

SFLEP-MACMILLAN CLASSICS READERS

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(英语课程标准八级之八)

The Mill on the Floss

弗洛斯河上的磨坊

GEORGE ELIOT

原著 乔治·艾略特

塔利弗一家在圣奥格镇上快乐地生活了许多年。妹妹玛吉爱戴哥哥汤姆。但是悲剧就此发生，兄妹二人大吵一场，从此不再往来。后来一场灾难才使两人重归于好……



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Retold by E. F. Dodd

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注释 刘思远



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出版说明

为了促进我国中学生的英语学习,培养他们的文化素养和文学修养,上海外语教育出版社经过长时间的酝酿和市场调研,决定将英国麦克米伦出版公司的一套文学名著简写本引荐给我国的中学生。

麦克米伦出版公司是从20世纪初开始陆续出版这套文学名著简写本的。为了满足世界各地英语为非母语国家、也包括英语国家不同程度中学生的阅读需要,他们请专家对一些大家耳熟能详的世界文学名著进行了改写,在保留原著的故事情节和原著者的创作风格的同时,适当地降低了语言的难度,至今已经推出了200多本。若干年过去了,这些书仍然受到世界各地读者的欢迎。

外教社从麦克米伦出版公司的这套文学名著简写本中精心挑选了40本,汇成一套“轻松读经典丛书”,难易程度跨越“英语课程标准”的3级—8级。这套丛书选编了英、美、法等国文学大师的经典之作,包括莎士比亚、狄更斯、马克·吐温、哈代、大仲马等著名作家的作品。为了让中学生在阅读过程中更好地把握原书的精髓和作家的创作历程,外教社还特地对读物中的语言难点做了注释;并加入了一篇关于作家、作品的背景介绍。

我们衷心希望“轻松读经典丛书”能够有助于提高我国中学生的文学欣赏水平,陶冶他们的道德情操,增强他们的英语阅读能力,成为开启中学生英语文学名著阅读之门的金钥匙。

外教社编辑部

2002年11月

简 介

《弗洛斯河上的磨坊》出版于1860年,在那时除了简·奥斯丁和勃朗特姐妹,女性作家仍然受到歧视。玛丽安·伊万斯用笔名乔治·艾略特完成了这本书以及她的其他小说。《弗洛斯河上的磨坊》尽管比不上她的第一本小说《亚当·比德》,但这本小说更生动地反映了玛丽安早年的生活,人物描写也更加细腻。

乔治·艾略特原名玛丽安·伊万斯,1819年出生于英国华里克郡的一座庄园,父亲在政治方面很保守,精于计算,为人正直,在艾略特的作品《亚当·比德》中能看到她父亲的影子。从小熟悉的乡间生活为艾略特的著名小说《弗洛斯河上的磨坊》以及《教区生活场景》等小说提供了极好的素材。玛丽安的少年时代是在女子寄宿学校度过的,母亲去世后她担当起了料理家务的重任,养成了独立而克制的性格。她对读书很感兴趣,尤其着迷于教会辩论的小册子,她有着非凡的语言天赋,会德文、法文、意大利文、拉丁文和希腊文。二十一岁时玛丽安随父亲搬迁至考文垂市,结识了当时的一些无神论者,并在他们的影响下抛弃了宗教信仰和家族传统的保守立场。在那时她翻译了《耶稣传》。1856年玛丽安第一次用“乔治·艾略特”的笔名发表作品。艾略特前期的作品主要描写还没有受到工业革命影响的英国城镇和农村的生活。

《弗洛斯河上的磨坊》讲述的是玛吉和汤姆兄妹

两人的故事。弗洛斯河旁圣奥格镇上磨坊主塔利弗因欠债而发生诉讼纠纷，败诉破产后其子女汤姆和玛吉的生活发生了重大的变化。汤姆不得不放弃受良好教育的机会，出去为一家人的生计而拼命工作，而玛吉也一改以往任性的性格，操持起家务。经过几年的努力，聪明而勤奋的汤姆终于攒够了钱还清债务并买回了磨坊，但过于激动的父亲就此去世。破产后由于迁怒于对方律师威克姆，虽然玛吉对威克姆的儿子菲利普颇有好感，但汤姆不许妹妹和他接近，并迫使她离开磨坊。独自生活的玛吉不幸又与表妹的未婚夫相爱，在两人单独划船出游时被潮水带走而在外漂流过夜，汤姆得知后一气之下将妹妹赶出了家门。正当玛吉独自悔恨时，那夜洪水泛滥，磨坊被淹，玛吉一人驾船到磨坊营救汤姆，两人在危难之中和解。凶猛的洪水最终还是将兄妹俩吞没，但这对兄妹深深的手足之情不能不让人感动。

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BOOK I

BOY AND GIRL

CHAPTER 1

The Tullivers of Dorlcote Mill

ONE cold bright February afternoon, many years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver, the miller and his wife, sat by the bright fire in the parlour¹ of their home, Dorlcote Mill. The mill stood on the Ripple, a small tributary² of the River Floss, and the nearest town was the old red-roofed town of St. Ogg's. Dorlcote Mill had been the home of the Tulliver family for many years, and at the moment when this story opens, Mr. Tulliver was speaking to his wife (a fair, plump³, nice-looking woman) on the subject of their thirteen-year-old son, Tom.

‘What I want, you know,’ said Mr. Tulliver, ‘what I want is to give Tom a really good education.’

1 parlour: 客厅,起居室 2 tributary: 支流 3 plump: 丰满的

That was what I was thinking of when I gave notice for him to leave the academy. I mean to send him to a really good school at Midsummer. I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholar, so that he'll be up to the tricks of these fellows who talk fine words and write with a flourish. It would be a help to me with these law-suits, and arbitrations¹, and things. '

'Well, Mr. Tulliver, you know best. I've no objections,' said his wife. 'However, if Tom's to go to a new school, I should like him to go where I can wash and mend for him. And then, when the laundry box is going backwards and forwards, I could send the lad a cake, or a porkpie, or an apple or two. For he can do with an extra bit, bless him, whether they feed him well or not. '

'Well, well, we won't send him out of reach of the carrier's cart², if other things fit in,' said Mr. Tulliver. 'But you mustn't insist about the washing, if we can't get a school near enough. I know what I'll do—I'll talk it over with Riley, the auctioneer³. He's coming tomorrow, to arbitrate about the dam. Riley's as likely a man as any to know of some school. He's had schooling himself, and goes about to all sorts of places. I want Tom to be the same sort of man as Riley, you know—to talk as well as if it was all written out for him; and to have a good solid knowledge of business, too. '

'Well, I only hope Tom will never have to go

1 law-suits, and arbitrations: 诉讼和仲裁 2 carrier's cart: 公共马车 3 auctioneer: 拍卖商



and live at Mudport, like Riley,' said Mrs. Tulliver.

'No, no,' said Mr. Tulliver, 'I've no thoughts of his going to Mudport: I mean him to set up his office at St. Ogg's, close to us, and live at home. But,' continued Mr. Tulliver after a pause, 'I'm a bit afraid that Tom hasn't got the right sort of brains for a smart fellow. He's a bit slowish. It seems a pity. Our little lass¹ is twice as clever as he is. Too clever for a woman, I'm afraid,' continued Mr. Tulliver, shaking his head doubtfully.

'You talk of cleverness, Mr. Tulliver,' said his wife, 'but I'm sure the girl's half an idiot in some things. If I send her upstairs to fetch anything, she forgets what she's gone for, and will sometimes sit down on the floor in the sunshine and plait² her hair and sing to herself like a mad creature, all the while I'm waiting for her downstairs. And that brown skin and black hair of hers! I sometimes think it seems hard that I should have only one girl, and her so plain.'

'Nonsense!' said Mr. Tulliver. 'She's a fine, black-eyed lass. And she can read almost as well as the parson³.'

'But her hair won't curl, no matter what I do with it.'

'Cut it off—cut it off short,' said her husband.

'How can you talk so, Mr. Tulliver? She's too big a girl to have her hair cut short. Why, she's nine,

1 lass: 小姑娘 2 plait: 把…编成辫 3 parson: 牧师

and tall for her age. And there's her cousin Lucy with a row of curls round her head. It seems hard that my sister Deane should have that pretty child. I'm sure Lucy looks more like me than my own child does. Maggie,' continued the mother, in a tone half-annoyed, half-affectionate, as this small mistake of nature entered the room, 'where's the use of my telling you to keep away from the water? You'll fall in and be drowned some day, and then you'll be sorry you didn't do as mother told you.'



'Come and do your patchwork, like a little lady'

Maggie's hair, as she threw off her bonnet¹, painfully confirmed her mother's accusation: it was absolutely straight, and Maggie was incessantly² toss-

1 bonnet: (有带子的)女帽 2 incessantly: 不停地



ing her head to keep the dark heavy hair out of her gleaming black eyes. The action made her look very much like a small, shaggy pony¹.

‘Now, go upstairs and brush your hair,’ said her mother, ‘and change your shoes. And then come and do your patchwork², like a little lady.’

‘Oh, mother,’ said Maggie in a cross voice. ‘I don’t want to do my patchwork.’

‘What! Not your pretty patchwork, to make a bedspread for your aunt Glegg?’

‘It’s foolish work,’ said Maggie, with a toss of her hair, ‘—tearing things to pieces to sew them together again. And I don’t want to do anything for my aunt Glegg—I don’t like her.’ She went out, dragging her bonnet by the string, while Mr. Tulliver laughed aloud.

‘I wish you wouldn’t laugh at her, Mr. Tulliver,’ said his wife crossly. ‘You encourage her to be naughty. And her aunts all say it’s I who spoil her.’

But Mr. Tulliver only laughed again, and began to plan what he would say the next day to Mr. Riley.

1 pony: 小型马 2 patchwork: (由各种颜色和形状的许多小块织物拼缝而成的)拼缝物

CHAPTER 2

Mr. Riley Gives His Advice

THE next morning, a gentleman in a large white cravat¹ and shirt-frill sat drinking a brandy-and-water with his friend Tulliver. This was Mr. Riley, a man with a fair complexion and fat hands, rather highly educated for an auctioneer and valuer, but large-hearted enough to show a great deal of friendliness towards simple country acquaintances of hospitable habits.

Both men were in a cheerful mood, for the argument over the dam near Dorlcote Mill had been settled in Mr. Tulliver's favour. The lawyer Wakem, who had acted for the opposite side, had been defeated for once, and Mr. Tulliver was delighted. He hated lawyers in general and Mr. Wakem in particular, and he was full of praise for Riley's handling of the case.

But the dam was a subject of conversation that would keep. There was another subject, as you

1 cravat: (旧式)领巾



know, on which Mr. Tulliver was in need of Mr. Riley's advice.

'There's a thing I've got in my head,' he said at last. 'It's a very particular thing, about my boy Tom.'

At the sound of this name, Maggie, who was seated on a low stool by the fire with a large book on her knee, shook her heavy hair back and looked up eagerly. There were not many sounds that roused Maggie when she was dreaming over her book, but Tom's name was one of them. In an instant she was on the watch, ready to protect Tom from any danger.

'You see, I want to send him to a new school at Midsummer,' said Mr. Tulliver. 'I want to send him to a really good school, where they'll make a scholar of him.'

'Well,' said Mr. Riley, 'there's no greater advantage you can give him than a good education.'

'That's right,' said Mr. Tulliver. 'I want to give Tom an education and put him into a business, so that he can make a nest for himself and not push me out of mine.'

These words were not to be borne by Maggie. She jumped up from her stool and, going up between her father's knees, said in an indignant¹ voice: 'Father, Tom wouldn't be naughty to you ever. I know he'd never push you out.'

Mr. Tulliver's heart was touched. He laughed with a certain tenderness and patted his little girl on

1 indignant: 愤怒的

the back, and then held her hands and kept her between his knees.

‘What! Nobody must say anything against Tom, eh?’ said Mr. Tulliver, looking at Maggie with a twinkling eye. Then, in a lower voice, he said to Mr. Riley, as though Maggie couldn’t hear, ‘She understands everything one’s talking about, she does indeed! And you should hear her read—just as if she knew it off by heart. Bless you! She can read books and understand them better than half the folks who are grown up.’ He turned again to his little daughter and went on, ‘Go now, go! Go and find your mother.’

Maggie moved away, but—not being inclined to find her mother—she went into a dark corner behind her father’s chair and began to play with her favourite doll, for which she had an occasional fit of fondness in Tom’s absence.

‘Ay, she’s a clever lass,’ said Mr. Tulliver, as Maggie retired. ‘It’s a pity she wasn’t the boy—she’d have been a match for the lawyers, she would.’

Mr. Riley laughed and said, ‘But your lad¹’s not stupid, is he? I saw him, when I was here last time, busy making fishing-tackle. He seemed very clever at it.’

‘Well, no—he isn’t stupid. He’s good at outdoor things, and he has plenty of sense. But he’s slow with his tongue, you see, and he doesn’t read very well—he can’t bear books. Now, what I want is to send him to a school where they’ll make a smart chap

1 lad: 小伙子, 少年



of him, so that he's a bit quicker with his tongue and his pen. '

'You're quite right' observed Mr. Riley. 'It's better to spend an extra hundred or two on your son's education than to leave it to him in your will. The fact is, I wouldn't recommend any friend of mine to send a boy to a regular school, if he could afford to do better. Now, I know a man who's willing to take one or two boys as pupils into his own home. They'd live with the family, and be under his eye continually. '

'Ah!' said Mr. Tulliver. 'And who is this man?'

'He's an Oxford man, the Reverend Stelling,' said Mr. Riley. 'A parson, and an M.A.¹. '

'And what money would he want?' said Mr. Tulliver, whose instinct told him that the services of this admirable M.A. would cost a high price.

'Oh, Stelling's not a greedy man. I've no doubt he'd take your boy at a hundred pounds a year. I'll write to him about it if you like. '

Mr. Tulliver rubbed his knees, and looked at the carpet thoughtfully. Maggie, who had been listening all the time, could keep quiet no longer.

'Father,' she cried, 'is it a long way where Tom is to go? Shan't we ever see him?'

'I don't know, my lass,' said the father, tenderly. 'Ask Mr. Riley; he knows. '

'About fifteen miles, that's all,' said Mr. Riley. 'You can drive there and back in a day quite

1 M.A.: 文科硕士