

子どもの誕生とフィクションの変容  
—ディケンズにみる18世紀作家の方法的懐疑のゆくえ—

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——発表内容——

1. 「子ども」を描かないデフォー、「子ども」を描くディケンズ
2. 18世紀小説に見られる方法的懐疑とディケンズの「子ども」
3. ディケンズの「子ども」は完結的か？
4. ディケンズの未完結性

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1. My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip. (*Great Expectations* 1)

2. I WAS born in the Year 1632, in the City of *York*, of a good Family, tho' not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of *Bremen*, who settled first at *Hull*: He got a good Estate by Merchandise, and leaving off his Trade, lived afterward at *York*, from whence he had married my Mother, whose Relations were named *Robinson*, a very good family in that Country, and from whom I was called *Robinson Kreutznaer*; but by the usual Corruption of Words in *England*, we are now called, nay, we call our selves, and write our Name *Crusoe*, and so my Companions always call'd me. (*Crusoe* 5)

3. Being the third Son of the Family, and not bred to any Trade, my Head began to be fill'd very early with rambling Thoughts: My Father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent Share of Learning, as far as House-Education, and a Country Free-School generally goes, and design'd me for the Law; but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to Sea, and my Inclination to this led me so strongly against the Will, nay, the Commands, of my Father, and against all the Entreaties and Perswasions of my Mother and other Friends, that there seem'd to be something fatal in that Propension of Nature tending directly to the Life of Misery which was to befall me. (*Crusoe* 5)

4. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

“Hold your noise!” cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. “Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!”

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with

broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. . . .

“O! Don't cut my throat, sir,” I pleaded in terror. “Pray don't do it, sir.”

“Tell us your name!” said the man. “Quickly!”

“Pip, sir.”

“Once more,” said the man, staring at me. “Give it mouth!”

“Pip. Pip, sir.”

“Show us where you live,” said the man. “Pint out the place!”

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church. (*Great Expectations* 1-2)

5. Here it is necessary the reader should know, that the fair *Pamela's* Tryals were not yet over; but the worst were to come, at a Time when she thought them at an End, and that she was returning to her Father: for when her Master found her Virtue was not to be subdu'd, and he had in vain try'd to conquer his Passion for her, being a Gentleman of Pleasure and Intrigue, he had order'd his *Lincolnshire* Coachman to bring his Travelling Chariot from thence, not caring to trust his Body Coachman, who, with the rest of the Servants, so greatly loved and honour'd the fair Damsel; and having given him Instructions accordingly, and prohibited the other Servants, on Pretence of resenting *Pamela's* Behaviour, from accompanying her any Part of the Way, he drove her five Miles on the Way to her Father's; and then turning off, cross'd the Country, and carried her onwards towards his *Lincolnshire* estate.

It is also to be observ'd, that the Messenger of her Letters to her Father, who so often pretended Business that way, was an Implement in his Master's Hands, and employ'd by him for that Purpose; and always gave her Letters first to him, and his Master used to open and read them, and then send them on; by which means, as he hints to her, (as she observes in her Letters, *p.* 84) he was no Stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor Virgin beset: And the Whole will shew the base Arts of designing Men to gain their wicked Ends; and how much it behoves the Fair Sex to stand upon their Guard against artful Contrivances, especially when Riches and Power conspire against Innocence and a low Estate. (*Pamela* 92)

6. (1) I would have given my Life for a Farthing. And he said, I'll do you no Harm, *Pamela*; don't be afraid of me. I said, I won't stay. You won't, Hussy! said he: Do you know whom you speak to? I lost all Fear, and all Respect, and said, Yes, I do, Sir, too well!--Well may I forget that I am your Servant, when you forget what belongs to a Master.

I sobb'd and cry'd most sadly. What a foolish Hussy you are! said he: have I done you any Harm? Yes, sir, said I, the greatest Harm in the World: You have taught me to forget myself and what belongs to me, and have lessen'd the Distance that Fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor Servant. (*Pamela* 23)

(2) But I believe my Master is fearfully angry with me; for he passed by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards Evening, he met me in the Passage, going into the Garden, and said such a word to me as I never heard in my Life from him to Man, Woman, or Child; for he first said, This Creatur's always in the way, I think. I said, standing up as close as I could, and the entry was wide enough for a Coach too, I hope I shan't be long in your Honour's way. D--n you! said he, (that was the hard Word) for a little Witch; I have no Patience with you. (*Pamela* 40)

7. My Master told me, that Lady *Jones* said, She is a charming Creature, I see that, at this Distance. And Sir *Simon*, it seems, who has been a sad Rake in his younger Days, swore he never saw so easy an Air, so fine a Shape, and so graceful a Presence.--The Lady *Darnford* said, I was a sweet Girl. And Mrs. *Peters* said very handsome Things. Even the Parson said, I should be the Pride of the County. O dear Sirs! all this was owing to the Light my good Master's Favour plac'd me in, which made me shine out in their Eyes beyond my Deserts. (*Pamela* 284)

8. What a different Aspect every thing in and about this House bears now, to my thinking, to what it once had! The Garden, the Pond, the Alcove, the Elm-walk. But, oh! my Prison is become my Palace; and no wonder every thing wears another Face! (*Pamela* 349)

9. Poem A: When voices of children are heard on the green / And laughing is heard on the hill, / My heart is at rest within my breast / And everything else is still.

"Then come home my children the sun is gone down / "And the dews of night arise; / "Come, come, leave off play, and let us away / "Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day / "And we cannot go to sleep; / "Besides in the sky, the little birds fly / "And the hills are all covered with sheep."

"Well well go & play till the light fades away / "And then go home to bed." / The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd / And all the hills echoed.

Poem B: When the voices of children are heard on the green / And whisp'rings are in the dale, / The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind, / My face turns green and pale.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down, / And the dews of night arise; / Your spring & your day are wasted in play, / And your winter and night in disguise. (Blake, *Writings* 121, 212)

10. Among other public buildings in a certain town, which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning, and to which I will assign no fictitious name, there is one anciently common to most towns, great or small: to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse was born; on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events; the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter.

For a long time after it was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all; in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared; or, if they had, that being comprised within a couple of pages, they would have possessed the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography, extant in the literature of any age or country.

Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse, is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befall a human being, I do mean to say

that in this particular instance, it was the best thing for Oliver Twist that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration . . . Now, if, during this brief period, Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer; and a parish surgeon who did such matters by contract; Oliver and Nature fought out the point between them. The result was, that, after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time than three minutes and a quarter. . . .

What an excellent example of the power of dress, young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar; it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have assigned him his proper station in society. But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once--a parish child--the orphan of a workhouse--the humble, half-starved drudge--to be cuffed and buffeted through the world--despised by all, and pitied by none.

Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of church-wardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder. (*Oliver Twist* 1-3)

11. It always appeared to me that he estimated the compositions of Richardson too highly, and that he had an unreasonable prejudice against Fielding. In comparing those two writers, he used this expression; 'that there was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate.' This was a short and figurative state of his distinction between drawing characters of nature and characters only of manners. But I cannot help being of opinion, that the neat watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large clocks of Richardson, and that his dial-plates are brighter. (*Life of Johnson* 2: 49)

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