

[美] 玛格丽特·米切尔 / 著

—— 中英文对照全译本 ——

Gone With The Wind

飘 (上)

英汉对照



中国戏剧出版社

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传 真:58930242(发行部)

电子信箱:fxb@xj.sina.net(发行部)

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译 序

长篇小说《飘》(《Gone with the wind》)的作者是美国女作家玛格丽特·米切尔,她于一九〇〇年出生于美国佐治亚州的首府亚特兰大市。一九一四至一九一八年间,她就读于华盛顿神学校,一九一八年至一九一九年在马萨诸塞州的史密斯女子学院读过一年书。一九二二年至一九二六年间在《亚特兰大日报》和《亚特兰大新闻报》作记者并撰写特稿,后因遇车祸脚踝受伤,被迫长期呆在家中。一九三九年获纽约南方协会金质奖章。她于一九二六起着手创作《飘》,历经十年,才于一九三六完成这部一百万字的鸿篇巨著。米切尔一九四九年因车祸去世,数万人自动前往送葬,此书是她一生唯一的一部文学作品。却获得了惊人的成功。该著作一经问世,便掀起一阵旋风。此后一直是美国的畅销书,至今已译成四十多种文字在全世界出版发行。

《飘》展现了美国南北战争时期南方动乱的社会现实,以“乱世佳人”斯卡利特为主线,描写了几对青年的爱情纠葛。斯卡利特年轻貌美,但她的所作所为显示了没落奴隶主阶级的某些本质特征:残酷、贪婪、自信;为了振兴家业,她把爱情和婚姻作为交易,三次婚姻没有一次出于真心,后来才终于明白她一直念念不忘的阿希礼懦弱无能,倒是自称与她同类的瑞特·巴特勒值得相爱。

该书从写作技巧上看,有较高的艺术成就,对书中主要人物内心世界的刻画,鞭辟入里,发人深思。作者成功地塑造一批栩栩如生的人物形象,如相貌出众,敢爱敢恨的斯卡利特;温文尔雅、恪守传统礼仪的阿希礼;贤淑端庄、心地善良的梅拉妮;粗犷豪放、具有独特处世哲学的巴特勒等等,个个形象鲜明,音容笑貌跃然纸上,具有很强的艺术感染力。书中的许多情节富有喜剧色彩,比如杰拉尔德到亚特兰大向女儿问罪,不料被瑞特灌醉,让女儿抓住把柄,他不得不反过来央求女儿;梅拉妮将分娩,斯卡利特急得像热锅上的蚂蚁,普里西口口声声说她懂得接生,可是到了临盆的紧要关头,她却忽然宣称自己对此一窍不通;妓女沃特林受瑞特指使,在问话时故意胡搅蛮缠,给三K党打掩护,弄得北佬上尉哭笑不得。凡此种种,妙趣横生,令人忍俊不禁。

此外作者追求起伏跌宕,引人入胜的故事情节的同时,对人物的心理活动作了洞察入微的描述,使这部看似通俗的作品产生了感人的艺术力量。事实上,《飘》一般地来说是虚写战争,实写战争对人类心灵的影响的,对人类生活的探索靠几个活生生的如斯卡利特一般的人物来完成了。在一种不乏美好的恶的推动之下,历史和人物的命运都在前进着;这种甚至有点残酷的现实是我们每个时代都要面临的问题,是情感与道德的抽象外化,是每一个有理性的活人所必然要考虑的问题,而斯卡利特的美丽的外表和按照自己的人性尺度生活的决心,瑞特·巴特勒的阴沉和透视生活的力量,都在人格上为一代又一代学习做人的青年树立了人生某一个阶段的楷模。作为一部社会历史说,《飘》出版后批评界众说纷纭。正如书名所暗示,作者明显同情斯卡利特及其所留恋的旧制度;作者对战争性质、奴隶心态和南方“重建

时期”社会现状的描写也有所歪曲,但从审美判断来讲,性格复杂的斯卡利特还不能简单地被纳入“反面人物”的模式。小说极富于浪漫情调的构思,细腻生动的人物和场景的描写揭示出超乎作者主观愿望甚至与之相悖的内涵,从而确定了《飘》在美国小说史乃至世界上说史上的重要地位。

译者

二〇〇一年二月

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PART ONE

CHAPTER I

SCARLETT O' HARA was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes' and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows slanted upward, cutting a startling oblique line in her magnolia - white skin—that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnets, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns.

Seated with Stuart and Brent Tarleton in the cool shade of the porch of Tara, her father's plantation, that bright April afternoon of 1861, she made a pretty picture. Her new green flowered muslin dress spread its twelve yards of billowing material over her hoops and exactly matched the flat - heeled green morocco slippers her father had recently brought her from Atlanta. The dress set off to perfection the seventeen - inch waist, the smallest in three counties, and the tightly fitting basque showed breasts well matured for her sixteen years. But for all the modesty of her spreading skirts, the demureness of hair netted smoothly into a chignon and the quietness of small white hands folded in her lap, her true self was poorly concealed. The green eyes in the carefully sweet face were turbulent, wilful, lusty with life, distinctly at variance with her decorous demeanour. Her manners had been imposed upon her by her mother's gentle admonitions and the sterner discipline of her mammy; her eyes were her own.

On either side of her, the twins lounged easily in their chairs, squinting at the sunlight through tall mint - garnished glasses as they laughed and talked, their long legs, booted to the knee and thick with saddle muscles, crossed negligently. Nineteen years old, six feet two inches tall, long of bone and hard of muscle, with sunburned faces and deep auburn hair, their eyes merry and arrogant, their bodies clothed in

第一部

第一章

思嘉·奥哈拉长得并不漂亮,但是男人们一旦像塔尔顿家那对孪生兄弟为她的魅力所迷住时,便看不到这一点了。她脸上混杂着两种特征,一种是她母亲的娇柔,一种是她父亲的粗犷,前者属于法兰西血统的海滨贵族,后者来自浮华俗气的爱尔兰人,这两种特征显得太不调和了。不过这张脸,连同那尖尖的下巴和四四方方的牙床骨,是很引人注意的。她那双淡绿色的眼睛纯净得不带一丝褐色,配上刚硬乌黑的睫毛和稍稍翘起的眼角,显得别具风韵。上头是两撇墨黑的浓眉斜竖在那里,给她木兰花一般白皙的皮肤划了一条十分惹眼的斜线。这样白皙的皮肤对南方妇女是极其珍贵的,她们常常用帽子、面纱和手套把皮肤保护起来,不让受到佐治亚炎热太阳的曝晒。

一八六一年四月一个晴朗的下午,思嘉同塔尔顿家的孪生兄弟斯图尔特和布伦特坐在她父亲的塔拉农场阴凉的走廊里,她标致的模样儿使四周的一派春光显得更加明媚如画了。她穿一件新做的绿花布衣裳,长长的裙子在裙箍上波翻浪涌般地飘展着,配上她父亲新近从亚特兰大给她带来的绿色山羊皮便鞋,显得分外相称。她的腰围不过十七英寸,是附近三个县里最细小的了,而这身衣裳更把腰肢衬托得恰到好处,再加上里面那件绷得紧紧的小马甲,她的虽然只有十六岁但已成熟了的乳房便跃然显露了。不过,无论她散开的长裙显得多么朴实,发髻梳在后面的发型显得多么端庄,那双交叠在膝头上的白生生的小手显得多么文静,她的本来面目终究是掩藏不住的。那双绿色的眼睛尽管生在一张故作娇媚的脸上,却仍然是骚动的,任性的,生意盎然的,与她的装束仪表很不相同。她的举止是由她母亲的谆谆训诫和嬷嬷的严厉管教强加给她的,但她的眼睛属于她自己。

在她两旁,孪生兄弟一边一个懒懒地斜靠在椅子上,斜睨着从新装的窗玻璃透过来的阳光谈笑,四条穿着高统靴和因经常骑马而鼓胀的长腿随便交叠在那里。他们现年十九岁,身高七英尺二英寸,骨骼长大,肌肉坚实,晒得黑黑的脸膛,深赤褐色的头发,眼睛里闪着快乐而自负的神色。他们穿着同样的蓝上衣和深黄色裤

identical blue coats and mustard - coloured breeches, they were as much alike as two bolls of cotton.

Outside, the late afternoon sun slanted down in the yard, throwing into gleaming brightness the dogwood trees that were solid masses of white blossoms against the background of new green. The twins' horses were hitched in the driveway, big animals, red as their masters' hair; and around the horses' legs quarrelled the pack of lean, nervous possum hounds that accompanied Stuart and Brent wherever they went. A little aloof, as became an aristocrat, lay a black - spotted carriage dog, muzzle on paws, patiently waiting for the boys to go home to supper.

Between the hounds and the horses and the twins there was a kinship deeper than that of their constant companionship. They were all healthy, thoughtless young animals, sleek, graceful, high spirited, the boys as mettlesome as the horses they rode, mettlesome and dangerous but, withal, sweet - tempered to those who knew how to handle them.

Although born to the ease of plantation life, waited on hand and foot since infancy, the faces of the three on the porch were neither slack nor soft. They had the vigour and alertness of country people who have spent all their lives in the open and troubled their heads very little with dull things in books. Life in the north Georgia county of Clayton was still new and, according to the standards of Augusta, Savannah and Charleston, a little crude. The more sedate and older sections of the South looked down their noses at the up - country Georgians, but here in north Georgia, a lack of the niceties of classical education carried no shame, provided a man was smart in the things that mattered. And raising good cotton, riding well, shooting straight, dancing lightly, squiring the ladies with elegance and carrying one's liquor like a gentleman were the things that mattered.

In these accomplishments the twins excelled. and they were equally outstanding in their notorious inability to learn anything contained between the covers of books. Their family had more money, more horses, more slaves than anyone else in the County, but the boys had less grammar than most of their poor Cracker neighbours.

It was for this precise reason that Stuart and Brent were idling on the porch of Tara this April afternoon. They had just been expelled from the University of Georgia, the fourth university that had thrown them out in two years; and their older brothers, Tom and Boyd, had come home with them, because they refused to remain at an institution where the twins were not welcome. Stuart and Brent consid-

子,长相也像两个棉桃似的一模一样。

外面,向晚的阳光斜投到场地上,映照着山茱萸一簇簇的白色花朵在新绿的背景中显得分外鲜艳。孪生兄弟骑来的马就拴在车道上,那是两匹高头大马,毛色红得像主人的头发,马腿旁边有一群一直跟着主人的瘠瘦而神经质的猎犬在吵吵嚷嚷。稍稍远一点的地方躺着一条黑花斑的白色随车大狗,那是贵族人家所特有的,它把鼻子贴在前爪上,耐心地等待着两个小伙子回家去吃晚饭。

在这些猎犬、马匹和两个孪生兄弟之间,有着一种比通常伴随更深密的关系。他们都是年轻、健康而茫无思虑的动物,也同样圆滑、优雅、兴致勃勃;两个小伙子和他们所骑的马一样精神,带有危险性,可同时对于那些懂得怎样驾驭他们的人又是温驯可爱的。

坐在走廊里的三个年轻人,尽管都出生在优裕的庄园主家庭,从小由仆人细心服侍着,可他们的脸显得既不懒散也不娇柔。他们像一辈子生活在野外、很少在书本上费脑筋的乡巴佬一样,显得强壮而又活泼。在北佐治亚的克莱顿县,生活还处在新开辟阶段,与奥古斯塔、萨凡纳和查尔斯顿比较起来还有一点粗犷风味。南部那些开化得较早的文静居民瞧不起内地佐治亚人,可是在北佐治亚这儿,人们并不以缺乏高雅的文化教育为耻,只要在那些重要的事情上学得精明就行了。而种出好棉花,骑马骑得好,打枪打得准,跳舞跳得轻快,善于体面地追逐女人,喝酒时像个温文尔雅的绅士,就是他们心目中的重要事情。

这对孪生兄弟在这些方面都很精通,他们对于学习书本知识的笨拙无能也同样出众的。他们家比全县其他人家拥有更多的钱、更多的马和更多的奴隶,可是两个小伙子同他们的大多数穷邻居比起来,胸中的文墨却少得多。

正是由于这个缘故,斯图尔特和布伦特如今在塔拉农场的走廊里聊天玩儿,消磨这四月傍晚的大好时光。他们刚刚被佐治亚大学开除,而这是过去两年中把他们撵走的第四所大学了。于是他们的两个哥哥,汤姆和博伊德,也同他们一起回到了家里,因为这所学校既然不欢迎那对孪生兄弟,两位做哥哥的也就不高兴在那

ered their latest expulsion a fine joke, and Scarlett, who had not willingly opened a book since leaving the Fayetteville Female Academy the year before, thought it just as amusing as they did.

‘I know you two don’t care about being expelled, or Tom either,’ she said. ‘But what about Boyd? He’s kind of set on getting an education, and you two have pulled him out of the University of Virginia and Alabama and South Carolina and now Georgia. He’ll never get finished at this rate.’

‘Oh, he can read law in Judge Parmalee’s office over in Fayetteville,’ answered Brent carelessly. ‘Besides, it doesn’t matter much. We’d have had to come home before the term was out anyway.’

‘Why?’

‘The war, goose! The war’s going to start any day, and you don’t suppose any of us would stay in college with a war going on, do you?’

‘You know there isn’t going to be any war,’ said Scarlett, bored. ‘It’s all just talk. Why, Ashley Wilkes and his father told Pa just last week that our commissioners in Washington would come to— to an amicable agreement with Mr. Lincoln about the Confederacy. And anyway, the Yankees are too scared of us to fight. There won’t be any war, and I’m tired of hearing about it.’

‘Not going to be any war’ cried the twins indignantly, as though they had been defrauded.

‘Why, honey, of course there’s going to be a war,’ said Stuart. ‘The Yankees may be scared of us, but after the way General Beauregard shelled them out of Fort Sumter day before yesterday, they’ll have to fight or stand branded as cowards before the whole world. Why, the Confederacy—’

Scarlett made a mouth of bored impatience.

‘If you say “war” just once more, I’ll go in the house and shut the door. I’ve never gotten so tired of any one word in my life as “war” unless it’s “secession” Pa talks war morning, noon and night, and all the gentlemen who come to see him shout about Fort Sumter and States’ Rights and Abe Lincoln till I get so bored I could scream! And that’s all the boys talk about too, that and their old Troop. There hasn’t been any fun at any party this spring because the boys can’t talk about anything else. I’m mighty glad Georgia waited till after Christmas before it seceded or it would have ruined the Christmas parties, too. If you say “war” again, I’ll go in the house.’

里待下去了。斯图尔特和布伦特把他们最近一次的除名当作一个有趣的玩笑；而思嘉呢，她自从去年离开费耶特维尔女子学校以后就一直懒得去摸书本，所以也像他们那样觉得这是好玩的事。

“我知道你们俩一点也不在乎被学校开除，汤姆也是这样，”她说。“可是博伊德怎么样？他可有点一心想受教育的意思，而你们俩接连把他从弗吉尼亚大学、亚拉巴马大学、南卡罗来纳大学拖了出来，如今又从佐治亚大学回来了。这样下去，他永远也毕不了业了！”

“唔，他可以到费耶特维尔那边的帕马利法官事务所去学法律嘛，”布伦特漫不经心地答道。“而且，这没什么要紧。反正我们本来在学期结束之前就要回家的。”

“那为什么？”

“战争嘛，傻瓜！战争随时可能打起来，难道你以为战争打响之后我们谁还会留在学校里不成，你说？”

“你明明知道不会有什么战争的，”思嘉着恼地说。“那只是嘴上说说罢了。就在上个星期，艾希礼·威尔克斯和他父亲还对我爸说，咱们派驻华盛顿的专员将会同林肯先生达成——达成一个关于南部联盟的协议呢。况且不管怎样，北方佬害怕我们，不敢动手打的。根本不会有什么战争，谈它干什么，我都听腻了。”

“不会有什么战争！”孛生兄弟愤愤不平地喊起来，仿佛他们上当了似的。

“怎么，亲爱的，战争可真的会打起来的啊！”斯图尔特说。“北方佬可能害怕咱们，可是自从前天波尔格将军把他们轰出萨姆特要塞以后，他们就只好打起来了，要不就会作为胆小鬼在全世界面前丢脸。什么，南部联盟——”

听到这里，思嘉嘟起嘴来，显得很不耐烦的样子。

“只要你再说一声‘战争’，我就要进屋去，把门关上了。我这辈子还从来没有像对‘战争’这么一个词这样感到厌烦，除非那个词意味着‘脱离联邦’。爸爸从早到晚谈战争，战争，来看他的那些人也叫嚷着谈论什么萨姆特要塞、州权、亚伯·林肯，烦得我简直要大喊大师而且所有的男孩子也都在谈这些，还有他们的宝贝军队。今年春天，任何晚上也没有听到过什么有趣的事情，因为男孩子再也不谈别的了。我最高兴的是佐治亚要等到过了圣诞节以后才宣布脱离联邦，要不然会把圣诞晚会也糟蹋了。要是你再谈‘战争’

She meant what she said, for she could never long endure any conversation of which she was not the chief subject. But she smiled when she spoke, consciously deepening her dimple and fluttering her bristly black lashes as swiftly as butterflies' wings. The boys were enchanted, as she had intended them to be, and they hastened to apologize for boring her. They thought none the less of her for her lack of interest. Indeed, they thought more. War was men's business, not ladies' and they took her attitude as evidence of her femininity.

Having manoeuvred them away from the boring subject of war, she went back with interest to their immediate situation.

'What did your mother say about you two being expelled again?'

The boys looked uncomfortable, recalling their mother's conduct three months ago when they had come home, by request, from the University of Virginia.

'Well,' said Smart, 'she hasn't had a chance to say anything yet. Tom and us left home early this morning before she got up, and Tom's laying out over at the Fontaines while we came over here.'

'Didn't she say anything when you got home last night?'

'We were in luck last night. Just before we got home that new stallion Ma got in Kentucky last month was brought in, and the place was in a stew. The big brute—he's a grand horse, Scarlet; you must tell your pa to come over and see him right away—he'd already bitten a hunk out of his groom on the way down here and he'd trampled two of Ma's darkies who met the train at Jonesboro. And just before we got home, he'd about kicked the stable down and half-killed Strawberry, Ma's old stallion. When we got home, Ma was out in the stable with a sackful of sugar smoothing him down and doing it mighty well, too. The darkies were hanging from the rafters, pop-eyed, they were so scared, but Ma was talking to the horse like he was folks and he was eating out of her hand. There ain't nobody like Ma with a horse. And when she saw us she said: "In Heaven's name, what are you four doing home again? You're worse than the plagues of Egypt!" And then the horse began snorting and rearing and she said: "Get out of here! Can't you see he's nervous, the big darling? I'll tend to you four in the morning! So we went to bed, and this morning we got away before she could catch us and left Boyd to handle her.'

我马上就进屋去了。”

她说到做到,因为她从来就忍受不了那种不以她为主题的谈话。不过她说话时仍带微笑,有意加深脸上的酒窝,同时把两圈又便又黑的睫毛像蝴蝶翅膀似的迅速地扇动起来。小伙子们给迷住了,这正中她的心意,于是他们连忙向她道歉,说不该让她着恼。他们并不因为她对战争不感兴趣而丝毫轻视他。真的,他们更敬重她了。战争原本是男人的事,与女人无关,因此他们便把她的态度看成是富于女性的见证了。

把他们从战争这个话题支使开以后,她便饶有興味地回到他们眼前的处境上来。

“你们的母亲对于你俩再一次被开除的事说了些什么呀?”

小伙子们显得有点尴尬,想起三个月前他们从弗吉尼亚大学被请回家时母亲的那番表现。

“唔,她还没来得及说呢,”斯图尔特答道。“今天一清早她还没起床,汤姆和我俩便出门了。汤姆半路上去方丹家了,我们便径直在这儿来了。”

“昨天晚上你们到家时她什么话也没说吗?”

“昨晚我们可运气了。刚好我们快要到家的時候,上个月妈在肯塔基买下的那匹公马给送来了,家里正热闹着呢。原来那畜生——它长得可真威武,思嘉,你一定得告诉你爸,叫他赶快去瞧瞧——那畜生一路上已经把马夫咬了两大口,而且踏坏了我妈的两个黑小子,他们是在琼斯博罗遇上的。而且,就在我们刚要到家的時候,它差点儿把我们的马棚给踢倒了,还捎带把妈的那匹老公马草莓也踢了个半死。我们到家时,妈正在马棚里拿着一口袋糖哄它,让它慢慢平静下来,还真起作用了。黑奴们躲得远远的,瞪着眼睛简直给吓坏了,可妈还在跟那畜生说话,仿佛跟它是一家人似的,它正在吃她手里的东西呢。世界上谁也比不上我妈那样会跟马打交道。那时她瞥见了我们,便说:“天哪,你们四个又回来干什么呀?你们简直比埃及的瘟疫还让人讨厌!”这时那匹公马开始喷鼻子直立起来,她赶紧说:“从这里滚开吧,难道你们没看见这个大宝贝在生气了吗?等明天早晨我再服侍你们四个!”这样,我们便上床睡觉了。今天一大早,趁她还来不及抓住我们,我们便溜了出来,只留下博伊德一个人去对付她。”

‘Do you suppose she’ll hit Boyd?’ Scarlett, like the rest of the County, could never get used to the way small Mrs. Tarleton bullied her grown sons and laid her riding-crop on their backs if the occasion seemed to warrant it.

Beatrice Tarleton was a busy woman, having on her hands not only a large cotton plantation, a hundred negroes and eight children, but the largest horse-breeding farm in the state as well. She was hot-tempered and easily plagued by the frequent scrapes of her four sons, and while no one was permitted to whip a horse or a slave, she felt that a lick now and then didn’t do the boys any harm.

‘Of course she won’t hit Boyd. She never did beat Boyd much because he’s the oldest and besides he’s the runt of the litter,’ said Stuart, proud of his six feet two. ‘That’s why we left him at home to explain things to her. God’llmighty, Ma ought to stop licking us! We’re nineteen and Tom’s twenty-one, and she acts like we’re six years old.’

‘Will your mother ride the new horse to the Wilkes barbecue tomorrow?’

‘She wants to, but Pa says he’s too dangerous. And, anyway, the girls won’t let her. They said they were going to have her go to one party at least like a lady, riding in the carriage.’

‘I hope it doesn’t rain tomorrow,’ said Scarlett. ‘It’s rained nearly every day for a week. There’s nothing worse than a barbecue turned into an indoor picnic.’

‘Oh, it’ll be clear tomorrow and hot as June,’ said Stuart. ‘Look at that sunset. I never saw one redder. You can always tell weather by sunsets.’

They looked out across the endless acres of Gerald O’Hara’s newly ploughed cotton fields toward the red horizon. Now that the sun was setting in a welter of crimson behind the hills across the Flint River, the warmth of the April day was ebbing into a faint but balmy chill.

Spring had come early that year, with warm quick rains and sudden frothing of pink peach blossoms and dogwood dappling with white stars the dark river swamp and far-off hills. Already the ploughing was nearly finished, and the bloody glory of the sunset coloured the fresh-cut furrows of red Georgia clay to even redder hues. The moist hungry earth, waiting upturned for the cotton seeds, showed pinkish on the sandy tops of furrows, vermilion and scarlet and maroon where shadows lay along the sides of the

‘你们看她会打博伊德吗?’原来思嘉知道,瘦小的塔尔顿太太对她那几个已长大成人的儿子还是很粗暴的,她认为必要的时候还会用马鞭子抽他们的脊背;对于这种情形,思嘉和县里的其他人都有点不大习惯。

比阿特里斯·塔尔顿是个忙人,她手中不仅有一大片棉花地,一百个黑奴和八个孩子,而且还有个在州里数一数二的养马场。她性情暴躁,动不动就为四个儿子经常吵架而大发雷霆。她一方面不许任何人打她的一匹马或一个黑奴,另一方面却认为偶尔打打她的孩子们,对他们并没有什么不好。

‘她当然不会打博伊德。她从来没有打过他,这不仅因为他年龄最大,还因为他是个矮子,’斯图尔特这样说,对自己那六英尺的个头儿洋洋得意。‘因此我们才把他留在家里去向妈交代一切。老天爷明白,妈应当不再打我们了!我们都十九了,汤姆二十一了,可她还把我们当六岁娃娃看待呢。’

‘你母亲明天要参加威尔克斯家的野宴,她会骑那匹新买来的马去吗?’

‘她要骑的,不过爸说骑那匹太危险了。而且,无论如何,姑娘们不会同意她骑。她们说,要让她至少像个贵妇人那样乘坐马车去参加宴会。’

‘但愿明天别下雨,’思嘉说。‘几乎天天下雨,都快一星期了。要是把野宴改成在家里野餐,那才是再扫兴不过的事呢。’

‘唔,明天天准晴,还会像六月天那样炎热,’斯图尔特说。‘你看那落日。我还从没见过比这更红的太阳呢。凭落日来预测天气,往往是不会错的。’

他们都朝远方望去,越过奥哈拉无边无际的新翻耕的棉花地,直到红红的地平线上。如今太阳在弗林特河对岸的群山后面一片汹涌的虹霞中缓缓降落,四月白天的暖意也渐渐消退,隐隐透出丝丝的凉意。

那年春天来得很早,随着来的是几场温暖的急雨,这时粉红的桃花突然纷纷绽放,山茶萼也以雪白的繁花将幽暗的河边湿地和远处的山冈装点起来。春耕已快要结束,落日如血的霞光把佐治亚红土地上新开的犁沟映照得更红了。饥饿而湿润的土地等待着人们把它翻开并撒上棉籽,它在犁沟的沙顶上显出是淡红色的,而在沟道两旁阴影遮掩的地方则呈现出朱红、猩红和栗色来。农场那座刷白了的

trenches. The whitewashed brick plantation house seemed an island set in a wild red sea, a sea of spiralling, curving, crescent billows petrified suddenly at the moment when the pink-tipped waves were breaking into surf. For here were no long, straight furrows, such as could be seen in the yellow clay fields of the flat middle Georgia country or in the lush black earth of the coastal plantations. The rolling foothill country of north Georgia was ploughed in a million curves to keep the rich earth from washing down into the river bottoms.

It was a savagely red land, blood-coloured after rains, brick-dust in droughts, the best cotton land in the world. It was a pleasant land of white houses, peaceful ploughed fields and sluggish yellow rivers, but a land of contrasts, of brightest sun glare and densest shade. The plantation clearings and miles of cotton fields smiled up to a warm sun, placid, complacent. At their edges rose the virgin forests, dark and cool even in the hottest noons, mysterious, a little sinister, the southing pines seeming to wait with an age-old patience, to threaten with soft sighs: 'Be careful! Be careful! We had you once. We can take you back again.'

To the cars of the three on the porch came the sounds of hooves, the jingling of harness chains and the shrill careless laughter of negro voices, as the field hands and mules came in from the fields. From within the house floated the soft voice of Scarlett's mother, Ellen O'Hara, as she called to the little black girl who carried her basket of keys. The high-pitched childish voice answered 'Yas'm,' and there were sounds of footsteps going out the back way toward the smokehouse where Ellen would ration out the food to the home-coming hands. There was the click of china and the rattle of silver as Pork, the valet-butler of Tara, laid the table for supper. At these last sounds, the twins realized it was time they were starting home. But they were loath to face their mother and they lingered on the porch of Tara, momentarily expecting Scarlett to give them an invitation to supper.

'Look, Scarlett. About tomorrow,' said Brent. 'Just because we've been away and didn't know about the barbecue and the ball, that's no reason why we shouldn't get plenty of dances tomorrow night. You haven't promised them all, have you?'

'Well, I have! How did I know you all would be home? I couldn't risk being a wallflower just

砖房像坐落在茫茫红海中的一个岛屿,那是一片由旋卷迂回的新月形巨浪组成的大海,可是当那些带粉红尖顶的水波分裂为波涛时,它立即僵化了。因为这里没有像佐治亚中部的黄土地或海滨种植场滋润的黑土地那样的长长的笔直的犁沟。北佐治亚连绵起伏的山麓地带被犁成了无数弯弯曲曲的优沟,使肥沃的土壤不致被冲洗到河床里去。

这是一片红得刺眼的土地,雨后更红得像鲜血一般,干旱时便成了满地的红砖粉,所以也是世界上最好的产棉地。这里有洁白的房屋,太平岁月翻耕过的田地,缓缓流过的黄泥河水,但同时也是一个由阳光灿烂和阴翳深浓形成强烈对比的地方。尚待种植的空地和绵延数英里的棉花田微笑着袒露在乎静温和的阳光之中。在这些田地的边缘上耸立着一片片处女林,它们即使在最炎热的中午也是幽暗而清凉的,而且显得有点神秘,有点不怎么和善,其中那些颼颼作响的松树好像怀着老年人的耐心在等待着,好像以轻轻的叹息声在发出威胁:“当心呀!当心呀!你们原先是我们的。我们能够把你们要回来。”

坐在走廊里的三个年轻人听到得得的马蹄声,马具链环的丁当声和黑奴们尖利的嬉笑声,这是那些干农活的人手和骡马从田地里回来了。同时从屋子里传来思嘉的母亲爱伦·奥哈拉温和的声音,她在呼唤替她提着钥匙篮子的黑女孩,后者用尖脆的声调答道:“来啦,太太,”于是便传来从后面过道里走向薰腊室的脚步声,爱伦要到那儿去给回家的田间劳动者分配食物。接着便听到瓷器当当和银餐具丁丁的响声,这时兼管衣着和膳事的男仆波克已经在摆桌子开晚饭了。听到这些最后的声响,那对孪生兄弟才明白他们该动身回家了。可是他们不愿意回去见母亲的面,便在塔拉农场的走廊里徘徊留恋,迫切盼望着思嘉邀请他们留下来吃晚饭。

“我说,思嘉,谈谈明天的事吧,”布伦特开腔了。“不能因为我们不在,不了解野宴和舞会的事,就凭这理由不让咱们明儿晚上多多地跳舞。你没有答应他们大家吧,是不是?”

“唔,我答应了!我怎么知道你们都会回来呢?我哪能冒险在一边待着,等着

waiting on you two.'

'You a wallflower!' The boys laughed uproariously.

'Look, honey. You've got to give me the first waltz and Stu the last one and you've got to eat supper with us. We'll sit on the stair landing like we did at the last ball and get Mammy Jincy to come tell our fortunes again.'

'I don't like Mammy Jincy's fortunes. You know she said I was going to marry a gentleman with jet-black hair and a long black moustache, and I don't like black-haired gentlemen.'

'You like 'em red-headed, don't you, honey?' grinned Brent. 'Now, come on, promise us all the waltzes and the supper.'

'If you'll promise, we'll tell you a secret,' said Stuart.

'What?' cried Scarlett, alert as a child at the word.

'Is it what we heard yesterday in Atlanta, Stu? If it is, you know we promised not to tell.'

'Well, Miss Pitty told us.'

'Miss Who?'

'You know, Ashley Wilkes' cousin who lives in Atlanta, Miss Pittypat Hamilton—Charles and Melanie Hamilton's aunt.'

'I do, and a sillier old lady I never met in all my life.'

'Well, when we were in Atlanta yesterday, waiting for the home train, her carriage went by the depot and she stopped and talked to us, and she told us there was going to be an engagement announced tomorrow night at the Wilkes ball.'

'Oh, I know about that,' said Scarlett in disappointment. 'That silly nephew of hers, Charlie Hamilton, and Honey Wilkes. Everybody's known for years that they'd get married some time, even if he did seem kind of lukewarm about it.'

'Do you think he's silly?' questioned Brent. 'Last Christmas you sure let him buzz round you plenty.'

'I couldn't help him buzzing,' Scarlett shrugged negligently. 'I think he's an awful sissy.'

'Besides, it isn't his engagement that's going to be announced,' said Stuart triumphantly. 'It's Ashley's to Charlie's sister, Miss Melanie!'

Scarlett's face did not change but her lips went white—like a person who has received a stunning blow without warning and who, in the first moments

专门伺候你们两位呀?'

'你在一边待着?'两个小伙子放声大笑。

'你瞧,亲爱的,你得跟我跳第一个华尔兹,末了跟斯图跳最后一个,然后跟我们一起吃晚饭。我们要像上次舞会那样坐在楼梯平台上,让金西嬷嬷再来给咱们算命。'

'我可不爱听金西嬷嬷算命。你知道她说过我会嫁给一个头发乌亮、黑胡子长长的男人,而我不喜欢黑头发男人的。'

'那么,亲爱的,你是喜欢红头发的喽,是不是?'布伦特傻笑着说。'现在,快说吧,答应跟我们跳所有的华尔兹,跟我们一道吃晚饭。'

'要是你肯答应,我们就告诉你一个秘密,'斯图尔特说。

'什么?'思嘉嚷着,一听到"秘密"这个词便像个孩子似的活跃起来。

'斯图,是不是昨天我们在亚特兰大听到的那个消息?如果是,那你知道,我们答应过不告诉别人的。'

'嗯,那是皮蒂小姐告诉我们的。'

'什么小姐?'

'你知道,就是艾希礼·威尔克斯的表姐。皮蒂帕特·汉密尔顿小姐,查尔斯和媚兰的姑妈,她住在亚特兰大。'

'这我知道,一个傻老太婆,我一辈子也没见过比她更傻的了。'

'对,昨天我们在亚特兰大等着搭火车口家时,她的马车正好从车站经过,她停下来跟我们说话,告诉我们明天晚上在威尔克斯家的舞会上要宣布一门亲事。'

'唔,我也听说过,'思嘉失望地说, '她的那位傻侄儿查理·汉密尔顿和霍妮·威尔克斯。这几天谁都在说他们快要结婚了,尽管他本人对这件事好像有点不冷不热的。'

'你认为他傻吗?'布伦特问。'去年圣诞节你可让他在你身边嗡嗡地转了个够呢。'

'我没法不让他转呀,'思嘉毫不在意地耸了耸肩膀。'我觉得他这个人太娘娘腔了。'

'不过,明晚要宣布的并不是他的亲事,'斯图尔特得意地说。'那是艾希礼和查理的妹妹媚兰小姐订婚的事哩!'

思嘉的脸色没有变,可是嘴唇发白了。犹如一个冷不防受到当头一击的人,在震动的最初几秒钟她还明白那是怎

of shock, does not realize what has happened. So still was her face as she stared at Stuart that he, never analytic, took it for granted that she was merely surprised and very interested.

'Miss Pitty told us they hadn't intended announcing it till next year, because Miss Melly hasn't been very well; but with all the war talk going around, everybody in both families thought it would be better to get married soon. So it's to be announced tomorrow night at the supper intermission. Now, Scarlett, we've told you the secret, so you've got to promise to eat supper with us.'

'Of course I will,' Scarlett said automatically.

'And all the waltzes?'

'All.'

'You're sweet! I'll bet the other boys will be hopping mad.'

'Let 'em be mad,' said Brent. 'We two can handle 'em. Look, Scarlett. Sit with us at the barbecue in the morning.'

'What?'

Stuart repeated his request.

'Of course.'

The twins looked at each other jubilantly but with some surprise. Although they considered themselves Scarlett's favoured suitors, they had never before gained tokens of this favour so easily. Usually she made them beg and plead, while she put them off, refusing to give a Yes or No answer, laughing if they sulked, growing cool if they became angry. And here she had practically promised them the whole of tomorrows - seats by her at the barbecue, all the waltzes (and they'd see to it that the dances were all waltzes!) and the supper intermission. That was worth getting expelled from the university.

Filled with new enthusiasm by their success, they lingered on, talking about the barbecue and the ball and Ashley Wilkes and Melanie Hamilton, interrupting each other, making jokes and laughing at them, hinting broadly for invitations to supper. Some time had passed before they realized that Scarlett was having very little to say. The atmosphere had somehow changed. Just how, the twins did not know, but the fine glow had gone out of the afternoon. Scarlett seemed to be paying little attention to what they said, although she made the correct answers. Sensing something they could not understand, baffled and annoyed by it, the twins struggled along for a while, and then rose reluctantly, looking at their watches.

The sun was low across the new-ploughed fields and the tall woods across the river were looming blackly in silhouette. Chimney swallows were darting

么回事。她注视斯图尔特时的脸色还那么平静,以致这位毫无分析头脑的人还以为她仅仅感到惊讶和很有兴趣呢。

“皮蒂小姐告诉我们,他们本来准备到明年才宣布订婚,因为媚兰小姐近来身体不怎么好;可是周围到处在谈论战争,两家人都觉得不如快快成婚的好。所以决定明天晚上在宴会上宣布。你看,思嘉,我们把秘密告诉你了,你也得答应跟我们一道吃晚饭呀。”

“当然,我会的,”思嘉下意识地说。

“并且跳所有的华尔兹吗?”

“所有的。”

“你真好!我敢打赌,别的小伙子们非要疯了。”

“让他们去疯好了;”布伦特说。“我们俩能对付他们的。瞧着吧,思嘉。明天上午的野宴也跟我们坐在一起好吗?”

“什么?”

斯图尔特将请求重复了一遍。

“当然。”

哥儿俩心里美滋滋的彼此对望着,可也有些惊异。尽管他们把自己看作思嘉所嘉许的追求者,可是以前他们还从没这么轻易得到过这一嘉许的表征。她通常只让他们乞求、倾诉,敷衍他们,不明确表示可否,他们气恼时便报以笑颜,他们发怒时则略显冷淡。而现在她实际上已经把明天全部的活动都许给了他们——答应野宴时跟他们坐在一起,跟他们跳所有的华尔兹(而且他们决意要使每一个舞都是华尔兹!),并且一道吃晚饭。就为这些,被大学开除也值得了。

他们的成功带来了满腹新的热情,使他们愈加流连忘返,谈论明天的野宴、舞会和艾希礼·威尔克斯与汉·媚兰,彼此抢着说话,开着玩笑,然后大笑不已,看来是在多方暗示要人家留他们吃晚饭。这样闹了好一会儿,他们才发现思嘉已没有什么要说的,这时气氛有点变了。怎么变的呢,哥儿俩并不知道,只觉得那番兴高采烈的光景已经在眼前消失。思嘉好像并不怎么注意他们在说些什么,虽然她的一些回答也还得体。他们意识到某种难以理解的事,为此感到沮丧和不安,末了又赖着待了一会儿才看看手表,勉强站起身来。

在新翻过的田地那边,太阳已经很低,河对岸高高的树林已经在幽暗的轮廓中渐渐模糊。家燕在场地上轻快地飞来

swiftly across the yard, and chickens, ducks and turkeys were waddling and strutting and straggling in from the fields.

Stuart bellowed: 'Jeems!' And after an interval a tall black boy of their own age ran breathlessly around the house and out toward the tethered horses. Jeems was their bodyservant and, like the dogs, accompanied them everywhere. He had been their childhood playmate and had been given to the twins for their own on their tenth birthday. At the sight of him, the Tarleton hounds rose up out of the red dust and stood waiting expectantly for their masters. The boys bowed, shook hands and told Scarlett they'd be over at the Wilkeses' early in the morning, waiting for her. Then they were off down the walk at a rush, mounted their horses and, followed by Jeems, went down the avenue of cedars at a gallop, waving their hats and yelling back to her.

When they had rounded the curve of the dusty road that hid them from Tara, Brent drew his horse to a stop under a clump of dogwood. Stuart halted, too, and the darky boy pulled up a few paces behind them. The horses, feeling slack reins, stretched down their necks to crop the tender spring grass, and the patient hounds lay down again in the soft red dust and looked up longingly at the chimney swallows circling in the gathering dusk. Brent's wide ingenuous face was puzzled and mildly indignant.

'Look,' he said. 'Don't it look to you like she would of asked us to stay for supper?'

'I thought she would,' said Stuart. 'I kept waiting for her to do it, but she didn't. What do you make of it?'

'I don't make anything of it. But it just looks to me like she might of. After all, it's our first day home and she hasn't seen us in quite a spell. And we had lots more things to tell her.'

'It looked to me like she was mighty glad to see us when we came.'

'I thought so, too.'

'And then, about a half-hour ago, she got kind of quiet, like she had a headache.'

'I noticed that but I didn't pay it any mind then. What do you suppose ailed her?'

'I dunno. Do you suppose we said something that made her mad?'

They both thought for a minute.

'I can't think of anything. Besides, when Scarlett gets mad, everybody knows it. She don't hold herself in like some girls do.'

'Yes, that's what I like about her. She don't

飞去,小鸡、鸭子和火鸡有的蹒跚而行,有的昂首阔步,有的左顾右盼,都纷纷从田地里回家来了。

斯图尔特吆喝了一声。“詹姆斯!”不一会儿一个和他们年龄相仿的高个儿黑孩子气喘吁吁地从房子附近跑出来,向两匹拴着的马走去。詹姆斯是贴身用人,像那些狗一样到哪里都伴随着主人。他曾是他们儿时的玩伴,到他们十岁生日那一天便归他们自己所有了。塔尔顿家的猎犬一见他便从红灰土中跳起来,站在那里恭候主子驾到。两个小伙子躬身同思嘉握手告别,告诉她明天一早他们将赶到威尔克斯家去等候她。然后他们迅速走下人行道,骑上马,由詹姆斯跟随着一口气跑上柏树夹道,一面回过头来,挥着帽子向思嘉高声喊叫。

他们在尘土飞扬的大道上拐过那个看不见塔拉农场的弯子以后,布伦特勒住马头,在一丛山茱萸下站住了。斯图尔特跟着停下来,黑小子也紧跑几步跟上了他们。两匹马觉得缰绳松了,便伸长脖子去啃柔嫩的春草,猎犬们也耐着性子重新在灰土中躺下,贪馋地仰望着在愈来愈浓的暮色中回旋飞舞的燕子。布伦特那张老实巴交的宽脸上显出迷惑而略带激愤的神情。

“听我说,”他说,“你不觉得她好像要请我们留下吃饭吗?”

“我本来以为她会的,”斯图尔特答道。“我一直等着她说出来,可是她竟没有说。你想这是为什么?”

“我可一点也不明白。不过据我看,她是应当留我们的。这毕竟是我们回家后的第一天,她跟我们又有好久没见面了。何况我们还有许许多多的事情没跟她谈呢。”

“据我看,我们刚来时她好像很高兴见到我们。”

“我本来也这样想。”

“可后来,大约半个钟头以前吧,她就不怎么说话了,好像有点头痛。”

“我看到这一点了;可我当时并不在意。你想她是哪儿不舒服了呢?”

“我不知道。你认为我们说了什么让她生气的話吗?”

他们两人思量了一会儿。

“我什么也想不起来。而且,思嘉一生气,谁都看得出来。她可从不像有的女孩子那样闷声不响。”

“对,这就是我喜欢她的地方。她生

go around being Cold and hateful when she's mad—she tells you about it. But it was something we did or said that made her shut up talking and look sort of sick. I could swear she was glad to see us when we came and was aiming to ask us to supper.'

'You don't suppose it's because we got expelled?'

'Hell, no! Don't be a fool. She laughed like everything when we told her about it. And besides Scarlett don't set any more store by book learning than we do.'

Brent turned in the saddle and called to the negro groom.

'Jeems!'

'Suh?'

'You heard what we were talking to Miss Scarlett about?'

'Nawsuh, Mist' Brent! Huccome you think Ah be spyin' on w'ite folks?'

'Spying, my God! You darkies know everything that goes on. Why, you liar, I saw you with my own eyes sidle round the corner of the porch and squat in the cape jessamine bush by the wall. Now, did you hear us say anything that might have made Miss Scarlett mad—or hurt her feelings?'

Thus appealed to, Jeems gave up further pretence of not having overheard the conversation and furrowed his black brow.

'Nawsuh, Ah din' notice y'all say anything ter mek her mad. Look ter me lak she sho glad ter see you an' sho had missed you, an' she cheep along happy as a bird, tell bout de time y'all gotter talkin' bout Mist' Ashley an' Miss Melly Hamilton gittin' mah'ied. Den she quiet down lak a bird w'en de hawk fly ober.'

The twins looked at each other and nodded, but without comprehension.

'Jeems is right. But I don't see why,' said Stuart. 'My Lord! Ashley don't mean anything to her, 'cept a friend. She's not crazy about him. It's us she's crazy about.'

Brent nodded an agreement.

'But do you suppose,' he said, 'that maybe Ashley hadn't told her he was going to announce it tomorrow night and she was mad at him for not telling her an old friend, before he told everybody else? Girls set a big store on knowing such things first.'

'Well, maybe. But what if he hadn't told her it was tomorrow? It was supposed to be a secret and a surprise, and a man's got a fight to keep his own en-

气时可不是那么冷冷地按捺着性子绕来绕去——她会痛痛快快告诉你。不过，一定是我们说了或做了什么事，使得她默不作声，并装出不舒服的样子。我敢担保，我们刚来时她是很高兴并且有意要留我们吃晚饭的。'

"你不觉得那是因为我们被开除了吗?"

"见鬼，决不会的！别那么傻。我们告诉她这消息时，她还若无其事地笑呢。再说，思嘉对于读书的事也并不比我们重视呀。"

布伦特在马鞍上转过身去唤那个黑人马夫：

"詹姆斯！"

"唔？"

"你听见我们对思嘉小姐讲的话了吗？"

"没有呀，布伦特先生：您怎么怀疑俺偷听白人老爷的话呢？"

"偷听，我的上帝！你们这些小黑鬼什么事都知道。怎么，你这不是撒谎吗？我亲眼看见你偷偷绕过走廊的拐角，蹲在墙边茉莉花底下呢。好，你听见我们说什么惹思嘉小姐生气——或者叫她伤心的话了吗？"

经他这一说，詹姆斯才打消了假装不曾偷听的主意，皱着眉头回想起来。

"没啥，俺没听见您讲啥惹她生气的。俺看她挺高兴见到你们，挺惦记你们，还嘁嘁喳喳像只小鸟儿乐个不停呢。后来你们谈起艾希礼先生和媚兰小姐结婚的事，她才不作声了，像只雀儿看见老鹰打头上飞过一般。"

哥儿俩面面相觑，同时点了点头，可是并不了解其中的奥妙。

"詹姆斯说得对，可我不明白那究竟是为为什么，"斯图尔特说。"我的上帝！艾希礼对于她没有什么意义，只不过是朋友罢了。她对他不怎么感兴趣。她感兴趣的是我们。"

布伦特点点头表示同意。

"可是，你想过没有，"他说，"也许艾希礼没告诉她他明天晚上要宣布那件事，而她觉得不先告诉老朋友便对所有别的人都说了，因此气坏了呢？姑娘们总是非常看重首先听到这种事情的。"

"唔，也许。可就算没有告诉她明天又怎样呢？本来是要保密，叫人大吃一惊的嘛，一个男人就没有权利对自己订婚

gagement quiet, hasn't he? We wouldn't have known it if Miss Melly, s aunt hadn't let it out. But Scarlett must have known he was going to marry Miss Melly some time. Why, we've known it for years. The Wilkes and Hamiltons always marry their own cousins. Everybody knew he'd probably marry her some day, just like Honey Wilkes is going to marry Miss Melly's brother, Charles.'

'Well, I give it up. But I'm sorry she didn't ask us to supper. I swear I don't want to go home and listen to Ma take on about us being expelled. It isn't as if this was the first time.'

'Maybe Boyd will have smoothed her down by now. You know what a slick talker that little varmint is. You know he always can smooth her down.'

'Yes, he can do it, but it takes Boyd time. He has to talk around in circles till Ma gets so confused that she gives up and tells him to save his voice for his law practice. But he ain't had time to get good started yet. Why, I'll bet you Ma is still so excited about the new horse that she'll never even realize we're home again till she sits down to supper tonight and sees Boyd. And before supper is over she'll be going strong and breathing fire. And it'll be ten o'clock before Boyd gets a chance to tell her that it wouldn't have been honourable for any of us to stay in college after the way the Chancellor talked to you and me. And it'll be mid night before he gets her turned around to where she's so mad at the Chancellor she'll be asking Boyd why he didn't shoot him. No, we can't go home till after midnight.'

The twins looked at each other glumly. They were completely fearless of wild horses, shooting af-frays and the indignation of their neighbours, but they had a wholesome fear of their red-haired mother's outspoken remarks and the riding-crop that she did not scruple to lay across their breeches.

'Well, look,' said Bmnt. 'Let's go over to the Wilkes. Ashley and the girls'll be glad to have us for supper.'

Stuart looked a little discomfited.

'No, don't let's go there. They'll be in a stew getting ready for the barbecue tomorrow, and besides—'

'Oh, I forgot about that,' said Brent hastily. 'No, don't let's go them.'

They clucked to their horses and rode along in silence for a while, a flush of embarrassment on Stuart's brown cheeks. Until the previous summer, Stuart had courted India Wilkes with the approbation of

的计划秘而不宣吗?要不是媚兰小姐的姑妈泄露出来,我们也不会知道呀。而且思嘉一定早已知道他总是要娶媚兰的。你想,我们知道也有好几年了。威尔克斯家和汉密尔顿家向来是中表联姻。谁都知道他总有一天要娶她的,就像霍妮·威尔克斯总要同媚兰小姐的兄弟查尔斯结婚一样。"

"好了,我不想谈下去了。不过,我对于她不留我们吃晚饭这一点,还是感到遗憾。老实说,我不想回家听妈对我们被学校开除的事大发脾气。这不能当作第一次那样看待了。"

"说不定博伊德已经把她的火气平息下来了。你明白那个讨厌的矮鬼是多么伶牙俐齿。他每次都能把她说得心平气和的。"

"是呀,他办得到,不过那要花博伊德许多时间。他要拐弯抹角绕来绕去,直到妈给弄得实在糊涂了,情愿让步,才叫他省下点嗓子去干律师的事。可是眼下,他恐怕还没来得及准备好开场呢。你看,我敢跟你打赌,妈一定还在为那匹新来的马感到兴奋呢,说不定要到坐下来吃晚饭和看到博伊德的时候才会想起我们又回家了。只要晚饭不吃完,她的怒火就会愈来愈旺的。因此要到十点钟左右博伊德才有机会去告诉她,既然咱们校长采取了那样的态度斥责你我二人,我们中间谁要是还留在学校也就太不光彩了。而要他把她扭过来转而对校长大发脾气,"责问博伊德干吗不开枪把他打死,那就非到半夜不行。所以,我们要半夜过后才能回家。"

哥儿俩你瞧着我,我瞧着你,不知说什么好。他们对于烈性的野马,对于行凶斗殴,以及邻里的公愤,都是毫无畏惧的,唯独那位红头发母亲的痛责和有时不惜抽打在他们屁股上的马鞭,才叫他们感到不寒而栗。

"那么,就这样吧,"布伦特说。"我们到威尔克斯家去。艾希礼和姑娘们会乐意让我们在那里吃晚饭的。"

斯图尔特显得有点不舒服的样子。

"不,别到那里去。他们一定在忙着准备明天的野宴呢,而且……"

"唔,我忘记了,"布伦特连忙解释说。"不,我们别到那里去。"

他们对自己的马吆喝了两声,然后默默地骑着向前跑了一会,这时斯图尔特褐色的脸膛上泛起了一抹红晕。直到去年夏天为止,斯图尔特曾经在双方家庭和全