

SIDE FOR EMMA

#1

You think a farmer a good match for *my* intimate friend. With all his sense and merit Mr. Martin is a farmer and nothing more. It would be a degradation. He may be the richer of the two but is her inferior as to rank in society. She is not to pay for the offence of others by being held below the level of those with whom she is brought up. There can be little doubt that her father is a gentleman of fortune. Her allowance is very liberal, and nothing has ever been denied her for improvement or comfort. She is superior to Mr. Robert Martin. She knows now what gentlemen are; and nothing but a gentleman in education and manner has any chance with Harriet. I am very much obliged to you. At present I only want to keep Harriet to myself. I have done with matchmaking! I could never hope to equal my own doings at Randalls. I shall leave off while I am well.

#2

EMMA

You cannot think that I shall leave off matchmaking. I promise you to make none for myself, papa, but for other people, I must!

MR. KNIGHTLEY

I do not understand what you mean by success. Your time has been properly and delicately spent if you have been endeavoring, for the last four years, to bring about this marriage. But where is your merit? What are you proud of? You made a lucky guess; and that is all that can be said.

EMMA

And have you never known the pleasure and triumph of a lucky guess? I pity you. I thought you clever. Depend upon it, a lucky guess is never merely luck. There is always some talent in it.

MR. WOODHOUSE

My dear, pray do not make any more matches; they are silly things, and grievously break up one's family circle.

EMMA

Only one more, papa. I must look about for a wife for Mr. Elton. It would be a shame to have him single any longer. When he was joining their hands to-day, he looked so very much as if he would like to have the same done for him! I think very well of him, and this is the only way I have of doing him a service

#3

EMMA

Upon my word. That young man is determined not to lose anything for want of asking. It is a good letter.

She pauses to read further and then speaks cautiously

One of his sisters must have helped him. I can hardly imagine the young man I saw with you the other day could express himself so well if left to his own powers. Yet, it is not in the style of a woman. It is too strong and concise. I suppose he thinks strongly and clearly, and when he takes a pen in hand, his thoughts naturally find proper words.

HARRIET

What shall I do?

EMMA

You must answer it of course, and speedily.

HARRIET

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

EMMA

Oh no. The letter had much better be all your own. You will express yourself very properly with gratitude and concern for the pain you are inflicting, as propriety requires. Your meaning must be clear. No doubts. Do not demure.

HARRIET

You think I ought to refuse him, then?

EMMA

Ought? What do you mean? I beg your pardon, perhaps I have made a mistake. I had imagined you were consulting me only as to the wording. You mean to return a favorable answer.

HARRIET

No. What shall I do? Tell me what I ought to do.

EMMA

This is a point which you must settle with your feelings. I shall have nothing to do with it.

HARRIET

I had no notion that he liked me so much.

EMMA

If a woman doubts 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.