

短篇小說集錦

霍桑、梅爾維爾、史托克頓、海明威等
惟爲、余光中、董橋、湯新楣等譯

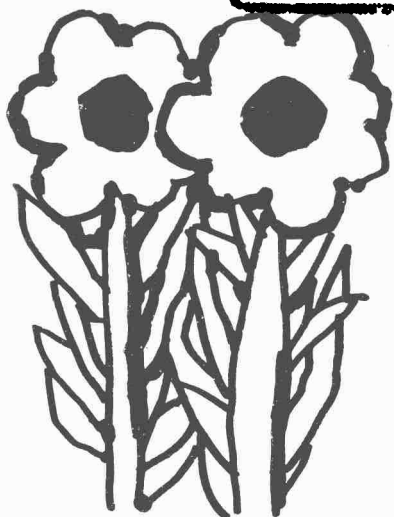


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SHORT STORY SHOWCASE

短篇小說集錦

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今日世界出版社

DOCTOR HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT (Salem Gazette, March, 1837; in Twice-Told Tales, 1837) by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account

青春之泉

惟 爲 譯

那位非常古怪的老人，海德嘉醫師，有一次邀請了四位可敬的朋友到他的書房裏相聚。其中三位是鬍鬚已白的紳士，名叫麥邦先生，居理高上校和嘉士康先生；更有一位年華老去的貴婦，她的芳名就是魏彩麗寡婦。他們全是一班沮喪的老傢伙，終生潦倒，而且他們的最大不幸，却是不久以前入了墳墓。麥邦先生在壯年時代，一度是個發達的商人；可是爲了瘋狂的投機，他失掉全部家財，現在祇能比較沿途托鉢的行腳僧稍勝一籌而已。居理高上校，爲了追求荒淫的生活，荒廢了大好年華，並且折磨了健康和體質，因此染有種種痼疾，如痛風及其他能使身心不愉快的痛苦。嘉士康是個壞透的政客，久著惡聲，即使現在湮沒無聞，不致遺臭萬年，不過是時間將他的醜行掩埋過去，使近代人無從知道而已。關於魏彩麗寡婦，據一般傳說，她在青春的時代，倒是個美人；可是爲著蜚短流長的誹謗，致令當地士紳名流，向她

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of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding futher, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, — as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and blackletter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magni-

大施抨擊，使她不能不銷聲匿跡了。還有一事值得一提的，就是那三位老紳士，麥邦先生、居理高上校和嘉士康先生，同是魏彩麗寡婦早年的情人，三人爲了她，幾乎演出互相仇殺的爭風慘劇。我沒有往下說之前，先要透露一點消息，原來海德嘉醫師和他的四位貴賓，有時會被人認爲神經有點失常——那倒是老人每因目前的煩惱，或悲慘的回憶，往往可能發生的常態。

海德嘉醫師一面招呼他們就座，一面說道：「各位老友，我在書室裏拿實驗做娛樂，現在想請各位幫助這次的小實驗。」

如果這一切故事都是真實的話，海德嘉醫師的書室必然是一個很古怪的地方。這是一間幽暗的老式廳房，蛛網結彩似的在四週懸掛着，並且滿佈歷年積下的塵埃。四壁擺着一些橡木製的書櫥，下層櫥架上，塞滿了成行的碩大無比的對開本和印有黑字的四開本，上層架裏却放着羊皮紙做封面的十二開小書。那個正中央的書櫥上面，供着一尊希臘名醫希普格來德氏的古銅半身塑像，據權威人士說，海德嘉醫師治病時，遇到疑難不決的症狀，便要向這尊偶像請教。在書室那面最昏暗的角落，放着一個半開半掩的又高又狹的橡木櫥，裏面隱隱約約似乎吊有一副骷髏。介於兩個書櫥中間，掛着一面鏡子，它的高大而又佈滿塵埃的玻璃，嵌在那失去光澤的鑲金鏡框裏面。關於這面鏡子有許多奇奇怪怪的故事，內中有一個是說：大凡這位醫師所有已故病家的鬼魂，全都依附在這鏡子的邊緣上，每當醫師對着鏡子望去，他們就會張目凝視來相向。書房對面點綴着一幅年青婦人的全身

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ficence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said, — "Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to my own veracious self; and if any passages of the

畫像，穿的那件絲綢錦緞的盛裝，已是褪色凋殘，而容貌的顏色也如服飾一般的褪落了。大約在五十年前，這個年青婦人快要和海德嘉醫師結婚之際，忽因偶感不適，吞服了她愛人的某項藥方，便在結婚那夜香消玉殞了。還有書室裏最奇最怪的異事，值得在此提及，原來那裏有一冊沉重對開本的厚書，用黑皮革裝釘着，更由巨大的銀質扣子扣緊。書背並沒有半隻字，也沒有人能說出這本書的名稱。但這是一本魔術專集，倒是人所周知的事；有一次給侍婢舉起，只不過想把積塵掃去，忽然在櫥裏的枯骸發出格格的聲響，畫裏的年青婦人伸出一隻腳踏到地板上面，幾張蒼白可怖的鬼臉，從鏡框探頭窺視；同時那尊希普格來德氏的銅像蹙起額頭來，還會喝道：「不准動！」

這些是海德嘉醫師書室的景象。本故事發生在一個夏季的午後，室內的中心放着一張黑如烏木的小圓桌，桌上放着一個形式美麗和製工精巧的車花玻璃瓶子。從兩塊已經褪色的絲緞窗簾的密縫中透進一道陽光，直接射到這個瓶子上：所以由那裏反射出來一片燦爛柔光，照在桌子四週坐着的五個老人的蒼白臉孔上面。桌上還有四隻盛香檳酒用的那種玻璃杯子。

「我親愛的老友。」海德嘉醫師重複說着：「各位可允許我仗賴你們的助力，來完成這次非常富於奇趣的實驗麼？」

海德嘉醫師本來是個奇特的老紳士，他舉動的怪僻早已成為千百個稀奇古怪的故事的核心。我現在很慚愧地承認，其中許多故事的來源，大抵還是由於我這個人太老實，誰都樂得向我談上

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present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular

一兩個；萬一現在的故事任何一段文字，驚動了讀者們的信心，說我造謠生事，我應該毫無怨尤地承當這個罪名。

當醫師的四位貴賓聽到他講及他要做的實驗，他們都預料這不會是什麼大實驗，總不外乎他常常愛用來捉弄至親好友的那些無關宏旨的小把戲罷了，譬如在一隻抽氣唧筒裏殺死小鼠，或用顯微鏡檢驗蜘蛛網，或其他類似玩意兒。可是海德嘉醫師沒有等他們答話，便蹣跚着走過書房那邊，然後帶着那冊龐大的黑皮革裝釘的對開本厚書，就是人所公認為魔術專集的那冊大書回到原座。他解開了銀扣，把大書打開，從印滿黑字的書頁裏拿出一朵玫瑰花，與其說是玫瑰花，不如說它曾經是朵玫瑰花，因為它的青蔥嫩葉和嫣紅花瓣，已經變成似棕非棕的顏色，況且花朵憔悴得好像在醫師手裏快要粉碎了。

「這朵玫瑰花呀！」海德嘉醫師長嘆着才接下去說：「這一朵凋謝的快要粉碎的玫瑰花，在五十五年前還是盛開的，是絲麗維雅·華德贈給我的，她的畫像現在還是掛在那面呢；而且這也是我立意要在結婚時插在襟頭的鮮花。夾在這本舊書的紙頁中，寶藏着五十五個年頭了。現在，各位認為這朵過了半世紀的玫瑰花，會再度復活開花麼？」

「瞎說！」魏彩麗寡婦說，還要暴躁地將頭昂了一下：「你這等於問一張老婦的皺面能不能再復青春哩。」

「瞧吧！」海德嘉醫師答道。

他揭開瓶塞，將那褪色的玫瑰花投入瓶裏的水內。最初，這花輕盈地浮在水面，好像沒有沾染點滴濕氣。可是，沒多時，一

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change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human

種特殊變化開始顯露出來。那些壓壞的枯槁的花瓣顫動了，色澤由枯而潤，由淺而紅，好像從死去的睡態中復甦過來，變得又鮮又艷；那些焦枝殘葉也轉瞬青翠欲滴；五十五年前的一朵玫瑰花，居然回復了生氣，好似當年絲麗維雅·華德贈給她愛人時一樣。這朵花實在還沒有盛開；因為還有嬌嫩紅瓣輕捲未放包圍着它濕潤的花心，裏面兩三點朝露仍然在閃爍發光。

「這一手障眼法可真不壞。」醫師的朋友們漫不關心地說着；因為大家曾經看過魔術師表演比這更精彩的奇蹟；他們接着問道：「請你告訴我們這到底怎樣做成的呢？」

「你們沒有聽過『青春之泉』的事麼？」海德嘉醫師問着：「西班牙探險家，潘士·德·里昂，在兩、三世紀前着手尋求這個泉源的。」

「但是潘士·德·里昂有沒有尋獲它呢？」魏彩麗寡婦說着。

「沒有，」海德嘉醫師回答她。「因他始終沒有向正確的地方來探求。如果我所聽聞的話是正確，照我所知這個『青春之泉』是在佛羅里達半島的南部，離開馬加各湖並不十分遠。這泉水的源頭庇蔭在幾棵龐大的木蘭樹下，雖然經過許多世代，這些木蘭因為得到泉水的異質來潤育，一直欣欣向榮，像紫羅蘭一般鮮艷。我有一位朋友，深知我對於這些物事的好奇心，特地將你們今日所見瓶裏的東西送給我的。」

「啊！」居理高上校一點不相信醫師所說的故事，「然而這

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frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own past, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

瓶液質對於人類體格可有什麼效果呢？」

「由你尊駕自去評判好了，我親愛的上校。」海德嘉醫師答覆他。「還有，在座的各位，我尊敬的老友，請盡量飲用這種令人欽羨的神液，來恢復你們的青春之花罷。至於我本人，進入老境過程中，受夠許多困苦，我倒也不急急於再來返老還童了。所以，請求各位的原諒，讓我祇限於靜觀這次實驗的進展罷。」

海德嘉醫師一面說話，一面將「青春之泉」的水傾注到四隻香檳酒玻璃杯子裏面。這瓶水內顯然蘊藏着起泡作用的氣體，因為許多小泡沫從杯底不斷地上升，到達水面時便即爆裂而成銀色噴霧了。這液質散佈着芬芳的氣味，那些老人毫不懷疑地深信它具有使人興奮的和暢快的性質，雖然他們對於它的返老還童的功效極端懷疑，但是很願意一口氣將它吞下去。可是，海德嘉醫師要求他們暫待片刻。

他說道：「我尊敬的老友們，你們未飲之前，還須利用有生以來所得經驗來指導你們，應先擬就若干條普通規則，作為你們再度經歷青春時期的冒險的南針。試想一想，如果你們獲致這次特殊利益，仍不能以身作則，將道德和智慧給予這一代青年，作為規範，真是如何罪過和恥辱的一回事呢！」

醫師的四位可敬的朋友並不作答，祇發出微弱的顫疊的笑聲，大家飽歷世故，早已深知悔悟是緊貼在錯誤的覆轍後面，他們那有再走入歧途的道理，這時反以為醫師的過慮有點可笑了。

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger — but we are still too old! Quick — give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half