



短篇小說選讀

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THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY

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短篇小說選讀第一輯

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班奈特等著 湯新楣等譯

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今日世界出版社出版

香港九龍尖沙咀郵箱5217號

(登記證內版僑台誌字0066號)

港澳總代理：張輝記書報社

香港利源東街四號二樓

台灣總代理：新亞圖書股份有限公司

台北市和平西路一段八四號

郵購劃撥帳戶110075號

* * *

1977年10月第4版

定價：HK \$2.00 NT \$20.00

封面設計：蔡浩泉

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY Vol. 1

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4th printing

October 1977

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First printing	October 1969
Second printing	March 1970
Third Printing	August 1972

短篇小說選讀 第一輯

魔鬼與韋伯斯特

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牧羊女

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出版：今日世界社

香港九龍郵箱五二一七號

承印：菲中文化出版社

定價：港幣一元二角

一九七二年八月三版

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短篇小說選讀第一輯

英漢對照

新 書 預 告

短篇小說選讀第二輯包括故事兩篇「森林夜總會」與「麗克再生記」均由 Hortense Calisher 執筆，名家翻譯，將於最近出版。

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AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE 戴天譯
by Ambrose Bierce

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET'S (1898-1943) untimely death, due in part to his unsparing and conspicuously effective war propaganda work, struck down in its prime the career of one of the most versatile and democratic writers of our time. Stephen and his brother, William Rose Benet, were descended from a long line of military and literary folk. He was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, graduated from Yale, and then attended the Sorbonne in France, where he met Mrs. Benet, and began writing in earnest. His *John Brown's Body* won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1929. He received the award again in 1944 for his epic of American progress, *Western Star*, published posthumously in 1943. His two novels, *Beginnings of Wisdom* and *Spanish Bayonet*, were not too successful, but his short stories will be remembered as long as his poetry. One of them, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," was done both in films and grand opera — American folklore at its finest.

史梯芬·文森·班奈特(一九八九——一九四三)是現代極多才多藝而且平民化的一位作家，不幸壯年即謝世，在戰時盡瘁於宣傳工作，功勳卓著，積勞成疾是其中原因之一。他和他的哥哥威廉·羅斯·班奈特出身於軍人及書香世家。他生於賓夕法尼亞州的伯列翰，在耶魯大學畢業後便去法國在巴黎大學深造，在那裏他和班奈特夫人相遇並且認真開始寫作。他所寫的那首約翰·布朗的屍體得一九二九年普立茲詩獎，一九四三年他的遺作西方之星發表，那是描寫美國發展沿革的一首史詩，一九四四年再得普立茲詩獎。他寫過智慧之始與西班牙刺刀兩部長篇小說都不甚成功。但是他的短篇小說卻將和詩共垂不朽，捉鬼記曾經搬上銀幕並且改編為歌劇，是美國民間文學的代表作。

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER

By Stephen Vincent Benet

It's a story they tell in the border country, where Massachusetts joins Vermont and New Hampshire.

Yes, Dan'l Webster's dead — or, at least, they buried him. *But every time there's a thunderstorm around Marshfield, they say you can hear his rolling voice in the hollows of the sky. And they say that if you go to his grave and speak loud and clear, "Dan'l Webster — Dan'l Webster!" the ground'll begin to shiver and the trees begin to shake. And after a while you'll hear a deep voice saying, "Neighbor, how stands the Union?" Then you better answer the Union stands as she stood, rock-bottomed and copper-sheathed, one and indivisible, or he's liable to rear right out of the ground. At least, that's what I was told when I was a youngster.*

捉 鬼 記

史梯芬·文森·班奈特

這是麻薩諸塞州和佛蒙特州及新罕布什爾州接壤的邊區地方的人所說的一個故事。

不錯，丹尼爾·韋伯斯特已經死了——或者，至少是，他們已經把他葬了。可是每逢馬斯菲爾德一帶有雷雨，他們說你就可以聽見蒼穹中他那洪亮的聲音，他們還說你如果到他墳墓前清楚而大聲的叫，『丹尼爾·韋伯斯特——丹尼爾·韋伯斯特！』地就開始震動，樹也開始搖晃。不久你便聽到一個低沉的聲音說，『街坊，聯邦情況如何？』那你最好回答說聯邦穩如磐石，固若金湯，天下一統，否則他馬上便會從地底直躡出來。至少我小時是這麼聽說的。

The Devil and Daniel Webster

You see, for a while, he was the biggest man in the country. He never got to be President, but he was the biggest man. There were thousands that trusted in him right next to God Almighty, and they told stories about him and all the things that belonged to him that were the stories of patriarchs and such. They said, when he stood up to speak, stars and stripes came right out of the sky, and once he spoke against a river and made it sink into the ground. They said, when he walked the woods with his fishing rod, Killall, the trout would jump out of the streams right into his pockets, for they knew it was no use putting up a fight against him; and, when he argued a case, he could turn on the harps of the blessed and the shaking of the earth underground. That was the kind of man he was, and his big farm up at Marshfield was suitable to him. The chickens he raised were all white meat down through the drumsticks, the cows were tended like children, and the big ram he called Goliath had horns with a curl like a morning-glory vine and could butt through an iron door. But Dan'l wasn't one of your gentlemen farmers; he knew all the ways of the land, and he'd be up by candlelight to see that the chores got done. A man with a mouth like a mastiff, a brow like a mountain and eyes like burning anthracite — that was Dan'l Webster in his prime. And the biggest case he argued never got written down in the books, for he argued it against the devil, nip and tuck and no holds barred. And this is the way I used to hear it told.

你知道，他一度是全國最偉大的人。他從未做上總統，可是最偉大的人是他。成千上萬的人虔信他僅次於上帝，他們所講的關於他和他所做的事情的故事都如聖經上的關於各族始祖的故事。他們說，他站起來講話時，星條從天上掉起來，有一次他痛斥一條河流，把它罵得沉到地底下去。他們說，他帶着他那『統殺』漁竿在林中散步時，鱒魚會從河裏一逕跳進他的衣袋，因為它們知道跟他對抗徒費功夫；他爲一樁案件辯護時，能說得天使動容，地底震撼。他就是那麼樣的一個人，他在馬斯菲爾德的農場也樣樣都如他的意，他養的雞渾身上下都是白肉，乳牛都得到像孩子似的照顧，他名之爲歌里亞的那頭公羊，角彎得像是牽牛花藤，硬得能把鐵門撞穿。可是丹尼爾並不是擁有田莊的鄉紳；他對於農事完全在行，天還沒亮便秉燭起身，打點工作。嘴如獒犬，額高如山，兩眼若炬，這便是丹尼爾·韋伯斯特春秋鼎盛的寫照。他辯護過的最大案件，史籍上並無記載，因為那是他和魔鬼的爭辯，他使出渾身解數，出盡八寶和魔鬼打得不分上下。我聽說故事是這樣講的。

The Devil and Daniel Webster

There was a man named Jabez Stone, lived at Cross Corners, New Hampshire. He wasn't a bad man to start with, but he was an unlucky man. If he planted corn, he got borers; if he planted potatoes, he got blight. He had good-enough land, but it didn't prosper him; he had a decent wife and children, but the more children he had, the less there was to feed them. If stones cropped up in his neighbor's field, boulders boiled up in his; if he had a horse with the spavins, he'd trade it for one with the staggers and give something extra. There's some folks bound to be like that, apparently. But one day Jabez Stone got sick of the whole business.

He's been plowing that morning and he's just broke the plowshare on a rock that he could have sworn hadn't been there yesterday. And, as he stood looking at the plowshare, the off horse began to cough — that ropy kind of cough that means sickness and horse doctors. There were two children down with the measles, his wife was ailing, and he had a whitlow on his thumb. It was about the last straw for Jabez Stone. "I vow," he said, and he looked around him kind of desperate, "I vow it's enough to make a man want to sell his soul to the devil! And I would, too, for two cents!"

Then he felt a kind of queerness come over him at having said what he's said; though, naturally, being a New Hampshire-man, he wouldn't take it back. But, all the same, when it got to be evening and, as far as he could see, no notice had been taken, he felt relieved in his mind, for he was a religious man.

當時有個名叫傑貝茲·史東的人，住在新罕布什爾的义角鎮。講起來他並不是壞人，只不過命運坎坷，要是他種玉蜀黍，就有穿孔蟲爲患；種馬鈴薯，就有蛀蟲。他的地够好，但是使他興旺不了；他的妻小都不錯，可是孩子越多，東西就越不够吃。要是他鄰居的田裏突然出現了小石塊，那他的地上便有大圓石頭翻滾；要是他把一匹患飛節肉腫的馬掉換，那麼換來的馬準有暈倒症，換的時候還得貼上一點甚麼。顯然有的人天生是這麼倒楣。可是傑貝茲·史東有一天終於對一切都厭煩了。

那天早上他在耕田，犁頭忽然撞在一塊石頭上給弄斷了，而他發誓前一天那塊地上並沒有這麼塊石頭。他望着折斷的犁發歎時，前面的馬又咳嗽起來，就是那種發病須找獸醫療治的那種連珠咳，他家裏有兩個孩子在出疹子，妻子在鬧病，他自己的大拇指上又長了個膿泡。傑貝茲·史東真是忍無可忍了，『我發誓，』他帶着生死置之度外的神情環顧四周說，『我發誓這真够逼得人想把靈魂賣給魔鬼了！好，我兩分錢就賣給他！』

他跟着便對他自己講出這些話有一種奇怪的感覺；不過他身爲新罕布什爾人，當然言出如山，決不收回。不過收不收回都是一樣，因爲到了晚上，據他所知，他的話並沒受到注意，於是他心裏覺得舒服一點，因爲他是個篤信

The Devil and Daniel Webster

But notice is always taken, sooner or later, just like the Good Book says. And, sure enough, next day, about suppertime, a soft-spoken, dark-dressed stranger drove up in a handsome buggy and asked for Jabez Stone.

Well, Jabez told his family it was a lawyer, come to see him about a legacy. But he knew who it was. He didn't like the looks of the stranger, nor the way he smiled with his teeth. They were white teeth, and plentiful — some say they were filed to a point, but I wouldn't vouch for that. And he didn't like it when the dog took one look at the stranger and ran away howling, with his tail between his legs. But having passed the word, more or less he stuck to it, and they went out behind the barn and made their bargain. Jabez Stone had to prick his finger to sign, and the stranger lent him a silver pin. The wound healed clean, but it left a little white scar.

After that, all of a sudden, things began to pick up and prosper for Jabez Stone. His cows got fat and his horse sleek, his crops were the envy of the neighborhood, and lightning might strike all over the valley, but it wouldn't strike his barn. Pretty soon he was one of the prosperous people of the country; they asked him to stand for selectman, and he stood for it; there began to be talk of running him for state senate. All in all, you might say the Stone family was as happy and contented as cats in a dairy. And so they were, except for Jabez Stone.

He'd been contented enough the first few years. It's a great thing when bad luck turns; it drives most other things out of your

宗教的人。但是就像寶書上所說的，他的話遲早會受到注意，一點兒不差，第二天吃晚飯光景，一位身穿黑衣，談吐溫和的陌生人駕着一輛華美的敞蓬馬車來到，找傑貝茲·史東說話。

傑貝茲當即告訴妻小，說來者是位律師，是爲了一筆遺產的事來看他的。可是來者何人，他心裏有數。他不喜歡那陌生人的長相，也不喜歡那人一笑起來就齜牙露齒。那嘴牙齒又白又多，有些人還說個個都磨得尖尖的，這點我可不能斷言了。還有一點也使傑貝茲不快，便是狗瞧了陌生人一眼，就猖獗然夾尾跑了。可是他話已經說出去，多少總得算數，於是他們倆便走到馬房後面去，成了交易，傑貝茲要扎破手指滴血簽字，那陌生人就借給他一根銀針，扎破的地方後來好了，卻留下了白色小疤。

嗣後，傑貝茲·史東突然否極泰來，他的乳牛長得肥的，馬油光光的，莊稼備受近鄰的羨慕，雷霆雖然在山谷各地施威，可是偏不會殛擊他的馬房。不久，他便成爲地方上的一個殷富；他們請他競選行政委員，他便照辦；後來又有選他爲州參議員的說法。總而言之，你不妨說史東全家就像貓在牛奶房裏那樣高興和心滿意足。他們真的是如此，祇有傑貝茲·史東不然。

最初幾年他倒是躊躇滿志，一個人霉運全消，自是一大喜事，它使你少了許多煩惱，不過，他手指頭上的那個