

英汉对照



世界名著

(美) 玛格丽特·米切尔 著

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CHAPTER XL

SCARLETT slept little that night. When the dawn had come and the sun was creeping over the black pines on the hills to the east, she rose from her tumbled bed and, seating herself on a stool by the window, laid her tired head on her arm and looked out over the barnyard and orchard of Tara toward the cotton fields. Everything was fresh and dewy and silent and green, and the sight of the cotton fields brought a measure of balm and comfort to her sore heart. Tara, at sunrise, looked loved, well tended and at peace, for all that its master lay dead. The squatty log chicken-house was clay-daubed against rats and weasels and clean with whitewash, and so was the log stable. The garden with its rows of com, brightyellow quash, butter beans and turnips was wall weeded and neatly fenced with split-oak rails. The orchard was cleared of underbrush and only daisies grew beneath the long rows of trees. The sun picked out with faint glistening the apples and the furred pink peaches half hidden in the green leaves. Beyond lay the curving rows of cotton, still and green under the gold of the new sky. The ducks and chickens were waddling and strutting off toward the fields, for under the bushes in the soft ploughed earth were found the choicest worms and slugs.

Scarlett's heart swelled with affection and gratitude to Will who had done all of this. Even her loyalty to Ashley could not make her believe he had been responsible for much of this well-being, for Tara's bloom was not the work of a planteraristocrat, but of the plodding, tireless 'small farmer' who loved his land. It was a 'two-horse' farm, not the lordly plantation of other days with pastures full of mules and fine horses and cotton and corn stretching as far as eye could see. But what there was of it was good and the acres that were lying fallow could be reclaimed when times grew better, and they would be the more fertile for their rest.

Will had done more than merely farm a few acres. He had kept sternly at bay those two enemies of Georgia planters, the seedling pine and the blackberry brambles. They had not stealthily taken garden and pasture and cotton field and lawn and reared themselves insolently by the porches of Tara, as they were doing on numberless plantations throughout the state.

Scarlett's heart failed a beat when she thought how close Tara had come to going back to wilderness. Between herself and Will, they had done a good job. They had held off the Yankees, the Carpetbaggers and the encroachments of Nature. And, best of all, Will had told her that after the cotton came in in the fall, she need send no more money, —unless some other Carpetbagger coveted Tara and skyrocketed the taxes. Scarlett knew Will would have a hard pull without her help but she admired and respected his independence. As long as he was in the position of hired help he would take her money, but

第四十章

那天晚上斯卡利特睡得很少。当黎明到来，太阳爬上东边山坡上的苍松时，她从凌乱不堪的床上爬起来，坐在靠窗的凳子上，用一条胳膊支着疲惫不堪的脑袋，穿过塔拉的仓房和果园，朝棉花田望去。一切都崭新、安静、翠绿，看见棉花田使得她酸痛的心灵得到一些安慰和舒适。在阳光下，塔拉看上去亲切可爱，井井有条，静谧安宁，尽管它的主人已长眠于此。那个矮矮的鸡栅栏用泥巴糊得严严实实以防老鼠，而且刷成了干干净净的白色，马厩也是如此。花园里种着一行行玉米、南瓜、豌豆和萝卜等，整整齐齐地，周围还用篱笆圈住。果园里的矮树都被清除出去，只有一片片蒲公英在一长排大树下摇曳。太阳照得那半藏在绿叶后面的苹果和桃子熠熠生辉。果园后面是一畦畦弯弯曲曲的棉花，在新一天金色天空的映衬下一片碧绿，安静祥和。一群鸡鸭正摇摇摆摆地朝田里进发，因为在新耕过的松软泥土底下可以找到新鲜的虫子和蚰蜒。

这一切都是威尔的功劳，斯卡利特心里充满了对他的感激钦佩之情。即使她对阿希礼的忠诚也不能使得她相信这一井然有序的景象是他的功劳，因为塔拉的活儿不是一个有贵族气质的庄园主所能胜任的，必须有一个热爱这片土地的不知疲倦的“小农夫”才能打理。现在的塔拉，只有两匹马，而不像从前那样有成群结队的上好驃马，极目四望，满是一望无际的棉田和玉米田。不过现在所有的这部分还挺好的，等将来的日子好过了可以再开垦大片荒芜的土地，经过这段休息期，它们也许会更肥沃呢。

威尔所做的绝不仅限于农场的几亩地。他制服了佐治亚州种植园主的两大敌人，那就是松树幼苗和多刺的黑莓。它们没能悄悄侵入花园、牧场、棉田、草地，也没有在门廊附近肆意滋生，全都有无数的农场，却从未见过这种情形。

一想到塔拉差点儿变成荒野，斯卡利特的心一阵后怕。多亏了她自己和威尔，他们做了一件多么了不起的事。他们共同抵制了北佬和提包党人的侵犯，以及大自然的掠夺。而且，最让人欣慰的是，威尔曾告诉她说等秋天棉花一收，她就再也不用寄钱了——除非别的提包党人看上塔拉并课以重税。斯卡利特明白，要是没有她的帮助，威尔将很难渡过难关，可她仍然佩服他的独立。只要他站在雇佣的位置上，就不免要拿她的钱，可现在他就要成为她的妹夫，成为塔拉的男主人，所以就得靠自己努力了。的确，威尔是上帝派来帮助她的。

now that he was to become her brothen-in-law and the man of the house, he intended to stand on his own efforts. Yes, Will was something the Lord had provided.

Pork had dug the grave the night before, close by Ellen's grave, and he stood, spade in hand, behind the moist red clay he was soon to shovel back in place. Scarlett stood behind him in the patchy shade of a gnarled low-limbed cedar, the hot sun of the June morning dappling her, and tried to keep her eyes away from the red trench in front of her. Jim Tarleton, little Hugh Munroe, Alex Fontaine and old man McRae's youngest grandson came slowly and awkwardly down the path from the house bearing Gerald's coffin on two lengths of split oak. Behind them, at a respectful disance, followed a large stragglng crowd of neigh-bours and friends, shabbily dressed, silent. As they came down the sunny path through the garden, Pork bowed his head upon the top of the spade handle and cried; and Scarlett saw with incurious surpriae that the kinks on his head, so jettily black when she went to Atlanta a few months before, were now grizzled.

She thanked God tiredly that she had cried all her tears the night before, so now she could stand erect and dry-eyed. The sound of Sudlen's tears, just back of her shoulder, irritated her unbearably and she had to clench her fists to keep from turning and slapping the swollen face. Sue had been the cause of her father's death, whether she intended it or not, and she should have the decency to control herself in front of the hostile neigh-bours. tot a single person had spoken to her that morning or given her one look of sympathy. They had kissed Scarlett quietly, shaken her hand, murmured kind words to Carreen and even to Pork, but had looked through Suellen as if she were not there.

To them she had done worse than murder her father. She had tried to betray him into disloyalty to the South. And to that grim and close-knit community it was ms if she had tried to betray the honour of them all. She had broken the solid front the County presented to the world. By her attempt to get money from the Yankee government she had aligned herself with Carpetbaggers and Scallawags, more hated enemies than the Yankee soldiers had ever been. She, a member of an old and staunchly Confederate family, a planter's family, had gone over to the enemy and by so doing had brought shame on every family in the County.

The mourners were seething with indignation and downcast with sorrow, especially three of them —old man McRae, who had been Gerald's crony since he came to the up-country from Savannah so many years before, Grandma Fontaine, who loved him because he was Ellen's husband, and Mrs. Tarleton, who had been closer to him than to any of her neighbours because, as she often said, he was the only man in the County who knew a stallion from a gelding.

The sight of the stormy faces of these three in the dim parlour where Gerald lay before the funeral had caused Ashley and Will some uneasiness and they had retired to

波克头天晚上已掘好了坟墓，紧挨着艾伦的，他手里拿着铁锹站在一堆潮湿的红土后面等着封穴。斯卡利特站在他身后，站在一棵矮小松树的阴影中，六月早晨炎热的阳光洒在她身上，她极力想让眼睛避开面前这红土墓穴。吉姆·塔尔顿，小休·芒罗，阿历克斯·芳汀和麦克雷老头最小的孙子用两截橡木树杈抬着杰拉尔德的棺材从屋子里出来，歪歪斜斜地沿小径慢慢走过来。他们后边，隔着适当的距离，是一大群踽踽而行的邻居和朋友，他们衣衫褴褛，默无声息。当他们走上花园里洒满阳光的小道时，波克将头顶在铁锹柄上，痛哭失声；斯卡利特诧异地发现，几个月前她去亚特兰大的时候，他的头发还乌黑发亮，可现在已花白了。

她默默地感谢上帝，幸亏头天晚上已哭干了所有的泪水，此刻才能双眼干涸地挺立在这儿。她身后苏伦的哭声让她难以忍受，愤怒至极，她不得不握紧拳头才抑制住转过身抽她一耳光的冲动。苏伦是导致父亲死亡的起因，不管她是有意还是无意，她应该在友好的四邻面前控制自己的情绪。那天早上没有一个人搭理她，或给她以同情的一瞥。他们静静地吻了吻斯卡利特，握了握她的手，对卡洛琳，甚至对波克喃喃说了些安慰的话，可对苏伦却视而不见，仿佛她根本不存在似的。

在他们看来，她所做的比杀死自己的父亲更糟糕。她竟然想使父亲背叛对南方的忠诚。在那个严厉而封闭的社会里，她这么做就仿佛背叛了所有人的荣誉。她打破了该郡在全世界面前的坚固防线。她试图想向北佬政府要钱，这使得她变成了比北佬士兵更可恨的像无赖汉和提包党人一样的人了。她，南部邦联古老而又神圣的家庭的一员，一个种植园主家庭的成员，已经站在了敌人的立场上，这种行为为让全郡的每一户人家都蒙上了耻辱。

送葬的人一方面因为愤怒而激动，一方面因为悲痛而抑郁，其中三个人尤其如此——麦克雷老头，自从多年前杰拉尔德从萨凡纳来到这儿，他们就是最要好的伙伴；芳汀祖母，她爱他，因为他是艾伦的丈夫；还有塔尔顿太太，她对他比对其余任何邻居都亲近，因为，像她经常所说的那样，他是全郡唯一一个能识别公马和陶马的男人。

葬礼之前，在停放杰拉尔德灵柩的昏暗客厅里，看到这三个人怒容满面，阿希礼和威尔预感不妙，赶紧退到艾伦的办公室里商量对策。

Ellen's office for a consultation.

'Some of them are goin' to say somethin' about Suellen,' said Will abruptly, biting his straw in half. 'They think they got just cause to say somethin'. Maybe they have. It ain't for me to say. But, Ashley, whether they're right or not, we'll have to resent it, bein' the men of the family, and then there'll be trouble. Can't nobody do nothin' with old man McRae because he's deaf as a post and can't hear folks tryin' to shut him up. And you know there ain't nobody in God's world ever stopped Grandma Fontaine from speakin' her mind. And as for Mrs. Tarleton—did you see her roll them russet eyes of hers every time she looked at Sue? She's got her ears laid back and can't hardly wait. If they say somethin', we got to take it up and we got enough trouble at Tara now without bein' at outs with our neighbours.'

Ashley sighed worriedly. He knew the tempers of his neighbours better than Will did and he remembered that fully half of the quarrels and some of the shootings of the days before the war had risen from the County custom of saying a few words over the coffins of departed neighbours. Generally the words were eulogistic in the extreme but occasionally they were not. Sometimes, words meant in the utmost respect were misconstrued by overstrung relatives of the dead and scarcely were the last shovels of earth mounded above the coffin before trouble began.

In the absence of a priest Ashley was to conduct the services with the aid of Carreen's Book of Devotions, the assistance of the Methodist and Baptist preachers of Jonesboro and Fayetteville having been tactfully refused. Carreen, more devoutly Catholic than her sisters, had been very upset that Scarlett had neglected to bring a priest from Atlanta with her and had only been a little eased by the reminder that when the priest came down to marry Will and Suellen, he could read the services over Gerald. It was she who objected to the neighbouring Protestant preachers and gave the matter into Ashley's hands, marking passages in her book for him to read. Ashley, leaning against the old secretary, knew that the responsibility for preventing trouble lay with him and, knowing the hair-trigger tempers of the County, was at a loss as to how to proceed.

'There's no help for it, Will,' he said, rumpling his bright hair. 'I can't knock Grandma Fontaine down or old man McRae either, and I can't hold my hand over Mrs. Tarleton's mouth. And the mildest thing they'll say is that Suellen is a murderess and a traitor and but for her Mr. O'Hara would still be alive. Damn this custom of speaking over the dead. It's barbarous.'

'Look, Ash,' said Will slowly. 'I ain't aimin' to have nobody say nothin' against Suellen, no matter what they think. You leave it to me. When you've finished with the readin' and the prayin' and you say, "If anyone would like to say a few words," you look right at me, so I can speak first.'

“他们有人将对苏伦大加指责了。”威尔一面直截了当地说，一面将一根稻草咬成两段。“他们认为自己有理由说点儿什么。也许他们有这个权利。这轮不上我说。可是，阿希礼，无论他们是对是错，作为这个家里的男人，我们都得阻止他们这么做，否则将会很麻烦。谁也拿麦克雷老头没办法，因为他像柱子一样聋，是听不见别人劝阻的。你也知道就是神仙也阻止不了芳汀祖母表达自己的思想。至于塔尔顿太太——你没有看见她每次看苏伦时都差点将眼珠子瞪掉？她已将耳朵抛到了脑后，而且几乎等不及了。要是他们说出什么话来，我们必须顶回去，现在塔拉的麻烦事儿已经够多了，容不得左邻右舍再来添是非。”

阿希礼忧心忡忡地叹了口气。他比威尔更了解这些邻居的脾气，他记得战前邻里之间的争吵和开枪事件多半源于对着死去的街坊的棺材说几句话的本郡风俗。一般情况下，这些话往往都是赞美之词，可是不尽然，有时说话者的本意是出于对死者的尊敬，却被敏感的死者家属曲解了，几乎等不到棺材上填完最后一锹土，麻烦就来了。

因为没有牧师，就由阿希礼借助卡洛琳的祈祷书主持仪式，琼斯博罗和费耶特维尔的卫理会牧师和浸礼会牧师所提出的帮助都被婉言谢绝了。卡洛琳比两个姐姐都更信奉天主教，斯卡利特忽略了从亚特兰大带回一个牧师，这让她很伤心，不过稍稍可安心的是，有人提醒她，等到牧师来为威尔和苏伦主持婚礼时，可以到杰拉尔德坟上再祈祷一场。就是她反对请邻近的新教牧师，而将此重任交给阿希礼，并在她的书上画出段落让他念。阿希礼斜靠在旧写字台上，知道他有责任阻止一场纷争，可他也清楚那里这些人的火爆脾气，所以一时左右为难，不知如何是好。

“没办法，威尔，”他一面摸着头发，一面说道。“我既不能将芳汀祖母打翻在地，也不能将麦克雷老头打翻在地，又不能用手堵住塔尔顿太太的嘴。他们将要说的中心话题就是苏伦是个凶手，是个叛徒，要不是因为她，奥哈拉先生就不会死等等。这个该死的朝死人讲话的风俗，真是野蛮。”

“看着，阿希礼，”威尔慢慢说道，“我不会让任何人指责苏伦的，无论他们本意如何。你把这事儿交给我吧。你一读完祷词就说，‘假如还有人想说点儿什么的话，’然后你就看向我，我会先发育的。”

But Scarlett, watching the pall-bearers' difficulty in getting the coffin through the narrow entrance into the burying-ground, had no thought of trouble to come after the funeral. She was thinking with a leaden heart that in burying Gerald she was burying one of the last links that joined her to the old days of happiness and irresponsibility.

Finally the pall-bearers set the coffin down near the grave and stood clenching and unclenching their aching fingers. Ashley, Melanie and Will filed into the enclosure and stood behind the O'Hara girls. All the closer neighbours who could crowd in were behind them and the others stood outside the brick wall. Scarlett, really seeing them for the first time, was surprised and touched by the size of the crowd. With transportation so limited it was kind of so many to come. There were fifty or sixty people there, some of them from so far away she wondered how they had heard in time to come. There were whole families from Jonesboro and Fayetteville and Lovejoy and with them a few negro servants. Many small farmers from far across the river were present and Crackers from the backwoods and a scattering of swamp folk. The swamp men were lean bearded giants in homespun, coon-skin caps on their heads, their rifles easy in the crooks of their arms, their wads of tobacco stilled in their checks. Their women were with them, their bare feet sunk in the soft red earth, their lower lips full of snuff. Their faces beneath their sunbonnets were sallow and malarial-looking but shining clean and their freshly ironed calicoes glistened with starch.

The near neighbours were there in full force. Grandma Fontaine, withered, wrinkled and yellow as an old moulted bird, was leaning on her cane, and behind her were Sally Munroe Fontaine and Young Miss Fontaine. They were trying vainly by whispered pleas and jerks at her skirt to make the old lady sit down on the brick wall. Grandma's husband, the Old Doctor, was not there. He had died two months before and much of the bright malicious joy of life had gone from her old eyes. Cathleen Calvert Hilton stood alone as befitted one whose husband had helped bring about the present tragedy, her faded sunbonnet hiding her bowed face. Scarlett saw with amazement that her percale dress had grease-spots on it and her hands were freckled and unclean. There were even black crescents under her finger-nails. There was nothing of quality folks about Cathleen now. She looked Cracker, even worse. She looked poor white, shiftless, slovenly, trifling.

'She'll be dipping snuff soon, if she isn't doing it already,' thought Scarlett in horror. 'Good Lord! What a comedown!'

She shuddered, turning her eyes from Cathleen as she realized how narrow was the chasm between quality folks and poor whites.

'There but for a lot of gumption am I,' she thought, and pride surged through her as she realized that she and Cathleen had started with the same equipment after the

可是斯卡利特一点儿没想到葬礼后将会到来的麻烦，她一心看着抬棺人困难地抬着灵柩穿过窄窄的小门来到墓地。她沉重地想道，埋葬杰拉尔德就等于在埋葬她与过去那种快乐的、无忧无虑的岁月之间的最后一根纽带。

最后抬棺人终于将棺材放在墓穴旁，站在一边伸缩着疼痛的手指。阿希礼、梅拉妮和威尔依次走近，站在奥哈拉家三位小姐身后。附近的邻居能挤进来的都站在她们背后，其余的就站在砖墙外边。斯卡利特第一次真正看到他们，不仅为人群的规模而吃惊和感触。交通如此受限制，还来了这么多人。大概有五六十人吧，有些是从很远的地方赶来的，她纳闷他们怎么能及时得到消息又匆匆赶来。有从琼斯博罗、费耶特维尔和洛夫乔伊来的，一家老小还带着几个黑奴。有从河对岸远远跑来的小农场主，有从深林里赶来的穷苦人和零零落落从沼泽地带来的人们。这些男人都是瘦高个儿，留着长胡子，头上戴着浣熊皮帽，枪随随便便地挂在胳膊上，嘴里仍然嚼着烟草。他们的女人也来了，光脚陷进松软的红土里，下嘴唇沾满了鼻烟。她们太阳帽下的脸很憔悴，像得了疟疾似的，却干净得发光，刚熨过的印花布裙因为上过浆而微微闪亮。

附近的邻居全都到场了。芳汀祖母浑身干瘪，皱纹满面，脸色蜡黄，像只掉了毛的老鸟似的倚着拐杖站在那儿，她身后是莎莉·芒罗·芳汀和芳汀少奶奶。她们徒劳地小声祈求或拽着她的裙裾想使这位老太太坐在砖墙上。祖母的丈夫，老大夫没来。两个月前他过世了，因而生活中大部分明亮和乐趣都在她眼前消失了。凯瑟琳·卡尔佛特·希尔顿独自站着，她这样做是应该的，她丈夫是造成目前这种局面的元凶之一，她那宽大的太阳帽遮住了大半个低垂的面孔。斯卡利特吃惊地发现她的长裙子上布满油渍，双手污秽而满是雀斑。甚至指甲底下还有黑垢。现在凯瑟琳身上没有一点儿上等人的风度了。她看上去像个穷苦人，甚至比穷苦人更糟。她脸色苍白，无精打采，邋邋遢遢，懒懒散散。

“她很快就会吸鼻烟了，要是她尚且还没开始吸的话，”斯卡利特恐惧地想道。“上帝啊！竟然堕落至此了！”

她打了个寒噤，将目光从凯瑟琳身上移开，突然意识到上等人 and 穷白佬之间的界限原来这么狭窄。

“要不是勇于进取，我也这样儿了，”她这样想着，便感到一阵自豪，她和凯瑟琳在战争劫难后是站在同一起跑线上的——两手空空，所拥有的只是头脑里的思

surrender—empty hands and what they had in their heads.

‘I haven’t done so had,’ she thought, lifting her chin and smiling.

But she stopped in mid-smile as she saw the scandalized eyes of Mrs. Tarleton upon her. Her eyes were red-rimmed from tears and, after giving Scarlett a reproving look, she turned her gaze back to Suellen, a fierce angry gaze that bode ill for her. Behind her and her husband were the four Tarleton girls, their red locks indecorous notes in the solemn occasion, their rnsset eyes still looking like the eyes of vital young animals, spirited and dangerous.

Feet were stilled, hats were removed, hands folded and skirts rustled into quietness as Ashley stepped forward with Carreen’s worn Book of Devotions in his hand. He stood for a moment looking down, the sun glittering on his golden head. A deep silence fell on the crowd, so deep that the harsh whisper of the wind in the magnolia leaves came clear to their ears and the far-off repetitious note of a mocking-bird sounded unendurably loud and sad. Ashley began to read the prayers and all heads bowed as his resonant, beautifully modulated voice rolled out the brief and dignified words.

‘Oh!’ thought Scarlett, her throat constricting. ‘How beautiful his voice is! If anyone has to do this for Pa, I’m glad it’s Ashley. I’d rather have him than a priest. I’d rather have Pa buried by one of his own folks than a stranger.’

When Ashley came to the part of the prayers concerning the souls in Purgatory, which Carreen had marked for him to read, he abruptly closed the book. Only Carreen noticed the omission and looked up puzzled, as he began the Lord’s Prayer. Ashley knew that half the people present had never heard of Purgatory and those who had would take it as a personal affront, if he insinuated, even in prayer, that so fine a man as Mr. O’Hara had not gone straight to Heaven. So, in deference to public opinion, he skipped all mention of Purgatory. The gathering joined heartily in the Lord’s Prayer but their voices trailed off into embarrassed silence when he began the Hail Mary. They had never heard that prayer and they looked furtively at each other as the O’Hara girls, Melanie and the Tara servants gave the response: ‘Pray for us, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.’

Then Ashley raised his head and stood for a moment, uncertain. The eyes of the neighbours were expectantly upon him as they settled themselves in easier positions for a long harangue. They were waiting for him to go on with the service, for it did not occur to any of them that he was at the end of the Catholic prayers. County funerals were always long. The Baptist and Methodist ministers who performed them had no set prayers but extemporized as the circumstances demanded and seldom stopped before all mourners were in tears and the bereaved feminine relatives screaming with grief. The neighbours would have been shocked, aggrieved and indignant, had these brief prayers been all the

想。

“我做得还不差嘛，”她一边想一边抬起下巴笑了。

不过她笑了一半便停住了，因为她看见塔尔顿太太那犀利的双眼正盯着自己。她哭得眼圈通红，责备地瞪了斯卡利特一眼后，她的目光又移到苏伦身上，恶狠狠地怒视着她，向她预示着该倒霉了。她和丈夫身后是塔尔顿家的四位姑娘，她们的红头发与这肃穆的场面很不协调，她们那棕红色眼睛看上去就跟伶俐的小动物一样，充满活力和危险。

当阿希礼手持夏洛琳那本破旧的祈祷书走上前时，人们并拢双脚，摘下帽子，双手合十，裙裾声也归于宁静。他站在那儿低头静默了片刻，阳光照在他金黄色的头发上。人群骤然安静下来，那么静，甚至风吹树叶的刺耳沙沙声都清晰可听，远处一只模仿鸟令人难以忍受的叫声凄厉而高亢。阿希礼开始读祷文，所有的人都垂下了头，他用洪亮的声音抑扬顿挫地读出那些简短而又庄严的语句。

“噢！”斯卡利特想道，喉咙一阵发紧。“他的声音多好听啊！要是非得有人为爸爸祈祷，我宁愿他是阿希礼。我宁可要他来做个也不想要什么牧师。我宁肯让爸爸在自己人而不是陌生人的祷告中下葬。”

当阿希礼念到夏洛琳为他划好的灵魂在地狱受煎熬这一段时，他果断地合上了祈祷书。只有夏洛琳注意到这个细节，她困惑地抬头看他，这时他已开始念《主祷文》了。阿希礼知道在场的人中有一半没听说过地狱，至于那些听说过的，他一旦在祈祷中暗示像奥哈拉先生那样的好人没有直接升入天堂的话，对他们而言就是一种人身侮辱。因此，为了迎合公众的意见，他跳过了所有提到地狱的章节。人们全心全意跟他一起念《主祷文》，可等他开始念《万福玛丽亚》时，他们的声音逐渐令人尴尬地趋于安静。他们从来没听过这种祷文，当奥哈拉家的姑娘们、梅拉妮和塔拉的仆人们齐声回答：“保佑我们，现在，直到我们死亡那一刻。阿门。”时，他们暗地里面面相觑。

接着阿希礼抬起头犹豫不决地站了一会儿。邻居们的眼睛期待地望着他，同时换了个较为舒服的姿势准备听长篇大论。他们等着他继续主持仪式，因为他们谁也想不到他的天主教祈祷已宣告结束了。郡里的葬礼通常都很长。卫理会和浸礼会的牧师主持葬礼时没有固定的祷文，而是视实际情况临场发挥，一般情况下非说到所有的送葬人都泪流满面，女亲戚们都大放悲声为止。邻居们一定会感到震惊、伤心和愤怒，这些简短的祷文居然就是告别他们亲爱的朋友的尸体的所有仪式了，这一点阿希礼比谁都清楚。这件事将长期成为茶余饭后的谈资，郡里的人都会认为奥哈拉家的姑娘们没有向自己的父亲表示得体的尊重。

service over the body of their loved friend, and no one knew this better than Ashley. The matter would be discussed at dinner tables for weeks and the opinion of the County would be that the O'Hara girls had not shown proper respect for their father.

So he threw a quick apologetic glance at Carreen and, bowing his head again, began reciting from memory the Episcopal burial service which he had often read over slaves buried at Twelve Oaks.

'I am the Resurrection and the Life... and whosoever... believeth in Me shall never die.'

It did not come back to him readily and he spoke slowly, occasionally falling silent for a space as he waited for phrases to rise from his memory. But this measured delivery made his words more impressive, and mourners who had been dry-eyed before began now to reach for handkerchiefs. Sturdy Baptists and Methodists all, they thought it the Catholic ceremony and immediately rearranged their first opinion that the Catholic services were cold and Popish. Scarlett and Suellen were equally ignorant and thought the words comforting and beautiful. Only Melanie and Carreen realized that a devoutly Catholic Irishman was being laid to rest by the Church of England service. And Carreen was too stunned by grief and her hurt at Ashley's treachery to interfere.

When he had finished, Ashley opened wide his sad grey eyes and looked about the crowd. After a pause, his eyes caught those of Will and he said: 'Is there anyone present who would like to say a word?'

Mrs. Tarleton twitched nervously but before she could act, Will stumped forward and, standing at the head of the coffin, began to speak.

'Friends,' he began in his flat pale voice, 'maybe you think I'm gettin' above myself, speakin' first—me who never knew Mr. O'Hara till' bout a year ago when you all have known him twenty years or more. But this here is my excuse. If he'd lived a month or so longer, I'd have had the right to call him Pa.'

A startled ripple went over the crowd. They were too well-bred to whisper but they shifted on their feet and stared at Carreen's bowed head. Everyone knew his dumb devotion to her. Seeing the direction in which all eyes were cast, Will went on as if he had taken no note.

'So bein' as how I'm to marry Miss Suellen as soon as the priest comes down from Atlanta, I thought maybe that gives me the right to speak first.'

The last part of his speech was lost in a faint sibilant buzz that went through the gathering, an angry beelike buzz. There were indignation and disappointment in the sound. Everyone liked Will, everyone respected him for what he had done for Tara. Everyone knew his affections lay with Carreen, so the news that he was to marry the neighbourhood pariah instead sat ill upon them. Good old Will marrying that nasty,

因此他歉疚地迅速瞥了卡洛琳一眼，然后再次垂下头，开始努力回想十二橡树园埋葬奴隶时他经常读的那些圣公会葬词。

“我是复活和生命……无论何人……信我者必将永生。”

他还不能完全想起来，所以说得很慢，偶尔还会停下来静等词语从记忆中冒出来。不过这字斟句酌的背诵使得他的话更加让人印象深刻，刚刚还眼睛干干的送葬者现在纷纷开始掏手帕了。他们都是虔诚的卫理会和浸礼会教徒，以为这是天主教的葬仪，便立即改变了最初认为天主教祷词冷漠无情的观点。斯卡利特和苏伦一样毫无察觉，还认为这些祷词动听极了，舒服极了，只有梅拉妮和卡洛琳意识到一个全身心信奉天主教的爱兰人却正在以英国教堂的仪式来下葬。而卡洛琳被悲痛和阿希礼的背叛行为带来的伤害惊呆了，竟不能出来干预。

阿希礼念完祷词后，睁大他那双忧伤的灰眼睛在人群中扫视了一圈。停顿了一下，他的目光和威尔的目光相遇了，于是他说道：“在场的有哪位想说点儿什么吗？”

塔尔顿太太紧张地扭动着身子，可是还没等她做出行动，威尔便挤到前面，站在棺材前开始讲演。

“朋友们，”他用平板苍白的声音开口说道，“也许你们认为我不自量力，居然第一个讲演——我一年前才认识奥哈拉先生，而你们大家已经和他熟识二十年或者更久了。要是他再活个把月的话，我就有权称他做爸爸了。”

人群中一阵骚动。他们良好的修养不允许自己窃窃私语，但他们纷纷转过身去瞪着卡洛琳那低垂的头。人人都知道他对她的一片痴情。威尔看到所有的目光都朝那个方向射去，便假装没注意到，继续讲下去。

“之所以这样说，是因为，等亚特兰大的牧师一来，我就要和苏伦小姐举行婚礼了，我想也许这可以使我有权第一个发言。”

威尔的后半截话被人群发出的一阵嗡嗡声淹没了，仿佛一群发怒的蜜蜂冲出窝似的。这嗡嗡声中既包含着愤怒，也包含着失望。人人都喜欢威尔，人人都因为他对塔拉所做的一切而尊敬他。人人都知道他情系卡洛琳，所以他要和方圆几里最差劲儿的姑娘结婚的消息，让他们颇为恼火。老好人威尔居然要娶那个卑鄙的、鬼鬼祟祟的小苏伦：奥哈拉！

sneaking little Suellen O' Hara!

For a moment the air was tense. Mrs. Tarleton's eyes began to snap and her lips to shape soundless words. In the silence, old man McRae's high voice could be heard imploring his grandson to tell him what had been said. Will faced them all, still mild of face, but there was something in his pale-blue eyes which dared them to say one word about his future wife. For a moment the balance hung between the honest affection everyone had for Will and their contempt for Suellen. And Will won. He continued as if his pause had been a natural one.

'I never knew Mr. O' Hara in his prime like you all done. All I knew personally was a fine old gentleman who was a mite addled. But I've heard tell from you all' bout what he used to be like. And I want to say this. He was a fightin' Irishman and a Southern gentleman and as loyal a Confederate as ever lived. You can't get no better combination than that. And we ain't likely to see many more like him, because the times that bred men like him are as dead as he is. He was bom in a furrin country but the man we're buryin' here to-day was more of a Georgian than any of us mounin' him. He lived our life, he loved our land and, when you come right down to it, he died for our Cause, same as the soldiers did. He was one of us and he had our good points and our bad points and he had our strength and he had our failin's. He had our good points in that couldn't nothin' stop him when his mind was made up and he warn't scared of nothin' that walked in shoe-leather. There warn't nothin' that come to him from the outside that could lick him.

'He warn't scared of the English government when they wanted to hang him. He just lit out and left home. And when he come to this country and was pore, that didn't scare him a mite neither. He went to work and he made his money. And he warn't scared to tackle this section when it was part wild and the Injuns had just been run out of it. He made a big plantation out of a wilderness. And when the war come on and his money begun to go, he warn't scared to be pore again. And when the Yankees come through Tara and might of burnt him out or killed him, he warn't fazed a bit and he warn't licked neither. He just planted his front feet and stood his ground. That's why I say he had our good points. There ain't nothin' from the outside can lick any of us.

'But he bad our failin's too,' cause he could be licked from the inside. I mean to say that what the whole world couldn't do, his own heart could. When Mrs. O' Hara died, his heart died too and he was licked. And what we seen walking round here warn't him.'

Will paused and his eyes went quietly around the circle of faces. The crowd stood in the hot sun as if enchanted to the ground and whatever wrath they bad felt for Suellen was forgotten. Will's eyes rested for a moment on Scarlett and they crinkled slightly at the