

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ
ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

4
УРОВЕНЬ



Jane Austen
ЕММА

Джейн Остин
ЭММА

словарь • комментарии

Легко читаем по-английски

Джейн Остин

Эмма / Emma

«АСТ»

2018

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2 Англ-9

Остин Д.

Эмма / Emma / Д. Остин — «АСТ», 2018 — (Легко читаем по-английски)

ISBN 978-5-17-110552-5

Джейн Остин – знаменитая британская писательница классической литературы. Ее романы нравов являются признанными шедеврами, сочетающими в себе простоту сюжета, глубокое психологическое проникновение в души героев и мягкий, истинно английский юмор. Героиня предлагаемого романа Эмма Вудхаус имеет все, о чем можно мечтать: молодость, красоту, богатство, дом, любящего отца, друзей. Она считает, что хорошо разбирается в сердцах и умах других людей и пытается устроить чужое личное счастье. Текст подготовлен для уровня Upper-Intermediate – для продолжающих учить английский язык верхней ступени. В конце книги помещен англо-русский словарь. Предназначается для всех, кто стремится читать на английском языке.

УДК 811.111(075)
ББК 81.2 Англ-9

ISBN 978-5-17-110552-5

© Остин Д., 2018
© АСТ, 2018

Содержание

Part I	6
Chapter I	6
Chapter II	9
Chapter III	10
Chapter IV	11
Chapter V	14
Chapter VI	16
Chapter VII	18
Chapter VIII	20
Chapter IX	23
Chapter X	24
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	26

Джейн Остин / Jane Austen

Эмма / Emma

© Матвеев С. А., подготовка текста, комментарии и словарь, 2018

© ООО «Издательство АСТ», 2018

Part I

Chapter I

Emma Woodhouse¹, handsome, clever, and rich, with a comfortable home and happy disposition, had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her. She was the youngest of the two daughters of a most affectionate, indulgent father; and had, in consequence of her sister's marriage, been mistress of his house from a very early period. Her mother had died long ago.

Sixteen years had Miss **Taylor**² been in Mr. Woodhouse's family, less as a governess than a friend, very fond of both daughters, but particularly of Emma. Between them it was more the intimacy of sisters. Then Miss Taylor married. It was Miss Taylor's loss which first brought grief. It was on the wedding-day of this beloved friend that Emma first sat in mournful thought. The wedding was over, and the bride-people had gone, and Emma's father and herself were left to dine together. Her father had gone to sleep after dinner, as usual, and she had then only to sit and think of what she had lost.

Mr. Weston – Miss Taylor's husband – was a man of unexceptionable character, easy fortune, suitable age, and pleasant manners; but it was a black morning for Emma. She recalled Miss Taylor's kindness – the kindness, the affection of sixteen years – how she had taught and how she had played with her from five years old – how she had devoted all her powers to attach and amuse her.

How was she to bear the change? – It was true that her friend was going only half a mile from them; but Emma was aware that great must be the difference between a Mrs. Weston, only half a mile from them, and a Miss Taylor in the house. Emma dearly loved her father, but he was no companion for her.

Mr. Woodhouse had no activity of mind or body, he was a much older man **in ways**³ than in years; and **his talents could not have recommended him at any time**⁴.

Emma's sister **Isabella**⁵, being settled in London, only sixteen miles off, was much beyond her daily reach.

Highbury⁶, the large and populous village, to which **Hartfield**⁷ belonged, **afforded her no equals**⁸. The Woodhouses were first **in consequence**⁹ there. All looked up to them. She had many acquaintance in the place, but not one among them who could be accepted **in lieu of**¹⁰ Miss Taylor for even half a day. It was a melancholy change; and Emma could not but sigh over it. Her father was a nervous man, easily depressed; hating change of every kind. Matrimony, as the origin of change, was always disagreeable; and he was by no means yet reconciled to his own daughter's marrying, nor could ever speak of her but with compassion. He was very much disposed to think Miss Taylor had done as sad a thing for herself as for them, and would have been a great deal happier if she had spent all the

¹ **Emma Woodhouse** – Эмма Вудхаус

² **Taylor** – Тэйлор

³ **in ways** – по поведению

⁴ **his talents could not have recommended him at any time** – он не блистал никакими талантами

⁵ **Isabella** – Изабелла

⁶ **Highbury** – Хайбери

⁷ **Hartfield** – Хартфилд (*название поместья*)

⁸ **afforded her no equals** – не мог предложить ей равных

⁹ **in consequence** – по положению

¹⁰ **in lieu of** – вместо

rest of her life at Hartfield. Emma smiled and chatted as cheerfully as she could, to keep him from such thoughts; but when tea came, it was impossible for him not to say exactly as he had said at dinner,

“Poor Miss Taylor! – I wish she were here again. What a pity it is that Mr. Weston married her!”

“I cannot agree with you, papa; you know I cannot. Mr. Weston is such a good-humoured, pleasant, excellent man, that he thoroughly deserves a good wife; – and you would not have had Miss Taylor live with us for ever, when she might have a house of her own?”

“A house of her own! – But where is the advantage of a house of her own? Our house is three times as large.”

“We shall be going to see them often, and they will be coming to see us! – We shall be always meeting! We must begin; we must go and pay wedding visit very soon.”

“My dear, how am I to get so far? **Randalls**¹¹ is such a distance. I could not walk half so far.”

“No, papa, nobody thought of your walking. We must go in the carriage, to be sure.”

Emma hoped, by the help of **backgammon**¹², to get her father tolerably through the evening. The backgammon-table was placed; but a visitor immediately afterwards walked in and made it unnecessary.

Mr. **Knightley**¹³, a sensible man about seven or eight-and-thirty, was not only a very old and intimate friend of the family, but particularly connected with it, as the elder brother of Isabella’s husband. He lived about a mile from Highbury, was a frequent visitor, and always welcome, and at this time more welcome than usual, as coming directly from their relatives in London. He had returned to a late dinner, after some days’ absence, and now walked up to Hartfield to say that all were well there. It animated Mr. Woodhouse for some time. Mr. Knightley had a cheerful manner, which always did him good; and his many inquiries after “poor Isabella” and her children were answered most satisfactorily. When this was over, Mr. Woodhouse gratefully observed,

“It is very kind of you, Mr. Knightley, to come out at this late hour **to call upon us**¹⁴. I am afraid you must have had a terrible walk.”

“Not at all, sir. It is a beautiful moonlight night.”

“But you must have found it very damp and dirty.”

“Dirty, sir! Look at my shoes. Not a speck on them.”

“Well! that is quite surprising, for it rained dreadfully here... Ah! poor Miss Taylor!”

“Poor Mr. and Miss Woodhouse, if you please; but I cannot possibly say ‘poor Miss Taylor.’ I have a great regard for you and Emma; but when it comes to the question of dependence or independence!”

“I believe it is very true, my dear, indeed,” said Mr. Woodhouse, with a sigh. “I am afraid I am sometimes very fanciful and troublesome.”

“My dearest papa! What a horrible idea! Oh no! Mr. Knightley loves to find fault with me, you know – in a joke – it is all a joke. We always say what we like to one another.”

Mr. Knightley, in fact, was one of the few people who could see faults in Emma Woodhouse, and the only one who ever told her of them: and this was not particularly agreeable to Emma herself.

“Emma knows I never flatter her,” said Mr. Knightley, “but Miss Taylor has been used to have two persons to please; she will now have but one.”

“Mr. Knightley,” said Emma’s father. “Emma is really very sorry to lose poor Miss Taylor, and I am sure she will miss her more and more.”

Emma turned away her head, divided between tears and smiles.

¹¹ **Randalls** – Рэндалс

¹² **Backgammon** – триктрак (*игра*)

¹³ **Knightley** – Найтли

¹⁴ **to call upon us** – навестить нас

“It is impossible that Emma should not miss such a companion,” said Mr. Knightley. “But she knows how much the marriage is to Miss Taylor’s advantage; Miss Taylor is settled in a home of her own, and is secure of a comfortable provision. Every friend of Miss Taylor must be glad to have her so happily married.”

“And you have forgotten one thing,” said Emma, “and a very considerable one – that **I made the match myself**¹⁵. I made the match, you know, four years ago; when so many people said Mr. Weston would never marry again.”

Mr. Knightley shook his head at her. Her father fondly replied, “Ah! my dear, I wish you would not make matches and foretell things, for whatever you say always comes to pass. Pray do not make any more matches.”

“I promise you to make none for myself, papa; but I must, indeed, for other people. It is the greatest amusement in the world! And after such success, you know! – Everybody said that Mr. Weston would never marry again. Oh dear, no! Mr. Weston, who had been a widower so long, and who seemed so perfectly comfortable without a wife, so constantly occupied either in his business in town or among his friends here! Oh no! All manner of nonsense was talked on the subject, but I believed none of it. I planned the match, and when such success has blessed me, dear papa, you cannot think that I shall leave off match-making.”

“I do not understand what you mean by ‘success,’” said Mr. Knightley. “Success supposes endeavour. Why do you talk of success? Where is your merit? What are you proud of? You made a lucky guess; and that is all that can be said.”

“And have you never known the pleasure and triumph of a lucky guess? – I pity you. If I had not promoted Mr. Weston’s visits here, and given many little encouragements, and smoothed many little matters, **it might not have come to anything after all**¹⁶.”

“Emma, my dear,” said Mr. Woodhouse, “pray do not make any more matches; they are silly things, and break up one’s family circle grievously.”

“Only one more, papa; only for Mr. **Elton**¹⁷. Poor Mr. Elton! You like Mr. Elton, papa, – I must look about for a wife for him. There is nobody in Highbury who deserves him. I think very well of Mr. Elton, and this is the only way I have of doing him a service.”

“Mr. Elton is a very pretty young man, to be sure, and a very good young man, and I have a great regard for him. But if you want to show him any attention, my dear, ask him to come and dine with us some day. That will be a much better thing.”

¹⁵ **I made the match myself** – я сама их сосватала

¹⁶ **it might not have come to anything after all** – ничего бы тогда и не вышло

¹⁷ **Elton** – Элтон

Chapter II

Mr. Weston was a native of Highbury, and born of a respectable family, which for the last two or three generations had been rising into gentility and property. When the chances of his military life had introduced him to Miss **Churchill**¹⁸, of a great **Yorkshire**¹⁹ family, and Miss Churchill fell in love with him, nobody was surprized, except her brother and his wife, who had never seen him, and who were full of pride and importance.

Miss Churchill, however, being of age, and with the full command of her fortune, was not to be dissuaded from the marriage, and it took place, to the infinite mortification of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, who threw her off with due decorum. It was an unsuitable connexion, and did not produce much happiness. Mrs. Weston did not cease to love her husband, but she wanted at once to be the wife of Captain Weston, and Miss Churchill.

When Captain Weston's wife died, after a three years' marriage, he was rather a poorer man than at first, and with a child to maintain. From the expense of the child, however, he was soon relieved. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, having no children of their own, offered to take the whole charge of the little **Frank**²⁰ soon after his mother's decease.

A complete change of life became desirable. Mr. Weston engaged in trade. He had a small house in Highbury, where most of his leisure days were spent; and between useful occupation and the pleasures of society, the next eighteen or twenty years of his life passed cheerfully away. He had, by that time, purchased a little estate adjoining Highbury, enough to marry a woman as Miss Taylor, and to live happily.

As to Frank, he took name of Churchill. It was most unlikely, therefore, that he should ever want his father's assistance. The aunt was a capricious woman, and governed her husband entirely. Mr. Weston saw his son every year in London, and was proud of him.

Mr. Frank Churchill was one of the boasts of Highbury. His coming to visit his father had been often talked of but never achieved. Now, upon his father's marriage, it was very generally proposed, that the visit should take place.

¹⁸ **Churchill** – Черчилл

¹⁹ **Yorkshire** – Йоркшир

²⁰ **Frank** – Фрэнк

Chapter III

Mr. Woodhouse was fond of society in his own way. He liked to command the visits of his own little circle, in a great measure, as he liked. He had not much intercourse with any families beyond that circle. Real regard brought the Westons and Mr. Knightley; after these came Mrs. and Miss **Bates**²¹, and Mrs. **Goddard**²², three ladies almost always at the service of an invitation from Hartfield; and Mrs. Bates, the widow of a former vicar of Highbury. She was a very old lady, she lived with her single daughter **in a very small way**²³. Her daughter was neither young, handsome, rich, nor married. She had never boasted either beauty or cleverness. And yet she was a happy woman. She loved everybody, was interested in everybody's happiness. The simplicity and cheerfulness of her nature, her contented and grateful spirit, were a recommendation to everybody.

These were the ladies whom Emma found herself very frequently able to collect; but it was no remedy for the absence of Mrs. Weston. As she sat one morning, a note was brought from Mrs. Goddard, requesting, in most respectful terms, to be allowed to bring Miss Smith with her; a most welcome request: for Miss Smith was a girl of seventeen, whom Emma knew very well **by sight**²⁴.

Harriet Smith²⁵ was the **natural daughter**²⁶ of somebody. Somebody had placed her, several years back, at Mrs. Goddard's school. This was all that was generally known of her history. She had no visible friends, and was now just returned from a long visit in the country to some young ladies who had been at school there with her.

She was a very pretty girl, and her beauty happened to be of a sort which Emma particularly admired. She was short, plump, and fair, with a fine bloom, blue eyes, light hair, regular features, and a look of great sweetness, and Emma was much pleased with her manners as her person, and quite determined to continue the acquaintance. And the acquaintance she had already formed were unworthy of her. The friends from whom she had just parted, though very good sort of people, must be doing her harm. They were a family of the name of Martin, whom Emma well knew **by character**²⁷, as renting a large farm of Mr. Knightley, and residing in the parish of **Donwell**²⁸ – very creditably, she believed – she knew Mr. Knightley thought highly of them – but they must be coarse and unpolished, and very unfit to be the intimates of a girl who wanted only a little more knowledge and elegance to be quite perfect. Yes, she would improve her; she would detach her from her bad acquaintance, and introduce her into good society; she would form her opinions and her manners. It would be an interesting, and certainly a very kind undertaking.

²¹ **Bates** – Бэйтс

²² **Goddard** – Годдард

²³ **in a very small way** – крайне скромно

²⁴ **by sight** – в лицо

²⁵ **Harriet Smith** – Гарриет Смит

²⁶ **natural daughter** – побочная дочь

²⁷ **by character** – по отзывам

²⁸ **Donwell** – Донуэлл

Chapter IV

Quick and decided in her ways, Emma lost no time in inviting, encouraging, and telling Harriet Smith to come very often; and as their acquaintance increased, so did their satisfaction in each other. As a walking companion, Emma had very early foreseen how useful she might find her. Her father never went beyond the shrubbery; and Harriet Smith, therefore, could be a valuable friend for Emma. In every respect, as she saw more of her, she approved her.

Harriet certainly was not clever, but she had a sweet, docile, grateful disposition, was totally free from conceit, and only desiring to be guided. Her attachment to Emma was very amiable; and her inclination for good company was great. And Emma was quite convinced of Harriet Smith's being exactly the young friend she wanted – exactly the something which her home required. Such a friend as Mrs. Weston was out of the question. It was quite a different sort of thing. Harriet would be loved as one to whom she could be useful. For Mrs. Weston there was nothing to be done; for Harriet everything.

The Martins occupied Harriet's thoughts a good deal; she had spent two very happy months with them, and now loved to talk of the pleasures of her visit, and describe the many comforts and wonders of the place. Emma encouraged her talkativeness; but when it appeared that the Mr. Martin was a single man; that there was no young Mrs. Martin, no wife in the case; she did suspect danger to her poor little friend from all this hospitality and kindness.

Emma urged Harriet to talk more of Mr. Martin, and Harriet was very ready to speak of the share he had had in their moonlight walks and merry evening games; and mentioned his being so very good-humoured and obliging. He had gone three miles round one day in order to bring her some walnuts, because she had said how fond she was of them, and in everything else he was so very obliging. He had his shepherd's son into the parlour one night on purpose to sing to her. She was very fond of singing. He could sing a little himself. She believed he was very clever, and understood everything. She believed everybody spoke well of him. His mother and sisters were very fond of him.

"And when she had come away, Mrs. Martin was so very kind as to send Mrs. Goddard a beautiful goose – the finest goose Mrs. Goddard had ever seen. Mrs. Goddard had dressed it on a Sunday, and asked all the three teachers, Miss Nash, and Miss Prince, and Miss Richardson, to sup with her."

"Mr. Martin, I suppose, is not a man of information beyond the line of his own business? He does not read?" asked Emma.

"Oh yes! – that is, no – I do not know – but I believe he has read a good deal. He reads the **Agricultural Reports**²⁹, and some other books that lay in one of the window seats. But sometimes, before we went to cards, he would read something aloud out of the **Elegant Extracts**³⁰, very entertaining. And I know he has read the **Vicar of Wakefield**³¹. He never read the **Romance of the Forest**³², nor *The Children of the Abbey*. He had never heard of such books before I mentioned them."

The next question was —

"What sort of looking man is Mr. Martin?"

"Oh! not handsome – not at all handsome. But did you never see him? He comes to Highbury often. He has passed you very often."

²⁹ **Agricultural Reports** – «Земледельческие ведомости»

³⁰ **Elegant Extracts** – «Извлечения из изящной словесности»

³¹ **Vicar of Wakefield** – «Векфилдский священник»

³² **Romance of the Forest** – «Лесной роман»

“That may be, and I may have seen him fifty times, but without having any idea of his name. A young farmer, whether on horseback or on foot, is the last person to raise my curiosity. The yeomanry are precisely the order of people with whom I feel I can have nothing to do. I have no doubt of his being a very respectable young man. I know, indeed, that he is so, and, as such, wish him well. What do you imagine his age to be?”

“He was four-and-twenty the 8th of last June, and my birthday is the 23rd just a fortnight and a day’s difference – which is very odd.”

“Only four-and-twenty. That is too young to marry, I think. Six years after, if he could meet with a young woman in the same rank as his own, with a little money, it might be very desirable.”

“Six years after! Dear Miss Woodhouse, he would be thirty years old!”

“Well, and that is as early as most men can afford to marry. Mr. Martin, I imagine, is not rich at all.”

“To be sure, so it is. But they live very comfortably.”

“I wish you may not **get into a scrape**³³, Harriet, whenever he does marry; – I mean, as to being acquainted with his wife. The misfortune of your birth ought to make you particularly careful as to your associates. There can be no doubt of your being a gentleman’s daughter, and you must support your claim to that station by everything, or there will be plenty of people who would take pleasure in degrading you.”

“Yes, to be sure, I suppose there are. But while I visit at Hartfield, and you are so kind to me, Miss Woodhouse, I am not afraid of what anybody can do.”

“Dear Harriet, I would have you so firmly established in good society. I want to see you permanently well connected.”

Emma saw no alarming symptoms of love. The young man had been the first admirer and no more, and that there would be no serious difficulty, on Harriet’s side, to oppose any friendly arrangement of her own.

They met Mr. Martin the very next day, as they were walking on the Donwell road. He was on foot, and after looking very respectfully at her, looked with most unfeigned satisfaction at her companion. Robert Martin’s appearance was very neat, and he looked like a sensible young man, but his person had no other advantage.

They remained but a few minutes together; and Harriet then came running to Emma with a smiling face.

“How very odd! It was quite a chance, he said, that he had not gone round by Randalls. He did not think we ever walked this road. He thought we walked towards Randalls most days. He has not been able to get the Romance of the Forest yet. Well, Miss Woodhouse, what do you think of him?”

“He is very plain, undoubtedly – remarkably plain: – but that is nothing compared with **his entire want of gentility**³⁴. I did not expect much; but I had no idea that he could be so very clownish.”

“To be sure,” said Harriet, “he is not so genteel as real gentlemen.”

“I think, Harriet, at Hartfield, you have seen well educated, **well bred**³⁵ men. I should be surprised if, after seeing them, you could be in company with Mr. Martin again without perceiving him to be a very inferior creature. I am sure you must have been struck by his awkward look and abrupt manner.”

“Certainly, he is not like Mr. Knightley. I see the difference plain enough.”

“Mr. Knightley’s air is so remarkably good that it is not fair to compare Mr. Martin with him. But he is not the only gentleman you have been lately used to. What about Mr. Weston and Mr. Elton?”

³³ **get into a scrape** – попасть в неловкое положение

³⁴ **his entire want of gentility** – полное отсутствие в нём хорошего тона

³⁵ **well bred** – благовоспитанный

Compare Mr. Martin with either of them. Compare their manner of carrying themselves; of walking; of speaking; of being silent. You must see the difference.”

“Oh yes! – there is a great difference. But Mr. Weston is almost an old man. Mr. Weston must be between forty and fifty.”

“Which makes his good manners the more valuable. The older a person grows, Harriet, the more important it is that their manners should not be bad. What is passable in youth is detestable in later age. Mr. Martin is now awkward and abrupt; what will he be at Mr. Weston’s time of life?”

“There is no saying, indeed,” replied Harriet rather solemnly.

“But there may be pretty good guessing. He will be a completely gross, vulgar farmer, totally inattentive to appearances, and thinking of nothing but profit and loss.”

“Will he, indeed? That will be very bad.”

“I think his being illiterate and coarse need not disturb us. But, perhaps, Mr. Elton’s manners are superior to Mr. Knightley’s or Mr. Weston’s. They have more gentleness. There is an openness, a quickness, almost a bluntness in Mr. Weston, which everybody likes in him. I think a young man might be very safely recommended to take Mr. Elton as a model. Mr. Elton is good-humoured, cheerful, obliging, and gentle. It strikes me that his manners are softer than they used to be. If he means anything, it must be to please you. Did not I tell you what he said of you the other day?”

She then repeated some warm personal praise which she had drawn from Mr. Elton; and Harriet blushed and smiled, and said she had always thought Mr. Elton very agreeable.

Emma thought that Mr. Elton was the very person for driving the young farmer out of Harriet’s head. She thought it would be an excellent match – desirable, natural, and probable. The longer she considered it, the greater was her sense of its expediency. Mr. Elton’s situation was most suitable, quite the gentleman himself, and without low connexions. He had a comfortable home for her, and Emma imagined a very sufficient income; for though the vicarage of Highbury was not large, he was known to have some independent property; and she thought very highly of him as a good-humoured, well-meaning, respectable young man, without any deficiency of useful understanding or knowledge of the world.

Chapter V

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

"A bad thing! Do you really think it a bad thing? – why so?"

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

"You surprize me! Emma must do Harriet good, Harriet may be said to do Emma good. I have been seeing their intimacy with the greatest pleasure. This will certainly be the beginning of one of our quarrels about Emma, Mr. Knightley."

"Perhaps you think I am come on purpose to quarrel with you."

"Mr. Weston would undoubtedly support me, if he were here. We were speaking of it only yesterday, and agreeing how fortunate it was for Emma, that there should be such a girl in Highbury for her to associate with. Mr. Knightley, you are so much used to live alone, that you do not know the value of a companion. I can imagine your objection to Harriet Smith. She is not the superior young woman which Emma's friend ought to be. But on the other hand, Emma will undoubtedly read more. They will read together, I know."

"Emma has been meaning to read more ever since she was twelve years old. So what? You never could persuade her to read half so much as you wished. You know you could not."

"I dare say," replied Mrs. Weston, smiling, "since we have parted, I can never remember Emma's omitting to do anything I wished."

"Emma is spoiled by being the cleverest of her family. At ten years old, she had the misfortune of being able to answer questions which puzzled her sister at seventeen. She was always quick and assured: Isabella slow and diffident. And ever since she was twelve, Emma has been mistress of the house. She inherits her mother's talents."

"I should have been sorry, Mr. Knightley, to be dependent on your recommendation, had I quitted Mr. Woodhouse's family and wanted another situation; I do not think you would have spoken a good word for me to anybody. I am sure you always thought me unfit **for the office I held**³⁶."

"Yes," said he, smiling. "You are better placed here; very fit for a wife, but not at all for a governess. But you were preparing yourself to be an excellent wife all the time you were at Hartfield. You might not give Emma such a complete education as your powers would seem to promise; but you were receiving a very good education from her; and if Weston had asked me to recommend him a wife, I should certainly have named Miss Taylor."

"Thank you. There will be very little merit in making a good wife to such a man as Mr. Weston."

"But about Harriet Smith. I think her the very worst sort of companion that Emma could possibly have. She knows nothing herself, and looks upon Emma as knowing everything. She is a flatterer. Her ignorance is flattery. And as for Harriet, I will venture to say that she cannot gain by the acquaintance. She will grow just refined enough to be uncomfortable with those among whom birth and circumstances have placed her home."

"Mr. Knightley, with all dear Emma's little faults, she is an excellent creature. Where shall we see a better daughter, or a kinder sister, or a truer friend? No, no; she has qualities which may be trusted; she will never lead anyone really wrong."

"Very well; I will not plague you any more. Emma shall be an angel."

"I know that you all love her really too well to be unjust or unkind; but excuse me, Mr. Knightley, if I take the liberty of hinting, it's better not to speak about Harriet Smith's intimacy."

"Yes, of course, it is very good advice, but I have a very sincere interest in Emma. There is an anxiety, a curiosity in what one feels for Emma. I wonder what will become of her!"

³⁶ **for the office I held** – для своей должности

“So do I,” said Mrs. Weston gently, “very much.”

“She always declares she will never marry, which, of course, means just nothing at all. But I have no idea that she has yet ever seen a man she cared for. It would not be a bad thing for her to be very much in love with a proper man. I should like to see Emma in love, and it would do her good. But there is nobody hereabouts to attach her; and she goes so seldom from home.”

Chapter VI

Emma was quite convinced of Mr. Elton's being in the fairest way of falling in love, if not in love already. He talked of Harriet, and praised her warmly. His perception of the striking improvement of Harriet's manner, since her introduction at Hartfield, was one of the proofs of his growing attachment.

"You have given Miss Smith all that she required," said he; "you have made her graceful and easy. She was a beautiful creature when she came to you, but, in my opinion, the attractions you have added are infinitely superior to what she received from nature."

"I am glad you think I have been useful to her; but Harriet had all the natural grace of sweetness of temper and artlessness in herself. I have done very little. I have perhaps given her a little more decision of character."

"Exactly so; so much superadded decision of character!"

Emma was not less pleased another day with the manner in which he seconded a sudden wish of hers, to have Harriet's picture.

"Did you ever sit for your picture, Harriet?" said she.

"Oh! dear, no, never," answered Harriet. "Why should my picture be drawn?"

No sooner was she out of sight, than Emma exclaimed,

"What an excellent picture of her would be! I would give any money for it. You do not know it I dare say, but two or three years ago I had a great passion for painting. And I could almost venture, if Harriet would sit to me. It would be such a delight to have her picture!"

"Oh, yes," cried Mr. Elton; "it would indeed be a delight, Miss Woodhouse, to exercise so charming a talent in favour of your friend."

"But I am afraid, Mr. Elton, Harriet will not like to sit. She thinks so little of her own beauty. Did not you observe her manner of answering me? 'Why should my picture be drawn?'"

"Oh! yes, I observed it, I assure you. But still I cannot imagine she would not be persuaded."

Harriet was soon back again, and the proposal almost immediately made. Emma wished to go to work directly. She had soon fixed on the size and sort of portrait. It was to be a whole-length in water-colours.

The sitting began; and Harriet, smiling and blushing, presented a very sweet mixture of youthful expression to the steady eyes of the artist. But Mr. Elton was fidgeting behind her and watching every touch. So Emma requested him to place himself elsewhere. It then occurred to her to employ him in reading.

Mr. Elton was happy to read aloud. Harriet listened, and Emma drew in peace. The sitting was altogether very satisfactory; Emma was quite enough pleased with the first day's sketch to wish to go on. Harriet was to sit again the next day; and Mr. Elton entreated for the permission of attending and reading to them again.

"**By all means**³⁷. We shall be most happy to consider you as one of the party."

The whole progress of the picture was rapid and happy. Everybody who saw it was pleased.

"Miss Woodhouse has given her friend the only beauty she wanted," observed Mrs. Weston. "The expression of the eye is most correct, but Miss Smith has not those eyebrows and eyelashes. It is the fault of her face that she has them not."

"Do you think so?" replied Mr. Elton. "I cannot agree with you. It appears to me a most perfect resemblance in every feature. I never saw such a likeness in my life, you know."

"You have made her too tall, Emma," said Mr. Knightley.

Emma knew that she had, but Mr. Elton warmly added,

³⁷ **By all means.** – Сделайте одолжение.

“Oh no! certainly not too tall; not in the least too tall. Consider, she is sitting down – which naturally presents a different – which in short gives exactly the idea – and the proportions must be preserved, you know. Exactly so indeed!”

“It is very pretty,” said Mr. Woodhouse. “So prettily done! Just as your drawings always are, my dear. I do not know anybody who draws so well as you do. The only thing I do not like is, that she seems to be sitting out of doors, with only a little shawl over her shoulders – and it makes one think she must **catch cold**³⁸.”

“But, my dear papa, it is supposed to be summer; a warm day in summer. Look at the tree.”

“But it is never safe to sit out of doors, my dear.”

“You, sir, may say anything,” cried Mr. Elton, “but I must confess that I regard it as a most happy thought, the placing of Miss Smith out of doors! The naivete of Miss Smith’s manners – and altogether – Oh, it is most admirable! I cannot keep my eyes from it. I never saw such a likeness.”

The next thing was to get the picture framed; and here were a few difficulties. It must be done directly; it must be done in London. But Mr. Elton’s gallantry was always on the alert. He could ride to London at any time.

Mr. Elton was to take the drawing to London, choose the frame, and give the directions.

“**What a precious deposit!**³⁹” said he with a tender sigh, as he received it.

“This man is almost too gallant to be in love,” thought Emma. “I should say so, but that I suppose there may be a hundred different ways of being in love.”

³⁸ **catch cold** – простудиться

³⁹ **What a precious deposit!** – Какая драгоценная ноша!

Chapter VII

The very day of Mr. Elton's going to London produced a fresh occasion for Emma's services towards her friend. Harriet had been at Hartfield, as usual, soon after breakfast; and, after a time, had gone home to return again to dinner. She returned, and with an agitated, hurried look, announced something extraordinary to have happened. She had heard, as soon as she got back to Mrs. Goddard's, that Mr. Martin had been there an hour before, and finding she was not at home, had left a little parcel for her from one of his sisters, and gone away; and on opening this parcel, she had actually found, besides the two songs which she had lent Elizabeth to copy, a letter to herself; and this letter was from him, from Mr. Martin, and contained a direct proposal of marriage.

Who could have thought it? She was so surprized she did not know what to do. Yes, quite a proposal of marriage; and a very good letter, at least she thought so. And he wrote as if he really loved her very much – but she did not know – and so, she was come as fast as she could to ask Miss Woodhouse what she should do.

“Will you read the letter?” cried Harriet. “Pray do.”

Emma read, and was surprized. The style of the letter was much above her expectation. There were not merely no grammatical errors, but as a composition it would not have disgraced a gentleman; the language, though plain, was strong and unaffected, and the sentiments it conveyed very much to the credit of the writer. It was short, but expressed good sense, warm attachment, liberality, propriety, even delicacy of feeling. She paused over it, while Harriet stood anxiously watching for her opinion, with a “Well, well,” and at last asked, “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 I think one of his sisters 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. No doubt he is a sensible man, and I suppose 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. 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 of course – and speedily.”

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

“Oh no, no! the letter had much better be all your own. You will express yourself very properly, I am sure, you need not write with the appearance of sorrow for his disappointment.”

“You think I ought to refuse him then,” said Harriet, looking down.

“Ought to refuse him! My dear Harriet, what do you mean? Are you in any doubt as to that? I thought – but I beg your pardon, perhaps I have been under a mistake. I certainly have been misunderstanding you, if you feel in doubt as to the purport of your answer. I had imagined you were consulting me only **as to the wording of it**⁴⁰.”

Harriet was silent. Emma continued:

“You mean to return a favourable answer, I collect.”

“No, I do not; that is, I do not mean – What shall I do? What would you advise me to do? Pray, dear Miss Woodhouse, tell me what I ought to do.”

“I shall not give you any advice, Harriet. I will have nothing to do with it.”

“I did not think that he liked me so very much,” said Harriet, contemplating the letter.

Emma said,

⁴⁰ **as to the wording of it** – какие слова здесь выбрать

“I am sure, Harriet, that if a woman doubts as to whether she should accept a man or not, she certainly ought to refuse him. If she can hesitate as to ‘Yes,’ she ought to say ‘No’ directly. I thought it my duty as a friend, and older than yourself, to say this to you. But I do not want to influence you.”

“Oh! no, I am sure you are very kind to me – but if you would... It is a very serious thing. It will be safer to say ‘No,’ perhaps. Do you think I had better say ‘No?’”

“Dear Harriet,” said Emma, smiling graciously, “you must be the best judge of your own happiness. If you prefer Mr. Martin to every other person; if you think him the most agreeable man you have ever been in company with, why should you hesitate? You blush, Harriet. Harriet, Harriet, do not deceive yourself. At this moment whom are you thinking of?”

Instead of answering, Harriet turned away confused, and stood thoughtfully by the fire; and though the letter was still in her hand, it was now mechanically twisted about without regard. Emma waited the result with impatience. At last, with some hesitation, Harriet said —

“Miss Woodhouse, I have now quite determined, and really almost made up my mind – to refuse Mr. Martin. Do you think I am right?”

“Perfectly, perfectly right, my dearest Harriet; you are doing just what you ought. Dear Harriet, I give myself joy of this. It would have grieved me to lose your acquaintance, which must have been the consequence of your marrying Mr. Martin. I could not have visited Mrs. Robert Martin, of **Abbey-Mill Farm**⁴¹.”

The idea of it struck Harriet forcibly.

“You could not have visited me!” she cried. “No, to be sure you could not; but I never thought of that before. That would have been too dreadful! – What an escape! – Dear Miss Woodhouse, I would not give up the pleasure and honour of being intimate with you for anything in the world.”

“Indeed, Harriet, you would have thrown yourself out of all good society.”

“Dear me! It would have killed me never to come to Hartfield any more!”

“My dear! You banished to Abbey-Mill Farm! You confined to the society of the illiterate and vulgar all your life! The young man must have a pretty good opinion of himself.”

“But he is very good natured,” said Harriet; “and I shall always feel much obliged to him, and have a great regard for – but that is quite a different thing from – and you know, though he may like me, it does not follow that I should – and if one comes to compare them, there is no comparison at all, one is so very handsome and agreeable... However, I do really think Mr. Martin a very amiable young man, and have a great opinion of him.”

“Thank you, thank you, my own sweet little friend. We will not be parted. A woman is not to marry a man merely because she is asked, or because he is attached to her, and can write a tolerable letter.”

“Oh no; and it is but a short letter too.”

Emma felt the bad taste of her friend, but let it pass.

“Oh! yes, very. **Nobody cares for a letter**⁴²; the thing is, to be always happy with pleasant companions. I am quite determined to refuse him. But how shall I do? What shall I say?”

Emma assured her there would be no difficulty in the answer, and advised to write it directly. This letter was written, and sealed, and sent. The business was finished, and Harriet safe.

“I shall never be invited to Abbey-Mill again,” said Harriet in a sorrowful tone.

⁴¹ **Abbey-Mill Farm** – ферма Эбби-Милл

⁴² **Nobody cares for a letter.** – Кому какое дело до писем.

Chapter VIII

Harriet slept at Hartfield that night. She had been spending more than half her time there, and Emma judged it best in every respect, safest and kindest, to keep her with them as much as possible just at present. She was obliged to go the next morning for an hour or two to Mrs. Goddard's, but it was then to be settled that she should return to Hartfield.

While she was gone, Mr. Knightley came, and sat some time with Emma. He began speaking of Harriet, and speaking of her with more voluntary praise than Emma had ever heard before.

"I cannot rate her beauty as you do," said he; "but she is a pretty little creature. Her character depends upon those she is with; but in good hands she will turn out a valuable woman."

"I am glad you think so."

"You are anxious for a compliment, so I will tell you that you have improved her. You have cured her of her school-girl's giggle. You are expecting her again, you say, this morning?"

"Almost every moment. She has been gone longer already than she intended."

"Something has happened to delay her; some visitors perhaps."

"Highbury gossips! – Tiresome wretches!"

"I must tell you that I have good reason to believe your little friend will soon hear of something to her advantage," Mr. Knightley added with a smile.

"Indeed! how so? of what sort?"

"A very serious sort, I assure you," still smiling.

"Very serious! I can think of but one thing – Who is in love with her? I have reason to think, that Harriet Smith will soon have an offer of marriage, Robert Martin is the man. He is desperately in love and means to marry her."

"Is he sure," said Emma; "that Harriet means to marry him?"

"Well, well, means to make her an offer then. Robert Martin came to the Abbey two evenings ago, on purpose to consult me about it. He came to ask me whether I approved his choice. I was very much pleased with all that he said. He told me everything; his circumstances and plans, and what they all proposed doing in the event of his marriage. He is an excellent young man, both as son and brother. I had no hesitation in advising him to marry."

"Pray, Mr. Knightley," said Emma, who had been smiling to herself through a great part of this speech, "he wrote a letter, and was refused."

Mr. Knightley looked red with surprize and displeasure. He stood up and said,

"Then she is more stupid than I ever believed her. What does the foolish girl think about?"

"Oh!" cried Emma, "it is always incomprehensible to a man that a woman should ever refuse an offer of marriage. A man always imagines a woman to be ready for anybody who asks her."

"Nonsense! a man does not imagine any such thing. But what is the meaning of this? Harriet Smith refused Robert Martin? Madness, if it is so; but I hope you are mistaken."

"I saw her answer! – nothing could be clearer."

"You saw her answer! – you wrote her answer too. Emma, this is your doing. You persuaded her to refuse him."

"And if I did, I should not feel that I had done wrong. Mr. Martin is a very respectable young man, but I cannot admit him to be Harriet's equal; and am rather surprized indeed that he should have ventured to address her."

"Not Harriet's equal!" exclaimed Mr. Knightley loudly and warmly; and added, a few moments afterwards, "No, he is not her equal indeed, for he is as much her superior in sense as in situation. Emma, your infatuation about that girl blinds you. What are Harriet Smith's claims, either of birth, nature or education, to any connexion higher than Robert Martin? She is the natural daughter of nobody knows whom, with probably no settled provision at all, and certainly no respectable relations."

She has been taught nothing useful, and is too young and too simple to acquire anything herself. At her age she can have no experience, and with her little wit, is not very likely ever to have any that can avail her. She is pretty, and she is good tempered, and that is all. I remember saying to myself, ‘Even Emma, with all her partiality for Harriet, will think this a good match.’”

“I cannot help wondering at your knowing so little of Emma. What! think a farmer, (and with all his sense and all his merit Mr. Martin is nothing more,) a good match for my intimate friend! She would leave Highbury for the sake of marrying a man whom I could never admit as an acquaintance of my own!”

“She could be married to a respectable, intelligent gentleman-farmer!”

“As to the circumstances of her birth, there can scarcely be a doubt that her father is a gentleman. Her allowance is very liberal. That she is a gentleman’s daughter, is indubitable to me; that she associates with gentlemen’s daughters, no one, I apprehend, will deny. She is superior to Mr. Robert Martin.”

“Whoever might be her parents,” said Mr. Knightley, “whoever may have had the charge of her, they do not want to introduce her into what you would call good society. After receiving **a very indifferent education**⁴³ she is left in Mrs. Goddard’s hands. She desired nothing better herself. Till you chose to turn her into a friend, her mind had no distaste for her own company. She was as happy as possible with the Martins in the summer. She had no sense of superiority then. If she has it now, you have given it. You have been no friend to Harriet Smith, Emma.”

“You are a very warm friend to Mr. Martin; but, as I said before, are unjust to Harriet. She is not a clever girl, but she does not deserve to be spoken of so slightly. And she, at seventeen, just entering into life, does not accept the first offer she receives. Let her have time to look about her.”

“I have always thought it a very foolish intimacy,” said Mr. Knightley, “though I have kept my thoughts to myself; but I now perceive that it will be a very unfortunate one for Harriet. **You will puff her up**⁴⁴ with such ideas of her own beauty, and of what she must demand, that, in a little while, nobody will be good enough for her. Let her marry Robert Martin, and she is safe, respectable, and happy for ever.”

“We think very differently on this point, Mr. Knightley. We shall only be making each other more angry. But as to my letting her marry Robert Martin, it is impossible; she has refused him. His appearance is so much against him, and his manner is so bad. I can imagine, that before she had seen anybody superior, she might tolerate him. He was the brother of her friends, and while she was at Abbey-Mill, she found him agreeable. But the case is altered now. She knows now what gentlemen are; and nothing but a gentleman in education and manner has any chance with Harriet.”

“Nonsense, errant nonsense!” cried Mr. Knightley. “Robert Martin’s manners have sense, sincerity, and good-humour to recommend them; and his mind has more true gentility than Harriet Smith could understand.”

Emma made no answer, and tried to look unconcerned, but was really feeling uncomfortable and wanting him very much to be gone. She did not repent what she had done; she had respect for his judgment in general. He was sitting just opposite to her in angry state, and that was very disagreeable. Some minutes passed in this unpleasant silence, with only one attempt on Emma’s side to talk of the weather, but he made no answer. He was thinking. The result of his thoughts appeared at last in these words.

“Robert Martin **has no great loss**⁴⁵; but you make no secret of your love of match-making, and as a friend I shall just hint to you that if Elton is the man, I think it will be all labour in vain.”

Emma laughed and disclaimed. He continued,

⁴³ **a very indifferent education** – весьма посредственное образование

⁴⁴ **you will puff her up** – вы напичкаете её

⁴⁵ **has no great loss** – не много потерял

“Elton is a very good sort of man, and a very respectable vicar of Highbury, but not at all likely to make an imprudent match. He knows the value of a good income as well as anybody. Elton may talk sentimentally, but he will act rationally.”

“I am very much obliged to you,” said Emma. “but at present I only want to keep Harriet to myself.”

“Good morning to you,” said he, rising and walking off abruptly. Emma remained in a state of vexation too.

Harriet’s cheerful look and manner established hers: she came back, not to think of Mr. Martin, but to talk of Mr. Elton.

Chapter IX

Mr. Knightley might quarrel with her, but Emma could not quarrel with herself. He was so much displeased, that when they met again, his grave looks showed that she was not forgiven. She was sorry, but could not repent.

The picture, elegantly framed, came safely to hand soon after Mr. Elton's return, and was hung over the mantelpiece of the common sitting.

"You and Mr. Elton are **by situation called together**⁴⁶," said Emma to Harriet; "you belong to one another by every circumstance of your respective homes. Your marrying will be equal to the match at Randalls."

"That Mr. Elton should really be in love with me, me, of all people! And he, the most handsome man that ever was, and a man that everybody looks up to, quite like Mr. Knightley! And so excellent in the Church! Dear me! When I look back to the first time I saw him! How little did I think!"

"This is an alliance which, whoever – whatever your friends may be, must be agreeable to them, provided at least they have common sense. If they are anxious to see you happily married, here is a man whose amiable character gives every assurance of it."

"Yes, very true. How nicely you talk; I love to hear you. You understand everything. You and Mr. Elton are one as clever as the other."

⁴⁶ **by situation called together** – предназначены друг другу

Chapter X

Though now the middle of December, there had yet been no weather to prevent the young ladies from tolerably regular exercise; and Emma had a charitable visit to pay to a poor sick family, who lived a little way out of Highbury.

Their road was down **Vicarage Lane**⁴⁷, containing the blessed abode of Mr. Elton. Emma's remark was —

“There it is. There you will go some day.”

Harriet's was —

“Oh, what a sweet house! – How beautiful! – There are the yellow curtains that Miss Nash admires so much.”

“I do not often walk this way now,” said Emma, as they proceeded, “but then there will be an inducement.”

Harriet said,

“I do so wonder, Miss Woodhouse, that you should not be married, or going to be married! so charming as you are!”

Emma laughed, and replied,

“If I am charming, Harriet, it is not quite enough to marry; I must find other people charming – one other person at least. And I am not only, not going to be married, at present, but have very little intention of ever marrying at all.”

“Ah! – so you say; but I cannot believe it.”

“I must see somebody very superior to anyone I have seen yet, to be tempted; Mr. Elton, you know, is out of the question: and I do not wish to see any such person. I would rather not be tempted. If I were to marry, I must expect to repent it.”

“Dear me! – it is so odd to hear a woman talk so!”

“I have none of the usual inducements of women to marry. Were I to fall in love, indeed, it would be a different thing! but I never have been in love; it is not my way, or my nature; and I do not think I ever shall. And, without love, I am sure I should be a fool to change such a situation as mine. Fortune I do not want; employment I do not want; consequence I do not want: I believe few married women are half as much mistress of their husband's house as I am of Hartfield; and never, never could I expect to be so truly beloved and important in any man's eyes as I am in my father's.”

“But then, to be an old maid at last, like Miss Bates!”

“That is a terrible image, Harriet; and if I thought I should ever be like Miss Bates! so silly – so satisfied – so smiling – so undistinguishing and unfastidious – and so apt to tell everything relative to everybody about me, I would marry tomorrow.”

“But still, you will be an old maid! and that's so dreadful!”

“Never mind, Harriet, I shall not be a poor old maid! A single woman, with a very narrow income, must be a ridiculous, disagreeable old maid! But a single woman, of good fortune, is always respectable, and may be as sensible and pleasant as anybody else. This does not apply, however, to Miss Bates; she is only too good natured and too silly to suit me; but, in general, she is very much to the taste of everybody, though single and though poor. Poverty certainly has not contracted her mind.”

“Dear me! but what shall you do? how shall you employ yourself when you grow old?”

“If I know myself, Harriet, mine is an active, busy mind, with a great many independent resources; and I do not perceive why I should be more in want of employment at forty or fifty than one-and-twenty. Woman's usual occupations will be as open to me then as they are now. If I draw less, I shall read more; if I give up music, I shall take to carpet-work. I shall be very well off, with

⁴⁷ **Vicarage Lane** – Пастырская дорога

all the children of a sister I love so much, to care about. My nephews and nieces! – I shall often have a niece with me.”

“Do you know Miss Bates’s niece? That is, I know you must have seen her a hundred times – but are you acquainted?”

“Oh! yes; **Jane Fairfax**⁴⁸. Every letter from her is read forty times over; her compliments to all friends go round and round again. I wish Jane Fairfax very well; but she tires me to death.”

Harriet could just answer, “Oh! yes, yes,” before Mr. Elton joined them. They now walked on together quietly, when a sudden resolution of getting Harriet into the house, made Emma find something wrong about her boot. She broke the lace off short, and dexterously throwing it into a ditch, was presently obliged to entreat them to stop.

“Part of my lace is gone,” said she, “and I do not know how I am to contrive. I really am a most troublesome companion to you both. Mr. Elton, I must beg leave to stop at your house, and ask your housekeeper for a bit of ribbon or string, or anything just to keep my boot on.”

Mr. Elton looked all happiness at this proposition; and nothing could exceed his alertness and attention in conducting them into his house. The room they were taken into was the one he chiefly occupied, and it was another with which it immediately communicated; the door between them was open, and Emma passed into it with the housekeeper to receive her assistance. She was obliged to leave the door ajar as she found it; but she fully intended that Mr. Elton should close it. It was not closed, however, it still remained ajar. For ten minutes she could hear nothing but herself. She was then obliged to be finished, and make her appearance.

⁴⁸ **Jane Fairfax** – Джейн Фэрфакс

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.