent. Wun can ce dhat she

feelz the waunt ov encurraiment. I like her the better for it. I must confes it iz a recomendaishon too me. I am a grate advocate for timiddity—and I am shure wun duz not often mete withe it.—But in dhose whoo ar at aul infereyor, it iz extreemly preposescing. O! I ashure u, Jane Faerfax iz a verry deliatfool carracter, and interests me moer dhan I can expres.”

“U apere too fele a grate dele—but I am not aware hou u or enny ov Mis Faerfaxez aqwaintans here, enny ov dhose whoo hav none her lon’gher dhan yorcelf, can shu her enny uther atenshon dhan”—

“Mi dere Mis Wood’hous, a vaast dele ma be dun bi dhose whoo dare too act. U and I nede not be afrade. If *we* cet the exaampel, menny wil follo it az far az dha can; dho aul hav not our cichuwaishonz. *We* hav carragez too fech and conva her home, and *we* liv in a stile which cood not make the adishon ov Jane Faerfax, at enny time, the leest inconveenyent.—I shood be extreemly displeezd if Rite wer too cend us up such a dinner, az cood make me regret havving aasct *moer* dhan Jane Faerfax too partake ov it. I hav no ideyaa ov dhat sort ov thhing. It iz not liacly dhat I *shood*, conciddering whaut I hav bene uest too. Mi gratest dain’ger, perhaps, in houskeping, ma be qwite the uther wa, in doowing too much, and beying too caerles ov expans. Mapel Grove wil probbably be mi moddel moer dhan it aut too be—for we doo not

at aul afect too eeqwal mi bruther, Mr. Sucling, in incum.—Houwevver, mi rezolueshon iz taken az too noticing Jane Faerfax.—I shal certainly hav her verry often at mi hous, shal introjuce her wharevver I can, shal hav musical partese too drau out her tallents, and shal be constantly on the wauch for an elligibel cichuwaishon. Mi aqwaintans iz so verry extencive, dhat I hav littel dout ov hering ov sumthhing too sute her shortly.—I shal introjuce her, ov coers, verry particularly too mi bruther and cister when dha cum too us. I am shure dha wil like her extreemly; and when she ghets a littel aqwainted withe them, her feerz



wil compleetly ware of, for dhare reyaly iz nuthing in the mannerz ov iather but whaut iz hily concilleyating.—I shal hav her verry often indede while dha ar withe me, and I dare sa we shal sumtiamz fiand a cete for her in the baruish-landau in sum ov our exploering partese.”

“Poor Jane Faerfax!”—thaut Emmaa.—“U hav not deservd this. U ma hav dun rong withe regard too Mr. Dixon, but this iz a punnishment beyond whaut u can hav merrited!—The kiandnes and protecshon ov Mrs. Elton!—‘Jane Faerfax and Jane Faerfax.’ Hevvenz! Let me not suppose dhat she daerz go about, Emmaa Wood’hous-ing me!—But uppon mi onnor, dhare ceemz no limmits too the licenshousnes ov dhat woommanz tung!”

Emmaa had not too liscen too such paradingz agane—too enny so excluciavly adrest too hercelf—so disgustingly deccorated withe a “dere Mis Wood’hous.” The chainj on Mrs. Eltonz cide soone aafterwordz apeerd, and she wauz left in pece—niather foerst too be the verry particcular frend ov Mrs. Elton, nor, under Mrs. Eltonz ghidans, the verry active paitrones ov Jane Faerfax, and oonly sharing withe utherz in a genneral wa, in nowing whaut wauz felt, whaut wauz medditated, whaut wauz dun.

She looct on withe sum amuezment.—Mis Baitcez grattichude for Mrs. Eltonz atenshonz too Jane wauz in the ferst stile ov ghial’les simpliscity and wormth. She wauz qwite wun ov her werthese—the moast ameyabel, affabel, deliatfool woomman—just az acumplisht and condecending az Mrs. Elton ment too be concidderd. Emmaaz oonly cerprise wauz dhat Jane Faerfax shood axept dhose atenshonz and tollerate Mrs. Elton az she ceemd too doo. She herd ov her wauking withe the Eltonz, citting withe the Eltonz, spending a da withe the Eltonz! This wauz astonnishing!—She cood not hav beleevd it poscibel dhat the taist or the pride ov Mis Faerfax cood enjure such sociyety and frendship az the Viccarage had too offer.

“She iz a riddel, qwite a riddel!” ced she.—“Too chuse too remane here munth aafter munth, under privaishonz ov evvery sort! And nou too chuse the mortificaishon ov Mrs. Eltonz notice and the penury ov her conversaishon, raather dhan retern too the supereyor companyonz whoo hav aulwase luvd her withe such reyal, gennerous afecshon.”

Jane had cum too Hiburay profestly for thre munths; the Cambelz wer gon too Iarland for thre munths; but nou the Cambelz had prommiast dhare dauter too sta at leest til Midsummer, and fresh invitaishonz had ariavd for her too join them dhare. Acording too Mis Baits—it aul came from her—Mrs. Dixon had ritten moast prescingly. Wood Jane but go, meenz wer too be found, cervants cent, frendz contriavd—no travveling difficulty aloud too exist; but stil she had decliand it!

“She must hav sum motive, moer pouwerfool dhan apeerz, for refusing this invitaishon,” wauz Emmaaz concluezhon. “She must be under sum sort ov penans, inflicted iather bi the Cambelz or hercelf. Dhare iz grate fere, grate caushon, grate rezolueshon sumwhare.—She iz *not* too be withe the *Dixonz*. The decry iz ishude bi sumbody. But whi must she concent too be withe the Eltonz?—Here iz qwite a cepparate puzsel.”

Uppon her speking her wunder aloud on dhat part ov the subject, befoer the fu whoo nu her opinyon ov Mrs. Elton, Mrs. Weston venchuerd this apollogy for Jane.

“We canot supose dhat she haz enny grate enjoiment at the Viccarage, mi dere Emmaa—but it iz better dhan beying aulwase at home. Her aant iz a good crechure, but, az a constant companyon, must be verry tiarsum. We

must consider what Miss Fairfax quits, before we condemn her taste for what she goes to."

"You are right, Mrs. Weston," said Mr. Nately warmly, "Miss Fairfax is as capable as any of us of forming a just opinion of Mrs. Elton. Could she have chosen with the whom she too associates, she would not have chosen her. But (with a reproachful smile at Emma) she receives attentions from Mrs. Elton, which nobody else pays her."

Emma felt that Mrs. Weston was giving her a momentary glance; and she was herself struck by his warmth. With a faint blush, she presently replied,

"Such attentions as Mrs. Elton's, I should have imagined, would rather disgust than gratify Miss Fairfax. Mrs. Elton's invitations I should have imagined any thing but inviting."

"I should not wonder," said Mrs. Weston, "if Miss Fairfax were to have been drawn on beyond her own inclination, by her aunt's egotisms in accepting Mrs. Elton's civilities for her. Poor Miss Bates may very likely have committed her niece and hurried her into a greater openness of intimacy than her own good sense would have dictated, in spite of the very natural wish of a little change."

Both felt rather anxious too here to speak again; and after a few minutes' silence, he said,

"Another thing must be taken into consideration too—Mrs. Elton does not take too Miss Fairfax as she speaks of her. We are not the difference between the pronouns he or she and thou, the plainest spoken

amongst us; we aul fele the influwens ov a sumthhing beyond common civillity in our personal intercoers withe eche uther—a sumthhing moer erly implaanted. We canot ghiv enny boddy the disagreyabel hints dhat we ma hav bene verry fool ov the our befoer. We fele thhingz differently. And beciadz the operaishon ov this, az a genneral principel, u ma be shure dhat Mis Faerfax auz Mrs. Elton bi her supereyority boath ov miand and manner; and dhat, face too face, Mrs. Elton treets her withe aul the respect which she haz a clame too. Such a woomman az Jane Faerfax probbably nevver fel in Mrs. Eltonz wa befoer—and no degry ov vannity can prevent her acnolleging her one comparrative littelnes in acshon, if not in conshousnes.”

“I no hou hily u thhinc ov Jane Faerfax,” ced Emmaa. Littel Henry wauz in her thauts, and a mixchure ov alarm and dellicacy made her irezzolute whaut els too sa.

“Yes,” he replide, “enny boddy ma no hou hily I thhinc ov her.”

“And yet,” ced Emmaa, beghinning haistily and withe an arch looc, but soone stopping—it wauz better, houwevver, too no the werst at wuns—she hurrede on—“And yet, perhaps, u ma hardly be aware yorcelf hou hily it iz. The extent ov yor admiraishon ma take u bi cerprise sum da or uther.”

Mr. Niatly wauz hard at werc uppon the lower buttonz ov hiz thhic lether gaterz, and iather the exershon ov ghetting them toogheter, or sum uther cauz, braut the cullor intoo hiz face, az he aancerd,

“O! ar u dhare?—But u ar mizserably behind’hand. Mr. Cole gave me a hint ov it cix weex ago.”

He stopt.—Emmaa felt her foot prest bi Mrs. Weston, and did not hercelf no whaut too thhinc. In a moment he went on—

“Dhat wil nevver be, houwevver, I can ashure u. Mis Faerfax, I dare sa, wood not hav me if I wer too aasc her—and I am verry shure I shal nevver aasc her.”

Emmaa reternd her frendz preshure withe interest; and wauz pleezd enuf too exclame,

“U ar not vane, Mr. Niatly. I wil sa dhat for u.”

He ceemd hardly too here her; he wauz thautfool—and in a manner which shude him not pleezd, soone aafterwordz ced,

“So u hav bene cetling dhat I shood marry Jane Faerfax?”

“No indede I hav not. U hav scoalded me too much for mach-making, for me too prezume too take such a libberty withe u. Whaut I ced just nou, ment nuthhing. Wun cez dhose sort ov thhingz, ov coers, widhout enny ideyaa ov a cereyous mening. O! no, uppon mi werd I hav not the smaulest wish for yor marreying Jane Faerfax or Jane enny boddy. U wood not cum in and cit withe us in this cumfortabel wa, if u wer marrede.”

Mr. Niatly wauz thautfool agane. The rezult ov hiz revvery wauz, “No, Emmaa, I doo not thhinc the extent ov mi admiraishon for her wil evver take me bi cerprise.—I nevver had a thaut ov her in dhat wa, I ashure u.” And soone aafterwordz, “Jane Faerfax iz a verry charming yung woomman—but not even Jane Faerfax iz perfect. She haz a fault. She haz not the open temper which a man wood wish for in a wife.”

Emmaa cood not but rejois too here dhat she had a fault. “Wel,” ced

she, "and u soone cilenst Mr. Cole, I suppose?"

"Yes, verry soone. He gave me a qwiyet hint; I toald him he wauz mistaken;  
he aasct mi pardon and ced no moer. Cole duz not waunt too be wiser or witteyer dhan hiz naborz."

"In dhat respect hou unlike dere Mrs. Elton, whoo waunts too be wiser and witteyer dhan aul the werld! I wunder hou she speex ov the Coalz—whaut she caulz them! Hou can she fiand enny apelaishon for them, depe enuf in familleyar vulgarrity? She caulz u, Niatly—whaut can she doo for Mr. Cole? And so I am not too be cerpriazd dhat Jane Faerfax axepts her civillitese and concents too be withe her. Mrs. Weston, yor argument wase moast withe me. I can much moer reddily enter intoo the temptaishon ov ghetting awa from Mis Baits, dhan I can beleve in the triyumf ov Mis Faerfaxez miand over Mrs. Elton. I hav no faith in Mrs. Eltonz acnolleging hercelf the infereyor in thaut, werd, or dede; or in her beying under enny restraint beyond her one scanty rule ov good-breding. I canot imadgine dhat she wil not be continnuwaly insulting her vizsitor withe prase, encurraijment, and offerz ov cervice; dhat she wil not be continnuwaly detaling her magnifficent intenshonz, from the procuring her a permanent cichuwaishon too the including her in dhose deliatfool exploering partese which ar too take place in the baruish-landau."

"Jane Faerfax haz feling," ced Mr. Niatly—"I doo not acuse her ov waunt ov feling. Her cencibillitese, I suspect, ar strong—and her temper exelent in its pouwer ov forbarans, paishens, celf-controle; but it waunts openes. She iz reservd, moer reservd, I thhinc, dhan she uest too be—And I luv an open temper. No—til Cole aluded too mi supposed atachment, it had nevver enterd mi hed. I sau Jane Faerfax and converst withe her, withe admiraishon and plezhure aulwase—but withe no thaut beyond."

“Wel, Mrs. Weston,” ced Emmaa triyumfantly when he left them, “whaut doo u sa nou too Mr. Niatlese marreying Jane Faerfax?”

“Whi, reyal, dere Emmaa, I sa dhat he iz so verry much occupide bi the ideyaa ov *not* beying in luv withe her, dhat I shood not wunder if it wer too end in hiz beying so at laast. Doo not bete me.”

## CHAPTER 16

Evvery boddy in and about Hibury whoo had evver vizsited Mr. Elton, wauz dispoazd too pa him atenshon on hiz marrage. Dinner-partese and evening-partese wer made for him and hiz lady; and invitaishonz flode in so faast dhat she had soone the plezhure ov aprehending dha wer nevver too hav a dicen'gajd da.

“I ce hou it iz,” ced she. “I ce whaut a life I am too lede amung u. Uppon mi werd we shal be absolutly discipated. We reyal ceme qwite the fashon. If this iz livving in the cuntry, it iz nuthing verry formiddabel. From Munda next too Satterda, I ashure u we hav not a dicen'gajd da!—A woomman withe fuwer rezoercez dhan I hav, nede not hav bene at a los.”

No invitaishon came amis too her. Her Baath habbits made evening-partese perfectly natchural too her, and Mapel Grove had ghivven her a taist for dinnerz. She wauz a littel shoct at the waunt ov too drauwing ruimz, at the poor atempt at rout-caix, and dhare beying no ice in the Hibury

card-partese. Mrs. Baits, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Goddard and utherz, wer a good dele behiand-hand in nollej ov the werld, but she wood soone shu them hou evvery thhing aut too be arainjd. In the coers ov the spring she must retern dhare civillitese bi wun verry supereyor party—in which her card-tabelz shood be cet out withe dhare cepparate candelz and unbroken pax in the tru stile—and moer waterz en'gajd for the evening dhan dhare one establishment cood fernish, too carry round the refreshments at exactly the propper our, and in the propper order.

Emmaa, in the meenwhile, cood not be sattisfide widhout a dinner at Hartfeeld for the Eltonz. Dha must not doo les dhan utherz, or she shood be expoazd too ojous suspishonz, and imadgiand capabel ov pittifool resentment. A dinner dhare must be. Aafter Emmaa had tauct about it for ten minnuets, Mr. Wood'houz felt no unwillingnes, and oonly made the uezhuwal stipulaishon ov not citting at the bottom ov the tabel himcelf, withe the uezhuwal reggular difficulty ov deciding whoo shood doo it for him.

The personz too be invited, reqwiard littel thaut. Beciadz the Eltonz, it must be the Westonz and Mr. Niatly; so far it wauz aul ov coers—and it wauz hardly les inevvitabel dhat poor littel Harreyet must be aasct too make the aitth:—but this invitaishon wauz not ghivven withe eeqwal satisfacshon, and on menny acounts Emmaa wauz particularly pleezd bi Harreyets begghing too be aloud too decline it. “She wood raather not be in hiz cumpany moer dhan she cood help. She wauz not yet qwite abel too ce him and hiz charming happy wife tooghether, widhout feling uncumfortabel. If Mis Wood'houz wood not be displeezd, she wood raather sta at home.” It wauz preciasly whaut Emmaa wood hav wisht, had she deemd it poscibel enuf for wishing. She wauz delited withe the fortichude ov her littel frend—for fortichude she nu it wauz in her too ghiv up beying in cumpany and sta at home; and she cood nou invite the



verry person whoome she reyally waunted too make the aith, Jane Faerfax.

—

Cins her laast conversaishon withe Mrs. Weston and Mr. Niatly, she wauz moer conshens-stricken about Jane Faerfax dhan she had often bene.—Mr. Niatlese werdz dwelt withe her. He had ced dhat Jane Faerfax receevd atenshonz from Mrs. Elton which nobody els pade her.

“This iz verry tru,” ced she, “at leest az far az relaits too me, which wauz aul dhat wauz ment—and it iz verry shaimfool.—Ov the same age—and aulwase nowing her—I aut too hav bene moer her frend.—She wil nevver like me nou. I hav neglected her too long. But I wil shu her grater atenshon dhan I hav dun.”

Evvery invitaishon wauz suxesfool. Dha wer aul dicen'gaijd and aul happy.—The preparratoery interest ov this dinner, houwevver, wauz not yet over. A cercumstaans raather unlucky okerd. The too eldest littel Niatlese wer en'gaijd too pa dhare grandpaapaa and aant a vizsit ov sum weex in the spring, and dhare paapaa nou propoazd bringing them, and staying wun whole da at Hartfeeld—which wun da wood be the verry da ov this party.—Hiz profeshonal en'gaijments did not alou ov hiz beying poot of, but boath faather and dauter wer disterbd bi its happening so. Mr. Wood'houz concidderd ate personz at dinner tooghether az the utmoast dhat hiz nervz cood bare—and here wood be a nianth—and Emmaa apreghended dhat it wood be a nianth verry much out ov humor at not beying abel too cum even too Hartfeeld for forty-ate ourz widhout fauling in withe a dinner-party.

She cumforted her faather better dhan she cood cumfort hercelf, bi representing dhat dho he certainly wood make them nine, yet he aulwase ced so littel, dhat the increce ov noiz wood be verry imatereyal. She thaut it in reyallity a sad exchainj for hercelf, too

hav him withe hiz grave loox and reluctant conversaishon opoazd too her insted ov hiz bruther.

The event wauz moer favorabel too Mr. Wood'hous dhan too Emmaa. Jon Niatly came; but Mr. Weston wauz unexpectedly summond too toun and must be abcent on the verry da. He mite be abel too join them in the evening, but certainly not too dinner. Mr. Wood'hous wauz qwite at ese; and the ceying him so, withe the arival ov the littel boiz and the filosoffic compoazhure ov her bruther on hering hiz fate, remuivd the chefe ov even Emmaaz vexaishon.

The da came, the party wer puncchuwaly acembeld, and Mr. Jon Niatly ceemd erly too devote himcelf too the biznes ov beying agreyabel. Insted ov drauwing hiz bruther of too a windo while dha wated for dinner, he wauz tauking too Mis Faerfax. Mrs. Elton, az ellegant az lace and perlz cood make her, he looct at in cilens—waunting oonly too observ enuf for Izabellaaz informaishon—but Mis Faerfax wauz an oald aqwaintans and a qwiyet gherl, and he cood tauc too her. He had met her befoer brecfast az he wauz reterning from a wauc withe hiz littel boiz, when it had bene just beghinning too rane. It wauz natchural too hav sum civvil hoaps on the subgect, and he ced,

“I hope u did not venchure far, Mis Faerfax, this morning, or I am shure u must hav bene wet.—We scaersly got home in time. I hope u ternd directly.”

“I went oonly too the poast-office,” ced she, “and reecht home befoer the rane wauz much. It iz mi daly errand. I aulwase fech the letterz when I am here. It saivz trubbel, and iz a sumthhing too ghet me out. A wauc befoer brecfast duz me good.”

“Not a wauc in the rane, I shood imadgine.”

“No, but it did not absolutly rane when I cet out.”

Mr. Jon Niatly smiald, and replide,

“Dhat iz too sa, u chose too hav yor wauc, for u wer not cix yardz from yor one doer when I had the plezhure ov meting u; and Henry and Jon had cene moer drops dhan dha cood count long befoer. The poast-office haz a grate charm at wun pereyod ov our liavz. When u hav livd too mi age, u wil beghin too thhinc letterz ar nevver werth gowing throo the rane for.”

Dhare wauz a littel blush, and then this aancer,

“I must not hope too be evver citchuwated az u ar, in the midst ov evvery derest conecshon, and dhaerfoer I canot expect dhat cimply growing oalder shood make me indifferent about letterz.”

“Indifferent! O! no—I nevver conceevd u cood becum indifferent. Letterz ar no matter ov indifferens; dha ar genneraly a verry pozsitive kers.”

“U ar speking ov letterz ov biznes; mine ar letterz ov frendship.”

“I hav often thaut them the werst ov the too,” replide he cooly.  
“Biznes, u no, ma bring munny, but frendship hardly evver duz.”

“Aa! u ar not cereyous nou. I no Mr. Jon Niatly too wel—I am verry shure he understandz the vally ov frendship az wel az enny boddy. I can esily beleve dhat letterz ar verry littel too u, much les dhan too me, but it iz not yor beying ten yeerz oalder dhan micelf which maix the differens, it iz not age, but cichuwaishon. U hav evvery boddy derest too u aulwase at hand, I, probbably, nevver shal agane; and dhaerfoer til I hav outlivd aul mi afecshonz, a poast-office, I thhinc, must aulwase hav pouwer too drau me out, in wers wether dhan

too-da.”

“When I tauct ov yor beying aulterd bi time, bi the proagres ov yeerz,” ced Jon Niatly, “I ment too impli the chainj ov cichuwaishon which time uezhuwaly bringz. I concidder wun az including the uther. Time

wil genneraly lescen the interest ov evvery atachment not within the daly cerkel—but dhat iz not the chainj I had in vu for u. Az an oald frend, u wil alou me too hope, Mis Faerfax, dhat ten yeerz hens u ma hav az menny concentrated obgets az I hav.”

It wauz kiandly ced, and verry far from ghivving ofens. A plezzant “thanc u” ceemd ment too laaf it of, but a blush, a qwivvering lip, a tere in the i, shude dhat it wauz felt beyond a laaf. Her atenshon wauz nou claimd bi Mr. Wood’hous, whoo beying, acording too hiz custom on such ocaizhonz, making the cerkel ov hiz ghests, and paying hiz particcular compliments too the ladese, wauz ending withe her—and withe aul  
hiz mialdest erbannity, ced,

“I am verry sory too here, Mis Faerfax, ov yor beying out this morning in the rane. Yung ladese shood take care ov themcelvz.—Yung ladese ar dellicate plaants. Dha shood take care ov dhare helth and dhare complecshon. Mi dere, did u chainj yor stockingz?”

“Yes, cer, I did indede; and I am verry much obliajd bi yor kiand soliscichude about me.”

“Mi dere Mis Faerfax, yung ladese ar verry shure too be caerd for.—I hope yor good grand-maamaa and aant ar wel. Dha ar sum ov mi verry oald frendz. I wish mi helth aloud me too be a better nabor. U doo us a grate dele ov onnor too-da, I am shure. Mi dauter and I ar both hily cencibel ov yor goodnes, and hav the gratest satisfacshon in ceying u at Hartfeeld.”

The kiand-harted, polite oald man mite then cit doun and fele dhat he had dun hiz juty, and made evvery fare lady welcum and esy.

Bi this time, the wauc in the rane had reecht Mrs. Elton, and her remonstrancez nou openend uppon Jane.

“Mi dere Jane, whaut iz this I here?—Gowing too the poast-office in the rane!—This must not be, I ashure u.—U sad gherl, hou cood u doo such a thhing?—It iz a cine I wauz not dhare too take care ov u.”

Jane verry paishently ashuerd her dhat she had not caut enny coald.

“O! doo not tel *me*. U reyaly ar a verry sad gherl, and doo not no hou too take care ov yorcelf.—Too the poast-office indede! Mrs. Weston, did u evver here the like? U and I must pozsitiavly exert our authority.”

“Mi advice,” ced Mrs. Weston kiandly and perswaciavly, “I certainly doo fele tempted too ghiv. Mis Faerfax, u must not run such risx.—Liyabel az u hav bene too cevere coaldz, indede u aut too be particularly caerfool, espeshaly at this time ov yere. The spring I aulwase thhinc reqwiarz moer dhan common care. Better wate an our or too, or even haaf a da for yor letterz, dhan run the risc ov bringing on yor cof agane. Nou doo not u fele dhat u had? Yes, I am shure u ar much too rezonabel. U looc az if u wood not doo such a thhing agane.”

“O! she *shal not* doo such a thhing agane,” egherly rejoind Mrs. Elton. “We wil not alou her too doo such a thhing agane:”—and nodding cignificantly—“dhare must be sum arainjment made, dhare must indede. I shal speke too Mr. E. The man whoo fetchez our letterz evvery morning (wun ov our men, I forghet hiz name) shal inqwire for yorz too and

bring them too u. Dhat wil obveyate aul difficultese u no; and from *us* I reyaly thhinc, mi dere Jane, u can hav no scrupel too axept such an acomodaishon."

"U ar extreemly kiand," ced Jane; "but I canot ghiv up mi erly wauc. I am adviazd too be out ov doerz az much az I can, I must wauc sumwhare, and the poast-office iz an obget; and uppon mi werd, I hav scaersly evver had a bad morning befoer."

"Mi dere Jane, sa no moer about it. The thhing iz determiand, dhat iz (laafing afectedly) az far az I can prezhume too determine enny thhing widhout the concurrens ov mi lord and maaster. U no, Mrs. Weston, u and I must be caushous hou we expres ourcelvz. But I doo flatter micelf, mi dere Jane, dhat mi influwens iz not entiarly woern out. If I mete withe no insuperabel difficultese dhaerfoer, concidder dhat point az cetteld."

"Excuse me," ced Jane earnestly, "I canot bi enny meenz concent too such an arainjment, so needlesly trubbelsum too yor cervant. If the errand wer not a plezhure too me, it cood be dun, az it aulwase iz when I am not here, bi mi grandmaamaaz."

"O! mi dere; but so much az Patty haz too doo!—And it iz a kiandnes too emploi our men."

Jane looct az if she did not mene too be conkerd; but insted ov aancering, she began speking agane too Mr. Jon Niatly.

"The poast-office iz a wunderfool establishment!" ced she.—"The regularrity and despach ov it! If wun thhinx ov aul dhat it haz too doo, and aul dhat it duz so wel, it iz reyaly astonnishing!"

"It iz certainly verry wel reggulated."

“So celdom dhat enny negligens or blunder apeerz! So celdom dhat a letter, among the thouzandz dhat ar constantly paacing about the kingdom, iz even carrede rong—and not wun in a milleyon, I supose, acchuwaly lost! And when wun concidderz the varyety ov handz, and ov bad handz too, dhat ar too be deciferd, it increcez the wunder.”

“The clarx gro expert from habbit.—Dha must beghin withe sum qwicnes ov cite and hand, and exercise impruivz them. If u waunt enny farther explanaishon,” continnude he, smiling, “dha ar pade for it. Dhat iz the ke too a grate dele ov capascity. The public pase and must be cervd wel.”

The varyetese ov handriting wer farther tauct ov, and the uezhuwal observaishonz made.

“I hav herd it acerted,” ced Jon Niatly, “dhat the same sort ov handriting often prevailz in a fammily; and whare the same maaster techez, it iz natchural enuf. But for dhat rezon, I shood imadgine the liacnes must be cheefly confiand too the femailz, for boiz hav verry littel teching aafter an erly age, and scrambel intoo enny hand dha can ghet. Izabellaa and Emmaa, I thhinc, doo rite verry much alike. I hav not aulwase none dhare riting apart.”

“Yes,” ced hiz bruther hezsitatingly, “dhare iz a liacnes. I no whaut u mene—but Emmaaz hand iz the stron’ghest.”

“Izabellaa and Emmaa boath rite butifooly,” ced Mr. Wood’hous; “and aulwase did. And so duz poor Mrs. Weston”—withe haaf a ci and haaf a smile at her.

“I nevver sau enny gentelmanz handriting”—Emmaa began, loocking aulso at

Mrs. Weston; but stopt, on perceving dhat Mrs. Weston wauz atending too sum wun els—and the pauz gave her time too reflect, “Nou, hou am I gowing too introjuce him?—Am I unneeqwal too speking hiz name at wuns

befoer aul these pepel? Iz it nescesary for me too use enny roundabout frase?—Yor Yorcschire frend—yor corespondent in Yorcschire;—dhat wood be the wa, I supose, if I wer verry bad.—No, I can pronouns hiz name widhout the smaulest distres. I certainly ghet better and better.—Nou for it.”

Mrs. Weston wauz dicen'gaijd and Emmaa began agane—“Mr. Franc Cherchil riats wun ov the best gentelmanz handz I evver sau.”

“I doo not admire it,” ced Mr. Niatly. “It iz too smaul—waunts strength. It iz like a woommanz riting.”

This wauz not submitted too bi iather lady. Dha vindicated him against the bace asperschon. “No, it bi no meenz waunted strength—it wauz not a larj hand, but verry clere and certainly strong. Had not Mrs. Weston enny letter about her too projuce?” No, she had herd from him verry laitly, but havving aancerd the letter, had poot it awa.

“If we wer in the uther roome,” ced Emmaa, “if I had mi riting-desc, I am shure I cood projuce a spescimen. I hav a note ov hiz.—Doo not u remember, Mrs. Weston, employiing him too rite for u wun da?”

“He chose too sa he wauz emploid”—

“Wel, wel, I hav dhat note; and can shu it aafter dinner too convins Mr. Niatly.”

“O! when a gallant yung man, like Mr. Franc Cherchil,” ced Mr. Niatly drily, “riats too a fare lady like Mis Wood'hous, he wil,



ov coers, poot foerth hiz best.”

Dinner wauz on tabel.—Mrs. Elton, befoer she cood be spoken too, wauz reddy; and befoer Mr. Wood’hous had reecht her withe hiz reqwest too be aloud too hand her intoo the dining-parlor, wauz saying—

“Must I go ferst? I reyaly am ashaimd ov aulwase leding the wa.”

Jainz soliscichude about fetching her one letterz had not escaipt Emmaa. She had herd and cene it aul; and felt sum cureyosity too no whether the wet wauc ov this morning had projuest enny. She suspected dhat it *had*; dhat it wood not hav bene so rezzoluetly encounterd but in fool expectaishon ov hering from sum wun verry dere, and dhat it had not bene in vane. She thaut dhare wauz an are ov grater happines dhan uezhual—a glo boath ov complecshon and spirrits.

She cood hav made an inqwiry or too, az too the expedishon and the expens ov the Irish mailz;—it wauz at her tungz end—but she abstaind. She wauz qwite determiand not too utter a werd dhat shood hert Jane Faerfaxez felingz; and dha follode the uther ladese out ov the roome, arm in arm, withe an aperans ov good-wil hily becumming too the buty and grace ov eche.

## CHAPTER 17

When the ladese reternd too the drauwing-roome aafter dinner, Emmaa found it hardly poscibel too prevent dhare making too distinct partese;—withe so much perceverans in judging and behaving il did Mrs. Elton en’groce

Jane Fairfax and slite hercelf. She and Mrs. Weston wer obliajd too be aulmoast aulwase iather tauking tooghether or cilent tooghether. Mrs. Elton

left them no chois. If Jane represt her for a littel time, she soone began agane; and dho much dhat paast betwene them wauz in a haaf-whisper, espeshaly on Mrs. Eltonz cide, dhare wauz no avoiding a nollej ov dhare principal subjects: The poast-office—catching coald—fetching letterz—and frendship, wer long under discushon; and too them suxeded wun, which must be at least eeqwaly unplezzant too Jane—inqwiresse whether she had yet herd ov enny cichuwaishon liacly too sute her, and profeshonz ov Mrs. Eltonz medditated activvity.

“Here iz Aipril cum!” ced she, “I ghet qwite ancshous about u. June wil soone be here.”

“But I hav nevver fixt on June or enny uther munth—meerly looct forword too the summer in genneral.”

“But hav u reyaly herd ov nuthing?”

“I hav not even made enny inqwiry; I doo not wish too make enny yet.”

“O! mi dere, we canot beghin too erly; u ar not aware ov the difficulty ov procurig exactly the desirabel thhing.”

“I not aware!” ced Jane, shaking her hed; “dere Mrs. Elton, whoo can hav thaut ov it az I hav dun?”

“But u hav not cene so much ov the werld az I hav. U doo not no hou menny candidaits dhare aulwase ar for the *ferst* cichuwaishonz. I sau a vaast dele ov dhat in the naborhood round Mapel Grove. A cuzsin ov Mr. Sucling, Mrs. Brag, had such an infinny ov applicaishonz; evvery boddy wauz ancshous too be in her fammily, for she muivz in the ferst

cerkel. Wax-candelz in the scuilroome! U ma imadgine hou desirabel! Ov aul housez in the kingdom Mrs. Bragz iz the wun I wood moast wish too ce u in."

"Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel ar too be in toun agane bi midsummer," ced Jane. "I must spend sum time withe them; I am shure dha wil waunt it;—aafterwordz I ma probbably be glad too dispose ov micelf. But I wood not wish u too take the trubbel ov making enny inqwires at prezsent."

"Trubbel! i, I no yor scrupelz. U ar afrade ov ghivving me trubbel; but I ashure u, mi dere Jane, the Cambelz can hardly be moer interested about u dhan I am. I shal rite too Mrs. Partrij in a da or too, and shal ghiv her a strict charj too be on the looc-out for enny thhing elligibel."

"Thanc u, but I wood raather u did not menshon the subget too her; til the time drauz nerer, I doo not wish too be ghivving enny boddy trubbel."

"But, mi dere chiald, the time iz drauwng nere; here iz Aipril, and June, or sa even Juli, iz verry nere, withe such biznes too acumplish befoer us. Yor inxpereyens reyaly amusez me! A cichuwaishon such az u deserv, and yor frendz wood reqwire for u, iz no evverida ocurens, iz not obtaind at a moments notice; indede, indede, we must beghin inqwiring directly."

"Excuse me, maam, but this iz bi no meenz mi intenshon; I make no inqwiry micelf, and shood be sory too hav enny made bi mi frendz. When I am qwite determiand az too the time, I am not at aul afrade ov beyng long unnemployd. Dhare ar placez in toun, officez, whare inqwiry wood soone projece sumthhing—Officez for the sale—not qwite ov human flesh—but ov human intelect."

"O! mi dere, human flesh! U qwite shoc me; if u mene a fling at

the slave-trade, I ashure u Mr. Sucling wauz aulwase raather a frend too the abolishon."

"I did not mene, I wauz not ththinking ov the slave-trade," replide Jane; "guvvernes-trade, I ashure u, wauz aul dhat I had in vu; wiadly different certainly az too the ghilt ov dhose whoo carry it on; but az too the grater mizsery ov the victimz, I doo not no whare it lise. But I oonly mene too sa dhat dhare ar advertising officez, and dhat bi apliying too them I shood hav no dout ov verry soone meting withe sumthhing dhat wood doo."

"Sumthhing dhat wood doo!" repeted Mrs. Elton. "I, *dhat* ma sute yor humbel ideyaaz ov yorcelf;—I no whaut a moddest crechure u ar; but it wil not sattisfi yor frendz too hav u taking up withe enny thhing dhat ma offer, enny infereyor, commonplace cichuwaishon, in a fammily not mooving in a certane cerkel, or abel too comaand the ellegancese ov life."

"U ar verry obliging; but az too aul dhat, I am verry indifferent; it wood be no obget too me too be withe the rich; mi mortificaishonz, I thhinc, wood oonly be the grater; I shood suffer moer from comparrison. A gentelmanz fammily iz aul dhat I shood condishon for."

"I no u, I no u; u wood take up withe enny thhing; but I shal be a littel moer nice, and I am shure the good Cambelz wil be qwite on mi cide; withe yor supereyor tallents, u hav a rite too moove in the ferst cerkel. Yor musical nollej alone wood entitel u too name yor one termz, hav az menny ruimz az u like, and mix in the fammily az much az u chose;—dhat iz—I doo not no—if u nu the harp, u mite doo aul dhat, I am verry shure; but u cing az wel az pla;—yes, I reyal beleve u mite, even widhout the harp, stippulate for whaut u chose;—and u must and shal be deliatfooly, onnorably and

cumfortably cetteld befoer the Cambelz or I hav enny rest.”

“U ma wel claas the delite, the onnor, and the cumfort ov such a cichuwaishon tooghether,” ced Jane, “dha ar pritty shure too be eeqwal; houwevver, I am verry cereyous in not wishing enny thhing too be atempted at prezsent for me. I am exedingly obliajd too u, Mrs. Elton, I am obliajd too enny boddy whoo feelz for me, but I am qwite cereyous in wishing nuthhing too be dun til the summer. For too or thre munths lon’gher I shal remane whare I am, and az I am.”

“And I am qwite cereyous too, I ashure u,” replide Mrs. Elton galy, “in rezolving too be aulwase on the wauch, and employiing mi frendz too wauch aulso, dhat nuthhing reyaly unexepshonabel ma paas us.”

In this stile she ran on; nevver thurroly stopt bi enny thhing til Mr. Wood’hous came intoo the roome; her vannity had then a chainj ov obgect, and Emmaa herd her saying in the same haaf-whisper too Jane,

“Here cumz this dere oald bo ov mine, I protest!—Oanly thhinc ov hiz gallantry in cumming awa befoer the uther men!—whaut a dere crechure he iz;—I ashure u I like him exesciavly. I admire aul dhat qwaint, oald-fashond poliatnes; it iz much moer too mi taist dhan moddern ese; moddern ese often disgusts me. But this good oald Mr. Wood’hous, I wish u had herd hiz gallant spechez too me at dinner. O! I ashure u I began too thhinc mi caro spozo wood be absolutly gellous. I fancy I am raather a favorite; he tooc notice ov mi gown. Hou doo u like it?—Celenaaz chois—handsum, I thhinc, but I doo not no whether it iz not over-trimd; I hav the gratest dislike too the ideyaa ov beying over-trimd—qwite a horror ov finery. I must poot on a fu ornaments nou, becauz it iz expected ov me. A bride, u no, must apere like a bride, but mi natchural taist iz aul for cimpliscity; a cimpel stile ov

dres iz so infiniatly prefferabel too finery. But I am qwite in the minority, I beleve; fu pepel ceme too vallu cimpliscity ov dres,—sho and finery ar evvery thhing. I hav sum noashon ov pootting such a trimming az this too mi white and cilver poplin. Doo u thhinc it wil looc wel?”

The whole party wer but just reyacembeld in the drauwing-roome when Mr.

Weston made hiz aperans amung them. He had reternd too a late dinner, and wauct too Hartfeeld az soone az it wauz over. He had bene too much expected bi the best judgez, for cerprise—but dhare wauz grate joi. Mr. Wood’hous wauz aulmoast az glad too ce him nou, az he wood hav bene

sory too ce him befoer. Jon Niatly oonly wauz in mute astonishment.—Dhat a man whoo mite hav spent hiz evening qwiyetly at home aafter a da ov biznes in Lunden, shood cet of agane, and wauc haaf a mile too anuther manz hous, for the sake ov beying in mixt cumpany til bed-time, ov finnishing hiz da in the efforts ov civillity and the noiz ov numberz, wauz a cercumstaans too strike him deeply. A man whoo had bene in moashon cins ate oacloc in the morning, and mite nou hav bene stil, whoo had bene long tauking, and mite hav bene cilent, whoo had bene in moer dhan wun croud, and mite hav bene alone!—Such a man, too qwit the tranqwillity and independens ov hiz one fiarcide, and on the evening ov a coald slety Aipril da rush out agane intoo the werld!—Cood he bi a tuch ov hiz fin’gher hav instantly taken bac hiz wife, dhare wood hav bene a motive; but hiz cumming wood probbably prolong raather dhan brake up the party. Jon Niatly looct at him withe amaizment, then shrugd hiz shoalderz, and ced, “I cood not hav beleevd it even ov *him*.”

Mr. Weston meenwhile, perfectly unsusnishous ov the indignaishon he wauz

exiting, happy and cheerfool az uezhuwal, and withe aul the rite ov beying

principal tauker, which a da spent enniwhare from home conferz, wauz making himself agreyabel among the rest; and havving sattisfide the inqwirese ov hiz wife az too hiz dinner, convincing her dhat nun ov aul her caerfool direcshonz too the cervants had bene forgotten, and spred abraud whaut public nuse he had herd, wauz proceding too a fammily comunicaishon, which, dho principaly adrest too Mrs. Weston, he had not the smaulest dout ov beying hily interesting too evvery boddy in the roome. He gave her a letter, it wauz from Franc, and too hercelf; he had met withe it in hiz wa, and had taken the libberty ov opening it.

“Rede it, rede it,” ced he, “it wil ghiv u plezhure; oonly a fu lianz—wil not take u long; rede it too Emmaa.”

The too ladese looct over it tooghether; and he sat smiling and tauking too them the whole time, in a vois a littel subjude, but verry audibel too evvery boddy.

“Wel, he iz cumming, u ce; good nuse, I thhinc. Wel, whaut doo u sa too it?—I aulwase toald u he wood be here agane soone, did not I?—An, mi dere, did not I aulwase tel u so, and u wood not beleve me?—In toun next weke, u ce—at the latest, I dare sa; for *she* iz az impaishent az the blac gentelman when enny thhing iz too be dun; moast liacly dha wil be dhare too-moro or Satterda. Az too her ilnes, aul nuthhing ov coers. But it iz an exelent thhing too hav Franc among us agane, so nere az toun. Dha wil sta a good while when dha doo cum, and he wil be haaf hiz time withe us. This iz preciasly whaut I waunted. Wel, pritty good nuse, iz not it? Hav u finnisht it? Haz Emmaa red it aul? Poot it up, poot it up; we wil hav a good tauc about it sum uther time, but it wil not doo nou. I shal oonly just menshon the cercumstaans too the utherz in a common wa.”

Mrs. Weston wauz moast cumfortably pleezd on the ocaizhon. Her loox and

werdz had nuthing too restrane them. She wauz happy, she nu she wauz happy, and nu she aut too be happy. Her con'grachulaishonz wer worm and open; but Emmaa cood not speke so fluwently. *She* wauz a littel occupide in waying her one felingz, and triying too understand the degry ov her agitaishon, which she raather thaut wauz concidderabel.

Mr. Weston, houwevver, too egher too be verry observant, too communicative too waunt utherz too tauc, wauz verry wel satisfide withe whaut she did sa, and soone muivd awa too make the rest ov hiz frendz happy bi a parshal comunicaishon ov whaut the whole roome must hav overherd aulreddy.

It wauz wel dhat he tooc evvery boddese joi for graanted, or he mite not hav thaut iather Mr. Wood'hous or Mr. Niatly particcularly delited. Dha wer the ferst entiteld, aafter Mrs. Weston and Emmaa, too be made happy;—from them he wood hav proceded too Mis Faerfax, but she wauz so depe in conversaishon withe Jon Niatly, dhat it wood hav bene too pozsitive an interupshon; and fianding himcelf cloce too Mrs. Elton, and her atenshon dicen'gaijd, he necesarily began on the subget withe her.

## CHAPTER 18

"I hope I shal soone hav the plezhure ov introjucing mi sun too u," ced Mr. Weston.

Mrs. Elton, verry willing too suppose a particcular compliment intended her bi such a hope, smiald moast graishously.



“U hav herd ov a certane Franc Cherchil, I prezhume,” he  
continnude—“and no him too be mi sun, dho he duz not bare mi name.”

“O! yes, and I shal be verry happy in hiz aqwaintans. I am shure Mr.  
Elton wil loose no time in cauling on him; and we shal boath hav grate  
plezhure in ceying him at the Viccarage.”

“U ar verry obliging.—Franc wil be extreemly happy, I am shure.— He  
iz too be in toun next weke, if not sooner. We hav notice ov it in a  
letter too-da. I met the letterz in mi wa this morning, and ceying mi  
sunz hand, prezhuemd too open it—dho it wauz not directed too me—it  
wauz  
too Mrs. Weston. She iz hiz principal corespondent, I ashure u. I  
hardly evver ghet a letter.”

“And so u absoluetly opend whaut wauz directed too her! O! Mr.  
Weston—(laafing afectedly) I must protest against dhat.—A moast  
dain’gerous prescedent indede!—I beg u wil not let yor naborz  
follo yor exaampel.—Uppon mi werd, if this iz whaut I am too expect, we  
marrede wimmen must beghin too exert ourcelvz!—O! Mr. Weston, I cood  
not hav beleevd it ov u!”

“I, we men ar sad fellose. U must take care ov yorcelf, Mrs.  
Elton.—This letter telz us—it iz a short letter—ritten in a hurry,  
meerly too ghiv us notice—it telz us dhat dha ar aul cumming up too  
toun directly, on Mrs. Cherchilz acount—she haz not bene wel the  
whole winter, and thinx Enscome too coald for her—so dha ar aul too  
moove southword widhout los ov time.”

“Indede!—from Yorcschire, I thhinc. Enscome iz in Yorcschire?”

“Yes, dha ar about wun hundred and nianty mialz from Lundon, a  
concidderabel gerny.”

“Yes, uppon mi werd, verry concidderabel. Cixty-five mialz farther dhan from Mapel Grove too Lundon. But whaut iz distans, Mr. Weston, too pepel ov larj forchune?—U wood be amaizd too here hou mi bruther, Mr. Sucling, sumtiamz flise about. U wil hardly beleve me—but twice in wun weke he and Mr. Brag went too Lundon and bac agane withe foer horcez.”

“The evil ov the distans from Enscome,” ced Mr. Weston, “iz, dhat Mrs. Cherchil, *az we understand*, haz not bene Abel too leve the sofaa for a weke toogheter. In Franx laast letter she complaind, he ced, ov beying too weke too ghet intoo her concervatory widhout havving boath hiz arm and hiz unkelz! This, u no, speex a grate degry ov weecnes—but nou she iz so impaishent too be in toun, dhat she meenz too slepe oonly too niats on the rode.—So Franc riats werd. Certainly, dellicate ladese hav verry extrordinary constichueshonz, Mrs. Elton. U must graant me dhat.”

“No, indede, I shal graant u nuthhing. I aulwase take the part ov mi one cex. I doo indede. I ghiv u notice—U wil fiand me a formiddabel antaggonist on dhat point. I aulwase stand up for wimmen—and I ashure u, if u nu hou Celenaa feelz withe respect too sleping at an in, u wood not wunder at Mrs. Cherchilz making increddibel exershonz too avoid it. Celenaa cez it iz qwite horror too her—and I beleve I hav caut a littel ov her nicety. She aulwase travvelz withe her one sheets; an exelent precaushon. Duz Mrs. Cherchil doo the same?”

“Depend uppon it, Mrs. Cherchil duz evvery thhing dhat enny uther fine lady evver did. Mrs. Cherchil wil not be cecond too enny lady in the land for”—

Mrs. Elton egherly interpoazd withe,

“O! Mr. Weston, doo not mistake me. Celenaa iz no fine lady, I ashure u. Doo not run awa withe such an ideyaa.”

“Iz not she? Then she iz no rule for Mrs. Cherchil, whoo iz az thurro a fine lady az enny boddy evver beheld.”

Mrs. Elton began too thhinc she had bene rong in disclaming so wormly. It wauz bi no meenz her obgett too hav it beleevd dhat her cister wauz *not* a fine lady; perhaps dhare wauz waunt ov spirrit in the pretens ov it;—and she wauz conciddering in whaut wa she had best retract, when Mr. Weston went on.

“Mrs. Cherchil iz not much in mi good gracez, az u ma suspect—but this iz qwite betwene ourcelvz. She iz verry fond ov Franc, and dhaerfoer I wood not speke il ov her. Beciadz, she iz out ov helth nou; but *dhat* indede, bi her one acount, she haz aulwase bene. I wood not sa so too evvery boddy, Mrs. Elton, but I hav not much faith in Mrs. Cherchilz ilnes.”

“If she iz reyaly il, whi not go too Baath, Mr. Weston?—Too Baath, or too Clifton?” “She haz taken it intoo her hed dhat Enscome iz too coald for her. The fact iz, I supose, dhat she iz tiard ov Enscome. She haz nou bene a lon’gher time staishonary dhare, dhan she evver wauz befoer, and she beghinz too waunt chainj. It iz a retiard place. A fine place, but verry retiard.”

“I—like Mapel Grove, I dare sa. Nuthhing can stand moer retiard from the rode dhan Mapel Grove. Such an imens plaantaishon aul round it! U ceme shut out from evvery thhing—in the moast complete retiarment.—  
And  
Mrs. Cherchil probbably haz not helth or spirrits like Celenaa too enjoi

dhat sort ov cecluezhon. Or, perhaps she ma not hav rezoercez enuf in hercelf too be qwaulifide for a cuntry life. I aulwase sa a woomman canot hav too menny rezoercez—and I fele verry thancfool dhat I hav so menny micelf az too be qwite independent ov sociyety.”

“Franc wauz here in Februwary for a fortnite.”

“So I remember too hav herd. He wil fiand an *adishon* too the sociyety ov Hibury when he cumz agane; dhat iz, if I ma prezhume too caul micelf an adishon. But perhaps he ma nevver hav herd ov dhare beying such a crechure in the werld.”

This wauz too loud a caul for a compliment too be paast bi, and Mr. Weston, withe a verry good grace, imejaitly exclaimd,

“Mi dere maddam! Nobody but yorcelf cood imadgine such a thhing poscibel. Not herd ov u!—I beleve Mrs. Westonz letterz laitley hav bene fool ov verry littel els dhan Mrs. Elton.”

He had dun hiz juty and cood retern too hiz sun.

“When Franc left us,” continnude he, “it wauz qwite uncertane when we mite ce him agane, which maix this dase nuse dubly welcum. It haz bene compleetly unexpected. Dhat iz, *I* aulwase had a strong perswaizhon he wood be here agane soone, I wauz shure sumthhing favorabel wood tern up—but nobody beleevd me. He and Mrs. Weston wer both dredfooly desponding. ‘Hou cood he contrive too cum? And hou cood it be supoazd dhat hiz unkel and aant wood spare him agane?’ and so foerth—I aulwase felt dhat sumthhing wood happen in our favor; and so it haz, u ce. I hav observd, Mrs. Elton, in the coers ov mi life, dhat if thhingz ar gowing untoowordly wun munth, dha ar shure too mend the next.”

“Verry tru, Mr. Weston, perfectly tru. It iz just whaut I uest too sa too a certane gentelman in cumpany in the dase ov coertship, when, becauz thhingz did not go qwite rite, did not procede withe aul the rapiddity which suted hiz felingz, he wauz apt too be in despare, and exclame dhat he wauz shure at this rate it wood be *Ma* befoer Himenz safron robe wood be poot on for us. O! the painz I hav bene at too dispel dhose gloomy ideyaaz and ghiv him cheerfooler vuse! The carrage—we had disapointments about the carrage;—wun morning, I remember, he came too me qwite in despare.”

She wauz stopt bi a slite fit ov coffing, and Mr. Weston instantly ceezd the oportchunity ov gowing on.

“U wer menshoning *Ma*. *Ma* iz the verry munth which Mrs. Cherchil iz orderd, or haz orderd hercelf, too spend in sum wormer place dhan Enscome—in short, too spend in Lundon; so dhat we hav the agreyabel prospect ov freeqwent vizsits from Franc the whole spring—preciasly the cezon ov the yere which wun shood hav chosen for it: dase aulmoast at the lon’ghest; wether geenyal and plezzant, aulwase inviting wun out, and nevver too hot for exercise. When he wauz here befoer, we made the best ov it; but dhare wauz a good dele ov wet, damp, cheerles wether; dhare aulwase iz in Februwary, u no, and we cood not doo haaf dhat we intended. Nou wil be the time. This wil be complete enjoiment; and I doo not no, Mrs. Elton, whether the uncertainty ov our metingz, the sort ov constant expectaishon dhare wil be ov hiz cumming in too-da or too-moro, and at enny our, ma not be moer frendly too happines dhan havving him acchuwaly in the hous. I thhinc it iz so. I thhinc it iz the state ov miand which ghivz moast spirrit and delite. I hope u wil be pleezd withe mi sun; but u must not expect a proddigy. He iz genneraly thaut a fine yung man, but doo not expect a proddigy. Mrs. Westonz parshallity for him iz verry grate, and, az u ma suppose, moast grattifiying too me. She thhinx nobody eeqwal too him.”

“And I ashure u, Mr. Weston, I hav verry littel dout dhat mi opinyon wil be decidedly in hiz favor. I hav herd so much in prase ov Mr. Franc Cherchil.—At the same time it iz fare too observ, dhat I am wun ov dhose whoo aulwase juj for themcelvz, and ar bi no meenz impliscitly ghided bi utherz. I ghiv u notice dhat az I fiand yor sun, so I shal juj ov him.—I am no flatterer.”

Mr. Weston wauz musing.

“I hope,” ced he prezently, “I hav not bene cevere uppon poor Mrs. Cherchil. If she iz il I shood be sory too doo her injustice; but dhare ar sum traits in her carracter which make it difficult for me too speke ov her withe the forbarans I cood wish. U canot be ignorant, Mrs. Elton, ov mi conecshon withe the fammily, nor ov the treetment I hav met withe; and, betwene ourcelvz, the whole blame ov it iz too be lade too her. She wauz the instigator. Franx muther wood nevver hav bene slited az she wauz but for her. Mr. Cherchil haz pride; but hiz pride iz nuthhing too hiz wiafs: hiz iz a qwiyet, indolent, gentelmanlike sort ov pride dhat wood harm nobody, and oanly make himcelf a littel helples and tiarsum; but her pride iz arrogans and insolens! And whaut inclianz wun les too bare, she haz no fare pretens ov fammily or blud. She wauz nobody when he marrede her, baerly the dauter ov a gentelman; but evver cins her beying ternd intoo a Cherchil she haz out-Cherchild them aul in hi and mity claimz: but in hercelf, I ashure u, she iz an upstart.”

“Oanly thhinc! wel, dhat must be infiniatly provoking! I hav qwite a horror ov upstarts. Mapel Grove haz ghivven me a thurro disgust too pepel ov dhat sort; for dhare iz a fammily in dhat naborhood whoo ar such an anoiyans too mi bruther and cister from the aerz dha ghiv themcelvz! Yor descriphon ov Mrs. Cherchil made me thhinc ov them directly. Pepel ov the name ov Tupman, verry laitley cetteld dhare, and

encumberd withe menny lo conecshonz, but ghivving themcelvz imens aertz, and expecting too be on a footting withe the oald establisht fammilese. A yere and a haaf iz the verry utmoast dhat dha can hav livd at West Haul; and hou dha got dhare forchune nobody nose. Dha came from Bermingam, which iz not a place too prommice much, u no, Mr. Weston. Wun haz not grate hoaps from Bermingam. I aulwase sa dhare iz sumthhing diarfool in the sound: but nuthhing moer iz pozsitiavly none ov the Tupmanz, dho a good menny thhingz I ashure u ar suspected; and yet bi dhare mannerz dha evvidently thhinc themcelvz eeqwal even too mi bruther, Mr. Sucling, whoo happenz too be wun ov dhare nerest naborz. It iz infiniatly too bad. Mr. Sucling, whoo haz bene elevven yeez a rezident at Mapel Grove, and whoose faather had it befoer him—I beleve, at leest—I am aulmoast shure dhat oald Mr. Sucling had completed the perchace befoer hiz deth.”

Dha wer interupted. Te wauz carreying round, and Mr. Weston, havving ced aul dhat he waunted, soone tooc the oporchunity ov wauking awa.

Aafter te, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, and Mr. Elton sat down withe Mr. Wood’hous too cardz. The remaning five wer left too dhare one pouwerz, and Emmaa douted dhare ghetting on verry wel; for Mr. Niatly ceemd littel dispoazd for conversaishon; Mrs. Elton wauz waunting notice, which nobody had inclinaishon too pa, and she wauz hercelf in a wurry ov spirrits which wood hav made her prefer beying cilent.

Mr. Jon Niatly pruivd moer taucative dhan hiz bruther. He wauz too leve them erly the next da; and he soone began withe—

“Wel, Emmaa, I doo not beleve I hav enny thhing moer too sa about the boiz; but u hav yor cisterz letter, and evvery thhing iz doun at fool length dhare we ma be shure. Mi charj wood be much moer concice dhan herz, and probbably not much in the same spirrit; aul dhat I hav too recomend beying compriazd in, doo not spoil them, and doo not fizsic them.”

“I raather hope too sattisfi u boath,” ced Emmaa, “for I shal doo aul in mi pouwer too make them happy, which wil be enuf for Izabellaa; and happines must preclude fauls indulgens and fizsic.”

“And if u fiand them trubbelsum, u must cend them home agane.”

“Dhat iz verry liacly. U thhinc so, doo not u?”

“I hope I am aware dhat dha ma be too noisy for yor faather—or even ma be sum encumbrans too u, if yor vizsiting en’gaijments continnu too increce az much az dha hav dun laitly.”

“Increce!”

“Certainly; u must be cencibel dhat the laast haaf-yere haz made a grate differens in yor wa ov life.”

“Differens! No indede I am not.”

“Dhare can be no dout ov yor beying much moer en’gaijd withe cumpany dhan u uest too be. Witnes this verry time. Here am I cum doun for oonly wun da, and u ar en’gaijd withe a dinner-party!—When did it happen befoer, or enny thhing like it? Yor naborhood iz increcing, and u mix moer withe it. A littel while ago, evvery letter too Izabellaa braut an acount ov fresh gayetese; dinnerz at Mr. Coalz, or baulz at the Croun. The differens which Randalz, Randalz alone maix in yor gowingz-on, iz verry grate.”

“Yes,” ced hiz bruther qwicly, “it iz Randalz dhat duz it aul.”

“Verry wel—and az Randalz, I supose, iz not liacly too hav les influwens dhan heertofoer, it striax me az a poscibel thhing, Emmaa, dhat Henry and Jon ma be sumtiamz in the wa. And if dha ar, I



oonly beg u too cend them home.”

“No,” cride Mr. Niatly, “dhat nede not be the conceqwens. Let them be cent too Donwel. I shal certainly be at lezhure.”

“Uppon mi werd,” exclaimd Emmaa, “u amuse me! I shood like too no hou menny ov aul mi numerous en’gaijments take place widhout yor beying ov the party; and whi I am too be supoazd in dain’ger ov waunting lezhure too atend too the littel boiz. These amasing en’gaijments ov mine—whaut hav dha bene? Dining wuns withe the Coalz—and havving a baul tauct ov, which nevver tooc place. I can understand u—(nodding at Mr. Jon Niatly)—yor good forchune in meting withe so menny ov yor frendz at wuns here, deliats u too much too paas unnotiast. But u, (terning too Mr. Niatly,) whoo no hou verry, verry celdom I am evver too ourz from Hartfeeld, whi u shood foercy such a cerese ov dicipaishon for me, I canot imadgine. And az too mi dere littel boiz, I must sa, dhat if Aant Emmaa haz not time for them, I doo not thhinc dha wood fare much better withe Unkel Niatly, whoo iz abcent from home about five ourz whare she iz abcent wun—and whoo, when he iz at home, iz iather reding too himcelf or cetling hiz acounts.”

Mr. Niatly ceemd too be triying not too smile; and suxeded widhout difficulty, uppon Mrs. Eltonz beghinning too tauc too him.

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## CHAPTER I

A verry littel qwiyet reflecshon wauz enuf too sattisfi Emmaa az too the nachure ov her agitaishon on hering this nuse ov Franc Cherchil. She wauz soone convinst dhat it wauz not for hercelf she wauz feling at aul aprehencive or embarrast; it wauz for him. Her one atachment had reyaly subcided intoo a mere nuthhing; it wauz not werth thhinking ov;— but

if he, whoo had undoutedly bene aulwase so much the moast in luv ov the too, wer too be reterning withe the same wormth ov centiment which he had taken awa, it wood be verry distrescing. If a ceparashon ov too munths shood not hav cuild him, dhare wer dain'gerz and evilz befoer her:—caushon for him and for hercelf wood be nescesary. She did not mene too hav her one afecshonz entan'gheld agane, and it wood be incumbent on her too avoid enny encurraiment ov hiz.

She wisht she mite be abel too kepe him from an absolute declaraishon. Dhat wood be so verry painfool a concluezhon ov dhare prezsent aqwaintans! and yet, she cood not help raather antiscipating sumthhing decicive. She felt az if the spring wood not paas widhout bringing a cricis, an event, a sumthhing too aulter her prezsent compoazd and tranqwil state.

It wauz not verry long, dho raather lon'gher dhan Mr. Weston had foercene, befoer she had the pouwer ov forming sum opinyon ov Franc Cherchilz felingz. The Enscome fammily wer not in toun qwite so soone az had bene imadgiand, but he wauz at Hiburay verry soone aafterwordz.

He rode down for a cuppel ov ourz; he cood not yet doo moer; but az he came from Randalz imejaitly too Hartfeeld, she cood then exercise aul her qwic observaishon, and spedily determine hou he wauz influwenst, and hou she must act. Dha met withe the utmoast

frendlines. Dhare cood be no dout ov hiz grate plezhure in ceying her. But she had an aulmoast instant dout ov hiz caring for her az he had dun, ov hiz feling the same tendernes in the same degry. She waucht him wel. It wauz a clere thing he wauz les in luv dhan he had bene. Abcens, withe the convicshon probbably ov her indifferens, had projuest this verry natchural and verry desirabel efect.

He wauz in hi spirrits; az reddy too tauc and laaf az evver, and ceemd delited too speke ov hiz former vizsit, and reker too oald stoerese: and he wauz not widhout agitaishon. It wauz not in hiz caalmnes dhat she red hiz comparrative indifferens. He wauz not caalm; hiz spirrits wer evvidently flutterd; dhare wauz restlesnes about him. Liavly az he wauz, it ceemd a liavlines dhat did not sattisfi himcelf; but whaut decided her belefe on the subgect, wauz hiz staying oonly a qworter ov an our, and hurreying awa too make uther caulz in Hibury. "He had cene a groope ov oald aqwaintans in the strete az he paast—he had not stopt, he wood not stop for moer dhan a werd—but he had the vannity too thhinc dha wood be disapointed if he did not caul, and much az he wisht too sta lon'gher at Hartfeeld, he must hurry of." She had no dout az too hiz beying les in luv—but niather hiz adgitated spirrits, nor hiz hurreying awa, ceemd like a perfect cure; and she wauz raather incliand too thhinc it implide a dred ov her reterning pouwer, and a discrete rezolueshon ov not trusting himcelf withe her long.

This wauz the oonly vizsit from Franc Cherchil in the coers ov ten dase. He wauz often hoping, intending too cum—but wauz aulwase prevented. Hiz

aant cood not bare too hav him leve her. Such wauz hiz one acount at Randalz. If he wer qwite cincere, if he reyaly tride too cum, it wauz too be inferd dhat Mrs. Cherchilz remooval too Lundon had bene ov no cervice too the wilfool or nervous part ov her disorder. Dhat she wauz reyaly il wauz verry certane; he had declaerd himcelf convinst ov it, at Randalz. Dho much mite be fancy, he cood not dout, when he looct bac, dhat she wauz in a weker state ov helth dhan she had bene

haaf a yere ago. He did not beleve it too procede from enny thhing dhat care and meddicine mite not remoove, or at leest dhat she mite not hav menny yeez ov existens befoer her; but he cood not be prevaild on, bi aul hiz faatherz douts, too sa dhat her complaints wer meerly imadginary, or dhat she wauz az strong az evver.

It soone apeerd dhat Lundon wauz not the place for her. She cood not enjure its noiz. Her nervz wer under continnuwal iritaishon and suffering; and bi the ten dase' end, her neffuse letter too Randalz comunicated a chainj ov plan. Dha wer gowing too remoove imejaitly too Richmond. Mrs. Cherchil had bene recomended too the meddical skil ov an emminent person dhare, and had utherwise a fancy for the place. A reddy-fernisht hous in a favorite spot wauz en'gaijd, and much bennefit expected from the chainj.

Emmaa herd dhat Franc rote in the hiyest spirrits ov this arainjment, and ceemd moast foolly too apreesheyate the blescing ov havving too munths befoer him ov such nere naborhood too menny dere frendz—for the hous wauz taken for Ma and June. She wauz toald dhat nou he rote withe the gratest confidens ov beying often withe them, aulmoast az often az he cood even wish.

Emmaa sau hou Mr. Weston understood these joiyous prospects. He wauz conciddering her az the soers ov aul the happines dha offerd. She hoapt it wauz not so. Too munths must bring it too the proofe.

Mr. Westonz one happines wauz indisputabel. He wauz qwite delited. It wauz the verry circumstaans he cood hav wisht for. Nou, it wood be reyaly havving Franc in dhare naborhood. Whaut wer nine mialz too a yung man?—An ourz ride. He wood be aulwase cumming over. The differens in dhat respect ov Richmond and Lundon wauz enuf too make the whole differens ov ceying him aulwase and ceying him nevver. Cixtene mialz—na, atene—it must be fool atene too Manchester-strete—wauz a

cerreyous obstakel. Wer he evver abel too ghet awa, the da wood be spent in cumming and reterning. Dhare wauz no cumfort in havving him in Lundon; he mite az wel be at Enscome; but Richmond wauz the verry distans for esy intercoers. Better dhan nerer!

Wun good thhing wauz imejaitly braut too a certainty bi this remooval,—the baul at the Croun. It had not bene forgotten befoer, but it had bene soone acnollejd vane too atempt too fix a da. Nou, houwevver, it wauz absoluetly too be; evvery preparaishon wauz rezhuemd, and verry soone aafter the Cherchilz had remuivd too Richmond, a fu lianz from Franc, too sa dhat hiz aant felt aulreddy much better for the chainj, and dhat he had no dout ov beying abel too join them for twenty-foer ourz at enny ghivven time, injust them too name az erly a da az poscibel.

Mr. Westonz baul wauz too be a reyal thhing. A verry fu too-morose stood betwene the yung pepel ov Hiburay and happines.

Mr. Wood'hous wauz resiand. The time ov yere litend the evil too him. Ma wauz better for evvery thhing dhan Februwary. Mrs. Baits wauz en'gajid too spend the evening at Hartfeeld, Jaimz had ju notice, and he san'gwianly hoapt dhat niather dere littel Henry nor dere littel Jon wood hav enny thhing the matter withe them, while dere Emmaa wer gon.

## CHAPTER 2

No misforchune okerd, agane too prevent the baul. The da aproacht, the da ariavd; and aafter a morning ov sum ancshous wauching, Franc Cherchil, in aul the certainty ov hiz one celf, reecht Randalz befoer dinner, and evvery thhing wauz safe.

No cecond meting had dhare yet bene betwene him and Emmaa. The roome at the Croun wauz too witnes it;—but it wood be better dhan a common meting in a croud. Mr. Weston had bene so verry earnest in hiz entretese for her ariving dhare az soone az poscibel aafter themcelvz, for the perpoce ov taking her opinyon az too the propriyety and cumfort ov the ruimz befoer enny uther personz came, dhat she cood not refuse him, and must dhaerfoer spend sum qwiyet interval in the yung manz cumpany. She wauz too conva Harreyet, and dha drove too the Croun in good time, the Randalz party just sufishmently befoer them.

Franc Cherchil ceemd too hav bene on the wauch; and dho he did not sa much, hiz ise declaerd dhat he ment too hav a deliatfool evening. Dha aul wauct about tooghether, too ce dhat evvery thhing wauz az it shoold be; and within a fu minnuets wer joind bi the contents ov anuther carrage, which Emmaa cood not here the sound ov at ferst, widhout grate cerprise. “So unrezonably erly!” she wauz gowing too exclame; but she prezsently found dhat it wauz a fammily ov oald frendz, whoo wer cumming, like hercelf, bi particcular desire, too help Mr. Westonz jument; and dha wer so verry cloasly follode bi anuther carrage ov cuzsinz, whoo had bene entreted too cum erly withe the same distin’gwishing earnestnes, on the same errand, dhat it ceemd az if haaf the cumpany mite soone be colected tooghether for the perpoce ov preparratoery inspecshon.

Emmaa perceevd dhat her taist wauz not the oonly taist on which Mr. Weston depended, and felt, dhat too be the favorite and intimate ov a man whoo had so menny intimaits and confidants, wauz not the verry ferst

distincshon in the scale ov vannity. She liact hiz open mannerz, but a littel les ov open-hartednes wood hav made him a hiyer carracter.—Genneral benevvolens, but not genneral frendship, made a man whaut he aut too be.—She cood fancy such a man. The whole party wauct about, and looct, and praizd agane; and then, havving nuthhing els too doo, formd a sort ov haaf-cerkel round the fire, too observ in dhare vareyouz moadz, til uther subjects wer started, dhat, dho *Ma*, a fire in the evening wauz stil verry plezzant.

Emmaa found dhat it wauz not Mr. Westonz fault dhat the number ov privvy councilorz wauz not yet larger. Dha had stopt at Mrs. Baitcez doer too offer the uce ov dhare carrage, but the aant and nece wer too be braut bi the Eltonz.

Franc wauz standing bi her, but not steddily; dhare wauz a restlesnes, which shude a miand not at ese. He wauz loocking about, he wauz gowing too the doer, he wauz wauching for the sound ov uther carragez,—impaishent too beghin, or afrade ov beying aulwase nere her.

Mrs. Elton wauz spoken ov. “I thhinc she must be here soone,” ced he. “I hav a grate cureyosity too ce Mrs. Elton, I hav herd so much ov her. It canot be long, I thhinc, befoer she cumz.”

A carrage wauz herd. He wauz on the moove imejaitly; but cumming bac, ced,

“I am forghetting dhat I am not aqwainted withe her. I hav nevver cene iather Mr. or Mrs. Elton. I hav no biznes too poot micelf forword.”

Mr. and Mrs. Elton apeerd; and aul the smialz and the propriyetese paast.

“But Mis Baits and Mis Faerfax!” ced Mr. Weston, loocking about. “We thaut u wer too bring them.”

The mistake had bene slite. The carrage wauz cent for them nou. Emmaa longd too no whaut Franx ferst opinyon ov Mrs. Elton mite be; hou he wauz afected bi the studdede ellegans ov her dres, and her smialz ov graishousnes. He wauz imejaitly qwaulifiying himcelf too form an opinyon, bi ghivving her verry propper atenshon, aafter the introducshon had paast.

In a fu minnuets the carrage reternd.—Sumbody tauct ov rane.—“I wil ce dhat dhare ar umbrellaaaz, cer,” ced Franc too hiz faather: “Mis Baits must not be forgotten:” and awa he went. Mr. Weston wauz following; but Mrs. Elton detaind him, too grattifi him bi her opinyon ov hiz sun; and so briscly did she beghin, dhat the yung man himcelf, dho bi no meenz mooving sloly, cood hardly be out ov hering.

“A verry fine yung man indede, Mr. Weston. U no I candidly toald u I shood form mi one opinyon; and I am happy too sa dhat I am extreemly pleezd withe him.—U ma beleve me. I nevver compliment. I thhinc him a verry handsum yung man, and hiz mannerz ar preciasly whaut I like and aproove—so truly the gentelman, widhout the leest concete or puppeyizm. U must no I hav a vaast dislike too puppese—qwite a horror ov them. Dha wer nevver tollerated at Mapel Grove. Niather Mr. Sucling nor me had evver enny paishens withe them; and we uest sumtiamz too sa verry cutting thhingz! Celenaa, whoo iz miald aulmoast too a fault, boer withe them much better.”

While she tauct ov hiz sun, Mr. Westonz atenshon wauz chaind; but when she got too Mapel Grove, he cood recolect dhat dhare wer ladese just ariving too be atended too, and withe happy smialz must hurry awa.



Mrs. Elton ternd too Mrs. Weston. "I hav no dout ov its beying our carrage withe Mis Baits and Jane. Our coachman and horcez ar so extreemly expedishous!—I beleve we drive faaster dhan enny boddy.—Whaut a plezhure it iz too cend wunz carrage for a frend!—I understand u wer so kiand az too offer, but anuther time it wil be qwite un'necesary. U ma be verry shure I shal aulwase take care ov *them*."

Mis Baits and Mis Faerfax, escorted bi the too gentelmen, wauct intoo the roome; and Mrs. Elton ceemd too thhinc it az much her juty az Mrs. Westonz too receve them. Her geschuerz and muivments mite be understood bi enny wun whoo looct on like Emmaa; but her werdz, evvery boddese werdz, wer soone lost under the incessant flo ov Mis Baits, whoo came in tauking, and had not finnisht her speche under menny minnuets aafter her beying admitted intoo the cerkel at the fire. Az the doer opend she wauz herd,

"So verry obliging ov u!—No rane at aul. Nuthhing too cignifi. I doo not care for micelf. Qwite thhic shoose. And Jane declaerz—Wel!—(az soone az she wauz within the doer) Wel! This iz brilleyant indede!—This iz admirabel!—Exelently contriavd, uppon mi werd. Nuthhing waunting. Cood

not hav imadgiand it.—So wel lited up!—Jane, Jane, looc!—did u evver ce enny thhing? O! Mr. Weston, u must reyaly hav had Aladdinz lamp. Good Mrs. Stoax wood not no her one roome agane. I sau her az I came in; she wauz standing in the entrans. 'O! Mrs. Stoax,' ced I—but I had not time for moer." She wauz nou met bi Mrs. Weston.—

"Verry wel, I thanc u, maam. I hope u ar qwite wel. Verry happy too here it. So afrade u mite hav a heddake!—ceying u paas bi so often, and nowing hou much trubbel u must hav. Delited too here it indede. Aa! dere Mrs. Elton, so obliajd too u for the

carrage!—exelent time. Jane and I qwite reddy. Did not kepe the horcez a moment. Moast cumfortabel carrage.—O! and I am shure our thanx ar ju too u, Mrs. Weston, on dhat scoer. Mrs. Elton had moast kiandly cent Jane a note, or we shood hav bene.—But too such offerz in wun da!—Nevver wer such naborz. I ced too mi muther, ‘Uppon mi werd, maam—.’ Thanc u, mi muther iz remarcably wel. Gon too Mr. Wood’housez. I made her take her shaul—for the eveningz ar not worm—her larj nu shaul— Mrs. Dixonz wedding-prezsent.—So kiand ov her

too thhinc ov mi muther! Baut at Wamouth, u no—Mr. Dixonz chois. Dhare wer thre utherz, Jane cez, which dha hezsitated about sum time. Cuunel Cambel raather preferd an ollive. Mi dere Jane, ar u shure u did not wet yor fete?—It wauz but a drop or too, but I am so afrade:—but Mr. Franc Cherchil wauz so extreemly—and dhare wauz a mat too

step uppon—I shal nevver forghet hiz extreme poliatnes.—O! Mr. Franc Cherchil, I must tel u mi mutherz spektakelz hav nevver bene in fault cins; the rivvet nevver came out agane. Mi muther often taux ov yor good-nachure. Duz not she, Jane?—Doo not we often tauc ov Mr. Franc Cherchil?—Aa! heerz Mis Wood’hous.—Dere Mis Wood’hous, hou doo u doo?—Verry wel I thanc u, qwite wel. This iz meting qwite in fary-land!—Such a traansformaishon!—Must not compliment, I no (iying Emmaa moast complacently)—dhat wood be rude—but uppon mi werd, Mis

Wood’hous, u doo looc—hou doo u like Jainz hare?—U ar a juj.—She did it aul hercelf. Qwite wunderfool hou she duz her hare!—No haerdrescer from Lundon I thhinc cood.—Aa! Dr. Huse I declare—and Mrs. Huse. Must go and speke too Dr. and Mrs. Huse for a moment.—Hou doo u doo? Hou doo u doo?—Verry wel, I thanc u. This iz deliatfool, iz not it?—Whaerz dere Mr. Ritchard?—O! dhare he iz. Doant disterb him. Much better emloid tauking too the yung ladese. Hou doo u doo, Mr. Ritchard?—I sau u the uther da az u rode throo the toun—Mrs. Otwa, I protest!—and good Mr. Otwa, and Mis Otwa and Mis

Carroline.—Such a hoast ov frendz!—and Mr. Jorj and Mr. Arthher!—Hou doo u doo? Hou doo u aul doo?—Qwite wel, I am much obliajd too u. Nevver better.—Doant I here anuther carrage?—Whoo can this be?—verry liacly the werthy Coalz.—Uppon mi werd, this iz charming too be standing about amung such frendz! And such a nobel fire!—I am qwite roasted. No coffy, I thanc u, for me—nevver take coffy.—A littel te if u plese, cer, bi and bi,—no hurry—O! here it cumz. Evvery thng so good!”

Franc Cherchil reternd too hiz staishon bi Emmaa; and az soone az Mis Baits wauz qwiyet, she found hercelf necesarily overhering the discoers ov Mrs. Elton and Mis Faerfax, whoo wer standing a littel wa behiand her.—He wauz thautfool. Whether he wer overhering too, she cood not determine. Aafter a good menny compliments too Jane on her dres and looc, compliments verry qwiyetly and properly taken, Mrs. Elton wauz evvidently waunting too be complimented hercelf—and it wauz, “Hou doo u like mi gown?—Hou doo u like mi trimming?—Hou haz Rite dun mi hare?”—withe menny uther rellative qweschonz, aul aancerd withe paishent poliatnes. Mrs. Elton then ced, “Nobody can thhinc les ov dres in genneral dhan I doo—but uppon such an ocaizhon az this, when evvery boddese ise ar so much uppon me, and in compliment too the Westonz—whoo I hav no dout ar ghivving this baul cheefly too doo me onnor—I wood not wish too be infereyor too utherz. And I ce verry fu perlz in the roome exept mine.—So Franc Cherchil iz a cappital daancer, I understand.—We shal ce if our stialz sute.—A fine yung man certainly iz Franc Cherchil. I like him verry wel.”

At this moment Franc began tauking so viggorously, dhat Emmaa cood not but imadgine he had overherd hiz one prasez, and did not waunt too here moer;—and the voicez ov the ladese wer dround for a while, til anuther suspenshon braut Mrs. Eltonz toanz agane distinctly forword.—Mr. Elton had just joind them, and hiz wife wauz exclaming,

“O! u hav found us out at laast, hav u, in our cecluezhon?—I wauz this moment telling Jane, I thaut u wood beghin too be impaishent for tidingz ov us.”

“Jane!”—repeted Franc Cherchil, withe a looc ov cerprise and displezhure.—“Dhat iz esy—but Mis Faerfax duz not disaproove it, I suppose.”

“Hou doo u like Mrs. Elton?” ced Emmaa in a whisper.

“Not at aul.”

“U ar un’graitfool.”

“Un’graitfool!—Whaut doo u mene?” Then chain’ging from a froun too a smile—“No, doo not tel me—I doo not waunt too no whaut u mene.—Whare iz mi faather?—When ar we too beghin daancing?”

Emmaa cood hardly understand him; he ceemd in an od humor. He wauct of too fiand hiz faather, but wauz qwicly bac agane withe boath Mr. and Mrs. Weston. He had met withe them in a littel perplexity, which must be lade befoer Emmaa. It had just okerd too Mrs. Weston dhat Mrs. Elton must be aasct too beghin the baul; dhat she wood expect it; which interfeerd withe aul dhare wishez ov ghivving Emmaa dhat distincshon.—Emmaa herd the sad trueth withe fortichude.

“And whaut ar we too doo for a propper partner for her?” ced Mr. Weston.  
“She wil thhinc Franc aut too aasc her.”

Franc ternd instantly too Emmaa, too clame her former prommice; and boasted himcelf an en‘gajid man, which hiz faather looct hiz moast perfect aprobaishon ov—and it then apeerd dhat Mrs. Weston wauz waunting *him* too daans withe Mrs. Elton himcelf, and dhat dhare biznes wauz too help too perswade him intoo it, which wauz dun pritty soone.—  
Mr.

Weston and Mrs. Elton led the wa, Mr. Franc Cherchil and Mis Wood‘hous follode. Emmaa must submit too stand cecond too Mrs. Elton, dho she had aulwase concidderd the baul az peculeyarly for her. It wauz aulmoast enuf too make her thhinc ov marreying. Mrs. Elton had undoutedly the advaantage, at this time, in vannity compleetly grattifide; for dho she had intended too beghin withe Franc Cherchil, she cood not loose bi the chainj. Mr. Weston mite be hiz sunz supereyor.—In spite ov this littel rub, houwevver, Emmaa wauz smiling withe enjoiment, delited too ce the respectabel length ov the cet az it wauz forming, and too fele dhat she had so menny ourz ov unnuezhual festivvity befoer her.—She wauz moer disterbd bi Mr. Niatlese not daancing dhan bi enny thhing els.—Dhare he wauz, among the standerz-bi, whare he aut not too be; he aut too be daancing,—not claacing himcelf withe the huzbandz, and faatherz, and whist-playerz, whoo wer pretending too fele an interest in the daans til dhare rubberz wer made up,—so yung az he looct!—He cood not hav apeerd too grater advaantage perhaps enniwhare, dhan whare he had plaist himcelf. Hiz taul, ferm, uprite figure, among the bulky formz and stooping shoalderz ov the elderly men, wauz such az Emmaa felt must drau evvery boddese ise; and, exepting her one partner, dhare wauz not wun among the whole ro ov yung men whoo cood be compaerd withe him.—He muivd a fu steps nerer, and dhose fu steps wer enuf too proove in

hou gentelmanlike a manner, withe whaut natchural grace, he must hav daanst, wood he but take the trubbel.—Whenevver she caut hiz i, she foerst him too smile; but in genneral he wauz loocking grave. She wisht he cood luv a baulroome better, and cood like Franc Cherchil better.—He ceemd often observing her. She must not flatter hercelf dhat he thaut ov her daancing, but if he wer criticising her behaveyor, she did not fele afrade. Dhare wauz nuthhing like flertaishon betwene her and her partner. Dha ceemd moer like cheerfool, esy frendz, dhan luvverz. Dhat Franc Cherchil thaut les ov her dhan he had dun, wauz injubitabel.

The baul proceded plezzantly. The ancshous caerz, the incessant atenshonz ov Mrs. Weston, wer not throne awa. Evvery boddy ceemd happy; and the prase ov beying a deliatfool baul, which iz celdom bestode til aafter a baul haz ceest too be, wauz repetedly ghivven in the verry beghinning ov the existens ov this. Ov verry important, verry recordabel events, it wauz not moer productive dhan such metingz uezhuwaly ar. Dhare wauz wun, houwevver, which Emmaa thaut sumthhing ov.—The too laast daancez befoer supper wer begun, and Harreyet had no partner;—the oonly yung lady citting down;—and so eeqwal had bene hithertoo the number ov daancerz, dhat hou dhare cood be enny wun dicen'gajd wauz the wunder!—But Emmaaz wunder lescend soone aafterwordz, on ceying Mr. Elton sauntering about. He wood not aasc Harreyet too daans if it wer poscibel too be avoided: she wauz shure he wood not—and she wauz expecting him evvery moment too escape intoo the card-roome.

Escape, houwevver, wauz not hiz plan. He came too the part ov the roome whare the citterz-bi wer colected, spoke too sum, and wauct about in frunt ov them, az if too shu hiz libberty, and hiz rezolueshon ov maintaning it. He did not omit beying sumtiamz directly befoer Mis

Smith, or speking too dhose whoo wer cloce too her.—Emmaa sau it. She wauz

not yet daancing; she wauz werking her wa up from the bottom, and had dhaerfoer lezhure too looc around, and bi oonly terner her hed a littel she sau it aul. When she wauz haaf-wa up the cet, the whole groope wer exactly behiand her, and she wood no lon'gher alou her ise too wauch; but Mr. Elton wauz so nere, dhat she herd evvery cillabel ov a diyalog which just then tooc place betwene him and Mrs. Weston; and she perceevd dhat hiz wife, whoo wauz standing imejaitly abuv her, wauz not oonly liscening aulso, but even encurraging him bi cignificant glaancez.—The kiand-harted, gentel Mrs. Weston had left her cete too join him and sa, “Doo not u daans, Mr. Elton?” too which hiz prompt repli wauz, “Moast reddily, Mrs. Weston, if u wil daans withe me.”

“Me!—o! no—I wood ghet u a better partner dhan micelf. I am no daancer.”

“If Mrs. Ghilbert wishez too daans,” ced he, “I shal hav grate plezhure, I am shure—for, dho beghinning too fele micelf raather an oald marrede man, and dhat mi daancing dase ar over, it wood ghiv me verry grate plezhure at enny time too stand up withe an oald frend like Mrs. Ghilbert.”

“Mrs. Ghilbert duz not mene too daans, but dhare iz a yung lady dicen'gaijd whoome I shood be verry glad too ce daancing—Mis Smith.”

“Mis

Smith!—o!—I had not observd.—U ar extreemly obliging—and if I wer not an oald marrede man.—But mi daancing dase ar over, Mrs. Weston. U wil excuse me. Enny thhing els I shood be moast happy too doo, at yor comaand—but mi daancing dase ar over.”

Mrs. Weston ced no moer; and Emmaa cood imadgine withe whaut cerprise and mortificaishon she must be reterning too her cete. This wauz Mr. Elton!

the ameyabel, obliging, gentel Mr. Elton.—She looct round for a moment; he had joind Mr. Niatly at a littel distans, and wauz arain'ging himcelf for cetteld conversaishon, while smialz ov hi gle paast betwene him and hiz wife.

She wood not looc agane. Her hart wauz in a glo, and she feerd her face mite be az hot.

In anuther moment a happeyer cite caut her;—Mr. Niatly leding Harreyet too the cet!—Nevver had she bene moer cerpriazd, celdom moer delited, dhan at dhat instant. She wauz aul plezhure and grattichude, both for Harreyet and hercelf, and longd too be thanking him; and dho too distant for speche, her countenans ced much, az soone az she cood cach hiz i agane.

Hiz daancing pruivd too be just whaut she had beleevd it, extreemly good; and Harreyet wood hav ceemd aulmoast too lucky, if it had not bene for the cruwel state ov thhingz befoer, and for the verry complete enjoiment and verry hi cens ov the distincshon which her happy fechuerz anounst. It wauz not throne awa on her, she bounded hiyer dhan evver, flu farther doun the middel, and wauz in a continnuwal coers ov smialz.

Mr. Elton had retreted intoo the card-roome, loocking (Emmaa trusted) verry foolish. She did not thhinc he wauz qwite so hardend az hiz wife, dho growing verry like her;—*she* spoke sum ov her felingz, bi observing audibly too her partner,

“Niatly haz taken pittty on poor littel Mis Smith!—Verry good-nachuerd, I declare.”

Supper wauz anounst. The moove began; and Mis Baits mite be herd from dhat moment, widhout interupshon, til her beying ceted at tabel



and taking up her spoone.

“Jane, Jane, mi dere Jane, whare ar u?—Here iz yor tippet. Mrs. Weston begz u too poot on yor tippet. She cez she iz afrade dhare wil be draafte in the passage, dho evvery thhing haz bene dun—Wun doer naild up—Qwauntitese ov matting—Mi dere Jane, indede u must. Mr. Cherchil, o! u ar too obliging! Hou wel u poot it on!—so grattifide! Exelent daancing indede!—Yes, mi dere, I ran home, az I ced I shood, too help grandmaamaa too bed, and got bac agane, and nobody mist me.—I cet of widhout saying a werd, just az I toald u. Grandmaamaa wauz qwite wel, had a charming evening withe Mr. Wood’hous, a vaast dele ov chat, and bacgamon.—Te wauz made dounstaerz, biskits and baict appelz and wine befoer she came awa: amasing luc in sum ov her throse: and she inqwiard a grate dele about u, hou u wer amuezd, and whoo wer yor partnerz. ‘O!’ ced I, ‘I shal not foerstaul Jane; I left her daancing withe Mr. Jorj Otwa; she wil luv too tel u aul about it hercelf too-moro: her ferst partner wauz Mr. Elton, I doo not no whoo wil aasc her next, perhaps Mr. Willeyam Cox.’ Mi dere cer, u ar too obliging.—Iz dhare nobody u wood not raather?—I am not helples. Cer, u ar moast kiand. Uppon mi werd, Jane on wun arm, and me on the uther!—Stop, stop, let us stand a littel bac, Mrs. Elton iz gowing; dere Mrs. Elton, hou ellegant she loox!—Butifool lace!—Nou we aul follo in her trane. Qwite the qwene ov the evening!—Wel, here we ar at the passage. Too steps, Jane, take care ov the too steps. O! no, dhare iz but wun. Wel, I wauz perswaded dhare wer too. Hou verry od! I wauz convinst dhare wer too, and dhare iz but wun. I nevver sau enny thhing eequal too the cumfort and stile—Candelz evverihware.—I wauz telling u ov yor grandmaamaa, Jane,—Dhare wauz a littel disapointment.—The baict appelz and biskits, exelent in dhare wa, u no; but dhare wauz a dellicate fricascy ov sweetbred and sum asparragus braut in at ferst, and good Mr. Wood’hous, not thhinking the asparragus qwite boild enuf, cent it aul

out agane. Nou dhare iz nuthhing grandmaamaa luvz better dhan sweetbred and asparragus—so she wauz raather disapointed, but we agrede we wood not speke ov it too enny boddy, for fere ov its ghetting round too dere Mis Wood’hous, whoo wood be so verry much concernd!—Wel, this iz brilliyant! I am aul amaizment! cood not hav supozd enny thhing!—Such ellegans and profuezhon!—I hav cene nuthhing like it cins—Wel, whare shal we cit? whare shal we cit? Enniwhare, so dhat Jane iz not in a draaft. Whare *I* cit iz ov no conceqwens. O! doo u recomend this cide?—Wel, I am shure, Mr. Cherchil—oonly it ceemz too good—but just az u plese. Whaut u direct in this hous canot be rong. Dere Jane, hou shal we evver recolect haaf the dishez for grandmaamaa? Soope too! Bles me! I shood not be helpt so soone, but it smelz moast exelent, and I canot help beghinning.”

Emmaa had no oporchunity ov speking too Mr. Niatly til aafter supper; but, when dha wer aul in the baulroome agane, her ise invited him irresistibly too cum too her and be thanct. He wauz worm in hiz reprobashon ov Mr. Eltonz conduct; it had bene unpardonabel ruednes; and Mrs. Eltonz loox aulso receevd the ju share ov censhure.

“Dha aimd at wuinding moer dhan Harreyet,” ced he. “Emmaa, whi iz it dhat dha ar yor ennemese?”

He looct withe smiling penetraishon; and, on receving no aancer, added, “*She* aut not too be an’gry withe u, I suspect, whautevver he ma be.—Too dhat cermise, u sa nuthhing, ov coers; but confes, Emmaa, dhat u did waunt him too marry Harreyet.”

“I did,” replide Emmaa, “and dha canot forghiv me.”

He shooc hiz hed; but dhare wauz a smile ov indulgens withe it, and he oonly ced,

“I shal not scoald u. I leve u too yor one reflecshonz.”

“Can u trust me withe such flattererz?—Duz mi vane spirrit evver tel me I am rong?”

“Not yor vane spirrit, but yor cereyous spirrit.—If wun leedz u rong, I am shure the uther telz u ov it.”

“I doo one micelf too hav bene compleetly mistaken in Mr. Elton. Dhare iz a littelnes about him which u discuverd, and which I did not: and I wauz foolly convinst ov hiz beying in luv withe Harreyet. It wauz throo a cerese ov strainj blunderz!”

“And, in retern for yor acnolleging so much, I wil doo u the justice too sa, dhat u wood hav chosen for him better dhan he haz chosen for himcelf.—Harreyet Smith haz sum ferst-rate qwaulitese, which Mrs. Elton iz totaly widhout. An unpretending, cin’ghel-mianded, artles gherl—infiniatly too be preferd bi enny man ov cens and taist too such a woomman az Mrs. Elton. I found Harreyet moer conversabel dhan I expected.”

Emmaa wauz extreemly grattifide.—Dha wer interupted bi the buscel ov Mr. Weston caulng on evvery boddy too beghin daancing agane.

“Cum Mis Wood’hous, Mis Otwa, Mis Faerfax, whaut ar u aul doowing?—Cum Emmaa, cet yor companyonz the exaampel. Evvery boddy iz lasy!  
Evvery boddy iz aslepe!”

“I am reddy,” ced Emmaa, “whenevver I am waunted.”

“Whoome ar u gowing too daans withe?” aasct Mr. Niatly.

She hesitated a moment, and then replied, "With you, if you will assist me."

"Will you?" said he, offering his hand.

"Indeed I will. You have shown that you can dance, and you and I are not really so much brother and sister as to make it at all improper."

"Brother and sister! no, indeed."

### CHAPTER 3

This little explanation with Mr. Nately gave Emma a considerable pleasure. It was won over the agreeable recollections of the ball, which she was to have the next morning to enjoy.—She was extremely glad that she had come to so good an understanding respecting the Eltons, and that their opinions of both husband and wife were so much alike; and his praise of Harriet, his concession in her favor, was peculiarly gratifying. The impertinence of the Eltons, which for a few minutes had threatened to ruin the rest of her evening, had been the occasion of some of its highest satisfactions; and she looked forward to another happy result—the cure of Harriet's infirmity.—From Harriet's manner of speaking of the circumstances before she quitted the ballroom, she had strong hopes. It seemed as if her eyes were suddenly opened, and she was enabled to see that Mr. Elton was not the superior creature she had believed him. The fever was over, and Emma could harbor little fear of the pulse being quickened again by injurious exertion. She depended on the evil feeling of the Eltons for supplying all the discipline of pointed neglect that could be farther

reqwisite.—Harreyet rashonal, Franc Cherchil not too much in luv, and Mr. Niatly not waunting too qworel withe her, hou verry happy a summer must be befoer her!

She wauz not too ce Franc Cherchil this morning. He had toald her dhat he cood not alou himcelf the plezhure ov stopping at Hartfeeld, az he wauz too be at home bi the middel ov the da. She did not regret it.

Havving arainjd aul these matterz, looct them throo, and poot them aul too riats, she wauz just terning too the hous withe spirrits freshend up for the demaandz ov the too littel boiz, az wel az ov dhare grandpaapaa, when the grate iarn swepe-gate opend, and too personz enterd whoome she had nevver les expected too ce tooghether—Franc Cherchil, withe Harreyet lening on hiz arm—acchuwaly Harreyet!—A moment

sufiast too convins her dhat sumthhing extrordinary had happend. Harreyet looct white and fritend, and he wauz triying too chere her.—The iarn gaitz and the frunt-doer wer not twenty yardz asunder;—dha wer aul thre soone in the haul, and Harreyet imejaitly cinking intoo a chare fainted awa.

A yung lady whoo faints, must be recuvverd; qweschonz must be aancerd, and cerprisez be explaind. Such events ar verry interesting, but the suspens ov them canot laast long. A fu minnuets made Emmaa aqwainted withe the whole.

Mis Smith, and Mis Bickerton, anuther parlor boerder at Mrs. Goddardz, whoo had bene aulso at the baul, had wauct out tooghether, and taken a rode, the Richmond rode, which, dho aparrently public enuf for saifty, had led them intoo alarm.—About haaf a mile beyond Hibur, making a sudden tern, and deeply shaded bi elmz on eche cide, it became for a concidderabel strech verry retiard; and when the yung ladese had advaanst sum wa intoo it, dha had suddenly perceevd at a smaul distans befoer them, on a brauder pach ov greensword bi the cide, a

party ov gipcese. A chiald on the wauch, came toowordz them too beg; and Mis Bickerton, exesciavly fritend, gave a grate screme, and caulng on Harreyet too follo her, ran up a stepe banc, cleerd a slite hej at the top, and made the best ov her wa bi a short cut bac too Hibury. But poor Harreyet cood not follo. She had sufferd verry much from cramp aafter daancing, and her ferst atempt too mount the banc braut on such a retern ov it az made her absolutly pouwerles—and in this state, and exedingly terrifide, she had bene obliajd too remane.

Hou the tramperz mite hav behaivd, had the yung ladese bene moer corajous, must be doutfool; but such an invitaishon for atac cood not be resisted; and Harreyet wauz soone asaild bi haaf a duzen children, hedded bi a stout woomman and a grate boi, aul clamorous, and impertinent in looc, dho not absolutly in werd.—Moer and moer fritend, she imejaitly prommiast them munny, and taking out her pers, gave them a shilling, and begd them not too waunt moer, or too use her il.—She wauz then abel too wauc, dho but sloly, and wauz mooving awa—but her terror and her pers wer too tempting, and she wauz follode, or raather surrounded, bi the whole gang, demaanding moer.

In this state Franc Cherchil had found her, she trembling and condishoning, dha loud and insolent. Bi a moast forchunate chaans hiz leving Hibury had bene delade so az too bring him too her acistans at this crittical moment. The plezzantnes ov the morning had injuest him too wauc forword, and leve hiz horcez too mete him bi anuther rode, a mile or too beyond Hibury—and happening too hav borode a pare ov cizzorz the nite befoer ov Mis Baits, and too hav forgotten too restoer them, he had bene obliajd too stop at her doer, and go in for a fu minnuets: he wauz dhaerfoer later dhan he had intended; and beyng on foot, wauz uncene bi the whole party til aulmoast cloce too them. The terror which the woomman and boi had bene creyating in Harreyet wauz then dhare one porshon. He had left them compleetly fritend; and Harreyet

egherly clinging too him, and hardly abel too speke, had just strength enuf too reche Hartfeeld, befoer her spirrits wer qwite overcum. It wauz hiz ideyaa too bring her too Hartfeeld: he had thaut ov no uther place.

This wauz the amount ov the whole stoery,—ov hiz comunicaishon and ov Harreyets az soone az she had recuverd her cencez and speche.—He daerd

not sta lon'gher dhan too ce her wel; these cevveral delase left him not anuther minnute too loose; and Emmaa en'gaging too ghiv ashurans ov her saifty too Mrs. Goddard, and notice ov dhare beying such a cet ov pepel in the naborhood too Mr. Niatly, he cet of, withe aul the graitfool blescingz dhat she cood utter for her frend and hercelf.

Such an advenchure az this,—a fine yung man and a luvly yung woomman throne tooghether in such a wa, cood hardly fale ov sugesting certane ideyaaaz too the coaldest hart and the steddeyest brane. So Emmaa thaut, at leest. Cood a lin'gwist, cood a grammareyan, cood even a mathematishan hav cene whaut she did, hav witnest dhare aperans tooghether, and herd dhare history ov it, widhout feling dhat circumstaancez had bene at werc too make them peculeyarily interesting too eche uther?—Hou much moer must an imadginist, like hercelf, be on fire withe speculaishon and foercite!—especialy withe such a groundwerc ov anticipaishon az her miand had aulreddy made.

It wauz a verry extraordinary thhing! Nuthhing ov the sort had evver okerd befoer too enny yung ladese in the place, within her memmory; no ronconter, no alarm ov the kiand;—and nou it had happend too the verry person, and at the verry our, when the uther verry person wauz chaancing too paas bi too rescu her!—It certainly wauz verry extraordinary!—And nowing, az she did, the favorabel state ov miand ov eche at this pereyod, it struc her the moer. He wauz wishing too ghet the better ov hiz atachment too hercelf, she just recuvering from her mainyaa for Mr. Elton. It ceemd az if evvery thhing united too prommice the moast

interesting consequence. It was not possible that the occurrence should not be strongly recommending each to the other.

In the few minutes' conversation which she had yet had with him, while Harriet had been partially incensed, he had spoken of her terror, her nervousness, her fervor as she crept and clung to his arm, with a complacency amused and delighted; and just at last, after Harriet's one account had been given, he had expressed his indignation at the abominable folly of Miss Bickerton in the worst terms. Every thing was to take its natural course, however, neither impeded nor assisted. She would not stir a step, nor drop a hint. No, she had had enough of interference. There could be no harm in a scheme, a mere passive scheme. It was no more than a wish. Beyond it she would on no account proceed.

Emma's first resolution was to keep her father from the notion of what had passed,—aware of the anxiety and alarm it would occasion: but she soon felt that concealment must be impossible. Within half an hour it was none other than Highbury. It was the very event too engaged those who talked most, the young and the old; and all the mothers and servants in the place were soon in the happiness of fraternal noise. The last minutes seemed lost in the gossip. Poor Mr. Woodhouse trembled as he sat, and, as Emma had foreseen, would scarcely be satisfied without there promising never to go beyond the shrubbery again. It was

sum  
comfort to him that many inquired after himself and Miss Woodhouse (for his neighbors now that he loved to be inquired after), as well as Miss Smith, were coming in to join the rest of the day; and he had the pleasure of returning for answer, that they were all very indifferent—which, though not exactly true, for she was perfectly well, and Harriet not much otherwise, Emma would not interfere with. She had

an unhappy state of health in general for the child of such a man, for she hardly now had any indisposition; and if he did not invent



ilnecez for her, she cood make no figgure in a message.

The gipcese did not wate for the operaisonz ov justice; dha tooc themcelvz of in a hurry. The yung ladese ov Hibury mite hav wauct agane in saifty befoer dhare pannic began, and the whole history dwindeld soone intoo a matter ov littel importans but too Emmaa and her neffuse:—in her imaginaishon it maintaind its ground, and Henry and Jon wer stil aasking evvery da for the stoery ov Harreyet and the gipcese, and stil tenaishously cetting her rite if she varede in the slitest particcular from the oridginal recital.

## CHAPTER 4

A verry fu dase had paast aafter this advenchure, when Harreyet came wun morning too Emmaa withe a smaull parcel in her hand, and aafter citting doun and hezsitating, dhus began:

“Mis Wood’hous—if u ar at lezhure—I hav sumthhing dhat I shood like too tel u—a sort ov confeshon too make—and then, u no, it wil be over.”

Emmaa wauz a good dele cerpriazd; but begd her too speke. Dhare wauz a cereyousnes in Harreyets manner which prepaerd her, qwite az much az her werdz, for sumthhing moer dhan ordinary.

“It iz mi juty, and I am shure it iz mi wish,” she continnude, “too hav no reservz withe u on this subgect. Az I am happily qwite an aulterd

crechure in *wun respect*, it iz verry fit dhat u shood hav the satisfacshon ov nowing it. I doo not waunt too sa moer dhan iz nescenary—I am too much ashaimd ov havving ghivven wa az I hav dun, and I dare sa u understand me.”

“Yes,” ced Emmaa, “I hope I doo.”

“Hou I cood so long a time be fanceying micelf!...” cride Harreyet, wormly. “It ceemz like madnes! I can ce nuthhing at aul extrordinary in him nou.—I doo not care whether I mete him or not—exept dhat ov the too I had raather not ce him—and indede I wood go enny distans round too avoid him—but I doo not envy hiz wife in the leest; I niather admire her nor envy her, az I hav dun: she iz verry charming, I dare sa, and aul dhat, but I thhinc her verry il-temperd and disagreyabel—I shal nevver forghet her looc the uther nite!—Houwevver, I ashure u, Mis Wood’hou, I wish her no evil.—No, let them be evver so happy tooghether, it wil not ghiv me anuther moments pang: and too convins u dhat I hav bene speking trueth, I am nou gowing too destroi—whaut I aut too hav destroid long ago—whaut I aut nevver too hav kept—I no dhat verry wel (blushing az she spoke).—Houwevver, nou I wil destroi it aul—and it iz mi particcular wish too doo it in yor prezsens, dhat u ma ce hou rashonal I am grone. Canot u ghes whaut this parcel hoaldz?” ced she, withe a conshous looc.

“Not the leest in the werld.—Did he evver ghiv u enny thhing?”

“No—I canot caul them ghifts; but dha ar thhingz dhat I hav vallude verry much.”

She held the parcel toowordz her, and Emmaa red the werdz *Moast preshous trezhuerz* on the top. Her cureyosity wauz graity exited.

Harreyet unfoalded the parcel, and she looct on withe impaishens. Within abundans ov cilver paper wauz a pritty littel Tunbrij-ware box, which Harreyet opend: it wauz wel liand withe the softest cotton; but, exepting the cotton, Emmaa sau oonly a smaul pece ov coert-plaister.

“Nou,” ced Harreyet, “u *must* recolect.”

“No, indede I doo not.”

“Dere me! I shood not hav thaut it poscibel u cood forghet whaut paast in this verry roome about coert-plaister, wun ov the verry laast tiamz we evver met in it!—It wauz but a verry fu dase befoer I had mi soer throte—just befoer Mr. and Mrs. Jon Niatly came—I thhinc the verry evening.—Doo not u remember hiz cutting hiz fin’gher withe yor nu pen’nife, and yor recomending coert-plaister?—But, az u had nun about u, and nu I had, u desiard me too supli him; and so I tooc mine out and cut him a pece; but it wauz a grate dele too larj, and he cut it smauler, and kept playing sum time withe whaut wauz left, befoer he gave it bac too me. And so then, in mi noncens, I cood not help making a trezhure ov it—so I poot it bi nevver too be uezd, and looct at it nou and then az a grate trete.”

“Mi derest Harreyet!” cride Emmaa, pooting her hand befoer her face, and jumping up, “u make me moer ashaimd ov micelf dhan I can bare. Remember it? I, I remember it aul nou; aul, exept yor saving this rellic—I nu nuthhing ov dhat til this moment—but the cutting the fin’gher, and mi recomending coert-plaister, and saying I had nun about me!—O! mi cinz, mi cinz!—And I had plenty aul the while in mi pocket!—Wun ov mi censles trix!—I deserv too be under a continnuwal blush aul the rest ov mi life.—Wel—(citting doun agane)—go on—whaut els?”

“And had u reyaly sum at hand yorcelf? I am shure I nevver suspected

it, u did it so natchuraly."

"And so u acchuwaly poot this pece ov coert-plaister bi for hiz sake!" ced Emmaa, recuvvering from her state ov shame and feling divided betwene wunder and amuezment. And ceecretly she added too hercelf, "Lord

bles me! when shood I evver hav thaut ov pooting bi in cotton a pece ov coert-plaister dhat Franc Cherchil had bene pooling about! I nevver wauz eeqwal too this."

"Here," rezhuemd Harreyet, terning too her box agane, "here iz sumthhing stil moer vallubel, I mene dhat *haz bene* moer vallubel, becauz this iz whaut did reyaly wuns belong too him, which the coert-plaister nevver did."

Emmaa wauz qwite egher too ce this supereyor trezhure. It wauz the end ov an oald pencil,—the part widhout enny led.

"This wauz reyaly hiz," ced Harreyet.—"Doo not u remember wun morning?—no, I dare sa u doo not. But wun morning—I forghet exactly the da—but perhaps it wauz the Chuezda or Wednzda befoer *dhat evening*, he waunted too make a memorandum in hiz pocket-booc; it wauz about spruce-bere. Mr. Niatly had bene telling him sumthhing about bruwing spruce-bere, and he waunted too poot it doun; but when he tooc out hiz pencil, dhare wauz so littel lede dhat he soone cut it aul awa, and it wood not doo, so u lent him anuther, and this wauz left uppon the tabel az good for nuthhing. But I kept mi i on it; and, az soone az I daerd, caut it up, and nevver parted withe it agane from dhat moment."

"I doo remember it," cride Emmaa; "I perfectly remember it.—Tauking about

spruce-bere.—O! yes—Mr. Niatly and I boath saying we liact it, and Mr. Eltonz ceming rezolv'd too lern too like it too. I perfectly remember it.—Stop; Mr. Niatly wauz standing just here, wauz not he? I hav an ideyaa he wauz standing just here.”

“Aa! I doo not no. I canot recolect.—It iz verry od, but I canot recolect.—Mr. Elton wauz citting here, I remember, much about whare I am nou.”—

“Wel, go on.”

“O! dhats aul. I hav nuthhing moer too shu u, or too sa—exept dhat I am nou gowing too thro them boath behiand the fire, and I wish u too ce me doo it.”

“Mi poor dere Harreyet! and hav u acchuwaly found happines in trezhuring up these thhingz?”

“Yes, cimpelton az I wauz!—but I am qwite ashaimd ov it nou, and wish I cood forghet az esily az I can bern them. It wauz verry rong ov me, u no, too kepe enny remembrancez, aafter he wauz marrede. I nu it wauz—  
but  
had not rezolueshon enuf too part withe them.”

“But, Harreyet, iz it nescesary too bern the coert-plaister?—I hav not a werd too sa for the bit ov oald pencil, but the coert-plaister mite be uesfool.”

“I shal be happyer too bern it,” replide Harreyet. “It haz a disagreyabel looc too me. I must ghet rid ov evvery thhing.—Dhare it gose, and dhare iz an end, thanc Hevven! ov Mr. Elton.”

“And when,” thaut Emmaa, “wil dhare be a beghinning ov Mr. Cherchil?”

She had soone aafterwordz rezon too beleve dhat the beghinning wauz aulreddy made, and cood not but hope dhat the gipcy, dho she had *toald* no forchune, mite be pruivd too hav made Harreyets.—About a fortnite aafter the alarm, dha came too a sufishent explanaishon, and qwite undesiandly. Emmaa wauz not thhinking ov it at the moment, which made the informaishon she receevd moer vallubel. She meerly ced, in the coers ov sum trivveyal chat, “Wel, Harreyet, whenever u marry I wood advise u too doo so and so”—and thaut no moer ov it, til aafter a minnuets cilens she herd Harreyet sa in a verry cereyous tone, “I shal nevver marry.”

Emmaa then looct up, and imejaitly sau hou it wauz; and aafter a moments debate, az too whether it shood paas unnotiast or not, replide,

“Nevver marry!—This iz a nu rezolueshon.”

“It iz wun dhat I shal nevver chainj, houwevver.”

Aafter anuther short hesitaishon, “I hope it duz not procede from—I hope it iz not in compliment too Mr. Elton?”

“Mr. Elton indede!” cride Harreyet indignantly.—“O! no”—and Emmaa cood just cach the werdz, “so supereyor too Mr. Elton!”

She then tooc a lon’gher time for concideraishon. Shood she procede no farther?—shood she let it paas, and ceme too suspect nuthhing?—Perhaps Harreyet mite thhinc her coald or an’gry if she did; or perhaps if she wer totaly cilent, it mite oonly drive Harreyet intoo aasking her too here too much; and against enny thhing like such an unreserv az had bene, such an open and freeqwent discushon ov hoaps and chaancez, she wauz perfectly rezolvd.—She beleevd it wood be wiser for her too sa

and no at wuns, aul dhat she ment too sa and no. Plane deling wauz aulwase best. She had preveyously determiand hou far she wood procede, on enny applicaishon ov the sort; and it wood be safer for boath, too hav the judishous lau ov her one brane lade down withe spede.—She wauz decided, and dhus spoke—

“Harreyet, I wil not afect too be in dout ov yor mening. Yor rezolueshon, or raather yor expectaishon ov nevver marreying, results from an ideyaa dhat the person whoome u mite prefer, wood be too graitley yor supereyor in cichuwaishon too thhinc ov u. Iz not it so?”

“O! Mis Wood’hous, beleve me I hav not the prezumpshon too suppose—Indede I am not so mad.—But it iz a plezhure too me too admire him at a distans—and too thhinc ov hiz infinite supereyosity too aul the rest ov the werld, withe the grattichude, wunder, and veneraishon, which ar so propper, in me espeshaly.”

“I am not at aul cerpriazd at u, Harreyet. The cervice he renderd u wauz enuf too worm yor hart.”

“Cervice! o! it wauz such an inexpressibel obligaishon!—The verry recolecshon ov it, and aul dhat I felt at the time—when I sau him cumming—hiz nobel looc—and mi retchednes befoer. Such a chainj! In wun moment such a chainj! From perfect mizsery too perfect happines!”

“It iz verry natchural. It iz natchural, and it iz onnorabel.—Yes, onnorabel, I thhinc, too chuse so wel and so graitfooly.—But dhat it wil be a forchunate preferens iz moer dhan I can prommice. I doo not advise u too ghiv wa too it, Harreyet. I doo not bi enny meenz en’gage for its beying reternd. Concidder whaut u ar about. Perhaps it wil be wisest in u too chec yor felingz while u can: at enny rate doo not let them carry u far, unles u ar perswaded ov hiz liking u. Be

observant ov him. Let hiz behaveyor be the ghide ov yor censaishonz. I ghiv u this caushon nou, becauz I shal nevvver speke too u agane on the subgect. I am determiand againt aul interferens. Hensforword I no nuthhing ov the matter. Let no name evver paas our lips. We wer verry rong befoer; we wil be caushous nou.—He iz yor supereyor, no dout, and dhare doo ceme obgecshonz and obstakelz ov a verry cereyous nachure; but yet, Harreyet, moer wunderfool thhingz hav taken place, dhare hav bene matchez ov grater disparrity. But take care ov yorcelf. I wood not hav u too san'gwine; dho, houwevver it ma end, be ashuerd yor rasing yor thauts too *him*, iz a marc ov good taist which I shal aulwase no hou too vallu."

Harreyet kist her hand in cilent and submiscive grattichude. Emmaa wauz verry decided in ththinking such an atachment no bad thhing for her frend. Its tendency wood be too rase and refine her miand—and it must be saving her from the dain'ger ov degradaishon.

## CHAPTER 5

In this state ov skeemz, and hoaps, and conivans, June opend uppon Hartfeeld. Too Hiburz in genneral it braut no matereyal chainj. The Eltonz wer stil tauking ov a vizsit from the Suclingz, and ov the uce too be made ov dhare baruish-landau; and Jane Faerfax wauz stil at her grandmutherz; and az the retern ov the Cambelz from Iarland wauz agane delade, and August, insted ov Midsummer, fixt for it, she wauz liacly too remane dhare fool too munths lon'gher, provided at leest she wer abel too defete Mrs. Eltonz activvity in her cervice, and save hercelf from beying hurrede intoo a deliatfool cichuwaishon againt her



wil.

Mr. Niatly, who, for sum rezon best none too himself, had certainly taken an erly dislike too Franc Cherchil, wauz oonly growing too dislike him moer. He began too suspect him ov sum dubbel deling in hiz persute ov Emmaa. Dhat Emmaa wauz hiz obgect apeerd indisputabel. Evvery thhing declaerd it; hiz one atenshonz, hiz faatherz hints, hiz muther-in-lauz garded cilens; it wauz aul in unison; werdz, conduct, discredhon, and indiscredhon, toald the same stoery. But while so menny wer devoting him too Emmaa, and Emmaa hercelf making him over too Harreyet,

Mr. Niatly began too suspect him ov sum inclinaishon too trifel withe Jane Faerfax. He cood not understand it; but dhare wer cimptomz ov intelligens betwene them—he thaut so at leest—cimptomz ov admiraishon on hiz side, which, havving wuns observd, he cood not perswade himcelf too thhinc entiarly void ov mening, houwevver he mite wish too escape enny

ov Emmaaz errorz ov imaginaishon. *She* wauz not prezsent when the suspishon ferst arose. He wauz dining withe the Randalz fammily, and Jane, at the Eltonz'; and he had cene a looc, moer dhan a cin'ghel looc, at Mis Faerfax, which, from the admirer ov Mis Wood'hous, ceemd sumwhaut out ov place. When he wauz agane in dhare cumpany, he cood not

help remembering whaut he had cene; nor cood he avoid observaishonz which, unles it wer like Cooper and hiz fire at twilite,

“Micelf creyating whaut I sau,”

braut him yet stron'gher suspishon ov dhare beying a sumthhing ov private liking, ov private understanding even, betwene Franc Cherchil and Jane.

He had wauct up wun da aafter dinner, az he verry often did, too spend hiz evening at Hartfeeld. Emmaa and Harreyet wer gowing too wauc; he join'd them; and, on reterning, dha fel in withe a larger party, whoo, like themcelvz, jujd it wisest too take dhare exercise erly, az the wether threttend rane; Mr. and Mrs. Weston and dhare sun, Mis Baits and her nece, whoo had axidentalaly met. Dha aul united; and, on reching Hartfeeld gaits, Emmaa, whoo nu it wauz exactly the sort ov vizardsing dhat wood be welcum too her faather, prest them aul too go in and drinc te withe him. The Randalz party agrede too it imejaitly; and aafter a pritty long speche from Mis Baits, which fu personz liscend too, she aulso found it poscibel too axept dere Mis Wood'housez moast obliging invitaishon.

Az dha wer terning intoo the groundz, Mr. Perry paast bi on horsbac. The gentelmen spoke ov hiz hors.

"Bi the bi," ced Franc Cherchil too Mrs. Weston prezently, "whaut became ov Mr. Perrese plan ov cetting up hiz carrage?"

Mrs. Weston looct cerpriazd, and ced, "I did not no dhat he evver had enny such plan."

"Na, I had it from u. U rote me werd ov it thre munths ago."

"Me! imposcibel!"

"Indede u did. I remember it perfectly. U menshond it az whaut wauz certainly too be verry soone. Mrs. Perry had toald sumbody, and wauz extreemly happy about it. It wauz owing too *her* perswaizhon, az she thaut hiz beying out in bad wether did him a grate dele ov harm. U must remember it nou?"

"Uppon mi werd I nevver herd ov it til this moment."

“Nevver! reyal, nevver!—Bles me! hou cood it be?—Then I must hav dremt it—but I wauz compleetly perswaded—Mis Smith, u wauc az if u wer tiard. U wil not be sory too fiand yorself at home.”

“Whaut iz this?—Whaut iz this?” cride Mr. Weston, “about Perry and a carrage? Iz Perry gowing too cet up hiz carrage, Franc? I am glad he can afoerd it. U had it from himself, had u?”

“No, cer,” replide hiz sun, laafing, “I ceme too hav had it from nobody.—Verry od!—I reyal wauz perswaded ov Mrs. Westonz havving menshond it in wun ov her letterz too Enscome, menny weex ago, withe aul these particclarz—but az she declaerz she nevver herd a cillabel ov it befoer, ov coers it must hav bene a dreme. I am a grate dremer. I dreme ov evvery boddy at Hibury when I am awa—and when I hav gon throo mi particclar frendz, then I beghin dreming ov Mr. and Mrs. Perry.”

“It iz od dho,” observd hiz faather, “dhat u shood hav had such a reggular conected dreme about pepel whoome it wauz not verry liacly u shood be thhinking ov at Enscome. Perrese cetting up hiz carrage! and hiz wiafs perswading him too it, out ov care for hiz helth—just whaut wil happen, I hav no dout, sum time or uther; oonly a littel premachure. Whaut an are ov probabillity sumtiamz runz throo a dreme! And at utherz, whaut a hepe ov abcerditeze it iz! Wel, Franc, yor dreme certainly shuse dhat Hibury iz in yor thauts when u ar abcent. Emmaa, u ar a grate dremer, I thhinc?”

Emmaa wauz out ov hering. She had hurrede on befoer her ghests too prepare her faather for dhare aperans, and wauz beyond the reche ov Mr. Westonz hint.

“Whi, too one the trueth,” cride Mis Baits, whoo had bene trying in vane too be herd the laast too minnuets, “if I must speke on this subject,

dhare iz no deniying dhat Mr. Franc Cherchil mite hav—I doo not mene too sa dhat he did not dreme it—I am shure I hav sumtiamz the oddest dreemz in the werld—but if I am qweschond about it, I must acnollej dhat dhare wauz such an ideyaa laast spring; for Mrs. Perry hercelf menshond it too mi muther, and the Coalz nu ov it az wel az ourcelvz—but it wauz qwite a ceecret, none too nobody els, and oonly thaut ov about thre dase. Mrs. Perry wauz verry ancshous dhat he shood hav a carrage, and came too mi muther in grate spirrits wun morning becauz she thaut she had prevaild. Jane, doant u remember grandmaamaaz telling us ov it when we got home? I forghet whare we had bene wauking too—verry liacly too Randalz; yes, I thhinc it wauz too Randalz. Mrs. Perry wauz aulwase particcularly fond ov mi muther—indede I doo not no whoo iz not—and she had menshond it too her in confidens; she had no obgecshon too her telling us, ov coers, but it wauz not too go beyond: and, from dhat da too this, I nevver menshond it too a sole dhat I no ov. At the same time, I wil not pozsitiavly aancer for mi havving nevver dropt a hint, becauz I no I doo sumtiamz pop out a thhing befoer I am aware. I am a tauker, u no; I am raather a tauker; and nou and then I hav let a thhing escape me which I shood not. I am not like Jane; I wish I wer. I wil aancer for it *she* nevver betrade the leest thhing in the werld. Whare iz she?—O! just behiand. Perfectly remember Mrs. Perrese cumming.—Extrordinary dreme, indede!”

Dha wer entering the haul. Mr. Niatlese ise had preceded Mis Baitcez in a glaans at Jane. From Franc Cherchilz face, whare he thaut he sau confuezhon suprest or laaft awa, he had involuntarily ternd too herz; but she wauz indede behiand, and too bizsy withe her shaul. Mr. Weston had wauct in. The too uther gentelmen wated at the doer too let her paas. Mr. Niatly suspected in Franc Cherchil the determinaishon ov catching her i—he ceemd wauching her intently—in vane, houwevver, if it wer so—Jane paast betwene them intoo the haul, and looct at niather.

Dhare wauz no time for farther remarc or explanaishon. The dreme must be

boern withe, and Mr. Niatly must take hiz cete withe the rest round the larj moddern cercular tabel which Emmaa had introjuest at Hartfeeld, and which nun but Emmaa cood hav had pouwer too place dhare and perswade her faather too use, insted ov the smaull-ciazd Pembroke, on which too ov hiz daly meelz had, for forty yeez bene crouded. Te paast plezzantly, and nobody ceemd in a hurry too moove.

“Mis Wood’hous,” ced Franc Cherchil, aafter exammining a tabel behiand him, which he cood reche az he sat, “hav yor neffuse taken awa dhare alfabets—dhare box ov letterz? It uest too stand here. Whare iz it? This iz a sort ov dul-loocking evening, dhat aut too be treted raather az winter dhan summer. We had grate amuezment withe dhose letterz

wun morning. I waunt too puzsel u agane.”

Emmaa wauz pleezd withe the thaut; and projucing the box, the tabel wauz qwicly scatterd over withe alfabets, which no wun ceemd so much dispoazd too emploi az dhare too celvz. Dha wer rappidly forming werdz for eche uther, or for enny boddy els whoo wood be puzseld. The qwiyetnes ov the game made it particullarly elligibel for Mr. Wood’hous, whoo had often bene distrest bi the moer animated sort, which Mr. Weston had ocaizhonaly introjuest, and whoo nou sat happily occupide in lamenting, withe tender mellancoly, over the deparchure ov the “poor littel boiz,” or in fondly pointing out, az he tooc up enny stra letter nere him, hou butifooly Emmaa had ritten it.

Franc Cherchil plaist a werd befoer Mis Faerfax. She gave a slite glaans round the tabel, and aplide hercelf too it. Franc wauz next too Emmaa, Jane opposite too them—and Mr. Niatly so plaist az too ce them aul; and it wauz hiz obgett too ce az much az he cood, withe az littel apparrent observaishon. The werd wauz discuvverd, and withe a faint smile

poosht awa. If ment too be imejaitly mixt withe the utherz, and berrede from cite, she shoold hav looct on the tabel insted ov loocking just acros, for it wauz not mixt; and Harreyet, egher aafter evvery fresh werd, and fianding out nun, directly tooc it up, and fel too werc. She wauz citting bi Mr. Niatly, and ternd too him for help. The werd wauz *blunder*; and az Harreyet exultingly proclaimd it, dhare wauz a blush on Jainz cheke which gave it a mening not urtherwise ostencibel. Mr. Niatly conected it withe the dreme; but hou it cood aul be, wauz beyond hiz comprehenshon. Hou the dellicacy, the disreshon ov hiz favorite cood hav bene so lane aslepe! He feerd dhare must be sum decided involvment. Dicin'gennuwousnes and dubbel deling ceemd too mete him at evvery tern. These letterz wer but the veyikel for gallantry and tric. It wauz a chialdz pla, chosen too concele a deper game on Franc Cherchilz part.

Withe grate indignaishon did he continnu too observ him; withe grate alarm and distrust, too observ aulso hiz too blianded companyonz. He sau a short werd prepaerd for Emmaa, and ghivven too her withe a looc sli and demure. He sau dhat Emmaa had soone made it out, and found it hily entertaning, dho it wauz sumthhing which she jujd it proper too apere too censhure; for she ced, "Noncens! for shame!" He herd Franc Cherchil next sa, withe a glaans toowordz Jane, "I wil ghiv it too her—shal I?"—and az cleerly herd Emmaa oposing it withe egher laafing wormth. "No, no, u must not; u shal not, indede."

It wauz dun houwevver. This gallant yung man, whoo ceemd too luv widhout feling, and too recomend himcelf widhout complasans, directly handed over the werd too Mis Faerfax, and withe a particcular degry ov cedate civillity entreted her too studdy it. Mr. Niatlese exescive cureyosity too no whaut this werd mite be, made him cese evvery poscibel moment

for darting hiz i toowordz it, and it wauz not long befoer he sau it too be *Dixon*. Jane Faerfaxez percepshon ceemd too acumpany hiz; her comprehenshon wauz certainly moer eeqwal too the covert mening, the supereyor intelligens, ov dhose five letterz so arainjd. She wauz evvidently displeezd; looct up, and ceying hercelf waucht, blusht moer deeply dhan he had evver perceevd her, and saying oanly, "I did not no dhat propper naimz wer aloud," poosht awa the letterz withe even an an'gry spirrit, and looct rezolvd too be en'gaijd bi no uther werd dhat cood be offerd. Her face wauz averted from dhose whoo had made the atac, and ternd toowordz her aant.

"I, verry tru, mi dere," cride the latter, dho Jane had not spoken a werd—"I wauz just gowing too sa the same thhing. It iz time for us too be gowing indede. The evening iz closing in, and grandmaamaa wil be loocking for us. Mi dere cer, u ar too obliging. We reyaly must wish u good nite."

Jainz alertnes in mooving, pruivd her az reddy az her aant had preconceevd. She wauz imejaitly up, and waunting too qwit the tabel; but so menny wer aulso mooving, dhat she cood not ghet awa; and Mr. Niatly thaut he sau anuther colecshon ov letterz ancshously poosht toowordz her, and rezzoluetly swept awa bi her unnexammiand. She wauz aafterwordz loocking for her shaul—Franc Cherchil wauz loocking aulso—it wauz growing dusc, and the roome wauz in confuezhon; and hou dha parted, Mr. Niatly cood not tel.

He remaind at Hartfeeld aafter aul the rest, hiz thauts fool ov whaut he had cene; so fool, dhat when the candelz came too acist hiz observaishonz, he must—yes, he certainly must, az a frend—an ancshous

frend—ghiv Emmaa sum hint, aasc her sum qweschon. He cood not ce her in a cichuwaishon ov such dain'ger, widhout triying too preserv her. It wauz hiz jutj.

“Pra, Emmaa,” ced he, “ma I aasc in whaut la the grate amuezmēt, the poinyant sting ov the laast werd ghivven too u and Mis Faerfax? I sau the werd, and am cureyous too no hou it cood be so verry entertaning too the wun, and so verry distressing too the uther.”

Emmaa wauz extreemly confuezd. She cood not enjure too ghiv him the tru explanaishon; for dho her suspishonz wer bi no meenz remuivd, she wauz reyaly ashaimd ov havving evver imparted them.

“O!” she cride in evvident embarrasment, “it aul ment nuthhing; a mere joke amung ourcelvz.”

“The joke,” he replide graivly, “ceemd confiand too u and Mr. Cherchil.”

He had hoapt she wood speke agane, but she did not. She wood raather bizsy hercelf about enny thhing dhan speke. He sat a littel while in dout. A varyety ov evilz crost hiz miand. Interferens—fruetles interferens. Emmaaz confuezhon, and the acnollejd intimacy, ceemd too declare her afecshon en'gaijd. Yet he wood speke. He ode it too her, too risc enny thhing dhat mite be involvd in an unwelcum interferens, raather dhan her welfare; too encounter enny thhing, raather dhan the remembrans ov neglect in such a cauz.

“Mi dere Emmaa,” ced he at laast, withe earnest kiandnes, “doo u thhinc u perfectly understand the degry ov aqwaintans betwene the gentelman and lady we hav bene speking ov?”

“Betwene Mr. Franc Cherchil and Mis Faerfax? O! yes, perfectly.—Whi



doo u make a dout ov it?"

"Hav u nevver at enny time had rezon too thhinc dhat he admiard her, or dhat she admiard him?"

"Nevver, nevver!" she cride withe a moast open eghernes—"Nevver, for the twenteyeth part ov a moment, did such an ideyaa oker too me. And hou cood it poscibly cum intoo yor hed?"

"I hav laitly imadgiand dhat I sau cimptomz ov atachment betwene them—certane exprescive loox, which I did not beleve ment too be public."

"O! u amuse me exesciavly. I am delited too fiand dhat u can vouchsafe too let yor imaginaishon waunder—but it wil not doo—verry sorry too chec u in yor ferst essa—but indede it wil not doo. Dhare iz no admiraishon betwene them, I doo ashure u; and the aperancez which hav caut u, hav arizsen from sum peculeyar circumstaancez—felingz raather ov a totaly different nachure—it iz imposcibel exactly too explane:—dhare iz a good dele ov noncens in it—but the part which iz capabel ov beying comunicated, which iz cens, iz, dhat dha ar az far from enny atachment or admiraishon for wun anuther, az enny too beyingz in the world can be. Dhat iz, I *prezhume* it too be so on her cide, and I can *aancer* for its beying so on hiz. I wil aancer for the gentelmanz indifferens."

She spoke withe a confidens which staggherd, withe a satisfacshon which cilenst, Mr. Niatly. She wauz in ga spirrits, and wood hav prolongd the conversaishon, waunting too here the particcularz ov hiz

suspishonz, evvery looc descriabd, and aul the whaerz and houz ov a circumstaans which hily entertaind her: but hiz gayety did not mete herz. He found he cood not be uesfool, and hiz felingz wer too much irritated for tauking. Dhat he mite not be irritated intoo an absolute fever, bi the fire which Mr. Wood'housez tender habbits reqwiard aulmoast evvery evening throowout the yere, he soone aafterwordz tooc a haisty leve, and wauct home too the cuilnes and sollichude ov Donwel Abby.

## CHAPTER 6

Aafter beying long fed withe hoaps ov a spedy vizsit from Mr. and Mrs. Sucling, the Hibury werld wer obliajd too enjure the mortificaishon ov hering dhat dha cood not poscibly cum til the autum. No such importaishon ov novveltese cood enrich dhare intelecchuwal stoerz at prezsent. In the daly interchainj ov nuse, dha must be agane restricted too the uther toppix withe which for a while the Suclingz' cumming had bene united, such az the laast acounts ov Mrs. Cherchil, whoose helth ceemd evvery da too supli a different repoert, and the cichuwaishon ov Mrs. Weston, whoose happines it wauz too be hoapt mite evenchuwaly be az much increest bi the arival ov a chiald, az dhat ov aul her naborz wauz bi the aproche ov it.

Mrs. Elton wauz verry much disapointed. It wauz the dela ov a grate dele ov plezhure and parade. Her introducshonz and recomendaishonz must aul

wate, and evvery proected party be stil oonly tauct ov. So she thaut at ferst;—but a littel concideraishon convinst her dhat evvery thhing nede not be poot of. Whi shood not dha exploer too Box Hil dho the Suclingz did not cum? Dha cood go dhare agane withe them in the

autum. It wauz cetteld dhat dha shood go too Box Hil. Dhat dhare wauz too be such a party had bene long genneraly none: it had even ghivven the ideyaa ov anuther. Emmaa had nevver bene too Box Hil; she wisht too ce whaut evvery boddy found so wel werth ceying, and she and Mr. Weston had

agrede too chuse sum fine morning and drive thither. Too or thre moer ov the chosen oanly wer too be admitted too join them, and it wauz too be dun in a qwiyet, unpretending, ellegant wa, infiniatly supereyor too the buscel and preparaishon, the reggular eting and drinking, and picnic parade ov the Eltonz and the Suclingz.

This wauz so verry wel understood betwene them, dhat Emmaa cood not but

fele sum cerprise, and a littel displezhure, on hering from Mr.

Weston dhat he had bene proposing too Mrs. Elton, az her bruther and cister had faild her, dhat the too partese shood unite, and go tooghether; and dhat az Mrs. Elton had verry reddily axeded too it, so it wauz too be, if she had no obgecshon. Nou, az her obgecshon wauz nuthhing

but her verry grate dislike ov Mrs. Elton, ov which Mr. Weston must aulreddy be perfectly aware, it wauz not werth bringing forward agane:— it

cood not be dun widhout a reproofe too him, which wood be ghivving pane

too hiz wife; and she found hercelf dhaerfoer obliajd too concent too an arainjment which she wood hav dun a grate dele too avoid; an arainjment which wood probbably expose her even too the degradaishon ov

beying ced too be ov Mrs. Eltonz party! Evvery feling wauz ofended; and the forbarans ov her outword submishon left a hevvy arere ju ov ceecret ceverrity in her reflecshonz on the unmannajabel goodwil ov Mr. Westonz temper.

“I am glad u aproove ov whaut I hav dun,” ced he verry cumfortably.

“But I thaut u wood. Such skeemz az these ar nuthhing widhout numberz. Wun canot hav too larj a party. A larj party cecuerz its one amuezment. And she iz a good-nachuerd woomman aafter aul. Wun cood not leve her out.”

Emmaa denide nun ov it aloud, and agrede too nun ov it in private.

It wauz nou the middel ov June, and the wether fine; and Mrs. Elton wauz growing impaishent too name the da, and cettel withe Mr. Weston az too pidjon-pise and coald lam, when a lame carrage-hors thru evvery thhing intoo sad uncertainty. It mite be weex, it mite be oonly a fu dase, befoer the hors wer uzabel; but no preparaishonz cood be venchuerd on, and it wauz aul mellancoly stagnaishon. Mrs. Eltonz rezoercez wer inaddeqwate too such an atac.

“Iz not this moast vexaishous, Niatly?” she cride.—“And such wether for exploering!—These delase and disapointments ar qwite ojous. Whaut ar we too doo?—The yere wil ware awa at this rate, and nuthhing dun. Befoer this time laast yere I ashure u we had had a deliatfool exploering party from Mapel Grove too Kingz Weston.”

“U had better exploer too Donwel,” replide Mr. Niatly. “Dhat ma be dun widhout horcez. Cum, and ete mi strauberese. Dha ar ripening faast.”

If Mr. Niatly did not beghin cereyously, he wauz obliajd too procede so, for hiz propozal wauz caut at withe delite; and the “O! I shood like it ov aul thhingz,” wauz not planer in werdz dhan manner. Donwel wauz famous for its straubery-bedz, which ceemd a ple for the invitaishon: but no ple wauz nescenary; cabbage-bedz wood hav bene enuf too tempt the lady, whoo oonly waunted too be gowing sumwhare. She prommiast him agane and agane too cum—much oftener dhan he douted—and wauz extreemly

grattifide bi such a prooffe ov intimacy, such a distin'gwishing compliment az she chose too concidder it.

"U ma depend uppon me," ced she. "I certainly wil cum. Name yor da, and I wil cum. U wil alou me too bring Jane Faerfax?"

"I canot name a da," ced he, "til I hav spoken too sum utherz whoome I wood wish too mete u."

"O! leve aul dhat too me. Oanly ghiv me a cart-blaansh.—I am Lady Paitrones, u no. It iz mi party. I wil bring frendz withe me."

"I hope u wil bring Elton," ced he: "but I wil not trubbel u too ghiv enny uther invitaishonz."

"O! nou u ar loocking verry sli. But concidder—u nede not be afrade ov dellegating pouwer too *me*. I am no yung lady on her preferment. Marrede wimmen, u no, ma be saifly authoriazd. It iz mi party. Leve it aul too me. I wil invite yor ghests."

"No,"—he caalmly replide,—"dhare iz but wun marrede woomman in the world whoome I can evver alou too invite whaut ghests she plesez too Donwel, and dhat wun iz—"

"—Mrs. Weston, I supose," interrupted Mrs. Elton, raather mortifide.

"No—Mrs. Niatly;—and til she iz in beying, I wil mannage such matterz micelf."

"Aa! u ar an od crechure!" she cride, sattisfide too hav no wun preferd too hercelf.—"U ar a humorist, and ma sa whaut u like.

Qwite a humorist. Wel, I shal bring Jane withe me—Jane and her aant.—The rest I leve too u. I hav no obgecshonz at aul too meting the Hartfeeld fammily. Doant scrupel. I no u ar atacht too them.”

“U certainly wil mete them if I can prevale; and I shal caul on Mis Baits in mi wa home.”

“Dhats qwite un’nescesary; I ce Jane evvery da:—but az u like. It iz too be a morning skeme, u no, Niatly; qwite a cimpel thhing. I shal ware a larj bonnet, and bring wun ov mi littel baaskets hanging on mi arm. Here,—probbably this baasket withe pinc ribbon. Nuthhing can be moer cimpel, u ce. And Jane wil hav such anuther. Dhare iz too be no form or parade—a sort ov gipcy party. We ar too wauc about yor gardenz, and gather the strauberese ourcelvz, and cit under tresse;—and whautevver els u ma like too provide, it iz too be aul out ov doerz—a tabel spred in the shade, u no. Evvery thhing az natchural and cimpel az poscibel. Iz not dhat yor ideyaa?”

“Not qwite. Mi ideyaa ov the cimpel and the natchural wil be too hav the tabel spred in the dining-roome. The nachure and the cimplycity ov gentelmen and ladese, withe dhare cervants and fernichure, I thhinc iz best observd bi meelz within doerz. When u ar tiard ov eting strauberese in the garden, dhare shal be coald mete in the hous.”

“Wel—az u plese; oonly doant hav a grate cet out. And, bi the bi, can I or mi houskeper be ov enny uce too u withe our opinyon?—Pra be cincere, Niatly. If u wish me too tauc too Mrs. Hodgez, or too inspect ennithhing—”

“I hav not the leest wish for it, I thanc u.”

“Wel—but if enny difficultese shood arise, mi houskeper iz extreemly clevver.”

“I wil aancer for it, dhat mine thhinx hercelf fool az clevver, and wood spern enny boddese acistans.”

“I wish we had a donky. The thhing wood be for us aul too cum on donkese, Jane, Mis Baits, and me—and mi caro spozo wauking bi. I reyaly must tauc too him about perchacing a donky. In a cuntry life I conceive it too be a sort ov nescenary; for, let a woomman hav evver so menny rezoercez, it iz not poscibel for her too be aulwase shut up at home;—and verry long waux, u no—in summer dhare iz dust, and in winter dhare iz dert.”

“U wil not fiand iather, betwene Donwel and Hibury. Donwel Lane iz nevver dusty, and nou it iz perfectly dri. Cum on a donky, houwevver, if u prefer it. U can boro Mrs. Coalz. I wood wish evvery thhing too be az much too yor taist az poscibel.”

“Dhat I am shure u wood. Indede I doo u justice, mi good frend. Under dhat peculeyar sort ov dri, blunt manner, I no u hav the wormest hart. Az I tel Mr. E., u ar a thurro humorist.—Yes, beleve me, Niatly, I am foolly cencibel ov yor atenshon too me in the whole ov this skeme. U hav hit uppon the verry thhing too plese me.”

Mr. Niatly had anuther rezon for avoiding a tabel in the shade. He wisht too perswade Mr. Wood’hous, az wel az Emmaa, too join the party; and he nu dhat too hav enny ov them citting doun out ov doerz too ete wood inevvitably make him il. Mr. Wood’hous must not, under the speeshous pretens ov a morning drive, and an our or too spent at Donwel, be tempted awa too hiz mizsery.

He wauz invited on good faith. No lerking hororz wer too upbrade him for hiz esy crejularity. He did concent. He had not bene at Donwel for

too yeez. "Sum verry fine morning, he, and Emmaa, and Harreyet, cood go

verry wel; and he cood cit stil withe Mrs. Weston, while the dere gherlz wauct about the gardenz. He did not supose dha cood be damp nou, in the middel ov the da. He shood like too ce the oald hous agane exedingly, and shood be verry happy too mete Mr. and Mrs. Elton, and enny uther ov hiz naborz.—He cood not ce enny obgecshon at aul too hiz, and Emmaaz, and Harreyets gowing dhare sum verry fine morning.

He thaut it verry wel dun ov Mr. Niatly too invite them—verry kiand and cencibel—much clevverer dhan dining out.—He wauz not fond ov dining out."

Mr. Niatly wauz forchunate in evvery boddese moast reddy concurrens. The

invitaishon wauz evveriwheare so wel receevd, dhat it ceemd az if, like Mrs. Elton, dha wer aul taking the skeme az a particcular compliment too themcelvz.—Emmaa and Harreyet profest verry hi expectaishonz ov plezhure from it; and Mr. Weston, unnaasct, prommiast too ghet Franc over too join them, if poscibel; a proofe ov aprobaishon and grattichude which cood hav bene dispenst withe.—Mr. Niatly wauz then obliajd too sa dhat he shood be glad too ce him; and Mr. Weston en'gaijd too loose no time in riting, and spare no arguments too injuce him too cum.

In the meenwhile the lame hors recuverd so faast, dhat the party too Box Hil wauz agane under happy concideraishon; and at laast Donwel wauz

cetteld for wun da, and Box Hil for the next,—the wether apering exactly rite.

Under a brite mid-da sun, at aulmoast Midsummer, Mr. Wood'hous wauz saifly convade in hiz carrage, withe wun windo doun, too partake ov this al-fresco party; and in wun ov the moast cumfortabel ruimz in the



Abby, espeshaly prepaerd for him bi a fire aul the morning, he wauz happily plaist, qwite at hiz ese, reddy too tauc withe plezhure ov whaut had bene acheevd, and advise evvery boddy too cum and cit doun, and not too hete themcelvz.—Mrs. Weston, whoo ceemd too hav wauct dhare on perpoce too be tiard, and cit aul the time withe him, remaind, when aul the utherz wer invited or perswaded out, hiz paishent liscener and cimpathhiser.

It wauz so long cins Emmaa had bene at the Abby, dhat az soone az she wauz sattisfide ov her faatherz cumfort, she wauz glad too leve him, and looc around her; egher too refresh and corect her memmory withe moer particcular observaishon, moer exact understanding ov a hous and groundz which must evver be so interesting too her and aul her fammily.

She felt aul the onnest pride and complacency which her aliyans withe the prezsent and fuchure propriyetor cood faerly worant, az she vude the respectabel cise and stile ov the bilding, its sutabel, becumming, characteristic cichuwaishon, lo and shelterd—its ampel gardenz stretching doun too meddose wausht bi a streme, ov which the Abby, withe aul the oald neglect ov prospect, had scaersly a cite—and its abundans ov timber in rose and avvenuse, which niather fashon nor extravvagans had rooted up.—The hous wauz larger dhan Hartfeeld, and totaly unlike it, cuvvering a good dele ov ground, rambling and ireggular, withe menny cumfortabel, and wun or too handsum ruimz.—It wauz just whaut it aut too be, and it looct whaut it wauz—and Emmaa felt an increcing respect for it, az the rezsidens ov a fammily ov such tru gentillity, untainted in blud and understanding.—Sum faults ov temper Jon Niatly had; but Izabellaa had conected hercelf unexepshonably. She had ghivven them niather men, nor naimz, nor placez, dhat cood rase a blush. These wer plezzant felingz, and she wauct about and induljd them til it wauz nescenary too doo az the utherz did, and colect round the straubery-bedz.—The whole party wer acembeld, exepting Franc

Cherchil, whoo wauz expected evvery moment from Richmond; and Mrs. Elton, in aul her aparatus ov happines, her larj bonnet and her baasket, wauz verry reddy too lede the wa in gathering, axepting, or tauking—strauberese, and oonly strauberese, cood nou be thaut or spoken ov.—“The best frute in In’ gland—evvery boddese favorite—aulwase whoalsum.—These the finest bedz and finest sorts.—Deliatfool too gather for wunz celf—the oonly wa ov reyaly enjoying them.—Morning decidedly the best time—nevver tiard—evvery sort good—hautboi infiniatly supereyor—no comparrison—the utherz hardly etabel—hautboiz verry scaers—Chilly preferd—white wood finest flavor ov aul—price ov strauberese in Lundo—abundans about Bristol—Mapel Grove—cultivaishon—bedz when too be renude—gardenerz thhinking exactly different—no genneral rule—gardenerz nevver too be poot out ov dhare wa—delishous frute—oonly too rich too be eten much ov—infereyor too cherrese—currants moer refreshing—oonly obgecshon too gathering strauberese the stooping—glaring sun—tiard too deth—cood bare it no lon’gher—must go and cit in the shade.”

Such, for haaf an our, wauz the conversaishon—interupted oonly wuns bi Mrs. Weston, whoo came out, in her soliscichude aafter her sun-in-lau, too inqwire if he wer cum—and she wauz a littel unnesy.—She had sum feerz ov hiz hors.

Ceets tollerably in the shade wer found; and nou Emmaa wauz obliajd too overhere whaut Mrs. Elton and Jane Faerfax wer tauking ov.—A cichuwaishon, a moast desirabel cichuwaishon, wauz in qweschon. Mrs. Elton had receevd notice ov it dhat morning, and wauz in rapchuerz. It wauz not withe Mrs. Sucling, it wauz not withe Mrs. Brag, but in feliscity and splendor it

fel short oanly ov them: it wauz withe a cuzsin ov Mrs. Brag, an aqwaintans ov Mrs. Sucling, a lady none at Mapel Grove. Deliatfool, charming, supereyor, ferst cerkelz, sfeerz, lianz, ranx, evvery thhing—and Mrs. Elton wauz wiald too hav the offer cloazd withe imejaitly.—On her cide, aul wauz wormth, ennergy, and triyumf—and she pozsitiavly refuezd too take her frendz neggative, dho Mis Faerfax continnude too ashure her dhat she wood not at prezsent en'gage in enny thhing, repeting the same motiavz which she had bene herd too erj befoer.—Stil Mrs. Elton incisted on beying authoriazd too rite an aqweyescens bi the morose poast.—Hou Jane cood bare it at aul, wauz astonnishing too Emmaa.—She did looc vext, she did speke pointedly—and at laast, withe a decizhon ov acshon unnuezhuwal too her, propoazd a remooval.—“Shood not dha wauc? Wood not Mr. Niatly shu them the gardenz—aul the gardenz?—She wisht too ce the whole extent.”—The pertinascity ov her frend ceemd moer dhan she cood bare.

It wauz hot; and aafter wauking sum time over the gardenz in a scatterd, disperst wa, scaersly enny thre toogheter, dha incencibly follode wun anuther too the delishous shade ov a braud short avvenu ov lianz, which stretching beyond the garden at an eeqwal distans from the rivver, ceemd the finnish ov the plezhure groundz.—It led too nuthhing; nuthhing but a vu at the end over a lo stone waul withe hi pillarz, which ceemd intended, in dhare erecshon, too ghiv the aperans ov an aproche too the hous, which nevver had bene dhare. Disputabel, houwevver, az mite be the taist ov such a terminaishon, it wauz in itcelf a charming wauc, and the vu which cloazd it extreemly pritty.—The concidderabel slope, at neerly the foot ov which the Abby stood, gradjuwaly aqwiard a steper form beyond its groundz; and at haaf a mile distant wauz a banc ov concidderabel abruptnes and granjure, wel cloadhd withe wood;—and at the bottom ov this banc, favorably plaist and shelterd, rose the Abby Mil Farm, withe meddose in frunt, and the rivver making a cloce and handsum kerv around it.

It wauz a swete vu—swete too the i and the miand. In'glish verjure, In'glish culchure, In'glish cumfort, cene under a sun brite, widhout beying oprescive.

In this wauc Emmaa and Mr. Weston found aul the utherz acembeld; and toowordz this vu she imejaitly perceevd Mr. Niatly and Harreyet distinct from the rest, qwiyetly leding the wa. Mr. Niatly and Harreyet!—It wauz an od tate-aa-tate; but she wauz glad too ce it.—Dhare had bene a time when he wood hav scornd her az a companyon, and ternd from her withe littel cerremony. Nou dha ceemd in plezzant conversaishon. Dhare had bene a time aulso when Emmaa wood hav bene sory too ce Harreyet in a spot so favorabel for the Abby Mil Farm; but nou she feerd it not. It mite be saifly vude withe aul its apendagez ov prosperrity and buty, its rich paaschuerz, spredding flox, orchard in blossom, and lite collum ov smoke acending.—She joinde them at the waul, and found them moer en'gaijd in tauking dhan in loocking around. He wauz ghivving Harreyet informaishon az too moadz ov agriculchure, etc. and Emmaa receevd a smile which ceemd too sa, “These ar mi one concernz. I hav a rite too tauc on such subgects, widhout beying suspected ov introjucing Robbert Martin.”—She did not suspect him.

It wauz too oald a stoery.—Robbert Martin had probbably ceest too thhinc ov Harreyet.—Dha tooc a fu ternz tooghether along the wauc.—The shade wauz moast refreshing, and Emmaa found it the plezzantest part ov the da.

The next remoove wauz too the hous; dha must aul go in and ete;—and dha wer aul ceted and bizsy, and stil Franc Cherchil did not cum. Mrs. Weston looct, and looct in vane. Hiz faather wood not one himcelf unnesy, and laaft at her feerz; but she cood not be cuerde ov wishing

dhat he wood part withe hiz blac mare. He had exprest himcelf az too cumming, withe moer dhan common certainty. "Hiz aant wauz so much better, dhat he had not a dout ov ghetting over too them."—Mrs. Cherchilz state, houwevver, az menny wer reddy too remiand her, wauz liyabel too such sudden vareyaishon az mite disapoint her neffu in the moast rezonabel dependens—and Mrs. Weston wauz at laast perswaded too beleve, or too sa, dhat it must be bi sum atac ov Mrs. Cherchil dhat he wauz prevented cumming.—Emmaa looct at Harreyet while the point wauz under concideraishon; she behaid verry wel, and betrade no emoashon.

The coald repaast wauz over, and the party wer too go out wuns moer too ce whaut had not yet bene cene, the oald Abby fish-pondz; perhaps ghet az far az the clover, which wauz too be begun cutting on the moro, or, at enny rate, hav the plezhure ov beying hot, and growing coole agane.—Mr. Wood'hous, whoo had aulreddy taken hiz littel round in the hiyest part ov the gardenz, whare no damp from the rivver wer imadgiand even bi him, sterd no moer; and hiz dauter rezolvd too remane withe him, dhat Mrs. Weston mite be perswaded awa bi her huzband too the exercise and variety which her spirrits ceemd too nede.

Mr. Niatly had dun aul in hiz pouwer for Mr. Wood'housez entertainment. Boox ov en'gravingz, drauwerz ov meddalz, cammeyose, coralz, shelz, and evvery uther fammily colecshon within hiz cabbineets, had bene prepaerd for hiz oald frend, too while awa the morning; and the kiandnes had perfectly aancerd. Mr. Wood'hous had bene exedingly wel amuezd. Mrs. Weston had bene shuwng them aul too him, and nou he wood shu them aul too Emmaa;—forchunate in havving no uther resemblans

too a chiald, dhan in a total waunt ov taist for whaut he sau, for he wauz slo, constant, and methoddical.—Befoer this cecond loocking over wauz begun, houwevver, Emmaa wauct intoo the haul for the sake ov a fu moments' fre observaishon ov the entrans and ground-plot ov the hous—and wauz hardly dhare, when Jane Faerfax apeerd, cumming qwicly in from the garden, and withe a looc ov escape.—Littel expecting too mete Mis Wood'hous so soone, dhare wauz a start at ferst; but Mis Wood'hous wauz the verry person she wauz in qwest ov.

“Wil u be so kiand,” ced she, “when I am mist, az too sa dhat I am gon home?—I am gowing this moment.—Mi aant iz not aware hou late it iz, nor hou long we hav bene abcent—but I am shure we shal be waunted, and I am determiand too go directly.—I hav ced nuthhing about it too enny boddy. It wood oanly be ghivving trubbel and distres. Sum ar gon too the pondz, and sum too the lime wauc. Til dha aul cum in I shal not be mist; and when dha doo, wil u hav the goodnes too sa dhat I am gon?”

“Certainly, if u wish it;—but u ar not gowing too wauc too Hibury alone?”

“Yes—whaut shood hert me?—I wauc faast. I shal be at home in twenty minnuets.”

“But it iz too far, indede it iz, too be wauking qwite alone. Let mi faatherz cervant go withe u.—Let me order the carrage. It can be round in five minnuets.”

“Thanc u, thanc u—but on no acount.—I wood raather wauc.—And for *me* too be afrade ov wauking alone!—I, whoo ma so soone hav too gard utherz!”

She spoke with grate agitaishon; and Emmaa verry felingly replide, "Dhat can be no rezon for yor beying expoazd too dain'ger nou. I must order the carrage. The hete even wood be dain'ger.—U ar fateegd aulreddy."

"I am,"—she aancerd—"I am fateegd; but it iz not the sort ov fateghe—qwic wauking wil refresh me.—Mis Wood'hous, we aul no at tiamz whaut it iz too be werede in spirrits. Mine, I confes, ar exhausted. The gratest kiandnes u can shu me, wil be too let me hav mi one wa, and oanly sa dhat I am gon when it iz nescesary."

Emmaa had not anuther werd too opose. She sau it aul; and entering intoo her felingz, promoted her qwitting the hous imejaitly, and waucht her saifly of with the sele ov a frend. Her parting looc wauz graitfool—and her parting werdz, "O! Mis Wood'hous, the cumfort ov beying sumtiamz alone!"—ceemd too berst from an overcharjd hart, and too describe sumwhaut ov the continuwal enjurans too be practiast bi her, even toowordz sum ov dhose whoo luvd her best.

"Such a home, indede! such an aant!" ced Emmaa, az she ternd bac intoo the haul agane. "I doo pittu u. And the moer cencibillity u betra ov dhare just hororz, the moer I shal like u."

Jane had not bene gon a qworter ov an our, and dha had oanly acumplisht sum vuse ov St. Marx Place, Vennice, when Franc Cherchil enterd the roome. Emmaa had not bene thhinking ov him, she had forgotten too thhinc ov him—but she wauz verry glad too ce him. Mrs. Weston

wood be at ese. The blac mare wauz blaimles; *dha* wer rite whoo had naimd Mrs. Cherchil az the cauz. He had bene detaind bi a temporary increce ov ilnes in her; a nervous ceezhure, which had laasted sum ourz—and he had qwite ghivven up evvery thaut ov cumming, til verry late;—and had he none hou hot a ride he shood hav, and hou

late, withe aul hiz hurry, he must be, he beleevd he shood not hav cum at aul. The hete wauz exescive; he had nevver sufferd enny thhing like it—aulmoast wisht he had stade at home—nuthhing kild him like hete—he cood bare enny degry ov coald, etc., but hete wauz intollerabel—and he sat down, at the gratest poscibel distans from the slite remainz ov Mr. Wood'housez fire, loocking verry deplorabel.

“U wil soone be cooler, if u cit stil,” ced Emmaa.

“Az soone az I am cooler I shal go bac agane. I cood verry il be spaerd—but such a point had bene made ov mi cumming! U wil aul be gowing soone I supose; the whole party braking up. I met *wun* az I came—Madnes in such wether!—absolute madnes!”

Emmaa liscend, and looct, and soone perceevd dhat Franc Cherchilz state mite be best defiand bi the exprescive frase ov beying out ov humor. Sum pepel wer aulwase cros when dha wer hot. Such mite be hiz constichueshon; and az she nu dhat eting and drinking wer often the cure ov such incidental complaints, she recomended hiz taking sum refreshment; he wood fiand abundans ov evvery thhing in the dining-roome—and she humainly pointed out the doer.

“No—he shood not ete. He wauz not hun'gry; it wood oanly make him hotter.” In too minnuets, houwevver, he relented in hiz one favor; and muttering sumthhing about spruce-bere, wauct of. Emmaa reternd aul her atenshon too her faather, saying in ceecret—

“I am glad I hav dun beying in luv withe him. I shood not like a man whoo iz so soone discompoazd bi a hot morning. Harreyets swete esy temper wil not miand it.”

He wauz gon long enuf too hav had a verry cumfortabel mele, and came bac aul the better—grone qwite coole—and, withe good mannerz, like



himself—abel too drau a chare cloce too them, take an interest in dhare employment; and regret, in a rezonabel wa, dhat he shood be so late. He wauz not in hiz best spirrits, but ceemd triying too improove them; and, at laast, made himself tauc noncens verry agreyably. Dha wer loocking over vuse in Swiscerland.

“Az soone az mi aant ghets wel, I shal go abraud,” ced he. “I shal nevver be esy til I hav cene sum ov these placez. U wil hav mi sketchez, sum time or uther, too looc at—or mi toor too rede—or mi powem. I shal doo sumthhing too expose micelf.”

“Dhat ma be—but not bi sketchez in Swiscerland. U wil nevver go too Swiscerland. Yor unkel and aant wil nevver alou u too leve In’gland.”

“Dha ma be injuest too go too. A worm climate ma be prescriabd for her. I hav moer dhan haaf an expectaishon ov our aul gowing abraud. I ashure u I hav. I fele a strong perswaizhon, this morning, dhat I shal soone be abraud. I aut too travvel. I am tiard ov doowing nuthhing. I waunt a chainj. I am cereyous, Mis Wood’hous, whautevver yor pennetrating ise ma fancy—I am cic ov In’gland—and wood leve it too-moro, if I cood.”

“U ar cic ov prosperrity and indulgens. Canot u invent a fu hardships for yorcelf, and be contented too sta?”

“I cic ov prosperrity and indulgens! U ar qwite mistaken. I doo not looc uppon micelf az iather prosperous or induljd. I am thworted in evvery thhing matereyal. I doo not concidder micelf at aul a forchunate person.”

“U ar not qwite so mizserabel, dho, az when u ferst came. Go and ete and drinc a littel moer, and u wil doo verry wel. Anuther slice ov coald mete, anuther draaft ov Maderaa and wauter, wil make u neerly on a par withe the rest ov us.”

“No—I shal not ster. I shal cit bi u. U ar mi best cure.”

“We ar gowing too Box Hil too-moro;—u wil join us. It iz not Swiscerland, but it wil be sumthhing for a yung man so much in waunt ov a chainj. U wil sta, and go withe us?”

“No, certainly not; I shal go home in the coole ov the evening.”

“But u ma cum agane in the coole ov too-moro morning.”

“No—It wil not be werth while. If I cum, I shal be cros.”

“Then pra sta at Richmond.”

“But if I doo, I shal be croscer stil. I can nevver bare too thhinc ov u aul dhare widhout me.”

“These ar difficultese which u must cettel for yorcelf. Chuse yor one degry ov crosnes. I shal pres u no moer.”

The rest ov the party wer nou reterning, and aul wer soone colected. Withe sum dhare wauz grate joi at the cite ov Franc Cherchil; utherz tooc it verry compoazdly; but dhare wauz a verry genneral distres and disterbans on Mis Faerfaxez disaperans beying explaind. Dhat it wauz time for evvery boddy too go, concluded the subgett; and withe a short final arainjment for the next dase skeme, dha parted. Franc Cherchilz littel inclinaishon too exclude himcelf increest so much, dhat hiz laast werdz too Emmaa wer,

“Wel;—if *u* wish me too sta and join the party, I wil.”

She smiald her axeptans; and nuthhing les dhan a summonz from Richmond wauz too take him bac befoer the following evening.

## CHAPTER 7

Dha had a verry fine da for Box Hil; and aul the uther outword circumstaancez ov arainjment, acomodaishon, and puncchuwallity, wer in favor ov a plezzant party. Mr. Weston directed the whole, ofisheyating saifly betwene Hartfeeld and the Viccarage, and evvery boddy wauz in good

time. Emmaa and Harreyet went tooghether; Mis Baits and her nece, withe the Eltonz; the gentelmen on horsbac. Mrs. Weston remaind withe Mr. Wood’hous. Nuthhing wauz waunting but too be happy when dha got dhare.

Cevven mialz wer travveld in expectaishon ov enjoiment, and evvery boddy

had a berst ov admiraishon on ferst ariving; but in the genneral amount ov the da dhare wauz defishency. Dhare wauz a lan’gor, a waunt ov spirrits, a waunt ov uenyon, which cood not be got over. Dha cepparated too much intoo partese. The Eltonz wauct tooghether; Mr. Niatly tooc charj ov Mis Baits and Jane; and Emmaa and Harreyet belongd too Franc Cherchil. And Mr. Weston tride, in vane, too make them harmonise better. It ceemd at ferst an axidental divizhon, but it never matereyaly varede. Mr. and Mrs. Elton, indede, shude no unwillingnes too mix, and be az agreyabel az dha cood; but juring the too whole ourz dhat wer spent on the hil, dhare ceemd a principel ov

ceparaishon, betwene the uther partese, too strong for enny fine prospects, or enny coald colaishon, or enny cheerfool Mr. Weston, too remoove.

At ferst it wauz dounrite dulnes too Emmaa. She had nevver cene Franc Cherchil so cilent and schupid. He ced nuthhing werth hering—looct widhout ceying—admiard widhout intelligens—liscend widhout nowing whaut she ced. While he wauz so dul, it wauz no wunder dhat Harreyet shood be dul liaqwise; and dha wer boath insufferabel.

When dha aul sat doun it wauz better; too her taist a grate dele better, for Franc Cherchil gru taucative and ga, making her hiz ferst object. Evvery distin'gwishing atenshon dhat cood be pade, wauz pade too

her. Too amuse her, and be agreyabel in her ise, ceemd aul dhat he caerd for—and Emmaa, glad too be enlivend, not sory too be flatterd, wauz ga and esy too, and gave him aul the frendly encurraijment, the admishon too be gallant, which she had evver ghivven in the ferst and moast

animating pereyod ov dhare aqwaintans; but which nou, in her one estimaishon, ment nuthhing, dho in the jujment ov moast pepel loocking on it must hav had such an aperans az no In'glisch werd but flertaishon cood verry wel describe. "Mr. Franc Cherchil and Mis Wood'hous flerted tooghether exesciavly." Dha wer laying themcelvz open too dhat verry frase—and too havving it cent of in a letter too Mapel Grove bi wun lady, too Iarland bi anuther. Not dhat Emmaa wauz ga and thautles from enny reyal feliscity; it wauz raather becauz she felt les happy dhan she had expected. She laaft becauz she wauz disapointed; and dho she liact him for hiz atenshonz, and thaut them aul, whether in frendship, admiraishon, or plafoolnes, extreemly judishous, dha wer not winning bac her hart. She stil intended him for her frend.

"Hou much I am obliajd too u," ced he, "for telling me too cum

too-da!—If it had not bene for u, I shood certainly hav lost aul the happines ov this party. I had qwite determiand too go awa agane.”

“Yes, u wer verry cros; and I doo not no whaut about, exept dhat u wer too late for the best straubere. I wauz a kiander frend dhan u deservd. But u wer humbel. U begd hard too be comaanded too cum.”

“Doant sa I wauz cros. I wauz fateegd. The hete overcame me.”

“It iz hotter too-da.”

“Not too mi felingz. I am perfectly cumfortabel too-da.”

“U ar cumfortabel becauz u ar under comaand.”

“Yor comaand?—Yes.”

“Perhaps I intended u too sa so, but I ment celf-comaand. U had, sumhou or uther, broken boundz yesterda, and run awa from yor one mannajment; but too-da u ar got bac agane—and az I canot be aulwase withe u, it iz best too beleve yor temper under yor one comaand raather dhan mine.”

“It cumz too the same thhing. I can hav no celf-comaand widhout a motive. U order me, whether u speke or not. And u can be aulwase withe me. U ar aulwase withe me.”

“Dating from thre oacloc yesterda. Mi perpetchuwal influwens cood not beghin erleyer, or u wood not hav bene so much out ov humor befoer.”

“Thre oacloc yesterda! Dhat iz yor date. I thaut I had cene u ferst in Februwary.”

“Yor gallantry iz reyal unnaancerabel. But (lowering her vois)—nobody speex except ourcelvz, and it iz raather too much too be tauking noncens for the entertainment ov cevven cilent pepel.”

“I sa nuthing ov which I am ashaimd,” replide he, withe liavly impudens. “I sau u ferst in Februwary. Let evvery boddy on the Hil here me if dha can. Let mi axents swel too Mickelam on wun cide, and Dorking on the uther. I sau u ferst in Februwary.” And then whispering—“Our companyonz ar exesciavly schupid. Whaut shal we doo too rouz them? Enny noncens wil cerv. Dha *shal* tauc. Ladese and gentelmen, I am orderd bi Mis Wood’hous (whoo, wharevver she iz, presiadz) too sa, dhat she desiarz too no whaut u ar aul ththinking ov?”

Sum laaft, and aancerd good-humordly. Mis Baits ced a grate dele; Mrs. Elton sweld at the ideyaa ov Mis Wood’housez presiding; Mr. Niatlese aancer wauz the moast distinct.

“Iz Mis Wood’hous shure dhat she wood like too here whaut we ar aul ththinking ov?”

“O! no, no”—cride Emmaa, laafing az caerlesly az she cood—“Uppon no acount in the werld. It iz the verry laast ththing I wood stand the brunt ov just nou. Let me here enny ththing raather dhan whaut u ar aul ththinking ov. I wil not sa qwite aul. Dhare ar wun or too, perhaps, (glaancing at Mr. Weston and Harreyet,) whose thauts I mite not be afrade ov nowing.”

“It iz a sort ov ththing,” cride Mrs. Elton emfatticaly, “which I shood not hav thaut micelf privvileejd too inqwire intoo. Dho, perhaps, az the *Shaperone* ov the party—I nevver wauz in enny

cerkel—exploering partese—yung ladese—marrede wimmen—”

Her mutteringz wer cheefly too her huzband; and he mermerd, in repli,

“Verry tru, mi luv, verry tru. Exactly so, indede—qwite unherd ov—but sum ladese sa enny thhing. Better paas it of az a joke. Evvery boddy nose whaut iz ju too *u*.”

“It wil not doo,” whisperd Franc too Emmaa; “dha ar moast ov them afrunted. I wil atac them withe moer adres. Ladese and gentelmen—I am orderd bi Mis Wood’hous too sa, dhat she waivz her rite ov nowing exactly whaut u ma aul be thhinking ov, and oanly reqwiarz sumthhing verry entertaning from eche ov u, in a genneral wa. Here ar cevven ov u, beciadz micelf, (whoo, she iz pleezd too sa, am verry entertaning aulreddy,) and she oanly demaandz from eche ov u iather wun thhing verry clevver, be it prose or vers, oridginal or repeted—or too thhingz modderaitly clevver—or thre thhingz verry dul indede, and she en’ggez too laaf hartily at them aul.”

“O! verry wel,” exclaimd Mis Baits, “then I nede not be unnesy. ‘Thre thhingz verry dul indede.’ Dhat wil just doo for me, u no. I shal be shure too sa thre dul thhingz az soone az evver I open mi mouth, shaant I? (loocking round withe the moast good-humord dependens on evvery boddese acent)—Doo not u aul thhinc I shal?”

Emmaa cood not resist.

“Aa! maam, but dhare ma be a difficulty. Pardon me—but u wil be limmited az too number—oanly thre at wuns.”

Mis Baits, deceevd bi the moc cerremony ov her manner, did not imejaitly cach her mening; but, when it berst on her, it cood not an’gher, dho a slite blush shude dhat it cood pane her.

“Aa!—wel—too be shure. Yes, I ce whaut she meenz, (terning too Mr. Niatly,) and I wil tri too hoald mi tung. I must make micelf verry disagreyabel, or she wood not hav ced such a thhing too an oald frend.”

“I like yor plan,” cride Mr. Weston. “Agrede, agrede. I wil doo mi best. I am making a conundrum. Hou wil a conundrum recon?”

“Lo, I am afrade, cer, verry lo,” aancerd hiz sun;—“but we shal be indulgent—espeshely too enny wun whoo leedz the wa.”

“No, no,” ced Emmaa, “it wil not recon lo. A conundrum ov Mr. Westonz shal clere him and hiz next nabor. Cum, cer, pra let me here it.”

“I dout its beying verry clevver micelf,” ced Mr. Weston. “It iz too much a matter ov fact, but here it iz.—Whaut too letterz ov the alfabet ar dhare, dhat expres perfecshon?”

“Whaut too letterz!—expres perfecshon! I am shure I doo not no.”

“Aa! u wil nevver ghes. U, (too Emmaa), I am certane, wil nevver ghes.—I wil tel u.—M. and A.—Em-maa.—Doo u understand?”

Understanding and gratificaishon came tooghether. It mite be a verry indifferent pece ov wit, but Emmaa found a grate dele too laaf at and enjoi in it—and so did Franc and Harreyet.—It did not ceme too tuch the rest ov the party eeqwaly; sum looct verry schupid about it, and Mr. Niatly graivly ced,

“This explainz the sort ov clevver thhing dhat iz waunted, and Mr. Weston haz dun verry wel for himself; but he must hav noct up evvery boddy els. *Perfecshon* shood not hav cum qwite so soone.”



“O! for micelf, I protest I must be excuezd,” ced Mrs. Elton; “*I* reyaly canot atempt—I am not at aul fond ov the sort ov thhing. I had an acrostic wuns cent too me uppon mi one name, which I wauz not at aul pleezd withe. I nu whoo it came from. An abomminabel puppy!—U no whoo I mene (nodding too her huzband). These kiand ov thhingz ar verry wel  
at Cristmas, when wun iz citting round the fire; but qwite out ov place, in mi opinyon, when wun iz exploering about the cuntry in summer. Mis Wood’hous must excuse me. I am not wun ov dhose whoo hav  
witty thhingz at evvery boddese cervice. I doo not pretend too be a wit. I hav a grate dele ov vivascity in mi one wa, but I reyaly must be aloud too juj when too speke and when too hoald mi tung. Paas us, if u plese, Mr. Cherchil. Paas Mr. E., Niatly, Jane, and micelf. We hav nuthhing clevver too sa—not wun ov us.

“Yes, yes, pra paas *me*,” added her huzband, withe a sort ov snering conshousnes; “*I* hav nuthhing too sa dhat can entertane Mis Wood’hous, or enny uther yung lady. An oald marrede man—qwite good for  
nuthhing. Shal we wauc, Augustaa?”

“Withe aul mi hart. I am reyaly tiard ov exploering so long on wun spot. Cum, Jane, take mi uther arm.”

Jane decliand it, houwevver, and the huzband and wife wauct of. “Happy cuppel!” ced Franc Cherchil, az soone az dha wer out ov hering:—“Hou wel dha sute wun anuther!—Verry lucky—marreying az dha  
did, uppon an aqwaintans formd oonly in a public place!—Dha oonly nu eche uther, I thhinc, a fu weex in Baath! Peculeyarly lucky!—for az too enny reyal nollej ov a personz disposishon dhat Baath, or enny public

place, can ghiv—it iz aul nuthhing; dhare can be no nollej. It iz oonly bi ceying wimmen in dhare one hoamz, amung dhare one cet, just az dha aulwase ar, dhat u can form enny just jujment. Short ov dhat, it iz aul ghes and luc—and wil genneraly be il-luc. Hou menny a man haz comitted himcelf on a short aqwaintans, and rude it aul the rest ov hiz life!”

Mis Faerfax, whoo had celdom spoken befoer, exept amung her one confedderaits, spoke nou.

“Such thhingz doo oker, undoutedly.”—She wauz stopt bi a cof. Franc Cherchil ternd toowordz her too liscen.

“U wer speking,” ced he, graivly. She recuvverd her vois.

“I wauz oonly gowing too observ, dhat dho such unforchunate cercumstaancez doo sumtiamz oker boath too men and wimmen, I canot imadgine them too be verry freeqwent. A haisty and imprudent atachment ma arise—but dhare iz genneraly time too recuvver from it aafterwordz. I wood be understood too mene, dhat it can be oonly weke, irezzolute carracterz, (whoose happines must be aulwase at the mercy ov chaans,) whoo wil suffer an unforchunate aqwaintans too be an inconveenens, an opreshon for evver.”

He made no aancer; meerly looct, and boud in submishon; and soone aafterwordz ced, in a liavly tone,

“Wel, I hav so littel confidens in mi one jujment, dhat whenever I marry, I hope sum boddy wil chuse mi wife for me. Wil u? (terning too Emmaa.) Wil u chuse a wife for me?—I am shure I shood like enny boddy fixt on bi u. U provide for the fammily, u no, (withe a smile at hiz faather). Fiand sum boddy for me. I am in no hurry. Adopt her, edjucate her.”

“And make her like micelf.”

“Bi aul meenz, if u can.”

“Verry wel. I undertake the comishon. U shal hav a charming wife.”

“She must be verry liavly, and hav hasel ise. I care for nuthhing els. I shal go abraud for a cuppel ov yeerz—and when I retern, I shal cum too u for mi wife. Remember.”

Emmaa wauz in no dain’ger ov forghetting. It wauz a comishon too tuch evvery favorite feling. Wood not Harreyet be the verry crechure descriabd? Hasel ise exepted, too yeerz moer mite make her aul dhat he wisht. He mite even hav Harreyet in hiz thauts at the moment; whoo cood sa? Refuuring the ejucaishon too her ceemd too impli it.

“Nou, maam,” ced Jane too her aant, “shal we join Mrs. Elton?”

“If u plese, mi dere. Withe aul mi hart. I am qwite reddy. I wauz reddy too hav gon withe her, but this wil doo just az wel. We shal soone overtake her. Dhare she iz—no, dhats sumbody els. Dhats wun ov the ladese in the Irish car party, not at aul like her.—Wel, I declare—”

Dha wauct of, follode in haaf a minnute bi Mr. Niatly. Mr. Weston, hiz sun, Emmaa, and Harreyet, oanly remaind; and the yung manz spirrits nou rose too a pich aulmoast unplezzant. Even Emmaa gru tiard at laast ov flattery and merriment, and wisht hercelf raather wauking qwiyetly about withe enny ov the utherz, or citting aulmoast alone, and qwite unnatended too, in tranqwil observaishon ov the butifool vuse beneeth her. The aperans ov the cervants loocking out for them too

ghiv notice ov the carragez wauz a joifool cite; and even the buscel ov colecting and preparing too depart, and the soliscichude ov Mrs. Elton too hav *her* carrage ferst, wer gladly enjuerd, in the prospect ov the qwiyet drive home which wauz too close the verry qweschonabel enjoiments ov this da ov plezhure. Such anuther skeme, compoazd ov so menny il-assorted pepel, she hoapt nevver too be betrade intoo agane.

While wating for the carrage, she found Mr. Niatly bi her cide. He looct around, az if too ce dhat no wun wer nere, and then ced,

“Emmaa, I must wuns moer speke too u az I hav bene uest too doo: a privvilege raather enjuerd dhan aloud, perhaps, but I must stil use it. I canot ce u acting rong, widhout a remonstrans. Hou cood u be so unfeeling too Mis Baits? Hou cood u be so insolent in yor wit too a woomman ov her carracter, age, and cichuwaishon?—Emmaa, I had not thaut it poscibel.”

Emmaa recolected, blusht, wauz sorry, but tride too laaf it of.

“Na, hou cood I help saying whaut I did?—Nobody cood hav helpt it. It wauz not so verry bad. I dare sa she did not understand me.”

“I ashure u she did. She felt yor fool mening. She haz tauct ov it cins. I wish u cood hav herd hou she tauct ov it—withe whaut candor and generoscity. I wish u cood hav herd her onnoring yor forbarans, in beying abel too pa her such atenshonz, az she wauz for evver receving from yorcelf and yor faather, when her sociyety must be so erxum.”

“O!” cride Emmaa, “I no dhare iz not a better crechure in the werld: but u must alou, dhat whaut iz good and whaut iz ridicculous ar moast

unforchunaitly blended in her.”

“Dha ar blended,” ced he, “I acnollej; and, wer she prosperous, I cood alou much for the ocaizhonal prevvalens ov the ridicculous over the good. Wer she a woomman ov forchune, I wood leve evvery harmles abcerdity too take its chaans, I wood not qworel withe u for enny libbertese ov manner. Wer she yor eeqwal in cichuwaishon—but, Emmaa, concidder hou far this iz from beying the cace. She iz poor; she haz sunc from the cumforts she wauz born too; and, if she liv too oald age, must probbably cinc moer. Her cichuwaishon shood cecure yor compashon. It wauz

badly dun, indede! U, whoome she had none from an infant, whoome she had cene gro up from a pereyod when her notice wauz an onnor, too hav u nou, in thautles spirrits, and the pride ov the moment, laaf at her, humbel her—and befoer her nece, too—and befoer utherz, menny ov whoome (certainly *sum*,) wood be entiarly ghided bi *yor* treetment ov her.—This iz not plezzant too u, Emmaa—and it iz verry far from plezzant too me; but I must, I wil,—I wil tel u trueths while I can; sattisfide withe proving micelf yor frend bi verry faithfool counsel, and trusting dhat u wil sum time or uther doo me grater justice dhan u can doo nou.”

While dha tauct, dha wer advaancing toowordz the carrage; it wauz reddy; and, befoer she cood speke agane, he had handed her in. He had micinterpreted the felingz which had kept her face averted, and her tung moashonles. Dha wer combiand oanly ov an’gher against hercelf, mortificaishon, and depe concern. She had not bene abel too speke; and, on entering the carrage, sunc bac for a moment overcum—then reproching hercelf for havving taken no leve, making no acnollejment, parting in aparrent sullenes, she looct out withe vois and hand egher too shu a differens; but it wauz just too late. He had ternd awa, and the horcez wer in moashon. She continnude too looc bac, but in vane; and soone, withe whaut apeerd unnuezhuwal spede, dha

wer haaf wa doun the hil, and evvery thhing left far behiand. She wauz vext beyond whaut cood hav bene exprest—aulmoast beyond whaut she cood concele. Nevver had she felt so adgitated, mortifide, greevd, at enny circumstaans in her life. She wauz moast forcibly struc. The trueth ov this representaishon dhare wauz no denyiny. She felt it at her hart. Hou cood she hav bene so brutal, so cruwel too Mis Baits! Hou cood she hav expoazd hercelf too such il opinyon in enny wun she vallude! And hou suffer him too leve her widhout saying wun werd ov grattichude, ov concurrens, ov common kiandnes!

Time did not compose her. Az she reflected moer, she ceemd but too fele it moer. She nevver had bene so deprest. Happily it wauz not nescenary too speke. Dhare wauz oonly Harreyet, whoo ceemd not in spirrits hercelf, fagd, and verry willing too be cilent; and Emmaa felt the teerz running doun her cheex aulmoast aul the wa home, widhout beying at enny trubbel too chec them, extrordinary az dha wer.

## CHAPTER 8

The retchednes ov a skeme too Box Hil wauz in Emmaaz thauts aul the evening. Hou it mite be concidderd bi the rest ov the party, she cood not tel. Dha, in dhare different hoamz, and dhare different wase, mite be locking bac on it withe plezhure; but in her vu it wauz a morning moer compleetly mispent, moer totaly bare ov rashonal satisfacshon at the time, and moer too be abhord in recolecshon, dhan enny she had evver paast. A whole evening ov bac-gammon withe her faather, wauz feliscity too it. *Dhare*, indede, la reyal plezhure, for dhare she wauz ghivving up the swetest ourz ov the twenty-foer too hiz cumfort; and feling dhat, unmerrited az mite be the degry ov hiz fond

afecshon and confiding esteme, she cood not, in her genneral conduct, be open too enny cevere reproche. Az a dauter, she hoapt she wauz not widhout a hart. She hoapt no wun cood hav ced too her, "Hou cood u be so unfeeling too yor faather?—I must, I wil tel u trueths while I can." Mis Baitz shood nevver agane—no, nevver! If atenshon, in fuchure, cood doo awa the paast, she mite hope too be forghivven. She had bene often remis, her conshens toald her so; remis, perhaps, moer in thaut dhan fact; scornfool, un'graisous. But it shood be so no moer. In the wormth ov tru contrishon, she wood caul uppon her the verry next morning, and it shood be the beghinning, on her cide, ov a reggular, eeqwal, kiandy intercoers.

She wauz just az determiand when the moro came, and went erly, dhat nuthhing mite prevent her. It wauz not unliacly, she thaut, dhat she mite ce Mr. Niatly in her wa; or, perhaps, he mite cum in while she wer paying her vizsit. She had no obgecshon. She wood not be ashaimd ov the aperans ov the pennitens, so justly and truly herz. Her ise wer toowordz Donwel az she wauct, but she sau him not.

"The ladese wer aul at home." She had nevver rejoist at the sound befoer, nor evver befoer enterd the passage, nor wauct up the staerz, withe enny wish ov ghivving plezhure, but in confuuring obligaishon, or ov deriving it, exopt in subceqwent riddicule.

Dhare wauz a buscel on her aproche; a good dele ov mooving and tauking. She herd Mis Baitcez vois, sumthhing wauz too be dun in a hurry; the made looct fritend and auqword; hoapt she wood be pleezd too wate a moment, and then usherd her in too soone. The aant and nece ceemd boath escaping intoo the ajoining roome. Jane she had a distinct glimps ov, loocking extreemly il; and, befoer the doer had shut them out, she herd Mis Baitz saying, "Wel, mi dere, I shal sa u ar lade doun uppon the bed, and I am shure u ar il enuf."

Poor oald Mrs. Baits, civvil and humbel az uezhual, looct az if she did not qwite understand whaut wauz gowing on.

“I am afrade Jane iz not verry wel,” ced she, “but I doo not no; dha *tel* me she iz wel. I dare sa mi dauter wil be here prezsently, Mis Wood’hous. I hope u fiand a chare. I wish Hetty had not gon. I am verry littel abel—Hav u a chare, maam? Doo u cit whare u like? I am shure she wil be here prezsently.”

Emmaa cereyously hoapt she wood. She had a moments fere ov Mis Baits keping awa from her. But Mis Baits soone came—“Verry happy and obliajd”—but Emmaaz conshens toald her dhat dhare wauz not the same cheerfool volubillity az befoer—les ese ov looc and manner. A verry frendly inqwiry aafter Mis Faerfax, she hoapt, mite lede the wa too a retern ov oald felingz. The tuch ceemd imejate.

“Aa! Mis Wood’hous, hou kiand u ar!—I supose u hav herd—and ar cum too ghiv us joi. This duz not ceme much like joi, indede, in me—(twincling awa a tere or too)—but it wil be verry trying for us too part withe her, aafter havving had her so long, and she haz a dredfool heddake just nou, riting aul the morning:—such long letterz, u no, too be ritten too Cuunel Cambel, and Mrs. Dixon. ‘Mi dere,’ ced I, ‘u wil bliand yorcelf’—for teerz wer in her ise perpetchuwaly. Wun canot wunder, wun canot wunder. It iz a grate chainj; and dho she iz amasingly forchunate—such a cichuwaishon, I supose, az no yung woomman befoer evver met withe on ferst gowing out—doo not thhinc us un’graitfool, Mis Wood’hous, for such cerprising good forchune—(agane dispercing her teerz)—but, poor dere sole! if u wer too ce whaut a heddake she haz. When wun iz in grate pane, u no wun canot fele enny blescing qwite az it ma deserv. She iz az lo az poscibel. Too looc at her, nobody wood thhinc hou delited and happy



she iz too hav ceuerd such a cichuwaishon. U wil excuse her not cumming too u—she iz not abel—she iz gon intoo her one roome—I waunt her too li doun uppon the bed. ‘Mi dere,’ ced I, ‘I shal sa u ar lade doun uppon the bed:’ but, houwevver, she iz not; she iz wauking about the roome.

But, nou dhat she haz ritten her letterz, she cez she shal soone be wel. She wil be extreemly sory too mis ceying u, Mis Wood’hous, but yor kiandnes wil excuse her. U wer kept wating at the doer—I wauz qwite ashaimd—but sumhou dhare wauz a littel buscel—for it so happend dhat we had not herd the noc, and til u wer on the staerz, we did not no enny boddy wauz cumming. ‘It iz oonly Mrs. Cole,’ ced I, ‘depend uppon it. Nobody els wood cum so erly.’ ‘Wel,’ ced she, ‘it must be boern sum time or uther, and it ma az wel be nou.’ But then Patty came in, and ced it wauz u. ‘O!’ ced I, ‘it iz Mis Wood’hous: I am shure u wil like too ce her.’—‘I can ce nobody,’ ced she; and up she got, and wood go awa; and dhat wauz whaut made us kepe u wating—and extreemly sory and ashaimd we wer. ‘If u must go, mi dere,’ ced I, ‘u must, and I wil sa u ar lade doun uppon the bed.’”

Emmaa wauz moast cinceerly interested. Her hart had bene long growing kiander toowordz Jane; and this picchure ov her prezsent sufferingz acted az a cure ov evvery former un’gennerous suspishon, and left her nuthhing but pittty; and the remembrans ov the les just and les gentel censaishonz ov the paast, obliajd her too admit dhat Jane mite verry natchuraly rezolv on ceying Mrs. Cole or enny uther stedly frend, when she mite not bare too ce hercelf. She spoke az she felt, withe earnest regret and soliscichude—cinceerly wishing dhat the cercumstaancez which she colected from Mis Baits too be nou acchuwaly determiand on, mite be az much for Mis Faerfaxez advaantage and cumfort az poscibel. “It must be a cevere triyal too them aul. She had understood it wauz too be delade til Cuunel Cambelz retern.”

“So verry kiand!” replide Mis Baits. “But u ar aulwase kiand.”

Dhare wauz no baring such an “aulwase;” and too brake throo her dredfool grattichude, Emmaa made the direct inqwiry ov—

“Whare—ma I aasc?—iz Mis Faerfax gowing?”

“Too a Mrs. Smaulrij—charming woomman—moast supereyor—too hav the charj ov her thre littel gherlz—deliatfool children. Imposcibel dhat enny cichuwaishon cood be moer replete withe cumfort; if we exept, perhaps, Mrs. Suclingz one fammily, and Mrs. Bragz; but Mrs. Smaulrij iz intimate withe boath, and in the verry same naborhood:—livz oonly foer mialz from Mapel Grove. Jane wil be oonly foer mialz from Mapel Grove.”

“Mrs. Elton, I supose, haz bene the person too whoome Mis Faerfax ose—”

“Yes, our good Mrs. Elton. The moast indefattigabel, tru frend. She wood not take a deniyal. She wood not let Jane sa, ‘No;’ for when Jane ferst herd ov it, (it wauz the da befoer yesterda, the verry morning we wer at Donwel,) when Jane ferst herd ov it, she wauz qwite decided against axepting the offer, and for the rezonz u menshon; exactly az u sa, she had made up her miand too close withe nuthhing til Cuunel Cambelz retern, and nuthhing shood injuce her too enter intoo enny en’gaijment at prezsent—and so she toald Mrs. Elton over and over agane—and I am shure I had no moer ideyaa dhat she wood chainj her miand!—but dhat good Mrs. Elton, whose jujment nevver failz her, sau farther dhan I did. It iz not evvery boddy dhat wood hav stood out in such a kiand wa az she did, and refuse too take Jainz aancer; but she pozsitiavly declaerd she wood *not* rite enny such deniyal yesterda, az Jane wisht her; she wood wate—and, shure enuf, yesterda evening it wauz aul cetteld dhat Jane shood go. Qwite a cerprise too me! I had not the leest ideyaa!—Jane tooc Mrs. Elton acide, and toald her at wuns, dhat

uppon thhinking over the advaantagez ov Mrs. Smaulridgez cichuwaishon, she had cum too the rezolueshon ov axepting it.—I did not no a werd ov it til it wauz aul cetteld.”

“U spent the evening withe Mrs. Elton?”

“Yes, aul ov us; Mrs. Elton wood hav us cum. It wauz cetteld so, uppon the hil, while we wer wauking about withe Mr. Niatly. ‘U *must aul* spend yor evening withe us,’ ced she—‘I pozsitiavly must hav u *aul* cum.’”

“Mr. Niatly wauz dhare too, wauz he?”

“No, not Mr. Niatly; he decliand it from the ferst; and dho I thaut he wood cum, becauz Mrs. Elton declaerd she wood not let him of, he did not;—but mi muther, and Jane, and I, wer aul dhare, and a verry agreyabel evening we had. Such kiand frendz, u no, Mis Wood’houz, wun must aulwase fiand agreyabel, dho evvery boddy ceemd raather fagd aafter the morningz party. Even plezhure, u no, iz fateghing—and I canot sa dhat enny ov them ceemd verry much too hav enjoid it. Houwevver, I shal aulwase thhinc it a verry plezzant party, and fele extreemly obliajd too the kiand frendz whoo included me in it.”

“Mis Faerfax, I supose, dho u wer not aware ov it, had bene making up her miand the whole da?”

“I dare sa she had.”

“Whenevver the time ma cum, it must be unwelcum too her and aul her frendz—but I hope her en’gaijment wil hav evvery alevैयाishon dhat iz poscibel—I mene, az too the carracter and mannerz ov the fammily.”

“Thanc u, dere Mis Wood’houz. Yes, indede, dhare iz evvery thhing in the werld dhat can make her happy in it. Exept the Suclingz and Bragz, dhare iz not such anuther nercery establishment, so libberal and ellegant, in aul Mrs. Eltonz aqwaintans. Mrs. Smaulrij, a moast deliatfool woomman!—A stile ov livving aulmoast eequal too Mapel Grove—and az too the children, except the littel Suclingz and littel Bragz, dhare ar not such ellegant swete children enniwhare. Jane wil be treted withe such regard and kiandnes!—It wil be nuthhing but plezhure, a life ov plezhure.—And her sallary!—I reyaly canot venchure too name her sallary too u, Mis Wood’houz. Even u, uezd az u ar too grate sumz, wood hardly beleve dhat so much cood be ghivven too a yung person like Jane.”

“Aa! maddam,” cride Emmaa, “if uther children ar at aul like whaut I remember too hav bene micelf, I shood thhinc five tiamz the amount ov whaut I hav evver yet herd naimd az a sallary on such ocaizhonz, deerly ernd.”

“U ar so nobel in yor ideyaaz!”

“And when iz Mis Faerfax too leve u?”

“Verry soone, verry soone, indede; dhats the werst ov it. Within a fortnite. Mrs. Smaulrij iz in a grate hurry. Mi poor muther duz not no hou too bare it. So then, I tri too poot it out ov her thauts, and sa, Cum maam, doo not let us thhinc about it enny moer.”

“Her frendz must aul be sory too loose her; and wil not Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel be sory too fiand dhat she haz en’gaijd hercelf befoer dhare retern?”

“Yes; Jane cez she iz shure dha wil; but yet, this iz such a

cichuwaishon az she canot fele hercelf justifide in declining. I wauz so astonnisht when she ferst toald me whaut she had bene saying too Mrs. Elton, and when Mrs. Elton at the same moment came con'gratchulating me

uppon it! It wauz befoer te—sta—no, it cood not be befoer te, becauz we wer just gowing too cardz—and yet it wauz befoer te, becauz I remember ththinking—O! no, nou I recolect, nou I hav it; sumthhing happend befoer te, but not dhat. Mr. Elton wauz cauld out ov the roome befoer te, oald Jon Abdese sun waunted too speke withe him. Poor oald Jon, I hav a grate regard for him; he wauz clarc too mi poor faather twenty-cevven yeeرز; and nou, poor oald man, he iz bed-ridden, and verry poorly withe the rumattic gout in hiz joints—I must go and ce him too-da; and so wil Jane, I am shure, if she ghets out at aul. And poor Jonz sun came too tauc too Mr. Elton about relefe from the parrish; he iz verry wel too doo himcelf, u no, beying hed man at the Croun, osler, and evvery thhing ov dhat sort, but stil he canot kepe hiz faather widhout sum help; and so, when Mr. Elton came bac, he toald us whaut Jon osler had bene telling him, and then it came out about the shase havving bene cent too Randalz too take Mr. Franc Cherchil too Richmond. Dhat wauz whaut happend befoer te. It wauz aafter te dhat Jane spoke too Mrs. Elton.”

Mis Baits wood hardly ghiv Emmaa time too sa hou perfectly nu this cercumstaans wauz too her; but az widhout suposing it poscibel dhat she cood be ignorant ov enny ov the particcularz ov Mr. Franc Cherchilz gowing, she proceded too ghiv them aul, it wauz ov no conceqwens.

Whaut Mr. Elton had lernd from the osler on the subgett, beying the acumulaishon ov the oslerz one nollej, and the nollej ov the cervants at Randalz, wauz, dhat a mescen'ger had cum over from Richmond soone aafter the retern ov the party from Box Hil—which mescen'ger,

houwevver, had bene no moer dhan wauz expected; and dhat Mr. Cherchil had

cent hiz neffu a fu lianz, contaning, uppon the whole, a tollerabel acount ov Mrs. Cherchil, and oonly wishing him not too dela cumming bac beyond the next morning erly; but dhat Mr. Franc Cherchil havving rezolvd too go home directly, widhout wating at aul, and hiz hors ceming too hav got a coald, Tom had bene cent of imejaitly for the Croun shase, and the osler had stood out and cene it paas bi, the boi gowing a good pace, and driving verry stedly.

Dhare wauz nuthhing in aul this iather too astonnish or interest, and it caut Emmaaz atenshon oonly az it united withe the subject which aulreddy en'gajd her miand. The contraast betwene Mrs. Cherchilz importans in the werld, and Jane Faerfaxez, struc her; wun wauz evvery thhing, the uther nuthhing—and she sat musing on the differens ov woommanz destiny, and qwite unconshous on whaut her ise wer fixt, til rouzd bi Mis Baitcez saying,

“I, I ce whaut u ar thhinking ov, the peyaanoforty. Whaut iz too becum ov dhat?—Verry tru. Poor dere Jane wauz tauking ov it just nou.—‘U must go,’ ced she. ‘U and I must part. U wil hav no biznes here.—Let it sta, houwevver,’ ced she; ‘ghiv it housroome til Cuunel Cambel cumz bac. I shal tauc about it too him; he wil cettel for me; he wil help me out ov aul mi difficultese.’—And too this da, I doo beleve, she nose not whether it wauz hiz prezsent or hiz dauterz.”

Nou Emmaa wauz obliajd too thhinc ov the peyaanoforty; and the remembrans ov

aul her former fancifool and unfare con'gecchuerz wauz so littel plesing, dhat she soone aloud hercelf too beleve her vizsit had bene long enuf; and, withe a repetishon ov evvery thhing dhat she cood venchure too sa ov the good wishez which she reyaly felt, tooc leve.

## CHAPTER 9

Emmaaz pencive meditaishonz, az she wauct home, wer not interupted; but on entering the parlor, she found dhose whoo must rouz her. Mr. Niatly and Harreyet had ariavd juring her abcens, and wer citting withe her faather.—Mr. Niatly imejaitly got up, and in a manner decidedly graver dhan uezhuwal, ced,

“I wood not go awa widhout ceying u, but I hav no time too spare, and dhaerfoer must nou be gon directly. I am gowing too Lunden, too spend a fu dase withe Jon and Izabellaa. Hav u enny thhing too cend or sa, beciadz the ‘luv,’ which nobody carrese?”

“Nuthhing at aul. But iz not this a sudden skeme?”

“Yes—raather—I hav bene ththinking ov it sum littel time.”

Emmaa wauz shure he had not forghivven her; he looct unlike himcelf. Time, houwevver, she thaut, wood tel him dhat dha aut too be frendz agane. While he stood, az if mening too go, but not gowing—her faather began hiz inqwirse.

“Wel, mi dere, and did u ghet dhare saifly?—And hou did u fiand mi werthy oald frend and her dauter?—I dare sa dha must hav bene verry much obliajd too u for cumming. Dere Emmaa haz bene too caul on Mrs. and Mis Baits, Mr. Niatly, az I toald u befoer. She iz aulwase so atentive too them!”

Emmaaz cullor wauz hitend bi this unjust prase; and withe a smile, and shake ov the hed, which spoke much, she looct at Mr. Niatly.—It ceemd az if dhare wer an instantainyous impreshon in her favor, az if hiz ise receevd the trueth from herz, and aul dhat had paast ov good in her felingz wer at wuns caut and onnord.—He looct at her withe a glo ov regard. She wauz wormly grattifide—and in anuther moment stil moer so, bi a littel muivment ov moer dhan common frendlines on hiz part.—He tooc her hand;—whether she had not hercelf made the ferst moashon, she cood not sa—she mite, perhaps, hav raather offerd it—but he tooc her hand, prest it, and certainly wauz on the point ov carreying it too hiz lips—when, from sum fancy or uther, he suddenly let it go.—Whi he shood fele such a scrupel, whi he shood chainj hiz miand when it wauz aul but dun, she cood not perceve.—He wood hav jujd better, she thaut, if he had not stopt.—The intenshon, houwevver, wauz injubitabel; and whether it wauz dhat hiz mannerz had in genneral so littel gallantry, or houwevver els it happend, but she thaut nuthhing became him moer.—It wauz withe him, ov so cimpel, yet so dignifide a nachure.—She cood not but recaul the atempt withe grate satisfacshon. It spoke such perfect ammyty.—He left them imejaitly aafterwordz—gon in a moment. He aulwase muivd withe the alertnes ov a miand which cood niather be undecided nor dilatory, but nou he ceemd moer sudden dhan uezhuwal in hiz disaperans.

Emmaa cood not regret her havving gon too Mis Baits, but she wisht she had left her ten minnuets erleyer;—it wood hav bene a grate plezhure too tauc over Jane Faerfaxez cichuwaishon withe Mr. Niatly.—Niather wood she regret dhat he shood be gowing too Brunswic Sqware, for she nu hou much hiz vizsit wood be enjoid—but it mite hav happend at a better time—and too hav had lon'gher notice ov it, wood hav bene plezzanter.—Dha parted thurro frendz, houwevver; she cood not be



deceevd az too the mening ov hiz countenans, and hiz unfinnisht gallantry;—it wauz aul dun too ashure her dhat she had folly recuverd hiz good opinyon.—He had bene citting withe them haaf an our, she found. It wauz a pitty dhat she had not cum bac erleyer!

In the hope ov diverting her faatherz thauts from the disagreyabelnes ov Mr. Niatlese gowing too Lundon; and gowing so suddenly; and gowing on horsbac, which she nu wood be aul verry bad; Emmaa comunicated her nuse ov Jane Faerfax, and her dependens on the efect wauz justifide; it suplide a verry uesfool chec,—interested, widhout disterbing him. He had long made up hiz miand too Jane Faerfaxez gowing out az guvvernes, and cood tauc ov it cheerfooly, but Mr. Niatlese gowing too Lundon had bene an unexpected blo.

“I am verry glad, indede, mi dere, too here she iz too be so cumfortably cetteld. Mrs. Elton iz verry good-nachuerd and agreyabel, and I dare sa her aqwaintans ar just whaut dha aut too be. I hope it iz a dri cichuwaishon, and dhat her helth wil be taken good care ov. It aut too be a ferst obgett, az I am shure poor Mis Talorz aulwase wauz withe me. U no, mi dere, she iz gowing too be too this nu lady whaut Mis Talor wauz too us. And I hope she wil be better of in wun respect, and not be injuest too go awa aafter it haz bene her home so long.”

The following da braut nuse from Richmond too thro evvery thhing els intoo the bacground. An expres ariavd at Randalz too anouns the deth ov Mrs. Cherchil! Dho her neffu had had no particcular rezon too hacen bac on her acount, she had not livd abuv cix-and-thherty ourz aafter hiz retern. A sudden ceezhure ov a different nachure from enny thhing foerboded bi her genneral state, had carrede her of aafter a short strugghel. The grate Mrs. Cherchil wauz no moer.

It wauz felt az such thhingz must be felt. Evvery boddy had a degry ov gravvity and soro; tendernes toowordz the departed, soliscichude for the

cerviving frendz; and, in a rezonabel time, cureyosity too no whare she wood be berrede. Goaldsmith telz us, dhat when luvly woomman stuips too folly, she haz nuthhing too doo but too di; and when she stuips too be disagreyabel, it iz eeqwaly too be recomended az a clerer ov il-fame. Mrs. Cherchil, aafter beying disliact at leest twenty-five yeerz, wauz nou spoken ov withe compashonate alouwancez. In wun point she wauz foolly justifide. She had nevver bene admitted befoer too be cereyously il. The event aqwitted her ov aul the fancifoolnes, and aul the celfishnes ov imadginary complaints.

“Poor Mrs. Cherchil! no dout she had bene suffering a grate dele: moer dhan enny boddy had evver supoazd—and continnuwal pane wood tri the temper. It wauz a sad event—a grate shoc—withe aul her faults, whaut wood Mr. Cherchil doo widhout her? Mr. Cherchilz los wood be dredfool indede. Mr. Cherchil wood nevver ghet over it.”—Even Mr. Weston shooc hiz hed, and looct sollem, and ced, “Aa! poor woomman, whoo wood hav thaut it!” and rezolvd, dhat hiz moerning shood be az handsum az poscibel; and hiz wife sat ciying and moralising over her braud hemz withe a comiseration and good cens, tru and stedly. Hou it wood afect Franc wauz among the erleyest thauts ov boath. It wauz aulso a verry erly speculaishon withe Emmaa. The carracter ov Mrs. Cherchil, the grefe ov her huzband—her miand glaanst over them boath withe au and compashon—and then rested withe litend felingz on hou Franc mite be afected bi the event, hou bennefited, hou frede. She sau in a moment aul the poscibel good. Nou, an attachment too Harreyet Smith wood hav nuthhing too encounter. Mr. Cherchil, independent ov hiz wife, wauz feerd bi nobody; an esy, ghidabel man, too be perswaded intoo enny thhing bi hiz neffu. Aul dhat remaind too be wisht wauz, dhat the neffu shood form the attachment, az, withe aul her goodwil in the cauz, Emmaa cood fele no certainty ov its beying aulreddy formd.

Harreyet behaidv extremely wel on the ocaizhon, withe grate self-comaand. Whaut evver she mite fele ov briter hope, she betrade nuthhing. Emmaa wauz grattifide, too observ such a prooffe in her ov strengthhend carracter, and refraind from enny aluezhon dhat mite endain'ger its maintenans. Dha spoke, dhaerfoer, ov Mrs. Cherchilz deth withe muchuwal forbarans.

Short letterz from Franc wer receevd at Randalz, comunicating aul dhat wauz imejaitly important ov dhare state and planz. Mr. Cherchil wauz better dhan cood be expected; and dhare ferst remooval, on the deparchure ov the funeral for Yorcs hire, wauz too be too the hous ov a verry oald frend in Winzor, too whoome Mr. Cherchil had bene prommicng a vizsit the laast ten yeerz. At prezsent, dhare wauz nuthhing too be dun for Harreyet; good wishez for the fuchure wer aul dhat cood yet be poscibel on Emmaaz cide.

It wauz a moer prescing concern too shu atenshon too Jane Faerfax, whoose prospects wer closing, while Harreyets opend, and whoose en'gaijments nou aloud ov no dela in enny wun at Hibury, whoo wisht too shu her kiandnes—and withe Emmaa it wauz grone intoo a ferst wish. She had scaersly a stron'gher regret dhan for her paast coaldnes; and the person, whoome she had bene so menny munths neglecting, wauz nou the verry wun on whoome she wood hav lavvisht evvery distincshon ov regard or cimpathhy. She waunted too be ov uce too her; waunted too shu a vally for her sociyety, and testifi respect and concideraishon. She rezolvd too prevale on her too spend a da at Hartfeeld. A note wauz ritten too erj it. The invitaishon wauz refuezd, and bi a verbal message. "Mis Faerfax wauz not wel enuf too rite;" and when Mr. Perry cauld at Hartfeeld, the same morning, it

apeerd dhat she wauz so much indispoazd az too hav bene vizsited, dho against her one concent, bi himself, and dhat she wauz suffering under cevere heddaix, and a nervous fever too a degry, which made him dout the pocibillity ov her gowing too Mrs. Smaulridgez at the time propoazd. Her helth ceemd for the moment compleetly derainjd—appetite qwite gon—and dho dhare wer no absoluetly alarming cimptomz, nuthhing tutching the pulmonary complaint, which wauz the standing aprehenshon ov the fammily, Mr. Perry wauz unnesy about her. He thaut she had undertaken moer dhan she wauz eeqwal too, and dhat she felt it so hercelf, dho she wood not one it. Her spirrits ceemd overcum. Her prezsent home, he cood not but observ, wauz unfavorabel too a nervous disorder:—confiand aulwase too wun roome;—he cood hav wisht it utherwise—and her good aant, dho hiz verry oald frend, he must acnollej too be not the best companyon for an invalid ov dhat descriphon. Her care and atenshon cood not be qweschond; dha wer, in fact, oonly too grate. He verry much feerd dhat Mis Faerfax deriavd moer evil dhan good from them. Emmaa liscend withe the wormest concern;

greevd for her moer and moer, and looct around egher too discuvver sum wa ov beying uesfool. Too take her—be it oonly an our or too—from her aant, too ghiv her chainj ov are and cene, and qwiyet rashonal conversaishon, even for an our or too, mite doo her good; and the following morning she rote agane too sa, in the moast feling lan'gwage she cood comaand, dhat she wood caul for her in the carrage at enny our dhat Jane wood name—menshoning dhat she had Mr. Perrese decided opinyon, in favor ov such exercise for hiz paishent. The aancer wauz oonly in this short note:

“Mis Faerfaxez compliments and thanx, but iz qwite unneeqwal too enny exercise.”

Emmaa felt dhat her one note had deservd sumthhing better; but it wauz imposcibel too qworel withe werdz, whoose tremmulous ineqwaulity shude

indisposishon so plainly, and she thaut oonly ov hou she mite best counteract this unwillingnes too be cene or acisted. In spite ov the aancer, dhaerfoer, she orderd the carrage, and drove too Mrs. Baitcez, in the hope dhat Jane wood be injuest too join her—but it wood not doo;—Mis Baits came too the carrage doer, aul grattichude, and agreying withe her moast earnestly in ththinking an aring mite be ov the gratest cervice—and evvery thhing dhat message cood doo wauz tride—but aul in vane. Mis Baits wauz obliajd too retern widhout suxes; Jane wauz qwite unperswadabel; the mere propozal ov gowing out ceemd too make her wers.—Emmaa wisht she cood hav cene her, and tride her one pouwerz; but, aulmoast befoer she cood hint the wish, Mis Baits made it apere dhat she had prommiast her nece on no acount too let Mis Wood'houz in. “Indede, the trueth wauz, dhat poor dere Jane cood not bare too ce enny boddy—enny boddy at aul—Mrs. Elton, indede, cood not be denide—and Mrs.

Cole had made such a point—and Mrs. Perry had ced so much—but, exept them, Jane wood reyaly ce nobody.”

Emmaa did not waunt too be claast withe the Mrs. Eltonz, the Mrs. Perrese, and the Mrs. Coalz, whoo wood foers themcelvz enniwhare; niather cood she fele enny rite ov prefferens hercelf—she submitted, dhaerfoer, and oonly qweschond Mis Baits farther az too her necez appetite and diyet, which she longd too be abel too acist. On dhat subgett poor Mis Baits wauz verry unhappy, and verry comunicative; Jane wood hardly ete enny thhing:—Mr. Perry recomended nurrishing foode; but evvery thhing dha cood comaand (and nevver had enny boddy such good naborz) wauz distaistfool.

Emmaa, on reching home, cauld the houskeper directly, too an examinaishon ov her stoerz; and sum arroarooto ov verry supereyor qwaulity wauz spedily despacht too Mis Baits withe a moast frendly note. In haaf an our the arroarooto wauz reternd, withe a thouzand thanx from Mis Baits, but “dere Jane wood not be sattisfide widhout its beying

cent bac; it wauz a thhing she cood not take—and, moerover, she incisted on her saying, dhat she wauz not at aul in waunt ov enny thhing.”

When Emmaa aafterwordz herd dhat Jane Faerfax had bene cene waundering about the meddose, at sum distans from Hiburz, on the aafternoone ov the verry da on which she had, under the ple ov beying unneeqwal too enny exercise, so peremptorily refuezd too go out withe her in the carrage, she cood hav no dout—pootting evvery thhing tooghether—dhat Jane wauz rezolvd too receve no kiandnes from *her*. She wauz sorry, verry sorry. Her hart wauz greevd for a state which ceemd but the moer pitteyabel from this sort ov iritaishon ov spirrits, inconcistency ov acshon, and ineqwaulity ov pouwerz; and it mortifide her dhat she wauz ghivven so littel credit for propper feling, or esteemd so littel werthy az a frend: but she had the consolaishon ov nowing dhat her intenshonz wer good, and ov beying abel too sa too hercelf, dhat cood Mr. Niatly hav bene privvy too aul her atempts ov acisting Jane Faerfax, cood he even hav cene intoo her hart, he wood not, on this ocaizhon, hav found enny thhing too reproove.

## CHAPTER 10

Wun morning, about ten dase aafter Mrs. Cherchilz decece, Emmaa wauz cauld dounstaerz too Mr. Weston, whoo “cood not sta five minnuets, and waunted particcularly too speke withe her.”—He met her at the parlor-doer,

and hardly asking her how she did, in the natural key of his voice, sung it impatiently, too soon, unheard by her father,

"Can you come too to Randalz at any time this morning?—Doo, if it be possible. Mrs. Weston wants to see you. She must see you."

"Is she unwell?"

"No, no, not at all—only a little agitated. She would have ordered the carriage, and come too, but she must see you *alone*, and that you no—(nodding towards her father)—Humf!—Can you come?"

"Certainly. This moment, if you please. It is impossible to refuse what you ask in such a way. But what can be the matter?—Is she really not ill?"

"Depend upon me—but ask no more questions. You will not be at all in time. The most unaccountable business! But hush, hush!"

Too ghes what all this meant, was impossible even for Emma.

Something

really important seemed announced by his look; but, as her friend was well, she endeavored not to be uneasy, and settling it with her father, that she would take her walk now, she and Mr. Weston were soon out of the house together and on their way at a quick pace for Randalz.

"Now,"—said Emma, when they were fairly beyond the sweep-gates,—"*now* Mr. Weston, do let me know what has happened."

"No, no,"—he gravely replied.—"*Do not* ask me. I promise my wife to leave it all to her. She will break it to you better than I can. Do not be impatient, Emma; it will all come out too soon."

"Brake it too me," cride Emmaa, standing stil withe terror.—"Good God!—Mr. Weston, tel me at wuns.—Sumthhing haz happend in Brunswic Sqware. I no it haz. Tel me, I charj u tel me this moment whaut it iz."

"No, indede u ar mistaken."—

"Mr. Weston doo not trifel withe me.—Concider hou menny ov mi derest frendz ar nou in Brunswic Sqware. Which ov them iz it?—I charj u bi aul dhat iz saicred, not too atempt conceelment."

"Uppon mi werd, Emmaa."—

"Yor werd!—whi not yor onnor!—whi not sa uppon yor onnor, dhat it haz nuthhing too doo withe enny ov them? Good Hevvenz!—Whaut can be too be *broke* too me, dhat duz not relate too wun ov dhat fammily?"

"Uppon mi onnor," ced he verry cereyously, "it duz not. It iz not in the smaulest degry conected withe enny human beying ov the name ov Niatly."

Emmaaz currage reternd, and she wauct on.

"I wauz rong," he continnude, "in tauking ov its beying *broke* too u. I shood not hav uezd the expreshon. In fact, it duz not concern u—it concernz oonly micelf,—dhat iz, we hope.—Humf!—In short, mi dere Emmaa, dhare iz no ocaizhon too be so unnesy about it. I doant sa dhat it iz not a disagreyabel biznes—but thhingz mite be much wers.—If we wauc faast, we shal soone be at Randalz."

Emmaa found dhat she must wate; and nou it reqwiard littel effort. She



aasct no moer qweschonz dhaerfoer, meerly emploid her one fancy, and dhat soone pointed out too her the probabillity ov its beying sum munny concern—sumthhing just cum too lite, ov a disagreyabel nachure in the cercumstaancez ov the fammily,—sumthhing which the late event at Richmond had braut forward. Her fancy wauz verry active. Haaf a duzsen natchural children, perhaps—and poor Franc cut of!—This, dho verry undesirabel, wood be no matter ov agony too her. It inspiard littel moer dhan an animating cureyosity.

“Whoo iz dhat gentelman on horsbac?” ced she, az dha proceded—speking moer too acist Mr. Weston in keping hiz ceecret, dhan withe enny uther vu.

“I doo not no.—Wun ov the Otwase.—Not Franc;—it iz not Franc, I ashure u. U wil not ce him. He iz haaf wa too Winzor bi this time.”

“Haz yor sun bene withe u, then?”

“O! yes—did not u no?—Wel, wel, nevver miand.”

For a moment he wauz cilent; and then added, in a tone much moer garded and demure,

“Yes, Franc came over this morning, just too aasc us hou we did.”

Dha hurrede on, and wer spedily at Randalz.—“Wel, mi dere,” ced he, az dha enterd the roome—“I hav braut her, and nou I hope u wil soone be better. I shal leve u tooghether. Dhare iz no uce in dela. I shal not be far of, if u waunt me.”—And Emmaa distinctly herd him ad, in a lower tone, befoer he qwitted the roome,—“I hav bene az good az mi werd. She haz not the leest ideyaa.”

Mrs. Weston wauz loocking so il, and had an are ov so much perterbaishon,

dhat Emmaaz unnesines increest; and the moment dha wer alone, she egherly ced,

“Whaut iz it mi dere frend? Sumthhing ov a verry unplezzant nachure, I fiand, haz okerd;—doo let me no directly whaut it iz. I hav bene wauking aul this wa in complete suspens. We boath abhor suspens. Doo not let mine continnu lon’gher. It wil doo u good too speke ov yor distres, whautevver it ma be.”

“Hav u indede no ideyaa?” ced Mrs. Weston in a trembling vois.  
“Canot u, mi dere Emmaa—canot u form a ghes az too whaut u ar too here?”

“So far az dhat it relaits too Mr. Franc Cherchil, I doo ghes.”

“U ar rite. It duz relate too him, and I wil tel u directly;”  
(rezhuming her werc, and ceming rezolvd against loocking up.) “He haz bene here this verry morning, on a moast extrordinary errand. It iz imposcibel too expres our cerprise. He came too speke too hiz faather on a subject,—too anouns an attachment—”

She stopt too breathe. Emmaa thaut ferst ov hercelf, and then ov Harreyet.

“Moer dhan an attachment, indede,” rezhuemd Mrs. Weston; “an en’gaijment—a pozsitive en’gaijment.—Whaut wil u sa, Emmaa—whaut wil enny boddy sa, when it iz none dhat Franc Cherchil and Mis Faerfax ar en’gaijd;—na, dhat dha hav bene long en’gaijd!”

Emmaa even jumpt withe cerprise;—and, horror-struc, exclaimd,

“Jane Faerfax!—Good God! U ar not cereyous? U doo not mene it?”

“U ma wel be amaizd,” reternd Mrs. Weston, stil averting her ise, and tauking on withe eghernes, dhat Emmaa mite hav time too recuvver— “U ma wel be amaizd. But it iz even so. Dhare haz bene a sollem en’gaijment betwene them evver cins October—formd at Wamouth, and kept a ceecret from evvery boddy. Not a crechure nowing it but themcelvz—niather the Cambelz, nor her fammily, nor hiz.—It iz so wunderfool, dhat dho perfectly convinst ov the fact, it iz yet aulmoast increddibel too micelf. I can hardly beleve it.—I thaut I nu him.”

Emmaa scaersly herd whaut wauz ced.—Her miand wauz divided betwene too ideyaaz—her one former conversaishonz withe him about Mis Faerfax; and poor Harreyet;—and for sum time she cood oanly exclame, and reqwire confermaishon, repeted confermaishon.

“Wel,” ced she at laast, trying too recuvver hercelf; “this iz a circumstaans which I must thhinc ov at leest haaf a da, befoer I can at aul comprehend it. Whaut!—en’gaijd too her aul the winter—befoer iather ov them came too Hibury?”

“En’gaijd cins October,—ceecretly en’gaijd.—It haz hert me, Emmaa, verry much. It haz hert hiz faather eeqwaly. *Sum part* ov hiz conduct we canot excuse.”

Emmaa ponderd a moment, and then replide, “I wil not pretend *not* too understand u; and too ghiv u aul the relefe in mi pouwer, be ashuerd dhat no such efect haz follode hiz atenshonz too me, az u ar aprehencive ov.”

Mrs. Weston looct up, afrade too beleve; but Emmaaz countenans wauz az stedly az her werdz.

“Dhat u ma hav les difficulty in beleving this boast, ov mi prezsent perfect indifferens,” she continnude, “I wil farther tel u, dhat dhare wauz a pereyod in the erly part ov our aqwaintans, when I did like him, when I wauz verry much dispoazd too be atacht too him—na, wauz atacht—and hou it came too cece, iz perhaps the wunder. Forchunaitly, houwevver, it did cece. I hav reyalty for sum time paast, for at leest these thre munths, caerd nuthhing about him. U ma beleve me, Mrs. Weston. This iz the cimpel trueth.”

Mrs. Weston kist her withe teerz ov joi; and when she cood fiand utterans, ashuerd her, dhat this protestaishon had dun her moer good dhan enny thhing els in the werld cood doo.

“Mr. Weston wil be aulmoast az much releevd az micelf,” ced she. “On this point we hav bene retched. It wauz our darling wish dhat u mite be atacht too eche uther—and we wer perswaded dhat it wauz so.—Imadgine whaut we hav bene feling on yor acount.”

“I hav escaipt; and dhat I shood escape, ma be a matter ov graitfool wunder too u and micelf. But this duz not aqwit *him*, Mrs. Weston; and I must sa, dhat I thhinc him graitley too blame. Whaut rite had he too cum amung us withe afecshon and faith en’gaijd, and withe mannerz so *verry* dicen’gaijd? Whaut rite had he too endevvor too plese, az he certainly did—too distin’gwish enny wun yung woomman withe percevering atenshon, az he certainly did—while he reyalty belongd too anuther?—Hou cood he tel whaut mischefe he mite be doowing?—Hou cood he tel dhat he mite not be making me in luv withe him?—verry rong, verry rong indede.”

“From sumthhing dhat he ced, mi dere Emmaa, I raather imadgine—”

“And hou cood *she* bare such behaveyor! Compoazhure withe a witnes! too looc on, while repeted atenshonz wer offering too anuther woomman, befoer her face, and not resent it.—Dhat iz a degry ov placiddity, which I can niather comprehend nor respect.”

“Dhare wer misunderstandingz betwene them, Emmaa; he ced so expresly. He had not time too enter intoo much explanaishon. He wauz here oonly a qworter ov an our, and in a state ov agitaishon which did not alou the fool uce even ov the time he cood sta—but dhat dhare had bene misunderstandingz he decidedly ced. The prezsent cricis, indede, ceemd too be braut on bi them; and dhose misunderstandingz mite verry poscibly arise from the impropriyety ov hiz conduct.”

“Impropriyety! O! Mrs. Weston—it iz too caalm a censhure. Much, much beyond impropriyety!—It haz sunc him, I canot sa hou it haz sunc him in mi opinyon. So unlike whaut a man shood be!—Nun ov dhat uprite integrity, dhat strict ad’herens too trueth and principel, dhat disdane ov tric and littelnes, which a man shood displa in evvery traanzacshon ov hiz life.”

“Na, dere Emmaa, nou I must take hiz part; for dho he haz bene rong in this instans, I hav none him long enuf too aancer for hiz havving menny, verry menny, good qwaulitese; and—”

“Good God!” cride Emmaa, not atending too her.—“Mrs. Smaulrij, too! Jane acchuwaly on the point ov gowing az guvvernes! Whaut cood he mene bi such horibel indellicacy? Too suffer her too en’gage hercelf—too suffer her even too thhinc ov such a mezhure!”

“He nu nuthhing about it, Emmaa. On this artikel I can foolly aqwit him. It wauz a private rezolueshon ov herz, not comunicated too him—or at

leest not comunicated in a wa too carry convicshon.—Til yesterda, I no he ced he wauz in the darc az too her planz. Dha berst on him, I doo not no hou, but bi sum letter or message—and it wauz the discuvvery ov whaut she wauz doowing, ov this verry prodject ov herz, which determiand him too cum forword at wuns, one it aul too hiz unkel, thro himself on hiz kiandnes, and, in short, poot an end too the mizserabel state ov conceelment dhat had bene carreying on so long.”

Emmaa began too liscen better.

“I am too here from him soone,” continnude Mrs. Weston. “He toald me at parting, dhat he shood soone rite; and he spoke in a manner which ceemd too prommice me menny particcularz dhat cood not be ghivven nou. Let us wate, dhaerfoer, for this letter. It ma bring menny extenuwaishonz. It ma make menny thhingz intelligibel and excuzabel which nou ar not too be understood. Doant let us be cevere, doant let us be in a hurry too condem him. Let us hav paishens. I must luv him; and nou dhat I am sattisfide on wun point, the wun matereyal point, I am cinceerly ancshous for its aul tarning out wel, and reddy too hope dhat it ma. Dha must both hav sufferd a grate dele under such a cistem ov ceecrecy and conceelment.”

“*Hiz sufferingz,*” replide Emmaa drily, “doo not apere too hav dun him much harm. Wel, and hou did Mr. Cherchil take it?”

“Moast favorably for hiz neffu—gave hiz concent withe scaersly a difficulty. Conceve whaut the events ov a weke hav dun in dhat fammily! While poor Mrs. Cherchil livd, I supose dhare cood not hav bene a hope, a chaans, a pocibillity;—but scaersly ar her remainz at rest in the fammily vault, dhan her huzband iz perswaded too act exactly opposite too whaut she wood hav reqwiard. Whaut a blescing it iz, when

unju influwens duz not cervive the grave!—He gave hiz concent withe verry littel perswaizhon.”

“Aa!” thaut Emmaa, “he wood hav dun az much for Harreyet.”

“This wauz cetteld laast nite, and Franc wauz of withe the lite this morning. He stopt at Hiburay, at the Baitcez, I fancy, sum time—and then came on hither; but wauz in such a hurry too ghet bac too hiz unkel, too whoome he iz just nou moer nescenary dhan evver, dhat, az I tel u, he cood sta withe us but a qworter ov an our.—He wauz verry much adgitated—verry much, indede—too a degry dhat made him apere qwite a different crechure from enny thhing I had evver cene him befoer.—In adishon too aul the rest, dhare had bene the shoc ov fianding her so verry unwel, which he had had no preveyous suspishon ov—and dhare wauz evvery aperans ov hiz havving bene feling a grate dele.”

“And doo u reyaly beleve the afare too hav bene carreying on withe such perfect ceecrezy?—The Cambelz, the Dixonz, did nun ov them no ov the en’gajment?”

Emmaa cood not speke the name ov Dixon widhout a littel blush.

“Nun; not wun. He pozsitiavly ced dhat it had bene none too no beying in the werld but dhare too celvz.”

“Wel,” ced Emmaa, “I supose we shal gradjuwaly gro reconciald too the ideyaa, and I wish them verry happy. But I shal aulwase thhinc it a verry abomminabel sort ov proceding. Whaut haz it bene but a cistem ov hipocricy and decete,—espeyonaazh, and tretchery?—Too cum amung us withe profeshonz ov openes and cimpliscity; and such a leghe in ceecret too juj us aul!—Here hav we bene, the whole winter and spring, compleetly juept, fancying ourcelvz aul on an eeqwal footing ov trueth

and onnor, withe too pepel in the midst ov us whoo ma hav bene carreying round, comparing and citting in jujment on centiments and werdz dhat wer nevver ment for boath too here.—Dha must take the conceqwens, if dha hav herd eche uther spoken ov in a wa not perfectly agreyabel!”

“I am qwite esy on dhat hed,” replide Mrs. Weston. “I am verry shure dhat I nevver ced enny thhing ov iather too the uther, which boath mite not hav herd.”

“U ar in luc.—Yor oonly blunder wauz confiand too mi ere, when u imadgiand a certane frend ov ourz in luv withe the lady.”

“Tru. But az I hav aulwase had a thurroly good opinyon ov Mis Faerfax, I nevver cood, under enny blunder, hav spoken il ov her; and az too speking il ov him, dhare I must hav bene safe.”

At this moment Mr. Weston apeerd at a littel distans from the windo, evvidently on the wauch. Hiz wife gave him a looc which invited him in; and, while he wauz cumming round, added, “Nou, derest Emmaa, let me intrete u too sa and looc evvery thhing dhat ma cet hiz hart at ese, and incline him too be sattisfide withe the mach. Let us make the best ov it—and, indede, aulmoast evvery thhing ma be faerly ced in her favor. It iz not a conecshon too grattifi; but if Mr. Cherchil duz not fele dhat, whi shood we? and it ma be a verry forchunate circumstaans for him, for Franc, I mene, dhat he shood hav atacht himcelf too a gherl ov such steddines ov carracter and good jujment az I hav aulwase ghivven her credit for—and stil am dispoazd too ghiv her credit for, in spite ov this wun grate deveyaishon from the strict rule ov rite. And hou much ma be ced in her cichuwaishon for even dhat error!”

“Much, indede!” cride Emmaa felingly. “If a woomman can evver be excuezd



for thhinking oanly ov hercelf, it iz in a cichuwaishon like Jane Faerfaxez.—Ov such, wun ma aulmoast sa, dhat ‘the werld iz not dhaerz, nor the werldz lau.’”

She met Mr. Weston on hiz entrans, withe a smiling countenans, exclaming,

“A verry pritty tric u hav bene playing me, uppon mi werd! This wauz a device, I supose, too spoert withe mi cureyosity, and exercise mi tallent ov ghescing. But u reyaly fritend me. I thaut u had lost haaf yor propperty, at leest. And here, insted ov its beying a matter ov condolens, it ternz out too be wun ov con’grachulaishon.—I con’gratchulate u, Mr. Weston, withe aul mi hart, on the prospect ov havving wun ov the moast luvly and acumplisht yung wimmen in In’gland for yor dauter.”

A glaans or too betwene him and hiz wife, convinst him dhat aul wauz az rite az this speche proclaimd; and its happy efect on hiz spirrits wauz imejate. Hiz are and vois recuvverd dhare uezhuwal briscnes: he shooc her hartily and graitfooly bi the hand, and enterd on the subject in a manner too proove, dhat he nou oanly waunted time and perswaizhon too thhinc the en’gaijment no verry bad thhing. Hiz companyonz sugested oanly whaut cood palleyate imprudens, or smuithe obgecshonz; and bi the time dha had tauct it aul over tooghether, and he had tauct it aul over agane withe Emmaa, in dhare wauc bac too Hartfeeld, he wauz becum perfectly reconciald, and not far from thhinking it the verry best thhing dhat Franc cood poscibly hav dun.

“Harreyet, poor Harreyet!”—Dhose wer the werdz; in them la the tormenting ideyaaz which Emmaa cood not ghet rid ov, and which constichuted the reyal mizsery ov the biznes too her. Franc Cherchil had behaivd verry il bi hercelf—verry il in menny wase,—but it wauz not so much *hiz* behaveyor az her *one*, which made her so an’gry withe him. It wauz the scrape which he had draun her intoo on Harreyets acount, dhat gave the depest hu too *hiz* ofens.—Poor Harreyet! too be a cecond time the jupe ov her misconcepshonz and flattery. Mr. Niatly had spoken profetticaly, when he wuns ced, “Emmaa, u hav bene no frend too Harreyet Smith.”—She wauz afrade she had dun her nuthhing but dicervice.—It wauz tru dhat she had not too charj hercelf, in this instans az in the former, withe beying the sole and oridginal author ov the mischefe; withe havving sugested such felingz az mite uthewise nevver hav enterd Harreyets imaginaishon; for Harreyet had acnollejd her admiraishon and prefferens ov Franc Cherchil befoer she had ever ghivven her a hint on the subgett; but she felt compleetly ghilty ov havving encurraijd whaut she mite hav represt. She mite hav prevented the indulgens and increce ov such centiments. Her influwens wood hav bene enuf. And nou she wauz verry conshous dhat she aut too hav prevented them.—She felt dhat she had bene risking her frendz happines on moast insufishent groundz. Common cens wood hav directed her too tel Harreyet, dhat she must not alou hercelf too thhinc ov him, and dhat dhare wer five hundred chaancez too wun against *hiz* evver caring for her.—“But, withe common cens,” she added, “I am afrade I hav had littel too doo.”

She wauz extreemly an’gry withe hercelf. If she cood not hav bene an’gry withe Franc Cherchil too, it wood hav bene dredfool.—Az for Jane Faerfax, she mite at leest releve her felingz from enny prezsent soliscichude on her acount. Harreyet wood be anxiiety enuf; she nede no

lon'gher be unhappy about Jane, whoose trubbelz and whoose il-helth havving, ov coers, the same origin, must be eeqwaly under cure.—Her dase ov incignificans and evil wer over.—She wood soone be wel, and happy, and prosperous.—Emmaa cood nou imadgine whi her one atenshonz

had bene slited. This discuvvery lade menny smauler matterz open. No dout it had bene from gelloucy.—In Jainz ise she had bene a rival; and wel mite enny thhing she cood offer ov acistans or regard be repulst. An aring in the Hartfeeld carrage wood hav bene the rac, and arroaroot from the Hartfeeld stoeroome must hav bene poizon. She understood it aul; and az far az her miand cood dicen'gage itcelf from the injustice and celfishnes ov an'gry felingz, she acnollejd dhat Jane Faerfax wood hav niather elevaishon nor happines beyond her dezsert. But poor Harreyet wauz such an en'grocing charj! Dhare wauz littel cimpathhy too be spaerd for enny boddy els. Emmaa wauz sadly feerfool

dhat this cecond disapointment wood be moer cevere dhan the ferst. Conciddering the verry supereyor claimz ov the obgett, it aut; and judging bi its aparrently stron'gher efect on Harreyets miand, projucing reserv and celf-comaand, it wood.—She must comunicate the painfool trueth, houwevver, and az soone az poscibel. An injuncshon ov ceecrecy had

bene amung Mr. Westonz parting werdz. “For the prezsent, the whole afare wauz too be compleetly a ceecret. Mr. Cherchil had made a point ov it, az a token ov respect too the wife he had so verry recently lost; and evvery boddy admitted it too be no moer dhan ju decorum.”—Emmaa had prommiast; but stil Harreyet must be exepted. It wauz her supereyor juty.

In spite ov her vexaishon, she cood not help feling it aulmoast ridicculous, dhat she shood hav the verry same distrescing and dellicate office too perform bi Harreyet, which Mrs. Weston had just gon throo bi hercelf. The intelligens, which had bene so ancshously anounst too her, she wauz nou too be ancshously anouncing too anuther. Her hart bete qwic on hering Harreyets footstep and vois; so, she supoazd, had

poor Mrs. Weston felt when *she* wauz aproching Randalz. Cood the event ov the discloazhure bare an eeqwal resemblans!—But ov dhat, unforchunaitly, dhare cood be no chaans.

“Wel, Mis Wood’hous!” cride Harreyet, cumming egherly intoo the roome —“iz not this the oddest nuse dhat evver wauz?”

“Whaut nuse doo u mene?” replide Emmaa, unnabel too ghes, bi looc or vois, whether Harreyet cood indede hav receevd enny hint.

“About Jane Faerfax. Did u evver here enny thhing so strainj? O!—u nede not be afrade ov oning it too me, for Mr. Weston haz toald me himcelf. I met him just nou. He toald me it wauz too be a grate ceecret; and, dhaerfoer, I shood not thhinc ov menshoning it too enny boddy but u, but he ced u nu it.”

“Whaut did Mr. Weston tel u?”—ced Emmaa, stil perplext.

“O! he toald me aul about it; dhat Jane Faerfax and Mr. Franc Cherchil ar too be marrede, and dhat dha hav bene privaitly en’gajid too wun anuther this long while. Hou verry od!”

It wauz, indede, so od; Harreyets behaveyor wauz so extreemly od, dhat Emmaa did not no hou too understand it. Her carracter apeerd absoluetly chainjd. She ceemd too propose shuwing no agitaishon, or disapointment, or peculeyar concern in the discuverry. Emmaa looct at her, qwite unnabel too speke.

“Had u enny ideyaa,” cride Harreyet, “ov hiz beying in luv withe her?—U, perhaps, mite.—U (blushing az she spoke) whoo can ce intoo evvery boddese hart; but nobody els—”

“Uppon mi werd,” ced Emmaa, “I beghin too dout mi havving enny such tallent.

Can u cereyously aasc me, Harreyet, whether I imadgiand him atacht too anuther woomman at the verry time dhat I wauz—tascitly, if not openly—encurraging u too ghiv wa too yor one felingz?—I nevver had the slitest suspishon, til within the laast our, ov Mr. Franc Cherchilz havving the leest regard for Jane Faerfax. U ma be verry shure dhat if I had, I shood hav caushond u acordingly.”

“Me!” cride Harreyet, culloring, and astonnisht. “Whi shood u caushon me?—U doo not thhinc I care about Mr. Franc Cherchil.”

“I am delited too here u speke so stoutly on the subgect,” replide Emmaa, smiling; “but u doo not mene too deni dhat dhare wauz a time—and not verry distant iather—when u gave me rezon too understand dhat u did care about him?”

“Him!—nevver, nevver. Dere Mis Wood’hous, hou cood u so mistake me?” terning awa distrest.

“Harreyet!” cride Emmaa, aafter a moments pauz—“Whaut doo u mene?—Good Hevven! whaut doo u mene?—Mistake u!—Am I too suppose then?—”

She cood not speke anuther werd.—Her vois wauz lost; and she sat down, wating in grate terror til Harreyet shood aancer.

Harreyet, whoo wauz standing at sum distans, and withe face ternd from her, did not imejaitly sa enny thhing; and when she did speke, it wauz in a vois neerly az adgitated az Emmaaz.

“I shood not hav thaut it poscibel,” she began, “dhat u cood hav misunderstood me! I no we agrede nevver too name him—but

conciddering hou infiniatly supereyor he iz too evvery boddy els, I shood not hav thaut it poscibel dhat I cood be supoast too mene enny uther person. Mr. Franc Cherchil, indede! I doo not no whoo wood ever looc at him in the cumpany ov the uther. I hope I hav a better taist dhan too thhinc ov Mr. Franc Cherchil, whoo iz like nobody bi hiz cide. And dhat u shood hav bene so mistaken, iz amasing!—I am shure, but for beleving dhat u entiarly apruivd and ment too encurrage me in mi attachment, I shood hav concidderd it at ferst too grate a prezumpshon aulmoast, too dare too thhinc ov him. At ferst, if u had not toald me dhat moer wunderfool thhingz had happend; dhat dhare had bene matchez ov grater dispartity (dhose wer yor verry werdz);—I shood not hav daerd too ghiv wa too—I shood not hav thaut it poscibel—But if *u*, whoo had bene aulwase aqwainted withe him—”

“Harreyet!” cride Emmaa, colecting hercelf rezzoluetly—“Let us understand eche uther nou, widhout the pocibillity ov farther mistake. Ar u speking ov—Mr. Niatly?”

“Too be shure I am. I nevver cood hav an ideyaa ov enny boddy els—and so I thaut u nu. When we tauct about him, it wauz az clere az poscibel.”

“Not qwite,” reternd Emmaa, withe foerst caalmnes, “for aul dhat u then ced, apeerd too me too relate too a different person. I cood aulmoast acert dhat u had *naimd* Mr. Franc Cherchil. I am shure the cervice Mr. Franc Cherchil had renderd u, in protecting u from the gipcese, wauz spoken ov.”

“O! Mis Wood’hous, hou u doo forghet!”

“Mi dere Harreyet, I perfectly remember the substans ov whaut I ced on the ocaizhon. I toald u dhat I did not wunder at yor atachment; dhat conciddering the cervice he had renderd u, it wauz extreemly natchural:—and u agrede too it, exprescing yorcelf verry wormly az too yor cens ov dhat cervice, and menshoning even whaut yor censaishonz had bene in ceying him cum forword too yor rescu.—The impreshon ov it iz strong on mi memmory.”

“O, dere,” cride Harreyet, “nou I recolect whaut u mene; but I wauz thhinking ov sumthhing verry different at the time. It wauz not the gipcese—it wauz not Mr. Franc Cherchil dhat I ment. No! (withe sum elevaishon) I wauz thhinking ov a much moer preshous circumstaans—ov Mr.

Niatlese cumming and aasking me too daans, when Mr. Elton wood not stand up withe me; and when dhare wauz no uther partner in the roome.

Dhat

wauz the kiand acshon; dhat wauz the nobel benevvolens and generoscity; dhat wauz the cervice which made me beghin too fele hou supereyor he wauz too

evvery uther beying uppon erth.”

“Good God!” cride Emmaa, “this haz bene a moast unforchunate—moast deplorabel mistake!—Whaut iz too be dun?”

“U wood not hav encurraijd me, then, if u had understood me? At leest, houwevver, I cannot be wers of dhan I shood hav bene, if the uther had bene the person; and nou—it *iz* poscibel—”

She pauzd a fu moments. Emmaa cood not speke.

“I doo not wunder, Mis Wood’hous,” she rezhuemd, “dhat u shood fele a grate differens betwene the too, az too me or az too enny boddy. U must thhinc wun five hundred milleyon tiamz moer abuv me dhan the uther. But

I hope, Mis Wood'hous, dhat suposing—dhat if—strainj az it ma apere—. But u no dha wer yor one werdz, dhat *moer* wunderfool thhingz had happend, matchez ov *grater* disparrity had taken place dhan betwene Mr. Franc Cherchil and me; and, dhaerfoer, it ceemz az if such a thhing even az this, ma hav okerd befoer—and if I shoold be so forchunate, beyond expreshon, az too—if Mr. Niatly shoold reyaly—if *he* duz not miand the disparrity, I hope, dere Mis Wood'hous, u wil not cet yorcelf against it, and tri too poot difficultese in the wa. But u ar too good for dhat, I am shure."

Harreyet wauz standing at wun ov the windose. Emmaa ternd round too looc at her in consternaishon, and haistily ced,

"Hav u enny ideyaa ov Mr. Niatlese reterning yor afecshon?"

"Yes," replide Harreyet modestly, but not feerfooly—"I must sa dhat I hav."

Emmaaz ise wer instantly widhdraun; and she sat cilenly medditating, in a fixt attichude, for a fu minnuets. A fu minnuets wer sufishent for making her aqwainted withe her one hart. A miand like herz, wuns opening too suspishon, made rappid proagres. She tucht—she admitted—she

acnollejd the whole trueth. Whi wauz it so much wers dhat Harreyet shoold be in luv withe Mr. Niatly, dhan withe Franc Cherchil? Whi wauz the evil so dredfooly increest bi Harreyets havving sum hope ov a retern? It darted throo her, withe the spede ov an arro, dhat Mr. Niatly must marry no wun but hercelf!

Her one conduct, az wel az her one hart, wauz befoer her in the same fu minnuets. She sau it aul withe a cleernes which had nevver blest her befoer. Hou improperly had she bene acting bi Harreyet! Hou



inconcidderate, hou indellicate, hou irashonal, hou unfeeling had bene her conduct! Whaut bliandnes, whaut madnes, had led her on! It struc her withe dredfool foers, and she wauz reddy too ghiv it evvery bad name in

the werld. Sum porshon ov respect for herself, houwevver, in spite ov aul these demerrits—sum concern for her one aperans, and a strong cens ov justice bi Harreyet—(dhare wood be no nede ov *compashon* too the gherl whoo beleevd herself luvd bi Mr. Niatly—but justice reqwiard dhat she shood not be made unhappy bi enny coaldnes nou,) gave

Emmaa the rezolueshon too cit and enjure farther withe caalmnes, withe even

aparrent kiandnes.—For her one advaantage indede, it wauz fit dhat the utmoast extent ov Harreyets hoaps shood be enqwiard intoo; and Harreyet had dun nuthing too forfeite the regard and interest which had bene so voluntarily formd and maintaind—or too deserv too be slited bi the person, whose councelz had nevver led her rite.—Rousing from reflexhon, dhaerfoer, and subjuwing her emoashon, she ternd too Harreyet agane, and, in a moer inviting axent, renude the conversaishon; for az too the subject which had ferst introjuest it, the wunderfool stoery ov Jane Faerfax, dhat wauz qwite sunc and lost.—Niather ov them thaut but ov Mr. Niatly and themcelvz.

Harreyet, whoo had bene standing in no unhappy revvery, wauz yet verry glad

too be cauld from it, bi the nou encurraging manner ov such a juj, and such a frend az Mis Wood'hous, and oanly waunted invitaishon, too ghiv the history ov her hoaps withe grate, dho trembling delite.—Emmaaz tremblingz az she aasct, and az she liscend, wer better conceeld dhan Harreyets, but dha wer not les. Her vois wauz not unsteddy; but her miand wauz in aul the perterbaishon dhat such a devellopment ov celf, such a berst ov threttening evil, such a confuezhon

ov sudden and perplexing emoashonz, must creyate.—She liscend withe much inword suffering, but withe grate outword paishens, too Harreyets detale.—Methoddical, or wel arainjd, or verry wel delivverd, it cood not be expected too be; but it containd, when cepparated from aul the febelnes and tautollogy ov the narraishon, a substans too cinc her spirit—espehaly withe the corobborating circumstaancez, which her one memmory braut in favor ov Mr. Niatlese moast impruivd opinyon ov Harreyet.

Harreyet had bene conshous ov a differens in hiz behaveyor evver cins dhose too decicive daancez.—Emmaa nu dhat he had, on dhat ocaizhon, found her much supereyor too hiz expectaishon. From dhat evening, or at leest from the time ov Mis Wood'housez encurraging her too thhinc ov him, Harreyet had begun too be cencibel ov hiz tauking too her much moer dhan he had bene uest too doo, and ov hiz havving indede qwite a different manner toowordz her; a manner ov kiandnes and sweetnes!—Latterly she had bene moer and moer aware ov it. When dha had bene aul wauking tooghether, he had so often cum and wauct bi her, and tauct so verry deliatfooly!—He ceemd too waunt too be aqwainted withe her. Emmaa nu it too hav bene verry much the cace. She had often observd the chainj, too aulmoast the same extent.—Harreyet repeted expreshonz ov aprobaishon and prase from him—and Emmaa felt them too be in the clocest agrement withe whaut she had none ov hiz opinyon ov Harreyet. He praizd her for beying widhout art or afectaishon, for havving cimpel, onnest, gennerous, felingz.—She nu dhat he sau such recomendaishonz in Harreyet; he had dwelt on them too her moer dhan wuns.—Much dhat livd in Harreyets memmory, menny littel particcularz ov the notice she had receevd from him, a looc, a speche, a remooval from wun chare too anuther, a compliment implide, a prefferens inferd, had bene unnotiast, becauz unsuspected, bi Emmaa. Circumstaancez dhat mite swel too haaf an ourz

relaishon, and containd multiplide pruifs too her whoo had cene them, had paast undicernd bi her whoo nou herd them; but the too latest ocurrencez too be menshond, the too ov stron'ghest prommice too Harreyet, wer not widhout sum degry ov witnes from Emmaa hercelf.—The ferst, wauz hiz wauking withe her apart from the utherz, in the lime-wauc at Donwel, whare dha had bene wauking sum time befoer Emmaa came, and he had taken painz (az she wauz convinst) too drau her from the rest too himcelf—and at ferst, he had tauct too her in a moer particcular wa dhan he had evver dun befoer, in a verry particcular wa indede!— (Harreyet cood not recaul it widhout a blush.) He ceemd too be aulmoast aasking her, whether her afecshonz wer en'gaijd.—But az soone az she (Mis Wood'hous) apeerd liacly too join them, he chainjd the subgect, and began tauking about farming:—The cecond, wauz hiz havving sat tauking withe her neerly haaf an our befoer Emmaa came bac from her vizsit, the verry laast morning ov hiz beying at Hartfeeld—dho, when he ferst came in, he had ced dhat he cood not sta five minnuets—and hiz havving toald her, juring dhare conversaishon, dhat dho he must go too Lundon, it wauz verry much against hiz inclinaishon dhat he left home at aul, which wauz much moer (az Emmaa felt) dhan he had acnollejd too *her*. The supereyor degry ov confidens toowordz Harreyet, which this wun artikel marct, gave her cevere pane.

On the subgect ov the ferst ov the too circumstaancez, she did, aafter a littel reflecshon, venchure the following qweschon. “Mite he not?—Iz not it poscibel, dhat when enqwiring, az u thaut, intoo the state ov yor afecshonz, he mite be aluding too Mr. Martin—he mite hav Mr. Martinz interest in vu? But Harreyet regected the suspishon withe spirrit.

“Mr. Martin! No indede!—Dhare wauz not a hint ov Mr. Martin. I hope I

no better nou, dhan too care for Mr. Martin, or too be suspected ov it."

When Harreyet had cloazd her evvidens, she apeeld too her dere Mis Wood'hous, too sa whether she had not good ground for hope.

"I nevver shood hav prezhuemd too thhinc ov it at ferst," ced she, "but for u. U toald me too observ him caerfooly, and let hiz behaveyor be the rule ov mine—and so I hav. But nou I ceme too fele dhat I ma deserv him; and dhat if he duz chuse me, it wil not be enny thhing so verry wunderfool."

The bitter felingz ocaizhond bi this speche, the menny bitter felingz, made the utmoast exershon nescenary on Emmaaz cide, too enabel her too sa on repli,

"Harreyet, I wil oonly venchure too declare, dhat Mr. Niatly iz the laast man in the werld, whoo wood intenshonalz ghiv enny woomman the ideyaa ov hiz feling for her moer dhan he reyaly duz."

Harreyet ceemd reddy too wership her frend for a centens so satisfactory; and Emmaa wauz oonly saivd from rapchuerz and fondnes, which at dhat moment wood hav bene dredfool penans, bi the sound ov her faatherz footsteps. He wauz cumming throo the haul. Harreyet wauz too much adgitated too encounter him. "She cood not compose hercelf— Mr. Wood'hous wood be alarmd—she had better go;"—withe moast reddy encurraijment from her frend, dhaerfoer, she paast of throo anuther doer—and the moment she wauz gon, this wauz the spontainyous berst ov Emmaaz felingz: "O God! dhat I had nevver cene her!"

The rest ov the da, the following nite, wer hardly enuf for her thauts.—She wauz bewilderd amidst the confuezhon ov aul dhat had

rusht on her within the laast fu ourz. Evvery moment had braut a fresh cerprise; and evvery cerprise must be matter ov humileyaishon too her.—Hou too understand it aul! Hou too understand the decepshonz she had

bene dhus practicing on herself, and livving under!—The blunderz, the bliandnes ov her one hed and hart!—she sat stil, she wauct about, she tride her one roome, she tride the shrubbery—in evvery place, evvery poschure, she perceevd dhat she had acted moast weecly; dhat she had bene impoazd on bi utherz in a moast mortifiying degry; dhat she had bene imposing on herself in a degry yet moer mortifiying; dhat she wauz retched, and shood probbably fiand this da but the beghinning ov retchednes.

Too understand, thurroly understand her one hart, wauz the ferst endevvor. Too dhat point went evvery lezhure moment which her faatherz claimz on her aloud, and evvery moment ov involluntary abcens ov miand.

Hou long had Mr. Niatly bene so dere too her, az evvery feling declaerd him nou too be? When had hiz influwens, such influwens begun?

—

When had he suxeded too dhat place in her afecshon, which Franc Cherchil had wuns, for a short pereyod, occupide?—She looct bac; she compaerd the too—compaerd them, az dha had aulwase stood in her estimaishon, from the time ov the latterz becumming none too her—and az dha must at enny time hav bene compaerd bi her, had it—o! had it, bi enny blesced feliscity, okerd too her, too instichute the comparrison.—She sau dhat dhare nevvver had bene a time when she did not concidder Mr. Niatly az infiniatly the supereyor, or when hiz regard for her had not bene infiniatly the moast dere. She sau, dhat in perswading herself, in fancying, in acting too the contrary, she had bene entiarly under a deluezhon, totaly ignorant ov her one hart—and, in short, dhat she had nevvver reyaly caerd for Franc Cherchil at aul!

This wauz the concluezhon ov the ferst cerese ov reflecshon. This wauz the

nollej ov hercelf, on the ferst qweschon ov inqwiry, which she reecht; and widhout beying long in reching it.—She wauz moast sorofooly indignant; ashaimd ov evvery censaishon but the wun reveeld too her—her afecshon for Mr. Niatly.—Evvery uther part ov her miand wauz disgusting.

Withe insufferabel vannity had she beleevd hercelf in the ceecret ov evvery boddese felingz; withe unpardonabel arrogans propoazd too arainj evvery boddese destiny. She wauz pruivd too hav bene universaly mistaken;

and she had not qwrite dun nuthhing—for she had dun mischefe. She had braut evil on Harreyet, on hercelf, and she too much feerd, on Mr. Niatly.—Wer this moast unneequal ov aul conecshonz too take place, on her must rest aul the reproche ov havving ghivven it a beghinning; for hiz attachment, she must beleve too be projuest oonly bi a consousnes ov Harreyets;—and even wer this not the cace, he wood nevver hav none Harreyet at aul but for her folly.

Mr. Niatly and Harreyet Smith!—It wauz a uenyon too distans evvery wunder ov the kiand.—The attachment ov Franc Cherchil and Jane Faerfax became commonplace, thredbare, stale in the comparrison, exiting no cerprise, presenting no disparrity, afoerding nuthhing too be ced or thaut.—Mr. Niatly and Harreyet Smith!—Such an elevaishon on her cide! Such a debaisment on hiz! It wauz horibel too Emmaa too thhinc hou it

must cinc him in the genneral opinyon, too foercy the smialz, the sneerz, the merriment it wood prompt at hiz expens; the mortificaishon and disdane ov hiz bruther, the thouzand inconveenyencez too himcelf.—Cood it be?—No; it wauz imposcibel. And yet it wauz far, verry far, from imposcibel.—Wauz it a nu circumstaans for a man ov ferst-rate abillitese too be captivated bi verry infereyor pouwerz? Wauz it nu for wun,

perhaps too bizsy too ceke, too be the prise ov a gherl whoo wood ceke him?—Wauz it nu for enny thhing in this werld too be unneequal,

inconcistent, incon'gruwous—or for chaans and cercumstaans (az cecond causez) too direct the human fate?

O! had she nevver braut Harreyet forword! Had she left her whare she aut, and whare he had toald her she aut!—Had she not, withe a folly which no tung cood expres, prevented her marreying the unexepshonabel yung man whoo wood hav made her happy and respectabel in the line ov life too which she aut too belong—aul wood hav bene safe; nun ov this dredfool ceeqwel wood hav bene.

Hou Harreyet cood evver hav had the prezumpshon too rase her thauts too Mr. Niatly!—Hou she cood dare too fancy hercelf the chosen ov such a man til acchuwaly ashuerd ov it!—But Harreyet wauz les humbel, had fuwer scrupelz dhan formerly.—Her infereyority, whether ov miand or cichuwaishon, ceemd littel felt.—She had ceemd moer cencibel ov Mr. Eltonz beying too stoope in marreying her, dhan she nou ceemd ov Mr. Niatlese.—Alaas! wauz not dhat her one doowing too? Whoo had bene at painz too ghiv Harreyet noashonz ov celf-conceqwens but hercelf?—Whoo but hercelf had taut her, dhat she wauz too ellevate hercelf if poscibel, and dhat her claimz wer grate too a hi werldly establishment?—If Harreyet, from beying humbel, wer grone vane, it wauz her doowing too.

## CHAPTER 12

Til nou dhat she wauz threttend withe its los, Emmaa had nevver none hou much ov her happines depended on beying *ferst* withe Mr. Niatly, *ferst* in interest and afecshon.—Sattisfide dhat it wauz so, and feling

it her ju, she had enjoid it widhout reflexhon; and oonly in the dred ov beying suplaanted, found hou inexprescibly important it had bene.—Long, verry long, she felt she had bene ferst; for, havving no female conecshonz ov hiz one, dhare had bene oonly Izabellaa whoose claimz

cood be compaerd withe herz, and she had aulwase none exactly hou far he luvd and esteemd Izabellaa. She had hercelf bene ferst withe him for menny yeerz paast. She had not deservd it; she had often bene negligent or pervers, sliting hiz advice, or even wilfooly oposing him, incencibel ov haaf hiz merrits, and qworeling withe him becauz he wood not acnollej her fauls and insolent estimate ov her one—but stil, from fammily atachment and habbit, and thurro exelens ov miand, he had luvd her, and waucht over her from a gherl, withe an endevvor too improove her, and an anxiyety for her doowing rite, which no

uther crechure had at aul shaerd. In spite ov aul her faults, she nu she wauz dere too him; mite she not sa, verry dere?—When the sugeschonz ov hope, houwevver, which must follo here, presented themcelvz, she cood not prezume too indulj them. Harreyet Smith mite thhinc hercelf not unwerthy ov beying peculeyarly, excluciavly, pashonaitly luvd bi Mr. Niatly. *She* cood not. She cood not flatter hercelf withe enny ideyaa ov bliandnes in hiz atachment too *her*. She had receevd a verry recent prooffe ov its imparshallity.—Hou shoct had he bene bi her behaveyor too Mis Baits! Hou directly, hou strongly had he exprest himcelf too her on the subgett!—Not too strongly for the ofens—but far, far too strongly too ishu from enny feling softer dhan uprite justice and clere-cited goodwil.—She had no hope, nuthhing too deserv the name ov hope, dhat he cood hav dhat sort ov afecshon for hercelf which wauz nou in qweschon; but dhare wauz a hope (at tiamz a slite wun, at tiamz much stron'gher,) dhat Harreyet mite hav deceevd hercelf, and be overating hiz regard for *her*.—Wish it she must, for hiz sake—be the conceqwens nuthhing too hercelf, but hiz remaning cin'ghel aul hiz life. Cood she be ceure ov dhat, indede, ov hiz nevver marreying at



aul, she beleevd she shood be perfectly sattisfide.—Let him but  
continnu the same Mr. Niatly too her and her faather, the same Mr.  
Niatly too aul the werld; let Donwel and Hartfeeld loose nun ov  
dhare preshous intercoers ov frendship and confidens, and her pece  
wood be folly cecuerd.—Marrage, in fact, wood not doo for her. It  
wood be incompattibel withe whaut she ode too her faather, and withe  
whaut  
she felt for him. Nuthhing shood cepparate her from her faather. She  
wood not marry, even if she wer aasct bi Mr. Niatly.

It must be her ardent wish dhat Harreyet mite be disapointed; and she  
hoapt, dhat when abel too ce them tooghether agane, she mite at leest be  
abel too ascertain whaut the chaancez for it wer.—She shood ce them  
hensforward withe the clocest observans; and retchedly az she had  
hithertoo misunderstood even dhose she wauz wauching, she did not no  
hou too admit dhat she cood be blianded here.—He wauz expected bac  
evvery  
da. The pouwer ov observaishon wood be soone ghivven—friaatfooly soone  
it  
apeerd when her thauts wer in wun coers. In the meenwhile, she  
rezolvd against ceying Harreyet.—It wood doo niather ov them good, it  
wood doo the subject no good, too be tauking ov it farther.—She wauz  
rezolvd not too be convinst, az long az she cood dout, and yet had  
no authority for oposing Harreyets confidens. Too tauc wood be oonly  
too irritate.—She rote too her, dhaerfoer, kiandly, but deciciavly, too  
beg dhat she wood not, at prezsent, cum too Hartfeeld; acnolleging it  
too be her convicshon, dhat aul farther confidenshal discushon ov *wun*  
toppic had better be avoided; and hoping, dhat if a fu dase wer  
aloud too paas befoer dha met agane, exsept in the cumpany ov  
utherz—she obgected oonly too a tate-aa-tate—dha mite be abel too act az  
if dha had forgotten the conversaishon ov yesterda.—Harreyet submitted,  
and apruivd, and wauz graitfool.

This point wauz just arainjd, when a vizsitor ariavd too tare Emmaaz thauts a littel from the wun subject which had en'groast them, sleping or waking, the laast twenty-foer ourz—Mrs. Weston, whoo had bene caulng on her dauter-in-lau elect, and tooc Hartfeeld in her wa home, aulmoast az much in juty too Emmaa az in plezhure too hercelf, too relate aul the particcularz ov so interesting an intervuu.

Mr. Weston had acumpanede her too Mrs. Baitcez, and gon throo hiz share ov this ecenshal atenshon moast handsumly; but she havving then injuest Mis Faerfax too join her in an aring, wauz nou reternd withe much moer too sa, and much moer too sa withe satisfacshon, dhan a qworter ov an our spent in Mrs. Baitcez parlor, withe aul the encumbrans ov auqword felingz, cood hav afoerded.

A littel cureyosity Emmaa had; and she made the moast ov it while her frend related. Mrs. Weston had cet of too pa the vizsit in a good dele ov agitaishon hercelf; and in the ferst place had wisht not too go at aul at prezsent, too be aloud meerly too rite too Mis Faerfax insted, and too defer this ceremoanyous caul til a littel time had paast, and Mr. Cherchil cood be reconciald too the en'gaijments becumming none; az, conciddering evvery thhing, she thaut such a vizsit cood not be pade widhout leding too repoerts:—but Mr. Weston had thaut differently; he wauz extreemly ancshous too shu hiz aprobaishon too Mis Faerfax and her fammily, and did not conceve dhat enny suspishon cood be exited bi it; or if it wer, dhat it wood be ov enny conceqwens; for “such thhingz,” he observd, “aulwase got about.” Emmaa smiald, and felt dhat Mr. Weston had verry good rezon for saying so. Dha had gon, in short—and verry grate had bene the evvident distres and confuezhon ov the lady. She had hardly bene abel too speke a werd, and evvery looc and acshon had shune hou deeply she wauz suffering from conshousnes. The qwiyet, hart-felt satisfacshon ov the oald lady, and the rapchurous delite ov her dauter—whoo pruidv even too joiyous too tauc az uezhuwal, had bene a grattifiying, yet aulmoast an afecting, cene. Dha wer boath so truly

respectabel in dhare happines, so dicinterested in evvery censaishon; thaut so much ov Jane; so much ov evvery boddy, and so littel ov themcelvz, dhat evvery kiandly feling wauz at werc for them. Mis Faerfaxez recent ilnes had offerd a fare ple for Mrs. Weston too invite her too an aring; she had draun bac and decliand at ferst, but, on beying prest had yeelded; and, in the coers ov dhare drive, Mrs. Weston had, bi gentel encurraijment, overcum so much ov her embarrasment, az too bring her too convers on the important subject. Apollogese for her cemingly un'graisous cilens in dhare ferst recepshon, and the wormest expreshonz ov the grattichude she wauz aulwase feling toowordz hercelf and Mr. Weston, must necesarily open the cauz; but when these efuezhonz wer poot bi, dha had tauct a good dele ov the prezsent and ov the fuchure state ov the en'gaijment. Mrs. Weston wauz convinst dhat such conversaishon must be the gratest relefe too her companyon, pent up within her one miand az evvery thing had so long bene, and wauz verry much pleezd withe aul dhat she had ced on the subject.

“On the mizsery ov whaut she had sufferd, juring the conceelment ov so menny munths,” continnude Mrs. Weston, “she wauz energettic. This wauz wun ov her expreshonz. ‘I wil not sa, dhat cins I enterd intoo the en'gaijment I hav not had sum happy moments; but I can sa, dhat I hav nevver none the blescing ov wun tranqwil our:’—and the qwivvering lip, Emmaa, which utterd it, wauz an attestaishon dhat I felt at mi hart.”

“Poor gherl!” ced Emmaa. “She thhinx hercelf rong, then, for havving concented too a private en'gaijment?”

“Rong! No wun, I beleve, can blame her moer dhan she iz dispoazd too blame hercelf. ‘The conceqwens,’ ced she, ‘haz bene a state ov perpetchuwal suffering too me; and so it aut. But aafter aul the

punnishment dhat misconduct can bring, it iz stil not les misconduct. Pane iz no expeyaishon. I nevver can be blaimles. I hav bene acting contrary too aul mi cens ov rite; and the forchunate tern dhat evvery thhing haz taken, and the kiandnes I am nou receving, iz whaut mi conshens telz me aut not too be.' 'Doo not imadgine, maddam,' she continnude, 'dhat I wauz taut rong. Doo not let enny reflecshon faul on the principelz or the care ov the frendz whoo braut me up. The error haz bene aul mi one; and I doo ashure u dhat, withe aul the excuce dhat prezsent circumstaancez ma apere too ghiv, I shal yet dred making the stoery none too Cuunel Cambel.'"

"Poor gherl!" ced Emmaa agane. "She luvz him then exesciavly, I supose. It must hav bene from atachment oanly, dhat she cood be led too form the en'gajment. Her afecshon must hav overpouwerd her jujment."

"Yes, I hav no dout ov her beying extreemly atacht too him."

"I am afrade," reternd Emmaa, ciying, "dhat I must often hav contriibuted too make her unhappy."

"On yor cide, mi luv, it wauz verry innocently dun. But she probbably had sumthhing ov dhat in her thauts, when aluding too the misunderstandingz which he had ghivven us hints ov befoer. Wun natchural conceqwens ov the evil she had involvd hercelf in," she ced, "wauz dhat ov making her *unrezonabel*. The conshousnes ov havving dun amis, had expoazd her too a thouzand inqwiyechedz, and made her capshous and irritabel too a degry dhat must hav bene—dhat had bene—hard for him too bare. 'I did not make the alouwancez,' ced she, 'which I aut too hav dun, for hiz temper and spirrits—hiz deliatfool spirrits, and dhat gayety, dhat plafoolnes ov disposishon, which, under enny uther

circumstances, would, I am sure, have been as constantly bewitching to me, as she was at first.' She then began to speak of you, and of the great kindness you had shown her during her illness; and with a blush which showed me how it was all connected, desired me, whenever I had an opportunity, to thank you—I could not thank you too much—for every wish and every endeavor to do her good. She was sensible that you had never received any proper acknowledgment from herself."

"If I did not know her to be happy now," said Emma, carelessly, "which, in spite of every little drawback from her scrupulous conscience, she must be, I could not bear these thanks;—for, O! Mrs. Weston, if there were an account drawn up of the evil and the good I have done Miss Fairfax!—Well (checking herself, and trying to be more lively), this is all to be forgotten. You are very kind to bring me these interesting particulars. She has the greatest advantage. I am sure she is very good—I hope she will be very happy. It is fit that the fortune should be on her side, for I think the merit will be all on hers."

Such a conclusion could not pass unannounced by Mrs. Weston. She thought well of Frank in almost every respect; and, what was more, she loved him very much, and her defense was, therefore, earnest. She talked with a great deal of reason, and at least equal affection—but she had too much to say for Emma's attention; it was soon gone to Brunswick Square

or to Donwell; she forgot to attempt to listen; and when Mrs. Weston ended with, "We have not yet had the letter we are so anxious for, you know, but I hope it will soon come," she was obliged to pause before she answered, and at last obliged to answer at random, before she could at all recollect what letter it was which she was so anxious for.

"Are you well, Miss Emma?" was Mrs. Weston's parting question.

"O! perfectly. I am always well, you know. Be sure to give me

intelligens ov the letter az soone az poscibel.”

Mrs. Westonz comunicaishonz fernisht Emmaa withe moer foode for unplezzant reflecshon, bi increcing her esteme and compashon, and her cens ov paast injustice toowordz Mis Faerfax. She bitterly regretted not havving saut a clocer aqwaintans withe her, and blusht for the enveyous felingz which had certainly bene, in sum mezhure, the cauz. Had she follode Mr. Niatlese none wishez, in paying dhat atenshon too Mis Faerfax, which wauz evvery wa her ju; had she tride too no her better; had she dun her part toowordz intimacy; had she endevvord too fiand a frend dhare insted ov in Harreyet Smith; she must, in aul probabillity, hav bene spaerd from evvery pane which prest on her nou.—Berth, abillitese, and ejucaishon, had bene eeqwaly marking wun az an asoasheyate for her, too be receevd withe grattichude; and the uther—whaut wauz she?—Suposing even dhat dha had nevver becum intimate frendz; dhat she had nevver bene admitted intoo Mis Faerfaxez confidens on this important matter—which wauz moast probbabel—stil, in nowing her az she aut, and az she mite, she must hav bene preservd from the abomminabel suspishonz ov an improper atachment too Mr. Dixon, which she had not oonly so foolishly fashond and harbord hercelf, but had so unpardonably imparted; an ideyaa which she graitley feerd had bene made a subject ov matereyal distres too the dellicacy ov Jainz felingz, bi the levvity or caerlesnes ov Franc Cherchilz. Ov aul the soercez ov evil surrounding the former, cins her cumming too Hiburay, she wauz perswaded dhat she must hercelf hav bene the werst. She must hav bene a perpetchuwal ennemy. Dha nevver cood hav bene aul thre tooghether, widhout her havving stabd Jane Faerfaxez pece in a thouzand instancez; and on Box Hil, perhaps, it had bene the agony ov a miand dhat wood bare no moer.

The evening ov this da wauz verry long, and mellancoly, at Hartfeeld. The wether added whaut it cood ov gloome. A coald stormy rane cet in, and nuthing ov Juli apeerd but in the trese and shrubz, which the wind wauz despoiling, and the length ov the da, which oanly made such cruwel ciats the lon'gher vizsibel.

The wether afected Mr. Wood'hous, and he cood oanly be kept tollerably cumfortabel bi aulmoast ceesles atenshon on hiz dauterz cide, and bi exershonz which had nevver cost her haaf so much befoer. It remianded her ov dhare ferst forlorn tate-aa-tate, on the evening ov Mrs. Westonz wedding-da; but Mr. Niatly had wauct in then, soone aafter te, and discipated evvery mellancoly fancy. Alaas! such deliatfool pruifs ov Hartfeeldz atracshon, az dhose sort ov vizsits convade, mite shortly be over. The picchure which she had then draun ov the privaishonz ov the aproching winter, had pruivd eroanyous; no frendz had deserted them, no plezhuerz had bene lost.—But her prezsent foerbodingz she feerd wood expereyens no cimmilar contradicshon. The prospect befoer her nou, wauz threttening too a degry dhat cood not be entiarly dispeld—dhat mite not be even parshaly britend. If aul tooc place dhat mite take place amung the cercel ov her frendz, Hartfeeld must be comparratiavly deserted; and she left too chere her faather withe the spirrits oanly ov ruwind happines.

The chiald too be born at Randalz must be a ti dhare even derer dhan hercelf; and Mrs. Westonz hart and time wood be occupide bi it. Dha shood loose her; and, probbably, in grate mezhure, her huzband aulso.—Franc Cherchil wood retern amung them no moer; and Mis Faerfax, it wauz rezonabel too suppose, wood soone cece too belong too Hibury. Dha wood be marrede, and cetteld iather at or nere Enscome. Aul dhat wer good wood be widhdraun; and if too these loscez, the los ov Donwel wer too be added, whaut wood remane ov cheerfool or ov rashonal sociyety within dhare reche? Mr. Niatly too be

no lon'gher cumming dhare for hiz evening cumfort!—No lon'gher wauking in at aul ourz, az if evver willing too chainj hiz one home for dhaerz!—Hou wauz it too be enjuerd? And if he wer too be lost too them for Harreyets sake; if he wer too be thaut ov heraafter, az fianding in Harreyets sociyety aul dhat he waunted; if Harreyet wer too be the chosen, the ferst, the derest, the frend, the wife too whoome he looct for aul the best blescingz ov existens; whaut cood be increcing Emmaaz retchednes but the reflecshon nevver far distant from her miand, dhat it had bene aul her one werc?

When it came too such a pich az this, she wauz not abel too refrane from a start, or a hevvy ci, or even from wauking about the roome for a fu cecondz—and the oanly soers whens enny thhing like consolaishon or compoazhure cood be draun, wauz in the rezolueshon ov her one better conduct, and the hope dhat, houwevver infereyor in spirrit and gayety mite be the following and evvery fuchure winter ov her life too the paast, it wood yet fiand her moer rashonal, moer aqwainted withe hercelf, and leve her les too regret when it wer gon.

## CHAPTER 13

The wether continnude much the same aul the following morning; and the same loanlines, and the same mellancoly, ceemd too rane at Hartfeeld—but in the aafternoone it cleerd; the wind chainjd intoo a softer qworter; the cloudz wer carrede of; the sun apeerd; it wauz summer agane. Withe aul the eghernes which such a traansishon ghivz, Emmaa rezolvd too be out ov doerz az soone az poscibel. Nevver had the



exqwizsite cite, smel, censaishon ov nachure, tranqwil, worm, and brilliyant aafter a storm, bene moer attractive too her. She longd for the cerennity dha mite gradjuwaly introjuce; and on Mr. Perrese cumming in soone aafter dinner, withe a dicen'gaijd our too ghiv her faather, she lost no time in hurreying intoo the shrubbery.—Dhare, withe spirrits freshend, and thauts a littel releevd, she had taken a fu ternz, when she sau Mr. Niatly paacing throo the garden doer, and cumming toowordz her.—It wauz the ferst intimaishon ov hiz beying reternd from Lunden. She had bene thhinking ov him the moment befoer, az unqweschonably cixtene mialz distant.—Dhare wauz time oanly for the qwickest arainjment ov miand. She must be colected and caalm. In haaf a minnute dha wer tooghether. The “Hou dye doose” wer qwiyet and constraind on eche cide. She aasct aafter dhare muchuwal frendz; dha wer aul wel.—When had he left them?—Oanly dhat morning. He must hav had a wet ride.—Yes.—He ment too wauc withe her, she found. “He had just looct intoo the dining-roome, and az he wauz not waunted dhare, preferd beying out ov doerz.”—She thaut he niather looct nor spoke cheerfooly; and the ferst poscibel cauz for it, sugested bi her feerz, wauz, dhat he had perhaps bene comunicating hiz planz too hiz bruther, and wauz paind bi the manner in which dha had bene receevd.

Dha wauct tooghether. He wauz cilent. She thaut he wauz often loocking at her, and trying for a fooller vu ov her face dhan it suted her too ghiv. And this belefe projuest anuther dred. Perhaps he waunted too speke too her, ov hiz atachment too Harreyet; he mite be wauching for encurraijment too beghin.—She did not, cood not, fele eeqwal too lede the wa too enny such subgett. He must doo it aul himcelf. Yet she cood not bare this cilens. Withe him it wauz moast un'natchural. She concidderd—rezolvd—and, trying too smile, began—

“U hav sum nuse too here, nou u ar cum bac, dhat wil raather cerprise u.”

“Hav I?” ced he qwiyetly, and loocking at her; “ov whaut nachure?”

“O! the best nachure in the werld—a wedding.”

Aafter wating a moment, az if too be shure she intended too sa no moer, he replide,

“If u mene Mis Faerfax and Franc Cherchil, I hav herd dhat aulreddy.”

“Hou iz it poscibel?” cride Emmaa, terning her glowing cheex toowordz him; for, while she spoke, it okerd too her dhat he mite hav cauld at Mrs. Goddardz in hiz wa.

“I had a fu lianz on parrish biznes from Mr. Weston this morning, and at the end ov them he gave me a brefe acount ov whaut had happend.”

Emmaa wauz qwite releevd, and cood prezsently sa, withe a littel moer compoazhure,

“U probbably hav bene les cerpriazd dhan enny ov us, for u hav had yor suspishonz.—I hav not forgotten dhat u wuns tride too ghiv me a caushon.—I wish I had atended too it—but—(withe a cinking vois and a hevvy ci) I ceme too hav bene duimd too bliandnes.”

For a moment or too nuthhing wauz ced, and she wauz unsuspishous ov havving exited enny particcular interest, til she found her arm draun within hiz, and prest against hiz hart, and herd him dhus saying, in a tone ov grate cencibillity, speking lo,

“Time, mi derest Emmaa, time wil hele the wuind.—Yor one exelent cens—yor exershonz for yor faatherz sake—I no u wil not alou

yorself—.” Her arm wauz prest agane, az he added, in a moer broken and subjude axent, “The felingz ov the wormest frendship—Indignaishon—Abomminabel scoundrel!”—And in a louder, steddeyer tone, he concluded withe, “He wil soone be gon. Dha wil soone be in Yorcs hire. I am sorry for *her*. She deservz a better fate.”

Emmaa understood him; and az soone az she cood recuver from the flutter ov plezhure, exited bi such tender concideraishon, replide,

“U ar verry kiand—but u ar mistaken—and I must cet u rite.— I am not in waunt ov dhat sort ov compashon. Mi bliandnes too whaut wauz gowing on, led me too act bi them in a wa dhat I must aulwase be ashaimd ov, and I wauz verry foolishly tempted too sa and doo menny thhingz which ma wel la me open too unplezzant con’gechuerz, but I hav no uther rezon too regret dhat I wauz not in the ceecret erleyer.”

“Emmaa!” cride he, loocking egherly at her, “ar u, indede?”—but checking himself—“No, no, I understand u—forghiv me—I am pleezd dhat u can sa even so much.—He iz no obgect ov regret, indede! and it wil not be verry long, I hope, befoer dhat becumz the acnollejment ov moer dhan yor rezon.—Forchunate dhat yor afecshonz wer not farther entan’gheld!—I cood nevver, I confes, from yor mannerz, ashure micelf az too the degry ov whaut u felt—I cood oonly be certane dhat dhare wauz a prefferens—and a prefferens which I nevver beleevd him too deserv.—He iz a disgrace too the name ov man.—And iz he too be reworded withe dhat swete yung woomman?—Jane, Jane, u wil be a mizserabel crechure.”

“Mr. Niatly,” ced Emmaa, trying too be liavly, but reyaly confuezd—“I am in a verry extrordinary cichuwaishon. I canot let u continnu in yor error; and yet, perhaps, cins mi mannerz gave such an impreshon, I hav az much rezon too be ashaimd ov confescing dhat I nevver hav bene at aul atacht too the person we ar speking ov, az it mite be natchural for a woomman too fele in confescing exactly the revers.—But I nevver hav.”

He liscend in perfect cilens. She wisht him too speke, but he wood not. She supozd she must sa moer befoer she wer entiteld too hiz clemmency; but it wauz a hard cace too be obliajd stil too lower hercelf in hiz opinyon. She went on, houwevver.

“I hav verry littel too sa for mi one conduct.—I wauz tempted bi hiz atenshonz, and aloud micelf too apere pleezd.—An oald stoery, probbably—a common cace—and no moer dhan haz happend too hundredz ov mi cex befoer; and yet it ma not be the moer excuzabel in wun whoo cets up az I doo for Understanding. Menny circumstaancez acisted the temptaishon.

He wauz the sun ov Mr. Weston—he wauz continnuwaly here—I aulwase found him verry plezzant—and, in short, for (withe a ci) let me swel out the causez evver so in’geenyously, dha aul center in this at laast—mi vannity wauz flatterd, and I aloud hiz atenshonz. Latterly, houwevver—for sum time, indede—I hav had no ideyaa ov dhare mening enny thhing.—I thaut them a habbit, a tric, nuthhing dhat cauld for cereyousnes on mi cide. He haz impoazd on me, but he haz not injuerd me. I hav nevver bene atacht too him. And nou I can tollerably comprehend hiz behaveyor. He nevver wisht too atach me. It wauz meerly a bliand too concele hiz reyal cichuwaishon withe anuther.—It wauz hiz obgett too bliand aul about him; and no wun, I am shure, cood be moer efecchuwaly blianded dhan micelf—exept

dhat I wauz *not* blianded—dhat it wauz mi good forchune—dhat, in short, I wauz sumhou or uther safe from him.”

She had hoapt for an aancer here—for a fu werdz too sa dhat her conduct wauz at leest intelligibel; but he wauz cilent; and, az far az she cood juj, depe in thaut. At laast, and tollerably in hiz uezhuwal tone, he ced,

“I hav nevver had a hi opinyon ov Franc Cherchil.—I can supose, houwevver, dhat I ma hav underated him. Mi aqwaintans withe him haz bene but triafling.—And even if I hav not underated him hithertoo, he ma yet tern out wel.—Withe such a woomman he haz a chaans.—I hav no motive for wishing him il—and for her sake, whoose happines wil be involvd in hiz good carracter and conduct, I shal certainly wish him wel.”

“I hav no dout ov dhare beying happy tooghether,” ced Emmaa; “I beleve them too be verry muchuwaly and verry cinceerly atacht.”

“He iz a moast forchunate man!” reternd Mr. Niatly, withe ennergy. “So erly in life—at thre-and-twenty—a pereyod when, if a man chusez a wife, he genneraly chusez il. At thre-and-twenty too hav draun such a prise! Whaut yeerz ov feliscity dhat man, in aul human calculaishon, haz befoer him!—Ashuerd ov the luv ov such a woomman—the dicinterested luv,

for Jane Faerfaxez carracter vouchez for her dicinterestednes; evvery thhing in hiz favor,—eqwaulity ov cichuwaishon—I mene, az far az regardz sociyety, and aul the habbits and mannerz dhat ar important; eqwaulity in evvery point but wun—and dhat wun, cins the purity ov her hart iz not too be doutd, such az must increce hiz feliscity, for it wil be hiz

too besto the oonly advaantagez she waunts.—A man wood aulwase wish too ghiv a woomman a better home dhan the wun he taix her from; and he whoo can doo it, whare dhare iz no dout ov *her* regard, must, I thhinc, be the happyest ov mortalz.—Franc Cherchil iz, indede, the favorite ov forchune. Evvery thhing ternz out for hiz good.—He meets withe a yung woomman at a wautering-place, gainz her afecshon, canot even wery her bi negligent treetment—and had he and aul hiz fammily saut round the werld for a perfect wife for him, dha cood not hav found her supereyor.—Hiz aant iz in the wa.—Hiz aant dise.—He haz oonly too speke.—Hiz frendz ar egher too promote hiz happines.—He had uezd evvery boddy il—and dha ar aul delited too forghiv him.—He iz a forchunate man indede!”

“U speke az if u envede him.”

“And I doo envy him, Emmaa. In wun respect he iz the obgett ov mi envy.”

Emmaa cood sa no moer. Dha ceemd too be within haaf a centens ov Harreyet, and her imejate feling wauz too avert the subgett, if poscibel. She made her plan; she wood speke ov sumthhing totaly different—the children in Brunswic Sqware; and she oonly wated for breth too beghin, when Mr. Niatly starteld her, bi saying,

“U wil not aasc me whaut iz the point ov envy.—U ar determiand, I ce, too hav no cureyosity.—U ar wise—but *I* canot be wise. Emmaa, I must tel u whaut u wil not aasc, dho I ma wish it unced the next moment.”

“O! then, doant speke it, doant speke it,” she egherly cride. “Take a littel time, concidder, doo not comit yorself.”

“Thanc u,” ced he, in an axent ov depe mortificaishon, and not anuther cillabel follode.

Emmaa cood not bare too ghiv him pane. He wauz wishing too confide in her—perhaps too consult her;—cost her whaut it wood, she wood liscen. She mite acist hiz rezolueshon, or reconcile him too it; she mite ghiv just prase too Harreyet, or, bi representing too him hiz one independens, releve him from dhat state ov indecizhon, which must be moer intollerabel dhan enny aulternative too such a miand az hiz.—Dha had reecht the hous.

“U ar gowing in, I supose?” ced he.

“No,”—replide Emmaa—qwite confermd bi the deprest manner in which he stil spoke—“I shood like too take anuther tern. Mr. Perry iz not gon.” And, aafter proceding a fu steps, she added—“I stopt u un’graisously, just nou, Mr. Niatly, and, I am afrade, gave u pane.—But if u hav enny wish too speke openly too me az a frend, or too aasc mi opinyon ov enny thhing dhat u ma hav in contemplaishon—az a frend, indede, u ma comaand me.—I wil here whautevver u like. I wil tel u exactly whaut I thhinc.”

“Az a frend!”—repeted Mr. Niatly.—“Emmaa, dhat I fere iz a werd—No, I hav no wish—Sta, yes, whi shood I hezsitate?—I hav gon too far aulreddy for conceelment.—Emmaa, I axept yor offer—Extrordinary az it ma ceme, I axept it, and refer micelf too u az a frend.—Tel me, then, hav I no chaans ov evver suxeding?”

He stopt in hiz ernestnes too looc the qweschon, and the expreshon ov hiz ise overpouwerd her.

“Mi derest Emmaa,” ced he, “for derest u wil aulwase be, whautevver

the event ov this ourz conversaishon, mi derest, moast beluvved Emmaa—tel me at wuns. Sa ‘No,’ if it iz too be ced.”—She cood reyaly sa nuthhing.—“U ar cilent,” he cride, withe grate animaishon; “absoluetly cilent! at prezsent I aasc no moer.”

Emmaa wauz aulmoast reddy too cinc under the agitaishon ov this moment. The dred ov beying awakend from the happyest dreme, wauz perhaps the moast promminent feling.

“I canot make spechez, Emmaa:” he soone rezhuemd; and in a tone ov such sincere, decided, intelligibel tendernes az wauz tollerably convincing.—“If I luvd u les, I mite be abel too tauc about it moer. But u no whaut I am.—U here nuthhing but trueth from me.—I hav blaimd u, and lecchuerd u, and u hav boern it az no uther woomman in In’gland wood hav boern it.—Bare withe the trueths I wood tel u nou, derest Emmaa, az wel az u hav boern withe them. The manner, perhaps, ma hav az littel too recomend them. God nose, I hav bene a verry indifferent luvver.—But u understand me.—Yes, u ce, u understand mi felingz—and wil retern them if u can. At prezsent, I aasc oonly too here, wuns too here yor vois.”

While he spoke, Emmaaz miand wauz moast bizsy, and, withe aul the wunderfool velosity ov thaut, had bene abel—and yet widhout loosing a werd—too cach and comprehend the exact trueth ov the whole; too ce dhat Harreyets hoaps had bene entiarly groundles, a mistake, a deluezhon, az complete a deluezhon az enny ov her one—dhat Harreyet wauz nuthhing; dhat she wauz evvery thhing hercelf; dhat whaut she had bene saying rellative too Harreyet had bene aul taken az the lan’gwage ov her one felingz; and



dhat her agitaishon, her douts, her reluctans, her discourraijment, had bene aul receevd az discourraijment from hercelf.—And not oonly wauz dhare time for these convicshonz, withe aul dhare glo ov atendant happines; dhare wauz time aulso too rejois dhat Harreyets ceecret had not escaipt her, and too rezolv dhat it nede not, and shood not.—It wauz aul the cervice she cood nou render her poor frend; for az too enny ov dhat herrowizm ov centiment which mite hav prompted her too entrete him

too traansfer hiz afecshon from hercelf too Harreyet, az infiniatly the moast werthy ov the too—or even the moer cimpel sublimmity ov rezolving

too refuse him at wuns and for evver, widhout vouchsafing enny motive, becauz he cood not marry them boath, Emmaa had it not. She felt for Harreyet, withe pane and withe contrishon; but no flite ov generoscity run mad, oposing aul dhat cood be probbabel or rezonabel, enterd her brane. She had led her frend astra, and it wood be a reproche too her for evver; but her jujment wauz az strong az her felingz, and az strong az it had evver bene befoer, in reprobating enny such aliyans for him, az moast unneeqwal and degrading. Her wa wauz clere, dho not qwite smuithe.—She spoke then, on beying so entreted.—Whaut did she sa?—Just

whaut she aut, ov coers. A lady aulwase duz.—She ced enuf too shu dhare nede not be despare—and too invite him too sa moer himcelf. He *had* despaerd at wun pereyod; he had receevd such an injuncshon too caushon and cilens, az for the time crusht evvery hope;—she had begun bi refusing too here him.—The chainj had perhaps bene sumwhaut sudden;—her propozal ov taking anuther tern, her renuwing the conversaishon which she had just poot an end too, mite be a littel extrordinary!—She felt its inconcistency; but Mr. Niatly wauz so obliging az too poot up withe it, and ceke no farther explanaishon.

Celdom, verry celdom, duz complete trueth belong too enny human discloazhure; celdom can it happen dhat sumthhing iz not a littel

disghiazd, or a littel mistaken; but whare, az in this cace, dho the conduct iz mistaken, the felingz ar not, it ma not be verry matereyal.—Mr. Niatly cood not impute too Emmaa a moer relenting hart dhan she posest, or a hart moer dispoazd too axept ov hiz.

He had, in fact, bene wholly unsusplishous ov hiz one influwens. He had follode her intoo the shrubbery withe no ideyaa ov trying it. He had cum, in hiz anxiety too ce hou she boer Franc Cherchilz en'gajment, withe no celfish vu, no vu at aul, but ov endevvoring, if she aloud him an opening, too suithe or too council her.—The rest had bene the werc ov the moment, the imejate efect ov whaut he herd, on hiz felingz.

The deliatfool ashurans ov her total indifferens toowordz Franc Cherchil, ov her havving a hart compleetly dicen'gajd from him, had ghivven berth too the hope, dhat, in time, he mite gane her afecshon himcelf;—but it had bene no prezsent hope—he had oonly, in the momentary

conqwest ov eghernes over jujment, aspiard too be toald dhat she did not forbid hiz atempt too atach her.—The supereyor hoaps which gradjuwaly opend wer so much the moer enchaanting.—The afecshon, which

he had bene aasking too be aloud too creyate, if he cood, wauz aulreddy hiz!—Within haaf an our, he had paast from a thurroly distrest state ov miand, too sumthhing so like perfect happines, dhat it cood bare no uther name.

*Her* chainj wauz eeqwal.—This wun haaf-our had ghivven too eche the same

preshous certainty ov beying beluvd, had cleerd from eche the same degry ov ignorans, gelloucy, or distrust.—On hiz cide, dhare had bene a long-standing gelloucy, oald az the arival, or even the expectaishon, ov Franc Cherchil.—He had bene in luv withe Emmaa, and gellous ov Franc

Cherchil, from about the same pereyod, wun centiment havving probbably

enlitend him az too the uther. It wauz hiz gelloucy ov Franc Cherchil dhat had taken him from the cuntry.—The Box Hil party had decided him on gowing awa. He wood save himself from witnecing agane such permitted, encurraijd atenshonz.—He had gon too lern too be indifferent.—But he had gon too a rong place. Dhare wauz too much domestic happines in hiz brutherz hous; woomman woer too ameyabel a form in it; Izabellaa wauz too much like Emmaa—differing oanly in dhose striking infereyoritese, which aulwase braut the uther in brilleyancy befoer him, for much too hav bene dun, even had hiz time bene lon'gher.—He had stade on, houwevver, viggorously, da aafter da—til this verry morningz poast had convade the history ov Jane Faerfax.—Then, withe the gladnes which must be felt, na, which he did not scrupel too fele, havving nevver beleevd Franc Cherchil too be at aul deserving Emmaa, wauz dhare so much fond soliscichude, so much kene anxiyety for her, dhat he cood sta no lon'gher. He had ridden home throo the rane; and had wauct up directly aafter dinner, too ce hou this swetest and best ov aul crechuerz, faultles in spite ov aul her faults, boer the discuvvery.

He had found her adgitated and lo.—Franc Cherchil wauz a villane.— He herd her declare dhat she had nevver luvd him. Franc Cherchilz carracter wauz not desperate.—She wauz hiz one Emmaa, bi hand and werd, when dha reternd intoo the hous; and if he cood hav thaut ov Franc Cherchil then, he mite hav deemd him a verry good sort ov fello.

## CHAPTER 14

Whaut totaly different felingz did Emmaa take bac intoo the hous from whaut she had braut out!—she had then bene oonly daring too hope for a littel respite ov suffering;—she wauz nou in an exqwizsite flutter ov happines, and such happines moerover az she beleevd must stil be grater when the flutter shood hav paast awa.

Dha sat doun too te—the same party round the same tabel—hou often it had bene colected!—and hou often had her ise faulen on the same shrubz in the laun, and observd the same butifool efect ov the western sun!—But nevver in such a state ov spirrits, nevver in enny thhing like it; and it wauz withe difficulty dhat she cood summon enuf ov her uezhuwal celf too be the atentive lady ov the hous, or even the atentive dauter.

Poor Mr. Wood'houz littel suspected whaut wauz plotting against him in the brest ov dhat man whoome he wauz so corjaly welcuming, and so ancshously hoping mite not hav taken coald from hiz ride.—Cood he hav cene the hart, he wood hav caerd verry littel for the lungz; but widhout the moast distant imaginaishon ov the impending evil, widhout the slitest percepshon ov enny thhing extrordinary in the loox or wase ov iather, he repeted too them verry cumfortably aul the artikelz ov nuse he had receevd from Mr. Perry, and tauct on withe much celf-contentment, totaly unsuspihous ov whaut dha cood hav toald him in retern.

Az long az Mr. Niatly remaind withe them, Emmaaz fever continnude; but when he wauz gon, she began too be a littel tranqwiliazd and subjude—and in the coers ov the sleeples nite, which wauz the tax for such an evening, she found wun or too such verry cereyous points too concidder, az made her fele, dhat even her happines must hav sum alloy. Her faather—and Harreyet. She cood not be alone widhout feling the fool wate ov dhare cepparate claimz; and hou too gard the cumfort

ov boath too the utmoast, wauz the qweschon. Withe respect too her faather, it wauz a qweschon soone aancerd. She hardly nu yet whaut Mr. Niatly wood aasc; but a verry short parly withe her one hart projuest the moast sollem rezolueshon ov nevver qwitting her faather.—She even wept over the ideyaa ov it, az a cin ov thaut. While he livd, it must be oanly an en'gaijment; but she flatterd hercelf, dhat if divested ov the dain'ger ov drauwing her awa, it mite becum an increce ov cumfort too him.—Hou too doo her best bi Harreyet, wauz ov moer difficult decizhon;—hou too spare her from enny un'nescenary pane; hou too make her enny poscibel atoanment; hou too apere leest her ennemy?—On these subgects, her perplexity and distres wer verry grate—and her miand had too paas agane and agane throo evvery bitter reproche and sorofool regret dhat had ever surrounded it.—She cood oanly rezolv at laast, dhat she wood stil avoid a meting withe her, and communicate aul dhat nede be toald bi letter; dhat it wood be inexprescibly desirabel too hav her remuivd just nou for a time from Hibury, and—indulging in wun skeme moer—neerly rezolv, dhat it mite be practicabel too ghet an invitaishon for her too Brunswic Sqware.—Izabellaa had bene pleezd withe Harreyet; and a fu weex spent in Lundon must ghiv her sum amuezment.—She did not thhinc it in Harreyets nachure too escape beying bennefited bi novvelty and variyety, bi the streets, the shops, and the children.—At enny rate, it wood be a prooffe ov atenshon and kiandnes in hercelf, from whoome evvery thhing wauz ju; a ceparaischon for the prezsent; an averting ov the evil da, when dha must aul be toogheter agane.

She rose erly, and rote her letter too Harreyet; an emploiment which left her so verry cereyous, so neerly sad, dhat Mr. Niatly, in wauking up too Hartfeeld too brecfast, did not arive at aul too soone; and haaf an our stolen aafterwordz too go over the same ground agane withe him, litteraly and figguratiavly, wauz qwite nescenary too reyinstat her in a

propper share ov the happines ov the evening befoer.

He had not left her long, bi no meenz long enuf for her too hav the slitest inclinaishon for thhinking ov enny boddy els, when a letter wauz braut her from Randalz—a verry thhic letter;—she ghest whaut it must contane, and deprecated the necescity ov reding it.—She wauz nou in perfect charrity withe Franc Cherchil; she waunted no explanaishonz, she waunted oanly too hav her thauts too hercelf—and az for understanding enny thhing he rote, she wauz shure she wauz incapabel ov it.—It must be waded throo, houwevver. She opend the packet; it wauz too shuerly so;—a note from Mrs. Weston too hercelf, usherd in the letter from Franc too Mrs. Weston.

“I hav the gratest plezhure, mi dere Emmaa, in forwording too u the encloazd. I no whaut thurro justice u wil doo it, and hav scaersly a dout ov its happy efect.—I thhinc we shal nevvver matereyaly disagry about the riter agane; but I wil not dela u bi a long prefface.—We ar qwite wel.—This letter haz bene the cure ov aul the littel nervousnes I hav bene feling laitley.—I did not qwite like yor loox on Chuezda, but it wauz an un’geenyal morning; and dho u wil nevvver one beying afected bi wether, I thhinc evvery boddy feelz a north-eest wind.—I felt for yor dere faather verry much in the storm ov Chuezda aafternoone and yesterda morning, but had the cumfort ov hering laast nite, bi Mr. Perry, dhat it had not made him il.

“Yorz evver,  
“A. W.”

[*Too Mrs. Weston.*]

Winzor—Juli.

MI DERE MADDAM,

“If I made micelf intelligibel yesterda, this letter wil be expected; but expected or not, I no it wil be red withe candor and indulgens.—U ar aul goodnes, and I beleve dhare wil be nede ov even aul yor goodnes too alou for sum parts ov mi paast conduct.—But I hav bene forghivven bi wun whoo had stil moer too resent. Mi currence risez while I rite. It iz verry difficult for the prosperous too be humbel. I hav aulreddy met withe such suxes in too applicaishonz for pardon, dhat I ma be in dain’ger ov thhinking micelf too shure ov yorz, and ov dhose amung yor frendz whoo hav had enny ground ov ofens.—U must aul endevvor too comprehend the exact nachure ov mi cichuwaishon when

I ferst ariavd at Randalz; u must concidder me az havving a ceecret which wauz too be kept at aul hazzardz. This wauz the fact. Mi rite too place micelf in a cichuwaishon reqwiring such conceelment, iz anuther qweschon. I shal not discuss it here. For mi temptaishon too *thhinc* it a rite, I refer evvery cavviler too a bric hous, sasht windose belo, and caiments abuv, in Hibury. I daerd not adres her openly; mi difficultese in the then state ov Enscome must be too wel none too reqwire definishon; and I wauz forchunate enuf too prevale, befoer we parted at Wamouth, and too injuce the moast uprite female miand in the creyaishon too stoope in charrity too a ceecret en’gaijment.—Had she refuezd, I

shood hav gon mad.—But u wil be reddy too sa, whaut wauz yor hope in doowing this?—Whaut did u looc forword too?—Too enny thhing, evvery

thhing—too time, chaans, cercumstaans, slo efects, sudden bersts, perceverans and werines, helth and cicnes. Evvery pocibillity ov good wauz befoer me, and the ferst ov blescingz cecuerd, in obtaning

her prommicez ov faith and corespondens. If u nede farther explanaishon, I hav the onnor, mi dere maddam, ov beying yor huzbandz sun, and the advaantage ov inherriting a disposishon too hope for good, which no inherritans ov housez or landz can evver eeqwal the vallu ov.—Ce me, then, under these cercumstaancez, ariving on mi ferst vizsit too Randalz;—and here I am conshous ov rong, for dhat vizsit mite hav bene sooner pade. U wil looc bac and ce dhat I did not cum til Mis Faerfax wauz in Hiburay; and az u wer the person slited, u wil forghiv me instantly; but I must werc on mi faatherz compashon, bi remianding him, dhat so long az I abcented micelf from hiz hous, so long I lost the blescing ov nowing u. Mi behaveyor, juring the verry happy fortnite which I spent withe u, did not, I hope, la me open too reprehenshon, exepting on wun point. And nou I cum too the principal, the oonly important part ov mi conduct while belonging too u, which exiats mi one anxyety, or reqwiarz verry soliscitous explanaishon. Withe the gratest respect, and the wormest frendship, doo I menshon Mis Wood'hous; mi faather perhaps wil thhinc I aut too ad, withe the depest humileyaishon.—A fu werdz which dropt from him yesterda spoke hiz opinyon, and sum censhure I acnollej micelf liyabel too.—Mi behaveyor too Mis Wood'hous indicated, I beleve, moer dhan it aut.—In order too acist a conceelment so ecenshal too me, I wauz led on too make moer dhan an allouwabel uce ov the sort ov intimacy intoo which we wer imejaitly throne.—I canot deni dhat Mis Wood'hous wauz mi ostencibel obgect—but I am shure u wil beleve the declaraishon, dhat had I not bene convinst ov her indifferens, I wood not hav bene injuest bi enny celfish vuse too go on.—Ameyabel and deliatfool az Mis Wood'hous iz, she nevver gave me the ideyaa ov a yung woomman liacly too be atacht; and dhat she wauz perfectly fre from enny tendency too beying atacht too me, wauz az much mi convicshon az mi wish.—She receevd mi atenshonz withe an esy, frendly, good'humord plafoolnes, which exactly suted me. We ceemd too understand eche uther. From our rellative cichuwaishon, dhose atenshonz wer her ju, and wer felt too be so.—Whether Mis Wood'hous began reyaly too understand



me befoer the expiraishon ov dhat fortnite, I canot sa;—when I cauld too take leve ov her, I remember dhat I wauz within a moment ov confescing the trueth, and I then fancede she wauz not widhout suspishon; but I hav no dout ov her havving cins detected me, at leest in sum degry.—She ma not hav cermiazd the whole, but her qwicnes must hav pennetrated a part. I canot dout it. U wil fiand, whenever the subject becumz frede from its prezsent restraints, dhat it did not take her wholly bi cerprise. She freeqwently gave me hints ov it. I remember her telling me at the baul, dhat I ode Mrs. Elton grattichude for her atenshonz too Mis Faerfax.—I hope this history ov mi conduct toowordz her wil be admitted bi u and mi faather az grate extenuwaishon ov whaut u sau amis. While u concidderd me az havving cind against Emmaa Wood'hous, I cood deserv nuthing from iather. Aqwit me here, and procure for me, when it iz allouwabel, the aqwittal and good wishez ov dhat ced Emmaa Wood'hous, whoome I regard withe so much brutherly afecshon, az too long too hav her az deeply and az happily in luv az micelf.—Whautevver strainj thhingz I ced or did juring dhat fortnite, u hav nou a ke too. Mi hart wauz in Hiburay, and mi biznes wauz too ghet mi boddy thither az often az mite be, and withe the leest suspishon. If u remember enny qweernecez, cet them aul too the rite acount.—Ov the peyaanoforty so much tauct ov, I fele it oanly nescesary too sa, dhat its beying orderd wauz absoluetly un'none too Mis F—, whoo wood nevver

hav aloud me too cend it, had enny chois bene ghivven her.—The dellicacy ov her miand throowout the whole en'gaijment, mi dere maddam, iz much beyond mi pouwer ov doowing justice too. U wil soone, I earnestly hope, no her thurrolly yorcelf.—No descripshon can describe her. She must tel u hercelf whaut she iz—yet not bi werd, for nevver wauz dhare a human crechure whoo wood so desiandly supres her one merrit.—Cins I began this letter, which wil be lon'gher dhan I foersau, I hav herd from her.—She ghivz a good acount ov her one helth; but az she nevver complainz, I dare not depend. I waunt too hav yor opinyon ov her loox. I no u wil soone caul on her; she iz livving in dred ov the vizsit. Perhaps it iz pade aulreddy. Let me here from u widhout dela; I am

impaisent for a thousand particularz. Remember hou fu minnuets I wauz at

Randalz, and in hou bewilderd, hou mad a state: and I am not much better yet; stil insane iather from happines or mizsery. When I thhinc ov the kiandnes and favor I hav met withe, ov her exelens and paishens, and mi unkelz generoscity, I am mad withe joi: but when I recolect aul the unnesines I ocaizhond her, and hou littel I deserv too be forghivven, I am mad withe an'gher. If I cood but ce her agane!—But I must not propose it yet. Mi unkel haz bene too good for me too encroche.—I must stil ad too this long letter. U hav not herd aul dhat u aut too here. I cood not ghiv enny conected detale yesterda; but the suddenes, and, in wun lite, the uncezonabelnes withe which the afare berst out, needz explanaishon; for dho the event ov the 26th ult., az u wil conclude, imejaitly opend too me the happyest prospects, I shood not hav prezhuemd on such erly mezhuerz, but from the verry particcular cercumstaancez, which left me not

an our too loose. I shood micelf hav shrunc from enny thhing so haisty, and she wood hav felt evvery scrupel ov mine withe multiplide strength and refianment.—But I had no chois. The haisty en'gaijment she had enterd intoo withe dhat woomman—Here, mi dere maddam, I wauz obliajd too

leve of abruptly, too recolect and compose micelf.—I hav bene wauking over the cuntry, and am nou, I hope, rashonal enuf too make the rest ov mi letter whaut it aut too be.—It iz, in fact, a moast mortifiying retrospect for me. I behaidv shaimfooly. And here I can admit, dhat mi mannerz too Mis W., in beying unplezzant too Mis F., wer hily blamebel. *She* disapruivd them, which aut too hav bene enuf.—Mi ple ov conceling the trueth she did not thhinc sufishent.—She wauz displeezd; I thaut unrezonably so: I thaut her, on a thousand ocaizhonz, un'necesarily scrupulous and caushous: I thaut her even coald. But she wauz aulwase rite. If I had follode her jujment, and subjude mi spirrits too the levvel ov whaut she deemd

propper, I shood hav escaipt the gratest unhappines I hav evver none.—We qworeld.— Doo u remember the morning spent at Donwel?—*Dhare* evvery littel disatisfacshon dhat had okerd befoer came too a cricis. I wauz late; I met her wauking home bi hercelf, and waunted too wauc withe her, but she wood not suffer it. She absolutly refuezd too alou me, which I then thaut moast unrezonabel. Nou, houwevver, I ce nuthhing in it but a verry natchural and concistent degry ov discreshon. While I, too bliand the werld too our en'gaijment, wauz behaving wun our withe obgecshonabel particularrity too anuther woomman, wauz she too be concenting the next too a propozal which mite hav made evvery preveyous caushon uesles?—Had we bene met wauking tooghether betwene Donwel and Hiburys, the trueth must hav bene suspected.—I wauz mad enuf, houwevver, too resent.—I doutid her afecshon. I doutid it moer the next da on Box Hil; when, provoact bi such conduct on mi cide, such shaimfool, insolent neglect ov her, and such aparrent devoashon too Mis W., az it wood hav bene imposcibel for enny woomman ov cens too enjure, she spoke her resentment in a form ov werdz perfectly intelligibel too me.—In short, mi dere maddam, it wauz a qworel blaimles on her cide, abomminabel on mine; and I reternd the same evening too Richmond, dho I mite hav stade withe u til the next morning, meerly becauz I wood be az an'gry withe her az poscibel. Even then, I wauz not such a foole az not too mene too be reconciald in time; but I wauz the injuerd person, injuerd bi her coaldnes, and I went awa determiand dhat she shood make the ferst advaancez.—I shal aulwase con'gratchulate micelf dhat u wer not ov the Box Hil party. Had u witnest mi behaveyor dhare, I can hardly supose u wood evver hav thaut wel ov me agane. Its efect uppon her apeerz in the imejate rezolueshon it projuest: az soone az she found I wauz reyaly gon from Randalz, she cloazd withe the offer ov dhat ofishous Mrs. Elton; the whole cistem ov whoose treetment ov her, bi the bi, haz evver fild me withe indignaishon

and haitred. I must not qworel withe a spirrit ov forbarans which haz bene so richly extended toowordz micelf; but, uthewise, I shoold loudly protest against the share ov it which dhat woomman haz none.—‘Jane,’ indede!—U wil observ dhat I hav not yet induljd micelf in caulng her bi dhat name, even too u. Thhinc, then, whaut I must hav enjuerd in hering it bandede betwene the Eltonz withe aul the vulgarrity ov needles repetishon, and aul the insolens ov imadginary supereyorty. Hav paishens withe me, I shal soone hav dun.—She cloazd withe this offer, rezolving too brake withe me entiarly, and rote the next da too tel me dhat we nevver wer too mete agane.—*She felt the en’gaijment too be a soers ov repentans and mizsery too eche: she dizolvd it.*—This letter reecht me on the verry morning ov mi poor aants deth. I aancerd it within an our; but from the confuezhon ov mi miand, and the multipliscity ov biznes fauling on me at wuns, mi aancer, insted ov beyng cent withe aul the menny uth letterz ov dhat da, wauz loct up in mi riting-desc; and I, trusting dhat I had ritten enuf, dho but a fu lianz, too sattisfi her, remaind widhout enny unnesines.—I wauz raather disapointed dhat I did not here from her agane spedily; but I made excucez for her, and wauz too bizsy, and—ma I ad?—too cheerfool in mi vuse too be capshous.—We remuivd too Winzor; and too dase aafterwordz I receevd a parcel from her, mi one letterz aul reternd!—and a fu lianz at the same time bi the poast, stating her extreme cerprise at not havving had the smaulest repli too her laast; and adding, dhat az cilens on such a point cood not be misconstrude, and az it must be eeqwaly desirabel too boath too hav evvery subordinate arainjment concluded az soone az poscibel, she nou cent me, bi a safe convayans, aul mi letterz, and requested, dhat if I cood not directly comaand herz, so az too cend them too Hiburay within a weke, I wood forword them aafter dhat pereyod too her at—: in short, the fool direcshon too Mr. Smaulridgez, nere Bristol, staerd me in the face. I nu the name, the place, I nu aul about it, and instantly sau whaut she had bene doowing. It wauz perfectly acordant withe

dhat rezolueshon ov carracter which I nu her too poses; and the ceecrecy she had maintaind, az too enny such desine in her former letter, wauz eeqwaly descriptive ov its ancshous dellicacy. For the werld wood not she hav ceemd too thretten me.—Imadgine the shoc; imadgine hou, til I had acchuwaly detected mi one blunder, I raivd at the blunderz ov the poast.—Whaut wauz too be dun?—Wun thhing oanly.—I must speke too mi

unkel. Widhout hiz sancshon I cood not hope too be liscend too agane.—I spoke; circumstaancez wer in mi favor; the late event had softend awa hiz pride, and he wauz, erleyer dhan I cood hav antiscipated, wholly reconciald and compliyng; and cood sa at laast, poor man! withe a depe ci, dhat he wisht I mite fiand az much happines in the marrage state az he had dun.—I felt dhat it wood be ov a different sort.—Ar u dispoazd too pittly me for whaut I must hav sufferd in opening the cauz too him, for mi suspens while aul wauz at stake?—No; doo not pittly me til I reecht Hibury, and sau hou il I had made her. Doo not pittly me til I sau her waun, cic loox.—I reecht Hibury at the time ov da when, from mi nollej ov dhare late brecfast our, I wauz certane ov a good chaans ov fianding her alone.—I wauz not disapointed; and at laast I wauz not disapointed iather in the obgett ov mi gerny. A grate dele ov verry rezonabel, verry just displezhure I had too perswade awa. But it iz dun; we ar reconciald, derer, much derer, dhan evver, and no moments unnesines can evver oker betwene us agane. Nou, mi dere maddam, I wil relece u; but I cood not conclude befoer. A thouzand and a thouzand thanx for aul the kiandnes u hav evver shune me, and ten thouzand for the atenshonz yor hart wil dictate toowordz her.—If u thhinc me in a wa too be happyer dhan I deserv, I am qwite ov yor opinyon.—Mis W. caulz me the chiald ov good forchune. I hope she iz rite.—In wun respect, mi good forchune iz undouted, dhat ov beyng abel too subscribe micelf,

Yor obliajd and afecshonate Sun,

F. C. WESTON CHERCHIL.

## CHAPTER 15

This letter must make its wa too Emmaaz felingz. She wauz obliajd, in spite ov her preveyous determinaishon too the contrary, too doo it aul the justice dhat Mrs. Weston foertoald. Az soone az she came too her one name, it wauz iresistibel; evvery line relating too hercelf wauz interesting, and aulmoast evvery line agreyabel; and when this charm ceest, the subject cood stil maintane itcelf, bi the natchural retern ov her former regard for the riter, and the verry strong atracshon which enny picchure ov luv must hav for her at dhat moment. She nevver stopt til she had gon throo the whole; and dho it wauz imposcibel not too fele dhat he had bene rong, yet he had bene les rong dhan she had supoazd—and he had sufferd, and wauz verry sory—and he wauz so graitfool too Mrs. Weston, and so much in luv withe Mis Faerfax, and she wauz so happy hercelf, dhat dhare wauz no beying cevere; and cood he hav enterd the roome, she must hav shaken handz withe him az hartily az evver.

She thaut so wel ov the letter, dhat when Mr. Niatly came agane, she desiard him too rede it. She wauz shure ov Mrs. Westonz wishing it too be comunicated; espeshaly too wun, whoo, like Mr. Niatly, had cene so much too blame in hiz conduct.

“I shal be verry glad too looc it over,” ced he; “but it ceemz long. I wil take it home withe me at nite.”

But dhat wood not doo. Mr. Weston wauz too caul in the evening, and she

must retern it bi him.

“I wood raather be tauking too u,” he replide; “but az it ceemz a matter ov justice, it shal be dun.”

He began—stopping, houwevver, aulmoast directly too sa, “Had I bene offerd the cite ov wun ov this gentelmanz letterz too hiz muther-in-lau a fu munths ago, Emmaa, it wood not hav bene taken withe such indifferens.”

He proceded a littel farther, reding too himcelf; and then, withe a smile, observd, “Humf! a fine complimentary opening: But it iz hiz wa. Wun manz stile must not be the rule ov anutherz. We wil not be cevere.”

“It wil be natchural for me,” he added shortly aafterwordz, “too speke mi opinyon aloud az I red. Bi doowing it, I shal fele dhat I am nere u. It wil not be so grate a los ov time: but if u dislike it—”

“Not at aul. I shood wish it.”

Mr. Niatly reternd too hiz reding withe grater alacrity.

“He trifelz here,” ced he, “az too the temptaishon. He nose he iz rong, and haz nuthhing rashonal too erj.—Bad.—He aut not too hav formd the en’gaijment.—‘Hiz faatherz disposishon:’—he iz unjust, houwevver, too hiz faather. Mr. Westonz san’gwine temper wauz a blescing on aul hiz uprite and onnorabel exershonz; but Mr. Weston ernd evvery prezsent cumfort befoer he endevvord too gane it.—Verry tru; he did not cum til Mis Faerfax wauz here.”

“And I hav not forgotten,” ced Emmaa, “hou shure u wer dhat he mite hav cum sooner if he wood. U paas it over verry handsumly—but u

wer perfectly rite."

"I wauz not qwite imparshal in mi jujment, Emmaa:—but yet, I thhinc—  
had  
u not bene in the cace—I shood stil hav distrusted him."

When he came too Mis Wood'hous, he wauz obliajd too rede the whole ov  
it  
aloud—aul dhat related too her, withe a smile; a looc; a shake ov the  
hed; a werd or too ov acent, or disaprobaishon; or meerly ov luv, az  
the subject reqwiard; concluding, houwevver, cereyously, and, aafter  
steddy  
reflecshon, dhus—

"Verry bad—dho it mite hav bene wers.—Playing a moast dain'gerous  
game. Too much indetted too the event for hiz aqwittal.—No juj ov hiz  
one mannerz bi u.—Aulwase deceevd in fact bi hiz one wishez, and  
regardles ov littel beciadz hiz one conveenyens.—Fanceying u too hav  
fadhomd hiz ceecret. Natchural enuf!—hiz one miand fool ov intreghe,  
dhat he shood suspect it in utherz.—Mistery; Fines—hou dha pervert  
the understanding! Mi Emmaa, duz not evvery thhing cerv too prove  
moer  
and moer the buty ov trueth and cincerrity in aul our delingz withe  
eche uther?"

Emmaa agrede too it, and withe a blush ov cencibillity on Harreyets  
acount, which she cood not ghiv enny sincere explanaishon ov.

"U had better go on," ced she.

He did so, but verry soone stopt agane too sa, "the peyaanoforty! Aa! Dhat  
wauz the act ov a verry, verry yung man, wun too yung too concidder  
whether the inconveenyens ov it mite not verry much exede the



plezhure. A boiyish skeme, indede!—I canot comprehend a manz wishing too ghiv a woomman enny prooffe ov afecshon which he nose she wood raather dispens withe; and he did no dhat she wood hav prevented the instruments cumming if she cood.”

Aafter this, he made sum proagres widhout enny pauz. Franc Cherchilz confeshon ov havving behaivd shaimfooly wauz the ferst thhing too caul for moer dhan a werd in paacing.

“I perfectly agry withe u, cer,”—wauz then hiz remarc. “U did behave verry shaimfooly. U nevver rote a truver line.” And havving gon throo whaut imejaitly follode ov the baxis ov dhare disagreement, and hiz percisting too act in direct oposishon too Jane Faerfaxez cens ov rite, he made a fooller pauz too sa, “This iz verry bad.—He had injuest her too place hercelf, for hiz sake, in a cichuwaishon ov extreme difficulty and unnesines, and it shood hav bene hiz ferst object too prevent her from suffering un’necesarily.—She must hav had much moer too contend withe, in carreying on the corespondens, dhan he cood. He shood hav respected even unrezonabel scrupelz, had dhare bene such; but herz wer aul rezonabel. We must looc too her wun fault, and remember dhat she had dun a rong thhing in concenting too the en’gajment, too bare dhat she shood hav bene in such a state ov punnishment.”

Emmaa nu dhat he wauz nou ghetting too the Box Hil party, and gru uncumfortabel. Her one behaveyor had bene so verry improper! She wauz deeply ashaimd, and a littel afrade ov hiz next looc. It wauz aul red, houwevver, steddily, atentiavly, and widhout the smaulest remarc; and, exeping wun momentary glaans at her, instantly widhdraun, in the fere ov ghivving pane—no remembrans ov Box Hil ceemd too exist.

“Dhare iz no saying much for the dellicacy ov our good frendz, the

Eltonz," wauz hiz next observaishon.—"Hiz felingz ar natchural.—Whaut! acchuwaly rezolv too brake withe him entiarly!—She felt the en'gajment too  
be a soers ov repentans and mizsery too eche—she dizolvd it.—Whaut a vu this ghivz ov her cens ov hiz behaveyor!—Wel, he must be a moast extrordinary—"

"Na, na, rede on.—U wil fiand hou verry much he sufferz."

"I hope he duz," replide Mr. Niatly cooly, and rezhuming the letter. "'Smaulrij!'—Whaut duz this mene? Whaut iz aul this?"

"She had en'gaijd too go az guvvernes too Mrs. Smaulridgez children—a dere frend ov Mrs. Eltonz—a nabor ov Mapel Grove; and, bi the bi, I wunder hou Mrs. Elton baerz the disappointment?"

"Sa nuthhing, mi dere Emmaa, while u oblige me too rede—not even ov Mrs. Elton. Oanly wun page moer. I shal soone hav dun. Whaut a letter the man riats!"

"I wish u wood rede it withe a kiander spirrit toowordz him."

"Wel, dhare iz feling here.—He duz ceme too hav sufferd in fianding her il.—Certainly, I can hav no dout ov hiz beying fond ov her. 'Derer, much derer dhan evver.' I hope he ma long continnu too fele aul the vally ov such a reconcileyashon.—He iz a verry libberal thanker, withe hiz thousanz and tenz ov thousanz.—'Happeyer dhan I deserv.' Cum, he nose himcelf dhare. 'Mis Wood'hous caulz me the chiald ov good forchune.'—Dhose wer Mis Wood'housez werdz, wer dha?  
—

And a fine ending—and dhare iz the letter. The chiald ov good forchune! Dhat wauz yor name for him, wauz it?"

“U doo not apere so wel sattisfide withe hiz letter az I am; but stil u must, at leest I hope u must, thhinc the better ov him for it. I hope it duz him sum cervice withe u.”

“Yes, certainly it duz. He haz had grate faults, faults ov inconcideraishon and thautlesnes; and I am verry much ov hiz opinyon in thhinking him liacly too be happeyer dhan he deservz: but stil az he iz, beyond a dout, reyaly atacht too Mis Faerfax, and wil soone, it ma be hoapt, hav the advaantage ov beying constantly withe her, I am verry reddy too beleve hiz carracter wil improove, and aqwire from herz the steddines and dellicacy ov principel dhat it waunts. And nou, let me tauc too u ov sumthhing els. I hav anuther personz interest at prezsent so much at hart, dhat I canot thhinc enny lon’gher about Franc Cherchil. Evver cins I left u this morning, Emmaa, mi miand haz bene hard at werc on wun subject.”

The subject follode; it wauz in plane, unnaaffected, gentelmanlike In’glis, such az Mr. Niatly uezd even too the woomman he wauz in luv withe, hou too be abel too aasc her too marry him, widhout atacking the happines ov her faather. Emmaaz aancer wauz reddy at the ferst werd. “While her dere faather livd, enny chainj ov condishon must be imposcibel for her. She cood nevver qwit him.” Part oonly ov this aancer, houwevver, wauz admitted. The impocibillity ov her qwitting her faather, Mr. Niatly felt az strongly az hercelf; but the inadmicibillity ov enny uther chainj, he cood not agry too. He had bene thhinking it over moast deeply, moast intently; he had at ferst hoapt too injuce Mr. Wood’hous too remoove withe her too Donwel; he had waunted too beleve it fesibel, but hiz nollej ov Mr. Wood’hous wood not suffer him too deceve himcelf long; and nou he confest hiz perswaizhon, dhat such a traansplaantaishon wood be a risc ov her faatherz cumfort, perhaps even ov hiz life, which must not be hazzarded. Mr. Wood’hous taken from Hartfeeld!—No, he felt dhat it aut not too be

attempted. But the plan which had arisen on the sacrifice of this, he trusted his dearest Emma would not find in any respect objectionable; it was, that he should be received at Hartfield; that so long as her father's happiness—in other words, his life—required Hartfield to continue her home, it should be his likewise.

Of course when removing to Donwell, Emma had already had her own objections. Like him, she had tried the scheme and rejected it; but such an alternative as this had not occurred to her. She was sensible of all the affection it evinced. She felt that, in quitting Donwell, he must be sacrificing a great deal of independence of ours and habits; that in living constantly with her father, and in no house of his own, she would be much, very much, too dependent on him. She promised to think of it, and advised him to think of it more; but he was foolishly convinced, that no reflection could alter his wishes or his opinion on the subject. He had given it, he could assure her, very long and calm consideration; he had been walking away from Willyam Larkins the whole morning, too, with his thoughts too himself.

“Aa! there is one difficulty unprovided for,” cried Emma. “I am sure Willyam Larkins will not like it. You must get his consent before you ask mine.”

She promised, however, to think of it; and pretty nearly promised, moreover, to think of it, with the intention of finding it a very good scheme.

It is remarkable, that Emma, in the moment, very moment, points out in which she was now beginning to consider Donwell Abbey, was never struck with any sense of injury to her nephew Henry, whose riots are

are-expectant had formerly bene so tenaishously regarded. Thhinc she must ov the poscibel differens too the poor littel boi; and yet she oanly gave hercelf a saucy conshous smile about it, and found amuezment in detecting the reyal cauz ov dhat viyolent dislike ov Mr. Niatlese marreying Jane Faerfax, or enny boddy els, which at the time she had wholly imputed too the ameyabel soliscichude ov the cister and the aant.

This propozal ov hiz, this plan ov marreying and continnuwing at Hartfeeld—the moer she contemplated it, the moer plesing it became. Hiz evilz ceemd too lescen, her one advaantagez too increce, dhare muchuwal good too outwa evvery draubac. Such a companyon for hercelf in the pereyodz ov anxiety and cheerlesnes befoer her!—Such a partner in aul dhose jutese and caerz too which time must be ghivving increce ov mellancoly!

She wood hav bene too happy but for poor Harreyet; but evvery blescing ov her one ceemd too involv and advaans the sufferingz ov her frend, whoo must nou be even excluded from Hartfeeld. The deliatfool fammily party which Emmaa wauz cecuring for hercelf, poor Harreyet must, in mere charritabel caushon, be kept at a distans from. She wood be a looser in evvery wa. Emmaa cood not deploer her fuchure abcens az enny deducshon from her one enjoiment. In such a party, Harreyet wood be raather a ded wate dhan utherwise; but for the poor gherl hercelf, it ceemd a peculeyarly cruwel necescity dhat wauz too be placing her in such a state ov unmerrited punnishment.

In time, ov coers, Mr. Niatly wood be forgotten, dhat iz, suplaanted; but this cood not be expected too happen verry erly. Mr. Niatly himcelf wood be doowing nuthhing too acist the cure;—not like Mr. Elton. Mr. Niatly, aulwase so kiand, so feling, so truly concidderate for evvery boddy, wood nevver deserv too be les wershipt

dhan nou; and it reyaly wauz too much too hope even ov Harreyet, dhat she  
cood be in luv withe moer dhan *thre* men in wun yere.

## CHAPTER 16

It wauz a verry grate relefe too Emmaa too fiand Harreyet az desirous az hercelf too avoid a meting. Dhare intercoers wauz painfool enuf bi letter. Hou much wers, had dha bene obliajd too mete!

Harreyet exprest hercelf verry much az mite be supoazd, widhout reprochez, or aparrent cens ov il-usage; and yet Emmaa fancede dhare wauz a sumthhing ov resentment, a sumthhing bordering on it in her stile, which increest the desirabelnes ov dhare beying cepparate.—It mite be oonly her one conshousnes; but it ceemd az if an ain'gel oonly cood hav bene qwite widhout resentment under such a stroke.

She had no difficulty in procuring Izabellaaz invitaishon; and she wauz forchunate in havving a sufishent rezon for aasking it, widhout rezorting too invenshon.—Dhare wauz a tuith amis. Harreyet reyaly wisht, and had wisht sum time, too consult a dentist. Mrs. Jon Niatly wauz delited too be ov uce; enny thhing ov il helth wauz a rekomendaishon too her—and dho not so fond ov a dentist az ov a Mr. Wingfeeld, she wauz qwite egher too hav Harreyet under her care.—When it wauz dhus cetteld on  
her cisterz cide, Emmaa propoazd it too her frend, and found her verry perswadabel.—Harreyet wauz too go; she wauz invited for at leest a fortnite; she wauz too be convade in Mr. Wood'housez carrage.—It wauz aul arainjd, it wauz aul completed, and Harreyet wauz safe in Brunswic

Square.

Nou Emmaa cood, indede, enjoi Mr. Niatlese vizsits; nou she cood tauc, and she cood liscen withe tru happines, uncheck bi dhat cens ov injustice, ov ghilt, ov sumthhing moast painfool, which had haunted her when remembering hou disapointed a hart wauz nere her, hou much mite at dhat moment, and at a littel distans, be enjuring bi the felingz which she had led astra hercelf.

The differens ov Harreyet at Mrs. Goddardz, or in Lundon, made perhaps an unrezonabel differens in Emmaaz censaishonz; but she cood not thhinc ov her in Lundon widhout objects ov cureyosity and emploiment, which must be averting the paast, and carreying her out ov hercelf.

She wood not alou enny uther anxiyety too suxede directly too the place in her miand which Harreyet had occupide. Dhare wauz a comunicaishon befoer her, wun which *she* oonly cood be competent too make—the confeshon ov her en'gajment too her faather; but she wood hav nuthhing too doo withe it at prezsent.—She had rezolvd too defer the discloazhure til Mrs. Weston wer safe and wel. No adishonal agitaishon shood be throne at this pereyod amung dhose she luvd—and the evil shood not act on hercelf bi anticipaishon befoer the apointed time.—A fortnite, at leest, ov lezhure and pece ov miand, too croun evvery wormer, but moer adgitating, delite, shood be herz.

She soone rezolvd, eeqwaly az a juty and a plezhure, too emploi haaf an our ov this hollida ov spirrits in caulng on Mis Faerfax.—She aut too go—and she wauz longng too ce her; the resemblans ov dhare prezsent cichuwaishonz increcing evvery uther motive ov goodwill. It wood be a *ceecret* satisfacshon; but the conshousnes ov a cimilarity ov prospect wood certainly ad too the interest withe which she shood atend too enny thhing Jane mite comunicate.

She went—she had drivven wuns unsuxesfooly too the doer, but had not bene intoo the hous cins the morning aafter Box Hil, when poor Jane had bene in such distres az had fild her withe compashon, dho aul the werst ov her sufferingz had bene unsuspected.—The fere ov beying stil unwelcum, determiand her, dho ashuerd ov dhare beying at home, too wate in the passage, and cend up her name.—She herd Patty anouncing it; but no such buscel suxeded az poor Mis Baits had befoer made so happily intelligibel.—No; she herd nuthhing but the instant repli ov, “Beg her too wauc up;”—and a moment aafterwordz she wauz

met on the staerz bi Jane hercelf, cumming egherly forword, az if no uther recepshon ov her wer felt sufishent.—Emmaa had nevver cene her looc so wel, so luvly, so en’gaging. Dhare wauz conshousnes, animaishon, and wormth; dhare wauz evvery thhing which her countenans or

manner cood evver hav waunted.— She came forword withe an offerd hand; and ced, in a lo, but verry feling tone,

“This iz moast kiand, indede!—Mis Wood’hou, it iz imposcibel for me too expres—I hope u wil beleve—Excuse me for beying so entiarly widhout werdz.”

Emmaa wauz grattifide, and wood soone hav shune no waunt ov werdz, if the sound ov Mrs. Eltonz vois from the citting-roome had not chect her, and made it exepent too compres aul her frendly and aul her con’grachulatory censaishonz intoo a verry, verry ernest shake ov the hand.

Mrs. Baits and Mrs. Elton wer toogheter. Mis Baits wauz out, which acounted for the preveyous tranqwillity. Emmaa cood hav wisht Mrs. Elton elshware; but she wauz in a humor too hav paishens withe evvery boddy; and az Mrs. Elton met her withe unnuezhual graishousnes, she hoapt



the ronconter wood doo them no harm.

She soone beleevd herself too pennetrate Mrs. Eltonz thauts, and understand whi she wauz, like herself, in happy spirrits; it wauz beying in Mis Faerfaxez confidens, and fancying herself aqwainted withe whaut wauz stil a ceecret too uther pepel. Emmaa sau cimptomz ov it imejaitly in the expreshon ov her face; and while paying her one compliments too Mrs. Baits, and apering too atend too the good oald ladese replise, she sau her withe a sort ov ancshous parade ov mistery foald up a letter which she had aparrently bene reding aloud too Mis Faerfax, and retern it intoo the perpel and goald reticule bi her cide, saying, withe cignifficant nodz,

“We can finnish this sum uther time, u no. U and I shal not waunt oporchunitese. And, in fact, u hav herd aul the ecenshal aulreddy. I oanly waunted too proove too u dhat Mrs. S. admits our apollogy, and iz not ofended. U ce hou deliatfooly she riats. O! she iz a swete crechure! U wood hav doted on her, had u gon.—But not a werd moer. Let us be discrete—qwite on our good behaveyor.—Hush!—U remember dhose lianz—I forghet the powem at this moment:

“For when a ladese in the cace,  
“U no aul uther thhingz ghiv place.”

Nou I sa, mi dere, in *our* cace, for *lady*, rede——mum! a werd too the wise.—I am in a fine flo ov spirrits, aint I? But I waunt too cet yor hart at ese az too Mrs. S.—*Mi* representaishon, u ce, haz qwite apeezd her.”

And agane, on Emmaaz meerly terning her hed too looc at Mrs. Baitcez nitting, she added, in a haaf whisper,

“I menshond no *naimz*, u wil observ.—O! no; caushous az a minnister ov state. I mannaijd it extreemly wel.”

Emmaa cood not dout. It wauz a palpabel displa, repeted on evvery poscibel ocaizhon. When dha had aul tauct a littel while in harmony ov the wether and Mrs. Weston, she found hercelf abruptly adrest withe,

“Doo not u thhinc, Mis Wood’hous, our saucy littel frend here iz charmingly recuvverd?—Doo not u thhinc her cure duz Perry the hiyest credit?—(here wauz a cide-glaans ov grate mening at Jane.) Uppon mi werd, Perry haz restoerd her in a wunderfool short time!—O! if u had cene her, az I did, when she wauz at the werst!”—And when Mrs. Baits wauz

saying sumthhing too Emmaa, whisperd farther, “We doo not sa a werd ov enny *acistans* dhat Perry mite hav; not a werd ov a certane yung fisishan from Winzor.—O! no; Perry shal hav aul the credit.”

“I hav scaers had the plezhure ov ceying u, Mis Wood’hous,” she shortly aafterwordz began, “cins the party too Box Hil. Verry plezzant party. But yet I thhinc dhare wauz sumthhing waunting. Thhingz did not ceme—dhat iz, dhare ceemd a littel cloud uppon the spirrits ov sum.—So it apeerd too me at leest, but I mite be mistaken. Houwevver, I thhinc it aancerd so far az too tempt wun too go agane. Whaut sa u boath too our colecting the same party, and exploering too Box Hil agane, while the fine wether laasts?—It must be the same party, u no, qwite the same party, not *wun* exepshon.”

Soone aafter this Mis Baits came in, and Emmaa cood not help beying diverted bi the perplexity ov her ferst aancer too hercelf, rezulting, she supoazd, from dout ov whaut mite be ced, and impaishens too sa evvery thhing.

“Thanc u, dere Mis Wood’hous, u ar aul kiandnes.—It iz imposcibel too sa—Yes, indede, I qwite understand—derest Jainz prospects—dhat iz, I doo not mene.—But she iz charmingly recuvverd.—Hou iz Mr. Wood’hous?—I am so glad.—Qwite out ov mi pouwer.—Such a happy littel cerkel az u fiand us here.—Yes, indede.—Charming yung man!—dhat iz—so verry frendly; I mene good Mr. Perry!—such atenshon too Jane!”—And from her grate, her moer dhan commonly thancfool delite toowordz Mrs. Elton for beying dhare, Emmaa ghest dhat dhare had bene a littel sho ov resentment toowordz Jane, from the viccarage qworter, which wauz nou graishously overcum.—Aafter a fu whisperz, indede, which plaist it beyond a ghes, Mrs. Elton, speking louder, ced,

“Yes, here I am, mi good frend; and here I hav bene so long, dhat enniwhare els I shood thhinc it nescenary too apollogise; but, the trueth iz, dhat I am wating for mi lord and maaster. He prommiast too join me here, and pa hiz respects too u.”

“Whaut! ar we too hav the plezhure ov a caul from Mr. Elton?—Dhat wil be a favor indede! for I no gentelmen doo not like morning vizsits, and Mr. Eltonz time iz so en’gaijd.”

“Uppon mi werd it iz, Mis Baits.—He reyalz iz en’gaijd from morning too nite.—Dhare iz no end ov pepelz cumming too him, on sum pretens or uther.—The madgistraits, and overceerz, and cherchwordenz, ar aulwase waunting hiz opinyon. Dha ceme not abel too doo enny thhing widhout him.—‘Uppon mi werd, Mr. E.,’ I often sa, ‘raather u dhan I.—I doo not no whaut wood becum ov mi crayonz and mi instrument, if I had haaf so menny applicants.’—Bad enuf az it iz, for I absolutly neglect them boath too an unpardonabel degry.—I beleve I hav not plade a bar this fortnite.—Houwevver, he iz cumming, I ashure u: yes, indede, on perpoce too wate on u aul.” And pooting up her hand too screne her werdz from

Emmaa—"A con'grachulatory vizsit, u no.—O! yes, qwite indispensabel."

Mis Baits looct about her, so happily—!

"He prommiast too cum too me az soone az he cood dicen'gage himcelf from Niatly; but he and Niatly ar shut up tooghether in depe consultaishon.—Mr. E. iz Niatlese rite hand."

Emmaa wood not hav smiald for the werld, and oanly ced, "Iz Mr. Elton gon on foot too Donwel?—He wil hav a hot wauc."

"O! no, it iz a meting at the Croun, a reggular meting. Weston and Cole wil be dhare too; but wun iz apt too speke oanly ov dhose whoo lede.—I fancy Mr. E. and Niatly hav evvery thhing dhare one wa."

"Hav not u mistaken the da?" ced Emmaa. "I am aulmoast certane dhat the meting at the Croun iz not til too-moro.—Mr. Niatly wauz at Hartfeeld yesterda, and spoke ov it az for Satterda."

"O! no, the meting iz certainly too-da," wauz the abrupt aancer, which denoted the impocibillity ov enny blunder on Mrs. Eltonz cide.—"I doo beleve," she continnude, "this iz the moast trubbelsum parrish dhat evver wauz. We nevver herd ov such thhingz at Mapel Grove."

"Yor parrish dhare wauz smaull," ced Jane.

"Uppon mi werd, mi dere, I doo not no, for I nevver herd the subject tauct ov."

"But it iz pruivd bi the smaulnes ov the scoole, which I hav herd u speke ov, az under the patronage ov yor cister and Mrs. Brag; the oanly scoole, and not moer dhan five-and-twenty children."

“Aa! u clevver crechure, dhats verry tru. Whaut a ththinking brane u hav! I sa, Jane, whaut a perfect carracter u and I shood make, if we cood be shaken tooghether. Mi liavlines and yor soliddity wood projuce perfecshon.—Not dhat I prezume too incinnuwate, houwevver, dhat *sum* pepel ma not thhinc *u* perfecshon aulreddy.—But hush!—not a werd, if u plese.”

It ceemd an un’nescesary caushon; Jane wauz waunting too ghiv her werdz, not too Mrs. Elton, but too Mis Wood’hous, az the latter plainly sau. The wish ov distin’gwishing her, az far az civillity permitted, wauz verry evvident, dho it cood not often procede beyond a looc.

Mr. Elton made hiz aperans. Hiz lady greted him withe sum ov her sparcling vivascity.

“Verry pritty, cer, uppon mi werd; too cend me on here, too be an encumbrans too mi frendz, so long befoer u vouchsafe too cum!—But u nu whaut a jutifool crechure u had too dele withe. U nu I shood not ster til mi lord and maaster apeerd.—Here hav I bene citting this our, ghivving these yung ladese a saampel ov tru conjugal obegens—for whoo can sa, u no, hou soone it ma be waunted?”

Mr. Elton wauz so hot and tiard, dhat aul this wit ceemd throne awa. Hiz civillitese too the uther ladese must be pade; but hiz subceqwent obgect wauz too lament over himcelf for the hete he wauz suffering, and the wauc he had had for nuthhing.

“When I got too Donwel,” ced he, “Niatly cood not be found. Verry od! verry unnacountabel! aafter the note I cent him this morning, and the message he reternd, dhat he shood certainly be at home til wun.”

“Donwel!” cride hiz wife.—“Mi dere Mr. E., u hav not bene too Donwel!—U mene the Croun; u cum from the meting at the Croun.”

“No, no, dhats too-moro; and I particularly waunted too ce Niatly too-da on dhat verry acount.—Such a dredfool broiling morning!—I went over the feeldz too—(speking in a tone ov grate il-usage,) which made it so much the wers. And then not too fiand him at home! I ashure u I am not at aul pleezd. And no apollogy left, no message for me. The houskeper declaerd she nu nuthhing ov mi beying expected.—Verry extrordinary!—And nobody nu at aul which wa he wauz gon. Perhaps too Hartfeeld, perhaps too the Abby Mil, perhaps intoo hiz woodz.—Mis Wood’hous, this iz not like our frend Niatly!—Can u explane it?”

Emmaa amuezd hercelf bi protesting dhat it wauz verry extrordinary, indede, and dhat she had not a cillabel too sa for him.

“I canot imadgine,” ced Mrs. Elton, (feling the indignity az a wife aut too doo,) “I canot imadgine hou he cood doo such a thhing bi u, ov aul pepel in the werld! The verry laast person whoome wun shood expect too

be forgotten!—Mi dere Mr. E., he must hav left a message for u, I am shure he must.—Not even Niatly cood be so verry exentric;—and hiz cervants forgot it. Depend uppon it, dhat wauz the cace: and verry liacly too happen withe the Donwel cervants, whoo ar aul, I hav often observd, extreemly auqword and remis.—I am shure I wood not hav such a crechure az hiz Harry stand at our ciadboerd for enny concideraishon. And az for Mrs. Hodgez, Rite hoaldz her verry chepe indede.—She prommiast Rite a recete, and nevver cent it.”

“I met Willeyam Larkinz,” continnude Mr. Elton, “az I got nere the hous, and he toald me I shood not fiand hiz maaster at home, but I did not beleve him.—Willeyam ceemd raather out ov humor. He did not no whaut wauz cum too hiz maaster laitly, he ced, but he cood hardly evver ghet the speche ov him. I hav nuthhing too doo withe Willeyamz waunts, but it

realy iz ov verry grate importans dhat *I* shood ce Niatly too-da; and it becumz a matter, dhaerfoer, ov verry cereyous inconveenyens dhat I shood hav had this hot wauc too no perpoce.”

Emmaa felt dhat she cood not doo better dhan go home directly. In aul probabillity she wauz at this verry time wated for dhare; and Mr. Niatly mite be preservd from cinking deper in agreshon toowordz Mr. Elton, if not toowordz Willeyam Larkinz.

She wauz pleezd, on taking leve, too fiand Mis Faerfax determiand too atend her out ov the roome, too go withe her even dounstaerz; it gave her an oporchunity which she imejaitly made uce ov, too sa,

“It iz az wel, perhaps, dhat I hav not had the pocibillity. Had u not bene surounded bi uther frendz, I mite hav bene tempted too introjuce a subject, too aasc qweschonz, too speke moer openly dhan mite hav bene strictly corect.—I fele dhat I shood certainly hav bene impertinent.”

“O!” cride Jane, withe a blush and an hesitaishon which Emmaa thaut infiniatly moer becumming too her dhan aul the ellegans ov aul her uezhuwal compoazhure—“dhare wood hav bene no dain’ger. The dain’ger wood hav bene ov mi wereying u. U cood not hav grattifide me moer dhan bi exprescing an interest—. Indede, Mis Wood’hous, (speking moer colectedly,) withe the conshousnes which I hav ov misconduct, verry grate misconduct, it iz particcularly consoling too me too no dhat dhose ov mi frendz, whose good opinyon iz moast werth preserving, ar not disgusted too such a degyr az too—I hav not time for haaf dhat I cood wish too sa. I long too make apollogese, excucez, too erj sumthhing for micelf. I fele it so verry ju. But, unforchunaitly—in short, if yor compashon duz not stand mi frend—”

“O! u ar too scrupulous, indede u ar,” cride Emmaa wormly, and taking her hand. “U o me no apollogese; and evvery boddy too whoome u mite be supoast too o them, iz so perfectly sattisfide, so delited even—”

“U ar verry kiand, but I no whaut mi mannerz wer too u.—So coald and artifishal!—I had aulwase a part too act.—It wauz a life ov decete!—I no dhat I must hav disgusted u.”

“Pra sa no moer. I fele dhat aul the apollogese shood be on mi cide. Let us forghiv eche uther at wuns. We must doo whautevver iz too be dun qwickest, and I thhinc our felingz wil loose no time dhare. I hope u hav plezzant acounts from Winzor?”

“Verry.”

“And the next nuse, I supose, wil be, dhat we ar too loose u—just az I beghin too no u.”

“O! az too aul dhat, ov coers nuthhing can be thaut ov yet. I am here til claimd bi Cuunel and Mrs. Cambel.”

“Nuthhing can be acchuwaly cetteld yet, perhaps,” replide Emmaa, smiling—“but, excuse me, it must be thaut ov.”

The smile wauz reternd az Jane aancerd,

“U ar verry rite; it haz bene thaut ov. And I wil one too u, (I am shure it wil be safe), dhat so far az our livving withe Mr. Cherchil at Enscome, it iz cetteld. Dhare must be thre munths, at leest, ov depe moorning; but when dha ar over, I imadgine dhare wil be nuthhing moer too wate for.”



“Thanc u, thanc u.—This iz just whaut I waunted too be ashuerd ov.—O! if u nu hou much I luv evvery thhing dhat iz decided and open!—Good-bi, good-bi.”

## CHAPTER 17

Mrs. Westonz frendz wer aul made happy bi her saifty; and if the satisfacshon ov her wel-doowing cood be increest too Emmaa, it wauz bi nowing her too be the muther ov a littel gherl. She had bene decided in wishing for a Mis Weston. She wood not acnollej dhat it wauz withe enny vu ov making a mach for her, heraafter, withe iather ov Izabellaaz sunz; but she wauz convinst dhat a dauter wood sute boath faather and muther best. It wood be a grate cumfort too Mr. Weston, az he gru oalder—and even Mr. Weston mite be growing oalder ten yeez hens—too hav hiz fiarcide enlivend bi the spoerts and the noncens, the freex and the fancese ov a chiald nevver bannisht from home; and Mrs. Weston—no wun cood dout dhat a dauter wood be moast too her; and it wood be qwite a pittty dhat enny wun whoo so wel nu hou too teche, shood not hav dhare pouwerz in exercise agane.

“She haz had the advaantage, u no, ov practicing on me,” she continnude—“like Laa Baron dAlmane on Laa Comtes dOstalis, in Madam de Zhaunly’ Adelade and Theyodor, and we shal nou ce her one littel Adelade edjucated on a moer perfect plan.”

“Dhat iz,” replide Mr. Niatly, “she wil indulj her even moer dhan she did u, and beleve dhat she duz not indulj her at aul. It wil be the oonly differens.”

“Poor chiald!” cride Emmaa; “at dhat rate, whaut wil becum ov her?”

“Nuthhing verry bad.—The fate ov thouzandz. She wil be disagreyabel in infancy, and corect hercelf az she grose oalder. I am loosing aul mi bitternes against spoilt children, mi derest Emmaa. I, whoo am owing aul mi happines too *u*, wood not it be horibel in’grattichude in me too be cevere on them?”

Emmaa laaft, and replide: “But I had the acistans ov aul yor endevvorz too counteract the indulgens ov uther pepel. I dout whether mi one cens wood hav corected me widhout it.”

“Doo u?—I hav no dout. Nachure gave u understanding:—Mis Talor gave u principelz. U must hav dun wel. Mi interferens wauz qwite az liacly too doo harm az good. It wauz verry natchural for u too sa, whaut rite haz he too lecchure me?—and I am afrade verry natchural for u too fele dhat it wauz dun in a disagreyabel manner. I doo not beleve I did u enny good. The good wauz aul too micelf, bi making u an obgett ov the tenderest afecshon too me. I cood not thhinc about u so much widhout doting on u, faults and aul; and bi dint ov fanceying so menny errorz, hav bene in luv withe u evver cins u wer thhertene at leest.”

“I am shure u wer ov uce too me,” cride Emmaa. “I wauz verry often influwenst riatly bi u—oftener dhan I wood one at the time. I am verry shure u did me good. And if poor littel Annaa Weston iz too be spoild, it wil be the gratest humannity in u too doo az much for her az u hav dun for me, exept fauling in luv withe her when she iz thhertene.”

“Hou often, when u wer a gherl, hav u ced too me, withe wun ov yor saucy loox—‘Mr. Niatly, I am gowing too doo so-and-so; paapaa cez I ma, or I hav Mis Talorz leve’—sumthhing which, u nu, I did

not aproove. In such cacez mi interferens wauz ghivving u too bad felingz insted ov wun."

"Whaut an ameyabel crechure I wauz!—No wunder u shood hoald mi spechez in such afecshonate remembrans."

"'Mr. Niatly.'—U aulwase cauld me, 'Mr. Niatly;' and, from habbit, it haz not so verry formal a sound.—And yet it iz formal. I waunt u too caul me sumthhing els, but I doo not no whaut."

"I remember wuns cauling u 'Jorj,' in wun ov mi ameyabel fits, about ten yeerz ago. I did it becauz I thaut it wood ofend u; but, az u made no obgecshon, I nevver did it agane."

"And canot u caul me 'Jorj' nou?"

"Imposcibel!—I nevver can caul u enny thhing but 'Mr. Niatly.' I wil not prommice even too eeqwal the ellegant tersnes ov Mrs. Elton, bi cauling u Mr. K.—But I wil prommice," she added prezsently, laafing and blushing—"I wil prommice too caul u wuns bi yor Crischan name. I doo not sa when, but perhaps u ma ghes whare;—in the bilding in which N. taix M. for better, for wers."

Emmaa greevd dhat she cood not be moer openly just too wun important cervice which hiz better cens wood hav renderd her, too the advice which wood hav saivd her from the werst ov aul her woommanly follese—her wilfool intimacy withe Harreyet Smith; but it wauz too tender a subject.—She cood not enter on it.—Harreyet wauz verry celdom menshond betwene them. This, on hiz cide, mite meerly procede from her not beying thaut ov; but Emmaa wauz raather incliand too atribbute it too dellicacy, and a suspishon, from sum aperancez, dhat dhare friendship

wer declining. She wauz aware hercelf, dhat, parting under enny uther circumstaancez, dha certainly shood hav coresponded moer, and dhat her intelligens wood not hav rested, az it nou aulmoast wholly did, on Izabellaaz letterz. He mite observ dhat it wauz so. The pane ov beying obliajd too practice conceelment toowordz him, wauz verry littel infereyor too the pane ov havving made Harreyet unhappy.

Izabellaa cent qwite az good an acount ov her vizsitor az cood be expected; on her ferst arival she had thaut her out ov spirrits, which apeerd perfectly natchural, az dhare wauz a dentist too be consulted; but, cins dhat biznes had bene over, she did not apere too fiand Harreyet different from whaut she had none her befoer.—

Izabellaa,

too be shure, wauz no verry qwic observer; yet if Harreyet had not bene eeqwal too playing withe the children, it wood not hav escaipt her. Emmaaz cumforts and hoaps wer moast agreyably carrede on, bi Harreyets beying too sta lon'gher; her fortnite wauz liacly too be a munth at leest. Mr. and Mrs. Jon Niatly wer too cum doun in August, and she wauz invited too remane til dha cood bring her bac.

“Jon duz not even menshon yor frend,” ced Mr. Niatly. “Here iz hiz aancer, if u like too ce it.”

It wauz the aancer too the comunicaishon ov hiz intended marrage.

Emmaa

axepted it withe a verry egher hand, withe an impaishens aul alive too no whaut he wood sa about it, and not at aul chect bi hering dhat her frend wauz unmenshond.

“Jon enterz like a bruther intoo mi happines,” continnude Mr. Niatly, “but he iz no complimenter; and dho I wel no him too hav, liaqwise, a moast brutherly afecshon for u, he iz so far from making flurrishez, dhat enny uther yung woomman mite thhinc him raather

coole in her prase. But I am not afrade ov yor ceying whaut he riats.”

“He riats like a cencibel man,” replide Emmaa, when she had red the letter. “I onnor hiz cincerrity. It iz verry plane dhat he concidderz the good forchune ov the en’gaijment az aul on mi cide, but dhat he iz not widhout hope ov mi growing, in time, az werthy ov yor afecshon, az u thhinc me aulreddy. Had he ced enny thhing too bare a different construcshon, I shood not hav beleevd him.”

“Mi Emmaa, he meenz no such thhing. He oonly meenz—”

“He and I shood differ verry littel in our estimaishon ov the too,” interupted she, withe a sort ov cereyous smile—“much les, perhaps, dhan he iz aware ov, if we cood enter widhout cerremony or reserv on the subgect.”

“Emmaa, mi dere Emmaa—”

“O!” she cride withe moer thurro gayety, “if u fancy yor bruther duz not doo me justice, oonly wate til mi dere faather iz in the ceecret, and here hiz opinyon. Depend uppon it, he wil be much farther from doowing *u* justice. He wil thhinc aul the happines, aul the advaantage, on yor cide ov the qweschon; aul the merrit on mine. I wish I ma not cinc intoo ‘poor Emmaa’ withe him at wuns.—Hiz tender compashon toowordz oprest werth can go no farther.”

“Aa!” he cride, “I wish yor faather mite be haaf az esily convinst az Jon wil be, ov our havving evvery rite dhat eeqwal werth can ghiv, too be happy tooghether. I am amuezd bi wun part ov Jonz letter—did u notice it?—whare he cez, dhat mi informaishon did not take him wholly bi cerprise, dhat he wauz raather in expectaishon ov hering sumthhing ov the kiand.”

“If I understand yor bruther, he oonly meenz so far az yor havving sum thauts ov marreying. He had no ideyaa ov me. He ceemz perfectly unprepaerd for dhat.”

“Yes, yes—but I am amuezd dhat he shood hav cene so far intoo mi felingz. Whaut haz he bene judging bi?—I am not conshous ov enny differens in mi spirrits or conversaishon dhat cood prepare him at this time for mi marreying enny moer dhan at anuther.—But it wauz so, I supose. I dare sa dhare wauz a differens when I wauz staying withe them the uther da. I beleve I did not pla withe the children qwite so much az uezhuwal. I remember wun evening the poor boiz saying, ‘Unkel ceemz aulwase tiard nou.’”

The time wauz cumming when the nuse must spred farther, and uther personz’ recepshon ov it tride. Az soone az Mrs. Weston wauz sufishly recuverd too admit Mr. Wood’housez vizsits, Emmaa havving it in vu dhat her gentel rezoningz shood be emploid in the cauz, rezolvd ferst too anouns it at home, and then at Randalz.—But hou too brake it too her faather at laast!—She had bound hercelf too doo it, in such an our ov Mr. Niatlese abscens, or when it came too the point her hart wood hav faild her, and she must hav poot it of; but Mr. Niatly wauz too cum at such a time, and follo up the beghinning she wauz too make.—She wauz foerst too speke, and too speke cheerfooly too. She must not make it a moer decided subget ov mizsery too him, bi a mellancoly tone hercelf. She must not apere too thhinc it a misforchune.—Withe aul the spirrits she cood comaand, she prepaerd him ferst for sumthhing strainj, and then, in a fu werdz, ced, dhat if hiz concent and aprobaishon cood be obtaind—which, she trusted, wood be atended withe no difficulty, cins it wauz a plan too promote the happines ov aul—she and Mr. Niatly ment too marry; bi which meenz Hartfeeld wood receive the constant adishon ov dhat personz company whoome she nu he luvd, next too hiz dauterz and Mrs. Weston, best in the werld.

Poor man!—it wauz at ferst a concidderabel shoc too him, and he tride earnestly too diswade her from it. She wauz remianded, moer dhan wuns, ov

havving aulwase ced she wood nevver marry, and ashuerd dhat it wood be a grate dele better for her too remane cin'ghel; and toald ov poor Izabellaa, and poor Mis Talor.—But it wood not doo. Emmaa hung about him afecshonaitly, and smiald, and ced it must be so; and dhat he must not claas her withe Izabellaa and Mrs. Weston, whoose marragez taking them from Hartfeeld, had, indede, made a mellancoly chainj: but she wauz not gowing from Hartfeeld; she shood be aulwase dhare; she wauz

introjucing no chainj in dhare numberz or dhare cumforts but for the better; and she wauz verry shure dhat he wood be a grate dele the happyer

for havving Mr. Niatly aulwase at hand, when he wer wuns got uest too the ideyaa.—Did he not luv Mr. Niatly verry much?—He wood not deni dhat he did, she wauz shure.—Whoome did he evver waunt too consult on biznes

but Mr. Niatly?—Whoo wauz so uesfool too him, whoo so reddy too rite hiz

letterz, whoo so glad too acist him?—Whoo so cheerfool, so atentive, so atacht too him?—Wood not he like too hav him aulwase on the spot?—Yes. Dhat wauz aul verry tru. Mr. Niatly cood not be dhare too often; he shood be glad too ce him evvery da;—but dha did ce him evvery da az it wauz.—Whi cood not dha go on az dha had dun?

Mr. Wood'houz cood not be soone reconciald; but the werst wauz overcum,

the ideyaa wauz ghivven; time and continnuwal repetishon must doo the rest.—Too

Emmaaz entretese and ashurancez suxeded Mr. Niatlese, whoose fond prase ov her gave the subget even a kiand ov welcum; and he wauz soone uest too be tauct too bi eche, on evvery fare ocaizhon.—Dha had aul the

acistans which Izabellaa cood ghiv, bi letterz ov the stron'ghest aprobaishon; and Mrs. Weston wauz reddy, on the ferst meting, too concidder the subject in the moast cervisabel lite—ferst, az a cetteld, and, cecondly, az a good wun—wel aware ov the neerly eeqwal importans ov the too rekomendaishonz too Mr. Wood'housez miand.—It wauz agrede uppon, az whaut wauz too be; and evvery boddy bi whoome he wauz uest too be ghided ashuring him dhat it wood be for hiz happines; and havving sum felingz himcelf which aulmoast admitted it, he began too thhinc dhat sum time or uther—in anuther yere or too, perhaps—it mite not be so verry bad if the marrage did take place.

Mrs. Weston wauz acting no part, faning no felingz in aul dhat she ced too him in favor ov the event.—She had bene extreemly cerpriazd, nevver moer so, dhan when Emmaa ferst opend the afare too her; but she sau in it oonly increce ov happines too aul, and had no scrupel in erging him too the utmoast.—She had such a regard for Mr. Niatly, az too thhinc he deservd even her derest Emmaa; and it wauz in evvery respect so propper, sutabel, and unexepshonabel a conecshon, and in wun respect, wun point ov the hiyest importans, so peculeyarily elligibel, so cin'gularly forchunate, dhat nou it ceemd az if Emmaa cood not saifly hav atacht hercelf too enny uther crechure, and dhat she had hercelf bene the schupidest ov beyingz in not havving thaut ov it, and wisht it long ago.—Hou verry fu ov dhose men in a ranc ov life too adres Emmaa wood hav renounst dhare one home for Hartfeeld! And whoo but Mr. Niatly cood no and bare withe Mr. Wood'hous, so az too make such an arainjment desirabel!—The difficulty ov disposing ov poor Mr. Wood'hous had bene aulwase felt in her huzbandz planz and her one, for a marrage betwene Franc and Emmaa. Hou too cettel the claimz ov Enscome and Hartfeeld had bene a continnuwal impeddiment—les acnollejd bi Mr. Weston dhan bi hercelf—but even he had nevver bene abel too finnish the



subject better dhan bi saying—"Dhose matterz wil take care ov themcelvz; the yung pepel wil fiand a wa." But here dhare wauz nuthhing too be shifted of in a wiald speculaishon on the fuchure. It wauz aul rite, aul open, aul eeqwal. No sacrifice on enny cide werth the name. It wauz a uenyon ov the hiyest prommice ov feliscity in itcelf, and widhout wun reyal, rashonal difficulty too opose or dela it.

Mrs. Weston, withe her baby on her ne, indulging in such reflexhonz az these, wauz wun ov the happyest wimmen in the werld. If enny thhing cood increce her delite, it wauz perceving dhat the baby wood soone hav outgrone its ferst cet ov caps.

The nuse wauz universaly a cerprise wharevver it spred; and Mr. Weston had hiz five minnuets share ov it; but five minnuets wer enuf too familleyaarise the ideyaa too hiz qwicnes ov miand.—He sau the advaantagez ov the mach, and rejoist in them withe aul the constancy ov hiz wife; but the wunder ov it wauz verry soone nuthhing; and bi the end ov an our he wauz not far from beleving dhat he had aulwase foercene it.

"It iz too be a ceecret, I conclude," ced he. "These matterz ar aulwase a ceecret, til it iz found out dhat evvery boddy nose them. Oonly let me be toald when I ma speke out.—I wunder whether Jane haz enny suspishon."

He went too Hibury the next morning, and sattisfide himcelf on dhat point. He toald her the nuse. Wauz not she like a dauter, hiz eldest dauter?—he must tel her; and Mis Baits beying prezsent, it paast, ov coers, too Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Perry, and Mrs. Elton, imejaitly aafterwordz. It wauz no moer dhan the principalz wer prepaerd for; dha had calculated from the time ov its beying none at Randalz, hou soone it wood be over Hibury; and wer thhinking ov themcelvz, az the evening wunder in menny a fammily cerkel, withe grate sagascity.

In genneral, it wauz a verry wel apruivd mach. Sum mite thhinc him, and utherz mite thhinc her, the moast in luc. Wun cet mite recomend dhare aul remooving too Donwel, and leving Hartfeeld for the Jon Niatlese; and anuther mite predict disagreements among dhare cervants; but yet, uppon the whole, dhare wauz no cereyous obgecshon raizd, exept in wun habitaishon, the Viccarage.—Dhare, the cerprise wauz not softend bi enny satisfacshon. Mr. Elton caerd littel about it, compaerd withe hiz wife; he oonly hoapt “the yung ladese pride wood nou be contented;” and supoazd “she had aulwase ment too cach Niatly if she cood;” and, on the point ov livving at Hartfeeld, cood daringly exclame, “Raather he dhan I!”—But Mrs. Elton wauz verry much discompoazd indede.—“Poor Niatly! poor fello!—sad biznes for him.”—She wauz extreemly concernd; for, dho verry exentric, he had a thousand good qwaulitese.—Hou cood he be so taken in?—Did not thhinc him at aul in luv—not in the leest.—Poor Niatly!—Dhare wood be an end ov aul plezzant intercoers withe him.—Hou happy he had bene too cum and dine withe them whenever dha aasct him! But dhat wood be aul over nou.—

Poor fello!—No moer exploering partese too Donwel made for *her*. O! no; dhare wood be a Mrs. Niatly too thro coald wauter on evvery thhing.—Extreemly disagreyabel! But she wauz not at aul sory dhat she had abuezd the houskeper the uther da.—Shocking plan, livving tooghether. It wood nevver doo. She nu a fammily nere Mapel Grove whoo had tride it, and bene obliajd too cepparate befoer the end ov the ferst qworter.

## CHAPTER 18

Time paast on. A fu moer too-morose, and the party from Lundon wood be ariving. It wauz an alarming chainj; and Emmaa wauz thhinking ov it wun

morning, az whaut must bring a grate dele too adgitate and greve her, when Mr. Niatly came in, and distrescing thauts wer poot bi. Aafter the ferst chat ov plezhure he wauz cilent; and then, in a graver tone, began withe,

“I hav sumthhing too tel u, Emmaa; sum nuse.”

“Good or bad?” ced she, qwicly, loocking up in hiz face.

“I doo not no which it aut too be cauld.”

“O! good I am shure.—I ce it in yor countenans. U ar trying not too smile.”

“I am afrade,” ced he, composing hiz fechuerz, “I am verry much afrade, mi dere Emmaa, dhat u wil not smile when u here it.”

“Indede! but whi so?—I can hardly imadgine dhat enny thhing which plesez or amusez u, shood not plese and amuse me too.”

“Dhare iz wun subgect,” he replide, “I hope but wun, on which we doo not thhinc alike.” He pauzd a moment, agane smiling, withe hiz ise fixt on her face. “Duz nuthhing oker too u?—Doo not u recolect?—Harreyet Smith.”

Her cheex flusht at the name, and she felt afrade ov sumthhing, dho she nu not whaut.

“Hav u herd from her yorcelf this morning?” cride he. “U hav, I

believe, and no the whole.”

“No, I hav not; I no nuthhing; pra tel me.”

“U ar prepaerd for the werst, I ce—and verry bad it iz. Harreyet Smith marrese Robbert Martin.”

Emmaa gave a start, which did not ceme like beying prepaerd—and her ise, in egher gase, ced, “No, this iz imposcibel!” but her lips wer cloazd.

“It iz so, indede,” continnude Mr. Niatly; “I hav it from Robbert Martin himcelf. He left me not haaf an our ago.”

She wauz stil loocking at him withe the moast speking amaizment.

“U like it, mi Emmaa, az littel az I feerd.—I wish our opinyonz wer the same. But in time dha wil. Time, u ma be shure, wil make wun or the uther ov us thhinc differently; and, in the meenwhile, we nede not tauc much on the subgect.”

“U mistake me, u qwite mistake me,” she replide, exerting hercelf. “It iz not dhat such a cercumstaans wood nou make me unhappy, but I canot beleve it. It ceemz an impocibillity!—U canot mene too sa, dhat Harreyet Smith haz axepted Robbert Martin. U canot mene dhat he haz even propoazd too her agane—yet. U oonly mene, dhat he intendz it.”

“I mene dhat he haz dun it,” aancerd Mr. Niatly, withe smiling but determiand decizhon, “and bene axepted.”

“Good God!” she cride.—“Wel!”—Then havving recors too her wercbaasket, in excuce for lening doun her face, and conceling aul the exqwizsite

felings ov delite and entertainment which she nu she must be exprescing, she added, “Wel, nou tel me evvery thhing; make this intelligibel too me. Hou, whare, when?—Let me no it aul. I nevver wauz moer cerpriazd—but it duz not make me unhappy, I ashure u.—Hou—hou haz it bene poscibel?”

“It iz a verry cimpel stoery. He went too toun on biznes thre dase ago, and I got him too take charj ov sum paperz which I wauz waunting too cend too Jon.—He delivverd these paperz too Jon, at hiz chaimberz, and wauz aasct bi him too join dhare party the same evening too Aslese. Dha wer gowing too take the too eldest boiz too Aslese. The party wauz too be our bruther and cister, Henry, Jon—and Mis Smith. Mi frend Robbert cood not resist. Dha cauld for him in dhare wa; wer aul extreemly amuezd; and mi bruther aasct him too dine withe them the next da—which he did—and in the coers ov dhat vizsit (az I understand) he found an oporchunity ov speking too Harreyet; and certainly did not speke in vane.—She made him, bi her axeptans, az happy even az he iz deserving. He came down bi yesterdase coche, and wauz withe me this morning imejaitly aafter breccfast, too repoert hiz proceedingz, ferst on mi afaerz, and then on hiz one. This iz aul dhat I can relate ov the hou, whare, and when. Yor frend Harreyet wil make a much lon’gher history when u ce her.—She wil ghiv u aul the minute particcularz, which oonly woommanz lan’gwage can make interesting.—In our comunicaishonz we dele oonly in the grate.—Houwevver, I must sa, dhat Robbert Martinz hart ceemd for *him*, and too *me*, verry overflowing; and dhat he did menshon, widhout its beying much too the perpoce, dhat on qwitting dhare box at Aslese, mi bruther tooc charj ov Mrs. Jon Niatly and littel Jon, and he follode withe Mis Smith and Henry; and dhat at wun time dha wer in such a croud, az too make Mis Smith raather unnesy.”

He stopt.—Emmaa daerd not atempt enny imejate repli. Too speke, she wauz shure wood be too betra a moast unrezonabel degry ov happines. She must wate a moment, or he wood thhinc her mad. Her cilens disterbd him; and aafter observing her a littel while, he added,

“Emmaa, mi luv, u ced dhat this circumstaans wood not nou make u unhappy; but I am afrade it ghivz u moer pane dhan u expected. Hiz cichuwaishon iz an evil—but u must concidder it az whaut sattisfise yor frend; and I wil aancer for yor thhinking better and better ov him az u no him moer. Hiz good cens and good principelz wood delite u.—Az far az the man iz concernd, u cood not wish yor frend in better handz. Hiz ranc in sociyety I wood aulter if I cood, which iz saying a grate dele I ashure u, Emmaa.—U laaf at me about Willeyam Larkin; but I cood qwite az il spare Robbert Martin.”

He waunted her too looc up and smile; and havving nou braut hercelf not too smile too braudly—she did—cheerfooly aancering,

“U nede not be at enny painz too reconcile me too the mach. I thhinc Harreyet iz doowing extreemly wel. *Her* conecshonz ma be wers dhan *hiz*. In respectabillity ov carracter, dhare can be no dout dhat dha ar. I hav bene cilent from cerprise meerly, exescive cerprise. U canot imadgine hou suddenly it haz cum on me! hou peculeyarly unprepaerd I wauz!—for I had rezon too beleve her verry laitley moer determiand against him, much moer, dhan she wauz befoer.”

“U aut too no yor frend best,” replide Mr. Niatly; “but I shood sa she wauz a good-temperd, soft-harted gherl, not liacly too be verry, verry determiand against enny yung man whoo toald her he luvd her.”

Emmaa cood not help laafing az she aancerd, “Uppon mi werd, I beleve u no her qwite az wel az I doo.—But, Mr. Niatly, ar u

perfectly shure dhat she haz absoluetly and dounrite *axepted* him. I cood suppose she mite in time—but can she aulreddy?—Did not u misunderstand him?—U wer boath tauking ov uther thhingz; ov biznes, shose ov cattel, or nu drilz—and mite not u, in the confuezhon ov so menny subgects, mistake him?—It wauz not Harreyets hand dhat he wauz certane ov—it wauz the dimenshonz ov sum famous ox.”

The contraast betwene the countenans and are ov Mr. Niatly and Robbert Martin wauz, at this moment, so strong too Emmaaz felingz, and so strong wauz the recolecshon ov aul dhat had so recently paast on Harreyets cide, so fresh the sound ov dhose werdz, spoken withe such emfacis, “No, I hope I no better dhan too thhinc ov Robbert Martin,” dhat she wauz reyaly expecting the intelligens too proove, in sum mezhure, premachure. It cood not be utherwise.

“Doo u dare sa this?” cride Mr. Niatly. “Doo u dare too suppose me so grate a bloc<sup>h</sup>ed, az not too no whaut a man iz tauking ov?—Whaut doo u deserv?”

“O! I aulwase deserv the best treetment, becauz I nevver poot up withe enny uther; and, dhaerfoer, u must ghiv me a plane, direct aancer. Ar u qwite shure dhat u understand the termz on which Mr. Martin and Harreyet nou ar?”

“I am qwite shure,” he replide, speking verry distinctly, “dhat he toald me she had axepted him; and dhat dhare wauz no obscurity, nuthhing doutfool, in the werdz he uezd; and I thhinc I can ghiv u a proofe dhat it must be so. He aasct mi opinyon az too whaut he wauz nou too doo. He nu ov no wun but Mrs. Goddard too whoome he cood apli for informaishon ov

her relaishonz or frendz. Cood I menshon enny thhing moer fit too be dun, dhan too go too Mrs. Goddard? I ashuerd him dhat I cood not. Then, he ced, he wood endevvor too ce her in the coers ov this da.”

“I am perfectly sattisfide,” replide Emmaa, withe the britest smialz, “and moast cinceerly wish them happy.”

“U ar matereyaly chainjd cins we tauct on this subgect befoer.”

“I hope so—for at dhat time I wauz a foole.”

“And I am chainjd aulso; for I am nou verry willing too graant u aul Harreyets good qwaulitese. I hav taken sum painz for yor sake, and for Robbert Martinz sake, (whoome I hav aulwase had rezon too beleve az much in luv withe her az evver,) too ghet aqwainted withe her. I hav often tauct too her a good dele. U must hav cene dhat I did. Sumtiamz, indede, I hav thaut u wer haaf suspecting me ov pleding poor Martinz cauz, which wauz nevver the cace; but, from aul mi observaishonz, I am convinst ov her beying an artles, ameyabel gherl, withe verry good noashonz, verry cereyously good principelz, and placing her happines in the afecshonz and utillity ov domestic life.—Much ov this, I hav no dout, she ma thanc u for.”

“Me!” cride Emmaa, shaking her hed.—“Aa! poor Harreyet!”

She chect hercelf, houwevver, and submitted qwiyetly too a littel moer prase dhan she deservd.

Dhare conversaishon wauz soone aafterwordz cloazd bi the entrans ov her faather. She wauz not sorry. She waunted too be alone. Her miand wauz in a state ov flutter and wunder, which made it imposcibel for her too be colected. She wauz in daancing, cinging, exclaming spirrits; and til she had muivd about, and tauct too hercelf, and laaft and reflected,



she cood be fit for nuthhing rashonal.

Her faatherz biznes wauz too anouns Jaimsez beying gon out too poot the horcez too, preparratoery too dhare nou daly drive too Randalz; and she had, dhaerfoer, an imejate excuce for disapering.

The joi, the grattichude, the exqwizsite delite ov her censaishonz ma be imadgiand. The sole grevans and alloi dhus remuivd in the prospect ov Harreyets welfare, she wauz reyaly in dain'ger ov becumming too happy for  
cecurity.—Whaut had she too wish for? Nuthhing, but too gro moer werthy  
ov  
him, whose intenshonz and jujment had bene evver so supereyor too her one. Nuthhing, but dhat the lessonz ov her paast folly mite teche her humillity and cercumspecshon in fuchure.

Cereyous she wauz, verry cereyous in her thancfoolnes, and in her rezolueshonz; and yet dhare wauz no preventing a laaf, sumtiamz in the verry midst ov them. She must laaf at such a close! Such an end ov the doalfool disapointment ov five weex bac! Such a hart—such a Harreyet!

Nou dhare wood be plezhure in her reterning—Evvery thhing wood be a plezhure. It wood be a grate plezhure too no Robbert Martin.

Hi in the ranc ov her moast cereyous and hartfelt feliscitese, wauz the reflexhon dhat aul necescity ov conceelment from Mr. Niatly wood soone be over. The disghise, eqwivocaishon, mistery, so haitfool too her too practice, mite soone be over. She cood nou looc forword too ghivving him dhat fool and perfect confidens which her disposishon wauz moast reddy too welcum az a juty.

In the gayest and happyest spirrits she cet forword withe her faather; not aulwase liscening, but aulwase agreying too whaut he ced; and, whether in speche or cilens, coniving at the cumfortabel perswaizhon ov hiz beying

obliajd too go too Randalz evvery da, or poor Mrs. Weston wood be disapointed.

Dha ariavd.—Mrs. Weston wauz alone in the drauwing-roome:—but hardly had dha bene toald ov the baby, and Mr. Wood’hous receevd the thanx for cumming, which he aasct for, when a glimps wauz caut throo the bliand, ov too figguerz paacing nere the windo.

“It iz Franc and Mis Faerfax,” ced Mrs. Weston. “I wauz just gowing too tel u ov our agreyabel cerprise in ceying him arive this morning. He stase til too-moro, and Mis Faerfax haz bene perswaded too spend the da withe us.—Dha ar cumming in, I hope.”

In haaf a minnute dha wer in the roome. Emmaa wauz extreemly glad too ce him—but dhare wauz a degry ov confuezhon—a number ov embarrassing recoleshonz on eche cide. Dha met reddily and smiling, but withe a conshousnes which at ferst aloud littel too be ced; and havving aul sat doun agane, dhare wauz for sum time such a blanc in the cerkel, dhat Emmaa began too dout whether the wish nou induljd, which she had long felt, ov ceying Franc Cherchil wuns moer, and ov ceying him withe Jane, wood yeeld its propoershon ov plezhure. When Mr. Weston joint the party, houwevver, and when the baby wauz fecht, dhare wauz no lon’gher a waunt ov subject or animaishon—or ov currage and oporchunity for Franc Cherchil too drau nere her and sa,

“I hav too thanc u, Mis Wood’hous, for a verry kiand forghivving message in wun ov Mrs. Westonz letterz. I hope time haz not made u les willing too pardon. I hope u doo not retract whaut u then ced.”

“No, indede,” cride Emmaa, moast happy too beghin, “not in the leest. I am particularly glad too ce and shake handz withe u—and too ghiv u joi in person.”

He thanct her withe aul hiz hart, and continnude sum time too speke withe cereyous feling ov hiz grattichude and happines.

“Iz not she loocking wel?” ced he, terning hiz ise toowordz Jane.  
“Better dhan she evver uest too doo?—U ce hou mi faather and Mrs. Weston dote uppon her.”

But hiz spirrits wer soone rising agane, and withe laafing ise, aafter menshoning the expected retern ov the Cambelz, he naimd the name ov Dixon.—Emmaa blusht, and forbade its beying pronounst in her hering.

“I can nevver thhinc ov it,” she cride, “widhout extreme shame.”

“The shame,” he aancerd, “iz aul mine, or aut too be. But iz it poscibel dhat u had no suspishon?—I mene ov late. Erly, I no, u had nun.”

“I nevver had the smaulest, I ashure u.”

“Dhat apeerz qwite wunderfool. I wauz wuns verry nere—and I wish I had—it wood hav bene better. But dho I wauz aulwase doowing rong thhingz, dha wer verry bad rong thhingz, and such az did me no cervice.—It wood hav bene a much better traanzgreshon had I broken the bond ov ceecrecy and toald u evvery thhing.”

“It iz not nou werth a regret,” ced Emmaa.

“I hav sum hope,” rezhuemd he, “ov mi unkelz beying perswaded too pa a vizsit at Randalz; he waunts too be introjuest too her. When the Cambelz ar reternd, we shal mete them in Lundon, and continnu dhare, I trust, til we ma carry her northword.—But nou, I am at such a distans from her—iz not it hard, Mis Wood’hous?—Til this morning, we hav not wuns met cins the da ov reconcileyashon. Doo not u pitty me?”

Emmaa spoke her pitty so verry kiandly, dhat withe a sudden axeshon ov ga thaut, he cride,

“Aa! bi the bi,” then cinking hiz vois, and loocking demure for the moment—“I hope Mr. Niatly iz wel?” He pauzd.—She cullord and laaft.—“I no u sau mi letter, and thhinc u ma remember mi wish in yor favor. Let me retern yor con’grachulaishonz.—I ashure u dhat I hav herd the nuse withe the wormest interest and satisfacshon.—He iz a man whoome I canot prezume too prase.”

Emmaa wauz delited, and oanly waunted him too go on in the same stile; but hiz miand wauz the next moment in hiz one concernz and withe hiz one Jane, and hiz next werdz wer,

“Did u evver ce such a skin?—such smuidhnes! such dellicacy!—and yet widhout beying acchuwaly fare.—Wun canot caul her fare. It iz a moast uncommon complecshon, withe her darc i-lashez and hare—a moast distin’gwishing complecshon! So peculeyarly the lady in it.—Just cullor enuf for buty.”

“I hav aulwase admiard her complecshon,” replide Emmaa, archly; “but doo not I remember the time when u found fault withe her for beying so pale?—When we ferst began too tauc ov her.—Hav u qwite forgotten?”

“O! no—whaut an impudent dog I wauz!—Hou cood I dare—”

But he laaft so hartily at the recolecshon, dhat Emmaa cood not help saying,

“I doo suspect dhat in the midst ov yor perplexitese at dhat time, u had verry grate amuezmment in tricking us aul.—I am shure u had.—I am shure it wauz a consolaishon too u.”

“O! no, no, no—hou can u suspect me ov such a thhing? I wauz the moast mizerabel rech!”

“Not qwite so mizerabel az too be incencibel too merth. I am shure it wauz a soers ov hi entertainment too u, too fele dhat u wer taking us aul in.—Perhaps I am the reddeyer too suspect, becauz, too tel u the trueth, I thhinc it mite hav bene sum amuezmment too micelf in the same cichuwaishon. I thhinc dhare iz a littel liacnes betwene us.”

He boud.

“If not in our disposishonz,” she prezsently added, withe a looc ov tru cencibillity, “dhare iz a liacnes in our destiny; the destiny which bidz fare too conect us withe too carracterz so much supereyor too our one.”

“Tru, tru,” he aancerd, wormly. “No, not tru on yor cide. U can hav no supereyor, but moast tru on mine.—She iz a complete ain’gel. Looc at her. Iz not she an ain’gel in evvery geschure? Observ the tern ov her throte. Observ her ise, az she iz loocking up at mi faather.—U wil be glad too here (inclining hiz hed, and whispering cereyously) dhat mi unkel meenz too ghiv her aul mi aants juwelz. Dha ar too be nu cet. I am rezolvd too hav sum in an ornament for the hed. Wil not it be butifool in her darc hare?”

“Verry butifool, indede,” replide Emmaa; and she spoke so kiandly, dhat he graitfooly berst out,

“Hou delited I am too ce u agane! and too ce u in such exelent loox!—I wood not hav mist this meting for the werld. I shood certainly hav cauld at Hartfeeld, had u faild too cum.”

The uthertz had bene tauking ov the chiald, Mrs. Weston ghivving an acount ov a littel alarm she had bene under, the evening befoer, from the infants apering not qwite wel. She beleevd she had bene foolish, but it had alarmd her, and she had bene within haaf a minnute ov cending for Mr. Perry. Perhaps she aut too be ashaimd, but Mr. Weston had bene aulmoast az unnesy az hercelf.—In ten minnuets, houwevver, the chiald had bene perfectly wel agane. This wauz her history; and particularly interesting it wauz too Mr. Wood’hous, whoo comended her verry much for ththinking ov cending for Perry, and oonly regretted dhat she had not dun it. “She shood aulwase cend for Perry, if the chiald apeerd in the slitest degry disorderd, wer it oonly for a moment. She cood not be too soone alarmd, nor cend for Perry too often. It wauz a pitty, perhaps, dhat he had not cum laast nite; for, dho the chiald ceemd wel nou, verry wel conciddering, it wood probbably hav bene better if Perry had cene it.”

Franc Cherchil caut the name.

“Perry!” ced he too Emmaa, and triying, az he spoke, too cach Mis Faerfaxez i. “Mi frend Mr. Perry! Whaut ar dha saying about Mr. Perry?—Haz he bene here this morning?—And hou duz he travel nou?—Haz he cet up hiz carrage?”

Emmaa soone recolected, and understood him; and while she joind in the

laaf, it wauz evvident from Jainz countenans dhat she too wauz reyaly hering him, dho trying too ceme def.

“Such an extraordinary dreme ov mine!” he cride. “I can nevver thinc ov it widhout laafing.—She heerz us, she heerz us, Mis Wood’hous. I ce it in her cheke, her smile, her vane atempt too froun. Looc at her. Doo not u ce dhat, at this instant, the verry passage ov her one letter, which cent me the repoert, iz paacing under her i—dhat the whole blunder iz spred befoer her—dhat she can atend too nuthhing els, dho pretending too liscen too the utherz?”

Jane wauz foerst too smile compleetly, for a moment; and the smile partly remaind az she ternd toowordz him, and ced in a conshous, lo, yet stedly vois,

“Hou u can bare such recolecshonz, iz astonnishing too me!—Dha *wil* sumtiamz obtrude—but hou u can coert them!”

He had a grate dele too sa in retern, and verry entertaningly; but Emmaaz felingz wer cheefly withe Jane, in the argument; and on leving Randalz, and fauling natchuraly intoo a comparrison ov the too men, she felt, dhat pleezd az she had bene too ce Franc Cherchil, and reyaly regarding him az she did withe frendship, she had nevver bene moer cencibel ov Mr. Niatlese hi supereyority ov carracter. The happines ov this moast happy da, receevd its compleeshon, in the annimated contemplaishon ov hiz werth which this comparrison projuest.

## CHAPTER 19

If Emma had stil, at intervalz, an ancshous feling for Harreyet, a momentary dout ov its beying poscibel for her too be reyaly cuerd ov her attachment too Mr. Niatly, and reyaly abel too axept anuther man from unbiyast inclinaishon, it wauz not long dhat she had too suffer from the recurrens ov enny such uncertainty. A verry fu dase braut the party from Lundon, and she had no sooner an oportchunity ov beying wun our alone withe Harreyet, dhan she became perfectly sattisfide—unnacountabel az it wauz!—dhat Robbert Martin had thurroly suplaanted Mr. Niatly, and wauz nou forming aul her vuse ov happines.

Harreyet wauz a littel distrest—did looc a littel foolish at ferst: but havving wuns oand dhat she had bene prezumpshous and cilly, and celf-deceevd, befoer, her pane and confuezhon ceemd too di awa withe the werdz, and leve her widhout a care for the paast, and withe the foollest exultaishon in the prezsent and fuchure; for, az too her frendz aprobaishon, Emma had instantly remuivd evvery fere ov dhat nachure, bi meting her withe the moast unqwaulifide con'grachulaishonz.—Harreyet wauz moast happy too ghiv evvery particcular ov the evening at Aslese, and the dinner the next da; she cood dwel on it aul withe the utmoast delite. But whaut did such particcularz explane?—The fact wauz, az Emma cood nou acnollej, dhat Harreyet had aulwase liact Robbert Martin; and dhat hiz continnuwing too luv her had bene iresistibel.—Beyond this, it must evver be unnintelligibel too Emma.

The event, houwevver, wauz moast joifool; and evvery da wauz ghivving her fresh rezon for thhinking so.—Harreyets parentage became none. She pruivd too be the dauter ov a traidzman, rich enuf too afoerd her the cumfortabel maintenans which had evver bene herz, and decent enuf too hav aulwase wisht for conceelment.—Such wauz the blud ov gentility



which Emmaa had formerly bene so reddy too vouch for!—It wauz liacly too be az untainted, perhaps, az the blud ov menny a gentelman: but whaut a conecshon had she bene preparing for Mr. Niatly—or for the Cherchilz—or even for Mr. Elton!—The stane ov ilegittimacy, unbleecht bi nobillity or welth, wood hav bene a stane indede.

No obgecshon wauz raizd on the faatherz cide; the yung man wauz treted libberaly; it wauz aul az it shood be: and az Emmaa became aqwainted withe Robbert Martin, whoo wauz nou introjuest at Hartfeeld, she folly acnollejd in him aul the aperans ov cens and werth which cood bid farest for her littel frend. She had no dout ov Harreyets happines withe enny good-temperd man; but withe him, and in the home he offerd, dhare wood be the hope ov moer, ov cecurity, stabillity, and impruivment. She wood be plaist in the midst ov dhose whoo luvd her, and whoo had better cens dhan hercelf; retiard enuf for saifty, and occupide enuf for cheerfoolnes. She wood be nevver led intoo temptaishon, nor left for it too fiand her out. She wood be respectabel and happy; and Emmaa admitted her too be the luckeyest crechure in the world, too hav creyated so stedly and percevering an afecshon in such a man;—or, if not qwite the luckeyest, too yeeld oanly too hercelf.

Harreyet, necesarily draun awa bi her en'gaijments withe the Martinz, wauz les and les at Hartfeeld; which wauz not too be regretted.—The intimacy betwene her and Emmaa must cinc; dhare frendship must chainj intoo a caalmer sort ov goodwil; and, forchunaitly, whaut aut too be, and must be, ceemd aulreddy beghinning, and in the moast gradjuwal, natchural manner.

Befoer the end ov Ceptember, Emmaa atended Harreyet too cherch, and sau her hand bestode on Robbert Martin withe so complete a satisfacshon, az

no remembrancez, even conected withe Mr. Elton az he stood befoer them, cood impare.—Perhaps, indede, at dhat time she scaersly sau Mr. Elton, but az the clergiman whoose blescing at the aultar mite next faul on hercelf.—Robbert Martin and Harreyet Smith, the latest cuppel en'gajjd ov the thre, wer the ferst too be marrede.

Jane Faerfax had aulreddy qwitted Hibur, and wauz restoerd too the cumforts ov her beluvved home withe the Cabelz.—The Mr. Cherchilz wer aulso in toun; and dha wer oanly wating for November.

The intermejjate munth wauz the wun fixt on, az far az dha daerd, bi Emmaa and Mr. Niatly.—Dha had determiand dhat dhare marrage aut too be concluded while Jon and Izabellaa wer stil at Hartfeeld, too alou them the fortniats abcens in a toor too the cecide, which wauz the plan.—Jon and Izabellaa, and evvery uther frend, wer agrede in aprooving it. But Mr. Wood'hous—hou wauz Mr. Wood'hous too be injest too concent?—he, whoo had nevvver yet aluded too dhare marrage but az a distant event.

When ferst sounded on the subgett, he wauz so mizserabel, dhat dha wer aulmoast hoaples.—A cecond aluezhon, indede, gave les pane.—He began too thhinc it wauz too be, and dhat he cood not prevent it—a verry prommicing step ov the miand on its wa too resignaishon. Stil, houwevver, he wauz not happy. Na, he apeerd so much utherwise, dhat hiz dauterz currage faild. She cood not bare too ce him suffering, too no him fancying himcelf neglected; and dho her understanding aulmoast aqweyest in the ashurans ov boath the Mr. Niatlese, dhat when wuns the event wer over, hiz distres wood be soone over too, she hezsitated—she cood not procede.

In this state ov suspens dha wer befrended, not bi enny sudden

illuminaishon ov Mr. Wood'housez miand, or enny wunderfool chainj ov hiz

nervous cistem, but bi the operaishon ov the same cistem in anuther wa.—Mrs. Westonz poaltry-hous wauz robd wun nite ov aul her terkese—evvidently bi the in' genuwity ov man. Uther poaltry-yardz in the naborhood aulso sufferd.—Pilfering wauz *housbraking* too Mr.

Wood'housez feerz.—He wauz verry unnesy; and but for the cens ov hiz sun-in-lauz protecshon, wood hav bene under retched alarm evvery nite ov hiz life. The strength, rezolueshon, and prezsens ov miand ov the Mr. Niatlese, comaanded hiz foollest dependens. While iather ov them protected him and hiz, Hartfeeld wauz safe.—But Mr. Jon Niatly must be in Lundon agane bi the end ov the ferst weke in November.

The rezult ov this distres wauz, dhat, withe a much moer volluntary, cheerfool concent dhan hiz dauter had evver prezhuemd too hope for at the

moment, she wauz abel too fix her wedding-da—and Mr. Elton wauz cauld on, within a munth from the marrage ov Mr. and Mrs. Robbert Martin, too join the handz ov Mr. Niatly and Mis Wood'hous.

The wedding wauz verry much like uther weddingz, whare the partese hav

no taist for finery or parade; and Mrs. Elton, from the particcularz detaild bi her huzband, thaut it aul extreemly shabby, and verry infereyor too her one.—“Verry littel white sattin, verry fu lace vailz; a moast pittifool biznes!—Celenaa wood stare when she herd ov it.”—But, in spite ov these defishencese, the wishez, the hoaps, the confidens, the predicshonz ov the smaul band ov tru frendz whoo witnest the cerremony, wer foolly aancerd in the perfect happines ov the uenyon.

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