

A Tale of Two Cities, アンデルセン「人魚姫」, ポー “William Wilson”における
ドッペルゲンガーのテーマ

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引用

1. There are occasions in *A Tale* when hundreds, even thousands, of people do appear. The novel describes several scenes from the French Revolution which would call (and every so often have called) on the full resources of a major Hollywood studio. . . . Nonetheless, it remains basically a small-scale work that somehow succeeds in giving a larger-than-life impression if itself. (Maxwell, “Introduction” ix; 下線は引用者による)
2. For both, childhood came to an abrupt end. When Andersen was eleven, his father died, and he was sent to work in the local paper mill. . . . For Dickens, sent to work in Warren’s Blacking Factory at the age of twelve, the shock of immersion in an alien culture was even greater. The trauma placed the recovery of childhood innocence at the heart of Dickens’s and Andersen’s writing took on a quality more commonly associated with poetry than prose—the animation of the material world. (James 226)

Wilkie Collins, *The Frozen Deep* における三角関係

Clara (二人から愛される)

Frank Alderley (Clara と相思相愛になる優男) Sea Mew 号に乗る

Richard Wardour (Clara にずっと思いを寄せてきたが報われず)

Wanderer 号に乗る

3. The little mermaid drew aside the purple hangings of the tent, and beheld the prince sleeping on the bosom of his beautiful bride; and she bent over them, and kissed his broad forehead, and looked again

towards the east where the dawn grew brighter every instant. Then the prince's lips moved in his sleep and he spoke the name of his bride,--she only was in his thoughts,--and in frantic despair the mermaid raised the knife. But in a moment she flung it far from her into the sea; and where it fell flames rose from the waves, and the water seemed stained with blood. And the mermaid once more fixed her dying eyes on him whom she loved better than her own soul, and plunged into the waves where her sweet body quickly melted away into foam. (Hans Christian Andersen, "The Mermaid" 390; 下線は引用者)

4. "Saved, Clara!" he cried, "Saved for you!"
He released the man, and place him in Clara's arms. (Wilkie Collins, *The Frozen Deep* 131)
5. 'A life you love.' (Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities* 349)
6. She never answered; she clung to Frank in speechless ecstasy. She never even looked at the man who had preserved him—in the first absorbing joy of seeing her lover alive. Step by step, slower and slower, Richard Wardour drew back and left them by themselves. (*The Frozen Deep* 131)

cf. *A Tale of Two Cities* 初版本の口絵 (Project gutenberg ページより)



7. a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising (221)
8. T]he living sea rose wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack begun. (223-4)
9. Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on, until he struck. He knew of no rock; he saw hardly any danger. (252)
10. “You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses” (83)

Nobody had made any acknowledgement of Mr. Carton’s part in the day’s proceedings; nobody had known of it. (85)

11. He wrote a long letter to Lucie.

To her father, he wrote in the same strain; but, he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care.

To Mr Lorry, he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences and grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton His mind was so full of the others that he never once thought of him. (361–2; 下線は引用者による)

12. 王子せりふ

“[. . .] I was once on board a ship, which was wrecked in a sudden storm, and the waves washed me on shore near a convent wherein many maidens lead a religious life; and the youngest amongst these maidens found me lying senseless on the shore, and she saved my life. I saw her but once, and yet her image is ever before me, and she is the only woman whom I can ever love. But thou art strangely like her, -- so like that at times thy image effaces her from my soul; and she whom I love belongs to God alone, but though wert sent by fate to comfort me, and never will I part from thee!” (387)

人魚姫嘆き

“Woe is me! he knows not that I it was who saved him!” thought the mermaiden, with a heavy sigh. “I bore him through the angry waves to

the grove wherein the convent stands; I hid myself behind the rocks, and watched until some one should come to help him; and, alas! I saw the beautiful maiden approach, whom he loves more than me!” (“The Mermaid” 387)

13. For instance, there is one description of knocker that used to be common enough, but which is fast passing away—a large round one, with the jolly face of a convivial lion smiling blandly at you, as you twist the sides of your hair into a curl or pull up our shirt-collar while you are waiting for the door to be opened; we never saw that knocker on the door of a churlish man—so far as our experience is concerned, it invariably bespoke hospitality and another bottle. (Dickens, “Our next-door neighbour” 23)
14. As I have suggested thus far, the role of physiognomy in *A Tale of Two Cities* is to reduce the ostensibly terrifying collective of the crowds to the recognizable singularities, thus homogenizing potentially threatening masses to legible—and therefore knowable—individuals. (Scanlon 19)
15. ‘I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck.’ (*A Tale of Two Cities* 91)
16. a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sunburnt cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. (65)
17. [A]llowing for my learned friend’s appearance being careless and slovenly, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise, not only the witness, but everybody present, when they were thus brought into comparison. (77)
18. Something especially reckless in his demeanour, not only gave him a disreputable look, but so diminished the strong resemblance he undoubtedly bore to the prisoner (which his momentary earnestness, when they were compared together, had strengthened), that many of the lookers-on, taking note of him now, said to one another they would hardly have thought the two were so alike. (79)

19. Long ago, when he had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise (325)
20. ‘Do you particularly like the man?’ he muttered, at his own image; ‘why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. Ah, confound you! What a change you have made in yourself! A good reason for taking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow.’
He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, (89)
21. I could not bring myself to hate him altogether.

Wilson and myself were the most inseparable of companion. (Poe, “William Wilson” 221)

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