

The
Cambridge
Edition
of the Works of

JANE AUSTEN

Pride and Prejudice

EDITED BY PAT ROGERS

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JANE AUSTEN

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

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Antje Blank as research assistant throughout the project.

THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF

JANE AUSTEN

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JANE AUSTEN

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

Jane Austen wrote to be read and reread. '[A]n artist cannot do anything slovenly,' she remarked to her sister Cassandra. Her subtle, crafted novels repay close and repeated attention to vocabulary, syntax and punctuation as much as to irony and allusion; yet the reader can take immediate and intense delight in their plots and characters. As a result Austen has a unique status among early English novelists – appreciated by the academy and the general public alike. What Henry Crawford remarks about Shakespeare in *Mansfield Park* has become equally true of its author: she 'is a part of an Englishman's constitution. [Her] thoughts and beauties are so spread abroad that one touches them every where, one is intimate with [her] by instinct.' This edition of the complete oeuvre of the published novels and manuscript works is testament to Austen's exceptional cultural and literary position. As well as attempting to establish an accurate and authoritative text, it provides a full contextual placing of the novels.

The editing of any canonical writer is a practice which has been guided by many conflicting ideologies. In the early twentieth century, editors, often working alone, largely agreed that they were producing definitive editions, although they used eclectic methods and often revised the text at will. Later in the century, fidelity to the author's creative intentions was paramount, and the emphasis switched to devising an edition that would as far as possible represent the final authorial wishes. By the 1980s, however, the pursuit of the

single perfected text had given way to the recording of multiple intentions of equal interest. Authors were seen to have changed, revised or recanted, or indeed to have directed various versions of their work towards different audiences. Consequently all states had validity and the text became a process rather than a fixed entity. With this approach came emphasis on the print culture in which the text appeared as well as on the social implications of authorship. Rather than being stages in the evolution of a single work, the various versions existed in their own right, all having something to tell.

The Cambridge edition describes fully Austen's early publishing history and provides details of composition, publication and publishers as well as printers and compositors where known. It accepts that many of the decisions concerning spelling, punctuation, capitalising, italicising and paragraphing may well have been the compositors' rather than Austen's but that others may represent the author's own chosen style. For the novels published in Jane Austen's lifetime the edition takes as its copytext the latest edition to which she might plausibly have made some contribution: that is, the first editions of *Pride and Prejudice* and *Emma* and the second editions of *Sense and Sensibility* and *Mansfield Park*. Where a second edition is used, all substantive and accidental changes between editions are shown on the page so that the reader can reconstruct the first edition, and the dominance of either first or second editions is avoided. For the two novels published posthumously together, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, the copytext is the first published edition.

Our texts as printed here remain as close to the copytexts as possible: spelling and punctuation have not been modernised and inconsistencies in presentation have not been regularised. The few corrections and emendations made to the texts – beyond replacing dropped or missing letters – occur only

when an error is very obvious indeed, and/or where retention might interrupt reading or understanding: for example, missing quotation marks have been supplied, run-on words have been separated and repeated words excised. All changes to the texts, substantive and accidental, have been noted in the final apparatus. Four of the six novels appeared individually in three volumes; we have kept the volume divisions and numbering. In the case of *Persuasion,* which was first published as volumes 3 and 4 of a four-volume set including *Northanger Abbey*, the volume division has been retained but volumes 3 and 4 have been relabelled volumes 1 and 2.

For all these novels the copytext has been set against two other copies of the same edition. Where there have been any substantive differences, further copies have been examined; details of these copies are given in the initial textual notes within each volume, along with information about the printing and publishing context of this particular work. The two volumes of the edition devoted to manuscript writings divide the works between the three juvenile notebooks on the one hand and all the remaining manuscript writings on the other. The juvenile notebooks and *Lady Susan* have some resemblance to the published works, being fair copies and following some of the conventions of publishing. The other manuscript writings consist in part of fictional works in early drafts, burlesques and autograph and allograph copies of occasional verses and prayers. The possible dating of the manuscript work, as well as the method of editing, is considered in the introductions to the relevant volumes. The cancelled chapters of *Persuasion* are included in an appendix to the volume *Persuasion*; they appear both in a transliteration and in facsimile. For all the manuscript works, their features as manuscripts have been respected and all changes and erasures either reproduced or noted.

In all the volumes superscript numbers in the texts indicate endnotes. Throughout the edition we have provided full annotations to give clear and informative historical and cultural information to the modern reader while largely avoiding critical speculation; we have also indicated words which no longer have currency or have altered in meaning in some way. The introductions give information concerning the genesis and immediate public reception of the text; they also indicate the most significant stylistic and generic features. A chronology of Austen's life appears in each volume. More information about the life, Austen's reading, her relationship to publication, the print history of the novels and their critical reception through the centuries, as well as the historical, political, intellectual and religious context in which she wrote is available in the final volume of the edition: *Jane Austen in Context*.

I would like to thank Cambridge University Library for supplying the copytexts for the six novels. I am most grateful to Linda Bree at Cambridge University Press for her constant support and unflagging enthusiasm for the edition and to Maartje Scheltens and Alison Powell for their help at every stage of production. I owe the greatest debt to my research assistant Antje Blank for her rare combination of scholarly dedication, editorial skills and critical discernment.

Janet Todd
University of Aberdeen

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The extent to which this volume is indebted to previous scholars will be obvious to all students of Jane Austen. On biographic matters it relies heavily on the work of Deirdre Le Faye, while in areas such as the critical reception it draws on the writings of Brian Southam. Much of the bibliographical information derives from the studies of David Gilson. I record with pleasure my gratitude to these outstanding scholars who have contributed so much to our modern understanding of Austen.

I am greatly indebted to Deirdre Le Faye, who read the proofs of the volume, and whose unrivalled knowledge of Jane Austen's life and family connections has saved me from many blunders. My principal obligation is to Linda Bree, whose scrupulous care has ensured a more accurate treatment of all textual matters, and who has coped heroically with the multifarious issues which an exceptionally complicated project threw up. For many other services in improving this volume, I wish to thank the General Editor of the series, Janet Todd, as well as those who have assisted in its production, notably Antje Blank and Maartje Scheltens.

The aims of the present edition are to provide a reliable text and to locate this as fully as possible within the world of Jane Austen. Historically, editors have largely declined any attempt to provide readers with the materials which make possible an informed reading of *Pride and Prejudice*. The long standard edition of R. W. Chapman constituted the most serious attempt made so far to establish an accurate text. It also contained appendices on a variety of topics, some providing highly relevant insights into the text, others rather less so. In recent years, a few editions have supplied useful ancillary materials by way of contextual appendices: among the most valuable

from this standpoint are those of Donald Gray (1966; 2001), Robert Irvine (2002) and Claudia L. Johnson and Susan J. Wolfson (2003). Chapman annotated sketchily, and informative annotation began to appear in the recent editions, including also those of Frank W. Bradbrook (1970), Vivien Jones (1996) and David M. Shapard (2004). Like all editors, I have taken care to comb the work of my predecessors to ensure that I neither missed anything essential nor reinvented the wheel, and a proper recognition is in order here.

The explanatory notes rely on a wide range of secondary works: those most frequently cited are named in the list of Abbreviations below. In addition to standard reference books, I have had regular recourse to the following:

On Austen's biography and family connections: along with *Family Record*, *Letters* and the *Memoir* (see Abbreviations, pp. 459–60), Deirdre Le Faye, *Jane Austen's 'Outlandish Cousin': The Life and Letters of Eliza de Feuillide* (London: British Library, 2002); and *Jane Austen: Writers' Lives* (London: British Library, 1998).

On Brighton, Clifford Musgrave, *Life in Brighton: From the Earliest Times to the Present* (Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1970).

On estates and gardens, Mavis Batey, *Jane Austen and the English Landscape* (London: Barn Elms, 1996).

On marriage and the family, Lawrence Stone, *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500–1800* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979); *Road to Divorce: England 1530–1987* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990); *Uncertain Unions* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1992); and, with Jeanne C. Fawtier, *An Open Elite? England 1540–1880* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986).

On music, Patrick Piggott, *The Innocent Diversion: A Study of Music in the Life and Writings of Jane Austen* (London: Douglas Cleverdon, 1979).

On women of the gentry class: Amanda Vickery, *The Gentleman's Daughter: Women's Lives in Georgian England* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1998).

On matters of general reference, *The Jane Austen Companion*, ed. J. D. Grey, A. Walton Litz and B. Southam (New York: Macmillan, 1986).

CHRONOLOGY

DEIRDRE LE FAYE

1764	
26 April	Marriage of Revd George Austen, rector of Steventon, and Cassandra Leigh; they go to live at Deane, Hampshire, and their first three children – James (1765), George (1766) and Edward (1767) – are born here.
1768	
Summer	The Austen family move to Steventon, Hampshire. Five more children – Henry (1771), Cassandra (1773), Francis (1774), Jane (1775), Charles (1779) – are born here.
1773	
23 March	Mr Austen becomes Rector of Deane as well as Steventon, and takes pupils at Steventon from now until 1796.
1775	
16 December	Jane Austen born at Steventon.
1781	
Winter	JA's cousin, Eliza Hancock, marries Jean-François Capot de Feuillide, in France.
1782	
	First mention of JA in family tradition, and the first of the family's amateur theatrical productions takes place.
1783	
	JA's third brother, Edward, is adopted by Mr and Mrs Thomas Knight II, and starts to spend time with them at Godmersham in Kent. JA, with her sister Cassandra and cousin Jane Cooper, stays for some months in Oxford

	and then Southampton, with kinswoman Mrs Cawley.
1785	
Spring	JA and Cassandra go to the Abbey House School in Reading.
1786	
	Edward sets off for his Grand Tour of Europe, and does not return until autumn 1790.
April	JA's fifth brother, Francis, enters the Royal Naval Academy in Portsmouth.
December	JA and Cassandra have left school and are at home again in Steventon. Between now and 1793 JA writes her three volumes of the *Juvenilia*.
1788	
Summer	Mr and Mrs Austen take JA and Cassandra on a trip to Kent and London.
December	Francis leaves the RN Academy and sails to East Indies; does not return until winter 1793.
1791	
July	JA's sixth and youngest brother, Charles, enters the Royal Naval Academy in Portsmouth.
27 December	Edward Austen marries Elizabeth Bridges, and they live at Rowling in Kent.
1792	
27 March	JA's eldest brother, James, marries Anne Mathew; they live at Deane.
?Winter	Cassandra becomes engaged to Revd Tom Fowle.
1793	
23 January	Edward Austen's first child, Fanny, is born at Rowling.
1 February	Republican France declares war on Great Britain and Holland.
8 April	JA's fourth brother, Henry, becomes a lieutenant in the Oxfordshire Militia.
15 April	James Austen's first child, Anna, born at Deane.
3 June	JA writes the last item of her *J*.

1794

22 February	M de Feuillide guillotined in Paris.
September	Charles leaves the RN Academy and goes to sea.
?Autumn	JA possibly writes the novella *Lady Susan* this year.

1795

	JA probably writes 'Elinor and Marianne' this year.
3 May	James's wife Anne dies, and infant Anna is sent to live at Steventon.
Autumn	Revd Tom Fowle joins Lord Craven as his private chaplain for the West Indian campaign.
December	Tom Lefroy visits Ashe Rectory – he and JA have a flirtation over the Christmas holiday period.

1796

October	JA starts writing 'First Impressions'.

1797

17 January	James Austen marries Mary Lloyd, and infant Anna returns to live at Deane.
February	Revd Tom Fowle dies of fever at San Domingo and is buried at sea.
August	JA finishes 'First Impressions' and Mr Austen offers it for publication to Thomas Cadell – rejected sight unseen.
November	JA starts converting 'Elinor and Marianne' into *Sense and Sensibility*. Mrs Austen takes her daughters for a visit to Bath. Edward Austen and his young family move from Rowling to Godmersham.
31 December	Henry Austen marries his cousin, the widowed Eliza de Feuillide, in London.

1798

	JA probably starts writing 'Susan' (later to become *Northanger Abbey*).
17 November	James Austen's son James Edward born at Deane.

1799

Summer	JA probably finishes 'Susan' (*NA*) about now.

1800

	Mr Austen decides to retire and move to Bath.

1801

24 January	Henry Austen resigns his commission in the Oxfordshire Militia and sets up as a banker and army agent in London.
May	The Austen family leave Steventon for Bath, and then go for a seaside holiday in the West Country. JA's traditionary West Country romance presumably occurs between now and the autumn of 1804.

1802

25 March	Peace of Amiens appears to bring the war with France to a close.
Summer	Charles Austen joins his family for a seaside holiday in Wales and the West Country.
December	JA and Cassandra visit James and Mary at Steventon; while there, Harris Bigg-Wither proposes to JA and she accepts him, only to withdraw her consent the following day.
Winter	JA revises 'Susan' (*NA*).

1803

Spring	JA sells 'Susan' (*NA*) to Benjamin Crosby; he promises to publish it by 1804, but does not do so.
18 May	Napoleon breaks the Peace of Amiens, and war with France recommences.
Summer	The Austens visit Ramsgate in Kent, and possibly also go to the West Country again.
November	The Austens visit Lyme Regis.

1804

	JA probably starts writing *The Watsons* this year, but leaves it unfinished.
Summer	The Austens visit Lyme Regis again.

1805

21 January	Mr Austen dies and is buried in Bath.
Summer	Martha Lloyd joins forces with Mrs Austen and her daughters.
18 June	James Austen's younger daughter, Caroline, born at Steventon.
21 October	Battle of Trafalgar.

1806

2 July	Mrs Austen and her daughters finally leave Bath; they visit Clifton, Adlestrop, Stoneleigh and Hamstall Ridware, before settling in Southampton in the autumn.
24 July	Francis Austen marries Mary Gibson.

1807

19 May	Charles Austen marries Fanny Palmer, in Bermuda.

1808

10 October	Edward Austen's wife Elizabeth dies at Godmersham.

1809

5 April	JA makes an unsuccessful attempt to secure the publication of 'Susan' (*NA*).
7 July	Mrs Austen and her daughters, and Martha Lloyd, move to Chawton, Hants.

1810

Winter	*S&S* is accepted for publication by Thomas Egerton.

1811

February	JA starts planning *Mansfield Park*.
30 October	*S&S* published.
?Winter	JA starts revising 'First Impressions' into *Pride and Prejudice*.

1812

17 June	America declares war on Great Britain.
14 October	Mrs Thomas Knight II dies, and Edward Austen now officially takes surname of Knight.
Autumn	JA sells copyright of *P&P* to Egerton.

1813

28 January	*P&P* published; JA half-way through *MP*.
?July	JA finishes *MP*.
?November	*MP* accepted for publication by Egerton about now.

1814

21 January	JA commences *Emma*.
5 April	Napoleon abdicates and is exiled to Elba.
9 May	*MP* published.
24 December	Treaty of Ghent officially ends war with America.

1815

March	Napoleon escapes and resumes power in France; hostilities recommence.
29 March	*E* finished.
18 June	Battle of Waterloo finally ends war with France.
8 August	JA starts *Persuasion*.
4 October	Henry Austen takes JA to London; he falls ill, and she stays longer than anticipated.
13 November	JA visits Carlton House, and receives an invitation to dedicate a future work to the Prince Regent.
December	*E* published by John Murray, dedicated to the Prince Regent (title page 1816).

1816

19 February	2nd edition of *MP* published.
Spring	JA's health starts to fail. Henry Austen buys back manuscript of 'Susan' (*NA*), which JA revises and intends to offer again for publication.
18 July	First draft of *P* finished.
6 August	*P* finally completed.

1817

27 January	JA starts *Sanditon*.
18 March	JA now too ill to work, and has to leave *S* unfinished.
24 May	Cassandra takes JA to Winchester for medical attention.
18 July	JA dies in the early morning.
24 July	JA buried in Winchester Cathedral.
December	*NA* and *P* published together, by Murray, with a 'Biographical Notice' added by Henry Austen (title page 1818).

1869

16 December	JA's nephew, the Revd James Edward Austen-Leigh (JEAL), publishes his *Memoir of Jane Austen*, from which all subsequent biographies have stemmed (title page 1870).

1871

JEAL publishes a second and enlarged edition of his *Memoir*, including in this the novella *LS*, the cancelled chapters of *P*, the unfinished *W*, a précis of *S*, and 'The Mystery' from the *J*.

1884

JA's great-nephew, Lord Brabourne, publishes *Letters of Jane Austen*, the first attempt to collect her surviving correspondence.

1922

Volume the Second of the *J* published.

1925

The manuscript of the unfinished *S* edited by R. W. Chapman and published as *Fragment of a Novel by Jane Austen*.

1932

R. W. Chapman publishes *Jane Austen's Letters to her sister Cassandra and others*, giving letters unknown to Lord Brabourne.

1933

Volume the First of the *J* published.

1951

Volume the Third of the *J* published.

1952

Second edition of R. W. Chapman's *Jane Austen's Letters* published, with additional items.

1954

R. W. Chapman publishes *Jane Austen's Minor Works*, which includes the three volumes of the *J* and other smaller items.

1980

B. C. Southam publishes *Jane Austen's 'Sir Charles Grandison'*, a small manuscript discovered in 1977.

1995

Deirdre Le Faye publishes the third (new) edition of *Jane Austen's Letters*, containing further additions to the Chapman collections.

INTRODUCTION

Nobody apart from the author herself can ever have found *Pride and Prejudice* 'rather too light, & bright, & sparkling', as she wrote in a letter to her sister, but it is certainly all three of these things. Its lightness comes from its high-spirited invention and its masterfully contrived comic plot. Its brightness appears above all in its control of tone, which permeates the narrative, description and dialogue. And as for sparkling qualities, they reside in the sustained wit of the novel, democratically shared between a range of characters, not forgetting the narrator herself. Too modestly, Jane Austen went on to tell Cassandra that

> it wants shade;—it wants to be stretched out here & there with a long Chapter—of sense if it could be had, if not of solemn specious nonsense—about something unconnected with the story; an Essay on Writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Buonaparte—or anything that would form a contrast & bring the reader with increased delight to the playfulness & Epigrammatism of the general stile.[1]

In reality, as generations of readers have testified, the book has a wonderful economy of means which incorporates a subtle gradation in moods and veins of feeling. Up to this period, the word 'contrast' had served mainly as a technical term in the fine arts: 'The juxtaposition of varied forms, colours, etc., so as to heighten by comparison the effect of corresponding parts and of the whole composition', as the *Oxford English Dictionary* puts it. Jane Austen employs the term as a connoisseur rather than as a literary critic;

[1] *Jane Austen's Letters*, 3rd edn, collected and edited by Deirdre Le Faye (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1995), 4 February 1813, p. 203. Henceforth *Letters*.

but nobody knows more about the effect of corresponding parts than she does.

The writer's playful remarks about her own playfulness disguise her realisation that she had outdone her predecessors in finding ways to diversify the texture of fiction *without* inserting segments unrelated to the action. Eighteenth-century English novelists had used the story within the story, as with the short interpolated narratives employed by Fielding in *Tom Jones* (1749) and by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle* (1751), but they had been forced to sacrifice tonal consistency and narrative impetus. Resisting the lure of the meta-novel, Austen let the story do its work. *Pride and Prejudice* serves to *exhibit* the art of writing, and needs no solemn nonsense to define its relation to the mode of Walter Scott. A history of Bonaparte would have made an amusing epilogue to Austen's juvenile *History of England*, if that had been carried beyond the age of Charles I. But *Pride and Prejudice* had grown beyond its parodic origins, and its author knew that. If any better way exists to shape a long narrative, so as to keep a central point of interest in view without ever falling into monotony, then no one has yet discovered it.

INCEPTION

Only one firm piece of evidence survives concerning the genesis of the book. This comes from a note, now preserved in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, which Jane's sister Cassandra wrote at an unknown date, setting down the dates of composition of each of the published novels.[2] The jottings begin, 'First Impressions begun in Oct 1796 Finished in Augt 1797. Published afterwards, with alterations & contractions under the Title of Pride & Prejudice.' At the start of this period the author was twenty, as was Elizabeth at the time of her visit to Hunsford. Some authorities suspect that this original version of the text was written in the popular epistolary form, but again we lack any conclusive evidence. Austen uses this mode of construction in her early work *Lady Susan*: but this short novel was probably written *c.*1793–4, during

[2] MA 2911 Misc. English (Austen–Burke Collecton), Pierpont Morgan Library.

the author's phase of teenage composition, and it was left unpublished until 1871. Attempts to reconstruct *First Impressions* by literary archaeology have proved fruitless, and the mere fact that letters figure conspicuously within the text later published proves very little. The device was almost ubiquitous in early fiction, and Austen herself would use it freely in later books, which certainly never existed as novels in letters. Again, the fact that some of Austen's most admired predecessors, notably Richardson and Burney, had employed the epistolary mode does not seal the argument decisively: in any case Frances Burney had abandoned the style after her youthful best-seller *Evelina* and moved on to greater things in subsequent books.

Admittedly, Jane's father did invoke the last-named novel when he offered *First Impressions* to the London bookseller Thomas Cadell late in 1797. However, George was trying to describe the length of the book, not its form, with the aim of showing the publisher how substantial a volume he might expect. The full text of this letter reads as follows:

> Sirs, / I have in my possession a Manuscript Novel, comprised in three Vol[s]. about the length of Miss Burney's Evelina. As I am well aware of what consequence it is that a work of this sort should make its' first appearance under a respectable name I apply to you. Shall be much obliged therefore if you will inform me whether you chuse to be concerned in it; what will be the expense of publishing at the Author's risk: & what you will advance for the Property of it, if on perusal it is approved of.
>
> Should your answer give me encouragement, I will send you the work.
>
> I am, Sirs, Yr. ob[edien]t. h[um]ble Servt / Geo Austen / Steventon near Overton / Hants / 1st Novr. 1797

At the top of the sheet someone, perhaps Cadell, wrote, 'declined by Return of Post'.[3] All the family must have felt some disappointment, but Jane would surely have suffered the strongest blow. Nevertheless the aftermath indicates that she was sufficiently buoyed

[3] St John's College, Oxford, MS 279.

by her determination and her sense of the intrinsic worth of *First Impressions* not to let the novel fall into everlasting obscurity.

The project remained alive for some time in its original form: at the start of 1799 Jane wrote to Cassandra, 'I do not wonder at your wanting to read *first impressions* again, so seldom as you have gone through it, & that so long ago.' Jokingly, she reported in June of the same year the malign plans of her friend and connection by marriage Martha Lloyd: 'I would not let Martha read First Impressions again upon any account, & am very glad that I did not leave it in your power.—She is very cunning, but I see through her design;—she means to publish it from Memory, & one more perusal must enable her to do it'.[4] Despite the levity of this comment, Jane Austen clearly still believed that she herself had a chance of getting the work into print. According to her custom, she gave readings of the work in progress to her family. Many years later her niece Anna Lefroy remembered such an occasion, when as a tiny girl she was caught eavesdropping: 'Listen . . . I did with so much interest, & with so much talk afterwards about "Jane & Elizabeth" that it was resolved for prudence sake, to read no more of the story aloud in my hearing'.[5]

In the absence of a manuscript, we can only guess at the nature of the text at this stage. A gap of several years now opens up before the history of composition can be resumed. Dedicated and professional in her outlook, as we now see Austen to have been, it remains a possibility that she went on tinkering with *First Impressions*. The title probably changed after the appearance of a novel in four volumes by Margaret Holford (*née* Wrench, later Hodson), a friend of the poet Robert Southey: it was called *First Impressions: or the Portrait* (1801). There was also a comedy by Horatio Smith, *First Impressions: or, Trade in the West*, which actually came out in 1813. It was a well-worn expression of the sort Austen liked to exploit, although the proverbial usage 'First impressions last longest' does

[4] 9 January 1799, *Letters*, p. 35 and 11 June 1799, *Letters*, p. 44.

[5] Deirdre Le Faye, *Jane Austen: A Family Record*, 2nd edn (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), p. 100. Henceforth *Family Record*.

not appear to have yet evolved. Samuel Whyte's poem about the new Mersey Ferry in 1787 contains a line, 'For first impressions last';[6] but unlike Holford's book this does not seem a work Jane would have been likely to consult.[7] Perhaps the most conspicuous literary example occurs in the fourth edition of *Dinarbas* (1800), Ellis Cornelia Knight's bold if possibly misguided attempt to write a sequel to Johnson's *Rasselas*: in a passage advising women to stick to their business of raising a family, Imlac is made to say, 'The first impressions [on children] are difficult to efface, and the first impressions are given by women'.[8] Almost all these writers take it for granted that first impressions are durable and probably more or less reliable.

That is hardly the message Jane Austen planned to dramatise. For David Hume, 'Our impressions are the causes of our ideas, not our ideas of our impressions', and Austen might have agreed with that, in the sense that her work seems to show impressions as more casual and contingent than the fully formed ideas people hold.[9] She could have found in the recent sensation, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* by Ann Radcliffe (1794), the same kind of suspicious attitude on the subject. Early in the novel, Emily St Aubert is cautioned by her father 'to reject the first impulse of her feelings': he tells her 'to resist first impressions', and to seek to attain 'that steady dignity of mind, that can alone counterbalance the passions'.[10] She may also have recalled a rebuke to the comic knight Sir Rowland Meredith in *Sir Charles Grandison*: 'O Sir Rowland, I thought you were too wise to be swayed by first impressions: None but the *giddy*, you know, love at first sight.'[11] Austen's book may perhaps have begun

[6] Samuel Whyte, *Poems* (Dublin: for the editor [E. A. Whyte], 1795), p. 207.

[7] The same phrase occurs in an evangelical pamphlet, published in *Religious Tracts, Dispersed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* (1800), vol. 2, p. 66. The *Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs* cites only two instances of the expression: Austen's title, and a usage by Dickens in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843), ch. 5.

[8] *Dinarbas: A Tale, being a Continuation of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia*, 4th edn (London: Cadell and Davies, 1800), ch. XLIV.

[9] David Hume, *A Treatise of Human Nature* (London: Noon, 1739) 3 vols., vol. 1, p.18.

[10] Ann Radcliffe, *The Mysteries of Udolpho: A Romance* (London: Robinson, 1794), vol. 1, ch. 1.

[11] Samuel Richardson, *The History of Sir Charles Grandison* (London: for S. Richardson, 1754), vol. 1, letter 9.

as a burlesque of sentimental romances in which young people fall instantly in love with one another; but if so the constructive purpose supplanted the parodic aim in the novel as it finally appeared.

If *First Impressions* was a product of her years living in Steventon, then the final revisions which went to create *Pride and Prejudice* belong to Chawton. According to Jane's nephew, 'the first year of her residence at Chawton seems to have been devoted to revising and preparing for the press "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice"'.[12] This would date the activity roughly in the twelve months from July 1809. Of course, it could be that 'revising' was a more elaborate and lengthier process than 'preparing for the press', but James Edward Austen-Leigh can scarcely have intended any very minute differentiation here. In the intervening years Austen had sold her novel *Susan* to a London publisher named Benjamin Crosby, but had not managed to get him to issue the work. Ultimately her banking brother Henry negotiated with the bookseller and managed to buy back the manuscript. Jane herself would never see the work in print, as it only emerged finally as *Northanger Abbey* in December 1817, five months after her death. The experience could have deterred a less resolute author, but once the surviving Austens moved across the county to Chawton Jane resumed her literary career with a new sense of purpose. Debate rages over the precise date and scale of the revisions which the novel underwent after this move: see pp. liii–lxii for an analysis of these issues. The present edition has been actuated by a view that the author had drawn up the fundamental lines of the novel much earlier, and this would permit us to accept James Austen-Leigh's claim that the major rewriting had been done by 1810. No evidence exists to compel the view that much remained to be done in the months leading up to the novel's submission to the bookseller, Thomas Egerton, who had already issued *Sense and Sensibility* at the author's risk. The circumstances surrounding this rather surprising choice of a publisher are explored in Appendix 1 below.

[12] James Edward Austen-Leigh, *A Memoir of Jane Austen, by her Nephew* (London: Richard Bentley, 1870), p. 81. Henceforth *Memoir*.

PUBLISHING HISTORY

Pride and Prejudice made its initial appearance in three duodecimo volumes, which ran to 307, 239 and 323 pages respectively. The first volume is set in a Caslon Roman typeface; the other two volumes in a slightly different face, lighter and perhaps slightly more attractive. However, since the size of the type and the type measure remain identical throughout, it is unlikely that many readers noticed this minute variation in the font used. No one has ascertained the size of the first edition, although conjecturally Egerton would have needed a type-run of 1,000 or 1,500 copies to make a decent profit. Buyers had to pay 18*s*. (90p) for the three volumes in boards, that is strong pasteboard covers lined with paper: many purchasers would elect to substitute their own bindings in leather or cloth. At the time this constituted a reasonable price for a three-decker novel.

The first mention of the revised work occurs in the middle of a letter from Jane to Martha Lloyd on 30 November 1812, following references to a variety of matters including a grey woollen cloak ordered for Martha and the news that Jane's brother Edward had officially changed his name to Knight (that of the family whose property, including the Chawton estate, he would inherit). Jane describes the deal she had struck for the copyright of her novel:

P. & P. is sold.—Egerton gives £110 for it.—I would rather have had £150, but we could not both be pleased, & I am not at all surprised that he should not chuse to hazard so much.—Its' being sold will I hope be a great saving of Trouble to Henry, & therefore must be welcome to me.—The Money is to be paid at the end of the twelvemonth.[13]

This passage indicates two things. One, that Jane had contemplated pressing the bookseller for a better bargain, in view of the success of *Sense and Sensibility*, which she had been obliged to have published at her own expense, but which entered a second edition later that year. Two, that Henry had been involved in some way in the

[13] 29 November 1812, *Letters*, p. 197.

negotiations, conceivably making some financial guarantee in his role as banker.

Two months later, on 28 January 1813, the novel was advertised in the *Morning Chronicle* as 'published this day', though this lax formula cannot always be trusted. The following day Jane reported to Cassandra the arrival of an eagerly anticipated set at Chawton, but she also expressed frustration at Henry's management of affairs:

I want to tell you that I have got my own darling Child from London;—on Wednesday I received one Copy, sent down by Falknor, with three lines from Henry to say that he had given another to Charles & sent a 3^{d} by the Coach to Godmersham [home of Edward Knight]; just the two Sets which I was least eager for the disposal of.

Austen went on to note the newspaper advertisement, and also the price: '*18*^{s}—He shall ask £1-1- [£1.05] for my two next, & £1-8- [£1.40] for my stupidest of all.' A neighbour called Miss Benn had called: she was the impoverished sister of a local clergyman, and may have given Jane the basis for the character of Miss Bates in *Emma*. This provided an opportunity not to be missed:

In the even^{g} we set fairly at it & read half the lst vol. to her—prefacing that having intelligence from Henry that such a work w^{d} soon appear we had desired him to send it whenever it came out—& I beleive it passed with her unsuspected.—She was amused, poor soul! *that* she c^{d} not help you know, with two such people [Jane and her mother] to lead the way; but she really does seem to admire Elizabeth.

Then follows the author's famous admission of her partiality for the heroine: 'I must confess that *I* think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, & how I shall be able tolerate those who do not like *her* at least, I do not know.' Jane then notes a few misprints, and adds that 'a "said he" or a "said she" would sometimes make the Dialogue more immediately clear—but I do not write for such dull Elves "As have not a great deal of Ingenuity themselves".'[14]

[14] 29 January 1813, *Letters*, pp. 201–2.

In terms of Austen's fictional methods and intentions, the next passage of this letter calls for particular attention. She writes, 'The 2^{d} vol. is shorter than I c^{d} wish—but the difference is not so much in reality as in look, there being a larger proportion of Narrative in that part. I have lopt & cropt so successfully however that I imagine it must be rather shorter than S.& S. altogether'.[15] On the last point she was right: the new novel amounted to 869 pages, as against 896 in the case of *Sense and Sensibility*, a decrease of 27 pages. As for the lopping and cropping, we can only surmise as to what form this took, whether it was confined to the second volume or took place throughout, and most crucial of all *when* Austen performed the task. Those who believe that she originally wrote *First Impressions* in the epistolary mode will assume that the revisions involved heavy cutting of extraneous material from the letters embedded in the text, as part of the large 'contractions' Cassandra mentioned. But, even if this version of the textual history were correct, there might still remain adjustments to be made to a non-epistolary *Pride and Prejudice*. Again, the phrase leaves open the possibility that Austen conducted a major revision shortly before publication. On balance, however, the likeliest sequence of events appears to have taken a different form: namely, that *First Impressions* stood in a *comparatively* close relationship to the novel as we now have it, that it underwent revision for a number of years, perhaps up to 1803–4 or thereabouts, and that the adjustments to be made in 1809–10 may have amounted to fine tuning rather than the drastic overhaul some have supposed.

Some favourable notices of the book appeared in journals during 1813, as described later in this Introduction. However, the esteem which the author valued most came from her family and friends. She was highly gratified at the response to the novel of Warren Hastings, the former Governor of Bengal who had long assisted the Austens, Leighs and Hancocks. Jane described herself as 'quite delighted with what such a Man writes about it', and longed for Cassandra to hear his opinion – 'His admiring my Elizabeth so

[15] *Ibid.*

much is particularly welcome to me.'[16] Within the bosom of her own home, Jane received plaudits from her brothers and other close relatives. A second reading to Miss Benn shortly after publication proved less successful, perhaps owing to Mrs Austen's tendency to gabble the dialogue. However, Jane got more valuable feedback from her inner circle of female supporters. She rejoiced that her niece Fanny Knight, one of her keenest correspondents, liked the book: 'Fanny's praise is very gratifying;—my hopes were tolerably strong of *her*, but nothing like a certainty. Her liking Darcy & Elizth is enough. She might hate all the others, if she would.' We have no direct comment from Cassandra, although her reaction may perhaps be gauged from Jane's comment, 'I am exceedingly pleased that you can say what you do, after having gone thro' the whole work.'[17] Cassandra had lived with the book since its earliest gestation, and Jane must have wanted her approval beyond all other. A set of the first edition has survived, with Cassandra's signature in the second volume. It was passed on through Emma Austen-Leigh, the wife of Jane's nephew and biographer, and came into the hands of the Wedgwood family before being acquired by the University of Texas. Cassandra made five marginal corrections, all but one in the last volume (see Note on the text, pp. lxxix–lxxx below). While these alterations possess no great textual importance, they do indicate the close attention Cassandra gave to verbal detail, much in the manner of her sister's attitude to composition.

Jane had noted some errors of the press in a letter to her sister, dated 4 February 1813, and quoted at the start of this Introduction. She admitted here that she was 'quite vain enough & well satisfied enough', by which she is probably alluding to the reception her intimates had given the book as well as her own sense of what she had achieved. Nevertheless, these typographic mistakes went uncorrected in the next printing. When demand justified a second edition in October, nine months after first publication, Austen seems to have been entitled to no more payments, as she had made

[16] 15–16 September 1813, *Letters*, pp. 218, 221.
[17] 9 February 1813, *Letters*, p. 205.

an outright sale of the copyright. Despite the fact that the work was reset entirely by the firm of Charles Roworth, the new text made very few corrections, and introduced many new misreadings. Jane obviously had no hand in this new version of the text. Again we cannot state the exact size of the print run. This printing did not exhaust demand until the year of Jane's death, when Egerton issued the third edition, this time in two volumes: again the author had no hand in the proceedings. By this time Austen had left Egerton, who offered to publish *Mansfield Park* (1814) only on commission, and who had declined the possibility of a second edition when Jane and Henry spoke to him in November 1814. Instead Jane turned to a more substantial figure in the literary world, John Murray, who accepted *Emma* for publication and wanted to buy the rights of the two earliest novels. Had her death not intervened, Murray, a leading figure in the book trade, associated with Byron, Scott and others, would almost certainly have brought out future novels – those which Austen was destined never to write. As it turned out, he published the remaining mature and completed works, that is, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, five months after Jane died.

No further English edition appeared for fifteen years. All of the Austen novels, as then known, were reprinted in Philadelphia in 1832–3, with *Elizabeth Bennet: or Pride and Prejudice* among them. Around the same time the London bookseller Richard Bentley included the full set in his series of Standard Novels. For the rights of all Austen's books Bentley had to pay £250: we now know that in September 1832 Bentley paid £40 for *Pride and Prejudice*. An edition of 2,500 copies was followed by reimpressions, of 500 copies in 1836 and then of 1,000 copies in 1839, 1846 and 1853. Thereafter the remainder of the century saw periodic British and American editions, at the rate of about once every two years or so. The tempo began to quicken in the twentieth century, and this steady *accelerando* has been maintained since 2000, with fresh printings now occurring almost every year. (This of course excludes a rash of guides, casebooks, companions, CDs and videos relating to the novel.) Only with the work of R. W. Chapman in the 1920s

did scholars begin to pay serious attention to bibliographical issues and textual precision: still more recent is any attempt to elucidate the meaning of archaic words, obscure historical references or other features of the text requiring explanation for a modern readership. As late as 1972, a major critic, Tony Tanner, could baldly assert, 'It is perhaps worth commenting on just how little requires, or would profit from, annotation in this book.'[18] The process of disproving this statement has been carried out with increasing finesse by editors such as Frank W. Bradbrook, Donald Gray, Robert P. Irvine, Vivien Jones, Claudia L. Johnson and Susan J. Wolfson.

Serialised extracts of the novel appeared soon after its first publication in four numbers of a journal based in Geneva, under the title *Orgueil et Préjugé*, possibly translated by Charles Pictet.[19] The first full translation into French came out in Paris in late 1821, under the title *Orgueil et Prêvention*, and proves to have been the work of 'Mlle. Éloïse Perks, jeune anglaise élevée à Londres'. Another version appeared in Geneva in 1822:[20] it bears the same title as the extracts earlier serialised, but it provides a different version of the text. The earliest German rendering, *Stolz und Vorurtheil*, dates from 1830, in a translation by Louise Marezoll. These seem to be the only nineteenth-century versions of *Pride and Prejudice* in a language other than English, although *Sense and Sensibility* managed to make the passage into Danish as early as 1855–6. In the twentieth century the book's fame spread to global proportions, with the result that it has appeared in Arabic, Bengali, Chinese, Czech (four versions, recorded by David Gilson in his Bibliography), Danish, Dutch (three), Finnish, French (eight), German (six), Greek, Gujarati, Hebrew, Hindi, Hungarian, Icelandic, Italian (eighteen), Japanese (four), Kannada, Korean, Marathi, Norwegian (three), Persian, Polish, Portuguese (seven), Romanian, Russian,

[18] See *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. Tony Tanner (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972), p. 397. For the size of Bentley's editions, see William St Clair, *The Reading Nation in the Romantic Period* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), p. 579.

[19] David Gilson, *A Bibliography of Jane Austen*, rev. edn (Winchester: St Paul's Bibliographies 1997), C2. Henceforth *Bibliography*.

[20] *Ibid.*, C4.

Serbo-Croat, Sinhalese, Slovene, Spanish (nineteen), Swedish, Tamil, Telugu, Thai and Turkish (three).[21] Since Gilson tabulated these versions, the flow has gone on, as for example in the French text by Charles Pressoir (1994): within the last twenty years, earlier translations have been reprinted in at least six languages. Among abridgments in English, we might note the redaction of *Pride and Prejudice* in *The Ten Greatest Novels of the World*, edited by Somerset Maugham (1949). At least twelve such exercises have been performed, most successfully that of Anthea Bell (1960 and often reprinted, reduced to thirty-one chapters); and most recently the Puffin Books edition abridged by Linda Jennings (1995). A host of sequels, prequels, imitations and dramatisations existed even before the Internet and hypertext made it possible for everyone with a word-processor to adapt classic fiction to her or his own taste.

THE TITLE

The title *Pride and Prejudice* has embedded itself so deeply in our consciousness that we easily forget the phrase had a life of its own before Jane Austen claimed the sole rights. In the century before the novel was published, this expression turned up at least a thousand times in printed literature, with or without minor modifications. For example, it occurs in a reference to Henry VIII, when the king's flatterers 'confirmed his pride and his prejudices', in Oliver Goldsmith's *History of England* (1764).[22] Jane was brought up on this book, which she parodied in her own juvenile work with the same title, and though she annotated the 1771 edition (where the passage does not occur) she might have seen one of the numerous reprints which retained the original reading – one of these appeared in 1793, in good time for the phrase to enter her mind. The phrase figures, too, in Goldsmith's popular poem *Retaliation* (also 1774), as it does in Charles Churchill's satire *Independence* (1764). Samuel Johnson had written of 'The prejudices and pride of man' in *The Idler* no. 5, 1758, a paper which starts from a description of the troops

[21] A few of these involve a measure of abridgment, usually slight, but most do not.

[22] Oliver Goldsmith, *An History of England, in a Series of Letters* (London: Newbery, 1764), vol. 1, p. 254 (Letter XXXI).

camped on the Isle of Wight, when 13,000 men were gathered in preparation for an unsuccessful raid on St Malo.[23] Austen would certainly have read this essay. Similarly, Lord Chesterfield wrote in his famous *Letters* to his son (1774) of 'that local and national pride and prejudice, of which every body hath some share'.[24] Closer in date to Austen's time as a writer, one of the items in the *Sermons upon Several Subjects* (1790) of Johnson's friend Dr William Adams had carried an allusion to 'Misrepresentations which our own pride or prejudice may make of the actions of other men', a formula which fits Elizabeth and Darcy.[25]

However, the most prominent example occurs in a recent work by one of the authors who exerted most influence on the youthful novelist. It appears in *Cecilia* (1782) by Frances Burney, a book Austen unquestionably drew on in her own writing. In the final chapter of this long narrative, the moral of the story (or one that characters draw) is stated in these terms: 'The whole of this unfortunate business . . . has been the result of PRIDE and PREJUDICE.'[26] If that should not seem clear enough, the phrase is repeated twice more in the same speech. *Cecilia* may not have provided the sole basis for Austen's choice of this title, but she must have exploited the stock phrase in the full knowledge of what Burney had written.

Usually 'prejudice' was then, as it is today, a word with negative connotations. However, Edmund Burke had done something to give the word a more favourable cast, in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), which contended that the British typically cherished their prejudices, and indeed 'we cherish them because they are prejudices'. [27] Austen may well have read this work, but it remains unclear how she would have reacted to Burke's near-paradoxical attempt to make the concept respectable. In her title, some of the older sense of the word, 'a judgement formed before

[23] *The Idler*, no. 5 (13 May 1758).
[24] Lord Chesterfield, *Letters written to his Son* (London: Dodsley, 1774), vol. 2, p. 222.
[25] William Adams, *Sermons upon Several Subjects* (Shrewsbury: Eddowes, 1790), p. 370.
[26] Frances Burney, *Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress* (London: Payne and Cadell, 1782), Book 10, ch. 10, vol. 5.
[27] Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (London: Dodsley, 1790), p. 129.

due examination or consideration' (*OED*) seems to be still hanging on. To that extent, the notion of 'first impressions', meaning a rush to make up one's mind prematurely, survived when the title was altered.

The famous opening sentence of Austen's novel parodies another common use of words. In the form and cadence of this expression we can hear the accents of innumerable eighteenth-century moralists and *raisonneurs*, who liked to give their topic sentences the air of a sweeping maxim. But writers of all kinds had recourse to this formula. In the opening words of the text, that is the dedication, in *The Memoirs of General Fairfax* (1776), we read 'The utility of history to men of all ranks and professions, is a truth universally acknowledged and universally confirmed.' Similarly, the Preface to William Taplin, *The Gentleman's Stable Directory* (1788), begins, 'It is a truth generally acknowledged and universally lamented that, amidst all the improvements of the present age, none has received so little advantage from the rays of refinement as the *Art of Farriery*.'[28] This was a book which the Austen boys would have found to their taste, as they were keen on equestrian sport. Slightly adapted, the turn of phrase appears in books such as 'Civis', *Letters, Political, Military, and Commercial, on the Present State and Government of the Province of Oude and its Dependencies* (*c.*1796), a work which refers to the Austens' close family friend Warren Hastings, whose highhandedness in Oudh figured in the impeachment proceedings against him. The author writes, 'It is a truth universally admitted, that the subjects under all arbitrary governments are happy or miserable in proportion to the wisdom or depravity of their rulers' (p. 8). Many comparable instances exist.

However, Austen may have a more particular object in view. Such generalised statements abound in the moral essays of Samuel Johnson, one of the authors who most influenced Jane Austen. A good example occurs at the start of *The Rambler*, no. 18 (1750): 'There is no observation more frequently made by such as employ

[28] *The Memoirs of General Fairfax* (Leeds: Hartley, 1776), p. [3]; William Taplin, *The Gentleman's Stable Directory*, 4th edn (London: Kearsley, 1788), p. xi.

themselves in surveying the conduct of mankind than that marriage . . . is . . . very often the cause of misery.' In a later issue, no. 67 (1750), the writer declares in his opening sentence, 'There is no temper so universally indulged as that of hope.' Again, in *The Idler*, no. 63 (1759), the lead-off proposition runs, 'An opinion prevails almost universally in the world, that he who has money has every thing.'[29] Similar examples abound in *The Rambler* and *The Idler*. Yet, as Isobel Grundy observes, 'The spoof aphorism which opens *Pride and Prejudice* is not mockery of Johnson, but Johnsonian mockery.'[30] Austen has no distrust of the aphoristic as such: she just wishes to undermine some of the certainty which attaches to worldly wisdom when it amounts to little more than a self-fulfilling prophecy – young men will be sought out and drawn into marriage because the belief exists on all sides that this is their natural destiny.

THE HEROINE

The way in which people in this era conventionally defined suitable qualifications for a heroine emerges from Jane's own 'Plan of a Novel' (*c.*1816), a comic parody of what novels were supposed to be like. Despite the satiric tone, the following passage tells us something about the proper attributes, as Elizabeth does and does not meet them. Austen specifies:

Heroine a faultless Character herself,—perfectly good, with much tenderness and sentiment, & not the least Wit—very highly accomplished, understanding modern Languages & (generally speaking) everything that the most accomplished young Women learn, but particularly excelling in Music—her favourite pursuit—& playing equally well on the Piano Forte & Harp— & singing in the first stile. Her Person quite beautiful—dark eyes and plump cheeks.[31]

[29] *The Rambler*, no. 18 (19 May 1750); *The Rambler*, no. 67 (6 November 1750); *The Idler*, no. 63 (23 June 1759).

[30] Isobel Grundy, 'Jane Austen and Literary Traditions', *The Cambridge Companion to Jane Austen*, ed. E. Copeland and J. McMaster (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997), p. 199.

[31] Jane Austen, *Minor Works*, ed. R. W. Chapman (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1954; rev. edn 1988), vol. vi, p. 428.

Lizzy Bennet falls a little short of the official requirements in some areas. Her appearance is certainly attractive, but perhaps not in the full-blown buxom style desiderated. Most obviously, her character is deliberately shown as far from 'faultless', and she would fail the heroine's trial conclusively on one test – her absolute inability to claim to possess 'not the least wit'. Against this excerpt from the 'Plan' Austen wrote, 'Fanny K[night]', referring to her niece. On a first meeting, Elizabeth would not have struck most people as the ideal young lady: she is too opinionated, too independent, too sturdy physically and mentally, too free with her tongue. Her sister Jane comes closer to the conduct-book model with her 'tenderness and sentiment'; Miss Darcy and even the sickly Anne De Bourgh may well end up with more of the socially ratified accomplishments. So much, Jane Austen appears to suggest, the worse for them.

Wit had been the prerogative of women in Shakespeare and Restoration comedy. As wielded by the lethal tongue and pen of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, it had come to seem a dangerous capacity to leave at the disposal of females, both in real life and in the pages of fiction. Both Elizabeth and her successor Emma Woodhouse risk censure on account of the freedom with which they enliven their judgement of people and ideas. Emma at least has a partial defence in social superiority and in the absence of a functioning parent. By contrast, Elizabeth is a dependent in a family not of the very first rank even according to the Meryton scheme of things: she has always to consider the effect her behaviour may have for the other Bennets. A brilliant stroke on Austen's part was to display her most insolent sallies in conversation with an even ruder woman, Lady Catherine, whose breeding ought to enable her to avoid such crude forms of insult. Unlike Mr Bennet, she seldom uses her most cutting powers at the expense of those who lack her advantages and intelligence. There is something subversive about her playfulness, a quality almost universally absent in contemporary heroines. She does not need openly to mock a clergyman of the Church of England, although she is obviously bursting to do this

whenever Collins launches on his ponderous effusions. It suffices that she possesses such an unseemly power.

THE AUTHOR'S READING

At this point we need to look at some of the circumstances in Austen's life which conditioned the nature of her novel, including her reading, her family relationships and her contacts with the law and the military. Like most writers, she was evidently a great reader from childhood. We should love to have an exact roster of the books she enjoyed, but unfortunately no such list exists. We can certainly allow her the canonical works, particularly copies of the Bible and Shakespeare. For the rest, three likely sources of material stand out. The first source is provided by her father's library. Secondly, there would be schoolroom texts and other books circulating among family and friends. The third is provided by commercial circulating libraries in places like Basingstoke, Bath and Alton. She would of course have no access to large public collections such as academic libraries make available today; and for the most part she was excluded from the finest private collections in the hands of wealthy, usually aristocratic, owners.

We have no means of reconstructing the exact contents of her father's library, running to some 500 volumes. It would obviously have included many sermons and devotional tracts, the most widely published branch of literature in the lifetime of George Austen. Unlike many clergymen, he had no prejudice against fiction and bought some novels which the whole family enjoyed. Other categories sure to have been represented are history, travel, at least a sprinkling of classics in the original (literally closed books to George's daughter Jane) and in translation, essays and pamphlets on political or social topics. The great bulk of these books would date from decades contemporary with their acquisition, so that (as with the other sources of material) the books available to the young Jane Austen by this channel would almost all have been published between 1750 and 1800. Unsurprisingly, her greatest enthusiasms lay in what was then modern literature, including the essays of

Johnson, the novels of Richardson and Burney, and the poetry of Cowper and Crabbe. She must have been aware of the efflorescence of women novelists in the 1790s, when authors such as Ann Radcliffe, Charlotte Smith, Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Hays and Maria Edgeworth came into fuller prominence. This is true even though *Northanger Abbey* suggests that she had a qualified admiration for Gothic novels, and we do not know what she made of the radical fiction of this decade.

The facts just reported tell us something about Jane Austen's outlook, but they also correspond to the reality of her situation as a gentlewoman at the turn of the nineteenth century. Interest in Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, for example, rarely extended beyond scholars and specialists, while the unfashionable seventeenth-century poets found themselves banned from the collection of canonical verse for which Johnson wrote his famous prefatory *Lives* (1779–81). Today we recognise an important tradition of women novelists starting with the Restoration, and including major figures such as Aphra Behn, Eliza Haywood and Sarah Fielding. This was a buried stream by 1800: even *Oroonoko* came near to disappearing from view (there was an edition published in Doncaster in 1770, none of *The Rover* in this period). As for Haywood, none of her books was reprinted after the 1760s and most of her works had no further edition before the later twentieth century. A comparatively recent writer, Sarah Fielding fared better than most, with editions of *The Governess* especially numerous. More typically, the works of authors from the early part of the century such as Jane Barker and Delarivier Manley, often discussed today, did not come before the public even *once* after 1750. As a matter of historical record, therefore, Jane Austen was precluded from access to what could have provided a model in terms of female authorship: old editions of Behn, Haywood and their like never figured in the collections of Anglican clergymen or in the circulating libraries.[32] Nor

[32] A scan of book auctions in the 1790s has not revealed the presence of a single novel by an early woman novelist. For a representative collection, see, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, *A Catalogue of the Valuable and Judiciously Selected Library of Books, of the Rev.*

did the numerous women dramatists of the Restoration and early eighteenth century enjoy much theatrical exposure in Austen's day. A few plays by Susanna Centlivre continued to hold the stage, and in 1787 the amateur performers at Steventon put on *The Wonder: A Woman keeps a Secret*, one of the most durable comedies of the entire century.

By contrast, Jane Austen could not have escaped the improving educational literature of the day, especially the extensive branch aimed at girls. In this period conduct books conveyed a whole set of cultural imperatives, policing behaviour in accordance with age, class and gender. Evidently Austen had little time for the pompous moral handbooks by writers such as John Gregory and James Fordyce, though in time she may have come to a more favourable view of evangelical authors such as Thomas Gisborne and Hannah More. At a few points in the narrative of *Pride and Prejudice*, almost in spite of herself, the narrator lets out a hint of sympathy with Lydia, even though (or perhaps because) she is behaving so badly: and one of these is the moment when the shameless girl breaks into the reading of Fordyce's prized sermons by Mr Collins (vol. 1, ch. 14). This incident may remind us of the opening section in *Vanity Fair*, where Becky Sharp gives way to a similar impulse when she tosses out of the carriage window a leaving gift from her school, Johnson's dictionary.

A more contentious area of debate surrounds Austen's familiarity with the major works of social and political thought regarded today as key texts of the Enlightenment. It is certainly possible that she knew Jean-Jacques Rousseau's *Emile* (1762), and shared the view of Mary Wollstonecraft and others that the heroine Sophy represented a false ideal for women. In particular, her novels stand against Rousseau's insistence that biological and cultural differences between the sexes imply a moral difference – the kind of gendered thinking which Wollstonecraft attacked at length. Rousseau

Dr. Coleman . . . Which will be sold by auction by Mr. Christie at his Great Room in Pall-Mall . . . on the 23rd and 24th of April, 1795. The collection embraces books in most categories – except fiction.

persuaded himself that it was the business of men to be 'strong and active', where the woman should be 'passive and weak'. One must exercise power and will, the other should offer up the least resistance to these.[33] One can hardly imagine Elizabeth consenting to a relationship on this basis with Darcy, or with anybody else. The heroine consistently rejects a role of passivity, and shows some impatience with her sister Jane's willingness to accept the dictates of society; she likewise feels amazement that her friend Charlotte is prepared to submit to a tedious life of bondage to the ineffable Collins.

Things become trickier when we try to assess Austen's direct exposure to the war of ideas which raged in her lifetime, as well as the degree to which this might inform a novel such as *Pride and Prejudice*. She did not grow up like Frances Burney in a cosmopolitan world of writers, musicians and artists; unlike Maria Edgeworth, she was not surrounded in her childhood by rationalists, idealists and progressive thinkers; and her formative experiences stood at a distance from those of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose ideas came to fruition in a milieu of radical thinkers. Jane lived in a bookish family, but not in the main an intellectual one: even her eldest brother James, a 'reading' man, left no clear record of his attitude towards most of the big issues of his time. None of this means that she passed a wholly sheltered life, oblivious to the ideological struggles which went on during her lifetime. Yet it does seem to be true that her preferred tastes lay in 'literature', as we understand that today: the novel, drama and to a slightly lesser extent poetry. She read books of travels: but the references in *Pride and Prejudice* suggest that she took more interest in William Gilpin's observations on particular scenery than in the elaborate body of aesthetic theory which grew up, partly in response to his famous *Tours*. An allusion to William Combe's *Dr Syntax* (see vol. 2, ch. 16, n.4 below) indicates that she may have responded most keenly to comic and parodic treatments of the subject, just as she mentions with affection the *Rejected Addresses* (1812) of Horace and James Smith, burlesquing the works

[33] Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Emile: ou de l'éducation* (London, 1785), vol. 3, book 5.

of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Crabbe, Scott and Byron[34] – but she offered few tributes to most of these poets. Her unflinching rationality and her mordant sense of humour appear to have prevailed over any commitment to dogma and doctrine, at least outside the religious sphere. A sceptical observer of most forms of human pretension, she did not protect fashionable ideologues from the inroads of her caustic wit.

In her novels and elsewhere, Jane Austen seldom uses the vocabulary of the British Enlightenment, as found in the works of Hume, Adam Ferguson, Adam Smith or Edward Gibbon. The specialised lexicon of these writings makes no appearance: key terms may occasionally be echoed, but with a different feel or tone. We can see this when Darcy writes to Elizabeth about Jane's reaction to the first signs of an interest in her on the part of Bingley: 'I remained convinced from the evening's scrutiny, that though she received his attentions with pleasure, she did not invite them by any participation of sentiment' (vol. 2, ch. 12). This last phrase means simply 'return of his feelings'. It avoids the particular connotations given to the word 'sentiment' in a work such as Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759), where the expression refers specifically to an innate impulse towards such emotions as sympathy, benevolence, admiration or affection. Austen uses the word in the ordinary non-technical sense of a feeling, an immediate sensation of affection or sexual attraction. We can still conclude that she is working within more or less the same intellectual framework as the participants in the wider Enlightenment project, and that her mind-set resembles theirs in some relevant ways. But it would be wrong to claim, on the basis of textual evidence, that she intends to collaborate in the same debate, or to meet their arguments in the same discursive space. She was a novelist and we do her most serious art no service if we ask it to perform philosophic tasks in which she had little or no ascertainable interest, and which would not self-evidently enhance the scope or depth of that art.

[34] 24 January 1813, *Letters*, p. 199.

Some scholars have maintained that the novelist imbibed the radical ideas of the age more deeply than conventional wisdom allows.[35] However, other readers may feel that this approach presupposes an author more interested in abstract ideas, and more exposed to philosophic texts, than is wholly plausible. Obviously Jane Austen was a woman of the highest intelligence: but she did not pass her life among intellectuals, and could not have had ready access to all the key Enlightenment texts. Instead she had something most intellectuals palpably lack: the ability to dramatise ideas, and the narrative skill to secrete attitudes and beliefs within the shifts and reversals of an absorbing plot. To put it bluntly, she did not need to consult the *raisonneurs* of the high Enlightenment to acquire a sceptical attitude towards the professions of proud and pompous oligarchs, nor to learn from the Jacobins that the private life of individual citizens was constrained by the social forms imposed by culture and upbringing. These lessons she had been taught by her native wit, her observation and her immersion in the daily life of England around the turn of the century.

Certain strands of popular moralising enter the text only when parroted by the desperate would-be intellectual, Mary Bennet (see vol. 3, ch. 5, n. 9 below). In defining the outlook of *Pride and Prejudice* on the ideas of this time, Mary's character raises some difficulty. Many readers have felt that she gets unduly harsh treatment from her creator: not content with making poor Mary an ugly duckling among the bevy of Bennet swans, Austen endows her with limited insight and conventional views. Of course, to depict a girl as a failed intellectual is not in itself to deplore ambitions in this direction among young women generally: but it looks as if the novelist shared some of the attitudes of her age and her class. 'Accomplishments' were very well in their way, but not (it would seem) if a

[35] Thus Peter Knox-Shaw sees *Pride and Prejudice* as embodying 'a politics of the picturesque', stemming in part from the work of theorists such as Uvedale Price and Richard Payne Knight. Hunsford and Pemberley represent differing world views acted out in the treatment of courtship within the novel. See Knox-Shaw, *Jane Austen and the Enlightenment* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004).

young woman acquired them at the cost of ease, confidence, tact and nice deportment in a social situation.

The truly important basis for Austen's art lay in recent and contemporary fiction. She filched more than a title from Frances Burney's *Cecilia*, adapting certain traits of the novel's hero Mortimer Delvile, when she gave Darcy his pride in lineage and position, with a consequent reluctance to marry a heroine with less impressive social connections. More generally, she took over Burney's realistic appraisal of economic constraints, and her recognition of class as a problematic category, rather than the unquestioned *donnée* it had usually constituted in earlier novels. The last two novels of Burney bear less obvious resemblance to Austen's own practice, but she may also have made a joke about *Camilla* by way of a pencilled note at the back of her subscriber's copy.[36] She admired the works of Maria Edgeworth, but *Belinda* (1801) probably appeared too late to leave any impress on the earlier versions of *Pride and Prejudice*. In 1814 she wrote to her niece Anna, a budding writer, 'I have made up my mind to like no Novels really, but Miss Edgeworth's, Yours & my own'.[37] We should recall that novel reading was a collective activity in the household, where women could exchange impressions as they went along. In the remainder of the sentence just quoted, Jane describes the reactions of the wives of two of her brothers, both confusingly named Mary. Thus fiction supported a networking bond of women at home, a function which Austen probably designed novels like *Pride and Prejudice* to assist.

INNER CIRCLE

For Jane Austen, indeed, the primary support group consisted of her immediate family and a very few close friends. In particular she benefited from the encouragement of her parents, siblings, in-laws and cousins, joined as time went on by nephews and nieces who were moving towards adulthood. She belonged to no school and attached herself to no coterie. Moreover, she had very few firsthand

[36] Margaret Anne Doody, *Frances Burney: The Life in the Works* (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1988), p. 272.
[37] 28 September 1814, *Letters*, p. 278.

contacts with other professional writers. *First Impressions* came from the hand of a sheltered and relatively isolated girl of twenty, whose home was a remote village in an unfashionable part of southern England. By the time that *Pride and Prejudice* appeared, she was a spinster approaching forty: more travelled and experienced, but still living in obscurity. *Sense and Sensibility* had gained some limited renown, but few people yet shared in the secret of her authorship. After 1813 she became 'the Author of "Pride and Prejudice," *&c. &c.*,' as the title-page of *Emma* had it. Despite the constraints of the age, she may well have been human enough to have hoped for wider recognition. While women writers no longer occupied a disreputable *demi monde*, the career of a professional author remained an unsuitable job for a lady, along with all paid occupations for those in the genteel class. On one level Austen made efforts to improve her standing in the literary world and to recoup the financial rewards her talents deserved. At the same time she did nothing to derogate from her position as a gentlewoman.

Most of the feedback she received came from other women. This was only to be expected, first because of the nature of the social world in which she moved; and second because of the nature of her enterprise. Everyone knows that the central concern of her novels lies in the doings of '3 or 4 Families in a Country Village',[38] as she told an aspirant novelist, her niece Anna. Self-evidently, this did not preclude a powerful and exact grasp of wider realities. However, it does mean that her work focuses on the private lives of the rural gentry, and explores in particular matters affecting women directly – their education, courtship, marriage, domestic responsibilities, financial situation and social opportunities. It follows that she would take particular note of the response of her peers – not just members of her own generation, but female relatives and friends who had been forced to encounter the same restrictions and the same problems in a paternalist environment. Her father was a bookish man and her mother a skilful writer of occasional verse who enjoyed reading Jane's works to friends, but she could not have

[38] 9 September 1814, *Letters*, p. 275.

consulted this easy-going pair on some issues, even though they were supportive parents. By the time *Pride and Prejudice* came to its final form, Rev. George Austen had in any case died.

Jane's sister, two years her senior, had also served as her closest confidante, and remained the custodian of her literary output after her death.[39] Cassandra had already read aloud and discussed *The Watsons* and *Sanditon* with her brother Frank's daughters, notably Catherine Austen. Although Cassandra burned some of Jane's more revealing letters – understandably, perhaps, in the context of early Victorian England – a large cache of correspondence was spared, and came down in the family to form the basis of our modern understanding of the novelist's day-to-day life. Cassandra was almost always the first to know what Jane was doing, in her writing as in other aspects of her life. Anna Lefroy wrote of her as 'the best of then living authorities' on Jane, that is, during Cassandra's lifetime.[40] Equally, it emerges that Jane confided to Cassandra alone the outcome of her unfinished novel, *The Watsons*, which would be first published in the second edition of the *Memoir*.[41] We must not suppose that Jane simply relied on Cassandra as an unprejudiced common reader, as Molière is said to have used his cook. Jane did not always take her sister's advice, rejecting a proposed ending of *Mansfield Park* in which Fanny Price finally agreed to Henry Crawford's offer – that would have meant accepting the old idea that a reformed rake made the best husband, a notion that Austen's favourite novelist Samuel Richardson had strenuously opposed. A young niece, Louisa Knight, heard the sisters at loggerheads on the issue: 'She remembers their arguing the matter but Miss Austen stood firmly and would not allow the change.'[42] Still, Jane took her art too seriously even to have consulted anyone whose judgement she did not trust.

[39] In her will (proved on 1 April 1845, National Archives, PROB 11/2015), Cassandra distributed the surviving manuscripts among those closest to her sister: that is, the three volumes of juvenilia to brothers Charles and Frank and nephew James-Edward, others to her nieces Fanny (now Lady Knatchbull), Anna Lefroy and Caroline Austen.
[40] *Memoir*, p. 162. [41] See *Family Record*, p. 241. [42] *Family Record*, p. 203.

Because of the close-knit Austen domestic circle, during and after her lifetime, we are able to gain exceptionally intimate access to Jane's routine, not least her writerly regimen. Paradoxically, a woman who lived her life in an almost hermetically sealed environment has become one of the most fully *known* of all important figures in her age, while people more famous than she was have faded into a half-light. Thanks mainly to the industry of the family historians, it has been possible for the modern Austen industry to re-examine the novelist's career and to show her as a dedicated and purposeful artist. She obviously harboured ambiguous feelings about her growing notoriety, and tried to shake off the patronage of the Prince Regent, whom she held in low regard. When Henry Austen let out the secret concerning her authorship of *Pride and Prejudice*, in his usual careless way, she expressed some mild annoyance. It was against her instincts and upbringing to be sought out, as she was by one admirer of the novel.[43] However, she never went into the contortions of shame and subterfuge which overtook Frances Burney on her acquisition of fame.

A month later the author was regaling Fanny Knight with selections from the recently published novel: 'Aunt Jane spent the morning with me and read Pride and Prejudice to me as Papa and Aunt Louisa [Bridges] rode out.'[44] In his biographic notice, published with *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* just after his sister died, Henry Austen commented that she read aloud with 'great taste and effect'. He went on, 'Her own works, probably, were never heard to so much advantage as from her own mouth; for she partook largely in all the best gifts of the comic muse.'[45] These vignettes show that Jane wrote initially to satisfy a domestic audience, one on whose responses she could count, and whose literary expectations came close to her own. Far from limiting the appeal of her books to a parochial readership, this determination to please those who surrounded her has lent her works the universality which attaches to anything supremely well done. Jane eagerly canvassed the opinions of her family and friends on *Mansfield Park* and *Emma*, not

[43] See 24 May 1813, *Letters*, p. 212. [44] *Family Record*, p. 202. [45] *Memoir*, p. 140.

scrupling to record verdicts such as 'We certainly do not think it as a *whole*, equal to P. & P.', or 'Not so clever as P. & P.', or 'Anna liked it better than P. & P.—but not so well as S. & S.'.[46] It took courage to submit to this exercise in grading, as many authors would find an adverse reaction from an intimate more cutting than the most biting insults a reviewer in the press could summon up. There existed, too, another way in which Austen had claimed solidarity with her family and friends: that is, through the dedications she composed to her early works. In a parody of the ponderous inscriptions to public luminaries with which late eighteenth-century writing was festooned, she dedicated items in the juvenilia to the people around her.[47] In time Austen moved beyond the straightforward literary parodies of her youth, but she did not leave behind her favoured muses.

THE ENTAIL

The plot of the novel hinges in large measure on two crucial circumstances. First is the entail which determines how the property of Longbourn will be passed on. This legal device underlies the entire dynamics of the Bennet family, and defines the human situation in which the five girls live their lives. Second is the 'recent arrival' of the militia regiment to winter at Meryton (vol. 1, ch. 7) at the start of the book, and its subsequent move to Brighton. Modern readers are apt to have a hazy awareness of these matters, and so do not see just how clearly Austen understood their implications.

Austen's grasp of legal matters shows up most clearly in her treatment of the Bennet family's entail. This was a subset within a category of devices used by the English upper classes to transmit property. The most comprehensive account of this system of 'strict settlement' has been given by Sir John Habakkuk, who defines it as 'a form of legal arrangement which made it possible to tie up the succession of a specific landed estate for a generation ahead by ensuring that the apparent owner at any given time was only a

[46] *Minor Works*, ed. Chapman, vol. vi, pp. 431–2.

[47] Items were inscribed not just to Cassandra, her father and her brothers James, Edward, Henry, Frank and Charles, but also to her cousin Jane Cooper; her cousin (and later sister-in-law) Eliza de Feuillide; her niece Fanny; and her sister-in-law, Mary Lloyd.

tenant for life with very limited powers'.[48] Families aimed chiefly to achieve continuity of ownership, since property (and especially land) was the source of most agency in the social, economic and political sphere. The system flourished between about 1650 and 1882, when an act of parliament gave the tenant for life greater powers to dispose of the estate. Special agreements were drawn up for this purpose, but marriage settlements and wills were frequently used to attain the same ends. Thus a testator in making his will might leave the estate, for life only, to the first male heir, entailing the estate on that heir's son, the heir 'in tail'. After he inherited, the son would generally make another will involving a strict settlement: this in turn would ensure that the estate was kept intact for a further generation.

The device was almost always used in conjunction with primogeniture, that is, succession of the oldest surviving son to the family property. Its effect was to establish a patrilineal descent, linking the resources and influence of the family to the male branch and to the family name. It sought to limit the autonomy of individuals with the goal of preserving the stability of the wider clan. Wives, daughters and younger sons were all excluded from the direct transmission of property, though settlements normally laid down some provisions with regard to their entitlements. The law on perpetuities governed the life of a settlement, so that it could extend no more than twenty-one years after the death of those involved. But at set times the entail could be broken, and the life tenant had the power to apply to Chancery at any time to cut off the entail – alternatively he could bring a private act of parliament with the same object. But both expedients cost a great deal of money.

We can see how these arrangements had played out in the Bennet family, from almost the very start of the novel.[49] In the seventh

[48] John Habakkuk, *Marriage, Debt, and the Estates System: English Landownership, 1650–1950* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1994), p. 1. On entail specifically, see pp. 7–14.

[49] It should be noted that the arrangements made for Wickham and Lydia at the time of their marriage do not constitute a full strict settlement, even though Mr Gardiner ensures that the lawyer Mr Haggerston draws up 'a proper settlement' (vol. 3, ch. 7), and of course it does not in any way affect the entail. It allows Lydia her share of the

chapter we learn that their property was 'entailed in default of heirs male, on a distant relation'. By the terms of a strict settlement, Mr Bennet had agreed to tight restrictions on the inheritance of his property. This almost certainly would have taken place at the time of his marriage. He became a life tenant of the estate as part of a trust deed, which meant that on his death it would pass to his eldest son. If, as in this case, there was no son, the settlement would provide for the entire estate to go to another male member of the family, usually the nearest relative (here Mr Collins), with specific and limited provision for the daughters. As we learn late in the novel (vol. 3, ch. 8), it had been the intention to break the entail once his son had attained the age of twenty-one, and at this stage 'the widow and younger children would by that means be provided for'. But no son was born. By this date, unfortunately for the Bennet girls, 'it was then too late to be saving'. It was just their bad luck that the distant relative turned out to be Mr Collins. If the estate had been settled and the father remained alive, it was commonly resettled when the eldest son reached the age of twenty-one, the first such opportunity to break an entail. Otherwise the settlement might be altered at the time of the heir's marriage. Since Mr Bennet would never have such an opportunity, it was all the more incumbent on him to make adequate provision by saving and investing, something he had failed to do.

The marriage settlement would have specified Mrs Bennet's jointure after the death of her husband. She was to receive £5,000, to be shared between her children and herself in proportions open to the discretion of their parents (vol. 3, ch. 8). A settlement of this kind would be drawn up as a prenuptial instrument, designed to set out the financial terms of the marriage. These normally included the dowry, the wife's separate income during her husband's life ('pin money'), the widow's jointure and the amount to go to children. Often the document specified the timing of such payments exactly. These arrangements were not affected by the passage of the

money coming to the Bennet girls and an allowance of £100 during the life of Mr Bennet.

estate to the heir in tail. Similarly the daughters would have been allocated some kind of provision: we know that Elizabeth has only £40 a year coming to her after her mother's death (vol. 1, ch. 19) – an income barely sufficient to maintain any sort of gentility. This gap stands out the more clearly in view of the fact that Mrs Bennet had brought the considerable sum of £4,000 into the family coffers, as a bequest rather than a marriage dowry. As Collins insultingly observes to Elizabeth during his ill-managed proposal, 'Your portion is unhappily so small' (vol. 1, ch. 19). While Mrs Bennet is wrong to say that the Collins' estate would be 'not lawfully their own' (vol. 2, ch. 17), we can understand her impatience with the system which appeared to have let down her daughters and herself. Significantly, the very last scene in the first volume of the book presents a conversation between Mr and Mrs Bennet on the subject of the entail, an exchange which hovers behind the text from this point, especially during Elizabeth's visit to Hunsford in volume 2.

It is a striking testimony to the power of Austen's rendition that Habakkuk devotes the opening words of his magisterial survey to *Pride and Prejudice*:

Some 200 years ago a well-known landowner was the life tenant of the estate of Longbourn in Hertfordshire. The estate was settled on the male line, and the owner had only daughters. The cry of Mrs Bennet, the wife of the life tenant, still rings out, crisp and clear: 'How anyone could have the conscience to entail away an estate from one's daughters I cannot understand, and all for the sake of Mr Collins too.'[50]

Jane Austen had seen that such instruments lay at the very heart of the transmission of power and privilege in Hanoverian England. (This fact stands out, in that women were parties to innumerable strict settlements, which disposed of their fortunes, and they acted as an *object* of the arrangement: but they very seldom if ever served as trustees or guarantors – the *subjects* or legal entities who actually controlled the workings of the agreement. Women could

[50] Habakkuk, *Marriage, Debt, and the Estates System*, p. 1.

not of course enter the business as lawyers, mortgage brokers or land agents – the usual professionals involved.) Austen grasped the nature of the system in its complex legal and financial ramifications; but she knew also how such devices impacted on the lives of uncomprehending individuals like Mrs Bennet. 'Law makes long spokes of the short stakes of men,' wrote William Empson, in a poem whose imagery plays around real estate.[51]

TIME OF THE NARRATIVE

Some of the issues explored thus far hinge on the answer to a separate question: when are the events of the novel supposed to take place? R. W. Chapman gave the most widely accepted answer, arguing that incidents could be plotted against the calendar for 1811 and 1812. This would take events from October 1811 through to a point just over twelve months later. Internal datings could be retained, except that Mr Gardiner's letter of 2 August, as in the text, would have to be reassigned to 17 August, to fit the known movements of the characters. Admitting that 'we are still free . . . to suppose that [the author] at all times conceived the events as belonging to the closing decade of the eighteenth century', Chapman set out a case that the conformity of the narrative with the calendar of later years showed this supposition to be mistaken.[52] Subsequently other scholars have suggested that the calendar for 1802–3 would fit equally well. This would support the persuasive argument mounted by P. B. S. Andrews that *First Impressions* was reworked in 1799 and extensively rewritten in 1802.[53] Chapman rightly observed that 'the view we take of the extent and importance of the revision, performed within a year or two of publication, does not necessarily affect our view of the "dramatic" date'. But in practice his preference for a later date for the fictional events seems

[51] William Empson, 'Legal Fiction', *Cambridge Poetry, 1929* (London: Hogarth Press, 1929), p. 39.

[52] For Chapman's argument, see his edition of the novel in *The Oxford Illustrated Jane Austen*, 3rd edn, rev. M. Lascelles (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1965), vol. 2, pp. 400–8.

[53] P. B. S. Andrews, 'The Date of *Pride and Prejudice*', *Notes & Queries*, 213 (1968), 338–42.

to have been conditioned by his judgement that we need to 'modify the assumption which is commonly made, though it rests on slender evidence, that *Pride and Prejudice* as we have it is substantially the same book as *First Impressions*'.[54] The truth is that no decisive evidence exists either way, since we lack a manuscript for any stage of the book's genesis. According to Tony Tanner, the supposed dating of the peace here 'obviously does not matter', since where Jane Austen 'has been content to leave a matter as absolutely peripheral to her particular action and fiction, then so should we'.[55]

It is a hazardous business to disagree with a scholar with such solid credentials in this area as Chapman, and with a critic as distinguished as Tanner. However, we can scarcely call the matter 'peripheral' to the fiction, since it is the activity of the militia – and specifically their move first to Meryton, then later to Brighton – which directly precipitates the main series of events in the plot. These military movements relate to specific junctures in the war, rather than some timeless continuum. In any case, those who place the supposed narrative at an earlier date seem more likely to have got near the truth, and the schedule set out by Andrews carries more conviction. Both particular and general reasons exist which point to this conclusion.

The most obvious ground for locating the narrative much earlier than Chapman wishes to do lies in the presence of the militia at Brighton in 1793–5, just as the story has it. Admitting that this circumstance was 'important and notorious', and that he could not find any parallel event subsequently, Chapman finds himself reduced to an evasive argument: 'The militia was later again embodied, from 1803 continuously until 1814; and we are not bound to suppose that Miss Austen conceived the Brighton episode as "dating" the story either for herself or for her readers.'[56] No one disputes the fact that the militia continued to take an active role in national defence, and to be the subject of periodic controversy,

[54] *Pride and Prejudice* , *The Novels of Jane Austen*, in 5 volumes, ed. R. W. Chapman, vol. 2, 3rd edn (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1933), p. 406.
[55] *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. Tanner, p. 399.
[56] *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. Chapman, pp. 406–7.

throughout Jane Austen's lifetime. The relevant question lies elsewhere: whether or not the force ever again came into public notice for their activities at Brighton, and the answer to that is no. Further, Chapman's case elides the circumstance that the sojourn of the militia brought them to national attention because of a high-profile trial: and it wilfully neglects a crucial piece of evidence. This lies in the fact that Jane's favourite brother Henry was actually serving as a captain in the militia at Brighton in 1793 and that his own regiment, the Oxfordshire militia, became involved in a highly publicised case of mutiny outside the town in 1795. The events are described more fully in Appendix 2 below, but here it suffices to say that Jane must have learned something at least of these events from her brother – a close-range and deeply interested observer, if not a participant in the most contentious episodes.

Chapman remarks on 'the only other indication of a "dramatic" date', that is the allusion to 'the restoration of peace' which caused Wickham and his wife Lydia to set up a more settled home (vol. 3, ch. 19). He writes, 'The Peace of Amiens was concluded in March 1802; and it is permissible to conjecture that Miss Austen revised her work between this date and the resumption of hostilities. But it is perhaps equally possible that in 1812 she looked forward to the peace that was still to come.'[57] We ought not to multiply hypotheses beyond necessity: and this seems a desperate line of reasoning.[58] In 1811 the outcome of the war still hung in the balance. At that juncture Napoleon had not yet embarked on his disastrous invasion of Russia, and even if we shift the period of revision forward to the next year, the full weight of the coalition had still to be brought against him. Meanwhile, the fortunes of the Peninsular War only shifted decisively with Wellington's success at Vittoria in June 1813. Not until the crushing defeat of the French in the Battle of the

[57] *Ibid.*, p. 407.

[58] Elsewhere Chapman wrote of the phrase 'restoration of peace', 'This might be anticipatory: whether in 1797 or in 1812 a novelist might assume that the war would sometime end' (*Jane Austen: Facts and Problems* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948), p. 80). This is to impute to Austen a woolly vagueness quite uncharacteristic of the hard lines along which her invention generally worked.

Nations at Leipzig in the following October was victory effectively assured. Even then it took some time to wrap up the last resistance during the French campaign early in 1814; and as everyone knows a coda was played out before Waterloo finally achieved a full closure of the war. In other words, no one could be confident as early as 1811 or 1812 that the struggle was near its culmination. Hostilities went on fiercely on several fronts, and of course Jane's two sailor brothers might still have been engaged in naval battles. Frank in fact was caught up in the War of 1812 with the United States, and then transferred to convoy duty in the Baltic, while Charles had a home posting which involved manning warships in the Rivers Thames and Medway: later he took an active part in strategic combat in the Mediterranean following Napoleon's escape from Elba. Jane kept a close and no doubt sometimes anxious eye on what her brothers were up to, noting the movement of ships as reported in the newspapers.

Could Jane Austen ever have written so blithely of this presumed future peace when the auguries still remained dubious, and when her dearest relatives stood in imminent peril? A vastly more probable interpretation of the reference would involve less strained assumptions. It would rest on the fact that the 'peace' in these years up to 1813 always meant the one actually established, and known as the Peace of Amiens. The event had diverse social consequences, leading to an exodus of the English upper classes to Paris for the first time for a decade: Frances Burney was one who went across to France in April 1802, to join her husband, and found herself stranded there a year later when the respite came to an end. In any case, the only 'restoration of peace' which could plausibly affect the Wickhams' supposed fate, at the time the novel appeared, came in the period 1802–3. It was unlike Jane Austen to engage in speculative alternative history or optimistic futurology.

We can now turn to more general issues. Chapman's last point concerns a supposed reluctance on the author's part to set the narrative back so many years from the date of publication. Citing her hesitation in issuing the novel posthumously brought out as

Northanger Abbey, he acknowledges 'a certain difficulty in supposing that, in publishing *Pride and Prejudice* in 1813, Miss Austen definitely conceived its action as taking place some ten years (or more) earlier'.[59] These issues involve subjective opinion rather than 'definite' fact; but it does not seem outlandish for an author to locate the time-frame of a novel a decade or two in the past. Victorian novelists very commonly pushed their fictions back to the time of their own youth, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, George Eliot and Hardy among them. Moreover, the argument fails to reckon with two important considerations. First, Austen was confessedly revising a story first drafted fifteen years prior to its revision, and she might have found it awkward to shift the time period in such a painless way as the argument presupposes. Second, the narrative centres on a young lady of twenty, and as we have seen this was the writer's age at the time she embarked on *First Impressions*. Even with a lapse of time in the outside world, it makes perfect sense to suppose that she still envisaged events within their original historical context. Elizabeth and Darcy, Jane and Bingley, had been invented as creatures of the 1790s, and it would take an effort to reimagine them in the very different world of the Regency.

Undoubtedly the process which transformed *First Impressions* into *Pride and Prejudice* involved some artistry and cunning reshaping. In terms of the literary skills deployed, we can certainly discern traits of professional skill and overall maturity of approach which may not have been so amply present in the original draft. However, not a single sentence in the published text *requires* a later dating to be assigned, in the sense that incidents or allusions emerge which are peculiar to the temporal context in 1813. On the contrary: Austen avoids in the most assiduous fashion any reference which ties the narrative to the moment of writing – here 1811 or 1812, as Chapman believes, or possibly a year before that. The same does not apply to later books such as *Mansfield Park* or *Persuasion*, which unambiguously attach themselves close to the time of composition.

[59] *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. Chapman, p. 407.

In the 'Advertisement by the Authoress' to *Northanger Abbey*, Jane Austen states that the book was offered for publication in 1803, and refers to 'those parts of the work which thirteen years have made comparatively obsolete'. She goes on, 'The public are entreated to bear in mind that thirteen years have passed since it was finished, many more since it was begun, and that during that period, places, manners, books, and opinions have undergone considerable changes.' We know from Cassandra's jotted note that her sister wrote this book about 1798–9. Thus the 'period' described here goes back to the time when *First Impressions* had recently been completed, and covers the span of years in which it was revised. The author made no attempt to update *Susan*, as the advertisement indicates. It does not follow that she took the same approach with *First Impressions*, which may have required more by way of formal reorganisation and verbal redrafting. However, the central point of her statement applies equally in the case of *Pride and Prejudice*. In respect of places, manners, books and opinions, it still breathes the air of the 1790s and very early 1800s. If a lone copy had survived bearing the date 1803, rather than 1813 (and external evidence was absent), we should have no grounds for regarding the year as in any way suspect.

Many of the novel's concerns belong essentially to the last quarter of the eighteenth century. We can clearly see this in the treatment of the picturesque movement. Austen directs her satire chiefly against William Gilpin, who had begun to write about the landscape with a dialogue on the great estate at Stowe as far back as 1748. His most influential works started with the *Essay upon Prints* (1768) and *Observations on the River Wye* (1782). It was above all *Observations, Relative to Picturesque Beauty* (1786), concentrating on the Lake District, which brought him widespread fame, and it is this book at which Elizabeth glances in her joke about picturesque taste in volume 1, chapter 10. Some more of Gilpin's famous tours appeared in 1789, with other theoretical writings on the picturesque in 1791 and 1792: there were editions of these books every year up to the mid-1790s. *Observations on the Western Parts of England* came out

in 1798. Gilpin died in 1804, but Cadell and Davies issued one more tour after his death, *Observations on Several Parts of the Counties of Cambridge, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex* (1809). By this date he was certainly not forgotten, but he had become the target for satire, as in William Combe's *Dr Syntax* books (see p. 509, note 4). Picturesque theory and practice had moved on, as the use made of Humphry Repton in *Mansfield Park* might remind us. However, the key passage in *Pride and Prejudice* harks back to an earlier phase. This occurs when Elizabeth first hears of the planned trip to be undertaken by the Gardiners (vol. 2, ch. 4): at this stage the intention is to visit the Lake District, a favourite tourist itinerary from the 1770s. The vocabulary Elizabeth uses, concerning the 'transport' to be felt in the presence of rocks and mountains, attained its widest currency in the 1780s and 1790s. If Austen had wished to insert a satire on *contemporary* attitudes to the picturesque in 1812, she would certainly have chosen a different target and gone about it in a quite different way.

None of the new stars in the literary firmament appears in *Pride and Prejudice*. By 1808 Austen had become familiar with Walter Scott's highly successful poem *Marmion*, though she was not wholly enthusiastic about it, and she sent a copy to her brother Charles, who was serving in the West Indies. She probably knew Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809) and later books demonstrate her awareness of these writers, along with Burns. But *Pride and Prejudice* belongs with another unregenerate early novel, *Sense and Sensibility*, where the impressionable young Marianne Dashwood still regards Cowper as the very acme of affecting poetry – she grows distraught when she hears Edward Ferrars recite with appalling calmness 'those beautiful lines which have frequently almost driven me wild' (vol. 1, ch. 3). Again the facts suggest that the taste prevalent when *First Impressions* was written and first revised still permeates the novel in its published form.

A similar state of affairs exists in relation to the conduct books underlying the book. This applies particularly to Fordyce's *Sermons to Young Women*, produced by Mr Collins for reading after tea (that

is, well into the evening) at Longbourn, but abruptly rejected by Lydia (vol. 1, ch. 14). The work had first appeared in 1766 and went through numerous editions for the remainder of the century. But by 1792 Mary Wollstonecraft was exposing some of its demeaning features in her 'Animadversions on some of the writers who have rendered women objects of pity, bordering on contempt',[60] and the writing was on the wall. This formerly unchallengeable mentor came to seem not just old-fashioned but absurd: the flow of editions dwindled to a trickle by the end of the novelist's life. Writers like Fordyce and Gregory belonged to the classics of the immediately preceding generation: Austen would have been exposed to them in her own youth, and one cannot see her forcing them on her nieces at the time *Pride and Prejudice* came out.

We could easily over-stress the fact that the war does not figure openly in the novel, even though as Warren Roberts has shown this topic looms ominously behind *Mansfield Park* and *Persuasion*. After all, the whole reason for the presence of the militia at Meryton and Brighton lies in the need for a greatly augmented fighting force as a response to the perceived threat from France. Roberts rightly says that 'The trip to Brighton created a sense of impending disaster, which clearly connected to the army camp.'[61] One of the key snatches of dialogue in the book hinges on Elizabeth's alarmed reaction to a suggestion by Lydia that the whole family should decamp to Brighton for the summer in order to follow the licentious soldiery: ' "Good Heaven! Brighton, and a whole campful of soldiers, to us, who have been overset already by one poor regiment of militia, and the monthly balls of Meryton" ' (vol. 2, ch. 16). In the event her premonitions proved all too accurate. If not about war, *Pride and Prejudice* remains a novel greatly preoccupied by the stresses and strains of wartime existence. The author chooses to explore such issues in direct relation to the way they impacted on social life among the civilian population at one precise

[60] Mary Wollstonecraft, *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (London: Johnson, 1792), ch. 5.

[61] Warren Roberts, *Jane Austen and the French Revolution* (London: Athlone, new edition, 1995), p. 96.

juncture. This was the period at the start of the war, and *Pride and Prejudice* serves to illuminate the 1790s rather than any later phase of the contest.

In any case, the sense we get of Brighton and other seaside resorts in the book derives from the attitudes of the late eighteenth century. Our modern picture of Brighton relates to its heyday under the Prince Regent, when the Royal Pavilion was built (completed 1828). But this era does not really supply the context for *Pride and Prejudice*. Formerly a small fishing village on the south coast of England, known as Brighthelmston, it had come into fashion a generation prior to the setting of the novel, with the rising popularity of sea-bathing. When in 1786 the Prince of Wales took a farmhouse, soon extended to become the Marine Pavilion, its renown spread, and rows of impressive terraced houses began to stretch across the town. By the time that *Pride and Prejudice* was published, the Prince had become Regent owing to the incapacity of his father, George III, and had laid plans to create the Royal Pavilion, designed by John Nash: but the fulfilment of this dream was yet to come. In 1816 the Prince received a copy of *Emma* from Jane Austen while staying at Brighton. Two decades earlier, in the 1790s, Brighton had not yet reached its apogee: the resident population in 1801 still stood at only 7,500. However, its crowds of smart and sometimes dissolute visitors made it an attractive place for pleasure-lovers, as well as a dangerous one for young ladies lacking a proper chaperone. Some of the town's character at this date can be gleaned from the events which took place here in 1793–5, at a time when Jane's brother Henry was in camp there with the Oxfordshire militia.

The holidays Frances Burney passed at Brighton from 1779 overlap in highly significant ways with aspects of *Pride and Prejudice*. The Sussex militia were encamped there, and Burney's circle immediately made contact with Jack Fuller, a young officer commanding one company, with an estate of '4 or 5000 a year,—is but just of age,—has a figure, understanding, Education, Vivacity & Independence'—a Wickham-like figure who happens to have money. The

visitors attend a 'field day', which Burney thought inferior to a review she had recently witnessed at Blackheath: we recall Mr Bennet's promise to take Kitty to a review one day, if she behaves herself (vol. 3, ch. 6). They also play whist and commerce, like the Bennet family; a young lady foreshadows Lydia in thinking 'a red Coat a certain prognostick of gallantry', and flutters her eyelashes prettily while playing cards with the officers. Hester Thrale was worried that her daughter Queenie might have fallen for the same Jack Fuller: 'She doats on a *Flasher* . . . wild, gay, rich, loud.' He drives by in a phaeton, the very carriage to which Austen's smart young men aspire. On their return in 1779, the party stops at Sevenoaks and visits nearby Knole, home of the Duke of Dorset – for whom Jane's great-uncle Francis Austen worked at this date. The duke is absent, but they are allowed to go round his collection of family portraits: they also seek the park and are told by an informative gamekeeper that it is seven miles in circumference. The similarities to Elizabeth's visit to Pemberley hardly need any emphasis. Further examples abound: the main point is that the Brighton of around 1780, as experienced by Burney and the Thrales, exactly corresponds with what the episode in Austen's story calls for.[62] All this suggests that (unlike her unfinished novel *Sanditon*, clearly based on developments of the Regency era) *Pride and Prejudice* is rooted in the manners and events of a slightly earlier epoch.

CRITICAL HISTORY

Pride and Prejudice came out when works of fiction seldom enjoyed serious critical attention. Reviews were often perfunctory, while only a handful of worthwhile documents existed to define the province of the novel in the kind of analytic detail which had been bestowed on poetry and drama for centuries. Clara Reeve had indeed made a start with *The Progress of Romance* (1785), although this has disappointingly little to say about the women novelists of the early part of the eighteenth century, or about

[62] *The Early Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney*, ed. L. E. Troide and S. J. Cooke (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1994), vol. 3, pp. 269–97, 357–443.

Burney's early works. A little later, Anna Laetitia Barbauld produced an important collection in fifty volumes entitled *The British Novelists* (1810), prefaced by a pioneering essay, 'On the Origin and Progress of Novel-Writing'. However, the critical cupboard remained fairly bare. It occasions no surprise, then, to find we are left with few critical remarks of any value on *Pride and Prejudice* in the early decades after its appearance. Three categories of comment stand out.

The first consists of passing observations made by readers, usually in private correspondence. Most of these, as has already been mentioned, take a positive line for the most part. We have tributes paid by several well-known individuals – Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Warren Hastings, William Gifford and (rather against her instincts, deploring 'the want of elegance' in Austen) by Mary Russell Mitford. Although these amount to little more than *obiter dicta*, they show that the novel was admired for its cleverness, its avoidance of sentimental and Gothic clichés and above all for the accuracy of its observations. The diarist Henry Crabb Robinson intended to make a high compliment, without any sense of condescending, when he called the book 'one of the most excellent of the works of our female novelists'.[63] Among the few dissenters was a certain Lady Davy, writing to one of the well-known Ladies of Llangollen, Sarah Ponsonby, in 1813. She deplored the concentration on 'vulgar minds and manners', at the expense of 'dignified and refined characters'.[64] As for the second category, this embraces the earliest notices of the novel published by journals such as *The British Critic*, *The Critical Review* and *The New Review* in the early months of 1813. These contain very little of real interest: in the fashion of the times, they consisted to a large extent of paraphrase and generalised description, rather than anything we should recognise as analysis. However, they all have some positive and pertinent

[63] Diary entry for 12 January 1819, *Henry Crabb Robinson on Books and their Writers*, ed. Edith J. Morley (London: Dent, 1938), vol. 1, p. 227.

[64] Lady Davy to Miss Ponsonby, 14 May 1813, *The Hamwood Papers of the Ladies of Llangollen and Caroline Hamilton*, ed. Mrs G. H. Bell (London: Macmillan, 1930), p. 351.

remarks to make, and even the moralistic reading of the *Critical* reviewer is neatly turned: 'The sentiments, which are dispersed over the work, do great credit to the *sense* and *sensibility* of the authoress. The line she draws between the prudent and the mercenary in matrimonial concerns, may be useful to our fair readers.'[65] Significant public commentary was delayed until the reviews of Walter Scott and Richard Whately a few years later. However, private commendations, again very brief, survive from a variety of early readers, including Annabella Milbanke, shortly to marry Lord Byron, and the novelist Maria Edgeworth. Allegedly Germaine de Staël called the book 'vulgaire', but in years to come writers such as Robert Southey would join the chorus of praise for the novels.

Third come the two discussions generally regarded as decisive in placing Jane Austen's work for a generation to come. The first was a review of *Emma* by Sir Walter Scott, which appeared in *The Quarterly Review* (1816): Scott devoted only one paragraph to *Pride and Prejudice*, in which he stated that 'this is one of the portraits from ordinary life which shews our author's talents in a very strong point of view'.[66] However, on this occasion he did little more than sketch out the plot. Elsewhere in conversation, private letters and his journal, Scott offered more explicit commendations. To the author Joanna Baillie he wrote of the 'strong resemblance [verisimilitude] and correct drawing' in the novels, and once he pointed out, 'There's a finishing-off in some of her scenes that is really quite above every body else' – a comment which might apply to the heroine's surprise meeting with Darcy at Pemberley, among other episodes. Most famous is Scott's journal entry for 14 March 1826:

Also read again and for the third time at least Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow wow strain I can do myself like any now going but

[65] *Critical Review*, March 1813, quoted in *Jane Austen: The Critical Heritage*, ed. B. C. Southam (London: Routledge, 1968), p. 46.

[66] Walter Scott, review of *Emma* in *The Quarterly Review* 14 (October 1815 & January 1816), p. 194.

the exquisite touch which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early.[67]

Few expressed such warm and eloquent feelings for a long time to come, but in a review in the *Quarterly* for 1821 of the two posthumously published volumes a clergyman named Richard Whately, later Archbishop of Dublin, supplied an appreciative overview of Jane Austen's output, with brief references to *Pride and Prejudice*.

As the Victorian era dawned, Austen remained something of a cult novelist, with a few enthusiasts such as Bulwer Lytton ('I own, for my part, I was delighted with [the novels]', Sara Coleridge ('surely the most faultless of female novelists') and Longfellow, who none the less felt that 'she explains and fills out too much'.[68] The turning-point as far as the wider reading public was concerned came with an article on Frances Burney by Thomas Babington Macaulay, which appeared in *The Edinburgh Review* in 1843. For the first time Austen is treated as a central figure in the canon of English literature:

Among the writers who . . . have approached nearest to the manner of [Shakespeare], we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, common-place, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings.'[69]

Famously, Charlotte Brontë held her predecessor in much less regard, and when provoked by G. H. Lewes to read *Pride and Prejudice* could find in it only 'an accurate daguerreotyped portrait of a common-place face; a carefully-fenced, highly cultivated garden,

[67] *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott*, ed. W. E. K. Anderson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972), entry for 14 March 1826, p. 114.

[68] Edward Bulwer-Lytton to his mother, 23 October 1834; Sara Coleridge to Emily Trevenen, August 1834; and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, journal entry for 23 May 1839, quoted in *Critical Heritage*, pp. 116–17.

[69] Essay in *Edinburgh Review*, no. 154 (January 1843), p. 561.

with neat borders and delicate flowers—but no glance of a bright, vivid physiognomy—no open country—no fresh air—no blue hill—no bonny beck'.[70] Such reservations appear quite frequently in the middle of the century, with critics lamenting the absence of a spiritual or imaginative component in Austen to go along with what they admitted was her faithful portrayal of the manners of her time. 'The nature sketched with such inimitable skill is not nature of a very exalted kind', declared one commentator in 1854.[71] But Lewes continued to argue for a more generous estimate, remarking of *Pride and Prejudice* that 'from the first chapter to the last there is a succession of scenes of high comedy, and the interest is unflagging'.[72] As time went on, something resembling a consensus was reached among Austen's critics that this was 'the most thoroughly artistic, satisfactory, and amusing of her novels', as was stated in 1866.[73] Soon afterwards the novelist Margaret Oliphant made some of the more interesting technical observations yet attempted, noting the clinical way in which Austen anatomises folly, with 'the fine vein of feminine cynicism which pervades [Austen's] mind'. Thus Mr Collins is pursued without mercy, and 'there is not a moment's faltering, nor the ghost of an inclination on the part of the author to depart from her wonderful conception'.[74] Also in 1870, Richard Simpson composed for *The North British Review* the most sustained analysis of the novels to date, attempting to trace an evolution working through the published novels. Simpson detects more farce in *Pride and Prejudice* and the other early books, contrasting this with what he sees as a more delicate comic technique in the later novels. By now the first traces of Janeolatry were appearing, and Leslie

[70] Charlotte Brontë to G. H. Lewes, 12 January 1848, *The Letters of Charlotte Brontë*, ed. Margaret Smith (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2000), vol. 2, p. 10.

[71] Anonymous review in *Fraser's Magazine*, November 1854, quoted in *Critical Heritage*, p. 147.

[72] G. H. Lewes, essay in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, vol. 86, no. 525 (July 1859), p. 112.

[73] 'Miss Austen', *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, July–August 1866, reprinted in *Critical Heritage*, p. 210.

[74] Margaret Oliphant, 'Miss Austen and Miss Mitford', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, vol. 107, no. 653 (March 1870), p. 294.

Stephen would reprove uncritical admirers in his entry for Austen in the original *Dictionary of National Biography* (1885). During the rest of the century no appraisal of lasting importance would appear.

Among the best-known discussions in the first part of the twentieth century was that of Reginald Farrer in 1917, but he attempts no close reading of any of the fictional texts.[75] Passing remarks by considerable novelists express on the whole a limited and limiting sense of Austen's achievement: this applies to comments by Henry James, William Dean Howells, E. M. Forster and even Virginia Woolf. Only one essay of any critical scope or ambition survives from the period, and this is the lecture given by A. C. Bradley to the English Association (published in *Essays & Studies*, 1911), which displayed a strong emphasis on character, as in the same writer's famous commentaries on Shakespearean tragedy.[76] Bradley's remained the most widely circulated reading of Austen until the editorial and biographic studies of R. W. Chapman, including his edition of the *Letters* (1932), set the stage for modern scholarly investigations of the oeuvre. Here the first important steps were taken by Mary Lascelles with *Jane Austen and Her Art* (1939), which provides the most sophisticated account of the workings of *Pride and Prejudice* so far to have appeared.

In the following decade, a highly influential study by D. W. Harding provoked discussion for many years – as indeed it continues to do. In his essay, '"Regulated Hatred": An Aspect in the Work of Jane Austen' (1940), Harding applied to *Pride and Prejudice* his general argument that Austen used her fiction to convey latent hostilities which her unthinking audience might laugh off as amiable caricatures of basically inoffensive behaviour. One of the author's most successful strategies, according to Harding, was to offer her readers an excuse for regarding as figures of fun characters whom she herself 'detests and fears': Mrs Bennet, Mr Collins and Lady Catherine represent in different ways figures of this kind,

[75] Reginald Farrer, 'Jane Austen, ob. July 18, 1817' in *The Quarterly Review*, 228 (July–October 1917), pp. 1–30.

[76] A. C. Bradley, 'Jane Austen. A Lecture' in *Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1911), pp. 7–36.

superficially comic but at a deeper level thoroughly detestable to the author and, by implication, to the enlightened reader.[77] Another widely read essay in this period was one by Dorothy Van Ghent, included in *The English Novel: Form and Function* (1953), for long an indispensable resource for those embarking on the study of fiction. Van Ghent sees the ending of *Pride and Prejudice* as embodying a gesture of reconciliation: 'The protagonists do not "find themselves" by leaving society, divorcing themselves from its predilections and obsessions.' Instead, they gain 'the happy reward of initiates who have travailed and passed their "ordeal" '.[78] This issue will echo down later decades and will serve to divide critics into the twenty-first century.

In the past forty years debate has raged furiously in academe concerning many aspects of Austen's achievement.[79] A number of general books illuminate issues that lie in the background of the text. These include Alastair Duckworth's *The Improvement of the Estate*, on landscapes and houses (1971); Juliet McMaster's *Jane Austen on Love* (1978); Patrick Piggott's *The Innocent Diversion* (1979) on music; and Mary Poovey's *The Proper Lady and the Woman Writer* (1984), on sexual ideologies. In *Jane Austen: A Literary Life* (1991), Jan Fergus illuminates differing modes of publication in this era, as well as giving the first detailed account of Austen as a professional author. Close analysis of Austen's idiom has been extended in books on her language by Norman Page, Stuart Tave, K. C. Phillipps and Myra Stokes, all of which show how the spurious 'modernity' of Austen's vocabulary masks important shifts in historical usage. It has long been apparent that the novelist's intellectual and literary roots must be sought in the context of eighteenth-century discourse regarding education, morality and manners: the pioneering investigation of such matters came in Frank W. Bradbrook's *Jane*

[77] D. W. Harding, 'Regulated Hatred: An Aspect of the Work of Jane Austen', *Scrutiny. A Quarterly Review*, 8:4 (1940), pp. 346–62.

[78] Dorothy Van Ghent, *The English Novel: Form and Function* (New York: Holt, 1953).

[79] For a good short survey of modern work on Austen, see Bruce Stovel, 'Further Reading', in *The Cambridge Companion to Jane Austen*, ed. E. Copeland and J. McMaster (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997), pp. 227–43.

Austen and her Predecessors (1967). More recent explorations include Penelope Jane Fritzer's *Jane Austen and Eighteenth-Century Courtesy Books* (1997), but much still remains to be done, as it does on the religious background to Austen's fictional world, especially as this affects the earlier novels.

As the most popular work of a major author, *Pride and Prejudice* has naturally been exposed along with the other novels to the full range of modern interpretative approaches, including cultural criticism and materialist readings. A keener sense of the economic realities underlying the story has arisen thanks to studies such as Edward Copeland's essay on 'Money' in *The Cambridge Companion to Jane Austen* (1997). However, the most important contribution has been made by feminist scholarship, which has opened up aspects of the book beyond narrow issues of gender. It has always been apparent that Austen's plots centre on the concerns of women, especially young women entering the adult world to encounter its primary feminine choice – that of a husband. This does not mean that she failed to understand men in depth: indeed, the transition which Darcy has to make in *Pride and Prejudice* is a larger and more drawn-out affair than that of Elizabeth, and the author shows a firm grasp of the social and psychological factors helping to mould masculine character in this milieu. While we do not get any internal representation of Darcy's feelings (other than by the medium of a letter), we gain a deep sense of the way he works through his actions and reactions with other characters – with Elizabeth in particular. However, Austen's work obviously reflects her standing as a relatively underprivileged member of the female sex in an age which restricted women's rights to autonomy and agency, in the realm of literary authorship as everywhere else. Major critical documents such as those of Ellen Moers and Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar have naturally informed subsequent discussions of Jane Austen's oeuvre. At the same time, important studies of her predecessors and contemporaries have shed light on her books. Most obviously, Margaret Anne Doody's *Frances Burney: The Life in the Works* (1988) opens up possibilities for analysing the 'moves' of characters such

as Bingley in terms of a set of social rules according to what might be called a game theory of literature.

A number of full-length studies have helped us to place Austen's fiction in the context of ongoing debates about the place of women around the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. (We should recall, however, that Bradbrook had earlier drawn attention to the relevance of this material.) The new contributions include Margaret Kirkham's *Jane Austen: Feminism and Fiction* (1983); Alison Sulloway's *Jane Austen and the Province of Womanhood* (1989); and Deborah Kaplan's *Jane Austen among the Women* (1993). For example, Kirkham produces convincing evidence that the feminist ideas of Mary Wollstonecraft evolved in response to a much wider discussion of social, intellectual and political matters as they affected women. It is therefore less likely to be sheer coincidence that Lydia dismisses with implicit scorn the conservative advice of Dr James Fordyce, whom Wollstonecraft had attacked: and more likely that her creator Austen was a secret sharer of this negative response. We remain ignorant whether Austen read *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* which Wollstonecraft published in 1792, some four or five years before *First Impressions* took shape. Nor can we be sure if she knew Wollstonecraft's novels, *Mary* (1788) and *The Wrongs of Woman: or Maria*, published posthumously in 1798. Austen's relation to the fiction of her time has been investigated by Mary Waldron, who sees more of a breach with predecessors such as Frances Burney than has generally been suspected. Other writers who may well have fed Jane's insatiable taste for a diet of fiction include Maria Edgeworth, Jane West and Charlotte Smith. In most cases we lack firm evidence of such contact, and of course awareness does not always mean the same thing as sympathy or influence. However, the general import of recent critical work has been to foster an increased recognition that, in the realm of fiction as elsewhere, Jane Austen confronted the world of her time with open eyes and an open mind. It is harder today to accept the older concept of a blinkered outlook engendered by her confined upbringing in a provincial vicarage.

Is *Pride and Prejudice* a revolutionary book, and if so, in what sense? This question hovers behind much of the most provocative recent discussion. Underlying this consideration is the fact that the conception of revolution in its narrowly political import dominated the thought of this period in the wake of the American and, especially, French Revolutions. No sentient being in Britain in the two decades which preceded and followed 1800 could escape all awareness of the issues which had arisen. In *Jane Austen and the French Revolution* (1979), Warren Roberts documented in some detail the ways in which events of the era flow through the circulatory system of each of the novels. As we have seen, the plot of *Pride and Prejudice* largely hinges on the movements of the militia in response to the perceived threat of Revolutionary France at the outset of the Napoleonic wars. Roberts suggests that *First Impressions* had developed a conservative 'Burkean' argument, further enriched in the revision, which emphasised the traditional and organic nature of community, as most prominently set out in Burke's *Reflections* (1790). On this reading, Austen subscribes to the Tory view of the happenings in France, both at the time of the seizure of power and then a period of subsequent chaos culminating in the Terror. The plot of the novel enacts a process of resolution between social groups, extending from the aristocracy (the Darcy family), the gentry (Bingley and, lower on the scale, the Bennets) and the trading class (the Gardiners). Roberts produced a coherent and clearly argued case, but his views would not go long unchallenged.

Moreover, the term 'revolution' connotes more than simply political upheaval. Recent students of Austen have acknowledged that broader social and intellectual issues provided many of the terms contested most fiercely during this time of ferment. The pace of debate quickened with the appearance of Marilyn Butler's book *Jane Austen and the War of Ideas* (1975). Like Roberts, Butler saw the attitude expressed in the novels as basically conservative, not just in relation to the party struggles of the 1790s but also as regards the beliefs about the individual and society which had been floated by philosophers and thinkers over the preceding fifty years. She

stressed the formative influence on Jane's mind of the sermons and theological tracts which must have littered the Austen household – after all, the ranks of the clergy were occupied not just by her father, but by two brothers, a maternal grandfather and innumerable cousins, uncles by marriage and other close relatives. Whatever else influenced Jane's intellectual development as a girl, it is beyond doubt that such works of piety made up a large part of her early exposure to the ideological imperatives of Hanoverian England. While there would be agreement on that matter, some readers would part company with Butler when she downplays the importance of more progressive literature. Nor does everyone assent to her view that 'The more one examines the novel the more difficult it becomes to read into it authorial approval of the element in Elizabeth which is rebellious.'[80]

An especially articulate proponent of the opposite stance is Claudia L. Johnson. Her book *Jane Austen: Women, Politics, and the Novel* (1988) sets out a number of challenging opinions on Austen's art, and concludes that *Pride and Prejudice* stands out from the rest of the novels as an experiment, in which the writer 'consents to' conservative 'myths', but only in order to transform these traditional expectations into a means by which women, especially, can achieve 'ecstatic personal happiness'. On this showing, Elizabeth preserves her loyalty to Jane and to the Gardiners, at whatever risk to her prospects of marrying Darcy. Indeed, 'One of the most important reasons Elizabeth's marriage to Darcy is so wholly satisfying' is that it does not require the heroine to renege on female friendships.[81] The radical novelists of the 1790s had challenged the primacy of marriage as the sole viable source of happiness for women. Instead, Austen circumvents the issue by telling a love story in which marriage, for once at least, brings personal fulfilment without the need to compromise on wider social affiliations or affections. Plainly,

[80] Marilyn Butler, *Jane Austen and the War of Ideas* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1975), p. 203.

[81] Claudia L. Johnson, *Jane Austen: Women, Politics, and the Novel* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1988), pp. 93, 91.

the books of Jane Austen do not resemble most of those written by radical novelists of this era: the tone is less bitter, the plot less frenetic, the setting generally more comfortable and even bucolic, the style more urbane and graceful. But this does not mean that there may not be a lingering ideological affinity between Jane and her contemporaries. On this, as on many important questions about *Pride and Prejudice*, the jury is still out.

We need to consider one final aspect of the debate surrounding the novel's implicit politics. Darcy's readiness to take as his bride a woman much his inferior in status cannot be regarded as a revolutionary gesture. For three hundred years male aristocrats had been entering into wedlock with girls from a lower rank in society: it was far less common, though by no means unheard of, for female aristocrats to marry beneath them. In any case Darcy stands on the fringe of the highest nobility, since he descends from the female line (the sister of an earl) and bears Fitzwilliam as a given name, not as his own surname. None the less, he occupies a position far higher than that of Mr B., whose marriage to a servant-girl in Richardson's novel *Pamela* (1740) had provoked some outrage. Another less important factor affecting Darcy's choice is that the Bennets possess solid gentry status, even though Mrs Bennet has connections with the professions (through her father and brother-in-law) and trade (through her brother). One reservation might be that upper-class men normally undertook marriages 'down' in return for a considerable injection of cash from the bride's family. In this case, needless to say, Elizabeth brings no bounteous dowry and no prospect of future wealth, and to that extent Darcy's choice could be regarded as quixotic, if not actually imprudent. Moreover, Elizabeth's irreverence and lack of respect for staid formalities will evidently survive when she enters her new role in society: Georgiana Darcy, we recall, would be astonished on visiting the newly married couple by her sister-in-law's 'lively, sportive, manner of talking to her brother' (vol. 3, ch. 19). From these encounters, Georgiana will learn that 'a woman may take *liberties* [italics mine] with her husband', such as are not permitted in a sister. Elizabeth cannot be seen as a subversive

class-traitor within the portals of Pemberley, who will threaten the established values holding sway over the stately homes of England. But she is certainly going to ruffle some well-groomed feathers – especially if Caroline Bingley and her kind should happen to visit.

ARTISTIC QUALITIES

Fundamentally, *Pride and Prejudice* is not a novel of ideas in the narrow sense, but a love story which dramatises ideas. Its power derives from the extraordinary skill with which Austen manages the narrative, and the deft way in which language is utilised to bring out characters and situations.

Austen's language stands out by reason of its clarity, precision and directness. From the opening sentence onwards, it achieves at times a near-aphoristic quality, which surprises us in an age when we associate epigrams with the thumping sound of a tired platitude. When first attracted by Wickham, Elizabeth reflects that 'the commonest, dullest, most threadbare topic might be rendered interesting by the skill of the speaker' (vol. 1, ch. 16). The elegant extracts and 'thread-bare morality' which fill out poor Mary's hackneyed attempts to display her learning stand at the opposite pole to the vivacity of Austen's own wit, and to the lively exchanges between Elizabeth and Jane, and between the heroine and Darcy. In dialogue Austen is able to reveal character in a single phrase, as when Lydia innocently remarks that 'a little sea-bathing would set [her] up for ever' (vol. 2, ch. 18), an observation with frightening implications as the story proceeds. We can deduce all we need to know about Mr Collins from the endless repetitions he pulls out of his stock of ready-made phraseology (such as 'my humble abode'). The novelist's ear for speech patterns allows her to catch subtly different vocabulary and cadences even within the category of 'vulgar' idiom, marking off Mrs Bennet's thoughtless chatter from Mrs Philips's headlong prosiness and the youngest Bennet girls' 'smart' repartee.

The novel reanimates some of the stalest properties of eighteenth-century writing. Antithesis had sunk into a tired conventional prop in the hands of minor Augustan poets: but Jane Austen gives the Johnsonian formula a new lightness and speed, as where she describes the trout-stream at Pemberley: 'Its banks were neither formal, nor falsely adorned' (vol. 3, ch. 1). Mary is skewered in a single phrase, yoking together her pedantic study and overweening ambition to shine: 'They found Mary, as usual, deep in the study of thorough bass and human nature' (vol. 1, ch. 12). Collins is characterised principally by his language, whether in conversation or in writing. His repetitive, pompous and self-gratulating way with words expresses an entire approach to life, while his self-demeaning vocabulary reveals the conceit that can go with an obsequious pose. More subtly, we come by stages to see in Wickham's confident deployment of the language of the world a basic callousness and self-centred 'assurance' very different from the civilised amenities of the major characters: 'His father, Miss Bennet, the late Mr. Darcy, was one of the best men that ever breathed, and the truest friend I ever had; and I can never be in company with this Mr. Darcy without being grieved to the soul by a thousand tender recollections' (vol. 1, ch. 16). In Austen, people with a true soulful nature do not parade its existence.

The author controls the narrative with inconspicuous ease. One of the most dramatic incidents in the entire novel, when Elizabeth and the Gardiners are suddenly confronted by the master of the house at Pemberley, is slipped into the middle of a sentence, so that we are caught unawares like the participants themselves: 'As they walked across the lawn towards the river, Elizabeth turned back to look again; her uncle and aunt stopped also, and while the former was conjecturing as to the date of the building, the owner of it himself suddenly came forward from the road, which led behind it to the stables' (vol. 3, ch. 1). This is a wonderfully declaratory sentence, disclosing several kinds of information, with regard to the setting, as well as the characters' actions and interests. What it doesn't mention, of course, is the emotional import of the meeting,

a matter that emerges in the following paragraph. Only a single word, 'suddenly', hints at the shock felt by all present. Everything depends on the way that Austen lets the sentence follow its natural course.

Among the most striking features of the narrator's art lies in her careful preparation of characters and situations: as in *Emma*, she is particularly deft in manipulating minor figures so as to time their entrance centre-stage for maximum effect. Nothing in Austen's work reveals the importance of this narrative technique more clearly than her treatment of the Gardiners. Early on we learn that Mrs Bennet has an unnamed brother 'settled in London in a respectable line of trade' (vol. 1, ch. 7). In the rest of the first volume they are barely mentioned, except for a throwaway line concerning Jane which Mrs Bennet utters shortly afterwards: 'When she was only fifteen, there was a gentleman at my brother Gardiner's in town, so much in love with her, that my sister-in-law was sure he would make her an offer before we came away' (vol. 1, ch. 9). Darcy and Bingley, who are listening, would not be impressed, and Elizabeth feels embarrassed. By association, we incline at this stage to anticipate that the Gardiners will be as crude and tactless in society as Mrs Bennet shows herself here. However, this expectation is dispelled in the second volume, when the couple arrive at Longbourn for a Christmas visit: 'Mr. Gardiner was a sensible, gentlemanlike man, greatly superior to his sister, as well by nature as education . . . Mrs Gardiner, who was several years younger than Mrs Bennet and Mrs Philips, was an amiable, intelligent, elegant woman, and a great favourite with all her Longbourn nieces' (vol. 2, ch. 2). The Gardiners' sojourn at Longbourn provides an essential element in the build-up of events, though its full consequences are not apparent until much later. Mrs Gardiner shows herself as a reliable female friend to Elizabeth, supplying the kind of sympathetic yet objective advice she has lacked until now. Generally she has only Jane, distracted by her own problems, to whom she can turn. For the rest she is surrounded by foolish or uncomprehending relatives and friends.

After this, the Gardiners are the instrument by which the heroine travels to Derbyshire, and is able to meet Darcy on his ground, leading to a major reappraisal of his character; again, Mrs Gardiner oversees this induction into the world of Pemberley. This all serves to set up the pieces for an end-game in which the Gardiners will play a key part, the wife as a moral supporter of Elizabeth, and the husband as the one who fixes matters in regard to Lydia's marriage. Then, in the last paragraph of the book, the centrality of the couple in the new life of hero and heroine is reasserted: 'With the Gardiners, they were always on the most intimate terms. Darcy, as well as Elizabeth, really loved them; and they were both ever sensible of the warmest gratitude towards the persons who, by bringing her into Derbyshire, had been the means of uniting them' (vol. 3, ch. 19). These are perfect closing lines: they give a glimpse of a future beyond the main story, but they make additional sense of the events which have brought to the characters to this point. In a novel where snobbery and ancestral pride have been variously anatomised (through Darcy, Lady Catherine, Caroline Bingley, Sir William Lucas, Collins and more), the final paragraph reasserts the dignity of human worth. It is expressed through the affection which the aristocrat and his gentlewoman wife feel for the family 'in a respectable line of trade'. Respectability has been dragged out of an exclusively social context, and defined afresh as part of a moral vocabulary.

Pride and Prejudice dovetails romance and satire more successfully than any previous English novel. Some critics have attempted to compare Austen's art with that of her contemporary Mozart, most notably Robert K. Wallace in his book *Jane Austen and Mozart: Classical Equilibrium in Fiction and Music* (1983). The parallel has a certain validity, if we do not try to push it too far, and especially if, like Wallace, we consider the most closely comparable branch of Mozart's output, his mature piano concertos. These were written in the decade preceding Austen's earliest experiments as a novelist: indeed, he composed the last of them only about seven years before she embarked on *First Impressions*. What links the two artists could

be expressed in general terms: a minute disposition of parts to create an integrated whole, a cunning choice of appropriate means towards a given end, an innovative use of conventional motifs and so on. In the first movement of his concertos, where most of the heavy-duty musical work is done, Mozart regularly sets a graceful thematic subject in the exposition against a more spiky, rhythmically accented subject, a contrast which may be developed in further episodes and in the recapitulation, as in the concertos in C (K 467), E♭ (K 482) and C (K 503). Similarly, the structure of *Pride and Prejudice* juxtaposes comic with solemn scenes, broadly satiric passages with moments of great tenderness, and sections of light external observation with more impassioned internalised discourse. When Elizabeth is grappling with Collins in a fundamentally comic encounter – we never feel for a moment that her grotesque suitor will cause her real heartbreak – Jane's love affair threatens to slide into despair. The art lies in ensuring that the sour does not curdle the sweet, and the sweet does not render the sour bland. We could call this a form of heteroglossia, but in essence it represents a very basic way of organising a sustained argument, either in music or in fiction: development by contrast, in which light and dark are interfused in the texture to establish a dialectic pattern of differing moods. We care about the characters, as we do not in the case of the farcical stereotypes of most satire; and yet we are able to laugh at their frailties, as we are not allowed to do in the midst of the agonised afflictions meted out in sentimental romance.

NOTE ON THE TEXT

The text is based on a copy in Cambridge University Library, collated with other copies in the Bodleian Library, Oxford and Yale University Library (Gilson, *Bibliography*, A3). The work appeared in three volumes in January 1813: for details of the publishing history, see Introduction, pp. xxviii–xxxiv above. I have examined a number of other copies and found no variants. It is possible that optical scanning would reveal minute alterations not visible to the naked eye, but on the evidence available no different states can be detected.

The second edition appeared later in 1813, also in three volumes (Gilson, *Bibliography*, A4). The text was reset throughout. However, some obvious misprints in the first edition went uncorrected, including a mistake Jane Austen had spotted (vol. , ch. 12, p. 380 below). Fresh errors were introduced. Since Austen seems to have had no hand in the second edition, its readings are generally seen as without authority, and for that reason they are reported here only where they raise questions about the validity of the reading in the first edition. The same factors apply in the case of the third edition in two volumes, published in the year of Austen's death, 1817 (Gilson, *Bibliography*, A5). Moreover, both of the later editions, especially the third, seek to 'improve' her grammar, for example by tidying up the form of verbs (mood and number) in an intrusive way. As a result, the second and third edition's variant readings are recorded here not on a routine basis but in cases of particular interest or relevance. New errors introduced into the text of these editions, where the first is demonstrably correct, are not listed here. In general I have followed a conservative policy and introduced emendations only where the text of the first edition seems manifestly wrong.

However, I have corrected a few simple misprints, some repeated in the second and third editions. JA's inconsistent spelling of some proper nouns, such as Phillips/Philips, has been maintained. See also the general editor's preface, pp. ix-xii above.

As described in the Introduction above (pp. xxxi), a set of the first edition has survived, with Cassandra Austen's signature in the second volume. This is preserved in the Harry Ransom Research Center at the University of Texas. The set, which lacks some elements, including the title page of volume 1, may have been assembled from different sets. After Cassandra's death it passed to Emma Austen-Leigh, the wife of JA's nephew and biographer:[1] later it came into the hands of Frances Julia Wedgwood (1833–1913). She was a novelist and critic; a great-granddaughter of the founder of the pottery, Josiah Wedgwood; a niece of Charles Darwin's wife; and a friend of Robert Browning. Julia had no children, and the set came to Ralph Wedgwood, who seems to have been her first cousin once removed, Sir Ralph Wedgwood, Bt (1874–1956). He was a railway magnate, cousin and friend of the composer Ralph Vaughan Williams, and father of the historian C. V. Wedgwood, O. M. The set was offered for sale by Elkin Matthews in 1937 and came into the possession of the University of Texas. (I am grateful to Richard Oram, Director of the Harry Ransom Center, for details of its acquisition.) The marginal corrections were first described by R. W. Chapman in the *Times Literary Supplement*, 13 February 1937, 16. Cassandra made five marginal corrections, all but one in the last volume: not every one of them is self-evidently an improvement, and there is no evidence that these derive from Jave Austen herself. Consequently I have reported all the proposed alterations in the notes, but adopted Cassandra's suggested reading only on a selective basis.

[1] I am grateful to Deirdre Le Faye for the suggestion that the book may rather have passed after CA's death first to her god-daughter Cassandra Esten, JA's niece, and then to Cassandra Esten's sister-in-law Emma Austen (*née* de Blois), wife of Charles John (son of Jane Austen's youngest brother Charless).

PRIDE

AND

PREJUDICE:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF " SENSE AND SENSIBILITY."

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. EGERTON,

MILITARY LIBRARY, WHITEHALL.

1813.

The title page of the first edition of *Pride and Prejudice*, used as the copytext for this edition. Reproduced by permission of the Syndics of Cambridge University Library.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Volume I

Chapter 1

It is a truth universally acknowledged,[1] that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park[2] is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down[3] on Monday in a chaise and four[4] to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas,[5] and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year.[6] What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? how can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit[7] him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be any thing extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown up daughters,[8] she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general you know they visit no new comers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him, if you do not."

"You are over scrupulous surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying which ever

he chuses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness[9] than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."[10]

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts,[11] sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three and twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develope.[12] She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous.[13] The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Chapter 2

Mr. Bennet was among the earliest of those who waited on Mr. Bingley. He had always intended to visit him, though to the last always assuring his wife that he should not go; and till the evening after the visit was paid, she had no knowledge of it. It was then disclosed in the following manner. Observing his second daughter employed in trimming a hat,[1] he suddenly addressed her with,

"I hope Mr. Bingley will like it Lizzy."

"We are not in a way to know *what* Mr. Bingley likes," said her mother resentfully, "since we are not to visit."

"But you forget, mama," said Elizabeth, "that we shall meet him at the assemblies,[2] and that Mrs. Long has promised to introduce him."

"I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two neices[3] of her own. She is a selfish, hypocritical woman, and I have no opinion of her."

"No more have I," said Mr. Bennet; "and I am glad to find that you do not depend on her serving you."

Mrs. Bennet deigned not to make any reply; but unable to contain herself, began scolding one of her daughters.

"Don't keep coughing so, Kitty, for heaven's sake! Have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces."

"Kitty has no discretion in her coughs," said her father; "she times them ill."

"I do not cough for my own amusement," replied Kitty fretfully.

"When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?"

"To-morrow fortnight."

"Aye, so it is," cried her mother, "and Mrs. Long does not come back till the day before; so, it will be impossible for her to introduce him, for she will not know him herself."

"Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of your friend, and introduce Mr Bingley to *her*."

"Impossible, Mr. Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself; how can you be so teazing?"[4]

"I honour your circumspection. A fortnight's acquaintance is certainly very little. One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight. But if *we* do not venture, somebody else will; and after all, Mrs. Long and her neices must stand their chance; and therefore, as she will think it an act of kindness, if you decline the office, I will take it on myself."

The girls stared at their father. Mrs. Bennet said only, "Nonsense, nonsense!"

"What can be the meaning of that emphatic exclamation?" cried he. "Do you consider the forms of introduction, and the stress that is laid on them, as nonsense? I cannot quite agree with you *there*. What say you, Mary? for you are a young lady of deep reflection I know, and read great books, and make extracts."[5]

Mary wished to say something very sensible,[6] but knew not how.

"While Mary is adjusting her ideas," he continued, "let us return to Mr. Bingley."

"I am sick of Mr. Bingley," cried his wife.

"I am sorry to hear *that*; but why did not you tell me so before? If I had known as much this morning, I certainly would not have called on him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now."

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished; that of Mrs. Bennet perhaps surpassing the rest; though when the first tumult of joy was over, she began to declare that it was what she had expected all the while.

"How good it was in you, my dear Mr. Bennet?[7] But I knew I should persuade you at last. I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke, too, that you should have gone this morning, and never said a word about it till now."

"Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you chuse," said Mr. Bennet; and, as he spoke, he left the room, fatigued with the raptures of his wife.

"What an excellent father you have, girls," said she, when the door was shut. "I do not know how you will ever make him amends for his kindness; or me either, for that matter. At our time of life, it is not so pleasant I can tell you, to be making new acquaintance every day; but for your sakes, we would do any thing. Lydia, my love, though you *are* the youngest,[8] I dare say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball."

"Oh!" said Lydia stoutly, "I am not afraid; for though I *am* the youngest, I'm the tallest."

The rest of the evening was spent in conjecturing how soon he would return Mr. Bennet's visit, and determining when they should ask him to dinner.

Chapter 3

Not all that Mrs. Bennet, however, with the assistance of her five daughters, could ask on the subject was sufficient to draw from her husband any satisfactory description of Mr. Bingley. They attacked him in various ways; with barefaced questions, ingenious suppositions, and distant surmises; but he eluded the skill of them all; and they were at last obliged to accept the second-hand intelligence of their neighbour Lady Lucas. Her report was highly favourable. Sir William had been delighted with him. He was quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and to crown the whole, he meant to be at the next assembly with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful! To be fond of dancing was a certain step towards falling in love; and very lively hopes of Mr. Bingley's heart were entertained.

"If I can but see one of my daughters happily settled at Netherfield," said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, "and all the others equally well married, I shall have nothing to wish for."

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet's visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had entertained hopes of being admitted to a sight of the young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw only the father. The ladies were somewhat more fortunate, for they had the advantage of ascertaining from an upper window,[1] that he wore a blue coat and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner[2] was soon afterwards dispatched; and already had Mrs. Bennet planned the courses that were to

do credit to her housekeeping, when an answer arrived which deferred it all. Mr. Bingley was obliged to be in town the following day, and consequently unable to accept the honour of their invitation, &c. Mrs. Bennet was quite disconcerted. She could not imagine what business he could have in town so soon after his arrival in Hertfordshire;[3] and she began to fear that he might be always flying about from one place to another, and never settled at Netherfield as he ought to be. Lady Lucas quieted her fears a little by starting the idea of his being gone to London only to get a large party for the ball; and a report soon followed that Mr. Bingley was to bring twelve ladies and seven gentlemen with him to the assembly. The girls grieved over such a number of ladies; but were comforted the day before the ball by hearing, that instead of twelve, he had brought only six with him from London, his five sisters and a cousin. And when the party entered the assembly room, it consisted of only five altogether; Mr. Bingley, his two sisters, the husband of the eldest, and another young man.

Mr. Bingley was good looking and gentlemanlike;[4] he had a pleasant countenance, and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women, with an air of decided fashion. His brother-in-law, Mr. Hurst, merely looked the gentleman; but his friend Mr. Darcy soon drew the attention of the room by his fine, tall person, handsome features, noble mien; and the report which was in general circulation within five minutes after his entrance, of his having ten thousand a year.[5] The gentlemen pronounced him to be a fine figure of a man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and he was looked at with great admiration for about half the evening, till his manners gave a disgust[6] which turned the tide of his popularity; for he was discovered to be proud, to be above his company, and above being pleased; and not all his

large estate[7] in Derbyshire[8] could then save him from having a most forbidding, disagreeable countenance, and being unworthy to be compared with his friend.

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and every body hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour, was sharpened into particular resentment, by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances;[9] and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to press his friend to join it.

"Come, Darcy," said he, "I must have you dance.[10] I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance."

"I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room, whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with."[11]

"I would not be so fastidious as you are," cried Bingley, "for a kingdom! Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty."

"*You* are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room," said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

"Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say, very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you."

"Which do you mean?" and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, "She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt *me*; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me."

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings towards him. She told the story however with great spirit among her friends; for she had a lively, playful disposition, which delighted in any thing ridiculous.

The evening altogether passed off pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet had seen her eldest daughter much admired by the Netherfield party. Mr. Bingley had danced with her twice, and she had been distinguished[12] by his sisters. Jane was as much gratified by this, as her mother could be, though in a quieter way. Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure. Mary had heard herself mentioned to Miss Bingley as the most accomplished girl[13] in the neighbourhood; and Catherine and Lydia had been fortunate enough to be never without partners, which was all that they had yet learnt to care for at a ball. They returned therefore in good spirits to Longbourn,

the village where they lived, and of which they were the principal inhabitants. They found Mr. Bennet still up. With a book he was regardless of time; and on the present occasion he had a good deal of curiosity as to the event of an evening which had raised such splendid expectations. He had rather hoped that all his wife's views on the stranger would be disappointed; but he soon found that he had a very different story to hear.

"Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet," as she entered the room, "we have had a most delightful evening, a most excellent ball. I wish you had been there. Jane was so admired, nothing could be like it. Every body said how well she looked; and Mr. Bingley thought her quite beautiful, and danced with her twice. Only think of *that* my dear; he actually danced with her twice; and she was the only creature in the room that he asked a second time. First of all, he asked Miss Lucas. I was so vexed to see him stand up with her; but, however, he did not admire her at all: indeed, nobody can, you know; and he seemed quite struck with Jane as she was going down the dance.[14] So, he enquired who she was, and got introduced, and asked her for the two next. Then, the two third he danced with Miss King, and the two fourth with Maria Lucas, and the two fifth with Jane again,[15] and the two sixth with Lizzy, and the Boulanger."[16]

"If he had had any compassion for *me*," cried her husband impatiently, "he would not have danced half so much! For God's sake, say no more of his partners. Oh! that he had sprained his ancle in the first dance!"

"Oh! my dear," continued Mrs. Bennet, "I am quite delighted with him. He is so excessively[17] handsome! and his sisters are charming women. I never in my life saw any thing more elegant than their dresses. I dare say the lace upon Mrs. Hurst's gown——"

Here she was interrupted again. Mr. Bennet protested against any description of finery. She was therefore obliged to seek another branch of the subject, and related, with much bitterness of spirit and some exaggeration, the shocking rudeness of Mr. Darcy.

"But I can assure you," she added, "that Lizzy does not lose much by not suiting *his* fancy; for he is a most disagreeable, horrid man, not at all worth pleasing. So high and so conceited that there was no enduring him! He walked here, and he walked there, fancying himself so very great! Not handsome enough to dance with! I wish you had been there, my dear, to have given him one of your set downs.[18] I quite detest the man."

Chapter 4

When Jane and Elizabeth were alone, the former, who had been cautious in her praise of Mr. Bingley before, expressed to her sister how very much she admired him.

"He is just what a young man ought to be," said she, "sensible, good humoured, lively; and I never saw such happy manners!—so much ease, with such perfect good breeding!"

"He is also handsome," replied Elizabeth, "which a young man ought likewise to be, if he possibly can. His character is thereby complete."

"I was very much flattered by his asking me to dance a second time. I did not expect such a compliment."

"Did not you? *I* did for you. But that is one great difference between us. Compliments always take *you* by surprise, and *me* never. What could be more natural than his asking you again? He could not help seeing that you were about five times as pretty as every other woman in the room. No thanks to his gallantry for that. Well, he certainly is very agreeable, and I give you leave to like him. You have liked many a stupider person."

"Dear Lizzy!"

"Oh! you are a great deal too apt you know, to like people in general. You never see a fault in any body. All the world are good and agreeable in your eyes. I never heard you speak ill of a human being in my life."

"I would wish not to be hasty in censuring any one; but I always speak what I think."

"I know you do; and it is *that* which makes the wonder. With *your* good sense, to be so honestly blind to the follies and nonsense of others! Affectation of candour[1] is common enough;—one meets it every where. But to be candid without ostentation or design—to take the good of every body's character and make it still better, and say[2] nothing of the bad—belongs to you alone. And so, you like this man's sisters too, do you? Their manners are not equal to his."

"Certainly not; at first. But they are very pleasing women when you converse with them. Miss Bingley is to live with her brother and keep his house; and I am much mistaken if we shall not find a very charming neighbour in her."

Elizabeth listened in silence, but was not convinced; their behaviour at the assembly had not been calculated to please in general; and with more quickness of observation and less pliancy of temper[3] than her sister, and with a judgment too unassailed by any attention to herself, she was very little disposed to approve them. They were in fact very fine ladies;[4] not deficient in good humour when they were pleased, nor in the power of being agreeable where they chose it; but proud and conceited. They were rather handsome, had been educated in one of the first private seminaries[5] in town, had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds,[6] were in the habit of spending more than they ought, and of associating with people of rank; and were therefore in every respect entitled to think well of themselves, and meanly of others. They were of a respectable family in the north of England; a circumstance more deeply impressed on their memories than that their brother's fortune and their own had been acquired by trade.[7]

Mr. Bingley inherited property to the amount of nearly an hundred thousand pounds from his father, who had intended to purchase an estate, but did not live to do it.—Mr. Bingley intended it likewise, and sometimes made choice of his

county; but as he was now provided with a good house and the liberty of a manor,[8] it was doubtful to many of those who best knew the easiness of his temper, whether he might not spend the remainder of his days at Netherfield, and leave the next generation to purchase.

His sisters were very anxious for his having an estate of his own; but though he was now established only as a tenant, Miss Bingley was by no means unwilling to preside at his table, nor was Mrs. Hurst, who had married a man of more fashion than fortune, less disposed to consider his house as her home when it suited her. Mr. Bingley had not been of age two years,[9] when he was tempted by an accidental recommendation to look at Netherfield House. He did look at it and into it for half an hour, was pleased with the situation and the principal rooms, satisfied with what the owner said in its praise, and took it immediately.

Between him and Darcy there was a very steady friendship, in spite of a great opposition of character.—Bingley was endeared to Darcy by the easiness, openness, and ductility of his temper, though no disposition could offer a greater contrast to his own, and though with his own he never appeared dissatisfied. On the strength of Darcy's regard Bingley had the firmest reliance, and of his judgment the highest opinion. In understanding Darcy was the superior. Bingley was by no means deficient, but Darcy was clever. He was at the same time haughty, reserved, and fastidious, and his manners, though well bred, were not inviting. In that respect his friend had greatly the advantage. Bingley was sure of being liked wherever he appeared, Darcy was continually giving offence.

The manner in which they spoke of the Meryton assembly was sufficiently characteristic. Bingley had never met with pleasanter people or prettier girls in his life; every body had been most kind and attentive to him, there had been no

formality, no stiffness, he had soon felt acquainted with all the room; and as to Miss Bennet, he could not conceive an angel more beautiful. Darcy, on the contrary, had seen a collection of people in whom there was little beauty and no fashion, for none of whom he had felt the smallest interest, and from none received either attention or pleasure. Miss Bennet he acknowledged to be pretty, but she smiled too much.

Mrs. Hurst and her sister allowed it to be so—but still they admired her and liked her, and pronounced her to be a sweet girl, and one whom they should not object to know more of. Miss Bennet was therefore established as a sweet girl, and their brother felt authorised by such commendation to think of her as he chose.

Chapter 5

WITHIN a short walk of Longbourn lived a family with whom the Bennets were particularly intimate. Sir William Lucas had been formerly in trade in Meryton, where he had made a tolerable[1] fortune and risen to the honour of knighthood[2] by an address[3] to the King, during his mayoralty. The distinction had perhaps been felt too strongly. It had given him a disgust to his business and to his residence in a small market town; and quitting them both, he had removed with his family to a house about a mile from Meryton, denominated from that period Lucas Lodge,[4] where he could think with pleasure of his own importance, and unshackled by business, occupy himself solely in being civil to all the world. For though elated[5] by his rank, it did not render him supercilious; on the contrary, he was all attention to every body. By nature inoffensive, friendly and obliging, his presentation at St. James's[6] had made him courteous.[7]

Lady Lucas was a very good kind of woman,[8] not too clever to be a valuable neighbour to Mrs. Bennet.—They had several children. The eldest of them a sensible, intelligent young woman, about twenty-seven, was Elizabeth's intimate friend.

That the Miss Lucases and the Miss Bennets should meet to talk over a ball was absolutely necessary; and the morning after the assembly brought the former to Longbourn to hear and to communicate.

"*You* began the evening well, Charlotte," said Mrs. Bennet with civil self-command to Miss Lucas. "*You* were Mr. Bingley's first choice."

"Yes;—but he seemed to like his second better."

"Oh!—you mean Jane, I suppose—because he danced with her twice. To be sure that *did* seem as if he admired her—indeed I rather believe he *did*—I heard something about it—but I hardly know what—something about Mr. Robinson."

"Perhaps you mean what I overheard between him and Mr. Robinson; did not I mention it to you? Mr. Robinson's asking him how he liked our Meryton assemblies, and whether he did not think there were a great many pretty women in the room, and *which* he thought the prettiest? and his answering immediately to the last question—Oh! the eldest Miss Bennet beyond a doubt, there cannot be two opinions on that point."

"Upon my word!—Well, that was very decided indeed—that does seem as if—but however, it may all come to nothing you know."

"*My* overhearings were more to the purpose than *yours*, Eliza," said Charlotte. "Mr. Darcy is not so well worth listening to as his friend, is he?—Poor Eliza!—to be only just *tolerable*."[9]

"I beg you would not put it into Lizzy's head to be vexed by his ill-treatment; for he is such a disagreeable man that it would be quite a misfortune to be liked by him. Mrs. Long told me last night that he sat close to her for half an hour without once opening his lips."

"Are you quite sure, Ma'am?—is not there a little mistake?" said Jane.—"I certainly saw Mr. Darcy speaking to her."

"Aye—because she asked him at last how he liked Netherfield, and he could not help answering her;—but she said he seemed very angry at being spoke to."[10]

"Miss Bingley told me," said Jane, "that he never speaks much unless among his intimate acquaintance. With *them* he is remarkably agreeable."

"I do not believe a word of it, my dear. If he had been so very agreeable he would have talked to Mrs. Long. But I can guess how it was; every body says that he is ate up with pride, and I dare say he had heard somehow that Mrs. Long does not keep a carriage, and had come to the ball in a hack chaise."[11]

"I do not mind his not talking to Mrs. Long," said Miss Lucas, "but I wish he had danced with Eliza."

"Another time, Lizzy," said her mother, "I would not dance with *him*, if I were you."

"I believe, Ma'am, I may safely promise you *never* to dance with him."

"His pride," said Miss Lucas, "does not offend *me* so much as pride often does, because there is an excuse for it. One cannot wonder that so very fine a young man, with family, fortune, every thing in his favour, should think highly of himself. If I may so express it, he has a *right* to be proud."

"That is very true," replied Elizabeth, "and I could easily forgive *his* pride, if he had not mortified *mine*."

"Pride," observed Mary, who piqued herself upon the solidity of her reflections, "is a very common failing I believe. By all that I have ever read, I am convinced that it is very common indeed, that human nature is particularly prone to it, and that there are very few of us who do not cherish a feeling of self-complacency on the score of some quality or other, real or imaginary. Vanity and pride are different things,[12] though the words are often used synonimously. A person may be proud without being vain. Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves, vanity to what we would have others think of us."

"If I were as rich as Mr. Darcy," cried a young Lucas who came with his sisters, "I should not care how proud I was. I would keep a pack of foxhounds,[13] and drink a bottle of wine every day."

"Then you would drink a great deal more than you ought," said Mrs. Bennet; "and if I were to see you at it I should take away your bottle directly."

The boy protested that she should not; she continued to declare that she would, and the argument ended only with the visit.

Chapter 6

The ladies of Longbourn soon waited on[1] those of Netherfield. The visit was returned in due form. Miss Bennet's pleasing manners grew on the good will of Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley; and though the mother was found to be intolerable and the younger sisters not worth speaking to, a wish of being better acquainted with *them*, was expressed towards the two eldest. By Jane this attention was received with the greatest pleasure; but Elizabeth still saw superciliousness in their treatment of every body, hardly excepting even her sister, and could not like them; though their kindness to Jane, such as it was, had a value as arising in all probability from the influence of their brother's admiration. It was generally evident whenever they met, that he *did* admire her; and to *her* it was equally evident that Jane was yielding to the preference which she had begun to entertain for him from the first, and was in a way to be very much in love; but she considered with pleasure that it was not likely to be discovered by the world in general, since Jane united with great strength of feeling, a composure of temper and a uniform cheerfulness of manner, which would guard her from the suspicions of the impertinent.[2] She mentioned this to her friend Miss Lucas.

"It may perhaps be pleasant," replied Charlotte, "to be able to impose on the public in such a case; but it is sometimes a disadvantage to be so very guarded.[3] If a woman conceals her affection with the same skill from the object of it, she may

lose the opportunity of fixing him; and it will then be but poor consolation to believe the world equally in the dark. There is so much of gratitude or vanity in almost every attachment, that it is not safe to leave any to itself. We can all *begin* freely—a slight preference is natural enough; but there are very few of us who have heart enough to be really in love without encouragement. In nine cases out of ten, a woman had better shew *more* affection than she feels. Bingley likes your sister undoubtedly; but he may never do more than like her, if she does not help him on."

"But she does help him on, as much as her nature will allow. If *I* can perceive her regard for him, he must be a simpleton indeed not to discover it too."

"Remember, Eliza, that he does not know Jane's disposition as you do."

"But if a woman is partial to a man, and does not endeavour to conceal it, he must find it out."

"Perhaps he must, if he sees enough of her. But though Bingley and Jane meet tolerably often, it is never for many hours together; and as they always see each other in large mixed parties, it is impossible that every moment should be employed in conversing together. Jane should therefore make the most of every half hour in which she can command his attention. When she is secure of him, there will be leisure for falling in love as much as she chuses."

"Your plan is a good one," replied Elizabeth, "where nothing is in question but the desire of being well married; and if I were determined to get a rich husband, or any husband, I dare say I should adopt it. But these are not Jane's feelings; she is not acting by design. As yet, she cannot even be certain of the degree of her own regard, nor of its reasonableness. She has known him only a fortnight. She danced four dances with him at Meryton; she saw him one morning at his

own house, and has since dined in company with him four times. This is not quite enough to make her understand his character."

"Not as you represent it. Had she merely *dined* with him, she might only have discovered whether he had a good appetite; but you must remember that four evenings have been also spent together—and four evenings may do a great deal."

"Yes; these four evenings have enabled them to ascertain that they both like Vingt-un[4] better than Commerce;[5] but with respect to any other leading characteristic, I do not imagine that much has been unfolded."

"Well," said Charlotte, "I wish Jane success with all my heart; and if she were married to him to-morrow, I should think she had as good a chance of happiness, as if she were to be studying his character for a twelvemonth. Happiness in marriage is entirely a matter of chance. If the dispositions of the parties are ever so well known to each other, or ever so similar before-hand, it does not advance their felicity in the least. They always contrive to grow sufficiently unlike afterwards to have their share of vexation; and it is better to know as little as possible of the defects of the person with whom you are to pass your life."

"You make me laugh, Charlotte; but it is not sound.[6] You know it is not sound, and that you would never act in this way yourself."

Occupied in observing Mr. Bingley's attentions to her sister, Elizabeth was far from suspecting that she was herself becoming an object of some interest in the eyes of his friend. Mr. Darcy had at first scarcely allowed her to be pretty; he had looked at her without admiration at the ball; and when they next met, he looked at her only to criticise. But no sooner had he made it clear to himself and his friends that she had

hardly a good feature in her face, than he began to find it was rendered uncommonly intelligent by the beautiful expression of her dark eyes. To this discovery succeeded some others equally mortifying. Though he had detected with a critical eye more than one failure of perfect symmetry in her form, he was forced to acknowledge her figure to be light and pleasing; and in spite of his asserting that her manners were not those of the fashionable world, he was caught by their easy playfulness. Of this she was perfectly unaware;—to her he was only the man who made himself agreeable no where, and who had not thought her handsome enough to dance with.

He began to wish to know more of her, and as a step towards conversing with her himself, attended to her conversation with others. His doing so drew her notice. It was at Sir William Lucas's, where a large party were assembled.

"What does Mr. Darcy mean," said she to Charlotte, "by listening to my conversation with Colonel Forster?"

"That is a question which Mr. Darcy only can answer."

"But if he does it any more I shall certainly let him know that I see what he is about. He has a very satirical eye, and if I do not begin by being impertinent myself, I shall soon grow afraid of him."

On his approaching them soon afterwards, though without seeming to have any intention of speaking, Miss Lucas defied her friend to mention such a subject to him, which immediately provoking Elizabeth to do it, she turned to him and said,

"Did not you think, Mr. Darcy, that I expressed myself uncommonly well just now, when I was teazing Colonel Forster to give us a ball at Meryton?"

"With great energy;—but it is a subject which always makes a lady energetic."

"You are severe on us."

"It will be *her* turn soon to be teazed," said Miss Lucas. "I am going to open the instrument,[7] Eliza, and you know what follows."

"You are a very strange creature by way of a friend!—always wanting me to play and sing before any body and every body!—If my vanity had taken a musical turn, you would have been invaluable, but as it is, I would really rather not sit down before those who must be in the habit of hearing the very best performers." On Miss Lucas's persevering, however, she added, "Very well; if it must be so, it must." And gravely glancing at Mr. Darcy, "There is a fine old saying, which every body here is of course familiar with—'Keep your breath to cool your porridge,'[8]—and I shall keep mine to swell my song."

Her performance was pleasing, though by no means capital. After a song or two, and before she could reply to the entreaties of several that she would sing again, she was eagerly succeeded at the instrument by her sister Mary, who having, in consequence of being the only plain one in the family, worked hard for knowledge and accomplishments, was always impatient for display.

Mary had neither genius nor taste;[9] and though vanity had given her application, it had given her likewise a pedantic air and conceited manner, which would have injured a higher degree of excellence than she had reached. Elizabeth, easy and unaffected, had been listened to with much more pleasure, though not playing half so well; and Mary, at the end of a long concerto,[10] was glad to purchase praise and gratitude by Scotch and Irish airs, at the request of her younger sisters, who with some of the Lucases and two or three officers joined eagerly in dancing at one end of the room.

Mr. Darcy stood near them in silent indignation at such a mode of passing the evening, to the exclusion of all

conversation, and was too much engrossed by his own thoughts to perceive that Sir William Lucas was his neighbour, till Sir William thus began.

"What a charming amusement for young people this is, Mr. Darcy!—There is nothing like dancing after all.—I consider it as one of the first refinements of polished societies."

"Certainly, Sir;—and it has the advantage also of being in vogue amongst the less polished societies of the world.—Every savage can dance."[11]

Sir William only smiled. "Your friend performs delightfully;" he continued after a pause, on seeing Bingley join the group;—"and I doubt not that you are an adept in the science yourself, Mr. Darcy."

"You saw me dance at Meryton, I believe, Sir."

"Yes, indeed, and received no inconsiderable pleasure from the sight. Do you often dance at St. James's?"

"Never, Sir."

"Do you not think it would be a proper compliment to the place?"

"It is a compliment which I never pay to any place if I can avoid it."

"You have a house in town, I conclude."

Mr. Darcy bowed.

"I had once some thoughts of fixing in town myself—for I am fond of superior society; but I did not feel quite certain that the air of London would agree with Lady Lucas."

He paused in hopes of an answer; but his companion was not disposed to make any; and Elizabeth at that instant moving towards them, he was struck with the notion of doing a very gallant thing, and called out to her,

"My dear Miss Eliza, why are not you dancing?—Mr. Darcy, you must allow me to present this young lady to you as a very desirable partner.—You cannot refuse to dance, I

am sure, when so much beauty is before you." And taking her hand, he would have given it to Mr. Darcy, who, though extremely surprised, was not unwilling to receive it, when she instantly drew back, and said with some discomposure to Sir William,

"Indeed, Sir, I have not the least intention of dancing.—I entreat you not to suppose that I moved this way in order to beg for a partner."

Mr. Darcy with grave propriety requested to be allowed the honour of her hand; but in vain. Elizabeth was determined; nor did Sir William at all shake her purpose by his attempt at persuasion.

"You excel so much in the dance, Miss Eliza, that it is cruel to deny me the happiness of seeing you; and though this gentleman dislikes the amusement in general, he can have no objection, I am sure, to oblige us for one half hour."

"Mr Darcy is all politeness,"[12] said Elizabeth, smiling.

"He is indeed—but considering the inducement, my dear Miss Eliza, we cannot wonder at his complaisance; for who would object to such a partner?"

Elizabeth looked archly, and turned away. Her resistance had not injured her with the gentleman, and he was thinking of her with some complacency,[13] when thus accosted by Miss Bingley,

"I can guess the subject of your reverie."

"I should imagine not."

"You are considering how insupportable it would be to pass many evenings in this manner—in such society; and indeed I am quite of your opinion. I was never more annoyed! The insipidity and yet the noise; the nothingness and yet the self-importance of all these people!—What would I give to hear your strictures on them!"

"Your conjecture is totally wrong, I assure you. My mind was more agreeably engaged. I have been meditating on the very great pleasure which a pair of fine eyes in the face of a pretty woman can bestow."

Miss Bingley immediately fixed her eyes on his face, and desired he would tell her what lady had the credit of inspiring such reflections. Mr. Darcy replied with great intrepidity,

"Miss Elizabeth Bennet."

"Miss Elizabeth Bennet!" repeated Miss Bingley. "I am all astonishment. How long has she been such a favourite?—and pray when am I to wish you joy?"

"That is exactly the question which I expected you to ask. A lady's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony in a moment. I knew you would be wishing me joy."

"Nay, if you are so serious about it, I shall consider the matter as absolutely settled. You will have a charming mother-in-law, indeed, and of course she will be always at Pemberley with you."

He listened to her with perfect indifference, while she chose to entertain herself in this manner, and as his composure convinced her that all was safe, her wit flowed long.

Chapter 7

Mr. Bennet's property[1] consisted almost entirely in an estate of two thousand a year, which, unfortunately for his daughters, was entailed in default of heirs male,[2] on a distant relation; and their mother's fortune,[3] though ample for her situation in life, could but ill supply the deficiency of his. Her father had been an attorney[4] in Meryton, and had left her four thousand pounds.

She had a sister married to a Mr. Phillips, who had been a clerk to their father, and succeeded him in the business, and a brother settled in London in a respectable[5] line of trade.

The village of Longbourn was only one mile from Meryton; a most convenient distance for the young ladies, who were usually tempted thither three or four times a week, to pay their duty to their aunt and to a milliner's shop[6] just over the way. The two youngest of the family, Catherine and Lydia, were particularly frequent in these attentions; their minds were more vacant than their sisters', and when nothing better offered, a walk to Meryton was necessary to amuse[7] their morning hours and furnish conversation for the evening; and however bare of news the country in general might be, they always contrived to learn some from their aunt. At present, indeed, they were well supplied both with news and happiness by the recent arrival of a militia regiment[8] in the neighbourhood; it was to remain the whole winter, and Meryton was the head quarters.

Their visits to Mrs. Philips were now productive of the most interesting intelligence. Every day added something to their knowledge of the officers' names and connections. Their lodgings were not long a secret, and at length they began to know the officers themselves. Mr. Philips visited them all, and this opened to his nieces a source of felicity unknown before. They could talk of nothing but officers; and Mr. Bingley's large fortune, the mention of which gave animation to their mother, was worthless in their eyes when opposed to the regimentals of an ensign.[9]

After listening one morning to their effusions on this subject, Mr. Bennet coolly observed,

"From all that I can collect by your manner of talking, you must be two of the silliest girls in the country. I have suspected it some time, but I am now convinced."

Catherine was disconcerted, and made no answer; but Lydia, with perfect indifference, continued to express her admiration of Captain Carter, and her hope of seeing him in the course of the day, as he was going the next morning to London.

"I am astonished, my dear," said Mrs. Bennet, "that you should be so ready to think your own children silly. If I wished to think slightingly of any body's children, it should not be of my own however."

"If my children are silly I must hope to be always sensible of it."

"Yes—but as it happens, they are all of them very clever."

"This is the only point, I flatter myself, on which we do not agree. I had hoped that our sentiments coincided in every particular, but I must so far differ from you as to think our two youngest daughters uncommonly foolish."

"My dear Mr. Bennet, you must not expect such girls to have the sense of their father and mother.—When they get to

our age I dare say they will not think about officers any more than we do. I remember the time when I liked a red-coat myself very well—and indeed so I do still at my heart; and if a smart young colonel, with five or six thousand a year,[10] should want one of my girls, I shall not say nay to him; and I thought Colonel Forster looked very becoming the other night at Sir William's in his regimentals."

"Mama," cried Lydia, "my aunt says that Colonel Forster and Captain Carter do not go so often to Miss Watson's as they did when they first came; she sees them now very often standing in Clarke's library."[11]

Mrs. Bennet was prevented replying[12] by the entrance of the footman with a note for Miss Bennet; it came from Netherfield, and the servant waited for an answer. Mrs. Bennet's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and she was eagerly calling out, while her daughter read,

"Well, Jane, who is it from? what is it about? what does he say? well, Jane, make haste and tell us; make haste, my love."

"It is from Miss Bingley," said Jane, and then read it aloud.

"My dear Friend,

"If you are not so compassionate as to dine to-day with Louisa and me, we shall be in danger of hating each other for the rest of our lives, for a whole day's tête-à-tête between two women can never end without a quarrel. Come as soon as you can on the receipt of this. My brother and the gentlemen are to dine with the officers. Yours ever,

"Caroline Bingley."

"With the officers!" cried Lydia. "I wonder my aunt did not tell us of *that*."

"Dining out," said Mrs. Bennet, "that is very unlucky."

"Can I have the carriage?" said Jane.

"No, my dear, you had better go on horseback, because it seems likely to rain; and then you must stay all night."

"That would be a good scheme," said Elizabeth, "if you were sure that they would not offer to send her home."

"Oh! but the gentlemen will have Mr. Bingley's chaise to go to Meryton; and the Hursts have no horses to theirs."

"I had much rather go in the coach."

"But, my dear, your father cannot spare the horses, I am sure. They are wanted in the farm,[13] Mr. Bennet, are not they?"

"They are wanted in the farm much oftener than I can get them."

"But if you have got them to day," said Elizabeth, "my mother's purpose will be answered."

She did at last extort from her father an acknowledgment that the horses were engaged, Jane was therefore obliged to go on horseback, and her mother attended her to the door with many cheerful prognostics of a bad day. Her hopes were answered; Jane had not been gone long before it rained hard. Her sisters were uneasy for her, but her mother was delighted. The rain continued the whole evening without intermission; Jane certainly could not come back.

"This was a lucky idea of mine, indeed!" said Mrs. Bennet, more than once, as if the credit of making it rain were all her own. Till the next morning, however, she was not aware of all the felicity of her contrivance. Breakfast was scarcely over when a servant from Netherfield brought the following note for Elizabeth:

"My dearest Lizzy,

"I FIND myself very unwell this morning, which, I suppose, is to be imputed to my getting wet through yesterday. My kind friends will not hear of my returning home till I am better. They insist also on my seeing Mr. Jones—therefore do not

be alarmed if you should hear of his having been to me—and excepting a sore-throat and head-ache there is not much the matter with me.

"Yours, &c."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Bennet, when Elizabeth had read the note aloud, "if your daughter should have a dangerous fit of illness, if she should die, it would be a comfort to know that it was all in pursuit of Mr. Bingley, and under your orders."

"Oh! I am not at all afraid of her dying. People do not die of little trifling colds. She will be taken good care of. As long as she stays there, it is all very well. I would go and see her, if I could have the carriage."

Elizabeth, feeling really anxious, was determined to go to her, though the carriage was not to be had; and as she was no horse-woman, walking was her only alternative. She declared her resolution.

"How can you be so silly," cried her mother, "as to think of such a thing, in all this dirt! You will not be fit to be seen when you get there."

"I shall be very fit to see Jane—which is all I want."

"Is this a hint to me, Lizzy," said her father, "to send for the horses?"

"No, indeed. I do not wish to avoid the walk. The distance is nothing, when one has a motive; only three miles. I shall be back by dinner."

"I admire the activity of your benevolence," observed Mary, "but every impulse of feeling should be guided by reason;[14] and, in my opinion, exertion should always be in proportion to what is required."

"We will go as far as Meryton with you," said Catherine and Lydia.—Elizabeth accepted their company, and the three young ladies set off together.

"If we make haste," said Lydia, as they walked along, "perhaps we may see something of Captain Carter before he goes."

In Meryton they parted; the two youngest repaired to the lodgings of one of the officers' wives, and Elizabeth continued her walk alone, crossing field after field at a quick pace, jumping over stiles and springing over puddles with impatient activity, and finding herself at last within view of the house, with weary ancles, dirty stockings, and a face glowing with the warmth of exercise.[15]

She was shewn into the breakfast-parlour, where all but Jane were assembled, and where her appearance created a great deal of surprise.—That she should have walked three miles so early in the day, in such dirty weather, and by herself, was almost incredible to Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley; and Elizabeth was convinced that they held her in contempt for it. She was received, however, very politely by them; and in their brother's manners there was something better than politeness; there was good humour and kindness.—Mr. Darcy said very little, and Mr. Hurst nothing at all. The former was divided between admiration of the brilliancy which exercise had given to her complexion, and doubt as to the occasion's justifying her coming so far alone. The latter was thinking only of his breakfast.

Her enquiries after her sister were not very favourably answered. Miss Bennet had slept ill, and though up, was very feverish and not well enough to leave her room. Elizabeth was glad to be taken to her immediately; and Jane, who had only been withheld by the fear of giving alarm or inconvenience, from expressing in her note how much she longed for such a visit, was delighted at her entrance. She was not equal, however, to much conversation, and when Miss Bingley left them together, could attempt little beside expressions of gratitude

for the extraordinary kindness she was treated with. Elizabeth silently attended her.

When breakfast was over, they were joined by the sisters; and Elizabeth began to like them herself, when she saw how much affection and solicitude they shewed for Jane. The apothecary[16] came, and having examined his patient, said, as might be supposed, that she had caught a violent cold, and that they must endeavour to get the better of it; advised her to return to bed, and promised her some draughts.[17] The advice was followed readily, for the feverish symptoms increased, and her head ached acutely. Elizabeth did not quit her room for a moment, nor were the other ladies often absent; the gentlemen being out, they had in fact nothing to do elsewhere.

When the clock struck three, Elizabeth felt that she must go; and very unwillingly said so. Miss Bingley offered her the carriage, and she only wanted a little pressing to accept it, when Jane testified such concern in parting with her, that Miss Bingley was obliged to convert the offer of the chaise into an invitation to remain at Netherfield for the present. Elizabeth most thankfully consented, and a servant was dispatched to Longbourn to acquaint the family with her stay, and bring back a supply of clothes.

Chapter 8

At five o'clock the two ladies retired to dress, and at half past six[1] Elizabeth was summoned to dinner. To the civil enquiries which then poured in, and amongst which she had the pleasure of distinguishing the much superior solicitude of Mr. Bingley's, she could not make a very favourable answer. Jane was by no means better. The sisters, on hearing this, repeated three or four times how much they were grieved, how shocking it was to have a bad cold, and how excessively they disliked being ill themselves; and then thought no more of the matter: and their indifference towards Jane when not immediately before them, restored Elizabeth to the enjoyment of all her original dislike.

Their brother, indeed, was the only one of the party whom she could regard with any complacency. [2] His anxiety for Jane was evident, and his attentions to herself most pleasing, and they prevented her feeling herself so much an intruder as she believed she was considered by the others. She had very little notice from any but him. Miss Bingley was engrossed by Mr. Darcy, her sister scarcely less so; and as for Mr. Hurst, by whom Elizabeth sat, he was an indolent man, who lived only to eat, drink, and play at cards, who when he found her prefer a plain dish to a ragout,[3] had nothing to say to her.

When dinner was over, she returned directly to Jane, and Miss Bingley began abusing her as soon as she was out of the room. Her manners were pronounced to be very bad indeed, a mixture of pride and impertinence; she had no conversation,

no stile, no taste, no beauty. Mrs. Hurst thought the same, and added,

"She has nothing, in short, to recommend her, but being an excellent walker. I shall never forget her appearance this morning. She really looked almost wild."

"She did indeed, Louisa. I could hardly keep my countenance. Very nonsensical to come at all! Why must *she* be scampering about the country, because her sister had a cold? Her hair so untidy, so blowsy!"[4]

"Yes, and her petticoat; I hope you saw her petticoat,[5] six inches deep in mud, I am absolutely certain; and the gown which had been let down[6] to hide it, not doing its office."

"Your picture may be very exact, Louisa," said Bingley; "but this was all lost upon me. I thought Miss Elizabeth Bennet looked remarkably well, when she came into the room this morning. Her dirty petticoat quite escaped my notice."

"*You* observed it, Mr. Darcy, I am sure," said Miss Bingley; "and I am inclined to think that you would not wish to see *your sister* make such an exhibition."

"Certainly not."

"To walk three miles, or four miles, or five miles, or whatever it is, above her ancles in dirt, and alone, quite alone! what could she mean by it? It seems to me to shew an abominable sort of conceited independence,[7] a most country town[8] indifference to decorum."

"It shews an affection for her sister that is very pleasing," said Bingley.

"I am afraid, Mr. Darcy," observed Miss Bingley, in a half whisper, "that this adventure has rather affected your admiration of her fine eyes."

"Not at all," he replied; "they were brightened by the exercise."—A short pause followed this speech, and Mrs. Hurst began again.

"I have an excessive regard for Jane Bennet, she is really a very sweet girl, and I wish with all my heart she were well settled. But with such a father and mother, and such low connections,[9] I am afraid there is no chance of it."

"I think I have heard you say, that their uncle is an attorney in Meryton."

"Yes; and they have another, who lives somewhere near Cheapside."[10]

"That is capital,"[11] added her sister, and they both laughed heartily.

"If they had uncles enough to fill *all* Cheapside," cried Bingley, "it would not make them one jot less agreeable."

"But it must very materially lessen their chance of marrying men of any consideration in the world," replied Darcy.

To this speech Bingley made no answer; but his sisters gave it their hearty assent, and indulged their mirth for some time at the expense of their dear friend's vulgar relations.

With a renewal of tenderness, however, they repaired to her room on leaving the dining-parlour, and sat with her till summoned to coffee.[12] She was still very poorly, and Elizabeth would not quit her at all, till late in the evening, when she had the comfort of seeing her asleep, and when it appeared to her rather right than pleasant that she should go down stairs herself. On entering the drawing-room she found the whole party at loo,[13] and was immediately invited to join them; but suspecting them to be playing high she declined it, and making her sister the excuse, said she would amuse herself for the short time she could stay below with a book. Mr. Hurst looked at her with astonishment.

"Do you prefer reading to cards?" said he; "that is rather singular."

"Miss Eliza Bennet," said Miss Bingley, "despises cards. She is a great reader and has no pleasure in any thing else."

"I deserve neither such praise nor such censure," cried Elizabeth; "I am *not* a great reader, and I have pleasure in many things."

"In nursing your sister I am sure you have pleasure," said Bingley; "and I hope it will soon be increased by seeing her quite well."

Elizabeth thanked him from her heart, and then walked towards a table where a few books were lying. He immediately offered to fetch her others; all that his library afforded.

"And I wish my collection were larger for your benefit and my own credit; but I am an idle fellow, and though I have not many, I have more than I ever look into."

Elizabeth assured him that she could suit herself perfectly with those in the room.

"I am astonished," said Miss Bingley, "that my father should have left so small a collection of books.—What a delightful library you have at Pemberley, Mr. Darcy!"

"It ought to be good," he replied, "it has been the work of many generations."[14]

"And then you have added so much to it yourself, you are always buying books."

"I cannot comprehend the neglect of a family library in such days as these."

"Neglect! I am sure you neglect nothing that can add to the beauties of that noble place. Charles, when you build *your* house, I wish it may be half as delightful as Pemberley."

"I wish it may."

"But I would really advise you to make your purchase in that neighbourhood, and take Pemberley for a kind of model. There is not a finer county in England than Derbyshire."

"With all my heart; I will buy Pemberley itself if Darcy will sell it."

"I am talking of possibilities, Charles."

"Upon my word, Caroline, I should think it more possible to get Pemberley by purchase than by imitation."

Elizabeth was so much caught by what passed, as to leave her very little attention for her book; and soon laying it wholly aside, she drew near the card-table, and stationed herself between Mr. Bingley and his eldest sister, to observe the game.

"Is Miss Darcy much grown since the spring?" said Miss Bingley; "will she be as tall as I am?"

"I think she will. She is now about Miss Elizabeth Bennet's height, or rather taller."

"How I long to see her again! I never met with anybody who delighted me so much. Such a countenance, such manners!—and so extremely accomplished for her age! Her performance on the piano-forte[15] is exquisite."

"It is amazing to me," said Bingley, "how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished, as they all are."

"All young ladies accomplished! My dear Charles, what do you mean?"

"Yes, all of them, I think. They all paint tables, cover skreens and net purses.[16] I scarcely know any one who cannot do all this, and I am sure I never heard a young lady spoken of for the first time, without being informed that she was very accomplished."

"Your list of the common extent of accomplishments," said Darcy, "has too much truth. The word is applied to many a woman who deserves it no otherwise than by netting a purse, or covering a skreen. But I am very far from agreeing with you in your estimation of ladies in general. I cannot boast of knowing more than half a dozen, in the whole range of my acquaintance, that are really accomplished."

"Nor I, I am sure," said Miss Bingley.

"Then," observed Elizabeth, "you must comprehend a great deal in your idea of an accomplished woman."

"Yes; I do comprehend a great deal in it."

"Oh! certainly," cried his faithful assistant, "no one can be really esteemed accomplished, who does not greatly surpass what is usually met with. A woman must have a thorough knowledge of music, singing, drawing, dancing, and the modern languages,[17] to deserve the word; and besides all this, she must possess a certain something in her air and manner of walking, the tone of her voice, her address and expressions, or the word will be but half deserved."

"All this she must possess," added Darcy, "and to all this she must yet add something more substantial, in the improvement of her mind[18] by extensive reading."

"I am no longer surprised at your knowing *only* six accomplished women. I rather wonder now at your knowing *any*."

"Are you so severe upon your own sex, as to doubt the possibility of all this?"

"*I* never saw such a woman. *I* never saw such capacity, and taste, and application, and elegance,[19] as you describe, united."

Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley both cried out against the injustice of her implied doubt, and were both protesting that they knew many women who answered this description, when Mr. Hurst called them to order, with bitter complaints of their inattention to what was going forward. As all conversation was thereby at an end, Elizabeth soon afterwards left the room.

"Eliza Bennet," said Miss Bingley, when the door was closed on her, "is one of those young ladies who seek to recommend themselves to the other sex, by undervaluing their own; and with many men, I dare say, it succeeds. But, in my opinion, it is a paltry device, a very mean art."

"Undoubtedly," replied Darcy, to whom this remark was chiefly addressed, "there is meanness in *all* the arts which ladies sometimes condescend to employ for captivation. Whatever bears affinity to cunning is despicable."

Miss Bingley was not so entirely satisfied with this reply as to continue the subject.

Elizabeth joined them again only to say that her sister was worse, and that she could not leave her. Bingley urged Mr. Jones's being sent for immediately; while his sisters, convinced that no country advice could be of any service, recommended an express to town for one of the most eminent physicians.[20] This, she would not hear of; but she was not so unwilling to comply with their brother's proposal; and it was settled that Mr. Jones should be sent for early in the morning, if Miss Bennet were not decidedly better. Bingley was quite uncomfortable; his sisters declared that they were miserable. They solaced their wretchedness, however, by duets after supper,[21] while he could find no better relief to his feelings than by giving his housekeeper directions that every possible attention might be paid to the sick lady and her sister.

Chapter 9

Elizabeth passed the chief of the night in her sister's room, and in the morning had the pleasure of being able to send a tolerable[1] answer to the enquiries which she very early received from Mr. Bingley by a housemaid, and some time afterwards from the two elegant ladies who waited on his sisters. In spite of this amendment, however, she requested to have a note sent to Longbourn, desiring her mother to visit Jane, and form her own judgment of her situation. The note was immediately dispatched, and its contents as quickly complied with. Mrs. Bennet, accompanied by her two youngest girls, reached Netherfield soon after the family breakfast.

Had she found Jane in any apparent danger, Mrs. Bennet would have been very miserable; but being satisfied on seeing her that her illness was not alarming, she had no wish of her recovering immediately, as her restoration to health would probably remove her from Netherfield. She would not listen therefore to her daughter's proposal of being carried home; neither did the apothecary, who arrived about the same time, think it at all advisable. After sitting a little while with Jane, on Miss Bingley's appearance and invitation, the mother and three daughters all attended her into the breakfast parlour. Bingley met them with hopes that Mrs. Bennet had not found Miss Bennet worse than she expected.

"Indeed I have, Sir," was her answer. "She is a great deal too ill to be moved. Mr. Jones says we must not think of moving her. We must trespass a little longer on your kindness."

"Removed!" cried Bingley. "It must not be thought of. My sister, I am sure, will not hear of her removal."

"You may depend upon it, Madam," said Miss Bingley, with cold civility, "that Miss Bennet shall receive every possible attention while she remains with us."

Mrs. Bennet was profuse in her acknowledgments.

"I am sure," she added, "if it was not for such good friends I do not know what would become of her, for she is very ill indeed, and suffers a vast deal, though with the greatest patience in the world, which is always the way with her, for she has, without exception, the sweetest temper I ever met with. I often tell my other girls they are nothing to *her*. You have a sweet room here, Mr. Bingley, and a charming prospect over that gravel walk. I do not know a place in the country that is equal to Netherfield. You will not think of quitting it in a hurry I hope, though you have but a short lease."

"Whatever I do is done in a hurry," replied he; "and therefore if I should resolve to quit Netherfield, I should probably be off in five minutes. At present, however, I consider myself as quite fixed here."

"That is exactly what I should have supposed of you," said Elizabeth.

"You begin to comprehend me, do you?" cried he, turning towards her.

"Oh! yes—I understand you perfectly."

"I wish I might take this for a compliment; but to be so easily seen through I am afraid is pitiful."

"That is as it happens. It does not necessarily follow that a deep, intricate character is more or less estimable than such a one as yours."

"Lizzy," cried her mother, "remember where you are, and do not run on in the wild manner that you are suffered to do at home."

"I did not know before," continued Bingley immediately, "that you were a studier of character. It must be an amusing[2] study."

"Yes; but intricate characters are the *most* amusing. They have at least that advantage."

"The country," said Darcy, "can in general supply but few subjects for such a study. In a country neighbourhood you move in a very confined and unvarying society."

"But people themselves alter so much, that there is something new to be observed in them for ever."

"Yes, indeed," cried Mrs. Bennet, offended by his manner of mentioning a country neighbourhood. "I assure you there is quite as much of *that* going on in the country as in town."

Every body was surprised; and Darcy, after looking at her for a moment, turned silently away. Mrs. Bennet, who fancied she had gained a complete victory over him, continued her triumph.

"I cannot see that London has any great advantage over the country for my part, except the shops and public places. The country is a vast deal pleasanter, is not it, Mr. Bingley?"

"When I am in the country," he replied, "I never wish to leave it; and when I am in town it is pretty much the same. They have each their advantages, and I can be equally happy in either."

"Aye—that is because you have the right disposition. But that gentleman," looking at Darcy, "seemed to think the country was nothing at all."

"Indeed, Mama, you are mistaken," said Elizabeth, blushing for her mother. "You quite mistook Mr. Darcy. He only meant that there were not such a variety[3] of people to be met with in the country as in town, which you must acknowledge to be true."

"Certainly, my dear, nobody said there were; but as to not meeting with many people in this neighbourhood, I believe there are few neighbourhoods larger. I know we dine with four and twenty families."

Nothing but concern for Elizabeth could enable Bingley to keep his countenance. His sister was less delicate, and directed her eye towards Mr. Darcy with a very expressive smile. Elizabeth, for the sake of saying something that might turn her mother's thoughts, now asked her if Charlotte Lucas had been at Longbourn since *her* coming away.

"Yes, she called yesterday with her father. What an agreeable man Sir William is, Mr. Bingley—is not he? so much the man of fashion! so genteel and so easy!—He has always something to say to every body.—*That* is my idea of good breeding;[4] and those persons who fancy themselves very important and never open their mouths, quite mistake the matter."

"Did Charlotte dine with you?"

"No, she would go home. I fancy she was wanted about the mince pies. For my part, Mr. Bingley, *I* always keep servants that can do their own work; *my* daughters are brought up differently.[5] But every body is to judge for themselves, and the Lucases are very good sort of girls, I assure you. It is a pity they are not handsome! Not that *I* think Charlotte so *very* plain—but then she is our particular friend."

"She seems a very pleasant young woman," said Bingley.

"Oh! dear, yes;—but you must own she is very plain. Lady Lucas herself has often said so, and envied me Jane's beauty. I do not like to boast of my own child, but to be sure, Jane—one does not often see any body better looking. It is what every body says. I do not trust my own partiality. When she was only fifteen, there was a gentleman at my brother Gardiner's in town, so much in love with her, that my

sister-in-law was sure he would make her an offer before we came away. But however he did not. Perhaps he thought her too young. However, he wrote some verses on her, and very pretty they were."

"And so ended his affection," said Elizabeth impatiently. "There has been many a one, I fancy, overcome in the same way. I wonder who first discovered the efficacy of poetry in driving away love!"

"I have been used to consider poetry as the *food* of love,"[6] said Darcy.

"Of a fine, stout, healthy love it may. Every thing nourishes what is strong already. But if it be only a slight, thin sort of inclination, I am convinced that one good sonnet will starve it entirely away."

Darcy only smiled; and the general pause which ensued made Elizabeth tremble lest her mother should be exposing herself again. She longed to speak, but could think of nothing to say; and after a short silence Mrs. Bennet began repeating her thanks to Mr. Bingley for his kindness to Jane, with an apology for troubling him also with Lizzy. Mr. Bingley was unaffectedly civil in his answer, and forced his younger sister to be civil also, and say what the occasion required. She performed her part indeed without much graciousness, but Mrs. Bennet was satisfied, and soon afterwards ordered her carriage. Upon this signal, the youngest of her daughters put herself forward. The two girls had been whispering to each other during the whole visit, and the result of it was, that the youngest should tax Mr. Bingley with having promised on his first coming into the country to give a ball at Netherfield.

Lydia was a stout,[7] well-grown girl of fifteen, with a fine complexion and good-humoured countenance; a favourite with her mother, whose affection had brought her into public[8] at an early age. She had high animal spirits,[9] and a sort of

natural self-consequence, which the attentions of the officers, to whom her uncle's good dinners and her own easy manners recommended her, had increased into assurance. She was very equal therefore to address Mr. Bingley on the subject of the ball, and abruptly reminded him of his promise; adding, that it would be the most shameful thing in the world if he did not keep it. His answer to this sudden attack was delightful to their mother's ear.

"I am perfectly ready, I assure you, to keep my engagement; and when your sister is recovered, you shall if you please name the very day of the ball. But you would not wish to be dancing while she is ill."

Lydia declared herself satisfied. "Oh! yes—it would be much better to wait till Jane was well, and by that time most likely Captain Carter would be at Meryton again. And when you have given *your* ball," she added, "I shall insist on their giving one also. I shall tell Colonel Forster it will be quite a shame if he does not."

Mrs. Bennet and her daughters then departed, and Elizabeth returned instantly to Jane, leaving her own and her relations' behaviour to the remarks of the two ladies and Mr. Darcy; the latter of whom, however, could not be prevailed on to join in their censure of *her*, in spite of all Miss Bingley's witticisms on *fine eyes.*

Chapter 10

The day passed much as the day before had done. Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley had spent some hours of the morning with the invalid, who continued, though slowly, to mend; and in the evening Elizabeth joined their party in the drawing-room.[1] The loo table, however, did not appear. Mr. Darcy was writing, and Miss Bingley, seated near him, was watching the progress of his letter, and repeatedly calling off his attention by messages to his sister. Mr. Hurst and Mr. Bingley were at piquet,[2] and Mrs. Hurst was observing their game.

Elizabeth took up some needlework, and was sufficiently amused in attending to what passed between Darcy and his companion. The perpetual commendations of the lady either on his hand-writing, or on the evenness of his lines, or on the length of his letter, with the perfect unconcern with which her praises were received, formed a curious dialogue, and was exactly in unison with her opinion of each.

"How delighted Miss Darcy will be to receive such a letter!"

He made no answer.

"You write uncommonly fast."

"You are mistaken. I write rather slowly."

"How many letters you must have occasion to write in the course of the year! Letters of business too! How odious I should think them!"

"It is fortunate, then, that they fall to my lot instead of to yours."

"Pray tell your sister that I long to see her."

"I have already told her so once, by your desire."

"I am afraid you do not like your pen. Let me mend it for you. I mend pens remarkably well."

"Thank you—but I always mend my own."

"How can you contrive to write so even?"

He was silent.

"Tell your sister I am delighted to hear of her improvement on the harp,[3] and pray let her know that I am quite in raptures with her beautiful little design[4] for a table, and I think it infinitely superior to Miss Grantley's."

"Will you give me leave to defer your raptures till I write again?—At present I have not room to do them justice."

"Oh! it is of no consequence. I shall see her in January. But do you always write such charming long letters[5] to her, Mr. Darcy?"

"They are generally long; but whether always charming, it is not for me to determine."

"It is a rule with me, that a person who can write a long letter, with ease, cannot write ill."

"That will not do for a compliment to Darcy, Caroline," cried her brother—"because he does *not* write with ease. He studies too much for words of four syllables.—Do not you, Darcy?"

"My stile of writing is very different from yours."

"Oh!" cried Miss Bingley, "Charles writes in the most careless way imaginable. He leaves out half his words, and blots the rest."

"My ideas flow so rapidly that I have not time to express them—by which means my letters sometimes convey no ideas at all to my correspondents."

"Your humility, Mr. Bingley," said Elizabeth, "must disarm reproof."

"Nothing is more deceitful," said Darcy, "than the appearance of humility. It is often only carelessness of opinion, and sometimes an indirect boast."[6]

"And which of the two do you call *my* little recent piece of modesty?"

"The indirect boast;—for you are really proud of your defects in writing, because you consider them as proceeding from a rapidity of thought and carelessness of execution, which if not estimable, you think at least highly interesting. The power of doing any thing with quickness is always much prized by the possessor, and often without any attention to the imperfection of the performance. When you told Mrs. Bennet this morning that if you ever resolved on quitting Netherfield you should be gone in five minutes, you meant it to be a sort of panegyric, of compliment, to yourself—and yet what is there so very laudable in a precipitance which must leave very necessary business undone, and can be of no real advantage to yourself or any one else?"

"Nay," cried Bingley "this is too much, to remember at night all the foolish things that were said in the morning. And yet, upon my honour, I believed what I said of myself to be true, and I believe it at this moment. At least, therefore, I did not assume the character of needless precipitance merely to shew off before the ladies."

"I dare say you believed it; but I am by no means convinced that you would be gone with such celerity. Your conduct would be quite as dependant on chance as that of any man I know; and if, as you were mounting your horse, a friend were to say, 'Bingley, you had better stay till next week,' you would probably do it, you would probably not go—and, at another word, might stay a month."

"You have only proved by this," cried Elizabeth, "that Mr. Bingley did not do justice to his own disposition. You have shewn him off now much more than he did himself."

"I am exceedingly gratified," said Bingley, "by your converting what my friend says into a compliment on the sweetness of my temper. But I am afraid you are giving it a turn which that gentleman did by no means intend; for he would certainly think the better of me, if under such a circumstance I were to give a flat denial, and ride off as fast as I could."

"Would Mr. Darcy then consider the rashness of your original intention as atoned for by your obstinacy in adhering to it?"

"Upon my word I cannot exactly explain the matter, Darcy must speak for himself."

"You expect me to account for opinions which you chuse to call mine, but which I have never acknowledged. Allowing the case, however, to stand according to your representation, you must remember, Miss Bennet, that the friend who is supposed to desire his return to the house, and the delay of his plan, has merely desired it, asked it without offering one argument in favour of its propriety."

"To yield readily—easily—to the *persuasion* of a friend is no merit with you."

"To yield without conviction is no compliment to the understanding of either."

"You appear to me, Mr. Darcy, to allow nothing for the influence of friendship and affection. A regard for the requester would often make one readily yield to a request, without waiting for arguments to reason one into it. I am not particularly speaking of such a case as you have supposed about Mr. Bingley. We may as well wait, perhaps, till the circumstance occurs, before we discuss the discretion of his behaviour thereupon. But in general and ordinary cases

between friend and friend, where one of them is desired by the other to change a resolution of no very great moment, should you think ill of that person for complying with the desire, without waiting to be argued into it?"

"Will it not be advisable, before we proceed on this subject, to arrange with rather more precision the degree of importance which is to appertain to this request, as well as the degree of intimacy subsisting between the parties?"

"By all means," cried Bingley; "let us hear all the particulars, not forgetting their comparative height and size; for that will have more weight in the argument, Miss Bennet, than you may be aware of. I assure you that if Darcy were not such a great tall fellow, in comparison with myself, I should not pay him half so much deference. I declare I do not know a more aweful[7] object than Darcy, on particular occasions, and in particular places; at his own house especially, and of a Sunday evening when he has nothing to do."

Mr. Darcy smiled; but Elizabeth thought she could perceive that he was rather offended; and therefore checked her laugh. Miss Bingley warmly resented the indignity he had received, in an expostulation with her brother for talking such nonsense.

"I see your design, Bingley," said his friend.—"You dislike an argument, and want to silence this."

"Perhaps I do. Arguments are too much like disputes. If you and Miss Bennet will defer yours till I am out of the room, I shall be very thankful; and then you may say whatever you like of me."

"What you ask," said Elizabeth, "is no sacrifice on my side; and Mr. Darcy had much better finish his letter."

Mr. Darcy took her advice, and did finish his letter.

When that business was over, he applied to Miss Bingley and Elizabeth for the indulgence of some music. Miss Bingley

moved with alacrity to the piano-forte, and after a polite request that Elizabeth would lead the way, which the other as politely and more earnestly negatived, she seated herself.

Mrs. Hurst sang with her sister, and while they were thus employed Elizabeth could not help observing as she turned over some music books that lay on the instrument, how frequently Mr. Darcy's eyes were fixed on her. She hardly knew how to suppose that she could be an object of admiration to so great a man; and yet that he should look at her because he disliked her, was still more strange. She could only imagine however at last, that she drew his notice because there was a something about her more wrong and reprehensible, according to his ideas of right, than in any other person present. The supposition did not pain her. She liked him too little to care for his approbation.

After playing some Italian songs, Miss Bingley varied the charm by a lively Scotch air;[8] and soon afterwards Mr. Darcy, drawing near Elizabeth, said to her—

"Do not you feel a great inclination, Miss Bennet, to seize such an opportunity of dancing a reel?"[9]

She smiled, but made no answer. He repeated the question, with some surprise at her silence.

"Oh!" said she, "I heard you before; but I could not immediately determine what to say in reply. You wanted me, I know, to say 'Yes,' that you might have the pleasure of despising my taste; but I always delight in overthrowing those kind of schemes, and cheating a person of their premeditated contempt. I have therefore made up my mind to tell you, that I do not want to dance a reel at all—and now despise me if you dare."

"Indeed I do not dare."

Elizabeth, having rather expected to affront him, was amazed at his gallantry; but there was a mixture of sweetness

and archness in her manner which made it difficult for her to affront anybody; and Darcy had never been so bewitched by any woman as he was by her. He really believed, that were it not for the inferiority of her connections, he should be in some danger.

Miss Bingley saw, or suspected enough to be jealous; and her great anxiety for the recovery of her dear friend Jane, received some assistance from her desire of getting rid of Elizabeth.

She often tried to provoke Darcy into disliking her guest, by talking of their supposed marriage, and planning his happiness in such an alliance.

"I hope," said she, as they were walking together in the shrubbery[10] the next day, "you will give your mother-in-law a few hints, when this desirable event takes place, as to the advantage of holding her tongue; and if you can compass it, do cure the younger girls of running after the officers.—And, if I may mention so delicate a subject, endeavour to check that little something, bordering on conceit and impertinence, which your lady possesses."

"Have you any thing else to propose for my domestic felicity?"

"Oh! yes.—Do let the portraits of your uncle and aunt Philips be placed in the gallery at Pemberley. Put them next to your great uncle the judge. They are in the same profession, you know; only in different lines. As for your Elizabeth's picture, you must not attempt to have it taken, for what painter could do justice to those beautiful eyes?"

"It would not be easy, indeed, to catch their expression, but their colour and shape, and the eye-lashes, so remarkably fine, might be copied."

At that moment they were met from another walk, by Mrs. Hurst and Elizabeth herself.

"I did not know that you intended to walk," said Miss Bingley, in some confusion, lest they had been overheard.

"You used us abominably ill," answered Mrs. Hurst, "in running away without telling us that you were coming out."

Then taking the disengaged arm of Mr. Darcy, she left Elizabeth to walk by herself. The path just admitted three. Mr. Darcy felt their rudeness and immediately said,—

"This walk is not wide enough for our party. We had better go into the avenue."

But Elizabeth who had not the least inclination to remain with them, laughingly answered,

"No, no; stay where you are.—You are charmingly group'd,[11] and appear to uncommon advantage. The picturesque would be spoilt by admitting a fourth. Good bye."

She then ran gaily off, rejoicing as she rambled about, in the hope of being at home again in a day or two. Jane was already so much recovered as to intend leaving her room for a couple of hours that evening.

Chapter 11

When the ladies removed after dinner, Elizabeth ran up to her sister, and seeing her well guarded from cold, attended her into the drawing-room; where she was welcomed by her two friends with many professions of pleasure; and Elizabeth had never seen them so agreeable as they were during the hour which passed before the gentlemen appeared. Their powers of conversation were considerable. They could describe an entertainment with accuracy, relate an anecdote with humour, and laugh at their acquaintance with spirit.

But when the gentlemen entered, Jane was no longer the first object. Miss Bingley's eyes were instantly turned towards Darcy, and she had something to say to him before he had advanced many steps. He addressed himself directly to Miss Bennet,[1] with a polite congratulation; Mr. Hurst also made her a slight bow, and said he was "very glad;" but diffuseness and warmth remained for Bingley's salutation. He was full of joy and attention. The first half hour was spent in piling up the fire, lest she should suffer from the change of room; and she removed at his desire to the other side of the fire-place, that she might be farther from the door. He then sat down by her, and talked scarcely to any one else. Elizabeth, at work[2] in the opposite corner, saw it all with great delight.

When tea was over, Mr. Hurst reminded his sister-in-law of the card-table—but in vain. She had obtained private intelligence that Mr. Darcy did not wish for cards; and Mr. Hurst soon found even his open petition rejected. She

assured him that no one intended to play, and the silence of the whole party on the subject, seemed to justify her. Mr. Hurst had therefore nothing to do, but to stretch himself on one of the sophas and go to sleep. Darcy took up a book; Miss Bingley did the same; and Mrs. Hurst, principally occupied in playing with her bracelets and rings, joined now and then in her brother's conversation with Miss Bennet.

Miss Bingley's attention was quite as much engaged in watching Mr. Darcy's progress through *his* book, as in reading her own; and she was perpetually either making some inquiry, or looking at his page. She could not win him, however, to any conversation; he merely answered her question, and read on. At length, quite exhausted by the attempt to be amused with her own book, which she had only chosen because it was the second volume of his, she gave a great yawn and said, "How pleasant it is to spend an evening in this way! I declare after all there is no enjoyment like reading! How much sooner one tires of any thing than of a book!—When I have a house of my own, I shall be miserable if I have not an excellent library."

No one made any reply. She then yawned again, threw aside her book, and cast her eyes round the room in quest of some amusement; when hearing her brother mentioning a ball to Miss Bennet, she turned suddenly towards him and said,

"By the bye, Charles, are you really serious in meditating a dance at Netherfield?—I would advise you, before you determine on it, to consult the wishes of the present party; I am much mistaken if there are not some among us to whom a ball would be rather a punishment than a pleasure."

"If you mean Darcy," cried her brother, "he may go to bed, if he chuses, before it begins—but as for the ball, it is quite a settled thing; and as soon as Nicholls has made white soup[3] enough I shall send round my cards."[4]

"I should like balls infinitely better," she replied, "if they were carried on in a different manner; but there is something insufferably tedious in the usual process of such a meeting. It would surely be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing made the order of the day."

"Much more rational, my dear Caroline, I dare say, but it would not be near so much like a ball."

Miss Bingley made no answer; and soon afterwards got up and walked about the room. Her figure was elegant, and she walked well;—but Darcy, at whom it was all aimed, was still inflexibly studious. In the desperation of her feelings she resolved on one effort more; and, turning to Elizabeth, said,

"Miss Eliza Bennet, let me persuade you to follow my example, and take a turn about the room.—I assure you it is very refreshing after sitting so long in one attitude."[5]

Elizabeth was surprised, but agreed to it immediately. Miss Bingley succeeded no less in the real object of her civility; Mr. Darcy looked up. He was as much awake to the novelty of attention in that quarter as Elizabeth herself could be, and unconsciously closed his book. He was directly invited to join their party, but he declined it, observing, that he could imagine but two motives for their chusing to walk up and down the room together, with either of which motives his joining them would interfere. "What could he mean? she was dying to know what could be his meaning"—and asked Elizabeth whether she could at all understand him?

"Not at all," was her answer; "but depend upon it, he means to be severe on us, and our surest way of disappointing him, will be to ask nothing about it."

Miss Bingley, however, was incapable of disappointing Mr. Darcy in any thing, and persevered therefore in requiring an explanation of his two motives.

"I have not the smallest objection to explaining them," said he, as soon as she allowed him to speak. "You either chuse this method of passing the evening because you are in each other's confidence and have secret affairs to discuss, or because you are conscious that your figures appear to the greatest advantage in walking;—if the first, I should be completely in your way;—and if the second, I can admire you much better as I sit by the fire."

"Oh! shocking!" cried Miss Bingley. "I never heard any thing so abominable. How shall we punish him for such a speech?"

"Nothing so easy, if you have but the inclination," said Elizabeth. "We can all plague and punish one another. Teaze him—laugh at him.—Intimate as you are, you must know how it is to be done."

"But upon my honour I do *not*. I do assure you that my intimacy has not yet taught me *that*. Teaze calmness of temper and presence of mind! No, no—I feel he may defy us there. And as to laughter, we will not expose ourselves, if you please, by attempting to laugh without a subject. Mr. Darcy may hug himself."

"Mr. Darcy is not to be laughed at!" cried Elizabeth. "That is an uncommon advantage, and uncommon I hope it will continue, for it would be a great loss to *me* to have many such acquaintance. I dearly love a laugh."

"Miss Bingley," said he, "has given me credit for more than can be. The wisest and the best of men, nay, the wisest and best of their actions, may be rendered ridiculous by a person whose first object in life is a joke."

"Certainly," replied Elizabeth—"there are such people, but I hope I am not one of *them*. I hope I never ridicule what is wise or good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies *do* divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I

can.—But these, I suppose, are precisely what you are without."

"Perhaps that is not possible for any one. But it has been the study of my life to avoid those weaknesses which often expose a strong understanding to ridicule."

"Such as vanity and pride."

"Yes, vanity is a weakness indeed. But pride—where there is a real superiority of mind, pride will be always under good regulation."

Elizabeth turned away to hide a smile.

"Your examination of Mr. Darcy is over, I presume," said Miss Bingley;—"and pray what is the result?"

"I am perfectly convinced by it that Mr. Darcy has no defect. He owns it himself without disguise."

"No"—said Darcy, "I have made no such pretension. I have faults enough, but they are not, I hope, of understanding. My temper I dare not vouch for.—It is I believe too little yielding—certainly too little for the convenience of the world. I cannot forget the follies and vices of others so soon as I ought, nor their offences against myself. My feelings are not puffed about with every attempt to move them. My temper would perhaps be called resentful.—My good opinion once lost is lost for ever."

"*That* is a failing indeed!"—cried Elizabeth. "Implacable resentment *is* a shade[6] in a character. But you have chosen your fault well.—I really cannot *laugh* at it. You are safe from me."

"There is, I believe, in every disposition a tendency to some particular evil, a natural defect, which not even the best education can overcome."

"And *your* defect is a propensity to hate every body."

"And yours," he replied with a smile, "is wilfully to misunderstand them."

"Do let us have a little music,"—cried Miss Bingley, tired of a conversation in which she had no share.—"Louisa, you will not mind my waking Mr. Hurst."

Her sister made not the smallest objection, and the piano forte was opened, and Darcy, after a few moments recollection, was not sorry for it. He began to feel the danger of paying Elizabeth too much attention.

Chapter 12

In consequence of an agreement between the sisters, Elizabeth wrote the next morning to her mother, to beg that the carriage might be sent for them in the course of the day. But Mrs. Bennet, who had calculated on her daughters remaining at Netherfield till the following Tuesday, which would exactly finish Jane's week, could not bring herself to receive them with pleasure before. Her answer, therefore, was not propitious, at least not to Elizabeth's wishes, for she was impatient to get home. Mrs. Bennet sent them word that they could not possibly have the carriage before Tuesday; and in her postscript it was added, that if Mr. Bingley and his sister pressed them to stay longer, she could spare them very well.—Against staying longer, however, Elizabeth was positively resolved—nor did she much expect it would be asked; and fearful, on the contrary, as being considered as intruding themselves needlessly long, she urged Jane to borrow Mr. Bingley's carriage immediately, and at length it was settled that their original design of leaving Netherfield that morning should be mentioned, and the request made.

The communication excited many professions[1] of concern; and enough was said of wishing them to stay at least till the following day to work on Jane; and till the morrow, their going was deferred. Miss Bingley was then sorry that she had proposed the delay, for her jealousy and dislike of one sister much exceeded her affection for the other.

The master of the house heard with real sorrow that they were to go so soon, and repeatedly tried to persuade Miss Bennet that it would not be safe for her—that she was not enough recovered; but Jane was firm where she felt herself to be right.

To Mr. Darcy it was welcome intelligence—Elizabeth had been at Netherfield long enough. She attracted him more than he liked—and Miss Bingley was uncivil to *her*, and more teazing than usual to himself. He wisely resolved to be particularly careful that no sign of admiration should *now* escape him, nothing that could elevate her with the hope of influencing his felicity; sensible that if such an idea had been suggested, his behaviour during the last day must have material weight in confirming or crushing it. Steady to his purpose, he scarcely spoke ten words to her through the whole of Saturday, and though they were at one time left by themselves for half an hour, he adhered most conscientiously to his book, and would not even look at her.

On Sunday, after morning service, the separation, so agreeable to almost all, took place. Miss Bingley's civility to Elizabeth increased at last very rapidly, as well as her affection for Jane; and when they parted, after assuring the latter of the pleasure it would always give her to see her either at Longbourn or Netherfield, and embracing her most tenderly, she even shook hands[2] with the former.—Elizabeth took leave of the whole party in the liveliest spirits.

They were not welcomed home very cordially by their mother. Mrs. Bennet wondered at their coming, and thought them very wrong to give so much trouble, and was sure Jane would have caught cold again.—But their father, though very laconic in his expressions of pleasure, was really glad to see them; he had felt their importance in the family circle. The evening conversation, when they were all assembled, had lost

much of its animation, and almost all its sense, by the absence of Jane and Elizabeth.

They found Mary, as usual, deep in the study of thorough bass[3] and human nature; and had some new extracts to admire, and some new observations of thread-bare morality to listen to. Catherine and Lydia had information for them of a different sort. Much had been done, and much had been said in the regiment since the preceding Wednesday; several of the officers had dined lately with their uncle, a private had been flogged,[4] and it had actually been hinted that Colonel Forster was going to be married.

Chapter 13

"I HOPE, my dear," said Mr. Bennet to his wife, as they were at breakfast the next morning, "that you have ordered a good dinner to-day, because I have reason to expect an addition to our family party."

"Who do you mean, my dear? I know of nobody that is coming I am sure, unless Charlotte Lucas should happen to call in, and I hope *my* dinners are good enough for her. I do not believe she often sees such at home."

"The person of whom I speak, is a gentleman and a stranger." Mrs. Bennet's eyes sparkled.—"A gentleman and a stranger! It is Mr. Bingley I am sure. Why Jane—you never dropt a word of this; you sly thing! Well, I am sure I shall be extremely glad to see Mr. Bingley.—But—good lord! how unlucky! there is not a bit of fish to be got to-day. Lydia, my love, ring the bell. I must speak to Hill, this moment."

"It is *not* Mr. Bingley," said her husband; "it is a person whom I never saw in the whole course of my life."

This roused a general astonishment; and he had the pleasure of being eagerly questioned by his wife and five daughters at once.

After amusing himself some time with their curiosity, he thus explained. "About a month ago I received this letter, and about a fortnight ago I answered it, for I thought it a case of some delicacy, and requiring early attention. It is from my cousin, Mr. Collins, who, when I am dead, may turn you all out of this house as soon as he pleases."

"Oh! my dear," cried his wife, "I cannot bear to hear that mentioned. Pray do not talk of that odious man. I do think it is the hardest thing in the world, that your estate should be entailed away from your own children; and I am sure if I had been you, I should have tried long ago to do something or other about it."

Jane and Elizabeth attempted to explain to her the nature of an entail. They had often attempted it before, but it was a subject on which Mrs. Bennet was beyond the reach of reason; and she continued to rail bitterly against the cruelty of settling an estate away from a family of five daughters, in favour of a man whom nobody cared anything about.

"It certainly is a most iniquitous affair," said Mr. Bennet, "and nothing can clear Mr. Collins from the guilt of inheriting Longbourn. But if you will listen to his letter, you may perhaps be a little softened by his manner of expressing himself."

"No, that I am sure I shall not; and I think it was very impertinent of him to write to you at all, and very hypocritical. I hate such false friends. Why could not he keep on quarrelling with you, as his father did before him?"

"Why, indeed, he does seem to have had some filial scruples on that head, as you will hear."

"Hunsford, near Westerham, Kent,
15th October.

"Dear Sir,

"The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father, always gave me much uneasiness, and since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach; but for some time I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful

to his memory for me to be on good terms with any one, with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance.—"There, Mrs. Bennet."—My mind however is now made up on the subject, for having received ordination at Easter, I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable[1] Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory[2] of this parish, where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean[3] myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England. As a clergyman, moreover, I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families within the reach of my influence; and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good-will are highly commendable, and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate, will be kindly overlooked on your side, and not lead you to reject the offered olive branch.[4] I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters, and beg leave to apologise for it, as well as to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends,—but of this hereafter. If you should have no objection to receive me into your house, I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family, Monday, November 18th, by four o'clock, and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se'night[5] following, which I can do without any inconvenience, as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday, provided that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day.[6] I remain, dear sir, with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters, your well-wisher and friend,

WILLIAM COLLINS."

"At four o'clock, therefore, we may expect this peace-making gentleman," said Mr. Bennet, as he folded up the letter. "He seems to be a most conscientious and polite young man, upon my word; and I doubt not will prove a valuable acquaintance, especially if Lady Catherine should be so indulgent as to let him come to us again."

"There is some sense in what he says about the girls however; and if he is disposed to make them any amends, I shall not be the person to discourage him."

"Though it is difficult," said Jane, "to guess in what way he can mean to make us the atonement he thinks our due, the wish is certainly to his credit."

Elizabeth was chiefly struck with his extraordinary deference for Lady Catherine, and his kind intention of christening, marrying, and burying his parishioners whenever it were required.

"He must be an oddity, I think," said she. "I cannot make him out.—There is something very pompous in his stile.—And what can he mean by apologizing for being next in the entail?—We cannot suppose he would help it, if he could.—Can he be a sensible[7] man, sir?"

"No, my dear; I think not. I have great hopes of finding him quite the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter, which promises well. I am impatient to see him."

"In point of composition," said Mary, "his letter does not seem defective. The idea of the olive branch perhaps is not wholly new, yet I think it is well expressed."

To Catherine and Lydia, neither the letter nor its writer were in any degree interesting. It was next to impossible that their cousin should come in a scarlet coat, and it was now some weeks since they had received pleasure from the society of a man in any other colour. As for

their mother, Mr. Collins's letter had done away much of her ill-will, and she was preparing to see him with a degree of composure, which astonished her husband and daughters.

Mr. Collins was punctual to his time, and was received with great politeness by the whole family. Mr. Bennet indeed said little; but the ladies were ready enough to talk, and Mr. Collins seemed neither in need of encouragement, nor inclined to be silent himself. He was a tall, heavy looking young man of five and twenty. His air was grave and stately, and his manners were very formal. He had not been long seated before he complimented Mrs. Bennet on having so fine a family of daughters, said he had heard much of their beauty, but that, in this instance, fame had fallen short of the truth; and added, that he did not doubt her seeing them all in due time well disposed of in marriage. This gallantry was not much to the taste of some of his hearers, but Mrs. Bennet, who quarrelled with no compliments, answered most readily,

"You are very kind, sir, I am sure; and I wish with all my heart it may prove so; for else they will be destitute enough. Things are settled so oddly."

"You allude perhaps to the entail of this estate."

"Ah! sir, I do indeed. It is a grievous affair to my poor girls, you must confess. Not that I mean to find fault with *you*, for such things I know are all chance in this world. There is no knowing how estates will go when once they come to be entailed."

"I am very sensible, madam, of the hardship to my fair cousins,—and could say much on the subject, but that I am cautious of appearing forward and precipitate. But I can assure the young ladies that I come prepared to admire them. At present I will not say more, but perhaps when we are better acquainted—"

He was interrupted by a summons to dinner; and the girls smiled on each other. They were not the only objects of Mr. Collins's admiration. The hall, the dining-room, and all its furniture[8] were examined and praised; and his commendation of every thing would have touched Mrs. Bennet's heart, but for the mortifying supposition of his viewing it all as his own future property. The dinner too in its turn was highly admired; and he begged to know to which of his fair cousins, the excellence of its cookery was owing. But here he was set right by Mrs. Bennet, who assured him with some asperity that they were very well able to keep a good cook, and that her daughters had nothing to do in the kitchen. He begged pardon for having displeased her. In a softened tone she declared herself not at all offended; but he continued to apologise for about a quarter of an hour.

Chapter 14

During dinner, Mr. Bennet scarcely spoke at all; but when the servants were withdrawn, he thought it time to have some conversation with his guest, and therefore started a subject in which he expected him to shine, by observing that he seemed very fortunate in his patroness. Lady Catherine de Bourgh's attention to his wishes, and consideration for his comfort, appeared very remarkable. Mr. Bennet could not have chosen better. Mr. Collins was eloquent in her praise. The subject elevated him to more than usual solemnity of manner, and with a most important aspect[1] he protested that he had never in his life witnessed such behaviour in a person of rank—such affability and condescension,[2] as he had himself experienced from Lady Catherine. She had been graciously pleased to approve of both the discourses, which he had already had the honour of preaching before her. She had also asked him twice to dine at Rosings, and had sent for him only the Saturday before, to make up her pool of quadrille[3] in the evening. Lady Catherine was reckoned proud by many people he knew, but *he* had never seen any thing but affability in her. She had always spoken to him as she would to any other gentleman; she made not the smallest objection to his joining in the society of the neighbourhood, nor to his leaving his parish occasionally for a week or two, to visit his relations. She had even condescended to advise him to marry as soon as he could, provided he chose with discretion; and had once paid him a visit in his humble parsonage; where she had perfectly

approved all the alterations he had been making, and had even vouchsafed to suggest some herself,—some shelves in the closets[4] up stairs.

"That is all very proper and civil, I am sure," said Mrs. Bennet, "and I dare say she is a very agreeable woman. It is a pity that great ladies in general are not more like her. Does she live near you, sir?"

"The garden in which stands my humble abode,[5] is separated only by a lane from Rosings Park, her ladyship's residence."

"I think you said she was a widow, sir? has she any family?"

"She has one only daughter, the heiress of Rosings, and of very extensive property."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bennet, shaking her head, "then she is better off than many girls. And what sort of young lady is she? is she handsome?"

"She is a most charming young lady indeed. Lady Catherine herself says that in point of true beauty, Miss De Bourgh is far superior to the handsomest of her sex; because there is that in her features which marks the young woman of distinguished birth. She is unfortunately of a sickly constitution, which has prevented her making that progress in many accomplishments, which she could not otherwise have failed of; as I am informed by the lady who superintended her education, and who still resides with them. But she is perfectly amiable, and often condescends to drive by my humble abode in her little phaeton and ponies."[6]

"Has she been presented? I do not remember her name among the ladies at court."

"Her indifferent state of health unhappily prevents her being in town; and by that means, as I told Lady Catherine myself one day, has deprived the British court of its brightest ornament. Her ladyship seemed pleased with the idea, and

you may imagine that I am happy on every occasion to offer those little delicate compliments which are always acceptable to ladies. I have more than once observed to Lady Catherine, that her charming daughter seemed born to be a duchess, and that the most elevated rank, instead of giving her consequence, would be adorned by her.—These are the kind of little things which please her ladyship, and it is a sort of attention which I conceive myself peculiarly bound to pay."

"You judge very properly," said Mr. Bennet, "and it is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the result of previous study?"

"They arise chiefly from what is passing at the time, and though I sometimes amuse myself with suggesting and arranging such little elegant compliments as may be adapted to ordinary occasions, I always wish to give them as unstudied an air as possible."

Mr. Bennet's expectations were fully answered. His cousin was as absurd as he had hoped, and he listened to him with the keenest enjoyment, maintaining at the same time the most resolute composure of countenance, and except in an occasional glance at Elizabeth, requiring no partner in his pleasure.

By tea-time however the dose had been enough, and Mr. Bennet was glad to take his guest into the drawing-room again, and when tea was over, glad to invite him to read aloud to the ladies. Mr. Collins readily assented, and a book was produced; but on beholding it, (for every thing announced it to be from a circulating library,) he started back, and begging pardon, protested that he never read novels.[7]—Kitty stared at him, and Lydia exclaimed.—Other books were produced, and after some deliberation he chose Fordyce's Sermons.[8] Lydia gaped as he opened the volume, and before he had, with

very monotonous solemnity, read three pages, she interrupted him with,

"Do you know, mama, that my uncle Philips talks of turning away Richard, and if he does, Colonel Forster will hire him. My aunt told me so herself on Saturday. I shall walk to Meryton to-morrow to hear more about it, and to ask when Mr. Denny comes back from town."

Lydia was bid by her two eldest sisters to hold her tongue; but Mr. Collins, much offended, laid aside his book, and said,

"I have often observed how little young ladies are interested by books of a serious stamp, though written solely for their benefit. It amazes me, I confess;—for certainly, there can be nothing so advantageous to them as instruction. But I will no longer importune my young cousin."

Then turning to Mr. Bennet, he offered himself as his antagonist at backgammon. Mr. Bennet accepted the challenge, observing that he acted very wisely in leaving the girls to their own trifling amusements. Mrs. Bennet and her daughters apologised most civilly for Lydia's interruption, and promised that it should not occur again, if he would resume his book; but Mr. Collins, after assuring them that he bore his young cousin no ill will, and should never resent her behaviour as any affront, seated himself at another table with Mr. Bennet, and prepared for backgammon.

Chapter 15

Mr. Collins was not a sensible man, and the deficiency of nature had been but little assisted by education or society; the greatest part of his life having been spent under the guidance of an illiterate[1] and miserly father; and though he belonged to one of the universities, he had merely kept the necessary terms,[2] without forming at it any useful acquaintance. The subjection in which his father had brought him up, had given him originally great humility of manner, but it was now a good deal counteracted by the self-conceit of a weak head, living in retirement, and the consequential[3] feelings of early and unexpected prosperity. A fortunate chance had recommended him to Lady Catherine de Bourgh when the living[4] of Hunsford was vacant; and the respect which he felt for her high rank, and his veneration for her as his patroness, mingling with a very good opinion of himself, of his authority as a clergyman, and his rights as a rector,[5] made him altogether a mixture of pride and obsequiousness, self-importance and humility.

Having now a good house and very sufficient income, he intended to marry; and in seeking a reconciliation with the Longbourn family he had a wife in view, as he meant to chuse one of the daughters, if he found them as handsome and amiable as they were represented by common report. This was his plan of amends—of atonement—for inheriting their father's estate; and he thought it an excellent one, full

of eligibility[6] and suitableness, and excessively generous and disinterested on his own part.

His plan did not vary on seeing them.—Miss Bennet's lovely face confirmed his views, and established all his strictest notions of what was due to seniority; and for the first evening *she* was his settled choice. The next morning, however, made an alteration; for in a quarter of an hour's tête-à-tête with Mrs. Bennet before breakfast, a conversation beginning with his parsonage-house, and leading naturally to the avowal of his hopes, that a mistress for it might be found at Longbourn, produced from her, amid very complaisant smiles and general encouragement, a caution against the very Jane he had fixed on.—"As to her *younger* daughters she could not take upon her to say—she could not positively answer—but she did not *know* of any prepossession;—her *eldest* daughter, she must just mention—she felt it incumbent on her to hint, was likely to be very soon engaged."

Mr. Collins had only to change from Jane to Elizabeth—and it was soon done—done while Mrs. Bennet was stirring the fire. Elizabeth, equally next to Jane in birth and beauty, succeeded her of course.

Mrs. Bennet treasured up the hint, and trusted that she might soon have two daughters married; and the man whom she could not bear to speak of the day before, was now high in her good graces.

Lydia's intention of walking to Meryton was not forgotten; every sister except Mary agreed to go with her; and Mr. Collins was to attend them, at the request of Mr. Bennet, who was most anxious to get rid of him, and have his library to himself; for thither Mr. Collins had followed him after breakfast, and there he would continue, nominally engaged with one of the largest folios[7] in the collection, but really talking to Mr. Bennet, with little cessation, of his house and

garden at Hunsford. Such doings discomposed Mr. Bennet exceedingly. In his library he had been always sure of leisure and tranquillity; and though prepared, as he told Elizabeth, to meet with folly and conceit in every other room in the house, he was used to be free from them there; his civility, therefore, was most prompt in inviting Mr. Collins to join his daughters in their walk; and Mr. Collins, being in fact much better fitted for a walker than a reader, was extremely well pleased to close his large book, and go.

In pompous nothings on his side, and civil assents on that of his cousins, their time passed till they entered Meryton. The attention of the younger ones was then no longer to be gained by *him.* Their eyes were immediately wandering up in the street in quest of the officers, and nothing less than a very smart bonnet indeed, or a really new muslin[8] in a shop window, could recal them.

But the attention of every lady was soon caught by a young man, whom they had never seen before, of most gentleman-like appearance, walking with an officer on the other side of the way. The officer was the very Mr. Denny, concerning whose return from London Lydia came to inquire, and he bowed as they passed. All were struck with the stranger's air, all wondered who he could be, and Kitty and Lydia, determined if possible to find out, led the way across the street, under pretence of wanting something in an opposite shop, and fortunately had just gained the pavement when the two gentlemen turning back had reached the same spot. Mr. Denny addressed them directly, and entreated permission to introduce his friend, Mr. Wickham, who had returned with him the day before from town, and he was happy to say had accepted a commission[9] in their corps. This was exactly as it should be; for the young man wanted only regimentals to make him completely charming. His appearance was greatly

in his favour; he had all the best part of beauty, a fine countenance, a good figure, and very pleasing address.[10] The introduction was followed up on his side by a happy readiness of conversation—a readiness at the same time perfectly correct and unassuming; and the whole party were still standing and talking together very agreeably, when the sound of horses drew their notice, and Darcy and Bingley were seen riding down the street. On distinguishing the ladies of the group, the two gentlemen came directly towards them, and began the usual civilities. Bingley was the principal spokesman, and Miss Bennet the principal object. He was then, he said, on his way to Longbourn on purpose to inquire after her. Mr. Darcy corroborated it with a bow, and was beginning to determine not to fix his eyes on Elizabeth, when they were suddenly arrested by the sight of the stranger, and Elizabeth happening to see the countenance of both as they looked at each other, was all astonishment at the effect of the meeting. Both changed colour, one looked white, the other red. Mr. Wickham, after a few moments, touched his hat—a salutation which Mr. Darcy just deigned to return. What could be the meaning of it?—It was impossible to imagine; it was impossible not to long to know.

In another minute Mr. Bingley, but without seeming to have noticed what passed, took leave and rode on with his friend.

Mr. Denny and Mr. Wickham walked with the young ladies to the door of Mr. Philips's house, and then made their bows, in spite of Miss Lydia's pressing entreaties that they would come in, and even in spite of Mrs. Philips' throwing up the parlour window, and loudly seconding the invitation.

Mrs. Philips was always glad to see her nieces, and the two eldest, from their recent absence, were particularly welcome, and she was eagerly expressing her surprise at their sudden

return home, which, as their own carriage had not fetched them, she should have known nothing about, if she had not happened to see Mr. Jones's shop boy in the street, who had told her that they were not to send any more draughts to Netherfield because the Miss Bennets were come away, when her civility was claimed towards Mr. Collins by Jane's introduction of him. She received him with her very best politeness, which he returned with as much more, apologising for his intrusion, without any previous acquaintance with her, which he could not help flattering himself however might be justified by his relationship to the young ladies who introduced him to her notice. Mrs. Philips was quite awed by such an excess of good breeding; but her contemplation of one stranger was soon put an end to by exclamations and inquiries about the other, of whom, however, she could only tell her nieces what they already knew, that Mr. Denny had brought him from London, and that he was to have a lieutenant's commission in the ———shire. She had been watching him the last hour, she said, as he walked up and down the street, and had Mr. Wickham appeared Kitty and Lydia would certainly have continued the occupation, but unluckily no one passed the windows now except a few of the officers, who in comparison with the stranger, were become "stupid, disagreeable fellows." Some of them were to dine with the Philipses the next day, and their aunt promised to make her husband call on Mr. Wickham, and give him an invitation also, if the family from Longbourn would come in the evening. This was agreed to, and Mrs. Philips protested that they would have a nice comfortable noisy game of lottery tickets,[11] and a little bit of hot supper afterwards. The prospect of such delights was very cheering, and they parted in mutual good spirits. Mr. Collins repeated his apologies in

quitting the room, and was assured with unwearying civility that they were perfectly needless.

As they walked home, Elizabeth related to Jane what she had seen pass between the two gentlemen; but though Jane would have defended either or both, had they appeared to be wrong, she could no more explain such behaviour than her sister.

Mr. Collins on his return highly gratified Mrs. Bennet by admiring Mrs. Philips's manners and politeness. He protested that except Lady Catherine and her daughter, he had never seen a more elegant woman; for she had not only received him with the utmost civility, but had even pointedly included him in her invitation for the next evening, although utterly unknown to her before. Something he supposed might be attributed to his connection with them, but yet he had never met with so much attention in the whole course of his life.

Chapter 16

As no objection was made to the young people's engagement with their aunt, and all Mr. Collins's scruples of leaving Mr. and Mrs. Bennet for a single evening during his visit were most steadily resisted, the coach conveyed him and his five cousins at a suitable hour to Meryton; and the girls had the pleasure of hearing, as they entered the drawing-room, that Mr. Wickham had accepted their uncle's invitation, and was then in the house.

When this information was given, and they had all taken their seats, Mr. Collins was at leisure to look around him and admire, and he was so much struck with the size and furniture of the apartment, that he declared he might almost have supposed himself in the small summer breakfast parlour at Rosings; a comparison that did not at first convey much gratification; but when Mrs. Philips understood from him what Rosings was, and who was its proprietor, when she had listened to the description of only one of Lady Catherine's drawing-rooms, and found that the chimney-piece alone had cost eight hundred pounds,[1] she felt all the force of the compliment, and would hardly have resented a comparison with the housekeeper's room.

In describing to her all the grandeur of Lady Catherine and her mansion, with occasional digressions in praise of his own humble abode,[2] and the improvements it was receiving, he was happily employed until the gentlemen joined them; and

he found in Mrs. Philips a very attentive listener, whose opinion of his consequence increased with what she heard, and who was resolving to retail it all among her neighbours as soon as she could. To the girls, who could not listen to their cousin, and who had nothing to do but to wish for an instrument, and examine their own indifferent imitations of china[3] on the mantlepiece, the interval of waiting appeared very long. It was over at last however. The gentlemen did approach; and when Mr. Wickham walked into the room, Elizabeth felt that she had neither been seeing him before, nor thinking of him since, with the smallest degree of unreasonable admiration. The officers of the ———shire were in general a very creditable,[4] gentlemanlike set, and the best of them were of the present party; but Mr. Wickham was as far beyond them all in person, countenance, air, and walk, as *they* were superior to the broad-faced stuffy uncle Philips, breathing port wine, who followed them into the room.

Mr. Wickham was the happy man towards whom almost every female eye was turned, and Elizabeth was the happy woman by whom he finally seated himself; and the agreeable manner in which he immediately fell into conversation, though it was only on its being a wet night, and on the probability of a rainy season, made her feel that the commonest, dullest, most threadbare topic might be rendered interesting by the skill of the speaker.

With such rivals for the notice of the fair, as Mr. Wickham and the officers, Mr. Collins seemed likely to sink into insignificance; to the young ladies he certainly was nothing; but he had still at intervals a kind listener in Mrs. Philips, and was, by her watchfulness, most abundantly supplied with coffee and muffin.[5]

When the card tables were placed, he had an opportunity of obliging her in return, by sitting down to whist.[6]

"I know little of the game, at present," said he, "but I shall be glad to improve myself, for in my situation of life"—— Mrs. Philips was very thankful for his compliance, but could not wait for his reason.

Mr. Wickham did not play at whist, and with ready delight was he received at the other table between Elizabeth and Lydia. At first there seemed danger of Lydia's engrossing him entirely, for she was a most determined talker; but being likewise extremely fond of lottery tickets, she soon grew too much interested in the game, too eager in making bets and exclaiming after prizes, to have attention for any one in particular. Allowing for the common demands of the game, Mr. Wickham was therefore at leisure to talk to Elizabeth, and she was very willing to hear him, though what she chiefly wished to hear she could not hope to be told, the history of his acquaintance with Mr. Darcy. She dared not even mention that gentleman. Her curiosity however was unexpectedly relieved. Mr. Wickham began the subject himself. He inquired how far Netherfield was from Meryton; and, after receiving her answer, asked in an hesitating manner how long Mr. Darcy had been staying there.

"About a month," said Elizabeth; and then, unwilling to let the subject drop, added, "he is a man of very large property in Derbyshire, I understand."

"Yes," replied Wickham;—"his estate there is a noble one. A clear ten thousand per annum. You could not have met with a person more capable of giving you certain information on that head than myself—for I have been connected with his family in a particular manner from my infancy."

Elizabeth could not but look surprised.

"You may well be surprised, Miss Bennet, at such an assertion, after seeing, as you probably might, the very cold manner

of our meeting yesterday.—Are you much acquainted with Mr. Darcy?"

"As much as I ever wish to be," cried Elizabeth warmly,—"I have spent four days in the same house with him, and I think him very disagreeable."

"I have no right to give *my* opinion," said Wickham, "as to his being agreeable or otherwise. I am not qualified to form one. I have known him too long and too well to be a fair judge. It is impossible for *me* to be impartial. But I believe your opinion of him would in general astonish—and perhaps you would not express it quite so strongly any where else.—Here you are in your own family."

"Upon my word I say no more *here* than I might say in any house in the neighbourhood, except Netherfield. He is not at all liked in Hertfordshire. Every body is disgusted[7] with his pride. You will not find him more favourably spoken of by any one."

"I cannot pretend to be sorry," said Wickham, after a short interruption,[8] "that he or that any man should not be estimated beyond their deserts; but with *him* I believe it does not often happen. The world is blinded by his fortune and consequence, or frightened by his high and imposing manners, and sees him only as he chuses to be seen."

"I should take him, even on *my* slight acquaintance, to be an ill-tempered man." Wickham only shook his head.

"I wonder," said he, at the next opportunity of speaking, "whether he is likely to be in this country[9] much longer."

"I do not at all know; but I *heard* nothing of his going away when I was at Netherfield. I hope your plans in favour of the ———shire will not be affected by his being in the neighbourhood."

"Oh! no—it is not for *me* to be driven away by Mr. Darcy. If *he* wishes to avoid seeing *me*, he must go. We are not on

friendly terms, and it always gives me pain to meet him, but I have no reason for avoiding *him* but what I might proclaim to all the world; a sense of very great ill usage, and most painful regrets at his being what he is. His father, Miss Bennet, the late Mr. Darcy, was one of the best men that ever breathed, and the truest friend I ever had; and I can never be in company with this Mr. Darcy without being grieved to the soul by a thousand tender recollections. His behaviour to myself has been scandalous; but I verily believe I could forgive him any thing and every thing, rather than his disappointing the hopes and disgracing the memory of his father."

Elizabeth found the interest of the subject increase, and listened with all her heart; but the delicacy of it prevented farther inquiry.

Mr. Wickham began to speak on more general topics, Meryton, the neighbourhood, the society, appearing highly pleased with all that he had yet seen, and speaking of the latter especially, with gentle but very intelligible gallantry.

"It was the prospect of constant society, and good society," he added, "which was my chief inducement to enter the ———shire. I knew it to be a most respectable, agreeable corps, and my friend Denny tempted me farther by his account of their present quarters, and the very great attentions and excellent acquaintance Meryton had procured them. Society, I own, is necessary to me. I have been a disappointed man, and my spirits will not bear solitude. I *must* have employment and society. A military life is not what I was intended for, but circumstances have now made it eligible. The church *ought* to have been my profession—I was brought up for the church, and I should at this time have been in possession of a most valuable living, had it pleased the gentleman we were speaking of just now."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—the late Mr. Darcy bequeathed me the next presentation[10] of the best living in his gift. He was my godfather, and excessively attached to me. I cannot do justice to his kindness. He meant to provide for me amply, and thought he had done it; but when the living fell, it was given elsewhere."

"Good heavens!" cried Elizabeth; "but how could *that* be?—How could his will be disregarded?—Why did not you seek legal redress?"

"There was just such an informality in the terms of the bequest as to give me no hope from law. A man of honour could not have doubted the intention, but Mr. Darcy chose to doubt it—or to treat it as a merely conditional recommendation, and to assert that I had forfeited all claim to it by extravagance, imprudence, in short any thing or nothing. Certain it is, that the living became vacant two years ago, exactly as I was of an age to hold it, and that it was given to another man; and no less certain is it, that I cannot accuse myself of having really done any thing to deserve to lose it. I have a warm, unguarded temper, and I may perhaps have sometimes spoken my opinion *of* him, and *to* him, too freely. I can recal nothing worse. But the fact is, that we are very different sort of men, and that he hates me."

"This is quite shocking!—He deserves to be publicly disgraced."

"Some time or other he *will* be—but it shall not be by *me*. Till I can forget his father, I can never defy or expose *him*."

Elizabeth honoured him for such feelings, and thought him handsomer than ever as he expressed them.

"But what," said she, after a pause, "can have been his motive?—what can have induced him to behave so cruelly?"

"A thorough, determined dislike of me—a dislike which I cannot but attribute in some measure to jealousy. Had the late

Mr. Darcy liked me less, his son might have borne with me better; but his father's uncommon attachment to me, irritated him I believe very early in life. He had not a temper to bear the sort of competition in which we stood—the sort of preference which was often given me."

"I had not thought Mr. Darcy so bad as this—though I have never liked him, I had not thought so very ill of him—I had supposed him to be despising his fellow-creatures in general, but did not suspect him of descending to such malicious revenge, such injustice, such inhumanity as this!"

After a few minutes reflection, however, she continued, "I *do* remember his boasting one day, at Netherfield, of the implacability of his resentments, of his having an unforgiving temper. His disposition must be dreadful."

"I will not trust myself on the subject," replied Wickham, "*I* can hardly be just to him."

Elizabeth was again deep in thought, and after a time exclaimed, "To treat in such a manner, the godson, the friend, the favourite of his father!"—She could have added, "A young man too, like *you*, whose very countenance may vouch for your being amiable"[11]—but she contented herself with "And one, too, who had probably been his own companion from childhood, connected together, as I think you said, in the closest manner!"

"We were born in the same parish, within the same park, the greatest part of our youth was passed together; inmates of the same house, sharing the same amusements, objects of the same parental care. *My* father began life in the profession which your uncle, Mr. Philips, appears to do so much credit to—but he gave up every thing to be of use to the late Mr. Darcy, and devoted all his time to the care of the Pemberley property. He was most highly esteemed by Mr. Darcy, a most intimate, confidential friend. Mr. Darcy often

acknowledged himself to be under the greatest obligations to my father's active superintendance, and when immediately before my father's death, Mr. Darcy gave him a voluntary promise of providing for me, I am convinced that he felt it to be as much a debt of gratitude to *him*, as of affection to myself."

"How strange!" cried Elizabeth, "How abominable!—I wonder that the very pride of this Mr. Darcy has not made him just to you!—If from no better motive, that he should not have been too proud to be dishonest,—for dishonesty I must call it."

"It *is* wonderful,"—replied Wickham,—"for almost all his actions may be traced to pride;—and pride has often been his best friend. It has connected him nearer with virtue than any other feeling. But we are none of us consistent; and in his behaviour to me, there were stronger impulses even than pride."

"Can such abominable pride as his, have ever done him good?"

"Yes. It has often led him to be liberal and generous,—to give his money freely, to display hospitality, to assist his tenants, and relieve the poor. Family pride, and *filial* pride, for he is very proud of what his father was, have done this. Not to appear to disgrace his family, to degenerate from the popular qualities, or lose the influence of the Pemberley House, is a powerful motive. He has also *brotherly* pride, which with *some* brotherly affection, makes him a very kind and careful guardian of his sister; and you will hear him generally cried up as the most attentive and best of brothers."

"What sort of a girl is Miss Darcy?"

He shook his head.—"I wish I could call her amiable. It gives me pain to speak ill of a Darcy. But she is too much like her brother,—very, very proud.—As a child, she was

affectionate and pleasing, and extremely fond of me; and I have devoted hours and hours to her amusement. But she is nothing to me now. She is a handsome girl, about fifteen or sixteen, and I understand highly accomplished. Since her father's death, her home has been London, where a lady lives with her, and superintends her education."

After many pauses and many trials of other subjects, Elizabeth could not help reverting once more to the first, and saying,

"I am astonished at his intimacy with Mr. Bingley! How can Mr. Bingley, who seems good humour itself, and is, I really believe, truly amiable, be in friendship with such a man? How can they suit each other?—Do you know Mr. Bingley?"

"Not at all."

"He is a sweet tempered, amiable, charming man. He cannot know what Mr. Darcy is."

"Probably not;—but Mr. Darcy can please where he chuses. He does not want abilities. He can be a conversible companion if he thinks it worth his while. Among those who are at all his equals in consequence, he is a very different man from what he is to the less prosperous. His pride never deserts him; but with the rich, he is liberal-minded,[12] just, sincere, rational, honourable, and perhaps agreeable,—allowing something for fortune and figure."[13]

The whist party soon afterwards breaking up, the players gathered round the other table, and Mr. Collins took his station between his cousin Elizabeth and Mrs. Philips.—The usual inquiries as to his success were made by the latter. It had not been very great; he had lost every point; but when Mrs. Philips began to express her concern thereupon, he assured her with much earnest gravity that it was not of the least

importance, that he considered the money as a mere trifle, and begged she would not make herself uneasy.

"I know very well, madam," said he, "that when persons sit down to a card table, they must take their chance of these things,—and happily I am not in such circumstances as to make five shillings[14] any object. There are undoubtedly many who could not say the same, but thanks to Lady Catherine de Bourgh, I am removed far beyond the necessity of regarding little matters."

Mr. Wickham's attention was caught; and after observing Mr. Collins for a few moments, he asked Elizabeth in a low voice whether her relation were very intimately acquainted with the family of de Bourgh.

"Lady Catherine de Bourgh," she replied, "has very lately given him a living. I hardly know how Mr. Collins was first introduced to her notice, but he certainly has not known her long."

"You know of course that Lady Catherine de Bourgh and Lady Anne Darcy were sisters; consequently that she is aunt to the present Mr. Darcy."

"No, indeed, I did not.—I knew nothing at all of Lady Catherine's connections. I never heard of her existence till the day before yesterday."

"Her daughter, Miss de Bourgh, will have a very large fortune, and it is believed that she and her cousin will unite the two estates."[15]

This information made Elizabeth smile, as she thought of poor Miss Bingley. Vain indeed must be all her attentions, vain and useless her affection for his sister and her praise of himself, if he were already self-destined to another.

"Mr. Collins," said she, "speaks highly both of Lady Catherine and her daughter; but from some particulars that

he has related of her ladyship, I suspect his gratitude misleads him, and that in spite of her being his patroness, she is an arrogant, conceited woman."

"I believe her to be both in a great degree," replied Wickham; "I have not seen her for many years, but I very well remember that I never liked her, and that her manners were dictatorial and insolent. She has the reputation of being remarkably sensible and clever; but I rather believe she derives part of her abilities from her rank and fortune, part from her authoritative manner, and the rest from the pride of her nephew, who chuses that every one connected with him should have an understanding of the first class."

Elizabeth allowed that he had given a very rational account of it, and they continued talking together with mutual satisfaction till supper put an end to cards; and gave the rest of the ladies their share of Mr. Wickham's attentions. There could be no conversation in the noise of Mrs. Philips's supper party, but his manners recommended him to every body. Whatever he said, was said well; and whatever he did, done gracefully. Elizabeth went away with her head full of him. She could think of nothing but of Mr. Wickham, and of what he had told her, all the way home; but there was not time for her even to mention his name as they went, for neither Lydia nor Mr. Collins were once silent. Lydia talked incessantly of lottery tickets, of the fish[16] she had lost and the fish she had won, and Mr. Collins, in describing the civility of Mr. and Mrs. Philips, protesting that he did not in the least regard his losses at whist, enumerating all the dishes at supper, and repeatedly fearing that he crouded[17] his cousins, had more to say than he could well manage before the carriage stopped at Longbourn House.

Chapter 17

Elizabeth related to Jane the next day, what had passed between Mr. Wickham and herself. Jane listened with astonishment and concern;—she knew not how to believe that Mr. Darcy could be so unworthy of Mr. Bingley's regard; and yet, it was not in her nature to question the veracity of a young man of such amiable appearance as Wickham.—The possibility of his having really endured such unkindness, was enough to interest all her tender feelings; and nothing therefore remained to be done, but to think well of them both, to defend the conduct of each, and throw into the account of accident or mistake, whatever could not be otherwise explained.

"They have both," said she, "been deceived, I dare say, in some way or other, of which we can form no idea. Interested[1] people have perhaps misrepresented each to the other. It is, in short, impossible for us to conjecture the causes or circumstances which may have alienated them, without actual blame on either side."

"Very true, indeed;—and now, my dear Jane, what have you got to say in behalf of the interested people who have probably been concerned in the business?—Do clear *them* too, or we shall be obliged to think ill of somebody."

"Laugh as much as you chuse, but you will not laugh me out of my opinion. My dearest Lizzy, do but consider in what a disgraceful light it places Mr. Darcy, to be treating his father's favourite in such a manner,—one, whom his father

had promised to provide for.—It is impossible. No man of common humanity, no man who had any value for his character, could be capable of it. Can his most intimate friends be so excessively deceived in him? oh! no."

"I can much more easily believe Mr. Bingley's being imposed on, than that Mr. Wickham should invent such a history of himself as he gave me last night; names, facts, every thing mentioned without ceremony.[2]—If it be not so, let Mr. Darcy contradict it. Besides, there was truth in his looks."

"It is difficult indeed—it is distressing.—One does not know what to think."

"I beg your pardon;—one knows exactly what to think."

But Jane could think with certainty on only one point,—that Mr. Bingley, if he *had been* imposed on, would have much to suffer when the affair became public.

The two young ladies were summoned from the shrubbery where this conversation passed, by the arrival of some of the very persons of whom they had been speaking; Mr. Bingley and his sisters came to give their personal invitation for the long expected ball at Netherfield, which was fixed for the following Tuesday. The two ladies were delighted to see their dear friend again, called it an age since they had met, and repeatedly asked what she had been doing with herself since their separation. To the rest of the family they paid little attention; avoiding Mrs. Bennet as much as possible, saying not much to Elizabeth, and nothing at all to the others. They were soon gone again, rising from their seats with an activity which took their brother by surprise, and hurrying off as if eager to escape from Mrs. Bennet's civilities.

The prospect of the Netherfield ball was extremely agreeable to every female of the family. Mrs. Bennet chose to consider it as given in compliment to her eldest daughter, and

was particularly flattered by receiving the invitation from Mr. Bingley himself, instead of a ceremonious card. Jane pictured to herself a happy evening in the society of her two friends, and the attentions of their brother; and Elizabeth thought with pleasure of dancing a great deal with Mr. Wickham, and of seeing a confirmation of every thing in Mr. Darcy's looks and behaviour. The happiness anticipated by Catherine and Lydia, depended less on any single event, or any particular person, for though they each, like Elizabeth, meant to dance half the evening with Mr. Wickham, he was by no means the only partner who could satisfy them, and a ball was at any rate, a ball. And even Mary could assure her family that she had no disinclination for it.

"While I can have my mornings to myself," said she, "it is enough.—I think it no sacrifice to join occasionally in evening engagements. Society has claims on us all; and I profess myself one of those who consider intervals of recreation and amusement as desirable for every body."

Elizabeth's spirits were so high on the occasion, that though she did not often speak unnecessarily to Mr. Collins, she could not help asking him whether he intended to accept Mr. Bingley's invitation, and if he did, whether he would think it proper to join in the evening's amusement; and she was rather surprised to find that he entertained no scruple[3] whatever on that head, and was very far from dreading a rebuke either from the Archbishop, or Lady Catherine de Bourgh, by venturing to dance.

"I am by no means of opinion, I assure you," said he, "that a ball of this kind, given by a young man of character, to respectable people, can have any evil tendency; and I am so far from objecting to dancing myself that I shall hope to be honoured with the hands of all my fair cousins in the

course of the evening, and I take this opportunity of soliciting yours, Miss Elizabeth, for the two first dances especially,—a preference which I trust my cousin Jane will attribute to the right cause, and not to any disrespect for her."

Elizabeth felt herself completely taken in. She had fully proposed being engaged by Wickham for those very dances:—and to have Mr. Collins instead!—her liveliness had been never worse timed. There was no help for it however. Mr. Wickham's happiness and her own was per force delayed a little longer, and Mr. Collins's proposal accepted with as good a grace as she could. She was not the better pleased with his gallantry, from the idea it suggested of something more.—It now first struck her, that *she* was selected from among her sisters as worthy of being the mistress of Hunsford Parsonage, and of assisting to form a quadrille table at Rosings, in the absence of more eligible visitors. The idea soon reached to conviction, as she observed his increasing civilities towards herself, and heard his frequent attempt at a compliment on her wit and vivacity; and though more astonished than gratified herself, by this effect of her charms, it was not long before her mother gave her to understand that the probability of their marriage was exceedingly agreeable to *her*. Elizabeth however did not chuse to take the hint, being well aware that a serious dispute must be the consequence of any reply. Mr. Collins might never make the offer, and till he did, it was useless to quarrel about him.

If there had not been a Netherfield ball to prepare for and talk of, the younger Miss Bennets would have been in a pitiable state at this time, for from the day of the invitation, to the day of the ball, there was such a succession of rain as prevented their walking to Meryton once. No aunt, no officers, no news could be sought after;—the very shoe-roses[4] for Netherfield were got by proxy. Even Elizabeth might have

found some trial of her patience in weather, which totally suspended the improvement of her acquaintance with Mr. Wickham; and nothing less than a dance on Tuesday, could have made such a Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, endurable to Kitty and Lydia.

Chapter 18

Till Elizabeth entered the drawing-room at Netherfield and looked in vain for Mr. Wickham among the cluster of red coats there assembled, a doubt of his being present had never occurred to her. The certainty of meeting him had not been checked by any of those recollections that might not unreasonably have alarmed her. She had dressed with more than usual care, and prepared in the highest spirits for the conquest of all that remained unsubdued of his heart, trusting that it was not more than might be won in the course of the evening. But in an instant arose the dreadful suspicion of his being purposely omitted for Mr. Darcy's pleasure in the Bingleys' invitation to the officers; and though this was not exactly the case, the absolute fact of his absence was pronounced by his friend Mr. Denny, to whom Lydia eagerly applied, and who told them that Wickham had been obliged to go to town on business the day before, and was not yet returned; adding, with a significant smile,

"I do not imagine his business would have called him away just now, if he had not wished to avoid a certain gentleman here."

This part of his intelligence, though unheard by Lydia, was caught by Elizabeth, and as it assured her that Darcy was not less answerable for Wickham's absence than if her first surmise had been just, every feeling of displeasure against the former was so sharpened by immediate disappointment, that she could hardly reply with tolerable civility to the

polite inquiries which he directly afterwards approached to make.—Attention, forbearance, patience with Darcy, was injury to Wickham. She was resolved against any sort of conversation with him, and turned away with a degree of ill humour, which she could not wholly surmount even in speaking to Mr. Bingley, whose blind partiality provoked her.

But Elizabeth was not formed for ill-humour; and though every prospect of her own was destroyed for the evening, it could not dwell long on her spirits; and having told all her griefs to Charlotte Lucas, whom she had not seen for a week, she was soon able to make a voluntary transition to the oddities of her cousin, and to point him out to her particular notice. The two first dances, however, brought a return of distress; they were dances of mortification. Mr. Collins, awkward and solemn, apologising instead of attending, and often moving wrong without being aware of it, gave her all the shame and misery which a disagreeable partner for a couple of dances can give. The moment of her release from him was exstacy.

She danced next with an officer, and had the refreshment of talking of Wickham, and of hearing that he was universally liked. When those dances were over she returned to Charlotte Lucas, and was in conversation with her, when she found herself suddenly addressed by Mr. Darcy, who took her so much by surprise in his application for her hand, that, without knowing what she did, she accepted him. He walked away again immediately, and she was left to fret over her own want of presence of mind; Charlotte tried to console her.

"I dare say you will find him very agreeable."

"Heaven forbid!—*That* would be the greatest misfortune of all!—To find a man agreeable whom one is determined to hate!—Do not wish me such an evil."

When the dancing recommenced, however, and Darcy approached to claim her hand, Charlotte could not help cautioning her in a whisper not to be a simpleton and allow her fancy for Wickham to make her appear unpleasant in the eyes of a man of ten times his consequence. Elizabeth made no answer, and took her place in the set, amazed at the dignity to which she was arrived in being allowed to stand opposite to Mr. Darcy, and reading in her neighbours' looks their equal amazement in beholding it. They stood for some time without speaking a word; and she began to imagine that their silence was to last through the two dances, and at first was resolved not to break it; till suddenly fancying that it would be the greater punishment to her partner to oblige him to talk, she made some slight observation on the dance. He replied, and was silent again. After a pause of some minutes she addressed him a second time with

"It is *your* turn to say something now, Mr. Darcy.—*I* talked about the dance, and *you* ought to make some kind of remark on the size of the room, or the number of couples."

He smiled, and assured her that whatever she wished him to say should be said.

"Very well.—That reply will do for the present.—Perhaps by and bye I may observe that private balls are much pleasanter than public ones.—But *now* we may be silent."

"Do you talk by rule then, while you are dancing?"

"Sometimes. One must speak a little, you know. It would look odd to be entirely silent for half an hour together, and yet for the advantage of *some*, conversation ought to be so arranged as that they may have the trouble of saying as little as possible."

"Are you consulting your own feelings in the present case, or do you imagine that you are gratifying mine?"

"Both," replied Elizabeth archly; "for I have always seen a great similarity in the turn of our minds.—We are each of an unsocial, taciturn disposition, unwilling to speak, unless we expect to say something that will amaze the whole room, and be handed down to posterity with all the eclat[1] of a proverb."

"This is no very striking resemblance of your own character, I am sure," said he. "How near it may be to *mine*, I cannot pretend to say.—*You* think it a faithful portrait undoubtedly."

"I must not decide on my own performance."

He made no answer, and they were again silent till they had gone down the dance, when he asked her if she and her sisters did not very often walk to Meryton. She answered in the affirmative, and, unable to resist the temptation, added, "When you met us there the other day, we had just been forming a new acquaintance."

The effect was immediate. A deeper shade of hauteur overspread his features, but he said not a word, and Elizabeth, though blaming herself for her own weakness, could not go on. At length Darcy spoke, and in a constrained manner said,

"Mr. Wickham is blessed with such happy manners as may ensure his *making* friends—whether he may be equally capable of *retaining* them, is less certain."

"He has been so unlucky as to lose *your* friendship," replied Elizabeth with emphasis, "and in a manner which he is likely to suffer from all his life."

Darcy made no answer, and seemed desirous of changing the subject. At that moment Sir William Lucas appeared close to them, meaning to pass through the set to the other side of the room; but on perceiving Mr. Darcy he stopt with a bow of superior courtesy to compliment him on his dancing and his partner.

"I have been most highly gratified indeed, my dear Sir. Such very superior dancing is not often seen. It is evident that

you belong to the first circles. Allow me to say, however, that your fair partner does not disgrace you, and that I must hope to have this pleasure often repeated, especially when a certain desirable event, my dear Miss Eliza, (glancing at her sister and Bingley,) shall take place. What congratulations will then flow in! I appeal to Mr. Darcy:—but let me not interrupt you, Sir.—You will not thank me for detaining you from the bewitching converse of that young lady, whose bright eyes are also upbraiding me."

The latter part of this address was scarcely heard by Darcy; but Sir William's allusion to his friend seemed to strike him forcibly, and his eyes were directed with a very serious expression towards Bingley and Jane, who were dancing together. Recovering himself, however, shortly, he turned to his partner, and said,

"Sir William's interruption has made me forget what we were talking of."

"I do not think we were speaking at all. Sir William could not have interrupted any two people in the room who had less to say for themselves.—We have tried two or three subjects already without success, and what we are to talk of next I cannot imagine."

"What think you of books?" said he, smiling.

"Books—Oh! no.—I am sure we never read the same, or not with the same feelings."

"I am sorry you think so; but if that be the case, there can at least be no want of subject.—We may compare our different opinions."

"No—I cannot talk of books in a ball-room; my head is always full of something else."

"The *present* always occupies you in such scenes—does it?" said he, with a look of doubt.

"Yes, always," she replied, without knowing what she said, for her thoughts had wandered far from the subject, as soon afterwards appeared by her suddenly exclaiming, "I remember hearing you once say, Mr. Darcy, that you hardly ever forgave, that your resentment once created was unappeasable. You are very cautious, I suppose, as to its *being created*."

"I am," said he, with a firm voice.

"And never allow yourself to be blinded by prejudice?"

"I hope not."

"It is particularly incumbent on those who never change their opinion, to be secure of judging properly at first."

"May I ask to what these questions tend?"

"Merely to the illustration[2] of *your* character," said she, endeavouring to shake off her gravity. "I am trying to make it out."

"And what is your success?"

She shook her head. "I do not get on at all. I hear such different accounts of you as puzzle me exceedingly."

"I can readily believe," answered he gravely, "that report may vary greatly with respect to me; and I could wish, Miss Bennet, that you were not to sketch my character at the present moment, as there is reason to fear that the performance would reflect no credit on either."

"But if I do not take your likeness now, I may never have another opportunity."

"I would by no means suspend any pleasure of yours," he coldly replied. She said no more, and they went down the other dance and parted in silence; on each side dissatisfied, though not to an equal degree, for in Darcy's breast there was a tolerably powerful feeling towards her, which soon procured her pardon, and directed all his anger against another.

They had not long separated when Miss Bingley came towards her, and with an expression of civil disdain thus accosted her,

"So, Miss Eliza, I hear you are quite delighted with George Wickham!—Your sister has been talking to me about him, and asking me a thousand questions; and I find that the young man forgot to tell you, among his other communications, that he was the son of old Wickham, the late Mr. Darcy's steward. Let me recommend you, however, as a friend, not to give implicit confidence to all his assertions; for as to Mr. Darcy's using him ill, it is perfectly false; for, on the contrary, he has been always remarkably kind to him, though George Wickham has treated Mr. Darcy in a most infamous manner. I do not know the particulars, but I know very well that Mr. Darcy is not in the least to blame, that he cannot bear to hear George Wickham mentioned, and that though my brother thought he could not well avoid including him in his invitation to the officers, he was excessively glad to find that he had taken himself out of the way. His coming into the country at all, is a most insolent thing indeed, and I wonder how he could presume to do it. I pity you, Miss Eliza, for this discovery of your favourite's guilt; but really considering his descent, one could not expect much better."

"His guilt and his descent appear by your account to be the same," said Elizabeth angrily; "for I have heard you accuse him of nothing worse than of being the son of Mr. Darcy's steward, and of *that*, I can assure you, he informed me himself."

"I beg your pardon," replied Miss Bingley, turning away with a sneer. "Excuse my interference.—It was kindly meant."

"Insolent girl!" said Elizabeth to herself.— "You are much mistaken if you expect to influence me by such a paltry attack as this. I see nothing in it but your own wilful ignorance

and the malice of Mr. Darcy." She then sought her eldest sister, who had undertaken to make inquiries on the same subject of Bingley. Jane met her with a smile of such sweet complacency, a glow of such happy expression, as sufficiently marked how well she was satisfied with the occurrences of the evening.—Elizabeth instantly read her feelings, and at that moment solicitude for Wickham, resentment against his enemies, and every thing else gave way before the hope of Jane's being in the fairest way for happiness.

"I want to know," said she, with a countenance no less smiling than her sister's, "what you have learnt about Mr. Wickham. But perhaps you have been too pleasantly engaged to think of any third person; in which case you may be sure of my pardon."

"No," replied Jane, "I have not forgotten him; but I have nothing satisfactory to tell you. Mr. Bingley does not know the whole of his history, and is quite ignorant of the circumstances which have principally offended Mr. Darcy; but he will vouch for the good conduct, the probity and honour of his friend, and is perfectly convinced that Mr. Wickham has deserved much less attention from Mr. Darcy than he has received; and I am sorry to say that by his account as well as his sister's, Mr. Wickham is by no means a respectable young man. I am afraid he has been very imprudent,[3] and has deserved to lose Mr. Darcy's regard."

"Mr. Bingley does not know Mr. Wickham himself?"

"No; he never saw him till the other morning at Meryton."

"This account then is what he has received from Mr. Darcy. I am perfectly satisfied. But what does he say of the living?"

"He does not exactly recollect the circumstances, though he has heard them from Mr. Darcy more than once, but he believes that it was left to him *conditionally* only."

"I have not a doubt of Mr. Bingley's sincerity," said Elizabeth warmly; "but you must excuse my not being convinced by assurances only. Mr. Bingley's defence of his friend was a very able one I dare say, but since he is unacquainted with several parts of the story, and has learnt the rest from that friend himself, I shall venture still to think of both gentlemen as I did before."

She then changed the discourse to one more gratifying to each, and on which there could be no difference of sentiment. Elizabeth listened with delight to the happy, though modest hopes which Jane entertained of Bingley's regard, and said all in her power to heighten her confidence in it. On their being joined by Mr. Bingley himself, Elizabeth withdrew to Miss Lucas; to whose inquiry after the pleasantness of her last partner she had scarcely replied, before Mr. Collins came up to them and told her with great exultation that he had just been so fortunate as to make a most important discovery.

"I have found out," said he, "by a singular accident, that there is now in the room a near relation of my patroness. I happened to overhear the gentleman himself mentioning to the young lady who does the honours of this house the names of his cousin Miss de Bourgh, and of her mother Lady Catherine. How wonderfully these sort of things occur! Who would have thought of my meeting with—perhaps—a nephew of Lady Catherine de Bourgh in this assembly!—I am most thankful that the discovery is made in time for me to pay my respects to him, which I am now going to do, and trust he will excuse my not having done it before. My total ignorance of the connection must plead my apology."

"You are not going to introduce yourself[4] to Mr. Darcy?"

"Indeed I am. I shall intreat his pardon for not having done it earlier. I believe him to be Lady Catherine's *nephew*. It will

be in my power to assure him that her ladyship was quite well yesterday se'nnight."

Elizabeth tried hard to dissuade him from such a scheme; assuring him that Mr. Darcy would consider his addressing him without introduction as an impertinent freedom, rather than a compliment to his aunt; that it was not in the least necessary there should be any notice on either side, and that if it were, it must belong to Mr. Darcy, the superior in consequence,[5] to begin the acquaintance.—Mr. Collins listened to her with the determined air of following his own inclination, and when she ceased speaking, replied thus,

"My dear Miss Elizabeth, I have the highest opinion in the world of your excellent judgment in all matters within the scope of your understanding, but permit me to say that there must be a wide difference between the established forms of ceremony amongst the laity, and those which regulate the clergy; for give me leave to observe that I consider the clerical office as equal in point of dignity with the highest rank in the kingdom—provided that a proper humility of behaviour is at the same time maintained. You must therefore allow me to follow the dictates of my conscience on this occasion, which leads me to perform what I look on as a point of duty. Pardon me for neglecting to profit by your advice, which on every other subject shall be my constant guide, though in the case before us I consider myself more fitted by education and habitual study to decide on what is right than a young lady like yourself." And with a low bow he left her to attack Mr. Darcy, whose reception of his advances she eagerly watched, and whose astonishment at being so addressed was very evident. Her cousin prefaced his speech with a solemn bow, and though she could not hear a word of it, she felt as if hearing it all, and saw in the motion of his lips the words

"apology," "Hunsford," and "Lady Catherine de Bourgh."—It vexed her to see him expose himself to such a man. Mr. Darcy was eyeing him with unrestrained wonder, and when at last Mr. Collins allowed him time to speak, replied with an air of distant civility. Mr. Collins, however, was not discouraged from speaking again, and Mr. Darcy's contempt seemed abundantly increasing with the length of his second speech, and at the end of it he only made him a slight bow, and moved another way. Mr. Collins then returned to Elizabeth.

"I have no reason, I assure you," said he, "to be dissatisfied with my reception. Mr. Darcy seemed much pleased with the attention. He answered me with the utmost civility, and even paid me the compliment of saying, that he was so well convinced of Lady Catherine's discernment as to be certain she could never bestow a favour unworthily. It was really a very handsome thought. Upon the whole, I am much pleased with him."

As Elizabeth had no longer any interest of her own to pursue, she turned her attention almost entirely on her sister and Mr. Bingley, and the train of agreeable reflections which her observations gave birth to, made her perhaps almost as happy as Jane. She saw her in idea[6] settled in that very house in all the felicity which a marriage of true affection could bestow; and she felt capable under such circumstances, of endeavouring even to like Bingley's two sisters. Her mother's thoughts she plainly saw were bent the same way, and she determined not to venture near her, lest she might hear too much. When they sat down to supper, therefore, she considered it a most unlucky perverseness which placed them within one of each other; and deeply was she vexed to find that her mother was talking to that one person (Lady Lucas) freely, openly, and of nothing else but of her expectation that Jane would be soon married to Mr. Bingley.—It was an animating

subject, and Mrs. Bennet seemed incapable of fatigue while enumerating the advantages of the match. His being such a charming young man, and so rich, and living but three miles from them, were the first points of self-gratulation; and then it was such a comfort to think how fond the two sisters were of Jane, and to be certain that they must desire the connection as much as she could do. It was, moreover, such a promising thing for her younger daughters, as Jane's marrying so greatly must throw them in the way of other rich men; and lastly, it was so pleasant at her time of life to be able to consign her single daughters to the care of their sister, that she might not be obliged to go into company more than she liked. It was necessary to make this circumstance a matter of pleasure, because on such occasions it is the etiquette; but no one was less likely than Mrs. Bennet to find comfort in staying at home at any period of her life. She concluded with many good wishes that Lady Lucas might soon be equally fortunate, though evidently and triumphantly believing there was no chance of it.

In vain did Elizabeth endeavour to check the rapidity of her mother's words, or persuade her to describe her felicity in a less audible whisper; for to her inexpressible vexation, she could perceive that the chief of it was overheard by Mr. Darcy, who sat opposite to them. Her mother only scolded her for being nonsensical.

"What is Mr. Darcy to me, pray, that I should be afraid of him? I am sure we owe him no such particular civility as to be obliged to say nothing *he* may not like to hear."

"For heaven's sake, madam, speak lower.—What advantage can it be to you to offend Mr. Darcy?—You will never recommend yourself to his friend by so doing."

Nothing that she could say, however, had any influence. Her mother would talk of her views in the same intelligible

tone. Elizabeth blushed and blushed again with shame and vexation. She could not help frequently glancing her eye at Mr. Darcy, though every glance convinced her of what she dreaded; for though he was not always looking at her mother, she was convinced that his attention was invariably fixed by her. The expression of his face changed gradually from indignant contempt to a composed and steady gravity.

At length however Mrs. Bennet had no more to say; and Lady Lucas, who had been long yawning at the repetition of delights which she saw no likelihood of sharing, was left to the comforts of cold ham and chicken. Elizabeth now began to revive. But not long was the interval of tranquillity; for when supper was over, singing was talked of, and she had the mortification of seeing Mary, after very little entreaty, preparing to oblige the company. By many significant looks and silent entreaties, did she endeavour to prevent such a proof of complaisance,—but in vain; Mary would not understand them; such an opportunity of exhibiting was delightful to her, and she began her song. Elizabeth's eyes were fixed on her with most painful sensations; and she watched her progress through the several stanzas with an impatience which was very ill rewarded at their close; for Mary, on receiving amongst the thanks of the table, the hint of a hope that she might be prevailed on to favour them again, after the pause of half a minute began another. Mary's powers were by no means fitted for such a display; her voice was weak, and her manner affected.—Elizabeth was in agonies. She looked at Jane, to see how she bore it; but Jane was very composedly talking to Bingley. She looked at his two sisters, and saw them making signs of derision at each other, and at Darcy, who continued however impenetrably grave. She looked at her father to entreat his interference, lest Mary should be singing all night.

He took the hint, and when Mary had finished her second song, said aloud,

"That will do extremely well, child. You have delighted us long enough. Let the other young ladies have time to exhibit."

Mary, though pretending not to hear, was somewhat disconcerted; and Elizabeth sorry for her, and sorry for her father's speech, was afraid her anxiety had done no good.—Others of the party were now applied to.

"If I," said Mr. Collins, "were so fortunate as to be able to sing, I should have great pleasure, I am sure, in obliging the company with an air; for I consider music as a very innocent diversion,[7] and perfectly compatible with the profession of a clergyman.—I do not mean however to assert that we can be justified in devoting too much of our time to music, for there are certainly other things to be attended to. The rector of a parish has much to do.—In the first place, he must make such an agreement for tythes[8] as may be beneficial to himself and not offensive to his patron. He must write his own sermons;[9] and the time that remains will not be too much for his parish duties, and the care and improvement of his dwelling, which he cannot be excused from making as comfortable as possible. And I do not think it of light importance that he should have attentive and conciliatory manners towards every body, especially towards those to whom he owes his preferment. I cannot acquit him of that duty; nor could I think well of the man who should omit an occasion of testifying his respect towards any body connected with the family." And with a bow to Mr. Darcy, he concluded his speech, which had been spoken so loud as to be heard by half the room.—Many stared.—Many smiled; but no one looked more amused than Mr. Bennet himself, while his wife seriously commended Mr. Collins for having spoken so sensibly, and observed in a half-whisper to

Lady Lucas, that he was a remarkably clever, good kind of young man.

To Elizabeth it appeared, that had her family made an agreement to expose themselves[10] as much as they could during the evening, it would have been impossible for them to play their parts with more spirit, or finer success; and happy did she think it for Bingley and her sister that some of the exhibition had escaped his notice, and that his feelings were not of a sort to be much distressed by the folly which he must have witnessed. That his two sisters and Mr. Darcy, however, should have such an opportunity of ridiculing her relations was bad enough, and she could not determine whether the silent contempt of the gentleman, or the insolent smiles of the ladies, were more intolerable.

The rest of the evening brought her little amusement. She was teazed by Mr. Collins, who continued most perseveringly by her side, and though he could not prevail with her to dance with him again, put it out of her power to dance with others. In vain did she entreat him to stand up with somebody else, and offer to introduce him to any young lady in the room. He assured her that as to dancing, he was perfectly indifferent to it; that his chief object was by delicate attentions to recommend himself to her, and that he should therefore make a point of remaining close to her the whole evening. There was no arguing upon such a project. She owed her greatest relief to her friend Miss Lucas, who often joined them, and goodnaturedly engaged Mr. Collins's conversation to herself.

She was at least free from the offence of Mr. Darcy's farther notice; though often standing within a very short distance of her, quite disengaged, he never came near enough to speak. She felt it to be the probable consequence of her allusions to Mr. Wickham, and rejoiced in it.

The Longbourn party were the last of all the company to depart; and by a manœuvre of Mrs. Bennet had to wait for their carriages a quarter of an hour after every body else was gone, which gave them time to see how heartily they were wished away by some of the family. Mrs. Hurst and her sister scarcely opened their mouths except to complain of fatigue, and were evidently impatient to have the house to themselves. They repulsed every attempt of Mrs. Bennet at conversation, and by so doing, threw a languor over the whole party, which was very little relieved by the long speeches of Mr. Collins, who was complimenting Mr. Bingley and his sisters on the elegance of their entertainment, and the hospitality and politeness which had marked their behaviour to their guests. Darcy said nothing at all. Mr. Bennet, in equal silence, was enjoying the scene. Mr. Bingley and Jane were standing together, a little detached from the rest, and talked only to each other. Elizabeth preserved as steady a silence as either Mrs. Hurst or Miss Bingley; and even Lydia was too much fatigued to utter more than the occasional exclamation of "Lord, how tired I am!" accompanied by a violent yawn.

When at length they arose to take leave, Mrs. Bennet was most pressingly civil in her hope of seeing the whole family soon at Longbourn; and addressed herself particularly to Mr. Bingley, to assure him how happy he would make them, by eating a family dinner with them at any time, without the ceremony of a formal invitation. Bingley was all grateful pleasure, and he readily engaged for taking the earliest opportunity of waiting on her, after his return from London, whither he was obliged to go the next day for a short time.

Mrs. Bennet was perfectly satisfied; and quitted the house under the delightful persuasion that, allowing for the necessary preparations of settlements,[11] new carriages and wedding clothes, she should undoubtedly see her daughter settled at

Netherfield, in the course of three or four months. Of having another daughter married to Mr. Collins, she thought with equal certainty, and with considerable, though not equal, pleasure. Elizabeth was the least dear to her of all her children; and though the man and the match were quite good enough for *her*, the worth of each was eclipsed by Mr. Bingley and Netherfield.

Chapter 19

The next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words,

"May I hope, Madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for any thing but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered,

"Oh dear!—Yes—certainly.—I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection.—Come, Kitty, I want you up stairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out,

"Dear Ma'am, do not go.—I beg you will not go.—Mr. Collins must excuse me.—He can have nothing to say to me that any body need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no, nonsense, Lizzy.—I desire you will stay where you are."—And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal by incessant employment the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy[1] may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and moreover for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish. Secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked

too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's footstool, that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry.—Chuse properly, chuse a gentlewoman for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond any thing I can describe; and your wit and vivacity I think must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father, (who, however, may live many years longer,) I could not satisfy myself without resolving to chuse a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents.[2] which will not

be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, Sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without farther loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal[3] wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, Sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal.—You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make *you* so.—Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins very gravely—"but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy,[4] and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her,

"When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on this subject I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words of course.[5] My reasons for believing it are briefly these:—It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment[6] I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into farther consideration that in spite of your manifold

attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion[7] is unhappily so small that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall chuse to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant[8] females."

"I do assure you, Sir, that I have no pretension whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature[9] speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined, that if he[10] persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Chapter 20

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her towards the staircase, than she entered the breakfast-room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had stedfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet;—she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not to believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will *make* her know it."

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the

marriage state. If therefore she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because if liable to such defects of temper, she could not contribute much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In every thing else she is as good natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out as she entered the library,

"Oh! Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him, and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have *her*."

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion?—It seems an hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it

true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well—and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, Sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is not it so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents.—Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*."

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to *insist* upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favours to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavoured to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane with all possible mildness declined interfering;—and Elizabeth sometimes with real earnestness and sometimes with playful gaiety replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for

her was quite imaginary; and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion, Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried in a half whisper, "I am glad you are come, for there is such fun here!—What do you think has happened this morning?—Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer, before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news, and no sooner had they entered the breakfast-room, where Mrs. Bennet was alone, than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added in a melancholy tone, "for nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me, I am cruelly used, nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Aye, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way.—But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all—and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead.—*I* shall not be able to keep you—and so I warn you.—I have done with you from this very day.—I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word.[1] I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children.—Not that I have much pleasure indeed in talking to any body. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking. Nobody

can tell what I suffer!—But it is always so. Those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or sooth her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom, she said to the girls,

"Now, I do insist upon it, that you, all of you, hold your tongues, and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could; and Charlotte, detained first by the civility of Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation.—"Oh! Mr. Collins!"—

"My dear Madam," replied he, "let us be for ever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behaviour of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all; the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been in early preferment; and I trust I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honoured me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as shewing any disrespect to your family, my dear Madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favour, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment

of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may I fear be objectionable in having accepted my dismission[2] from your daughter's lips instead of your own. But we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family, and if my *manner* has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologise."

Chapter 21

The discussion of Mr. Collins's offer was now nearly at an end, and Elizabeth had only to suffer from the uncomfortable feelings necessarily attending it, and occasionally from some peevish allusion of her mother. As for the gentleman himself, *his* feelings were chiefly expressed, not by embarrassment or dejection, or by trying to avoid her, but by stiffness of manner and resentful silence. He scarcely ever spoke to her, and the assiduous attentions which he had been so sensible of himself, were transferred for the rest of the day to Miss Lucas, whose civility in listening to him, was a seasonable relief to them all, and especially to her friend.

The morrow produced no abatement of Mrs. Bennet's ill humour or ill health. Mr. Collins was also in the same state of angry pride. Elizabeth had hoped that his resentment might shorten his visit, but his plan did not appear in the least affected by it. He was always to have gone on Saturday, and to Saturday he still meant to stay.

After breakfast, the girls walked to Meryton to inquire if Mr. Wickham were returned, and to lament over his absence from the Netherfield ball. He joined them on their entering the town and attended them to their aunt's, where his regret and vexation, and the concern of every body was well talked over.—To Elizabeth, however, he voluntarily acknowledged that the necessity of his absence *had* been self imposed.

"I found," said he, "as the time drew near, that I had better not meet Mr. Darcy;—that to be in the same room, the same

party with him for so many hours together, might be more than I could bear, and that scenes might arise unpleasant to more than myself."

She highly approved his forbearance, and they had leisure for a full discussion of it, and for all the commendation which they civilly bestowed on each other, as Wickham and another officer walked back with them to Longbourn, and during the walk, he particularly attended to her. His accompanying them was a double advantage; she felt all the compliment it offered to herself, and it was most acceptable as an occasion of introducing him to her father and mother.

Soon after their return, a letter was delivered to Miss Bennet; it came from Netherfield, and was opened immediately. The envelope contained a sheet of elegant, little, hot pressed[1] paper, well covered with a lady's fair, flowing hand; and Elizabeth saw her sister's countenance change as she read it, and saw her dwelling intently on some particular passages. Jane recollected herself soon, and putting the letter away, tried to join with her usual cheerfulness in the general conversation; but Elizabeth felt an anxiety on the subject which drew off her attention even from Wickham; and no sooner had he and his companion taken leave, than a glance from Jane invited her to follow her upstairs. When they had gained their own room, Jane taking out the letter, said,

"This is from Caroline Bingley; what it contains, has surprised me a good deal. The whole party have left Netherfield by this time, and are on their way to town; and without any intention of coming back again. You shall hear what she says."

She then read the first sentence aloud, which comprised the information of their having just resolved to follow their brother to town directly, and of their meaning to dine that day in Grosvenor street,[2] where Mr. Hurst had a house. The

next was in these words. "I do not pretend to regret any thing I shall leave in Hertfordshire, except your society, my dearest friend; but we will hope at some future period, to enjoy many returns of the delightful intercourse we have known, and in the mean while may lessen the pain of separation by a very frequent and most unreserved correspondence. I depend on you for that." To these high flown expressions, Elizabeth listened with all the insensibility of distrust; and though the suddenness of their removal surprised her, she saw nothing in it really to lament; it was not to be supposed that their absence from Netherfield would prevent Mr. Bingley's being there; and as to the loss of their society, she was persuaded that Jane must soon cease to regard it, in the enjoyment of his.

"It is unlucky," said she, after a short pause, "that you should not be able to see your friends before they leave the country. But may we not hope that the period of future happiness to which Miss Bingley looks forward, may arrive earlier than she is aware, and that the delightful intercourse you have known as friends, will be renewed with yet greater satisfaction as sisters?—Mr. Bingley will not be detained in London by them."

"Caroline decidedly says that none of the party will return into Hertfordshire this winter.[3] I will read it to you—

"When my brother left us yesterday, he imagined that the business which took him to London, might be concluded in three or four days, but as we are certain it cannot be so, and at the same time convinced that when Charles gets to town, he will be in no hurry to leave it again, we have determined on following him thither, that he may not be obliged to spend his vacant hours in a comfortless hotel. Many of my acquaintance are already there for the winter; I wish I could hear that you, my dearest friend, had any intention of making one in the

croud, but of that I despair. I sincerely hope your Christmas[4] in Hertfordshire may abound in the gaieties which that season generally brings, and that your beaux[5] will be so numerous as to prevent your feeling the loss of the three,[6] of whom we shall deprive you."

"It is evident by this," added Jane, "that he comes back no more this winter."

"It is only evident that Miss Bingley does not mean he *should*."

"Why will you think so? It must be his own doing.—He is his own master. But you do not know *all*. I *will* read you the passage which particularly hurts me. I will have no reserves from *you*." "Mr. Darcy is impatient to see his sister, and to confess the truth, *we* are scarcely less eager to meet her again. I really do not think Georgiana Darcy has her equal for beauty, elegance, and accomplishments; and the affection she inspires in Louisa and myself, is heightened into something still more interesting, from the hope we dare to entertain of her being hereafter our sister.[7] I do not know whether I ever before mentioned to you my feelings on this subject, but I will not leave the country without confiding them, and I trust you will not esteem them unreasonable. My brother admires her greatly already, he will have frequent opportunity now of seeing her on the most intimate footing, her relations all wish the connection as much as his own, and a sister's partiality is not misleading me, I think, when I call Charles most capable of engaging any woman's heart. With all these circumstances to favour an attachment and nothing to prevent it, am I wrong, my dearest Jane, in indulging the hope of an event which will secure the happiness of so many?" "What think you of *this* sentence, my dear Lizzy?"—said Jane as she finished it. "Is it not clear enough?—Does it not expressly declare that

Caroline neither expects nor wishes me to be her sister; that she is perfectly convinced of her brother's indifference, and that if she suspects the nature of my feelings for him, she means (most kindly!) to put me on my guard? Can there be any other opinion on the subject?"

"Yes, there can; for mine is totally different.—Will you hear it?"

"Most willingly."

"You shall have it in few words. Miss Bingley sees that her brother is in love with you, and wants him to marry Miss Darcy. She follows him to town in the hope of keeping him there, and tries to persuade you that he does not care about you."

Jane shook her head.

"Indeed, Jane, you ought to believe me.—No one who has ever seen you together, can doubt his affection. Miss Bingley I am sure cannot. She is not such a simpleton. Could she have seen half as much love in Mr. Darcy for herself, she would have ordered her wedding clothes. But the case is this. We are not rich enough, or grand enough for them; and she is the more anxious to get Miss Darcy for her brother, from the notion that when there has been *one* intermarriage, she may have less trouble in achieving a second; in which there is certainly some ingenuity, and I dare say it would succeed, if Miss de Bourgh were out of the way. But, my dearest Jane, you cannot seriously imagine that because Miss Bingley tells you her brother greatly admires Miss Darcy, he is in the smallest degree less sensible of *your* merit than when he took leave of you on Tuesday, or that it will be in her power to persuade him that instead of being in love with you, he is very much in love with her friend."

"If we thought alike of Miss Bingley," replied Jane, "your representation of all this, might make me quite easy. But

I know the foundation is unjust. Caroline is incapable of wilfully deceiving any one; and all that I can hope in this case is, that she is deceived herself."

"That is right.—You could not have started a more happy idea, since you will not take comfort in mine. Believe her to be deceived by all means. You have now done your duty by her, and must fret no longer."

"But, my dear sister, can I be happy, even supposing the best, in accepting a man whose sisters and friends are all wishing him to marry elsewhere?"

"You must decide for yourself," said Elizabeth, "and if upon mature deliberation, you find that the misery of disobliging his two sisters is more than equivalent to the happiness of being his wife, I advise you by all means to refuse him."

"How can you talk so?"—said Jane faintly smiling,—"you must know that though I should be exceedingly grieved at their disapprobation, I could not hesitate."

"I did not think you would;—and that being the case, I cannot consider your situation with much compassion."

"But if he returns no more this winter, my choice will never be required. A thousand things may arise in six months!"

The idea of his returning no more Elizabeth treated with the utmost contempt. It appeared to her merely the suggestion of Caroline's interested wishes, and she could not for a moment suppose that those wishes, however openly or artfully spoken, could influence a young man so totally independent of every one.

She represented to her sister as forcibly as possible what she felt on the subject, and had soon the pleasure of seeing its happy effect. Jane's temper was not desponding, and she was gradually led to hope, though the diffidence of affection sometimes overcame the hope, that Bingley would return to Netherfield and answer every wish of her heart.

They agreed that Mrs. Bennet should only hear of the departure of the family, without being alarmed on the score of the gentleman's conduct; but even this partial communication gave her a great deal of concern, and she bewailed it as exceedingly unlucky that the ladies should happen to go away, just as they were all getting so intimate together. After lamenting it however at some length, she had the consolation of thinking that Mr. Bingley would be soon down again and soon dining at Longbourn, and the conclusion of all was the comfortable[8] declaration that, though he had been invited only to a family dinner, she would take care to have two full courses.

Chapter 22

The Bennets were engaged to dine with the Lucases, and again during the chief of the day, was Miss Lucas so kind as to listen to Mr. Collins. Elizabeth took an opportunity of thanking her. "It keeps him in good humour," said she, "and I am more obliged to you than I can express." Charlotte assured her friend of her satisfaction in being useful, and that it amply repaid her for the little sacrifice of her time. This was very amiable, but Charlotte's kindness extended farther than Elizabeth had any conception of;—its object was nothing less, than to secure her from any return of Mr. Collins's addresses, by engaging them towards herself. Such was Miss Lucas's scheme; and appearances were so favourable that when they parted at night, she would have felt almost sure of success if he had not been to leave Hertfordshire so very soon. But here, she did injustice to the fire and independence of his character, for it led him to escape out of Longbourn House the next morning with admirable slyness, and hasten to Lucas Lodge to throw himself at her feet. He was anxious to avoid the notice of his cousins, from a conviction that if they saw him depart, they could not fail to conjecture his design, and he was not willing to have the attempt known till its success could be known likewise; for though feeling almost secure, and with reason, for Charlotte had been tolerably encouraging, he was comparatively diffident since the adventure of Wednesday. His reception however was of the most flattering kind. Miss Lucas perceived him from an

upper window as he walked towards the house, and instantly set out to meet him accidentally in the lane. But little had she dared to hope that so much love and eloquence awaited her there.

In as short a time as Mr. Collins's long speeches would allow, every thing was settled between them to the satisfaction of both; and as they entered the house, he earnestly entreated her to name the day that was to make him the happiest of men; and though such a solicitation must be waved for the present, the lady felt no inclination to trifle with his happiness. The stupidity with which he was favoured by nature, must guard his courtship from any charm that could make a woman wish for its continuance; and Miss Lucas, who accepted him solely from the pure and disinterested desire of an establishment, cared not how soon that establishment were gained.

Sir William and Lady Lucas were speedily applied to for their consent; and it was bestowed with a most joyful alacrity. Mr. Collins's present circumstances made it a most eligible match for their daughter, to whom they could give little fortune; and his prospects of future wealth were exceedingly fair. Lady Lucas began directly to calculate with more interest than the matter had ever excited before, how many years longer Mr. Bennet was likely to live; and Sir William gave it as his decided opinion, that whenever Mr. Collins should be in possession of the Longbourn estate, it would be highly expedient that both he and his wife should make their appearance at St. James's.[1] The whole family in short were properly overjoyed on the occasion. The younger girls formed hopes of *coming out*[2] a year or two sooner than they might otherwise have done; and the boys were relieved from their apprehension of Charlotte's dying an old maid. Charlotte herself was tolerably composed. She had gained her point, and had time to consider of it. Her reflections were in general

satisfactory. Mr. Collins to be sure was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary. But still he would be her husband.—Without thinking highly either of men or of matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honourable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune,[3] and however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want. This preservative she had now obtained; and at the age of twenty-seven, without having ever been handsome, she felt all the good luck of it. The least agreeable circumstance in the business, was the surprise it must occasion to Elizabeth Bennet, whose friendship she valued beyond that of any other person. Elizabeth would wonder, and probably would blame her; and though her resolution was not to be shaken, her feelings must be hurt by such disapprobation. She resolved to give her the information herself, and therefore charged Mr. Collins when he returned to Longbourn to dinner, to drop no hint of what had passed before any of the family. A promise of secrecy was of course very dutifully given, but it could not be kept without difficulty; for the curiosity excited by his long absence, burst forth in such very direct questions on his return, as required some ingenuity to evade, and he was at the same time exercising great self-denial, for he was longing to publish his prosperous love.

As he was to begin his journey too early on the morrow to see any of the family, the ceremony of leave-taking was performed when the ladies moved for the night;[4] and Mrs. Bennet with great politeness and cordiality said how happy they should be to see him at Longbourn again, whenever his other engagements might allow him to visit them.

"My dear Madam," he replied, "this invitation is particularly gratifying, because it is what I have been hoping to

receive; and you may be very certain that I shall avail myself of it as soon as possible."

They were all astonished; and Mr. Bennet, who could by no means wish for so speedy a return, immediately said,

"But is there not danger of Lady Catherine's disapprobation here, my good sir?—You had better neglect your relations, than run the risk of offending your patroness."

"My dear sir," replied Mr. Collins, "I am particularly obliged to you for this friendly caution, and you may depend upon my not taking so material a step without her ladyship's concurrence."

"You cannot be too much on your guard. Risk any thing rather than her displeasure; and if you find it likely to be raised by your coming to us again, which I should think exceedingly probable, stay quietly at home, and be satisfied that *we* shall take no offence."

"Believe me, my dear sir, my gratitude is warmly excited by such affectionate attention; and depend upon it, you will speedily receive from me a letter of thanks for this, as well as for every other mark of your regard during my stay in Hertfordshire. As for my fair cousins, though my absence may not be long enough to render it necessary, I shall now take the liberty of wishing them health and happiness, not excepting my cousin Elizabeth."

With proper civilities the ladies then withdrew; all of them equally surprised to find that he meditated a quick return. Mrs. Bennet wished to understand by it that he thought of paying his addresses to one of her younger girls, and Mary might have been prevailed on to accept him. She rated his abilities much higher than any of the others; there was a solidity[5] in his reflections which often struck her, and though by no means so clever as herself, she thought that if encouraged to read and improve himself by such an example as her's,

he might become a very agreeable companion. But on the following morning, every hope of this kind was done away. Miss Lucas called soon after breakfast, and in a private conference with Elizabeth related the event of the day before.

The possibility of Mr. Collins's fancying himself in love with her friend had once occurred to Elizabeth within the last day or two; but that Charlotte could encourage him, seemed almost as far from possibility as that she could encourage him herself, and her astonishment was consequently so great as to overcome at first the bounds of decorum, and she could not help crying out,

"Engaged to Mr. Collins! my dear Charlotte,—impossible!"

The steady countenance which Miss Lucas had commanded in telling her story, gave way to a momentary confusion here on receiving so direct a reproach; though, as it was no more than she expected, she soon regained her composure, and calmly replied,

"Why should you be surprised, my dear Eliza?—Do you think it incredible that Mr. Collins should be able to procure any woman's good opinion, because he was not so happy as to succeed with you?"

But Elizabeth had now recollected herself, and making a strong effort for it, was able to assure her with tolerable firmness that the prospect of their relationship was highly grateful to her, and that she wished her all imaginable happiness.

"I see what you are feeling," replied Charlotte,—"you must be surprised, very much surprised,—so lately as Mr. Collins was wishing to marry you. But when you have had time to think it all over, I hope you will be satisfied with what I have done. I am not romantic[6] you know. I never was. I ask only a comfortable home; and considering Mr. Collins's character, connections, and situation in life, I am convinced that my

chance of happiness[7] with him is as fair, as most people can boast on entering the marriage state."

Elizabeth quietly answered "Undoubtedly;"—and after an awkward pause, they returned to the rest of the family. Charlotte did not stay much longer, and Elizabeth was then left to reflect on what she had heard. It was a long time before she became at all reconciled to the idea of so unsuitable a match. The strangeness of Mr. Collins's making two offers of marriage within three days, was nothing in comparison of his being now accepted. She had always felt that Charlotte's opinion of matrimony was not exactly like her own, but she could not have supposed it possible that when called into action, she would have sacrificed every better feeling to worldly advantage. Charlotte the wife of Mr. Collins, was a most humiliating picture!—And to the pang of a friend disgracing herself and sunk in her esteem, was added the distressing conviction that it was impossible for that friend to be tolerably happy in the lot she had chosen.

Chapter 23

Elizabeth was sitting with her mother and sisters, reflecting on what she had heard, and doubting whether she were authorised to mention it, when Sir William Lucas himself appeared, sent by his daughter to announce her engagement to the family. With many compliments to them, and much self-gratulation on the prospect of a connection between the houses, he unfolded the matter,—to an audience not merely wondering, but incredulous; for Mrs. Bennet, with more perseverance than politeness, protested he must be entirely mistaken, and Lydia, always unguarded and often uncivil, boisterously exclaimed,

"Good Lord! Sir William, how can you tell such a story?—Do not you know that Mr. Collins wants to marry Lizzy?"

Nothing less than the complaisance[1] of a courtier could have borne without anger such treatment; but Sir William's good breeding carried him through it all; and though he begged leave to be positive as to the truth of his information, he listened to all their impertinence with the most forbearing courtesy.

Elizabeth, feeling it incumbent on her to relieve him from so unpleasant a situation, now put herself forward to confirm his account, by mentioning her prior knowledge of it from Charlotte herself; and endeavoured to put a stop to the exclamations of her mother and sisters, by the earnestness of her congratulations to Sir William, in which she was readily joined by Jane, and by making a variety of remarks on the

happiness that might be expected from the match, the excellent character of Mr. Collins, and the convenient distance of Hunsford from London.

Mrs. Bennet was in fact too much overpowered to say a great deal while Sir William remained; but no sooner had he left them than her feelings found a rapid vent. In the first place, she persisted in disbelieving the whole of the matter; secondly, she was very sure that Mr. Collins had been taken in; thirdly, she trusted that they would never be happy together; and fourthly, that the match might be broken off. Two inferences, however, were plainly deduced from the whole; one, that Elizabeth was the real cause of all the mischief; and the other, that she herself had been barbarously used by them all; and on these two points she principally dwelt during the rest of the day. Nothing could console and nothing appease her.—Nor did that day wear out her resentment. A week elapsed before she could see Elizabeth without scolding her, a month passed away before she could speak to Sir William or Lady Lucas without being rude, and many months were gone before she could at all forgive their daughter.

Mr. Bennet's emotions were much more tranquil on the occasion, and such as he did experience he pronounced to be of a most agreeable sort; for it gratified him, he said, to discover that Charlotte Lucas, whom he had been used to think tolerably sensible, was as foolish as his wife, and more foolish than his daughter!

Jane confessed herself a little surprised at the match; but she said less of her astonishment than of her earnest desire for their happiness; nor could Elizabeth persuade her to consider it as improbable. Kitty and Lydia were far from envying Miss Lucas, for Mr. Collins was only a clergyman; and it affected them in no other way than as a piece of news to spread at Meryton.

Lady Lucas could not be insensible of triumph on being able to retort on Mrs. Bennet the comfort of having a daughter well married; and she called at Longbourn rather oftener than usual to say how happy she was, though Mrs. Bennet's sour looks and ill-natured remarks might have been enough to drive happiness away.

Between Elizabeth and Charlotte there was a restraint which kept them mutually silent on the subject; and Elizabeth felt persuaded that no real confidence could ever subsist between them again. Her disappointment in Charlotte made her turn with fonder regard to her sister, of whose rectitude and delicacy she was sure her opinion could never be shaken, and for whose happiness she grew daily more anxious, as Bingley had now been gone a week, and nothing was heard of his return.

Jane had sent Caroline an early answer to her letter, and was counting the days till she might reasonably hope to hear again. The promised letter of thanks from Mr. Collins arrived on Tuesday, addressed to their father, and written with all the solemnity of gratitude which a twelvemonth's abode in the family might have prompted. After discharging his conscience on that head, he proceeded to inform them, with many rapturous expressions, of his happiness in having obtained the affection of their amiable neighbour, Miss Lucas, and then explained that it was merely with the view of enjoying her society that he had been so ready to close with their kind wish of seeing him again at Longbourn, whither he hoped to be able to return on Monday fortnight; for Lady Catherine, he added, so heartily approved his marriage, that she wished it to take place as soon as possible, which he trusted would be an unanswerable argument with his amiable Charlotte to name an early day for making him the happiest of men.[2]

Mr. Collins's return into Hertfordshire was no longer a matter of pleasure to Mrs. Bennet. On the contrary she was as much disposed to complain of it as her husband.—It was very strange that he should come to Longbourn instead of to Lucas Lodge; it was also very inconvenient and exceedingly troublesome.—She hated having visitors in the house while her health was so indifferent, and lovers were of all people the most disagreeable. Such were the gentle murmurs of Mrs. Bennet, and they gave way only to the greater distress of Mr. Bingley's continued absence.

Neither Jane nor Elizabeth were comfortable on this subject. Day after day passed away without bringing any other tidings of him than the report which shortly prevailed in Meryton of his coming no more to Netherfield the whole winter; a report which highly incensed Mrs. Bennet, and which she never failed to contradict as a most scandalous falsehood.

Even Elizabeth began to fear—not that Bingley was indifferent—but that his sisters would be successful in keeping him away. Unwilling as she was to admit an idea so destructive of Jane's happiness, and so dishonourable to the stability[3] of her lover, she could not prevent its frequently recurring. The united efforts of his two unfeeling sisters and of his overpowering friend, assisted by the attractions of Miss Darcy and the amusements of London, might be too much, she feared, for the strength of his attachment.

As for Jane, *her* anxiety under this suspence was, of course, more painful than Elizabeth's; but whatever she felt she was desirous of concealing, and between herself and Elizabeth, therefore, the subject was never alluded to. But as no such delicacy restrained her mother, an hour seldom passed in which she did not talk of Bingley, express her impatience for his arrival, or even require Jane to confess that if he did not

come back, she should think herself very ill used. It needed all Jane's steady mildness to bear these attacks with tolerable tranquillity.

Mr. Collins returned most punctually on the Monday fortnight, but his reception at Longbourn was not quite so gracious as it had been on his first introduction. He was too happy, however, to need much attention; and luckily for the others, the business of love-making relieved them from a great deal of his company. The chief of every day was spent by him at Lucas Lodge, and he sometimes returned to Longbourn only in time to make an apology for his absence before the family went to bed.

Mrs. Bennet was really in a most pitiable state. The very mention of any thing concerning the match threw her into an agony of ill humour, and wherever she went she was sure of hearing it talked of. The sight of Miss Lucas was odious to her. As her successor in that house, she regarded her with jealous abhorrence. Whenever Charlotte came to see them she concluded her to be anticipating the hour of possession; and whenever she spoke in a low voice to Mr. Collins, was convinced that they were talking of the Longbourn estate, and resolving to turn herself and her daughters out of the house, as soon as Mr. Bennet were dead. She complained bitterly of all this to her husband.

"Indeed, Mr. Bennet," said she, "it is very hard to think that Charlotte Lucas should ever be mistress of this house, that *I* should be forced to make way for *her*, and live to see her take my place in it!"

"My dear, do not give way to such gloomy thoughts. Let us hope for better things. Let us flatter ourselves that *I* may be the survivor."

This was not very consoling to Mrs. Bennet, and, therefore, instead of making any answer, she went on as before,

"I cannot bear to think that they should have all this estate. If it was not for the entail I should not mind it."

"What should not you mind?"

"I should not mind any thing at all."

"Let us be thankful that you are preserved from a state of such insensibility."

"I never can be thankful, Mr. Bennet, for any thing about the entail. How any one could have the conscience to entail away an estate from one's own daughters I cannot understand; and all for the sake of Mr. Collins too!—Why should *he* have it more than anybody else?"

"I leave it to yourself to determine," said Mr. Bennet.

END OF VOLUME I

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Volume II

Chapter 1

Miss Bingley's letter arrived, and put an end to doubt. The very first sentence conveyed the assurance of their being all settled in London for the winter, and concluded with her brother's regret at not having had time to pay his respects to his friends in Hertfordshire before he left the country.

Hope was over, entirely over; and when Jane could attend to the rest of the letter, she found little, except the professed affection of the writer, that could give her any comfort. Miss Darcy's praise occupied the chief of it. Her many attractions were again dwelt on, and Caroline boasted joyfully of their increasing intimacy, and ventured to predict the accomplishment of the wishes which had been unfolded in her former letter. She wrote also with great pleasure of her brother's being an inmate of Mr. Darcy's house, and mentioned with raptures, some plans of the latter with regard to new furniture.

Elizabeth, to whom Jane very soon communicated the chief of all this, heard it in silent indignation. Her heart was divided between concern for her sister, and resentment against all the others. To Caroline's assertion of her brother's being partial to Miss Darcy she paid no credit. That he was really fond of Jane, she doubted no more than she had ever done; and much as she had always been disposed to like him, she could not think without anger, hardly without contempt, on that easiness of temper, that want of proper resolution which now made him the slave of his designing friends,[1] and led him to sacrifice his own happiness to the caprice of

their inclinations. Had his own happiness, however, been the only sacrifice, he might have been allowed to sport with it in what ever manner he thought best; but her sister's was involved in it, as she thought he must be sensible himself. It was a subject, in short, on which reflection would be long indulged, and must be unavailing. She could think of nothing else, and yet whether Bingley's regard had really died away, or were suppressed by his friends' interference; whether he had been aware of Jane's attachment, or whether it had escaped his observation; whichever were the case, though her opinion of him must be materially affected by the difference, her sister's situation remained the same, her peace equally wounded.

A day or two passed before Jane had courage to speak of her feelings to Elizabeth; but at last on Mrs. Bennet's leaving them together, after a longer irritation than usual about Netherfield and its master, she could not help saying,

"Oh! that my dear mother had more command over herself; she can have no idea of the pain she gives me by her continual reflections on him. But I will not repine. It cannot last long. He will be forgot, and we shall all be as we were before."

Elizabeth looked at her sister with incredulous solicitude, but said nothing.

"You doubt me," cried Jane slightly colouring; "indeed you have no reason. He may live in my memory as the most amiable man of my acquaintance, but that is all. I have nothing either to hope or fear, and nothing to reproach him with. Thank God! I have not *that* pain. A little time therefore.—I shall certainly try to get the better."

With a stronger voice she soon added, "I have this comfort immediately, that it has not been more than an error of fancy on my side, and that it has done no harm to any one but myself."

"My dear Jane!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "you are too good. Your sweetness and disinterestedness [2] are really angelic; I do not know what to say to you. I feel as if I had never done you justice, or loved you as you deserve."

Miss Bennet eagerly disclaimed all extraordinary merit, and threw back the praise on her sister's warm affection.

"Nay," said Elizabeth, "this is not fair. *You* wish to think all the world respectable; and are hurt if I speak ill of any body. *I* only want to think *you* perfect, and you set yourself against it. Do not be afraid of my running into any excess, of my encroaching on your privilege of universal good will.[3] You need not. There are few people whom I really love, and still fewer of whom I think well. The more I see of the world, the more am I dissatisfied with it; and every day confirms my belief of the inconsistency of all human characters, and of the little dependence that can be placed on the appearance of either merit or sense. I have met with two instances lately; one I will not mention; the other is Charlotte's marriage. It is unaccountable! in every view it is unaccountable!"

"My dear Lizzy, do not give way to such feelings as these. They will ruin your happiness. You do not make allowance enough for difference of situation and temper. Consider Mr. Collins's respectability, and Charlotte's prudent, steady character. Remember that she is one of a large family; that as to fortune, it is a most eligible match; and be ready to believe, for every body's sake, that she may feel something like regard and esteem for our cousin."

"To oblige you, I would try to believe almost any thing, but no one else could be benefited by such a belief as this; for were I persuaded that Charlotte had any regard for him, I should only think worse of her understanding, than I now do of her heart. My dear Jane, Mr. Collins is a conceited,

pompous, narrow-minded,[4] silly man; you know he is, as well as I do; and you must feel, as well as I do, that the woman who marries him, cannot have a proper way of thinking. You shall not defend her, though it is Charlotte Lucas. You shall not, for the sake of one individual, change the meaning of principle and integrity, nor endeavour to persuade yourself or me, that selfishness is prudence, and insensibility of danger, security for happiness."

"I must think your language too strong in speaking of both," replied Jane, "and I hope you will be convinced of it, by seeing them happy together. But enough of this. You alluded to something else. You mentioned *two* instances. I cannot misunderstand you, but I intreat you, dear Lizzy, not to pain me by thinking *that person* to blame, and saying your opinion of him is sunk. We must not be so ready to fancy ourselves intentionally injured. We must not expect a lively young man to be always so guarded and circumspect. It is very often nothing but our own vanity that deceives us. Women fancy admiration means more than it does."

"And men take care that they should."

"If it is designedly done, they cannot be justified; but I have no idea of there being so much design in the world as some persons imagine."

"I am far from attributing any part of Mr. Bingley's conduct to design," said Elizabeth; "but without scheming to do wrong, or to make others unhappy, there may be error, and there may be misery. Thoughtlessness, want of attention to other people's feelings, and want of resolution, will do the business."

"And do you impute it to either of those?"

"Yes; to the last. But if I go on, I shall displease you by saying what I think of persons you esteem. Stop me whilst you can."

"You persist, then, in supposing his sisters influence him."

"Yes, in conjunction with his friend,"

"I cannot believe it. Why should they try to influence him? They can only wish his happiness, and if he is attached to me, no other woman can secure it."

"Your first position[5] is false. They may wish many things besides his happiness; they may wish his increase of wealth and consequence; they may wish him to marry a girl who has all the importance of money, great connections, and pride."

"Beyond a doubt, they *do* wish him to chuse Miss Darcy," replied Jane; "but this may be from better feelings than you are supposing. They have known her much longer than they have known me; no wonder if they love her better. But, whatever may be their own wishes, it is very unlikely they should have opposed their brother's. What sister would think herself at liberty to do it, unless there were something very objectionable? If they believed him attached to me, they would not try to part us; if he were so, they could not succeed. By supposing such an affection, you make every body acting unnaturally and wrong, and me most unhappy. Do not distress me by the idea. I am not ashamed of having been mistaken—or, at least, it is slight, it is nothing in comparison of[6] what I should feel in thinking ill of him or his sisters. Let me take it in the best light, in the light in which it may be understood."

Elizabeth could not oppose such a wish; and from this time Mr. Bingley's name was scarcely ever mentioned between them.

Mrs. Bennet still continued to wonder and repine at his returning no more, and though a day seldom passed in which Elizabeth did not account for it clearly, there seemed little chance of her ever considering it with less perplexity. Her

daughter endeavoured to convince her of what she did not believe herself, that his attentions to Jane had been merely the effect of a common and transient liking, which ceased when he saw her no more; but though the probability of the statement was admitted at the time, she had the same story to repeat every day. Mrs. Bennet's best comfort was, that Mr. Bingley must be down again in the summer.

Mr. Bennet treated the matter differently. "So, Lizzy," said he one day, "your sister is crossed in love I find. I congratulate her. Next to being married, a girl likes to be crossed in love a little now and then. It is something to think of, and gives her a sort of distinction among her companions. When is your turn to come? You will hardly bear to be long outdone by Jane. Now is your time. Here are officers enough at Meryton to disappoint all the young ladies in the country. Let Wickham be *your* man. He is a pleasant fellow, and would jilt you creditably."

"Thank you, Sir, but a less agreeable man would satisfy me. We must not all expect Jane's good fortune."

"True," said Mr. Bennet, "but it is a comfort to think that, whatever of that kind may befal you, you have an affectionate mother who will always make the most of it."

Mr. Wickham's society was of material service in dispelling the gloom, which the late perverse occurrences had thrown on many of the Longbourn family. They saw him often, and to his other recommendations was now added that of general unreserve. The whole of what Elizabeth had already heard, his claims on Mr. Darcy, and all that he had suffered from him, was now openly acknowledged and publicly canvassed; and every body was pleased to think how much they had always disliked Mr. Darcy before they had known any thing of the matter.

Miss Bennet was the only creature who could suppose there might be any extenuating circumstances in the case, unknown to the society of Hertfordshire; her mild and steady candour always pleaded for allowances, and urged the possibility of mistakes—but by everybody else Mr. Darcy was condemned as the worst of men.

Chapter 2

After a week spent in professions of love and schemes of felicity, Mr. Collins was called from his amiable Charlotte by the arrival of Saturday. The pain of separation, however, might be alleviated on his side, by preparations for the reception of his bride, as he had reason to hope, that shortly after his next return into Hertfordshire, the day would be fixed that was to make him the happiest of men. He took leave of his relations at Longbourn with as much solemnity as before; wished his fair cousins health and happiness again, and promised their father another letter of thanks.

On the following Monday, Mrs. Bennet had the pleasure of receiving her brother and his wife, who came as usual to spend the Christmas at Longbourn. Mr. Gardiner was a sensible, gentleman-like man, greatly superior to his sister as well by nature as education. The Netherfield ladies would have had difficulty in believing that a man who lived by trade, and within view of his own warehouses,[1] could have been so well bred and agreeable. Mrs. Gardiner, who was several years younger than Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. Philips, was an amiable, intelligent, elegant woman, and a great favourite with all her Longbourn nieces. Between the two eldest and herself especially, there subsisted a very particular regard. They had frequently been staying with her in town.

The first part of Mrs. Gardiner's business on her arrival, was to distribute her presents and describe the newest fashions. When this was done, she had a less active part to

play. It became her turn to listen. Mrs. Bennet had many grievances to relate, and much to complain of. They had all been very ill-used since she last saw her sister.[2] Two of her girls had been on the point of marriage, and after all there was nothing in it.

"I do not blame Jane," she continued, "for Jane would have got Mr. Bingley, if she could. But, Lizzy! Oh, sister! it is very hard to think that she might have been Mr. Collins's wife by this time, had not it been for her own perverseness. He made her an offer in this very room, and she refused him. The consequence of it is, that Lady Lucas will have a daughter married before I have, and that Longbourn estate is just as much entailed as ever. The Lucases are very artful people indeed, sister. They are all for what they can get. I am sorry to say it of them, but so it is. It makes me very nervous and poorly, to be thwarted so in my own family, and to have neighbours who think of themselves before anybody else. However, your coming just at this time is the greatest of comforts, and I am very glad to hear what you tell us, of long sleeves."[3]

Mrs. Gardiner, to whom the chief of this news had been given before, in the course of Jane and Elizabeth's correspondence with her, made her sister a slight answer, and in compassion to her nieces turned the conversation.

When alone with Elizabeth afterwards, she spoke more on the subject. "It seems likely to have been a desirable match for Jane," said she. "I am sorry it went off. But these things happen so often! A young man, such as you describe Mr. Bingley, so easily falls in love with a pretty girl for a few weeks, and when accident separates them, so easily forgets her, that these sort of inconstancies are very frequent."

"An excellent consolation in its way," said Elizabeth, "but it will not do for *us.* We do not suffer by *accident.* It does not

often happen that the interference of friends will persuade a young man of independent fortune[4] to think no more of a girl, whom he was violently in love with only a few days before."

"But that expression of 'violently in love' is so hackneyed, so doubtful, so indefinite, that it gives me very little idea. It is as often applied to feelings which arise only from an half hour's acquaintance, as to a real, strong attachment. Pray, how *violent was* Mr. Bingley's love?"

"I never saw a more promising inclination. He was growing quite inattentive to other people, and wholly engrossed by her. Every time they met, it was more decided and remarkable. At his own ball he offended two or three young ladies, by not asking them to dance, and I spoke to him twice myself, without receiving an answer. Could there be finer symptoms? Is not general incivility the very essence of love?"

"Oh, yes!—of that kind of love which I suppose him to have felt. Poor Jane! I am sorry for her, because, with her disposition, she may not get over it immediately. It had better have happened to *you*, Lizzy; you would have laughed yourself out of it sooner. But do you think she would be prevailed on to go back with us? Change of scene might be of service—and perhaps a little relief from home, may be as useful as anything."

Elizabeth was exceedingly pleased with this proposal, and felt persuaded of her sister's ready acquiescence.

"I hope," added Mrs. Gardiner, "that no consideration with regard to this young man will influence her. We live in so different a part of town, all our connections are so different, and, as you well know, we go out so little, that it is very improbable they should meet at all, unless he really comes to see her."

"And *that* is quite impossible; for he is now in the custody of his friend, and Mr. Darcy would no more suffer him to call on Jane in such a part of London! My dear aunt, how could you think of it? Mr. Darcy may perhaps have *heard* of such a place as Gracechurch Street,[5] but he would hardly think a month's ablution enough to cleanse him from its impurities, were he once to enter it; and depend upon it, Mr. Bingley never stirs without him."

"So much the better. I hope they will not meet at all. But does not Jane correspond with the sister? *She* will not be able to help calling."[6]

"She will drop the acquaintance entirely."

But in spite of the certainty in which Elizabeth affected to place this point, as well as the still more interesting[7] one of Bingley's being withheld from seeing Jane, she felt a solicitude on the subject which convinced her, on examination, that she did not consider it entirely hopeless. It was possible, and sometimes she thought it probable, that his affection might be re-animated, and the influence of his friends successfully combated by the more natural influence of Jane's attractions.

Miss Bennet accepted her aunt's invitation with pleasure; and the Bingleys were no otherwise in her thoughts at the time, than as she hoped that, by Caroline's not living in the same house with her brother, she might occasionally spend a morning with her, without any danger of seeing him.

The Gardiners staid a week at Longbourn; and what with the Philipses, the Lucases, and the officers, there was not a day without its engagement. Mrs. Bennet had so carefully provided for the entertainment of her brother and sister, that they did not once sit down to a family dinner. When the engagement was for home, some of the officers always made part of it, of which officers Mr. Wickham was sure to be one; and on these occasions, Mrs. Gardiner, rendered suspicious by

Elizabeth's warm commendation of him, narrowly observed them both. Without supposing them, from what she saw, to be very seriously in love, their preference of each other was plain enough to make her a little uneasy; and she resolved to speak to Elizabeth on the subject before she left Hertfordshire, and represent to her the imprudence of encouraging such an attachment.

To Mrs. Gardiner, Wickham had one means of affording pleasure, unconnected with his general powers. About ten or a dozen years ago, before her marriage, she had spent a considerable time in that very part of Derbyshire, to which he belonged. They had, therefore, many acquaintance in common; and, though Wickham had been little there since the death of Darcy's father, five years before, it was yet in his power to give her fresher intelligence of her former friends, than she had been in the way of procuring.

Mrs. Gardiner had seen Pemberley, and known the late Mr. Darcy by character perfectly well. Here consequently was an inexhaustible subject of discourse. In comparing her recollection of Pemberley, with the minute description which Wickham could give, and in bestowing her tribute of praise on the character of its late possessor, she was delighting both him and herself. On being made acquainted with the present Mr. Darcy's treatment of him, she tried to remember something of that gentleman's reputed disposition when quite a lad, which might agree with it, and was confident at last, that she recollected having heard Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy[8] formerly spoken of as a very proud, ill-natured boy.

Chapter 3

Mrs. Gardiner's caution to Elizabeth was punctually and kindly given on the first favourable opportunity of speaking to her alone; after honestly telling her what she thought, she thus went on:

"You are too sensible a girl, Lizzy, to fall in love merely because you are warned against it;[1] and, therefore, I am not afraid of speaking openly. Seriously, I would have you be on your guard. Do not involve yourself, or endeavour to involve him in an affection which the want of fortune would make so very imprudent. I have nothing to say against *him*; he is a most interesting young man; and if he had the fortune he ought to have, I should think you could not do better. But as it is—you must not let your fancy run away with you. You have sense, and we all expect you to use it. Your father would depend on *your* resolution and good conduct, I am sure. You must not disappoint your father."

"My dear aunt, this is being serious indeed."

"Yes, and I hope to engage you to be serious likewise."

"Well, then, you need not be under any alarm. I will take care of myself, and of Mr. Wickham too. He shall not be in love with me, if I can prevent it."

"Elizabeth, you are not serious now."

"I beg your pardon. I will try again. At present I am not in love with Mr. Wickham; no, I certainly am not. But he is, beyond all comparison, the most agreeable man I ever saw—and if he becomes really attached to me—I believe it

will be better that he should not. I see the imprudence of it.—Oh! *that* abominable Mr. Darcy!—My father's opinion of me does me the greatest honor; and I should be miserable to forfeit it. My father, however, is partial to Mr. Wickham. In short, my dear aunt, I should be very sorry to be the means of making any of you unhappy; but since we see every day that where there is affection, young people are seldom withheld by immediate want of fortune, from entering into engagements with each other, how can I promise to be wiser than so many of my fellow-creatures if I am tempted, or how am I even to know that it would be wisdom to resist? All that I can promise you, therefore, is not to be in a hurry. I will not be in a hurry to believe myself his first object. When I am in company with him, I will not be wishing. In short, I will do my best."

"Perhaps it will be as well, if you discourage his coming here so very often. At least, you should not *remind* your Mother of inviting him."

"As I did the other day," said Elizabeth, with a conscious[2] smile; "very true, it will be wise in me to refrain from *that*. But do not imagine that he is always here so often. It is on your account that he has been so frequently invited this week. You know my mother's ideas as to the necessity of constant company for her friends. But really, and upon my honour, I will try to do what I think to be wisest; and now, I hope you are satisfied."

Her aunt assured her that she was; and Elizabeth having thanked her for the kindness of her hints, they parted; a wonderful instance of advice being given on such a point, without being resented.

Mr. Collins returned into Hertfordshire soon after it had been quitted by the Gardiners and Jane; but as he took

up his abode with the Lucases, his arrival was no great inconvenience to Mrs. Bennet. His marriage was now fast approaching, and she was at length so far resigned as to think it inevitable, and even repeatedly to say in an ill-natured tone that she "*wished* they might be happy." Thursday was to be the wedding day, and on Wednesday Miss Lucas paid her farewell visit; and when she rose to take leave, Elizabeth, ashamed of her mother's ungracious and reluctant good wishes, and sincerely affected herself, accompanied her out of the room. As they went down stairs together, Charlotte said,

"I shall depend on hearing from you very often, Eliza."

"*That* you certainly shall."

"And I have another favour to ask. Will you come and see me?"

"We shall often meet, I hope, in Hertfordshire."

"I am not likely to leave Kent for some time. Promise me, therefore, to come to Hunsford."

Elizabeth could not refuse, though she foresaw little pleasure in the visit.

"My father and Maria are to come to me in March," added Charlotte, "and I hope you will consent to be of the party. Indeed, Eliza, you will be as welcome to me as either of them."

The wedding took place; the bride and bridegroom set off for Kent from the church door, and every body had as much to say or to hear on the subject as usual. Elizabeth soon heard from her friend; and their correspondence was as regular and frequent as it had ever been; that it should be equally unreserved was impossible. Elizabeth could never address her without feeling that all the comfort of intimacy was over, and, though determined not to slacken as a correspondent, it was for the sake of what had been, rather than what was. Charlotte's first letters were received with a good

deal of eagerness; there could not but be curiosity to know how she would speak of her new home, how she would like Lady Catherine, and how happy she would dare pronounce herself to be; though, when the letters were read, Elizabeth felt that Charlotte expressed herself on every point exactly as she might have foreseen. She wrote cheerfully, seemed surrounded with comforts, and mentioned nothing which she could not praise. The house, furniture, neighbourhood, and roads, were all to her taste, and Lady Catherine's behaviour was most friendly and obliging. It was Mr. Collins's picture of Hunsford and Rosings rationally softened; and Elizabeth perceived that she must wait for her own visit there, to know the rest.

Jane had already written a few lines to her sister to announce their safe arrival in London; and when she wrote again, Elizabeth hoped it would be in her power to say something of the Bingleys.

Her impatience for this second letter was as well rewarded as impatience generally is. Jane had been a week in town, without either seeing or hearing from Caroline. She accounted for it, however, by supposing that her last letter to her friend from Longbourn, had by some accident been lost.

"My aunt," she continued, "is going to-morrow into that part of the town, and I shall take the opportunity of calling in Grosvenor-street."

She wrote again when the visit was paid, and she had seen Miss Bingley. "I did not think Caroline in spirits," were her words, "but she was very glad to see me, and reproached me for giving her no notice of my coming to London. I was right, therefore; my last letter had never reached her. I enquired after their brother, of course. He was well, but so much engaged with Mr. Darcy, that they scarcely ever saw him. I found that Miss Darcy was expected to dinner. I wish I could see her. My

visit was not long, as Caroline and Mrs. Hurst were going out. I dare say I shall soon see them here."

Elizabeth shook her head over this letter. It convinced her, that accident only could discover to Mr. Bingley her sister's being in town.

Four weeks passed away, and Jane saw nothing of him. She endeavoured to persuade herself that she did not regret it; but she could no longer be blind to Miss Bingley's inattention. After waiting at home every morning for a fortnight, and inventing every evening a fresh excuse for her, the visitor did at last appear; but the shortness of her stay, and yet more, the alteration of her manner, would allow Jane to deceive herself no longer. The letter which she wrote on this occasion to her sister, will prove what she felt.

"My dearest Lizzy will, I am sure, be incapable of triumphing in her better judgment, at my expence, when I confess myself to have been entirely deceived in Miss Bingley's regard for me. But, my dear sister, though the event has proved you right, do not think me obstinate if I still assert, that, considering what her behaviour was, my confidence was as natural as your suspicion. I do not at all comprehend her reason for wishing to be intimate with me, but if the same circumstances were to happen again, I am sure I should be deceived again. Caroline did not return my visit till yesterday; and not a note, not a line, did I receive in the mean time. When she did come, it was very evident that she had no pleasure in it; she made a slight, formal, apology, for not calling before, said not a word of wishing to see me again, and was in every respect so altered a creature, that when she went away, I was perfectly resolved to continue the acquaintance no longer. I pity, though I cannot help blaming her. She was very wrong in singling me out as she did; I can safely say, that every advance

to intimacy began on her side. But I pity her, because she must feel that she has been acting wrong, and because I am very sure that anxiety for her brother is the cause of it. I need not explain myself farther; and though *we* know this anxiety to be quite needless, yet if she feels it, it will easily account for her behaviour to me; and so deservedly dear as he is to his sister, whatever anxiety she may feel on his behalf, is natural and amiable. I cannot but wonder, however, at her having any such fears now, because, if he had at all cared about me, we must have met long, long ago. He knows of my being in town, I am certain, from something she said herself; and yet it should seem by her manner of talking, as if she wanted to persuade herself that he is really partial to Miss Darcy. I cannot understand it. If I were not afraid of judging harshly, I should be almost tempted to say, that there is a strong appearance of duplicity in all this. But I will endeavour to banish every painful thought, and think only of what will make me happy, your affection, and the invariable kindness of my dear uncle and aunt. Let me hear from you very soon. Miss Bingley said something of his never returning to Netherfield again, of giving up the house, but not with any certainty. We had better not mention it. I am extremely glad that you have such pleasant accounts from our friends at Hunsford. Pray go to see them, with Sir William and Maria. I am sure you will be very comfortable there.

"Your's, &c."

This letter gave Elizabeth some pain; but her spirits returned as she considered that Jane would no longer be duped, by the sister at least. All expectation from the brother was now absolutely over. She would not even wish for any renewal of his attentions. His character sunk on every review of it; and as a punishment for him, as well as a possible

advantage to Jane, she seriously hoped he might really soon marry Mr. Darcy's sister, as, by Wickham's account, she would make him abundantly regret what he had thrown away.

Mrs. Gardiner about this time reminded Elizabeth of her promise concerning that gentleman, and required information; and Elizabeth had such to send as might rather give contentment to her aunt than to herself. His apparent partiality had subsided, his attentions were over, he was the admirer of some one else. Elizabeth was watchful enough to see it all, but she could see it and write of it without material pain. Her heart had been but slightly touched, and her vanity was satisfied with believing that *she* would have been his only choice, had fortune permitted it. The sudden acquisition of ten thousand pounds [3] was the most remarkable charm of the young lady, to whom he was now rendering himself agreeable; but Elizabeth, less clear sighted perhaps in his case than in Charlotte's, did not quarrel with him for his wish of independence. Nothing, on the contrary, could be more natural; and while able to suppose that it cost him a few struggles to relinquish her, she was ready to allow it a wise and desirable measure for both, and could very sincerely wish him happy.

All this was acknowledged to Mrs. Gardiner; and after relating the circumstances, she thus went on:—"I am now convinced, my dear aunt, that I have never been much in love; for had I really experienced that pure and elevating passion, I should at present detest his very name, and wish him all manner of evil. But my feelings are not only cordial towards *him*; they are even impartial towards Miss King. I cannot find out that I hate her at all, or that I am in the least unwilling to think her a very good sort of girl. There can be no love in all this. My watchfulness has been effectual; and though I should certainly be a more interesting object to all my acquaintance,

were I distractedly in love with him, I cannot say that I regret my comparative insignificance. Importance may sometimes be purchased too dearly. Kitty and Lydia take his defection much more to heart than I do. They are young in the ways of the world, and not yet open to the mortifying conviction that handsome young men must have something to live on, as well as the plain."

Chapter 4

With no greater events than these in the Longbourn family, and otherwise diversified by little beyond the walks to Meryton, sometimes dirty and sometimes cold, did January and February pass away. March was to take Elizabeth to Hunsford. She had not at first thought very seriously of going thither; but Charlotte, she soon found, was depending on the plan, and she gradually learned to consider it herself with greater pleasure as well as greater certainty. Absence had increased her desire of seeing Charlotte again, and weakened her disgust of[1] Mr. Collins. There was novelty in the scheme, and as, with such a mother and such uncompanionable sisters, home could not be faultless, a little change was not unwelcome for its own sake. The journey would moreover give her a peep at Jane; and, in short, as the time drew near, she would have been very sorry for any delay. Every thing, however, went on smoothly, and was finally settled according to Charlotte's first sketch. She was to accompany Sir William and his second daughter. The improvement of spending a night in London was added in time, and the plan became perfect as plan could be.

The only pain was in leaving her father, who would certainly miss her, and who, when it came to the point, so little liked her going, that he told her to write to him, and almost promised to answer her letter.

The farewell between herself and Mr. Wickham was perfectly friendly; on his side even more. His present pursuit

could not make him forget that Elizabeth had been the first to excite and to deserve his attention, the first to listen and to pity, the first to be admired; and in his manner of bidding her adieu, wishing her every enjoyment, reminding her of what she was to expect in Lady Catherine de Bourgh, and trusting their opinion of her—their opinion of every body—would always coincide, there was a solicitude, an interest which she felt must ever attach her to him with a most sincere regard; and she parted from him convinced, that whether married or single, he must always be her model of the amiable and pleasing.

Her fellow-travellers the next day, were not of a kind to make her think him less agreeable. Sir William Lucas, and his daughter Maria, a good humoured girl, but as empty-headed as himself, had nothing to say that could be worth hearing, and were listened to with about as much delight as the rattle of the chaise. Elizabeth loved absurdities, but she had known Sir William's too long. He could tell her nothing new of the wonders of his presentation[2] and knighthood; and his civilities were worn out like his information.

It was a journey of only twenty-four miles, and they began it so early as to be in Gracechurch-street by noon. As they drove to Mr. Gardiner's door, Jane was at a drawing-room window watching their arrival; when they entered the passage she was there to welcome them, and Elizabeth, looking earnestly in her face, was pleased to see it healthful and lovely as ever. On the stairs were a troop of little boys and girls, whose eagerness for their cousin's appearance would not allow them to wait in the drawing-room, and whose shyness, as they had not seen her for a twelvemonth, prevented their coming lower. All was joy and kindness. The day passed most pleasantly away; the morning[3] in bustle and shopping, and the evening at one of the theatres.[4]

Elizabeth then contrived to sit by her aunt. Their first subject was her sister; and she was more grieved than astonished to hear, in reply to her minute enquiries, that though Jane always struggled to support her spirits, there were periods of dejection. It was reasonable, however, to hope, that they would not continue long. Mrs. Gardiner gave her the particulars also of Miss Bingley's visit in Gracechurch-street, and repeated conversations occurring at different times between Jane and herself, which proved that the former had, from her heart, given up the acquaintance.

Mrs. Gardiner then rallied[5] her niece on Wickham's desertion, and complimented her on bearing it so well.

"But, my dear Elizabeth," she added, "what sort of girl is Miss King? I should be sorry to think our friend mercenary."

"Pray, my dear aunt, what is the difference in matrimonial affairs, between the mercenary and the prudent motive? Where does discretion end, and avarice begin? Last Christmas you were afraid of his marrying me, because it would be imprudent; and now, because he is trying to get a girl with only ten thousand pounds, you want to find out that he is mercenary."

"If you will only tell me what sort of girl Miss King is, I shall know what to think."

"She is a very good kind of girl, I believe. I know no harm of her."

"But he paid her not the smallest attention, till her grandfather's death made her mistress of this fortune."

"No—why should he? If it was not allowable for him to gain *my* affections, because I had no money, what occasion could there be for making love to a girl whom he did not care about, and who was equally poor?"

"But there seems indelicacy in directing his attentions towards her, so soon after this event."

"A man in distressed circumstances has not time for all those elegant decorums which other people may observe. If *she* does not object to it, why should *we*?"

"*Her* not objecting, does not justify *him*. It only shews her being deficient in something herself—sense or feeling."

"Well," cried Elizabeth, "have it as you choose. *He* shall be mercenary, and *she* shall be foolish."

"No, Lizzy, that is what I do *not* choose. I should be sorry, you know, to think ill of a young man who has lived so long in Derbyshire."

"Oh! if that is all, I have a very poor opinion of young men who live in Derbyshire; and their intimate friends who live in Hertfordshire are not much better. I am sick of them all. Thank Heaven! I am going to-morrow where I shall find a man who has not one agreeable quality, who has neither manner[6] nor sense to recommend him. Stupid men are the only ones worth knowing, after all."

"Take care, Lizzy; that speech savours strongly of disappointment."

Before they were separated by the conclusion of the play, she had the unexpected happiness of an invitation to accompany her uncle and aunt in a tour of pleasure[7] which they proposed taking in the summer.

"We have not quite determined how far it shall carry us," said Mrs. Gardiner, "but perhaps to the Lakes."[8]

No scheme could have been more agreeable to Elizabeth, and her acceptance of the invitation was most ready and grateful. "My dear, dear aunt," she rapturously cried, "what delight! what felicity! You give me fresh life and vigour. Adieu to disappointment and spleen.[9] What are men to rocks and mountains?[10] Oh! what hours of transport we shall spend! And when we *do* return, it shall not be like other travellers, without being able to give one accurate idea of any thing. We

will know where we have gone—we *will* recollect what we have seen. Lakes, mountains, and rivers, shall not be jumbled together in our imaginations; nor, when we attempt to describe any particular scene, will we begin quarrelling about its relative situation. Let *our* first effusions[11] be less insupportable than those of the generality of travellers."

Chapter 5

Every object in the next day's journey was new and interesting to Elizabeth; and her spirits were in a state for enjoyment; for she had seen her sister looking so well as to banish all fear for her health, and the prospect of her northern tour was a constant source of delight.

When they left the high road for the lane to Hunsford, every eye was in search of the Parsonage,[1] and every turning expected to bring it in view. The paling [2] of Rosings park was their boundary on one side. Elizabeth smiled at the recollection of all that she had heard of its inhabitants.

At length the Parsonage was discernible. The garden sloping to the road, the house standing in it, the green pales and the laurel hedge, every thing declared they were arriving. Mr. Collins and Charlotte appeared at the door, and the carriage stopped at the small gate, which led by a short gravel walk to the house, amidst the nods and smiles of the whole party. In a moment they were all out of the chaise, rejoicing at the sight of each other. Mrs. Collins welcomed her friend with the liveliest pleasure, and Elizabeth was more and more satisfied with coming, when she found herself so affectionately received. She saw instantly that her cousin's manners were not altered by his marriage; his formal civility was just what it had been, and he detained her some minutes at the gate to hear and satisfy his enquiries after all her family. They were then, with no other delay than his pointing out the neatness of the entrance, taken into the house; and as soon as they

were in the parlour, he welcomed them a second time with ostentatious formality to his humble abode, and punctually repeated all his wife's offers of refreshment.

Elizabeth was prepared to see him in his glory; and she could not help fancying that in displaying the good proportion of the room, its aspect [3] and its furniture, he addressed himself particularly to her, as if wishing to make her feel what she had lost in refusing him. But though every thing seemed neat and comfortable, she was not able to gratify him by any sigh of repentance; and rather looked with wonder at her friend that she could have so cheerful an air, with such a companion. When Mr. Collins said any thing of which his wife might reasonably be ashamed, which certainly was not unseldom,[4] she involuntarily turned her eye on Charlotte. Once or twice she could discern a faint blush; but in general Charlotte wisely did not hear. After sitting long enough to admire every article of furniture in the room, from the sideboard to the fender, to give an account of their journey and of all that had happened in London, Mr. Collins invited them to take a stroll in the garden, which was large and well laid out, and to the cultivation of which he attended himself. To work in his garden was one of his most respectable pleasures; and Elizabeth admired the command of countenance with which Charlotte talked of the healthfulness of the exercise, and owned she encouraged it as much as possible. Here, leading the way through every walk and cross walk, and scarcely allowing them an interval to utter the praises he asked for, every view was pointed out with a minuteness which left beauty entirely behind. He could number the fields in every direction, and could tell how many trees there were in the most distant clump. But of all the views which his garden, or which the county, or the kingdom could boast, none were to be compared with the prospect of Rosings, afforded by an

opening in the trees[5] that bordered the park nearly opposite the front of his house. It was a handsome modern building,[6] well situated on rising ground.

From his garden, Mr. Collins would have led them round his two meadows,[7] but the ladies not having shoes to encounter the remains of a white frost, turned back; and while Sir William accompanied him, Charlotte took her sister and friend over the house, extremely well pleased, probably, to have the opportunity of shewing it without her husband's help. It was rather small, but well built and convenient; and every thing was fitted up and arranged with a neatness and consistency of which Elizabeth gave Charlotte all the credit. When Mr. Collins could be forgotten, there was really a great air of comfort throughout, and by Charlotte's evident enjoyment of it, Elizabeth supposed he must be often forgotten.

She had already learnt that Lady Catherine was still in the country. It was spoken of again while they were at dinner, when Mr. Collins joining in, observed,

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth, you will have the honour of seeing Lady Catherine de Bourgh on the ensuing Sunday at church, and I need not say you will be delighted with her. She is all affability and condescension, and I doubt not but you will be honoured with some portion of her notice when service is over. I have scarcely any hesitation in saying that she will include you and my sister Maria in every invitation with which she honours us during your stay here. Her behaviour to my dear Charlotte is charming. We dine at Rosings twice every week, and are never allowed to walk home. Her ladyship's carriage is regularly ordered for us. I *should* say, one of her ladyship's carriages, for she has several."

"Lady Catherine is a very respectable, sensible woman indeed," added Charlotte,"and a most attentive neighbour."

"Very true, my dear, that is exactly what I say. She is the sort of woman whom one cannot regard with too much deference."

The evening was spent chiefly in talking over Hertfordshire news, and telling again what had been already written; and when it closed, Elizabeth in the solitude of her chamber had to meditate upon Charlotte's degree of contentment, to understand her address in guiding, and composure in bearing with her husband, and to acknowledge that it was all done very well. She had also to anticipate how her visit would pass, the quiet tenor of their usual employments,[8] the vexatious interruptions of Mr. Collins, and the gaieties of their intercourse with Rosings. A lively imagination soon settled it all.

About the middle of the next day, as she was in her room getting ready for a walk, a sudden noise below seemed to speak the whole house in confusion; and after listening a moment, she heard somebody running up stairs in a violent hurry, and calling loudly after her. She opened the door, and met Maria in the landing place, who, breathless with agitation, cried out,

"Oh, my dear Eliza! pray make haste and come into the dining-room, for there is such a sight to be seen! I will not tell you what it is. Make haste, and come down this moment."

Elizabeth asked questions in vain; Maria would tell her nothing more, and down they ran into the dining-room, which fronted the lane, in quest of this wonder; it was two ladies stopping in a low phaeton at the garden gate.

"And is this all?" cried Elizabeth. "I expected at least that the pigs were got into the garden, and here is nothing but Lady Catherine and her daughter!"

"La! my dear," said Maria quite shocked at the mistake, "it is not Lady Catherine. The old lady is Mrs. Jenkinson, who

lives with them.[9] The other is Miss De Bourgh. Only look at her. She is quite a little creature. Who would have thought she could be so thin and small!"

"She is abominably rude to keep Charlotte out of doors in all this wind. Why does she not come in?"

"Oh! Charlotte says, she hardly ever does. It is the greatest of favours when Miss De Bourgh comes in."

"I like her appearance," said Elizabeth, struck with other ideas. "She looks sickly and cross.—Yes, she will do for him very well. She will make him a very proper wife."

Mr. Collins and Charlotte were both standing at the gate in conversation with the ladies; and Sir William, to Elizabeth's high diversion, was stationed in the door-way, in earnest contemplation of the greatness before him, and constantly bowing whenever Miss De Bourgh looked that way.

At length there was nothing more to be said; the ladies drove on, and the others returned into the house. Mr. Collins no sooner saw the two girls than he began to congratulate them on their good fortune, which Charlotte explained by letting them know that the whole party was asked to dine at Rosings the next day.

Chapter 6

Mr. Collins's triumph in consequence of this invitation was complete. The power of displaying the grandeur of his patroness to his wondering visitors, and of letting them see her civility towards himself and his wife, was exactly what he had wished for; and that an opportunity of doing it should be given so soon, was such an instance of Lady Catherine's condescension as he knew not how to admire enough.

"I confess," said he, "that I should not have been at all surprised by her Ladyship's asking us on Sunday to drink tea and spend the evening at Rosings. I rather expected, from my knowledge of her affability, that it would happen. But who could have foreseen such an attention as this? Who could have imagined that we should receive an invitation to dine there (an invitation moreover including the whole party) so immediately after your arrival!"

"I am the less surprised at what has happened," replied Sir William, "from that knowledge of what the manners of the great really are, which my situation in life has allowed me to acquire. About the Court, such instances of elegant breeding are not uncommon."

Scarcely any thing was talked of the whole day or next morning, but their visit to Rosings. Mr. Collins was carefully instructing them in what they were to expect, that the sight of such rooms, so many servants, and so splendid a dinner might not wholly overpower them.

When the ladies were separating for the toilette[1] he said to Elizabeth,

"Do not make yourself uneasy, my dear cousin, about your apparel. Lady Catherine is far from requiring that elegance of dress in us, which becomes herself and daughter. I would advise you merely to put on whatever of your clothes is superior to the rest, there is no occasion for any thing more. Lady Catherine will not think the worse of you for being simply dressed. She likes to have the distinction of rank preserved."

While they were dressing, he came two or three times to their different doors, to recommend their being quick, as Lady Catherine very much objected to be kept waiting for her dinner.—Such formidable accounts of her Ladyship, and her manner of living, quite frightened Maria Lucas, who had been little used to company, and she looked forward to her introduction at Rosings, with as much apprehension, as her father had done to his presentation at St. James's.

As the weather was fine, they had a pleasant walk of about half a mile across the park.—Every park has its beauty and its prospects; and Elizabeth saw much to be pleased with, though she could not be in such raptures as Mr. Collins expected the scene to inspire, and was but slightly affected by his enumeration of the windows [2] in front of the house, and his relation of what the glazing altogether had originally cost Sir Lewis De Bourgh.

When they ascended the steps to the hall, Maria's alarm was every moment increasing, and even Sir William did not look perfectly calm.—Elizabeth's courage did not fail her. She had heard nothing of Lady Catherine that spoke her awful[3] from any extraordinary talents or miraculous virtue, and the mere stateliness of money and rank, she thought she could witness without trepidation.

From the entrance hall, of which Mr. Collins pointed out, with a rapturous air, the fine proportion and finished ornaments, they followed the servants through an antichamber, to the room where Lady Catherine, her daughter, and Mrs. Jenkinson were sitting.—Her Ladyship, with great condescension, arose to receive them; and as Mrs. Collins had settled it with her husband that the office of introduction should be her's, it was performed in a proper manner, without any of those apologies and thanks which he would have thought necessary.

In spite of having been at St. James's, Sir William was so completely awed, by the grandeur surrounding him, that he had but just courage enough to make a very low bow, and take his seat without saying a word; and his daughter, frightened almost out of her senses, sat on the edge of her chair, not knowing which way to look. Elizabeth found herself quite equal to the scene, and could observe the three ladies before her composedly.—Lady Catherine was a tall, large[4] woman, with strongly-marked features, which might once have been handsome. Her air was not conciliating, nor was her manner of receiving them, such as to make her visitors forget their inferior rank. She was not rendered formidable by silence; but whatever she said, was spoken in so authoritative a tone, as marked her self-importance, and brought Mr. Wickham immediately to Elizabeth's mind; and from the observation of the day altogether, she believed Lady Catherine to be exactly what he had represented.

When, after examining the mother, in whose countenance and deportment she soon found some resemblance of Mr. Darcy, she turned her eyes on the daughter, she could almost have joined in Maria's astonishment, at her being so thin, and so small. There was neither in figure nor face, any

likeness between the ladies. Miss De Bourgh was pale and sickly; her features, though not plain, were insignificant; and she spoke very little, except in a low voice, to Mrs. Jenkinson, in whose appearance there was nothing remarkable, and who was entirely engaged in listening to what she said, and placing a screen[5] in the proper direction before her eyes.

After sitting a few minutes, they were all sent to one of the windows, to admire the view, Mr. Collins attending them to point out its beauties, and Lady Catherine kindly informing them that it was much better worth looking at in the summer.

The dinner was exceedingly handsome,[6] and there were all the servants, and all the articles of plate which Mr. Collins had promised; and, as he had likewise foretold, he took his seat at the bottom of the table, by her ladyship's desire, and looked as if he felt that life could furnish nothing greater.—He carved, and ate, and praised with delighted alacrity; and every dish was commended, first by him, and then by Sir William, who was now enough recovered to echo whatever his son in law said, in a manner which Elizabeth wondered Lady Catherine could bear. But Lady Catherine seemed gratified by their excessive admiration, and gave most gracious smiles, especially when any dish on the table proved a novelty to them. The party did not supply much conversation. Elizabeth was ready to speak whenever there was an opening, but she was seated between Charlotte and Miss De Bourgh—the former of whom was engaged in listening to Lady Catherine, and the latter said not a word to her all dinner time. Mrs. Jenkinson was chiefly employed in watching how little Miss De Bourgh ate, pressing her to try some other dish, and fearing she were indisposed.[7] Maria thought speaking out of the question, and the gentlemen did nothing but eat and admire.

When the ladies returned to the drawing room, there was little to be done but to hear Lady Catherine talk, which she did without any intermission till coffee came in, delivering her opinion on every subject in so decisive a manner as proved that she was not used to have her judgment controverted. She enquired into Charlotte's domestic concerns familiarly and minutely, and gave her a great deal of advice, as to the management of them all; told her how every thing ought to be regulated in so small a family as her's, and instructed her as to the care of her cows and her poultry. Elizabeth found that nothing was beneath this great Lady's attention, which could furnish her with an occasion of dictating to others. In the intervals of her discourse with Mrs. Collins, she addressed a variety of questions to Maria and Elizabeth, but especially to the latter, of whose connections she knew the least, and who she observed to Mrs. Collins, was a very genteel, pretty kind of girl.[8] She asked her at different times, how many sisters she had, whether they were older or younger than herself, whether any of them were likely to be married, whether they were handsome, where they had been educated, what carriage her father kept,[9] and what had been her mother's maiden name?—Elizabeth felt all the impertinence of her questions, but answered them very composedly.—Lady Catherine then observed,

"Your father's estate is entailed on Mr. Collins, I think. For your sake," turning to Charlotte, "I am glad of it; but otherwise I see no occasion for entailing estates from the female line.[10]—It was not thought necessary in Sir Lewis de Bourgh's family.—Do you play and sing, Miss Bennet?"

"A little."

"Oh! then—some time or other we shall be happy to hear you. Our instrument is a capital one, probably superior to—You shall try it some day.—Do your sisters play and sing?"

"One of them does."

"Why did not you all learn?—You ought all to have learned. The Miss Webbs all play, and their father has not so good an income as your's.—Do you draw?"

"No, not at all."

"What, none of you?"

"Not one."

"That is very strange. But I suppose you had no opportunity. Your mother should have taken you to town every spring for the benefit of masters."

"My mother would have had no objection, but my father hates London."

"Has your governess[11] left you?"

"We never had any governess."

"No governess! How was that possible? Five daughters brought up at home without a governess!—I never heard of such a thing. Your mother must have been quite a slave to your education."

Elizabeth could hardly help smiling, as she assured her that had not been the case.

"Then, who taught you? who attended to you?—Without a governess you must have been neglected."

"Compared with some families, I believe we were; but such of us as wished to learn, never wanted the means. We were always encouraged to read, and had all the masters that were necessary. Those who chose to be idle, certainly might."

"Aye, no doubt; but that is what a governess will prevent, and if I had known your mother, I should have advised her most strenuously to engage one. I always say that nothing is to be done in education without steady and regular instruction, and nobody but a governess can give it. It is wonderful how many families I have been the means of supplying in that way. I am always glad to get a young person well placed out.

Four nieces of Mrs. Jenkinson are most delightfully situated[12] through my means; and it was but the other day, that I recommended another young person, who was merely accidentally mentioned to me, and the family are quite delighted with her. Mrs. Collins, did I tell you of Lady Metcalfe's calling yesterday to thank me? She finds Miss Pope a treasure. 'Lady Catherine,' said she, 'you have given me a treasure.' Are any of your younger sisters out,[13] Miss Bennet?"

"Yes, Ma'am, all."

"All!—What, all five out at once? Very odd!—And you only the second.—The younger ones out before the elder are married!—Your younger sisters must be very young?"

"Yes, my youngest is not sixteen. Perhaps *she* is full young[14] to be much in company. But really, Ma'am, I think it would be very hard upon younger sisters, that they should not have their share of society and amusement because the elder may not have the means or inclination to marry early.—The last born has as good a right to the pleasures of youth, as the first.—And to be kept back on *such* a motive!—I think it would not be very likely to promote sisterly affection or delicacy of mind."

"Upon my word," said her Ladyship, "you give your opinion very decidedly for so young a person.—Pray, what is your age?"

"With three younger sisters grown up," replied Elizabeth smiling, "your Ladyship can hardly expect me to own it."

Lady Catherine seemed quite astonished at not receiving a direct answer; and Elizabeth suspected herself to be the first creature who had ever dared to trifle with so much dignified impertinence!

"You cannot be more than twenty, I am sure,—therefore you need not conceal your age."

"I am not one and twenty."

When the gentlemen had joined them, and tea was over, the card tables were placed. Lady Catherine, Sir William, and Mr. and Mrs. Collins sat down to quadrille; and as Miss De Bourgh chose to play at cassino,[15] the two girls had the honour of assisting Mrs. Jenkinson to make up her party. Their table was superlatively stupid.[16] Scarcely a syllable was uttered that did not relate to the game, except when Mrs. Jenkinson expressed her fears of Miss De Bourgh's being too hot or too cold, or having too much or too little light. A great deal more passed at the other table. Lady Catherine was generally speaking—stating the mistakes of the three others, or relating some anecdote of herself. Mr. Collins was employed in agreeing to every thing her Ladyship said, thanking her for every fish he won, and apologising if he thought he won too many. Sir William did not say much. He was storing his memory with anecdotes and noble names.

When Lady Catherine and her daughter had played as long as they chose, the tables were broke up, the carriage was offered to Mrs. Collins, gratefully accepted, and immediately ordered. The party then gathered round the fire to hear Lady Catherine determine what weather they were to have on the morrow. From these instructions they were summoned by the arrival of the coach, and with many speeches of thankfulness on Mr. Collins's side, and as many bows on Sir William's, they departed. As soon as they had driven from the door, Elizabeth was called on by her cousin, to give her opinion of all that she had seen at Rosings, which, for Charlotte's sake, she made more favourable than it really was. But her commendation, though costing her some trouble, could by no means satisfy Mr. Collins, and he was very soon obliged to take her Ladyship's praise into his own hands.

Chapter 7

Sir William staid only a week at Hunsford; but his visit was long enough to convince him of his daughter's being most comfortably settled, and of her possessing such a husband and such a neighbour as were not often met with. While Sir William was with them, Mr. Collins devoted his mornings to driving him out in his gig,[1] and shewing him the country; but when he went away, the whole family returned to their usual employments, and Elizabeth was thankful to find that they did not see more of her cousin by the alteration, for the chief of the time between breakfast and dinner was now passed by him either at work in the garden, or in reading and writing, and looking out of window in his own book room, which fronted the road. The room in which the ladies sat was backwards.[2] Elizabeth at first had rather wondered that Charlotte should not prefer the dining parlour for common use; it was a better sized room, and had a pleasanter aspect; but she soon saw that her friend had an excellent reason for what she did, for Mr. Collins would undoubtedly have been much less in his own apartment, had they sat in one equally lively; and she gave Charlotte credit for the arrangement.

From the drawing room they could distinguish nothing in the lane, and were indebted to Mr. Collins for the knowledge of what carriages went along, and how often especially Miss De Bourgh drove by in her phaeton, which he never failed coming to inform them of, though it happened almost every day. She not unfrequently stopped at the Parsonage, and had

a few minutes' conversation with Charlotte, but was scarcely ever prevailed on to get out.

Very few days passed in which Mr. Collins did not walk to Rosings, and not many in which his wife did not think it necessary to go likewise; and till Elizabeth recollected that there might be other family livings[3] to be disposed of, she could not understand the sacrifice of so many hours. Now and then, they were honoured with a call from her Ladyship, and nothing escaped her observation that was passing in the room during these visits. She examined into their employments, looked at their work, and advised them to do it differently; found fault with the arrangement of the furniture, or detected the housemaid in negligence; and if she accepted any refreshment, seemed to do it only for the sake of finding out that Mrs. Collins's joints of meat were too large for her family.

Elizabeth soon perceived that though this great lady was not in the commission of the peace[4] for the county, she was a most active magistrate in her own parish, the minutest concerns of which were carried to her by Mr. Collins; and whenever any of the cottagers[5] were disposed to be quarrelsome, discontented or too poor, she sallied forth into the village to settle their differences, silence their complaints, and scold them into harmony and plenty.

The entertainment of dining at Rosings was repeated about twice a week; and, allowing for the loss of Sir William, and there being only one card table in the evening, every such entertainment was the counterpart of the first. Their other engagements were few; as the style of living of the neighbourhood in general, was beyond the Collinses' reach. This however was no evil to Elizabeth, and upon the whole she spent her time comfortably enough; there were half hours of pleasant conversation with Charlotte, and the weather was so fine for the time of year, that she had often great enjoyment

out of doors. Her favourite walk, and where she frequently went while the others were calling on Lady Catherine, was along the open grove which edged that side of the park, where there was a nice sheltered path, which no one seemed to value but herself, and where she felt beyond the reach of Lady Catherine's curiosity.

In this quiet way, the first fortnight of her visit soon passed away. Easter was approaching, and the week preceding it, was to bring an addition to the family at Rosings, which in so small a circle must be important. Elizabeth had heard soon after her arrival, that Mr. Darcy was expected there in the course of a few weeks, and though there were not many of her acquaintance whom she did not prefer, his coming would furnish one comparatively new to look at in their Rosings parties, and she might be amused in seeing how hopeless Miss Bingley's designs on him were, by his behaviour to his cousin, for whom he was evidently destined by Lady Catherine; who talked of his coming with the greatest satisfaction, spoke of him in terms of the highest admiration, and seemed almost angry to find that he had already been frequently seen by Miss Lucas and herself.

His arrival was soon known at the Parsonage, for Mr. Collins was walking the whole morning within view of the lodges opening into Hunsford Lane,[6] in order to have the earliest assurance of it; and after making his bow as the carriage turned into the Park, hurried home with the great intelligence. On the following morning he hastened to Rosings to pay his respects. There were two nephews of Lady Catherine to require them, for Mr. Darcy had brought with him a Colonel Fitzwilliam, the younger son of his uncle, Lord ——— and to the great surprise of all the party, when Mr. Collins returned the gentlemen accompanied him. Charlotte had seen them from her husband's room, crossing

the road, and immediately running into the other, told the girls what an honour they might expect, adding,

"I may thank you, Eliza, for this piece of civility. Mr. Darcy would never have come so soon to wait upon me."

Elizabeth had scarcely time to disclaim all right to the compliment, before their approach was announced by the door-bell, and shortly afterwards the three gentlemen entered the room. Colonel Fitzwilliam, who led the way, was about thirty, not handsome, but in person and address most truly the gentleman. Mr. Darcy looked just as he had been used to look in Hertfordshire, paid his compliments, with his usual reserve, to Mrs. Collins; and whatever might be his feelings towards her friend, met her with every appearance of composure. Elizabeth merely curtseyed to him, without saying a word.

Colonel Fitzwilliam entered into conversation directly with the readiness and ease of a well-bred man, and talked very pleasantly; but his cousin, after having addressed a slight observation on the house and garden to Mrs. Collins, sat for some time without speaking to any body. At length, however, his civility was so far awakened as to enquire of Elizabeth after the health of her family. She answered him in the usual way, and after a moment's pause, added,

"My eldest sister has been in town these three months. Have you never happened to see her there?"

She was perfectly sensible that he never had; but she wished to see whether he would betray any consciousness of what had passed between the Bingleys and Jane; and she thought he looked a little confused as he answered that he had never been so fortunate as to meet Miss Bennet. The subject was pursued no farther, and the gentlemen soon afterwards went away.

Chapter 8

Colonel Fitzwilliam's manners were very much admired at the parsonage, and the ladies all felt that he must add considerably to the pleasure of their engagements at Rosings. It was some days, however, before they received any invitation thither, for while there were visitors in the house, they could not be necessary; and it was not till Easter-day, almost a week after the gentlemen's arrival, that they were honoured by such an attention, and then they were merely asked on leaving church to come there in the evening.[1] For the last week they had seen very little of either Lady Catherine or her daughter. Colonel Fitzwilliam had called at the parsonage more than once during the time, but Mr. Darcy they had only seen at church.[2]

The invitation was accepted of course, and at a proper hour they joined the party in Lady Catherine's drawing room. Her ladyship received them civilly, but it was plain that their company was by no means so acceptable as when she could get nobody else; and she was, in fact, almost engrossed by her nephews, speaking to them, especially to Darcy, much more than to any other person in the room.

Colonel Fitzwilliam seemed really glad to see them; any thing was a welcome relief to him at Rosings; and Mrs. Collins's pretty friend had moreover caught his fancy very much. He now seated himself by her, and talked so agreeably of Kent and Hertfordshire, of travelling and staying at home, of new books and music, that Elizabeth had never been half

so well entertained in that room before; and they conversed with so much spirit and flow, as to draw the attention of Lady Catherine herself, as well as of Mr. Darcy. *His* eyes had been soon and repeatedly turned towards them with a look of curiosity; and that her ladyship after a while shared the feeling, was more openly acknowledged, for she did not scruple to call out,

"What is that you are saying, Fitzwilliam? What is it you are talking of? What are you telling Miss Bennet? Let me hear what it is."

"We are speaking of music, Madam," said he, when no longer able to avoid a reply.

"Of music! Then pray speak aloud. It is of all subjects my delight. I must have my share in the conversation, if you are speaking of music. There are few people in England, I suppose, who have more true enjoyment of music than myself, or a better natural taste. If I had ever learnt, I should have been a great proficient.[3] And so would Anne, if her health had allowed her to apply. I am confident that she would have performed delightfully. How does Georgiana get on, Darcy?"

Mr. Darcy spoke with affectionate praise of his sister's proficiency.

"I am very glad to hear such a good account of her," said Lady Catherine; "and pray tell her from me, that she cannot expect to excel, if she does not practise a great deal."

"I assure you, Madam," he replied, "that she does not need such advice. She practises very constantly."

"So much the better. It cannot be done too much; and when I next write to her, I shall charge her not to neglect it on any account. I often tell young ladies, that no excellence in music is to be acquired, without constant practice. I have told Miss Bennet several times, that she will never play really well, unless she practises more; and though Mrs. Collins has

no instrument, she is very welcome, as I have often told her, to come to Rosings every day, and play on the piano forte in Mrs. Jenkinson's room.[4] She would be in nobody's way, you know, in that part of the house."

Mr. Darcy looked a little ashamed of his aunt's ill breeding, and made no answer.

When coffee was over, Colonel Fitzwilliam reminded Elizabeth of having promised to play to him; and she sat down directly to the instrument. He drew a chair near her. Lady Catherine listened to half a song, and then talked, as before, to her other nephew; till the latter walked away from her, and moving with his usual deliberation towards the piano forte, stationed himself so as to command a full view of the fair performer's countenance. Elizabeth saw what he was doing, and at the first convenient pause, turned to him with an arch[5] smile, and said,

"You mean to frighten me, Mr. Darcy, by coming in all this state to hear me? But I will not be alarmed though your sister *does* play so well. There is a stubbornness about me that never can bear to be frightened at the will of others. My courage always rises with every attempt to intimidate me."

"I shall not say that you are mistaken," he replied, "because you could not really believe me to entertain any design of alarming you; and I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance long enough to know, that you find great enjoyment in occasionally professing opinions which in fact are not your own."

Elizabeth laughed heartily at this picture of herself, and said to Colonel Fitzwilliam, "Your cousin will give you a very pretty notion of me, and teach you not to believe a word I say. I am particularly unlucky in meeting with a person so well able to expose my real character, in a part of the world, where

I had hoped to pass myself off with some degree of credit. Indeed, Mr. Darcy, it is very ungenerous in you to mention all that you knew to my disadvantage in Hertfordshire—and, give me leave to say, very impolitic too—for it is provoking me to retaliate, and such things may come out, as will shock your relations to hear."

"I am not afraid of you," said he, smilingly.

"Pray let me hear what you have to accuse him of," cried Colonel Fitzwilliam. "I should like to know how he behaves among strangers."

"You shall hear then—but prepare for something very dreadful. The first time of my ever seeing him in Hertfordshire, you must know, was at a ball—and at this ball, what do you think he did? He danced only four dances! I am sorry to pain you—but so it was. He danced only four dances, though gentlemen were scarce; and, to my certain knowledge, more than one young lady was sitting down in want of a partner. Mr. Darcy, you cannot deny the fact."

"I had not at that time the honour of knowing any lady in the assembly beyond my own party."

"True; and nobody can ever be introduced in a ball-room. Well, Colonel Fitzwilliam, what do I play next? My fingers wait your orders."

"Perhaps," said Darcy, "I should have judged better, had I sought an introduction, but I am ill qualified to recommend myself to strangers."

"Shall we ask your cousin the reason of this?" said Elizabeth, still addressing Colonel Fitzwilliam. "Shall we ask him why a man of sense and education, and who has lived in the world,[6] is ill-qualified to recommend himself to strangers?"

"I can answer your question," said Fitzwilliam, "without applying to him. It is because he will not give himself the trouble."

"I certainly have not the talent which some people possess," said Darcy, "of conversing easily with those I have never seen before. I cannot catch their tone of conversation, or appear interested in their concerns, as I often see done."

"My fingers," said Elizabeth, "do not move over this instrument in the masterly manner which I see so many women's do. They have not the same force or rapidity, and do not produce the same expression. But then I have always supposed it to be my own fault—because I would not take the trouble of practising. It is not that I do not believe *my* fingers as capable as any other woman's of superior execution."

Darcy smiled and said, "You are perfectly right. You have employed your time much better. No one admitted to the privilege of hearing you, can think any thing wanting. We neither of us perform to strangers."

Here they were interrupted by Lady Catherine, who called out to know what they were talking of. Elizabeth immediately began playing again. Lady Catherine approached, and, after listening for a few minutes, said to Darcy,

"Miss Bennet would not play at all amiss, if she practised more, and could have the advantage of a London master. She has a very good notion of fingering, though her taste is not equal to Anne's. Anne would have been a delightful performer, had her health allowed her to learn."

Elizabeth looked at Darcy to see how cordially he assented to his cousin's praise; but neither at that moment nor at any other could she discern any symptom of love; and from the whole of his behaviour to Miss De Bourgh she derived this comfort for Miss Bingley, that he might have been just as likely to marry *her*, had she been his relation.

Lady Catherine continued her remarks on Elizabeth's performance, mixing with them many instructions on execution and taste. Elizabeth received them with all the forbearance of civility; and at the request of the gentlemen remained at the instrument till her Ladyship's carriage was ready to take them all home.

Chapter 9

Elizabeth was sitting by herself the next morning, and writing to Jane, while Mrs. Collins and Maria were gone on business into the village, when she was startled by a ring at the door, the certain signal of a visitor. As she had heard no carriage, she thought it not unlikely to be Lady Catherine, and under that apprehension was putting away her half-finished letter that she might escape all impertinent questions, when the door opened, and to her very great surprise, Mr. Darcy, and Mr. Darcy only, entered the room.

He seemed astonished too on finding her alone, and apologised for his intrusion, by letting her know that he had understood all the ladies to be within.

They then sat down, and when her enquiries after Rosings were made, seemed in danger of sinking into total silence. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, to think of something, and in this emergence[1] recollecting *when* she had seen him last in Hertfordshire, and feeling curious to know what he would say on the subject of their hasty departure, she observed,

"How very suddenly you all quitted Netherfield last November, Mr. Darcy! It must have been a most agreeable surprise to Mr. Bingley to see you all after him so soon; for, if I recollect right, he went but the day before. He and his sisters were well, I hope, when you left London."

"Perfectly so—I thank you."

She found that she was to receive no other answer—and, after a short pause, added,

"I think I have understood that Mr. Bingley has not much idea of ever returning to Netherfield again?"

"I have never heard him say so; but it is probable that he may spend very little of his time there in future. He has many friends, and he is at a time of life when friends and engagements are continually increasing."

"If he means to be but little at Netherfield, it would be better for the neighbourhood that he should give up the place entirely, for then we might possibly get a settled family there. But perhaps Mr. Bingley did not take the house so much for the convenience of the neighbourhood as for his own, and we must expect him to keep or quit it on the same principle."

"I should not be surprised," said Darcy, "if he were to give it up, as soon as any eligible purchase offers."

Elizabeth made no answer. She was afraid of talking longer of his friend; and, having nothing else to say, was now determined to leave the trouble of finding a subject to him.

He took the hint, and soon began with, "This seems a very comfortable house. Lady Catherine, I believe, did a great deal to it when Mr. Collins first came to Hunsford."

"I believe she did—and I am sure she could not have bestowed her kindness on a more grateful object."

"Mr. Collins appears very fortunate in his choice of a wife."

"Yes, indeed; his friends may well rejoice in his having met with one of the very few sensible women who would have accepted him, or have made him happy if they had. My friend has an excellent understanding—though I am not certain that I consider her marrying Mr. Collins as the wisest thing she ever did. She seems perfectly happy, however, and in a prudential light, it is certainly a very good match for her."

"It must be very agreeable to her to be settled within so easy a distance of her own family and friends."

"An easy distance do you call it? It is nearly fifty miles."

"And what is fifty miles of good road? Little more than half a day's journey. Yes, I call it a *very* easy distance."[2]

"I should never have considered the distance as one of the *advantages* of the match," cried Elizabeth. "I should never have said Mrs. Collins was settled *near* her family."

"It is a proof of your own attachment to Hertfordshire. Any thing beyond the very neighbourhood of Longbourn, I suppose, would appear far."

As he spoke there was a sort of smile, which Elizabeth fancied she understood; he must be supposing her to be thinking of Jane and Netherfield, and she blushed as she answered,

"I do not mean to say that a woman may not be settled too near her family. The far and the near must be relative, and depend on many varying circumstances. Where there is fortune to make the expence of travelling unimportant, distance becomes no evil. But that is not the case *here*. Mr. and Mrs. Collins have a comfortable income, but not such a one as will allow of frequent journeys—and I am persuaded my friend would not call herself *near* her family under less than *half* the present distance."

Mr. Darcy drew his chair a little towards her, and said, "*You* cannot have a right to such very strong local attachment. *You* cannot have been always at Longbourn."

Elizabeth looked surprised. The gentleman experienced some change of feeling; he drew back his chair, took a newspaper from the table, and, glancing over it, said, in a colder voice,

"Are you pleased with Kent?"

A short dialogue on the subject of the country[3] ensued, on either side calm and concise—and soon put an end to by the

entrance of Charlotte and her sister, just returned from their walk. The tête a tête surprised them. Mr. Darcy related the mistake which had occasioned his intruding on Miss Bennet, and after sitting a few minutes longer without saying much to any body, went away.

"What can be the meaning of this!" said Charlotte, as soon as he was gone. "My dear Eliza he must be in love with you, or he would never have called on us in this familiar way."

But when Elizabeth told of his silence, it did not seem very likely, even to Charlotte's wishes, to be the case; and after various conjectures, they could at last only suppose his visit to proceed from the difficulty of finding any thing to do, which was the more probable from the time of year. All field sports were over.[4] Within doors there was Lady Catherine, books, and a billiard table,[5] but gentlemen cannot be always within doors; and in the nearness of the Parsonage, or the pleasantness of the walk to it, or of the people who lived in it, the two cousins found a temptation from this period of walking thither almost every day. They called at various times of the morning, sometimes separately, sometimes together, and now and then accompanied by their aunt. It was plain to them all that Colonel Fitzwilliam came because he had pleasure in their society, a persuasion which of course recommended him still more; and Elizabeth was reminded by her own satisfaction in being with him, as well as by his evident admiration of her, of her former favourite George Wickham; and though, in comparing them, she saw there was less captivating softness in Colonel Fitzwilliam's manners, she believed he might have the best informed mind.[6]

But why Mr. Darcy came so often to the Parsonage, it was more difficult to understand. It could not be for society, as he frequently sat there ten minutes together without opening his lips; and when he did speak, it seemed the effect

of necessity rather than of choice—a sacrifice to propriety, not a pleasure to himself. He seldom appeared really animated. Mrs. Collins knew not what to make of him. Colonel Fitzwilliam's occasionally laughing at his stupidity, proved that he was generally different, which her own knowledge of him could not have told her; and as she would have liked to believe this change the effect of love, and the object of that love, her friend Eliza, she sat herself seriously to work to find it out.—She watched him whenever they were at Rosings, and whenever he came to Hunsford; but without much success. He certainly looked at her friend a great deal, but the expression of that look was disputable. It was an earnest, stedfast gaze, but she often doubted whether there were much admiration in it, and sometimes it seemed nothing but absence of mind.

She had once or twice suggested to Elizabeth the possibility of his being partial to her, but Elizabeth always laughed at the idea; and Mrs. Collins did not think it right to press the subject, from the danger of raising expectations which might only end in disappointment; for in her opinion it admitted not of a doubt, that all her friend's dislike would vanish, if she could suppose him to be in her power.

In her kind schemes for Elizabeth, she sometimes planned her marrying Colonel Fitzwilliam. He was beyond comparison the pleasantest man; he certainly admired her, and his situation in life was most eligible; but, to counterbalance these advantages, Mr. Darcy had considerable patronage in the church, and his cousin could have none at all.

Chapter 10

More than once did Elizabeth in her ramble within the Park, unexpectedly meet Mr. Darcy.—She felt all the perverseness of the mischance that should bring him where no one else was brought; and to prevent its ever happening again, took care to inform him at first, that it was a favourite haunt of hers.—How it could occur a second time therefore was very odd!—Yet it did, and even a third. It seemed like wilful ill-nature, or a voluntary penance, for on these occasions it was not merely a few formal enquiries and an awkward pause and then away, but he actually thought it necessary to turn back and walk with her. He never said a great deal, nor did she give herself the trouble of talking or of listening much; but it struck her in the course of their third rencontre that he was asking some odd unconnected questions—about her pleasure in being at Hunsford, her love of solitary walks, and her opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Collins's happiness; and that in speaking of Rosings and her not perfectly understanding the house, he seemed to expect that whenever she came into Kent again she would be staying *there* too. His words seemed to imply it. Could he have Colonel Fitzwilliam in his thoughts? She supposed, if he meant any thing, he must mean an allusion to what might arise in that quarter. It distressed her a little, and she was quite glad to find herself at the gate in the pales opposite the Parsonage.

She was engaged one day as she walked, in re-perusing Jane's last letter, and dwelling on some passages which proved

that Jane had not written in spirits,[1] when, instead of being again surprised by Mr. Darcy, she saw on looking up that Colonel Fitzwilliam was meeting her. Putting away the letter immediately and forcing a smile, she said,

"I did not know before that you ever walked this way."

"I have been making the tour of the Park," he replied, "as I generally do every year, and intended to close it with a call at the Parsonage. Are you going much farther?"

"No, I should have turned in a moment."

And accordingly she did turn, and they walked towards the Parsonage together.

"Do you certainly leave Kent on Saturday?" said she.

"Yes—if Darcy does not put it off again. But I am at his disposal. He arranges the business just as he pleases."

"And if not able to please himself in the arrangement, he has at least great pleasure in the power of choice. I do not know any body who seems more to enjoy the power of doing what he likes than Mr. Darcy."

"He likes to have his own way very well," replied Colonel Fitzwilliam. "But so we all do. It is only that he has better means of having it than many others, because he is rich, and many others are poor. I speak feelingly. A younger son, you know, must be inured to self-denial and dependence."

"In my opinion, the younger son of an Earl[2] can know very little of either. Now, seriously, what have you ever known of self-denial and dependence? When have you been prevented by want of money from going wherever you chose, or procuring any thing you had a fancy for?"

"These are home questions[3]—and perhaps I cannot say that I have experienced many hardships of that nature. But in matters of greater weight, I may suffer from the want of money. Younger sons cannot marry where they like."

"Unless where they like women of fortune, which I think they very often do."

"Our habits of expence make us too dependant, and there are not many in my rank of life who can afford to marry without some attention to money."

"Is this," thought Elizabeth, "meant for me?" and she coloured at the idea; but, recovering herself, said in a lively tone, "and pray, what is the usual price[4] of an Earl's younger son? Unless the elder brother is very sickly, I suppose you would not ask above fifty thousand pounds."

He answered her in the same style, and the subject dropped. To interrupt a silence which might make him fancy her affected with what had passed, she soon afterwards said,

"I imagine your cousin brought you down with him chiefly for the sake of having somebody at his disposal. I wonder he does not marry, to secure a lasting convenience of that kind. But, perhaps his sister does as well for the present, and, as she is under his sole care, he may do what he likes with her."

"No," said Colonel Fitzwilliam, "that is an advantage which he must divide with me. I am joined with him in the guardianship of Miss Darcy."[5]

"Are you, indeed? And pray what sort of guardians do you make? Does your charge give you much trouble? Young ladies of her age, are sometimes a little difficult to manage, and if she has the true Darcy spirit, she may like to have her own way."

As she spoke, she observed him looking at her earnestly, and the manner in which he immediately asked her why she supposed Miss Darcy likely to give them any uneasiness, convinced her that she had somehow or other got pretty near the truth. She directly replied,

"You need not be frightened. I never heard any harm of her; and I dare say she is one of the most tractable creatures

in the world. She is a very great favourite with some ladies of my acquaintance, Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley. I think I have heard you say that you know them."

"I know them a little. Their brother is a pleasant gentleman-like man—he is a great friend of Darcy's."

"Oh! yes," said Elizabeth drily—"Mr. Darcy is uncommonly kind to Mr. Bingley, and takes a prodigious[6] deal of care of him."

"Care of him!—Yes, I really believe Darcy *does* take care of him in those points where he most wants care. From something that he told me in our journey hither, I have reason to think Bingley very much indebted to him. But I ought to beg his pardon, for I have no right to suppose that Bingley was the person meant. It was all conjecture."

"What is it you mean?"

"It is a circumstance which Darcy of course would not wish to be generally known, because if it were to get round to the lady's family, it would be an unpleasant thing."

"You may depend upon my not mentioning it."

"And remember that I have not much reason for supposing it to be Bingley. What he told me was merely this; that he congratulated himself on having lately saved a friend from the inconveniences of a most imprudent marriage, but without mentioning names or any other particulars, and I only suspected it to be Bingley from believing him the kind of young man to get into a scrape of that sort, and from knowing them to have been together the whole of last summer."

"Did Mr. Darcy give you his reasons for this interference?"

"I understood that there were some very strong objections against the lady."

"And what arts did he use to separate them?"

"He did not talk to me of his own arts," said Fitzwilliam smiling. "He only told me, what I have now told you."

Elizabeth made no answer, and walked on, her heart swelling with indignation. After watching her a little, Fitzwilliam asked her why she was so thoughtful.

"I am thinking of what you have been telling me," said she. "Your cousin's conduct does not suit my feelings. Why was he to be the judge?"

"You are rather disposed to call his interference officious?"

"I do not see what right Mr. Darcy had to decide on the propriety of his friend's inclination, or why, upon his own judgment alone, he was to determine and direct in what manner that friend was to be happy." "But," she continued, recollecting herself, "as we know none of the particulars, it is not fair to condemn him. It is not to be supposed that there was much affection in the case."

"That is not an unnatural surmise," said Fitzwilliam, "but it is lessening the honour of my cousin's triumph very sadly."

This was spoken jestingly, but it appeared to her so just a picture of Mr. Darcy, that she would not trust herself with an answer; and, therefore, abruptly changing the conversation, talked on indifferent matters till they reached the parsonage. There, shut into her own room, as soon as their visitor left them, she could think without interruption of all that she had heard. It was not to be supposed that any other people could be meant than those with whom she was connected. There could not exist in the world *two* men, over whom Mr. Darcy could have such boundless influence. That he had been concerned in the measures taken to separate Mr. Bingley and Jane, she had never doubted; but she had always attributed to Miss Bingley the principal design and arrangement of them. If his own vanity, however, did not mislead him, *he* was the cause, his pride and caprice were the cause of all that Jane had suffered, and still continued to suffer. He had ruined for a while every hope of happiness for

the most affectionate, generous heart in the world; and no one could say how lasting an evil he might have inflicted.

"There were some very strong objections against the lady," were Colonel Fitzwilliam's words, and these strong objections probably were, her having one uncle who was a country attorney, and another who was in business in London. "To Jane herself,"[7] she exclaimed, "there could be no possibility of objection. All loveliness and goodness as she is! Her understanding excellent, her mind improved, and her manners captivating. Neither could any thing be urged against my father, who, though with some peculiarities, has abilities which Mr. Darcy himself need not disdain, and respectability[8] which he will probably never reach." When she thought of her mother indeed, her confidence gave way a little, but she would not allow that any objections *there* had material weight with Mr. Darcy, whose pride, she was convinced, would receive a deeper wound from the want of importance in his friend's connections, than from their want of sense; and she was quite decided at last, that he had been partly governed by this worst kind of pride, and partly by the wish of retaining Mr. Bingley for his sister.

The agitation and tears which the subject occasioned, brought on a headach;[9] and it grew so much worse towards the evening that, added to her unwillingness to see Mr. Darcy, it determined her not to attend her cousins to Rosings, where they were engaged to drink tea. Mrs. Collins, seeing that she was really unwell, did not press her to go, and as much as possible prevented her husband from pressing her, but Mr. Collins could not conceal his apprehension of Lady Catherine's being rather displeased by her staying at home.

Chapter 11

When they were gone, Elizabeth, as if intending to exasperate herself as much as possible against Mr. Darcy, chose for her employment the examination of all the letters which Jane had written to her since her being in Kent. They contained no actual complaint, nor was there any revival of past occurrences, or any communication of present suffering. But in all, and in almost every line of each, there was a want of that cheerfulness which had been used to characterize her style, and which, proceeding from the serenity of a mind at ease with itself, and kindly disposed towards every one, had been scarcely ever clouded. Elizabeth noticed every sentence conveying the idea of uneasiness, with an attention which it had hardly received on the first perusal. Mr. Darcy's shameful boast of what misery he had been able to inflict, gave her a keener sense of her sister's sufferings. It was some consolation to think that his visit to Rosings was to end on the day after the next, and a still greater, that in less than a fortnight she should herself be with Jane again, and enabled to contribute to the recovery of her spirits, by all that affection could do.

She could not think of Darcy's leaving Kent, without remembering that his cousin was to go with him; but Colonel Fitzwilliam had made it clear that he had no intentions[1] at all, and agreeable as he was, she did not mean to be unhappy about him.

While settling this point, she was suddenly roused by the sound of the door bell, and her spirits were a little fluttered

by the idea of its being Colonel Fitzwilliam himself, who had once before called late in the evening, and might now come to enquire particularly after her. But this idea was soon banished, and her spirits were very differently affected, when, to her utter amazement, she saw Mr. Darcy walk into the room. In an hurried manner he immediately began an enquiry after her health, imputing his visit to a wish of hearing that she were better. She answered him with cold civility. He sat down for a few moments, and then getting up walked about the room. Elizabeth was surprised, but said not a word. After a silence of several minutes he came towards her in an agitated manner, and thus began,

"In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you."

Elizabeth's astonishment was beyond expression. She stared, coloured, doubted, and was silent. This he considered sufficient encouragement, and the avowal of all that he felt and had long felt for her, immediately followed. He spoke well, but there were feelings besides those of the heart to be detailed, and he was not more eloquent on the subject of tenderness than of pride. His sense of her inferiority—of its being a degradation—of the family obstacles which judgment had always opposed to inclination, were dwelt on with a warmth which seemed due to the consequence he was wounding, but was very unlikely to recommend his suit.

In spite of her deeply-rooted dislike, she could not be insensible to the compliment of such a man's affection, and though her intentions did not vary for an instant, she was at first sorry for the pain he was to receive; till, roused to resentment by his subsequent language, she lost all compassion in anger. She tried, however, to compose herself to answer him with patience, when he should have done. He concluded with

representing to her the strength of that attachment which, in spite of all his endeavours, he had found impossible to conquer; and with expressing his hope that it would now be rewarded by her acceptance of his hand. As he said this, she could easily see that he had no doubt of a favourable answer. He *spoke* of apprehension and anxiety, but his countenance expressed real security. Such a circumstance could only exasperate farther, and when he ceased, the colour rose into her cheeks, and she said,

"In such cases as this, it is, I believe, the established mode to express a sense of obligation for the sentiments avowed, however unequally they may be returned. It is natural that obligation should be felt, and if I could *feel* gratitude, I would now thank you. But I cannot—I have never desired your good opinion, and you have certainly bestowed it most unwillingly. I am sorry to have occasioned pain to any one. It has been most unconsciously done, however, and I hope will be of short duration. The feelings which, you tell me, have long prevented the acknowledgment of your regard, can have little difficulty in overcoming it after this explanation."

Mr. Darcy, who was leaning against the mantle-piece with his eyes fixed on her face, seemed to catch her words with no less resentment than surprise. His complexion became pale with anger, and the disturbance of his mind was visible in every feature. He was struggling for the appearance of composure, and would not open his lips, till he believed himself to have attained it. The pause was to Elizabeth's feelings dreadful. At length, in a voice of forced calmness, he said,

"And this is all the reply which I am to have the honour of expecting! I might, perhaps, wish to be informed why, with so little *endeavour* at civility, I am thus rejected. But it is of small importance."

"I might as well enquire," replied she, "why with so evident a design of offending and insulting me, you chose to tell me that you liked me against your will, against your reason, and even against your character? Was not this some excuse for incivility, if I *was* uncivil? But I have other provocations. You know I have. Had not my own feelings decided against you, had they been indifferent, or had they even been favourable, do you think that any consideration would tempt me to accept the man, who has been the means of ruining, perhaps for ever, the happiness of a most beloved sister?"

As she pronounced these words, Mr. Darcy changed colour; but the emotion was short, and he listened without attempting to interrupt her while she continued.

"I have every reason in the world to think ill of you. No motive can excuse the unjust and ungenerous part you acted *there*. You dare not, you cannot deny that you have been the principal, if not the only means of dividing them from each other, of exposing one to the censure of the world for caprice and instability, the other to its derision for disappointed hopes, and involving them both in misery of the acutest kind."

She paused, and saw with no slight indignation that he was listening with an air which proved him wholly unmoved by any feeling of remorse. He even looked at her with a smile of affected incredulity.

"Can you deny that you have done it?" she repeated.

With assumed tranquillity he then replied, "I have no wish of denying that I did every thing in my power to separate my friend from your sister, or that I rejoice in my success. Towards *him* I have been kinder than towards myself."

Elizabeth disdained the appearance of noticing this civil reflection, but its meaning did not escape, nor was it likely to conciliate her.

"But it is not merely this affair," she continued, "on which my dislike is founded. Long before it had taken place, my opinion of you was decided. Your character was unfolded in the recital which I received many months ago from Mr. Wickham. On this subject, what can you have to say? In what imaginary act of friendship can you here defend yourself? or under what misrepresentation, can you here impose upon others?"

"You take an eager interest in that gentleman's concerns," said Darcy in a less tranquil tone, and with a heightened colour.

"Who that knows what his misfortunes have been, can help feeling an interest in him?"

"His misfortunes!" repeated Darcy contemptuously; "yes, his misfortunes have been great indeed."

"And of your infliction," cried Elizabeth with energy. "You have reduced him to his present state of poverty, comparative poverty. You have withheld the advantages, which you must know to have been designed for him. You have deprived the best years of his life, of that independence which was no less his due than his desert. You have done all this! and yet you can treat the mention of his misfortunes with contempt and ridicule."

"And this," cried Darcy, as he walked with quick steps across the room, "is your opinion of me! This is the estimation in which you hold me! I thank you for explaining it so fully. My faults, according to this calculation, are heavy indeed! But perhaps," added he, stopping in his walk, and turning towards her, "these offences might have been overlooked, had not your pride been hurt by my honest confession of the scruples that had long prevented my forming any serious design. These bitter accusations might have been suppressed, had I with greater policy[2] concealed my struggles,

and flattered you into the belief of my being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination; by reason, by reflection, by every thing. But disguise of every sort is my abhorrence. Nor am I ashamed of the feelings I related. They were natural and just. Could you expect me to rejoice in the inferiority of your connections? To congratulate myself on the hope of relations, whose condition in life is so decidedly beneath my own?"

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said,

"You are mistaken, Mr. Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner."

She saw him start at this, but he said nothing, and she continued,

"You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it."

Again his astonishment was obvious; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on.

"From the very beginning, from the first moment I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that ground-work of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immoveable a dislike; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry."

"You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your feelings, and have now only to be ashamed of what

my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness."

And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house.

The tumult of her mind was now painfully great. She knew not how to support herself, and from actual weakness sat down and cried for half an hour. Her astonishment, as she reflected on what had passed, was increased by every review of it. That she should receive an offer of marriage from Mr. Darcy! that he should have been in love with her for so many months! so much in love as to wish to marry her in spite of all the objections which had made him prevent his friend's marrying her sister, and which must appear at least with equal force in his own case, was almost incredible! it was gratifying to have inspired unconsciously so strong an affection. But his pride, his abominable pride, his shameless avowal of what he had done with respect to Jane, his unpardonable assurance in acknowledging, though he could not justify it, and the unfeeling manner in which he had mentioned Mr. Wickham, his cruelty towards whom he had not attempted to deny, soon overcame the pity which the consideration of his attachment had for a moment excited.

She continued in very agitating reflections till the sound of Lady Catherine's carriage made her feel how unequal she was to encounter Charlotte's observation, and hurried her away to her room.[3]

Chapter 12

Elizabeth awoke the next morning to the same thoughts and meditations which had at length closed her eyes. She could not yet recover from the surprise of what had happened; it was impossible to think of any thing else, and totally indisposed for employment, she resolved soon after breakfast to indulge herself in air and exercise. She was proceeding directly to her favourite walk, when the recollection of Mr. Darcy's sometimes coming there stopped her, and instead of entering the park, she turned up the lane, which led her farther from the turnpike road.[1] The park paling was still the boundary on one side, and she soon passed one of the gates into the ground.[2]

After walking two or three times along that part of the lane, she was tempted, by the pleasantness of the morning, to stop at the gates and look into the park. The five weeks which she had now passed in Kent, had made a great difference in the country, and every day was adding to the verdure of the early trees. She was on the point of continuing her walk, when she caught a glimpse of a gentleman within the sort of grove which edged the park; he was moving that way; and fearful of its being Mr. Darcy, she was directly retreating. But the person who advanced, was now near enough to see her, and stepping forward with eagerness, pronounced her name. She had turned away, but on hearing herself called, though in a voice which proved it to be Mr. Darcy, she moved again towards the gate. He had by that time reached it also, and

holding out a letter, which she instinctively took, said with a look of haughty composure, "I have been walking in the grove some time in the hope of meeting you. Will you do me the honour of reading that letter?"—And then, with a slight bow, turned again into the plantation,[3] and was soon out of sight.

With no expectation of pleasure, but with the strongest curiosity, Elizabeth opened the letter, and to her still increasing wonder, perceived an envelope[4] containing two sheets of letter paper, written quite through, in a very close[5] hand.—The envelope itself was likewise full.—Pursuing her way along the lane, she then began it. It was dated from Rosings, at eight o'clock in the morning, and was as follows:—

"Be not alarmed, Madam, on receiving this letter, by the apprehension of its containing any repetition of those sentiments, or renewal of those offers, which were last night so disgusting to you. I write without any intention of paining you, or humbling myself, by dwelling on wishes, which, for the happiness of both, cannot be too soon forgotten; and the effort which the formation, and the perusal of this letter must occasion, should have been spared, had not my character required it to be written and read. You must, therefore, pardon the freedom with which I demand your attention; your feelings, I know, will bestow it unwillingly, but I demand it of your justice.

"Two offences of a very different nature, and by no means of equal magnitude, you last night laid to my charge. The first mentioned was, that, regardless of the sentiments of either, I had detached Mr. Bingley from your sister,—and the other, that I had, in defiance of various claims, in defiance of honour and humanity, ruined the immediate prosperity, and blasted the prospects of Mr. Wickham.—Wilfully and wantonly to have thrown off the companion of my youth, the

acknowledged favourite of my father, a young man who had scarcely any other dependence than on our patronage, and who had been brought up to expect its exertion, would be a depravity, to which the separation of two young persons, whose affection could be the growth of only a few weeks, could bear no comparison.—But from the severity of that blame which was last night so liberally bestowed, respecting each circumstance, I shall hope to be in future secured, when the following account of my actions and their motives has been read.—If, in the explanation of them which is due to myself, I am under the necessity of relating feelings which may be offensive to your's, I can only say that I am sorry.—The necessity must be obeyed—and farther apology would be absurd. I had not been long in Hertfordshire, before I saw, in common with others, that Bingley preferred your eldest sister, to any other young woman in the country.—But it was not till the evening of the dance at Netherfield that I had any apprehension of his feeling a serious attachment.—I had often seen him in love before.—At that ball, while I had the honour of dancing with you, I was first made acquainted, by Sir William Lucas's accidental information, that Bingley's attentions to your sister had given rise to a general expectation of their marriage. He spoke of it as a certain event, of which the time alone could be undecided. From that moment I observed my friend's behaviour attentively; and I could then perceive that his partiality for Miss Bennet was beyond what I had ever witnessed in him. Your sister I also watched.—Her look and manners were open, cheerful and engaging as ever, but without any symptom of peculiar regard, and I remained convinced from the evening's scrutiny, that though she received his attentions with pleasure, she did not invite them by any participation of sentiment.—If *you* have not been mistaken here, *I* must have been in an error.

Your superior knowledge of your sister must make the latter probable.—If it be so, if I have been misled by such error, to inflict pain on her, your resentment has not been unreasonable. But I shall not scruple to assert, that the serenity of your sister's countenance and air was such, as might have given the most acute observer, a conviction that, however amiable her temper,[6] her heart was not likely to be easily touched.—That I was desirous of believing her indifferent is certain,—but I will venture to say that my investigations and decisions are not usually influenced by my hopes or fears.—I did not believe her to be indifferent because I wished it;—I believed it on impartial conviction, as truly as I wished it in reason.—My objections to the marriage were not merely those, which I last night acknowledged to have required the utmost force of passion to put aside, in my own case; the want of connection could not be so great an evil to my friend as to me.—But there were other causes of repugnance;—causes which, though still existing, and existing to an equal degree in both instances, I had myself endeavoured to forget, because they were not immediately before me.—These causes must be stated, though briefly.—The situation of your mother's family, though objectionable, was nothing in comparison of that total want of propriety so frequently, so almost uniformly betrayed by herself, by your three younger sisters, and occasionally even by your father.—Pardon me.—It pains me to offend you. But amidst your concern for the defects of your nearest relations, and your displeasure at this representation of them, let it give you consolation to consider that, to have conducted yourselves so as to avoid any share of the like censure, is praise no less generally bestowed on you and your eldest sister, than it is honourable to the sense and disposition of both.—I will only say farther, that from what passed that evening, my opinion of all parties was confirmed,

and every inducement heightened, which could have led me before, to preserve my friend from what I esteemed a most unhappy connection.—He left Netherfield for London, on the day following, as you, I am certain, remember, with the design of soon returning.—The part which I acted, is now to be explained.—His sisters' uneasiness had been equally excited with my own; our coincidence of feeling was soon discovered; and, alike sensible that no time was to be lost in detaching their brother, we shortly resolved on joining him directly in London.—We accordingly went—and there I readily engaged in the office of pointing out to my friend, the certain evils of such a choice.—I described, and enforced them earnestly.—But, however this remonstrance might have staggered[7] or delayed his determination, I do not suppose that it would ultimately have prevented the marriage, had it not been seconded by the assurance which I hesitated not in giving, of your sister's indifference. He had before believed her to return his affection with sincere, if not with equal regard.—But Bingley has great natural modesty, with a stronger dependence on my judgment than on his own.—To convince him, therefore, that he had deceived himself, was no very difficult point. To persuade him against returning into Hertfordshire, when that conviction had been given, was scarcely the work of a moment.—I cannot blame myself for having done thus much. There is but one part of my conduct in the whole affair, on which I do not reflect with satisfaction; it is that I condescended to adopt the measures of art so far as to conceal from him your sister's being in town. I knew it myself, as it was known to Miss Bingley, but her brother is even yet ignorant of it.—That they might have met without ill consequence, is perhaps probable;—but his regard did not appear to me enough extinguished for him to see her without some danger.—Perhaps this concealment, this disguise, was

beneath me.—It is done, however, and it was done for the best.—On this subject I have nothing more to say, no other apology to offer. If I have wounded your sister's feelings, it was unknowingly done; and though the motives which governed me may to you very naturally appear insufficient, I have not yet learnt to condemn them.—With respect to that other, more weighty accusation, of having injured Mr. Wickham, I can only refute it by laying before you the whole of his connection with my family. Of what he has *particularly* accused me I am ignorant; but of the truth of what I shall relate, I can summon more than one witness of undoubted veracity. Mr. Wickham is the son of a very respectable man, who had for many years the management of all the Pemberley estates; and whose good conduct in the discharge of his trust, naturally inclined my father to be of service to him, and on George Wickham, who was his god-son, his kindness was therefore liberally bestowed. My father supported him at school, and afterwards at Cambridge;—most important assistance, as his own father, always poor from the extravagance of his wife, would have been unable to give him a gentleman's education. My father was not only fond of this young man's society, whose manners were always engaging; he had also the highest opinion of him, and hoping the church would be his profession, intended to provide for him in it. As for myself, it is many, many years since I first began to think of him in a very different manner. The vicious propensities—the want of principle which he was careful to guard from the knowledge of his best friend, could not escape the observation of a young man of nearly the same age with himself, and who had opportunities of seeing him in unguarded moments, which Mr. Darcy[8] could not have. Here again I shall give you pain—to what degree you only can tell. But whatever may be the sentiments which Mr. Wickham has created, a

suspicion of their nature shall not prevent me from unfolding his real character. It adds even another motive. My excellent father died about five years ago; and his attachment to Mr. Wickham was to the last so steady, that in his will he particularly recommended it to me, to promote his advancement in the best manner that his profession might allow, and if he took orders, desired that a valuable family living might be his as soon as it became vacant. There was also a legacy of one thousand pounds. His own father did not long survive mine, and within half a year from these events, Mr. Wickham wrote to inform me that, having finally resolved against taking orders, he hoped I should not think it unreasonable for him to expect some more immediate pecuniary advantage, in lieu of the preferment, by which he could not be benefited. He had some intention, he added, of studying the law, and I must be aware that the interest of one thousand pounds[9] would be a very insufficient support therein. I rather wished, than believed him to be sincere; but at any rate, was perfectly ready to accede to his proposal. I knew that Mr. Wickham ought not to be a clergyman. The business was therefore soon settled. He resigned all claim to assistance in the church, were it possible that he could ever be in a situation to receive it, and accepted in return three thousand pounds. All connection between us seemed now dissolved. I thought too ill of him, to invite him to Pemberley, or admit his society in town. In town I believe he chiefly lived, but his studying the law was a mere pretence, and being now free from all restraint, his life was a life of idleness and dissipation. For about three years I heard little of him; but on the decease of the incumbent of the living[10] which had been designed for him, he applied to me again by letter for the presentation. His circumstances, he assured me, and I had no difficulty in believing it, were exceedingly bad. He had found the law a most unprofitable

study, and was now absolutely resolved on being ordained, if I would present him to the living in question—of which he trusted there could be little doubt, as he was well assured that I had no other person to provide for, and I c ould not have forgotten my revered father's intentions. You will hardly blame me for refusing to comply with this entreaty, or for resisting every repetition of it. His resentment was in proportion to the distress of his circumstances—and he was doubtless as violent in his abuse of me to others, as in his reproaches to myself. After this period, every appearance of acquaintance was dropt. How he lived I know not. But last summer he was again most painfully obtruded on my notice. I must now mention a circumstance which I would wish to forget myself, and which no obligation less than the present should induce me to unfold to any human being. Having said thus much, I feel no doubt of your secrecy. My sister, who is more than ten years my junior, was left to the guardianship of my mother's nephew, Colonel Fitzwilliam, and myself. About a year ago, she was taken from school, and an establishment formed for her in London; and last summer she went with the lady who presided over it, to Ramsgate;[11] and thither also went Mr. Wickham, undoubtedly by design; for there proved to have been a prior acquaintance between him and Mrs. Younge, in whose character we were most unhappily deceived; and by her connivance and aid, he so far recommended himself to Georgiana, whose affectionate heart retained a strong impression of his kindness to her as a child, that she was persuaded to believe herself in love, and to consent to an elopement. She was then but fifteen, which must be her excuse; and after stating her imprudence, I am happy to add, that I owed the knowledge of it to herself. I joined them unexpectedly a day or two before the intended elopement, and then Georgiana, unable to support the idea of grieving and offending a brother

whom she almost looked up to as a father, acknowledged the whole to me. You may imagine what I felt and how I acted. Regard for my sister's credit and feelings prevented any public exposure, but I wrote to Mr. Wickham, who left the place immediately, and Mrs. Younge was of course removed from her charge. Mr. Wickham's chief object was unquestionably my sister's fortune, which is thirty thousand pounds;[12] but I cannot help supposing that the hope of revenging himself on me, was a strong inducement. His revenge would have been complete indeed. This, madam, is a faithful narrative of every event in which we have been concerned together; and if you do not absolutely reject it as false, you will, I hope, acquit me henceforth of cruelty towards Mr. Wickham. I know not in what manner, under what form of falsehood he has imposed on you; but his success is not perhaps to be wondered at, ignorant as you previously were of every thing concerning either. Detection[13] could not be in your power, and suspicion certainly not in your inclination. You may possibly wonder why all this was not told you last night. But I was not then master enough of myself to know what could or ought to be revealed. For the truth of every thing here related, I can appeal more particularly to the testimony of Colonel Fitzwilliam, who from our near relationship and constant intimacy, and still more as one of the executors of my father's will, has been unavoidably acquainted with every particular of these transactions. If your abhorrence of *me* should make *my* assertions valueless, you cannot be prevented by the same cause from confiding in my cousin; and that there may be the possibility of consulting him, I shall endeavour to find some opportunity of putting this letter in your hands in the course of the morning. I will only add, God bless you.

"Fitzwilliam Darcy."

Chapter 13

If Elizabeth, when Mr. Darcy gave her the letter, did not expect it to contain a renewal of his offers, she had formed no expectation at all of its contents. But such as they were, it may be well supposed how eagerly she went through them, and what a contrariety of emotion they excited. Her feelings as she read were scarcely to be defined. With amazement did she first understand that he believed any apology to be in his power; and stedfastly was she persuaded that he could have no explanation to give, which a just sense of shame would not conceal. With a strong prejudice against every thing he might say, she began his account of what had happened at Netherfield. She read, with an eagerness which hardly left her power of comprehension, and from impatience of knowing what the next sentence might bring, was incapable of attending to the sense of the one before her eyes. His belief of her sister's insensibility,[1] she instantly resolved to be false, and his account of the real, the worst objections to the match, made her too angry to have any wish of doing him justice. He expressed no regret for what he had done which satisfied her; his style was not penitent, but haughty. It was all pride and insolence.

But when this subject was succeeded by his account of Mr. Wickham, when she read with somewhat clearer attention, a relation of events, which, if true, must overthrow every cherished opinion of his worth, and which bore so alarming an affinity to his own history of himself, her feelings were yet

more acutely painful and more difficult of definition. Astonishment, apprehension, and even horror, oppressed her. She wished to discredit it entirely, repeatedly exclaiming, "This must be false! This cannot be! This must be the grossest falsehood!"—and when she had gone through the whole letter, though scarcely knowing any thing of the last page or two, put it hastily away, protesting that she would not regard it, that she would never look in it again.

In this perturbed state of mind, with thoughts that could rest on nothing, she walked on; but it would not do; in half a minute the letter was unfolded again, and collecting herself as well as she could, she again began the mortifying perusal of all that related to Wickham, and commanded herself so far as to examine the meaning of every sentence. The account of his connection with the Pemberley family, was exactly what he had related himself; and the kindness of the late Mr. Darcy, though she had not before known its extent, agreed equally well with his own words. So far each recital confirmed the other: but when she came to the will, the difference was great. What Wickham had said of the living was fresh in her memory, and as she recalled his very words, it was impossible not to feel that there was gross duplicity on one side or the other; and, for a few moments, she flattered herself that her wishes did not err. But when she read, and re-read with the closest attention, the particulars immediately following of Wickham's resigning all pretensions to the living, of his receiving in lieu, so considerable a sum as three thousand pounds, again was she forced to hesitate. She put down the letter, weighed every circumstance with what she meant to be impartiality—deliberated on the probability of each statement—but with little success. On both sides it was only assertion. Again she read on. But every line proved more clearly that the affair, which she had believed it impossible that any contrivance

could so represent, as to render Mr. Darcy's conduct in it less than infamous, was capable of a turn which must make him entirely blameless throughout the whole.

The extravagance and general profligacy which he scrupled not to lay to Mr. Wickham's charge, exceedingly shocked her; the more so, as she could bring no proof of its injustice. She had never heard of him before his entrance into the ———shire Militia, in which he had engaged at the persuasion of the young man, who, on meeting him accidentally in town, had there renewed a slight acquaintance. Of his former way of life, nothing had been known in Hertfordshire but what he told himself. As to his real character, had information been in her power, she had never felt a wish of enquiring. His countenance, voice, and manner, had established him at once in the possession of every virtue. She tried to recollect some instance of goodness, some distinguished trait of integrity or benevolence, that might rescue him from the attacks of Mr. Darcy; or at least, by the predominance of virtue, atone for those casual errors, under which she would endeavour to class, what Mr. Darcy had described as the idleness and vice of many years continuance. But no such recollection befriended her. She could see him instantly before her, in every charm of air and address; but she could remember no more substantial good than the general approbation of the neighbourhood, and the regard which his social powers had gained him in the mess.[2] After pausing on this point a considerable while, she once more continued to read. But, alas! the story which followed of his designs on Miss Darcy, received some confirmation from what had passed between Colonel Fitzwilliam and herself only the morning before; and at last she was referred for the truth of every particular to Colonel Fitzwilliam himself—from whom she had previously received the information of his near concern in all his

cousin's affairs, and whose character she had no reason to question. At one time she had almost resolved on applying to him, but the idea was checked by the awkwardness of the application, and at length wholly banished by the conviction that Mr. Darcy would never have hazarded such a proposal, if he had not been well assured of his cousin's corroboration.

She perfectly remembered every thing that had passed in conversation between Wickham and herself, in their first evening at Mr. Philips's. Many of his expressions[3] were still fresh in her memory. She was *now* struck with the impropriety of such communications to a stranger, and wondered it had escaped her before. She saw the indelicacy of putting himself forward as he had done, and the inconsistency of his professions with his conduct. She remembered that he had boasted of having no fear of seeing Mr. Darcy—that Mr. Darcy might leave the country, but that *he* should stand his ground; yet he had avoided the Netherfield ball the very next week. She remembered also, that till the Netherfield family had quitted the country, he had told his story to no one but herself; but that after their removal, it had been every where discussed; that he had then no reserves, no scruples in sinking Mr. Darcy's character, though he had assured her that respect for the father, would always prevent his exposing the son.

How differently did every thing now appear in which he was concerned! His attentions to Miss King were now the consequence of views solely and hatefully mercenary; and the mediocrity of her fortune proved no longer the moderation of his wishes, but his eagerness to grasp at any thing. His behaviour to herself could now have had no tolerable motive; he had either been deceived with regard to her fortune, or had been gratifying his vanity by encouraging the preference which she believed she had most incautiously shewn. Every lingering struggle in his favour grew fainter and fainter; and in

farther justification of Mr. Darcy, she could not but allow that Mr. Bingley, when questioned by Jane, had long ago asserted his blamelessness in the affair; that proud and repulsive as were his manners, she had never, in the whole course of their acquaintance, an acquaintance which had latterly brought them much together, and given her a sort of intimacy with his ways, seen any thing that betrayed him to be unprincipled or unjust—any thing that spoke him of[4] irreligious or immoral habits. That among his own connections he was esteemed and valued—that even Wickham had allowed him merit as a brother, and that she had often heard him speak so affectionately of his sister as to prove him capable of *some* amiable feeling. That had his actions been what Wickham represented them, so gross a violation of every thing right could hardly have been concealed from the world; and that friendship between a person capable of it, and such an amiable man as Mr. Bingley, was incomprehensible.

She grew absolutely ashamed of herself.—Of neither Darcy nor Wickham could she think, without feeling that she had been blind, partial, prejudiced, absurd.

"How despicably have I acted!" she cried.—"I, who have prided myself on my discernment!—I, who have valued myself on my abilities! who have often disdained the generous candour of my sister, and gratified my vanity, in useless or blameable distrust.—How humiliating is this discovery!—Yet, how just a humiliation!—Had I been in love, I could not have been more wretchedly blind. But vanity, not love, has been my folly.—Pleased with the preference of one, and offended by the neglect of the other, on the very beginning of our acquaintance, I have courted prepossession[5] and ignorance, and driven reason away, where either were concerned. Till this moment, I never knew myself."

From herself to Jane—from Jane to Bingley, her thoughts were in a line which soon brought to her recollection that Mr. Darcy's explanation *there*, had appeared very insufficient; and she read it again. Widely different was the effect of a second perusal.—How could she deny that credit to his assertions, in one instance, which she had been obliged to give in the other?—He declared himself to have been totally unsuspicious of her sister's attachment;—and she could not help remembering what Charlotte's opinion had always been.—Neither could she deny the justice of his description of Jane.—She felt that Jane's feelings, though fervent, were little displayed, and that there was a constant complacency[6] in her air and manner, not often united with great sensibility.[7]

When she came to that part of the letter, in which her family were mentioned, in terms of such mortifying, yet merited reproach, her sense of shame was severe. The justice of the charge struck her too forcibly for denial, and the circumstances to which he particularly alluded, as having passed at the Netherfield ball, and as confirming all his first disapprobation, could not have made a stronger impression on his mind than on hers.

The compliment to herself and her sister, was not unfelt. It soothed, but it could not console her for the contempt which had been thus self-attracted[8] by the rest of her family;—and as she considered that Jane's disappointment had in fact been the work of her nearest relations, and reflected how materially the credit of both must be hurt by such impropriety of conduct, she felt depressed beyond any thing she had ever known before.

After wandering along the lane for two hours, giving way to every variety of thought; re-considering events, determining probabilities, and reconciling herself as well as she could, to a change so sudden and so important, fatigue, and a recollection

of her long absence, made her at length return home; and she entered the house with the wish of appearing cheerful as usual, and the resolution of repressing such reflections as must make her unfit for conversation.

She was immediately told, that the two gentlemen from Rosings had each called during her absence; Mr. Darcy, only for a few minutes to take leave, but that Colonel Fitzwilliam had been sitting with them at least an hour, hoping for her return, and almost resolving to walk after her till she could be found.—Elizabeth could but just *affect* concern in missing him; she really rejoiced at it. Colonel Fitzwilliam was no longer an object.[9] She could think only of her letter.

Chapter 14

The two gentlemen left Rosings the next morning; and Mr. Collins having been in waiting near the lodges, to make them his parting obeisance, was able to bring home the pleasing intelligence, of their appearing in very good health, and in as tolerable spirits as could be expected, after the melancholy scene so lately gone through at Rosings. To Rosings he then hastened to console Lady Catherine, and her daughter; and on his return, brought back, with great satisfaction, a message from her Ladyship, importing that she felt herself so dull as to make her very desirous of having them all to dine with her.

Elizabeth could not see Lady Catherine without recollecting, that had she chosen it, she might by this time have been presented to her, as her future niece; nor could she think, without a smile, of what her ladyship's indignation would have been. "What would she have said?—how would she have behaved?" were questions with which she amused herself.

Their first subject was the diminution of the Rosings party.—"I assure you, I feel it exceedingly," said Lady Catherine; "I believe nobody feels the loss of friends so much as I do. But I am particularly attached to these young men; and know them to be so much attached to me!—They were excessively sorry to go! But so they always are. The dear colonel rallied his spirits tolerably till just at last; but Darcy seemed to feel it most acutely, more I think than last year. His attachment to Rosings, certainly increases."

Mr. Collins had a compliment, and an allusion to throw in here, which were kindly smiled on by the mother and daughter.

Lady Catherine observed, after dinner, that Miss Bennet seemed out of spirits, and immediately accounting for it herself, by supposing that she did not like to go home again so soon, she added,

"But if that is the case, you must write to your mother to beg that you may stay a little longer. Mrs. Collins will be very glad of your company, I am sure."

"I am much obliged to your ladyship for your kind invitation," replied Elizabeth, "but it is not in my power to accept it.—I must be in town next Saturday."

"Why, at that rate, you will have been here only six weeks. I expected you to stay two months. I told Mrs. Collins so before you came. There can be no occasion for your going so soon. Mrs. Bennet could certainly spare you for another fortnight."

"But my father cannot.—He wrote last week to hurry my return."

"Oh! your father of course may spare you, if your mother can.—Daughters are never of so much consequence to a father. And if you will stay another *month* complete, it will be in my power to take one of you as far as London, for I am going there, early in June, for a week; and as Dawson does not object to the Barouche box,[1] there will be very good room for one of you—and indeed, if the weather should happen to be cool, I should not object to taking you both, as you are neither of you large."

"You are all kindness, Madam; but I believe we must abide by our original plan."

Lady Catherine seemed resigned.—"Mrs. Collins, you must send a servant with them. You know I always speak

my mind, and I cannot bear the idea of two young women travelling post[2] by themselves. It is highly improper. You must contrive to send somebody. I have the greatest dislike in the world to that sort of thing.—Young women should always be properly guarded and attended, according to their situation in life. When my niece Georgiana went to Ramsgate last summer, I made a point of her having two men servants go with her.—Miss Darcy, the daughter of Mr. Darcy, of Pemberley, and Lady Anne,[3] could not have appeared with propriety in a different manner.—I am excessively attentive to all those things. You must send John with the young ladies, Mrs. Collins. I am glad it occurred to me to mention it; for it would really be discreditable to *you* to let them go alone."

"My uncle is to send a servant for us."

"Oh!—Your uncle!—He keeps a man-servant, does he?—I am very glad you have somebody who thinks of those things. Where shall you change horses?[4]—Oh! Bromley,[5] of course.—If you mention my name at the Bell, you will be attended to."

Lady Catherine had many other questions to ask respecting their journey, and as she did not answer them all herself, attention was necessary, which Elizabeth believed to be lucky for her; or, with a mind so occupied, she might have forgotten where she was. Reflection must be reserved for solitary hours; whenever she was alone, she gave way to it as the greatest relief; and not a day went by without a solitary walk, in which she might indulge in all the delight of unpleasant recollections.

Mr. Darcy's letter, she was in a fair way of soon knowing by heart. She studied every sentence: and her feelings towards its writer were at times widely different. When she remembered the style of his address, she was still full of indignation; but when she considered how unjustly she had condemned and

upbraided him, her anger was turned against herself; and his disappointed feelings became the object of compassion. His attachment excited gratitude, his general character respect; but she could not approve him; nor could she for a moment repent her refusal, or feel the slightest inclination ever to see him again. In her own past behaviour, there was a constant source of vexation and regret; and in the unhappy defects of her family a subject of yet heavier chagrin. They were hopeless of remedy. Her father, contented with laughing at them, would never exert himself to restrain the wild giddiness of his youngest daughters; and her mother, with manners so far from right herself, was entirely insensible of the evil. Elizabeth had frequently united with Jane in an endeavour to check the imprudence of Catherine and Lydia; but while they were supported by their mother's indulgence, what chance could there be of improvement? Catherine, weak-spirited, irritable, and completely under Lydia's guidance, had been always affronted by their advice; and Lydia, self-willed and careless, would scarcely give them a hearing. They were ignorant, idle, and vain. While there was an officer in Meryton, they would flirt with him; and while Meryton was within a walk of Longbourn, they would be going there for ever.

Anxiety on Jane's behalf, was another prevailing concern, and Mr. Darcy's explanation, by restoring Bingley to all her former good opinion, heightened the sense of what Jane had lost. His affection was proved to have been sincere, and his conduct cleared of all blame, unless any could attach to the implicitness of his confidence in his friend. How grievous then was the thought that, of a situation so desirable in every respect, so replete with advantage, so promising for happiness, Jane had been deprived, by the folly and indecorum of her own family!

When to these recollections was added the developement[6] of Wickham's character, it may be easily believed that the happy spirits which had seldom been depressed before, were now so much affected as to make it almost impossible for her to appear tolerably cheerful.

Their engagements at Rosings were as frequent during the last week of her stay, as they had been at first. The very last evening was spent there; and her Ladyship again enquired minutely into the particulars of their journey, gave them directions as to the best method of packing, and was so urgent on the necessity of placing gowns in the only right way, that Maria thought herself obliged, on her return, to undo all the work of the morning, and pack her trunk afresh.

When they parted, Lady Catherine, with great condescension, wished them a good journey, and invited them to come to Hunsford again next year; and Miss De Bourgh exerted herself so far as to curtsey and hold out her hand to both.

Chapter 15

On Saturday morning Elizabeth and Mr. Collins met for breakfast a few minutes before the others appeared; and he took the opportunity of paying the parting civilities which he deemed indispensably necessary.

"I know not, Miss Elizabeth," said he, "whether Mrs. Collins has yet expressed her sense of your kindness in coming to us, but I am very certain you will not leave the house without receiving her thanks for it. The favour of your company has been much felt, I assure you. We know how little there is to tempt any one to our humble abode. Our plain manner of living, our small rooms, and few domestics, and the little we see of the world, must make Hunsford extremely dull to a young lady like yourself; but I hope you will believe us grateful for the condescension, and that we have done every thing in our power to prevent your spending your time unpleasantly."

Elizabeth was eager with her thanks and assurances of happiness. She had spent six weeks with great enjoyment; and the pleasure of being with Charlotte, and the kind attentions she had received, must make *her* feel the obliged. Mr. Collins was gratified; and with a more smiling solemnity replied,

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to hear that you have passed your time not disagreeably. We have certainly done our best; and most fortunately having it in our power to introduce you to very superior society, and from our connection with Rosings, the frequent means of varying the

humble home scene, I think we may flatter ourselves that your Hunsford visit cannot have been entirely irksome. Our situation with regard to Lady Catherine's family is indeed the sort of extraordinary advantage and blessing which few can boast. You see on what a footing we are. You see how continually we are engaged there. In truth I must acknowledge that, with all the disadvantages of this humble parsonage, I should not think any one abiding in it an object of compassion, while they are sharers of our intimacy at Rosings."

Words were insufficient for the elevation of his feelings; and he was obliged to walk about the room, while Elizabeth tried to unite civility and truth in a few short sentences.

"You may, in fact, carry a very favourable report of us into Hertfordshire, my dear cousin. I flatter myself at least that you will be able to do so. Lady Catherine's great attentions to Mrs. Collins you have been a daily witness of; and altogether I trust it does not appear that your friend has drawn an unfortunate—but on this point it will be as well to be silent. Only let me assure you, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that I can from my heart most cordially wish you equal felicity in marriage. My dear Charlotte and I have but one mind and one way of thinking. There is in every thing a most remarkable resemblance of character and ideas between us. We seem to have been designed for each other."

Elizabeth could safely say that it was a great happiness where that was the case, and with equal sincerity could add that she firmly believed and rejoiced in his domestic comforts. She was not sorry, however, to have the recital of them interrupted by the entrance of the lady from whom they sprung. Poor Charlotte!—it was melancholy to leave her to such society!—But she had chosen it with her eyes open; and though evidently regretting that her visitors were to go, she did not seem to ask for compassion. Her home and her

house-keeping, her parish and her poultry, and all their dependent concerns, had not yet lost their charms.

At length the chaise arrived, the trunks were fastened on, the parcels placed within, and it was pronounced to be ready. After an affectionate parting between the friends, Elizabeth was attended to the carriage by Mr. Collins, and as they walked down the garden, he was commissioning her with his best respects to all her family, not forgetting his thanks for the kindness he had received at Longbourn in the winter, and his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, though unknown. He then handed her in, Maria followed, and the door was on the point of being closed, when he suddenly reminded them, with some consternation, that they had hitherto forgotten to leave any message for the ladies of Rosings.

"But," he added, "you will of course wish to have your humble respects delivered to them, with your grateful thanks for their kindness to you while you have been here."

Elizabeth made no objection;—the door was then allowed to be shut, and the carriage drove off.

"Good gracious!" cried Maria, after a few minutes silence, "it seems but a day or two since we first came!—and yet how many things have happened!"

"A great many indeed," said her companion, with a sigh.

"We have dined nine times at Rosings, besides drinking tea there twice!—How much I shall have to tell!"

Elizabeth privately added, "and how much I shall have to conceal."

Their journey was performed without much conversation, or any alarm; and within four hours of their leaving Hunsford, they reached Mr. Gardiner's house, where they were to remain a few days.

Jane looked well, and Elizabeth had little opportunity of studying her spirits, amidst the various engagements which

the kindness of her aunt had reserved for them. But Jane was to go home with her, and at Longbourn there would be leisure enough for observation.

It was not without an effort meanwhile that she could wait even for Longbourn, before she told her sister of Mr. Darcy's proposals. To know that she had the power of revealing what would so exceedingly astonish Jane, and must, at the same time, so highly gratify whatever of her own vanity she had not yet been able to reason away, was such a temptation to openness as nothing could have conquered, but the state of indecision in which she remained, as to the extent of what she should communicate; and her fear, if she once entered on the subject, of being hurried into repeating something of Bingley, which might only grieve her sister farther.[1]

Chapter 16

It was the second week in May, in which the three young ladies set out together from Gracechurch-street, for the town of ———[1] in Hertfordshire; and, as they drew near the appointed inn where Mr. Bennet's carriage was to meet them, they quickly perceived, in token of the coachman's punctuality, both Kitty and Lydia looking out of a dining room up stairs. These two girls had been above an hour in the place, happily employed in visiting an opposite milliner, watching the sentinel on guard,[2] and dressing a sallad and cucumber.

After welcoming their sisters, they triumphantly displayed a table set out with such cold meat as an inn larder usually affords, exclaiming, "Is not this nice? is not this an agreeable surprise?"

"And we mean to treat you all," added Lydia; "but you must lend us the money, for we have just spent ours at the shop out there." Then shewing her purchases: "Look here, I have bought this bonnet. I do not think it is very pretty; but I thought I might as well buy it as not. I shall pull it to pieces as soon as I get home, and see if I can make it up any better."

And when her sisters abused it as ugly, she added, with perfect unconcern, "Oh! but there were two or three much uglier in the shop; and when I have bought some prettier-coloured satin to trim it with fresh, I think it will be very tolerable. Besides, it will not much signify what one wears

this summer, after the ———shire have left Meryton, and they are going in a fortnight."

"Are they indeed?" cried Elizabeth, with the greatest satisfaction.

"They are going to be encamped near Brighton;[3] and I do so want papa to take us all there for the summer! It would be such a delicious scheme, and I dare say would hardly cost any thing at all. Mamma would like to go too of all things! Only think what a miserable summer else we shall have!"

"Yes," thought Elizabeth; "*that* would be a delightful scheme, indeed, and completely do for us at once. Good Heaven! Brighton, and a whole campful of soldiers, to us, who have been overset already by one poor regiment of militia, and the monthly balls of Meryton."

"Now I have got some news for you," said Lydia, as they sat down to table. "What do you think? It is excellent news, capital news, and about a certain person that we all like."

Jane and Elizabeth looked at each other, and the waiter was told that he need not stay. Lydia laughed, and said,

"Aye, that is just like your formality and discretion. You thought the waiter must not hear, as if he cared! I dare say he often hears worse things said than I am going to say. But he is an ugly fellow! I am glad he is gone. I never saw such a long chin[4] in my life. Well, but now for my news: it is about dear Wickham; too good for the waiter, is not it? There is no danger of Wickham's marrying Mary King. There's for you! She is gone down to her uncle at Liverpool;[5] gone to stay. Wickham is safe."

"And Mary King is safe!" added Elizabeth; "safe from a connection imprudent as to fortune."

"She is a great fool for going away, if she liked him."

"But I hope there is no strong attachment on either side," said Jane.

"I am sure there is not on *his*. I will answer for it he never cared three straws[6] about her. Who *could* about such a nasty little freckled thing?"[7]

Elizabeth was shocked to think that, however incapable of such coarseness of *expression* herself, the coarseness of the *sentiment* was little other than her own breast had formerly harboured and fancied liberal!

As soon as all had ate, and the elder ones paid, the carriage was ordered; and after some contrivance, the whole party, with all their boxes, workbags,[8] and parcels, and the unwelcome addition of Kitty's and Lydia's purchases, were seated in it.

"How nicely we are crammed in!" cried Lydia. "I am glad I bought my bonnet, if it is only for the fun of having another bandbox![9] Well, now let us be quite comfortable and snug, and talk and laugh all the way home. And in the first place, let us hear what has happened to you all, since you went away. Have you seen any pleasant men? Have you had any flirting? I was in great hopes that one of you would have got a husband before you came back. Jane will be quite an old maid soon,[10] I declare. She is almost three and twenty! Lord, how ashamed I should be of not being married before three and twenty! My aunt Philips wants you so to get husbands, you can't think. She says Lizzy had better have taken Mr. Collins; but *I* do not think there would have been any fun in it. Lord! how I should like to be married before any of you; and then I would chaperon you about to all the balls. Dear me! we had such a good piece of fun the other day at Colonel Forster's! Kitty and me were to spend the day there, and Mrs. Forster promised to have a little dance in the

evening; (by the bye, Mrs. Forster and me are *such* friends!) and so she asked the two Harringtons to come, but Harriet was ill, and so Pen was forced to come by herself; and then, what do you think we did? We dressed up Chamberlayne in woman's clothes,[11] on purpose to pass for a lady,—only think what fun! Not a soul knew of it, but Col. and Mrs. Forster, and Kitty and me, except my aunt, for we were forced to borrow one of her gowns; and you cannot imagine how well he looked! When Denny, and Wickham, and Pratt, and two or three more of the men came in, they did not know him in the least. Lord! how I laughed! and so did Mrs. Forster. I thought I should have died. And *that* made the men suspect something, and then they soon found out what was the matter."

With such kind of histories of their parties and good jokes, did Lydia, assisted by Kitty's hints and additions, endeavour to amuse her companions all the way to Longbourn. Elizabeth listened as little as she could, but there was no escaping the frequent mention of Wickham's name.

Their reception at home was most kind. Mrs. Bennet rejoiced to see Jane in undiminished beauty; and more than once during dinner did Mr. Bennet say voluntarily to Elizabeth,

"I am glad you are come back, Lizzy."

Their party in the dining room was large, for almost all the Lucases came to meet Maria and hear the news: and various were the subjects which occupied them; lady Lucas was enquiring of Maria across the table, after the welfare and poultry of her eldest daughter; Mrs. Bennet was doubly engaged, on one hand collecting an account of the present fashions from Jane, who sat some way below her,[12] and on the other, retailing them all to the younger Miss Lucasses; and Lydia, in a voice rather louder than any other person's,

was enumerating the various pleasures of the morning to any body who would hear her.

"Oh! Mary," said she, "I wish you had gone with us, for we had such fun! as we went along Kitty and me drew up all the blinds, and pretended there was nobody in the coach; and I should have gone so all the way, if Kitty had not been sick; and when we got to the George, I do think we behaved very handsomely, for we treated the other three with the nicest cold luncheon in the world, and if you would have gone, we would have treated you too. And then when we came away it was such fun! I thought we never should have got into the coach. I was ready to die of laughter. And then we were so merry all the way home! we talked and laughed so loud, that any body might have heard us ten miles off!"

To this, Mary very gravely replied, "Far be it from me, my dear sister, to depreciate such pleasures. They would doubtless be congenial with the generality of female minds. But I confess they would have no charms for *me*. I should infinitely prefer a book."

But of this answer Lydia heard not a word. She seldom listened to any body for more than half a minute, and never attended to Mary at all.

In the afternoon Lydia was urgent with the rest of the girls to walk to Meryton and see how everybody went on; but Elizabeth steadily opposed the scheme. It should not be said, that the Miss Bennets could not be at home half a day before they were in pursuit of the officers. There was another reason too for her opposition. She dreaded seeing Wickham again, and was resolved to avoid it as long as possible. The comfort to *her*, of the regiment's approaching removal, was indeed beyond expression. In a fortnight they were to go, and once gone,

she hoped there could be nothing more to plague her on his account.

She had not been many hours at home, before she found that the Brighton scheme, of which Lydia had given them a hint at the inn, was under frequent discussion between her parents. Elizabeth saw directly that her father had not the smallest intention of yielding; but his answers were at the same time so vague and equivocal, that her mother, though often disheartened, had never yet despaired of succeeding at last.

Chapter 17

Elizabeth's impatience to acquaint Jane with what had happened could no longer be overcome; and at length resolving to suppress every particular in which her sister was concerned, and preparing her to be surprised, she related to her the next morning the chief of the scene between Mr. Darcy and herself.

Miss Bennet's astonishment was soon lessened by the strong sisterly partiality which made any admiration of Elizabeth appear perfectly natural; and all surprise was shortly lost in other feelings. She was sorry that Mr. Darcy should have delivered his sentiments in a manner so little suited to recommend them; but still more was she grieved for the unhappiness which her sister's refusal must have given him.

"His being so sure of succeeding, was wrong," said she; "and certainly ought not to have appeared; but consider how much it must increase his disappointment."

"Indeed," replied Elizabeth, "I am heartily sorry for him; but he has other feelings which will probably soon drive away his regard for me. You do not blame me, however, for refusing him?"

"Blame you! Oh, no."

"But you blame me for having spoken so warmly of Wickham."

"No—I do not know that you were wrong in saying what you did."

"But you *will* know it, when I have told you what happened the very next day."

She then spoke of the letter, repeating the whole of its contents as far as they concerned George Wickham. What a stroke was this for poor Jane! who would willingly have gone through the world without believing that so much wickedness existed in the whole race of mankind, as was here collected in one individual. Nor was Darcy's vindication, though grateful to her feelings, capable of consoling her for such discovery. Most earnestly did she labour to prove the probability of error, and seek to clear one, without involving the other.

"This will not do," said Elizabeth. "You never will be able to make both of them good for any thing. Take your choice, but you must be satisfied with only one. There is but such a quantity of merit between them; just enough to make one good sort of man; and of late it has been shifting about pretty much. For my part, I am inclined to believe it all Mr. Darcy's, but you shall do as you chuse."

It was some time, however, before a smile could be extorted from Jane.

"I do not know when I have been more shocked," said she. "Wickham so very bad! It is almost past belief. And poor Mr. Darcy! dear Lizzy, only consider what he must have suffered. Such a disappointment! and with the knowledge of your ill opinion too! and having to relate such a thing of his sister! It is really too distressing. I am sure you must feel it so."

"Oh! no, my regret and compassion are all done away by seeing you so full of both. I know you will do him such ample justice, that I am growing every moment more unconcerned and indifferent. Your profusion makes me saving;[1] and if you lament over him much longer, my heart will be as light as a feather."[2]

"Poor Wickham; there is such an expression of goodness in his countenance! such an openness and gentleness in his manner."

"There certainly was some great mismanagement in the education of those two young men. One has got all the goodness, and the other all the appearance of it."

"I never thought Mr. Darcy so deficient in the *appearance* of it as you used to do."

"And yet I meant to be uncommonly clever in taking so decided a dislike to him, without any reason. It is such a spur to one's genius, such an opening for wit to have a dislike of that kind. One may be continually abusive without saying any thing just; but one cannot be always laughing at a man without now and then stumbling on something witty."

"Lizzy, when you first read that letter, I am sure you could not treat the matter as you do now."

"Indeed I could not. I was uncomfortable enough. I was very uncomfortable, I may say unhappy. And with no one to speak to, of what I felt, no Jane to comfort me and say that I had not been so very weak and vain and nonsensical as I knew I had! Oh! how I wanted you!"

"How unfortunate that you should have used such very strong expressions in speaking of Wickham to Mr. Darcy, for now they *do* appear wholly undeserved."

"Certainly. But the misfortune of speaking with bitterness, is a most natural consequence of the prejudices I had been encouraging. There is one point, on which I want your advice. I want to be told whether I ought, or ought not to make our acquaintance in general understand Wickham's character."

Miss Bennet paused a little and then replied, "Surely there can be no occasion for exposing him so dreadfully. What is your own opinion?"

"That it ought not to be attempted. Mr. Darcy has not authorised me to make his communication public. On the contrary every particular relative to his sister, was meant to be kept as much as possible to myself; and if I endeavour to undeceive people as to the rest of his conduct, who will believe me? The general prejudice against Mr. Darcy is so violent, that it would be the death of half the good people in Meryton, to attempt to place him in an amiable light. I am not equal to it. Wickham will soon be gone; and therefore it will not signify to anybody here, what he really is. Sometime hence it will be all found out, and then we may laugh at their stupidity in not knowing it before. At present I will say nothing about it."

"You are quite right. To have his errors made public might ruin him forever. He is now perhaps sorry for what he has done, and anxious to re-establish a character. We must not make him desperate."

The tumult of Elizabeth's mind was allayed by this conversation. She had got rid of two of the secrets which had weighed on her for a fortnight, and was certain of a willing listener in Jane, whenever she might wish to talk again of either. But there was still something lurking behind, of which prudence forbad the disclosure. She dared not relate the other half of Mr. Darcy's letter, nor explain to her sister how sincerely she had been valued by his friend. Here was knowledge in which no one could partake; and she was sensible that nothing less than a perfect understanding between the parties could justify her in throwing off this last incumbrance of mystery. "And then," said she, "if that very improbable event should ever take place, I shall merely be able to tell what Bingley may tell in a much more agreeable manner himself. The liberty of communication cannot be mine till it has lost all its value!"

She was now, on being settled at home, at leisure to observe the real state of her sister's spirits. Jane was not happy. She still cherished a very tender affection for Bingley. Having never even fancied herself in love before, her regard had all the warmth of first attachment, and from her age and disposition, greater steadiness than first attachments often boast; and so fervently did she value his remembrance, and prefer him to every other man, that all her good sense, and all her attention to the feelings of her friends, were requisite to check the indulgence of those regrets, which must have been injurious to her own health and their tranquillity.

"Well, Lizzy," said Mrs. Bennet one day, "what is your opinion *now* of this sad business of Jane's? For my part, I am determined never to speak of it again to anybody. I told my sister Philips so the other day. But I cannot find out that Jane saw any thing of him in London. Well, he is a very undeserving young man—and I do not suppose there is the least chance in the world of her ever getting him now. There is no talk of his coming to Netherfield again in the summer; and I have enquired of every body too, who is likely to know."

"I do not believe that he will ever live at Netherfield any more."

"Oh, well! it is just as he chooses. Nobody wants him to come. Though I shall always say that he used my daughter extremely ill; and if I was her, I would not have put up with it. Well, my comfort is, I am sure Jane will die of a broken heart, and then he will be sorry for what he has done."

But as Elizabeth could not receive comfort from any such expectation, she made no answer.

"Well, Lizzy," continued her mother soon afterwards, "and so the Collinses live very comfortable, do they? Well, well, I only hope it will last. And what sort of table do they keep? Charlotte is an excellent manager, I dare say. If she is half as

sharp as her mother, she is saving enough. There is nothing extravagant in *their* housekeeping, I dare say."

"No, nothing at all."

"A great deal of good management, depend upon it. Yes, yes. *They* will take care not to outrun their income. *They* will never be distressed for money. Well, much good may it do them! And so, I suppose, they often talk of having Longbourn when your father is dead. They look upon it quite as their own, I dare say, whenever that happens."

"It was a subject which they could not mention before me."

"No. It would have been strange if they had. But I make no doubt, they often talk of it between themselves. Well, if they can be easy with an estate that is not lawfully their own,[3] so much the better. *I* should be ashamed of having one that was only entailed on me."

Chapter 18

The first week of their return was soon gone The second began. It was the last of the regiment's stay in Meryton, and all the young ladies in the neighbourhood were drooping apace.[1] The dejection was almost universal. The elder Miss Bennets alone were still able to eat, drink, and sleep, and pursue the usual course of their employments. Very frequently were they reproached for this insensibility by Kitty and Lydia, whose own misery was extreme, and who could not comprehend such hard-heartedness in any of the family.

"Good Heaven! What is to become of us! What are we to do!" would they often exclaim in the bitterness of woe. "How can you be smiling so, Lizzy?" Their affectionate mother shared all their grief; she remembered what she had herself endured on a similar occasion, five and twenty years ago.

"I am sure," said she, "I cried for two days together when Colonel Millar's regiment went away. I thought I should have broke my heart."

"I am sure I shall break *mine*," said Lydia.

"If one could but go to Brighton!" observed Mrs. Bennet.

"Oh, yes!—if one could but go to Brighton! But papa is so disagreeable."

"A little sea-bathing[2] would set me up for ever."

"And my aunt Philips is sure it would do *me* a great deal of good," added Kitty.

Such were the kind of lamentations resounding perpetually through Longbourn-house. Elizabeth tried to be diverted by

them; but all sense of pleasure was lost in shame. She felt anew the justice of Mr. Darcy's objections; and never had she before been so much disposed to pardon his interference in the views of his friend.

But the gloom of Lydia's prospect[3] was shortly cleared away; for she received an invitation from Mrs. Forster, the wife of the Colonel of the regiment, to accompany her to Brighton. This invaluable friend was a very young woman, and very lately married. A resemblance in good humour and good spirits had recommended her and Lydia to each other, and out of their *three* months' acquaintance they had been intimate *two*.

The rapture of Lydia on this occasion, her adoration of Mrs. Forster, the delight of Mrs. Bennet, and the mortification of Kitty, are scarcely to be described. Wholly inattentive to her sister's feelings, Lydia flew about the house in restless ecstacy, calling for every one's congratulations, and laughing and talking with more violence than ever; whilst the luckless Kitty continued in the parlour repining at her fate in terms as unreasonable as her accent[4] was peevish.

"I cannot see why Mrs. Forster should not ask *me* as well as Lydia," said she, "though I am *not* her particular friend. I have just as much right to be asked as she has, and more too, for I am two years older."

In vain did Elizabeth attempt to make her reasonable, and Jane to make her resigned. As for Elizabeth herself, this invitation was so far from exciting in her the same feelings as in her mother and Lydia, that she considered it as the death warrant of all possibility of common sense for the latter; and detestable as such a step must make her were it known, she could not help secretly advising her father not to let her go. She represented to him all the improprieties of Lydia's general behaviour, the little advantage she could derive from the

friendship of such a woman as Mrs. Forster, and the probability of her being yet more imprudent with such a companion at Brighton, where the temptations[5] must be greater than at home. He heard her attentively, and then said,

"Lydia will never be easy till she has exposed herself[6] in some public place or other, and we can never expect her to do it with so little expense or inconvenience to her family as under the present circumstances."

"If you were aware," said Elizabeth, "of the very great disadvantage to us all, which must arise from the public notice of Lydia's unguarded and imprudent manner; nay, which has already arisen from it, I am sure you would judge differently in the affair."

"Already arisen!" repeated Mr. Bennet. "What, has she frightened away some of your lovers? Poor little Lizzy! But do not be cast down. Such squeamish youths as cannot bear to be connected with a little absurdity, are not worth a regret. Come, let me see the list of the pitiful fellows who have been kept aloof by Lydia's folly."

"Indeed you are mistaken. I have no such injuries to resent. It is not of peculiar, but of general evils, which I am now complaining. Our importance, our respectability in the world, must be affected by the wild volatility, the assurance[7] and disdain of all restraint which mark Lydia's character. Excuse me—for I must speak plainly. If you, my dear father, will not take the trouble of checking her exuberant spirits, and of teaching her that her present pursuits are not to be the business of her life, she will soon be beyond the reach of amendment. Her character will be fixed, and she will, at sixteen, be the most determined flirt that ever made herself and her family ridiculous. A flirt too, in the worst and meanest degree of flirtation; without any attraction beyond youth and a tolerable person; and from the ignorance and emptiness

of her mind, wholly unable to ward off any portion of that universal contempt which her rage for admiration will excite. In this danger Kitty is also comprehended. She will follow wherever Lydia leads. Vain, ignorant, idle, and absolutely uncontrouled! Oh! my dear father, can you suppose it possible that they will not be censured and despised wherever they are known, and that their sisters will not be often involved in the disgrace?"

Mr. Bennet saw that her whole heart was in the subject; and affectionately taking her hand, said in reply,

"Do not make yourself uneasy, my love. Wherever you and Jane are known, you must be respected and valued; and you will not appear to less advantage for having a couple of— or I may say, three very silly sisters. We shall have no peace at Longbourn if Lydia does not go to Brighton. Let her go then. Colonel Forster is a sensible man, and will keep her out of any real mischief; and she is luckily too poor to be an object of prey to any body. At Brighton she will be of less importance even as a common flirt than she has been here. The officers will find women better worth their notice. Let us hope, therefore, that her being there may teach her her own insignificance. At any rate, she cannot grow many degrees worse, without authorizing us to lock her up for the rest of her life."

With this answer Elizabeth was forced to be content; but her own opinion continued the same, and she left him disappointed and sorry. It was not in her nature, however, to increase her vexations by dwelling on them. She was confident of having performed her duty, and to fret over unavoidable evils, or augment them by anxiety, was no part of her disposition.

Had Lydia and her mother known the substance of her conference with her father, their indignation would hardly

have found expression in their united volubility. In Lydia's imagination, a visit to Brighton comprised every possibility of earthly happiness. She saw with the creative eye of fancy, the streets of that gay bathing place[8] covered with officers. She saw herself the object of attention, to tens and to scores of them at present unknown. She saw all the glories of the camp; its tents stretched forth in beauteous uniformity of lines, crowded with the young and the gay, and dazzling with scarlet;[9] and to complete the view, she saw herself seated beneath a tent, tenderly flirting with at least six officers at once.

Had she known that her sister sought to tear her from such prospects and such realities as these, what would have been her sensations? They could have been understood only by her mother, who might have felt nearly the same. Lydia's going to Brighton was all that consoled her for the melancholy conviction of her husband's never intending to go there himself.

But they were entirely ignorant of what had passed; and their raptures continued with little intermission to the very day of Lydia's leaving home.

Elizabeth was now to see Mr. Wickham for the last time. Having been frequently in company with him since her return, agitation was pretty well over; the agitations of former partiality entirely so. She had even learnt to detect, in the very gentleness which had first delighted her, an affectation and a sameness to disgust and weary.[10] In his present behaviour to herself, moreover, she had a fresh source of displeasure, for the inclination he soon testified of renewing those attentions which had marked the early part of their acquaintance, could only serve, after what had since passed, to provoke her. She lost all concern for him in finding herself thus selected

as the object of such idle and frivolous gallantry; and while she steadily repressed it, could not but feel the reproof contained in his believing, that however long, and for whatever cause, his attentions had been withdrawn, her vanity would be gratified and her preference secured at any time by their renewal.

On the very last day of the regiment's remaining in Meryton, he dined with others of the officers at Longbourn; and so little was Elizabeth disposed to part from him in good humour, that on his making some enquiry as to the manner in which her time had passed at Hunsford, she mentioned Colonel Fitzwilliam's and Mr. Darcy's having both spent three weeks at Rosings, and asked him if he were acquainted with the former.

He looked surprised, displeased, alarmed; but with a moment's recollection and a returning smile, replied, that he had formerly seen him often; and after observing that he was a very gentlemanlike man, asked her how she had liked him. Her answer was warmly in his favour. With an air of indifference he soon afterwards added, "How long did you say that he was at Rosings?"

"Nearly three weeks."

"And you saw him frequently?"

"Yes, almost every day."

"His manners are very different from his cousin's."

"Yes, very different. But I think Mr. Darcy improves on acquaintance."

"Indeed!" cried Wickham with a look which did not escape her. "And pray may I ask?" but checking himself, he added in a gayer tone. "Is it in address that he improves? Has he deigned to add ought[11] of civility to his ordinary style? for I dare not hope," he continued in a lower and more serious tone, "that he is improved in essentials."

"Oh, no!" said Elizabeth. "In essentials, I believe, he is very much what he ever was."

While she spoke, Wickham looked as if scarcely knowing whether to rejoice over her words, or to distrust their meaning. There was a something in her countenance which made him listen with an apprehensive and anxious attention, while she added,

"When I said that he improved on acquaintance, I did not mean that either his mind or manners were in a state of improvement, but that from knowing him better, his disposition was better understood."

Wickham's alarm now appeared in a heightened complexion and agitated look; for a few minutes[12] he was silent; till, shaking off his embarrassment, he turned to her again, and said in the gentlest of accents,

"You, who so well know my feelings towards Mr. Darcy, will readily comprehend how sincerely I must rejoice that he is wise enough to assume even the *appearance* of what is right. His pride, in that direction, may be of service, if not to himself, to many others, for it must deter him from such foul misconduct as I have suffered by. I only fear that the sort of cautiousness, to which you, I imagine, have been alluding, is merely adopted on his visits to his aunt, of whose good opinion and judgment he stands much in awe. His fear of her, has always operated, I know, when they were together; and a good deal is to be imputed to his wish of forwarding the match with Miss De Bourgh, which I am certain he has very much at heart."

Elizabeth could not repress a smile at this, but she answered only by a slight inclination of the head. She saw that he wanted to engage her on the old subject of his grievances, and she was in no humour to indulge him. The rest of the evening passed with the *appearance*, on his side, of usual cheerfulness,

but with no farther attempt to distinguish Elizabeth; and they parted at last with mutual civility, and possibly a mutual desire of never meeting again.

When the party broke up, Lydia returned with Mrs. Forster to Meryton, from whence they were to set out early the next morning. The separation between her and her family was rather noisy than pathetic.[13] Kitty was the only one who shed tears; but she did weep from vexation and envy. Mrs. Bennet was diffuse in her good wishes for the felicity of her daughter, and impressive[14] in her injunctions that she would not miss the opportunity of enjoying herself as much as possible; advice, which there was every reason to believe would be attended to; and in the clamorous happiness of Lydia herself in bidding farewell, the more gentle adieus of her sister were uttered without being heard.

Chapter 19

Had Elizabeth's opinion been all drawn from her own family, she could not have formed a very pleasing picture of conjugal felicity or domestic comfort. Her father captivated by youth and beauty, and that appearance of good humour, which youth and beauty generally give, had married a woman whose weak understanding and illiberal[1] mind, had very early in their marriage put an end to all real affection for her. Respect, esteem, and confidence,[2] had vanished for ever; and all his views of domestic happiness were overthown. But Mr. Bennet was not of a disposition to seek comfort for the disappointment which his own imprudence had brought on, in any of those pleasures which too often console the unfortunate for their folly or their vice. He was fond of[3] the country and of books; and from these tastes had arisen his principal enjoyments. To his wife he was very little otherwise indebted, than as her ignorance and folly had contributed to his amusement. This is not the sort of happiness which a man would in general wish to owe to his wife; but where other powers of entertainment are wanting, the true philosopher will derive benefit from such as are given.

Elizabeth, however, had never been blind to the impropriety of her father's behaviour as a husband. She had always seen it with pain; but respecting his abilities, and grateful for his affectionate treatment of herself, she endeavoured to forget what she could not overlook, and to banish from her thoughts that continual breach of conjugal obligation and

decorum which, in exposing his wife to the contempt of her own children, was so highly reprehensible. But she had never felt so strongly as now, the disadvantages which must attend the children of so unsuitable a marriage, nor ever been so fully aware of the evils arising from so ill-judged a direction of talents; talents which rightly used, might at least have preserved the respectability of his daughters, even if incapable of enlarging the mind of his wife.

When Elizabeth had rejoiced over Wickham's departure, she found little other cause for satisfaction in the loss of the regiment. Their parties abroad[4] were less varied than before; and at home she had a mother and sister whose constant repinings at the dulness of every thing around them, threw a real gloom over their domestic circle; and, though Kitty might in time regain her natural degree of sense, since the disturbers of her brain were removed, her other sister, from whose disposition greater evil might be apprehended, was likely to be hardened in all her folly and assurance, by a situation of such double danger as a watering place[5] and a camp. Upon the whole, therefore, she found, what has been sometimes found before, that an event to which she had looked forward with impatient desire, did not in taking place, bring all the satisfaction she had promised herself. It was consequently necessary to name some other period for the commencement of actual felicity; to have some other point on which her wishes and hopes might be fixed, and by again enjoying the pleasure of anticipation, console herself for the present, and prepare for another disappointment. Her tour to the Lakes was now the object of her happiest thoughts; it was her best consolation for all the uncomfortable hours, which the discontentedness of her mother and Kitty made inevitable; and could she have included Jane in the scheme, every part of it would have been perfect.

"But it is fortunate," thought she "that I have something to wish for. Were the whole arrangement complete, my disappointment would be certain. But here, by carrying with me one ceaseless source of regret in my sister's absence, I may reasonably hope to have all my expectations of pleasure realized. A scheme of which every part promises delight, can never be successful; and general disappointment is only warded off by the defence of some little peculiar vexation."

When Lydia went away, she promised to write very often and very minutely to her mother and Kitty; but her letters were always long expected, and always very short. Those to her mother, contained little else, than that they were just returned from the library, where such and such officers had attended them, and where she had seen such beautiful ornaments[6] as made her quite wild; that she had a new gown, or a new parasol, which she would have described more fully, but was obliged to leave off in a violent hurry, as Mrs. Forster called her, and they were going to the camp;—and from her correspondence with her sister, there was still less to be learnt—for her letters to Kitty, though rather longer, were much too full of lines under the words[7] to be made public.

After the first fortnight or three weeks of her absence, health, good humour and cheerfulness began to re-appear at Longbourn. Everything wore a happier aspect. The families who had been in town for the winter came back again, and summer finery and summer engagements arose. Mrs. Bennet was restored to her usual querulous serenity, and by the middle of June Kitty was so much recovered as to be able to enter Meryton without tears; an event of such happy promise as to make Elizabeth hope, that by the following Christmas, she might be so tolerably reasonable as not to mention an officer above once a day, unless by some cruel and malicious

arrangement at the war-office,[8] another regiment should be quartered in Meryton.

The time fixed for the beginning of their Northern tour was now fast approaching; and a fortnight only was wanting of it, when a letter arrived from Mrs. Gardiner, which at once delayed its commencement and curtailed its extent. Mr. Gardiner would be prevented by business from setting out till a fortnight later in July, and must be in London again within a month; and as that left too short a period for them to go so far,[9] and see so much as they had proposed, or at least to see it with the leisure and comfort they had built on, they were obliged to give up the Lakes, and substitute a more contracted tour; and, according to the present plan, were to go no farther northward than Derbyshire.[10] In that county, there was enough to be seen, to occupy the chief of their three weeks; and to Mrs. Gardiner it had a peculiarly strong attraction. The town where she had formerly passed some years of her life, and where they were now to spend a few days, was probably as great an object of her curiosity, as all the celebrated beauties[11] of Matlock,[12] Chatsworth,[13] Dovedale,[14] or the Peak.[15]

Elizabeth was excessively disappointed; she had set her heart on seeing the Lakes; and still thought there might have been time enough. But it was her business to be satisfied—and certainly her temper to be happy; and all was soon right again.

With the mention of Derbyshire, there were many ideas connected. It was impossible for her to see the word without thinking of Pemberley and its owner. "But surely," said she, "I may enter his county with impunity, and rob it of a few petrified spars[16] without his perceiving me."

The period of expectation was now doubled. Four weeks were to pass away before her uncle and aunt's arrival. But they

did pass away, and Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, with their four children, did at length appear at Longbourn. The children, two girls of six and eight years old, and two younger boys, were to be left under the particular care of their cousin Jane, who was the general favourite, and whose steady sense and sweetness of temper exactly adapted her for attending to them in every way—teaching them, playing with them, and loving them.

The Gardiners staid only one night at Longbourn, and set off the next morning with Elizabeth in pursuit of novelty and amusement. One enjoyment was certain—that of suitableness as companions; a suitableness which comprehended health and temper to bear inconveniences—cheerfulness to enhance every pleasure—and affection and intelligence, which might supply it among themselves if there were disappointments abroad.

It is not the object of this work to give a description of Derbyshire, nor of any of the remarkable places[17] through which their route thither lay; Oxford, Blenheim, Warwick, Kenelworth, Birmingham,[18] &c. are sufficiently known. A small part of Derbyshire is all the present concern. To the little town of Lambton,[19] the scene of Mrs. Gardiner's former residence, and where she had lately learned that some acquaintance still remained, they bent their steps, after having seen all the principal wonders of the country; and within five miles of Lambton, Elizabeth found from her aunt, that Pemberley was situated. It was not in their direct road, nor more than a mile or two out of it. In talking over their route the evening before, Mrs. Gardiner expressed an inclination to see the place again. Mr. Gardiner declared his willingness, and Elizabeth was applied to for her approbation.

"My love, should not you like to see a place of which you have heard so much?" said her aunt. "A place too, with

which so many of your acquaintance are connected. Wickham passed all his youth there, you know."

Elizabeth was distressed. She felt that she had no business at Pemberley, and was obliged to assume a disinclination for seeing it. She must own that she was tired of great houses; after going over so many, she really had no pleasure in fine carpets or satin curtains.

Mrs. Gardiner abused her stupidity. "If it were merely a fine house richly furnished," said she, "I should not care about it myself; but the grounds are delightful. They have some of the finest woods in the country."

Elizabeth said no more—but her mind could not acquiesce. The possibility of meeting Mr. Darcy, while viewing the place, instantly occurred. It would be dreadful! She blushed at the very idea; and thought it would be better to speak openly to her aunt, than to run such a risk. But against this, there were objections; and she finally resolved that it could be the last resource, if her private enquiries as to the absence of the family, were unfavourably answered.

Accordingly, when she retired at night, she asked the chambermaid whether Pemberley were not a very fine place, what was the name of its proprietor, and with no little alarm, whether the family were down for the summer.[20] A most welcome negative followed the last question—and her alarms being now removed, she was at leisure to feel a great deal of curiosity to see the house herself; and when the subject was revived the next morning, and she was again applied to, could readily answer, and with a proper air of indifference, that she had not really any dislike to the scheme.

To Pemberley, therefore, they were to go.

END OF VOLUME II

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Volume III

Chapter 1

Elizabeth, as they drove along, watched for the first appearance of Pemberley Woods with some perturbation; and when at length they turned in at the lodge, her spirits were in a high flutter.

The park was very large, and contained great variety of ground.[1] They entered it in one of its lowest points, and drove for some time through a beautiful wood, stretching over a wide extent.

Elizabeth's mind was too full for conversation, but she saw and admired every remarkable spot and point of view. They gradually ascended for half a mile, and then found themselves at the top of a considerable eminence, where the wood ceased, and the eye was instantly caught by Pemberley House, situated on the opposite side of a valley, into which the road with some abruptness wound. It was a large, handsome, stone building, standing well on rising ground, and backed by a ridge of high woody hills;—and in front, a stream of some natural importance was swelled into greater, but without any artificial appearance. Its banks were neither formal, nor falsely adorned.[2] Elizabeth was delighted. She had never seen a place for which nature had done more, or where natural beauty had been so little counteracted by an awkward taste. They were all of them warm in their admiration; and at that moment she felt, that to be mistress of Pemberley might be something!

They descended the hill, crossed the bridge, and drove to the door; and, while examining the nearer aspect of the house, all her apprehensions of meeting its owner returned. She dreaded lest the chambermaid had been mistaken. On applying to see the place, they were admitted into the hall;[3] and Elizabeth, as they waited for the housekeeper, had leisure to wonder at her being where she was.

The housekeeper came; a respectable-looking, elderly woman, much less fine, and more civil, than she had any notion of finding her. They followed her into the dining parlour. It was a large, well-proportioned room, handsomely fitted up. Elizabeth, after slightly surveying it, went to a window to enjoy its prospect.[4] The hill, crowned with wood, from which they had descended, receiving increased abruptness from the distance, was a beautiful object. Every disposition of the ground was good;[5] and she looked on the whole scene, the river, the trees scattered on its banks,[6] and the winding of the valley,[7] as far as she could trace it, with delight. As they passed into other rooms, these objects were taking different positions; but from every window there were beauties to be seen. The rooms were lofty and handsome, and their furniture suitable to the fortune of their proprietor; but Elizabeth saw, with admiration of his taste, that it was neither gaudy nor uselessly fine;[8] with less of splendor, and more real elegance, than the furniture[9] of Rosings.

"And of this place," thought she, "I might have been mistress! With these rooms I might now have been familiarly acquainted! Instead of viewing them as a stranger, I might have rejoiced in them as my own, and welcomed to them as visitors my uncle and aunt.—But no,"—recollecting herself,—"that could never be: my uncle and aunt would have been lost to me: I should not have been allowed to invite them."

This was a lucky recollection—it saved her from something like regret.

She longed to enquire of the housekeeper, whether her master were really absent, but had not courage for it. At length, however, the question was asked by her uncle; and she turned away with alarm, while Mrs. Reynolds replied, that he was, adding, "but we expect him to-morrow, with a large party of friends." How rejoiced was Elizabeth that their own journey had not by any circumstance been delayed a day!

Her aunt now called her to look at a picture. She approached, and saw the likeness of Mr. Wickham suspended, amongst several other miniatures,[10] over the mantlepiece.[11] Her aunt asked her, smilingly, how she liked it. The housekeeper came forward, and told them it was the picture of a young gentleman, the son of her late master's steward, who had been brought up by him at his own expence.—"He is now gone into the army," she added, "but I am afraid he has turned out very wild."

Mrs. Gardiner looked at her niece with a smile, but Elizabeth could not return it.

"And that," said Mrs. Reynolds, pointing to another of the miniatures, "is my master—and very like him. It was drawn at the same time as the other—about eight years ago."

"I have heard much of your master's fine person,"[12] said Mrs. Gardiner, looking at the picture; "it is a handsome face. But, Lizzy, you can tell us whether it is like or not."

Mrs. Reynolds's respect for Elizabeth seemed to increase on this intimation of her knowing her master.

"Does that young lady know Mr. Darcy?"

Elizabeth coloured, and said—"A little."

"And do not you think him a very handsome gentleman, Ma'am?"

"Yes, very handsome."

"I am sure *I* know none so handsome; but in the gallery up stairs you will see a finer, larger picture of him than this. This room was my late master's favourite room, and these miniatures are just as they used to be then. He was very fond of them."

This accounted to Elizabeth for Mr. Wickham's being among them.

Mrs. Reynolds then directed their attention to one of Miss Darcy, drawn when she was only eight years old.

"And is Miss Darcy as handsome as her brother?" said Mr. Gardiner.

"Oh! yes—the handsomest young lady that ever was seen; and so accomplished!—She plays and sings all day long. In the next room is a new instrument just come down for her—a present from my master; she comes here to-morrow with him."

Mr. Gardiner, whose manners were easy[13] and pleasant, encouraged her communicativeness by his questions and remarks; Mrs. Reynolds, either from pride or attachment, had evidently great pleasure in talking of her master and his sister.

"Is your master much at Pemberley in the course of the year?"

"Not so much as I could wish, Sir; but I dare say he may spend half his time here; and Miss Darcy is always down for the summer months."

"Except," thought Elizabeth, "when she goes to Ramsgate."

"If your master would marry, you might see more of him."

"Yes, Sir; but I do not know when *that* will be. I do not know who is good enough for him."

Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner smiled. Elizabeth could not help saying, "It is very much to his credit, I am sure, that you should think so."

"I say no more than the truth, and what every body will say that knows him," replied the other. Elizabeth thought this was going pretty far; and she listened with increasing astonishment as the housekeeper added, "I have never had a cross word from him in my life, and I have known him ever since he was four years old."

This was praise, of all others most extraordinary, most opposite to her ideas. That he was not a good tempered man, had been her firmest opinion. Her keenest attention was awakened; she longed to hear more, and was grateful to her uncle for saying,

"There are very few people of whom so much can be said. You are lucky in having such a master."

"Yes, Sir, I know I am. If I was to go through the world, I could not meet with a better. But I have always observed, that they who are good-natured when children, are good-natured when they grow up; and he was always the sweetest tempered, most generous-hearted, boy in the world."

Elizabeth almost stared at her.—"Can this be Mr. Darcy!" thought she.

"His father was an excellent man," said Mrs. Gardiner.

"Yes, Ma'am, that he was indeed; and his son will be just like him—just as affable to the poor."

Elizabeth listened, wondered, doubted, and was impatient for more. Mrs. Reynolds could interest her on no other point. She related the subject of the pictures, the dimensions of the rooms, and the price of the furniture, in vain. Mr. Gardiner, highly amused by the kind of family prejudice, to which he attributed her excessive commendation of her master, soon led again to the subject; and she dwelt with energy on his many merits, as they proceeded together up the great staircase.

"He is the best landlord, and the best master," said she, "that ever lived. Not like the wild young men now-a-days, who think of nothing but themselves. There is not one of his tenants or servants but what will give him a good name. Some people call him proud; but I am sure I never saw any thing of it. To my fancy, it is only because he does not rattle away like other young men."

"In what an amiable light does this place him!" thought Elizabeth.

"This fine account of him," whispered her aunt, as they walked, "is not quite consistent with his behaviour to our poor friend."

"Perhaps we might be deceived."

"That is not very likely; our authority [14] was too good."

On reaching the spacious lobby[15] above, they were shewn into a very pretty sitting-room, lately fitted up with greater elegance and lightness than the apartments below; and were informed that it was but just done, to give pleasure to Miss Darcy, who had taken a liking to the room, when last at Pemberley.

"He is certainly a good brother," said Elizabeth, as she walked towards one of the windows.

Mrs. Reynolds anticipated Miss Darcy's delight, when she should enter the room. "And this is always the way with him," she added.—"Whatever can give his sister any pleasure, is sure to be done in a moment. There is nothing he would not do for her."

The picture-gallery, and two or three of the principal bedrooms, were all that remained to be shewn. In the former were many good paintings; but Elizabeth knew nothing of the art; and from such as had been already visible below, she had willingly turned to look at some drawings of Miss Darcy's,

in crayons, whose subjects were usually more interesting, and also more intelligible.

In the gallery there were many family portraits, but they could have little to fix the attention of a stranger. Elizabeth walked on in quest of the only face whose features would be known to her. At last it arrested her—and she beheld a striking resemblance of Mr. Darcy, with such a smile over the face, as she remembered to have sometimes seen, when he looked at her. She stood several minutes before the picture in earnest contemplation, and returned to it again before they quitted the gallery. Mrs. Reynolds informed them, that it had been taken in his father's life time.

There was certainly at this moment, in Elizabeth's mind, a more gentle sensation towards the original, than she had ever felt in the height of their acquaintance. The commendation bestowed on him by Mrs. Reynolds was of no trifling nature. What praise is more valuable than the praise of an intelligent servant? As a brother, a landlord, a master, she considered how many people's happiness were in his guardianship!—How much of pleasure or pain it was in his power to bestow!—How much of good or evil must be done by him! Every idea that had been brought forward by the housekeeper was favourable to his character, and as she stood before the canvas, on which he was represented, and fixed his eyes upon herself, she thought of his regard with a deeper sentiment of gratitude[16] than it had ever raised before; she remembered its warmth, and softened its impropriety of expression.

When all of the house that was open to general inspection had been seen, they returned down stairs, and taking leave of the housekeeper, were consigned over to the gardener, who met them at the hall door.

As they walked across the lawn towards the river, Elizabeth turned back to look again; her uncle and aunt stopped also, and while the former was conjecturing as to the date of the building,[17] the owner of it himself suddenly came forward from the road, which led behind it to the stables.

They were within twenty yards of each other, and so abrupt was his appearance, that it was impossible to avoid his sight. Their eyes instantly met, and the cheeks of each were overspread with the deepest blush. He absolutely started, and for a moment seemed immoveable from surprise; but shortly recovering himself, advanced towards the party, and spoke to Elizabeth, if not in terms of perfect composure, at least of perfect civility.

She had instinctively turned away; but, stopping on his approach, received his compliments with an embarrassment impossible to be overcome. Had his first appearance, or his resemblance to the picture they had just been examining, been insufficient to assure the other two that they now saw Mr. Darcy, the gardener's expression of surprise, on beholding his master, must immediately have told it. They stood a little aloof while he was talking to their niece, who, astonished and confused, scarcely dared lift her eyes to his face, and knew not what answer she returned to his civil enquiries after her family. Amazed at the alteration in his manner since they last parted, every sentence that he uttered was increasing her embarrassment; and every idea of the impropriety of her being found there, recurring to her mind, the few minutes in which they continued together, were some of the most uncomfortable of her life. Nor did he seem much more at ease; when he spoke, his accent had none of its usual sedateness; and he repeated his enquiries as to the time of her having left Longbourn, and of her stay in Derbyshire, so often, and in so hurried a way, as plainly spoke the distraction of his thoughts.

At length, every idea seemed to fail him; and, after standing a few moments without saying a word, he suddenly recollected himself, and took leave.

The others then joined her, and expressed their admiration of his figure; but Elizabeth heard not a word, and, wholly engrossed by her own feelings, followed them in silence. She was overpowered by shame and vexation. Her coming there was the most unfortunate, the most ill-judged thing in the world! How strange must it appear to him! In what a disgraceful light might it not strike so vain a man! It might seem as if she had purposely thrown herself in his way again! Oh! why did she come? or, why did he thus come a day before he was expected? Had they been only ten minutes sooner, they should have been beyond the reach of his discrimination,[18] for it was plain that he was that moment arrived, that moment alighted from his horse or his carriage. She blushed again and again over the perverseness of the meeting. And his behaviour, so strikingly altered,—what could it mean? That he should even speak to her was amazing!—but to speak with such civility, to enquire after her family! Never in her life had she seen his manners so little dignified, never had he spoken with such gentleness as on this unexpected meeting. What a contrast did it offer to his last address in Rosings Park, when he put his letter into her hand! She knew not what to think, nor how to account for it.

They had now entered a beautiful walk by the side of the water, and every step was bringing forward a nobler fall of ground, or a finer reach[19] of the woods to which they were approaching: but it was some time before Elizabeth was sensible of any of it; and, though she answered mechanically to the repeated appeals of her uncle and aunt, and seemed to direct her eyes to such objects as they pointed out, she distinguished no part of the scene. Her thoughts were all fixed

on that one spot of Pemberley House, whichever it might be, where Mr. Darcy then was. She longed to know what at that moment was passing in his mind; in what manner he thought of her, and whether, in defiance of every thing, she was still dear to him. Perhaps he had been civil, only because he felt himself at ease; yet there had been *that* in his voice, which was not like ease. Whether he had felt more of pain or of pleasure in seeing her, she could not tell; but he certainly had not seen her with composure.

At length, however, the remarks of her companions on her absence of mind roused her, and she felt the necessity of appearing more like herself.

They entered the woods, and bidding adieu to the river for a while, ascended some of the higher grounds; whence, in spots where the opening of the trees[20] gave the eye power to wander, were many charming views of the valley, the opposite hills, with the long range of woods overspreading many, and occasionally part of the stream. Mr. Gardiner expressed a wish of going round the whole Park, but feared it might be beyond a walk. With a triumphant smile, they were told, that it was ten miles round. It settled the matter; and they pursued the accustomed circuit;[21] which brought them again, after some time, in a descent among hanging woods,[22] to the edge of the water, in one of its narrowest parts. They crossed it by a simple bridge, in character with the general air of the scene; it was a spot less adorned than any they had yet visited; and the valley, here contracted into a glen, allowed room only for the stream, and a narrow walk amidst the rough coppice-wood[23] which bordered it. Elizabeth longed to explore its windings; but when they had crossed the bridge, and perceived their distance from the house, Mrs. Gardiner, who was not a great walker, could go no farther, and thought only of returning to the carriage as quickly as possible. Her niece

was, therefore, obliged to submit, and they took their way towards the house on the opposite side of the river, in the nearest direction; but their progress was slow, for Mr. Gardiner, though seldom able to indulge the taste, was very fond of fishing, and was so much engaged in watching the occasional appearance of some trout in the water,[24] and talking to the man about them, that he advanced but little. Whilst wandering on in this slow manner, they were again surprised, and Elizabeth's astonishment was quite equal to what it had been at first, by the sight of Mr. Darcy approaching them, and at no great distance. The walk being here less sheltered than on the other side, allowed them to see him before they met. Elizabeth, however astonished, was at least more prepared for an interview than before, and resolved to appear and to speak with calmness, if he really intended to meet them. For a few moments, indeed, she felt that he would probably strike into some other path. This idea lasted while a turning in the walk concealed him from their view; the turning past, he was immediately before them. With a glance she saw, that he had lost none of his recent civility; and, to imitate his politeness, she began, as they met, to admire the beauty of the place; but she had not got beyond the words "delightful," and "charming," when some unlucky recollections obtruded, and she fancied that praise of Pemberley from her, might be mischievously construed. Her colour changed, and she said no more.

Mrs. Gardiner was standing a little behind; and on her pausing, he asked her, if she would do him the honour of introducing him to her friends. This was a stroke of civility for which she was quite unprepared; and she could hardly suppress a smile, at his being now seeking the acquaintance of some of those very people, against whom his pride had revolted, in his offer to herself. "What will be his surprise,"

thought she, "when he knows who they are! He takes them now for people of fashion."[25]

The introduction, however, was immediately made; and as she named their relationship to herself, she stole a sly look at him, to see how he bore it; and was not without the expectation of his decamping as fast as he could from such disgraceful companions. That he was *surprised* by the connexion[26] was evident; he sustained it however with fortitude, and so far from going away, turned back with them, and entered into conversation with Mr. Gardiner. Elizabeth could not but be pleased, could not but triumph. It was consoling, that he should know she had some relations for whom there was no need to blush. She listened most attentively to all that passed between them, and gloried in every expression, every sentence of her uncle, which marked his intelligence, his taste, or his good manners.

The conversation soon turned upon fishing, and she heard Mr. Darcy invite him, with the greatest civility, to fish there as often as he chose, while he continued in the neighbourhood, offering at the same time to supply him with fishing tackle, and pointing out those parts of the stream where there was usually most sport. Mrs. Gardiner, who was walking arm in arm with Elizabeth, gave her a look expressive of her wonder. Elizabeth said nothing, but it gratified her exceedingly; the compliment must be all for herself. Her astonishment, however, was extreme; and continually was she repeating, "Why is he so altered? From what can it proceed? It cannot be for *me*, it cannot be for *my* sake that his manners are thus softened. My reproofs at Hunsford could not work such a change as this. It is impossible that he should still love me."

After walking some time in this way, the two ladies in front, the two gentlemen behind, on resuming their places, after descending to the brink of the river for the better inspection

of some curious water-plant, there chanced to be a little alteration. It originated in Mrs. Gardiner, who, fatigued by the exercise of the morning, found Elizabeth's arm inadequate to her support, and consequently preferred her husband's. Mr. Darcy took her place by her niece, and they walked on together. After a short silence, the lady first spoke. She wished him to know that she had been assured of his absence before she came to the place, and accordingly began by observing, that his arrival had been very unexpected—"for your housekeeper," she added, "informed us that you would certainly not be here till to-morrow; and indeed, before we left Bakewell,[27] we understood that you were not immediately expected in the country." He acknowledged the truth of it all; and said that business with his steward had occasioned his coming forward a few hours before the rest of the party with whom he had been travelling. "They will join me early to-morrow," he continued, "and among them are some who will claim an acquaintance with you,—Mr. Bingley and his sisters."

Elizabeth answered only by a slight bow. Her thoughts were instantly driven back to the time when Mr. Bingley's name had been last mentioned between them; and if she might judge from his complexion, *his* mind was not very differently engaged.

"There is also one other person in the party," he continued after a pause, "who more particularly wishes to be known to you,—Will you allow me, or do I ask too much, to introduce my sister to your acquaintance during your stay at Lambton?"

The surprise of such an application was great indeed; it was too great for her to know in what manner she acceded to it. She immediately felt that whatever desire Miss Darcy might have of being acquainted with her, must be the work of her brother, and without looking farther, it was satisfactory;

it was gratifying to know that his resentment had not made him think really ill of her.

They now walked on in silence; each of them deep in thought. Elizabeth was not comfortable; that was impossible; but she was flattered and pleased. His wish of introducing his sister to her, was a compliment of the highest kind. They soon outstripped the others, and when they had reached the carriage, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner were half a quarter of a mile behind.

He then asked her to walk into the house—but she declared herself not tired, and they stood together on the lawn. At such a time, much might have been said, and silence was very awkward. She wanted to talk, but there seemed an embargo on every subject. At last she recollected that she had been travelling, and they talked of Matlock and Dove Dale with great perseverance. Yet time and her aunt moved slowly—and her patience and her ideas were nearly worn out before the tete-a-tete was over. On Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner's coming up, they were all pressed to go into the house and take some refreshment; but this was declined, and they parted on each side with the utmost politeness. Mr. Darcy handed the ladies into the carriage, and when it drove off, Elizabeth saw him walking slowly towards the house.

The observations of her uncle and aunt now began; and each of them pronounced him to be infinitely superior to any thing they had expected. "He is perfectly well behaved, polite, and unassuming," said her uncle.

"There *is* something a little stately in him to be sure," replied her aunt, "but it is confined to his air, and is not unbecoming. I can now say with the housekeeper, that though some people may call him proud, *I* have seen nothing of it."

"I was never more surprised than by his behaviour to us. It was more than civil; it was really attentive; and there was no

necessity for such attention. His acquaintance with Elizabeth was very trifling."

"To be sure, Lizzy," said her aunt, "he is not so handsome as Wickham; or rather he has not Wickham's countenance,[28] for his features are perfectly good. But how came you to tell us that he was so disagreeable?"

Elizabeth excused herself as well as she could; said that she had liked him better when they met in Kent than before, and that she had never seen him so pleasant as this morning.

"But perhaps he may be a little whimsical in his civilities," replied her uncle. "Your great men often are; and therefore I shall not take him at his word about fishing, as he might change his mind another day, and warn me off his grounds."

Elizabeth felt that they had entirely mistaken his character, but said nothing.

"From what we have seen of him," continued Mrs. Gardiner, "I really should not have thought that he could have behaved in so cruel a way by any body, as he has done by poor Wickham. He has not an ill-natured look. On the contrary, there is something pleasing about his mouth when he speaks. And there is something of dignity in his countenance, that would not give one an unfavourable idea of his heart. But to be sure, the good lady who shewed us the house, did give him a most flaming character![29] I could hardly help laughing aloud sometimes. But he is a liberal master, I suppose, and *that* in the eye of a servant comprehends every virtue."

Elizabeth here felt herself called on to say something in vindication of his behaviour to Wickham; and therefore gave them to understand, in as guarded a manner as she could, that by what she had heard from his relations in Kent, his actions were capable of a very different construction; and that his character was by no means so faulty, nor Wickham's so amiable, as they had been considered in Hertfordshire.

In confirmation of this, she related the particulars of all the pecuniary transactions in which they had been connected, without actually naming her authority, but stating it to be such as might be relied on.

Mrs. Gardiner was surprised and concerned; but as they were now approaching the scene of her former pleasures, every idea gave way to the charm of recollection; and she was too much engaged in pointing out to her husband all the interesting spots in its environs, to think of any thing else. Fatigued as she had been by the morning's walk, they had no sooner dined than she set off again in quest of her former acquaintance, and the evening was spent in the satisfactions of an intercourse renewed after many years discontinuance.

The occurrences of the day were too full of interest to leave Elizabeth much attention for any of these new friends; and she could do nothing but think, and think with wonder, of Mr. Darcy's civility, and above all, of his wishing her to be acquainted with his sister.

Chapter 2

Elizabeth had settled it that Mr. Darcy would bring his sister to visit her, the very day after her reaching Pemberley; and was consequently resolved not to be out of sight of the inn the whole of that morning. But her conclusion was false; for on the very morning after their own arrival at Lambton, these visitors came. They had been walking about the place with some of their new friends, and were just returned to the inn to dress themselves for dining with the same family, when the sound of a carriage drew them to a window, and they saw a gentleman and lady in a curricle,[1] driving up the street. Elizabeth immediately recognising the livery,[2] guessed what it meant, and imparted no small degree of surprise to her relations, by acquainting them with the honour which she expected. Her uncle and aunt were all amazement; and the embarrassment of her manner as she spoke, joined to the circumstance itself, and many of the circumstances of the preceding day, opened to them a new idea on the business. Nothing had ever suggested it before, but they now felt that there was no other way of accounting for such attentions from such a quarter, than by supposing a partiality for their niece. While these newly-born notions were passing in their heads, the perturbation of Elizabeth's feelings was every moment increasing. She was quite amazed at her own discomposure; but amongst other causes of disquiet, she dreaded lest the partiality of the brother should have said too much in her favour; and more than commonly anxious to please,

she naturally suspected that every power of pleasing would fail her.

She retreated from the window, fearful of being seen; and as she walked up and down the room, endeavouring to compose herself, saw such looks of enquiring surprise in her uncle and aunt, as made every thing worse.

Miss Darcy and her brother appeared, and this formidable introduction took place. With astonishment did Elizabeth see, that her new acquaintance was at least as much embarrassed as herself. Since her being at Lambton, she had heard that Miss Darcy was exceedingly proud; but the observation of a very few minutes convinced her, that she was only exceedingly shy. She found it difficult to obtain even a word from her beyond a monosyllable.

Miss Darcy was tall, and on a larger scale than Elizabeth; and, though little more than sixteen, her figure was formed, and her appearance womanly and graceful. She was less handsome than her brother, but there was sense and good humour in her face, and her manners were perfectly unassuming and gentle. Elizabeth, who had expected to find in her as acute and unembarrassed an observer as ever Mr. Darcy had been, was much relieved by discerning such different feelings.

They had not been long together, before Darcy told her that Bingley was also coming to wait on her; and she had barely time to express her satisfaction, and prepare for such a visitor, when Bingley's quick step was heard on the stairs, and in a moment he entered the room. All Elizabeth's anger against him had been long done away; but, had she still felt any, it could hardly have stood its ground against the unaffected cordiality with which he expressed himself, on seeing her again. He enquired in a friendly, though general way, after her family, and looked and spoke with the same good-humoured ease that he had ever done.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner he was scarcely a less interesting personage than to herself. They had long wished to see him. The whole party before them, indeed, excited a lively attention. The suspicions which had just arisen of Mr. Darcy and their niece, directed their observation towards each with an earnest, though guarded, enquiry; and they soon drew from those enquiries the full conviction that one of them at least knew what it was to love. Of the lady's sensations they remained a little in doubt; but that the gentleman was overflowing with admiration was evident enough.

Elizabeth, on her side, had much to do. She wanted to ascertain the feelings of each of her visitors, she wanted to compose her own, and to make herself agreeable to all; and in the latter object, where she feared most to fail, she was most sure of success, for those to whom she endeavoured to give pleasure were prepossessed in her favour. Bingley was ready, Georgiana was eager, and Darcy determined, to be pleased.

In seeing Bingley, her thoughts naturally flew to her sister; and oh! how ardently did she long to know, whether any of his were directed in a like manner. Sometimes she could fancy, that he talked less than on former occasions, and once or twice pleased herself with the notion that as he looked at her, he was trying to trace a resemblance. But, though this might be imaginary, she could not be deceived as to his behaviour to Miss Darcy, who had been set up as a rival of Jane. No look appeared on either side that spoke particular regard. Nothing occurred between them that could justify the hopes of his sister. On this point she was soon satisfied; and two or three little circumstances occurred ere they parted, which, in her anxious interpretation, denoted a recollection of Jane, not untinctured by tenderness, and a wish of saying more that might lead to the mention of her, had he dared. He observed to her, at a moment when the others were talking

together, and in a tone which had something of real regret, that it "was a very long time since he had had the pleasure of seeing her;" and, before she could reply, he added, "It is above eight months. We have not met since the 26th of November, when we were all dancing together at Netherfield."

Elizabeth was pleased to find his memory so exact; and he afterwards took occasion to ask her, when unattended to by any of the rest, whether *all* her sisters were at Longbourn. There was not much in the question, nor in the preceding remark, but there was a look and a manner which gave them meaning.

It was not often that she could turn her eyes on Mr. Darcy himself; but, whenever she did catch a glimpse, she saw an expression of general complaisance, and in all that he said, she heard an accent so far removed from hauteur or disdain of his companions, as convinced her that the improvement of manners which she had yesterday witnessed, however temporary its existence might prove, had at least outlived one day. When she saw him thus seeking the acquaintance, and courting the good opinion of people, with whom any intercourse a few months ago would have been a disgrace; when she saw him thus civil, not only to herself, but to the very relations whom he had openly disdained, and recollected their last lively scene in Hunsford Parsonage, the difference, the change was so great, and struck so forcibly on her mind, that she could hardly restrain her astonishment from being visible. Never, even in the company of his dear friends at Netherfield, or his dignified relations at Rosings, had she seen him so desirous to please, so free from self-consequence, or unbending reserve as now, when no importance[3] could result from the success of his endeavours, and when even the acquaintance of those to whom his attentions were addressed, would draw down

the ridicule and censure of the ladies both of Netherfield and Rosings.

Their visitors staid with them above half an hour, and when they arose to depart, Mr. Darcy called on his sister to join him in expressing their wish of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, and Miss Bennet, to dinner at Pemberley, before they left the country. Miss Darcy, though with a diffidence which marked her little in the habit of giving invitations, readily obeyed. Mrs. Gardiner looked at her niece, desirous of knowing how *she*, whom the invitation most concerned, felt disposed as to its acceptance, but Elizabeth had turned away her head. Presuming, however, that this studied avoidance spoke rather a momentary embarrassment, than any dislike of the proposal, and seeing in her husband, who was fond of society, a perfect willingness to accept it, she ventured to engage for her attendance, and the day after the next was fixed on.

Bingley expressed great pleasure in the certainty of seeing Elizabeth again, having still a great deal to say to her, and many enquiries to make after all their Hertfordshire friends. Elizabeth, construing all this into a wish of hearing her speak of her sister, was pleased; and on this account, as well as some others, found herself, when their visitors left them, capable of considering the last half hour with some satisfaction, though while it was passing, the enjoyment of it had been little. Eager to be alone, and fearful of enquiries or hints from her uncle and aunt, she staid with them only long enough to hear their favourable opinion of Bingley, and then hurried away to dress.

But she had no reason to fear Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner's curiosity; it was not their wish to force her communication. It was evident that she was much better acquainted with Mr. Darcy than they had before any idea of; it was evident that he

was very much in love with her. They saw much to interest, but nothing to justify enquiry.

Of Mr. Darcy it was now a matter of anxiety to think well; and, as far as their acquaintance reached, there was no fault to find. They could not be untouched by his politeness, and had they drawn his character from their own feelings, and his servant's report, without any reference to any other account, the circle in Hertfordshire to which he was known, would not have recognised it for Mr. Darcy. There was now an interest, however, in believing the housekeeper; and they soon became sensible, that the authority of a servant who had known him since he was four years old, and whose own manners indicated respectability, was not to be hastily rejected. Neither had any thing occurred in the intelligence of their Lambton friends, that could materially lessen its weight. They had nothing to accuse him of but pride; pride he probably had, and if not, it would certainly be imputed by the inhabitants of a small market-town, where the family did not visit.[4] It was acknowledged, however, that he was a liberal man, and did much good among the poor.

With respect to Wickham, the travellers soon found that he was not held there in much estimation; for though the chief of his concerns, with the son of his patron, were imperfectly understood, it was yet a well known fact that, on his quitting Derbyshire, he had left many debts behind him, which Mr. Darcy afterwards discharged.

As for Elizabeth, her thoughts were at Pemberley this evening more than the last; and the evening, though as it passed it seemed long, was not long enough to determine her feelings towards *one* in that mansion; and she lay awake two whole hours, endeavouring to make them out. She certainly did not hate him. No; hatred had vanished long ago, and she had almost as long been ashamed of ever feeling a dislike

against him, that could be so called. The respect created by the conviction of his valuable qualities, though at first unwillingly admitted, had for some time ceased to be repugnant to her feelings; and it was now heightened into somewhat of a friendlier nature, by the testimony so highly in his favour, and bringing forward his disposition in so amiable a light, which yesterday had produced. But above all, above respect and esteem, there was a motive within her of good will which could not be overlooked. It was gratitude.—Gratitude, not merely for having once loved her, but for loving her still well enough, to forgive all the petulance and acrimony of her manner in rejecting him, and all the unjust accusations accompanying her rejection. He who, she had been persuaded, would avoid her as his greatest enemy, seemed, on this accidental meeting, most eager to preserve the acquaintance, and without any indelicate display of regard, or any peculiarity of manner,[5] where their two selves only were concerned, was soliciting the good opinion of her friends, and bent on making her known to his sister. Such a change in a man of so much pride, excited not only astonishment but gratitude—for to love, ardent love, it must be attributed; and as such its impression on her was of a sort to be encouraged, as by no means unpleasing, though it could not be exactly defined. She respected, she esteemed, she was grateful to him, she felt a real interest in his welfare; and she only wanted to know how far she wished that welfare to depend upon herself, and how far it would be for the happiness of both that she should employ the power, which her fancy told her she still possessed, of bringing on the renewal of his addresses.

It had been settled in the evening, between the aunt and niece, that such a striking civility as Miss Darcy's, in coming to them on the very day of her arrival at Pemberley, for she had reached it only to a late breakfast, ought to be imitated,

though it could not be equalled, by some exertion of politeness on their side; and, consequently, that it would be highly expedient to wait on her at Pemberley the following morning. They were, therefore, to go.—Elizabeth was pleased, though, when she asked herself the reason, she had very little to say in reply.

Mr. Gardiner left them soon after breakfast. The fishing scheme had been renewed the day before, and a positive engagement made of his meeting some of the gentlemen at Pemberley by noon.

Chapter 3

Convinced as Elizabeth now was that Miss Bingley's dislike of her had originated in jealousy, she could not help feeling how very unwelcome her appearance at Pemberley must be to her, and was curious to know with how much civility on that lady's side, the acquaintance would now be renewed.

On reaching the house, they were shewn through the hall into the saloon,[1] whose northern aspect rendered it delightful for summer. Its windows opening to the ground, admitted a most refreshing view of the high woody hills behind the house, and of the beautiful oaks and Spanish chesnuts[2] which were scattered over the intermediate lawn.

In this room they were received by Miss Darcy, who was sitting there with Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley, and the lady with whom she lived in London. Georgiana's reception of them was very civil; but attended with all that embarrassment which, though proceeding from shyness and the fear of doing wrong, would easily give to those who felt themselves inferior, the belief of her being proud and reserved.[3] Mrs. Gardiner and her niece, however, did her justice, and pitied[4] her.

By Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley, they were noticed only by a curtsey; and on their being seated, a pause, awkward as such pauses must always be, succeeded for a few moments. It was first broken by Mrs. Annesley, a genteel, agreeable-looking woman, whose endeavour to introduce some kind of discourse, proved her to be more truly well bred than either

of the others; and between her and Mrs. Gardiner, with occasional help from Elizabeth, the conversation was carried on. Miss Darcy looked as if she wished for courage enough to join in it; and sometimes did venture a short sentence, when there was least danger of its being heard.

Elizabeth soon saw that she was herself closely watched by Miss Bingley, and that she could not speak a word, especially to Miss Darcy, without calling her attention. This observation would not have prevented her from trying to talk to the latter, had they not been seated at an inconvenient distance; but she was not sorry to be spared the necessity of saying much. Her own thoughts were employing her. She expected every moment that some of the gentlemen would enter the room. She wished, she feared that the master of the house might be amongst them; and whether she wished or feared it most, she could scarcely determine. After sitting in this manner a quarter of an hour, without hearing Miss Bingley's voice, Elizabeth was roused by receiving from her a cold enquiry after the health of her family. She answered with equal indifference and brevity, and the other said no more.

The next variation which their visit afforded was produced by the entrance of servants with cold meat, cake, and a variety of all the finest fruits in season; but this did not take place till after many a significant look and smile from Mrs. Annesley to Miss Darcy had been given, to remind her of her post. There was now employment for the whole party; for though they could not all talk, they could all eat; and the beautiful pyramids of grapes, nectarines,[5] and peaches, soon collected them round the table.

While thus engaged, Elizabeth had a fair opportunity of deciding whether she most feared or wished for the appearance of Mr. Darcy, by the feelings which prevailed on his entering the room; and then, though but a moment before

she had believed her wishes to predominate, she began to regret that he came.

He had been some time with Mr. Gardiner, who, with two or three other gentlemen from the house, was engaged by the river, and had left him only on learning that the ladies of the family intended a visit to Georgiana that morning. No sooner did he appear, than Elizabeth wisely resolved to be perfectly easy and unembarrassed;—a resolution the more necessary to be made, but perhaps not the more easily kept, because she saw that the suspicions of the whole party were awakened against them, and that there was scarcely an eye which did not watch his behaviour when he first came into the room. In no countenance was attentive curiosity so strongly marked as in Miss Bingley's, in spite of the smiles which overspread her face whenever she spoke to one of its objects; for jealousy had not yet made her desperate, and her attentions to Mr. Darcy were by no means over. Miss Darcy, on her brother's entrance, exerted herself much more to talk; and Elizabeth saw that he was anxious for his sister and herself to get acquainted, and forwarded, as much as possible, every attempt at conversation on either side. Miss Bingley saw all this likewise; and, in the imprudence of anger, took the first opportunity of saying, with sneering civility,

"Pray, Miss Eliza, are not the ———shire militia removed from Meryton? They must be a great loss to *your* family."

In Darcy's presence she dared not mention Wickham's name; but Elizabeth instantly comprehended that he was uppermost in her thoughts; and the various recollections connected with him gave her a moment's distress; but, exerting herself vigorously to repel the ill-natured attack, she presently answered the question in a tolerably disengaged tone. While she spoke, an involuntary glance shewed her Darcy with an heightened complexion, earnestly looking at her, and his

sister overcome with confusion, and unable to lift up her eyes. Had Miss Bingley known what pain she was then giving her beloved friend, she undoubtedly would have refrained from the hint; but she had merely intended to discompose Elizabeth, by bringing forward the idea of a man to whom she believed her partial, to make her betray a sensibility which might injure her in Darcy's opinion, and perhaps to remind the latter of all the follies and absurdities, by which some part of her family were connected with that corps. Not a syllable had ever reached her of Miss Darcy's meditated elopement. To no creature had it been revealed, where secresy was possible, except to Elizabeth; and from all Bingley's connections her brother was particularly anxious to conceal it, from that very wish which Elizabeth had long ago attributed to him, of their becoming hereafter her own. He had certainly formed such a plan, and without meaning that it should affect his endeavour to separate him from Miss Bennet, it is probable that it might add something to his lively concern for the welfare of his friend.

Elizabeth's collected behaviour, however, soon quieted his emotion;[6] and as Miss Bingley, vexed and disappointed, dared not approach nearer to Wickham, Georgiana also recovered in time, though not enough to be able to speak any more. Her brother, whose eye she feared to meet, scarcely recollected her interest in the affair, and the very circumstance which had been designed to turn his thoughts from Elizabeth, seemed to have fixed them on her more, and more cheerfully.

Their visit did not continue long after the question and answer above-mentioned; and while Mr. Darcy was attending them to their carriage, Miss Bingley was venting her feelings in criticisms on Elizabeth's person, behaviour, and dress. But Georgiana would not join her. Her brother's recommendation was enough to ensure her favour: his judgment could not err,

and he had spoken in such terms of Elizabeth, as to leave Georgiana without the power of finding her otherwise than lovely and amiable. When Darcy returned to the saloon, Miss Bingley could not help repeating to him some part of what she had been saying to his sister.

"How very ill Eliza Bennet looks this morning, Mr. Darcy," she cried; "I never in my life saw any one so much altered as she is since the winter. She is grown so brown and coarse! Louisa and I were agreeing that we should not have known her again."

However little Mr. Darcy might have liked such an address, he contented himself with coolly replying, that he perceived no other alteration than her being rather tanned,[7]—no miraculous consequence of travelling in the summer.

"For my own part," she rejoined, "I must confess that I never could see any beauty in her. Her face is too thin; her complexion has no brilliancy; and her features are not at all handsome. Her nose wants character; there is nothing marked in its lines. Her teeth are tolerable, but not out of the common way; and as for her eyes, which have sometimes been called so fine, I never could perceive any thing extraordinary in them. They have a sharp, shrewish look, which I do not like at all; and in her air altogether, there is a self-sufficiency[8] without fashion, which is intolerable."

Persuaded as Miss Bingley was that Darcy admired Elizabeth, this was not the best method of recommending herself; but angry people are not always wise; and in seeing him at last look somewhat nettled, she had all the success she expected. He was resolutely silent however; and, from a determination of making him speak, she continued,

"I remember, when we first knew her in Hertfordshire, how amazed we all were to find that she was a reputed beauty; and I particularly recollect your saying one night, after they had

been dining at Netherfield, '*She* a beauty!—I should as soon call her mother a wit.' But afterwards she seemed to improve on you, and I believe you thought her rather pretty at one time."

"Yes," replied Darcy, who could contain himself no longer, "but *that* was only when I first knew her, for it is many months since I have considered her as one of the handsomest women of my acquaintance."

He then went away, and Miss Bingley was left to all the satisfaction of having forced him to say what gave no one any pain but herself.

Mrs. Gardiner and Elizabeth talked of all that had occurred, during their visit, as they returned, except what had particularly interested them both. The looks and behaviour of every body they had seen were discussed, except of the person who had mostly engaged their attention. They talked of his sister, his friends, his house, his fruit, of every thing but himself; yet Elizabeth was longing to know what Mrs. Gardiner thought of him, and Mrs. Gardiner would have been highly gratified by her niece's beginning the subject.

Chapter 4

Elizabeth had been a good deal disappointed in not finding a letter from Jane, on their first arrival at Lambton; and this disappointment had been renewed on each of the mornings that had now been spent there; but on the third, her repining was over, and her sister justified by the receipt of two letters from her at once, on one of which was marked that it had been missent elsewhere. Elizabeth was not surprised at it, as Jane had written the direction[1] remarkably ill.

They had just been preparing to walk as the letters came in; and her uncle and aunt, leaving her to enjoy them in quiet, set off by themselves. The one missent must be first attended to; it had been written five days ago. The beginning contained an account of all their little parties and engagements, with such news as the country afforded; but the latter half, which was dated a day later, and written in evident agitation, gave more important intelligence. It was to this effect:

"Since writing the above, dearest Lizzy, something has occurred of a most unexpected and serious nature; but I am afraid of alarming you—be assured that we are all well. What I have to say relates to poor Lydia. An express came at twelve last night, just as we were all gone to bed, from Colonel Forster, to inform us that she was gone off to Scotland[2] with one of his officers; to own the truth, with Wickham!—Imagine our surprise. To Kitty, however, it does not seem

so wholly unexpected. I am very, very sorry. So imprudent a match on both sides!—But I am willing to hope the best, and that his character has been misunderstood. Thoughtless and indiscreet I can easily believe him, but this step (and let us rejoice over it) marks nothing bad at heart. His choice is disinterested at least, for he must know my father can give her nothing. Our poor mother is sadly grieved. My father bears it better. How thankful am I, that we never let them know what has been said against him; we must forget it ourselves. They were off Saturday night about twelve, as is conjectured, but were not missed till yesterday morning at eight. The express was sent off directly. My dear Lizzy, they must have passed within ten miles of us. Colonel Forster gives us reason to expect him here soon. Lydia left a few lines for his wife, informing her of their intention. I must conclude, for I cannot be long from my poor mother. I am afraid you will not be able to make it out, but I hardly know what I have written."

Without allowing herself time for consideration, and scarcely knowing what she felt, Elizabeth on finishing this letter, instantly seized the other, and opening it with the utmost impatience, read as follows: it had been written a day later than the conclusion of the first.

"By this time, my dearest sister, you have received my hurried letter; I wish this may be more intelligible, but though not confined for time, my head is so bewildered that I cannot answer for being coherent. Dearest Lizzy, I hardly know what I would write, but I have bad news for you, and it cannot be delayed. Imprudent as a marriage between Mr. Wickham and our poor Lydia would be, we are now anxious to be assured it has taken place, for there is but too much reason to fear they are not gone to Scotland. Colonel Forster came yesterday, having left Brighton the day before, not many hours

after the express. Though Lydia's short letter to Mrs. F. gave them to understand that they were going to Gretna Green,[3] something was dropped by Denny expressing his belief that W. never intended to go there, or to marry Lydia at all, which was repeated to Colonel F. who instantly taking the alarm, set off from B. intending to trace their route. He did trace them easily to Clapham,[4] but no farther; for on entering that place they removed into a hackney-coach[5] and dismissed the chaise that brought them from Epsom.[6] All that is known after this is, that they were seen to continue the London road.[7] I know not what to think. After making every possible enquiry on that side London, Colonel F. came on into Hertfordshire, anxiously renewing them at all the turnpikes,[8] and at the inns in Barnet[9] and Hatfield,[10] but without any success, no such people had been seen to pass through. With the kindest concern he came on to Longbourn, and broke his apprehensions to us in a manner most creditable to his heart. I am sincerely grieved for him and Mrs. F. but no one can throw any blame on them. Our distress, my dear Lizzy, is very great. My father and mother believe the worst, but I cannot think so ill of him. Many circumstances might make it more eligible for them to be married privately[11] in town than to pursue their first plan; and even if *he* could form such a design against a young woman of Lydia's connections, which is not likely, can I suppose her so lost to every thing?—Impossible. I grieve to find, however, that Colonel F. is not disposed to depend upon their marriage; he shook his head when I expressed my hopes, and said he feared W. was not a man to be trusted. My poor mother is really ill and keeps her room. Could she exert herself it would be better, but this is not to be expected; and as to my father, I never in my life saw him so affected. Poor Kitty has anger[12] for having concealed their attachment; but as it was a matter of confidence one cannot

wonder. I am truly glad, dearest Lizzy, that you have been spared something of these distressing scenes; but now as the first shock is over, shall I own that I long for your return? I am not so selfish, however, as to press for it, if inconvenient. Adieu. I take up my pen again to do, what I have just told you I would not, but circumstances are such, that I cannot help earnestly begging you all to come here, as soon as possible. I know my dear uncle and aunt so well, that I am not afraid of requesting it, though I have still something more to ask of the former. My father is going to London with Colonel Forster instantly, to try to discover her. What he means to do, I am sure I know not; but his excessive distress will not allow him to pursue any measure in the best and safest way, and Colonel Forster is obliged to be at Brighton again to-morrow evening. In such an exigence[13] my uncle's advice and assistance would be every thing in the world; he will immediately comprehend what I must feel, and I rely upon his goodness."

"Oh! where, where is my uncle?" cried Elizabeth, darting from her seat as she finished the letter, in eagerness to follow him, without losing a moment of the time so precious; but as she reached the door, it was opened by a servant, and Mr. Darcy appeared. Her pale face and impetuous manner made him start, and before he could recover himself enough to speak, she, in whose mind every idea was superseded by Lydia's situation, hastily exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, but I must leave you. I must find Mr. Gardiner this moment, on business that cannot be delayed; I have not an instant to lose."

"Good God! what is the matter?" cried he, with more feeling than politeness; then recollecting himself, "I will not detain you a minute, but let me, or let the servant, go after Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. You are not well enough;—you cannot go yourself."

Elizabeth hesitated, but her knees trembled under her, and she felt how little would be gained by her attempting to pursue them. Calling back the servant, therefore, she commissioned him, though in so breathless an accent as made her almost unintelligible, to fetch his master and mistress home, instantly.

On his quitting the room, she sat down, unable to support herself, and looking so miserably ill, that it was impossible for Darcy to leave her, or to refrain from saying, in a tone of gentleness and commiseration, "Let me call your maid. Is there nothing you could take, to give you present relief?—A glass of wine;—shall I get you one?—You are very ill."

"No, I thank you;" she replied, endeavouring to recover herself. "There is nothing the matter with me. I am quite well. I am only distressed by some dreadful news which I have just received from Longbourn."

She burst into tears as she alluded to it, and for a few minutes could not speak another word. Darcy, in wretched suspense, could only say something indistinctly of his concern, and observe her in compassionate silence. At length, she spoke again. "I have just had a letter from Jane, with such dreadful news. It cannot be concealed from any one. My youngest sister has left all her friends—has eloped;—has thrown herself into the power of—of Mr. Wickham. They are gone off together from Brighton. *You* know him too well to doubt the rest. She has no money, no connections, nothing that can tempt him to—she is lost for ever."

Darcy was fixed in astonishment. "When I consider," she added, in a yet more agitated voice, "that *I* might have prevented it!—*I* who knew what he was. Had I but explained some part of it only—some part of what I learnt, to my own

family! Had his character been known, this could not have happened. But it is all, all too late now."

"I am grieved, indeed," cried Darcy: "grieved—shocked. But is it certain, absolutely certain?"

"Oh, yes!—They left Brighton together on Sunday night, and were traced almost to London, but not beyond; they are certainly not gone to Scotland."

"And what has been done, what has been attempted, to recover her?"

"My father is gone to London, and Jane has written to beg my uncle's immediate assistance, and we shall be off, I hope, in half an hour. But nothing can be done; I know very well that nothing can be done. How is such a man to be worked on?[14] How are they even to be discovered? I have not the smallest hope. It is every way horrible!"

Darcy shook his head in silent acquiescence.

"When *my* eyes were opened to his real character.—Oh! had I known what I ought, what I dared, to do! But I knew not—I was afraid of doing too much. Wretched, wretched, mistake!"

Darcy made no answer. He seemed scarcely to hear her, and was walking up and down the room in earnest meditation; his brow contracted, his air gloomy. Elizabeth soon observed, and instantly understood it. Her power was sinking; every thing *must* sink under such a proof of family weakness, such an assurance of the deepest disgrace. She could neither wonder nor condemn, but the belief of his self-conquest brought nothing consolatory to her bosom, afforded no palliation of her distress. It was, on the contrary, exactly calculated to make her understand her own wishes; and never had she so honestly felt that she could have loved him, as now, when all love must be vain.

But self, though it would intrude, could not engross her. Lydia—the humiliation, the misery, she was bringing on them all, soon swallowed up every private care; and covering her face with her handkerchief, Elizabeth was soon lost to every thing else; and, after a pause of several minutes, was only recalled to a sense of her situation by the voice of her companion, who, in a manner, which though it spoke compassion, spoke likewise restraint, said, "I am afraid you have been long desiring my absence, nor have I any thing to plead in excuse of my stay, but real, though unavailing, concern. Would to heaven that any thing could be either said or done on my part, that might offer consolation to such distress.—But I will not torment you with vain wishes, which may seem purposely to ask for your thanks. This unfortunate affair will, I fear, prevent my sister's having the pleasure of seeing you at Pemberley to day."

"Oh, yes. Be so kind as to apologize for us to Miss Darcy. Say that urgent business calls us home immediately. Conceal the unhappy truth as long as it is possible.—I know it cannot be long."

He readily assured her of his secrecy—again expressed his sorrow for her distress, wished it a happier conclusion than there was at present reason to hope, and leaving his compliments for her relations, with only one serious, parting, look, went away.

As he quitted the room, Elizabeth felt how improbable it was that they should ever see each other again on such terms of cordiality as had marked their several meetings in Derbyshire; and as she threw a retrospective glance over the whole of their acquaintance, so full of contradictions and varieties, sighed at the perverseness of those feelings which would now have promoted its continuance, and would formerly have rejoiced in its termination.

If gratitude and esteem are good foundations of affection, Elizabeth's change of sentiment will be neither improbable nor faulty. But if otherwise, if the regard springing from such sources is unreasonable or unnatural, in comparison of what is so often described as arising on a first interview with its object, and even before two words have been exchanged, nothing can be said in her defence, except that she had given somewhat of a trial to the latter method, in her partiality for Wickham, and that its ill success might perhaps authorise her to seek the other less interesting mode of attachment. Be that as it may, she saw him go with regret; and in this early example of what Lydia's infamy must produce, found additional anguish as she reflected on that wretched business. Never, since reading Jane's second letter, had she entertained a hope of Wickham's meaning to marry her. No one but Jane, she thought, could flatter herself with such an expectation. Surprise was the least of her feelings on this developement. While the contents of the first letter remained on her mind, she was all surprise—all astonishment that Wickham should marry a girl, whom it was impossible he could marry for money; and how Lydia could ever have attached him, had appeared incomprehensible. But now it was all too natural. For such an attachment as this, she might have sufficient charms; and though she did not suppose Lydia to be deliberately engaging in an elopement, without the intention of marriage, she had no difficulty in believing that neither her virtue[15] nor her understanding would preserve her from falling an easy prey.

She had never perceived, while the regiment was in Hertfordshire, that Lydia had any partiality for him, but she was convinced that Lydia had wanted only encouragement to attach herself to any body. Sometimes one officer, sometimes another had been her favourite, as their attentions raised them in her opinion. Her affections had been continually

fluctuating, but never without an object. The mischief of neglect and mistaken indulgence towards such a girl.—Oh! how acutely did she now feel it.

She was wild to be at home—to hear, to see, to be upon the spot, to share with Jane in the cares that must now fall wholly upon her, in a family so deranged; a father absent, a mother incapable of exertion, and requiring constant attendance; and though almost persuaded that nothing could be done for Lydia, her uncle's interference seemed of the utmost importance, and till he entered the room, the misery of her impatience was severe. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner had hurried back in alarm, supposing, by the servant's account, that their niece was taken suddenly ill;—but satisfying them instantly on that head, she eagerly communicated the cause of their summons, reading the two letters aloud, and dwelling on the postscript of the last, with trembling energy.—Though Lydia had never been a favourite with them, Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner could not but be deeply affected. Not Lydia only, but all were concerned in it; and after the first exclamations of surprise and horror, Mr. Gardiner readily promised every assistance in his power.—Elizabeth, though expecting no less, thanked him with tears of gratitude; and all three being actuated by one spirit, every thing relating to their journey was speedily settled. They were to be off as soon as possible. "But what is to be done about Pemberley?" cried Mrs. Gardiner. "John told us Mr. Darcy was here when you sent for us;—was it so?"

"Yes; and I told him we should not be able to keep our engagement. *That* is all settled."

"That is all settled;" repeated the other, as she ran into her room to prepare. "And are they upon such terms as for her to disclose the real truth! Oh, that I knew how it was!"

But wishes were vain; or at best could serve only to amuse her in the hurry and confusion of the following hour.

Had Elizabeth been at leisure to be idle, she would have remained certain that all employment was impossible to one so wretched as herself; but she had her share of business as well as her aunt, and amongst the rest there were notes to be written to all their friends in Lambton, with false excuses for their sudden departure. An hour, however, saw the whole completed; and Mr. Gardiner meanwhile having settled his account at the inn, nothing remained to be done but to go; and Elizabeth, after all the misery of the morning, found herself, in a shorter space of time than she could have supposed, seated in the carriage, and on the road to Longbourn.

Chapter 5

"I HAVE been thinking it over again, Elizabeth," said her uncle, as they drove from the town; "and really, upon serious consideration, I am much more inclined than I was to judge as your eldest sister does of the matter. It appears to me so very unlikely, that any young man should form such a design against a girl who is by no means unprotected or friendless, and who was actually staying in his colonel's family, that I am strongly inclined to hope the best. Could he expect that her friends would not step forward?[1] Could he expect to be noticed again by the regiment, after such an affront to Colonel Forster? His temptation is not adequate to the risk!"

"Do you really think so?" cried Elizabeth, brightening up for a moment.

"Upon my word," said Mrs Gardiner, "I begin to be of your uncle's opinion. It is really too great a violation of decency, honour, and interest, for him to be guilty of it. I cannot think so very ill of Wickham. Can you, yourself, Lizzy, so wholly give him up, as to believe him capable of it?"

"Not perhaps of neglecting his own interest. But of every other neglect I can believe him capable. If, indeed, it should be so! But I dare not hope it. Why should they not go on to Scotland, if that had been the case?"

"In the first place," replied Mr. Gardiner, "there is no absolute proof that they are not gone to Scotland."

"Oh! but their removing from the chaise into an hackney coach is such a presumption![2] And, besides, no traces of them were to be found on the Barnet road."

"Well, then—supposing them to be in London. They may be there, though for the purpose of concealment, for no more exceptionable purpose. It is not likely that money should be very abundant on either side; and it might strike them that they could be more economically, though less expeditiously, married in London,[3] than in Scotland."

"But why all this secrecy? Why any fear of detection? Why must their marriage be private? Oh! no, no, this is not likely. His most particular friend, you see by Jane's account, was persuaded of his never intending to marry her. Wickham will never marry a woman without some money. He cannot afford it. And what claims has Lydia, what attractions has she beyond youth, health, and good humour, that could make him for her sake, forego every chance of benefiting himself by marrying well. As to what restraint the apprehension of disgrace in the corps might throw on a dishonourable elopement with her, I am not able to judge; for I know nothing of the effects that such a step might produce. But as to your other objection, I am afraid it will hardly hold good. Lydia has no brothers to step forward; and he might imagine, from my father's behaviour, from his indolence and the little attention he has ever seemed to give to what was going forward in his family, that *he* would do as little, and think as little about it, as any father could do, in such a matter."

"But can you think that Lydia is so lost to every thing but love of him, as to consent to live with him on any other terms than marriage?"

"It does seem, and it is most shocking indeed," replied Elizabeth, with tears in her eyes, "that a sister's sense of decency and virtue in such a point should admit of doubt. But,

really, I know not what to say. Perhaps I am not doing her justice. But she is very young; she has never been taught to think on serious subjects; and for the last half year, nay, for a twelvemonth, she has been given up to nothing but amusement and vanity. She has been allowed to dispose of her time in the most idle and frivolous manner, and to adopt any opinions that came in her way. Since the ———shire were first quartered in Meryton, nothing but love, flirtation, and officers, have been in her head. She has been doing every thing in her power by thinking and talking on the subject, to give greater—what shall I call it? susceptibility to her feelings; which are naturally lively enough. And we all know that Wickham has every charm of person and address that can captivate a woman."

"But you see that Jane," said her aunt, "does not think so ill of Wickham, as to believe him capable of the attempt."

"Of whom does Jane ever think ill? And who is there, whatever might be their former conduct, that she would believe capable of such an attempt, till it were proved against them? But Jane knows, as well as I do, what Wickham really is. We both know that he has been profligate in every sense of the word. That he has neither integrity nor honour. That he is as false and deceitful, as he is insinuating."

"And do you really know all this?" cried Mrs. Gardiner, whose curiosity as to the mode of her intelligence[4] was all alive.

"I do, indeed," replied Elizabeth, colouring. "I told you the other day, of his infamous behaviour to Mr. Darcy; and you, yourself, when last at Longbourn, heard in what manner he spoke of the man, who had behaved with such forbearance and liberality towards him. And there are other circumstances which I am not at liberty——which it is not worth while to relate; but his lies about the whole Pemberley family are

endless. From what he said of Miss Darcy, I was thoroughly prepared to see a proud, reserved, disagreeable girl. Yet he knew to the contrary himself. He must know that she was as amiable and unpretending as we have found her."

"But does Lydia know nothing of this? Can she be ignorant of what you and Jane seem so well to understand?"

"Oh, yes!—that, that is the worst of all. Till I was in Kent, and saw so much both of Mr. Darcy and his relation, Colonel Fitzwilliam, I was ignorant of the truth myself. And when I returned home, the ———shire was to leave Meryton in a week or fortnight's time. As that was the case, neither Jane, to whom I related the whole, nor I, thought it necessary to make our knowledge public; for of what use could it apparently be to any one, that the good opinion which all the neighbourhood had of him, should then be overthrown? And even when it was settled that Lydia should go with Mrs. Forster, the necessity of opening her eyes to his character never occurred to me. That *she* could be in any danger from the deception never entered my head. That such a consequence as *this* should ensue, you may easily believe was far enough from my thoughts."

"When they all removed to Brighton, therefore, you had no reason, I suppose, to believe them fond of each other."

"Not the slightest. I can remember no symptom of affection on either side; and had any thing of the kind been perceptible, you must be aware that ours is not a family, on which it could be thrown away. When first he entered the corps, she was ready enough to admire him; but so we all were. Every girl in, or near Meryton, was out of her senses about him for the first two months; but he never distinguished *her* by any particular attention, and, consequently, after a moderate period of extravagant and wild admiration, her fancy for him

gave way, and others of the regiment, who treated her with more distinction, again became her favourites."

It may be easily believed, that however little of novelty could be added to their fears, hopes, and conjectures, on this interesting[5] subject, by its repeated discussion, no other could detain them from it long, during the whole of the journey. From Elizabeth's thoughts it was never absent. Fixed there by the keenest of all anguish, self reproach, she could find no interval of ease or forgetfulness.

They travelled as expeditiously as possible;[6] and sleeping one night on the road, reached Longbourn by dinner-time the next day. It was a comfort to Elizabeth to consider that Jane could not have been wearied by long expectations.

The little Gardiners, attracted by the sight of a chaise, were standing on the steps of the house, as they entered the paddock; and when the carriage drove up to the door, the joyful surprise that lighted up their faces, and displayed itself over their whole bodies, in a variety of capers and frisks, was the first pleasing earnest of their welcome.

Elizabeth jumped out; and, after giving each of them an hasty kiss, hurried into the vestibule, where Jane, who came running down stairs from her mother's apartment, immediately met her.

Elizabeth, as she affectionately embraced her, whilst tears filled the eyes of both, lost not a moment in asking whether any thing had been heard of the fugitives.

"Not yet," replied Jane. "But now that my dear uncle is come, I hope every thing will be well."

"Is my father in town?"

"Yes, he went on Tuesday as I wrote you word."

"And have you heard from him often?"

"We have heard only once. He wrote me a few lines on Wednesday, to say that he had arrived in safety, and to give me his directions,[7] which I particularly begged him to do. He merely added, that he should not write again, till he had something of importance to mention."

"And my mother—How is she? How are you all?"

"My mother is tolerably well, I trust; though her spirits are greatly shaken. She is up stairs, and will have great satisfaction in seeing you all. She does not yet leave her dressing-room. Mary and Kitty, thank Heaven! are quite well."

"But you—How are you?" cried Elizabeth. "You look pale. How much you must have gone through!"

Her sister, however, assured her, of her being perfectly well; and their conversation, which had been passing while Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner were engaged with their children, was now put an end to, by the approach of the whole party. Jane ran to her uncle and aunt, and welcomed and thanked them both, with alternate smiles and tears.

When they were all in the drawing room, the questions which Elizabeth had already asked, were of course repeated by the others, and they soon found that Jane had no intelligence to give. The sanguine hope of good, however, which the benevolence of her heart suggested, had not yet deserted her; she still expected that it would all end well, and that every morning would bring some letter, either from Lydia or her father, to explain their proceedings, and perhaps announce the marriage.

Mrs. Bennet, to whose apartment they all repaired, after a few minutes conversation together, received them exactly as might be expected; with tears and lamentations of regret, invectives against the villanous conduct of Wickham, and

complaints of her own sufferings and ill usage, blaming every body but the person to whose ill judging indulgence the errors of her daughter must be principally owing.

"If I had been able," said she, "to carry my point of going to Brighton, with all my family *this* would not have happened; but poor dear Lydia had nobody to take care of her. Why did the Forsters ever let her go out of their sight? I am sure there was some great neglect or other on their side, for she is not the kind of girl to do such a thing, if she had been well looked after. I always thought they were very unfit to have the charge of her; but I was overruled, as I always am. Poor dear child! And now here's Mr. Bennet gone away, and I know he will fight Wickham, wherever he meets him, and then he will be killed, and what is to become of us all? The Collinses will turn us out, before he is cold in his grave; and if you are not kind to us, brother, I do not know what we shall do."

They all exclaimed against such terrific[8] ideas; and Mr. Gardiner, after general assurances of his affection for her and all her family, told her that he meant to be in London the very next day, and would assist Mr. Bennet in every endeavour for recovering Lydia.

"Do not give way to useless alarm," added he, "though it is right to be prepared for the worst, there is no occasion to look on it as certain. It is not quite a week since they left Brighton. In a few days more, we may gain some news of them, and till we know that they are not married, and have no design of marrying, do not let us give the matter over as lost. As soon as I get to town, I shall go to my brother, and make him come home with me to Gracechurch Street, and then we may consult together as to what is to be done."

"Oh! my dear brother," replied Mrs. Bennet, "that is exactly what I could most wish for. And now do, when you get to town, find them out, wherever they may be; and if they are

not married already, *make* them marry. And as for wedding clothes, do not let them wait for that, but tell Lydia she shall have as much money as she chuses, to buy them, after they are married. And, above all things, keep Mr. Bennet from fighting. Tell him what a dreadful state I am in,—that I am frightened out of my wits; and have such tremblings, such flutterings, all over me, such spasms in my side, and pains in my head, and such beatings at heart, that I can get no rest by night nor by day. And tell my dear Lydia, not to give any directions about her clothes, till she has seen me, for she does not know which are the best warehouses. Oh, brother, how kind you are! I know you will contrive it all."

But Mr. Gardiner, though he assured her again of his earnest endeavours in the cause, could not avoid recommending moderation to her, as well in her hopes as her fears; and, after talking with her in this manner till dinner was on table, they left her to vent all her feelings on the housekeeper, who attended, in the absence of her daughters.

Though her brother and sister were persuaded that there was no real occasion for such a seclusion from the family, they did not attempt to oppose it, for they knew that she had not prudence enough to hold her tongue before the servants, while they waited at table, and judged it better that *one* only of the household, and the one whom they could most trust, should comprehend all her fears and solicitude on the subject.

In the dining-room they were soon joined by Mary and Kitty, who had been too busily engaged in their separate apartments, to make their appearance before. One came from her books, and the other from her toilette. The faces of both, however, were tolerably calm; and no change was visible in either, except that the loss of her favourite sister, or the anger which she had herself incurred in the business, had given something more of fretfulness than usual, to the accents of

Kitty. As for Mary, she was mistress enough of herself to whisper to Elizabeth with a countenance of grave reflection, soon after they were seated at table,

"This is a most unfortunate affair; and will probably be much talked of. But we must stem the tide of malice, and pour into the wounded bosoms of each other, the balm of sisterly consolation."

Then, perceiving in Elizabeth no inclination of replying, she added, "Unhappy as the event must be for Lydia, we may draw from it this useful lesson;[9] that loss of virtue in a female is irretrievable—that one false step involves her in endless ruin—that her reputation is no less brittle than it is beautiful,—and that she cannot be too much guarded in her behaviour towards the undeserving of the other sex."

Elizabeth lifted up her eyes in amazement, but was too much oppressed to make any reply. Mary, however, continued to console herself with such kind of moral extractions from the evil before them.

In the afternoon, the two elder Miss Bennets were able to be for half an hour by themselves; and Elizabeth instantly availed herself of the opportunity of making many enquiries, which Jane was equally eager to satisfy. After joining in general lamentations over the dreadful sequel of this event, which Elizabeth considered as all but certain, and Miss Bennet could not assert to be wholly impossible; the former continued the subject, by saying, "But tell me all and every thing about it, which I have not already heard. Give me farther particulars. What did Colonel Forster say? Had they no apprehension of any thing before the elopement took place? They must have seen them together for ever."

"Colonel Forster did own that he had often suspected some partiality, especially on Lydia's side, but nothing to give him any alarm. I am so grieved for him. His behaviour was

attentive and kind to the utmost. He *was* coming to us, in order to assure us of his concern, before he had any idea of their not being gone to Scotland: when that apprehension first got abroad, it hastened his journey."

"And was Denny convinced that Wickham would not marry? Did he know of their intending to go off? Had Colonel Forster seen Denny himself?"

"Yes; but when questioned by *him* Denny denied knowing any thing of their plan, and would not give his real opinion about it. He did not repeat his persuasion of their not marrying—and from *that*, I am inclined to hope, he might have been misunderstood before."

"And till Colonel Forster came himself, not one of you entertained a doubt, I suppose, of their being really married?"

"How was it possible that such an idea should enter our brains! I felt a little uneasy—a little fearful of my sister's happiness with him in marriage, because I knew that his conduct had not been always quite right. My father and mother knew nothing of that, they only felt how imprudent a match it must be. Kitty then owned, with a very natural triumph on knowing more than the rest of us, that in Lydia's last letter, she had prepared her for such a step. She had known, it seems, of their being in love with each other, many weeks."

"But not before they went to Brighton?"

"No, I believe not."

"And did Colonel Forster appear to think ill of Wickham himself? Does he know his real character?"

"I must confess that he did not speak so well of Wickham as he formerly did. He believed him to be imprudent and extravagant. And since this sad affair has taken place, it is said, that he left Meryton greatly in debt; but I hope this may be false."

"Oh, Jane, had we been less secret, had we told what we knew of him, this could not have happened!"

"Perhaps it would have been better;" replied her sister. "But to expose the former faults of any person, without knowing what their present feelings were, seemed unjustifiable. We acted with the best intentions."

"Could Colonel Forster repeat the particulars of Lydia's note to his wife?"

"He brought it with him for us to see."

Jane then took it from her pocket-book,[10] and gave it to Elizabeth. These were the contents:

"My dear Harriet,

"You will laugh when you know where I am gone, and I cannot help laughing myself at your surprise to-morrow morning, as soon as I am missed. I am going to Gretna Green, and if you cannot guess with who, I shall think you a simpleton, for there is but one man in the world I love, and he is an angel. I should never be happy without him, so think it no harm to be off. You need not send them word at Longbourn of my going, if you do not like it, for it will make the surprise the greater, when I write to them, and sign my name Lydia Wickham. What a good joke it will be! I can hardly write for laughing. Pray make my excuses to Pratt, for not keeping my engagement, and dancing with him to night. Tell him I hope he will excuse me when he knows all, and tell him I will dance with him at the next ball we meet, with great pleasure. I shall send for my clothes when I get to Longbourn; but I wish you would tell Sally to mend a great slit in my worked muslin gown,[11] before they are packed up. Good bye. Give my love to Colonel Forster, I hope you will drink to our good journey.

"Your affectionate friend,

"Lydia Bennet."

"Oh! thoughtless, thoughtless Lydia!" cried Elizabeth when she had finished it. "What a letter is this, to be written at such a moment. But at least it shews, that *she* was serious in the object of her journey. Whatever he might afterwards persuade her to, it was not on her side a *scheme* of infamy. My poor father! how he must have felt it!"

"I never saw any one so shocked. He could not speak a word for full ten minutes. My mother was taken ill immediately, and the whole house in such confusion!"

"Oh! Jane," cried Elizabeth, "was there a servant belonging to it, who did not know the whole story before the end of the day?"

"I do not know.—I hope there was.—But to be guarded at such a time, is very difficult. My mother was in hysterics, and though I endeavoured to give her every assistance in my power, I am afraid I did not do so much as I might have done! but the horror of what might possibly happen, almost took from me my faculties."

"Your attendance upon her, has been too much for you. You do not look well. Oh! that I had been with you, you have had every care and anxiety upon yourself alone."

"Mary and Kitty have been very kind, and would have shared in every fatigue, I am sure, but I did not think it right for either of them. Kitty is slight and delicate, and Mary studies so much, that her hours of repose should not be broken in on. My aunt Phillips came to Longbourn on Tuesday, after my father went away; and was so good as to stay till Thursday with me. She was of great use and comfort to us all, and lady Lucas has been very kind; she walked here on Wednesday morning to condole with us, and offered her services, or any of her Daughters, if they could be of use to us."

"She had better have stayed at home," cried Elizabeth; "perhaps she *meant* well, but, under such a misfortune as this, one cannot see too little of one's neighbours. Assistance is impossible; condolence, insufferable. Let them triumph over us at a distance, and be satisfied."

She then proceeded to enquire into the measures which her father had intended to pursue, while in town, for the recovery of his daughter.

"He meant, I believe," replied Jane, "to go to Epsom, the place where they last changed horses, see the postilions,[12] and try if any thing could be made out from them. His principal object must be, to discover the number of the hackney coach which took them from Clapham. It had come with a fare from London; and as he thought the circumstance of a gentleman and lady's removing from one carriage into another, might be remarked, he meant to make enquiries at Clapham. If he could any how discover at what house the coachman had before set down his fare, he determined to make enquiries there, and hoped it might not be impossible to find out the stand[13] and number[14] of the coach. I do not know of any other designs that he had formed: but he was in such a hurry to be gone, and his spirits so greatly discomposed, that I had difficulty in finding out even so much as this."

Chapter 6

The whole party were in hopes of a letter from Mr. Bennet the next morning, but the post came in without bringing a single line from him. His family knew him to be on all common occasions, a most negligent and dilatory correspondent, but at such a time, they had hoped for exertion. They were forced to conclude, that he had no pleasing intelligence to send, but even of *that* they would have been glad to be certain. Mr. Gardiner had waited only for the letters before he set off.

When he was gone, they were certain at least of receiving constant information of what was going on, and their uncle promised, at parting, to prevail on Mr. Bennet to return to Longbourn as soon as he could, to the great consolation of his sister, who considered it as the only security for her husband's not being killed in a duel.

Mrs. Gardiner and the children were to remain in Hertfordshire a few days longer, as the former thought her presence might be serviceable to her nieces. She shared in their attendance on Mrs. Bennet, and was a great comfort to them, in their hours of freedom. Their other aunt also visited them frequently, and always, as she said, with the design of cheering and heartening them up, though as she never came without reporting some fresh instance of Wickham's extravagance or irregularity, she seldom went away without leaving them more dispirited than she found them.

All Meryton seemed striving to blacken the man, who, but three months before, had been almost an angel of light. He was declared to be in debt to every tradesman in the place, and his intrigues, all honoured with the title of seduction, had been extended into every tradesman's family. Every body declared that he was the wickedest young man in the world; and every body began to find out, that they had always distrusted the appearance of his goodness. Elizabeth, though she did not credit above half of what was said, believed enough to make her former assurance of her sister's ruin still more certain; and even Jane, who believed still less of it, became almost hopeless, more especially as the time was now come, when if they had gone to Scotland, which she had never before entirely despaired of, they must in all probability have gained some news of them.

Mr. Gardiner left Longbourn on Sunday; on Tuesday, his wife received a letter from him; it told them, that on his arrival, he had immediately found out his brother, and persuaded him to come to Gracechurch-street. That Mr. Bennet had been to Epsom and Clapham, before his arrival, but without gaining any satisfactory information; and that he was now determined to enquire at all the principal hotels in town, as Mr. Bennet thought it possible they might have gone to one of them, on their first coming to London, before they procured lodgings. Mr. Gardiner himself did not expect any success from this measure, but as his brother was eager in it, he meant to assist him in pursuing it. He added, that Mr. Bennet seemed wholly disinclined at present, to leave London, and promised to write again very soon. There was also a postcript to this effect.

"I have written to Colonel Forster to desire him to find out, if possible, from some of the young man's intimates in

the regiment, whether Wickham has any relations or connections, who would be likely to know in what part of the town he has now concealed himself. If there were any one, that one could apply to, with a probability of gaining such a clue as that, it might be of essential consequence. At present we have nothing to guide us. Colonel Forster will, I dare say, do every thing in his power to satisfy us on this head. But, on second thoughts, perhaps Lizzy could tell us, what relations he has now living, better than any other person."

Elizabeth was at no loss to understand from whence this deference for her authority proceeded; but it was not in her power to give any information of so satisfactory a nature, as the compliment deserved.

She had never heard of his having had any relations, except a father and mother, both of whom had been dead many years. It was possible, however, that some of his companions in the ———shire, might be able to give more information; and, though she was not very sanguine in expecting it, the application was a something to look forward to.

Every day at Longbourn was now a day of anxiety; but the most anxious part of each was when the post was expected. The arrival of letters was the first grand object of every morning's impatience. Through letters, whatever of good or bad was to be told, would be communicated, and every succeeding day was expected to bring some news of importance.

But before they heard again from Mr. Gardiner, a letter arrived for their father, from a different quarter, from Mr. Collins; which, as Jane had received directions to open all that came for him in his absence, she accordingly read; and Elizabeth, who knew what curiosities his letters always were, looked over her, and read it likewise. It was as follows:

"My dear Sir,

"I feel myself called upon, by our relationship, and my situation in life, to condole with you on the grievous affliction you are now suffering under, of which we were yesterday informed by a letter from Hertfordshire. Be assured, my dear Sir, that Mrs. Collins and myself sincerely sympathise with you, and all your respectable family, in your present distress, which must be of the bitterest kind, because proceeding from a cause which no time can remove. No arguments shall be wanting on my part, that can alleviate so severe a misfortune; or that may comfort you, under a circumstance that must be of all others most afflicting to a parent's mind. The death of your daughter would have been a blessing in comparison of this. And it is the more to be lamented, because there is reason to suppose, as my dear Charlotte informs me, that this licentiousness of behaviour in your daughter, has proceeded from a faulty degree of indulgence, though, at the same time, for the consolation of yourself and Mrs. Bennet, I am inclined to think that her own disposition must be naturally bad, or she could not be guilty of such an enormity, at so early an age. Howsoever that may be, you are grievously to be pitied, in which opinion I am not only joined by Mrs. Collins, but likewise by lady Catherine and her daughter, to whom I have related the affair. They agree with me in apprehending that this false step in one daughter, will be injurious to the fortunes of all the others, for who, as lady Catherine herself condescendingly says, will connect themselves with such a family. And this consideration leads me moreover to reflect with augmented satisfaction on a certain event of last November, for had it been otherwise, I must have been involved in all your sorrow and disgrace. Let me advise you then, my dear Sir, to console yourself as much as possible, to throw off your

unworthy child from your affection for ever, and leave her to reap the fruits of her own heinous offence.

"I am, dear Sir, &c. &c."

Mr. Gardiner did not write again, till he had received an answer from Colonel Forster; and then he had nothing of a pleasant nature to send. It was not known that Wickham had a single relation, with whom he kept up any connection, and it was certain that he had no near one living. His former acquaintance had been numerous; but since he had been in the militia, it did not appear that he was on terms of particular friendship with any of them. There was no one therefore who could be pointed out, as likely to give any news of him. And in the wretched state of his own finances, there was a very powerful motive for secrecy, in addition to his fear of discovery by Lydia's relations, for it had just transpired that he had left gaming debts behind him, to a very considerable amount. Colonel Forster believed that more than a thousand pounds would be necessary to clear his expences at Brighton. He owed a good deal in the town, but his debts of honour[1] were still more formidable. Mr. Gardiner did not attempt to conceal these particulars from the Longbourn family. Jane heard them with horror. "A gamester!"[2] she cried. "This is wholly unexpected. I had not an idea of it."

Mr. Gardiner added in his letter, that they might expect to see their father at home on the following day, which was Saturday. Rendered spiritless by the ill success of all their endeavours, he had yielded to his brother-in-law's intreaty that he would return to his family, and leave it to him to do, whatever occasion might suggest to be advisable for continuing their pursuit. When Mrs. Bennet was told of this, she did not express so much satisfaction as her children expected, considering what her anxiety for his life had been before.

"What, is he coming home, and without poor Lydia!" she cried. "Sure he will not leave London before he has found them. Who is to fight Wickham,[3] and make him marry her, if he comes away?"

As Mrs. Gardiner began to wish to be at home, it was settled that she and her children should go to London, at the same time that Mr. Bennet came from it. The coach, therefore, took them the first stage of their journey, and brought its master back to Longbourn.

Mrs. Gardiner went away in all the perplexity about Elizabeth and her Derbyshire friend, that had attended her from that part of the world. His name had never been voluntarily mentioned before them by her niece; and the kind of half-expectation which Mrs. Gardiner had formed, of their being followed by a letter from him, had ended in nothing. Elizabeth had received none since her return, that could come from Pemberley.

The present unhappy state of the family, rendered any other excuse for the lowness of her spirits unnecessary; nothing, therefore, could be fairly conjectured from *that*, though Elizabeth, who was by this time tolerably well acquainted with her own feelings, was perfectly aware, that, had she known nothing of Darcy, she could have borne the dread of Lydia's infamy somewhat better. It would have spared her, she thought, one sleepless night out of two.

When Mr. Bennet arrived, he had all the appearance of his usual philosophic composure. He said as little as he had ever been in the habit of saying; made no mention of the business that had taken him away, and it was some time before his daughters had courage to speak of it.

It was not till the afternoon, when he joined them at tea, that Elizabeth ventured to introduce the subject; and then, on her briefly expressing her sorrow for what he must have

endured, he replied, "Say nothing of that. Who should suffer but myself? It has been my own doing, and I ought to feel it."

"You must not be too severe upon yourself," replied Elizabeth.

"You may well warn me against such an evil. Human nature is so prone to fall into it! No, Lizzy, let me once in my life feel how much I have been to blame. I am not afraid of being overpowered by the impression. It will pass away soon enough."

"Do you suppose them to be in London?"

"Yes; where else can they be so well concealed?"

"And Lydia used to want to go to London," added Kitty.

"She is happy, then," said her father, drily; "and her residence there will probably be of some duration."

Then, after a short silence, he continued, "Lizzy, I bear you no ill-will for being justified in your advice to me last May, which, considering the event, shews some greatness of mind."

They were interrupted by Miss Bennet, who came to fetch her mother's tea.

"This is a parade,"[4] cried he, "which does one good; it gives such an elegance to misfortune! Another day I will do the same; I will sit in my library, in my night cap and powdering gown,[5] and give as much trouble as I can,—or, perhaps, I may defer it, till Kitty runs away."

"I am not going to run away, Papa," said Kitty, fretfully; "if *I* should ever go to Brighton, I would behave better than Lydia."

"*You* go to Brighton!—I would not trust you so near it as East Bourne,[6] for fifty pounds! No, Kitty, I have at last learnt to be cautious, and you will feel the effects of it. No officer is ever to enter my house again, nor even to pass through the village. Balls will be absolutely prohibited, unless you stand

up with one of your sisters.[7] And you are never to stir out of doors, till you can prove, that you have spent ten minutes of every day in a rational manner."

Kitty, who took all these threats in a serious light, began to cry.

"Well, well," said he, "do not make yourself unhappy. If you are a good girl for the next ten years, I will take you to a review[8] at the end of them."

Chapter 7

Two days after Mr. Bennet's return, as Jane and Elizabeth were walking together in the shrubbery behind the house, they saw the housekeeper coming towards them, and, concluding that she came to call them to their mother, went forward to meet her; but, instead of the expected summons, when they approached her, she said to Miss Bennet, "I beg your pardon, madam, for interrupting you, but I was in hopes you might have got some good news from town, so I took the liberty of coming to ask."

"What do you mean, Hill? We have heard nothing from town."

"Dear madam," cried Mrs. Hill, in great astonishment, "dont you know there is an express[1] come for master from Mr. Gardiner? He has been here this half hour, and master has had a letter."

Away ran the girls, too eager to get in to have time for speech. They ran through the vestibule into the breakfast room; from thence to the library;—their father was in neither; and they were on the point of seeking him up stairs with their mother, when they were met by the butler, who said,

"If you are looking for my master, ma'am, he is walking towards the little copse."

Upon this information, they instantly passed through the hall once more, and ran across the lawn after their father, who was deliberately pursuing his way towards a small wood on one side of the paddock.

Jane, who was not so light, nor so much in the habit of running as Elizabeth, soon lagged behind, while her sister, panting for breath, came up with him, and eagerly cried out,

"Oh, Papa, what news? what news? have you heard from my uncle?"

"Yes, I have had a letter from him by express."

"Well, and what news does it bring? good or bad?"

"What is there of good to be expected?" said he, taking the letter from his pocket; "but perhaps you would like to read it."

Elizabeth impatiently caught it from his hand. Jane now came up.

"Read it aloud," said their father, "for I hardly know myself what it is about."

"Gracechurch-street, Monday,
August 2.[2]

"My dear Brother,

"At last I am able to send you some tidings of my niece, and such as, upon the whole, I hope will give you satisfaction. Soon after you left me on Saturday, I was fortunate enough to find out in what part of London they were. The particulars, I reserve till we meet. It is enough to know they are discovered, I have seen them both—"

"Then it is, as I always hoped," cried Jane; "they are married!"

Elizabeth read on; "I have seen them both. They are not married, nor can I find there was any intention of being so; but if you are willing to perform the engagements which I have ventured to make on your side, I hope it will not be long before they are. All that is required of you is, to assure to your daughter, by settlement,[3] her equal share of the five thousand pounds, secured among your children after the

decease of yourself and my sister;[4] and, moreover, to enter into an engagement of allowing her, during your life, one hundred pounds per annum. These are conditions, which, considering every thing, I had no hesitation in complying with, as far as I thought myself privileged, for you. I shall send this by express, that no time may be lost in bringing me your answer. You will easily comprehend, from these particulars, that Mr. Wickham's circumstances are not so hopeless as they are generally believed to be. The world has been deceived in that respect; and I am happy to say, there will be some little money, even when all his debts are discharged, to settle on my niece, in addition to her own fortune. If, as I conclude will be the case, you send me full powers to act in your name, throughout the whole of this business, I will immediately give directions to Haggerston for preparing a proper settlement. There will not be the smallest occasion for your coming to town again; therefore, stay quietly at Longbourn, and depend on my diligence and care. Send back your answer as soon as you can, and be careful to write explicitly. We have judged it best, that my niece should be married from this house, of which I hope you will approve. She comes to us to-day. I shall write again as soon as any thing more is determined on. Your's, &c.

"Edw. Gardiner."

"Is it possible!" cried Elizabeth, when she had finished. "Can it be possible that he will marry her?"

"Wickham is not so undeserving, then, as we have thought him;" said her sister. "My dear father, I congratulate you."

"And have you answered the letter?" said Elizabeth.

"No; but it must be done soon."

Most earnestly did she then intreat him to lose no more time before he wrote.

"Oh! my dear father," she cried, "come back, and write immediately. Consider how important every moment is, in such a case."

"Let me write for you," said Jane, "if you dislike the trouble yourself."

"I dislike it very much," he replied; "but it must be done."

And so saying, he turned back with them, and walked towards the house.

"And may I ask?" said Elizabeth, "but the terms, I suppose, must be complied with."

"Complied with! I am only ashamed of his asking so little."

"And they *must* marry! Yet he is *such* a man."

"Yes, yes, they must marry. There is nothing else to be done. But there are two things that I want very much to know:—one is, how much money your uncle has laid down, to bring it about; and the other, how I am ever to pay him."

"Money! my uncle!" cried Jane, "what do you mean, Sir?"

"I mean, that no man in his senses, would marry Lydia on so slight a temptation as one hundred a-year during my life, and fifty[5] after I am gone."

"That is very true," said Elizabeth; "though it had not occurred to me before. His debts to be discharged, and something still to remain! Oh! it must be my uncle's doings! Generous, good man, I am afraid he has distressed himself.[6] A small sum could not do all this."

"No," said her father, "Wickham's a fool, if he takes her with a farthing less[7] than ten thousand pounds. I should be sorry to think so ill of him, in the very beginning of our relationship."

"Ten thousand pounds! Heaven forbid! How is half such a sum to be repaid?"

Mr. Bennet made no answer, and each of them, deep in thought, continued silent till they reached the house. Their

father then went to the library to write, and the girls walked into the breakfast-room.

"And they are really to be married!" cried Elizabeth, as soon as they were by themselves. "How strange this is! And for *this* we are to be thankful. That they should marry, small as is their chance of happiness, and wretched as is his character, we are forced to rejoice! Oh, Lydia!"

"I comfort myself with thinking," replied Jane, "that he certainly would not marry Lydia, if he had not a real regard for her. Though our kind uncle has done something towards clearing him, I cannot believe that ten thousand pounds, or any thing like it, has been advanced. He has children of his own, and may have more. How could he spare half ten thousand pounds?"

"If we are ever able to learn what Wickham's debts have been," said Elizabeth, "and how much is settled on his side on our sister, we shall exactly know what Mr. Gardiner has done for them, because Wickham has not sixpence of his own.[8] The kindness of my uncle and aunt can never be requited. Their taking her home, and affording her their personal protection and countenance,[9] is such a sacrifice to her advantage, as years of gratitude cannot enough acknowledge. By this time she is actually with them! If such goodness does not make her miserable now, she will never deserve to be happy! What a meeting for her, when she first sees my aunt!"

"We must endeavour to forget all that has passed on either side," said Jane: "I hope and trust they will yet be happy. His consenting to marry her is a proof, I will believe, that he is come to a right way of thinking. Their mutual affection will steady them; and I flatter myself they will settle so quietly, and live in so rational a manner, as may in time make their past imprudence forgotten."

"Their conduct has been such," replied Elizabeth, "as neither you, nor I, nor any body, can ever forget. It is useless to talk of it."

It now occurred to the girls that their mother was in all likelihood perfectly ignorant of what had happened. They went to the library, therefore, and asked their father, whether he would not wish them to make it known to her. He was writing, and, without raising his head, coolly replied,

"Just as you please."

"May we take my uncle's letter to read to her?"

"Take whatever you like, and get away."

Elizabeth took the letter from his writing table, and they went up stairs together. Mary and Kitty were both with Mrs. Bennet: one communication would, therefore, do for all. After a slight preparation for good news, the letter was read aloud. Mrs. Bennet could hardly contain herself. As soon as Jane had read Mr. Gardiner's hope of Lydia's being soon married, her joy burst forth, and every following sentence added to its exuberance. She was now in an irritation as violent from delight, as she had ever been fidgetty from alarm and vexation. To know that her daughter would be married was enough. She was disturbed by no fear for her felicity, nor humbled by any remembrance of her misconduct.

"My dear, dear Lydia!" she cried: "This is delightful indeed!—She will be married!—I shall see her again!—She will be married at sixteen!—My good, kind brother!—I knew how it would be—I knew he would manage every thing. How I long to see her! and to see dear Wickham too! But the clothes, the wedding clothes! I will write to my sister Gardiner about them directly. Lizzy, my dear, run down to your father, and ask him how much he will give her. Stay, stay, I will go myself. Ring the bell, Kitty, for Hill. I will put on

my things in a moment. My dear, dear Lydia!—How merry we shall be together when we meet!"

Her eldest daughter endeavoured to give some relief to the violence of these transports, by leading her thoughts to the obligations which Mr. Gardiner's behaviour laid them all under.

"For we must attribute this happy conclusion," she added, "in a great measure, to his kindness. We are persuaded that he has pledged himself to assist Mr. Wickham with money."

"Well," cried her mother, "it is all very right; who should do it but her own uncle? If he had not had a family of his own, I and my children must have had all his money you know, and it is the first time we have ever had any thing from him, except a few presents. Well! I am so happy. In a short time, I shall have a daughter married. Mrs. Wickham! How well it sounds. And she was only sixteen last June. My dear Jane, I am in such a flutter, that I am sure I can't write; so I will dictate, and you write for me. We will settle with your father about the money afterwards; but the things should be ordered immediately."

She was then proceeding to all the particulars of calico, muslin, and cambric,[10] and would shortly have dictated some very plentiful orders, had not Jane, though with some difficulty, persuaded her to wait, till her father was at leisure to be consulted. One day's delay she observed, would be of small importance; and her mother was too happy, to be quite so obstinate as usual. Other schemes too came into her head.

"I will go to Meryton," said she, "as soon as I am dressed, and tell the good, good news to my sister Phillips. And as I come back, I can call on Lady Lucas and Mrs. Long. Kitty, run down and order the carriage. An airing would do me a great deal of good, I am sure. Girls, can I do any thing for you in Meryton? Oh! here comes Hill. My dear Hill, have

you heard the good news? Miss Lydia is going to be married; and you shall all have a bowl of punch, to make merry at her wedding."

Mrs. Hill began instantly to express her joy. Elizabeth received her congratulations amongst the rest, and then, sick of this folly, took refuge in her own room, that she might think with freedom.

Poor Lydia's situation must, at best, be bad enough; but that it was no worse, she had need to be thankful. She felt it so; and though, in looking forward, neither rational happiness nor worldly prosperity, could be justly expected for her sister; in looking back to what they had feared, only two hours ago, she felt all the advantages of what they had gained.

Chapter 8

Mr. Bennet had very often wished, before this period of his life, that, instead of spending his whole income, he had laid by an annual sum, for the better provision of his children, and of his wife, if she survived him. He now wished it more than ever. Had he done his duty in that respect, Lydia need not have been indebted to her uncle, for whatever of honour or credit could now be purchased for her. The satisfaction of prevailing on one of the most worthless young men in Great Britain to be her husband, might then have rested in its proper place.

He was seriously concerned, that a cause of so little advantage to any one, should be forwarded at the sole expence of his brother-in-law, and he was determined, if possible, to find out the extent of his assistance, and to discharge the obligation as soon as he could.

When first Mr. Bennet had married, economy was held to be perfectly useless; for, of course, they were to have a son. This son was to join in cutting off the entail, as soon as he should be of age, and the widow and younger children would by that means be provided for. Five daughters successively entered the world, but yet the son was to come; and Mrs. Bennet, for many years after Lydia's birth, had been certain that he would. This event had at last been despaired of, but it was then too late to be saving. Mrs. Bennet had no turn for economy, and her husband's love of independence had alone prevented their exceeding their income.

Five thousand pounds was settled by marriage articles[1] on Mrs. Bennet and the children. But in what proportions it should be divided amongst the latter, depended on the will of the parents. This was one point, with regard to Lydia at least, which was now to be settled, and Mr. Bennet could have no hesitation in acceding to the proposal before him. In terms of grateful acknowledgment for the kindness of his brother, though expressed most concisely, he then delivered on paper his perfect approbation of all that was done, and his willingness to fulfil the engagements that had been made for him. He had never before supposed that, could Wickham be prevailed on to marry his daughter, it would be done with so little inconvenience to himself, as by the present arrangement. He would scarcely be ten pounds a-year the loser, by the hundred that was to be paid them; for, what with her board and pocket allowance, and the continual presents in money, which passed to her, through her mother's hands, Lydia's expences had been very little within that sum.

That it would be done with such trifling exertion on his side, too, was another very welcome surprise; for his chief wish at present, was to have as little trouble in the business as possible. When the first transports of rage which had produced his activity in seeking her were over, he naturally returned to all his former indolence. His letter was soon dispatched; for though dilatory in undertaking business, he was quick in its execution. He begged to know farther particulars of what he was indebted to his brother; but was too angry with Lydia, to send any message to her.

The good news quickly spread through the house; and with proportionate speed through the neighbourhood. It was borne in the latter with decent philosophy.[2] To be sure it would have been more for the advantage of conversation, had

Miss Lydia Bennet come upon the town;[3] or, as the happiest alternative, been secluded from the world, in some distant farm house. But there was much to be talked of, in marrying her; and the good-natured wishes for her well-doing, which had proceeded before, from all the spiteful old ladies in Meryton, lost but little of their spirit in this change of circumstances, because with such an husband, her misery was considered certain.

It was a fortnight since Mrs. Bennet had been down stairs, but on this happy day, she again took her seat at the head of her table, and in spirits oppressively high. No sentiment of shame gave a damp to her triumph. The marriage of a daughter, which had been the first object of her wishes, since Jane was sixteen, was now on the point of accomplishment, and her thoughts and her words ran wholly on those attendants of elegant nuptials, fine muslins, new carriages, and servants. She was busily searching through the neighbourhood for a proper situation[4] for her daughter, and, without knowing or considering what their income might be, rejected many as deficient in size and importance.

"Haye-Park might do," said she, "if the Gouldings would quit it, or the great house at Stoke, if the drawing-room were larger; but Ashworth is too far off! I could not bear to have her ten miles from me; and as for Purvis Lodge, the attics are dreadful."

Her husband allowed her to talk on without interruption, while the servants remained. But when they had withdrawn, he said to her, "Mrs. Bennet, before you take any, or all of these houses, for your son and daughter, let us come to a right understanding. Into *one* house in this neighbourhood, they shall never have admittance. I will not encourage the impudence of either, by receiving them at Longbourn."

A long dispute followed this declaration; but Mr. Bennet was firm: it soon led to another; and Mrs. Bennet found, with amazement and horror, that her husband would not advance a guinea[5] to buy clothes for his daughter. He protested that she should receive from him no mark of affection whatever, on the occasion. Mrs. Bennet could hardly comprehend it. That his anger could be carried to such a point of inconceivable resentment, as to refuse his daughter a privilege, without which her marriage would scarcely seem valid, exceeded all that she could believe possible. She was more alive to the disgrace, which the want of new clothes must reflect on her daughter's nuptials, than to any sense of shame at her eloping and living with Wickham, a fortnight before they took place.

Elizabeth was now most heartily sorry that she had, from the distress of the moment, been led to make Mr. Darcy acquainted with their fears for her sister; for since her marriage would so shortly give the proper termination to the elopement, they might hope to conceal its unfavourable beginning, from all those who were not immediately on the spot.

She had no fear of its spreading farther, through his means. There were few people on whose secrecy she would have more confidently depended; but at the same time, there was no one, whose knowledge of a sister's frailty would have mortified her so much. Not, however, from any fear of disadvantage from it, individually to herself; for at any rate, there seemed a gulf impassable between them. Had Lydia's marriage been concluded on the most honourable terms, it was not to be supposed that Mr. Darcy would connect himself with a family, where to every other objection would now be added, an alliance and relationship of the nearest kind with the man whom he so justly scorned.

From such a connection she could not wonder that he should shrink. The wish of procuring her regard, which she had assured herself of his feeling in Derbyshire, could not in rational expectation survive such a blow as this. She was humbled, she was grieved; she repented, though she hardly knew of what. She became jealous of his esteem,[6] when she could no longer hope to be benefited by it. She wanted to hear of him, when there seemed the least chance of gaining intelligence. She was convinced that she could have been happy with him; when it was no longer likely they should meet.

What a triumph for him, as she often thought, could he know that the proposals which she had proudly spurned only four months ago, would now have been gladly and gratefully received! He was as generous, she doubted not, as the most generous of his sex. But while he was mortal, there must be a triumph.

She began now to comprehend that he was exactly the man, who, in disposition and talents, would most suit her. His understanding and temper, though unlike her own, would have answered all her wishes. It was an union that must have been to the advantage of both; by her ease and liveliness, his mind might have been softened,[7] his manners improved, and from his judgment, information, and knowledge of the world, she must have received benefit of greater importance.

But no such happy marriage could now teach the admiring multitude what connubial felicity really was. An union of a different tendency, and precluding the possibility of the other, was soon to be formed in their family.

How Wickham and Lydia were to be supported in tolerable independence, she could not imagine. But how little of permanent happiness could belong to a couple who were only

brought together because their passions were stronger than their virtue, she could easily conjecture.

Mr. Gardiner soon wrote again to his brother. To Mr. Bennet's acknowledgments he briefly replied, with assurances of his eagerness to promote the welfare of any of his family; and concluded with intreaties that the subject might never be mentioned to him again. The principal purport of his letter was to inform them, that Mr. Wickham had resolved on quitting the Militia.

"It was greatly my wish that he should do so," he added, "as soon as his marriage was fixed on. And I think you will agree with me, in considering a removal from that corps as highly advisable, both on his account and my niece's. It is Mr. Wickham's intention to go into the regulars;[8] and, among his former friends, there are still some who are able and willing to assist him in the army. He has the promise of an ensigncy[9] in General ———'s regiment, now quartered in the North. It is an advantage to have it so far from this part of the kingdom. He promises fairly, and I hope among different people, where they may each have a character to preserve, they will both be more prudent. I have written to Colonel Forster, to inform him of our present arrangements, and to request that he will satisfy the various creditors of Mr. Wickham in and near Brighton, with assurances of speedy payment, for which I have pledged myself. And will you give yourself the trouble of carrying similar assurances to his creditors in Meryton, of whom I shall subjoin a list, according to his information. He has given in all his debts; I hope at least he has not deceived us. Haggerston has our directions, and all will be

completed in a week. They will then join his regiment, unless they are first invited to Longbourn; and I understand from Mrs. Gardiner, that my niece is very desirous of seeing you all, before she leaves the South. She is well, and begs to be dutifully remembered to you and her mother.—Your's, &c.

"E. GARDINER."

Mr. Bennet and his daughters saw all the advantages of Wickham's removal from the ———shire, as clearly as Mr. Gardiner could do. But Mrs. Bennet, was not so well pleased with it. Lydia's being settled in the North, just when she had expected most pleasure and pride in her company, for she had by no means given up her plan of their residing in Hertfordshire, was a severe disappointment; and besides, it was such a pity that Lydia should be taken from a regiment where she was acquainted with every body, and had so many favourites.

"She is so fond of Mrs. Forster," said she, "it will be quite shocking to send her away! And there are several of the young men, too, that she likes very much. The officers may not be so pleasant in General ——'s regiment."

His daughter's request, for such it might be considered, of being admitted into her family again, before she set off for the North, received at first an absolute negative. But Jane and Elizabeth, who agreed in wishing, for the sake of their sister's feelings and consequence, that she should be noticed[10] on her marriage by her parents, urged him so earnestly, yet so rationally and so mildly, to receive her and her husband at Longbourn, as soon as they were married, that he was prevailed on to think as they thought, and act as they wished. And their mother had the satisfaction of knowing, that she should be able to shew her married daughter in the neighbourhood, before she was banished to the North. When

Mr. Bennet wrote again to his brother, therefore, he sent his permission for them to come; and it was settled, that as soon as the ceremony was over, they should proceed to Longbourn. Elizabeth was surprised, however, that Wickham should consent to such a scheme, and, had she consulted only her own inclination, any meeting with him would have been the last object of her wishes.

Chapter 9

Their sister's wedding day arrived; and Jane and Elizabeth felt for her probably more than she felt for herself. The carriage was sent to meet them at ——, and they were to return in it, by dinner-time. Their arrival was dreaded by the elder Miss Bennets; and Jane more especially, who gave Lydia the feelings which would have attended herself, had *she* been the culprit, was wretched in the thought of what her sister must endure.

They came. The family were assembled in the breakfast room, to receive them. Smiles decked the face of Mrs. Bennet, as the carriage drove up to the door; her husband looked impenetrably grave; her daughters, alarmed, anxious, uneasy.

Lydia's voice was heard in the vestibule; the door was thrown open, and she ran into the room. Her mother stepped forwards, embraced her, and welcomed her with rapture; gave her hand with an affectionate smile to Wickham, who followed his lady, and wished them both joy, with an alacrity which shewed no doubt of their happiness.

Their reception from Mr. Bennet, to whom they then turned, was not quite so cordial. His countenance rather gained in austerity; and he scarcely opened his lips. The easy assurance of the young couple, indeed, was enough to provoke him. Elizabeth was digusted, and even Miss Bennet was shocked. Lydia was Lydia still; untamed, unabashed, wild, noisy, and fearless. She turned from sister to sister,

demanding their congratulations, and when at length they all sat down, looked eagerly round the room, took notice of some little alteration in it, and observed, with a laugh, that it was a great while since she had been there.

Wickham was not at all more distressed than herself, but his manners were always so pleasing, that had his character and his marriage been exactly what they ought, his smiles and his easy address, while he claimed their relationship, would have delighted them all. Elizabeth had not before believed him quite equal to such assurance; but she sat down, resolving within herself, to draw no limits in future to the impudence of an impudent man. *She* blushed, and Jane blushed; but the cheeks of the two who caused their confusion, suffered no variation of colour.

There was no want of discourse. The bride and her mother could neither of them talk fast enough; and Wickham, who happened to sit near Elizabeth, began enquiring after his acquaintance in that neighbourhood, with a good humoured ease, which she felt very unable to equal in her replies. They seemed each of them to have the happiest memories in the world. Nothing of the past was recollected with pain; and Lydia led voluntarily to subjects, which her sisters would not have alluded to for the world.

"Only think of its being three months," she cried, "since I went away; it seems but a fortnight I declare; and yet there have been things enough happened in the time. Good gracious! when I went away, I am sure I had no more idea of being married till I came back again! though I thought it would be very good fun if I was."

Her father lifted up his eyes. Jane was distressed. Elizabeth looked expressively at Lydia; but she, who never heard nor saw any thing of which she chose to be insensible, gaily continued,

"Oh! mamma, do the people hereabouts know I am married to day? I was afraid they might not; and we overtook William Goulding in his curricle, so I was determined he should know it, and so I let down the side glass[1] next to him, and took off my glove, and let my hand just rest upon the window frame, so that he might see the ring, and then I bowed and smiled like any thing."

Elizabeth could bear it no longer. She got up, and ran out of the room; and returned no more, till she heard them passing through the hall to the dining parlour. She then joined them soon enough to see Lydia, with anxious parade, walk up to her mother's right hand, and hear her say to her eldest sister, "Ah! Jane, I take your place[2] now, and you must go lower, because I am a married woman."

It was not to be supposed that time would give Lydia that embarrassment, from which she had been so wholly free at first. Her ease and good spirits increased. She longed to see Mrs. Phillips, the Lucasses, and all their other neighbours, and to hear herself called "Mrs. Wickham," by each of them; and in the mean time, she went after dinner to shew her ring and boast of being married, to Mrs. Hill and the two housemaids.

"Well, mamma," said she, when they were all returned to the breakfast room, "and what do you think of my husband? Is not he a charming man? I am sure my sisters must all envy me. I only hope they may have half my good luck. They must all go to Brighton. That is the place to get husbands. What a pity it is, mamma, we did not all go."

"Very true; and if I had my will, we should. But my dear Lydia, I don't at all like your going such a way off. Must it be so?"

"Oh, lord! yes;—there is nothing in that. I shall like it of all things. You and papa, and my sisters, must come down

and see us. We shall be at Newcastle[3] all the winter, and I dare say there will be some balls, and I will take care to get good partners for them all."

"I should like it beyond any thing!" said her mother.

"And then when you go away! you may leave one or two of my sisters behind you; and I dare say I shall get husbands for them before the winter is over."

"I thank you for my share of the favour," said Elizabeth; "but I do not particularly like your way of getting husbands."

Their visitors were not to remain above ten days with them. Mr. Wickham had received his commission before he left London, and he was to join his regiment at the end of a fortnight.

No one but Mrs. Bennet, regretted that their stay would be so short; and she made the most of the time, by visiting about with her daughter, and having very frequent parties at home. These parties were acceptable to all; to avoid a family circle was even more desirable to such as did think, than such as did not.

Wickham's affection for Lydia, was just what Elizabeth had expected to find it; not equal to Lydia's for him. She had scarcely needed her present observation to be satisfied, from the reason of things, that their elopement had been brought on by the strength of her love, rather than by his; and she would have wondered why, without violently caring for her, he chose to elope with her at all had she not felt certain that his flight was rendered necessary by distress of circumstances; and if that were the case, he was not the young man to resist an opportunity of having a companion.

Lydia was exceedingly fond of him. He was her dear Wickham on every occasion; no one was to be put in competition with him. He did every thing best in the world; and she

was sure he would kill more birds on the first of September,[4] than any body else in the country.

One morning, soon after their arrival, as she was sitting with her two elder sisters, she said to Elizabeth,

"Lizzy, I never gave *you* an account of my wedding, I believe. You were not by, when I told mamma, and the others, all about it. Are not you curious to hear how it was managed?"

"No really," replied Elizabeth; "I think there cannot be too little said on the subject."

"La! You are so strange! But I must tell you how it went off. We were married you know, at St. Clement's,[5] because Wickham's lodgings were in that parish. And it was settled that we should all be there by eleven o'clock. My uncle and aunt and I were to go together; and the others were to meet us at the church. Well, Monday morning came, and I was in such a fuss! I was so afraid you know that something would happen to put it off, and then I should have gone quite distracted. And there was my aunt, all the time I was dressing, preaching and talking away just as if she was reading a sermon. However, I did not hear above one word in ten, for I was thinking, you may suppose, of my dear Wickham. I longed to know whether he would be married in his blue coat.[6]

"Well, and so we breakfasted at ten as usual; I thought it would never be over; for, by the bye, you are to understand, that my uncle and aunt were horrid unpleasant[7] all the time I was with them. If you'll believe me, I did not once put my foot out of doors, though I was there a fortnight. Not one party, or scheme, or any thing. To be sure London was rather thin, but however the Little Theatre[8] was open. Well, and so just as the carriage came to the door, my uncle was called away upon business to that horrid man Mr. Stone. And then,

you know, when once they get together, there is no end of it. Well, I was so frightened I did not know what to do, for my uncle was to give me away; and if we were beyond the hour,[9] we could not be married all day. But, luckily, he came back again in ten minutes time, and then we all set out. However, I recollected afterwards, that if he *had* been prevented going, the wedding need not be put off, for Mr. Darcy might have done as well."

"Mr. Darcy!" repeated Elizabeth, in utter amazement.

"Oh, yes!—he was to come there with Wickham, you know. But gracious me! I quite forgot! I ought not to have said a word about it. I promised them so faithfully! What will Wickham say? It was to be such a secret!"

"If it was to be secret," said Jane, "say not another word on the subject. You may depend upon my seeking no further."

"Oh! certainly," said Elizabeth, though burning with curiosity; "we will ask you no questions."

"Thank you," said Lydia, "for if you did, I should certainly tell you all, and then Wickham would be angry."

On such encouragement to ask, Elizabeth was forced to put it out of her power, by running away.

But to live in ignorance on such a point was impossible; or at least it was impossible not to try for information. Mr. Darcy had been at her sister's wedding. It was exactly a scene, and exactly among people, where he had apparently least to do, and least temptation to go. Conjectures as to the meaning of it, rapid and wild, hurried into her brain; but she was satisfied with none. Those that best pleased her, as placing his conduct in the noblest light, seemed most improbable. She could not bear such suspense; and hastily seizing a sheet of paper, wrote a short letter to her aunt, to request an explanation of what Lydia had dropt, if it were compatible with the secrecy which had been intended.

"You may readily comprehend," she added, "what my curiosity must be to know how a person unconnected with any of us, and (comparatively speaking) a stranger to our family, should have been amongst you at such a time. Pray write instantly, and let me understand it—unless it is, for very cogent reasons, to remain in the secrecy which Lydia seems to think necessary; and then I must endeavour to be satisfied with ignorance."

"Not that I *shall* though," she added to herself, as she finished the letter; "and my dear aunt, if you do not tell me in an honourable manner, I shall certainly be reduced to tricks and stratagems to find it out."

Jane's delicate sense of honour would not allow her to speak to Elizabeth privately of what Lydia had let fall; Elizabeth was glad of it;—till it appeared whether her inquiries would receive any satisfaction, she had rather be without a confidante.

Chapter 10

Elizabeth had the satisfaction of receiving an answer to her letter, as soon as she possibly could. She was no sooner in possession of it, than hurrying into the little copse, where she was least likely to be interrupted, she sat down on one of the benches, and prepared to be happy; for the length of the letter convinced her, that it did not contain a denial.

"Gracechurch-street, Sept. 6.

"My dear niece,

"I have just received your letter, and shall devote this whole morning to answering it, as I foresee that a *little* writing will not comprise what I have to tell you. I must confess myself surprised by your application; I did not expect it from *you*. Don't think me angry, however, for I only mean to let you know, that I had not imagined such enquiries to be necessary on *your* side. If you do not choose to understand me, forgive my impertinence. Your uncle is as much surprised as I am—and nothing but the belief of your being a party concerned, would have allowed him to act as he has done. But if you are really innocent and ignorant, I must be more explicit. On the very day of my coming home from Longbourn, your uncle had a most unexpected visitor. Mr. Darcy called, and was shut up with him several hours. It was all over before I arrived; so my curiosity was not so dreadfully racked as *your's* seems to have been. He came to tell Mr. Gardiner that he had found out where your sister and Mr. Wickham were, and that he had

seen and talked with them both, Wickham repeatedly, Lydia once. From what I can collect,[1] he left Derbyshire only one day after ourselves, and came to town with the resolution of hunting for them. The motive professed, was his conviction of its being owing to himself that Wickham's worthlessness had not been so well known, as to make it impossible for any young woman of character, to love or confide in him. He generously imputed the whole to his mistaken pride, and confessed that he had before thought it beneath him, to lay his private actions open to the world. His character was to speak for itself. He called it, therefore, his duty to step forward, and endeavour to remedy an evil, which had been brought on by himself. If he *had another* motive, I am sure it would never disgrace him. He had been some days in town, before he was able to discover them; but he had something to direct his search, which was more than *we* had; and the consciousness of this, was another reason for his resolving to follow us. There is a lady, it seems, a Mrs. Younge, who was some time ago governess to Miss Darcy, and was dismissed from her charge on some cause of disapprobation, though he did not say what. She then took a large house in Edward-street,[2] and has since maintained herself by letting lodgings. This Mrs. Younge was, he knew, intimately acquainted with Wickham; and he went to her for intelligence of him, as soon as he got to town. But it was two or three days before he could get from her what he wanted. She would not betray her trust, I suppose, without bribery and corruption, for she really did know where her friend was to to be found. Wickham indeed had gone to her, on their first arrival in London, and had she been able to receive them into her house, they would have taken up their abode with her. At length, however, our kind friend procured the wished-for direction. They were in ——— street. He saw Wickham, and afterwards insisted on seeing

Lydia. His first object with her, he acknowledged, had been to persuade her to quit her present disgraceful situation, and return to her friends as soon as they could be prevailed on to receive her, offering his assistance, as far as it would go. But he found Lydia absolutely resolved on remaining where she was. She cared for none of her friends, she wanted no help of his, she would not hear of leaving Wickham. She was sure they should be married some time or other, and it did not much signify when. Since such were her feelings, it only remained, he thought, to secure and expedite a marriage, which, in his very first conversation with Wickham, he easily learnt, had never been *his* design. He confessed himself obliged to leave the regiment, on account of some debts of honour, which were very pressing; and scrupled not to lay all the ill-consequences of Lydia's flight, on her own folly alone. He meant to resign his commission immediately; and as to his future situation, he could conjecture very little about it. He must go somewhere, but he did not know where, and he knew he should have nothing to live on. Mr. Darcy asked him why he had not married your sister at once. Though Mr. Bennet was not imagined to be very rich, he would have been able to do something for him, and his situation must have been benefited by marriage. But he found, in reply to this question, that Wickham still cherished the hope of more effectually making his fortune by marriage, in some other country.[3] Under such circumstances, however, he was not likely to be proof against the temptation of immediate relief. They met several times, for there was much to be discussed. Wickham of course wanted more than he could get; but at length was reduced to be reasonable. Every thing being settled between *them*, Mr. Darcy's next step was to make your uncle acquainted with it, and he first called in Gracechurch-street the evening before I came home. But Mr. Gardiner

could not be seen, and Mr. Darcy found, on farther enquiry, that your father was still with him, but would quit town the next morning. He did not judge your father to be a person whom he could so properly consult as your uncle, and therefore readily postponed seeing him, till after the departure of the former. He did not leave his name, and till the next day, it was only known that a gentleman had called on business. On Saturday he came again. Your father was gone, your uncle at home, and, as I said before, they had a great deal of talk together. They met again on Sunday, and then *I* saw him too. It was not all settled before Monday: as soon as it was, the express was sent off to Longbourn. But our visitor was very obstinate. I fancy, Lizzy, that obstinacy is the real defect of his character after all. He has been accused of many faults at different times; but *this* is the true one. Nothing was to be done that he did not do himself; though I am sure (and I do not speak it to be thanked, therefore say nothing about it,) your uncle would most readily have settled the whole. They battled it together for a long time, which was more than either the gentleman or lady concerned in it deserved. But at last your uncle was forced to yield, and instead of being allowed to be of use to his niece, was forced to put up with only having the probable credit of it, which went sorely against the grain; and I really believe your letter this morning gave him great pleasure, because it required an explanation that would rob him of his borrowed feathers,[4] and give the praise where it was due. But, Lizzy, this must go no farther than yourself, or Jane at most. You know pretty well, I suppose, what has been done for the young people. His debts are to be paid, amounting, I believe, to considerably more than a thousand pounds, another thousand in addition to her own settled upon *her*, and his commission purchased. The reason why all this was to be done by him alone, was such

as I have given above. It was owing to him, to his reserve, and want of proper consideration, that Wickham's character had been so misunderstood, and consequently that he had been received and noticed as he was. Perhaps there was some truth in *this*; though I doubt whether *his* reserve, or *anybody's* reserve, can be answerable for the event. But in spite of all this fine talking, my dear Lizzy, you may rest perfectly assured, that your uncle would never have yielded, if we had not given him credit for *another interest* in the affair. When all this was resolved on, he returned again to his friends, who were still staying at Pemberley; but it was agreed that he should be in London once more when the wedding took place, and all money matters were then to receive the last finish. I believe I have now told you every thing. It is a relation which you tell me is to give you great surprise; I hope at least it will not afford you any displeasure. Lydia came to us; and Wickham had constant admission to the house. *He* was exactly what he had been, when I knew him in Hertfordshire; but I would not tell you how little I was satisfied with *her* behaviour while she staid with us, if I had not perceived, by Jane's letter last Wednesday, that her conduct on coming home was exactly of a piece with it, and therefore what I now tell you, can give you no fresh pain. I talked to her repeatedly in the most serious manner, representing to her all the wickedness of what she had done, and all the unhappiness she had brought on her family. If she heard me, it was by good luck, for I am sure she did not listen. I was sometimes quite provoked, but then I recollected my dear Elizabeth and Jane, and for their sakes had patience with her. Mr. Darcy was punctual in his return, and as Lydia informed you, attended the wedding. He dined with us the next day, and was to leave town again on Wednesday or Thursday. Will you be very angry with me, my dear Lizzy, if I take this opportunity of saying (what I was never bold

enough to say before) how much I like him. His behaviour to us has, in every respect, been as pleasing as when we were in Derbyshire. His understanding and opinions all please me; he wants nothing but a little more liveliness, and *that*, if he marry *prudently*, his wife may teach him. I thought him very sly;—he hardly ever mentioned your name. But slyness seems the fashion. Pray forgive me, if I have been very presuming, or at least do not punish me so far, as to exclude me from P. I shall never be quite happy till I have been all round the park. A low phæton, with a nice little pair of ponies, would be the very thing. But I must write no more. The children have been wanting me this half hour. Your's, very sincerely,

"M. GARDINER."

The contents of this letter threw Elizabeth into a flutter of spirits, in which it was difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain bore the greatest share. The vague and unsettled suspicions which uncertainty had produced of what Mr. Darcy might have been doing to forward her sister's match, which she had feared to encourage, as an exertion of goodness too great to be probable, and at the same time dreaded to be just, from the pain of obligation, were proved beyond their greatest extent to be true! He had followed them purposely to town, he had taken on himself all the trouble and mortification attendant on such a research; in which supplication had been necessary to a woman whom he must abominate and despise, and where he was reduced to meet, frequently meet, reason with, persuade, and finally bribe, the man whom he always most wished to avoid, and whose very name it was punishment to him to pronounce. He had done all this for a girl whom he could neither regard nor esteem. Her heart did whisper, that he had done it for her. But it was a hope shortly checked by other considerations, and she soon felt that

even her vanity was insufficient, when required to depend on his affection for her, for a woman who had already refused him, as able to overcome a sentiment so natural as abhorrence against relationship with Wickham. Brother in law of Wickham! Every kind of pride must revolt from the connection. He had to be sure done much. She was ashamed to think how much. But he had given a reason for his interference, which asked no extraordinary stretch of belief. It was reasonable that he should feel he had been wrong; he had liberality, and he had the means of exercising it; and though she would not place herself as his principal inducement, she could, perhaps, believe, that remaining partiality for her, might assist his endeavours in a cause where her peace of mind must be materially concerned. It was painful, exceedingly painful, to know that they were under obligations to a person who could never receive a return. They owed the restoration of Lydia, her character,[5] every thing to him. Oh! how heartily did she grieve over every ungracious sensation she had ever encouraged, every saucy speech she had ever directed towards him. For herself she was humbled; but she was proud of him. Proud that in a cause of compassion and honour, he had been able to get the better of himself. She read over her aunt's commendation of him again and again. It was hardly enough; but it pleased her. She was even sensible of some pleasure, though mixed with regret, on finding how stedfastly both she and her uncle had been persuaded that affection and confidence subsisted between Mr. Darcy and herself.

She was roused from her seat, and her reflections, by some one's approach; and before she could strike into another path, she was overtaken by Wickham.

"I am afraid I interrupt your solitary ramble, my dear sister?" said he, as he joined her.

"You certainly do," she replied with a smile; "but it does not follow that the interruption must be unwelcome."

"I should be sorry indeed, if it were. *We* were always good friends; and now we are better."

"True. Are the others coming out?"

"I do not know. Mrs. Bennet and Lydia are going in the carriage to Meryton. And so, my dear sister, I find from our uncle and aunt, that you have actually seen Pemberley."

She replied in the affirmative.

"I almost envy you the pleasure, and yet I believe it would be too much for me, or else I could take it in my way to Newcastle. And you saw the old housekeeper, I suppose? Poor Reynolds, she was always very fond of me. But of course she did not mention my name to you."

"Yes, she did."

"And what did she say?"

"That you were gone into the army, and she was afraid had—not turned out well. At such a distance as *that*, you know, things are strangely misrepresented."

"Certainly," he replied, biting his lips. Elizabeth hoped she had silenced him; but he soon afterwards said,

"I was surprised to see Darcy[6] in town last month. We passed each other several times. I wonder what he can be doing there."

"Perhaps preparing for his marriage with Miss de Bourgh," said Elizabeth. "It must be something particular, to take him there at this time of year."

"Undoubtedly. Did you see him while you were at Lambton? I thought I understood from the Gardiners that you had."

"Yes; he introduced us to his sister."

"And do you like her?"

"Very much."

"I have heard, indeed, that she is uncommonly improved within this year or two. When I last saw her, she was not very promising. I am very glad you liked her. I hope she will turn out well."

"I dare say she will; she has got over the most trying age."

"Did you go by the village of Kympton?"

"I do not recollect that we did."

"I mention it, because it is the living which I ought to have had. A most delightful place! Excellent Parsonage House! It would have suited me in every respect."

"How should you have liked making sermons?"

"Exceedingly well. I should have considered it as part of my duty, and the exertion would soon have been nothing. One ought not to repine;—but, to be sure, it would have been such a thing for me! The quiet, the retirement of such a life, would have answered all my ideas of happiness! But it was not to be. Did you ever hear Darcy mention the circumstance, when you were in Kent?"

"I *have* heard from authority, which I thought *as good*, that it was left you conditionally only, and at the will of the present patron."

"You have. Yes, there was something in *that*; I told you so from the first, you may remember."

"I *did* hear, too, that there was a time, when sermon-making was not so palateable to you, as it seems to be at present; that you actually declared your resolution of never taking orders, and that the business had been compromised accordingly."

"You did! and it was not wholly without foundation. You may remember what I told you on that point, when first we talked of it."

They were now almost at the door of the house, for she had walked fast to get rid of him; and unwilling, for her

sister's sake, to provoke him, she only said in reply, with a good-humoured smile,

"Come, Mr. Wickham, we are brother and sister, you know. Do not let us quarrel about the past. In future, I hope we shall be always of one mind."

She held out her hand; he kissed it with affectionate gallantry, though he hardly knew how to look, and they entered the house.

Chapter 11

Mr. Wickham was so perfectly satisfied with this conversation, that he never again distressed himself, or provoked his dear sister Elizabeth, by introducing the subject of it; and she was pleased to find that she had said enough to keep him quiet.

The day of his and Lydia's departure soon came, and Mrs. Bennet was forced to submit to a separation, which, as her husband by no means entered into her scheme of their all going to Newcastle, was likely to continue at least a twelvemonth.

"Oh! my dear Lydia," she cried, "when shall we meet again?"

"Oh, lord! I don't know. Not these two or three years perhaps."

"Write to me very often, my dear."

"As often as I can. But you know married women have never much time for writing. My sisters may write to *me*. They will have nothing else to do."

Mr. Wickham's adieus were much more affectionate than his wife's. He smiled, looked handsome, and said many pretty things.

"He is as fine a fellow," said Mr. Bennet, as soon as they were out of the house, "as ever I saw. He simpers, and smirks, and makes love to us all. I am prodigiously proud of him. I defy even Sir William Lucas himself, to produce a more valuable son-in-law."

The loss of her daughter made Mrs. Bennet very dull for several days.

"I often think," said she "that there is nothing so bad as parting with one's friends. One seems so forlorn without them."

"This is the consequence you see, Madam, of marrying a daughter," said Elizabeth. "It must make you better satisfied that your other four are single."

"It is no such thing. Lydia does not leave me because she is married; but only because her husband's regiment happens to be so far off. If that had been nearer, she would not have gone so soon."

But the spiritless condition which this event threw her into, was shortly relieved, and her mind opened again to the agitation of hope, by an article of news, which then began to be in circulation. The housekeeper at Netherfield had received orders to prepare for the arrival of her master, who was coming down in a day or two, to shoot there for several weeks. Mrs. Bennet was quite in the fidgets.[1] She looked at Jane, and smiled, and shook her head by turns.

"Well, well, and so Mr. Bingley is coming down, sister," (for Mrs. Phillips first brought her the news.) "Well, so much the better. Not that I care about it, though. He is nothing to us, you know, and I am sure *I* never want to see him again. But, however, he is very welcome to come to Netherfield, if he likes it. And who knows what *may* happen? But that is nothing to us. You know, sister, we agreed long ago never to mention a word about it. And so, is it quite certain he is coming?"

"You may depend on it," replied the other, "for Mrs. Nicholls was in Meryton last night; I saw her passing by, and went out myself on purpose to know the truth of it; and

she told me that it was certain[2] true. He comes down on Thursday at the latest, very likely on Wednesday. She was going to the butcher's, on purpose to order in some more meat on Wednesday, and she has got three couple of ducks, just fit to be killed."

Miss Bennet had not been able to hear of his coming, without changing colour. It was many months since she had mentioned his name to Elizabeth; but now, as soon as they were alone together, she said,

"I saw you look at me to day, Lizzy, when my aunt told us of the present report; and I know I appeared distressed. But don't imagine it was from any silly cause. I was only confused for the moment, because I felt that I *should* be looked at. I do assure you, that the news does not affect me either with pleasure or pain. I am glad of one thing, that he comes alone; because we shall see the less of him. Not that I am afraid of *myself*, but I dread other people's remarks."

Elizabeth did not know what to make of it. Had she not seen him in Derbyshire, she might have supposed him capable of coming there, with no other view than what was acknowledged; but she still thought him partial to Jane, and she wavered as to the greater probability of his coming there *with* his friend's permission, or being bold enough to come without it.

"Yet it is hard," she sometimes thought, "that this poor man cannot come to a house, which he has legally hired, without raising all this speculation! I *will* leave him to himself."

In spite of what her sister declared, and really believed to be her feelings, in the expectation of his arrival, Elizabeth could easily perceive that her spirits were affected by it. They were more disturbed, more unequal,[3] than she had often seen them.

The subject which had been so warmly canvassed between their parents, about a twelvemonth ago, was now brought forward again.

"As soon as ever Mr. Bingley comes, my dear," said Mrs. Bennet, "you will wait on him of course."

"No, no. You forced me into visiting him last year, and promised if I went to see him, he should marry one of my daughters. But it ended in nothing, and I will not be sent on a fool's errand again."

His wife represented to him how absolutely necessary such an attention would be from all the neighbouring gentlemen, on his returning to Netherfield.

"'Tis an etiquette I despise," said he. "If he wants our society, let him seek it. He knows where we live. I will not spend *my* hours in running after my neighbours every time they go away, and come back again."

"Well, all I know is, that it will be abominably rude if you do not wait on him. But, however, that shan't prevent my asking him to dine here, I am determined. We must have Mrs. Long and the Gouldings soon. That will make thirteen with ourselves, so there will be just room at table for him."

Consoled by this resolution, she was the better able to bear her husband's incivility; though it was very mortifying to know that her neighbours might all see Mr. Bingley in consequence of it, before *they* did. As the day of his arrival drew near,

"I begin to be sorry that he comes at all," said Jane to her sister. "It would be nothing; I could see him with perfect indifference, but I can hardly bear to hear it thus perpetually talked of. My mother means well; but she does not know, no one can know how much I suffer from what she says. Happy shall I be, when his stay at Netherfield is over!"

"I wish I could say any thing to comfort you," replied Elizabeth; "but it is wholly out of my power. You must feel it; and the usual satisfaction of preaching patience to a sufferer is denied me, because you have always so much."

Mr. Bingley arrived. Mrs. Bennet, through the assistance of servants, contrived to have the earliest tidings of it, that the period of anxiety and fretfulness on her side, might be as long as it could. She counted the days that must intervene before their invitation could be sent; hopeless of seeing him before. But on the third morning after his arrival in Hertfordshire, she saw him from her dressing-room window, enter the paddock, and ride towards the house.

Her daughters were eagerly called to partake of her joy. Jane resolutely kept her place at the table; but Elizabeth, to satisfy her mother, went to the window—she looked,—she saw Mr. Darcy with him, and sat down again by her sister.

"There is a gentleman with him, mamma," said Kitty; "who can it be?"

"Some acquaintance or other, my dear, I suppose; I am sure I do not know."

"La!" replied Kitty, "it looks just like that man that used to be with him before. Mr. what's his name. That tall, proud man."

"Good gracious! Mr. Darcy!—and so it does I vow. Well, any friend of Mr. Bingley's will always be welcome here to be sure; but else I must say that I hate the very sight of him."

Jane looked at Elizabeth with surprise and concern. She knew but little of their meeting in Derbyshire, and therefore felt for the awkwardness which must attend her sister, in seeing him almost for the first time after receiving his explanatory letter. Both sisters were uncomfortable enough. Each felt for the other, and of course for themselves; and their mother talked on, of her dislike of Mr. Darcy, and her

resolution to be civil to him only as Mr. Bingley's friend, without being heard by either of them. But Elizabeth had sources of uneasiness which could not be suspected by Jane, to whom she had never yet had courage to shew Mrs. Gardiner's letter, or to relate her own change of sentiment towards him. To Jane, he could be only a man whose proposals she had refused, and whose merit she had undervalued; but to her own more extensive information, he was the person, to whom the whole family were indebted for the first of benefits, and whom she regarded herself with an interest, if not quite so tender, at least as reasonable and just, as what Jane felt for Bingley. Her astonishment at his coming—at his coming to Netherfield, to Longbourn, and voluntarily seeking her again, was almost equal to what she had known on first witnessing his altered behaviour in Derbyshire.

The colour which had been driven from her face, returned for half a minute with an additional glow, and a smile of delight added lustre to her eyes, as she thought for that space of time, that his affection and wishes must still be unshaken. But she would not be secure.

"Let me first see how he behaves," said she; "it will then be early enough for expectation."

She sat intently at work, striving to be composed, and without daring to lift up her eyes, till anxious curiosity carried them to the face of her sister, as the servant was approaching the door. Jane looked a little paler than usual, but more sedate than Elizabeth had expected. On the gentlemen's appearing, her colour increased; yet she received them with tolerable ease, and with a propriety of behaviour equally free from any symptom of resentment, or any unnecessary complaisance.

Elizabeth said as little to either as civility would allow, and sat down again to her work, with an eagerness which it did

not often command. She had ventured only one glance at Darcy. He looked serious as usual; and she thought, more as he had been used to look in Hertfordshire, than as she had seen him at Pemberley. But, perhaps he could not in her mother's presence be what he was before her uncle and aunt. It was a painful, but not an improbable, conjecture.

Bingley, she had likewise seen for an instant, and in that short period saw him looking both pleased and embarrassed. He was received by Mrs. Bennet with a degree of civility, which made her two daughters ashamed, especially when contrasted with the cold and ceremonious politeness of her curtsey and address to his friend.

Elizabeth particularly, who knew that her mother owed to the latter the preservation of her favourite daughter from irremediable[4] infamy, was hurt and distressed to a most painful degree by a distinction so ill applied.

Darcy, after enquiring of her how Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner did, a question which she could not answer without confusion, said scarcely any thing. He was not seated by her; perhaps that was the reason of his silence; but it had not been so in Derbyshire. There he had talked to her friends, when he could not to herself. But now several minutes elapsed, without bringing the sound of his voice; and when occasionally, unable to resist the impulse of curiosity, she raised her eyes to his face, she as often found him looking at Jane, as at herself, and frequently on no object but the ground. More thoughtfulness, and less anxiety to please than when they last met, were plainly expressed. She was disappointed, and angry with herself for being so.

"Could I expect it to be otherwise!" said she. "Yet why did he come?"

She was in no humour for conversation with any one but himself; and to him she had hardly courage to speak.

She enquired after his sister, but could do no more.

"It is a long time, Mr. Bingley, since you went away," said Mrs. Bennet.

He readily agreed to it.

"I began to be afraid you would never come back again. People *did* say, you meant to quit the place entirely at Michaelmas;[5] but, however, I hope it is not true. A great many changes have happened in the neighbourhood, since you went away. Miss Lucas is married and settled. And one of my own daughters. I suppose you have heard of it; indeed, you must have seen it in the papers. It was in the Times[6] and the Courier,[7] I know; though it was not put in as it ought to be. It was only said, 'Lately, George Wickham, Esq. to Miss Lydia Bennet,' without there being a syllable said of her father, or the place where she lived, or any thing. It was my brother Gardiner's drawing up too, and I wonder how he came to make such an awkward business of it. Did you see it?"

Bingley replied that he did, and made his congratulations. Elizabeth dared not lift up her eyes. How Mr. Darcy looked, therefore, she could not tell.

"It is a delightful thing, to be sure, to have a daughter well married," continued her mother; "but at the same time, Mr. Bingley, it is very hard to have her taken such a way from me. They are gone down to Newcastle, a place quite northward, it seems, and there they are to stay, I do not know how long. His regiment is there; for I suppose you have heard of his leaving the ———shire, and of his being gone into the regulars. Thank Heaven! he has *some* friends, though perhaps not so many as he deserves."

Elizabeth, who knew this to be levelled at Mr. Darcy, was in such misery of shame, that she could hardly keep her seat. It drew from her, however, the exertion of speaking, which

nothing else had so effectually done before; and she asked Bingley, whether he meant to make any stay in the country at present. A few weeks, he believed.

"When you have killed all your own birds, Mr. Bingley," said her mother, "I beg you will come here, and shoot as many as you please, on Mr. Bennet's manor.[8] I am sure he will be vastly happy to oblige you, and will save all the best of the covies[9] for you."

Elizabeth's misery increased, at such unnecessary, such officious attention! Were the same fair prospect to arise at present, as had flattered them a year ago, every thing, she was persuaded, would be hastening to the same vexatious conclusion. At that instant she felt, that years of happiness could not make Jane or herself amends, for moments of such painful confusion.

"The first wish of my heart," said she to herself, "is never more to be in company with either of them. Their society can afford no pleasure, that will atone for such wretchedness as this! Let me never see either one or the other again!"

Yet the misery, for which years of happiness were to offer no compensation, received soon afterwards material relief, from observing how much the beauty of her sister re-kindled the admiration of her former lover. When first he came in, he had spoken to her but little; but every five minutes seemed to be giving her more of his attention. He found her as handsome as she had been last year; as good natured, and as unaffected, though not quite so chatty. Jane was anxious that no difference should be perceived in her at all, and was really persuaded that she talked as much as ever. But her mind was so busily engaged, that she did not always know when she was silent.

When the gentlemen rose to go away, Mrs. Bennet was mindful of her intended civility, and they were invited and engaged to dine at Longbourn in a few days time.

"You are quite a visit in my debt, Mr. Bingley," she added, "for when you went to town last winter, you promised to take a family dinner with us, as soon as you returned. I have not forgot, you see; and I assure you, I was very much disappointed that you did not come back and keep your engagement."

Bingley looked a little silly[10] at this reflection, and said something of his concern, at having been prevented by business. They then went away.

Mrs. Bennet had been strongly inclined to ask them to stay and dine there, that day; but, though she always kept a very good table, she did not think any thing less than two courses, could be good enough for a man, on whom she had such anxious designs, or satisfy the appetite and pride of one who had ten thousand a-year.

Chapter 12

As soon as they were gone, Elizabeth walked out to recover her spirits; or in other words, to dwell without interruption on those subjects that must deaden them more. Mr. Darcy's behaviour astonished and vexed her.

"Why, if he came only to be silent, grave, and indifferent," said she, "did he come at all?"

She could settle it in no way that gave her pleasure.

"He could be still amiable, still pleasing, to my uncle and aunt, when he was in town; and why not to me? If he fears me, why come hither? If he no longer cares for me, why silent? Teazing, teazing, man! I will think no more about him."

Her resolution was for a short time involuntarily kept by the approach of her sister, who joined her with a cheerful look, which shewed her better satisfied with their visitors, than Elizabeth.

"Now," said she, "that this first meeting is over, I feel perfectly easy. I know my own strength, and I shall never be embarrassed again by his coming. I am glad he dines here on Tuesday. It will then be publicly seen, that on both sides, we meet only as common and indifferent acquaintance."

"Yes, very indifferent indeed," said Elizabeth, laughingly. "Oh, Jane, take care."

"My dear Lizzy, you cannot think me so weak, as to be in danger now."

"I think you are in very great danger of making him as much in love with you as ever."

They did not see the gentlemen again till Tuesday; and Mrs. Bennet, in the meanwhile, was giving way to all the happy schemes, which the good humour, and common politeness of Bingley, in half an hour's visit, had revived.

On Tuesday there was a large party assembled at Longbourn; and the two, who were most anxiously expected, to the credit of their punctuality as sportsmen,[1] were in very good time. When they repaired to the dining-room, Elizabeth eagerly watched to see whether Bingley would take the place, which, in all their former parties, had belonged to him, by her sister. Her prudent mother, occupied by the same ideas, forbore to invite him to sit by herself. On entering the room, he seemed to hesitate; but Jane happened to look round, and happened to smile: it was decided. He placed himself by her.

Elizabeth, with a triumphant sensation, looked towards his friend. He bore it with noble indifference, and she would have imagined that Bingley had received his sanction to be happy, had she not seen his eyes likewise turned towards Mr. Darcy, with an expression of half-laughing alarm.

His behaviour to her sister was such, during dinner time, as shewed an admiration of her, which, though more guarded than formerly, persuaded Elizabeth, that if left wholly to himself, Jane's happiness, and his own, would be speedily secured. Though she dared not depend upon the consequence, she yet received pleasure from observing his behaviour. It gave her all the animation that her spirits could boast; for she was in no cheerful humour. Mr. Darcy was almost as far from her, as the table could divide them. He was on one side of her

mother. She knew how little such a situation would give pleasure to either, or make either appear to advantage. She was not near enough to hear any of their discourse, but she could see how seldom they spoke to each other, and how formal and cold was their manner, whenever they did. Her mother's ungraciousness, made the sense of what they owed him more painful to Elizabeth's mind; and she would, at times, have given any thing to be privileged to tell him, that his kindness was neither unknown nor unfelt by the whole of the family.

She was in hopes that the evening would afford some opportunity of bringing them together; that the whole of the visit would not pass away without enabling them to enter into something more of conversation, than the mere ceremonious salutation attending his entrance. Anxious and uneasy, the period which passed in the drawing-room, before the gentlemen came, was wearisome and dull to a degree, that almost made her uncivil. She looked forward to their entrance, as the point on which all her chance of pleasure for the evening must depend.

"If he does not come to me, *then*," said she, "I shall give him up for ever."

The gentlemen came; and she thought he looked as if he would have answered her hopes; but, alas! the ladies had crowded round the table, where Miss Bennet was making tea, and Elizabeth pouring out the coffee, in so close a confederacy, that there was not a single vacancy near her, which would admit of a chair. And on the gentlemen's approaching, one of the girls moved closer to her than ever, and said, in a whisper,

"The men shan't come and part us, I am determined. We want none of them; do we?"

Darcy had walked away to another part of the room. She followed him with her eyes, envied every one to whom he

spoke, had scarcely patience enough to help anybody to coffee; and then was enraged against herself for being so silly!

"A man who has once been refused! How could I ever be foolish enough to expect a renewal of his love? Is there one among the sex, who would not protest against such a weakness as a second proposal to the same woman? There is no indignity so abhorrent to their feelings!"

She was a little revived, however, by his bringing back his coffee cup himself; and she seized the opportunity of saying,

"Is your sister at Pemberley still?"

"Yes, she will remain there till Christmas."

"And quite alone? Have all her friends left her?"

"Mrs. Annesley is with her. The others have been gone on to Scarborough,[2] these three weeks."

She could think of nothing more to say; but if he wished to converse with her, he might have better success. He stood by her, however, for some minutes, in silence; and, at last, on the young lady's whispering to Elizabeth again, he walked away.

When the tea-things were removed, and the card tables placed, the ladies all rose, and Elizabeth was then hoping to be soon joined by him, when all her views were overthrown, by seeing him fall a victim to her mother's rapacity for whist players,[3] and in a few moments after seated with the rest of the party. She now lost every expectation of pleasure. They were confined for the evening at different tables, and she had nothing to hope, but that his eyes were so often turned towards her side of the room, as to make him play as unsuccessfully as herself.

Mrs. Bennet had designed to keep the two Netherfield gentlemen to supper; but their carriage was unluckily ordered

before any of the others, and she had no opportunity of detaining them.

"Well girls," said she, as soon as they were left to themselves, "What say you to the day? I think every thing has passed off uncommonly well, I assure you. The dinner was as well dressed as any I ever saw. The venison[4] was roasted to a turn—and everybody said, they never saw so fat a haunch. The soup was fifty times better than what we had at the Lucas's last week; and even Mr. Darcy acknowledged, that the partridges were remarkably well done; and I suppose he has two or three French cooks at least. And, my dear Jane, I never saw you look in greater beauty. Mrs. Long said so too, for I asked her whether you did not. And what do you think she said besides? 'Ah! Mrs. Bennet, we shall have her at Netherfield at last.' She did indeed. I do think Mrs. Long is as good a creature as ever lived—and her nieces are very pretty behaved[5] girls, and not at all handsome: I like them prodigiously."

Mrs. Bennet, in short, was in very great spirits; she had seen enough of Bingley's behaviour to Jane, to be convinced that she would get him at last; and her expectations of advantage to her family, when in a happy humour, were so far beyond reason, that she was quite disappointed at not seeing him there again the next day, to make his proposals.

"It has been a very agreeable day," said Miss Bennet to Elizabeth. "The party seemed so well selected, so suitable one with the other. I hope we may often meet again."

Elizabeth smiled.

"Lizzy, you must not do so. You must not suspect me. It mortifies me. I assure you that I have now learnt to enjoy his conversation as an agreeable and sensible young man, without having a wish beyond it. I am perfectly satisfied from

what his manners now are, that he never had any design of engaging my affection. It is only that he is blessed with greater sweetness of address, and a stronger desire of generally pleasing than any other man."

"You are very cruel," said her sister, "you will not let me smile, and are provoking me to it every moment."

"How hard it is in some cases to be believed!"

"And how impossible in others!"

"But why should you wish to persuade me that I feel more than I acknowledge?"

"That is a question which I hardly know how to answer. We all love to instruct, though we can teach only what is not worth knowing. Forgive me; and if you persist in indifference, do not make *me* your confidante."

Chapter 13

A FEW days after this visit, Mr. Bingley called again, and alone. His friend had left him that morning for London, but was to return home[1] in ten days time. He sat with them above an hour, and was in remarkably good spirits. Mrs. Bennet invited him to dine with them; but, with many expressions of concern, he confessed himself engaged elsewhere.

"Next time you call," said she, "I hope we shall be more lucky."

He should be particularly happy at any time, &c. &c.; and if she would give him leave, would take an early opportunity of waiting on them.

"Can you come to-morrow?"

Yes, he had no engagement at all for to-morrow; and her invitation was accepted with alacrity.

He came, and in such very good time, that the ladies were none of them dressed. In ran Mrs. Bennet to her daughter's room, in her dressing gown, and with her hair half finished, crying out,

"My dear Jane, make haste and hurry down. He is come—Mr. Bingley is come.—He is, indeed. Make haste, make haste. Here, Sarah, come to Miss Bennet this moment, and help her on with her gown. Never mind Miss Lizzy's hair."

"We will be down as soon as we can," said Jane; "but I dare say Kitty is forwarder[2] than either of us, for she went up stairs half an hour ago."

"Oh! hang Kitty! what has she to do with it? Come be quick, be quick! where is your sash my dear?"

But when her mother was gone, Jane would not be prevailed on to go down without one of her sisters.

The same anxiety to get them by themselves, was visible again in the evening. After tea, Mr. Bennet retired to the library, as was his custom, and Mary went up stairs to her instrument. Two obstacles of the five being thus removed, Mrs Bennet sat looking and winking at Elizabeth and Catherine for a considerable time, without making any impression on them. Elizabeth would not observe her; and when at last Kitty did, she very innocently said, "What is the matter mamma. What do you keep winking at me for? What am I to do?"

"Nothing child, nothing. I did not wink at you." She then sat still five minutes longer; but unable to waste such a precious occasion, she suddenly got up, and saying to Kitty,

"Come here, my love, I want to speak to you," took her out of the room. Jane instantly gave a look at Elizabeth, which spoke her distress at such premeditation, and her intreaty that *she* would not give into it. In a few minutes, Mrs. Bennet half opened the door and called out,

"Lizzy, my dear, I want to speak with you."

Elizabeth was forced to go.

"We may as well leave them by themselves you know;" said her mother as soon as she was in the hall. "Kitty and I are going up stairs to sit in my dressing room."

Elizabeth made no attempt to reason with her mother, but remained quietly in the hall, till she and Kitty were out of sight, then returned into the drawing room.

Mrs. Bennet's schemes for this day were ineffectual. Bingley was every thing that was charming, except the professed lover of her daughter. His ease and cheerfulness rendered

him a most agreeable addition to their evening party; and he bore with the ill-judged officiousness of the mother, and heard all her silly remarks with a forbearance and command of countenance, particularly grateful to the daughter.

He scarcely needed an invitation to stay supper;[3] and before he went away, an engagement was formed, chiefly through his own and Mrs. Bennet's means, for his coming next morning to shoot with her husband.

After this day, Jane said no more of her indifference. Not a word passed between the sisters concerning Bingley; but Elizabeth went to bed in the happy belief that all must speedily be concluded, unless Mr. Darcy returned within the stated time. Seriously, however, she felt tolerably persuaded that all this must have taken place with that gentleman's concurrence.

Bingley was punctual to his appointment; and he and Mr. Bennet spent the morning together, as had been agreed on. The latter was much more agreeable than his companion expected. There was nothing of presumption or folly in Bingley, that could provoke his ridicule, or disgust him into silence; and he was more communicative, and less eccentric than the other had ever seen him. Bingley of course returned with him to dinner; and in the evening Mrs. Bennet's invention was again at work to get every body away from him and her daughter. Elizabeth, who had a letter to write, went into the breakfast room for that purpose soon after tea; for as the others were all going to sit down to cards, she could not be wanted to counteract her mother's schemes.

But on returning to the drawing room, when her letter was finished, she saw, to her infinite surprise, there was reason to fear that her mother had been too ingenious for her. On opening the door, she perceived her sister and Bingley standing together over the hearth, as if engaged in earnest conversation; and had this led to no suspicion, the faces of

both as they hastily turned round, and moved away from each other, would have told it all. *Their* situation was awkward enough; but *her's* she thought was still worse. Not a syllable was uttered by either; and Elizabeth was on the point of going away again, when Bingley, who as well as the others[4] had sat down, suddenly rose, and whispering a few words to her sister, ran out of the room.

Jane could have no reserves[5] from Elizabeth, where confidence[6] would give pleasure; and instantly embracing her, acknowledged, with the liveliest emotion, that she was the happiest creature in the world.

"'Tis too much!" she added, "by far too much. I do not deserve it. Oh! why is not every body as happy?"

Elizabeth's congratulations were given with a sincerity, a warmth, a delight, which words could but poorly express. Every sentence of kindness was a fresh source of happiness to Jane. But she would not allow herself to stay with her sister, or say half that remained to be said, for the present.

"I must go instantly to my mother;" she cried. "I would not on any account trifle with her affectionate solicitude; or allow her to hear it from any one but myself. He is gone to my father already. Oh! Lizzy, to know that what I have to relate will give such pleasure to all my dear family! how shall I bear so much happiness!"

She then hastened away to her mother, who had purposely broken up the card party, and was sitting up stairs with Kitty.

Elizabeth, who was left by herself, now smiled at the rapidity and ease with which an affair was finally settled, that had given them so many previous months of suspense and vexation.

"And this," said she, "is the end of all his friend's anxious circumspection! of all his sister's falsehood and contrivance! the happiest, wisest, most reasonable end!"

In a few minutes she was joined by Bingley, whose conference with her father had been short and to the purpose.

"Where is your sister?" said he hastily, as he opened the door.

"With my mother up stairs. She will be down in a moment I dare say."

He then shut the door, and coming up to her, claimed the good wishes and affection of a sister. Elizabeth honestly and heartily expressed her delight in the prospect of their relationship. They shook hands with great cordiality; and then till her sister came down, she had to listen to all he had to say, of his own happiness, and of Jane's perfections; and in spite of his being a lover, Elizabeth really believed all his expectations of felicity, to be rationally founded, because they had for basis the excellent understanding, and super-excellent disposition of Jane, and a general similarity of feeling and taste between her and himself.

It was an evening of no common delight to them all; the satisfaction of Miss Bennet's mind gave a glow of such sweet animation to her face, as made her look handsomer than ever. Kitty simpered and smiled, and hoped her turn was coming soon. Mrs. Bennet could not give her consent, or speak her approbation in terms warm enough to satisfy her feelings, though she talked to Bingley of nothing else, for half an hour; and when Mr. Bennet joined them at supper, his voice and manner plainly shewed how really happy he was.

Not a word, however, passed his lips in allusion to it, till their visitor took his leave for the night; but as soon as he was gone, he turned to his daughter and said,

"Jane, I congratulate you. You will be a very happy woman."

Jane went to him instantly, kissed him, and thanked him for his goodness.

"You are a good girl;" he replied, "and I have great pleasure in thinking you will be so happily settled. I have not a doubt of your doing very well together. Your tempers are by no means unlike. You are each of you so complying, that nothing will ever be resolved on; so easy, that every servant will cheat you; and so generous, that you will always exceed your income."

"I hope not so. Imprudence or thoughtlessness in money matters, would be unpardonable in *me*."

"Exceed their income! My dear Mr. Bennet," cried his wife, "what are you talking of? Why, he has four or five thousand a-year, and very likely more." Then addressing her daughter, "Oh! my dear, dear Jane, I am so happy! I am sure I sha'nt get a wink of sleep all night. I knew how it would be. I always said it must be so, at last. I was sure you could not be so beautiful for nothing! I remember, as soon as ever I saw him, when he first came into Hertfordshire last year, I thought how likely it was that you should come together. Oh! he is the handsomest young man that ever was seen!"

Wickham, Lydia, were all forgotten. Jane was beyond competition her favourite child. At that moment, she cared for no other. Her youngest sisters[7] soon began to make interest with her[8] for objects of happiness which she might in future be able to dispense.

Mary petitioned for the use of the library at Netherfield; and Kitty begged very hard for a few balls there every winter.

Bingley, from this time, was of course a daily visitor at Longbourn; coming frequently before breakfast, and always remaining till after supper; unless when some barbarous neighbour, who could not be enough detested, had given him an invitation to dinner, which he thought himself obliged to accept.

Elizabeth had now but little time for conversation with her sister; for while he was present, Jane had no attention to bestow on any one else; but she found herself considerably useful to both of them, in those hours of separation that must sometimes occur. In the absence of Jane, he always attached himself to Elizabeth, for the pleasure of talking of her; and when Bingley was gone, Jane constantly sought the same means of relief.

"He has made me so happy," said she, one evening, "by telling me, that he was totally ignorant of my being in town last spring! I had not believed it possible."

"I suspected as much," replied Elizabeth. "But how did he account for it?"

"It must have been his sisters' doing. They were certainly no friends to his acquaintance with me, which I cannot wonder at, since he might have chosen so much more advantageously in many respects. But when they see, as I trust they will, that their brother is happy with me, they will learn to be contented, and we shall be on good terms again; though we can never be what we once were to each other."

"That is the most unforgiving speech," said Elizabeth, "that I ever heard you utter. Good girl! It would vex me, indeed, to see you again the dupe of Miss Bingley's pretended regard."

"Would you believe it, Lizzy, that when he went to town last November, he really loved me, and nothing but a persuasion of *my* being indifferent, would have prevented his coming down again!"

"He made a little mistake to be sure; but it is to the credit of his modesty."

This naturally introduced a panegyric from Jane on his diffidence, and the little value he put on his own good qualities.

Elizabeth was pleased to find, that he had not betrayed the interference of his friend, for, though Jane had the most generous and forgiving heart in the world, she knew it was a circumstance which must prejudice her against him.

"I am certainly the most fortunate creature that ever existed!" cried Jane. "Oh! Lizzy, why am I thus singled from my family, and blessed above them all! If I could but see *you* as happy! If there *were* but such another man for you!"

"If you were to give me forty such men, I never could be so happy as you. Till I have your disposition, your goodness, I never can have your happiness. No, no, let me shift for myself; and, perhaps, if I have very good luck, I may meet with another Mr. Collins in time."

The situation of affairs in the Longbourn family could not be long a secret. Mrs. Bennet was privileged to whisper it to Mrs. Phillips, and *she* ventured, without any permission, to do the same by all her neighbours in Meryton.

The Bennets were speedily pronounced to be the luckiest family in the world, though only a few weeks before, when Lydia had first run away, they had been generally proved to be marked out for misfortune.

Chapter 14

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window, by the sound of a carriage; and they perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors,[1] and besides, the equipage did not answer to that of any of their neighbours. The horses were post; and neither the carriage, nor the livery of the servant who preceded it, were familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open, and their visitor entered. It was lady Catherine de Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised; but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation, than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother, on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence, she said very stiffly to Elizabeth,

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady I suppose is your mother."

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And *that* I suppose is one of your sisters."

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a lady Catherine. "She is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all, is lately married, and my eldest is some-where about the grounds, walking with a young man, who I believe will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned lady Catherine after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison of Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas's."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening, in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added,

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well."

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet, with great civility, begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating any thing; and then rising up, said to Elizabeth,

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness[2] on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favour me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and shew her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."[3]

Elizabeth obeyed, and running into her own room for her parasol,[4] attended her noble guest down stairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining-parlour and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting-woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman, who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Madam. I have not been at all able to account for the honour of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know, that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere *you* may choose to be, you shall not find *me* so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness, and in a cause of such moment as this, I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming

nature reached me two days ago. I was told, that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that *you*, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I *know* it must be a scandalous falsehood; though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, colouring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn, to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! do you then pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And can you likewise declare, that there is no *foundation* for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. *You* may ask questions, which *I* shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne. Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But *your* arts and allurements may, in a moment

of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know *mine*; nor will such behaviour as this, ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place. No, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to *my daughter*. Now what have you to say?"

"Only this; that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated for a moment, and then replied,

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy, they have been intended for each other. It was the favourite wish of *his* mother, as well as of her's. While in their cradles, we planned the union: and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished, in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? To his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say, that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"[5]

"Yes, and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it, by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could, in planning the marriage. Its

completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honour nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? And if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?"

"Because honour, decorum, prudence, nay, interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest; for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you wilfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised, by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes," replied Elizabeth. "But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation, that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score?

"Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"*That* will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on *me*."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended on the maternal side, from the same noble line;[6] and, on the father's, from respectable, honourable, and ancient, though untitled families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them? The upstart pretensions of a young woman without

family, connections, or fortune. Is this to be endured! But it must not, shall not be. If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere, in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter; so far we are equal."

"True. You *are* a gentleman's daughter. But who was your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to *you*."

"Tell me once for all, are you engaged to him?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question; she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation,

"I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me, never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished. I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede.[7] I shall not go away, till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly *never* shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise, make *their* marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would *my* refusing to accept his hand, make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the

arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application, have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in *his* affairs, I cannot tell; but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no farther on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please. I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged, I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement. I know it all; that the young man's marrying her, was a patched-up business, at the expence of your father and uncles. And is *such* a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is *her* husband, is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth!—of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can *now* have nothing farther to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me, in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honour and credit of my nephew! Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you, must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody."

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing farther to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are then resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner, which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to *you*, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me. You refuse to obey the claims of duty, honour, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honour, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "have any possible claim on me, in the present instance. No principle of either, would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the indignation of the world, if the former *were* excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern—and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn."

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well. I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable; but depend upon it I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on, till they were at the door of the carriage, when turning hastily round, she added,

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer; and without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself. She heard the carriage drive away as she proceeded up stairs. Her mother impatiently met her at the door of the dressing room, to ask why Lady Catherine would not come in again and rest herself.

"She did not choose it," said her daughter, "she would go."

"She is a very fine-looking woman! and her calling here was prodigiously civil! for she only came, I suppose, to tell us the Collinses were well. She is on her road somewhere, I dare

say, and so passing through Meryton, thought she might as well call on you. I suppose she had nothing particular to say to you, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth was forced to give into a little falsehood here; for to acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

Chapter 15

The discomposure of spirits, which this extraordinary visit threw Elizabeth into, could not be easily overcome; nor could she for many hours, learn to think of it less than incessantly. Lady Catherine it appeared, had actually taken the trouble of this journey from Rosings, for the sole purpose of breaking off her supposed engagement with Mr. Darcy. It was a rational scheme to be sure! but from what the report of their engagement could originate, Elizabeth was at a loss to imagine; till she recollected that *his* being the intimate friend of Bingley, and *her* being the sister of Jane, was enough, at a time when the expectation of one wedding, made every body eager for another, to supply the idea. She had not herself forgotten to feel that the marriage of her sister must bring them more frequently together. And her neighbours at Lucas lodge, therefore, (for through their communication with the Collinses, the report she concluded had reached lady Catherine) had only set *that* down, as almost certain and immediate, which *she* had looked forward to as possible, at some future time.

In revolving lady Catherine's expressions,[1] however, she could not help feeling some uneasiness as to the possible consequence of her persisting in this interference. From what she had said of her resolution to prevent their marriage, it occurred to Elizabeth that she must meditate an application to her nephew; and how *he* might take a similar representation of the evils attached to a connection with her, she dared not

pronounce. She knew not the exact degree of his affection for his aunt, or his dependence on her judgment, but it was natural to suppose that he thought much higher of her ladyship than *she* could do; and it was certain, that in enumerating the miseries of a marriage with *one*, whose immediate connections were so unequal to his own, his aunt would address him on his weakest side. With his notions of dignity, he would probably feel that the arguments, which to Elizabeth had appeared weak and ridiculous, contained much good sense and solid reasoning.

If he had been wavering before, as to what he should do, which had often seemed likely, the advice and intreaty of so near a relation might settle every doubt, and determine him at once to be as happy, as dignity unblemished could make him. In that case he would return no more. Lady Catherine might see him in her way through town; and his engagement to Bingley of coming again to Netherfield must give way.

"If, therefore, an excuse for not keeping his promise, should come to his friend within a few days," she added, "I shall know how to understand it. I shall then give over every expectation, every wish of his constancy. If he is satisfied with only regretting me, when he might have obtained my affections and hand, I shall soon cease to regret him at all."

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The surprise of the rest of the family, on hearing who their visitor had been, was very great; but they obligingly satisfied it, with the same kind of supposition, which had appeased Mrs. Bennet's curiosity; and Elizabeth was spared from much teazing on the subject.

The next morning, as she was going down stairs, she was met by her father, who came out of his library with a letter in his hand.

"Lizzy," said he, "I was going to look for you; come into my room."

She followed him thither; and her curiosity to know what he had to tell her, was heightened by the supposition of its being in some manner connected with the letter he held. It suddenly struck her that it might be from lady Catherine; and she anticipated with dismay all the consequent explanations.

She followed her father to the fire place, and they both sat down. He then said,

"I have received a letter this morning that has astonished me exceedingly. As it principally concerns yourself, you ought to know its contents. I did not know before, that I had *two* daughters on the brink of matrimony. Let me congratulate you, on a very important conquest."

The colour now rushed into Elizabeth's cheeks in the instantaneous conviction of its being a letter from the nephew, instead of the aunt; and she was undetermined whether most to be pleased that he explained himself at all, or offended that his letter was not rather addressed to herself; when her father continued,

"You look conscious.[2] Young ladies have great penetration in such matters as these; but I think I may defy even *your* sagacity, to discover the name of your admirer. This letter is from Mr. Collins."

"From Mr. Collins! and what can *he* have to say?"

"Something very much to the purpose of course. He begins with congratulations on the approaching nuptials of my eldest daughter, of which it seems he has been told, by some of the good-natured, gossiping Lucases. I shall not sport[3] with your

impatience, by reading what he says on that point. What relates to yourself, is as follows. "Having thus offered you the sincere congratulations of Mrs. Collins and myself on this happy event, let me now add a short hint on the subject of another; of which we have been advertised[4] by the same authority. Your daughter Elizabeth, it is presumed, will not long bear the name of Bennet, after her elder sister had resigned it, and the chosen partner of her fate, may be reasonably looked up to, as one of the most illustrious personages in this land."

"Can you possibly guess, Lizzy, who is meant by this?" "This young gentleman is blessed in a peculiar way, with every thing the heart of mortal can most desire,—splendid property, noble kindred, and extensive patronage. Yet in spite of all these temptations, let me warn my cousin Elizabeth, and yourself, of what evils you may incur, by a precipitate closure with this gentleman's proposals, which, of course, you will be inclined to take immediate advantage of."

"Have you any idea, Lizzy, who this gentleman is? But now it comes out."

"My motive for cautioning you, is as follows. We have reason to imagine that his aunt, lady Catherine de Bourgh, does not look on the match with a friendly eye."

"*Mr. Darcy*, you see, is the man! Now, Lizzy, I think I *have* surprised you. Could he, or the Lucases, have pitched on any man, within the circle of our acquaintance, whose name would have given the lie more effectually to what they related? Mr. Darcy, who never looks at any woman but to see a blemish, and who probably never looked at *you* in his life! It is admirable!"[5]

Elizabeth tried to join in her father's pleasantry, but could only force one most reluctant smile. Never had his wit been directed in a manner so little agreeable to her.

"Are you not diverted?"

"Oh! yes. Pray read on."

"After mentioning the likelihood of this marriage to her ladyship last night, she immediately, with her usual condescension, expressed what she felt on the occasion; when it became apparent, that on the score of some family objections on the part of my cousin, she would never give her consent to what she termed so disgraceful a match. I thought it my duty to give the speediest intelligence of this to my cousin, that she and her noble admirer may be aware of what they are about, and not run hastily into a marriage which has not been properly sanctioned." "Mr. Collins moreover adds," "I am truly rejoiced that my cousin Lydia's sad business has been so well hushed up, and am only concerned that their living together before the marriage took place, should be so generally known. I must not, however, neglect the duties of my station, or refrain from declaring my amazement, at hearing that you received the young couple into your house as soon as they were married. It was an encouragement of vice; and had I been the rector of Longbourn, I should very strenuously have opposed it. You ought certainly to forgive them as a christian, but never to admit them in your sight, or allow their names to be mentioned in your hearing." "*That* is his notion of christian forgiveness! The rest of his letter is only about his dear Charlotte's situation, and his expectation of a young olive-branch.[6] But, Lizzy, you look as if you did not enjoy it. You are not going to be *Missish*,[7] I hope, and pretend to be affronted at an idle report. For what do we live, but to make sport for our neighbours, and laugh at them in our turn?"

"Oh!" cried Elizabeth, "I am excessively diverted. But it is so strange!"

"Yes—*that* is what makes it amusing. Had they fixed on any other man it would have been nothing; but *his* perfect indifference, and *your* pointed dislike, make it so delightfully absurd! Much as I abominate writing, I would not give up Mr. Collins's correspondence for any consideration. Nay, when I read a letter of his, I cannot help giving him the preference even over Wickham, much as I value the impudence and hypocrisy of my son-in-law. And pray, Lizzy, what said Lady Catherine about this report? Did she call to refuse her consent?"

To this question his daughter replied only with a laugh; and as it had been asked without the least suspicion, she was not distressed by his repeating it. Elizabeth had never been more at a loss to make her feelings appear what they were not. It was necessary to laugh, when she would rather have cried. Her father had most cruelly mortified her, by what he said of Mr. Darcy's indifference, and she could do nothing but wonder at such a want of penetration, or fear that perhaps, instead of his seeing too *little*, she might have fancied too *much*.

Chapter 16

Instead of receiving any such letter of excuse from his friend, as Elizabeth half expected Mr. Bingley to do, he was able to bring Darcy with him to Longbourn before many days had passed after Lady Catherine's visit. The gentlemen arrived early; and, before Mrs. Bennet had time to tell him of their having seen his aunt, of which her daughter sat in momentary dread, Bingley, who wanted to be alone with Jane, proposed their all walking out. It was agreed to. Mrs. Bennet was not in the habit of walking, Mary could never spare time, but the remaining five set off together. Bingley and Jane, however, soon allowed the others to outstrip them. They lagged behind, while Elizabeth, Kitty, and Darcy, were to entertain each other. Very little was said by either; Kitty was too much afraid of him to talk; Elizabeth was secretly forming a desperate resolution; and perhaps he might be doing the same.

They walked towards the Lucases, because Kitty wished to call upon Maria; and as Elizabeth saw no occasion for making it a general concern, when Kitty left them, she went boldly on with him alone. Now was the moment for her resolution to be executed, and, while her courage was high, she immediately said,

"Mr. Darcy, I am a very selfish creature; and, for the sake of giving relief to my own feelings, care not how much I may be wounding your's. I can no longer help thanking you for your unexampled kindness to my poor sister. Ever since I have known it, I have been most anxious to acknowledge

to you how gratefully I feel it. Were it known to the rest of my family, I should not have merely my own gratitude to express."

"I am sorry, exceedingly sorry," replied Darcy, in a tone of surprise and emotion, "that you have ever been informed of what may, in a mistaken light, have given you uneasiness. I did not think Mrs. Gardiner was so little to be trusted."

"You must not blame my aunt. Lydia's thoughtlessness first betrayed to me that you had been concerned in the matter; and, of course, I could not rest till I knew the particulars. Let me thank you again and again, in the name of all my family, for that generous compassion which induced you to take so much trouble, and bear so many mortifications, for the sake of discovering them."

"If you *will* thank me," he replied, "let it be for yourself alone. That the wish of giving happiness to you, might add force to the other inducements which led me on, I shall not attempt to deny. But your *family* owe me nothing. Much as I respect them, I believe, I thought only of *you*."

Elizabeth was too much embarrassed to say a word. After a short pause, her companion added, "You are too generous to trifle with me. If your feelings are still what they were last April, tell me so at once. *My* affections and wishes are unchanged, but one word from you will silence me on this subject for ever."

Elizabeth feeling all the more than common awkwardness and anxiety of his situation, now forced herself to speak; and immediately, though not very fluently, gave him to understand, that her sentiments had undergone so material a change, since the period to which he alluded, as to make her receive with gratitude and pleasure, his present assurances. The happiness which this reply produced, was such as he had probably never felt before; and he expressed himself

on the occasion as sensibly[1] and as warmly as a man violently in love can be supposed to do. Had Elizabeth been able to encounter his eye, she might have seen how well the expression of heartfelt delight, diffused over his face, became him; but, though she could not look, she could listen, and he told her of feelings, which, in proving of what importance she was to him, made his affection every moment more valuable.

They walked on, without knowing in what direction. There was too much to be thought, and felt, and said, for attention to any other objects. She soon learnt that they were indebted for their present good understanding to the efforts of his aunt, who *did* call on him in her return through London, and there relate her journey to Longbourn, its motive, and the substance of her conversation with Elizabeth; dwelling emphatically on every expression of the latter, which, in her ladyship's apprehension, peculiarly denoted her perverseness and assurance, in the belief that such a relation must assist her endeavours to obtain that promise from her nephew, which *she* had refused to give. But, unluckily for her ladyship, its effect had been exactly contrariwise.

"It taught me to hope," said he, "as I had scarcely ever allowed myself to hope before. I knew enough of your disposition to be certain, that, had you been absolutely, irrevocably decided against me, you would have acknowledged it to Lady Catherine, frankly and openly."

Elizabeth coloured and laughed as she replied, "Yes, you know enough of my *frankness* to believe me capable of *that*. After abusing you so abominably to your face, I could have no scruple in abusing you to all your relations."

"What did you say of me, that I did not deserve? For, though your accusations were ill-founded, formed on mistaken premises, my behaviour to you at the time, had merited

the severest reproof. It was unpardonable. I cannot think of it without abhorrence."

"We will not quarrel for the greater share of blame annexed to that evening," said Elizabeth. "The conduct of neither, if strictly examined, will be irreproachable; but since then, we have both, I hope, improved in civility."

"I cannot be so easily reconciled to myself. The recollection of what I then said, of my conduct, my manners, my expressions during the whole of it, is now, and has been many months, inexpressibly painful to me. Your reproof, so well applied, I shall never forget: 'had you behaved in a more gentlemanlike manner.' Those were your words. You know not, you can scarcely conceive, how they have tortured me;—though it was some time, I confess, before I was reasonable enough to allow their justice."

"I was certainly very far from expecting them to make so strong an impression. I had not the smallest idea of their being ever felt in such a way."

"I can easily believe it. You thought me then devoid of every proper feeling, I am sure you did. The turn of your countenance[2] I shall never forget, as you said that I could not have addressed you in any possible way, that would induce you to accept me."

"Oh! do not repeat what I then said. These recollections will not do at all. I assure you, that I have long been most heartily ashamed of it."

Darcy mentioned his letter. "Did it," said he, "did it *soon* make you think better of me? Did you, on reading it, give any credit to its contents?"

She explained what its effect on her had been, and how gradually all her former prejudices had been removed.

"I knew," said he, "that what I wrote must give you pain, but it was necessary. I hope you have destroyed the letter.

There was one part especially, the opening of it, which I should dread your having the power of reading again. I can remember some expressions which might justly make you hate me."

"The letter shall certainly be burnt, if you believe it essential to the preservation of my regard; but, though we have both reason to think my opinions not entirely unalterable, they are not, I hope, quite so easily changed as that implies."

"When I wrote that letter," replied Darcy, "I believed myself perfectly calm and cool, but I am since convinced that it was written in a dreadful bitterness of spirit."

"The letter, perhaps, began in bitterness, but it did not end so. The adieu is charity itself. But think no more of the letter. The feelings of the person who wrote, and the person who received it, are now so widely different from what they were then, that every unpleasant circumstance attending it, ought to be forgotten. You must learn some of my philosophy. Think only of the past as its remembrance gives you pleasure."

"I cannot give you credit for any philosophy of the kind. *Your* retrospections must be so totally void of reproach, that the contentment arising from them, is not of philosophy, but what is much better, of ignorance.[3] But with *me*, it is not so. Painful recollections will intrude, which cannot, which ought not to be repelled. I have been a selfish being all my life, in practice, though not in principle. As a child I was taught what was *right*, but I was not taught to correct my temper. I was given good principles, but left to follow them in pride and conceit. Unfortunately an only son, (for many years an only *child*) I was spoilt by my parents, who though good themselves, (my father particularly, all that was benevolent and amiable,) allowed, encouraged, almost taught me to be selfish and overbearing, to care for none beyond my own family circle, to think meanly of all the rest of the world,

to *wish* at least to think meanly of their sense and worth compared with my own. Such I was, from eight to eight and twenty; and such I might still have been but for you, dearest, loveliest Elizabeth! What do I not owe you! You taught me a lesson, hard indeed at first, but most advantageous. By you, I was properly humbled. I came to you without a doubt of my reception. You shewed me how insufficient were all my pretensions to please a woman worthy of being pleased."

"Had you then persuaded yourself that I should?"

"Indeed I had. What will you think of my vanity? I believed you to be wishing, expecting my addresses."

"My manners must have been in fault, but not intentionally I assure you. I never meant to deceive you, but my spirits might often lead me wrong. How you must have hated me after *that* evening?"

"Hate you! I was angry perhaps at first, but my anger soon began to take a proper direction."

"I am almost afraid of asking what you thought of me; when we met at Pemberley. You blamed me for coming?"

"No indeed; I felt nothing but surprise."

"Your surprise could not be greater than *mine* in being noticed by you. My conscience told me that I deserved no extraordinary politeness, and I confess that I did not expect to receive *more* than my due."

"My object *then*," replied Darcy, "was to shew you, by every civility in my power, that I was not so mean as to resent the past; and I hoped to obtain your forgiveness, to lessen your ill opinion, by letting you see that your reproofs had been attended to. How soon any other wishes introduced themselves I can hardly tell, but I believe in about half an hour after I had seen you."

He then told her of Georgiana's delight in her acquaintance, and of her disappointment at its sudden interruption;

which naturally leading to the cause of that interruption, she soon learnt that his resolution of following her from Derbyshire in quest of her sister, had been formed before he quitted the inn, and that his gravity and thoughtfulness there, had arisen from no other struggles than what such a purpose must comprehend.

She expressed her gratitude again, but it was too painful a subject to each, to be dwelt on farther.

After walking several miles in a leisurely manner, and too busy to know any thing about it, they found at last, on examining their watches,[4] that it was time to be at home.

"What could become of Mr. Bingley and Jane!" was a wonder which introduced the discussion of *their* affairs. Darcy was delighted with their engagement; his friend had given him the earliest information of it.

"I must ask whether you were surprised?" said Elizabeth.

"Not at all. When I went away, I felt that it would soon happen."

"That is to say, you had given your permission. I guessed as much." And though he exclaimed[5] at the term, she found that it had been pretty much the case.

"On the evening before my going to London," said he "I made a confession to him, which I believe I ought to have made long ago. I told him of all that had occurred to make my former interference in his affairs, absurd and impertinent. His surprise was great. He had never had the slightest suspicion. I told him, moreover, that I believed myself mistaken in supposing, as I had done, that your sister was indifferent to him; and as I could easily perceive that his attachment to her was unabated, I felt no doubt of their happiness together."

Elizabeth could not help smiling at his easy manner of directing his friend.

"Did you speak from your own observation," said she, "when you told him that my sister loved him, or merely from my information last spring?"

"From the former. I had narrowly observed her during the two visits which I had lately made her here;[6] and I was convinced of her affection."

"And your assurance of it, I suppose, carried immediate conviction to him."

"It did. Bingley is most unaffectedly modest. His diffidence had prevented his depending on his own judgment in so anxious a case, but his reliance on mine, made every thing easy. I was obliged to confess one thing, which for a time, and not unjustly, offended him. I could not allow myself to conceal that your sister had been in town three months last winter, that I had known it, and purposely kept it from him. He was angry. But his anger, I am persuaded, lasted no longer than he remained in any doubt of your sister's sentiments. He has heartily forgiven me now."

Elizabeth longed to observe that Mr. Bingley had been a most delightful friend; so easily guided that his worth was invaluable; but she checked herself. She remembered that he had yet to learn to be laught at, and it was rather too early to begin. In anticipating the happiness of Bingley, which of course was to be inferior only to his own, he continued the conversation till they reached the house. In the hall they parted.

Chapter 17

"My dear Lizzy, where can you have been walking to?" was a question which Elizabeth received from Jane as soon as she entered the room,[1] and from all the others when they sat down to table. She had only to say in reply, that they had wandered about, till she was beyond her own knowledge. She coloured as she spoke; but neither that, nor any thing else, awakened a suspicion of the truth.

The evening passed quietly, unmarked by any thing extraordinary. The acknowledged lovers talked and laughed, the unacknowledged were silent. Darcy was not of a disposition in which happiness overflows in mirth; and Elizabeth, agitated and confused, rather *knew* that she was happy, than *felt* herself to be so; for, besides the immediate embarrassment, there were other evils before her. She anticipated what would be felt in the family when her situation became known; she was aware that no one liked him but Jane; and even feared that with the others it was a *dislike* which not all his fortune and consequence might do away.

At night she opened her heart to Jane. Though suspicion was very far from Miss Bennet's general habits, she was absolutely incredulous here.

"You are joking, Lizzy. This cannot be!—engaged to Mr. Darcy! No, no, you shall not deceive me. I know it to be impossible."

"This is a wretched beginning indeed! My sole dependence was on you; and I am sure nobody else will believe me, if you

do not. Yet, indeed, I am in earnest. I speak nothing but the truth. He still loves me, and we are engaged."

Jane looked at her doubtingly. "Oh, Lizzy! it cannot be. I know how much you dislike him."

"You know nothing of the matter. *That* is all to be forgot. Perhaps I did not always love him so well as I do now. But in such cases as these, a good memory is unpardonable. This is the last time I shall ever remember it myself."

Miss Bennet still looked all amazement. Elizabeth again, and more seriously assured her of its truth.

"Good Heaven! can it be really so! Yet now I must believe you," cried Jane. "My dear, dear Lizzy, I would—I do congratulate you—but are you certain? forgive the question—are you quite certain that you can be happy with him?"

"There can be no doubt of that. It is settled between us already, that we are to be the happiest couple in the world. But are you pleased, Jane? Shall you like to have such a brother?"

"Very, very much. Nothing could give either Bingley or myself more delight. But we considered it, we talked of it as impossible. And do you really love him quite well enough? Oh, Lizzy! do any thing rather than marry without affection.[2] Are you quite sure that you feel what you ought to do?"

"Oh, yes! You will only think I feel *more* than I ought to do, when I tell you all."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I must confess, that I love him better than I do Bingley. I am afraid you will be angry."

"My dearest sister, now *be* serious. I want to talk very seriously. Let me know every thing that I am to know, without delay. Will you tell me how long you have loved him?"

"It has been coming on so gradually, that I hardly know when it began. But I believe I must date it from my first seeing his beautiful grounds at Pemberley."

Another intreaty that she would be serious, however, produced the desired effect; and she soon satisfied Jane by her solemn assurances of attachment. When convinced on that article, Miss Bennet had nothing farther to wish.

"Now I am quite happy," said she, "for you will be as happy as myself. I always had a value for him. Were it for nothing but his love of you, I must always have esteemed him; but now, as Bingley's friend and your husband, there can be only Bingley and yourself more dear to me. But Lizzy, you have been very sly, very reserved with me. How little did you tell me of what passed at Pemberley and Lambton! I owe all that I know of it, to another, not to you."

Elizabeth told her the motives of her secrecy. She had been unwilling to mention Bingley; and the unsettled state of her own feelings had made her equally avoid the name of his friend. But now she would no longer conceal from her, his share in Lydia's marriage. All was acknowledged, and half the night spent in conversation.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Bennet, as she stood at a window the next morning, "if that disagreeable Mr. Darcy is not coming here again with our dear Bingley! What can he mean by being so tiresome as to be always coming here? I had no notion but he would go a shooting, or something or other, and not disturb us with his company. What shall we do with him? Lizzy, you must walk out with him again, that he may not be in Bingley's way."

Elizabeth could hardly help laughing at so convenient a proposal; yet was really vexed that her mother should be always giving him such an epithet.

As soon as they entered, Bingley looked at her so expressively, and shook hands with such warmth, as left no doubt of his good information; and he soon afterwards said aloud, "Mr. Bennet, have you no more lanes hereabouts in which Lizzy may lose her way again to-day."

"I advise Mr. Darcy, and Lizzy, and Kitty," said Mrs. Bennet, "to walk to Oakham Mount this morning. It is a nice long walk, and Mr. Darcy has never seen the view."

"It may do very well for the others," replied Mr. Bingley; "but I am sure it will be too much for Kitty. Wont it, Kitty?"

Kitty owned that she had rather stay at home. Darcy professed a great curiosity to see the view from the Mount, and Elizabeth silently consented. As she went up stairs to get ready, Mrs. Bennet followed her, saying,

"I am quite sorry, Lizzy, that you should be forced to have that disagreeable man all to yourself. But I hope you will not mind it: it is all for Jane's sake, you know; and there is no occasion for talking to him, except just now and then. So, do not put yourself to inconvenience."

During their walk, it was resolved that Mr. Bennet's consent should be asked in the course of the evening. Elizabeth reserved to herself the application for her mother's. She could not determine how her mother would take it; sometimes doubting whether all his wealth and grandeur would be enough to overcome her abhorrence of the man. But whether she were violently set against the match, or violently delighted with it, it was certain that her manner would be equally ill adapted to do credit to her sense; and she could no more bear that Mr. Darcy should hear the first raptures of her joy, than the first vehemence of her disapprobation.

———

In the evening, soon after Mr. Bennet withdrew to the library, she saw Mr. Darcy rise also and follow him, and her agitation on seeing it was extreme. She did not fear her father's opposition, but he was going to be made unhappy, and that it should be through her means, that *she*, his favourite child, should be distressing him by her choice, should be filling him with fears and regrets in disposing of her, was a wretched reflection, and she sat in misery till Mr. Darcy appeared again, when, looking at him, she was a little relieved by his smile. In a few minutes he approached the table where she was sitting with Kitty; and, while pretending to admire her work, said in a whisper, "Go to your father, he wants you in the library." She was gone directly.

Her father was walking about the room, looking grave and anxious. "Lizzy," said he, "what are you doing? Are you out of your senses, to be accepting this man? Have not you always hated him?"

How earnestly did she then wish that her former opinions had been more reasonable, her expressions more moderate! It would have spared her from explanations and professions which it was exceedingly awkward to give; but they were now necessary, and she assured him with some confusion, of her attachment to Mr. Darcy.

"Or in other words, you are determined to have him. He is rich, to be sure, and you may have more fine clothes and fine carriages than Jane. But will they make you happy?"

"Have you any other objection," said Elizabeth, "than your belief of my indifference?"

"None at all. We all know him to be a proud, unpleasant sort of man; but this would be nothing if you really liked him."

"I do, I do like him," she replied, with tears in her eyes, "I love him. Indeed he has no improper pride. He is perfectly

amiable. You do not know what he really is; then pray do not pain me by speaking of him in such terms."

"Lizzy," said her father, "I have given him my consent. He is the kind of man, indeed, to whom I should never dare refuse any thing, which he condescended to ask. I now give it to *you*, if you are resolved on having him. But let me advise you to think better of it. I know your disposition, Lizzy. I know that you could be neither happy nor respectable, unless you truly esteemed your husband; unless you looked up to him as a superior. Your lively talents would place you in the greatest danger in an unequal marriage. You could scarcely escape discredit and misery. My child, let me not have the grief of seeing *you* unable to respect your partner in life. You know not what you are about."

Elizabeth, still more affected, was earnest and solemn in her reply; and at length, by repeated assurances that Mr. Darcy was really the object of her choice, by explaining the gradual change which her estimation of him had undergone, relating her absolute certainty that his affection was not the work of a day, but had stood the test of many months suspense, and enumerating with energy all his good qualities, she did conquer her father's incredulity, and reconcile him to the match.

"Well, my dear," said he, when she ceased speaking, "I have no more to say. If this be the case, he deserves you. I could not have parted with you, my Lizzy, to any one less worthy."

To complete the favourable impression, she then told him what Mr. Darcy had voluntarily done for Lydia. He heard her with astonishment.

"This is an evening of wonders, indeed! And so, Darcy did every thing; made up the match, gave the money, paid the fellow's debts, and got him his commission! So much the better. It will save me a world of trouble and economy. Had it

been your uncle's doing, I must and *would* have paid him; but these violent young lovers carry every thing their own way. I shall offer to pay him to-morrow; he will rant and storm about his love for you, and there will be an end of the matter."

He then recollected her embarrassment a few days before, on his reading Mr. Collins's letter; and after laughing at her some time, allowed her at last to go—saying, as she quitted the room, "If any young men come for Mary or Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure."

Elizabeth's mind was now relieved from a very heavy weight; and, after half an hour's quiet reflection in her own room, she was able to join the others with tolerable composure. Every thing was too recent for gaiety, but the evening passed tranquilly away; there was no longer any thing material to be dreaded, and the comfort of ease and familiarity would come in time.

When her mother went up to her dressing-room at night, she followed her, and made the important communication. Its effect was most extraordinary; for on first hearing it, Mrs. Bennet sat quite still, and unable to utter a syllable. Nor was it under many, many minutes, that she could comprehend what she heard; though not in general backward to credit what was for the advantage of her family, or that came in the shape of a lover to any of them. She began at length to recover, to fidget about in her chair, get up, sit down again, wonder, and bless herself.

"Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr. Darcy! Who would have thought it! And is it really true? Oh! my sweetest Lizzy! how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money,[3] what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane's is nothing to it—nothing at all. I am so pleased—so happy. Such a charming man!—so handsome! so tall!—Oh, my dear Lizzy! pray apologise for my having disliked him so

much before. I hope he will overlook it. Dear, dear Lizzy. A house in town! Every thing that is charming! Three daughters married! Ten thousand a year! Oh, Lord! What will become of me. I shall go distracted."

This was enough to prove that her approbation need not be doubted: and Elizabeth, rejoicing that such an effusion was heard only by herself, soon went away. But before she had been three minutes in her own room, her mother followed her.

"My dearest child," she cried, "I can think of nothing else! Ten thousand a year, and very likely more! 'Tis as good as a Lord! And a special licence.[4] You must and shall be married by a special licence. But my dearest love, tell me what dish Mr. Darcy is particularly fond of, that I may have it to-morrow."

This was a sad omen of what her mother's behaviour to the gentleman himself might be; and Elizabeth found, that though in the certain possession of his warmest affection, and secure of her relations' consent, there was still something to be wished for. But the morrow passed off much better than she expected; for Mrs. Bennet luckily stood in such awe of her intended son-in-law, that she ventured not to speak to him, unless it was in her power to offer him any attention, or mark her deference for his opinion.

Elizabeth had the satisfaction of seeing her father taking pains to get acquainted with him; and Mr. Bennet soon assured her that he was rising every hour in his esteem.

"I admire all my three sons-in-law highly," said he. "Wickham, perhaps, is my favourite; but I think I shall like *your* husband quite as well as Jane's."

Chapter 18

Elizabeth's spirits soon rising to playfulness again, she wanted Mr. Darcy to account for his having ever fallen in love with her. "How could you begin?" said she. "I can comprehend your going on charmingly, when you had once made a beginning; but what could set you off in the first place?"

"I cannot fix on the hour, or the spot, or the look, or the words, which laid the foundation. It is too long ago. I was in the middle before I knew that I *had* begun."

"My beauty you had early withstood, and as for my manners—my behaviour to *you* was at least always bordering on the uncivil, and I never spoke to you without rather wishing to give you pain than not. Now be sincere; did you admire me for my impertinence?"

"For the liveliness of your mind, I did."

"You may as well call it impertinence at once. It was very little less. The fact is, that you were sick of civility, of deference, of officious attention. You were disgusted with the women who were always speaking and looking, and thinking for *your* approbation alone. I roused, and interested you, because I was so unlike *them*. Had you not been really amiable you would have hated me for it; but in spite of the pains you took to disguise yourself, your feelings were always noble and just; and in your heart, you thoroughly despised the persons who so assiduously courted you. There—I have saved you the

trouble of accounting for it; and really, all things considered, I begin to think it perfectly reasonable. To be sure, you knew no actual good of me—but nobody thinks of *that* when they fall in love."

"Was there no good in your affectionate behaviour to Jane, while she was ill at Netherfield?"

"Dearest Jane! who could have done less for her? But make a virtue of it by all means. My good qualities are under your protection, and you are to exaggerate them as much as possible; and, in return, it belongs to me to find occasions for teazing and quarrelling with you as often as may be; and I shall begin directly by asking you what made you so unwilling to come to the point at last. What made you so shy of me, when you first called, and afterwards dined here? Why, especially, when you called, did you look as if you did not care about me?"

"Because you were grave and silent, and gave me no encouragement."

"But I was embarrassed."

"And so was I."

"You might have talked to me more when you came to dinner."

"A man who had felt less, might."

"How unlucky that you should have a reasonable answer to give, and that I should be so reasonable as to admit it! But I wonder how long you *would* have gone on, if you had been left to yourself. I wonder when you *would* have spoken, if I had not asked you! My resolution of thanking you for your kindness to Lydia had certainly great effect. *Too much*, I am afraid; for what becomes of the moral, if our comfort springs from a breach of promise,[1] for I ought not to have mentioned the subject? This will never do."

"You need not distress yourself. The moral will be perfectly fair. Lady Catherine's unjustifiable endeavours to separate us, were the means of removing all my doubts. I am not indebted for my present happiness to your eager desire of expressing your gratitude. I was not in a humour to wait for any opening of your's. My aunt's intelligence had given me hope, and I was determined at once to know every thing."

"Lady Catherine has been of infinite use, which ought to make her happy, for she loves to be of use. But tell me, what did you come down to Netherfield for? Was it merely to ride to Longbourn and be embarrassed? or had you intended any more serious consequence?"

"My real purpose was to see *you*, and to judge, if I could, whether I might ever hope to make you love me. My avowed one, or what I avowed to myself, was to see whether your sister were still partial to Bingley, and if she were, to make the confession to him which I have since made."

"Shall you ever have courage to announce to Lady Catherine, what is to befall her?"

"I am more likely to want time than courage, Elizabeth.[2] But it ought to be done, and if you will give me a sheet of paper, it shall be done directly."

"And if I had not a letter to write myself, I might sit by you, and admire the evenness of your writing, as another young lady once did. But I have an aunt, too, who must not be longer neglected."

From an unwillingness to confess how much her intimacy with Mr. Darcy had been over-rated, Elizabeth had never yet answered Mrs. Gardiner's long letter, but now, having *that* to communicate which she knew would be most welcome, she was almost ashamed to find, that her uncle and aunt had

already lost three days of happiness, and immediately wrote as follows:

"I would have thanked you before, my dear aunt, as I ought to have done, for your long, kind, satisfactory, detail of particulars; but to say the truth, I was too cross to write. You supposed more than really existed. But *now* suppose as much as you chuse; give a loose to[3] your fancy, indulge your imagination in every possible flight which the subject will afford, and unless you believe me actually married, you cannot greatly err. You must write again very soon, and praise him a great deal more than you did in your last. I thank you, again and again, for not going to the Lakes. How could I be so silly as to wish it! Your idea of the ponies is delightful. We will go round the Park every day. I am the happiest creature in the world. Perhaps other people have said so before, but not one with such justice. I am happier even than Jane; she only smiles, I laugh. Mr. Darcy sends you all the love in the world, that he can spare from me. You are all to come to Pemberley at Christmas. Your's, &c."

Mr. Darcy's letter to Lady Catherine, was in a different style; and still different from either, was what Mr. Bennet sent to Mr. Collins, in reply to his last.

"Dear Sir,

"I must trouble you once more for congratulations. Elizabeth will soon be the wife of Mr. Darcy. Console Lady Catherine as well as you can. But, if I were you, I would stand by the nephew. He has more to give.[4]

"Your's sincerely, &c."

Miss Bingley's congratulations to her brother, on his approaching marriage, were all that was affectionate and insincere. She wrote even to Jane on the occasion, to express her delight, and repeat all her former professions of regard. Jane was not deceived, but she was affected; and though feeling no reliance on her, could not help writing her a much kinder answer than she knew was deserved.

The joy which Miss Darcy expressed on receiving similar information, was as sincere as her brother's in sending it. Four sides of paper were insufficient to contain all her delight, and all her earnest desire of being loved by her sister.

Before any answer could arrive from Mr. Collins, or any congratulations to Elizabeth, from his wife, the Longbourn family heard that the Collinses were come themselves to Lucas lodge. The reason of this sudden removal was soon evident. Lady Catherine had been rendered so exceedingly angry by the contents of her nephew's letter, that Charlotte, really rejoicing in the match, was anxious to get away till the storm was blown over. At such a moment, the arrival of her friend was a sincere pleasure to Elizabeth, though in the course of their meetings she must sometimes think the pleasure dearly bought, when she saw Mr. Darcy exposed to all the parading and obsequious civility of her husband. He bore it however with admirable calmness. He could even listen to Sir William Lucas, when he complimented him on carrying away the brightest jewel of the country, and expressed his hopes of their all meeting frequently at St. James's, with very decent composure. If he did shrug his shoulders, it was not till Sir William was out of sight.

Mrs. Philips's vulgarity [5] was another, and perhaps a greater tax on his forbearance; and though Mrs. Philips, as well as her sister, stood in too much awe of him to speak with the

familiarity which Bingley's good humour encouraged, yet, whenever she *did* speak, she must be vulgar. Nor was her respect for him, though it made her more quiet, at all likely to make her more elegant. Elizabeth did all she could, to shield him from the frequent notice of either, and was ever anxious to keep him to herself, and to those of her family with whom he might converse without mortification; and though the uncomfortable feelings arising from all this took from the season of courtship much of its pleasure, it added to the hope of the future; and she looked forward with delight to the time when they should be removed from society so little pleasing to either, to all the comfort and elegance of their family party at Pemberley.

Chapter 19

Happy for all her maternal feelings was the day on which Mrs. Bennet got rid of her two most deserving daughters. With what delighted pride she afterwards visited Mrs. Bingley and talked of Mrs. Darcy may be guessed. I wish I could say, for the sake of her family, that the accomplishment of her earnest desire in the establishment of so many of her children, produced so happy an effect as to make her a sensible, amiable, well-informed woman for the rest of her life; though perhaps it was lucky for her husband, who might not have relished domestic felicity in so unusual a form, that she still was occasionally nervous and invariably silly.

Mr. Bennet missed his second daughter exceedingly; his affection for her drew him oftener from home than any thing else could do. He delighted in going to Pemberley, especially when he was least expected.

Mr. Bingley and Jane remained at Netherfield only a twelvemonth. So near a vicinity to her mother and Meryton relations was not desirable even to *his* easy temper, or *her* affectionate heart. The darling wish of his sisters was then gratified; he bought an estate in a neighbouring county to Derbyshire, and Jane and Elizabeth, in addition to every other source of happiness, were within thirty miles of each other.

Kitty, to her very material advantage, spent the chief of her time with her two elder sisters. In society so superior to what

she had generally known, her improvement was great. She was not of so ungovernable a temper as Lydia, and, removed from the influence of Lydia's example, she became, by proper attention and management, less irritable, less ignorant, and less insipid.[1] From the farther disadvantage of Lydia's society she was of course carefully kept, and though Mrs. Wickham frequently invited her to come and stay with her, with the promise of balls and young men, her father would never consent to her going.

Mary was the only daughter who remained at home; and she was necessarily drawn from the pursuit of accomplishments by Mrs. Bennet's being quite unable to sit alone. Mary was obliged to mix more with the world, but she could still moralize over every morning visit; and as she was no longer mortified by comparisons between her sisters' beauty and her own, it was suspected by her father that she submitted to the change without much reluctance.

As for Wickham and Lydia, their characters suffered no revolution from the marriage of her sisters. He bore with philosophy the conviction that Elizabeth must now become acquainted with whatever of his ingratitude and falsehood had before been unknown to her; and in spite of every thing, was not wholly without hope that Darcy might yet be prevailed on to make his fortune. The congratulatory letter which Elizabeth received from Lydia on her marriage, explained to her that, by his wife at least, if not by himself, such a hope was cherished. The letter was to this effect:

"My dear Lizzy,

"I wish you joy. If you love Mr. Darcy half as well as I do my dear Wickham, you must be very happy. It is a great comfort to have you so rich, and when you have nothing else to do, I hope you will think of us. I am sure Wickham would

like a place at court very much, and I do not think we shall have quite money enough to live upon without some help. Any place would do, of about three or four hundred a year; but, however, do not speak to Mr. Darcy about it, if you had rather not.

"Your's, &c."

As it happened that Elizabeth had *much* rather not; she endeavoured in her answer to put an end to every intreaty and expectation of the kind. Such relief, however, as it was in her power to afford, by the practice of what might be called economy in her own private expences, she frequently sent them. It had always been evident to her that such an income as theirs, under the direction of two persons so extravagant in their wants, and heedless of the future, must be very insufficient to their support; and whenever they changed their quarters, either Jane or herself were sure of being applied to, for some little assistance towards discharging their bills. Their manner of living, even when the restoration of peace[2] dismissed them to a home, was unsettled in the extreme. They were always moving from place to place in quest of a cheap situation, and always spending more than they ought. His affection for her soon sunk into indifference; her's lasted a little longer; and in spite of her youth and her manners, she retained all the claims to reputation which her marriage had given her.

Though Darcy could never receive *him* at Pemberley, yet, for Elizabeth's sake, he assisted him farther in his profession. Lydia was occasionally a visitor there, when her husband was gone to enjoy himself in London or Bath;[3] and with the Bingleys they both of them frequently staid so long, that even Bingley's good humour was overcome, and he proceeded so far as to *talk* of giving them a hint to be gone.

Miss Bingley was very deeply mortified by Darcy's marriage; but as she thought it advisable to retain the right of visiting at Pemberley, she dropt all her resentment; was fonder than ever of Georgiana, almost as attentive to Darcy as heretofore, and paid off every arrear of civility to Elizabeth.

Pemberley was now Georgiana's home; and the attachment of the sisters was exactly what Darcy had hoped to see. They were able to love each other, even as well as they intended. Georgiana had the highest opinion in the world of Elizabeth; though at first she often listened with an astonishment bordering on alarm, at her lively, sportive, manner of talking to her brother. He, who had always inspired in herself a respect which almost overcame her affection, she now saw the object of open pleasantry. Her mind received knowledge which had never before fallen in her way. By Elizabeth's instructions she began to comprehend that a woman may take liberties with her husband, which a brother will not always allow in a sister more than ten years younger than himself.

Lady Catherine was extremely indignant[4] on the marriage of her nephew; and as she gave way to all the genuine frankness of her character, in her reply to the letter which announced its arrangement, she sent him language so very abusive, especially of Elizabeth, that for some time all intercourse was at an end. But at length, by Elizabeth's persuasion, he was prevailed on to overlook the offence, and seek a reconciliation; and, after a little farther resistance on the part of his aunt, her resentment gave way, either to her affection for him, or her curiosity to see how his wife conducted herself; and she condescended to wait on them at Pemberley, in spite of that pollution which its woods had received, not merely from the presence of such a mistress, but the visits of her uncle and aunt from the city.

With the Gardiners, they were always on the most intimate terms. Darcy, as well as Elizabeth, really loved them; and they were both ever sensible of the warmest gratitude towards the persons who, by bringing her into Derbyshire, had been the means of uniting them.

FINIS

CORRECTIONS AND EMENDATIONS TO 1813 TEXT

In compiling this list the two later lifetime editions of the novel, and the standard twentieth-century edition ed. R. W. Chapman, have been consulted, and Cassandra Austen's proposed emendations (see pp. xxxi and lxxx) have been taken into account. The results are shown in brackets after each correction or emendation in the right-hand column. Where E2 or E3 is noted, it means that the correction or emendation first appeared in that edition; where Chapman is noted, it means that the correction or emendation does not appear in E2 or E3, but does appear in Chapman. Where nothing is identified, it means that this edition is proposing a correction or emendation which does not appear in the same precise form in any of the editions consulted.

E2 = second edition (1813). E3 = third edition (1817). CA = Cassandra Austen's proposed emendations. Chapman = *Pride and Prejudice*, Volume II of *The Novels of Jane Austen*, ed. R. W. Chapman (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1923), 3rd edition revised by Mary Lascelles (1965).

Volume I	1813 (first edition)	corrected to
p. 6 line 26	fretfully. "When	fretfully. / "When
p. 10 line 25	mein	mien (E2)
p. 12 line 17	mite	time (E2)
p. 15 line 19	per sn	person (E2)
p. 17 line 19	openness, ductility	openness, and ductility (E3)

p. 25 line 20	continue	contrive (CA)
p. 33 line 31	carriage,"	carriage?" (E3)
p. 38 line 26	im pertinence	impertinence (E2)
p. 50 line 19	daughter	daughters (E3)
p. 51 line 8	M . Bingley	Mr. Bingley (E2)
p. 69 line 24	Hunsford	"Hunsford
p. 69 line 26	Dear	"Dear
p. 69 line 27	The	"The
p. 75 line 3	stairs."	stairs.
p. 75 line 14	then	"then (E3)
p. 76 line 12	study?	study?"
p. 84 line 5	t e pleasure	the pleasure (E2)
p. 91 line 20	iberal	liberal (E2)
p. 100 line 12	Bingley's	Bingleys' (E2)
p. 100 line 24	againt	against (E2)
p. 105 line 31	tolerable	tolerably
p. 129 line 13	homour	humour (E2)
p. 131 line 9	romoval	removal (E2)
p. 144 line 22	proceeds	proceeded (Chapman)
p. 147 line 3	mind?	mind?" (E2)

Volume II

p. 160 line 28	that no	"that no (E3)
p. 165 line 6	Miss Lucy	Miss Lucas (Chapman)
p. 168 line 31	cha acter	character (E2)
p. 178 line 17	LadyCatherine	Lady Catherine (E2)
p. 181 line 8	Ishould	I should (E2)
p. 181 line 15	arrival!" "I	arrival!" / "I (Chapman)
p. 182 line 28	ail	fail (E2)
p. 187 line 30	impertinence?	impertinence!
p. 188 line 3	quadriell;	quadrille; (E2)
p. 197 line 13	right, You	right. You (E2)
p. 199 line 24	London.	London." (Chapman)

p. 203 line 17	possibilityof	possibility of (E2)
p. 204 line 8	il-lnature	ill-nature (E2)
p. 205 line 15	“Andif	“And if (E2)
p. 205 line 31	w ight	weight (E2)
p. 206 line 9	Unles	Unless (E2)
p. 220 line 15	my wn	my own (E2)
p. 221 line 31	probabe;	probable; (E2)
p. 226 line 26	aff nity	affinity (E2)
p. 240 line 23	sigh. “We	sigh. / “We (E3)
p. 240 line 25	tell!	tell!” (E2)
p. 254 line 11	Would	would (E3)
p. 257 line 11	whenever] E1, E2	wherever (E3)
p. 259 line 29	her. And	her. “And (E2)
p. 260 line 33	her side	his side (E2)
p. 264 line 3	my carrying	by carrying (Chapman)
p. 267 line 7	curtains.”	curtains. (Chapman)

Volume III

p. 272 line 31	that could	“that could (E2)
p. 273 line 7	to morrow	to-morrow (E2)
p. 274 line 27	“Except, thought Elizabeth, when	“Except,” thought Elizabeth, “when (Chapman)
p. 275 line 23	Yes, Ma’am	“Yes, Ma’am (E2)
p. 276 line 11	walked, is	walked, “is (E3)
p. 276 line 15	“On reaching	On reaching (E2)
p. 279 line 23	Rosing’s	Rosings (E2)
p. 280 line 21	round	round. (E2)
p. 281 line 33	surprise,	surprise,” (E3)
p. 282 line 1	when	“when (E3)
p. 282 line 4	her	their (Chapman)
p. 282 line 18	civility.	civility, (E2)
p. 287 line 2	Pemberlay	Pemberley (E2)
p. 292 line 4	there acquaintance	their acquaintance (E2)
p. 292 line 27	“As for	As for (E2)
p. 306 line 9	recover her?	recover her?” (E3)

p. 309 line 5	who ly	wholly (E2)
p. 309 line 30	And are	“And are (E2)
p. 311 line 12	risk?”	risk!”
p. 311 line 19	it?’	it?” (E3)
p. 312 line 30	marriage?’	marriage?” (E2)
p. 313 line 23	at he is	as he is (E2)
p. 314 line 24	sympton	symptom (E2)
p. 317 line 1	usage. Blaming	usage, blaming
p. 318 line 12	it all.	it all.” (E2)
p. 320 line 28	character?’	character?” (E2)
p. 322 line 1	Lydia!	Lydia!” (E3)
p. 322 line 2	What	“What (E3)
p. 322 line 21	alone.	alone.” (E2)
p. 322 line 24	aad Mary	and Mary (E2)
p. 323 line 5	satisfied.	satisfied.” (E2)
p. 323 line 9	to go to	“to go to (E2)
p. 328 line 21	family,	family. (E2)
p. 332 line 12	“in great	in great (E2)
p. 336 line 4	themselves,	themselves. (E2)
p. 343 line 27	impossible	impassable (E2)
p. 348 line 1	aud Jane	and Jane (E2)
p. 350 line 30	be so,”	be so?” (E3)
p. 351 line 7	over.	over.” (E3)
p. 352 line 12	St. Clement s	St. Clement’s (E2)
p. 352 line 25	Well, and	“Well, and (E2)
p. 352 line 31	little Theatre	Little Theatre (E2)
p. 357 line 25	hisfortune	his fortune (E2)
p. 360 line 9	P I shall	P. I shall (E2)
p. 362 line 26	It must	“It must (E2)
p. 365 line 23	as ever I saw. “He	“as ever I saw. He (E2)
p. 367 line 26	lega ly	legally (E2)
p. 368 line 13	If he wants	“If he wants (E2)
p. 371 line 15	immediable	irremediable (E2)
p. 373 line 10	propect	prospect (E2)
p. 380 line 7	believed! And	believed!” / “And
p. 382 line 26	Kitty and	“Kitty and (E2)
p. 382 line 30	drawing-room.”	drawing-room. (E2)

p. 384 line 13	happy.	happy?" (Chapman)
p. 386 line 1	and I	"and I (E2)
p. 386 line 2	you "will	you will (E2)
p. 387 line 14	sister's	sisters' (E3)
p. 388 line 2	friends,	friend (Chapman)
p. 390 line 5	your are	you are (E3)
p. 390 line 5	Bennet. \That	Bennet. That (E2)
p. 390 line 10	She is	"She is (E2)
p. 390 line 13	family.	family." (E2)
p. 392 line 32	cught	ought (E2)
p. 393 line 24	family?	family! (E3)
p. 396 line 17	polluted?	polluted?" (E2)
p. 397 line 4	world.	world." (E2)
p. 402 line 8	resigned,	resigned it, (E2)
p. 407 line 26	openly "	openly." (E2)
p. 408 line 15	justice.	justice." (E3)
p. 411 line 25	impertitent.	impertinent. (E2)
p. 411 line 26	slighest	slightest (E2)
p. 414 line 11	Good Heaven!	"Good Heaven! (E2)
p. 414 line 28	*be* be serious.	*be* serious. (CA)
p. 415 line 15	"Elizabeth	Elizabeth (E2)
p. 418 line 15	"Elizabeth	Elizabeth (E2)
p. 419 line 8	Mary Kitty	Mary or Kitty (E2)
p. 421 line 19	think for	thinking for (E2)
p. 422 line 2	you know	you knew (Chapman)
p. 425 line 31	as well her	as well as her (E2)
p. 428 line 11	necessaly	necessarily (E2)

APPENDIX I

Thomas Egerton and the publication history

The title-page of the first edition lists 'T. Egerton, Military Library, Whitehall' as publisher. He has sometimes been called 'the obscure Mr Egerton', but this applies only to his standing in the area of *belles lettres*. Thomas Egerton had issued *Sense and Sensibility* two years earlier, although his name does not appear until the second edition of 1813. He had entered the trade in the early 1780s, acting for the first decade in partnership with his brother John (d.1794/5),[1] and then succeeding to the shop, business and predominantly military list of the bookseller John Millan, who had published the Army lists. Reference books record his start as occurring in 1784, when Millan died, but his name appears in the imprint of *Letters Military and Political, from the Italian of Count Algarotti* (1782) and of *Narrative of a Shipwreck on the Island of Cape Breton* (1783).[2] Thomas, who may have begun as a printer as well as a bookseller, remained active up to the time of his death in 1830.[3] Together the brothers held a number of auctions for large book collections. The speciality of the firm always lay in the military field, with characteristic titles such as *Instructions to Young Dragoon Officers* (1794) and *A Treatise on Military Finance* (1796). After the turn of the century Thomas continued in the same vein with titles such as *The Military Catechism* (1804), printed by C. Roworth, who would be responsible for the first volume of *Pride and Prejudice*. Egerton also branched out into naval history. His shop was located in Scotland Yard, on the east

[1] John's will was proved on 14 February 1795 (National Archives, PROB 11/1255), and names Thomas and his widow Mary as executors.

[2] A list of thirty-nine works on military matters, 'printed for T. and J. Egerton, at the Military Library, Whitehall' is found at the end of the third edition of Thomas Simes's *The Military Guide for Young Officers, Containing a System of the Art of War* (3rd edition, J. Millan, 1781). It is possible that this list was bound in at a slightly later date.

[3] His will was proved on 11 September 1830 (National Archives, PROB 11/1775).

side of Whitehall just across from the Admiralty Office (near the site later occupied by the War Office), and he shrewdly gained an appointment as official bookseller to the naval board. What he practically never produced were novels: only five instances, outside Austen's works, have been recorded,[4] and all of them postdate *Pride and Prejudice*. In other words, the two first works of fiction which Egerton produced were *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice*. Why then did Jane Austen's first three published novels (*Mansfield Park* would follow in 1814) come from his shop?

So far the only answer proposed is that of David Gilson, who suggests that the choice of Egerton 'may result in part from a connection established over James and Henry Austen's Oxford periodical *The Loiterer*, for which (from no. 5 onwards) Egerton was the London distributor'.[5] This seems plausible, except for the fact that this venture went back to James's collegiate days, almost a quarter of a century before – there were sixty numbers of the journal in 1789–90. Much more recently, Egerton had published *Instructions for Training the Local Militia* (1809), based on a set of regulations issued by the War Office in 1807. As a former militia officer and then an army agent, Henry is likely to have found this of interest, as also in the case of books on platoon exercises and the manoeuvres used in a military review, which Egerton poured out in subsequent years. Similarly, Jane's brother Frank, a great reader, may well have been attracted by works on the publisher's list such as *A New Military Map of Portugal* (1810) and other items dealing with the Peninsular War, since he himself witnessed events from his ship off the coast, and in 1809 oversaw the disembarkation of Sir John Moore's ill-fated force on their return to Portsmouth from Corunna. (The youngest of the Austens, Charles also saw service in the naval battles of the Napoleonic wars.) One of these brothers may have provided the link between Jane Austen and Egerton; and the likeliest of all is Henry, who took a keen interest in her literary career. The job of an army agent related chiefly to pay, as he

[4] See *British Fiction, 1800–1829: A Database of Production, Circulation, and Reception*, assembled by the University of Cardiff Centre for Editorial and Intertextual Research (www.british-fiction.cf.ac.uk).

[5] Gilson, *Bibliography*, p. 8.

disbursed funds from the Paymaster-General to the regiments (taking a commission of two pence in the pound), but also included arranging matters such as provisioning troops and managing the sale of commissions. An individual acting in this capacity needed to keep abreast of military affairs, and a prime source for such information was the 'Military Library' which Thomas Egerton had run for two decades when *Pride and Prejudice* appeared.

We know little of the printers employed. On the verso of the half-title in each volume, and at the end of the volume, an imprint is supplied. In volume 1, this names the printer as C. Roworth, of Bell Yard, Temple Bar. In volumes 2 and 3, the name is that of G. Sidney, of Northumberland Street, Strand. These two men likewise divided the typographic work on *Mansfield Park*, while Roworth had been responsible for both editions of *Sense and Sensibility* (1811; 1813). He can be identified as Charles Roworth, printer of Bell Yard in the Liberty of the Rolls, whose will was proved in February 1851.[6] In 1798/9 Roworth had printed a work containing plates of swordplay compiled by the fencing master Henry Angelo, and he is the traditional (but very dubious) author of *The Art of Defence on Foot with the Broad Sword and Sabre*, published by Egerton in 1798. More reliably, he was named as the printer in a new edition of the *Art of Defence* which came out in 1804, and it seems likely that this was his true role all along. Egerton had employed him on other occasions, as in *Minutes and Proceedings of the General Court Martial* (1799); [Sir Thomas Turton], *An Address to the Good Sense and Candour of the People, in Behalf of the Dealers in Corn* (1800); and Charles James, *The Regimental Companion: Containing the Relative Duties of Every Officer in the British Army* (1800). At this period Roworth was operating from Hudson's Court in the Strand. In the 1820s he also branched out as a publisher. He was still at work for Egerton in 1816, when he printed *An Essay on the Principles and Construction of Military Bridges, and the Passage of Rivers in Military Operations*. A final posthumous service came in 1831 when the firm of C. Roworth and Son issued *A Catalogue*

[6] National Archives, PROB 11/2127. The Liberty of the Rolls was a small enclave within the parish of St Dunstan's in the West, around Chancery Lane. It included Bell Yard, which ran north out of Fleet Street from a point just inside Temple Bar.

of Valuable Books, in Various Languages, being the Stock of the late Mr. Thomas Egerton: which are now selling (for Ready Money) . . . at the Military Library, Whitehall. As for G. Sidney, we can say only that that he was in business by 1802, and worked as a printer for many publishers, including the leading firm of Cadell and Davies in 1816.

APPENDIX 2

Legal and military background

Guides to Jane Austen's work often have an article on medicine, but none on the law. While her grandfather was a surgeon in Tonbridge, several family members were deeply embroiled in legal affairs. A crucial figure here is her great-uncle Francis Austen (1698–1791), the most successful member of the family in worldly terms. Starting out with very little, he became a prosperous lawyer in Sevenoaks, and clerk of the peace for Kent. As guardian he may have paid for the education of Jane's father (although this may be legend); and when Rev. George Austen became perpetual curate of Shipbourne in 1755 it was probably owing to Francis. Two years before Jane's birth Francis Austen enabled his nephew George to acquire the living at Deane, near the family home at Steventon. His concern for the family in Hampshire continued, as he served as godfather to Jane's eldest brother James in 1765. Later his second wife Jane was a godmother of Jane herself. In addition he had acted as trustee for Tysoe Hancock, the East India Company surgeon who had married Philadelphia Austen, sister of Mr Austen. Such facts illustrate the way in which Francis Austen used his financial independence and social prestige for the benefit of family members, and in particular for the good of his comparatively poor relatives in Steventon.

Prudently, George and Cassandra kept on good terms with their principal benefactor, and took some of their children at intervals to make his acquaintance. In 1788 it was the turn of the twelve-year-old Jane to visit her great-uncle Francis, now aged ninety, at his home in Sevenoaks. He lived three more years, and at his death he left George £500 in his will (National Archives, PROB 11/206). As effectively head of the family, so far as the direct Austen line went, he clearly exercised an important role in determining the prospects of the Hampshire branch, not least the growing brood

of children produced by Cassandra and George. While Jane was too young to have an adult impression of her great-uncle, it is inconceivable that his doings did not figure in everyday household gossip, or that his connections with the great world were unfamiliar to her in childhood and adolescence. She would have known that Francis served as clerk of the peace for Kent, that is the chief administrative officer overseeing the Quarter Sessions and other legal business in the county. This brought him into official contact with Charles Sackville, second Duke of Dorset, and his successor John, the third Duke, both of whom served as lord lieutenant. (Francis's duties included those of clerk to the county lieutenancy.) Indeed, it is virtually certain that he gained his post as clerk of the peace because he already served as the duke's agent. Evidence exists that he had long had extensive dealings with the Sackvilles, for generations the dominant clan in west Kent from their base at Knole. Francis operated at least in part as their man of business, and corresponded with the duke's steward on estate matters. He also signed and witnessed title deeds and mortgages concerning Withyham, a nearby Sackville property just over the border in Sussex. Moreover, Francis helped to manage the election of the second duke (then Lord Middlesex) in a number of parliamentary elections.

Through his contacts with the grand, Jane must have gleaned a good deal at second hand of life in the upper echelons of society, as well as the part played by men such as stewards – the very function Wickham's father performed for the Darcys. It is at least possible that she learned something of the reputation of the third duke for profligacy. A savage caricature of Dorset appears in *The Jockey Club* (1793), one of the most vitriolic but also most popular lampoons on high society in this period. It shows the duke as a debauched and worn-out roué, attributing his enjoyment of important positions at court to the maxim that 'persons of the least worth had always the greatest credit with a P[rinc]e'. He is described as 'arrogant and haughty, ignorant and illiterate', and like Lady Catherine he 'pays no respect to liberality of education or sentiments'. When he was ambassador at Paris in the 1780s, 'Billiards and h[a]z[ar]d' engrossed almost all his time.[1] Some of this amounts to an

[1] *The Jockey Club; or a Sketch of the Manners of the Age* (New York: re-printed by Thomas Greenleaf, 1793), pp. 85–6.

exaggerated version of the foolish and idle men who populate Austen's novels, and we might reasonably speculate whether something she heard of the duke's character (filtered through her great-uncle, and perhaps sparing some of the graphic details in *The Jockey Club*) gave her the confidence to make Lady Catherine De Bourgh so snobbish and patronising a specimen of the Kent aristocracy. But this was not the only aristocratic contact Francis had established in his wide-ranging practice. He took out mortgages on property on the estate of the Earls of Stanhope, at Chevening near Westerham – in the exact locality where the supposed Rosings is set in the novel, and indeed some have believed Chevening to be the model for Rosings. After his second marriage to a rich widow, Francis bought extensive tracts of land near Sevenoaks, in the same part of the county. His son Francis-Motley Austen would receive another large bequest of land and purchased a fine estate outside the town: Jane's father and brother Frank planned a visit there in 1801, and in her correspondence she occasionally mentions Francis-Motley, whom she had most likely met when she visited her great-uncle.

The family patriarch had even more strings to his bow. In this he typified the growth of the professions in the later part of the eighteenth century, when the aristocracy and gentry came to rely more heavily on trained experts in their legal, financial and commercial dealings. In the novel, Elizabeth's maternal grandfather and uncle thus practice in a field, that of the country attorney, with increasing opportunities for profit and prestige, though they are not presented as having attained the kind of position in county society which Francis had reached in Kent. As a client of the Dukes of Dorset, Frank had the chance to feather his own nest: 'As the clerk augmented his income by increasing the number and variety of his duties, the clerk's pursuit of wealth laid the foundation of a county bureaucracy', as the closest student of the system of justice in Kent has written.[2] But in addition the text of the novel provides subtle reminders of the sphere in which Jane's great-uncle operated. When we come on references to the turnpike road system, we might recall that Francis Austen served as an original trustee of the Westerham and Edenbridge Turnpike Trust in 1767 (see

[2] Norma Landau, *The Justices of the Peace 1679–1760* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), p. 256.

note to vol. 2, ch. 12, p. 504). More widely, Jane Austen must have known something of the turnpikes, since her great-uncle was heavily involved in their construction, and indeed a crucial figure in the development of the road system in Kent. One of his main professional specialisms, in fact, lay in drafting private acts of parliament to set up turnpike trusts. In all he served as a member of at least twelve trusts in the county, including some administering roads on which his great-niece is known to have travelled.

Such 'improving' measures formed part of the fabric of life for the novelist and her contemporaries. They did not cease after the death of Francis, as his direct line continued to play a large part in local affairs. Francis, it has been said, 'founded a county and administrative dynasty. In 1773, his son succeeded both to the county's clerkship and to a considerable landed estate which he further enlarged.'[3] The legal firm established by Francis maintained a strong presence until at least 1830. A nephew, John, was chairman of the Kipling's Cross turnpike trust in the early nineteenth century. Meanwhile Jane's own brother Edward had come into the substantial Knight inheritance: this brought with it not only land, money and social position but also offices of public trust. He served as a justice of the peace for many years, and became high sheriff of Kent in 1801, whereas his great-uncle for all his nimble scrambling up the greasy pole of preferment had never acquired the gentility needed – he served only as under-sheriff. Another brother, Henry, was appointed receiver-general for taxes for Oxfordshire in 1813, although this would prove a poisoned chalice – his brother and uncle forfeited their very considerable sureties when Henry was later forced into bankruptcy. The general point needs little emphasis: the Austens lived in a world of public service and private profit, where they might face both rewards or reversals at the end of a lifelong game of snakes and ladders. Assuredly they inhabited no cloistered world immune from sordid actualities.

Even Rev. George Austen, sometimes considered an unworldly man, once almost dipped a toe in the public/private enterprise so characteristic of this era. In May 1778, when Jane was still well short of her third birthday, an act of parliament was obtained in order to construct the Basingstoke Canal, winding almost forty

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 257.

miles through Hampshire to Chertsey in Surrey, and thus providing a conduit for transport to London. The bill claimed that the undertaking would 'tend to improve the Lands and Estates within the said Counties, and will be of public Utility'. In fact work was delayed owing to a financial squeeze imposed by the American War of Independence, and a further act with more funding was needed to complete the canal in 1794. The original act appointed a large body of commissioners to settle disputes regarding land taken over and compensation paid. This included lords, baronets, landowners, generals, MPs, lawyers and even divines: among the rather more improbable names on the list are Joseph Warton, headmaster of Winchester College, scholar and poet; and '*George Austin*, Clerk'. Even a humble clergyman, with none of the firsthand contacts with the great and the good which belonged to Francis, possessed some standing in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, well before his third son had the good fortune to be adopted by a prominent family.[4] As a woman, Jane Austen was of course disqualified as a member of such bodies, much as Lady Catherine could not, in theory at least, join the local commission of the peace. However, this did not prevent her from taking note of what her male relatives were up to; and her novels display an acute sense of the ways in which the public sphere conditioned private life.

Kent was the county where Jane's paternal line had long been established, where her brother Edward came into a large estate and where she made many extended visits over a long period of time. Edward himself was commissioned as a deputy lieutenant for Kent at the age of twenty-five, soon after he married and went to live near his wife's home at Goodnestone. He took an active role in law enforcement, and his service as high sheriff chanced to occur around the time that Jane may have been revising *First Impressions*. (Later his son Edward would fill the same role.) In the year that *Pride and Prejudice* came out, the author described some of Edward's work in Canterbury as a justice of the peace: 'He went to inspect the Gaol, as a visiting Magistrate, & took me with him.—I was gratified—& went through all the feelings which

[4] *An Act for making a Navigable Canal from the Town of Basingstoke, in the County of Southampton, to communicate with the River Wey* (1778), pp. 1, 7.

People must go through I think in visiting such a building'.[5] This remark in itself shows that the family did not leave Jane in timid ignorance of the seamier side of contemporary life, or allow her to retreat into 'feminine' obliviousness. In addition, another of the siblings, Henry, had a career as a banker and army agent, which involved collecting and disbursing soldiers' pay. Later, as noted, he became receiver-general for the Land Tax in Oxfordshire. He was perhaps Jane's favourite brother, and she entrusted him with some of the negotiations over the publishing arrangements for her books.

Still, Edward always stood out as 'quite a man of Business', in the words of his mother.[6] Since he had the same genes as the other Austens, and initially the same education, we can only attribute his talents in this direction to practice, arising from the fact that he had more money than other members of the family, and estates in Kent and Hampshire to run. Many records survive to show how diligently he managed the inheritance which had fallen into his lap. In particular, the Knight papers preserved at Hampshire County Record Office contain a stack of documents relating to his estates. There are numerous leases, deeds of covenant, tithe papers, conveyances, inventories, accounts, receipts, insurance policies, valuations and records of many sorts, many of them drafted by Edward himself, and all of them passing through his hands. In 1814, just after Jane's latest novel came out, he faced a court action brought out against him by a brewer from Alton, claiming a right to the nearby Chawton property. Jane wrote to Cassandra, 'Perhaps you have not heard that Edward has a good chance of escaping his Lawsuit. His opponent "knocks under"', that is acknowledges defeat.[7] Unfortunately this proved not to be true, as Edward soon found out when a writ of ejectment from Chawton was served on him. It took years to reach a settlement, and Edward did not finally fix terms the plaintiff would accept until after Jane's death.

By comparison the problems of the Bennets may have seemed comparatively minor in the Austen family circle, who knew all

[5] 3 November 1813, *Letters*, p. 248.
[6] *Family Record*, p. 53.
[7] 7 March 1814, *Letters*, p. 260.

about entails and marriage settlements. Edward himself seems to have made a settlement in 1815 which gave him power to assign portions to his younger children. More piquant is a settlement drawn up in 1796 for the marriage of Jane Austen, spinster – but this is not the novelist, rather a granddaughter of the lawyer Francis, and thus a second cousin of her more famous namesake. The agreement, preserved at the East Sussex Record Office, makes the usual arrangements and names two Austens, brothers of the bride, as trustees. In 1813 a private act of parliament had to be obtained to replace this Jane's brother Francis-Lucius, who had suffered a mental breakdown and would die insane. When the young Jane, that is 'our' Jane, came down from Steventon to Sevenoaks in 1788 to be introduced to the family of her great-uncle, she almost certainly met the other Jane, who was her junior by a few months, and who in 1797 married William John Campion, a landowner and sheriff of Sussex. Her son, also William John, would subsequently break the entail on the family estate. She survived as late as 1857, a reminder of how cruelly short-cut was the lifespan of her second cousin, the novelist.

As lord of the manor for Steventon and Chawton, Edward acquired from the Knight family the right of presentation in both parishes. It was he who approved the gift of the rectory at Steventon to another brother, James, after their father George Austen died in 1805. Within *Pride and Prejudice* the issue crops up in the case of Collins, where Lady Catherine bestows the living (vol. 1, ch. 13), and of Wickham, where Darcy possesses the advowson (vol. 1, ch. 16). More widely, Jane understood the byways of clerical preferment through this avenue. She was certainly familiar with the means by which family members had gained their clerical posts, with the help of money and lobbying from people like Francis Austen. In 1792 James had been appointed vicar of Cubbington in Warwickshire, where the presentation belonged to the Leighs of Adlestrop, Mrs Austen's relatives. When a third brother, Henry, became a clergyman in 1816, he took over as curate at Chawton. Moreover, he wrote in the following year to James Henry Leigh, mentioning Jane's death, and asking that he might in time succeed his brother at Cubbington. A draft reply from James Henry Leigh survives, regretting his inability to do anything for Henry.

The reason was not that family feelings had suddenly dissolved: when James died, the vicarage went to Rev. George Leigh Cooke, the son of Mrs Austen's first cousin Cassandra Cooke. On receipt of this gift, both the son and the mother wrote to his patron with proper gratitude.[8] At the start of his career James had also obtained the living of Sherborne St John in Hampshire: this came through the Chutes of the Vyne – Tom Chute was a friend and sometime dancing partner of Jane, while his brother William was a sporting colleague of James Austen.

Few of Jane's family had been connected with the army during peacetime. However, the onset of war meant that even quiet rural clergymen like her eldest brother became indirectly involved in the call to arms: in 1793 James's father-in-law General Edward Mathew bought a regimental chaplaincy for him. In 1798 the Defence of the Realm Act required that parishes should supply details of able-bodied men between the ages of twenty and sixty, with other information and a list of those willing to serve in the forces: Steventon was not immune. But it was the militia, to whom Henry offered his services in 1793 'in the general defence of the Country'[9] which came to the fore in the Austen household, and which figures centrally in *Pride and Prejudice* (begun in 1796). The two facts can hardly have been unrelated.

In 1757 a home defence force was set up by parliament to free the regular army for engagements abroad during the Seven Years War. Its members served originally for a term of three years and were called up each year for twenty-eight days' training. Each county was required to submit an annual return of eligible men between the ages of eighteen and fifty, and 'recruits' were selected by ballot from this group. However, individuals could escape service by paying a fine of £10, and for the most part this force was made up of young men with few social advantages or prospects for a profitable career. In fact, this measure had been occasioned by the perilous state of Britain in the Seven Years War prior to the successes of 1759, and some resisted the innovation. During the Napoleonic Wars parliament passed a

[8] Shakespeare Birthplace Trust Records Office, Leigh of Stoneleigh papers, DR 18/3/17/3/5–9.

[9] *Family Record*, p. 84.

series of militia acts and larger numbers of forces were recruited, including Irish militia for the first time. The pool of possible recruits was not always impressive, as we know from muster rolls, like those of the Whitby and Scarborough Volunteers in the 1790s. The rolls sometimes give valuable additional information such as if a man had a handicap, like 'blind' or 'missing an arm'. At first the militia faced a hostile reaction, especially in areas where they were billeted on the residents, and they remained politically controversial. From early on, the militia as reformed in 1757 would have been part of family lore in the extended Austen clan. Responsibility for these forces was devolved to the level of the county: the lord lieutenant had the duty of maintaining a trained militia and calling it to arms when required. As clerk to the lieutenancy in Kent under successive Dukes of Dorset, Frank Austen oversaw many of the functions of the militia, and he signed documents such as the returns made by parishes of men liable to be called up for service.

At the start of what became the Napoleonic Wars, the government deployed large bodies of militia troops along the south coast of England in the face of a threatened invasion by France. Jane's brother Henry served as a lieutenant in the Oxford militia from 1793, and a captain, paymaster and adjutant from 1797 until 1801, when he resigned his commission. Other members of the extended family witnessed the descent of the militia on their community in this period. In 1794–5 the Derbyshire miltia were quartered in Hertfordshire, around Ware and Hertford. Deirdre Le Faye has suggested that Austen could have heard about this from an elderly cousin of her father who lived in this neighbourhood, and that this may have been one of the spurs to the original composition of the novel.[10] Nor did the Austen family involvement come to an end with the conclusion of the war: for example, Jane's nephew Edward Knight was commissioned as a captain in the East Kent Militia in 1820, less than two years after his aunt's death. Any sentient being alive in southern England during the Napoleonic era had a strong awareness of the militia in its social and political context, and any member of the Austen family had at least second-hand knowledge of how the forces operated.

[10] Deirdre Le Faye, *Jane Austen: The World of her Novels* (New York: Abrams, 2002), p. 189.

One particular episode in this wider history is obliquely recalled in *Pride and Prejudice*. In 1795 members of the Oxford militia in Sussex were accused of mutiny, an episode Jane almost certainly learned of through her brother Henry. They were court-martialled at Brighton, and three of those convicted were sentenced to death. One of these was ultimately transported, but the other two were shot despite much local opposition to the capital sentence. Lesser offenders in the mutiny received a flogging, most of them a thousand lashes. Robert P. Irvine has reprinted a valuable selection of articles concerning these matters from issues of the *Sussex Weekly Advertiser; or, Lewes Journal* dated between 19 August 1793 and June 1795. These reveal the 'turbulence and discontent' stirred up around Brighton by the presence of the soldiers, and the erotic response provoked by local women. A feverish interest spread locally when the colonel of the Herefordshire militia, Lord Bateman, was tried in the Court of Common Pleas in April 1795, charged with 'a violent assault and battery' on a printer in Lewes: the plaintiff obtained damages of £40, in a case whose proceedings were reported in minute detail by the *Weekly Advertiser*. The trial of the Oxfordshire mutineers occasioned even more excitement: it emerged during the episode that the Sussex militia had themselves been involved in 'riots in the town of Reading' – a matter of no more than twenty miles from Steventon, where Jane Austen was next year to begin work on *First Impressions*. Later, a special commission of Oyer and Terminer in Lewes convicted other members of the Oxford militia of riotous assembly. Soon afterwards the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in Brighton and made plans to inspect the military camp, after which there would be 'a grand field-day', in effect the kind of review mentioned in *Pride and Prejudice*.[11]

Most of the events mentioned in the *Weekly Advertiser* probably came to Austen's attention. Apart from the presence of Henry as an on-the-spot informant, she could have found references in the national press. Equally, John O'Keeffe's *The Irish Mimic; or Blunders at Brighton: A Musical Entertainment . . . As performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, with Universal Applause* (1795) could easily have come to her notice, as it was the sort of theatrical fare her smart

[11] See *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. Robert P. Irvine (Peterborough, Ontario: Broadview, 2002), pp. 472–6.

cousin Eliza de Feuillide enjoyed in London. Coincidentally, Eliza was in the process of persuading another of her cousins, Philadelphia Walter, to join her for a holiday at Brighton in September 1796. They concocted a motive to mislead Philly's mother, 'the real benefit which your Health is likely to receive from Sea bathing', but the true purpose of 'this little Expedition' was to engage inEliza's favourite activity of flirting.[12] *The Irish Mimic* does not deal with the riots, but it does display Brighton as 'the place for pleasure', with a lady parading herself before officers on the Steyne.[13] Austen knew exactly what she was about when she had Lydia go in search of the militia at such a locality. To Elizabeth there is scarcely any more baneful remark in the entire novel than Lydia's crassly offered suggestion that her sisters 'must all go to Brighton. That is the place to get husbands. What a pity it is, mamma, we did not all go' (vol. 3, ch. 9).

[12] Deirdre Le Faye, *Jane Austen's 'Outlandish Cousin': The Life and Letters of Eliza de Feuillide* (London: British Library, 2002), pp. 124–5.
[13] John O'Keefe, *The Irish Mimic* (London: Longman, 1795), p. 10.

APPENDIX 3

Pemberley and its models

Pemberley plays a significant role in the novel, as the site of a burgeoning reconciliation between hero and heroine, involving what in Aristotelian terms is called *anagnorisis* – a key moment of recognition near the dramatic climax. Here Darcy and Elizabeth will settle as a married couple after the end of the main narrative. Naturally, commentators have sought a model for this grand house and estate. Until recently the popular vote went to Chatsworth, the home of the Dukes of Devonshire, located two miles from Bakewell in Derbyshire (see vol. 3, ch. 1, n. 30). In late years a more sceptical note has become fashionable on this point. This appendix will set out briefly the reasons which support the view that Jane Austen probably had aspects of Chatsworth in mind when describing Pemberley, even though the house is not modelled in every detail on the real-life estate, and is imagined to exist on a far less palatial scale.

A Tudor mansion was built on this secluded site for Bess of Hardwick, a famous progenitor of the Cavendish family: the present house dates largely from the time of the first duke, in the 1680s and 1690s. It was renowned both for its richly decorated interior and for its spectacular gardens within a park redesigned by Capability Brown. A visitor in the 1790s would have known that the chatelaine was Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire (1757–1806), the celebrated beauty and social figure. While Austen probably did not herself get as far as Derbyshire, she would have had ample opportunity to read descriptions of the house and gardens by travellers such as William Gilpin. Most contemporary readers would certainly have thought of Chatsworth when the novel presented them with a great house located in this precise corner of England. It was one of the earliest properties to figure on the itinerary of stately homes, and as early as 1760 the then duke had limited the

hours within which visitors could follow a conducted tour by the housekeeper (see vol. 3, ch. 1, n. 4).

The park at Pemberley displays a number of significant features in its setting and design. When Elizabeth and her party approach the house, they find it 'on the opposite side of a valley, into which the road with some abruptness wound'.[1] This is how a visitor coming on the twisting road from Bakewell would encounter Chatsworth, which stands on the eastern side of a valley, overlooking the river Derwent, with the banks heavily wooded. At Pemberley Elizabeth notices 'the high woody hills behind the house', just as at Chatsworth. Among the features which immediately fill Elizabeth 'with delight' is 'the winding of the valley' – passing the Chatsworth estate, the Derwent curves in a pronounced 'S' shape as it flows south. The extent of the park at Pemberley, as the Gardiners and Elizabeth are told, runs to a full 'ten miles round'. In real life the park at Chatsworth covers some 1,000 acres and is ringed by a fence measured today as nine miles in circumference. The visitors contemplate a walk around the entire estate, but settle instead for something shorter – 'the accustomed circuit'. To make such a circuit was a well-established practice at Chatsworth by this date, along paths carefully routed to permit impressive vistas. The party crosses the river at a narrow point by means of 'a simple bridge', which suggests something a little less imposing than the three-arch bridge over the Derwent near the house at Chatsworth, which was designed by James Paine (1758–64). However, just downstream at the edge of the estate near Beeley a narrow packhorse bridge survives. Nor is the presence of trout in the water surprising in the location Austen has imagined, bearing in mind the reputation of the Derwent and its tributaries as trout streams (see note 24).

Great stress is laid on the way in which the park has been laid out, where 'every disposition of the ground was good' and everything has been designed with taste. We do not get sufficient details to know the exact style of landscape design, but the terms used would certainly fit the plan of Chatsworth, which was the work of Laurence

[1] This and all subsequent references to *Pride and Prejudice* throughout Appendix 3 are taken from vol. 3, ch. 1; where notes are cited, these are notes to vol. 3, ch. 1 in this edition.

'Capability' Brown in the 1760s. Nearer the house, a portion of land must exist to raise 'the beautiful pyramids of grapes, nectarines and peaches' with which the visitors are regaled, as the centre-piece of 'a variety of all the finest fruits in season'. Contemporary gardeners recommended planting all three fruits mentioned in pots, and then transplanting them into forcing houses. The famous greenhouses at Chatsworth, including the Great Stove, were constructed by Joseph Paxton in the 1830s, but a garden as imposing as that of Pemberley would have had conservatories and orangeries at an earlier date.

When the visitors enter the house by invitation on the following day, they are shown through the hall into the saloon (see p. 522). Chatsworth had state rooms of this kind, on the *piano nobile* (one floor up from ground level), as well as an impressive entrance hall with decorative paintings by Louis Laguerre. Again, this seems on the grand side for Pemberley, as the visitors do not appear to climb a staircase to reach the saloon. However, the rooms are 'lofty and handsome', indicating something beyond the scale of most country houses. All we know is that Pemberley is 'a large, handsome, stone building, standing well on rising ground', and all these descriptive terms fit Chatsworth.

At Pemberley, the picture gallery contains 'many good paintings'. Elizabeth is particularly struck by some of the pictures, including a likeness of Mr Wickham and one of Darcy 'amongst several other miniatures'. The most famous contemporary painter of miniatures was Richard Cosway (see p. 520, note 10), and perhaps his best known single work was one depicting the Duchess of Devonshire, still kept at Chatsworth. The fictional gallery has 'many family portraits'; likewise the real-life house contained an exceptional array of family portraits, including some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Conceivably, as Vivien Jones has suggested, there is a sly joke at the expense of Reynolds in the name given to the woman who shows the family portraits at Pemberley to the visitors. It would be the more apt since Reynolds had painted the current Duchess of Devonshire and her mother several times: some of these portraits also survive at Chatsworth.[2] Immediately after *Pride and Prejudice* was published,

[2] *Pride and Prejudice*, ed. Vivien Jones (London: Penguin, 2003), p. 431. It would be an in-joke of a kind JA enjoyed to call the hero's sister (the most regular female presence

Jane Austen visited an exhibition of Reynolds's pictures held in Pall Mall: she wanted to see if she could see a model for her own characters (Jane and Elizabeth, referred to as 'Mrs Bingley' and 'Mrs D.')[3] Though the account she sent to Cassandra was comic in intent, the passage shows that she was able to visualise her leading figures partly in terms of contemporary portraiture – that is, in the style they were depicted in portraits usually on display only at great houses such as Chatsworth.

Other possible models were available for Jane Austen, among the houses she had visited in the southern and midland counties of England. And the possibility that she undertook a brief tour of Derbyshire in 1806, giving her firsthand knowledge of Chatsworth, remains exceedingly slight.[4] Nevertheless, the parallels in the description of the house and park at Pemberley seem too numerous and too specific to be altogether coincidental.

at Pemberley within the Darcy family) after Georgiana Spencer, the name borne by the duchess and her mother.

[3] 24 May 1813, *Letters*, p. 212.

[4] On these points, see Mavis Batey, *Jane Austen and the English Landscape* (London: Barn Elms, 1996), pp. 67–77. JA's brother Henry visited Matlock a few months after *Pride and Prejudice* came out (15 September 1813, *Letters*, p. 218): this may or may not have been the first family visit to the area.

APPENDIX 4

Note on the second and third editions of *Pride and Prejudice*

As explained in the Introduction (p. xxxii above), Austen clearly took no part in preparing the second and third editions of the novel, since she had disposed of the entire rights in the work to the bookseller Thomas Egerton. The first edition came out in January 1813. It was followed later in the same year by a second edition, also in three volumes, which probably appeared shortly before *Sense and Sensibility* was published in October. The third edition in two volumes was published in the year of Austen's death, 1817.[1] As noted in the Note on the text (p. lxxix), both the second and third editions left errors uncorrected and introduced intrusive 'improvements'. For this reason the present text adopts few readings from the second and third edition, and where such readings are not adopted the textual notes (pp. 432–4 above) list only those cases where a serious case can be made for considering the variant.

For Egerton and the printers involved in the first edition, see Appendix 1. In the case of the second edition (E2), the printers were the same as in the first (E1), that is Charles Roworth for volume 1, and George Sidney for volumes 2 and 3. In the case of the third edition (E3) Roworth was responsible for both volumes.

As noted, E2 is reset throughout, even though it is virtually identical with E1 in terms of make-up, pagination and signatures. In the copies I have examined there are only small divergences in the pressmarks used to indicate the order in which sheets were to be bound. The catchwords at the foot of the page may differ, especially where small adjustments to the text result in alterations in the lineation. It is quite rare to find such a close simulacrum of the original printing where a large number of changes have been

[1] Gilson reports a copy at King's College, Cambridge (not seen) with an ownership inscription reading, '6 Sept. 1817', the only clue as to the date of publication.

introduced into the text. In my view, this seems to indicate that Egerton for some reason wished the new printing to appear as nearly indistinguishable as possible from its predecessor. It is just possible that E2 was composed by means of alterations to the standing type of E1 – assuming that the printers were willing to have the type locked up for a considerable period. However, there is no obvious reason for carrying out such a process, as almost all of the changes are small and arbitrary, and in some cases amount to nothing more than minor changes in the spacing of lines. Resetting, though not the only possibility from a physical standpoint, appears much more likely.

As well as minor aspects of typographic presentation, E2 exhibits a very large number of alterations in accidentals, hardly ever affecting the sense of the passage in question. Some of these changes involve punctuation, and others spelling. Few instances of the punctuation call for comment, although the presence or absence of hyphens in words like 'red-coat/red coat' may tell us something about contemporary printing practice, if not about Austen's preferences. Most cases among the latter group of differences relate to alternative spellings, both acceptable: thus, in vol. 1, ch. 8, E1 has 'stile' where E2 has 'style', each a form in use at the time. The two spellings had a long history and 'style' was only just effacing 'stile', an obsolete spelling for this sense of the word today. It is just within the bounds of possibility that the reading in E1, adopted here, reflects Austen's own usage, but the evidence is far too slender to make such conjectures fruitful or reliable. Similarly the substitution of 'publickly' in E2 for 'publicly' in E1 does not amount to a demonstration that Austen would have chosen the spelling without a 'k', although it is true that she regularly wrote 'public' in her letters (where holographs survive) and that the longer form was beginning to look old-fashioned. Some changes move towards a greater degree of formality, as when 'laught' is replaced by 'laughed'. Punctuation is sometimes brought into line with modern usage, as in the case of the plural possessive 'Bingleys" (E2) rather than 'Bingley's' (E1), the reading adopted in the text here (vol. 1, ch. 18).

No sign emerges that the publisher had intended any systematic overhaul of the text of E2. The fact that obvious misprints went uncorrected, such as 'Miss Lucy' for 'Miss Lucas' (vol. 2, ch. 3),

indicates that no meticulous attention was given to the text. Moreover, the alternative spellings are just that – forms which the printers may have introduced because of habit, caprice or inadvertence. The compositors did spot a handful of errors, but as already noted they committed fresh mistakes, such as 'could go no father' (for 'farther') in vol. 3, ch. 1. Such small improvements as were introduced in E2 can be attributed to random factors within the production process.

The text of E3 obviously had to be reset in order to fit into two volumes, with a slightly smaller type size and more lines on the page. It seems to have been set from a copy of E2, since it almost never reverts to the readings of E1 where E2 had introduced an alteration. New chapter numbers are used in the two volumes (thus vol. 2, ch. 1 in the earlier versions becomes vol.1, ch. 24). In the second volume there is no ch. 12: as a result, the chapter corresponding to vol. 3, ch. 3 in the original is misnumbered '13' (and so on for the remainder of the volume). Errors continue to accrete, and E3 spots few of the mistakes overlooked in E2. The only remotely consistent pattern seen is an effort to regularise Austen's grammar, particularly with regard to the use of conditional and subjunctive verbs in 'if' clauses. The punctuation may appear a little more 'modern', that is more logical and less rhetorical, but there are too few cases to be sure of this. Overall, the effect is for slightly more formality and less ease than in E1. As with E2, the differences often seem to proceed less from deliberate policy than from the unexamined preferences of compositors or editors in the publisher's office.

ABBREVIATIONS

CA	Cassandra Elizabeth Austen
CH	*Jane Austen: The Critical Heritage*, ed. B.C. Southam (London: Routledge, 1968)
E	*Emma*
Family Record	Deirdre Le Faye, *Jane Austen: A Family Record*, 2nd edn (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004)
A Father's Legacy	John Gregory, *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters* (London: Strahan and Cadell, 1774)
Gilson	David Gilson, *A Bibliography of Jane Austen*, rev. edn (Winchester: St Paul's Bibliographies, 1997)
Habakkuk	John Habakkuk, *Marriage, Debt, and the Estates System: English Landownership, 1650–1950* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1994)
Hoyle's Games	*The Complete Hoyle's Games*, ed. L. H. Dawson (Ware, Hertfordshire: Wordsworth, 1994)
JA	Jane Austen
Johnson	Samuel Johnson, *A Dictionary of the English Language* (1755)
Letters	*Jane Austen's Letters*, ed. Deirdre le Faye, 3rd edn (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1995)
Memoir	J. E. Austen-Leigh, *A Memoir of Jane Austen and Other Family Recollections*,

	ed. Kathryn Sutherland (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002)
MP	*Mansfield Park*
MW	*Minor Works*, ed. R. W. Chapman (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1954; rev. edn 1965)
NA	*Northanger Abbey*
Observations	William Gilpin, *Observations, Relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, made in the Year 1772, on Several Parts of England; Particularly the Mountains, and Lakes of Cumberland, and Westmoreland* (1786)
OED	*The Oxford English Dictionary*
P	*Persuasion*
S	*Sanditon*
S&S	*Sense and Sensibility*
Tilley	Morris P. Tilley, *A Dictionary of the Proverb in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1950)
Traveller's Companion	John Cary, *Cary's Traveller's Companion, or, A Delineation of the Turnpike Roads of England and Wales* (London: Cary, 1791)
W	*The Watsons*

EXPLANATORY NOTES

A NOTE ON NOTES

The aims of the present edition are to provide a reliable text and to locate this as fully as possible within the world of Jane Austen. Historically, editors have largely declined any attempt to provide readers with the materials which make possible an informed reading of *Pride and Prejudice*. The long standard edition of R. W. Chapman contained appendices on a variety of topics, some providing highly relevant insights into the text, others rather less so. However, the attempt made in the Cambridge Edition to place Austen's novels in the context of her age goes beyond anything attempted previously. This means setting out parallels, echoes and analogues from contemporary writing, whether fictional or non-fictional. It means fuller cross-references to Austen's other works, including juvenilia, than have formerly been attempted. In the present case, it means more direct allusion to biographic events and family issues, since we now have a much greater knowledge of these matters, thanks to the work of Deirdre Le Faye above all. It involves more detailed explication of the words Austen uses, that, is supplying information on words which have changed their meaning, obsolete slang, proverbial expressions and so on. This aim extends beyond giving a simple gloss and seeks to give the character of a given word or phrase – whether it is formal or informal, say, whether recent or ancient and whether rising or declining in currency. All of this information is applied directly to local episodes in the text, that is by way of notes provided *in situ* rather than as loosely related appendices. My hope is that this will enable readers to grasp some of the relevant background in the course of reading, rather than having to consult supplementary materials as a separate exercise.

The following standard sources are not cited, except in the case of a direct quotation: *The History of Parliament; The Oxford English Dictionary; The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography; The Victoria History of the Counties of England*. For other works cited, see Abbreviations, pp. 457–8.
E1 = first edition (1813). E2 = second edition (1813). E3 = third edition (1817). Chapman = *Pride and Prejudice*, Volume II of *The Novels of Jane Austen*, ed. R. W. Chapman, 3rd edition revised by Mary Lascelles (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965).

VOLUME I, CHAPTER I

1 **a truth universally acknowledged**: the opening formula lightly parodies the use of generalised assertions at the start of moralistic essays.
2 **Netherfield Park**: 'Netherfield' is an imaginary name for the estate, like most of the surrounding localities in the novel. The district can be identified as Hertfordshire, the county immediately to the north of London: Longbourn lies about twenty-five miles from the centre of the capital. It was then almost entirely a rural county. Meryton is apparently no more than a large village.
3 **came down**: from London.
4 **a chaise and four**: a chaise was a light coach with four wheels, drawn by two or four horses.
5 **Michaelmas**: the 'most important' of the four quarter days on which leases and contracts (e.g. those for hired labour) customarily fell due. The feast of St Michael the Archangel, on 29 September, marked the opening of a new year for many municipal and secular purposes.
6 **four or five thousand a year**: five thousand pounds per annum made for a substantial income, denoting Bingley as a man of means who can move in high social circles, and far removed from the standard of living enjoyed by comfortable gentry like the Bennets. According to contemporary estimates, like that of Patrick Colquhoun in 1803, this would put Bingley's income in the top 1 per cent of all those in the nation. Deriving from the property he inherited worth £100,000, it would be just about enough to sustain existence at the bottom rungs of titled society (e.g. knight or baronet) – especially while he had no family to support.

7 **visit**: pay a dutiful call on the newcomer as a social gesture. It would have been unseemly for the women of the family, especially unmarried girls, to visit the home of a bachelor before Mr Bennet made such a call.

8 **five grown up daughters**: Mrs Bennet is counting all her daughters, even Lydia at the age of fifteen. Although children of both sexes did not attain legal majority until they were twenty-one, girls in polite society especially reached effective adulthood much earlier. They generally 'came out' around fifteen or sixteen, and sometimes still younger than that. Courtship might begin at any subsequent date. Dignified matronly conduct was required of women, once they had children of their own. More staid behaviour and more simple dress were generally expected of mothers than was the case for an unmarried girl.

9 **quickness**: animation, lively mind.

10 **nerves**: it had become fashionable in the preceding generations to pride oneself on a fine sensibility: the Earl of Shaftesbury had suggested in his *Characteristicks* (1714) that personal refinement was associated with a finely tuned nervous system. Women in particular were often thought to be more susceptible to feeling, for good and ill, because they possessed a more delicate physiological network than men. Cf. Frances Burney, *Evelina* (London: Lowndes 1778, 2nd edition 1779), vol. 3, letter 3: '"Your Ladyship's constitution . . . is infinitely delicate." "Indeed it is . . . I am *nerve* all over!".' Mrs Bennet also exhibits what had sometimes been regarded as a 'feminine' attribute, that is hypochondria, although by this date a similar *ennui* and self-doubt equally plagued men of feeling such as the hero of Goethe's *Sorrows of Young Werther* (1774, English tr. 1779). JA's mother suffered from ill health for much of her eighty-seven years, but she also seems to have cultivated a suspicion of hypochondria, while the novelist's brother Edward – who lived to be eighty-five – more than once complained of what appear to be neurasthenic disorders. See JA to CA, 18 and 24 December 1798, *Letters*, pp. 27, 29–30.

11 **parts**: ability, capacity.

12 **develope**: detect, or bring to light (both senses already starting to become obsolete).

13 **nervous**: '[In medical cant.] Having weak or diseased nerves' (Johnson). In more modern terms, highly strung. JA wrote of Mrs Harriet Bridges, sister-in-law of her brother Edward, that she was 'the sort of woman . . . who likes her spasms & nervousness & the consequence they give her, better than anything else': see 25 September 1813, *Letters*, p. 231.

CHAPTER 2

1 **trimming a hat**: to trim a garment was to decorate it 'with ribbons, laces, feathers, flowers, braids, embroideries, or the like, so as to give it a finished appearance' (*OED*).

2 **assemblies**: these had been the major form of polite gathering, especially in provincial towns like Meryton, since the early eighteenth century. They afforded one of the best ways for young ladies to shine in society, and were often under the direction of local gentlewomen. Private balls were arranged with a view to introducing eligible members of the opposite sex to one another, with the added advantage that those hosting the ball could exercise control over who attended – not always easily managed with public assemblies. A formal introduction was required before social relations could be established: commonly the one inferior in social status was introduced to the superior, and men to women, rather than the reverse.

3 **neices**] E1 / nieces E2, E3. The same spelling is used on the next page and it is the usual form in JA's letters from all periods of the surviving correspondence.

4 **teazing**: the word 'tease' was a little stronger and meant something less good-humoured than it does today: Mrs Bennet's expression conveys 'irritating, deliberately provocative'.

5 **read great books, and make extracts**: reading was one of the most widely approved leisure activities for young women: a writer in this period recommended a wide range of suitable texts, in areas such as history, travels, astronomy, natural history, essays and poetry. 'There are few novels that can be read with safety,' he warned, 'and fewer still that convey any useful instruction.' An exception was made for a few novelists, notably '*Mr. Richardson, Mr.* [Richard] *Cumberland*, and *Miss Burney*.' See John Adams, *Woman. Sketches of the History, Genius, Disposition,*

Accomplishments, Employments, Customs and Importance of the Fair Sex (London: Kearsley, 1790), pp. 220–2. Despite the ironic tone of Mr Bennet's reference to Mary's habits, the preceding decades had seen an expanding culture of literary awareness among women. Young girls in particular were encouraged to make their own anthologies by copying out passages, usually of an improving kind, from the books they read. Blank manuscript volumes were widely sold, which the owner could then use as a 'commonplace book' to record these elegant extracts.

6 **sensible**: here smart, sharply to the purpose.

7 **my dear Mr. Bennet**: the question mark in E1 reflects the flexible use of punctuation current in JA's day, after an exclamation beginning 'how' or 'what'. Chapman reads 'my dear Mr. Bennet!', the more familiar modern usage in these cases.

8 **the youngest**: she is not yet sixteen (see vol. 2, ch. 6).

CHAPTER 3

1 **ascertaining from an upper window**: very meagre details, in an age when close knowledge of clothes and horses would be routinely expected. In fact the ladies can hardly see anything of the visitor. George 'Beau' Brummell (1778–1840) set the tone of male dress in this age. He favoured a plain blue coat both for morning and evening wear, worn with appropriate accessories at different times of day, and this became the most popular fashion for some time.

2 **dinner**: the fashionable hour for dinner, regarded as the main meal of the day, had been getting later in previous decades, and had shifted forward from around 3 p.m. or 4 p.m. to about 5 p.m. or even later, especially in town – the Bingleys do not dine until 6.30 (vol. 1, ch. 8). In the country this slippage had not yet fully taken place.

3 **Hertfordshire**: then almost entirely a rural county, at a small remove north of London. As well as agricultural activity centred around small market towns, it supported the malting and brewing industries. There was one cathedral town, St Albans, and a number of large country houses. Around 1805 Hunsdon House, a medieval mansion near Harlow, was rebuilt (this could have suggested the name JA gives to the village in Kent). The county had a central role in transportation. Both the leading highways from London to the north led through Hertfordshire: this helped to promote a

thriving economy based around catering for travellers, as well as the provision of horses along the route. The River Lea Navigation opened up a significant avenue for trade, especially in malt and corn; while the Grand Union Canal, built between 1793 and 1805 to link London and Birmingham, gave the county a peripheral role in the Industrial Revolution.

4 **gentlemanlike**: not merely genteel in appearance and dress, but carrying himself with the bearing appropriate to one of his class.

5 **ten thousand a year**: the report is never contradicted, and indeed confirmed later (see vol. 1, ch. 16). An income of £10,000 a year meant that Darcy was numbered among the very highest income bracket, sufficient for the lower ranks of the aristocracy.

6 **gave a disgust**: not quite so pointed a word as today: the meaning is more like 'caused some offence' (of a fairly mild kind).

7 **large estate**: Darcy's income is twice that of Bingley's, suggesting an estate valued up to a quarter of a million pounds, though much of this would be tied up in non-liquid assets or committed to set purposes by a strict settlement. For the size of the Darcy coffers, see vol. 2, ch. 12, n. 12.

8 **Derbyshire**: a county in the English Midlands, where Elizabeth will later in the novel visit Darcy's estate at Pemberley.

9 **obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances**: the decorum of the ballroom limited the freedom of both sexes to choose partners: in Frances Burney's *Camilla* (London: Payne, Cadell and Davies, 1796), vol. 3, ch. 2, the hero Edgar finds himself unable to 'break through the rules of the assembly' to rescue a young lady from a drunken pursuer, after he has danced the statutory two dances with her. The conventional rules laid down that women, if they chose to dance, were not allowed to turn down partners unless they were previously committed to another partner for this dance; while only engaged couples were supposed to stand up twice with one another.

10 **I must have you dance**: possibly recalling Mercutio's words, 'Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.' Romeo is as obdurate as Darcy: 'Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes / With nimble soles. I have a soul of lead / So stakes me to the ground I cannot move' (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act 1, scene 4, lines 13–16).

11 **stand up with**: dance with (this usage had developed within the past two or three decades, as it is not recorded even in the later editions of Johnson's *Dictionary*).

12 **distinguished**: an archaic sense of 'distinguish', meaning 'to single out . . . honour with special attention' (*OED*).

13 **the most accomplished girl**: the nature of what it is to be 'accomplished', especially for young women, is interrogated throughout the novel: see the discussion between Elizabeth, Darcy and the Bingleys (vol. 1, ch. 8). Dr John Gregory had particularly recommended 'elegant accomplishments, as dress, dancing, music, and drawing' among the desirable acquisitions of a girl (*A Father's Legacy*, p. 48). Here, in the case of Mary, there is unquestionably an undertow of condescension, suggesting that she has tried a little too hard to obtain 'an ornamental attainment,' and is in danger of achieving only 'superficial acquirements' (see *OED*, 'accomplishment', sense 4).

14 **going down the dance**: proceeding along the line of dancers (usually standing in two columns facing one another).

15 **the two fifth with Jane again**: normally a gentleman would ask a lady for a single pair of dances, and Bingley's second request indicates a mark of special attention. See vol. 1, ch. 3, n. 9 above.

16 **the Boulanger**: otherwise *la boulangère*, and sometimes anglicised as 'the Baker's Dance', this was a round dance for a group of couples. It derived from a figure in an eighteenth-century cotillion, a lively form of French dance popular in the eighteenth century. The name 'originates in the mildly improper French popular song *La boulangère a des écus*, which suggests that the baker's wife acquired her money by means less creditable than the sale of bread' (*Letters*, p. 356). When she was twenty, the same age as Elizabeth, JA danced 'two Country Dances & the Boulangeries', as she reported to her sister CA (5 September 1796, *Letters*, p. 8). The dance had been popular for some years, since JA's cousin Philadelphia Walter wrote in 1787 of indulging for 'full an hour and a half' in 'a French dance which, as I can't write it, is in English the Baker's wife' (quoted in Deirdre Le Faye, *Jane Austen's Outlandish Cousin* (London: British Library, 2002), p. 79).

17 **excessively**: a gushing form for 'extremely', The foolish and impertinent young man Morrice in *Cecilia* was 'excessively entertained' by a rehearsal of dancers (vol. 1, ch. 8). It is a favourite word of unreliable characters in JA's novels, such as Mr Elton and Frank Churchill (*E*, vol. 3, ch. 7).

18 **one of your set downs**: a set-down was 'an unexpected and humiliating rebuff' (*OED*).

CHAPTER 4

1 **candour**: 'candour' and 'candid' are difficult words, which changed their meaning over the course of the eighteenth century. The adjective had formerly conveyed mainly the sense of 'impartial, unprejudiced'; it came to mean 'free from malice; not desirous to find faults' (Johnson). Elizabeth could well mean something like sweetness or kindliness, or even guilelessness, by 'candour', but she may be thinking of the older sense of 'fairness'. The modern usage of 'candid' to mean 'plain-spoken' is not present in any of JA's works.

2 **say**: the reading in E1 seems acceptable, although Chapman followed a conjectural emendation, 'see'.

3 **pliancy of temper**: that is, Jane's nature was too compliant and easily open to persuasion.

4 **fine ladies**: implies a quality of self-conscious smartness and social distinction, in the sense of 'fine' as 'characterized by or affecting refinement or elegance' (*OED*).

5 **private seminaries**: boarding schools for girls tended to attract aspirant members of the gentry or prosperous merchants: the lesser examples of this breed resembled Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies at the start of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (set around the start of the Regency period). Hannah More and her sisters had kept a well-known seminary in Bristol. James Fordyce observed sniffily that these schools taught girls 'principally to dress, to dance, to speak bad French, to prattle much nonsense, to practise I know not how many pert conceited airs, and in consequence of all to conclude themselves Accomplished Women' (*Sermons to Young Women*, 1766, vol. 1, p. 25). JA herself attended the Abbey School at Reading, run by real or supposed French *émigrés* who later opened a similar establishment in fashionable Hans Place,

London. The author's attitude may be summed up in a passage in *Emma*:

> Mrs. Goddard was the mistress of a School—not of a seminary, or an establishment, or any thing which professed, in long sentences of refined nonsense, to combine liberal acquirements with elegant morality upon new principles and new systems—and where young ladies for enormous pay might be screwed out of health and into vanity—but a real, honest, old-fashioned Boarding-school, where a reasonable quantity of accomplishments were sold at a reasonable price, and where girls might be sent to be out of the way and scramble themselves into a little education, without any danger of coming back prodigies. (*E*, vol.1, ch. 3)

6 **twenty thousand pounds**: a very considerable amount, which gave the sisters a great deal of independence and social standing. (In 1777 a suitor for the daughter of a prominent peer considered £20,000 more than he expected, 'for the daughters of these great families have seldom more than [£6,000]': quoted by Habakkuk, p. 133.) This is a sum settled on the women which would yield an income of something like £1,000 per annum. If either married, her marriage 'portion' would pass to into the control of her husband.

7 **acquired by trade**: men whose fortune came from trade had been assimilated into the ruling elite for centuries. However, there still remained many obstacles to their full social acceptance when this group attempted to intermarry or otherwise engage on terms of equality with the traditional upper class. Estates were commonly bought as a means of achieving a more assured rank in society.

8 **the liberty of a manor**: the shooting rights on the estate, granted with the lease.

9 **had not been of age two years**: that is, he was still only twenty-two. See vol. 1, ch. 1, n. 8 above.

CHAPTER 5

1 **tolerable**: of a moderate but acceptable size: a quite handsome fortune.

2 **knighthood**: as the lowest form of title, not granting hereditary descent of the honour, it was often bestowed on prominent figures in the mercantile community of the City of London, and

carried less prestige than the (hereditary) baronetcies enjoyed by local magnates in the shires.

3 **address**: a formal message on behalf of a body such as the borough corporation of Meryton, addressed to the sovereign. It usually expressed respectful sentiments and gave assurances of loyalty, especially at a time of insecurity or controversy.

4 **Lucas Lodge**: the new name is both self-regarding and faintly vulgar as a modern attempt to ape the nomenclature of historic houses, where a 'lodge' would normally refer to a hunting lodge. It is the kind of house-name adopted by London merchants retiring to the country or by rich nabobs returning from India.

5 **elated**: made proud.

6 **presentation at St. James's**: formal reception at the royal court, in St James's Palace, London, where his knighthood would have been bestowed.

7 **courteous**: courtly, 'elegant of manners' (Johnson).

8 **a very good kind of woman**: suggests that Lady Lucas was respectable, correct and decent: her behaviour was not in any way *outré*.

9 **tolerable**: this time the overtones of the word are a little less positive: Darcy means 'passable', 'average'.

10 **spoke to**: a normal form of the verb into the nineteenth century, especially in colloquial usage.

11 **hack chaise**: a rented ('hackney') carriage, here a light vehicle with four wheels.

12 **Vanity and pride are different things**: this distinction was sometimes drawn in similar terms by moralists and theologians. Thus Hugh Blair had written, 'Pride, makes us esteem ourselves; Vanity, makes us desire the esteem of others' (*Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* (London: Strahan and Cadell, 1783), vol. 1, p. 197). Blair, a clergyman and professor, was an important figure in the Scottish Enlightenment; but he was regarded by the second decade of the nineteenth century as a somewhat old-fashioned and prosy thinker, like some of Mary's other preferred authors. Another example is found in Hester Chapone's *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind* (London: Walter, 1773), vol. 1, p. 111–12, part of a long discussion of the similarities and

dissimilarities between the two faults, in which vanity is associated with women and pride with men.

13 **a pack of foxhounds**: as stag-hunting declined in the eighteenth century, fox-hunting took over as the most popular country sport for the genteel classes. Thus the fifth Duke of Beaufort did not switch his main interest into chasing the fox until 1762, laying the foundations of the modern Beaufort Hunt: the Surrey Union Hunt dates from 1798. The Hampshire Hunt was founded at Winchester in 1795, having received the hounds which the Prince of Wales formerly used to hunt stags in this part of the country. From 1788 to 1795 the prince had kept his pack at Kempshott House, five miles from JA's home at Steventon; and JA's brother James, a keen rider to hounds, went out with this hunt several times around 1790. 'All the Austen boys enjoyed hunting' (*Family Record*, pp. 48, 71). As JA wrote of her nephew Edward, 'His Enthusiasm is for the Sports of the field only': 25 September 1813, *Letters*, p. 230. All in all, young Lucas is up with the times in his ambition.

CHAPTER 6

1 **waited on**: called on.

2 **impertinent**: the *Dictionary* gives both 'importunate; intrusive; meddling' and 'foolish; trifling' (Johnson).

3 **to be so very guarded**: moralistic advisers to young women almost always taught that a girl should not reveal love to a man, especially prior to any declaration on his part.

4 **Vingt-un**: card-game in which the player tries to acquire a hand worth twenty-one points. The origin of modern blackjack and pontoon, it first became popular in France during the eighteenth century. According to Tom in *W*, 'Vingt-un is the game at Osborne Castle; I have played nothing but Vingt-un of late' (*MW*, p. 358).

5 **Commerce**: 'A very old-fashioned English card-game . . . perhaps one of the most primitive of the Poker family' (*Hoyle's Games*, p. 231). It had been popular in England for at least a century: see Jonathan Swift's 'Ballad on the Game of Traffic' (*c.*1702). JA once played a 'pool at Commerce', as she told CA: 20 November 1800, *Letters*, p. 62.

6 **sound**: 'In full accordance with fact, reason, or good sense' (*OED*).

7 **I am going to open the instrument**: Patrick Piggott, *The Innocent Diversion* (London: Douglas Cleverdon, 1979), p. 52, notes that it is strange that the Lucas girls do not perform at their own party, and suggests 'perhaps it was not their place to shine on such an occasion'. In fact there existed no convention barring a hostess from performing on her own territory: Emma was 'obliged to play' when Jane Fairfax and her aunt visited Hartfield (*E*, vol. 2, ch. 2). This reticence may perhaps derive from a remnant of bourgeois scrupulosity on the part of the Lucases.

8 **Keep your breath to cool your porridge**: a proverb recorded from the sixteenth century, used by Swift in his collection of tired sayings, *Polite Conversation* (1738): see Tilley W422. Elizabeth quotes the proverb with becoming awareness of its popular origins.

9 **neither genius nor taste**: stock terms of opposition in eighteenth-century thought. See for example the antithesis in Alexander Pope's *Essay on Criticism* (1711), lines 11–12: 'In poets as true genius is but rare, / True taste as seldom is the critic's share.' The former word generally indicates inborn qualities, the latter those acquired by study and practice. By JA's lifetime, genius had been privileged as the senior partner in this duo; but the composer William Crotch was still insisting that 'refined taste [in music] is the consequence of education and habit' (*Substance of Several Courses of Lectures on Music* (London: Longman, 1831), p. 20). Marianne Dashwood quickly decided that Colonel Brandon had 'neither genius, taste, nor spirit' (*S&S*, vol. 1, ch. 10).

10 **a long concerto**: she may have played no more than a single movement, as was common in a domestic setting. Marianne also performs 'a very magnificent concerto' to which nobody listens (*S&S*, vol. 2, ch. 2). It is likely that JA has in mind one of the 'grand' concertos by composers such as Jan Ladislav Dušek or Johann Baptist Cramer (see Piggott, *Innocent Diversion*, p. 48).

11 **Every savage can dance**: in Burney's *Cecilia* (London: Payne and Cadell, 1782), the affected Mr Meadows casts scorn on dancing: 'How it was ever adopted in a civilized country, I cannot find out;' tis certainly a Barbarian exercise, and of savage origin' (vol. 4, ch. 7). Darcy's comment is more flippant, but in its way more biting.

12 **all politeness**: a stock expression. In a version of Mme de Genlis's *Adelaide and Theodore: or Letters on Education* (London: Cadell and Davis, 1796), the translator writes, 'Here Madame d'Olcy cried out again, Delightful! delightful! Because she is all politeness' (vol. 3, p. 259). Elizabeth uses the phrase with an obvious edge.

13 **complacency**: a word of varied meaning in JA's time, here suggesting 'pleasure' or 'keen satisfaction'.

CHAPTER 7

1 **Mr. Bennet's property**: an income of £2,000 placed the Bennets comfortably within the ranks of the gentry. While they were not rich, they came into the normal range of lesser landowning families. The financial pressures on them derived from the need to provide dowries for five girls, from Mr Bennet's lack of foresight in money matters and possibly from Mrs Bennet's lack of shrewdness in the area of domestic economy.

2 **entailed in default of heirs male**: by the terms of a 'strict settlement' Mr Bennet was severely restricted in the ways in which he could dispose of his property.

3 **their mother's fortune**: Mrs Bennet's jointure after the death of her husband was specified in the marriage settlement.

4 **attorney:** an attorney belonged to the lesser branch of the legal profession, which was generally regarded as lower in esteem and income to that of the barrister or court advocate. In the seventeenth century attorneys had taken over much of the work carried out by solicitors in modern Britain, specialising in activities such as conveyancing, management of estates and the preparation of briefs. In the lifetime of JA's parents and in her own day the occupation rose in status. Mrs Bennet's father would probably have had an income in the range of £500–£1,000, and had done well to acquire sufficient funds to 'leave' her the considerable sum of £4,000. Moreover, she had a sister and a brother with a claim on the family fortune. It is not clear whether the money took the form of a marriage portion or a direct bequest.

5 **respectable**: implies that his occupation in the world of commerce in the City of London was creditable and secure, but rather less than genteel.

6 **milliner's shop**: in his revised fourth edition, Johnson gave the definition: 'One who sells ribands and dresses for women'. It was later in the nineteenth century that the word came to be applied exclusively to one who made up hats in particular.

7 **amuse**: the word was slightly different in its overtones during JA's time. The sense here is reflected in a definition in *OED*: 'To divert the attention of (one) from serious business by anything trifling, ludicrous, or entertaining.' It clearly suggests that Kitty and Lydia have little to occupy their minds. The 'morning hours' would extend into what we call the afternoon, even as late as dinner at 5 p.m.

8 **a militia regiment**: a home defence force which had been set up to free the regular army for service in wars abroad.

9 **regimentals of an ensign**: the distinctive uniform of a particular regiment, worn by a junior officer (an ensign was the lowest rank among those with a commission).

10 **five or six thousand a year**: this was far in excess of the salary of a colonel, but most of those who attained this rank would have substantial private income, since until 1871 it was necessary to purchase a commission in the British army. A colonelcy in a good regiment would cost thousands of pounds, up to £10,000 in the elite Guard regiments, and even an ordinary ensign's commission in the infantry would fetch as much as £400 at this date. Moreover, as well as paying the standard 'tariff', it was customary for those taking up a commission to make an additional payment to the officer selling out.

11 **library**: hundreds of lending or 'circulating' libraries, carrying a stock of popular books, including fiction, had grown up since the mid eighteenth century: they were usually attached to another business such as that of bookseller or printer. Volumes were lent in return for an annual or quarterly subscription. In a modest provincial library, containing perhaps one or two thousand books, the subscription in 1800 might be of the order of £1 per year or less. JA subscribed to Mrs Mary Martin's library in 1798: 18 December 1798, *Letters*, p. 26. This was by no means the first such library in Basingstoke, and it immediately had a rival in one set up by J. Lucas. All the seaside resorts supported such an establishment.

12 **prevented replying**: the construction without 'from' was then acceptable grammar.

13 **wanted in the farm**: it was no derogation of their status for the gentry to maintain a working farm. JA's father, genteel but far from wealthy, supplemented the income from his small glebeland at Steventon (just three acres) by working a moderate-sized farm in the parish. This land was rented from the Knight family, the benefactors of JA's brother Edward. Mrs Austen kept poultry at the rectory.

14 **guided by reason**: the stock antithesis of reason and feeling occurs in numerous texts in this period. Thus a character named Harriet Williams is made to write in an epistolary novel, *The Errors of Sensibility* (London: William Lane, 1793), 'Reason and feeling hold a continual warfare in very human breast;—happy will be the state when the triumphs of the former are not attained by the sacrifices of the latter' (vol. 1, letter 19).

15 **the warmth of exercise**: in flat opposition to the social norms of the day, Mary Wollstonecraft celebrated in her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (London: Johnson, 1792) the young woman 'whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour' (p. 103). The more orthodox view was promulgated by writers such as Dr John Gregory: 'We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of' (*A Father's Legacy*, pp. 50–1).

16 **apothecary**: routine medical attention at a local level was delivered by apothecaries, whose original function had been to dispense drugs prescribed by physicians. Since 1703 they had been allowed to prescribe drugs themselves, although technically they were not permitted to charge for their advice. Gradually they had taken over primary care in localities not served by a licensed physician. They sometimes manufactured their own pharmaceutical products. In 1815 the Company of Apothecaries helped to regularise the occupation along professional lines by supporting a new act of parliament (55 Geo. III, c. 194), which set out in a preamble the 'Mischief and Inconvenience' that had arisen 'from

great Numbers of Persons in many Parts of England and Wales exercising the Functions of an Apothecary, who are wholly ignorant, and utterly incompetent to the Exercise of such Functions, whereby the Health and Lives of the Community are greatly endangered'.

17 **draughts**: doses. Our ancestors had even less success than we do in finding a remedy for the common cold (aspirin was not patented until 1889). The most common proprietary drug used as a febrifuge in JA's day was still James's powder, developed a century earlier, despite a growing suspicion that its base of antimony could do more harm than good. Home remedies and herbal treatments were often just as effective. Influenza had been given its name in 1743, but the virus which caused the disease was not identified for another two hundred years.

CHAPTER 8

1 **half past six**: fashionably late, as opposed to the traditional hour of around 4 p.m.
2 **complacency**: the word, already used of Darcy's feelings (vol. 1, ch. 6), connotes here feelings of approval, satisfaction or comfort, with no hint of self-satisfaction.
3 **ragout**: highly seasoned stew, identified with French cuisine as opposed to plain cooking favoured by the English.
4 **blowsy**: windblown, dishevelled.
5 **petticoat**: this would normally be visible through a tapered opening in the front of the gown. It was not regarded as underwear.
6 **let down**: Elizabeth had closed the aperture of her gown (this could be done by means of a drawstring), in the hope that its hem would now cover her muddy petticoat.
7 **independence**: willingness to take undue liberties, or to depart from socially accepted norms.
8 **country town**: provincial, lacking in the metropolitan polish which the sisters claim.
9 **connections**: family alliances.
10 **Cheapside**: the heart of the commercial City of London, running west – east from St Paul's cathedral towards the Mansion House.

11 **capital**: the mirth of the two women suggests that a weak pun has been attempted, either on London as the capital of England, or on 'capital' as the stock in trade of those who work in this part of the City.

12 **summoned to coffee**: the ladies leave the dining-room and drink coffee, while the men remain behind for a short interval (up to half an hour) to drink wine or spirits before rejoining the ladies in the drawing-room for a similar period of time. The drawing-room was also used for the reception of guests, and for a brief time to assemble before dinner.

13 **loo**: a card game in which players attempt to win tricks, rather as in contract bridge. There were two main varieties, either 'three card' or 'five card'. Its great appeal was that it could be played by any number of players, although 'six or seven make the better game' (*Hoyle's Games*, p. 132).

14 **the work of many generations**: some of the great country houses had built up important libraries over time. For example, the collection of books at Chatsworth became one of the finest in the country with the accession of libraries of family members, including that of the third Earl of Burlington. Around JA's day the sixth Duke of Devonshire, a major book collector, greatly expanded its holdings, with purchases at the great Roxburghe sale in 1812 and the acquisition of the dramatic collection of the actor John Philip Kemble about 1820.

15 **piano-forte**: the piano had reached England in the 1750s and in subsequent decades improvements had been made in its action, resulting in greater volume and more even tone through all registers. John Broadwood had produced a fine model in 1781. However, the instrument was still relatively limited, compared to the powerful machines on which nineteenth-century virtuosos performed in the concert-hall, and would be more akin to what we call the fortepiano. As a result it was more suited to intimate music-making in the home. For the most part piano-playing was a female accomplishment. JA herself was a competent if not brilliant performer: she had an instrument at both Steventon and Chawton, but had to hire one while living at Southampton. According to her niece Caroline, 'she practised regularly every morning' (*Family Record*, p. 178).

16 **cover skreens and net purses**: embroider fire-screens; netting was 'making small fancy-work articles' for domestic use (*OED*) by twisting threads together.

17 **modern languages**: significantly, classical languages are omitted from the list, as beyond the assumed powers and needs of women. Despite this prejudice, a number of women did in fact achieve considerable proficiency in the classics.

18 **the improvement of her mind**: Bradbrook (*Pride and Prejudice*, ed. J. Kinsley and F. W. Bradbrook (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990), p. 348), suggests that JA was recalling the title of Hester Chapone's *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind* (1773). In her often reprinted work, Chapone advised her niece to seek 'improvement', chiefly a religious concept, by means of study, devotion and 'regulation of the heart' (vol. 1, p. 111). Thomas Gisborne likewise recommended 'improving books' (*An Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex* (London: Cadell and Davies, 1797), p. 212). These could be moral tracts, but the primary sense was religious. Darcy has something less strict and more worldly in mind. The question of what women should read had been intensively debated within the Richardson circle, in the Bluestocking group and among the radical sets of the 1790s. Some regarded reading as a useful way of inculcating virtuous female behaviour; others saw it as potentially disruptive; others encouraged the habit as a kind of social opium; while more liberal participants in the debate envisioned books as a route to enlightenment and empowerment on the part of women. See Jacqueline Pearson, *Women's Reading in Britain, 1750–1835: A Dangerous Recreation* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999).

19 **elegance**: here the word conveys something more than superficial appearance, suggesting 'refined propriety' *(OED)*: compare JA's reference to Anne Elliot's 'elegance of mind' (*P*, vol. 1, ch. 1). This is probably the sense when an observer who met JA and CA on their visit to Stoneleigh in 1806 described them as 'very sensible elegant young women and of the best Dispositions' (Shakespeare Birthplace Trust Records Office, Leigh of Stoneleigh papers, DR 18/17/32/150).

20 **one of the most eminent physicians**: London had a near-monopoly of the most fashionable doctors, usually with a degree

from Oxford or Cambridge and a plausible bedside manner enhanced by their social connections. A more serious medical training was obtainable at the Scottish universities or in Holland, but much of the routine hands-on medical work was carried out by the 'lesser' class of surgeons, who dressed wounds, drew teeth, lanced boils and drew blood. JA herself had social and possibly medical contacts in 1815 with Charles-Thomas Haden, a surgeon in Chelsea who attended her brother Henry. A grander figure in the medical establishment was Dr Matthew Baillie, a physician to the Prince Regent, who also treated Henry Austen in 1801 (*Family Record*, p. 225). It is a man of this kind whom the Bingleys wish to call in.

21 **supper**: an unfashionable meal among those who strove to be genteel. It was usually a light snack in town, eaten prior to retiring as late as 10 p.m. or even 11 p.m., but in the country, where dinner was taken earlier, it might include two courses, with items such as cold meat or leftovers.

CHAPTER 9

1 **tolerable**: reasonably cheerful.

2 **amusing**: absorbing, interesting.

3 **were not such a variety**] E1, E2 / was not such a variety] E3. In informal usage the elision from the subject 'variety' to 'people', bringing with it a plural verb, was acceptable English.

4 **good breeding**: politeness, expressed as appropriate behaviour in company, something which would be internalised through regular contact with good society. Mrs Bennet thinks largely of external manners, in which she thinks Darcy deficient.

5 **brought up differently**: that is, raised to expect a 'good' marriage which will relieve them of economic pressure and allow the comfortable existence that a wide array of servants would afford.

6 **the food of love**: the emphasis on the first noun underlines a reference to the speech by Orsino in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*: 'If music be the food of love, play on' (Act 1, scene 1, line 1).

7 **stout**: sturdy, healthy, strapping.

8 **into public**: that is, her mother introduced her into society as a preparation for the adult round of occupations, notably the acquisition of a husband. For this usage, see Frances Burney, *Evelina* (1778), vol. 1, letter 22.

9 **animal spirits**: the expression goes back to a traditional way of describing the faculties of a human being, held to explain both physical and psychological characteristics. The spirits were 'vital', circulating from the heart through the arteries; 'natural', flowing from the liver by the veins; and 'animal', sent through the nervous system by the brain. The last group were concerned with sense and motion, and so the phrase 'animal spirits' came to suggest physical energy, vivacity and geniality.

CHAPTER 10

1 **drawing-room**: in general the domain principally of women, as the library and to some degree the dining-room belonged to men.
2 **piquet**: often regarded as the finest of card games for two players. So indeed it was considered by Charles Lamb's character Mrs Battle: see 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist', from *Essays of Elia* (1823), *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. E. V. Lucas (New York: AMS Press, 1968), vol. 2, pp. 37–42. In this game, the participants draw and discard from the hand dealt to them, and then attempt to score points by winning tricks of a specified kind. For the rules and hints, see Edmond Hoyle, *Hoyle's Games Improved. Being Practical Treatises on the Following Fashionable Games, viz. Whist, Quadrille, Piquet, Chess, Back-gammon, Draughts* (London: Rivington, 1786), pp. 118–56.
3 **harp**: the harp had become a favourite domestic instrument, partly because it enabled young women to display a well-formed figure and attractive arms. Maria Crawford in *Mansfield Park* is an accomplished harpist, and skilfully uses it to entrap Edmund Bertram: 'A young woman, pretty, lively, with a harp as elegant as herself, and both placed near a window, cut down to the ground, and opening on a little lawn, surrounded by shrubs in the rich foliage of summer, was enough to catch any man's heart' (*MP*, vol. 1, ch. 7).
4 **design**: Miss Darcy's needlework probably included designs for household linen, especially tablecloths with hand-embroidered flowers and fancy stitching such as ornamental chain-stitch.
5 **charming long letters**: in JA's time letters were a necessity, as the only means of communicating at a distance, and both men and women were encouraged to master the technique by which they

should be written. The ideal was a becoming 'middle' style, avoiding formality or pedantry on one side, and vulgarity or grossness on the other.

6 **an indirect boast**: Samuel Johnson had remarked, 'All censure of a man's self is oblique praise' (James Boswell, *Life of Johnson,* ed. G. B. Hill and L. F. Powell (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1934–50), vol. 3, p. 323). JA would have known this work well: she told CA, 'We have got Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides" and are to have his "Life of Johnson"': 25 November 1798, *Letters*, p. 22.

7 **aweful**: awesome, in the sense of intimidating.

8 **a lively Scotch air**: Scottish folk music had enjoyed considerable popularity throughout the previous century, when the work of poets such as Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns had brought arrangements of old songs to international attention. Even Gaelic folk music began to reach a wider audience in the wake of the taste for the epic bard Ossian. Walter Scott's collection *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802–3) gave further cachet to traditional ballads. Composers of art music including Haydn and Beethoven would set Scottish folk tunes or introduce dance forms such as reels, jigs and strathspeys into their work. Listeners particularly enjoyed what was known as the 'Scottish snap', based on the figure of a semi-quaver followed by a dotted quaver.

9 **reel**: 'A lively dance, chiefly associated with Scotland, usually danced by two couples facing each other, and describing a series of figures of eight' (*OED*). Such dances were regarded as somewhat abandoned: in Burns's *Tam o' Shanter* (1790) the hero witnesses an orgiastic scene involving witches and warlocks: 'Nae cotillion brent-new frae France, / But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels / Put life and mettle in their heels.' Darcy uses the term loosely to mean a lively dance tune with pseudo-Scottish inflections.

10 **shrubbery**: shrubberies figure in most of JA's novels, as a place for solitude, reflection and occasionally lovers' trysts. A rustic shrubbery adjoining the meadow was a feature of the gardens at Steventon rectory. JA's favourite poet William Cowper had given a brief description of his shrubbery in Book 6 of *The Task* (1785), and had written an affecting short poem, 'The Shrubbery: Written in a time of Affliction' (1782).

11 **group'd**: the high priest of the fashionable picturesque movement, William Gilpin, had laid it down that, in depicting cows, two and four both made for an awkward combination. He wrote, 'Two will hardly combine. Three make a good group—either united—or when one is a little removed from the other two. If you increase the group beyond three; one or more, in proportion, must necessarily be a little detached' (*Observations*, vol. 2, p. 259). Three was the most truly picturesque, that, is the number which would achieve the most visually attractive effect, such as the classic landscape painters had chosen to produce. 'Group' was a word which came into the English language from French at the end of the seventeenth century, referring specifically to the disposition of figures within a painting.

CHAPTER II

1 **Miss Bennet**: this form of the name identifies Jane specifically, as the eldest daughter.

2 **work**: needlework. Like most genteel women of her day, JA had been brought up to occupy herself every day with such work. 'Much of the girls' time would have been devoted to learning how to sew and embroider neatly, and Jane became a "great adept" at satin-stitch in particular' (*Family Record*, p. 59). Dr John Gregory had told young women that the purpose of acquiring such accomplishments was 'not on account of the intrinsic value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling', but to judge more perfectly 'of that kind of work'. He continued, 'Another principal end is to fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, some of the solitary hours you must necessarily pass at home' (*A Father's Legacy*, p. 51). Mary Wollstonecraft gave short shrift to such a view of needlework: 'This employment contracts [young girls'] faculties more than any other that could have been chosen for them, by confining their thoughts to their persons' (*A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* [1792], p. 164). Lady Sarah Pennington recommended that girls should be skilled in embroidery and fancy needlework, but need not make their own clothes:

> Plainwork (tho' no very polite Accomplishment) you must be so well vers'd in, as to be able to cut out, make, or mend your own Linen . . . I see no other [motive] that makes the practical part at

all necessary to any Lady; excepting, indeed, such a Narrowness of Fortune as admits not conveniently the keeping o an Abigail [maid], to whom such Exercises of the a needle much more properly appertain.

(*An Unfortunate Mother's Advice to her Absent Daughters: In a Letter to Miss Pennington* (London: Bristow, 1761), p. 42)

3 **white soup**: made from a variety of expensive ingredients, notably almonds, cream and egg-yolk.
4 **cards**: formal invitations. These were normally sent out well in advance (at least two or three weeks before a major event like Bingley's planned ball), and would request the favour of a reply. This response from the person invited was expected within a day or two.
5 **attitude**: the predominant sense then was posture, physical position.
6 **shade**: a less praiseworthy feature.

CHAPTER 12

1 **professions**: the word nicely covers both expression of genuine regret (as by Bingley) and insincere pretence of concern (as by Miss Bingley).
2 **even shook hands**: a mark of condescension, since it was the privilege of the one higher in social station (here Miss Bingley) to decide how ceremonious the leave-taking should be.
3 **thorough bass**: originally, a running bass accompaniment of figured bass in a music score. Later, by extension, 'The method of indicating harmonies by a figured bass, or the art of playing from it; *loosely*, the science of harmony in general' (*OED*). Here presented as a comically recondite study, juxtaposed with the all-encompassing 'human nature'.
4 **flogged**: flogging was a normal part of military discipline and might involve a large number of lashes on the order of an officer. Here, the private's offence was probably not a very serious one.

CHAPTER 13

1 **the Right Honourable**: strictly redundant, but not incorrect, in referring to the daughter of an earl (her parentage entitles her to

retain the title 'Lady Catherine' after her marriage to a man lower in standing).

2 **preferred me to the valuable rectory**: Lady Catherine has used her right of ecclesiastical patronage to bestow the place as rector of the parish on Mr Collins.

3 **demean**: behave (a sense preserved in 'demeanour').

4 **the offered olive branch**: a typically tired cliché on the part of Collins: the expression derived from an olive leaf brought by the dove to Noah after the retreat of the Flood (Genesis 8: 11). However, by this time it had become a stock phrase for anything offered as a token of peace. It was used more than once by Samuel Richardson, JA's favourite novelist: thus, the manipulative 'hero' Lovelace writes to Clarissa, 'if you be pleased to hold out the olive-branch to me' (*Clarissa* (London, 1748), vol. 5, p. 352).

5 **se'night**: week. se'night] E1 / se'nnight] E2. 'Se'nnight' is the more common usage, but the reading in E1 possible.

6 **the duty of the day**: officiating at services on the Sunday. Compare JA's remark about Rev. Thomas Chute having a fall from his horse 'as he was going to do Duty or returning from it': 23 April 1805, *Letters*, p. 106.

7 **sensible**: here, this means more than simply possessed of common sense, it suggests something like 'really intelligent'.

8 **furniture**: as usual in JA, this means furnishings and fittings generally.

CHAPTER 14

1 **important aspect**: air of self-importance.

2 **condescension**: 'Affability to one's inferiors, with courteous disregard of difference of rank' (*OED*). Collins uses the word without any awareness of the less favourable sense (patronising or supercilious behaviour) which already existed.

3 **quadrille**: a game played four players, using forty cards. It had earlier replaced ombre as the fashionable form of cards, but by this date was beginning to seem old-fashioned in the wake of a sharp rise in the popularity of whist. The change was registered by Charles Lamb's acquaintance Mrs Battle: 'Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem': see 'Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist', from *Essays of Elia* (1823),

The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb, ed. Lucas, vol. 2, pp. 37–42. For the rules and hints on play, see Edmond Hoyle, *Hoyle's Games Improved. Being Practical Treatises on the Following Fashionable Games, viz. Whist, Quadrille, Piquet, Chess, Back-gammon, Draughts* (1786), pp. 95–117. Pools were matches within the game where small stakes were deposited in a pool.

4 **closets**: small side-rooms for study or (here) storage.

5 **humble abode**: a typical cliché on the part of Collins, who persistently reproduces the hoariest of conversational commonplaces. Dickens would take this a stage further with Uriah Heep's references to his 'numble abode' in *David Copperfield* (1850).

6 **phaeton and ponies**: an open-sided carriage with four wheels, generally with two seats, and pulled by two horses. Its slim lines and light springs made it a relatively fast and sporty conveyance favoured by young people.

7 **he never read novels**: the Austen family certainly did: JA wrote to CA regarding a new circulating library: 'As an inducement to subscribe Mrs Martin tells us that her Collection is not to consist only of Novels, but of every kind of Literature &c&c —She might have spared this pretension to *our* family, who are great Novel-readers & not ashamed of being so': 18 December 1798, *Letters*, p. 26. During JA's lifetime the novel continued to be attacked, as it had been since the form first appeared in England. It was often regarded as a bad influence on the young, in fostering rebellious and immoral desires.

8 **Fordyce's Sermons**: *Sermons to Young Women* (1766) by James Fordyce (1720–96), a Scottish presbyterian minister with whom Samuel Johnson had 'a long and uninterrupted social connection' (Boswell). Fordyce also wrote *The Character and Conduct of the Female Sex* (1776) and *Addresses to Young Men* (1777). However, these sermons were his most popular work, and went through twelve editions by 1800. The author addressed girls on such topics as 'Female Virtue, Friendship, and Conversation', and deplored the habit of reading novels. Kitty and Lydia probably feared that they might be confronted with admonitions on 'The folly, infamy, and misery of unlawful pleasure', as one of Fordyce's earlier sermons had been named. Bradbrook (*Pride and Prejudice*, ed. Kinsley and Bradbrook, p. 349) suggested that JA had in her mind a moment

in R. B. Sheridan's play *The Rivals* (1775). In the second scene of this play, the heroine Lydia Languish tells her maid to leave the *Sermons* open on her dressing table, in order to mislead her suitor's father into thinking of her as a 'serious' young lady, rather than a consumer of fashionable fiction.

CHAPTER 15

1 **illiterate**: 'Unlettered; untaught; unlearned; unenlightened by science' (Johnson). Sometimes applied to men who had no knowledge of classical languages and literature.

2 **kept the necessary terms**: he had observed the limited requirements for residence prescribed by one of the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, which would have enabled him to proceed to a degree as the qualification for ordination, but he had not been actively involved in the social life of the university.

3 **consequential**: 'Having or displaying a high opinion of one's own importance' (*OED*).

4 **living**: the benefice or situation of a rector or vicar, especially as viewed in terms of its rights and value as a personal property. The right of presentation to such posts in the church belonged to the crown, to institutions such as colleges of Oxford and Cambridge or to individuals of local or national importance.

5 **as a rector**: the rector of a parish was entitled to all the income deriving from tithes paid by his parishioners (levied on those occupying manorial land, according to their income), which made his financial position more favourable than that of other clergymen. Vicars, who served technically as the rector's substitute, relied chiefly on their basic stipend, which in many cases in this period was as little as £50 per annum. Hence the need for them to seek additional income through teaching or cultivating the glebe land (see also vol. 1, ch. 18, n. 8). Through his appointment as a rector, Collins has made a leap up the professional ladder.

6 **eligibility**: the plan was 'worthy to be chosen; preferable' (Johnson), that is a sound course of action.

7 **folios**: large and expansive volumes, often bound in a sumptuous fashion. They were usually devoted to serious works of nonfiction or books on topics such as architecture which required ample illustration. The sense is that Collins picked out some

impressive-looking tome to indicate his gravitas, but paid little attention to its contents.

8 **a really new muslin**: see vol. 3, ch. 7, n. 10. A plain fine-woven cotton, originating in Mosul in Iraq, muslin began to be imported to England from Bengal, especially Dakha, in the late seventeenth century. It remained one of the most popular fabrics for dress-making in JA's day, but gradually the cheaper manufacture of domestic fabrics permitted by the Industrial Revolution led to a steep decline in imports.

9 **accepted a commission**: more accurately, he had been allowed to buy a place as an officer in the company.

10 **address**: manner of speech.

11 **lottery tickets**: or simply 'lottery', a game which could be played by all the assembled company, in which counters were used to place bets on the next card to be turned up.

CHAPTER 16

1 **cost eight hundred pounds**: Jones (*Pride and Prejudice*, ed. V. Jones (London: Penguin, 2003), p. 426) remarks that this is a 'fabulous price' for such an item, and suggests that it must have been the work of the great chimney-piece maker Carter. In fact, the London stone-carver Thomas Carter senior (d. 1795) charged no more than £150 for one of his most important commissions in the 1770s. We must imagine a really sumptuous piece of furniture, designed by a man of the calibre of Robert Adam, and executed in marble or alabaster with elaborate inlays.

2 **humble abode**: repetitiveness is another characteristic of Collins's speech.

3 **imitations of china**: copies of designs found on fashionable chinaware. Favourite styles of porcelain were Sèvres and Meissen: among English styles in use were Bow and Worcester porcelain, often featuring Oriental designs. Pottery made by the firm of Josiah Wedgwood, earthenware rather than porcelain, had achieved huge success with its designs based on classical motifs. The Bennet girls had probably hand-coloured some plain domestic china. I owe this suggestion to Deirdre Le Faye.

4 **creditable**: respectable.

5 **muffin**: 'A light, flat, circular, spongy cake, eaten toasted and buttered' (*OED*).

6 **whist**: an immensely popular game by 1800. Originating in the seventeenth century, its rules had first been promulgated in 1728, and Edmond Hoyle had further popularised the game with his *Short Treatise on the Game of Whist* (1742), the forerunner of innumerable editions. Collins thinks it will be socially advantageous to acquire proficiency in the game, partly because it was a favourite among genteel ladies.

7 **disgusted**: here the word conveys something like 'put off', or 'daunted'.

8 **interruption**: suggests here a deliberate pause on Wickham's part, not a disturbance from outside.

9 **country**: county. As used in the novel, the word always means this, or a part of the surrounding region.

10 **next presentation**: when the living became vacant, it fell to Mr Darcy as owner of the 'advowson' to name a successor as minister of the parish. In the Church of England, the canonical age for ordination as a deacon was a minimum of twenty-three, and for a priest twenty-four. By an act of parliament in 1804 (44 Geo. III, c. 43), the right to ordain candidates at an earlier age was restricted to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

11 **amiable**: here, good-natured. In *Emma* Mr Knightley brings out the varied senses of the word in a conversation regarding Frank Churchill: 'No, Emma, your amiable young man can be amiable only in French, not in English. He may be very "aimable," have very good manners, and be very agreeable; but he can have no English delicacy towards the feelings of other people: nothing really amiable about him' (*E*, vol. 1, ch. 18).

12 **liberal-minded**: generous in attitudes, open-hearted.

13 **figure**: rank, distinction.

14 **five shillings**: in terms of the value of money at this time, a smallish but not negligible sum to lose at a sitting. Living off her own small allowance, JA found a stake of three shillings each round at commerce more than she could afford: 7 October 1808, *Letters*, p. 143. Many Anglican clergymen would object to gambling in principle, not least the body of Evangelicals who exercised a great deal of influence in the church at this period, and with whom JA

felt increasing affinity. The matter is stated thus by Rev. Thomas Gisborne, a close friend of William Wilberforce: 'To devote the evening to cards where the stakes are high, is manifestly to cherish a passion for gaming: when they are low, it is yet to encourage that passion, though in an inferior degree' (*An Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex* (1797), p. 193). All this indicates that Collins is seen as theologically lax.

15 **unite the two estates**: the marriage of first cousins was not forbidden under the regulations imposed by the church, and was common as a way of cementing family alliances. See below vol. 3, ch. 14, n. 5.

16 **fish**: small flat pieces of bone, often in the shape of a fish, used as counters in games.

17 **crouded**: accidentally pressed up against the girls as they sat in the carriage.

CHAPTER 17

1 **interested**: biased because of some personal involvement.

2 **without ceremony**: in an offhand, unemphatic way.

3 **he entertained no scruple**: Elizabeth's surprise is caused once more by the fact that many on the Evangelical wing of the church would have considered that clergymen had no business indulging in activities such as dancing. The stricter among this group disapproved of dancing even for the laity. A moderate attitude was that of Thomas Gisborne: 'If a young woman cannot partake of the amusements of a ball-room, except at the expence of benevolence, of friendship, of diffidence, of sincerity, of good humour, at the expence of some Christian disposition, some Christian virtue, she has no business there. The recreation, to others innocent, is, to her, a sin' (*An Enquiry into the Duties of the Female Sex* (1797), p. 182). Within the Methodist community, which was still only on the point of breaking away from the Church of England, attitudes were even stronger, if anything. A well known Wesleyan preacher, Thomas Olivers, claimed that he spoke for 'a body of people, who, in general, hold dancing, and all other vain amusements, in an abomination' (*An Answer to Mr. Mark Davis's Thoughts on Dancing. To which are added Serious Considerations to dissuade Christian-Parents*

from Teaching their Children to Dance (London: Whitfield, 1792), p. 9).

4 **shoe-roses**: a shoe-rose was 'an ornamental knot of ribbon . . . in the shape of a rose, worn upon a shoe-front' (*OED*).

CHAPTER 18

1 **eclat**: brilliance, startling effect. In the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, 'the word was in much more frequent use than it has been subsequently' (*OED*). There is nothing pretentious in Elizabeth's use of the expression.

2 **illustration**: 'Explanation; elucidation; exposition' (Johnson).

3 **imprudent**: the main sense of the word was often 'extravagant'.

4 **introduce yourself**: it was unacceptably forward to speak to anyone of social standing to whom one had not been formally introduced by a third party.

5 **consequence**: social position.

6 **in idea**: an obsolete phrase meaning in one's imagination, as opposed to that which lies in reality.

7 **a very innocent diversion**: once more, this was not the view which the Evangelical group generally took with regard to participation by clergymen in secular music-making.

8 **tythes**: tithes were a share of agricultural produce (normally 10 per cent of the income raised) which parishioners paid to their clergyman as part of his remuneration: see vol. 1, ch. 15, n. 5 above. A rector such as Collins received the 'greater' tithes (raised from parishioners working arable lands) directly as part of his remuneration for the freehold, whereas a vicar received only a set salary from the diocese in addition to 'lesser tithes' (raised chiefly from day labourers). The system was altered in the nineteenth century, but not entirely abolished until 1936. The 'patron' is the person who has the right of presenting the vicar (or rector) to his post: in the case of Mr Collins, this is of course Lady Catherine.

9 **write his own sermons**: a requirement often honoured in the breach, since there were thousands of accessible sources in the regular succession of published volumes published every year. The shallow Mary Crawford speaks half-jokingly of 'two sermons a week, even supposing them worth hearing, supposing the preacher to have the sense to prefer Blair's to his own' (*MP*, vol.1, ch. 9).

The sermons of Hugh Blair, which appeared in five volumes (1777–1801), enjoyed exceptional popularity: see vol.1, ch. 5, n. 12 above. Significantly Collins lists this obligation after his duties with regard to tithes, that is in settling his own income.

10 **expose themselves**: in the sense Johnson gives, 'To lay [oneself] open to censure or ridicule'.

11 **settlements**: marriage settlements, that is the elaborate financial agreements signed by representatives of the two families prior to a wedding in the wealthier classes.

CHAPTER 19

1 **your natural delicacy**: women were encouraged to think of themselves as innately superior to men in terms of this quality, that is 'A refined sense of what is becoming, modest or proper; sensitiveness to the feelings of modesty, shame, etc.' (*OED*). As often, Gregory supplies a good example: 'Your delicacy, [and] your modesty . . . preserve you, in a great measure, from any temptation to those vices to which we [men] are most subjected' (*A Father's Legacy*, p. 10).

2 **4 per cents**: government bonds yielding four per cent annually. Again, it may have been the marriage settlement which prescribed the amount due on Mrs Bennet's death to her daughters. While people in this era felt no shame in discussing such financial details, it was extraordinarily obtuse of Collins to particularise in the midst of a marriage proposal the limited income (£40 per annum) to which Elizabeth would be entitled.

3 **formal**: ceremonious in a stiff and exaggerated way.

4 **economy**: frugality, capacity to look after the household money carefully. The word often had bad overtones, suggesting miserliness – a sense Collins, typically, does not realise he may be calling up.

5 **are merely words of course** thus in E1, E2, E3. Most editors follow Chapman, who reads 'is merely words of course', since 'refusal' is strictly the subject of the sentence. However, JA seems to be regarding the complement 'words of course' as the effective subject, and thus allows it to govern the number of the verb. The meaning is that of mere routine, formulaic expressions without any sincere intent behind them.

6 **establishment**: the circumstances in which Elizabeth would live when married.
7 **portion**: not here a marriage dowry, but the inheritance into which Elizabeth will come after her mother's death.
8 **elegant**: fashionable, socially correct. Collins implicitly endorses a version of female manners stressing the external graces, as opposed to the more rational basis for behaviour which thinkers such as Mary Wollstonecraft called for (see next note).
9 **a rational creature**: compare Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792): 'My own sex will, I hope, excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their *fascinating* graces' (p. 6: see also p. 412). The word 'rational' appears almost forty times in Wollstonecraft's book.
10 **determined, that if he:** thus in E1, E2, E3. Many editors follow Chapman in reading 'determined, if he'. Again, the emendation is grammatically more correct, but the reading of the first edition makes adequate sense.

CHAPTER 20

1 **as good as my word**: long a stock expression, using 'word' in a largely obsolete sense of 'promise', found in Shakespeare and other writers.
2 **dismission**: the ordinary form at this date: the word 'dismissal' does not appear in Johnson's *Dictionary*, as it only entered regular usage around 1800. A young man more in touch with conversational modes might perhaps have used the newer form.

CHAPTER 21

1 **hot pressed**: paper made smooth and glossy by pressure between hot plates, and used for superior writing-paper. In *Emma*, Harriet Smith collects riddles in 'a thin quarto of hot-pressed paper' (*E*, vol. 1, ch. 9).
2 **Grosvenor street**: a street running east–west from New Bond Street to Park Lane in the West End of London. Members of the Grosvenor family had developed this part of Mayfair into one of the most select areas in the capital from the 1720s. In 1808 the second Earl Grosvenor bought Gloucester House, on the

north side of Upper Grosvenor Street, and renamed it Grosvenor House. From this time it became the town-house of the family, later elevated as Dukes of Westminster. This was the former home of King George III's brother, the Duke of Gloucester. The lease for a house in this street would be costly, and only substantial people like the Bingleys could have afforded it.

3 **none . . . that winter**: it was common for members of high society to pass the winter in London and spend part of the summer in the country.

4 **Christmas**: the 'gaieties' were then more restricted. Christmas Day was important chiefly as a religious festival, with a remnant of pagan customs surviving, and most of the modern secular trappings had not evolved. Presents were generally given on Boxing Day or at the New Year. Christmas trees, crackers and cards did not become normal in most Western countries until later in the nineteenth century, when the cult of Santa Claus reached England via the United States. JA once mentions 'Christmas Gaieties' to CA: 5 January 1801, *Letters*, p. 68. At Godmersham the Knight family held some festivities along with a larger celebration on Twelfth Night (5–6 January), a time of traditional saturnalia.

5 **beaux**: here a sneering expression, conveying something like 'the many insignificant suitors whom you will attract', Similarly, the appalling pair of Steele girls enquired of Elinor Dashwood whether she had 'a great many smart beaux' (*S&S*, vol. 1, ch. 21).

6 **the three**: that is, Bingley, Darcy and Hurst: again Caroline shows her malice in naming three 'beaux', one married, one outside Jane's reach and one the brother whom she wishes to disengage from Jane. They form a striking contrast to the young men of the locality who would be left, in terms of social standing and breeding.

7 **sister**: sister-in-law (normal usage).

8 **comfortable**: cheering, self-comforting.

CHAPTER 22

1 **at St. James's**: Sir William contemplates presentation at the royal court, technically the court of St James's.

2 **coming out**: entering adult society, with a view to finding a marriage partner, something made possible now that Charlotte would

be out of the marriage market herself. This sometimes took place when a girl was as young as fifteen. Lydia Bennet had come out at an early age, but not exceptionally so.

3 **the only honourable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune**: a simple truth. While a young woman who took up a career as a governess (about the only occupation which fitted the specified terms) did not lose her respectability, she sacrificed any claim she might have had to gentility, simply by virtue of taking paid employment.

4 **moved for the night**: an unusual construction, which seems to mean 'proposed going to bed'.

5 **solidity**: the word could mean soundness of judgement, or 'intellectual strength' (Johnson), and Mary would intend it in that way: but JA's implication runs in the opposite direction, towards senses like 'staidness', 'heaviness' and even 'density'.

6 **romantic**: close to the modern senses of the word, but the key meaning is something like 'unrealistic', 'quixotic' or 'given to fantasy'. The *Dictionary* has 'resembling the tales of romances; wild' (Johnson).

7 **my chance of happiness**: Gregory was quite blunt about the prospects: without either 'an unusual share of natural sensibility' or 'very peculiar good fortune,' he stated, 'a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love' (*A Father's Legacy*, p. 80).

CHAPTER 23

1 **complaisance**: in this case, the meaning is close to 'politeness'.

2 **making him the happiest of men**: another specimen from Collins's inexhaustible stock of clichés, as well as another case of his repeating himself. To take one example out of many, in *Arley: or the Faithless Wife* (Anon., London, 1790), the hero, Frederick Arley, proposes to Miss Osmond with the phrase, 'You will make me the happiest of men' (vol. 2, ch. 7).

3 **stability**: firmness of character, reliability.

VOLUME II, CHAPTER 1

1 **friends**: friends, in our sense, along with relatives.

2 **disinterestedness**: unselfishness.

3 **universal good will**: JA borrows the phrase from Laurence Sterne, whose hero as a boy had been taught 'the lesson of universal good-will' by his soft-hearted Uncle Toby, who was unable even to kill a fly (*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* (London: Dodsley, 1760), vol. 2, ch. 12).
4 **narrow-minded**: the sense is not 'intolerant', as usually today, but rather 'limited', 'lacking in broad views'.
5 **position**: proposition.
6 **in comparison of**: an old expression, just starting to seem old-fashioned as the form 'with' came to predominate in general usage.

CHAPTER 2

1 **warehouses**: stock rooms, whether for retail or wholesale goods.
2 **sister**: sister-in-law.
3 **long sleeves**: on a visit to London in 1814 JA reported to Martha Lloyd (whose sister Mary was married to her brother James), 'Long sleeves appear universal, even as *Dress*, the Waists short': 2 September 1814, *Letters*, p. 273. After a peace treaty was signed at Paris on 30 May 1814 between France and the allies, contact between England and France resumed. Parisian fashions were taken up in England, where the Empire line with its short puff sleeves had been in favour for a decade, and long sleeves began to make a return.
4 **independent fortune**: that is, a young man like Bingley who had already come into his inheritance and did not have to rely on his elders for an income.
5 **Gracechurch Street**: it lay in the historic centre of the City of London, running southwards from Cornhill on an axis leading from Bishopsgate to London Bridge. The street lay close to the major commercial and financial districts, and thus stood at the opposite pole to the fashionable quarters of the West End. We do not know the exact nature of Mr Gardiner's business, but in the period the street housed exchange (stock) brokers, cheesemongers, linen-drapers, fire insurance companies, booksellers, druggists, jewellers, hardware manufacturers and much else. Most of the merchants would live on the spot, although the more substantial might also own a suburban retreat.

6 **She will not be able to help calling**: it would be a matter of routine courtesy for Miss Bingley to make at least a token call on Jane (leaving her card), once she learned that her 'friend' had come to town. Hence Elizabeth's dismay at Caroline's 'inattention' in the next chapter (vol. 2, ch. 3).
7 **interesting**: as usually in JA, this is the old sense, 'that concerns, touches, affects, or is of importance' (*OED*).
8 **Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy**: Darcy takes his first name from his mother's family name. When JA was about fourteen she made spoof entries in a specimen page of the marriage register at Steventon. Here she posted banns for her wedding to a certain 'Henry Frederic Howard Fitzwilliam, of London' (*Family Record*, p. 70).

CHAPTER 3

1 **merely because you are warned against it**: in JA's juvenile satire *Love and Freindship*, a young man declares of his choice of the heroine as his beloved, 'It is my greatest boast that I have incurred the Displeasure of my Father!' (Letter 8th, *MW*, p. 85).
2 **conscious**: self-conscious, shamefaced.
3 **the sudden acquisition of ten thousand pounds**: as an heiress who had come into such a large sum, Miss King would now be a target for suitors, with or without money of their own. Wickham would have to move fast to get to the head of the queue. The quarry was all the more desirable, since a husband would have absolute legal power over the entire assets of the marriage, until the Married Women's Property Act of 1870 (extended in 1882 to include assets the wife brought to a marriage, as well as her subsequent earnings).

CHAPTER 4

1 **disgust of**: aversion to.
2 **presentation**: at court.
3 **morning**: this would last through what we call afternoon up to the dinner hour around four or five o'clock.
4 **one of the theatres**: when in London, JA greatly enjoyed theatre-going. Once she was able to see the tragic actor Edmund Kean perform at Drury Lane, although this was the hottest ticket in town and the best seats were already booked: 8 March 1814,

Letters, p. 257. The other major playhouse in the capital was Covent Garden Theatre, where the great actress Sarah Siddons and her brother John Philip Kemble often performed: JA was present when the comic actress Dorothy Jordan starred there in March 1814. Smaller houses included the Lyceum in Wellington Street, which JA attended in 1811.

5 **rallied**: set about in a bantering fashion.

6 **manner**: formerly an acceptable variant for 'manners'.

7 **a tour of pleasure**: although tourism had existed prior to the fashion for the picturesque, it was the search for scenery of this kind which caused a rapid expansion after the publication of the *Tours* of William Gilpin. In *Love and Freindship* a character describes how she was impelled to take a trip in quest of the beauties of nature after her curiosity had been 'so much raised by Gilpin's Tour to the Highlands' (*MW*, p. 105).

8 **the Lakes**: the Lake District in north-western England had become a leading destination since picturesque tourism had become popular in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The earliest manual for such travellers was Thomas West's *Guide to the Lakes* (1778). William Wordsworth's guide to the scenery appeared with Joseph Wilkinson's *Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire* (1810).

9 **disappointment and spleen**: Elizabeth deliberately uses affected terms favoured by persons of sensibility and taste, who craved excitement to rid themselves of feelings of boredom they identified as depression and ennui. In the old psychology of 'humours', the spleen had produced black bile and thus was associated with the melancholy temperament. According to Dr James Adair, in *Essays on Fashionable Diseases* (London: Bateman, *c.*1790), until thirty years before people of fashion 'had not the least idea that they had nerves': however, after a popular practitioner had attributed depressive conditions to this source, 'the term [nervous] became fashionable, and spleen, vapours, and hyp were forgotten' (p. 6). Later the term 'bilious' took over. Adair suggests that such cant expressions mislead patients, causing unnecessary and ineffective treatment.

10 **what are men to rocks and mountains**: ridiculing the fashionable taste for wild romantic scenery and, along with this,

relegation of the social concerns of earlier literature. JA may have chiefly in mind the 'Lake poets', Wordsworth, Coleridge and Robert Southey – a school identified by Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802. The word 'transport' is defined by Johnson as 'rapture; ectasy'. It strongly suggests the raptures of writers such as William Gilpin, with his effusive *Three Essays on Picturesque Beauty* (London: Blamire, 1792), as well as *Observations* (1786). The *Essays* contain a poem on landscape painting, in which an artist is addressed: 'But if true Genius fire thee, if thy heart / Glow, palpitate with transport at the sight' (p. 24). The *Observations* offer to supply 'a sort of analytic view of the materials which compose [picturesque scenes] – *mountains—lakes . . . rocks—cascades—vallies*—and *rivers*' (vol. 1, p. 81).

11 **effusions**: 'Frank and eager expression (of emotions)' (*OED*). Widely used in literature at this time: for example, Anna Maria Porter produced *Artless Tales: or, Romantic Effusions of the Heart* in 1796, and Mary Stockdale *The Effusions of the Heart: Poems* in 1798. In 'An Enigma' (1809) Charlotte Smith addressed lovers: 'No more the rude Philistines of a court, / Shall turn your soft effusions into sport.'

CHAPTER 5

1 **the Parsonage**: a number of writers have noted that its setting and surroundings resemble those of the vicarage at Godmersham, which was well known to JA, and stood close to the boundary of the park: but no very close dependence on this model needs to be postulated.

2 **paling**: fence.

3 **aspect**: situation with regard to the view outwards which it commanded.

4 **not unseldom**: '(Misused for) not rarely, not infrequently' (*OED*).

5 **an opening in the trees**: it was one of the skills of a landscape gardener to contrive vistas which opened up to reveal particularly beautiful scenery. Collins has arranged matters so that the view ('prospect') is that of the impressive mansion belonging to his wealthy patron.

6 **a handsome modern building**: Nigel Nicolson, *The World of Jane Austen* (London: Phoenix Illustrated, 1997), p. 118, discusses the suggestion made a number of times that the setting of Rosings was based on Chevening, the home of the Stanhope family near Westerham.
7 **his two meadows**: this would be the 'glebe-land' Collins enjoys by virtue of his position as rector.
8 **the quiet tenor of their usual employments:** JA discreetly recalls Thomas Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard* (1751): 'They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.' The buried allusion serves to undermine Collins, who (far from the unambitious swains in Gray's poem) could hardly be seen as living in a noiseless way.
9 **who lives with them**: as governess or companion to Miss De Bourgh.

CHAPTER 6

1 **toilette**: dressing for dinner.
2 **his enumeration of the windows**: a window tax, first imposed in 1695, was gradually increased over the next century, and survived until 1851. Smaller houses were exempted from the tax in 1782. Only the wealthy could comfortably afford this imposition, and indeed those struggling to pay it sometimes had their homes designed with few windows, or bricked up existing windows.
3 **spoke her awful**: indicated that Elizabeth needs to stand in awe of her.
4 **large**: broad in build.
5 **placing a screen**: a fire-screen placed precisely so as to shield Miss De Bourgh from the heat. At this period screens were generally made of wood (mahogany, oak or walnut), sometimes with decorations of tapestry, needlework or carving on the outer side. Many had short side panels and stood on carved legs.
6 **handsome**: ample, liberally provided.
7 **fearing she were indisposed]** E1, E2 / fearing she was indisposed] E3. The subjunctive after a verb of fearing was possible in JA's time; in this case, the reading in E3 seems more natural, but it may well be a printing-house intervention.

8 **a very genteel, pretty kind of girl**: 'pretty' here is a condescending word, conveying the sense 'decent enough, acceptable'.

9 **what carriage her father kept**: it took a considerable outlay to keep a carriage, since there were expenses for a carriage-house as well as for the vehicle itself. Horses entailed the cost of purchase (up to £100 each), stabling, feeding and regular work by a blacksmith, as well as possible veterinary services by a horse-doctor or farrier. Leading coachmakers such as John Hatchett of Long Acre could charge high prices for a new vehicle. The less prosperous sometimes bought coaches second-hand; and they might economize by employing a single individual to act as driver and groom. In the case of the Bennets their draught horses also work on the farm, carrying out tasks such as hauling the plough. From 1797 William Pitt sought to increase the duty on a number of luxury goods, including a tax on carriages which had been first imposed in 1747 (20 Geo. II, c. 10) – the rate was higher for those with four wheels than for those with two. This was in addition to a small tax on carriage horses. All in all, a decent coaching equipage could hardly be maintained for much less than £500 per year. The truth is that the Bennet family income was barely enough to support a carriage, something Lady Catherine may hope to elicit from Elizabeth by her rude question.

10 **entailing estates from the female line**: away from it, so that men only could inherit.

11 **a governess**: the preferred means of educating girls in aristocratic circles, where boarding schools were generally regarded as rife with dangers.

12 **are most delightfully situated**: have acquired excellent situations, or posts as a governess. It is less certain that the young ladies themselves greeted with enthusiasm the prospect of entering into ill-paid employment in a family which often accorded them a low status within the household. In *Emma*, Jane Fairfax looks forward bleakly to entering the world of 'the governess trade', where young women were bought and sold almost in the same way as those bartered in the slave trade: 'as to the greater misery of the victims, I do not know where it lies' (*E*, vol. 2, ch. 17).

13 **out**: entered into adult society: see vol. 1, ch. 22, n. 2 above. In *Mansfield Park* JA presents a debate between Mary Crawford and

the Bertram brothers on this rite of passage for young women (*MP*, vol. 1, ch. 5).

14 **full young**: quite young enough.

15 **cassino**: 'Cassino is a good old "family" game, and can be played by two, three or four players . . . The object of the game is to capture certain cards and combinations of cards that count towards game' (*Hoyle's Games*). For a contemporary treatment, see Robert Long, *Short Rules for Playing the Game of Cassino* (1792). In *Sense and Sensibility*, the indolent Lady Middleton 'proposed a rubber of Cassino to the others', but the high-spirited Marianne declined to join in this tame enjoyment (*S&S*, vol. 2, ch. 1). JA attended a dinner party with neighbours where 'there was a whist & a casino table': 20 November 1800, *Letters*, p. 62.

16 **stupid**: not so much foolish as dull, tedious, lacking in animation.

CHAPTER 7

1 **gig**: A light carriage drawn by a single horse, usually carrying two people.

2 **was backwards**: was located at the rear of the house, looking away from the entrance.

3 **family livings**: benefices for clergymen, which Lady Catherine had at her disposal. Collins is hoping that he may be the recipient of another living, since many clergymen held two, three or even four benefices. They would then pay a curate to serve in the other parishes. Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff from 1782 to 1816, had income from sixteen parishes scattered round the country, and paid nine resident curates to discharge his duties. Such pluralism was normal in the Anglican church: JA's brother James obtained livings in Hampshire in 1791 and in Warwickshire in 1792. The practice had come under increasing fire by 1800 and withered away during the course of the nineteenth century.

4 **in the commission of the peace**: among the justices of the peace or magistrates: women were not eligible. Their numbers were always drawn from propertied individuals in the locality. JA's brother Edward Knight served as a JP for many years, while her great-uncle Francis was clerk of the peace for Kent, that is, the chief administrative officer overseeing the Quarter Sessions and other legal business in the county.

5 **cottagers**: Johnson's definition, 'A cottager, in law, is one that lives on the common, without paying rent, and without any land of his own', is stated by *OED* to be erroneous. The word was generally applied to the deserving poor in rural areas, especially those who were employed on a large estate and occupied a tied cottage.
6 **the lodges opening into Hunsford Lane**: various entrances to the park, each marked by a gatehouse to allow the surveillance of the comings and goings of visitors.

CHAPTER 8

1 **in the evening**: that is, after dinner, specifically excluding an invitation to the meal itself.
2 **at church**: most likely on Good Friday, historically one of the holiest days in the Christian calendar. All orthodox Anglicans (even those who were not regular church-goers) made a point of attending the service on Good Friday or Easter Sunday.
3 **I should have been a great proficient**: it is surprising that Lady Catherine, with her aristocratic background, did not have the opportunity to study under the best music teachers of the time. Such a training was normal for high-born young ladies: the object was not to produce virtuoso skills, but to acquire 'proficiency', that is enough fluency of technique as a performer to demonstrate one's accomplishments. Lady Catherine does however claim 'natural taste', a sign of innate superiority in aesthetic response. Such a quality had been especially valued in the second half of the eighteenth century.
4 **Mrs. Jenkinson's room**: the governess's apartment, located in the servants' quarters of the house.
5 **arch**: 'Waggish; mirthful; triflingly mischievous' (Johnson).
6 **in the world**: in good society.

CHAPTER 9

1 **emergence**: a form of the word 'emergency' used in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries but obsolete later in the nineteenth century.
2 **a very easy distance**: Darcy exaggerates the convenience of Charlotte's new home. Even with recent improvements on the main arteries, it was still a laborious journey from Kent to Hertfordshire, especially by public conveyance, involving additional time spent in

transferring from one coach stop to another in central London. In 1796 JA took two days to get from Steventon to the West End – a slightly shorter journey. Longbourn and Lucas Lodge may be supposed to lie quite close to the old North Road, but Hunsford would lie between the main coaching routes which passed through Croydon and Sevenoaks. A private carriage might have made the trip back to Charlotte's old home in eight hours, given good summer conditions.

3 **country**: Kent was the county which JA knew best after her native Hampshire, as it was the home of the earlier Austen line, and the residence of her brother Edward from his teenage years.

4 **all field sports were over**: the shooting season for game birds ended in the winter, late in January for pheasants (the likeliest quarry here). Fox-hunting generally finished in March, beagling a little earlier. JA's term probably excludes coarse fishing, which went on through most of the year.

5 **a billiard table**: the game had been popular in England for many years, and the first set of rules was published as far back as 1675. From about 1770 the dominant form of the game was so-called 'English billiards', played with six balls and six pockets. A rectangular table, with a length twice the width, had come to be used. See James Beaufort Esq. of Cavendish-Square, 'A Short Treatise on the Game of Billiards,' *Hoyle's Games Improved* (London: Osborne and Griffin, 1788), pp. 188–206. Writing to her sister CA from Godmersham, Kent, JA observed, 'The Comfort of the Billiard Table here is very great.—It draws all the Gentlemen to it whenever they are within, especially after dinner, so that my B[rothe]r Fanny & I have the Library to ourselves in delightful quiet': 13 October 1813, *Letters*, p. 239.

6 **the best informed mind**: as with 'the pleasantest man' on the following page, JA uses a superlative where we would employ a comparative. Compare the remark on Julia Bertram and her sister: 'Her temper was naturally the easiest of the two' (*MP*, vol. 3, ch. 17). This was acceptable informal usage at the time.

CHAPTER 10

1 **in spirits**: cheerfully, confidently. The expression went back to the 'vital spirits', fluids supposed to permeate the body and supply the

basic energies for living: hence the sense of 'spirits' as the faculties responsible for acting and feeling, especially as they were 'liable to be depressed or exalted by events or circumstances' (*OED*). See vol. 1, ch. 9, n. 9.

2 **the younger son of an Earl**: Elizabeth's rejoinder is well justified. The son of an earl, besides holding the title 'Honourable', would have a fast track in his career, whether in the church, the army (less commonly the navy) or the learned professions. Others in this category became diplomats. Although he would not inherit the main estate, a younger son would normally have generous provision in family settlements, and often had a grant of smaller family property (sometimes rent-free) for his own residence. By comparison with the overwhelming majority of the population he enjoyed an extremely comfortable standard of living.

3 **home questions**: those that are to the point, strike home: obsolete, except in a form such as 'home truths'.

4 **the usual price**: that is, the expected size of a dowry given by the bride's family to that of the groom at marriage. Elizabeth deliberately exaggerates a little: up to 1800, marriage portions seldom exceeded £30,000 even for the grandest matches between aristocratic families. The sum quoted would be quite generous enough for an elder brother inheriting the earldom. Even then, as the portion was often raised by a mortgage, payment of the full sum could be delayed, with a down payment at the time of the marriage and the remainder due at a later date, e.g. when the bride's father died.

5 **the guardianship of Miss Darcy**: she would be a ward of her brother and Colonel Fitzwilliam until she attained the legal status of an adult at twenty-one. They inherited virtually all the rights which her dead parents would have enjoyed, and could exercise a large degree of control over financial and personal matters such as the choice of a husband. The guardian was the chief custodian of a ward's legal interests: 'An infant cannot be sued but under the protection, and joining the name of his guardian' (W. Blackstone, *Commentaries* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1765), vol. 1, p. 452). However, children themselves held certain rights at a given age: girls for instance could consent to or reject marriage as early as twelve, and at fourteen could choose a legal guardian. This made for some delicacy in the performance of a guardian's role. In Gothic

novels such figures are often portrayed as evil monsters, such as the terrifying Count Montoni in Ann Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794). In her own work JA deals with the more commonplace realities of wardship in the England of her day: the instrument was common mainly because so many children lost both parents while still minors.

6 **prodigious**: a slangy and rather smart intensifier used in conversation of the day, 'often hyperbolical' (*OED*). As Shapard points out (*The Annotated Pride and Prejudice*, ed. D. M. Shapard (Delmar, NY: Pheasant Books, 2004), p. 339), the word was often put by JA 'into the mouth of foolish characters prone to exaggeration'. Thus, Mrs Norris boasts, 'If I had more room, I should take a prodigious delight in improving and planting' (*MP*, vol. 1, ch. 6). It is a favourite word of the inane Miss Steeles (*S&S*, vol. 1, ch. 21).

7 **To Jane herself**: the paragraph runs straight on here in E1, but this phrase is indented in Chapman and several modern editions. Following JA's normal conventions we might perhaps expect a new paragraph at this point.

8 **respectability**: here, a solid reputation for good sense and reliable conduct, as opposed to what Elizabeth sees as Darcy's unbridled arrogance and impetuous outbursts. Elizabeth's remark carries the disdain of the gentry for the sometimes freer manners of the aristocracy, since Darcy was the nephew of an earl. In vol. 2, ch. 19, the force of the word extends beyond the state of being vaguely respected by others, and becomes almost equivalent in force to 'honour'.

9 **headach**: most editors emend the text to follow E2, but the spelling in E1 was quite common – it was used by Johnson in the *Dictionary* and by other novelists.

CHAPTER II

1 **intentions**: to embark on a courtship of Elizabeth.

2 **policy**: cunning, shrewd strategy to achieve his ends.

3 **hurried away to her room**: this critical episode occurs at almost exactly the midpoint of the book. In the first edition it occurs on p. 135 of the second volume, that is on the 442nd page out of 869 in all three volumes. When Egerton reprinted the work

in two volumes for the third edition (1817) the present chapter became the first in volume 2. It was common for novelists to aim for what narrative theorists call a 'mid-point climax' at this juncture, a practice deriving from classical structures based on numerology (the term is now also used of screenplays and music). Commonly there is reversal of direction at this halfway point: in this case, the heroine and hero have been moving from coolness towards an outright rupture, and for the rest of the novel they move towards gradual reconciliation and finally union. It is characteristic of JA to take the most customary modes of narrative and turn them to fresh and creative ends.

CHAPTER 12

1 **turnpike road**: one which had been improved and fitted with toll-gates at intervals along the route to help defray the costs. Such roads were administered by local turnpike trusts, usually headed by prominent nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. (However, justices of the peace still had general oversight of the local highway system.) Turnpike roads began to appear in significant numbers in the early eighteenth century, but the largest concentration came into being in the following decades, starting around the time of JA's birth and continuing to about 1830. Francis Austen, JA's great-uncle, was an original trustee of the Westerham and Edenbridge Turnpike Trust in 1767. In 1813, the very year that *P&P* appeared, an act of parliament was passed to repair 'the Road from the Eaton Bridge Turnpike Road at Cockham Hill, in the Parish of Westerham, in the County of Kent, to the Turnpike Road from Croydon to Godstone, in the County of Surry' (53 George III, c. 43). This is the precise area in which Hunsford is supposed to lie. The Ashford to Faversham turnpike, instituted in 1762, ran alongside Godmersham Park, also in Kent, where JA visited her brother on many occasions.

2 **ground**: 'An enclosed portion of land of considerable extent surrounding . . . a dwelling-house . . . serving chiefly for ornament or recreation' (*OED*).

3 **plantation**: a small area of the park planted with trees. The 'Temple Plantations' were a feature of Godmersham Park, owned by JA's brother Edward. In 1813 JA reported to CA on the surprising

growth of Edward's plantations: 23 September 1813, *Letters*, p. 227.

4 **envelope**: it was not then customary to use a separate envelope. The third sheet (in this case) would be folded over to enclose the other two sheets, the recipient's name and address written on the outside, and the packet then sealed. Here, of course, an address would not be needed. Any extra sheet enclosed doubled the postal charge, normally paid by the recipient rather than the sender.

5 **close**: with the words and letters tightly condensed. JA once wrote to her sister, 'Your close-written letter makes me quite ashamed of my wide lines': 25 October 1808, *Letters*, p. 151.

6 **temper**: nature, character.

7 **staggered**: caused his determination to waver.

8 **Mr. Darcy**: Darcy senior, the writer's father.

9 **the interest of one thousand pounds**: in this period the bank rate was normally fixed at 5 per cent, and conservative investments would seldom yield more than 4 to 5 per cent. Studying to become a barrister was an expensive business: by 1800 it may have cost families as much as £2,000 to maintain a son at one of the Inns of Court. Beyond the costs of formal instruction, life as a student in London naturally drew young men into fashionable and expensive pursuits.

10 **incumbent of the living**: the clergyman who had been presented to the benefice or cure of the parish.

11 **Ramsgate**: a place on the Kent coast, one of the burgeoning group of English seaside towns. Originally a fishing village, it was still no more than 'a small port' when Daniel Defoe wrote of it in the 1720s. It expanded quite slowly, outdistanced as a resort by its near neighbour Margate, which became the first holiday destination for Londoners from about 1750 with the development of the popular bathing machine. In JA's lifetime Ramsgate grew more rapidly. By 1797 a guide could remark on a bathing place, with machines and 'spacious Rooms for the accommodation of Bathers', as well as a pier, circulating libraries, and an assembly room with 'amusements under the direction of *Charles Le Bas*, Esq. Master of Ceremonies at Margate' (Zechariah Cozens, *The Margate Guide, A Descriptive Poem. Also a General Account of Ramsgate, Broadstairs, &c. By an Inhabitant* (1797), pp. 98–9.

JA's cousin Eliza de Feuillide spent some time at Ramsgate in 1788 for the health of her sickly child, two years after the first meeting between the two cousins. The town was used during the Napoleonic wars as an embarkation port for British forces going out to the Continent, and 10,000 cavalry are said to have passed through en route to Waterloo in 1815. JA apparently visited the town in 1803 (*Family Record*, p. 141). When she heard that an acquaintance had thought of settling at Ramsgate, she observed, 'Bad Taste!—He is very fond of the Sea however;—some Taste in that—& some Judgement too in fixing on Ramsgate, as being by the Sea': 14 October 1813, *Letters*, p. 239. Her brother Frank commanded a unit of 'sea fencibles' at Ramsgate in 1803, and married a local girl, Mary Gibson (*Family Record*, pp. 139–40). In *Mansfield Park* young Tom Bertram had a misadventure at Ramsgate (*MP*, vol. 1, ch. 5).

12 **thirty thousand pounds**: this huge provision for a daughter indicates that the family coffers were overflowing. By comparison Caroline Bingley has a fortune of £20,000: this probably means a sum settled on her for life, but could indicate the size fixed as her marriage portion. (In the former case she might be able by the terms of a marriage settlement to retain some control over the money.)

13 **wondered at . . . Detection**: editors have seen this as a crux, and some like Chapman recast the passage: 'wondered at. Ignorant as you were previously of every thing concerning either, detection'. The reading of the first edition makes good sense and the emendation appears unnecessary.

CHAPTER 13

1 **insensibility**: lack of any deep feeling.

2 **in the mess**: in the course of regular intercourse with his fellow officers in the militia, who dined and socialised together in a 'mess', which might simply be a room at an inn.

3 **expressions**: utterances, declarations.

4 **spoke him of**: betokened in him.

5 **prepossession**: prejudice.

6 **complacency**: here, good temper.

7 **sensibility**: here, depth of feeling. JA seems to regard Jane's outward control as admirable: in her juvenile work *Love and Freindship* she had satirised a heroine who admits to possessing 'a sensibility too tremblingly alive to every affliction of my Friends, my Acquaintance and particularly to every affliction of my own' (*MW*, p. 78).
8 **self-attracted**: a rare form of words, not used elsewhere by JA and not found in *OED*.
9 **no longer an object**: that is, thoughts about Colonel Fitzwilliam had ceased to be a matter of urgent concern for her.

CHAPTER 14

1 **Barouche box**: one of the statelier forms of carriage, with a retractable hood, and seating four inside. The servant would ride on a box seat near the driver. A few months after *P&P* was published, JA drove round the capital in such a coach, but felt that she had 'naturally small right to be parading about London in a Barouche': 24 May 1813, *Letters*, p. 214. Presumably this was because of its inappropriate grandeur.
2 **travelling post**: this meant going in a private or rented coach and hiring fresh horses at 'post stations' along the way, as opposed to taking the regular public stage-coach. As for Lady Catherine's admonition regarding the young women travelling by themselves (i.e. without a male escort), JA herself expressed a similar concern at times. Thus she wrote to CA that she would have liked to accompany her brother Charles to Deal in Kent, where he was to join his ship, but 'the unpleasantness of returning by myself deters me': 21 January 1799, *Letters*, p. 236.
3 **Lady Anne**: the hero's mother, *née* Fitzwilliam, and daughter of the former Earl.
4 **change horses**: this was an issue because it was possible to lose a great deal of time on a journey if fresh horses were not available at the post station. JA described one such occasion to CA:

> We had a very good journey—Weather & roads excellent—the three first stages for 1^{s}- 6^{d}- & our only misadventure the being delayed about a q^{r} of an hour at Kingston for Horses, & being obliged to put up with a p^{r} belonging to a Hackney Coach & their

Coachman, which left no room on the Barouche Box for Lizzy [Knight], who was to have gone her last stage there as she did the first;—consequently we were all 4 within, which was a little crowd': (15 September 1813, *Letters*, pp. 217–18)

5 **Bromley**: then a market-town in Kent, later swallowed up in the conurbation of London. It was on the coaching road from London to Tonbridge, about eleven miles from the city centre. Population in 1801, about 2,700. *Traveller's Companion*, p. 19, indicates a bye-road from Westerham to Bromley, almost eight miles in length. The same source lists '*Bell*' among inns for Bromley.

6 **developement**: unfolding or disclosure: the earliest sense in English, after this word had been adopted from French in the mid eighteenth century. JA's spelling was quite usual in the period.

CHAPTER 15

1 **To know that she had the power . . . farther**: at first sight this appears an unusually clumsy sentence for JA, with its syntactical shifts and trailing clauses.

CHAPTER 16

1 **the town of ———**: JA deliberately leaves the locality vague, but enough clues are provided to make it quite probable that the presumed town lies in the vicinity of two ancient boroughs, Ware or Hertford. Ware is slightly more likely as it was on the Old North Road, a primary route for centuries, and the town was long famous for its great hostelries in Water Row. Although the route grew less important over the course of the eighteenth century as traffic switched to the Great North Road through Hatfield, Ware still possessed at least two coaching inns in the 1790s; but Hertford was also served with a good coach road (*Traveller's Companion*, pp. 267, 389). There was a George Inn at Amwell End, to the south of Ware, dating from the sixteenth century and still existing in JA's day. At Buntingford, a few miles further up the North Road, a George Inn visited by Pepys survived (*Traveller's Companion*, p. 269).

2 **the sentinel on guard**: it is not clear what he was guarding. The mail service employed armed guards, mostly ex-soldiers, who wore red livery and rode alone behind the coach. Unless such an officer was protecting the inn where the postmaster operated, he would not normally be on view to bystanders in a town. Thomas Pennant, in *A Letter to a Member of Parliament, on Mail-Coaches* (London: Faulder, 1792), claimed that the guards behaved in a licentious fashion, shooting at 'dogs, hogs, sheep, and poultry, as they pass the road, and even in towns, to the great terror and danger of the inhabitants' (p. 16). It is possible that the sentinel had been posted to guard an arms-store of the militia, though one would not expect this to be located in the centre of the town.

3 **Brighton**: fashionable and rapidly growing resort on the south coast in Sussex.

4 **such a long chin**: JA wrote to CA, 'I have seen nobody in London yet with such a long chin as Dr Syntax': 2 March 1814, *Letters*, p. 256. William Combe's highly popular book *Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque* (London: Ackerman, 1812, with sequels up to 1822) featured the adventures of a naïve clergyman, told in octosyllabic verse with illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. An obvious element in the satire was parody of Rev. William Gilpin. In fact the text does not make anything of Dr Syntax's protruding jaw in the first instalment, though this figures as 'his long chin devoid of grace' and in the phrase 'with unusual length of chin' in a later part. Clearly JA is thinking of the engravings by Rowlandson, which show the 'Parson–Errant' with a grotesquely elongated jawbone.

5 **Liverpool**: then a town of about 88,000 people, a seaport which was growing rapidly into an industrial city. To Lydia it suggests a remote and unsophisticated location.

6 **never cared three straws**: proverbial (Tilley S917).

7 **nasty little freckled thing**: freckles were the acme of unattractive and provincial womanhood. Compare John Burgoyne, *The Heiress* (London: Debrett, 1786), where Miss Blandish rejects country living: 'Time thrown away! As if women of fashion left London, to turn freckled shepherdesses' (p. 11). In adopting these pseudo-metropolitan standards, Lydia has aped the attitudes of Caroline

Bingley – the joke being that she herself is a young miss from the country. However, the characters in *Persuasion* appear to share the prejudice against freckles, a feature of Sir Walter Elliot's friend Mrs Clay (*P*, vol. 1, ch. 5; vol. 2, ch. 4).

8 **workbags**: 'A bag . . . to contain implements and materials for needlework' (*OED*).

9 **bandbox**: a thin cardboard box to carry hats.

10 **quite an old maid soon**: a jocular comment, but in view of the sensitivity of Jane's position (which Lydia does not fully appreciate) uncomfortably near the mark. The average age at which women married had risen in the seventeenth century but started to fall again in the last quarter of the eighteenth century to about 24. Even for a member of the landed classes the mean age in 1800 was probably just below 25. A gentleman's daughter with great personal attractions such as Jane might reasonably expect to receive serious offers of marriage by the time she was 23. In general the lot of spinsters was not, on the face of things, an enviable one, although many women certainly preferred this status with its relative independence and avoidance of many irritants in the life of married women. JA herself, after rejecting a plausible suitor just before her twenty-seventh birthday, seems to have reconciled herself without difficulty to the prospect of a single life, and advised her niece Fanny Knight, 'Do not be in a hurry': 13 March 1817, *Letters*, p. 332. According to her niece Caroline, both JA and CA 'were thought to have taken to the garb of middle age unnecessarily soon' (Caroline Austen, 'My Aunt Jane Austen' (Jane Austen Society, 1991), p. 5). With a hint of malice, Mary Russell Mitford described JA in 1815 as 'an old maid (I beg her pardon—I mean a young lady)' (*Family Record*, pp. 177, 221).

11 **we dressed up Chamberlayne in woman's clothes**: Chamberlayne is probably another junior officer, or less likely a servant. Episodes of cross-dressing are quite common in society memoirs and fiction of the time. As Shapard points out (*The Annotated Pride and Prejudice*, p. 403), they occur in Maria Edgeworth's *Belinda* (London: Johnson, 1801), a novel JA knew well: see her reference in *Northanger Abbey* (vol. 1, ch. 5). At one point in *Belinda* (ch. 22), the volatile Harriet Freke, a character with some resemblance to Lady Caroline Lamb, disguises herself as a man

for a 'frolic', until her nocturnal adventures end with her being caught in a trap placed by a gardener.

12 **below her**: further down from the head of the table.

CHAPTER 17

1 **saving**: sparing in her compassion for Wickham, in contrast to Jane's excess.

2 **light as a feather**: long proverbial (Tilley F150).

3 **not lawfully their own**: a complete misapprehension on Mrs Bennet's part, since the transfer of property to Collins had been set up in a legal instrument, the settlement whose terms are described at the start of vol. 1, ch. 7.

CHAPTER 18

1 **apace**: rapidly. A word JA uses only twice elsewhere in her completed novels, both in *Persuasion* (*P*, vol. 1, ch. 11 and vol. 2, ch. 2), and both applied to recovery in health.

2 **a little sea-bathing**: the practice had been pioneered as a medical therapy by Dr Richard Russel in his *De tabe glandulari, sive de usu aquæ marinæ in morbis glandularum dissertatio* (1750), translated as *A Dissertation on the Use of Sea-Water in the Diseases of the Glands. Particularly the Scurvy, Jaundice, King's-Evil, Leprosy, and the Glandular Consumption* (1752). For most of these diseases the author recommended drinking a pint of sea-water each morning, and in some cases also bathing in the sea. Russel (d. 1759) practised at his native Lewes, but moved to nearby Brighton after the success of his regime prompted an influx of visitors, chiefly from the more prosperous classes, to the town. Along with the newly invented bathing machines, it was this development which caused Brighton to emerge as the premier seaside resort (see also vol. 2, ch. 12, n. 11 above). In 1789 the habit gained royal approval when George III emerged from a bathing machine in Weymouth and waded into the sea, while a band played 'God Save the King'. The whole business was still something of a novelty to provincial people in the 1790s, especially to the middle-aged. However, JA's young niece Fanny Knight enjoyed 'a most delicious dip' in 1805 when staying with JA and Mrs Austen at Worthing, ten miles along the coast from Brighton (*Family Record*, p. 134). After the

turn of the century, the Austen family had regularly taken holidays at seaside resorts such as Sidmouth, Dawlish, Lyme Regis, Tenby and Barmouth.

3 **the gloom of Lydia's prospect**: that is, the gloomy forebodings she had about what was in store for her.

4 **accent**: tone of voice.

5 **temptations**: a resort such as Brighton would appear particularly dangerous, partly because of the varieties of pleasure available. The opportunities for gambling increased when a racecourse was set up in 1783 – an early patron was the Prince Regent, whose raffish ways did not endear him to JA. In addition the presence of a large army garrison on the spot made for disorder and for the likelihood of intrigues: this last something which Elizabeth recognises as part of the attraction for Lydia. Finally, the looser social manners permitted in a setting far from a young lady's home made spas and resorts a happy hunting-ground for fortune-seekers in quest of a gullible heiress. It is no accident that Wickham chose Ramsgate to make his move on Georgiana Darcy: as Mr Darcy observes, he went there 'undoubtedly by design'. It is fair to add that the Theatre Royal, established at Brighton in 1807 under the Prince's patronage, would have proved a sore temptation for JA herself.

6 **exposed herself**: made an exhibition of herself.

7 **assurance**: 'In a bad sense: Hardihood, audacity, presumption, impudence' (*OED*). The 'bad sense' would be applied with greater rigour to young ladies, who were not supposed to develop undue self-confidence.

8 **gay bathing place**: the meaning is of course 'cheerful and lively seaside resort', with no other overtones.

9 **scarlet**: all ranks of the British army retained red uniforms up to the time of the Boer War (1899–1902), when the belated recognition arrived that these made their wearers an easy target. The tight-fitting scarlet jacket was worn by infantry even in combat, but officers would also have elaborate gold embroidery and a coloured sash as part of their full-dress uniform.

10 **a sameness to disgust and weary**: the meaning seems to be not monotony (as elsewhere in JA, e.g. 'I, who live in a small retired village in the country, can never find greater sameness in such a

place as this than in my own home', *NA*, vol. 1, ch. 10), but rather 'the same qualities which were now off-putting and tiresome'.

11 **ought**: anything.

12 **minutes**: used in the colloquial (but historically very durable) sense of 'moments'.

13 **pathetic**: emotional, charged with feeling.

14 **impressive**: here, 'able to excite great feeling' *(OED)*, hence emotive and demonstrative.

CHAPTER 19

1 **illiberal**: unrefined.

2 **confidence**: trust and intimacy.

3 **was fond of**: stronger than today: cherished.

4 **parties abroad**: social outings.

5 **watering place**: a town known as a spa or health resort. The term refers to sites of mineral or spring water inland as well as seaside resorts: it came into the language along with the rise in visits to such places, around the middle of the eighteenth century.

6 **ornaments**: finery generally, including household knickknacks, personal accessories and even clothes. In *Sanditon* (*S*, 2), Charlotte Heywood is to visit a seaside resort to bathe, '& to buy new Parasols, new Gloves, & new Broches, for her sisters & herself at the Library'. It turns out (*S*, 6) that 'The Library, of course, afforded every thing: all the useless things in the World that cd not be done without' (*MW*, pp. 374, 390).

7 **lines under words**: the underlined words would carry special coded meanings for Kitty. This was common in the correspondence of the day, though JA in her own letters almost always confines their use to the purposes of emphasis.

8 **war-office**: strictly there was no organisation so named until the time of the Crimean War: previously the office of the Secretary at War had technically been a 'department', but the form given by JA was often used.

9 **to go so far**: a journey between the Lake District and London, where the Gardiners would start, might take up to a week each way. In 1798 Cary in his *Traveller's Companion* (pp. 321–2) gave a road distance of 261 miles from the capital to Kendal, the gateway to the Lakes, and 291 to Keswick, in the heart of the region. Cary

is using statute miles, the modern measure, rather than the 'old English' mile of about 1.2 statute miles.

10 **no farther northward than Derbyshire**: this was still a considerable undertaking: Cary, *Traveller's Companion*, p. 309, gives the distance from London to Matlock as 143 miles. It would probably have meant a coach trip covering the better part of three days: after a stay at Ashbourne in 1776 Johnson and Boswell made almost this exact journey southwards in barely forty-eight hours, but they were bent on getting back as quickly as possible and travelled for long periods of the day and night. No more than a few hours would have been shaved off this journey time in the next twenty years. In general routes were quicker the nearer one got to London, but by 1791 there was a system of excellent turnpike roads around Derby, a symptom largely of industrial activity in the region. The story that JA visited Derbyshire in 1811 has no foundation in fact. It is just possible that she could have made a short trip to Dovedale in the summer of 1806, when she was staying with her cousins the Coopers within twenty-five miles of Ashbourne; but we have no evidence that this ever happened.

11 **the celebrated beauties**: in his *Observations* (1786) Gilpin had enthused about Matlock and Dovedale. He was more guarded on Chatsworth (vol. 2, p. 220) and the Peak (p. 225). Similarly, Thomas Whately paid tribute to Matlock and Dovedale in his *Observations on Modern Gardening, Illustrated by Descriptions* (London: Payne, 1770), pp. 103, 111. In fact, the natural beauties of Derbyshire had been celebrated since the seventeenth century by writers such as Thomas Hobbes and Charles Cotton, long before the picturesque moment dawned. It is revealing that when the hero of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) comes to England he travels through Windsor, Oxford, Matlock and the Lake District, before moving on to Scotland. He makes these comments on Matlock:

> The country in the neighbourhood of this village resembled, to a greater degree, the scenery of Switzerland; but everything is on a lower scale, and the green hills want the crown of distant white Alps which always attend on the piny mountains of my native country. We visited the wondrous cave, and the little cabinets

of natural history, where the curiosities are disposed in the same manner as in the collections at Servox and Chamounix.
(New York: Dover, 1994, p. 117)

12 **Matlock**: originally a collection of villages on the River Derwent, fifteen miles north of Derby, until the first thermal springs were discovered in 1698. The creation of a petrifying well in the 1780s began an expansion of tourism, especially when the Napoleonic wars impeded foreign travel, and culminated in the growth of Matlock as a leading centre of hydrotherapy in the Victorian era (population, in 1801, less than 2,500). In the mid 1790s J. M. W. Turner made a sketching trip to the Peak District and drew scenes around Matlock. For a reference in *Catharine*, see *MW*, pp. 199–200. Henry Austen visited the town: 15 September 1813, *Letters*, p. 218.

13 **Chatsworth**: home of the Dukes of Devonshire, six miles north of Matlock. See Appendix 3.

14 **Dovedale**: regarded as the acme of natural beauty, its upper stretches north of Ashbourne attracted all picturesque tourists to the Peak District. For Gilpin the scenery made a perfect embodiment of this style of landscape: 'The whole composition is chaste, and picturesquely beautiful, in a high degree' (*Observations*, vol. 2, p. 228).

15 **the Peak**: a name applied to the area, mostly in Derbyshire, today comprised in the Peak District National Park (the first such park in Britain). It lies between major conurbations such as Manchester, Sheffield, Derby and Stoke, cities which were already growing fast in JA's time, but contains some rugged and remote moorland as well as beautiful river valleys, on the southern side especially. Long famous for its 'wonders', real or supposed, which attracted an increasing stream of tourists in spite of the efforts of Daniel Defoe to debunk some of these in the 1720s. By the time of JA it was established as one of the approved sites of picturesque beauty.

16 **petrified spars**: perhaps the petrified objects found in the hot mineral springs of Matlock. More generally 'spaw' referred to a form of the crystalline mineral fluor spar known to the miners as Blue John (modern name fluorite), found in high density in

the lead veins of caves around Castleton, and used in ceramic products.

17 **the remarkable places**: most of these were on the standard tourist itinerary, including Blenheim Palace, the mansion close to Oxford built at public expense for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough by Sir John Vanbrugh. Warwick and Kenilworth, both in Warwickshire, were regarded as among the most evocative of ruined or semi-ruined medieval castles. Two of JA's brothers and her cousin Eliza de Feuillide (who later became her sister-in-law) visited Blenheim in the summer of 1788.

18 **Birmingham**: this is the most surprising item on the list, and we might wrongly suppose this to be a joke on JA's part. A hundred years earlier Birmingham had been a small town of no more than about 8,000–12,000 people (estimates vary widely), based around the metal trades. By 1800 it had been transformed into one of the first great industrial cities in the world: its population had reached 80,000 and would swell to 120,000 within the first third of the nineteenth century. Remarkable as this growth was, the city did not normally figure on the route of aesthetically inclined tourists. The explanation is probably quite simple: William Gilpin did visit Birmingham on his well-known trip to Derbyshire and the Lakes, principally in order to see the factory of Matthew Boulton, which became a minor tourist attraction. Gilpin's account (*Observations*, vol. 1, p. 51) follows descriptions of Blenheim (p. 26), Warwick (p. 32) and Kenilworth (p. 40).

19 **Lambton**: an imaginary town.

20 **down for the summer**: at home, that is, down from London, where fashionable people often spent many of the winter months.

VOLUME III, CHAPTER 1

1 **variety of ground**: land put to various uses (woodland, pasture, arable, ornamental gardens, etc.).

2 **neither formal, nor falsely adorned**: the design of the park follows picturesque guidelines generally, but may possibly indicate a layout influenced by the theory and practice of Humphry Repton (1752–1818), the most influential gardener of this age. Repton began his career in the wake of the craze for the picturesque, but gradually developed a more individual style, which often involved

breaking up formal features such as rows of trees. He was the first exponent to describe himself as a 'landscape gardener', and a professional who took over the overall transformation of estates from owners. JA could have seen his *Observations on . . . Landscape Gardening* (1806) in the library of her cousin Rev. Thomas Leigh. She was familiar with some of his work at first hand, notably his improvements at Adlestrop, Gloucestershire, which belonged to her maternal relatives, the Leigh family. *Mansfield Park* contains some gentle satire on the extent of his 'improvements'.

3 **they were admitted into the hall**: country-house visiting was already a well-established pursuit. Chatsworth was among the first objects of such attention, and by 1760 the then duke found it necessary to limit visits to two public days each week, although a few privileged outsiders might have been able to get in on other days when the family was not in residence. It was normal for a housekeeper to act as guide.

4 **to enjoy its prospect**: to take stock of the view afforded.

5 **every disposition of the ground was good**: that is, the individual features of the scene before Elizabeth were laid out effectively in terms of their relative positions. Gilpin speaks of 'the whole disposition of a landscape' (*Observations*, vol. 1, p. viii).

6 **the trees scattered on its banks**: according to Gilpin, 'The accompaniment also of noble trees on the foreground sets off the distant scenery to great advantage' (*Observations*, vol. 1, p. 23). It was a maxim generally in picturesque theory that trees should be spaced out with artful irregularity.

7 **the winding of the valley**: the picturesque made much of sinuous forms, derived in part from William Hogarth's influential notion of the 'line of beauty'. He wrote, 'The serpentine line, by its waving and winding at the same time different ways, leads the eye in a pleasing manner along the continuity of its variety': see *The Analysis of Beauty*, ed. R. Paulson (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1997), p. 42. Predictably 'winding' is one of Gilpin's favourite terms, occurring over forty times in the *Observations*. Similarly, William Cowper, an author dear to JA, writes, 'The sound shall run along the winding vales' ('Retirement,' in *Poems by William Cowper*, 3rd edn (London: Johnson, 1787), p. 276).

8 **neither gaudy, nor uselessly fine**: this sentence sets out the traditional goals of good 'taste' as regards the arts and life, couched in an antithetical formulation recalling the prose style of JA's much admired Samuel Johnson.

9 **furniture**: as before, this refers less narrowly than today to household furnishings in general. The contrast applies to such items as the hugely expensive chimney-piece at Rosings (see vol. 1, ch. 16, n. 1 above). The most pervasive influence on English furniture around the start of the nineteenth century was probably that of Thomas Sheraton, whose *Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers Drawing Book* had appeared in 1791–4, helping to initiate a style of slender construction and straight lines with neo-classical motifs.

10 **miniatures**: portrait miniatures had been a favoured form in England since the time of Holbein and Nicholas Hilliard, and remained popular in the work of artists such as Richard Cosway (1742–1821), whose pictures JA might have seen in London exhibitions she attended. They were often cherished family heirlooms, and used as gifts between lovers. JA once wrote to CA of an émigré she had met named the comte D'Antraigues: 'He has some fine Paintings, which delighted Henry . . . & among them, a Miniature of Philip 5. of Spain . . . which exactly suited *my* capacity': 25 April 1811, *Letters*, p. 185.

11 **mantle-piece**: a common alternative spelling in earlier periods.

12 **person**: bodily appearance.

13 **easy**: a key word of the age, implying freedom from constraint and awkwardness. We have no exact equivalent: near synonyms are gracious, elegant and informal, but none altogether covers the idea.

14 **our authority**: the source of our information.

15 **lobby**: a passage used as an anteroom.

16 **gratitude**: in his well-known conduct book, Dr John Gregory had informed young women that when a man forms an attachment to them, it excites at first a feeling of gratitude, which in time 'rises into a preference, and this preference perhaps advances at last to some degree of attachment' (*A Father's Legacy*, p. 82).

17 **the date of the building**: it is generally thought that the great staircase and the long picture gallery indicate that the building

most likely dates from the Elizabethan or Jacobean period. See Appendix 3.

18 **discrimination**: observation.

19 **reach**: formerly used to mean a continuous stretch of land, a sense lost in modern English.

20 **the opening of the trees**: the placing of gaps in the tree line to give a calculated vista was part of the landscape gardener's art. It was important to make it appear that such breaks occurred without too much design. Otherwise, as Gilpin remarked of one well-known estate, the effect had been lost: 'In the point of opening views . . . few of the openings here are simple, and natural. The artifice is apparent. The marks of the sheers, and the hatchet, are conspicuous in them all' (*Observations*, vol. 2, p. 182).

21 **the accustomed circuit**: the usual path around the park, marked out so that visitors would reach the chosen visual effects in the desired order. JA would have known several circuits of this kind, including most probably the one at Norbury, near Great Bookham in Surrey, close to the home of her mother's cousin Cassandra Cooke.

22 **hanging woods**: woods planted on a steep hillside. Where such features appeared naturally, they were called a hanger. They were among the most coveted elements in a major landscaping project. Generations of poets had written of 'hanging woods', and Gilpin had noted their presence in locations such as Dovedale (*Observations*, vol. 2, p. 229).

23 **coppice-wood**: 'A small wood or thicket consisting of underwood and small trees grown for the purpose of periodical cutting' (*OED*). This served the purposes of forest management and aesthetic variation within the park, as well as supplying timber used for fuel and for maintenance of the estate.

24 **some trout in the water**: the presence of a trout stream is aptly imagined, since the Derwent and other nearby rivers in Derbyshire are still noted as venues of fly-fishing, where rainbow trout and the plainer but more elusive brown trout are caught.

25 **people of fashion**: those of high breeding or great social standing.

26 **connexion**: the relationship Elizabeth bears to the Gardiners as a family of London traders.

27 **Bakewell**: the main town in the hundred of High Peak, it lies on the River Wye, a tributary of the Derwent, about two miles west of Chatsworth (population about 1,500 in 1801). It has been conjectured that 'Lambton' must be situated in its immediate vicinity. Cary (*Traveller's Companion*, pp. 309–10) shows a route from London to Manchester, along the line of the modern A6 road, through Matlock and Bakewell, where two coaching inns were listed. Like many tourists, Gilpin had passed through the town on his way to visit another historic location nearby, Haddon Hall (*Observations*, vol. 2, p. 219).
28 **countenance**: general demeanour and appearance.
29 **a most flaming character**: a glowing commendation, verging on hyperbole.

CHAPTER 2

1 **curricle**: light two-wheeled carriage drawn by two horses abreast.
2 **livery**: the distinctive family colours seen in the uniform of the servants, as well as on the fittings of the coach.
3 **importance**: matter of significance.
4 **visit**: socialise on a regular basis, by calling on prominent families and receiving their calls.
5 **peculiarity of manner**: particular attention.

CHAPTER 3

1 **through the hall into the saloon**: a saloon was 'A large and lofty apartment serving as one of the principal reception rooms in a palace or great house . . . A room, more or less elegantly furnished, used for the reception of guests; a drawing-room' (*OED*, under 'salon', the older spelling).
2 **Spanish chestnuts**: the sweet chestnut (*castanea sativa*) was introduced into Britain from the Mediterranean countries, perhaps during the Roman occupation. It grows up to 100 feet tall and provides a large amount of shade – one reason it became popular in landscaped parks, often planted in avenues.
3 **reserved**: in a pejorative sense, reticent or cold.
4 **pitied**: weaker than today, conveys no more than 'felt a little sorry for'.

5 **nectarines**: a smooth-skinned peach, inaccurately defined by Johnson as 'a fruit of the plum kind'. The fruit had been introduced from China into England by the early seventeenth century but it was still not widely cultivated. To most people it would still have been a fairly exotic luxury. Contemporary gardeners recommended planting all three fruits mentioned in pots, and then transplanting them into forcing houses.
6 **emotion**: agitation, disquiet.
7 **tanned**: generally regarded as a blemish in a fine lady's complexion. In *Sense and Sensibility* Marianne Dashwood, keen on outdoor activity and an apostle of the 'natural', is described as having 'very brown' skin: nevertheless, 'from its transparency, her complexion was uncommonly brilliant' (*S&S*, vol.1, ch. 10).
8 **self-sufficiency**: conceit. 'Without fashion' means without belonging to the highest social strata.

CHAPTER 4

1 **direction**: address.
2 **Scotland**: the couple were bound for Gretna Green (see next note). The 'Act for the better preventing of Clandestine Marriages', generally known as the Marriage Act of 1753 (26 Geo. II, c. 33), or Hardwicke Act, tightened the law, in an effort to cut down on illicit marriages, and aimed centrally to forestall runaway marriages into which an heiress might be tricked by an unscrupulous suitor. By one provision (section XI), those under the age of twenty-one had to obtain their parents' permission to marry, and without this, the contract was void. Previously by canon law girls of twelve and boys of fourteen were legally entitled to marry, with or without parental consent; and even 'irregular' weddings, conducted without banns or the full sanction of the church, were held in general to be legally binding. The new act took effect in March 1754. However, the measure did not extend to Scotland, which was specifically excluded by section XVIII of the act. As a result, a flourishing trade grew up in marriages, especially at Gretna Green (see note 3 below). It was not until 1856 that a three-week residential qualification was introduced, putting an end to such weddings.
3 **Gretna Green**: town in what was then the county of Dumfries (now Dumfries and Galloway). Lying on the main road from

England to Scotland, just one mile north of the border, marked by the river Sark, it became the favourite site for runaway marriages, and the first place where eloping couples would be sought. Marriages were performed at the Blacksmith's Yard in Gretna from 1792. In Frances Burney's *Camilla* (1796), Eugenia Tyrold, the disfigured sister of the heroine, is carried off from the opera house by a fortune-hunter named Bellamy and persuaded to marry him at Gretna. JA subscribed to this book (her copy survives), and mentions the work in her novels (*NA*, vol. 1, chs. 5, 7), as well as her letters: 5 September 1796, *Letters*, p. 9. In 1825, JA's nephew Edward Knight eloped to Gretna with Mary Knatchbull, the daughter of a Kent baronet.

4 **Clapham**: then little more than a village outside London, with a population of less than 4,000 in 1801. It was already a favoured retreat for prosperous City merchants, lying some four miles south of the city centre on the road to Dorking.

5 **hackney-coach**: a hired coach such as would be used within the city, and licensed by commissioners who enforced regulations made by act of parliament.

6 **Epsom**: a small town on the more westerly route to Brighton, about fifteen miles south of London (population in 1801 just under 2,500). It had grown rapidly in the seventeenth century after the discovery of a medicinal spring on the common. On the nearby Epsom Downs, thoroughbred horse racing had been established in 1730, and in 1779 the second and third of the 'classics', the Oaks and the Derby, were first run there in 1779 and 1780 respectively, just after the inception of the St Leger. Cary (*Traveller's Companion*, p. 26) names the Spread Eagle as an inn at Epsom.

7 **the London road**: the fugitives would enter the city via Newington into Southwark and reach the centre by London Bridge.

8 **all the turnpikes**: that is, at the lodges attached to the toll-gates on turnpike roads. The Old North Road had been turnpiked from Shoreditch to Enfield in 1712, and from Enfield to Ware in 1725. This is the route by which Elizabeth would probably return to Longbourn. The road which the fugitives would take to Scotland is presumed by Colonel Forster to be the alternative North Road, leading through Barnet, Hatfield and Biggleswade, along the line

of the modern A1. This was turnpiked from Islington as far as Hatfield (apart from a short stretch) by 1730.

9 **Barnet**: High Barnet, a town in Hertfordshire on the (newer) North Road, about twelve miles north of the centre of London: population about 1,500 in 1801.

10 **Hatfield**: another small town (population around 2,500 in 1801), eight miles further north up the same road.

11 **married privately**: by means of banns in church. For a fuller explanation, see vol. 3, ch. 17, n. 4 below.

12 **has anger**: is subjected to angry recriminations.

13 **exigence**: pressing circumstance, calling for immediate action.

14 **worked on**: induced to act honourably.

15 **virtue**: chastity.

CHAPTER 5

1 **step forward**: most likely by challenging Wickham to a duel. An insult to the family's honour such as the one for which Wickham has just been responsible might easily lead to a challenge, while serving officers such as he were particularly prone to get involved. Late in the eighteenth century a growing tide of critical commentary identified the habit of duelling as one of the vices of a corrupt aristocracy, but it was a social practice too deeply embedded in the mind-set of the upper classes to die out in response to such strictures. Some celebrated encounters of the day concerned politics, but others related to matters of private honour, as when Captain Alexander Campbell was hanged for killing a brother-officer in June 1808. Even the king's brother, the Duke of York, was involved in an encounter with the future Duke of Richmond in 1789. In legal theory a fatal outcome could lead to a charge of murder: Sir William Blackstone specifically refers to 'the case of deliberate duelling, where both parties meet avowedly with an intent to murder: thinking it their duty as gentlemen' (*Commentaries* (1769), vol. 4, p. 199). In practice a survivor rarely faced prosecution.

2 **presumption**: because a hackney coach was used for local transport within the city, not for longer journeys.

3 **more economically, though less expeditiously, married in London**: this would involve announcing the marriage in a given

church by publishing banns on three successive Sundays. Even after the introduction of the Hardwicke reforms (see vol. 3, ch. 4, n. 2 above), marriages in City churches were often favoured because they promised greater secrecy and speed. In fact the parties could still be refused parental consent if under twenty-one. However, the part of the act dealing with this eventuality (section III) required that the parent expressed their 'Dissent' in the church where the banns had been published. Most parents or guardians found it difficult to do as much; and on top of all this, clerks in the heavily used inner-city parishes of London could not establish the ages of the parties accurately in every case.

4 **mode of her intelligence**: means by which she came by this information.

5 **interesting**: important.

6 **They travelled as expeditiously as possible**: see vol. 2, ch. 19, n. 10 above. It is safe to assume that the return journey from Derbyshire was much quicker than the comparatively leisurely trip northwards. A journey of about 130 to 150 miles (depending on the exact location within Hertfordshire of Meryton) would normally involve two nights on the road and thus two stop-overs. With a single stop, and an actual time on the road of something like twenty hours, it was just possible to achieve the speed implied here.

7 **his directions**: instructions on how to reach him.

8 **terrific**: alarming.

9 **this useful lesson**: a collection of stock aphorisms which nevertheless express the genuine sentiments of advice to women in this period, repeated endlessly in a variety of media. James Fordyce provides one example of the general tone of such admonitions: 'When a daughter . . . turns out unruly, foolish, wanton; when she disobeys her parents, disgraces her education, dishonours her sex, disappoints the hopes she has raised . . . what her parents in any of these cases must necessarily suffer, we may conjecture, they alone may feel' (*Sermons*, vol. 1, pp. 16–17). Mary may be recalling the admonition of the clergyman Villars in *Evelina* (1778): 'Nothing is so delicate as the reputation of a woman; it is at once the most beautiful and most brittle of all human things' (vol. 2, letter 8). JA was intimately acquainted with the novel by Frances Burney, as shown for example by a letter to CA: 9 February 1807, *Letters*, p. 120.

10 **pocket-book**. 'A book-like case of leather or the like, having compartments for papers, bank-notes, bills, etc.' (*OED*).
11 **worked muslin gown**: that is, one with ornamental needlework.
12 **postilions**: those who rode one of the post-horses, rather than using a driver on the box of the coach.
13 **stand**: the place where hackney coaches waited for hire, a practice adopted in the earlier seventeenth century. Contemporary guides list a hundred or more of the principal coach stands within central London, along with the permitted charges and other details. For a list, see *Bowles's New London Guide, and Hackney-Coach Directory: being an Alphabetical Index to all the Streets, with the Fares of Hackney-Coaches* (London: Bowles 1786), pp. ix–xi. At the start of the nineteenth century 1,000 coaches were licensed to ply London.
14 **number**: on the rear of each carriage was displayed a metal plate showing the hackney registration number of the driver. Regulation of these matters derived from the Hackney Coaches and Chairs Act of 1710 (9 Anne c. 23), amended by periodic acts of parliament.

CHAPTER 6

1 **debts of honour**: referring to 'a debt that cannot be legally enforced, but depends for its validity on the honour of the debtor; usually applied to debts incurred by gambling' (*OED*).
2 **a gamester**: Edward Moore's *The Gamester* was among the 'best plays' which the Bertram family and their friends thought of, when they were choosing a play to perform at Mansfield Park (*MP*, vol. 1, ch. 14). The play, first produced at Drury Lane by David Garrick in 1753, retained popularity for many years, and was performed on the London stage in JA's lifetime. She hoped to see Sarah Siddons perform in *The Gamester* in April 1811, but may not have managed to do so. JA's attitude may in part be owing to the growing influence on her of the Evangelical movement, which displayed a rooted aversion to gambling. Debts incurred by Tom Bertram in *MP* seriously affect the career prospects of his more temperate brother Edmund.
3 **who is to fight Wickham**: Mrs Bennet's desperate state gives her question a hyperbolic tone, but there is nothing inherently absurd in the notion of a duel at this date: see vol. 3, ch. 5, n. 1 above.

4 **parade**: parade of her feelings (on Mrs Bennet's part).

5 **powdering gown**: 'A garment worn over the ordinary clothes to protect them while the hair was being powdered' (*OED*). The powder was made of rice or wheat flour and required the hair to be oily (usually by means of pomade) for it to stick. It had been in general use throughout the eighteenth century, but became less usual as wigs fell out of favour and shorter hairstyles grew more fashionable with younger men after the French Revolution. Radicals in particular adopted a cropped cut. In his budget of February 1795 William Pitt imposed a duty of a guinea on a licence for the use of powder. This was soon enshrined in law (35 Geo. III, c. 49), but Whigs resisted the measure by cutting off their 'queues' and abandoning powder. After this, only men of middle age or those with pronounced Tory views clung on to powder. Mr Bennet certainly falls into the first category, and may or may not belong in the second. When JA's youngest brother Charles adopted the new cropped style, she feared that her stuffier brother Edward might not approve: 23 January 1799, *Letters*, p. 38.

6 **East-Bourne**: The coastal town of Eastbourne in Sussex had, like Brighton, emerged from an earlier incarnation as a village devoted to fishing and farming. However, it had not grown quite as fast as its neighbour, twenty-five miles to the west, even though the King had sent four of his children there for the summer in 1780. The first guide to the town was published in 1787: see *East-Bourne: Being a Descriptive Account of that Village, in the County of Sussex, and its Environs*.

7 **unless you stand up with one of your sisters**: compare JA's account to CA of a ball at Basingstoke: 'There was a scarcity of Men in general, & a still greater scarcity of any that were good for much . . . There was commonly a couple of ladies standing up together, but not often any so amiable as ourselves': 1 November 1800, *Letters*, p. 53.

8 **a review**: public inspection of military or naval forces, sometimes conducted by royalty. During the Napoleonic Wars especially, they were held in front of enormous crowds. Regimental colours would be trooped before the review marshal, and military bands played martial tunes. Some business of JA's brother Frank was interrupted

once by a naval review in Portsmouth, causing too much 'bustle' in the town: 23 June 1814, *Letters*, p. 264.

CHAPTER 7

1 **express**: an express messenger, in this case probably a privately hired courier who would wait for a reply.
2 **August 2**: most editors are inclined to amend this date, as inconsistent with other dates given in the text, and suggest that the correct date should be August 17.
3 **by settlement**: by means of a strict marriage settlement, designed to set out the financial terms of the marriage.
4 **the decease of yourself and my sister**: in the majority of cases, the portions of children which had been allocated by settlement would become due on the death of the father, not on that of a surviving widow. If Mr Gardiner reports the facts accurately, the Bennet girls will have to wait longer for their portion than was normal. Some children in this position would become entitled to receive the money as soon as they attained their majority, although devices existed to enable the father to pay them merely the annual income on the portion until he himself died.
5 **fifty**: the calculation of £50 per annum assumes, as usual, a rate of 5 per cent interest on £1,000 – Lydia's share of the total sum which had been settled on the sisters.
6 **distressed himself**: put a severe strain on his financial resources.
7 **a farthing less**: a proverbial usage in the sense 'a very little, "an atom"', found especially in phrases such as 'not to care a farthing' (*OED*). See Tilley F71. A farthing was the smallest English coin, worth a quarter of a penny. It survived as part of the currency until 1960, when it ceased to be legal tender.
8 **not sixpence of his own**: a similar usage to the preceding example, meaning an inconsiderable amount, perhaps because, like the farthing, it was small in diameter. Used in stock expressions such as 'not sixpence to his name'. Equal in value to six pennies or half of one shilling, and expressed in writing as 6d. New silver coins were issued in February 1817, less than six months before JA died. The coin remained legal tender after decimalisation of the British coinage in 1971, with a value of 2½ new pence, but it was withdrawn from circulation in 1980.

9 **countenance**: patronage, favour, support.
10 **calico, muslin, and cambric**: dress fabrics, originally imported and moderately expensive. Muslin was a particularly light and delicately woven cotton, containing as many as 1,000 threads in the warp. Dresses in white cambric linen, cut in loose styles resembling classical drapery, enjoyed great popularity from around 1800.

CHAPTER 8

1 **settled by marriage articles**: it became standard practice for these to specify the share in the estate of any children who would subsequently be born of the marriage, although sometimes the father retained discretion in the matter of when they were made over. The failure to do this makes the situation of the Bennet sisters especially vulnerable. Often a mortgage was raised to defray the cost of daughters' dowries, but there is no mention of this either in the case of the Bennets.
2 **with decent philosophy**: reasonably cheerfully.
3 **come upon the town**: 'to be on the town' was to live by prostitution. See Francis Grose, 'Town', *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (1796), n.p.
4 **situation**: place to settle.
5 **a guinea**: twenty-one shillings (£1.1.0, or £1.05 in today's money). Since the full range of costs which Mrs Bennet is envisaging would run to thousands of pounds, and a wedding trousseau by itself might eat up several hundred, the force of the remark is 'not so much as a single guinea'.
6 **jealous of his esteem**: anxious to preserve his good opinion of her.
7 **his mind might have been softened**: his outlook on life might have become less severe and rigorous.
8 **the regulars**: The regular army (as distinct from the militia or volunteers), consisting of professional forces raised primarily to fight foreign wars, and traditionally composed of independent regiments. The Napoleonic wars led to a rapid expansion in the numbers of the army, which grew to about 250,000 by 1813.
9 **an ensigncy**: he would become an ensign, the most junior rank of subaltern among infantry officers. Candidates for entry were supposed to be no more than twenty-one, although this was

waived for ex-officers in the militia like Wickham. The army reforms proposed by Frederick Augustus, Duke of York (the king's brother), from 1798 laid down a scale of payment, which meant that an ensigncy in the infantry would cost £400, the cheapest way of buying any army commission. Elite regiments carried a higher price. An ensign of foot in the 1780s had earned basic pay of no more than £66 per annum, and this rose only slowly. By an Act of 1761, Wickham should have possessed freehold property to the annual value of £50 to qualify as a lieutenant in the militia, but this requirement too was sometimes honoured in the breach.

10 **noticed**: recognised.

CHAPTER 9

1 **side glass**: window in the carriage.

2 **take your place**: as a married woman she, together with Wickham, will follow her parents into dinner, taking precedence over Jane.

3 **Newcastle**: a large town in the north of England, on the River Tyne: population, in 1801, about 30,000. Most people from the south would never have travelled so far, all of 277 miles from London (*Traveller's Companion*, p. 265), and to Mrs Bennet it seems extremely remote.

4 **the first of September**: the opening of the shooting season, when game birds (notably partridges or, starting a month later, pheasants) could be legally hunted. The season ran to the end of January.

5 **St Clement's**: there are two possibilities. (1) A church on the east side of St Clement's Lane, running between Lombard Street and Great Eastcheap. It was a tiny parish, covering less than two acres, lying in the heart of the commercial City of London. In fact, the church stood only one block west of Gracechurch Street, which would have put the fugitives uncomfortably close to their pursuers, the Gardiners. The population in 1801 stood at only 350, and was declining steadily. (2) The church of St Clement Danes in the Strand, which been rebuilt by Christopher Wren in 1680–82. It was a fairly large parish extending south to the Thames, east to Temple Bar, north to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and west to the Savoy (population about 12,000 in 1801). It contained areas of cheap lodgings and some raffish districts, notably a part

of Drury Lane; and it would have been at a conveniently safe distance from the Gardiners in Gracechurch Street. For these reasons the second seems a far more plausible location for the parish here. The parish carries significance because one of the parties to a marriage had to have been resident there for fifteen days.

6 **married in his blue coat**: this might be either civilian clothes or a uniform. The county militia each had a distinctive uniform: red with facings in some other colour was the most common, but royal blue and dark blue were not unknown.

7 **horrid unpleasant**: a vulgarism. 'Horrid' was generally regarded as being used chiefly 'in womens cant' (Johnson). JA often gives the word to gushing or morally dubious characters such as Mary Crawford (*MP*, vol. 3, ch. 5), as well as the young people like Isabella Thorpe in *NA*, with their desire to be pleasingly shocked by Gothic monstrosities.

8 **the Little Theatre**: a playhouse in the Haymarket, opened in 1720, and famous at first for a kind of alternative theatre. Later the playhouse was granted a licence to stage legitimate drama in the summer months, when the two 'patent' houses were closed. This closure was owing to a dearth of fashionable people in town to make up an audience, after they had left for country estates or, increasingly, for health spas and seaside resorts. In 1821 a new building was designed on the site by John Nash and survives as the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

9 **beyond the hour**: one of the requirements for marriage, not affected by the Hardwicke Act, was that weddings in a parish church should take place during the canonical hours, fixed by ecclestiastical law, that is from 8 a.m. to 12 noon.

CHAPTER 10

1 **collect**: gather.

2 **Edward-street**: there are several candidates, but among the more plausible are two: a stretch of what is now Wigmore Street (marked by Edward Mews), not far from Bond Street underground station, and a short road off Wardour Street in Soho (now part of Broadwick Street). The former would be a little more upmarket.

3 **some other country**: elsewhere in England.

4 **borrowed feathers**: drawing on a proverbial expression, 'Borrowed feathers do not make fine birds.' (See Tilley F153: as often, there was a proverb with a directly contrary sense, Tilley F163.) This derives from one of Aesop's fables, in which a crow (or jackdaw) steals bright feathers from peacocks to make himself more splendid, only to be exposed as an impostor. The best known version in JA's time was still that of Samuel Croxall, dating from 1722: see Fable IV, 'The Vain Jack-daw', in *Fables of Æsop and Others: Translated into English. With Instructive Applications, and a Print before each Fable. By Samuel Croxall, D. D.* (London: Osborne and Griffin, 1797), pp. 7–8. Here the meaning is that Mr Gardiner did not wish to claim credit where it was not due.
5 **character**: good name.
6 **Darcy**: an over-familiar mode of referring to Mr Darcy. Similarly in *Emma*, Mrs Elton breezily refers to 'Knightley' in 'familiar vulgarity', and the heroine hopes that she dare not 'go about, Emma-Woodhouse-ing me!' (*E*, vol. 2, ch. 15).

CHAPTER II

1 **in the fidgets**: nervous and uneasy. When in 1778 Frances Burney first visited Hester Thrale's house at Streatham, and met Samuel Johnson, she wrote in her diary, 'I was really *in the Fidgets* from thinking what my reception might be' (*Early Journal and Letters*, ed. L. E. Troide and S. J. Cooke (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1994), vol. 3, p. 67). The italics indicate that it was a new and still slangy expression.
2 **certain**: the old use of the word as an adverb, by now an archaic form except in informal language.
3 **unequal**: changeable, fluttering.
4 **irremediable**: with some hesitation I have adopted the amended reading in the second edition, although it remains possible that JA wrote 'immediate', or even the neologistic form 'immediable', as in the first edition. However, the use of the word 'irremediable' in *S&S* and *P* strengthens the case.
5 **at Michaelmas**: it was usual to enter on leases and give them up on one of the four quarter days, when rents were due (see above, vol. 1, ch. 1, note 5). Here the one which fell in autumn on St Michael's day (29 September).

6 **the Times**: *The Times* was founded in 1785 as *The Daily Universal Register* and adopted its better-known name in 1788. Its first editor and proprietor, John Walter (1739–1812) had seen it principally as an advertising medium; and for some time this element remained its staple. Among the most regular advertisers of books were the publishers Cadell and Davies, who rejected *First Impressions* in 1797. John Walter junior, son of the founder, took over as sole manager in 1803 and turned *The Times* into the most important newspaper of the day, both for its foreign and political coverage and for its quota of society gossip. There were parliamentary reports and theatre reviews. Its circulation grew from about 1,500 initially to about 3,000 by 1793, and about 7,000 by 1817.

7 **the Courier**: *The Courier and Evening Gazette* began publication in 1792, at a price of 4d per issue. In 1799 it was taken over by Daniel Stuart (1766–1846), proprietor of the *Morning Post*, well known to Coleridge and Wordsworth. From April 1804 it continued publication as *The Courier*, and ran until 1842. Originally published from Broad Street in London, the paper was also distributed by booksellers in provincial towns such as Bath, Birmingham, Newcastle and Edinburgh.

8 **manor**: here simply in the sense of 'estate', not necessarily implying that Mr Bennet was legally the lord of the manor for Meryton.

9 **covies**: referring to 'a brood or hatch of partridges' (*OED*), a bird which along with pheasants would be the main target of shooting parties.

10 **looked a little silly**: appeared nonplussed, almost stupefied.

CHAPTER 12

1 **sportsmen**: refers specifically to those who took part in the sport of shooting. JA seemed happy to encourage her brothers' keen interest in field sports, but once told CA she had grown tired of the 'sporting Mania' of her young nephews at Godmersham: 12 October 1813, *Letters*, p. 234. 'Punctuality' may mean the sportsmen's dependable arrival when invited to shoot at Longbourn, rather than their watching the clock to finish shooting in time for dinner.

2 **Scarborough**: watering-place on the Yorkshire coast: one of the first such resorts, it became popular long before the fashion

for sea-bathing began. It attracted the gentry as visitors in the Restoration because of its medicinal waters, and the first 'spaw house' was built in 1700. There was a theatre in the town by 1767. Many literary works had referred to the town: in Tobias Smollett's *Humphry Clinker* (London: Johnston, 1771), the main character Matthew Bramble declares, 'I have received benefit, both from the chalybeate [mineral waters] and the sea' (vol. 2, p. 145). Richard Brinsley Sheridan's play *A Trip to Scarborough,* an adaptation of Vanbrugh, dates from 1777. The population in 1801 had reached almost 7,000.

3 **rapacity for whist players**: Mrs Bennet is anxious to get as many as possible of her guests to engage in games of whist (by now the most fashionable of all card-games), perhaps in order to bring eligible men and women together in closer proximity.

4 **venison**: along with partridge, this was especially suitable fare for a dinner-party at a country house, attended by sportsmen at the height of the shooting season.

5 **pretty behaved**: this means simply 'well behaved'. The use of 'pretty' in the sense of 'prettily' is stigmatized by *OED* as 'now *rare* and *illiterate*', but the same authority quotes uses of 'pretty-behaved' from 1787 and 1809, so Mrs Bennet may have thought she was adopting what were currently the accents of high society.

CHAPTER 13

1 **home**: this seems to be a slip, because the sense requires that Darcy should be returning to the area of Meryton, rather than going up to Derbyshire.

2 **forwarder**: further on in getting herself ready for the day.

3 **stay supper**: the use of 'stay' in this transitive sense was long established: in Frances Burney's *Evelina* (1778) the heroine writes, 'as we intended to stay the Farce' (vol. 1, letter 20). In 1808 JA herself told CA of Mrs Powlett, who had eloped with a viscount: 'She staid the Sacrament I remember, the last time that you & I did': 22 June 1808, *Letters*, p. 131.

4 **as well as the others**: Chapman adopts the reading of E2 and E3, 'as well as the other'. However, the emendation of E1 here seems superfluous.

5 **reserves**: secrets.

6 **confidence**: the act of confiding.

7 **Her youngest sisters**: thus in E1. Chapman follows E2, E3 in reading 'Her younger sisters'. The meaning of the first edition is clear and the usage was then acceptable.
8 **make interest with her**: intercede on their own behalf.

CHAPTER 14

1 **too early in the morning for visitors**: formal calls would generally be arranged in advance, and would be deferred until noon or later.
2 **wilderness**: 'A piece of ground in a large garden or park, and laid out in an ornamental or fantastic style, often in the form of a maze or labyrinth' (*OED*). In *Mansfield Park* the wilderness at Sotherton is 'a planted wood of about two acres, and though chiefly of larch, and laurel, and beech cut down, and though laid out with too much regularity, was darkness and shade, and natural beauty, compared with the bowling-green and the terrace' (*MP*, vol. 1, ch. 9).
3 **hermitage**: an artificially constructed (often ruinous) hermit's dwelling had been a feature of landscape designs for almost a century, and writers such as William Gilpin enthused over them. It was important to attend to the correct placing of such features: 'A hermitage is the habitation of a recluse; it should be distinguished by its solitude, and its simplicity' (Thomas Whately, *Observations on Modern Gardening* (1770), p. 152). The building should also not be 'close to a road' (p. 138). Occasionally a resident hermit was provided for greater effect. We may suppose that the Bennets' hermitage would be more of a picturesque outhouse with rugged outlines, draped in straggling foliage.
4 **parasol**: an implement, resembling a more delicate form of umbrella, used as a sunshade by women to protect their skin from an undesirable tan. Society ladies employed it also as a fashion statement (the parasol might be trimmed with lace or other materials, and matched with outfits); and deftly managed it could be a useful resource in flirting.
5 **destined for his cousin**: marriage between first cousins was not forbidden by canon law, as enshrined in the 'table of kindred and affinity' attached to the Anglican prayer book. Such alliances were actively encouraged in the higher social classes, as one means of consolidating money and power within the extended family. Even a little lower down the scale, among the gentry, this practice was

common. Many such marriages had taken place on both sides of JA's family: her brother Henry married a first cousin, Eliza Feuillide, in 1797. Eliza was a widow (her husband, a minor aristocrat, had died on the guillotine during the Terror) and she had already been courted by another of JA's brothers, James. On the maternal side of JA's ancestry, two of her mother's first cousins, Thomas and Mary Leigh, had married one another.

6 **the same noble line**: the Fitzwilliam family, who held an earldom.

7 **recede**: retreat from the objections I have stated.

CHAPTER 15

1 **expressions**: utterances.

2 **conscious**: embarrassed.

3 **sport**: trifle.

4 **advertised**: warned, alerted.

5 **admirable**: astounding.

6 **a young olive-branch**: in the sense described by *OED* as 'now humorous', that is, a child. The usage derives from Psalm 128: 3: 'Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table.' Collins, who does not intend to be facetious, seems to have an obsession with olives: see vol. 1, ch. 13, n. 4.

7 **Missish**: 'Affected, prim, squeamish' (*OED*), like an exaggeratedly demure young lady. In 1795 Frances Burney wrote to her father of 'how many people did not like Evelina, & called it *affected* & *Missish*' (*Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney (Madame d'Arblay)*, ed. J. Hemlow (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1973), vol. 3, p. 143).

CHAPTER 16

1 **sensibly**: with intense emotion.

2 **the turn of your countenance**: the expression on your face.

3 **ignorance**: all the early editions read 'innocence': CA's emendation in the margin of her copy may or may not have JA's authority, but it seems a more plausible reading.

4 **watches**: these would not be wrist-watches, which appeared only in the middle of the nineteenth century, but pocket watches, in common use since the seventeenth century. Darcy would probably carry his in a waistcoat pocket, hanging on a fob (ribbon) or chain;

Elizabeth's would perhaps be hung round her neck. In some circumstances a woman might wear a receptacle called a chatelaine suspended from her waist, containing such items as a needle-case and scissors as well as a watch. But in an informal setting such as the one described here, a young woman like Elizabeth was unlikely to have carried even a reticule, the forerunner of the modern handbag: this was a drawstring purse made of netting or brocade, but only beginning to come into fashion around 1800. Probably the watch would be attached in some way to her person.

5 **exclaimed**: protested.

6 **made her here**: the early editions all have this reading. In her marginal emendation CA deleted 'her' to read 'made here', a possible but not self-evidently correct change.

CHAPTER 17

1 **entered the room**: this is the reading of all the early editions. CA substituted 'entered their room' in the margin of her copy.

2 **marry without affection**: unquestionably JA's own view. See for example a letter to Fanny Knight, daughter of her brother Edward: 'Anything is to be preferred or endured rather than marrying without Affection.' Again, in a letter to Fanny just days later: 'Nothing can be compared to the misery of being bound *without* Love': 18 November and 30 November 1814, *Letters*, pp. 280, 286. JA refused at least one marriage proposal.

3 **pin-money**: the amount given as a personal allowance to a wife during her husband's lifetime, commonly determined among the gentry by provisions in the marriage settlement. 'The intention in most cases seems to have been to provide "extras" and so enable the wife to maintain the style appropriate to her husband's rank in society' (Habakkuk, p. 80).

4 **special licence**: by an act of 1533 (25 Henry VIII, c. 21), the Archbishop of Canterbury had the right to issue licences, which allowed weddings to take place without banns, and virtually anywhere at any time. In section VI of the Hardwicke Marriage Act (see vol. 3, ch. 4, n. 2), this anomalous and possibly anachronistic device was permitted to continue, most likely to keep members of the House of Lords on board during the bill's passage through parliament. It was generally obtained through application to a proctor of the

ecclesiastical court at Doctors Commons in London, and was issued by the Faculty Office. However, the privilege was only granted to a limited aristocratic cadre: 'Peers and Peeresses in their own right, to their sons and daughters, to Dowager Peeresses, to Privy Councillors, to Judges of the Courts at Westminster, to Baronets and Knights, and to Members of Parliament.' Strictly Darcy might not qualify: he was the grandson, not son, of a peer; and we do not know that he was an MP. However, others could be granted a licence, if they could 'allege very strong and weighty reasons for such indulgence, arising from particular circumstances of the case, the truth of which must be proved to the satisfaction of the Archbishop'. In practice these requirements were sometimes interpreted with some liberality.

CHAPTER 18

1 **breach of promise**: meaning the fact that Darcy was present at the wedding, accidentally revealed by Lydia despite her promise to Wickham. The phrase was in common use, but also had a specialised sense in marriage law, that is, a man's failure (almost always) to marry a woman after entering into an engagement with her. There were hundreds of such suits in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, sometimes resulting in the award of very heavy damages, and this circumstance coloured almost every use of the expression.
2 **Elizabeth**: now at last the proprieties will allow Darcy to address his beloved by her first name.
3 **give a loose to**: allow full liberty to, do not hold in.
4 **more to give**: more church livings at his disposal.
5 **vulgarity**: this sense, of lacking in refinement, had come into general use quite recently: it is not found very much in literature before the last third of the eighteenth century. Writers like Pope had applied the word to commonplace thoughts, rather than to coarseness in social relations.

CHAPTER 19

1 **insipid**: a little stronger than today: 'devoid of taste, intelligence or judgement' (*OED*), and so used by JA's favourite William Cowper in his major work *The Task*: 'But elegance, chief grace the

garden shows / And most attractive, is the fair result / Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind. / Without it, all is Gothic as the scene / To which the insipid citizen resorts / Near yonder heath' (*The Task, A Poem, in Six Books* (1785), p. 124).

2 **the restoration of peace**: probably means the hiatus in the war following the Peace of Amiens in 1802. For conflicting views on the dating of the events in the novel, see Introduction, pp. liii–lvii.

3 **Bath**: the most fashionable spa in England for the past century, and JA's home from 1801 to 1805. She had many family connections with the town. Her parents had been married there in 1764; her father and maternal grandfather were buried there; and her maternal uncle and his wife lived there for many years. Bath figures centrally in two of her novels (*NorthangerAbbey* and *Persuasion*). The amusements which Wickham could have enjoyed in the resort without the encumbrance of his wife ranged from theatre and music to gambling and, possibly, enough flirtation to keep his hand in at balls and assemblies. Evangelicals had begun to criticise the moral tone of the place, which John Wesley called 'the throne of Satan', and by 1812 *The Improved Bath Guide* would declare that the main architect of its reputation as a resort, Richard 'Beau' Nash, had 'spent his whole life in the pursuit of pleasure and the service of folly'.

4 **Lady Catherine was extremely indignant**: it is characteristic of JA to incorporate this peevish dissent at the very end. Compare the final paragraph of *Emma*, which recites failings in the wedding of the heroine, as jealously reported by Mrs Elton *(E*, vol. 3, ch. 19).