

英汉双语版

Essential Classics of World Literature

Margaret Mitchell

GONE with
the WIND



飘

II

〔美〕

玛格丽特·米切尔

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译 著



中央编译出版社

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Part Four

Chapter XXXI

ON a cold January afternoon in 1866, Scarlett sat in the office writing a letter to Aunt Pitty, explaining in detail for the tenth time why neither she, Melanie nor Ashley could come back to Atlanta to live with her. She wrote impatiently because she knew Aunt Pitty would read no farther than the opening lines and then write her again, wailing: "But I'm afraid to live by myself!"

Her hands were chilled and she paused to rub them together and to scuff her feet deeper into the strip of old quilting wrapped about them. The soles of her slippers were practically gone and were reinforced with pieces of carpet. The carpet kept her feet off the floor but did little to keep them warm. That morning Will had taken the horse to Jonesboro to get him shod. Scarlett thought grimly that things were indeed at a pretty pass when horses had shoes and people's feet were as bare as yard dogs'.

She picked up her quill to resume her writing but laid it down when she heard Will coming in at the back door. She heard the thumpthump of his wooden leg in the hall outside the office and then he stopped. She waited for a moment for him to enter and when he made no move she called to him. He came in, his ears red from the cold, his pinkish hair awry, and stood looking down at her, a faintly humorous smile on his lips.

"Miss Scarlett," he questioned, "just how much cash money have you got?"

"Are you going to try to marry me for my money, Will?" she asked somewhat crossly.

"No, Ma'm. But I just wanted to know."

She stared at him inquiringly. Will didn't look serious, but then he never looked serious. However, she felt that something was wrong.

"I've got ten dollars in gold," she said. "The last of that Yankee's money."

"Well, Ma'm, that won't be enough."

1866年1月一个寒气逼人的下午，斯佳丽坐在账房里给皮特姑姑回信，第十遍向她解释为何她、梅拉妮和阿什礼不能回亚特兰大跟她做伴。她越写越来气，因为明知皮特姑姑看不完头几行就会再次拿起笔来向她哀求：“可我一个人孤孤单单多害怕呀！”

手冷得厉害。她停笔用力搓手，又把双脚朝裹着的旧被里再伸进去几分。鞋后跟已磨穿，只好用几块破地毯补上，补丁隔开了脚和地板，却无法让脚暖和起来。这天早上，威尔骑马去了琼斯博罗，好给那畜生换副马掌。斯佳丽心酸地想：马倒能钉掌子，人却跟狗一样光脚丫子，这算啥世道！

拾起鹅毛笔正要往下写，听到威尔从后门进来了，木腿笃笃地响到账房门口停下。她等着他进来，却不见动静，就喊他一声，威尔这才进来。他耳朵冻得通红，淡红色的头发披向一边。他俯视着她，嘴边一丝幽默的微笑。

“斯佳丽小姐，”他问，“您手头还有多少现钱？”

“你该不是想打听仔细好跟我结婚吧，威尔？”她有点儿生气地应道。

“不是，小姐，我就想弄清楚而已。”

斯佳丽瞪着他大惑不解，威尔这样子并不严肃。话说回来，他这人从不煞有介事。不过总有点儿什么不对劲。

她干脆说：“还有十块金币。那个北佬的钱就剩这些了。”

“是么，小姐？那可不够。”

“Enough for what?”

“Enough for the taxes,” he answered and, stumping over to the fireplace, he leaned down and held his red hands to the blaze.

“Taxes?” she repeated. “Name of God, Will! We’ve already paid the taxes.”

“Yes’m. But they say you didn’t pay enough. I heard about it today over to Jonesboro.”

“But, Will, I can’t understand. What do you mean?”

“Miss Scarlett, I sure hate to bother you with more trouble when you’ve had your share but I’ve got to tell you. They say you ought to paid lots more taxes than you did. They’re runnin’ the assessment up on Tara sky high—higher than any in the County, I’ll be bound.”

“But they can’t make us pay more taxes when we’ve already paid them once.”

“Miss Scarlett, you don’t never go to Jonesboro often and I’m glad you don’t. It ain’t no place for a lady these days. But if you’d been there much, you’d know there’s a mighty rough bunch of Scallawags and Republicans and Carpetbaggers been runnin’ things recently. They’d make you mad enough to pop. And then, too, niggers pushin’ white folks off the sidewalks and—”

“But what’s that got to do with our taxes?”

“I’m gettin’ to it, Miss Scarlett. For some reason the rascals have histed the taxes on Tara till you’d think it was a thousandbale place. After I heard about it, I sorter oozed around the barrooms pickin’ up gossip and I found out that somebody wants to buy in Tara cheap at the sheriff’s sale, if you can’t pay the extra taxes. And everybody knows pretty well that you can’t pay them. I don’t know yet who it is wants this place. I couldn’t find out. But I think that pusillanimous feller, Hilton, that married Miss Cathleen knows, because he laughed kind of nasty when I tried to sound him out.”

Will sat down on the sofa and rubbed the stump of his leg. It ached in cold weather and the wooden peg was neither well padded nor comfortable. Scarlett looked at him

“不够啥？”

“不够税钱，”威尔答道，一面走到壁炉边俯身烤烤冻得通红的双手。

“税钱？”斯佳丽吃惊了，“老天在上，威尔！税咱们已交过了呀。”

“没错，小姐。可人家说您缴得不够。今天我在琼斯博罗听说的。”

“我不明白，威尔，这话啥意思？”

“斯佳丽小姐，您烦心的事儿够多了，真不想打搅您，可这事儿不跟您说不行，人家说您还得补交一大笔税金才成。人家把塔拉的税额定得比天还高——我敢肯定是全县最高的。”

“可咱们已交过一次，总不能强迫咱们再交一次吧。”

“小姐，您琼斯博罗去得少，这倒也省心。这年头那儿真不是女人去的地方。您要是常去就会知道，那儿眼下全是叛贼、共和党、提包客说了算，能把人活活气死。还有那些黑奴，神气得了不得，愣把白人往人行道下推。还有……”

“这跟咱们交税有啥相干？”

“小姐，我这不正说呢。也不知怎么搞的，那帮坏蛋把塔拉的税定得老高，让人觉得这儿一年准能收上千包棉花。一听说这消息，我就到几处酒吧转转，暗暗留神人家在聊些啥。这才知道有人看上了塔拉这地方，就等您交不上这笔额外税钱，给衙门里没收拍卖，好便宜买下来。是谁想买塔拉没能打听到。不过我看那个鬼头鬼脑的希尔顿——就是娶了凯瑟琳的家伙——肯定知道。我跟他打听来着，他一副皮笑肉不笑的样子。”

威尔在沙发上坐下，揉揉少了一截的腿子。天气一冷这腿就疼，木腿垫得不合适，真不舒服。斯佳丽心慌意乱，瞅着他直愣神儿。说出这种塔拉大难临头的消息，



wildly. His manner was so casual when he was sounding the death knell of Tara. Sold out at the sheriff's sale? Where would they all go? And Tara belonging to some one else! No, that was unthinkable!

She had been so engrossed with the job of making Tara produce she had paid little heed to what was going on in the world outside. Now that she had Will and Ashley to attend to whatever business she might have in Jonesboro and Fayetteville, she seldom left the plantation. And even as she had listened with deaf ears to her father's war talk in the days before the war came, so she had paid little heed to Will and Ashley's discussions around the table after supper about the beginnings of Reconstruction.

Oh, of course, she knew about the Scallwags—Southerners who had turned Republican very profitably—and the Carpetbaggers, those Yankees who came South like buzzards after the surrender with all their worldly possessions in one carpetbag. And she had had a few unpleasant experiences with the Freedmen's Bureau. She had gathered, also, that some of the free negroes were getting quite insolent. This last she could hardly believe, for she had never seen an insolent negro in her life.

But there were many things which Will and Ashley had conspired to keep from her. The scourge of war had been followed by the worse scourge of Reconstruction, but the two men had agreed not to mention the more alarming details when they discussed the situation at home. And when Scarlett took the trouble to listen to them at all, most of what they said went in one ear and out the other.

She had heard Ashley say that the South was being treated as a conquered province and that vindictiveness was the dominant policy of the conquerors. But that was the kind of statement which meant less than nothing at all to Scarlett. Politics was men's business. She had heard Will say it looked to him like the North just wasn't aiming to let the South get on its feet again. Well, thought Scarlett, men always had to have something

他居然那么若无其事？塔拉给没收拍卖？这一家子上哪儿去？让塔拉落到别人手里？不，决不行！

她成天埋头照料塔拉的生产，外面的事简直不闻不问。琼斯博罗和费耶特维尔两地若有麻烦，都是威尔和阿什礼对付，她自己很少迈出塔拉一步。战前，爸爸扯打仗的事儿她就不爱听。如今威尔和阿什礼在晚饭桌上谈论战后重建，她同样置若罔闻。

噢，她当然听说过那些叛贼——那些摇身一变成为共和党，大捞一把的南方败类——还有那帮北佬提包客，南方一投降，他们就一窝蜂来了，各自的全部家当就塞在一只帆布提包里。她与那个“自由人事务局”^①也打过几次交道，都不愉快。黑奴解放后变得目中无人，这她也听说过。但这辈子还没亲眼见过哪个黑奴如此放肆。

不过，威尔和阿什礼背地里商量好了，许多事不想让她知道。战争的劫难刚刚过去，重建时期的灾难又接踵而来。两个男人在家议论局势，有意不提那些太叫人不安的详情。斯佳丽就是耐烦听，也是这只耳朵进，那只耳朵出。

她听阿什礼说过，南方如今被视为被征服的土地。征服者的主要政策是无情报复。这话斯佳丽听来却无足轻重，政治让男人操心好了。她也听威尔说过，看样子北佬一心想把南方踩在脚底下。哎呀，斯佳丽心想，男人家老爱瞎着急。至于自己，过去北佬没赢过她，现在北佬也休想从她

① 指美国南北战争结束后，联邦政府在南方成立的专门管理获得自由的黑奴事务的机构。



foolish to worry about. As far as she was concerned, the Yankees hadn't whipped her once and they wouldn't do it this time. The thing to do was to work like the devil and stop worrying about the Yankee government. After all, the war was over.

Scarlett did not realize that all the rules of the game had been changed and that honest labor could no longer earn its just reward. Georgia was virtually under martial law now. The Yankee soldiers garrisoned throughout the section and the Freedmen's Bureau were in complete command of everything and they were fixing the rules to suit themselves.

This Bureau, organized by the Federal government to take care of the idle and excited ex-slaves, was drawing them from the plantations into the villages and cities by the thousands. The Bureau fed them while they loafed and poisoned their minds against their former owners. Gerald's old overseer, Jonas Wilkerson, was in charge of the local Bureau, and his assistant was Hilton, Cathleen Calvert's husband. These two industriously spread the rumor that the Southerners and Democrats were just waiting for a good chance to put the negroes back into slavery and that the negroes' only hope of escaping this fate was the protection given them by the Bureau and the Republican party.

Wilkerson and Hilton furthermore told the negroes they were as good as the whites in every way and soon white and negro marriages would be permitted, soon the estates of their former owners would be divided and every negro would be given forty acres and a mule for his own. They kept the negroes stirred up with tales of cruelty perpetrated by the whites and, in a section long famed for the affectionate relations between slaves and slave owners, hate and suspicion began to grow.

The Bureau was backed up by the soldiers and the military had issued many and conflicting orders governing the conduct of the conquered. It was easy to get arrested, even for snubbing the officials of the Bureau. Military orders had been promulgated concerning the schools, sanitation, the kind

这儿得便宜。只要拼命干活儿，甭理什么北佬政府。说到底，仗总归打完了嘛。

她不知道世道全变了，诚实的劳动已得不到正当的报酬。佐治亚眼下处于军法管制，到处驻上了北佬军队。自由人事务局一手遮天，制订的法规都为了他们的既得利益。

这个局是联邦政府建立的，专门照管获得自由、欢天喜地的黑奴们，把这些人成千上万从种植园吸引到村庄和城市里。他们找不到活儿干，该局就出资养活他们，还挑唆他们与原先的主人作对。杰拉尔德从前的监工乔纳斯·威尔克森就在把持当地的自由人事务局，他的副手就是凯瑟琳·卡尔佛特的丈夫希尔顿。这两个家伙摇唇鼓舌，胡说什么南方人和民主党人正蠢蠢欲动，要使黑人重新沦为奴隶，黑人要想逃脱这种厄运，只有寻求自由人事务局和共和党人的保护。

威尔克森和希尔顿还跟黑人说，黑人与白人处处相同，黑人与白人很快就能自由通婚。从前主人的土地要平分给每个黑人，一人四十英亩，外加一头骡子。他俩不断编造种种白人如何残害黑人的鬼话蛊惑人心，使这个奴隶与奴隶主关系融洽早已闻名的地区也开始滋长起仇恨与猜忌。

自由人事务局得到军方支持，而军方颁布了一系列自相矛盾的法令管制被征服的百姓。人们动不动就遭到拘捕，哪怕稍稍怠慢自由人事务局的官员也不行。军法统管一切——学校、卫生部门，甚至人们衣服上缝什么纽扣，出卖什么商品，事无巨细一律军管。威尔克森和希尔顿有权对

of buttons one wore on one's suit, the sale of commodities and nearly everything else. Wilkerson and Hilton had the power to interfere in any trade Scarlett might make and to fix their own prices on anything she sold or swapped.

Fortunately Scarlett had come into contact with the two men very little, for Will had persuaded her to let him handle the trading while she managed the plantation. In his mild-tempered way, Will had straightened out several difficulties of this kind and said nothing to her about them. Will could get along with Carpetbaggers and Yankees—if he had to. But now a problem had arisen which was too big for him to handle. The extra tax assessment and the danger of losing Tara were matters Scarlett had to know about—and right away.

She looked at him with flashing eyes.

“Oh, damn the Yankees!” she cried. “Isn't it enough that they've licked us and beggared us without turning loose scoundrels on us?”

The war was over, peace had been declared, but the Yankees could still rob her, they could still starve her, they could still drive her from her house. And fool that she was, she had thought through weary months that if she could just hold out until spring, everything would be all right. This crushing news brought by Will, coming on top of a year of back-breaking work and hope deferred, was the last straw.

“Oh, Will, and I thought our troubles were all over when the war ended!”

“No'm.” Will raised his lantern-jawed, country-looking face and gave her a long steady look. “Our troubles are just gettin' started.”

“How much extra taxes do they want us to pay?”

“Three hundred dollars.”

She was struck dumb for a moment. Three hundred dollars! It might just as well be three million dollars.

“Why,” she floundered, “why—why, then we've got to raise three hundred, somehow.”

“Yes'm—and a rainbow and a moon or two.”

斯佳丽的任何买卖或交易进行干预，随意算定价格。

好在斯佳丽本人很少与这两个坏蛋打交道，威尔劝她全心经管庄园，生意上的事交给他来操办。威尔性情温和，好几件棘手的事都被他设法应付过去，并对斯佳丽只字不提。威尔能对付提包客和北佬——倘若非跟这帮人打交道的話。可眼下冒出这么个大难题，他束手无策。这笔额外税款事关塔拉存亡，应该让斯佳丽知道，而且越快越好。

她盯着他，两眼冒火。

“哦，该死的北佬！”她骂道，“叫咱们吃了败仗，成了叫花子还嫌不够，还要放这些恶棍来欺负咱们不成！”

战争到头，和平来到，但北佬照样可以抢她，饿死她，可以把她从自己的家园赶走。她好蠢，数月来苦做苦熬，还以为春天一到，日子就会好起来。过去一年里，累断了脊梁，望穿了双眼，可威尔这消息给人当头一棒，叫人如何承受得起！

“唉，威尔，我还以为仗一打完，麻烦就都完了呢！”

“没有，小姐，”威尔抬起那张下巴尖尖、土气十足的瘦脸，看了她长长一眼，“咱们的麻烦才开头呢。”

“他们到底还要咱们交多少？”

“三百块。”

斯佳丽惊呆了，三百块！这简直就是叫她交三百万嘛！

“哎呀，”她语无伦次，“哎呀——呀，那咱们只好想法子凑三百块啦。”

“是的，小姐——好比变出道彩虹，摘下个月亮呢。”

“Oh, but Will! They couldn't sell out Tara. Why—”

His mild pale eyes showed more hate and bitterness than she thought possible.

“Oh, couldn't they? Well, they could and they will and they'll like doin' it! Miss Scarlett, the country's gone plumb to hell, if you'll pardon me. Those Carpetbaggers and Scallawags can vote and most of us Democrats can't. Can't no Democrat in this state vote if he was on the tax books for more than two thousand dollars in 'sixty-five. That lets out folks like your pa and Mr. Tarleton and the McRaes and the Fontaine boys. Can't nobody vote who was a colonel and over in the war and, Miss Scarlett, I bet this state's got more colonels than any state in the Confederacy. And can't nobody vote who held office under the Confederate government and that lets out everybody from the notaries to the judges, and the woods are full of folks like that. Fact is, the way the Yankees have framed up that amnesty oath, can't nobody who was somebody before the war vote at all. Not the smart folks nor the quality folks nor the rich folks.

“Huh! I could vote if I took their damned oath. I didn't have any money in 'sixty-five and I certainly warn't a colonel or nothin' remarkable. But I ain't goin' to take their oath. Not by a dinged sight! If the Yankees had acted right, I'd have taken their oath of allegiance but I ain't now. I can be restored to the Union but I can't be reconstructed into it. I ain't goin' to take their oath even if I don't never vote again—But scum like that Hilton feller, he can vote, and scoundrels like Jonas Wilkerson and pore whites like the Slatterys and no-counts like the MacIntoshes, they can vote. And they're runnin' things now. And if they want to come down on you for extra taxes a dozen times, they can do it. Just like a nigger can kill a white man and not get hung or—” He paused, embarrassed, and the memory of what had happened to a lone white woman on an isolated farm near Lovejoy was in both their minds... “Those niggers can do anything against us and the Freedmen's Bureau and

“唉，威尔！他们总不能把塔拉给拍卖吧。噢……”

威尔温和的淡蓝眼睛透出仇恨与痛苦的光来，令斯佳丽吃惊不小。

“他们不能？哼，他们不但能而且愿意这么干，乐意这么干！斯佳丽小姐，原谅我说句粗话，咱们这地方真他妈成了地狱啦。那帮提包客和叛贼都有选举权，可咱民主党人却没几个有选举权。这个州里，但凡1865年税簿上征税超过两千块的民主党人没有选举权。这么一来，像您父亲、塔尔顿先生、麦克雷兄弟、方丹兄弟都没资格。再有，这一仗中凡当过上校以上军官的也没资格。小姐，我敢打赌，咱们这个州当过上校的比全南方哪个州都多。还有，但凡在邦联衙门里做过事的，下自公证员，上至法官，也一律不准参加选举。眼下林子里藏着的净是这号人。其实，照北佬搞的那个什么效忠宣誓，但凡战前有点儿身份的，有本事的，有地位的，有钱的，统统都没选举权。

“哼！我要是去参加那该死的宣誓，倒能有选举权。1865年那会儿我穷得叮当响，没当过上校，也没干过啥露脸的事儿。可我才不去宣什么鬼誓，丢那份人！北佬若办事公道，我早宣誓效忠了，但我至今没有。人算是被北佬收了去，咱心可没变，哪怕从此丢了选举权，咱也不宣那个鬼誓——可是希尔顿那号败类能选举，乔纳斯·威尔克森那号恶棍能选举，斯莱特里、麦金托什那号根本不起眼的穷鬼都能选举，眼下他们说了算。他们要叫你多交十几倍税钱，你只好照办。好比黑奴杀了白人也不会被绞杀，或者……”他打住了，有些难以出口。两人都想到了洛夫乔伊附近一座偏僻农场上发生的那件事，一个孤身白种女人的悲惨遭遇……“如今黑奴对咱们啥都干得出来，自由人事务局和军队用枪杆子给他们撑腰。咱们没选举权，啥办法也没有。”



the soldiers will back them up with guns and we can't vote or do nothin' about it."

"Vote!" she cried. "Vote! What on earth has voting got to do with all this, Will? It's taxes we're talking about... Will, everybody knows what a good plantation Tara is. We could mortgage it for enough to pay the taxes, if we had to."

"Miss Scarlett, you ain't any fool but sometimes you talk like one. Who's got any money to lend you on this property? Who except the Carpetbaggers who are tryin' to take Tara away from you? Why, everybody's got land. Everybody's land pore. You can't give away land."

"I've got those diamond earbobs I got off that Yankee. We could sell them."

"Miss Scarlett, who 'round here has got money for earbobs? Folks ain't got money to buy side meat, let alone gewgaws. If you've got ten dollars in gold, I take oath that's more than most folks have got."

They were silent again and Scarlett felt as if she were butting her head against a stone wall. There had been so many stone walls to butt against this last year.

"What are we goin' to do, Miss Scarlett?"

"I don't know," she said dully and felt that she didn't care. This was one stone wall too many and she suddenly felt so tired that her bones ached. Why should she work and struggle and wear herself out? At the end of every struggle it seemed that defeat was waiting to mock her.

"I don't know," she said. "But don't let Pa know. It might worry him."

"I won't."

"Have you told anyone?"

"No, I came right to you."

Yes, she thought, everyone always came right to her with bad news and she was tired of it.

"Where is Mr. Wilkes? Perhaps he'll have some suggestion."

Will turned his mild gaze on her and she felt, as from the first day when Ashley came home, that he knew everything.

"He's down in the orchard splittin' rails. I heard his axe when I was puttin' up the

"选举!"斯佳丽叫道,"选举!选举跟这事有啥相干,威尔?咱们说的是税钱。威尔,谁不知道塔拉是个好地方,实在没办法的话,咱们只好拿它做抵押先弄到钱交了税再说。"

"小姐,您一向聪明,怎么讲些傻话?眼下谁拿得出这么多钱押您的塔拉?除了挖空思想抢走塔拉的提包客还有谁?乡亲们谁没地,谁家的地不是一塌糊涂?谁还要你的地嘛。"

"我还有从那北佬身上搜来的钻石耳坠子,可以拿去卖掉。"

"斯佳丽小姐,咱们这一带谁还有钱买耳坠呀?乡亲们连买腌肉的钱都没有,更甭说买这些小玩意儿了。你手头还有十块金币,我看比大半乡亲都阔多啦。"

二人一时无话。斯佳丽觉得自己简直是拿脑袋撞石壁。过去一年来也不晓得撞过多少回。

"咱们咋办,小姐?"

"不知道。"她闷闷地道,也不想着急。这道石壁太硬了,她忽然感到累极,浑身骨头都在疼。干吗要这么拼命挣扎,把自己累得半死?到头来反正总是失败,总被嘲弄。

"不知道,"她又说一遍,"不过千万别给我爸知道,他要急死了。"

"那当然。"

"你跟别人说过没?"

"没,一回来就先找你了。"

是啊,她心想,谁有了倒霉事都先找她,她烦死了。

"威尔克斯先生在哪儿?没准儿他能有主意。"

威尔温和的眼睛注视着她,使她觉得阿什礼回来那天,威尔就明白了一切。

"他在果园里劈栅栏条子呢,拴马的时候我听到斧头响。不过,他可未必比咱



horse. But he ain't got any money any more than we have."

"If I want to talk to him about it, I can, can't I?" she snapped, rising to her feet and kicking the fragment of quilting from her ankles.

Will did not take offense but continued rubbing his hands before the flame. "Better get your shawl, Miss Scarlett. It's raw outside."

But she went without the shawl, for it was upstairs and her need to see Ashley and lay her troubles before him was too urgent to wait.

How lucky for her if she could find him alone! Never once since his return had she had a private word with him. Always the family clustered about him, always Melanie was by his side, touching his sleeve now and again to reassure herself he was really there. The sight of that happy possessive gesture had aroused in Scarlett all the jealous animosity which had slumbered during the months when she had thought Ashley probably dead. Now she was determined to see him alone. This time no one was going to prevent her from talking with him alone.

She went through the orchard under the bare boughs and the damp weeds beneath them wet her feet. She could hear the sound of the axe ringing as Ashley split into rails the logs hauled from the swamp. Replacing the fences the Yankees had so blithely burned was a long hard task. Everything was a long hard task, she thought wearily, and she was tired of it, tired and mad and sick of it all. If only Ashley were her husband, instead of Melanie's, how sweet it would be to go to him and lay her head upon his shoulder and cry and shove her burdens onto him to work out as best he might.

She rounded a thicket of pomegranate trees which were shaking bare limbs in the cold wind and saw him leaning on his axe, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. He was wearing the remains of his butternut trousers and one of Gerald's shirts, a shirt which in better times went only to Court days and barbecues, a ruffled

们钱多。”

“我跟他商量商量总可以的吧？”她声色俱厉，一脚踢开裹在脚上的破棉胎。

威尔却不生气，只管在火上搓着双手：“斯佳丽小姐，顶好披上披肩，外头冷着呢。”

然而她没披披肩，那东西还在楼上。她一肚子心事等不及，要统统倒给阿什礼。

若能发现他一个人呆着就好了！自打他回来，她就一直没机会单独和他说句话。一家人老围着他转，梅拉妮更是形影不离，还时不时碰碰他衣袖，生怕眼前的人儿不是真的。过去数月以为阿什礼已不在人世，斯佳丽对梅拉妮的妒意曾悄悄消散。如今一见她这拥有幸福的小动作，斯佳丽真是妒火横生。这一回，她打定主意要单独和他见面；这一回，谁也甭想阻止她跟他单独交谈。

她从光秃秃的树枝下穿过果园，地上的野草弄湿了她的脚。听得见斧劈的声音，那是阿什礼在把那些从沼地运回来的木头劈成栅栏条子。修复北佬拆烧掉的围栏真是件费时费力的活儿。可哪桩事情不费时费力？想到这些她就身心疲惫，又气又急，厌烦透顶。倘若阿什礼是她而不是梅拉妮的丈夫，那她就走拢去，把脑袋往他肩头一靠，痛痛快快大哭一场，把一副重担都卸给他，由他去想办法，那多好！

绕过一丛石榴树，枯叶落尽的枝条在寒风中瑟瑟发抖。阿什礼就在眼前，正倚着把长柄斧，用手背擦着额上的汗。他穿着一条粗布破军裤，上身是件杰拉尔德的旧衬衫。这件皱领衬衫从前杰拉尔德只在旁听法院审判或去参加野餐时才穿，给阿什礼穿也太短了。阿什礼的外衣挂在一旁的树枝上，干活儿太热，他伸直腰歇口气。



shirt which was far too short for its present owner. He had hung his coat on a tree limb, for the work was hot, and he stood resting as she came up to him.

At the sight of Ashley in rags, with an axe in his hand, her heart went out in a surge of love and of fury at fate. She could not bear to see him in tatters, working, her debonaire immaculate Ashley. His hands were not made for work or his body for anything but broadcloth and fine linen. God intended him to sit in a great house, talking with pleasant people, playing the piano and writing things which sounded beautiful and made no sense whatsoever.

She could endure the sight of her own child in aprons made of sacking and the girls in dingy old gingham, could bear it that Will worked harder than any field hand, but not Ashley. He was too fine for all this, too infinitely dear to her. She would rather split logs herself than suffer while he did it.

“They say Abe Lincoln got his start splitting rails,” he said as she came up to him. “Just think to what heights I may climb!”

She frowned. He was always saying light things like this about their hardships. They were deadly serious matters to her and sometimes she was almost irritated at his remarks.

Abruptly she told him Will's news, tersely and in short words, feeling a sense of relief as she spoke. Surely, he'd have something helpful to offer. He said nothing but, seeing her shiver, he took his coat and placed it about her shoulders.

“Well,” she said finally, “doesn't it occur to you that we'll have to get the money somewhere?”

“Yes,” he said, “but where?”

“I'm asking you,” she replied, annoyed. The sense of relief at unburdening herself had disappeared. Even if he couldn't help, why didn't he say something comforting, even if it was only: “Oh, I'm so sorry.”

He smiled.

“In all these months since I've been home I've only heard of one person, Rhett Butler, who actually has money,” he said.

斯佳丽走上前。

眼看他一身破衣烂衫，手里还握把斧头，她心头涌起一阵怜爱，对命运的不公义愤难平。她温文尔雅十全十美的阿什礼哟，落到这步田地真让人心疼。他那双手天生不是干活儿的，他的身子也只该穿细毛料和上等亚麻布。上帝该让他坐在高宅大院里，与体面人谈天说地，弹弹钢琴，写写词藻美丽却毫无意义的诗句。

眼看小韦德系一条粗麻袋布缝的围兜，姑娘们穿一身脏兮兮的格子布破裙，她能忍；眼看威尔比哪个奴隶干的活儿都重，她能忍；可她就是不忍目睹阿什礼这副样子。阿什礼人太高雅，太让她心爱，她宁肯自己动手劈木头，也不愿看他干粗活儿吃苦头。

“听说林肯先生也是劈木头出身，”见她走过来，他就揶揄一句，“想想本人前途无量啊！”

她眉头一皱，他老是拿他们吃的苦头开玩笑。对她来说，这全是严重的事情，所以有时听他这副腔调她简直要冒火。

她把威尔带来的消息突然和盘托出，三言两语，干干脆脆，一说出来心头就畅快不少，他肯定会有法子帮她的。但他一言不发。见她冷得发抖，便取下自己的外衣披在她肩上。

“唉，”她只好开口道，“你说咱们总得上啥地方弄笔钱来才行吧？”

“没错，”他道，“可上哪儿弄去？”

“我在问你呢。”她如释重负的感觉顿时一扫而光。哪怕他帮不上忙，也该说几句宽心话呀。哪怕就说一句“哦，真叫人难过”也好。

他微微一笑。

“回来好几个月，就听说一个人有钱，就是那个瑞特·巴特勒。”他道。



Aunt Pittypat had written Melanie the week before that Rhett was back in Atlanta with a carriage and two fine horses and pocketfuls of greenbacks. She had intimated, however, that he didn't come by them honestly. Aunt Pitty had a theory, largely shared by Atlanta, that Rhett had managed to get away with the mythical millions of the Confederate treasury.

"Don't let's talk about him," said Scarlett shortly. "He's a skunk if ever there was one. What's to become of us all?"

Ashley put down the axe and looked away and his eyes seemed to be journeying to some far-off country where she could not follow.

"I wonder," he said. "I wonder not only what will become of us at Tara but what will become of everybody in the South."

She felt like snapping out abruptly: "To hell with everybody in the South! What about us?" but she remained silent because the tired feeling was back on her more strongly than ever. Ashley wasn't being any help at all.

"In the end what will happen will be what has happened whenever a civilization breaks up. The people who have brains and courage come through and the ones who haven't are winnowed out. At least, it has been interesting, if not comfortable, to witness a Gotterdammerung."

"A what?"

"A dusk of the gods. Unfortunately, we Southerners did think we were gods."

"For Heaven's sake, Ashley Wilkes! Don't stand there and talk nonsense at me when it's us who are going to be winnowed out!"

Something of her exasperated weariness seemed to penetrate his mind, calling it back from its wanderings, for he raised her hands with tenderness and, turning them palm up, looked at the calluses.

"These are the most beautiful hands I know," he said and kissed each palm lightly. "They are beautiful because they are strong and every callus is a medal,

皮特姑姑上礼拜给梅丽来过信，说瑞特回亚特兰大来了，带来一辆马车两匹好马，还有满口袋的联邦钞票。她还暗示说这笔钱来路不正。皮特姑姑与不少亚特兰大人都认为瑞特弄走了南部邦联的一大笔钱财。

"甭提这家伙，"斯佳丽性急地说，"那是个十足的下流坯。想想看咱们这一大家子怎么办。"

阿什礼放下斧头，朝别处望去，仿佛在眺望遥远的他乡，而斯佳丽却目力不及。

"我在想，"他道，"我在想不光是塔拉这家子怎么办，全南方都不知怎么办呢。"

一听这话，她好想立刻顶他一句："全南方见他的鬼去！问题是咱们怎么办！"但她到底没说，因为又感到浑身好累好累。阿什礼根本帮不上忙。

"不论何时文明毁灭，结果总是重演历史。有头脑有胆识的人活下来，没头脑没胆识的被淘汰。亲眼目睹这‘众神的末日’^①虽不舒服，至少还有趣。"

"目睹什么？"

"众神的末日。不幸的是咱们南方的确把自己当做神呢。"

"看在上帝份上，阿什礼·威尔克斯！甭站在那儿跟我瞎扯了。眼下咱们就要给淘汰啦！"

她那恼怒疲惫的神情总算打动了她，把他从胡思乱想中拉了回来。他温存地拉住她的双手，把它们翻过来，望着掌心的老茧。

"一辈子只见过这么一双美丽的双手，"他说着，轻轻地在两个掌心各吻一下，"这

① 系德国作曲家瓦格纳所作歌剧《尼伯龙根的指环》的最后一幕，剧中主要角色均遭毁灭。

Scarlett, every blister an award for bravery and unselfishness. They've been roughened for all of us, your father, the girls, Melanie, the baby, the negroes and for me. My dear, I know what you are thinking. You're thinking, 'Here stands an impractical fool talking tommyrot about dead gods when living people are in danger.' Isn't that true?"

She nodded, wishing he would keep on holding her hands forever, but he dropped them.

"And you came to me, hoping I could help you. Well, I can't."

His eyes were bitter as he looked toward the axe and the pile of logs.

"My home is gone and all the money that I so took for granted I never realized I had it. And I am fitted for nothing in this world, for the world I belonged in has gone. I can't help you, Scarlett, except by learning with as good grace as possible to be a clumsy farmer. And that won't keep Tara for you. Don't you think I realize the bitterness of our situation, living here on your charity—Oh, yes, Scarlett, your charity. I can never repay you what you've done for me and for mine out of the kindness of your heart. I realize it more acutely every day. And every day I see more clearly how helpless I am to cope with what has come on us all—Every day my accursed shrinking from realities makes it harder for me to face the new realities. Do you know what I mean?"

She nodded. She had no very clear idea what he meant but she clung breathlessly on his words. This was the first time he had ever spoken to her of the things he was thinking when he seemed so remote from her. It excited her as if she were on the brink of a discovery.

"It's a curse—this not wanting to look on naked realities. Until the war, life was never more real to me than a shadow show on a curtain. And I preferred it so. I do not like the outlines of things to be too sharp. I like them gently blurred, a little hazy."

He stopped and smiled faintly, shivering a little as the cold wind went through his thin shirt.

手美是因为这手强壮，每个茧子都是一块奖章。斯佳丽，每个泡都是对你勇敢无私的报偿。它们变粗是为了咱们大家，为你爸、姑娘们、梅拉妮、小宝宝、黑人，也为了我。亲爱的，我明白你的心思。你在想，瞧这个不切实际的傻瓜，活人的危险他不管，却瞎扯些什么死了的天神！是不是啊？”

她点点头，巴望他永远拉着她的手，可他松开了。

“你来找我，指望我帮你一把。唉，可我帮不了。”

他看着那把斧头，那堆木头，目光痛苦不堪。

“我的家完了，所有的钱也完了。那些钱我一直看得理所当然，所以从没把它当回事。我这对世界毫无用处，因为我所属的那个世界已不复存在。我帮不了你，斯佳丽，我只能尽量打起精神学做一个不称职的庄稼汉，但这也帮不了你保住塔拉。你以为我不明白咱们眼下的处境有多惨，不明白我们一家在靠你的接济过日子么？唉，斯佳丽，我们实实在在是在靠你接济啊。你一片真心为我和我一家所做的一切我这辈子也难以报答，每一天这份感受都在加深，每一天我都更明白我对落在咱们头上的灾难多么无能为力。我真该死，每一天都在逃避现实，结果越发对付不了新的现实。你明白我的话么？”

她点点头。这番话她听不大懂，但听得全神贯注。这可是他头一回向她诉说心事，虽然那神情离她挺遥远。她激动不已，觉得自己就要发现他心中的秘密了。

“这是我的致命弱点——不肯正视赤裸裸的现实。战前我的生活一直好比映在幕布上的皮影子，而且我喜欢它这样，不喜欢样样事情都一清二楚。我喜欢一切都朦朦胧胧、模模糊糊。”

他停下，淡淡一笑。寒风吹透他单薄的衬衣，他一个寒噤。



“In other words, Scarlett, I am a coward.”

His talk of shadow shows and hazy outlines conveyed no meaning to her but his last words were in language she could understand. She knew they were untrue. Cowardice was not in him. Every line of his slender body spoke of generations of brave and gallant men and Scarlett knew his war record by heart.

“Why, that’s not so! Would a coward have climbed on the cannon at Gettysburg and rallied the men? Would the General himself have written Melanie a letter about a coward? And—”

“That’s not courage,” he said tiredly. “Fighting is like champagne. It goes to the heads of cowards as quickly as of heroes. Any fool can be brave on a battle field when it’s be brave or else be killed. I’m talking of something else. And my kind of cowardice is infinitely worse than if I had run the first time I heard a cannon fired.”

His words came slowly and with difficulty as if it hurt to speak them and he seemed to stand off and look with a sad heart at what he had said. Had any other man spoken so, Scarlett would have dismissed such protestations contemptuously as mock modesty and a bid for praise. But Ashley seemed to mean them and there was a look in his eyes which eluded her—not fear, not apology, but the bracing to a strain which was inevitable and overwhelming. The wintry wind swept her damp ankles and she shivered again but her shiver was less from the wind than from the dread his words evoked in her heart.

“But, Ashley, what are you afraid of?”

“Oh, nameless things. Things which sound very silly when they are put into words. Mostly of having life suddenly become too real, of being brought into personal, too personal, contact with some of the simple facts of life. It isn’t that I mind splitting logs here in the mud, but I do mind what it stands for. I do mind, very much, the loss of the beauty of the old life I loved. Scarlett, before the war, life was beautiful. There was a glamor to it, a perfection and a completeness

“换句话说，斯佳丽，我是个胆小鬼。”

他说的这些皮影戏、朦胧之类，她都不懂。但最后那句她懂，而且知道这话不对。他不是胆小鬼，他单薄身材的每根线条都显出世代相传的勇敢与侠义。斯佳丽对他在战场上的表现一清二楚。

“得了吧，话可别这么说！胆小鬼会在葛底斯堡大战中爬到大炮上去集合部下么？那位将军会给梅丽写信夸奖一个胆小鬼么？再说……”

“那算不上勇敢，”他疲乏地说，“打仗好比香槟，能给懦夫打气，也能给英雄打气。哪个傻瓜上了战场都会勇气十足，因为不这样自己就会送命。我说的是另一回事。我那种胆小比头一回听到炮声拔腿就逃更糟糕。”

他一字一句，仿佛难以启齿，仿佛这些话让他痛苦，他是个伤心的旁观者。换个人这副样子，斯佳丽准会不屑一顾，认为这是故作谦逊，想赢得他人夸奖。但看来阿什礼是认真的，而且那目光让她颇费猜详。那不是畏惧，不是歉意，而是在与必然来临无法阻挡的压力奋力抗争。寒风掠过她打湿的脚踝，她又打个寒战，但这回多半是由于听了他的话心寒。

“可是，阿什礼，你到底怕什么？”

“唉，说不清。这些东西说出来会非常可笑。主要是生活一下子变得太真实，太与个人休戚相关，太逼近最简单的生活现实。在这泥地里劈木头我并不在乎，但对它的意义很在乎，让人尤为痛心的是失去了过去岁月的美好。斯佳丽，战前的生活多美啊。它富于魅力，匀称完美，就像一件希腊艺术品。也许并非人人都感觉如此，这一点如今我明白了。但对我来说，十二棵橡树的生活实在太美了，我属于那种生活，是它的一部分。而今它一去不返，



and a symmetry to it like Grecian art. Maybe it wasn't so to everyone. I know that now. But to me, living at Twelve Oaks, there was a real beauty to living. I belonged in that life. I was a part of it. And now it is gone and I am out of place in this new life, and I am afraid. Now, I know that in the old days it was a shadow show I watched. I avoided everything which was not shadowy, people and situations which were too real, too vital. I resented their intrusion. I tried to avoid you too, Scarlett. You were too full of living and too real and I was cowardly enough to prefer shadows and dreams."

"But—but—Melly?"

"Melanie is the gentlest of dreams and a part of my dreaming. And if the war had not come I would have lived out my life, happily buried at Twelve Oaks, contentedly watching life go by and never being a part of it. But when the war came, life as it really is thrust itself against me. The first time I went into action—it was at Bull Run, you remember—I saw my boyhood friends blown to bits and heard dying horses scream and learned the sickeningly horrible feeling of seeing men crumple up and spit blood when I shot them. But those weren't the worst things about the war, Scarlett. The worst thing about the war was the people I had to live with.

"I had sheltered myself from people all my life, I had carefully selected my few friends. But the war taught me I had created a world of my own with dream people in it. It taught me what people really are, but it didn't teach me how to live with them. And I'm afraid I'll never learn. Now, I know that in order to support my wife and child, I will have to make my way among a world of people with whom I have nothing in common. You, Scarlett, are taking life by the horns and twisting it to your will. But where do I fit in the world any more? I tell you I am afraid."

While his low resonant voice went on, desolate, with a feeling she could not understand, Scarlett clutched at words here and there, trying to make sense of them. But the words swooped from her hands like wild

眼前的新生活我又格格不入，所以我害怕。如今我才明白，过去我一直在看一场皮影戏，一直在回避所有并非虚幻的东西，回避一切太真实太鲜活的人和事。我讨厌它们闯入我的生活，连你我也想尽力回避。斯佳丽，你太具活力，太真实，而我却太懦弱，宁愿要幻影和梦境。”

“可是——可是——梅丽呢？”

“梅丽是最温柔的梦，是我梦境的一部分。要是不打仗，我会心满意足地旁观生活，永不参与其中，就在十二棵橡树快快乐乐过一辈子，直到进坟墓。可打起仗来，生活现实毫不留情地咄咄逼人。头一回作战是在布尔河——你记得吧——我眼看着从小一起长大的伙伴给炸成碎片，听着战马垂死的哀嘶，经历那种开枪杀人的恶心感觉，目睹被我打中的敌人又滚又爬，浑身是血。可这还不算战争最残忍之处，斯佳丽，最糟糕的是我不得不与别人朝夕相处。

“这辈子我一直少与人来往，仅有的几个朋友也是挑了又挑。但战争使我明白，过去我一手创造的小天地里全是些梦中人。战争使我明白了人的真相，却没教会我如何与人相处。只怕我这辈子也学不会了。如今，为了养活妻小，我知道自己必须从那些与我毫无共同之处的人中间闯一条生活之路。你，斯佳丽，有本事把握生活，而它也听你摆布。可我在这世上何处存身？我怕的就是这个。”

他低沉悦耳的声音径自说着，不胜悲凉。斯佳丽努力捕捉只言片语，琢磨个中含义，却无法领悟那种感情。那些话野鸟般从她手中纷纷逃飞，她弄不懂到底是什么东西如同一根无情的刺棒，在逼赶



birds. Something was driving him, driving him with a cruel goad, but she did not understand what it was.

“Scarlett, I don’t know just when it was that the bleak realization came over me that my own private shadow show was over. Perhaps in the first five minutes at Bull Run when I saw the first man I killed drop to the ground. But I knew it was over and I could no longer be a spectator. No, I suddenly found myself on the curtain, an actor, posturing and making futile gestures. My little inner world was gone, invaded by people whose thoughts were not my thoughts, whose actions were as alien as a Hottentot’s. They’d tramped through my world with slimy feet and there was no place left where I could take refuge when things became too bad to stand. When I was in prison, I thought: When the war is over, I can go back to the old life and the old dreams and watch the shadow show again. But, Scarlett, there’s no going back. And this which is facing all of us now is worse than war and worse than prison—and, to me, worse than death... So, you see, Scarlett, I’m being punished for being afraid.”

“But, Ashley,” she began, floundering in a quagmire of bewilderment, “if you’re afraid we’ll starve, why—why—Oh, Ashley, we’ll manage somehow! I know we will!”

For a moment, his eyes came back to her, wide and crystal gray, and there was admiration in them. Then, suddenly, they were remote again and she knew with a sinking heart that he had not been thinking about starving. They were always like two people talking to each other in different languages. But she loved him so much that, when he withdrew as he had now done, it was like the warm sun going down and leaving her in chilly twilight dews. She wanted to catch him by the shoulders and hug him to her, make him realize that she was flesh and blood and not something he had read or dreamed. If she could only feel that sense of oneness with him for which she had yearned since that day, so long ago, when he had come home from Europe and stood on the

阿什礼。

“斯佳丽，我这场个人的影子戏也不知何时突然收场，叫人心里好不凄凉。也许就是布尔河那一仗的头五分钟我开枪打倒第一个敌人那一刻吧。总之我明白自己再不能旁观了，突然之间就成了演员，站在幕布前，装模作样，扮演着一个角色。我那小小的内心世界不复存在，被那些头脑与我完全不同的人闯了进来。他们的行为就跟霍屯督^①人一样古怪，他们肮脏的双脚踏着我的天地，逼得我无法忍受，又无处藏身。关在俘虏营里，我还在想等仗打完，我就能回到原来的生活，原来的梦幻，接着看我的影子戏。可是，斯佳丽，我回不去了。眼下咱们的境况比战时还要糟，比俘虏营还要糟——而且，对我来说，比死还要糟……所以，你瞧，斯佳丽，我眼下正为自己的怯懦遭受惩罚。”

斯佳丽越听越糊涂，好似陷进了烂泥坑，挣扎道：“阿什礼，你怕的要是大家会饿肚子，那——那——哎呀，阿什礼，咱们总会有法子对付的！我晓得咱们能有法子！”

刹那间，他掉转目光注视斯佳丽，那双澄澈的灰眼睛睁得老大，透出赞许，然而，这目光又突然变得遥远。斯佳丽心一沉，明白他担忧的并非挨饿。和他交谈，总像是各讲不同的语言。然而她爱他太深，只要他像方才这样挪开目光，就好比温暖的太阳忽然落去，将她抛入黄昏的寒露。她好想搂住他肩膀，紧紧拥抱，让他明白她有血有肉，绝非书本上梦境中的虚无。倘若能与他心心相印——她一直这么盼着，很久以前，他刚从欧洲回来，出现在塔拉台阶上，仰头向她微笑那一刻就盼着了——那该多好。

① 西南非洲一个游牧民族。