

# NAME: CARLOS MUOY VEDIA FLORES

## Pride and Prejudice

It's a truth universally acknowledged, 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 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 is let at last? Mrs. 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. Mrs. Bennet made no answer.

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

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 on Monday, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately. that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.

"What's his name?" "Bingley".

Is he married or single?

Oh! Single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune;

"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! No sense, 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 him as soon as he comes."

You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves; which which perhaps will be still better; for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley may 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 anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

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



"It is more than I enjoy 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 young men. 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 whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word of my little Lizzy."

Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I'm 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 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 for my poor nerves."

"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 last 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 a bourse to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

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

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice; that the experience of the e-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to eat her daughters married; his solace was visiting on news.

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 they should not go, and till the evening after the visit was paid she had no knowledge of it. Observing his second daughter employed in trimming a hat, he suddenly addressed her with "I hope Mr. Bingley likes, said her mother exultingly "since we are to visit."

Long promised to introduce him. I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing, replied Lydia, and I have no opinion of her."

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

"I do not care for my own concerns," replied Kitty fretfully. "We will



When is your next ball to be lizzy? To-morrow fortnight. When is your next ball to be lizzy? 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.

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 daughters must stand their chance; and therefore as she daughters 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.

What an excellent father you have, girls!" said she; when the friends for his.