

Miss Bingley: It's very unfortunate that Elizabeth Bennet does not seem to share the same fine manners of her sister. Indeed her manners are very bad indeed, a mixture of pride and impertinence; she has no conversation, no style, no beauty.

Mrs. Hurst: 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.

Miss Bingley: She did, indeed, Louisa. I could hardly keep my countenance. Very nonsensical to come at all! Why must SHE be scampering about the country, because her sister had a cold? Her hair, so untidy, so blowsy!

Mrs. Hurst: 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.

Mr. Bingley: Your picture may be very exact, Louisa 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.

Miss Bingley: YOU observed it, Mr. Darcy, I am sure and I am inclined to think that you would not wish to see YOUR sister make such an exhibition.

Mr. Darcy: Certainly not.

Miss Bingley: To walk three miles, or four miles, or five miles, or whatever it is, above her ankles in dirt, and alone, quite alone! What could she mean by it?

Mrs. Hurst: It seems to me to show an abominable sort of conceited independence, a most country-town indifference to decorum.

Mr. Bingley: It shows an affection for her sister that is very pleasing.

Miss Bingley: I am afraid, Mr. Darcy, that this adventure has rather affected your admiration of her fine eyes.

Mr Darcy: Not at all, they were brightened by the exercise.

Mrs. Hurst: I have an excessive regard for Miss 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.

Mr. Darcy: I think I have heard you say that their uncle is an attorney on Meryton.

Mrs. Hurst: Yes; and they have another, who lives somewhere near Cheapside.

Miss Bingley: That is capital! *(they both laughed heartily)*

Mr. Bingley: If they had uncles enough to fill ALL Cheapside, it would not make them one jot less agreeable.

Mr. Darcy: But it must very materially lessen their chance of marrying men of any consideration in the world.