ディケンズ・フェロウシップ秋季総会 2018/10/13 於神戸外国語大学 筒井 瑞貴 (神戸大学大学院博士後期課程)

「Barnaby Rudge における偽装と犠牲」
"Disguise and Scapegoat in Barnaby Rudge"

引用(BR=Barnaby Rudge,下線部はすべて発表者による)

- 1. はじめに— Barnaby Rudge と "the Bridal of Polmood"
- (1) 'A bureau was found opened, and a cash-box, which Mr Haredale had brought down that day, and was supposed to contain a large sum of money, was gone. The steward and gardener were both missing and both suspected for a long time, but they were never found, though hunted far and wide. And far enough they might have looked for poor Mr Rudge the steward, whose body—scarcely to be recognised by his clothes and the watch and ring he wore—was found, months afterwards, at the bottom of a piece of water in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast where he had been stabbed with a knife. He was only partly dressed; and people all agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed before his master. [. . .].' (BR 57-8)
- (2) いずれにしても、ディケンズの如き大作家が、創始者ポーに一歩先んじて、探偵小説史上最大のトリックを中心とする長篇を書いているということ、西洋の探偵小説論者も、このことには誰も触れていないが、これは探偵小説の歴史、殊に創始期のそれを考えるものにとって、甚だ興味深く、且つ重要な事実なのである。(江戸川 174)
- (3) 死んだと思われていた人間が実は生きていて、別の名を名乗る――というのは、ちょっと推理小説を読みなれた人にとっては、極めて陳腐なトリックに思われるだろう。だが、こうしたトリックを最初に使ったのは誰で、いつであるか、考えてみると面白い。すると、答えはやはりチャールズ・ディケンズ、しかも年代は奇しくもエドガー・ポーが「モルグ街の殺人」――通常近代的推理小説の最初の作と言われている――と同じ一人四一年となる。作品の名は『バーナビー・ラッジ』であった。(小池 70)
- (4) At length, after much searching to no purpose, one of the parties, in returning homeward, at the very narrowest and most impassable ford of Gamesope, found the bodies of two knights lying together; but the heads were severed from them, and carried away, or so disposed of, that they could not be found. Both their swords were drawn, and one was grasped so firm in a cold bloody hand, that it could scarcely be forced from it; and, from the appearance of the blood upon that sword, it was evident almost to a certainty, that some deadly wounds had been given with it.

All this was perfectly unaccountable; and, as the uniform which the king's party wore was precisely the same on every one, even to the smallest item, they could not distinguish whose bodies they were which had been found; [...]. At length, when they had almost despaired of determining the matter absolutely, <u>Polmood's page swore to the identity of his master's sword, and likewise his sandals, or hunting brogues</u>, which ended all debates on the subject. (Hogg 333)

(5) Desperate cases suggest desperate remedies.—As the only means of averting instant punishment, and accomplishing dire revenge on the real incendiaries, which swayed him much more than the love of life, he [Polmood] put his own sword in Lamington's hand, which he closed firm upon it, and his own sandals upon his feet: he then cut off the heads from the bodies, and hid them, being certain that no one could distinguish the trunks; and, as he deemed, so it fell out. (Hogg 355)

- (6) Something of the transition from *Gabriel Vardon* to *Barnaby Rudge* is visible in the way <u>a</u> <u>personal tale of murder, guilt, and discovery</u> is woven into the epical tale of the riots. (Lindsay 93)
 - 2. 「自分の認識する自己」と「他者が認識する自己」の不一致
- (7) 'You are really very wrong. The world is a lively place enough, in which we must accommodate ourselves to circumstances, sail with the stream as glibly as we can, be content to take froth for substance, the surface for the depth, the counterfeit for the real coin. I wonder no philosopher has ever established that our globe itself is hollow. It should be, if Nature is consistent in her works.' (*BR* 145)
- (8) John Willet did as he was desired; for on that point he was seldom slow, except in the particulars of giving change, and testing the goodness of any piece of coin that was proffered to him, by the application of his teeth or his tongue, or some other test, or in doubtful cases, by a long series of tests terminating in its rejection. (*BR* 59)
- (9) 'You do not know,' said his mother, rising from her seat and laying her hand upon his shoulder, 'what men have done to win it, and how they have found, too late, that <u>it glitters</u> brightest at a distance, and turns quite dim and dull when handled' (*BR* 420)
- (10) 'I am guilty, and yet innocent; wrong, yet right; good in intention, though constrained to shield and aid the bad. [...]' (BR 256)
- (11) 'She is a changed person, sir,' cried Edward, reddening; 'and changed by vile means, I believe.' (BR 311)
- (12) 'The villain's part,' muttered Edward, 'that I have unconsciously played! I to win the heart of Emma Haredale! I would, for her sake, I had died first!' (BR 176)
 - 3. 被害者/加害者をめぐる偽装
- (13) So, it soon got whispered about, that Mr Chester was very unfortunate in his son, who had occasioned him great grief and sorrow. And the good people who heard this and told it again, marvelled the more at his equanimity and even temper, and said what an amiable nature that man must have, who, having undergone so much, could be so placid and so calm. And when Edward's name was spoken, Society shook its head, and laid its finger on its lip, and sighed, and looked very grave; and those who had sons about his age, waxed wrathful and indignant, and hoped, for Virtue's sake, that he was dead. And the world went on turning round, as usual, for five years, concerning which this Narrative is silent. (*BR* 313-314)
- (14) When Miggs finished her solo, her mistress struck in again, and the two together performed a duet to the same purpose; the burden being, that Mrs Varden was persecuted perfection, and Mr Varden, as the representative of mankind in that apartment, a creature of vicious and brutal habits, utterly insensible to the blessings he enjoyed. (BR 230)

- (15) 'Add to the singularity, Sir John,' said Mr Haredale, 'that some of you Protestants of promise are at this moment leagued in yonder building, to prevent our having the surpassing and unheard-of privilege of teaching our children to read and write—here—in this land, where thousands of us enter your service every year, and to preserve the freedom of which, we die in bloody battles abroad, in heaps: and that others of you, to the number of some thousands as I learn, are led on to look on all men of my creed <u>as wolves and beasts of prey</u>, by this man Gashford. Add to it besides the bare fact that this man lives in society, walks the streets in broad day—I was about to say, holds up his head, but that he does not—and it will be strange, and very strange, I grant you.' (*BR* 403-404)
- (16) So sure as any member, just arrived, with dress disordered and dishevelled hair, came struggling through the crowd in the lobby, it yelled and screamed in triumph; and when the door of the House, partially and cautiously opened by those within for his admission, gave them a momentary glimpse of the interior, they grew more wild and savage, <u>like beasts at the sight of prey</u>, and made a rush against the portal which strained its locks and bolts in their staples, and shook the very beams. (*BR* 454)
- (17) 'I have a good many people in my custody.' He glanced downward, as he spoke, into the jail: and the feeling that he could see into the different yards, and that he overlooked everything which was hidden from their view by the rugged walls, so lashed and goaded the mob, that they howled like wolves. (*BR* 576)
- (18) While the worst passions of the worst men were thus working in the dark, and the mantle of religion, assumed to cover the ugliest deformities, threatened to become the shroud of all that was good and peaceful in society, a circumstance occurred which once more altered the position of two persons from whom this history has long been separated, and to whom it must now return. (*BR* 415)
- (19) It is unnecessary to say, that those shameful tumults, while they reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had act or part in them, teach a good lesson. That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at nought the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate and unmerciful; all History teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well, to profit by even so humble an example as the 'No Popery' riots of Seventeen Hundred and Eighty. (*BR* 40)
- (20) In a word, those who suffered as rioters were, for the most part, the weakest, meanest, and most miserable among them. It was a most exquisite satire upon the false religious cry which had led to so much misery, that some of these people owned themselves to be Catholics, and begged to be attended by their own priests. (*BR* 698)
- (21) 'Well, say fifty. Parliament says, "If any man, woman, or child, does anything again any one of them fifty acts, that man, woman, or child, shall be worked off by Dennis." George the Third steps in when they number very strong at the end of a sessions, and says, "These are too many for Dennis. I'll have half for *myself* and Dennis shall have half for *himself*;" and sometimes he throws me in one over that I don't expect, as he did three year ago, when I got Mary Jones, a young woman of nineteen who come up to Tyburn with a infant at her breast, and was worked off for taking a piece of cloth off the counter of a shop in Ludgate Hill, and putting it down again when the shopman see her; and who had never done any harm before, and only tried to do that, in consequence of her husband having been pressed three weeks previous, and

she being left to beg, with two young children—as was proved upon the trial. Ha ha!—Well! That being the law and the practice of England, is the glory of England, an't it, Muster Gashford?' (*BR* 354-355)

4. 剥奪されるアイデンティティ

- (22) '[...] Do I fancy how *he* died? Did he stagger back into the angle of the wall into which I had hemmed him, and, bleeding inwardly, <u>stand</u>, not <u>fall</u>, a corpse before me? Did I see him, for an instant, as I see you now, erect and on his feet—but dead!' (*BR* 561)
- (23) 'And why not?' said Hugh, as he thrust back his matted hair to get a better view of his late associate. 'How often, before I knew your trade, did I hear you talking of this as if it was a treat?

'I an't unconsistent,' screamed the miserable creature; 'I'd talk so again, if I was hangman. Some other man has got my old opinions at this minute. That makes it worse. Somebody's longing to work me off. I know by myself that somebody must be!' (*BR* 685)

(24) Two days elapsed before the body of Sir John was found. As soon as it was recognised and carried home, the faithful valet, true to his master's creed, eloped with all the cash and movables he could lay his hands on, and started as a finished gentleman upon his own account. In this career he met with great success, and would certainly have married an heiress in the end, but for an unlucky check which led to his premature decease. He sank under a contagious disorder, very prevalent at that time, and vulgarly termed the jail fever. (*BR* 731)

5. 結論

(25) 'Look down there,' he said softly; 'do you mark how they whisper in each other's ears; then dance and leap, to make believe they are in sport? Do you see how they stop for a moment, when they think there is no one looking, and mutter among themselves again; and then how they roll and gambol, delighted with the mischief they've been plotting? Look at 'em now. See how they whirl and plunge. And now they stop again, and whisper, cautiously together—little thinking, mind, how often I have lain upon the grass and watched them. I say—what is it that they plot and hatch? Do you know?'

'<u>They are only clothes</u>,' returned the guest, 'such as we wear; hanging on those lines to dry, and fluttering in the wind.' (*BR* 133)

- (26) 'Why, don't you know!' retorted Barnaby, with a wondering laugh. 'Not know what *he* is! A bird, to be sure. My bird—my friend—Grip.'
 - 'A devil, a kettle, a Grip, a Polly, a Protestant, no Popery!' cried the raven.

'Though, indeed,' added Barnaby, laying his hand upon the neck of Lord George's horse, and speaking softly: 'you had good reason to ask me what he is, for sometimes it puzzles me—and I am used to him—to think he's only a bird. He's my brother, Grip is—always with me—always talking—always merry—eh, Grip? (*BR* 519-520)

(27) From that period (although he was supposed to be much affected by the death of Mr Willet senior), he constantly practised and improved himself in the vulgar tongue; and, as he was a mere infant for a raven when Barnaby was grey, he has very probably gone on talking to the present time. (*BR* 738)

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