As for Edwin Drood, which is supposed to have been prompted by Dickens’ desire to outglitter *The Moon stone*, there is puzzle enough; but several authorities have pointed out the absence of a determinable detective, (while another school of thought holds out for Datchery.). . . So far as we are concerned in the present volume, it must remain only a potential detective story. (Haycraft 43-44)

It seems as if they [streets] supplied something to my brain, which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose. For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place (as at Broadstairs), and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labour of writing, day after day, without that magic lantern, is IMMENSE! . . . I only mention it as a curious fact, which I have never had an opportunity of finding out before. My figures seem disposed to stagnate without crowds about them. (The Letters 612-13.)

Although I am an Old man, night is generally my time for walking. . . . I have fallen insensibly into this habit, both because it favours my infirmity, and because it affords me greater opportunity of speculating on the characters and occupations of those who fill the streets. The glare and hurry of broad noon are not adapted to idle pursuits like mine; a glimpse of passing faces caught by the light of a street lamp, or a shop window, is often better for my purpose than their full revelation in the daylight. (OC Ch. 1: 1)

All this time Mr Datchery had walked with his hat under his arm, and his white hair streaming. He had an odd momentary appearance upon him of having forgotten his hat, when Mr Sapsea now touched it; and he clapped his hand up to his head as if with some vague expectation of finding another hat upon it. (ED Ch. 18:: 195)
Being buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout, with a buff waistcoat and gray trousers, he had something of a military air; but he announced himself at the Crozier (the orthodox hotel, where he put up with a portmanteau) as an idle dog who lived upon his means; and he farther announced that he had a mind to take a lodging in the picturesque old city for a month or two, with a view of settling down there altogether. (ED Ch. 18: 189)

Said Mr Datchery to himself that night, as he looked at his white hair in the gas-lighted looking-glass over the coffee-room chimney-piece at the Crozier, and shook it out: ‘For a single buffer, of an easy temper, living idly on his means, I have had a rather busy afternoon!’ (ED Ch. 18: 197)

A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with a lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of bird, scents from gardens, woods, and fields – or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings. (ED Ch. 23: 255)

The poor dear gentleman [Mr Jasper] was very solitary and very sad, Mrs Tope said, but she had no doubt he would ‘speak for her.’ Perhaps Mr Datchery had heard something of what had occurred there last winter?

Mr Datchery had as confused a knowledge of the event in question, on trying to recall it, as he well could have. He begged Mrs Tope’s pardon when she found it incumbent on her to correct him in every detail of his summary of the facts, but pleaded that he was merely a single buffer getting through life upon his means as idly as he could, and that so many people were so constantly making away with so many other people, as to render it difficult for a buffer of an easy temper to preserve the circumstances of the several cases unmixed in his mind. (ED Ch. 18: 192-93)
Would His Honour allow me to inquire whether there are strong suspicions of any one?

'More than suspicions, sir,' returned Mr Sapsea; 'all but certainties.'

'Only think now!' cried Mr Datchery.

'But proof, sir, proof must be built up stone by stone,' said the Mayor. 'As I say, the end crowns the work. It is not enough that Justice should be morally certain; she must be immorally certain legally, that is.'

(ED Ch. 18: 195)

The Story, I learnt immediately afterward, was to be that of the murder of a nephew by his uncle; the originality of which as to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its temptations were to be dwelt upon as if, not he the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him. (Forster 425-26)

'I have made my confession that my love is mad. It is so mad, that had the ties between me and my dear lost boy been one silken thread less strong, I might have swept even him from your side when you favoured him.' (ED Ch. 19: 202)

'Well, well,' says the Dean, with a sprightly air of breaking up the little conference, 'I hope Mr Jasper's heart may not be too much set upon his nephew. Our affections, however laudable, in this transitory world, should never master us; we should guide them, guide them.' (ED Ch. 2: 9)


ブロッホ. エルンスト. 「探偵小説の哲学的考察」. 『異化』. 船戸満之他訳. 東京：白水社. 1997. 41-64.

