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[Illustration:

GEORGE ALLEN

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LONDON

RUSKIN HOUSE

]

[Illustration:

\_Reading Jane’s Letters.\_ \_Chap 34.\_

]

PRIDE.

and

PREJUDICE

by

Jane Austen,

with a Preface by

George Saintsbury

and

Illustrations by

Hugh Thomson

[Illustration: 1894]

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[Illustration:

\_To J. Comyns Carr

in acknowledgment of all I

owe to his friendship and

advice, these illustrations are

gratefully inscribed\_

\_Hugh Thomson\_

]

PREFACE.

[Illustration]

\_Walt Whitman has somewhere a fine and just distinction between “loving

by allowance” and “loving with personal love.” This distinction applies

to books as well as to men and women; and in the case of the not very

numerous authors who are the objects of the personal affection, it

brings a curious consequence with it. There is much more difference as

to their best work than in the case of those others who are loved “by

allowance” by convention, and because it is felt to be the right and

proper thing to love them. And in the sect--fairly large and yet

unusually choice--of Austenians or Janites, there would probably be

found partisans of the claim to primacy of almost every one of the

novels. To some the delightful freshness and humour of\_ Northanger

Abbey, \_its completeness, finish, and\_ entrain, \_obscure the undoubted

critical facts that its scale is small, and its scheme, after all, that

of burlesque or parody, a kind in which the first rank is reached with

difficulty.\_ Persuasion, \_relatively faint in tone, and not enthralling

in interest, has devotees who exalt above all the others its exquisite

delicacy and keeping. The catastrophe of\_ Mansfield Park \_is admittedly

theatrical, the hero and heroine are insipid, and the author has almost

wickedly destroyed all romantic interest by expressly admitting that

Edmund only took Fanny because Mary shocked him, and that Fanny might

very likely have taken Crawford if he had been a little more assiduous;

yet the matchless rehearsal-scenes and the characters of Mrs. Norris and

others have secured, I believe, a considerable party for it.\_ Sense and

Sensibility \_has perhaps the fewest out-and-out admirers; but it does

not want them.\_

\_I suppose, however, that the majority of at least competent votes

would, all things considered, be divided between\_ Emma \_and the present

book; and perhaps the vulgar verdict (if indeed a fondness for Miss

Austen be not of itself a patent of exemption from any possible charge

of vulgarity) would go for\_ Emma. \_It is the larger, the more varied, the

more popular; the author had by the time of its composition seen rather

more of the world, and had improved her general, though not her most

peculiar and characteristic dialogue; such figures as Miss Bates, as the

Eltons, cannot but unite the suffrages of everybody. On the other hand,

I, for my part, declare for\_ Pride and Prejudice \_unhesitatingly. It

seems to me the most perfect, the most characteristic, the most

eminently quintessential of its author’s works; and for this contention

in such narrow space as is permitted to me, I propose here to show

cause.\_

\_In the first place, the book (it may be barely necessary to remind the

reader) was in its first shape written very early, somewhere about 1796,

when Miss Austen was barely twenty-one; though it was revised and

finished at Chawton some fifteen years later, and was not published till

1813, only four years before her death. I do not know whether, in this

combination of the fresh and vigorous projection of youth, and the

critical revision of middle life, there may be traced the distinct

superiority in point of construction, which, as it seems to me, it

possesses over all the others. The plot, though not elaborate, is almost

regular enough for Fielding; hardly a character, hardly an incident

could be retrenched without loss to the story. The elopement of Lydia

and Wickham is not, like that of Crawford and Mrs. Rushworth, a\_ coup de

théâtre; \_it connects itself in the strictest way with the course of the

story earlier, and brings about the denouement with complete propriety.

All the minor passages--the loves of Jane and Bingley, the advent of Mr.

Collins, the visit to Hunsford, the Derbyshire tour--fit in after the

same unostentatious, but masterly fashion. There is no attempt at the

hide-and-seek, in-and-out business, which in the transactions between

Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax contributes no doubt a good deal to the

intrigue of\_ Emma, \_but contributes it in a fashion which I do not think

the best feature of that otherwise admirable book. Although Miss Austen

always liked something of the misunderstanding kind, which afforded her

opportunities for the display of the peculiar and incomparable talent to

be noticed presently, she has been satisfied here with the perfectly

natural occasions provided by the false account of Darcy’s conduct given

by Wickham, and by the awkwardness (arising with equal naturalness) from

the gradual transformation of Elizabeth’s own feelings from positive

aversion to actual love. I do not know whether the all-grasping hand of

the playwright has ever been laid upon\_ Pride and Prejudice; \_and I dare

say that, if it were, the situations would prove not startling or

garish enough for the footlights, the character-scheme too subtle and

delicate for pit and gallery. But if the attempt were made, it would

certainly not be hampered by any of those loosenesses of construction,

which, sometimes disguised by the conveniences of which the novelist can

avail himself, appear at once on the stage.\_

\_I think, however, though the thought will doubtless seem heretical to

more than one school of critics, that construction is not the highest

merit, the choicest gift, of the novelist. It sets off his other gifts

and graces most advantageously to the critical eye; and the want of it

will sometimes mar those graces--appreciably, though not quite

consciously--to eyes by no means ultra-critical. But a very badly-built

novel which excelled in pathetic or humorous character, or which

displayed consummate command of dialogue--perhaps the rarest of all

faculties--would be an infinitely better thing than a faultless plot

acted and told by puppets with pebbles in their mouths. And despite the

ability which Miss Austen has shown in working out the story, I for one

should put\_ Pride and Prejudice \_far lower if it did not contain what

seem to me the very masterpieces of Miss Austen’s humour and of her

faculty of character-creation--masterpieces who may indeed admit John

Thorpe, the Eltons, Mrs. Norris, and one or two others to their company,

but who, in one instance certainly, and perhaps in others, are still

superior to them.\_

\_The characteristics of Miss Austen’s humour are so subtle and delicate

that they are, perhaps, at all times easier to apprehend than to

express, and at any particular time likely to be differently

apprehended by different persons. To me this humour seems to possess a

greater affinity, on the whole, to that of Addison than to any other of

the numerous species of this great British genus. The differences of

scheme, of time, of subject, of literary convention, are, of course,

obvious enough; the difference of sex does not, perhaps, count for much,

for there was a distinctly feminine element in “Mr. Spectator,” and in

Jane Austen’s genius there was, though nothing mannish, much that was

masculine. But the likeness of quality consists in a great number of

common subdivisions of quality--demureness, extreme minuteness of touch,

avoidance of loud tones and glaring effects. Also there is in both a

certain not inhuman or unamiable cruelty. It is the custom with those

who judge grossly to contrast the good nature of Addison with the

savagery of Swift, the mildness of Miss Austen with the boisterousness

of Fielding and Smollett, even with the ferocious practical jokes that

her immediate predecessor, Miss Burney, allowed without very much

protest. Yet, both in Mr. Addison and in Miss Austen there is, though a

restrained and well-mannered, an insatiable and ruthless delight in

roasting and cutting up a fool. A man in the early eighteenth century,

of course, could push this taste further than a lady in the early

nineteenth; and no doubt Miss Austen’s principles, as well as her heart,

would have shrunk from such things as the letter from the unfortunate

husband in the\_ Spectator, \_who describes, with all the gusto and all the

innocence in the world, how his wife and his friend induce him to play

at blind-man’s-buff. But another\_ Spectator \_letter--that of the damsel

of fourteen who wishes to marry Mr. Shapely, and assures her selected

Mentor that “he admires your\_ Spectators \_mightily”--might have been

written by a rather more ladylike and intelligent Lydia Bennet in the

days of Lydia’s great-grandmother; while, on the other hand, some (I

think unreasonably) have found “cynicism” in touches of Miss Austen’s

own, such as her satire of Mrs. Musgrove’s self-deceiving regrets over

her son. But this word “cynical” is one of the most misused in the

English language, especially when, by a glaring and gratuitous

falsification of its original sense, it is applied, not to rough and

snarling invective, but to gentle and oblique satire. If cynicism means

the perception of “the other side,” the sense of “the accepted hells

beneath,” the consciousness that motives are nearly always mixed, and

that to seem is not identical with to be--if this be cynicism, then

every man and woman who is not a fool, who does not care to live in a

fool’s paradise, who has knowledge of nature and the world and life, is

a cynic. And in that sense Miss Austen certainly was one. She may even

have been one in the further sense that, like her own Mr. Bennet, she

took an epicurean delight in dissecting, in displaying, in setting at

work her fools and her mean persons. I think she did take this delight,

and I do not think at all the worse of her for it as a woman, while she

was immensely the better for it as an artist.\_

\_In respect of her art generally, Mr. Goldwin Smith has truly observed

that “metaphor has been exhausted in depicting the perfection of it,

combined with the narrowness of her field;” and he has justly added that

we need not go beyond her own comparison to the art of a miniature

painter. To make this latter observation quite exact we must not use the

term miniature in its restricted sense, and must think rather of Memling

at one end of the history of painting and Meissonier at the other, than

of Cosway or any of his kind. And I am not so certain that I should

myself use the word “narrow” in connection with her. If her world is a

microcosm, the cosmic quality of it is at least as eminent as the

littleness. She does not touch what she did not feel herself called to

paint; I am not so sure that she could not have painted what she did not

feel herself called to touch. It is at least remarkable that in two very

short periods of writing--one of about three years, and another of not

much more than five--she executed six capital works, and has not left a

single failure. It is possible that the romantic paste in her

composition was defective: we must always remember that hardly

anybody born in her decade--that of the eighteenth-century

seventies--independently exhibited the full romantic quality. Even Scott

required hill and mountain and ballad, even Coleridge metaphysics and

German to enable them to chip the classical shell. Miss Austen was an

English girl, brought up in a country retirement, at the time when

ladies went back into the house if there was a white frost which might

pierce their kid shoes, when a sudden cold was the subject of the

gravest fears, when their studies, their ways, their conduct were

subject to all those fantastic limits and restrictions against which

Mary Wollstonecraft protested with better general sense than particular

taste or judgment. Miss Austen, too, drew back when the white frost

touched her shoes; but I think she would have made a pretty good journey

even in a black one.\_

\_For if her knowledge was not very extended, she knew two things which

only genius knows. The one was humanity, and the other was art. On the

first head she could not make a mistake; her men, though limited, are

true, and her women are, in the old sense, “absolute.” As to art, if she

has never tried idealism, her realism is real to a degree which makes

the false realism of our own day look merely dead-alive. Take almost any

Frenchman, except the late M. de Maupassant, and watch him laboriously

piling up strokes in the hope of giving a complete impression. You get

none; you are lucky if, discarding two-thirds of what he gives, you can

shape a real impression out of the rest. But with Miss Austen the

myriad, trivial, unforced strokes build up the picture like magic.

Nothing is false; nothing is superfluous. When (to take the present book

only) Mr. Collins changed his mind from Jane to Elizabeth “while Mrs.

Bennet was stirring the fire” (and we know\_ how \_Mrs. Bennet would have

stirred the fire), when Mr. Darcy “brought his coffee-cup back\_

himself,” \_the touch in each case is like that of Swift--“taller by the

breadth of my nail”--which impressed the half-reluctant Thackeray with

just and outspoken admiration. Indeed, fantastic as it may seem, I

should put Miss Austen as near to Swift in some ways, as I have put her

to Addison in others.\_

\_This Swiftian quality appears in the present novel as it appears

nowhere else in the character of the immortal, the ineffable Mr.

Collins. Mr. Collins is really\_ great; \_far greater than anything Addison

ever did, almost great enough for Fielding or for Swift himself. It has

been said that no one ever was like him. But in the first place,\_ he

\_was like him; he is there--alive, imperishable, more real than hundreds

of prime ministers and archbishops, of “metals, semi-metals, and

distinguished philosophers.” In the second place, it is rash, I think,

to conclude that an actual Mr. Collins was impossible or non-existent at

the end of the eighteenth century. It is very interesting that we

possess, in this same gallery, what may be called a spoiled first

draught, or an unsuccessful study of him, in John Dashwood. The

formality, the under-breeding, the meanness, are there; but the portrait

is only half alive, and is felt to be even a little unnatural. Mr.

Collins is perfectly natural, and perfectly alive. In fact, for all the

“miniature,” there is something gigantic in the way in which a certain

side, and more than one, of humanity, and especially eighteenth-century

humanity, its Philistinism, its well-meaning but hide-bound morality,

its formal pettiness, its grovelling respect for rank, its materialism,

its selfishness, receives exhibition. I will not admit that one speech

or one action of this inestimable man is incapable of being reconciled

with reality, and I should not wonder if many of these words and actions

are historically true.\_

\_But the greatness of Mr. Collins could not have been so satisfactorily

exhibited if his creatress had not adjusted so artfully to him the

figures of Mr. Bennet and of Lady Catherine de Bourgh. The latter, like

Mr. Collins himself, has been charged with exaggeration. There is,

perhaps, a very faint shade of colour for the charge; but it seems to me

very faint indeed. Even now I do not think that it would be impossible

to find persons, especially female persons, not necessarily of noble

birth, as overbearing, as self-centred, as neglectful of good manners,

as Lady Catherine. A hundred years ago, an earl’s daughter, the Lady

Powerful (if not exactly Bountiful) of an out-of-the-way country parish,

rich, long out of marital authority, and so forth, had opportunities of

developing these agreeable characteristics which seldom present

themselves now. As for Mr. Bennet, Miss Austen, and Mr. Darcy, and even

Miss Elizabeth herself, were, I am inclined to think, rather hard on him

for the “impropriety” of his conduct. His wife was evidently, and must

always have been, a quite irreclaimable fool; and unless he had shot her

or himself there was no way out of it for a man of sense and spirit but

the ironic. From no other point of view is he open to any reproach,

except for an excusable and not unnatural helplessness at the crisis of

the elopement, and his utterances are the most acutely delightful in the

consciously humorous kind--in the kind that we laugh with, not at--that

even Miss Austen has put into the mouth of any of her characters. It is

difficult to know whether he is most agreeable when talking to his wife,

or when putting Mr. Collins through his paces; but the general sense of

the world has probably been right in preferring to the first rank his

consolation to the former when she maunders over the entail, “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;” and his inquiry

to his colossal cousin as to the compliments which Mr. Collins has just

related as made by himself to Lady Catherine, “May I ask whether these

pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment, or are the

result of previous study?” These are the things which give Miss Austen’s

readers the pleasant shocks, the delightful thrills, which are felt by

the readers of Swift, of Fielding, and we may here add, of Thackeray, as

they are felt by the readers of no other English author of fiction

outside of these four.\_

\_The goodness of the minor characters in\_ Pride and Prejudice \_has been

already alluded to, and it makes a detailed dwelling on their beauties

difficult in any space, and impossible in this. Mrs. Bennet we have

glanced at, and it is not easy to say whether she is more exquisitely

amusing or more horribly true. Much the same may be said of Kitty and

Lydia; but it is not every author, even of genius, who would have

differentiated with such unerring skill the effects of folly and

vulgarity of intellect and disposition working upon the common

weaknesses of woman at such different ages. With Mary, Miss Austen has

taken rather less pains, though she has been even more unkind to her;

not merely in the text, but, as we learn from those interesting

traditional appendices which Mr. Austen Leigh has given us, in dooming

her privately to marry “one of Mr. Philips’s clerks.” The habits of

first copying and then retailing moral sentiments, of playing and

singing too long in public, are, no doubt, grievous and criminal; but

perhaps poor Mary was rather the scapegoat of the sins of blue stockings

in that Fordyce-belectured generation. It is at any rate difficult not

to extend to her a share of the respect and affection (affection and

respect of a peculiar kind; doubtless), with which one regards Mr.

Collins, when she draws the moral of Lydia’s fall. I sometimes wish

that the exigencies of the story had permitted Miss Austen to unite

these personages, and thus at once achieve a notable mating and soothe

poor Mrs. Bennet’s anguish over the entail.\_

\_The Bingleys and the Gardiners and the Lucases, Miss Darcy and Miss de

Bourgh, Jane, Wickham, and the rest, must pass without special comment,

further than the remark that Charlotte Lucas (her egregious papa, though

delightful, is just a little on the thither side of the line between

comedy and farce) is a wonderfully clever study in drab of one kind, and

that Wickham (though something of Miss Austen’s hesitation of touch in

dealing with young men appears) is a not much less notable sketch in

drab of another. Only genius could have made Charlotte what she is, yet

not disagreeable; Wickham what he is, without investing him either with

a cheap Don Juanish attractiveness or a disgusting rascality. But the

hero and the heroine are not tints to be dismissed.\_

\_Darcy has always seemed to me by far the best and most interesting of

Miss Austen’s heroes; the only possible competitor being Henry Tilney,

whose part is so slight and simple that it hardly enters into

comparison. It has sometimes, I believe, been urged that his pride is

unnatural at first in its expression and later in its yielding, while

his falling in love at all is not extremely probable. Here again I

cannot go with the objectors. Darcy’s own account of the way in which

his pride had been pampered, is perfectly rational and sufficient; and

nothing could be, psychologically speaking, a\_ causa verior \_for its

sudden restoration to healthy conditions than the shock of Elizabeth’s

scornful refusal acting on a nature\_ ex hypothesi \_generous. Nothing in

even our author is finer and more delicately touched than the change of

his demeanour at the sudden meeting in the grounds of Pemberley. Had he

been a bad prig or a bad coxcomb, he might have been still smarting

under his rejection, or suspicious that the girl had come

husband-hunting. His being neither is exactly consistent with the

probable feelings of a man spoilt in the common sense, but not really

injured in disposition, and thoroughly in love. As for his being in

love, Elizabeth has given as just an exposition of the causes of that

phenomenon as Darcy has of the conditions of his unregenerate state,

only she has of course not counted in what was due to her own personal

charm.\_

\_The secret of that charm many men and not a few women, from Miss Austen

herself downwards, have felt, and like most charms it is a thing rather

to be felt than to be explained. Elizabeth of course belongs to the\_

allegro \_or\_ allegra \_division of the army of Venus. Miss Austen was

always provokingly chary of description in regard to her beauties; and

except the fine eyes, and a hint or two that she had at any rate

sometimes a bright complexion, and was not very tall, we hear nothing

about her looks. But her chief difference from other heroines of the

lively type seems to lie first in her being distinctly clever--almost

strong-minded, in the better sense of that objectionable word--and

secondly in her being entirely destitute of ill-nature for all her

propensity to tease and the sharpness of her tongue. Elizabeth can give

at least as good as she gets when she is attacked; but she never

“scratches,” and she never attacks first. Some of the merest

obsoletenesses of phrase and manner give one or two of her early

speeches a slight pertness, but that is nothing, and when she comes to

serious business, as in the great proposal scene with Darcy (which is,

as it should be, the climax of the interest of the book), and in the

final ladies’ battle with Lady Catherine, she is unexceptionable. Then

too she is a perfectly natural girl. She does not disguise from herself

or anybody that she resents Darcy’s first ill-mannered personality with

as personal a feeling. (By the way, the reproach that the ill-manners of

this speech are overdone is certainly unjust; for things of the same

kind, expressed no doubt less stiltedly but more coarsely, might have

been heard in more than one ball-room during this very year from persons

who ought to have been no worse bred than Darcy.) And she lets the

injury done to Jane and the contempt shown to the rest of her family

aggravate this resentment in the healthiest way in the world.\_

\_Still, all this does not explain her charm, which, taking beauty as a

common form of all heroines, may perhaps consist in the addition to her

playfulness, her wit, her affectionate and natural disposition, of a

certain fearlessness very uncommon in heroines of her type and age.

Nearly all of them would have been in speechless awe of the magnificent

Darcy; nearly all of them would have palpitated and fluttered at the

idea of proposals, even naughty ones, from the fascinating Wickham.

Elizabeth, with nothing offensive, nothing\_ viraginous, \_nothing of the

“New Woman” about her, has by nature what the best modern (not “new”)

women have by education and experience, a perfect freedom from the idea

that all men may bully her if they choose, and that most will away with

her if they can. Though not in the least “impudent and mannish grown,”

she has no mere sensibility, no nasty niceness about her. The form of

passion common and likely to seem natural in Miss Austen’s day was so

invariably connected with the display of one or the other, or both of

these qualities, that she has not made Elizabeth outwardly passionate.

But I, at least, have not the slightest doubt that she would have

married Darcy just as willingly without Pemberley as with it, and

anybody who can read between lines will not find the lovers’

conversations in the final chapters so frigid as they might have looked

to the Della Cruscans of their own day, and perhaps do look to the Della

Cruscans of this.\_

\_And, after all, what is the good of seeking for the reason of

charm?--it is there. There were better sense in the sad mechanic

exercise of determining the reason of its absence where it is not. In

the novels of the last hundred years there are vast numbers of young

ladies with whom it might be a pleasure to fall in love; there are at

least five with whom, as it seems to me, no man of taste and spirit can

help doing so. Their names are, in chronological order, Elizabeth

Bennet, Diana Vernon, Argemone Lavington, Beatrix Esmond, and Barbara

Grant. I should have been most in love with Beatrix and Argemone; I

should, I think, for mere occasional companionship, have preferred Diana

and Barbara. But to live with and to marry, I do not know that any one

of the four can come into competition with Elizabeth.\_

\_GEORGE SAINTSBURY.\_

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[Illustration: ·PRIDE AND PREJUDICE·

Chapter I.]

It is 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 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 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.”

[Illustration:

“He came down to see the place”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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 in a chaise and four 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, 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. 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 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 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.”

“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 whichever he chooses 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 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.”

“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, 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. 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 get her

daughters married: its solace was visiting and news.

[Illustration: M^{r.} & M^{rs.} Bennet

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[Illustration:

“I hope Mr. Bingley will like it”

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CHAPTER II.

[Illustration]

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, 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, mamma,” said Elizabeth, “that we shall meet him at the

assemblies, and that Mrs. Long has promised to introduce him.”

“I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces

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.”

“Ay, 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 teasing?”

“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 nieces 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.”

Mary wished to say something very sensible, 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 you not 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! 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 choose,” 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 acquaintances every day; but

for your sakes we would do anything. Lydia, my love, though you \_are\_

the youngest, 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.

[Illustration: “I’m the tallest”]

[Illustration:

“He rode a black horse”

]

CHAPTER III.

[Illustration]

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, that he wore a blue coat and rode a black horse.

An invitation to dinner was soon afterwards despatched; 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, etc. Mrs. Bennet was quite

disconcerted. She could not imagine what business he could have in town

so soon after his arrival in Hertfordshire; and she began to fear that

he might always be 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

[Illustration:

“When the Party entered”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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: 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. 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

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 in Derbyshire could 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 everybody 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; 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. 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.”

“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.”

[Illustration:

“She is tolerable”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“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 anything 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 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 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. Everybody 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. So he inquired 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, and the two sixth with Lizzy, and the \_Boulanger\_----”

“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. O 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 handsome! and his sisters are charming women. I never

in my life saw anything 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. I quite detest the man.”

[Illustration]

CHAPTER IV.

[Illustration]

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 anybody. 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 anyone; 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 is common enough; one meets with it

everywhere. But to be candid without ostentation or design,--to take the

good of everybody’s character and make it still better, and say 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 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; 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 in town; had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds; 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.

Mr. Bingley inherited property to the amount of nearly a 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, 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 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; everybody 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 authorized by such

commendation to think of her as he chose.

[Illustration: [\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER V.

[Illustration]

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 fortune, and risen to the

honour of knighthood by an address 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; 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 by his rank, it did not render him supercilious; on the

contrary, he was all attention to everybody. By nature inoffensive,

friendly, and obliging, his presentation at St. James’s had made him

courteous.

Lady Lucas was a very good kind of woman, 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\_.”

“I beg you will 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.”

[Illustration: “Without once opening his lips”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“Are you quite sure, ma’am? Is not there a little mistake?” said Jane.

“I certainly saw Mr. Darcy speaking to her.”

“Ay, 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.”

“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; 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 to 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 pride are different

things, though the words are often used synonymously. 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, 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.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

CHAPTER VI.

[Illustration]

The ladies of Longbourn soon waited on 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

everybody, 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 an

uniform cheerfulness of manner, which would guard her from the

suspicions of the impertinent. 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. 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 show \_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 endeavor 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 chooses.”

“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 better than Commerce, 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 beforehand, it does not advance their felicity in the

least. They always continue 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. You know it is not

sound, and that you would never act in this way yourself.”

Occupied in observing Mr. Bingley’s attention 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 nowhere, 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.”

[Illustration: “The entreaties of several” [\_Copyright 1894 by George

Allen.\_]]

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 teasing 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 teased,” said Miss Lucas. “I am going

to open the instrument, 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 anybody and everybody! 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 very fine old saying, which everybody here is

of course familiar with--‘Keep your breath to cool your porridge,’--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; 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, 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.”

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,” 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, 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 along.

[Illustration:

“A note for Miss Bennet”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER VII.

[Illustration]

Mr. Bennet’s property consisted almost entirely in an estate of two

thousand a year, which, unfortunately for his daughters, was entailed,

in default of heirs male, on a distant relation; and their mother’s

fortune, though ample for her situation in life, could but ill supply

the deficiency of his. Her father had been an attorney in Meryton, and

had left her four thousand pounds.

She had a sister married to a Mr. Philips, who had been a clerk to their

father and succeeded him in the business, and a brother settled in

London in a respectable 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 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 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 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.

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 anybody’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,

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.”

“Mamma,” 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.”

Mrs. Bennet was prevented replying 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.

/\* NIND “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, Mr. Bennet, are not they?”

[Illustration: Cheerful prognostics]

“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:--

/\* NIND “My dearest Lizzie, \*/

“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 a

headache, there is not much the matter with me.

“Yours, etc.”

“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, determined to go to her, though the

carriage was not to be had: and as she was no horsewoman, 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; 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.

She was shown 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 inquiries 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 showed for Jane. The apothecary 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. 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

at 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

despatched to Longbourn, to acquaint the family with her stay, and bring

back a supply of clothes.

[Illustration:

“The Apothecary came”

]

[Illustration:

“covering a screen”

]

CHAPTER VIII.

[Illustration]

At five o’clock the two ladies retired to dress, and at half-past six

Elizabeth was summoned to dinner. To the civil inquiries which then

poured in, and amongst which she had the pleasure of distinguishing the

much superior solicitude of Mr. Bingley, 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. 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, 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 style, 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 blowzy!”

“Yes, and her petticoat; I hope you saw her petticoat, six inches deep

in mud, I am absolutely certain, and the gown which had been let down 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 show an abominable sort of conceited independence,

a most country-town indifference to decorum.”

“It shows 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, 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.”

“That is capital,” 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.

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, 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 anything 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 looked 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.”

“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 pianoforte 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 screens, and

net purses. 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 screen; 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, 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 she must yet add

something more substantial in the improvement of her mind 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, 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 daresay, 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. 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; 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.

[Illustration:

M^{rs} Bennet and her two youngest girls

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CHAPTER IX.

[Illustration]

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 answer to the

inquiries 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 despatched, 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 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.”

Everybody 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.”

“Ay, that is because you have the right disposition. But that

gentleman,” looking at Darcy, “seemed to think the country was nothing

at all.”

“Indeed, mamma, you are mistaken,” said Elizabeth, blushing for her

mother. “You quite mistook Mr. Darcy. He only meant that there was not

such a variety 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 everybody. \_That\_

is my idea of good breeding; 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. But everybody is to

judge for themselves, and the Lucases are a 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 anybody

better looking. It is what everybody 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,” said Darcy.

“Of a fine, stout, healthy love it may. Everything 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, 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 at an early age. She had high

animal spirits, 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 her 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\_.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER X.

[Illustration]

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. 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, 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 a

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,

and pray let her know that I am quite in raptures with her beautiful

little design 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 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 style 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.”

“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 anything 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 anyone 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 show off before the ladies.”

“I daresay you believed it; but I am by no means convinced that you

would be gone with such celerity. Your conduct would be quite as

dependent 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 shown 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 choose 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 awful 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 pianoforte, 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 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; and soon afterwards Mr. Darcy, drawing near

Elizabeth, said to her,--

“Do you not feel a great inclination, Miss Bennet, to seize such an

opportunity of dancing a reel?”

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 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, to 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.”

[Illustration:

“No, no; stay where you are”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“Have you anything 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 eyelashes, 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, “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 grouped, 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.

[Illustration:

“Piling up the fire”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER XI.

[Illustration]

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 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 fireplace, that she might be farther from the

door. He then sat down by her, and talked scarcely to anyone else.

Elizabeth, at work 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

sofas 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 anything 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

chooses, before it begins; but as for the ball, it is quite a settled

thing, and as soon as Nicholls has made white soup enough I shall send

round my cards.”

“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.”

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 choosing 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

anything, 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 choose 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 anything 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. Tease 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\_. Tease 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 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 anyone. 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 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 everybody.”

“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 pianoforte 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XII.

[Illustration]

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, of 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 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 teasing 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 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 and human

nature; and had some new extracts to admire and some new observations of

threadbare 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; and it

had actually been hinted that Colonel Forster was going to be married.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XIII

[Illustration]

“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 dropped 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.”

/\* RIGHT “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 anyone 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 Lady Catherine de Bourgh, widow of Sir Lewis

de Bourgh, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the

valuable rectory of this parish, where it shall be my earnest

endeavour to demean 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. I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the

means of injuring your amiable daughters, and beg leave to

apologize 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’nnight 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. 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 style. 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 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, were examined and praised;

and his commendation of everything 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 apologize for about a

quarter of an hour.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XIV

[Illustration]

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

he protested that he had never in his life witnessed such behaviour in a

person of rank--such affability and condescension, 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 in the evening. Lady Catherine was reckoned proud by many

people, he knew, but \_he\_ had never seen anything 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 upstairs.

“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 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.”

“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

[Illustration:

“Protested

that he never read novels” H.T Feb 94

]

to read aloud to the ladies. Mr. Collins readily assented, and a book

was produced; but on beholding it (for everything announced it to be

from a circulating library) he started back, and, begging pardon,

protested that he never read novels. Kitty stared at him, and Lydia

exclaimed. Other books were produced, and after some deliberation he

chose “Fordyce’s Sermons.” 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, mamma, 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 apologized 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XV.

[Illustration]

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 and

miserly father; and though he belonged to one of the universities, he

had merely kept the necessary terms 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 feelings of early and unexpected

prosperity. A fortunate chance had recommended him to Lady Catherine de

Bourgh when the living 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 right as a rector, made him altogether a mixture of

pride and obsequiousness, self-importance and humility.

Having now a good house and a 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 choose 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 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 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 the street in quest of the officers, and

nothing less than a very smart bonnet, indeed, or a really new muslin in

a shop window, could recall them.

But the attention of every lady was soon caught by a young man, whom

they had never seen before, of most gentlemanlike 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 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 parts of beauty, a fine

countenance, a good figure, and very pleasing address. 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’s 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 shopboy 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,

apologizing 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, 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XVI.

[Illustration]

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, 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, 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 on the mantel-piece, 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,

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.

[Illustration:

“The officers of the ----shire”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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 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.

When the card tables were placed, he had an opportunity of obliging her,

in return, by sitting down to whist.

“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 anyone 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

a 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

anywhere 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. Everybody is disgusted with his pride. You will not find

him more favourably spoken of by anyone.”

“I cannot pretend to be sorry,” said Wickham, after a short

interruption, “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 chooses 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 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 anything and

everything, 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 further 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 know it to be a

most respectable, agreeable corps; and my friend Denny tempted me

further 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 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, anything 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

anything 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 recall 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.” 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 everything 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 superintendence;

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 chooses. 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, just,

sincere, rational, honourable, and, perhaps, agreeable,--allowing

something for fortune and figure.”

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 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 relations

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.”

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

chooses that everyone 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

everybody. 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 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 crowded his cousins, had more to say than he could well manage

before the carriage stopped at Longbourn House.

[Illustration:

“delighted to see their dear friend again”

]

CHAPTER XVII.

[Illustration]

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 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 choose, 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, everything mentioned without ceremony. 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 everything in Mr. Darcy’s look

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 is 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

everybody.”

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 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 perforce

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 choose

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

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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XVIII.

[Illustration]

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, apologizing 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 ecstasy.

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 often 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 again

silent. 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-by, 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 \_éclat\_ 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 insure 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 stopped, 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.”

[Illustration:

“Such very superior dancing is not

often seen.”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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 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 reports 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 everything 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, 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 to 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 to Mr. Darcy?”

“Indeed I am. I shall entreat 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, 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 lead 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 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 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, 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 tithes as may be beneficial to himself and not

offensive to his patron. He must write his own sermons; 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

everybody, 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 anybody

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 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 teased 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 offered 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 good-naturedly engaged Mr. Collins’s conversation

to herself.

She was at least free from the offence of Mr. Darcy’s further 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 carriage a quarter of an

hour after everybody 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, 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.

[Illustration:

“to assure you in the most animated language”

]

CHAPTER XIX.

[Illustration]

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 anything 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 upstairs.” 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 anybody 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 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. Choose properly, choose 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

anything 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 choose 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., 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 further 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 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, 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 the 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. My reasons for

believing it are briefly these:--It does not appear to me that my hand

is unworthy of your acceptance, or that the establishment 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

further 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 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 choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by

suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females.”

“I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions 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 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

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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XX.

[Illustration]

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 steadfastly 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 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 everything 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 a 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 it not 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.”

[Illustration:

“they entered the breakfast room”

]

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 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.

“Ay, 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. I have no pleasure in talking

to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking

to anybody. 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 soothe 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 showing 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 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 apologize.”

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXI.

[Illustration]

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 everybody were

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 commendations 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.

[Illustration: “Walked back with them”

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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 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 her 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, where Mr.

Hurst had a house. The next was in these words:--“‘I do not pretend to

regret anything I shall leave in Hertfordshire except your society, my

dearest friend; but we will hope, at some future period, to enjoy many

returns of that delightful intercourse we have known, and in the

meanwhile 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. 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 crowd, but of that I

despair. I sincerely hope your Christmas in Hertfordshire may abound in

the gaieties which that season generally brings, and that your beaux

will be so numerous as to prevent your feeling the loss of the three 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. 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 a 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\_ inter-marriage, 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

anyone; 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 everyone.

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 declaration,

that, though he had been invited only to a family dinner, she would take

care to have two full courses.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXII.

[Illustration]

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,

everything 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 waived 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

[Illustration:

“So much love and eloquence”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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. The whole family in short were properly overjoyed on the

occasion. The younger girls formed hopes of \_coming out\_ 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, 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 a 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; 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 anything 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 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 hers, 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, 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 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.

[Illustration:

“Protested he must be entirely mistaken.”

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CHAPTER XXIII.

[Illustration]

Elizabeth was sitting with her mother and sisters, reflecting on what

she had heard, and doubting whether she was authorized 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 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

twelve-month’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.

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 to Jane’s happiness, and so

dishonourable to the stability 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 suspense 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.

[Illustration:

“\_Whenever she spoke in a low voice\_”

]

Mrs. Bennet was really in a most pitiable state. The very mention of

anything 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 was 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 anything at all.”

“Let us be thankful that you are preserved from a state of such

insensibility.”

“I never can be thankful, Mr. Bennet, for anything about the entail. How

anyone 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXIV.

[Illustration]

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 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, 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

whatever 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,--

“O 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 anyone but myself.”

“My dear Jane,” exclaimed Elizabeth, “you are too good. Your sweetness

and disinterestedness 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 anybody. \_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. 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 everybody’s sake, that she may feel something like

regard and esteem for our cousin.”

“To oblige you, I would try to believe almost anything, 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, 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 entreat

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 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 choose 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 everybody 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

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 befall 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 everybody was

pleased to think how much they had always disliked Mr. Darcy before they

had known anything 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXV.

[Illustration]

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, gentlemanlike 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, 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 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. 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.”

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.”

[Illustration:

“Offended two or three young ladies”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“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 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 a 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, 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 his sister? \_She\_ will not be able to help calling.”

“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 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 same time than as she

hoped, 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 stayed 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 formerly spoken of as a very proud,

ill-natured boy.

[Illustration:

“Will you come and see me?”

]

CHAPTER XXVI.

[Illustration]

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; 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 honour; 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 wiser 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 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 everybody 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 ever had 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 inquired 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 expense, 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 meantime. 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 would 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. 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.

“Yours, etc.”

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 was the most

remarkable charm of the young lady to whom he was now rendering himself

agreeable; but Elizabeth, less clear-sighted perhaps in this 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.”

[Illustration:

“On the Stairs”

]

CHAPTER XXVII.

[Illustration]

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 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. Everything, 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 as

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 everybody--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 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 in bustle and

shopping, and the evening at one of the theatres.

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 inquiries, 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 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 were 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 shows 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 manners 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 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.”

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. What are men

to rocks and mountains? 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 anything. 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 be less

insupportable than those of the generality of travellers.”

[Illustration:

“At the door”

]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

[Illustration]

Every object in the next day’s journey was new and interesting to

Elizabeth; and her spirits were in a state of 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, and every turning expected to bring it in view.

The paling 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,

everything 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 inquiries 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,

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

everything 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 anything of which his wife might reasonably be ashamed,

which certainly was not seldom, 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 country or the kingdom could boast, none were to be compared with

the prospect of Rosings, afforded by an opening in the trees that

bordered the park nearly opposite the front of his house. It was a

handsome modern building, well situated on rising ground.

From his garden, Mr. Collins would have led them round his two meadows;

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 showing it without her husband’s

help. It was rather small, but well built and convenient; and everything

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 tenour of their usual employments, 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

upstairs 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,--

[Illustration:

“In Conversation with the ladies”

[Copyright 1894 by George Allen.]]

“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. 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 doorway, 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.

[Illustration:

‘Lady Catherine, said she, you have given me a treasure.’

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CHAPTER XXIX.

[Illustration]

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 anything 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, 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 anything 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 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 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 antechamber 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 hers, 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 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 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, 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

the dinnertime. Mrs. Jenkinson was chiefly employed in watching how

little Miss de Bourgh ate, pressing her to try some other dish and

fearing she was indisposed. 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 inquired 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 everything ought to be

regulated in so small a family as hers, 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 for 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. 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, 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. 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 yours. 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 no objection, but my father hates London.”

“Has your governess 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.”

“Ay, 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 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, 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 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, the

two girls had the honour of assisting Mrs. Jenkinson to make up her

party. Their table was superlatively stupid. 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 everything her Ladyship said, thanking her

for every fish he won, and apologizing 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 broken 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXX.

[Illustration]

Sir William stayed 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, and showing 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.

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

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 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 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.

[Illustration:

“he never failed to inform them”

]

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,

in order to have

[Illustration:

“The gentlemen accompanied him.”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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

courtesied 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 anybody.

At length, however, his civility was so far awakened as to inquire 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 further, and the gentlemen soon afterwards went

away.

[Illustration:

“At Church”

]

CHAPTER XXXI.

[Illustration]

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. 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.

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: anything 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 were talking 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. 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 pianoforte in Mrs.

Jenkinson’s room. 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 pianoforte,

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 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, 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 anything 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXXII.

[Illustration]

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 apologized for his

intrusion, by letting her know that he had understood all the ladies to

be within.

They then sat down, and when her inquiries after Rosings were made,

seemed in danger of sinking into total silence. It was absolutely

necessary, therefore, to think of something; and in this emergency

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.”

“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. Anything 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 expense 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 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-à-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 anybody, went away.

[Illustration: “Accompanied by their aunt”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“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 anything to do, which was the more probable

from the time of year. All field sports were over. Within doors there

was Lady Catherine, books, and a billiard table, 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 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.

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 set 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, steadfast 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.

[Illustration: “On looking up”]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

[Illustration]

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 the third. It seemed like

wilful ill-nature, or a voluntary penance; for on these occasions it was

not merely a few formal inquiries 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

encounter 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 anything, 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, 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 anybody 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 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 anything you had a fancy for?”

“These are home questions--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 expense make us too dependent, 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 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.”

“Are you, indeed? And pray what sort of a guardian 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, gentlemanlike

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 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 could 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,” 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

anything be urged against my father, who, though with some

peculiarities, has abilities which Mr. Darcy himself need not disdain,

and respectability 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

headache; 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

[Illustration]

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 everyone, 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 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 inquire 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 a hurried manner he immediately began an inquiry 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

anyone. 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 mantel-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 inquire,” 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 everything 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, concealed my struggles, and flattered you into the belief of my

being impelled by unqualified, unalloyed inclination; by reason, by

reflection, by everything. 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 gentlemanlike 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 groundwork of

disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immovable 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

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.

[Illustration:

“Hearing herself called”

]

CHAPTER XXXV.

[Illustration]

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 anything

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. The

park paling was still the boundary on one side, and she soon passed one

of the gates into the ground.

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, 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 containing two sheets of letter paper, written

quite through, in a very close 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 yours, I can only say that I am sorry. The necessity must

be obeyed, and further apology would be absurd. I had not been long in

Hertfordshire before I saw, in common with others, that Bingley

preferred your elder 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, 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 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 godson, 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

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 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 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 could 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 dropped. 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; 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; 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 everything concerning

either. Detection 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 everything 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.”

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

[Illustration]

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 steadfastly 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 everything 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 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 anything 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

[Illustration:

“Meeting accidentally in Town”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

himself. As to his real character, had information been in her power,

she had never felt a wish of inquiring. 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. 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 everything that had passed in conversation

between Wickham and herself in their first evening at Mr. Philips’s.

Many of his expressions 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 everywhere 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 everything 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 anything.

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 shown. Every lingering struggle in his favour grew fainter

and fainter; and in further 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 anything

that betrayed him to be unprincipled or unjust--anything that spoke him

of 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

everything 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 blameless 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 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 in her air and manner, not often united with great

sensibility.

When she came to that part of the letter in which her family were

mentioned, in tones 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 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 anything she

had ever known before.

After wandering along the lane for two hours, giving way to every

variety of thought, reconsidering 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. She could think only of her letter.

[Illustration:

“His parting obeisance”

]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

[Illustration]

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 the 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.”

[Illustration:

“Dawson”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“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, 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 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, 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?

Oh, Bromley, 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 development 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 inquired 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 courtesy and hold out

her hand to both.

[Illustration:

“The elevation of his feelings.”

]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

[Illustration]

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 anyone 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 everything in our power to prevent you 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 attention 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 anyone 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 everything 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 sprang. 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 housekeeping, 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.

[Illustration:

“They had forgotten to leave any message”

]

“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

further.

[Illustration:

“How nicely we are crammed in”

]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

[Illustration]

It was the second week in May, in which the three young ladies set out

together from Gracechurch Street for the town of ----, 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 upstairs.

These two girls had been above an hour in the place, happily employed

in visiting an opposite milliner, watching the sentinel on guard, and

dressing a salad 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 showing

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; 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 anything 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,--

“Ay, 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 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; 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 about her. Who \_could\_ about such a nasty little freckled

thing?”

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, 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 brought my

bonnet, if it is only for the fun of having another band-box! 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, 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, on purpose to pass for a

lady,--only think what fun! Not a soul knew of it, but Colonel 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 inquiring 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, and on the other,

retailing them all to the younger Miss Lucases; and Lydia, in a voice

rather louder than any other person’s, was enumerating the various

pleasures of the morning to anybody 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 anybody 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

anybody 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XL.

[Illustration]

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 anything. 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 choose.”

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; and if you lament over him much longer, my heart will be as

light as a feather.”

“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 anything 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 authorized 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. Some time 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 for

ever. 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 forbade 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 encumbrance 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 anything 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 inquired of

everybody, too, who is likely to know.”

[Illustration:

“I am determined never to speak of it again”

]

“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, so much the better. \_I\_ should be

ashamed of having one that was only entailed on me.”

[Illustration:

“When Colonel Miller’s regiment went away”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER XLI.

[Illustration]

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. 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

Miller’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 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 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 ecstasy, calling for everyone’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 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 must

be greater than at home. He heard her attentively, and then said,--

“Lydia will never be easy till she has exposed herself 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 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 uncontrolled! 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 anybody. 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 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; and, to complete the view, she

saw herself seated beneath a tent, tenderly flirting with at least six

officers at once.

[Illustration:

“Tenderly flirting”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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. 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

inquiry 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 aught 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 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 further 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. 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 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 sisters were uttered without being heard.

[Illustration:

The arrival of the

Gardiners

]

CHAPTER XLII.

[Illustration]

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 mind had very early in

their marriage put an end to all real affection for her. Respect,

esteem, and confidence had vanished for ever; and all his views of

domestic happiness were overthrown. 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

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 were less varied than before; and at home she had a mother and

sister, whose constant repinings at the dulness of everything 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 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 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 to be made public.

After the first fortnight or three weeks of her absence, health,

good-humour, and cheerfulness began to reappear 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, 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, 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. 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 of Matlock, Chatsworth,

Dovedale, or the Peak.

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, 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 stayed 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 through which their route thither

lay--Oxford, Blenheim, Warwick, Kenilworth, Birmingham, etc., are

sufficiently known. A small part of Derbyshire is all the present

concern. To the little town of Lambton, 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 inquiries 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? 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.

[Illustration:

“Conjecturing as to the date”

]

CHAPTER XLIII.

[Illustration]

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. 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 the 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. 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 apprehension 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; 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. 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; and she looked on the whole scene, the river, the trees scattered

on its banks, and the winding of the valley, 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,--with less of splendour, and more real elegance, than the

furniture of Rosings.

“And of this place,” thought she, “I might have been mistress! With

these rooms I might have now 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 inquire 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, over the mantel-piece. 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 expense. “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,” 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’ 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 upstairs 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 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 everybody 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 were 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 subjects

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 anything 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 was too good.”

On reaching the spacious lobby above, they were shown 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 bed-rooms, were

all that remained to be shown. 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 lifetime.

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

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, 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 immovable 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 inquiries after her family. Amazed at the

alteration of 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

inquiries 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; 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 inquire 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, or 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 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 everything,

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 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; which brought them again, after some time, in a descent among

hanging woods, to the edge of the water, and 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 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, 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. The 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.”

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

connection 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, 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 Dovedale with

great perseverance. Yet time and her aunt moved slowly--and her patience

and her ideas were nearly worn out before the \_tête-à-tête\_ 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 anything 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, 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

anybody 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 showed us the house did give him a most flaming character!

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

anything 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XLIV.

[Illustration]

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 driving up the street. Elizabeth, immediately recognizing the

livery, 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

inquiring surprise in her uncle and aunt as made everything 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

inquired 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, inquiry; and they soon drew from

those inquiries 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 pre-possessed in her favour.

Bingley was ready, Georgiana was eager, and Darcy determined, to be

pleased.

[Illustration:

“To make herself agreeable to all”

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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 to 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 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 stayed 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 inquiries 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 inquiries or hints from her

uncle and aunt, she stayed 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 inquiry.

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 recognized 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 anything 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. 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,

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.

[Illustration:

“Engaged by the river”

]

CHAPTER XLV.

[Illustration]

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 shown through the hall into the saloon,

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 chestnuts

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. Mrs. Gardiner and

her niece, however, did her justice, and pitied her.

By Mrs. Hurst and Miss Bingley they were noticed only by a courtesy; 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

inquiry 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, 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 showed her Darcy with a 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 secrecy

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; 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 insure 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 anyone 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,--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 anything

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

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 everybody 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 everything 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.

[Illustration]

Chapter XLVI.

[Illustration]

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 mis-sent elsewhere. Elizabeth was not surprised at it, as

Jane had written the direction 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 mis-sent 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

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, 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, but

no farther; for on entering that place, they removed into a

hackney-coach, and dismissed the chaise that brought them from Epsom.

All that is known after this is, that they were seen to continue the

London road. I know not what to think. After making every possible

inquiry on that side of London, Colonel F. came on into Hertfordshire,

anxiously renewing them at all the turnpikes, and at the inns in Barnet

and Hatfield, 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 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 everything?

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 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 my uncle’s advice and

assistance would be everything 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

[Illustration:

“I have not an instant to lose”

]

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 anyone. 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 has 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? 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; everything \_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 everything 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 anything

to plead in excuse of my stay, but real, though unavailing concern.

Would to Heaven that anything 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, authorize 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 all her feelings on this development. 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 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 anybody. 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, everything 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.”

“What 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 at 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.

[Illustration:

“The first pleasing earnest of their welcome”

]

CHAPTER XLVII.

[Illustration]

“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? 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, Lizzie, 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 a hackney coach is such a

presumption! 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, 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 apprehensions 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 everything 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

everything 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 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 anyone, 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 anything 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 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; and sleeping one night on

the road, reached Longbourn by dinnertime 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 a hasty kiss,

hurried into the vestibule, where Jane, who came running downstairs 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 anything had been

heard of the fugitives.

“Not yet,” replied Jane. “But now that my dear uncle is come, I hope

everything 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, 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 upstairs, 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 villainous

conduct of Wickham, and complaints of her own sufferings and ill-usage;

blaming everybody 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 in 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 over-ruled, 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 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 chooses 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 my

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:--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 any inquiries 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 everything about it which I

have not already heard. Give me further particulars. What did Colonel

Forster say? Had they no apprehension of anything 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 anything 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, and gave it to Elizabeth. These

were the contents:--

/\* NIND “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 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 shows 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 anyone 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 Philips 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 inquire 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, and try if anything 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 inquiries at Clapham. If he could anyhow

discover at what house the coachman had before set down his fare, he

determined to make inquiries there, and hoped it might not be impossible

to find out the stand and number 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.”

[Illustration:

The Post

]

CHAPTER XLVIII.

[Illustration]

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.

Everybody declared that he was the wickedest young man in the world; and

everybody 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 inquire 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 postscript 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 anyone 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 everything 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 sympathize 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

[Illustration:

“To whom I have related the affair”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

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,” etc., etc.

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 expenses at Brighton. He owed a good deal in the

town, but his debts of honour were still more formidable. Mr. Gardiner

did not attempt to conceal these particulars from the Longbourn family;

Jane heard them with horror. “A gamester!” 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 entreaty 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,

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, shows some greatness of mind.”

They were interrupted by Miss Bennet, who came to fetch her mother’s

tea.

“This is a parade,” 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 nightcap and powdering gown, 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 Eastbourne,

for fifty pounds! No, Kitty, I have at least 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. 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 at the end of

them.”

[Illustration]

CHAPTER XLIX.

[Illustration]

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, “don’t you know

there is an express 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 upstairs 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.”

/\* RIGHT “Gracechurch Street, \_Monday, August 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----”

[Illustration:

“But perhaps you would like to read it”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“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, her

equal share of the five thousand pounds, secured among your

children after the decease of yourself and my sister; and,

moreover, to enter into an engagement of allowing her, during your

life, one hundred pounds per annum. These are conditions which,

considering everything, 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

anything more is determined on. Yours, etc.

“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 entreat 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 proper senses would marry Lydia on so slight

a temptation as one hundred a year during my life, and fifty 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. A small sum could not do all this.”

“No,” said her father. “Wickham’s a fool if he takes her with a farthing

less 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 anything 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. The kindness of my uncle and aunt can never be

requited. Their taking her home, and affording her their personal

protection and countenance, 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 anybody, 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 upstairs

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 fidgety 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

everything. 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 anything 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, 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 Philips. 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

anything 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.

[Illustration:

“The spiteful old ladies”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER L.

[Illustration]

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 anyone

should be forwarded at the sole expense 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 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 expenses 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

despatched; for though dilatory in undertaking business, he was quick in

its execution. He begged to know further 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. To be sure, it would have been more for the advantage of

conversation, had Miss Lydia Bennet come upon the town; 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 a 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 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

imprudence 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 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 her 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, 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, 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 entreaties

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; 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 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.--Yours, etc.

“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 everybody, 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 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 show

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.

[Illustration:

“With an affectionate smile”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER LI.

[Illustration]

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 dinnertime. 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, and 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 showed 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 disgusted, 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 inquiring 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 anything 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

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 anything.”

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 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. Philips, the Lucases, and all

their other neighbours, and to hear herself called “Mrs. Wickham” by

each of them; and in the meantime she went after dinner to show 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 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 anything!” 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

everything best in the world; and she was sure he would kill more birds

on the first of September than anybody 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, 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.

“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 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 anything! To be sure, London was

rather thin, but, however, the Little Theatre 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 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 a 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 so 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 dropped, 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, and 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.

[Illustration:

“I am sure she did not listen.”

]

CHAPTER LII.

[Illustration]

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.

/\* RIGHT “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 inquiries 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 \_yours\_ 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, 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,

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 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 why he did not marry 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. 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. Everything

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 further inquiry, 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, and give the praise where

it was due. But, Lizzy, this must go no further 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 everything.

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 stayed 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 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 phaeton 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.

“Yours, 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, everything 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 steadfastly

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 someone’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 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

palatable 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.

[Illustration:

“Mr. Darcy with him.”

]

CHAPTER LIII.

[Illustration]

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. She looked at Jane, and

smiled, and shook her head, by turns.

“Well, well, and so Mr. Bingley is coming down, sister,” (for Mrs.

Philips 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, it is quite certain he is coming?”

“You may depend on it,” replied the other, “for Mrs. Nichols 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 certainly true. He

comes down on Thursday, at the latest, very likely on Wednesday. She was

going to the butcher’s, she told me, on purpose to order in some 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, 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 anything 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 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 yet be

suspected by Jane, to whom she had never yet had courage to show 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 merits 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 courtesy and address of his friend.

Elizabeth particularly, who knew that her mother owed to the latter the

preservation of her favourite daughter from irremediable infamy, was

hurt and distressed to a most painful degree by a distinction so ill

applied.

Darcy, after inquiring of her how Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner did--a question

which she could not answer without confusion--said scarcely anything. 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 anyone but himself; and to

him she had hardly courage to speak.

She inquired 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; 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’ and the ‘Courier,’ 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 anything.

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 away 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. I am sure he will be vastly happy to oblige you, and

will save all the best of the coveys 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, everything, 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 rekindled 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 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 anything 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.

[Illustration:

“Jane happened to look round”

]

CHAPTER LIV.

[Illustration]

As soon as they were gone, Elizabeth walked out to recover her spirits;

or, in other words, to dwell without interruption on those subjects

which 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? Teasing, teasing 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 showed 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, 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 dinnertime as showed 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 anything 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 everyone 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

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, 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 everything has passed off uncommonly well, I

assure you. The dinner was as well dressed as any I ever saw. The

venison 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

Lucases’ 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

girls, and not at all handsome: I like them prodigiously.”

[Illustration:

“M^{rs}. Long and her nieces.”

]

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.”

[Illustration:

“Lizzy, my dear, I want to speak to you.”

]

CHAPTER LV.

[Illustration]

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 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, etc., etc.; 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 daughters’ 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 than either of us, for she went upstairs 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 upstairs 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 entreaty that \_she\_ would not give in to 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 upstairs 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

everything 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; 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

everybody 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 her 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

\_hers\_ 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 other had sat down, suddenly rose, and,

whispering a few words to her sister, ran out of the room.

Jane could have no reserves from Elizabeth, where confidence 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 everybody 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 anyone 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 upstairs 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, and 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 upstairs. 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 such a glow of 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 showed

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 shan’t 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 younger

sisters soon began to make interest with her 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 anyone 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. Philips, 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER LVI.

[Illustration]

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; 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 somewhere about the ground, 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 anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth,--

“Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness

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 show her Ladyship about the

different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage.”

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol,

attended her noble guest downstairs. 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.

[Illustration:

“After a short survey”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

“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 hers. While in their cradles we planned the

union; and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be

accomplished, is 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?”

“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 everyone 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; 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 what 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. 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 further 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 expense of your father and uncle. And is

\_such\_ a girl to be my nephew’s sister? Is \_her\_ husband, who 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 further 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 further 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, “has 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 upstairs. Her mother

impatiently met her at the door of her 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 in to a little falsehood here; for to

acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

[Illustration:

“But now it comes out”

]

CHAPTER LVII.

[Illustration]

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 everybody 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, 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 the 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 entreaty 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.”

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 teasing 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 fireplace, 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. 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 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 by the same authority. Your daughter

Elizabeth, it is presumed, will not long bear the name of Bennet, after

her eldest sister has 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 everything 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!”

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. But,

Lizzy, you look as if you did not enjoy it. You are not going to be

\_missish\_, 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 exceedingly 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\_.

[Illustration:

“The efforts of his aunt”

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CHAPTER LVIII.

[Illustration]

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 yours. 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 and as

warmly as a man violently in love can be supposed to do. Had Elizabeth

been able to encounter his eyes, 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 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 effects 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. 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 spoiled 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 showed 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 show 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

anything about it, they found at last, on examining their watches, that

it was time to be at home.

“What could have 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 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; 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 everything 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 laughed 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.

[Illustration:

“Unable to utter a syllable”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER LIX.

[Illustration]

“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, 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 anything

else, awakened a suspicion of the truth.

The evening passed quietly, unmarked by anything 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 anything rather than

marry without affection. 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, \_be\_ serious. I want to talk very seriously.

Let me know everything 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 entreaty 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

further 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, “Mrs. 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. Won’t 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 upstairs 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 anything, 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 anyone 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 everything;

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 everything 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. Everything was too recent for

gaiety, but the evening passed tranquilly away; there was no longer

anything 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, 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 apologize for my having disliked him so much before. I

hope he will overlook it. Dear, dear Lizzy. A house in town! Everything

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--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.”

[Illustration:

“The obsequious civility.”

[\_Copyright 1894 by George Allen.\_]]

CHAPTER LX.

[Illustration]

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 know 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 teasing 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, 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 an opening of yours. My aunt’s intelligence had given me hope,

and I was determined at once to know everything.”

“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 consequences?”

“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 was 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. 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 overrated, 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 choose; give a loose to 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 no 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

can be spared from me. You are all to come to Pemberley at Christmas.

Yours,” etc.

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 return

for 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.

“Yours sincerely,” etc.

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 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.

[Illustration]

CHAPTER LXI.

[Illustration]

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 anything 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. From the further 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

everything, 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 so 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.

“Yours,” etc.

As it happened that Elizabeth had much rather not, she endeavoured in

her answer to put an end to every entreaty 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 expenses, 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 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: hers 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

further in his profession. Lydia was occasionally a visitor there, when

her husband was gone to enjoy himself in London or Bath; and with the

Bingleys they both of them frequently stayed 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

dropped 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 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 further 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.

[Illustration:

THE

END

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