

CAROLINE BINGLEY is Mr. Bingley's arrogant, bossy and slightly ridiculous, beautiful social-climbing younger sister of Charles Bingley who has set her cap on Mr. Darcy. She looks down on the Bennet family, even though they outrank her in the social structure.

MISS BINGLEY 1

We look forward to bringing a little bit of the elegance of London to the country. In a country neighborhood you move in a very confined society, except of course for the militia. They provide sufficient entertainment it seems. Turns her attention to the others in the room. How unfortunate Miss Darcy did not accompany you to Netherfield, Mr. Darcy. 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. Charles, we must send for her before the ball. No one can be really thought 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, 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. Miss Eliza do take a turn about the room with me. I need of a little exercise. I hear you are quite delighted with George Wickham. Let me recommend, as a friend, not to believe all his assertions as to Mr. Darcy using him ill. It is perfectly false. He has treated Mr. Darcy in a most infamous manner. Though I do not know the particulars, I do know that Mr. Darcy is not in the least to blame. I pity you, Miss Eliza, for this discovery of your favorite's guilt. But, really, considering his descent as the son of the late Darcy's steward, one could not expect much better.

MISS BINGLEY 2 *Sitting at a desk composing a letter to Jane Bennet.*

My brother left us yesterday, and we are convinced that when Charles gets to town, he will be in no hurry to leave it again. We have determined on following him thither. Many of my acquaintance are already there for the winter: 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. Mr. Darcy is impatient to see his sister; and to confess the truth, we are scarcely less eager to meet her again. 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. With all these circumstances to favor 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. I do not pretend to regret anything I shall leave in Hertfordshire except your society, my dearest friend.