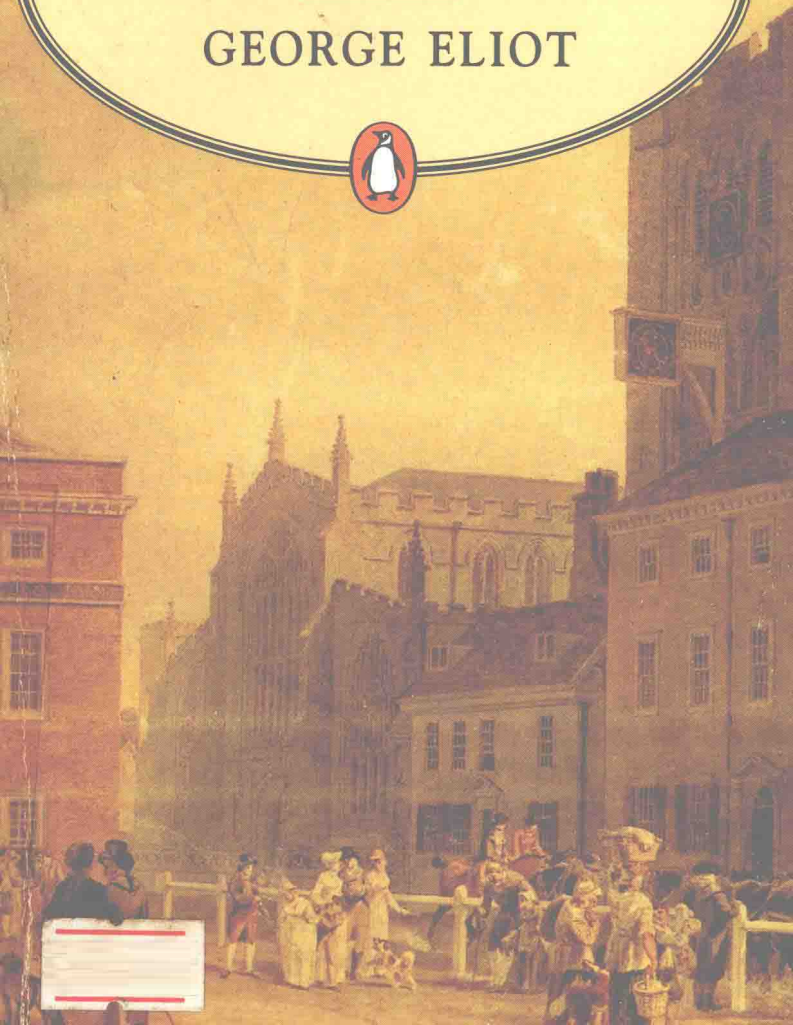


Penguin Popular Classics

MIDDLEMARCH

GEORGE ELIOT



PENGUIN POPULAR CLASSICS



Published or forthcoming

Aesop	Aesop's Fables
Hans Andersen	Fairy Tales
Louisa May Alcott	Good Wives
	Little Women
Eleanor Atkinson	Greyfriars Bobby
Jane Austen	Emma
	Mansfield Park
	Northanger Abbey
	Persuasion
	Pride and Prejudice
	Sense and Sensibility
R. M. Ballantyne	The Coral Island
J. M. Barrie	Peter Pan
R. D. Blackmore	Lorna Doone
Anne Brontë	Agnes Grey
	The Tenant of Wildfell Hall
Charlotte Brontë	Jane Eyre
	The Professor
	Shirley
	Villette
Emily Brontë	Wuthering Heights
John Buchan	The Thirty-Nine Steps
Frances Hodgson Burnett	A Little Princess
	The Secret Garden
Samuel Butler	The Way of All Flesh
Lewis Carroll	Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
	Through the Looking Glass
Geoffrey Chaucer	The Canterbury Tales
G. K. Chesterton	Father Brown Stories
Erskine Childers	The Riddle of the Sands
John Cleland	Fanny Hill
Wilkie Collins	The Moonstone
	The Woman in White
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
	The Hound of the Baskervilles
	A Study in Scarlet

PENGUIN POPULAR CLASSICS



Published or forthcoming

Joseph Conrad

Heart of Darkness

Lord Jim

Nostromo

The Secret Agent

Victory

James Fenimore Cooper

The Last of the Mohicans

Stephen Crane

The Red Badge of Courage

Daniel Defoe

Moll Flanders

Robinson Crusoe

Charles Dickens

Bleak House

The Christmas Books

David Copperfield

Great Expectations

Hard Times

Little Dorrit

Martin Chuzzlewit

Nicholas Nickleby

The Old Curiosity Shop

Oliver Twist

The Pickwick Papers

A Tale of Two Cities

Charles Darwin

The Origin of Species

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Crime and Punishment

George Eliot

Adam Bede

Middlemarch

The Mill on the Floss

Silas Marner

John Meade Falkner

Moonfleet

F. Scott Fitzgerald

The Diamond as Big as the Ritz

The Great Gatsby

Gustave Flaubert

Madame Bovary

Elizabeth Gaskell

Cousin Phillis

Cranford

Mary Barton

North and South

PENGUIN POPULAR CLASSICS



Published or forthcoming

Kenneth Grahame	The Wind in the Willows
George Grossmith	The Diary of a Nobody
Brothers Grimm	Grimm's Fairy Tales
H. Rider Haggard	Allan Quatermain
	King Solomon's Mines
	She
Thomas Hardy	Far from the Madding Crowd
	Jude the Obscure
	The Mayor of Casterbridge
	A Pair of Blue Eyes
	The Return of the Native
	Tess of the D'Urbervilles
	Under the Greenwood Tree
	The Woodlanders
Nathaniel Hawthorne	The Scarlet Letter
Anthony Hope	The Prisoner of Zenda
Thomas Hughes	Tom Brown's Schooldays
Victor Hugo	The Hunchback of Notre-Dame
Washington Irving	Rip Van Winkle
Henry James	The Ambassadors
	The American
	The Aspern Papers
	Daisy Miller
	The Europeans
	The Turn of the Screw
	Washington Square
M. R. James	Ghost Stories
Jerome K. Jerome	Three Men in a Boat
	Three Men on the Bummel
James Joyce	Dubliners
	A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man
Charles Kingsley	The Water Babies
Rudyard Kipling	Captains Courageous
	The Jungle Books
	Just So Stories
	Kim
	Plain Tales from the Hills
	Puck of Pook's Hill

PENGUIN POPULAR CLASSICS



Published or forthcoming

Charles and Mary Lamb
D. H. Lawrence

Tales from Shakespeare

The Rainbow

Sons and Lovers

Women in Love

Edward Lear

Book of Nonsense

Gaston Leroux

The Phantom of the Opera

Jack London

White Fang *and* The Call of the
Wild

Captain Marryat

The Children of the New Forest

Herman Melville

Moby Dick

John Milton

Paradise Lost

Edith Nesbit

Five Children and It

The Railway Children

Francis Turner Palgrave

The Golden Treasury

Edgar Allan Poe

Selected Tales

Sir Walter Scott

Ivanhoe

Rob Roy

Waverley

Saki

The Best of Saki

Anna Sewell

Black Beauty

William Shakespeare

Antony and Cleopatra

As You Like It

Hamlet

Henry V

Julius Caesar

King Lear

Macbeth

The Merchant of Venice

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Othello

Romeo and Juliet

The Tempest

Twelfth Night

PENGUIN POPULAR CLASSICS



Published or forthcoming

Mary Shelley
Johanna Spyri
Robert Louis Stevenson

Frankenstein
Heidi
The Black Arrow
A Child's Garden of Verses
Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde
Kidnapped
Treasure Island

Bram Stoker
Jonathan Swift
W. M. Thackeray
Anthony Trollope

Dracula
Gulliver's Travels
Vanity Fair
Barchester Towers
Doctor Thorne
Framley Parsonage
The Small House at Allington
The Warden

Mark Twain

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
The Prince and the Pauper

Jules Verne

Around the World in Eighty Days
Journey to the Centre of the Earth
Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea

Edith Wharton

The Age of Innocence
Ethan Frome

Oscar Wilde

De Profundis
The Happy Prince and Other Stories
The Importance of Being Earnest
Lord Arthur Savile's Crime
The Picture of Dorian Gray
A Woman of No Importance

Virginia Woolf

Mrs Dalloway
To the Lighthouse

J. D. Wyss

The Swiss Family Robinson

MIDDLEMARCH

BY GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT (1819–80). One of the most influential of all English novelists, she is admired as much for her acute powers of observation and in-depth characterization as for her novels.

George Eliot, the pen name of Mary Ann (Marian) Evans, was born in 1819 near Nuneaton in Warwickshire, the youngest surviving daughter of Robert Evans, a respected land agent. During her childhood she was particularly close to her elder brother Isaac, and their relationship is echoed in that of Maggie Tulliver and her beloved brother Tom in *The Mill on the Floss*. Much of her childhood was spent cut off from cultural activity but she became heavily influenced by a pious and evangelical preacher, Rev. John Edmund Jones, from an early age. It was not until later, when she met the progressive intellectuals Charles and Caroline Bray, that she questioned her orthodox beliefs, a development which upset and distanced her father for a time. After the death of her mother in 1836 Marian became her father's housekeeper but still found time to continue her education, reading widely and learning German and Italian. Her friendship with the Brays, after moving to Coventry in 1841, resulted in her being offered a commission to translate Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, the only publication to bear her real name. This in turn led to her meeting the publisher John Chapman who, when he purchased the *Westminster Review* in 1851, made her his managing editor. After her father's death in 1849 she moved to London, lodging for a while at Chapman's house. Here she met many of London's intelligentsia, among them the philosopher Herbert Spencer and the versatile man of letters G. H. Lewes. She developed strong feelings for Spencer, whom she might have married save for the fact that he found her too 'morbidly intellectual'. Growing closer to G. H. Lewes, she made the difficult decision to set up home with him in 1854 (marriage being out of the question as he already had an estranged wife). It proved to be a strong and loving

union which lasted until Lewes's death in 1878. A strong influence on Marian, he persuaded her to abandon philosophy in favour of fiction, resulting in her first stories in 1858. Collected as *Scenes of Clerical Life*, they were published under her adopted pen name of George Eliot, a pseudonym which caused great speculation at the time. She was immediately recognized as a writer of some significant talent and followed this success with *Adam Bede* (1859), *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), *Silas Marner* (1861), *Romola* (1863), in which she strays from her usual Midlands setting, *Felix Holt: The Radical* (1867), *Middlemarch* (1872) and *Daniel Deronda* (1876). She was also the author of a great many essays, reviews and articles. Seven months before her death in 1880 she married John W. Dross, an old friend and admirer, who was to become her first biographer. She is buried in Highgate cemetery next to Lewes. George Eliot has been highly praised by Virginia Woolf and also by F. R. Leavis, who thought her 'not as transcendently great as Tolstoy, but [she is] great, and great in the same way'.

Middlemarch was first published in eight parts from December 1871 to December 1872. Generally considered her masterpiece, Virginia Woolf declared it '... one of the few English novels written for grown-up people'.

Readers may also find the following books of interest: Gillian Beer, *Darwin's Plots: Evolutionary Narrative in Darwin, George Eliot and Nineteenth-Century Fiction* (1893), and *George Eliot* (1986); David Carroll, *George Eliot: The Critical Heritage* (1971); Gordon Haight, *A Century of George Eliot Criticism* (1965), and *George Eliot: A Biography* (1968); Barbara Hardy, *Particularities: Readings in George Eliot* (1983), and *The Novels of George Eliot* (1959); Barbara Hardy (ed.), *Critical Essays on George Eliot* (1970); W. J. Harvey, *The Art of George Eliot* (1961); F. R. Leavis, *The Great Tradition* (1948); and Jane Purkiss, *A Preface to George Eliot* (1985).

PENGUIN POPULAR CLASSICS

MIDDLEMARCH

GEORGE ELIOT



PENGUIN BOOKS

PENGUIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group

Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England

Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA

Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia

Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2

Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1872

Published in Penguin Popular Classics 1994

5 7 9 10 8 6

Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser

Contents

BOOK ONE	<i>page</i>
Miss Brooke	9
BOOK TWO	
Old and Young	119
BOOK THREE	
Waiting for Death	220
BOOK FOUR	
Three Love Problems	310
BOOK FIVE	
The Dead Hand	412
BOOK SIX	
The Widow and the Wife	510
BOOK SEVEN	
Two Temptations	608
BOOK EIGHT	
Sunset and Sunrise	697

PRELUDE

WHO that cares much to know the history of man, and how the mysterious mixture behaves under the varying experiments of Time, has not dwelt, at least briefly, on the life of Saint Theresa, has not smiled with some gentleness at the thought of the little girl walking forth one morning hand-in-hand with her still smaller brother, to go and seek martyrdom in the country of the Moors? Out they toddled from rugged Avila, wide-eyed and helpless-looking as two fawns, but with human hearts, already beating to a national idea; until domestic reality met them in the shape of uncles, and turned them back from their great resolve. That child-pilgrimage was a fit beginning. Theresa's passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life: what were many-volumed romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel; and, fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self. She found her epos in the reform of a religious order.

That Spanish woman who lived three hundred years ago was certainly not the last of her kind. Many Theresas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstance they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Theresas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul. Their ardour alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood; so that the one was disapproved as extravagance, and the other condemned as a lapse.

Some have felt that these blundering lives are due to the inconvenient indefiniteness with which the Supreme Power has fashioned the natures of women: if there were one level of feminine incompetence as strict as the ability to count three and no more, the social lot of

MIDDLEMARCH

women might be treated with scientific certitude. Meanwhile the indefiniteness remains, and the limits of variation are really much wider than any one would imagine from the sameness of women's coiffure and the favourite love-stories in prose and verse. Here and there a cygnet is reared uneasily among the ducklings in the brown pond, and never finds the living stream in fellowship with its own oary-footed kind. Here and there is born a Saint Theresa, foundress of nothing, whose loving heart-beats and sobs after an unattained goodness tremble off and are dispersed among hindrances, instead of centering in some long-recognisable deed.

BOOK ONE

MISS BROOKE

Chapter 1

"Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it."

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY: *Beaumont and Fletcher*

MISS BROOKE had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible,—or from one of our elder poets,—in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper. She was usually spoken of as being remarkably clever, but with the addition that her sister Celia had more common-sense. Nevertheless, Celia wore scarcely more trimmings; and it was only to close observers that her dress differed from her sister's, and had a shade of coquetry in its arrangements; for Miss Brooke's plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared. The pride of being ladies had something to do with it: the Brooke connections, though not exactly aristocratic, were unquestionably "good": if you inquired backward for a generation or two, you would not find any yard-measuring or parcel-tying forefathers—anything lower than an admiral or a clergyman; and there was even an ancestor discernible as a Puritan gentleman who served under Cromwell, but afterwards conformed, and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate. Young women of such birth, living in a quiet country-house, and attending a village church hardly larger than a parlour, naturally regarded frippery as the ambition of a huckster's daughter. Then there was well-bred economy, which in those days made show in dress the first item to be deducted from, when

MIDDLEMARCH

any margin was required for expenses more distinctive of rank. Such reasons would have been enough to account for plain dress, quite apart from religious feeling; but in Miss Brooke's case, religion alone would have determined it; and Celia mildly acquiesced in all her sister's sentiments, only infusing them with that common-sense which is able to accept momentous doctrines without any eccentric agitation. Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's *Pensées* and of Jeremy Taylor by heart; and to her the destinies of mankind, seen by the light of Christianity, made the solitudes of feminine fashion appear an occupation for Bedlam. She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life involving eternal consequences, with a keen interest in guimp and artificial protrusions of drapery. Her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there; she was enamoured of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractions, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it. Certainly such elements in the character of a marriageable girl tended to interfere with her lot, and hinder it from being decided according to custom, by good looks, vanity, and merely canine affection. With all this, she, the elder of the sisters, was not yet twenty, and they had both been educated, since they were about twelve years old and had lost their parents, on plans at once narrow and promiscuous, first in an English family and afterwards in a Swiss family at Lausanne, their bachelor uncle and guardian trying in this way to remedy the disadvantages of their orphaned condition.

It was hardly a year since they had come to live at Tipton Grange with their uncle, a man nearly sixty, of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions, and uncertain vote. He had travelled in his younger years, and was held in this part of the country to have contracted a too rambling habit of mind. Mr. Brooke's conclusions were as difficult to predict as the weather: it was only safe to say that he would act with benevolent intentions, and that he would spend as little money as possible in carrying them out. For the most glutinously indefinite minds enclose some hard grains of habit; and a man has been seen lax about all his own interests except the retention of his snuff-box, concerning which he was watchful, suspicious, and greedy of clutch.

MISS BROOKE

In Mr. Brooke the hereditary strain of Puritan energy was clearly in abeyance; but in his niece Dorothea it glowed alike through faults and virtues, turning sometimes into impatience of her uncle's talk or his way of "letting things be" on his estate, and making her long all the more for the time when she would be of age and have some command of money for generous schemes. She was regarded as an heiress, for not only had the sisters seven hundred a-year each from their parents, but if Dorothea married and had a son, that son would inherit Mr. Brooke's estate, presumably worth about three thousand a-year—a rental which seemed wealth to provincial families, still discussing Mr. Peel's late conduct on the Catholic Question, innocent of future gold-fields, and of that gorgeous plutocracy which has so nobly exalted the necessities of genteel life.

And how should Dorothea not marry?—a girl so handsome and with such prospects? Nothing could hinder it but her love of extremes, and her insistence on regulating life according to notions which might cause a wary man to hesitate before he made her an offer, or even might lead her at last to refuse all offers. A young lady of some birth and fortune, who knelt suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick labourer and prayed fervidly as if she thought herself living in the time of the Apostles—who had strange whims of fasting like a Papist, and of sitting up at night to read old theological books! Such a wife might awaken you some fine morning with a new scheme for the application of her income which would interfere with political economy and the keeping of saddle-horses: a man would naturally think twice before he risked himself in such fellowship. Women were expected to have weak opinions; but the great safeguard of society and of domestic life was, that opinions were not acted on. Sane people did what their neighbours did, so that if any lunatics were at large, one might know and avoid them.

The rural opinion about the new young ladies, even among the cottagers, was generally in favour of Celia, as being so amiable and innocent-looking, while Miss Brooke's large eyes seemed, like her religion, too unusual and striking. Poor Dorothea! compared with her, the innocent-looking Celia was knowing and worldly-wise; so much subtler is a human mind than the outside tissues which make a sort of blazonry or clock-face for it.

Yet those who approached Dorothea, though prejudiced against her