

**ДЖЕЙН ОСТИН**

# **ГОРДОСТЬ И ПРЕДУБЕЖДЕНИЕ**

**JANE AUSTEN PRIDE AND PREJUDICE**

ЭКСКЛЮЗИВНОЕ ЧТЕНИЕ  
НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ

The logo for the publisher Lingua, featuring a stylized quill pen nib above the word "Lingua" written in a cursive script.

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**PRIDE  
AND PREJUDICE**

**by Jane Austen**



## CHAPTER 1

Everybody knows that a single man **in possession of a good fortune**<sup>1</sup> must look for a wife.

When such a man enters a neighbourhood, the surrounding families begin to think, that he is considered the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” said Mrs. Bennet to her husband, “have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?”

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

“But it is,” returned she.

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

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

“What is his name?”

“Bingley.”

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<sup>1</sup> **in possession of a good fortune** — располагающий средствами

“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**<sup>2</sup>. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to think about their future. My dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood. Consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them.”

“My daughters have nothing to recommend them,” replied he; “they are all silly and ignorant like other girls.”

Mr. Bennet was a mixture of quick mind, 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 develop. She was a **woman of mean understanding**<sup>3</sup>, little information, and **uncertain**

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<sup>2</sup> **I am thinking of his marrying one of them** — я думаю о его женитьбе на одной из них

<sup>3</sup> **woman of mean understanding** — невежественная женщина

**temper**<sup>4</sup>. When she was discontented, she treated herself nervous. The business of her life was **to get her daughters married**<sup>5</sup>; she adored visiting and news.

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<sup>4</sup> **uncertain temper** — неустойчивое настроение

<sup>5</sup> **to get her daughters married** — выдать своих дочерей замуж

## CHAPTER 2

Mr. Bennet was among the earliest of those who told Mr. Bingley about his coming. Observing his second daughter decorated a hat, he suddenly told her:

“I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy.”

“We will never know *what* Mr. Bingley likes,” said her mother, “if we do not visit him.”

“And what will you say, Mary? You are a young **lady of deep reflection**<sup>6</sup>, I know, and read great books and make extracts.”

Mary wished to say something sensible, but did not know how.

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

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<sup>6</sup> **lady of deep reflection** — рассудительная девушка

have actually paid the visit, so we cannot escape the acquaintance now.”

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished; Mrs. Bennet began to declare that it was what she had expected all the time.

“How good it was of you, my dear Mr. Bennet! I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am!”

“Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you want,” said Mr. Bennet; and, as he spoke, he left the room.

“What an excellent father you have, girls!” said she, when the door was shut. Lydia, my love, though you *are* the youngest, I can say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball.”

“Oh!” said Lydia stoutly, “I am not afraid; I *am* the youngest, but I’m the tallest.”



## CHAPTER 3

Mr. Bingley was quite young, wonderfully handsome, extremely agreeable, and he meant to be at the next assembly with a large party. Nothing could be more delightful! **To be fond of dancing**<sup>7</sup> was a certain step towards falling in love.

“If I can 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**<sup>8</sup>.”

In a few days Mr. Bingley returned Mr. Bennet’s visit, and sat about ten minutes with him in his library. He had hoped to see young ladies, of whose beauty he had heard much; but he saw only the father.

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<sup>7</sup> **to be fond of dancing** — любить танцы

<sup>8</sup> **I shall have nothing to wish for** — мне бы тогда было больше нечего желать

Mr. Bingley was going 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 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 look, and easy, unaffected manners. His sisters were fine women. His brother-in-law 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 of his having **ten thousand a year**<sup>9</sup>. The gentlemen declared him to be a real man, the ladies declared he was much handsomer than Mr. Bingley, and **he was looked at**<sup>10</sup> with great admiration for about half the evening. But his manners made his popularity go down. He was very proud and he was above his company.

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<sup>9</sup> **ten thousand a year** — десять тысяч годового дохода

<sup>10</sup> **he was looked at** — на него смотрели



Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, and was angry that the ball closed so early. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Miss Bingley, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room. His **character was decided**<sup>11</sup>. 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.

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<sup>11</sup> **character was decided** — характер все осудили

Elizabeth Bennet was sitting by the wall. Mr. Darcy was standing near enough for her to hear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to force his friend to join it.

“Come, Darcy,” said he, “Dance! I hate to see you standing here in this stupid manner.”

“I certainly shall not. There is no woman in the room whom it would not be a punishment to me to dance with.”

“Oh,” cried Mr. Bingley, “**Upon my honour**<sup>12</sup>, I never met so many pleasant girls in my life as I have this evening.”

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

“Yes, she is the most beautiful person I ever met! But there is one of her sisters sitting just behind you, who is very pretty, and very agreeable.”

“Which do you mean?” and turning round he looked for a moment at Elizabeth. He withdrew his eyes and coldly said: “She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to bother *me*. My friend, you are just wasting your time with me.”

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked out; and Elizabeth did not have cordial feelings toward him.

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<sup>12</sup> **upon my honour** — клянусь честью

But in general the evening went pleasantly to the whole family. Mrs. Bennet was very glad. Mr. Bingley had danced with her eldest daughter twice. Jane was happy, too. **Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure**<sup>13</sup>. Catherine and Lydia had been lucky enough never to be without partners. They returned, therefore, in good spirits to Longbourn, the village where they lived.

“Oh! my dear Mr. Bennet,” said Mrs. Bennet as she entered the room, “we have had a most delightful evening, a most excellent ball. I wish you had been there. Everybody said how well Jane looked; and Mr. Bingley 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. He is so excessively handsome! And his sisters are charming women. I never in my life saw anything more elegant than their dresses.”

Then she told about the shocking rudeness of Mr. Darcy.

“But I can assure you,” she added, “that Lizzy did not lose much; for he is a most disagreeable, horrid man. He walked here, and he walked there, I quite detest this man.”

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<sup>13</sup> **Elizabeth felt Jane's pleasure.** — Элизабет радовалась за Джейн.

## CHAPTER 4

When Jane and Elizabeth were alone, Jane expressed to her sister just how very much she admired Mr. Bingley.

“He is just what a young man ought to be,” said she, “sensible, good-humoured, lively; and I’ve never seen such happy manners!”

“He is also handsome,” replied Elizabeth, “His character is thereby complete.”

“I was very much surprised when he asked me to dance a second time. I did not expect such a compliment.”

“Did not you? What could be more natural than his asking you again? He noticed that you were the prettiest girl in the room. Well, he certainly is very agreeable. **You have liked many a stupider person.**<sup>14</sup>”

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<sup>14</sup> **You have liked many a stupider person.** — Тебе не раз нравился кое-кто и поглупее.

“Dear Lizzy!”

“Oh! you 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 person in your life.”

“I always speak what I think.”

“I know; and it is *that* which makes the wonder. With *your* good sense, to be so honestly blind to the follies and nonsense of others! And so you like Mr. Bingley’s sisters, too, do you? Their manners are not equal to his.”

“Certainly not — at first. But they are very pleasing women when you talk to them. Miss Bingley wants to live with her brother, and keep his house.”

Elizabeth listened in silence. Mr. Bingley’s sisters were in fact very fine ladies; they were rather handsome, had been educated in one of the first private seminaries in town, had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and thought well of themselves, and meanly of others. They were of a respectable family in the north of England.

Mr. Bingley inherited property to the amount of nearly a hundred thousand pounds from his father. Between him and Darcy there was a very steady friendship, in spite of great opposition of character. Darcy liked the easiness, openness, and ductility of his tem-