

【英汉对照全译本】

● 外国文学名著精萃文集 ●

Gone with the Wind

飘

[美] 米 切 尔



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*Study English
With Eminent Writer*

Xizang People's Publishing House

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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。她于一九二六年起着手创作《飘》，历经十年，才于一九三六年完成这部一百万字的宏篇巨著。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。

此外作者在追求起伏跌宕，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。作为一部社会历史小说，《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小说史上的重要地位。

译者

二〇〇一年二月

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PART ONE

第一部



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

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。

3

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，她的本来面目终归是掩藏不住的。那双绿色的眼睛尽管生在一双故

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

4 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

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，李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着，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。李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随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只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、马匹和两个李生兄弟之间，有着一一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懈散

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 considered 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

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，只要在这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是出众的。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里待下去了。斯图尔特和布伦特把他们最近一次的除名当做一个有趣的玩笑；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。

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 don'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

“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,”思嘉带着恼地说。“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要同林肯先生达成——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!”李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

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 the 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.'

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 manœuvred 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

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”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地迅速地扇动起来。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。

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把他们从战争这个话题支使开后, 她便饶有兴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, 我们便径直到这儿来了。”

“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时候, 上个月妈在肯塔基

last month was brought in, and the place was in a stew. The big brute—he's a grand horse, Scarlett; 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.'

'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

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时候，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？等明天早晨我再来服侍你们四个！’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。”

“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

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!mighty, 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 to-morrow?'

'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 to-morrow,' 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 to-morrow 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 sud-den 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 redderhues. The moist hungry earth, waiting

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, 越过奥哈拉家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红霞中缓缓降落, 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, 山茱萸也以雪白的繁花将幽暗的河边湿地和远处的山岗装点起来。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

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 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 souging 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

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伏沟，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。等待种植的空地和绵延数英里的棉花田微笑着静卧在平静温和的阳光之中。在这些田地的边缘上耸立着一片片处女林，它们在最炎热的中午也是幽暗而神秘的，而且显得有点神秘，有点不怎麼和善，其中那些隐隐作响的棕榈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

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?'

'What? I have! How did I know you all would be home? I couldn't risk being a wall-flower waiting on the porch.'

The two boys laughed uproariously.

'Look, honey, but we can't give me the first waltz and the first dance. You've got to eat supper with us first on the stair landing like we did at the last ball at Mammy Jincy to come out with her to the ball.'

'I don't know what your fortune says. 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.

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，那对李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。