



Gone
with the
飘 (上册) Wind

插图注释全本

[美] 玛格丽特·米切尔 著

Margaret Mitchell

世界图书出版公司

GONE WITH THE WIND

飘（上册）



四季经典书屋

[美]

丛书主编：杜毅 尚慧诗
本书注释：孙怡 黄坤 王元欣
 骆欣悦 白秀敏 徐寅菊
版式设计：郭晓

世界图书出版公司

上海·西安·北京·广州

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

飘：插图注释全本：英文 / (美) 米切尔 (Mitchell, M.) 著；
孙怡等注释。——上海：上海世界图书出版公司, 2013.1

(四季经典书屋)

ISBN 978-7-5100-5165-4

I. ①飘… II. ①米… ②孙… III. ①英语—语言读物
②长篇小说—美国—现代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2012)第 235029 号

飘

[美] 玛格丽特·米切尔 著
孙怡 等 注释

上海世界图书出版公司 出版发行

上海市广中路 88 号

邮政编码 200083

北京兴鹏印刷有限公司印刷

如发现印刷质量问题，请与印刷厂联系

(质检科电话：010-84897777)

各地新华书店经销

开本：880×1230 1/32 印张：43.5 字数：1253 000

2013 年 1 月第 1 版第 1 次印刷

ISBN 978-7-5100-5165-4/H·1208

定价：79.80 元（上、下册）

<http://www.wpcsh.com.cn>

<http://www.wpcsh.com>

前 言

经典的英文名著因其历百世而不衰以及难以超越的特性，一直以来被一代又一代的读者传阅着。可是在这浩瀚无边的经典中徜徉，即便是如饥似渴地阅读，也很难将所有经典通读吸收。因此“四季经典书屋”系列通过调查研究，帮助读者从众多经典名著中精选出十二部经典中的经典。时光如白驹过隙，珍惜时光，把生命中宝贵的阅读时间用来阅读最值得品味、学习的作品，您的生命也将变得更加有价值！

与其说“四季经典书屋”系列将最经典的十二部原著贴上了“春夏秋冬”的标签，不如说文学本身是有灵魂的，就像四季——个性分明，没有好与坏，只是如“酸甜苦辣”般滋味万千，等待读者去体味，随着四季去畅想。

春，代表着清新的气息与温柔的力量，经历了一冬的压抑，终于将积聚的力量在春天绽放成各种美丽，仿佛一切都可以从头开始。爱情就好比是春天。无论是《简·爱》里那历经“严寒”的爱情，抑或是《傲慢与偏见》和《理智与情感》里那田园般的贵族爱情，都是让人无比期待与向往的，历经曲折与磨难也在所不惜。夏，代表着热情怒放，敢爱敢恨，轰轰烈烈。在这里有爱恨情仇、五味杂陈的《呼啸山庄》，有战火纷飞中的爱情故事《飘》，还有《双城记》——大革命中的为爱献身。秋，代表着恬静、喜悦与丰收。烈日骄阳渐渐减弱了自身的气势，万物又都重归平和。让我们跟随梭罗一起在《瓦尔登湖》湖畔体味湖光山色的美好，思索人生的真谛；从《欧·亨利短篇小说选集》中阅尽小人物的生活，在平凡中发人深省；在《鲁滨逊漂流记》那“世外桃源”般的荒岛隐居，远离尘嚣，静观潮起潮落。冬，代表着凄凉，在凄凉中也蕴含着某种无法击倒的坚强

和坚韧不拔的毅力。像《老人与海》中的老人在恶劣环境下苦苦坚持，最后用实际行动证明了“人可以被毁灭，但不可以被打败。”；《了不起的盖茨比》中描绘的梦想从璀璨走向幻灭；《1984》刻画的人类在集权主义下的生存状态，为后世拉响了永世的警钟。

故事有读完的时候，但是感悟会随着四季更迭而愈加成熟，愈加深刻。本系列丛书不会随时光流转而褪色，可以成为您品味一生的经典。我们除了为您呈现上最原汁原味的内容，书内还附有精美的插图以及可能会辅助您阅读的注释，力求将名著打造到极致，伴随您的成长。

四季更迭不停息，经典名著不厌品！



Contents



PART ONE

CHAPTER 1.....	2
CHAPTER 2.....	29
CHAPTER 3.....	53
CHAPTER 4.....	83
CHAPTER 5.....	101
CHAPTER 6.....	127
CHAPTER 7.....	174

PART TWO

CHAPTER 8.....	188
CHAPTER 9.....	215
CHAPTER 10.....	262
CHAPTER 11.....	278
CHAPTER 12.....	288

CHAPTER 13.....	313
CHAPTER 14.....	334
CHAPTER 15.....	350
CHAPTER 16.....	370

PART THREE

CHAPTER 17.....	384
CHAPTER 18.....	414
CHAPTER 19.....	435
CHAPTER 20.....	455
CHAPTER 21.....	467
CHAPTER 22.....	488
CHAPTER 23.....	497
CHAPTER 24.....	523
CHAPTER 25.....	563
CHAPTER 26.....	583
CHAPTER 27.....	612
CHAPTER 28.....	629
CHAPTER 29.....	650
CHAPTER 30.....	667

PART FOUR

CHAPTER 31.....	690
CHAPTER 32.....	713

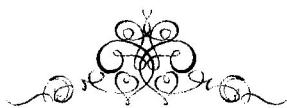
CHAPTER 33.....	735
CHAPTER 34.....	755
CHAPTER 35.....	783
CHAPTER 36.....	817
CHAPTER 37.....	861
CHAPTER 38.....	883
CHAPTER 39.....	918
CHAPTER 40.....	938
CHAPTER 41.....	961
CHAPTER 42.....	995
CHAPTER 43.....	1018
CHAPTER 44.....	1038
CHAPTER 45.....	1056
CHAPTER 46.....	1085
CHAPTER 47.....	1097

PART FIVE

CHAPTER 48.....	1133
CHAPTER 49.....	1149
CHAPTER 50.....	1176
CHAPTER 51.....	1192
CHAPTER 52.....	1199
CHAPTER 53.....	1222
CHAPTER 54.....	1244

CHAPTER 55.....	1263
CHAPTER 56.....	1275
CHAPTER 57.....	1291
CHAPTER 58.....	1308
CHAPTER 59.....	1317
CHAPTER 60.....	1334
CHAPTER 61.....	1341
CHAPTER 62.....	1357
CHAPTER 63.....	1365

Part One



Chapter 1



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 mittens¹ 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 billowing² 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

¹ mitten *<n.>* 露指手套

² billowing *<adj.>* 如波浪般翻滚的

well matured for her sixteen years. But for all the modesty of her spreading skirts, the demureness¹ 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, willful, lusty with life, distinctly at variance with her decorous demeanor. Her manners had been imposed upon her by her mother's gentle admonitions² 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-colored 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 quarreled 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 mettlesome³ as the horses they rode, mettlesome and dangerous but, withal,

¹ demureness <n.> 端庄

² admonition <n.> 警告

³ mettlesome <adj.> 精神饱满的

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 vigor 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 any one else in the County, but the boys had less grammar than most of their poor Cracker neighbors.

It was for this precise reason that Stuart and Brent were idling on the porch of Tara¹ 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

¹ Tara (n.) 文中指塔拉庄园。

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 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 Confederacy¹. And anyway, the Yankees² 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 Sumter³ 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

¹ the Confederacy (美国南北战争时的)南部邦联, 而交战的另一方则是北部联邦。

² Yankees (n.) 美国佬, 文中特指美国北部的“北佬”。

³ Fort Sumter 萨姆特堡, 位于美国南卡罗莱纳州查尔斯顿港, 始建于1827年, 以美国独立战争英雄托马斯·萨姆特将军的姓名命名。1861年4月12日, 遭到南军炮轰, 成为萨姆特战役, 随即美国总统亚伯拉罕·林肯对南方宣战, 南北战争爆发。

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."

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 maneuvered¹ 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 Stuart, "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, Scarlett; you must tell your pa to come over and see him right away – he'd already bitten a hunk out of his groom

¹ maneuver <v.> 用计谋

on the way down here and he'd trampled two of Ma's darkies who met the train at Jonesboro¹. 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, popeyed², 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 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'lmighty³, Ma ought to stop licking us! We're nineteen and Tom's

¹ Jonesboro (n.) 琼斯博罗, 美国阿肯色州第五大城市, 是阿肯色地区的制造业、农业、医学、教育和贸易中心。

² popeyed (adj.) (因惊讶而) 瞪大眼睛的

³ God'lmighty 万能的主啊

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 plowed cotton fields toward the red horizon. Now that the sun was setting in a welter¹ of crimson behind the hills across the Flint River, the warmth of the April day was ebbing into a faint but balmy² 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 plowing was nearly finished, and the bloody glory of the sunset colored the fresh-cut furrows³ 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, vermilion⁴ 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 spiraling, 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

¹ welter (n.) 起伏

² balmy (adj.) 温和的

³ furrow (n.) 犁沟

⁴ vermilion (n.) 朱红色