

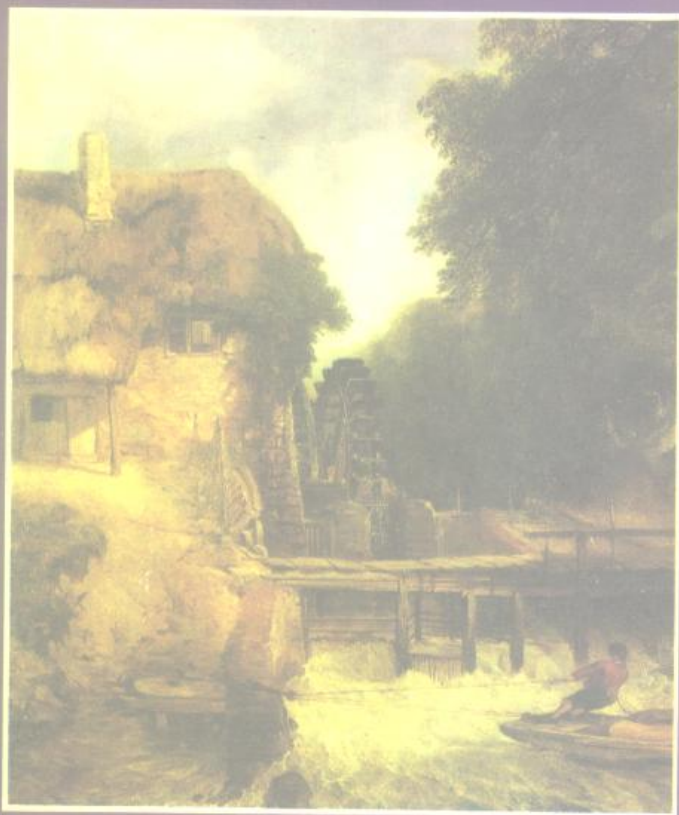
学生英语文库



GEORGE ELIOT

# THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

弗罗斯河上的磨房



牛津大学出版社 外语教学与研究出版社

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# 弗罗斯河上的磨房

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

G·艾略特 著

牛津大学出版社

外语教学与研究出版社

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

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GEORGE ELIOT

*The Mill on the Floss*

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EDITED AND INTRODUCED BY

GORDON S. HAIGHT

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## 学生英语文库出版说明

中国人学英语的进程,可以说大致有三个境界。第一个境界是要依靠本族语(对大多数人来说是汉语)明的或暗的帮助来学习英语,如依靠汉语讲解、注释,口头、笔头、心头的翻译,英汉词典以及其他用中文编写的参考书等等来领会英语。第二个境界是能够通过英语学习英语,如读英文注释,听英语讲解,使用英英词典,阅读英文原著参考书等等,亦即能借助浅近的英语学习艰深的英语,并进而直接从英文书刊、英语讲话中吸收英语知识,掌握英语规律。第三个境界是能在英汉两种语言系统之间建立联系(不是个别孤立词语的对号),最后达到能在两种语言中间自如地来回转换的境地。

以上三种境界,虽然可能有交叉或平行,但是大体上可以代表由低到高的三个阶段。代表第一个境界的阶段,可以尽量缩短,有人甚至主张跳过或绕开。第三个境界严格说已经属于翻译专业修养的范围。唯有第二个境界是英语学习的中心。尽早达到这一境界,是学习成功的要诀。英语学习者在入门阶段结束之后,就应当逐步学会读原文著作,听原声讲话,使用英英词典,阅读原著参考书,敢看爱看原版书刊。一句话,要日夕涵泳于英语之中,养成通过英语学英语的能力、爱好、信心和习惯。

经验证明,阅读译本看似省力,实际常有雾里看花之憾;钻研原著,起初不免吃力,但是唯有如此,才能识得庐山真面目。文学作品是这样,一般语文参考书也是这样。从研究外国文化的目标着想,必须立志精通外语;从学习外语的方法着眼,应当早读多读原文著

作。

因此,多读精选的英语原著,是精通英语的一个最重要的途径。学生英语文库的出版,就是为了给中级以上的学习者提供一部分这样的基本书籍。

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学生英语文库中的书籍,除一两种教程酌加中文注释和参考译文外,其余都是英语原著的翻版。这些著作,绝大多数都是屡经修订再版,或年复一年地重印,成了各国英语学习者和使用者案头、架上常备之物。所收文学作品,都是名著杰作;在英语国家是家喻户晓,在其他国家是一切英语和文学爱好者所不可不读的。熟读这些作品,既有助于掌握英语的精髓,又可深入了解英语国家的社会历史文化背景。

学生英语文库第一辑和第二辑约 20 种,定于近期陆续和读者见面。以后还将逐步扩充选目。我们希望这个小小文库能成为我国广大英语学习者的良师益友。

## 本书内容介绍

本书为英国女小说家艾略特(George Eliot 1816—1880)所著。弗罗斯河一条支流的岸边,有一家磨房。主人塔里维,为人诚实,但愚昧固执。儿子汤姆生性好强而心胸狭窄。女儿麦吉聪明美丽,重感情,好幻想。她爱自己的哥哥,但得不到理解。邻居威克姆的儿子菲利普自幼驼背,麦吉同情他孤独无伴,也喜欢他好学深思,两人成为朋友。

塔里维对威克姆素无好感。在一场官司中,塔里维因败诉破产。威克姆是对方的律师,后来又买下了塔里维拍卖的产业,塔里维因此气得中风病倒。从此两家结下冤仇。塔里维受雇掌管磨坊,子女辍学,一家人过着忍辱受穷的日子。

五年后,菲利普从国外留学归来。麦吉背着家人同他亲近。菲利普深深爱上了麦吉。汤姆得知此事后,强逼妹妹起誓与菲利普断绝往来。

塔里维因儿子买卖渐有积蓄,重振家业有了希望,遂上门找威克姆寻衅。因一时过度激动,再次中风而死。

父亲去逝后,麦吉外出当小学教师。假期中她到表妹露西家作客,遇见露西的男友斯蒂芬,彼此产生了爱慕之情。但麦吉不愿伤害露西,也未忘对菲利普的旧情。在她的恳求下,汤姆允许她与菲利普见面,但不许他们相爱。菲利普向麦吉求婚,麦吉不愿违背哥哥的意愿拒绝了他。这时斯蒂芬也再三向麦吉求爱,麦吉表明绝不作对不起露西的事,而她自己却在感情的旋涡中痛苦地挣扎,极力想摆脱出来。

一天,由于偶然的情况,加之斯蒂芬的有意安排,



麦吉身不由己地跟斯蒂芬去弗罗斯河上荡船。小船在落潮中越漂越远，天晚无法返回。斯蒂芬乘机劝说麦吉跟他出走，被麦吉拒绝。当晚，两人只好在一条商船上借宿。事情发生后，麦吉名声扫地，虽然她自知清白无辜，却有口难辩，连汤姆也把她拒之门外。

不久，弗罗斯河泛滥成灾。在危难的时刻，麦吉首先想到亲人。她独自驾船救出了困在磨房的汤姆。手足情义深深感动了汤姆，两人重归于好。不幸小船在急流中被撞翻，兄妹紧紧相抱，被洪水吞噬。

## 作者小传

艾略特(George Eliot 1816—1880)是英国女小说家。原名玛丽·安·埃文斯,生于沃里克郡的乡村。父亲是一个农庄经理人。她幼年时期曾先后在两所宗教色彩极浓的寄宿学校读书,笃信福音教,通晓法、意、德、拉丁等多种外国语文。1841年随父迁往考文垂,结识了自由思想家查尔斯·布雷,同时由于受《基督教起源的调查》一书的影响,突然与宗教决裂,声明不再进教堂。但她仍然深切理解和同情一切虔诚的宗教感情,并成为她作品的基调。1844年,艾略特参与翻译施特劳斯的《耶稣传》,名噪一时,从此开始文学生涯。1851年,她认识了当时极有才华的新闻记者乔治·亨利·刘易斯。他俩志趣相投,遂同居。两人共同生活了24年。

刘易斯不但是政论家和评论家,对哲学、心理学、生理学等都有研究,写过《歌德传》。1856年,在刘易斯的鼓励下,艾略特开始小说创作。1858年出版《教区生活场景》,其中包括三篇回忆早年家乡生活的中篇小说,均以笔名乔治·艾略特发表。

此后近20年中,共创作长篇小说7部;有乡村生活题材,也有重大的历史、社会、政治题材。如:《亚当·比德》(1859)、《弗罗斯河上的磨房》(1860)、《织工马南》(1861)、《罗慕拉》(1862—1863)、《菲利克斯·霍尔特》(1866)、《但尼尔·狄隆达》(1876)、《米德尔马奇》(1871—1872)等。她的作品具有哲理性,富有幽默感。她在作品中探讨伦理道德问题,对人们有深厚的同情,在道德上的判断却是严厉的。她的写作手法发展了属于现代小说特征的心理分析。这种细腻的心

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理分析影响了许多作家,如托马斯·哈代、亨利·詹姆斯、约瑟夫·康拉德、戴·赫·劳伦斯、马塞尔·普鲁斯特等。

## INTRODUCTION

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS is not a good title. Though George Eliot accepted it when her publisher John Blackwood proposed it, she observed that 'the Mill is not strictly on the Floss', but on its small tributary the Ripple. Nor is the Mill the central interest of the novel. While writing it George Eliot usually referred to it as 'Sister Maggie' or 'Maggie'. Maggie is certainly the heart of the story. Many episodes – the dead rabbits, the battered doll, the jam puffs, and running away to the gypsies – are admittedly autobiographical, deriving their intense vividness from the author's early memories. All the elements of character that bring about the tragedy are foreshadowed in Maggie's childhood experiences. She is first seen standing at the water's edge, and the first words that Mrs Tulliver speaks to her give the dire warning: 'You'll tumble in and be drowned some day, an' then you'll be sorry you didn't do as mother told you.' Sitting happily with Tom at the Round Pool, Maggie, looking dreamily into the glassy water, catches a fish without realizing it. Later, drifting down the Floss with Stephen, she falls into the same fit of absence she was always liable to and was hardly conscious that they had passed Luckreth. The love of books shown early in her talk with Mr Riley and during her visit to Tom at Mr Stelling's prepares us for her anguish at losing them and for the joy they bring to her meetings with Philip in the Red Deeps. Susceptibility to music is another foreshadowed trait. To little Maggie the singing of the waits at Christmas Eve seemed supernatural voices of angels; and the simple tune played by Uncle Pullet's snuff-box excites her so that she throws her arms round Tom's neck and spills half his cowslip wine. So in later times Stephen's full-toned bass would betray her

by the cozenage of sense . . .  
To a voluptuous influence  
That taints the purer, better mind.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth, 'On the Power of Sound', st. 6

Love for her brother is the dominating passion of Maggie's whole life. When he came home for the holidays, the little girl jumped first on one leg and then on the other in her eagerness, while Tom descended from the gig and 'submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion'. Nothing can ever displace her affection for him since 'the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together'. In real life, however, Marian Evans's brother Isaac was quite as harsh towards her as Tom Tulliver was towards Maggie. During the lonely years when she was editing the *Westminster Review* to eke out the meagre income left by her father he offered no welcome to her at Griff House, her 'old, old home'. At Christmas 1852 she was near by with her sister Chrissey, whose husband had died suddenly, leaving her with eight children; and when Marian returned to London without consulting Isaac, he flew into a violent passion with her. In 1853 she wrote sadly in her Journal: 'Spent Christmas Day alone at Cambridge Street'. Those who knew Marian best recognized her 'absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her'. In their youth, it had been Isaac. At thirty-five, ignored by him, she turned to George Henry Lewes. Though they could not be legally married, divorce from his unfaithful wife being impossible, they lived openly and happily together until Lewes's death twenty-four years later. To their union the world owes the very existence of the novelist George Eliot. Through his encouragement alone, at the late age of thirty-seven, she began to write fiction.

Though Maggie and Tom are clearly autobiographical, Mr and Mrs Tulliver bear no resemblance whatever to George Eliot's parents. Robert Evans never failed at anything; nothing ever puzzled him; the world was never too much for him. Beginning life as a carpenter, he had risen to become the agent of the Newdegate family at Arbury, managing the farms and buildings, valuing the timber, and advising them tactfully in confidential affairs; he lived a calm and successful life to the ripe age of seventy-seven. Nor was there anything of the plump, garrulous, scatter-brained Mrs Tulliver in George Eliot's mother. Mrs Evans was an affectionate, warm-hearted woman, shrewd and practical, noted for a keen sense of humour and an epigrammatic turn of phrase like Mrs Poyser's. A psychobiographer's unsupported

hypothesis that 'she never recovered from the debilitating effects of giving birth to Mary Ann', but lived on 'in a state of semi-invalidism, thus withdrawing in a way common to women who do not really desire the families they produce'<sup>2</sup> ignores the fact that Mrs Evans bore twin sons eighteen months after Mary Ann. They died, much lamented, ten days later. In *The Mill on the Floss* George Eliot transfers them to Mrs Moss, who always regretted losing them, though (like Chrissey) she had eight others.

The Dodson sisters, Mrs Glegg, Mrs Pullet, and Mrs Deane, were drawn with broad Dickensian touches from George Eliot's childhood memories of her aunts, all but one of whom had died before she was in her teens. Despite their absurdities she was fond of them and really hurt when a reviewer called them 'mean and uninteresting'. The Dodson religion was of a simple, semi-pagan kind, consisting in

revering whatever was customary and respectable; it was necessary to be baptised, else one could not be buried in the churchyard, and to take the sacrament before death as a security against more dimly-understood perils; but it was of equal necessity to have the proper pall-bearers and well-cured hams at one's funeral, and to leave an unimpeachable will.

Years later George Eliot declared that 'we owe them much for keeping up the sense of respectability, which was the only religion possible to the mass of the English people'. Careful readers will not mistake realism for satire, nor, like the humourless Freudians, dismiss the Dodsons as mere specimens of anality.

The Church plays a more muted part in *The Mill on the Floss* than in any other George Eliot novel. There is nothing like the Sunday procession of the Poyser family through the fields to Hayslope, where Mr Irwine was a sympathetic friend to squire and farmhand alike. The Tullivers are never shown at Church. The vicar of their 'charming rural parish' of Dorlcote is a man of excellent family, who had taken honours; but he is nameless, never seen or heard in the novel, even in the Tullivers' deepest adversity. Though Mr Tulliver regards the vicar with dutiful respect, he knew that 'the Church was one thing and common-sense another'. He used his family Bible as a register in which (despite Maggie's protest) he has Tom record a vow of vengeance

<sup>2</sup> Ruby V. Redinger, *George Eliot The Emergent Self*, 1975, p. 29

on Wakem. Good Dr Kenn, the Vicar of St Ogg's, has been touched by the Tractarians enough to put tall candles on the altar. He 'has something of the real apostle in him', and his charity is genuine. Though the ladies of his parish embroider slippers for him, he cannot persuade them to judge Maggie fairly.

Her bleakest years in 'The Valley of Humiliation' reflect something of the gloomy Calvinism of George Eliot's adolescence, when in concern for the state of her soul she abstained from the most innocent pleasures. 'Used to go about like an owl,' she said, 'to the great disgust of my brother, and I would have denied him what I now see to have been quite lawful amusements.' Help came to Maggie by chance from *The Imitation of Christ* by Thomas à Kempis, which taught her self-renunciation. It was the same book in which Marian herself found comfort during the last months of her father's long illness. Honesty had compelled her to abandon belief in orthodox Christianity, but she never ceased to be deeply religious. *The Imitation* became her private manual of devotion. She recommended it to persons as various as John Chapman, Maria Congreve, and Benjamin Jowett, the Master of Balliol; in 1851 she gave a copy of it to Sara Hennell, and she inscribed another to John Walter Cross on their wedding day in 1880. In describing the solace Maggie found in 'the little, old, clumsy book' George Eliot was writing from experience.

For Philip Wakem no 'original' has been found among George Eliot's friends. In 1845 she met a young artist, an unnamed picture-restorer, who was much taken with her and after a three-days' acquaintance proposed marriage. But she soon decided that she could not love him and broke off the affair. Again, there was a certain physical resemblance between Philip and François D'Albert Durade, in whose house she boarded in Geneva; his spine had been deformed since childhood, and he was scarcely four feet tall. But apart from this deformity, it is impossible to trace Philip in the forty-five-year-old Swiss with a wife and two grown sons. When Maggie first saw Philip she thought him just a clever schoolmate of Tom's. His humpback interested her, for she had always 'rather a tenderness for deformed things' like the wry-necked lambs. But it was his thoughtfulness towards Tom that quickened her feeling for Philip, and in gratitude she kissed him quite earnestly. 'I shall always remember you and kiss you when I see you again, if it's ever so long,' the little girl said. Five

or six years later when they met in the Red Deeps, Philip at twenty-one was quite aware of what he wanted of her, but the idea that he might become her lover in more than a fraternal sense had not occurred to her. Finally, pressed to admit that she loved him, Maggie found it not easy to answer. She smiled, with glistening tears, and then stooped her tall head to kiss the pale face that was full of pleading, timid love — like a woman's. Her affection for him always comprised more of pity than love. After Tom's brutal termination of their meetings, 'How was it that she was now and then conscious of a certain dim background of relief in the forced separation from Philip?'

From childhood Maggie displayed a healthy appetite. When Tom was sent to bring her down from the attic, where she had hidden, weeping, after his rebuke for neglecting his rabbits, he offered her a bit of his plum cake.

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece: and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

Again, when Tom was sent upstairs for her, sitting forlorn among her shorn locks, Maggie 'was so hungry' that the prospect of pudding and custard and dessert soon induced her to come slowly downstairs. And when discoursing to the gypsies, she interrupted her account of Columbus to exclaim, 'I want my tea so.' From these examples it is a natural inference that more mature appetites had developed in her by the age of nineteen, when she first met Stephen Guest. Her 'broad-chested figure has the mould of early womanhood'; her arm recalls the Parthenon marbles, with 'the warm tints of life' added; her 'coronet' of hair is jet black; her brown cheek is 'firm and rounded'; her lips 'full and red'; her eyes, 'large and dark'. One can understand Stephen's initial impression: 'An alarming amount of devil there'. Her effect on him is accented by contrast with the slim, neat prettiness of Lucy Deane, who has the fair skin and blonde curls of the true Dodsons. Lucy tells Maggie plainly that she is not engaged to Stephen; indeed, she doesn't want even to think of being married soon. Surely, sound instinct not evasiveness underlies Stephen's delay in asking her.

The critics have treated Stephen harshly. They call him a



provincial coxcomb, a mere hairdresser's block, a disagreeable vulgarian, an insensitive egotist, a cur beneath the notice of any man's horsewhip, an aggressive person of the narcissistic type, and other unflattering names. They object to his open contempt for the Tullivers, though nothing he had heard about the paranoid miller or his addle-pated wife could have given him a favourable opinion of either of them. Of course Stephen is provincial. So is Maggie, whose social experience has been limited to a year or two of boarding school with Lucy at Laceham and about two years as governess in a third-class schoolroom. To assume that she is too good for Stephen or that she ought to be disgusted by him disregards the careful values of George Eliot's delineation. Stephen has done some serious reading like Buckland's Bridgewater treatise on geology and theology. He has good taste in music that includes both Purcell and *The Beggar's Opera*. Compared with the bookish Philip he seems rather flippant in intellectual interest, but the bantering chatter is heard only when Lucy and Philip are with them. In simple biological terms Stephen is a better mate for Maggie than Philip or the silly red-headed young Torry with his ridiculous eye-glass, the only other eligible males St Ogg's can offer. Stephen is tall, has long legs, strong firm hands, 'a square forehead with short dark-brown hair standing erect with a slight wave at the end like a thick crop of corn, and a half-ardent, half-sarcastic glance from under his well-marked horizontal eyebrows'. Physically, he and Maggie are admirably matched, as George Eliot makes clear in Chapter 45, 'Illustrating the Laws of Attraction'.

Bulwer Lytton, an authority on coxcombs and dandies of the 1830s, took no exception to Stephen, not even mentioning the 'diamond ring, attar of roses, and air of *nonchalant* leisure' that curl the nostrils of democratic readers today, unaware that in those days gentlemen did not work. But Lytton was seriously concerned about Maggie's breach of social decorum by falling in love:

The *indulgence* of such a sentiment for the affianced of a friend under whose roof she was, was a treachery and a meanness according to the Ethics of Art, and nothing can afterwards lift the character into the same hold on us.

Writing to John Blackwood, George Eliot denied Lytton's charge: