

CHAPTER I

The family of Dashwood had long been settled in Sussex. Their estate was large, and their residence was at Norland Park, in the centre of their property, where, for many generations, they had lived. The late owner of this estate was a single man, who for many years of his life had a constant companion and house-keeper in his sister. But her death, which happened ten years before his own, produced a great alteration in his home. He invited and received into his house the family of his nephew Mr. Henry Dashwood, the legal inheritor¹ of the Norland estate. In the society of his nephew and niece, and their children, the old Gentleman's days were comfortably spent.

By a former marriage, Mr. Henry Dashwood had one son: by his present lady, three daughters. The son was provided for by the fortune of his mother, which had been large. By his own marriage, he added to his wealth. To him therefore the succession to the Norland estate was not so really important as to his sisters.

The old gentleman died: his will was read, and gave as much disappointment as pleasure. He left his estate to his nephew; but he left it to him on such terms as destroyed half the value of the bequest. Mr. Dashwood had wished for it more for the sake of his wife and daughters than for himself or his son. But to his son, and his son's son, a child of four years old, it was secured. As a mark of his affection for the three girls, the old gentleman left them three thousand pounds.

Mr. Dashwood's disappointment was, at first, severe; but his temper was cheerful and sanguine. He hoped to live many years, but the fortune was his only one year. He survived his uncle no longer. Ten thousand pounds was all that remained for his widow and daughters.

¹ **legal inheritor** — законный наследник

His son was sent for¹, and to him Mr. Dashwood recommended his mother-in-law and sisters. Mr. John Dashwood promised to do everything to make them comfortable, for example, to give them three thousand pounds from the fortune. He was not an ill-disposed young man. But Mrs. John Dashwood was a caricature of himself; narrow-minded and selfish.

No sooner was his father's funeral over, than Mrs. John Dashwood arrived with her child and their attendants. Of course, the house was her husband's from the moment of his father's decease; but the indelicacy of her conduct was great.

Mrs. Dashwood felt this ungracious behaviour, and she earnestly despised her daughter-in-law. But her own tender love for all her three children determined her afterwards to stay, and for their sakes avoid a breach with their brother.

Elinor, the eldest daughter, possessed a strength of understanding, and coolness of judgment, which qualified her, though only nineteen, to be the counsellor of her mother.

Marianne was the second sister. Marianne's abilities were, in many respects, quite equal to Elinor's. She was sensible and clever; but eager in everything: her sorrows, her joys, had no moderation. She was generous, amiable, interesting. The resemblance between her and her mother was strikingly great.

Margaret, the third sister, was thirteen. She was a good-humored, well-disposed girl; but she had already imbibed a good deal of Marianne's romance.

CHAPTER II

Mrs. John Dashwood now installed herself mistress of Norland. Her mother and sisters-in-law were degraded to the condition of visitors. However, they were treated by her with quiet civility; and by her husband with

¹ his son was sent for — послали за его сыном

kindness. He really pressed them to consider Norland as their home. Mrs. Dashwood remained there till she could accommodate herself with a house in the neighbourhood, so his invitation was accepted.

Mrs. John Dashwood did not at all approve of what her husband intended to do for his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy will be dreadful! She begged him to think again on the subject. How can he rob his child of so large a sum? Those young Dashwoods were related to him only by half blood (which she considered as no relationship at all)! Why did he want to ruin himself, and their poor little Harry, by giving away all his money to his half sisters?

"It was my father's last request to me," replied her husband, "I must assist his widow and daughters."

"He did not know what he was talking of, I dare say. Sure, he was a little bit crazy then: to give away half your fortune from your own child!"

"He did not stipulate for any particular sum, my dear Fanny. He only requested me, in general terms, to assist them, and make their situation comfortable. He required the promise, and I gave it. The promise must be performed. Something must be done for them whenever they leave Norland and settle in a new home."

"Well, then, let something be done for them; but that something need not be three thousand pounds. Consider," she added, "that when the money is once parted with, it never can return. Your sisters will marry, and it will be gone for ever. If, indeed, it will be restored to our poor little boy — "

"Yes," said her husband, very gravely, "that will make great difference. The time may come when Harry will regret that. If he has a numerous family, for instance..."

"Sure."

"Perhaps, then, it will be better... five hundred pounds will be enough for them!"

“Oh! What brother on earth does half so much for his sisters! And for half blood sisters! You have such a generous spirit!”

“I think I may afford to give them that money: five hundred pounds to every sister.”

“Perhaps they do not even want that. If they marry, they will have rich husbands, and if they do not, they may all live very comfortably together.”

“That is very true. And what to do for their mother? Something of the annuity kind I mean. A hundred a year would make them all perfectly comfortable.”

His wife hesitated a little.

“To be sure,” said she, “it is better than parting with fifteen hundred pounds at once. But, then, if Mrs. Dashwood lives fifteen years we shall lose the money anyway.”

“Fifteen years! My dear Fanny; her life won’t be so long.”

“Certainly not; but if you observe, people always live for ever when there is an annuity. She is very stout and healthy, and hardly forty. An annuity is a very serious business. You are not aware of what you are doing.”

“It is certainly an unpleasant thing,” replied Mr. Dashwood. “To be tied down to the regular payment of such a sum, on every rent day, is by no means desirable. It takes away one’s independence.”

“Undoubtedly; and after all you have no thanks for it. And it may be very inconvenient to spare a hundred, or even fifty pounds from our own expenses.”

“I believe you are right, my love; it will be better that there must be no annuity. A present of fifty pounds, now and then, will be enough, I think.”

“To be sure it will. Indeed, to say the truth, I am convinced within myself that your father had no idea of your giving them any money at all. The assistance he thought of, I dare say, was, for instance, looking out for a comfortable small house for them, helping them to move their things, and sending them presents, and so forth.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Dashwood, “I believe you are perfectly right. My father certainly meant nothing more by his request to me than what you say. I clearly understand it now!”

CHAPTER III

Mrs. Dashwood remained at Norland several months. She was impatient to go away. She was indefatigable in her inquiries for a suitable dwelling in the neighbourhood of Norland. To remove far from that beloved spot was impossible for her. But she heard of no decent house.

The contempt which she had felt for her daughter-in-law, was very much increased; and perhaps the two ladies would find it impossible to live together long, but there was a particular circumstance. This circumstance was a growing attachment between Mrs. Dashwood's eldest girl and the brother of Mrs. John Dashwood, a gentleman-like and pleasing young man, who was introduced to their acquaintance soon after his sister's establishment at Norland, and who had since spent the greatest part of his time there.

Some mothers could encourage the intimacy from motives of interest, for Edward Ferrars was the eldest son of a man who had died very rich. But it was enough for Mrs. Dashwood that he was amiable, that he loved her daughter, and that Elinor returned the partiality¹.

Edward Ferrars was not handsome, and his manners were not perfect. He was too diffident; but when his natural shyness was overcome, his behaviour gave every indication of an open, affectionate heart. His mother and sister wanted him to make a fine figure in the world in some manner or other. His mother wished to get him into parliament, or to see him connected with some of the great men of the day. But all Edward's wishes centered in domestic comfort and the quiet of private life. Fortunately he had a younger brother who was more promising.

¹ returned the partiality — отвечала взаимностью

Edward had been staying several weeks in the house before he attracted Mrs. Dashwood's attention. She noticed the difference between him and his sister. It was a contrast which recommended him most forcibly to her.

"It is enough," said Mrs. Dashwood; "to say that he is unlike Fanny is enough. I love him already."

"I think you will like him," said Elinor, "when you know more of him."

"Like him!" replied her mother with a smile. "I will love him."

"You may esteem him."

"I have never known what it was to separate esteem and love."

Mrs. Dashwood speedily comprehended all his merits. Soon she perceived symptoms of love in his behaviour to Elinor, and she considered their serious attachment as certain. So she looked forward to their marriage as rapidly approaching.

"In a few months, my dear Marianne," said she, "Elinor will be settled for life. We shall miss her; but she will be happy."

"Oh! Mama, how shall we live without her?"

"My love, we shall live within a few miles of each other, and shall meet every day. You will gain a brother, a real, affectionate brother. But you look grave, Marianne; do you disapprove your sister's choice?"

"Perhaps," said Marianne, "I am surprised. Edward is very amiable, and I love him tenderly. But yet — he is not the kind of young man — there is something wanting¹. His figure is not striking; it has none of that grace which I expect in the man who can seriously attach my sister. And besides all this, I am afraid, Mama, he has no real taste. Music seems scarcely to attract him, and though he admires Elinor's drawings very much, it is not the admiration of a person who can understand them. He admires as a lover, not as a connoisseur. To satisfy me,

¹ **there is something wanting** — чего-то недостаёт

the characters must be united. I cannot be happy with a man whose taste did not in every point coincide with my own. He must read the same books, the same music must charm us both. Oh! mama, how spiritless, how tame was Edward's manner in reading to us last night! I wanted to run away. To hear those beautiful lines, pronounced with such calmness, such dreadful indifference!"

CHAPTER IV

"What a pity it is, Elinor," said Marianne, "that Edward has no taste for drawing."

"No taste for drawing!" replied Elinor, "why do you think so? He does not draw himself, indeed, but he has great pleasure in seeing the performances of other people. He distrusts his own judgment, so he is always unwilling to give his opinion on any picture. I hope, Marianne, you do not consider him as deficient in general taste."

Marianne hardly knew what to say. She did not want to wound the feelings of her sister, and yet to say what she did not believe was impossible. She replied:

"Do not be offended, Elinor, if my praise of him is not in every thing equal to your sense of his merits. I have the highest opinion in the world of his goodness and sense. I think him worthy and amiable."

"I do not perceive," replied Elinor, with a smile, "how you can express yourself more warmly. Of his sense and his goodness, no one can, I think, be in doubt. He and I have been often together. I have seen a great deal of him, have studied his sentiments and heard his opinion on subjects of literature and taste. I venture to pronounce that his mind is well-informed, enjoyment of books exceedingly great, his imagination lively, his observation correct, and his taste delicate and pure. At first sight, his person can hardly be called handsome, till the expression of his eyes, which are uncommonly good is perceived. At present, I know him so well, that

I think him really handsome; or at least, almost so. And you, Marianne?"

"I shall very soon think him handsome, Elinor. When you tell me to love him as a brother, I shall no more see imperfection in his face."

Elinor started at this declaration. She felt that Edward stood very high in her opinion.

"I do not attempt to deny," said she, "that I think very highly of him — that I greatly esteem, that I like him."

"Esteem him! Like him! Cold-hearted Elinor! Oh! worse than cold-hearted! Use those words again, and I will leave the room this moment."

Elinor laughed.

"Excuse me," said she. "I am by no means assured of his love for me. There are moments when the extent of it seems doubtful. But there are other points to be considered. He is not independent. What his mother really is we cannot know. Edward himself can understand that there will be many difficulties, if he wishes to marry a woman who has not either a great fortune or high rank."

"And you really are not engaged to him!" said Marianne. "Yet it certainly soon will happen."

It was impossible for Elinor to feel easy on the subject. The longer they were together the more doubtful seemed the nature of his regard. Sometimes she believed it to be no more than friendship.

But his sister was uneasy. She took the first opportunity of affronting her mother-in-law on the occasion, talking to her expressively of her brother's great expectations, of Mrs. Ferrars's resolution that both her sons could marry very well.

One day a letter was delivered to Mrs. Dashwood. It contained a proposal. It was the offer of a small house, belonging to a relation of her own, a rich gentleman from Devonshire. The letter was from this gentleman himself, and written in the true spirit of friendly accommodation. He understood that she was in need of a dwelling. Though the house he now offered her was merely a cottage, he

assured her that everything was good there. He invited her to come with her daughters to Barton Park, the place of his own residence. There she will judge, herself, whether Barton Cottage is comfortable to her. He seemed really anxious to accommodate them and the whole of his letter was written in a friendly style. Her resolution was formed as she read. She instantly wrote Sir John Middleton her acceptance of his proposal; and then hastened to show the letters to her daughters.

CHAPTER V

Mrs. Dashwood announced to her son-in-law and his wife that she was provided with a house. So she will incommode them no longer than till everything is ready for her inhabiting it. They heard her with surprise. Mrs. John Dashwood said nothing; but her husband hoped that she would settle not far from Norland. She had great satisfaction in replying that she was going into Devonshire. Edward turned hastily towards her and, in a voice of surprise repeated, "Devonshire! Are you, indeed, going there? So far! And to what part of it?"

She explained the situation. It was within four miles northward of Exeter.

"It is a cottage," she continued, "but I hope to see many of my friends in it. A room or two can easily be added."

She concluded with a very kind invitation to Mr. and Mrs. John Dashwood to visit her at Barton.

Mr. John Dashwood told his mother again and again how exceedingly sorry he was that she had taken a house at such a distance from Norland.

Mrs. Dashwood took the house for a year; it was ready furnished. The servant and one of the maids were sent off immediately into Devonshire, to prepare the house for their mistress's arrival. In a very few weeks from the day which brought Sir John Middleton's letter to Norland,

everything was settled in their future abode as to enable Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters to begin their journey.

“Dear, dear Norland!” said Marianne, as she wandered alone before the house, on the last evening; “when shall I cease to regret you! Who will remain to enjoy you?”

CHAPTER VI

As a house, Barton Cottage, though small, was comfortable and compact; but as a cottage it was defective, for the roof was tiled, the window shutters were not painted green, nor were the walls covered with honeysuckles. A narrow passage led directly through the house into the garden behind. On each side of the entrance was a sitting room, about sixteen feet square; and beyond them were the offices and the stairs. Four bedrooms and two garrets formed the rest of the house. It had not been built many years and was in good repair. In comparison of Norland, it was poor and small indeed!

It was very early in September; the season was fine. The situation of the house was good. High hills rose immediately behind, and at no great distance on each side. The village of Barton was chiefly on one of these hills, and formed a pleasant view from the cottage windows. The hills surrounded the cottage.

With the size and furniture of the house Mrs. Dashwood was well satisfied.

“As for the house itself, to be sure,” said she, “it is too small for our family, but we will live here for the present, as it is too late in the year for improvements. Perhaps in the spring, if I have plenty of money, we may think about building.”

Soon after breakfast their landlord appeared. He came to welcome them to Barton, and to offer them every accommodation from his own house and garden. Sir John Middleton was a good looking man about forty. His countenance was thoroughly good-humoured; and his manners

were as friendly as the style of his letter. He invited them to dine at Barton Park everyday till they were settled at home. Within an hour after he left them, a large basket full of garden stuff and fruit arrived from the park.

Lady Middleton had sent a very civil message. Her ladyship was introduced to them the next day.

Lady Middleton was not more than six or seven and twenty; her face was handsome, her figure tall and striking. Her manners had all the elegance which her husband's wanted. Sir John was very chatty, and Lady Middleton brought with her their eldest child, a fine little boy about six years old. It took up ten minutes to determine whether the boy was most like his father or mother.

Sir John did not leave the house without their promise of dining at the park the next day.

CHAPTER VII

Barton Park was about half a mile from the cottage. The house was large and handsome; and the Middletons lived in a style of equal hospitality and elegance. They were scarcely ever without some friends staying with them in the house. It was necessary to the happiness of both. Sir John was a sportsman, Lady Middleton was a mother. He hunted and shot, and she humoured her children; and these were their only resources. Continual engagements supplied all the deficiencies of nature and education; supported the good spirits of Sir John and his wife.

The arrival of a new family in the neighborhood was always a joy to Sir John. The young Dashwoods were really young, pretty, and unaffected. It was enough to secure his good opinion. He was happy to accommodate those, whose situation looked as unfortunate. In showing kindness to his cousins therefore he had the real satisfaction of a good heart.

Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters were met at the door of the house by Sir John, who welcomed them to

Barton Park with unaffected sincerity. He was sorry to be unable to get any smart young men to meet them. They will see only one gentleman there besides himself; a particular friend who is staying at the park, but who is not very young. He hoped they will all excuse the smallness of the party, and assured them it will never happen so again. Luckily Lady Middleton's mother arrived at Barton within the last hour, and she was a very cheerful agreeable woman. The young ladies, as well as their mother, wished for no more.

Mrs. Jennings, Lady Middleton's mother, was a good-humoured, merry, fat, elderly woman, who talked a lot, seemed very happy, and rather vulgar. She was full of jokes about lovers and laughter. Marianne turned her eyes towards Elinor to see how she bore these Mrs. Jennings's attacks with an earnestness which embarrassed her far more than Mrs. Jennings could.

Colonel Brandon, Mr. John's friend, was silent and grave. His appearance however was not displeasing. Marianne and Margaret decided that he was an absolute old bachelor, for he was thirty-five. Though his face was not handsome, his countenance was sensible.

In the evening, as Marianne was discovered to be musical, she was invited to play. The instrument was unlocked, everybody prepared to be charmed, and Marianne sang very well, too.

Marianne's performance was highly applauded. Sir John was loud in his admiration at the end of every song. Colonel Brandon alone, of all the party, heard her without raptures. He paid her only the compliment of attention; and she felt a respect for him.

CHAPTER VIII

Mrs. Jennings was a widow. She had only two daughters, both of whom were respectably married, and she had now therefore nothing to do but to marry all

the rest of the world. In the promotion of this object she was zealously active. She was remarkably quick in the discovery of attachments. It enabled her soon after her arrival at Barton to pronounce that Colonel Brandon was very much in love with Marianne Dashwood. It must be so. She was perfectly convinced of it. It will be an excellent match, for he is rich, and she is handsome. Mrs. Jennings was anxious to see Colonel Brandon well married since she met him.

This idea supplied her with endless jokes against them both. At the park she laughed at the colonel, and in the cottage at Marianne, who hardly knew whether to laugh, or to censure it.

Mrs. Dashwood, who did not think a man five years younger than herself, ventured to clear Mrs. Jennings from the probability of wishing to throw ridicule on his age.

“But at least, Mama, you cannot deny the absurdity of the accusation, though you may not think it intentionally ill-natured. Colonel Brandon is certainly younger than Mrs. Jennings, but he is old enough to be my father. It is ridiculous! And I suspect infirmity.”

“Infirmity!” said Elinor, “do you call Colonel Brandon infirm? I can easily suppose that his age may appear much greater to you than to my mother; but he uses his limbs very well!”

“Did not you hear him complain of the rheumatism? Is not that the sign of infirmity?”

“My dearest child,” said her mother, laughing, “at this rate you must be in continual terror of my death. It must seem to you a miracle that my life has been extended to the age of forty.”

“Mama, I know very well that Colonel Brandon is not old enough to die. He may live twenty years longer. But thirty-five has nothing to do with matrimony.”

“Perhaps,” said Elinor, “thirty-five and seventeen have nothing to do with matrimony together. But if there is a woman who is single at seven and twenty, Colonel Brandon can marry her for sure.”

“A woman of seven and twenty,” said Marianne, after pausing a moment, “can never hope to feel or inspire affection. In my eyes it will be no marriage at all, to me it will seem only a commercial exchange¹.”

“It is impossible, I know,” replied Elinor, “to convince you that a woman of seven and twenty can feel something for a man of thirty-five. But I must object to your dooming Colonel Brandon and his wife to the hospital, merely because he complained yesterday (a very cold damp day) of a slight rheumatic feel in one of his shoulders.”

Soon after this, upon Elinor’s leaving the room, “Mama,” said Marianne, “I have an alarm on the subject of illness which I cannot conceal from you. I am sure Edward Ferrars is not well. We have now been here almost a fortnight, and yet he does not come. He is ill. What else can detain him at Norland?”

“Had you any idea of his coming so soon?” said Mrs. Dashwood. “I had none. On the contrary, he did not show pleasure or readiness in accepting my invitation, when I talked of his coming to Barton. Does Elinor expect him already?”

“I have never mentioned it to her, but of course she must.”

“I think you are mistaken. Yesterday I offered her to get a new grate for the spare bedchamber, and she observed that there was no immediate hurry for it. It is not likely that the room will be wanted for some time.”

“How strange this is! What can be the meaning of it! How cold, how composed were their last adieus! How languid their conversation the last evening! In Edward’s farewell there was no distinction between Elinor and me: it was the good wishes of an affectionate brother to both. Twice I left them purposely together, and each time he followed me out of the room. And Elinor, quitting Norland and Edward, did not cry as I did. Even now her self-command is invariable. Where is her melancholy?”

¹ **commercial exchange** — торговая сделка

When does she try to avoid society, or appear restless and dissatisfied in it?"

CHAPTER IX

The Dashwoods were now settled at Barton with tolerable comfort to themselves. The house and the garden, with all the objects surrounding them, now became familiar. Sir John Middleton could not conceal his amazement on finding them always employed.

Their visitors, except those from Barton Park, were not many. The high downs which invited them from almost every window of the cottage to seek the exquisite enjoyment of air on their summits, were a happy alternative. Towards one of these hills Marianne and Margaret one memorable morning directed their steps, attracted by the partial sunshine of a showery sky.

They gaily ascended the downs; and when they caught in their faces the gales of a high south-westerly wind, they pitied the fears which had prevented their mother and Elinor from sharing such delightful sensations.

"Is there a felicity in the world," said Marianne, "superior to this? — Margaret, we will walk here at least two hours."

Margaret agreed, and they pursued their way against the wind, when suddenly the clouds united over their heads, and a driving rain set full in their face. Dissatisfied and surprised, they were obliged to turn back, for no shelter was nearer than their own house.

They began to run. A false step brought Marianne suddenly to the ground; and Margaret, unable to stop herself to assist her, reached the bottom in safety.

A gentleman carrying a gun, with two pointers playing round him, was passing up the hill and within a few yards of Marianne, when her accident happened. He put down his gun and ran to her assistance. She had raised herself from the ground, but she was scarcely able to stand.

The gentleman offered his services; and took her up in his arms without farther delay, and carried her down the hill. Then he bore her directly into the house, and seated her in a chair in the parlour. Elinor and her mother rose up in amazement at their entrance. While the eyes of both were fixed on him with an evident wonder and a secret admiration, he apologized for his intrusion, in a manner so frank and so graceful that his person received additional charms from his voice and expression. The influence of youth, beauty, and elegance gave an interest to the action which Mrs. Dashwood saw.

She thanked him again and again; and invited him to be seated. But this he declined, as he was dirty and wet. Mrs. Dashwood then begged to know to whom she was obliged. His name, he replied, was Willoughby, and his present home was at Allenham. He hopes she will allow him to visit Miss Dashwood tomorrow. The honour was readily granted, and he then departed, to make himself still more interesting, in the midst of a heavy rain.

His manly beauty and gracefulness were instantly the theme of general admiration. He was a real hero in Marianne's eyes. His name was good, his residence was in their favourite village, and she soon found out that of all manly dresses a shooting-jacket was the most becoming.

Sir John called on them¹ soon. Marianne's accident was related to him, and he was asked whether he knew any gentleman of the name of Willoughby at Allenham.

"Willoughby!" cried Sir John; "That is good news; I will ride over tomorrow, and ask him to dinner on Thursday."

"You know him then," said Mrs. Dashwood.

"Know him! to be sure I do. He comes here every year."

"And what sort of a young man is he?"

"A very good fellow, I assure you. An excellent hunter, and the best rider in England."

¹ called on them — посетил их

“And is that all you can say?” cried Marianne, indignantly. “What are his manners? What are his pursuits, his talents, and genius?”

Sir John was rather puzzled.

“You know,” said he, “I do not know much about him. But he is a pleasant, good-humoured fellow, and has got the nicest pointer I ever saw. Was it with him?”

But Marianne could not tell about Mr. Willoughby’s pointer.

“But who is he?” said Elinor. “Where does he come from? Has he a house at Allenham?”

Sir John told them that Mr. Willoughby had no property of his own in the country. He resided there only while he was visiting the old lady at Allenham Court, to whom he was related, and whose possessions he was to inherit; adding,

“Yes, yes, he is very well worth catching¹ I can tell you, Miss Dashwood. He has a pretty little estate of his own in Somersetshire besides. Miss Marianne must not expect to have all the men to herself. Brandon will be jealous, if she does not take care².”

“I do not believe,” said Mrs. Dashwood, with a smile, “that my daughters will try to catch Mr. Willoughby. Men are very safe with us, let them be ever so rich. I am glad to find, however, from what you say, that he is a respectable young man, and one whose acquaintance will not be ineligible.”

“He is a good fellow, I believe,” repeated Sir John. “I remember last Christmas he danced from eight o’clock till four.”

“Did he indeed?” cried Marianne with sparkling eyes, “and with elegance, with spirit?”

“Yes; and he was up again at eight to go hunting.”

“That is what I like; that is what a young man ought to be!”

¹ he is very well worth catching — его стоит поймать

² if she does not take care — если она не поостережётся

“I see,” said Sir John, “You are interested in him now, and you will never think of poor Brandon.”

“That is an expression, Sir John,” said Marianne, warmly, “which I particularly dislike. It is gross and illiberal.”

Sir John laughed heartily, and then replied,

“Poor Brandon! He is in love already, and he is very well worth catching, too, I can tell you.”

CHAPTER X

Marianne’s preserver, as Margaret named Willoughby, called at the cottage early the next morning to make his personal enquiries. He was received by Mrs. Dashwood with politeness. Everything during the visit tended to assure him of the sense, elegance, mutual affection, and domestic comfort of the family to whom accident had now introduced him.

Miss Dashwood had a delicate complexion, regular features, and a remarkably pretty figure. Marianne was still handsomer. Her form was more striking; and her face was lovely. Her skin was very brown, but her complexion was uncommonly brilliant. Her features were all good; her smile was sweet and attractive; and in her eyes, which were very dark, there was a life, a spirit, an eagerness.

It was only necessary to mention any favourite amusement to engage her to talk. She could not be silent, and she had neither shyness nor reserve. They speedily discovered that their enjoyment of dancing and music was mutual. She proceeded to question him on the subject of books. Their taste was strikingly alike. The same books, the same passages were idolized by each.

“Well, Marianne,” said Elinor, as soon as he had left them, “for one morning I think you have done pretty well. You have already ascertained Mr. Willoughby’s opinion in almost everything. You know what he thinks of Cowper and Scott. But you will soon have exhausted each

favourite topic. Another meeting will suffice to explain his sentiments, and then you can have nothing farther to ask.”

“Elinor,” cried Marianne, “are my ideas so scanty? But I see what you mean. I have been too happy, too frank. I have been open and sincere where I ought to be reserved, spiritless, dull, and deceitful.”

“My love,” said her mother, “you must not be offended with Elinor — she was only in jest¹.”

Marianne was softened in a moment.

Willoughby, on his side, came to them every day. To enquire after Marianne was at first his excuse, but the encouragement of his reception made such an excuse unnecessary. Willoughby was a young man of good abilities, quick imagination, lively spirits, and open, affectionate manners. He was exactly formed to engage Marianne’s heart.

His society became gradually her most exquisite enjoyment. They read, they talked, they sang together; his musical talents were considerable; and he read with the sensibility and spirit.

In Mrs. Dashwood’s estimation he was as faultless as in Marianne’s; and Elinor saw nothing to censure in him.

Her mother expected their marriage; and secretly congratulated herself on two such sons-in-law as Edward and Willoughby.

Colonel Brandon’s partiality for Marianne now became perceptible to Elinor. Elinor was obliged, though unwillingly, to believe that the sentiments which Mrs. Jennings had assigned him, were now actually excited by her sister. She liked him — in spite of his gravity and reserve, she beheld in him an object of interest. His manners, though serious, were mild. Perhaps she pitied and esteemed him because Willoughby and Marianne undervalued his merits.

“Brandon is just the kind of man,” said Willoughby one day, when they were talking of him together, “whom everybody speaks well of, and nobody cares about.”

¹ she was only in jest — она просто пошутила

“That is exactly what I think of him,” cried Marianne.

“However,” said Elinor, “it is injustice. He is highly esteemed by all the family at the park, and I like to converse with him.”

“That he is patronised by you,” replied Willoughby, “is certainly in his favour; but as for the esteem of the others, it is a reproach. In defence of your protégé you can even be saucy.”

“My protégé, as you call him, is a sensible man; and sense will always have attractions for me. Yes, Marianne, even in a man between thirty and forty. He has seen much; has been abroad, has read, and has a thinking mind. He is capable of giving me much information on various subjects; and he has always answered my inquiries with readiness of good nature.”

“That is to say,” cried Marianne contemptuously, “he has told you, that in the East Indies the climate is hot, and the mosquitoes are troublesome.”

“Perhaps,” said Willoughby, “his observations may extend to the existence of nabobs and palanquins.”

“Why do you dislike him?” asked Elinor.

“I do not dislike him. I consider him, on the contrary, as a very respectable man, who has more money than he can spend, more time than he knows how to employ, and two new coats every year.”

“And,” cried Marianne, “he has neither genius, taste, nor spirit. His understanding has no brilliancy, his feelings no ardour, and his voice no expression.”

“I can only say,” replied Elinor, “that he is a sensible man, well-bred, well-informed, and, I believe, possessing an amiable heart.”

“Miss Dashwood,” cried Willoughby, “I have three reasons for disliking Colonel Brandon. He threatened me with rain when I wanted it to be fine. He has found fault with my curricule. And I cannot persuade him to buy my brown mare. However, his character in other respects is irreproachable, I am ready to confess it.”

CHAPTER XI

When Marianne was recovered, the private balls at the park began. The parties on the water were made and accomplished as often as a showery October allowed. In every meeting Willoughby was included.

Elinor was not surprised at their attachment. She only wished it was less openly shown. Marianne abhorred all concealment. Willoughby thought the same; and their behaviour at all times, was an illustration of their opinions.

When he was present she did not see anyone else. Everything he did, was right. Everything he said, was clever. If their evenings at the park were concluded with cards, he cheated himself and all the rest of the party to let her win. If dancing formed the amusement of the night, they were partners for half the time. The people laughed at them; but ridicule could not shame and provoke them. To Mrs. Dashwood it was but the natural consequence of a strong affection in a young and ardent mind.

This was the season of happiness to Marianne. Her heart was devoted to Willoughby.

Elinor's happiness was not so great. Her heart was not so much at ease. Neither Lady Middleton nor Mrs. Jennings were her friends; although the latter was an everlasting talker. Lady Middleton was more agreeable than her mother because she was more silent. But Elinor perceived that her reserve was a mere calmness of manner. Towards her husband and mother she was the same as to them. She had nothing to say one day that she had not said the day before.

In Colonel Brandon alone, of all her new acquaintance, did Elinor find an interesting person. He excited the interest of friendship, and gave pleasure as a companion. Willoughby was out of the question. His attentions were wholly Marianne's. Colonel Brandon, unfortunately for himself, did not think only of Marianne. In conversing with Elinor he found the greatest consolation for the indifference of her sister.

Elinor's compassion for him increased, as she had reason to suspect that he knew misery of disappointed love¹. This suspicion was given by some words which accidentally dropped from him one evening at the park, when they were sitting down together, while the others were dancing. His eyes were fixed on Marianne, and, after a silence of some minutes, he said, with a faint smile,

"Your sister, I understand, does not approve of second attachments."

"No," replied Elinor, "she is very romantic."

"Or rather, as I believe, she considers them impossible to exist."

"I believe she does. But her own father had himself two wives. It's strange."

After a short pause he resumed the conversation,

"Does your sister make no distinction in her objections against a second attachment? Or is it equally criminal in everybody? Must those who were disappointed in their first choice, be equally indifferent during the rest of their lives?"

"I am not acquainted with her principles. I only know she does not admit the second attachment. It's not pardonable."

"This," said he, "cannot last long; but a change, a total change of sentiments - no, no, do not desire it. I speak from experience. I once knew a lady who greatly resembled your sister, who thought and judged like her, but who — from a series of unfortunate circumstances — "

Here he stopped suddenly.

CHAPTER XII

One day Margaret cried,

"Oh, Elinor! I have such a secret to tell you about Marianne. I am sure she will be married to Mr. Willoughby very soon."

¹ **disappointed love** — несчастная любовь

“You have said so,” replied Elinor, “almost every day since they first met.”

“But indeed this is quite another thing. I am sure they will be married very soon, for he has got a lock of her hair¹. He cut it off. I saw it! Last night after tea, when you and mama went out of the room, they were whispering and talking together. Then he begged something of her, and took up her scissors and cut off a long lock of her hair. And he kissed it, and folded it up in a piece of white paper; and put it into his pocket-book.”

Margaret’s sagacity was not always satisfactory to her sister. When Mrs. Jennings attacked her one evening at the park, to give the name of the young man who was Elinor’s particular favourite — it was a matter of great curiosity to her, — Margaret said, “I must not tell, right, Elinor?”

This of course made everybody laugh; and Elinor tried to laugh too. But the effort was painful. She did not like Mrs. Jennings’s jokes.

Marianne turned red and said in an angry manner to Margaret,

“Remember that you have no right to repeat your conjectures.”

“I never had any conjectures about it,” replied Margaret; “it was you who told me of it yourself.”

This increased the mirth of the company.

“Oh! Miss Margaret, let us know all about it,” said Mrs. Jennings. “What is the gentleman’s name?”

“I must not tell, ma’am. But I know very well what it is; and I know where he is too.”

“Yes, yes, we can guess where he is; at his own house at Norland to be sure. He is the curate of the parish I dare say.”

“No, that he is not.”

“Margaret,” said Marianne, “you know that all this is an invention of your own, and that there is no such person in existence.”

¹ lock of her hair — её локон

“Well, then, he is lately dead, Marianne, for I am sure there was such a man once, and his name begins with an F.”

Lady Middleton observed, at this moment, “that it rained very hard”. The idea was immediately pursued by Colonel Brandon. Willoughby opened the piano-forte, and asked Marianne to sit down to it.

A party was formed this evening for going on the following day to see a very fine place about twelve miles from Barton. It belonged to a brother-in-law of Colonel Brandon, who was then abroad.

To somebody it appeared rather a bold undertaking, considering the time of year, and that it had rained everyday for the last fortnight. Elinor persuaded Mrs. Dashwood, who had already a cold, to stay at home.

CHAPTER XIII

Their excursion to Whitwell turned out very different from what Elinor had expected. She was prepared to be wet through, fatigued, and frightened; but the event was still more unfortunate, for they did not go at all.

By ten o'clock the whole party was assembled at the park, where they ready to breakfast. The morning was rather favourable, though it had rained all night.

While they were at breakfast the letters were brought in. Among the rest there was one for Colonel Brandon. He took it, looked at the direction, changed colour, and immediately left the room.

“What is the matter with Brandon?” said Sir John. Nobody could tell.

“I hope he has had no bad news,” said Lady Middleton. “It must be something extraordinary that could make Colonel Brandon leave my breakfast table so suddenly.”

In about five minutes he returned.

“No bad news, Colonel, I hope;” said Mrs. Jennings, as soon as he entered the room.

"None at all, ma'am, I thank you."

"Was it from Avignon? I hope it is not to say that your sister is worse."

"No, ma'am. It came from town, and is merely a letter of business."

"But why does it discompose you so much, if it is only a letter of business? Come, come, Colonel; so let us hear the truth of it."

"My dear madam," said Lady Middleton, "recollect what you are saying."

"Well, then, I know who it is from, Colonel. And I hope she is well."

"Whom do you mean, ma'am?" said he.

"Oh! you know who I mean."

"I am particularly sorry, ma'am," said he, addressing Lady Middleton, "that I receive this letter today, for it is on business which requires my immediate attendance in town."

"In town!" cried Mrs. Jennings. "What will you do in town at this time of year?"

"I am very sorry," he continued, "to leave you; as I fear my presence is necessary to gain your admittance at Whitwell."

"But if you write a note to the housekeeper, Mr. Brandon," said Marianne, eagerly, "will it not be sufficient?"

He shook his head.

"We must go," said Sir John. "You cannot go to town till tomorrow, Brandon, that is all."

"It is not in my power to delay my journey for one day!"

"Let us know what your business is," said Mrs. Jennings, "and we'll see whether it can be put off or not."

Elinor then heard Willoughby say, in a low voice to Marianne,

"There are some people who cannot bear a party of pleasure. Brandon is one of them. He is afraid of catching cold I dare say, and invented this trick. The letter is of his own writing."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Marianne.

"Well, then, when will you come back again?"

"It is very uncertain."

"Oh! he must come back," cried Sir John. "If he is not here by the end of the week, I shall go after him."

"So do, Sir John," cried Mrs. Jennings, "and then perhaps you may find out what his business is. I wish you a good journey. But you must change your mind."

"I assure you it is not in my power," said the Colonel.

To Marianne, he merely bowed and said nothing. He wished Mrs. Jennings a good morning and left the room.

"I can guess what his business is, however," said Mrs. Jennings exultingly.

"Can you, ma'am?" said almost everybody.

"Yes; it is about Miss Williams, I am sure."

"And who is Miss Williams?" asked Marianne.

"What! do not you know who Miss Williams is? She is a relation of the Colonel's, my dear; a very near relation." Then, lowering her voice a little, she said to Elinor, "She is his natural daughter¹."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes; and I dare say the Colonel will leave her all his fortune."

CHAPTER XIV

The sudden termination of Colonel Brandon's visit filled the mind and raised the wonder of Mrs. Jennings for two or three days. She wondered what could be the reason of it.

"Something very melancholy must be the matter, I am sure," said she. "I saw it in his face. Poor man! I am afraid his circumstances may be bad. I will give anything to know the truth. Perhaps it is about Miss Williams and, I dare say it is, because he looked so conscious when I

¹ **natural daughter** — незаконнорожденная дочь

mentioned her. May be she is ill in town. Or may be his sister is ill at Avignon. Who knows."

So wondered, so talked Mrs. Jennings. Her opinion varied. Elinor, though she felt really interested in the welfare of Colonel Brandon, did not pay much attention. She was more interested in the extraordinary silence of her sister and Willoughby. As this silence continued, every day made it appear more strange. Why they did not openly acknowledge to her mother and herself, what their behaviour meant, Elinor could not imagine.

She can easily conceive that marriage will not take place tomorrow; for though Willoughby is independent, there is no reason to believe him rich.

Nothing could be more expressive of attachment to them all, than Willoughby's behaviour. The cottage was considered and loved by him as his home; many hours were spent there.

One evening, about a week after Colonel Brandon left, Mrs. Dashwood mentioned her design of improving the cottage in the spring. He warmly opposed every alteration of the place.

"What!" he exclaimed — "Improve this dear cottage! No. Never! Not a stone must be added to its walls, not an inch to its size!"

"Do not be alarmed," said Miss Dashwood, "nothing of the kind will be done. My mother will never have money enough to attempt it."

"I am glad of it," he cried. "May she always be poor, if she can employ her riches no better."

"Thank you, Willoughby. But are you really so attached to this place?"

"I am," said he. "To me it is faultless. I consider it as the only form of building in which happiness is attainable."

"With dark narrow stairs and a kitchen that smokes, I suppose," said Elinor.

"Yes," cried he in the same eager tone, "with all and everything belonging to it. Under such a roof, I may perhaps be happy."