

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# The Mill on the Floss

George Eliot

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## About the Book

Maggie and Tom Tulliver are both wilful, passionate children, and their relationship has always been tempestuous. As they grow up together on the banks of the River Floss, Tom's self-righteous stubbornness and Maggie's emotional intensity increasingly brings them into conflict, particularly when Maggie's beauty sparks some ill-fated attachments. George Eliot's story of a brother and sister bound together by their errors and affections is told with all her profound understanding of human nature.

## About the Author

Mary Anne Evans was born near Nuneaton on 22 November 1819. She adopted the pseudonym George Eliot when she began her writing career. In her youth she was heavily influenced by her evangelical teachers but she later broke with orthodox religion. After she moved to Coventry with her father in 1841, she undertook the task of translating D.F. Strauss's controversial book *The Life of Jesus, Critically Examined* (1846) for Charles Bray. After her father's death she moved to London in 1851 and began to work as an editor on the radical journal the *Westminster Review* from 1851 to 1854. In 1851 she also met the journalist George Henry Lewes and, despite Lewes's marriage, they became partners for the rest of his life. In 1854 Lewes and Eliot openly set up home together, a scandalous arrangement by the social standards of the day.

In 1857 Eliot published *Scenes from Clerical Life* in Blackwood's Magazine and in 1859 her novel *Adam Bede* was published to great acclaim and established her as a bestselling author. Her most famous novel *Middlemarch* was published serially in 1871. Lewes died in 1878 and, in 1880, Eliot married John Walter Cross, an American who was twenty years her junior. George Eliot died on 22 December 1880 and is buried in Highgate Cemetery next to Lewes.

OTHER NOVELS BY GEORGE ELIOT

*Adam Bede*  
*Middlemarch*  
*Silas Marner*  
*Romola*  
*Felix Holt, the Radical*  
*Daniel Deronda*

GEORGE ELIOT

# The Mill on the Floss

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
Marina Lewycka

VINTAGE BOOKS  
London



# INTRODUCTION

This introduction contains details of the novel's plot

I was Introduced early to *The Mill on the Floss* because as a child I lived in Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, which is said to have been the model for St Ogg's, where this novel is set. We were given selected excerpts to read at school, and told that we should be honoured and respectful that our small, nondescript town had been touched with the magic wand of Literature.

Perhaps that should have put me off for life, for as a twelve year old I struggled with George Eliot's prose, yet in spite of that I can remember being enthralled by the story of the brother and sister who clashed bitterly yet were finally reunited in death, drowned in the fearsome river that still surged around the outskirts of our town. I identified with Maggie, the stubborn dreamy heroine, her nose always stuck in a book, desperate for approval and love. Like me, Maggie couldn't do anything with her hair, and had 'problem' parents, her well-meaning suffocating mother and her kindly but obdurate father who brings the family to ruin. I say 'like me' for I didn't realise at the time that this was George Eliot's gift as a writer - to reveal the universal within the particular. I thoroughly sympathised with Maggie's attempt to run away from home - in fact I once tried something similar myself - and I was enchanted by Bob Jakins and his dog Mumps. But above all, it was George Eliot's quick precise sketches of the Lincolnshire countryside, the river, the willows, the 'delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and

branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs', 'the great chestnuts in blossom, and the grass all deep and daisies' that captivated me.

It wasn't until I revisited *The Mill on the Floss*, some ten years later, as a student, that I realised how much I had missed on that earlier edited reading. As school-children, George Eliot's 'philosophy' had been considered too difficult for us, and we had been given only the story to read. Now I saw that, alongside the story, the novel was brimming with ideas, with wisdom, with dry humour and pearls of insight. It was the 1970s, the birth of the women's movement, and one thing that struck me at that time was how much George Eliot had anticipated and articulated the struggles of women to be treated as the equals of men. When Maggie's father chooses to send her dull brother to school in preference to bright bookish Maggie, he says, '. . . an over-'cute woman's no better nor a long-tailed sheep - she'll fetch non the bigger price for that.' And towards the end of the book the lawyer Wakem uses another 'livestock' metaphor: 'We don't ask what a woman does but to whom she belongs.' Just as shocking to the feminist reader is the casual acceptance by both Tom and Maggie of their unequal situation. 'I've got a great deal more money than you because I'm a boy,' says Tom.

If my feminist sympathies saw Maggie as a model of a modern woman trapped in an outdated and stultified social order, my post-1968 radical sensibility warmed to George Eliot's critique of the narrow-mindedness of provincial bourgeois society, where religious allegiance 'appeared to run in families, like asthma' and where 'the worst that could happen (is) not death but disgrace.' The scene in which Mrs Tulliver, humiliated by her husband's bankruptcy, must face the ignominy of her more fortunate sisters poring through her linen and silverware and deciding which to buy at auction is a vivid metaphor of the way our possessions come to define us. The Dodson ladies are concerned less by

their sister's suffering than by the shame of seeing property marked with the family initials sold into the hands of strangers. Yet George Eliot's gentle mockery of the complacent St Ogg's society seemed fresh and relevant in the seventies not because she predicted the great social upheavals that would follow, but because her observation of enduring human foibles is so acute.

Now many years later, re-reading *The Mill on the Floss* a third time, this time from the perspective of an author, I am awed by the feat that George Eliot has pulled off. This is a remarkable work, which can be enjoyed on many different levels, and remains as powerful today as when it was written.

*The Mill on the Floss* was George Eliot's second novel, and it was a huge bestseller when it was published in 1861. Was this despite or because of the way George Eliot draws together the individual human narrative with the wider social and national picture, I wonder. The book is heavy with philosophical digressions which few modern authors would get away with. Yet George Eliot does, partly because the moral lessons are utterly rooted in the nature and behaviour of her characters, and partly because of the wit and passion with which she writes. The domestic detail, household clutter, hair and clothing fashions, figures of speech, that she describes with such amused relish are always more than just a catalogue of objects and styles, which would be meaningless to a reader a century and a half later. Through the prism of George Eliot's passionate commitment to the moral purpose of literature, they become the colours in a rich and subtle palette with which she paints for us a portrait of ourselves.

The opening chapter leads us straight into the perspective of a first-person narrator, a narrator who nowhere appears in the story except as an authorial voice which regularly interrupts the narrative to direct and guide the reader

through the moral lessons she has prepared for us. At various points in the book another voice interrupts, the voice of 'St Ogg's' or 'good society' or, as she cuttingly describes it, 'the world's wife', for George Eliot observes that it is usually women who are the social and moral arbiters, inclined to pass judgement on their fellows. These two voices provide a contrasting commentary on the central story of Tom and Maggie, yet so compelling is the narrative that the moment George Eliot enters into the thoughts of a character or the description of a scene we are there with her, as though we had never digressed.

In Book 4, Chapter 3 ([see here](#)), George Eliot addresses this writerly dilemma directly, in a long passage describing the 'tone of emphasis' the author is apt to slip into in writing 'the history of unfashionable families'. This 'tone of emphasis . . . is very far from being the tone of good society . . . no subjects being eligible but such as can be touched on with a light and graceful irony.' Her passionate polemic on the author's right to tackle 'unfashionable' subjects is one which I carry in my heart every time I sit down and face a blank page.

But good society, floated on gossamer wings of light irony, is of very expensive production, requiring nothing less than a wide and arduous national life condensed in unfragrant deafening factories, cramping itself in mines, sweating at furnaces, grinding, hammering, weaving under more or less oppression of carbonic acid - or else, spread over sheepwalks and scattered in lonely houses and huts on the clayey or chalky corn-lands where the rain looks dreary. This wide national life is based entirely on emphasis - the emphasis of want . . . it spends its heavy years often in a chill, uncarpeted fashion amidst family discords unsoftened by long corridors.

George Eliot does not shy away from 'emphasis', but she is also a mistress of light irony. It is George Eliot's ability to move fluidly between the 'wide national life' and the 'family discords' that makes her such a skilled and delightful

chronicler both of the large picture and of the minutiae of the human soul.

Marina Lewycka, 2009

BOOK FIRST

BOY AND GIRL

*Outside Dorlcote Mill*

A WIDE PLAIN, where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships – laden with the fresh-scented fir-planks, with rounded sacks of oil-bearing seed, or with the dark glitter of coal – are borne along to the town of St. Ogg's, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves between the low wooded hill and the river brink, tinging the water with a soft purple hue under the transient glance of this February sun. Far away on each hand stretch the rich pastures, and the patches of dark earth, made ready for the seed of broad-leaved green crops, or touched already with the tint of the tender-bladed autumn-sown corn. There is a remnant still of the last year's golden clusters of beehive ricks rising at intervals beyond the hedgerows; and everywhere the hedgerows are studded with trees: the distant ships seem to be lifting their masts and stretching their red-brown sails close among the branches of the spreading ash. Just by the red-roofed town the tributary Ripple flows with a lively current into the Floss. How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to its low placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge.

And this is Dorlcote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at – perhaps the chill damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast. The stream is brimful now, and lies high in this little withy plantation, and half drowns the grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright-green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water, and the booming of the mill, bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered waggon coming home with sacks of grain. That honest waggoner is thinking of his dinner, getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses, – the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their blinkers, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner, as if they needed that hint! See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope towards the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home. Look at their grand shaggy feet that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks bowed under the heavy collar, at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hardly-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond.



Now they are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered waggon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too; she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver bonnet is so rapt in its movement. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her: the red light shines out under the deepening grey of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge. . . .

Ah, my arms are really benumbed. I have been pressing my elbows on the arms of my chair, and dreaming that I was standing on the bridge in front of Dorlcote Mill, as it looked one February afternoon many years ago. Before I dozed off, I was going to tell you what Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver were talking about, as they sat by the bright fire in the left-hand parlour on that very afternoon I have been dreaming of.

*Mr. Tulliver, of Dorlcote Mill, Declares his  
Resolution about Tom*

‘WHAT I WANT, you know,’ said Mr. Tulliver – ‘what I want is to give Tom a good eddication; an eddication as’ll be a bread to him. That was what I was thinking of when I gave notice for him to leave th’ academy at Ladyday. I mean to put him to a downright good school at Midsummer. The two years at th’ academy ’ud ha’ done well enough, if I’d meant to make a miller and farmer of him; for he’s had a fine sight more schoolin’ nor I ever got: all the learnin’ *my* father ever paid for was a bit o’ birch at one end and the alphabet at th’ other. But I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholard, so as he might be up to the tricks o’ these fellows as talk fine and write with a flourish. It ’ud be a help to me wi’ these lawsuits, and arbitrations, and things. I wouldn’t make a downright lawyer o’ the lad – I should be sorry for him to be a raskill – but a sort o’ engineer, or a surveyor, or an auctioneer and vallyer, like Riley, or one o’ them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay, only for a big watch-chain and a high stool. They’re pretty nigh all one, and they’re not far off being even wi’ the law, / believe; for Riley looks Lawyer Wakem i’ the face as hard as one cat looks another. *He’s* none frightened at him.’

Mr. Tulliver was speaking to his wife, a blond comely woman, in a fan-shaped cap (I am afraid to think how long it is since fan-shaped caps were worn – they must be so near

coming in again. At that time, when Mrs. Tulliver was nearly forty, they were new at St. Ogg's, and considered sweet things.)

'Well, Mr. Tulliver, you know best; I've no objections. But hadn't I better kill a couple o' fowl and have th' aunts and uncles to dinner next week, z what sister Glegg and sister Pullet have got to say about it? There's a couple o' fowl *wants* killing!'

'You may kill every fowl i' the yard, if you like, Bessy; but I shall ask neither aunt nor uncle what I'm to do wi' my own lad,' said Mr. Tulliver, defiantly.

'Dear heart!' said Mrs. Tulliver, shocked at this sanguinary rhetoric, 'how can you talk so, Mr. Tulliver? But it's your way to speak disrespectful o' my family; and sister Glegg throws all the blame upo' me, though I'm sure I'm as innocent as the babe unborn. For nobody's ever heard *me* say as it wasn't lucky for my children to have aunts and uncles as can live independent. Howiver, if Tom's to go to a new school, I should like him to go where I can wash him and mend him; else he might as well have calico as linen, for they'd be one as yallow as th' other before they'd been washed half-a-dozen times. And then, when the box is goin' backards and forrards, I could send the lad a cake, or a pork-pie, or an apple; for he can do with an extry bit, bless him, whether they stint him at his meals or no. My children can eat as much victuals as most, thank God.'

'Well, well, we won't send him out o' reach o' the carrier's cart, if other things fit in,' said Mr. Tulliver. 'But you mustn't put a spoke i' the wheel about the washin', if we can't get a school near enough. That's the fault I have to find wi' you, Bessy: if you see a stick in the road, you're allays thinkin' you can't step over it. You'd want me not to hire a good waggoner, 'cause he'd got a mole on his face.'

'Dear heart!' said Mrs. Tulliver, in mild surprise, 'when did I ever make objections to a man because he'd got a mole on his face? I'm sure I'm rether fond o' the moles; for my

brother, as is dead an' gone, had a mole on his brow. But I can't remember your iver offering to hire a waggoner with a mole, Mr. Tulliver. There was John Gibbs hadn't a mole on his face no more nor you have, an' I was all for having you hire *him*; an' so you did hire him, an' if he hadn't died o' the inflammation, as we paid Dr. Turnbull for attending him, he'd very like ha' been driving the waggon now. He might have a mole somewhere out o' sight, but how was I to know that, Mr. Tulliver?'

'No, no, Bessy; I didn't mean justly the mole; I meant it to stand for summat else; but niver mind – it's puzzling work, talking is. What I'm thinking on, is how to find the right sort o' school to send Tom to, for I might be ta'en in again, as I've been wi' the academy. I'll have nothing to do wi' a 'cademy again; whatever school I send Tom to, it shan't be a 'cademy; it shall be a place where the lads spend their time i' summat else besides blacking the family's shoes, and getting up the potatoes. It's an uncommon puzzling thing to know what school to pick.'

Mr. Tulliver paused a minute or two, and dived with both hands into his breeches pockets as if he hoped to find some suggestion there. Apparently he was not disappointed, for he presently said, 'I know what I'll do – I'll talk it over wi' Riley: he's coming to-morrow, t'arbitrate about the dam.'

'Well, Mr. Tulliver, I've put the sheets out for the best bed, and Kezia's got 'em hanging at the fire. They aren't the best sheets, but they're good enough for anybody to sleep in, be he who he will; for as for them best Holland sheets, I should repent buying 'em, only they'll do to lay us out in. An' if you was to die to-morrow, Mr. Tulliver, they're mangled beautiful, an' all ready, an' smell o' lavender as it 'ud be a pleasure to lay 'em out; an' they lie at the left-hand corner o' the big oak linen-chest, at the back; not as I should trust anybody to look 'em out but myself.'

As Mrs. Tulliver uttered the last sentence, she drew a bright bunch of keys from her pocket, and singled out one,

rubbing her thumb and finger up and down it with a placid smile while she looked at the clear fire. If Mr. Tulliver had been a susceptible man in his conjugal relation, he might have supposed that she drew out the key to aid her imagination in anticipating the moment when he would be in a state to justify the production of the best Holland sheets. Happily he was not so; he was only susceptible in respect of his right to water-power; moreover, he had the marital habit of not listening very closely, and, since his mention of Mr. Riley, had been apparently occupied in a tactile examination of his woollen stockings.

‘I think I’ve hit it, Bessy,’ was his first remark after a short silence. ‘Riley’s as likely a man as any to know o’ some school; he’s had schooling himself, an’ goes about to all sorts o’ places – arbitratin’ and vallyin’ and that. And we shall have time to talk it over to-morrow night when the business is done. I want Tom to be such a sort o’ man as Riley, you know – as can talk pretty nigh as well as if it was all wrote out for him, and knows a good lot o’ words as don’t mean much, so as you can’t lay hold of ‘em i’ law; and a good solid knowledge o’ business too.’

‘Well,’ said Mrs. Tulliver, ‘so far as talking proper, and knowing everything, and walking with a bend in his back, and setting his hair up, I shouldn’t mind the lad being brought up to that. But them fine-talking men from the big towns mostly wear false shirt-fronts; they wear a frill till it’s all a mess, and then hide it with a bib; I know Riley does. And then, if Tom’s to go and live at Mudport, like Riley, he’ll have a house with a kitchen hardly big enough to turn in, an’ niver get a fresh egg for his breakfast, an’ sleep up three pair o’ stairs – or four, for what I know – and be burnt to death before he can get down.’

‘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 by us, an’ live at home. But,’ continued Mr. Tulliver after a pause, ‘what I’m a bit afraid on is, as Tom hasn’t got the

right sort o' brains for a smart fellow. I doubt he's a bit slowish. He takes after your family, Bessy.'

'Yes, that he does,' said Mrs. Tulliver, accepting the last proposition entirely on its own merits; 'he's wonderful for liking a deal o' salt in his broth. That was my brother's way, and my father's before him.'

'It seems a bit of a pity, though,' said Mr. Tulliver, 'as the lad should take after the mother's side instead o' the little wench. That's the worst on't wi' the crossing o' breeds: you can never justly calkilate what'll come on't. The little un takes after my side, now: she's twice as 'cute as Tom. Too 'cute for a woman, I'm afraid,' continued Mr. Tulliver, turning his head dubiously first on one side and then on the other. 'It's no mischief much while she's a little un, but an over 'cute woman's no better nor a long-tailed sheep - she'll fetch none the bigger price for that.'

'Yes, it *is* a mischief while she's a little un, Mr. Tulliver, for it all runs to naughtiness. How to keep her in a clean pinafore two hours together passes my cunning. An' now you put me i' mind,' continued Mrs. Tulliver, rising and going to the window, 'I don't know where she is now, an' it's pretty nigh tea-time. Ah, I thought so - wanderin' up an' down by the water, like a wild thing: she'll tumble in some day.'

Mrs. Tulliver rapped the window sharply, beckoned, and shook her head, - a process which she repeated more than once before she returned to her chair.

'You talk o' 'cuteness, Mr. Tulliver,' she observed as she sat down, 'but I'm sure the child's half an idiot i' some things; for if I send her up-stairs to fetch anything, she forgets what she's gone for, an' perhaps 'ull sit down on the floor i' the sunshine an' plait her hair an' sing to herself like a Bedlam creatur', all the while I'm waiting for her down-stairs. That niver run i' my family, thank God, no more nor a brown skin as makes her look like a mulatter. I don't like to fly i' the face o' Providence, but it seems hard as I should have but one gell, an' her so comical.'

‘Pooh, nonsense!’ said Mr. Tulliver; ‘she’s a straight black-eyed wench as anybody need wish to see. I don’t know i’ what she’s behind other folks’s children; and she can read almost as well as the parson.’

‘But her hair won’t curl all I can do with it, and she’s so franzy about having it put i’ paper, and I’ve such work as never was to make her stand and have it pinched with th’ irons.’

‘Cut it off – cut it off short,’ said her father, rashly.

‘How can you talk so, Mr. Tulliver? She’s too big a gell, gone nine, and tall of her age, to have her hair cut short; an’ there’s her cousin Lucy’s got a row o’ curls round her head, an’ not a hair out o’ place. It seems hard as my sister Deane should have that pretty child; I’m sure Lucy takes more after me nor my own child does. Maggie, Maggie,’ continued the mother, in a tone of half-coaxing fretfulness, as this small mistake of nature entered the room, ‘where’s the use o’ my telling you to keep away from the water? You’ll tumble in and be drowned some day, an’ then you’ll be sorry you didn’t do as mother told you.’

Maggie’s hair, as she threw off her bonnet, painfully confirmed her mother’s accusation: Mrs. Tulliver, desiring her daughter to have a curled crop, ‘like other folks’s children’, had had it cut too short in front to be pushed behind the ears; and as it was usually straight an hour after it had been taken out of paper, Maggie was incessantly tossing her head to keep the dark heavy locks out of her gleaming black eyes – an action which gave her very much the air of a small Shetland pony.

‘Oh, dear, oh, dear, Maggie, what are you thinkin’ of, to throw your bonnet down there? Take it up-stairs, there’s a good gell, an’ let your hair be brushed, an’ put your other pinafore on, an’ change your shoes – do, for shame; an’ come an’ go on with your patchwork, like a little lady.’

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

‘What! not your pretty patchwork, to make a counterpane for your aunt Glegg?’

‘It’s foolish work,’ said Maggie, with a toss of her mane, – ‘tearing things to pieces to sew ’em together again. And I don’t want to do anything for my aunt Glegg – I don’t like her.’

Exit Maggie, dragging her bonnet by the string, while Mr. Tulliver laughs audibly.

‘I wonder at you, as you’ll laugh at her, Mr. Tulliver,’ said the mother, with feeble fretfulness in her tone. ‘You encourage her i’ naughtiness. An’ her aunts will have it as it’s me spoils her.’

Mrs. Tulliver was what is called a good-tempered person – never cried, when she was a baby, on any slighter ground than hunger and pins; and from the cradle upwards had been healthy, fair, plump, and dull-witted; in short, the flower of her family for beauty and amiability. But milk and mildness are not the best things for keeping, and when they turn only a little sour, they may disagree with young stomachs seriously. I have often wondered whether those early Madonnas of Raphael, with the blond faces and somewhat stupid expression, kept their placidity undisturbed when their strong-limbed, strong-willed boys got a little too old to do without clothing. I think they must have been given to feeble remonstrance, getting more and more peevish as it became more and more ineffectual.



## *Mr. Riley Gives his Advice Concerning a School for Tom*

THE GENTLEMAN IN the ample white cravat and shirt-frill, taking his brandy-and-water so pleasantly with his good friend Tulliver, is Mr. Riley, a gentleman with a waxen complexion and fat hands, rather highly educated for an auctioneer and appraiser, but large-hearted enough to show a great deal of *bonhomie* towards simple country acquaintances of hospitable habits. Mr. Riley spoke of such acquaintances kindly as 'people of the old school'.

The conversation had come to a pause. Mr. Tulliver, not without a particular reason, had abstained from a seventh recital of the cool retort by which Riley had shown himself too many for Dix, and how Wakem had had his comb cut for once in his life, now the business of the dam had been settled by arbitration, and how there never would have been any dispute at all about the height of water if everybody was what they should be, and Old Harry hadn't made the lawyers. Mr. Tulliver was on the whole a man of safe traditional opinions; but on one or two points he had trusted to his unassisted intellect, and had arrived at several questionable conclusions; among the rest, that rats, weevils, and lawyers were created by Old Harry. Unhappily he had no one to tell him that this was rampant Manichæism, else he might have seen his error. But to-day it was clear that the good principle was triumphant: this affair of the water-power

had been a tangled business somehow, for all it seemed – look at it one way – as plain as water's water; but, big a puzzle as it was, it hadn't got the better of Riley. Mr. Tulliver took his brandy-and-water a little stronger than usual, and, for a man who might be supposed to have a few hundreds lying idle at his banker's, was rather incautiously open in expressing his high estimate of his friend's business talents.

But the dam was a subject of conversation that would keep; it could always be taken up again at the same point, and exactly in the same condition; and there was another subject, as you know, on which Mr. Tulliver was in pressing want of Mr. Riley's advice. This was his particular reason for remaining silent for a short space after his last draught, and rubbing his knees in a meditative manner. He was not a man to make an abrupt transition. This was a puzzling world, as he often said, and if you drive your waggon in a hurry, you may light on an awkward corner. Mr. Riley, meanwhile, was not impatient. Why should he be? Even Hotspur, one would think, must have been patient in his slippers on a warm hearth, taking copious snuff, and sipping gratuitous brandy-and-water.

'There's a thing I've got i' my head,' said Mr. Tulliver at last, in rather a lower tone than usual, as he turned his head and looked steadfastly at his companion.

'Ah!' said Mr. Riley, in a tone of mild interest. He was a man with heavy waxen eyelids and high-arched eyebrows, looking exactly the same under all circumstances. This immovability of face, and the habit of taking a pinch of snuff before he gave an answer, made him trebly oracular to Mr. Tulliver.

'It's a very particular thing,' he went on; 'it's about my boy, Tom.'

At the sound of this name, Maggie, who was seated on a low stool close by the fire, with a large book open on her lap, shook her heavy hair back and looked up eagerly. There were few sounds that roused Maggie when she was

dreaming over her book, but Tom's name served as well as the shrillest whistle: in an instant she was on the watch, with gleaming eyes, like a Skye terrier suspecting mischief, or at all events determined to fly at any one who threatened it towards Tom.

'You see, I want to put him to a new school at Midsummer,' said Mr. Tulliver; 'he's comin' away from the 'cademy at Ladyday, an' I shall let him run loose for a quarter; but after that I want to send him to a downright good school, where they'll make a scholard of him.'

'Well,' said Mr. Riley, 'there's no greater advantage you can give him than a good education. Not,' he added, with polite significance - 'not that a man can't be an excellent miller and farmer, and a shrewd sensible fellow into the bargain, without much help from the schoolmaster.'

'I believe you,' said Mr. Tulliver, winking, and turning his head on one side, 'but that's where it is. I don't *mean* Tom to be a miller and farmer. I see no fun i' that: why, if I made him a miller an' farmer, he'd be expectin' to take to the mill an' the land, an' a-hinting at me as it was time for me to lay by an' think o' my latter end. Nay, nay, I've seen enough o' that wi' sons. I'll niver pull my coat off before I go to bed. I shall give Tom an eddication an' put him to a business, as he may make a nest for himself, an' not want to push me out o' mine. Pretty well if he gets it when I'm dead an' gone. I shan't be put off wi' spoon-meat afore I've lost my teeth.'

This was evidently a point on which Mr. Tulliver felt strongly, and the impetus which had given unusual rapidity and emphasis to his speech, showed itself still unexhausted for some minutes afterwards in a defiant motion of the head from side to side, and an occasional 'Nay, nay', like a subsiding growl.

These angry symptoms were keenly observed by Maggie, and cut her to the quick. Tom, it appeared, was supposed capable of turning his father out of doors, and of making the future in some way tragic by his wickedness. This was not to

be borne; and Maggie jumped up from her stool, forgetting all about her heavy book, which fell with a bang within the fender; and going up between her father's knees, said, in a half-crying, half-indignant voice –

‘Father, Tom wouldn't be naughty to you ever; I know he wouldn't.’

Mrs. Tulliver was out of the room superintending a choice supper-dish, and Mr. Tulliver's heart was touched; so Maggie was not scolded about the book. Mr. Riley quietly picked it up and looked at it, while the father laughed with a certain tenderness in his hard-lined face, and patted his little girl on the back, and then held her hands and kept her between his knees.

‘What! they mustn't say any harm o' Tom, eh?’ said Mr. Tulliver, looking at Maggie with a twinkling eye. Then, in a lower voice, turning to Mr. Riley, as though Maggie couldn't hear, ‘She understands what one's talking about so as never was. And you should hear her read – straight off, as if she knowed it all beforehand. And allays at her book! But it's bad – it's bad,’ Mr. Tulliver added, sadly, checking this blamable exultation; ‘a woman's no business wi' being so clever; it'll turn to trouble, I doubt. But, bless you!’ – here the exultation was clearly recovering the mastery – ‘she'll read the books and understand 'em better nor half the folks as are growed up.’

Maggie's cheeks began to flush with triumphant excitement: she thought Mr. Riley would have a respect for her now; it had been evident that he thought nothing of her before.

Mr. Riley was turning over the leaves of the book, and she could make nothing of his face, with its high-arched eyebrows; but he presently looked at her and said –

‘Come, come and tell me something about this book; here are some pictures – I want to know what they mean.’

Maggie with deepening colour went without hesitation to Mr. Riley's elbow and looked over the book, eagerly seizing

one corner and tossing back her mane, while she said –

‘Oh, I’ll tell you what that means. It’s a dreadful picture, isn’t it? But I can’t help looking at it. That old woman in the water’s a witch – they’ve put her in to find out whether she’s a witch or no, and if she swims she’s a witch, and if she’s drowned – and killed, you know – she’s innocent, and not a witch, but only a poor silly old woman. But what good would it do her then, you know, when she was drowned? Only, I suppose, she’d go to heaven, and God would make it up to her. And this dreadful blacksmith with his arms akimbo, laughing – oh, isn’t he ugly? – I’ll tell you what he is. He’s the devil *really*’ (here Maggie’s voice became louder and more emphatic), ‘and not a right blacksmith; for the devil takes the shape of wicked men, and walks about and sets people doing wicked things, and he’s oftener in the shape of a bad man than any other, because, you know, if people saw he was the devil, and he roared at ‘em, they’d run away, and he couldn’t make ‘em do what he pleased.’

Mr. Tulliver had listened to this exposition of Maggie’s with petrifying wonder.

‘Why, what book is it the wench has got hold on?’ he burst out at last.

“‘The History of the Devil,’ by Daniel Defoe; not quite the right book for a little girl,’ said Mr. Riley. ‘How came it among your books, Tulliver?’

Maggie looked hurt and discouraged, while her father said

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‘Why, it’s one o’ the books I bought at Partridge’s sale. They were all bound alike – it’s a good binding, you see – and I thought they’d be all good books. There’s Jeremy Taylor’s “Holy Living and Dying” among ‘em; I read in it often of a Sunday’ (Mr. Tulliver felt somehow a familiarity with that great writer because his name was Jeremy); ‘and there’s a lot more of ‘em, sermons mostly, I think; but they’ve all got the same covers, and I thought they were all

o' one sample, as you may say. But it seems one mustn't judge by th' outside. This is a puzzlin' world.'

'Well,' said Mr. Riley, in an admonitory patronising tone, as he patted Maggie on the head, 'I advise you to put by the "History of the Devil," and read some prettier book. Have you no prettier books?'

'Oh, yes,' said Maggie, reviving a little in the desire to vindicate the variety of her reading, 'I know the reading in this book isn't pretty - but I like the pictures, and I make stories to the pictures out of my own head, you know. But I've got "Æsop's Fables," and a book about kangaroos and things, and the "Pilgrim's Progress."'" . . .

'Ah, a beautiful book,' said Mr. Riley; 'you can't read a better.'

'Well, but there's a great deal about the devil in that,' said Maggie, triumphantly, 'and I'll show you the picture of him in his true shape, as he fought with Christian.'

Maggie ran in an instant to the corner of the room, jumped on a chair, and reached down from the small book-case a shabby old copy of Bunyan, which opened at once, without the least trouble of search, at the picture she wanted.

'Here he is,' she said, running back to Mr. Riley, 'and Tom coloured him for me with his paints when he was at home last holidays - the body all black, you know, and the eyes red, like fire, because he's all fire inside, and it shines out at his eyes.'

'Go, go!' said Mr. Tulliver, peremptorily, beginning to feel rather uncomfortable at these free remarks on the personal appearance of a being powerful enough to create lawyers; 'shut up the book, and let's hear no more o' such talk. It is as I thought - the child 'ull learn more mischief nor good wi' the books. Go, go and see after your mother.'

Maggie shut up the book at once, with a sense of disgrace, but not being inclined to see after her mother, she compromised the matter by going into a dark corner behind