

ロンドンの胃袋——ディケンズと市場

新野 緑

(1) “We had half an hour, I think, for tea. When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee-shop, and have half a pint of coffee, and a slice of bread and butter. When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent Garden Market, and stared at the pine-apples.” (Forster 24-25, underline mine)

(2) “. . . I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioners’ doors in Tottenham Court Road; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll, or a slice of pudding. There were two pudding shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court close to St. Martin’s Church . . . . The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear: two penn’orth and being larger than a penn’orth of more ordinary pudding. A good shop for the latter was in the Strand . . . . It was a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby; with great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart.” (Forster 24)

(3) It was a substantial meal; for, over and above the ordinary tea equipage, the board creaked beneath the weight of a jolly round of beef, a ham of the first magnitude, and sundry towers of buttered Yorkshire cake, piled slice upon slice in most alluring order. (*Barnaby Rudge* 81, underline mine)

(4) Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meet, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. (“A Christmas Carol” 86, underline mine)

(5) There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung up mistletoe . . . there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. (“A Christmas Carol” 90, underline mine)

(6) There is more certainty of purchasing a pineapple here [in Covent Garden Market], every day in the year. . . than in Jamaica and Calcutta, where pines are indigenous. (Timbs, 559)

(7) When I had none [no money], I used to look at a venison-shop in Fleet Street; or I have strolled, at such time, as far as Covent Garden Market, and stared at the pine-apples. (*David Copperfield* 138)

(8) We never have outgrown the whole region of Covent Garden. We preserve it as a fine, dissipated, insoluble mystery. (“Where We Stopped Growing” 110-11)

(9) To be taken out for a walk into the real town, especially if it were anywhere about Covent Garden or the Strand, perfectly entranced him [Dickens] with pleasure. (Forster 14)

(10) Covent Garden market, and the avenues leading to it, are thronged with carts of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, from the heavy lumbering wagon, with its four stout horses, to the jingling costermonger’s cart, with its consumptive donkey. <sup>(1)</sup>The pavement is already strewn with decayed cabbage leaves, broken hay bands, and all the indescribable litter of a vegetable market; men are shouting, carts backing, horses neighing, boys fighting, basket-women talking, piemen expatiating on the excellence of their pastry, and donkeys braying. These and hundred other sounds form a compound discordant enough to a Londoner’s ears, and remarkably disagreeable to those of country gentlemen who are sleeping at the Hummums for the first time. (“The Streets—Morning” 51-52, underline mine)

(11) The noise, traffic and waste generated by the market encouraged the wealthy to move out, to be swiftly replaced by coffee houses, taverns, prostitutes, brothels, Turkish baths of dubious quality and theatres . . . . By the eighteenth century Covent Garden had acquired the sort of reputation associated with the seedier parts of Soho in a later century . . . . (Halliday, 131)

(12) Poor bird! The only neighbouring thing at all akin to the other little captives, some of whom, shrinking from the hot hands of drunken purchasers, lie drooping on the path already, while others, saddened by close contact, await the time when they shall be watered and freshened up to please more sober company. . . . (*The Old Curiosity Shop* 7)

(13) “Until old Hungerford-market was pulled down, until old Hungerford Stairs were destroyed, and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began . . . . It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos Street.” (Forster 33)

(14) Many and many a pleasant stroll they had in Covent Garden Market: snuffing up the perfume of the fruits and flowers, wondering at the magnificence of the pine-apples and melons; . . . . Many and many a pleasant stroll they had among the poultry markets, where ducks and fowls, with necks unnaturally long, lay stretched out in pairs, ready for cooking . . . ; live birds in coops and cages, looking much too big to be natural, in consequence of those receptacles being much too little; rabbits, alive and dead, innumerable. (*Martin Chuzzlewit* 621-22)

(15) “In my walks at night I have walked there often, since then, and by degrees I have come to write this. It does not seem a tithe of what I might have written, or of what I meant to write.” (Forster, 33)

(16) So, I came into Smithfield; and the shameful place, being all asmeared with filth and fat and blood and foam, seemed to stick to me. So, I rubbed it off with all possible

speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate Prison.  
(*Great Expectations* 189)

(17) The ground was covered, nearly ankle-deep, with filth and mire; and a thick steam, perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. . . . Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass; the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of oxen, the bleating of sheep, the grunting and squeaking of pigs; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides; the ringing of bells and roar of voices, that issued from every public-house and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng; rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confounded the senses.  
(*Oliver Twist* 135-36, underline mine)

(18) Obdurate heads of oxen, bent down in mute agony; bellowing heads of oxen lifted up, snorting out smoke and slaver; ferocious men cursing and swearing, and belabouring oxen; made the place a panorama of cruelty and suffering. . . . Mixed up with these oxen, were great flocks of sheep, whose respective drovers were in agonies of mind to prevent their being intermingled in the dire confusion; and who raved, shouted, screamed, swore, whooped, whistled, danced like savages; and, brandishing their cudgel, laid about them most remorselessly. ("The Heart of Mid-London" 122, underline mine)

(19) . . . there is nothing in the previous journey into the heart of London, the night's endurance in Smithfield, the struggle out again, among the crowded multitude, the coaches, carts, wagons, omnibuses, gigs, chaises, phaeton, cabs, trucks, dogs, boys, whoopings, roarings, and ten thousand other distractions. . . . ("A Monument of French Folly" 330)

(20) When they [the beasts] do get in at last . . . they are to be in a most unfit state to be killed, according to microscopic examinations made of their fevered blood by one of the most distinguished physiologists in the world, Professor Owen—but that’s humbug. (“A Monument of French Folly” 330, underline mine)

(21) But one of the worst night sights I know in London, is to be found in the children who prowl about this place [Covent Garden Market]; who sleep in the baskets, fight for the offal, dart at any object they think they can lay their thieving hands on . . . . A painful and unnatural result comes of the comparison one is forced to institute between the growth of corruption as displayed in the so much improved and cared for fruits of the earth, and the growth of corruption as displayed in these all uncared for . . . savages. (“Night Walks” 155)

(22) . . . they [Les Halles] seemed like some vast modern machine, a steam engine or a cauldron supplying the digestive needs of a whole people, a huge metal belly, bolted and riveted, constructed of wood, glass, and iron, with the elegance and power of a machine working away with fiery furnaces and wildly turning wheels.(Zola 25)

(23) He successively drafted an outline for a complete reform of the administrative system of Les Halles, a scheme for transforming the city dues, levied on produce as it entered Paris, into a tax on sales, a new system for distributing provisions to the poorer neighbourhoods, and finally, a vague humanitarian scheme for the common warehousing of the produce brought to the markets, with the aim of ensuring that every household in Paris would receive a minimum daily supply. (Zola 124)

(24) Florent feasted his eyes on this immense design washed in Chinese ink on phosphorescent parchment, and began to dream once more of some colossal machine with all its cogs and levers and balances glimpsed in the crimson glow of the fires burning beneath its boilers. (Zola 122)

(25) They [the displays of fish] assailed him with their powerful smells and took his

breath away, as though they had given him indigestion.(Zola 121)

(26) The giant markets, overflowing with food, had brought things to a head. They seemed like some satiated beast, embodying Paris itself, grown enormously fat, and silently supporting the Empire . . . Les Halles were the shopkeepers' belly, the belly of respectable petit bourgeois people, bursting with contentment and well-being, shining in the sun, and declaring that everything was for the best, since respectable people had never grown so wonderfully fat. (Zola 124-25)

(27) . . . there's too much. I have only been twice. So many things bewildered me. I have a natural horror of sights, and the fusion of so many sights in one has not decreased it. (*Letters* 6:428)

(28) Of these special signs and tokens of the peaceful progress of the world, how numerous, how diversified are they!—and—let us honestly add—how impossible to be thoroughly singled out and examined amidst the crowding masses of men and things, raw materials and manufactured articles, machines and engines that surround you on every side! (“The Great Exhibition and the Little One” 357)

(29) . . . the event has long been regarded as a defining moment in the history of consumerism, epitomising the conceptualization of consumer goods as display and structuring consumers as desiring spectators (Jaffe 2)

(30) Under this head, we have to point, first, to the great quantity and variety of raw materials—mining and mineral products—chemical and pharmaceutical products—substances used as food—and vegetable and animal substances used in manufactures; and secondly, to the extraordinary display of enginery and machinery. (“The Great Exhibition and the Little One” 357)

参考文献

Ackroyd, Peter. *London: The Biography*. 2000; New York: Anchor, 2003.

Briggs, Asa. "The Great Victorian Collection." *Victorian Things*. London: U of Chicago P, 1988. 52-102.

Dickens, Charles. "A Christmas Carol." 1843; *The Christmas Books*. Vol. 1. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1981. 45-134.

———. "A Monument of French Folly." *Household Words* (8 March, 1851). *The Dent Uniform Edition of Dickens' Journalism*. Vol. 2. Ed. Michael Slater. London: Dent, 1996. 327-38.

———. *Barnaby Rudge*. 1841; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1980.

———. *David Copperfield*. 1849-50; Oxford: Clarendon, 1981.

———. (1860-61) 1965. *Great Expectations*. 1860-61; London: Penguin, 1965.

———. *Martin Chuzzlewit*. 1843-44; Oxford: Clarendon, 1982.

———. *Oliver Twist*. 1839; Oxford: Clarendon, 1966.

———. *The Letters of Charles Dickens*. Vol. 6. Ed. Graham Storey, Kathleen Tillotson and Nina Burgis. Oxford: Clarendon, 1988.

———. *The Old Curiosity Shop*. 1840-41; Oxford: Clarendon, 1997.

———. "The Streets—Morning." *Evening Chronicle* (21 July, 1835). *The Dent Uniform Edition of Dickens' Journalism*. Vol. 1. Ed. Michael Slater. London: Dent, 1994. 49-69.

———. "The Uncommercial Traveller: His General Line of Business/The Shipwreck." *All the Year Round* (28 Jan., 1860). *The Dent Uniform Edition of Dickens' Journalism*. Vol. 4. Ed. Michael Slater and John Drew. London: Dent, 2000. 26-40.

———. "The Uncommercial Traveller: Night Walks." *All the Year Round* (21 July 1860). *The Dent Uniform Edition of Dickens' Journalism*. Vol. 4. Ed. Michael Slater and John Drew. London: Dent, 2000. 148-57.

———. "Where We Stopped Growing." *Household Words* (1 Jan., 1853). *The Dent Uniform Edition of Dickens' Journalism*. Vol. 3. Ed. Michael Slater. London: Dent, 1998. 105-12.

———, and Richard H. Horne. "The Great Exhibition and the Little One." *Household Words* 67 (5 July, 1851). *Household Words: A Weekly Journal 1850-1859 Conducted by Charles Dickens*. Comp. Anne Lohrli. Vol. 3. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1973.

356-60.

- , and W.H. Wills. "The Heart of Mid-London." *Household Words* 6 (4 May, 1850).  
In *Household Words: A Weekly Journal 1850-1859 Conducted by Charles Dickens*. Vol. 1. Comp. Anne Lohrli. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1973.121-25.
- Forster, John. *Life of Charles Dickens*. 1872-74. Vol. 1. London: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1966.
- Forshaw, Alec and Theo Bergström. *Smithfield: Past and Present*. London: William Heinemann, 1980.
- Halliday, Stephen. *London's Markets: From Smithfield to Portobello Road*. Stroud: The History Press, 2014.
- Jackson, Lee. *Walking Dickens' London*. Oxford: Shire Publications, 2012.
- Jaffe, Audrey. "On the Great Exhibition." *BRANCH: Britain, Representation and Nineteenth-Century History*. Accessed June 27, 2016.  
[http://www.branchcollective.org/?ps\\_articles=audrey-jaffe-on-the-great-exhibition](http://www.branchcollective.org/?ps_articles=audrey-jaffe-on-the-great-exhibition).
- Mead, Christopher Curtis. *Making Modern Paris: Victor Baltard's Central Markets and the Urban Practice of Architecture*. University Park: Pennsylvania State UP, 2012.
- Metcalf, Robyn S. *Meat, Commerce and the City: The London Food Market, 1800-1855*. London: Pickering and Chatto, 2012.
- Metz, Nancy Aycock. *The Companion to Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mountfield: Helm Information, 2001.
- Pool, Daniel. *What Jane Austen Ate and Charles Dickens Knew: From Fox Hunting to Whist—the Facts of Daily Life in 19<sup>th</sup>-Century England*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1993.
- Tambling, Jeremy. *Going Astray: Dickens and London*. Harlow: Pearson Education, 2009.
- Timbs, John. *Curiosities of London: Exhibiting the Most Rare and Remarkable Objects of Interest in the Metropolis; With Nearly Sixty Year Personal Recollections*. 1855; London: John Camden Hotten, 1867.
- Weinreb, Ben, Christopher Hibbert, Julia Key and John Key. *The London Encyclopedia*. 3rd edition. London: Macmillan London Ltd, 2008.
- Zola, Émile. *The Belly of Paris (Le Ventre de Paris)*. 1873. Trans. Brian Nelson. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2007.





The Central Markets, Paris 1854-74  
(Mead 5)



The new Smithfield Market, 1870  
(Forshaw and Bergström 78)