

社会小説家としてのディケンズとギヤスケル
Before and after *Dombey and Son*

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The Chimes (1844)

1. The voice of the age is a want of sympathy with the condition of the great mass of people. They are looked upon as the mere instrument of wealth—the mere machines with eyes to direct them and limbs to labour for the privileged classes. (*Punch* 2:210 [1842])
2. “I like more and more my notion of making, in this little book, a great blow for the poor.” (Letter to Forster, 8 October 1844)
3. “You needn’t trouble yourself to think about anything. I will think for you; I know what is good for you...Now, the design of your creation is—not that you should swill, and guzzle, and associate your enjoyments, brutally, with food;...but that you should feel the Dignity of Labour...” (Chimes, 106)
4. “Such work, such work! So many hours, so many days, so many long, long nights of hopeless, cheerless, never-ending work—not to heap up riches, not to live grandly or gaily, not to live upon enough, however coarse; but to earn bread: to scrape together just enough to toil upon, and want upon, and keep alive in us the consciousness of our hard fate!...(Chimes, 127)
5. “Whither thou goest, I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do Not lodge; thy people are Not my people; Nor thy God my God!” (Chimes, 133)

Dombey and Son (1846-48)

1. And again he said “Dom-bey and Son,” in exactly the same tone as before.
Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey’s life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. Rivers and seas were formed to float their ships; rainbows gave them promise of fair weather; winds blew for or against their enterprise; stars and planets circled in their orbits, to preserve inviolate a system of which they were the centre. Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them. A.D. had no concern with anno Domini, but stood for anno Dombey-and Son. (I, 2)
2. Dombey and Son had often dealt in hides, but never in hearts. They left that fancy ware to boys and girls, and boarding-schools and books. (I, 2)
3. “...While you are here, I must stipulate that you are always known as-say as Richards-an ordinary name, and convenient. Have you any objection to be known as Richards? You had better consult your husband.”
As the husband did nothing but chuckle and grin, and continually draw his right hand across his mouth, moistening the palm, Mrs. Toodle, after nudging him twice or thrice in vain, dropped a curtsey and replied “that perhaps if she was to be called out of her name, it would be considered in the wages.”
“Oh, of course,” said Mr. Dombey. “I desire to make it a question of wages, altogether. Now Richards, if you nurse my bereaved child, I wish you to remember this always. You will receive a liberal stipend in return for the discharge of certain duties, in the performance of which, I wish you to see as little of your family as possible. When those duties cease to be required and rendered, and the stipend ceases to be paid, there is an end of all relations between us. Do you understand me?” (II, 16)

4. George Croly, "Pride Shall Have a Fall" (1824)

5. The first shock of a great earthquake had, just at that period, rent the whole neighbourhood to its centre. Traces of its course were visible on every side. Houses were knocked down; streets broken through and stopped; deep pits and trenches dug in the ground; enormous heaps of earth and clay thrown up; buildings that were undermined and shaking, propped by great beams of wood. Here, a chaos of carts, overthrown and jumbled together, lay topsy-turvy at the bottom of a steep unnatural hill; there, confused treasures of iron soaked and rusted in something that had accidentally become a pond. Everywhere were bridges that led nowhere; thoroughfares that were wholly impassable; Babel towers of chimneys, wanting half their height; temporary wooden houses and enclosures, in the most unlikely situations; carcasses of ragged tenements, and fragments of unfinished walls and arches, and piles of scaffolding, and wildernesses of bricks, and giant forms of cranes, and tripods straddling above nothing. There were a hundred thousand shapes and substances of incompleteness, wildly mingled out of their places, upside down, burrowing in the earth, aspiring in the air, mouldering in the water, and unintelligible as any dream. Hot springs and fiery eruptions, the usual attendants upon earthquakes, lent their contributions of confusion to the scene. Boiling water hissed and heaved within dilapidated wall; whence, also, the glare and roar of flames came issuing forth; and mounds of ashes blocked up rights of way, and wholly changed the law and custom of the neighbourhood.

In short, the yet unfinished and unopened Railroad was in progress; and, from the very core of all this dire disorder, trailed smoothly away, upon its mighty course of civilisation and improvement. (VI, 62-3)

Bleak House (1852-53)

1. [He] bears off the body of our dear brother here departed to a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, whence malignant disease are communicated to the bodies of our dear brothers and sisters who have not departed; while our dear bothers and sisters who hang about official backstairs—would to Heaven they had departed!—are very complacent and agreeable. Into a beastly scrap of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination, and a Caffre would shudder at, they bring our dear brother here departed, to receive Christian burial.

...here they lower our dear brother down a foot or two: here, sow him in corruption, to be raised in corruption: an avenging ghost at many a sick bedside: a shameful testimony to future ages, how civilization and barbarism walked this boastful island together. (XI, 151)

2. (Miss Flite's collection of birds)

"I call them the Wards of in Jarndyce. They are caged up with all the others. With Hope, Joy, Youth, Peace, Rest, Life, Dust, Ashes, Waste, Want, Ruin, Despair, Madness, Death, Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheep-skin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach!" (LX, 819)