

be two opinions on that point.’”

“Upon my word! Well, that is 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*.”

“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 quite angry at being spoke to.”

“Miss Bingley told me,” said Jane, “that he never speaks much, unless among his intimate acquaintances. 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; everybody says that he is eat 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.”

“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, everything 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