

ラドヤード・キプリング略年表

1865	12月30日	ボンベイにて誕生 父ジョンは美術学校教師 母アリスはマクドナルド・シスターズの長女 三人の妹はエドワード・バーン=ジョーンズ、エドワード・ポインター、アルフレッド・ボールドウィンに嫁ぐ
1868	2月～11月	母、妹（アリス; 愛称トリックス）出産のためラドヤードを連れ帰国 ロンドンのバーン=ジョーンズ宅で出産
1871	4月 10月3日	両親、教育のため子どもたちを連れ帰国 <u>両親、子どもたちをサウスシーのホロウェイ家（ハリー叔父さんとローザ叔母さん）に預けインドへ戻る</u>
1872	9月	ホープ・ハウスという通学制学校に通い始める
1873	12月	バーン=ジョーンズ宅（グランジ）を初めて訪れ、ウィリアム・モリスらを知る 以後クリスマスグランジで過ごす
1874	9月20日	ハリー叔父さん、死亡
1875		父、ボンベイからラホールに転勤
1877	3月 秋 12月	<u>母、サウスシー着 「虐待」され、極度の近視になっていたラドヤードと、ローザ叔母さんによく懐いていたトリックスを連れ出し、エセックスの農場へ</u> <u>母、ロンドン、ブロンプトン・ロードに借家（現在ハロZZの一角）、ラドヤードの夜間徘徊始まる</u> 母、ラドヤードを知り合いのロンドン、ウォリック・ガーデンに住む三人の女性に預けてインドへ戻る（トリックスはホロウェイ家に戻される）
1878	1月 6月	ユナイテッド・サーヴィスイズ・コレッジ（全寮制）入学 校長プライスとはグランジで知り合っていた バーン=ジョーンズ、モリスの子どもたち

1880	夏	を中心とした家族雑誌『スクリブラー』に最初の短編小説を発表 <u>妹トリックスを連れ出すため、サウスシーへ 預かれていた年上のフロ・ガラードと出会う 婚約を申し出、受け入れられたと信じる</u>	'My First Adventure'
1881		校長プライス、ラドヤードを学校雑誌編集長の任命 進路を考えはじめる 近視のため士官学校は無理、オックスブリッジに行く経済的余裕も無いのを知り、医師に興味を持つ	
	12月	両親、ラドヤードに内緒で彼が書きためた詩を出版	<i>Schoolboy Lyrics</i>
1882		学校雑誌に二番目の短編小説を連載（未完）	'Ibbetson Dun'
	7月	夏学期を終え、卒業 ロッティングディーンのバーン＝ジョーンズ宅で過ごす	
	9月	インドに向け出発	
	10月18日	ボンベイ着 列車でラホールへ	
	11月	<u>ラホールの新聞『シヴィル・アンド・ミリタリー・ガゼット』で働き始める</u>	
	11月8日	<u>初めて一般紙(<i>The World</i>)に詩が掲載される</u> この年 32 の詩を書く	'Two Lives'
1884	1月1日	前年帰国していた母、トリックスを連れてインドに戻る	
	7月	<u>フロ・ガラードから、婚約などしていないという手紙を受け取る</u> この年から小説を積極的に書き始める トリックスと詩集を出版	<i>'Echos' by Two Writers</i>
1885	3月末	北部フロンティアに記者として派遣され、銃撃される	
	8月	小説「マザー・マチューリン」を家族に酷評される（出版されることはなかったが、『キム』に大きな影響を与えているらし	

1886	9月	い) <u>「恐ろしい夜の街」CMGに掲載</u> 初の詩集出版	<u>'The City of Dreadful Night'</u> <i>Departmental Ditties and other Verses</i>
	4月5日 夏 秋	フリーメイスンとなる ロード・ロバーツとの友情始まる(終生続く) ロンドンでの文筆活動への熱意が高まる 短編 'The Mark of the Beast'をロンドンの、雑誌編集者たちに送るもアンドリュー・ラング、ウィリアム・シャープらに「罪深い」、「不快」と酷評される	
1887	10月	初めて書評される (<i>Departmental Ditties</i> 、ラングによって) この年、マハブブ・アリという名のパタン人と親交を深める	
	11月	新聞の編集長が替る 新編集長は前任者と違い、ラドヤードに記事同様小説も載せるように励ます	
1888		アラハバードの『パイオニア』誌に移る 後に日本等をとともに旅するヒル夫妻と親交を深める インド鉄道文庫と契約 短編集を多数出版	<i>Soldiers Three</i> <i>The Story of the Gadsbys</i> <i>In Black and White</i> <i>Under the Deodars</i> <i>The Phantom 'Rickshaw</i> <i>Wee Willie Winkie</i> (' <u>Baa Baa, Black Sheep</u> 'を収録)
1889	1月		<i>Plain Tales from the Hills</i>
	3月3日	ヒル夫妻とともにカルカッタから、ラング	

1890	5月28日	ーン、シンガポール、香港、日本、北米を巡って帰国する旅に出航
	10月	サン・フランシスコ着 <u>アメリカを旅行</u> ヒル夫人の妹キャロライン・テイラーと恋に落ち、「婚約」 キャロラインも英国への旅にここから同行
		リヴァプール着、ロンドンへ <u>ヴィリヤード・ストリート 19 番地にフラットを借り一人暮らし</u> <u>数日後いきなりアンドリュー・ラングに連れられサヴィル・クラブへ たちまち大人気に</u>
		キャロライン・テイラー、ラドヤードの宗教観が気に入らぬ父に連れられ帰米。「婚約」解消
		かつて出版社に送って没になった小説がいくつも、アメリカ製海賊版で続々出版されはじめる
		マクミランと契約
		ヘンリー・ジェームズ、 <i>Life's Handicap</i> のアメリカ正規出版版 <i>Mine Own People</i> に序文を書く
	2月	<u>叔母の見舞いにロンドンに来ていたフロ・ガラードと街で偶然再会し、変わらぬ愛を確信する</u>
	春	イギリス人作家とアメリカの出版社の間をとりもっていたロンドン在住のアメリカ人編集者ウォルコット・バレスティアと知り合い意気投合する
	5月	<u>画家修行中のフロ・ガラードをパリのスタジオに訪ねる 結果は不首尾</u>
8月	『消えた光』完成 過労で神経衰弱に	
10月	作品の人気、社交界での人気ますます高まり、ハガード、ヘンリー・ジェームズ、ハーディら多数の推薦を受けてサヴィル・クラブ会員に	

1891	11月	『消えた光』(ハッピーエンド版)	<i>The Light that Failed</i> (12-ch. Ver.)
	冬	ウォルコット・バレスティアの妹キャロライン(キャリア)に紹介される	<i>Life's Handicap</i> (英) <i>My Own People</i> (米)
	3月	『消えた光』(主人公死亡ヴァージョン) 出版	<u><i>The Light that Failed</i></u> (14-ch. Ver.)
	7月	ヴィリヤード・ストリートのフラットを引き払う。ワイト等に滞在していたバレスティア一家を訪ねる	
	8月22日	オーストラリア、ニュージーランド、インド旅行に出発。初めて南インドを目にする。目的の一つはサモアのR. L. スティーヴンソン訪問だったが過密スケジュールでかなわず	
1892	12月6日	旅の途上、ウォルコット・バレスティアの急死を知る	
	1月10日	帰国。ウォルコットの母と姉妹たちに会う	
	1月18日	ウォルコットの妹キャリアとロンドンの教会で挙式。花嫁の介添人はヘンリー・ジェイムズ	
	2月3日	トマス・クックの世界周遊券でリヴァプール発。花嫁の故郷へ	
	2月~3月	ヴァーモント州ブラットルボロの妻の実家の地所に落ち着く。アメリカ各地を旅行	
	4月	ウォルコットとの共著出版	<i>The Naulahka: A Story of East and West</i>
	4月4日 ~7月	妻と日本旅行に出発。滞在中地震を体験。新オリエンタル銀行が倒産し、2,000ポンドを失う。このためR. L. スティーヴンソン訪問再びかなわず	
	8月9日	カナダ経由でブラットルボロ着。ナウラカと名付けた邸宅建築へ。その間	

1893	夏	ブリス・コテージと呼ばれる家に住む 邸宅ナウラカ完成	<i>Many Inventions</i> <i>The Jungle Book</i>
~		1984年に5ヶ月間、家族で英国ティスバリーに暮らした期間以外、またバミュダ等への短い旅行以外、アメリカ在住 2人の娘が生まれ、数々の作品を出版する <i>Kim</i> の構想も始める	<i>Captains Courageous</i> <i>The Second Jungle Book</i>
1896	5月9日	諍いの絶えなかったキャリーの弟との間がついに訴訟沙汰になる	
	8月29日	米国発	
	9月9日	サザンプトン着デヴォンのメイデンコウムという村に借家する 海霧のひどい湿った家	
1897	4月2日	衰えを知らぬ人気 アスィーニウム会員に	
	5月11日	キャリー第三子妊娠を機にロンドンのケンジントンのホテルに移住	
	6月2日	ロッキングディーンのバーン=ジョーンズ宅で過ごす この間いとこのスタンリー・ボールドウィン(後に首相)と特に親交を深める この地が気に入り、すぐ近くの「エルムズ」という屋敷を借りることにする	
	8月17日	バーン=ジョーンズ宅で長男ジョン誕生	
	9月25日	エルムズに移住	
1898	1月8日	南アフリカのケープ・タウンに向け、一家で出航	
	~		
	4月	セシル・ローズ、ミルナーらと親交を深める	
	夏	子どもたちに <i>Just So Stories</i> の原型を語って聞かせる	
1899	1月~2月	一家で米国旅行 寒い入国管理局で長時間待たされ一家はひどい風邪をひく 2月28日ラドヤードの状況危機的に	<i>Stalky & Co.</i> <i>Land and Sea Tales</i> <i>From Sea to Sea</i>
	3月6日	長女ジョセフィーヌ死亡(七歳) ラドヤードの治療続く	

1900	6月24日	出航 帰国の途へ	
	1月20日	南アフリカへ向け出航	
	2月6日	前年 10 月ボーア戦争が始まっていたにもかかわらず、在南アフリカ英軍総司令官ロード・ロバーツに自由通行証をもらい前線も視察	
	~		
	4月28日	帰国	
	8月	終の棲家となるサセックス、パーウォッシュ村の「ベイトマンズ」という屋敷を初めて訪問、購入交渉を始める	
	12月	一家で南アフリカへ ローズの地所の隣に「ウールサック」という屋敷を建て、以後 1908 年まで一年のうち数ヶ月をここで過ごす ベイデン = パウエルらと交流	
1901		<u>『キム』の連載始まる(『マクルアズ・マガジン』) 同年、本として出版</u>	<i>Kim</i>
	4月	帰国	
1902			<i>Just So Stories</i>
	夏	ナウラカ売却 ベイトマンズ購入へ	
	9月3日	ベイトマンズに転居 自動車購入	
1903	11月	聖マイケル聖ジョージ勲爵士への推挙を拒否	
1904			<i>Muse among the Motors Traffic and Discovery</i>
1905			<i>Puck of Pook's Hill</i>
1906			
1907	7月	ダラム大学、オックスフォード大学の名誉博士号を受ける ケンブリッジ大学モードリン・コレッジの名誉フェローとなる	
	夏	カナダ旅行、数々の大学で講演を行う	
	冬	ノーベル文学賞受賞	
1908		ドイツの危険性を声高に主張し始める	<i>Letters to the Family</i>
1909			<i>Actions and Reactions</i>

1910			<i>Rewards and Fairries</i>
1911		C. R. L.フレッチャー『英国史』に23の詩を提供	
	1月	父死亡	
1912	1月~3月	一家でスイス、ヴェネチアなど旅行	<i>Songs from Books</i>
1913	2月	一家でエジプト旅行 キッチナーに会い、悪印象を抱く	
1914	3月	アイルランド自治等について政治的発言（新聞投稿・立会演説）を強める 8月4日、第一次世界大戦を受け、フランスの戦線視察など精力的に活動、国民を鼓舞 妻キャリーも赤十字に協力しベルギー難民を支援 長男ジョン、近視にもかかわらずロード・ロバーツの口利きでアイリッシュ・ガーズ入隊	
1915		長男ジョン戦死（遺体発見は1992年）	
~		長生きする 多数出版 数々の旅行	多数
1927		キプリング協会(The Kipling Society)発足	
~			
1935		自叙伝『私事若干』執筆開始	
1936	1月13日	胃潰瘍で大量出血	
	1月18日	死亡	
	1月20日	茶毘に付される	
	1月23日	ウェストミンスター寺院にて葬儀 ポエッツ・コーナーに埋葬	
1937		妻の検閲を経て『私事若干』出版	<i>Something of Myself</i>

ディケンズ・フェロウシップ日本支部
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‘Two Lives’ — ディケンズとR. キプリング

流通経済大学 桑野 佳明

Contents

序

キプリングの一般紙デビュー

ジャーナリスト キプリング

アメリカに反感を持つキプリング— 粗野さ・版權

二人のウィルソン

Edmund Wilson, *The Wound and the Bow* (1941)

‘Dickens: The Two Scrooges’ / ‘The Kipling that Nobody Read’

Angus Wilson, *The World of Charles Dickens*, 1970)

The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling, 1977)

1 少年期のトラウマ

‘Baa Baa, Black Sheep (1888); *Something of Myself* (1937) *David Copperfield*

2 実在の女性と作品に登場する女性：Maria Beadnell / Fro Garrard

The Light that Failed (1891)

3 夜間徘徊：Lahore / London

‘The City of Dreadful Night’ (1885) *Sketches by Boz*

4 二人の放浪・修行：Kim (1901) *The Pickwick Papers; Oliver Twist*

構成：『ピクウウック・ペイパーズ』 / 『キム』

オリヴァー・トゥイストとフェイギンの掏摸修行 / キムとラーガンのゲーム

結

Poets’ Corner, Westminster Abbey

Charles Dickens: 74 / Rudyard Kipling: 75

Quotations

The sorely tried Mother got my sister and me season-tickets for the old South Kensington Museum which was only across the road... There were ... a big bluish book which was the manuscript of one of Dickens’ novels*. That man seemed to me to have written very carelessly; leaving out lots which he had to squeeze in between the lines afterwards. (SOM, 43-4)

Dickens never did better work than his *American Notes* and the more I get to know the land, the more do I stand astounded at my own moderation ... (Letter to William Ernest Henley, 19 January 1893, in Pinney, 86)

I was well beaten and sent to school through the streets of Southsea with the placard 'Liar' between my shoulders. (SOM, 42)

This lapse was excusable, because in the interval he had been introduced by Aunty Rosa to two very impressive things — an abstraction called God, the intimate friend and ally of Aunty Rosa, generally believed to live behind the kitchen-range because it was hot there — and a dirty brown book filled with unintelligible dots and marks. Punch was always anxious to oblige everybody. He therefore welded the story of the Creation on to what he could recollect of his Indian fairy tales, and scandalised Aunty Rosa by repeating the result to Judy. It was a sin, a grievous sin, and Punch was talked to for a quarter of an hour. He could not understand where the iniquity came in, but was careful not to repeat the offence, because Aunty Rosa told him that God had heard every word he had said and was very angry. If this were true why didn't God come and say so, thought Punch, and dismissed the matter from his mind. Afterwards he learned to know the Lord as the only thing in the world more awful than Aunty Rosa — as a Creature that stood in the background and counted the strokes of the cane. (BBBS, 268-9)

He put the brown book in the cupboard where his school-books lived and accidentally tumbled out a venerable volume, without covers, labelled *Sharpe's Magazine*. There was the most portentous picture of a Griffin on the first page, with verses below. The Griffin carried off one sheep a day from a German village, till a man came with a 'falchion' and split the Griffin open. Goodness only knew what a falchion was, but there was the Griffin and his history was an improvement upon the eternal Cat.

'This,' said Punch, 'means things, and now I will know all about everything in all the world.' He read till the light failed, not understanding a tithe of the meaning, but tantalised by glimpses of new worlds hereafter to be revealed. (BBBS, 270)

As soon as Punch could string a few pot-hooks together he wrote to Bombay, demanding by return of post 'all the books in all the world'. Papa could not comply

with this modest indent, but sent *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and a Hans Andersen. That was enough. If he were only left alone Punch could pass, at any hour he chose, into a land of his own, beyond reach of Aunty Rosa and her God, Harry and his teasements, and Judy's claims to be played with. (BBBS, 271)

At this point Harry entered and stood afar off, eyeing Punch, a disheveled heap in the corner of the room, with disgust.

'You're a liar — a young liar,' said Harry, with great unction, 'and you're to have tea down here because you're not fit to speak to us. And you're not to speak Judy again till Mother gives you leave. You'll corrupt her. You're only fit to associate with the servant. Mother says so.'

Having reduced Punch to a second agony of tears, Harry departed upstairs with the news that Punch was still rebellious.

Uncle Harry sat uneasily in the dining-room. 'Damn it all, Rosa,' said he at last, 'can't you leave the child alone? He's a good enough little chap when I meet him.'

'He puts on his best manners with you, Henry,' said Aunty Rosa, 'but I'm afraid, I'm very much afraid, that he is the Black Sheep of the family.'

Harry heard and stored up the name for future use. Judy cried till she was bidden to stop, her brother not being worth tears; and the evening concluded with the return of Punch to the upper regions and a private sitting at which all the blinding horrors of Hell were revealed to Punch with such store of imagery as Aunty Rosa's narrow mind possessed.

Most grievous of all was Judy's round-eyed reproach, and Punch went to bed in the depths of the Valley of Humiliation. He shared his room with Harry and knew the torture in store. For an hour and a half he had to answer that young gentleman's questions as to his motives for telling a lie, and a grievous lie, the precise quantity of punishment inflicted by Aunty Rosa, and had also to profess his deep gratitude for such religious instruction as Harry thought fit to impart. (BBBS, 273)

Not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light, and teach Faith where no Faith was. (BBBS, 288)

Dickenson's Weekly (LTF, 41)

Dick had instinctively sought running water for a comfort to his mood of mind. He was leaning over the Embankment wall, watching the rush of the Thames through the arches of Westminster Bridge....

The fog was driven apart for a moment, and the sun shone, a blood-red wafer, on the water. Dick watched the spot till he heard the voice of the tide between the piers die down like the wash of the sea at low tide....

'Ye-es. No. This. Where have you come from?'

'Over there.' He pointed eastward through the fog. 'And you?'

'Oh, I'm in the north — the black north, across all the Park. I am very busy.'

'What do you do?'

'I paint a great deal. That's all I have to do. (LTF, 46)

Here, for the first time, it happened that the night got into my head. (SOM, 43).

The ex-butler could not understand why I had stayed awake all night. I did not know then that such night-wakings would be laid upon me through my life; or that my fortunate hour would be on the turn of sunrise, with a sou'-west breeze afoot. (SOM, 43)

Dore might have drawn it! Zola could describe it — this spectacle of sleeping thousands in the moonlight and in the shadow of the Moon. The roof-tops are crammed with men, women, and children; and the air is full of undistinguishable noises. They are restless in the City of Dreadful Night; and small wonder. The marvel is that they can even breathe. If you gaze intently at the multitude, you can see that they are almost as uneasy as a daylight crowd; but the tumult is subdued. Everywhere, in the strong light, you can watch the sleepers turning to and fro; shifting their beds and again resettling them. In the pit-like court-yards of the houses there is the same movement. (CODN, 286)

Several weeks of darkness pass after this. For the Moon has gone out. The very dogs are still, and I watch for the first light of the dawn before making my way homeward. Again the noise of shuffling feet. The morning call is about to begin, and my night watch is over. 'Allah ho Akbar! Allah ho Akbar!' The east grows gray, and presently saffron; the dawn wind comes up as though the Muezzin had summoned it; and, as one man, the City of Dreadful Night rises from its bed and turns its face towards the dawning day. With return of life comes return of sound. First a low whisper, then a

deep bass hum; for it must be remembered that the entire city is on the house-tops. My eyelids weighed down with the arrears of long deferred sleep, I escape from the Minar through the courtyard and out into the square beyond, where the sleepers have risen, stowed away the bedsteads, and are discussing the morning hookah. The minute's freshness of the air has gone, and it is as hot as at first.

'Will the Sahib, out of his kindness, make room?' What is it? Something borne on men's shoulders comes by in the half-light, and I stand back. A woman's corpse going down to the burning-ghat, and a bystander says, 'She died at midnight from the heat.' So the city was of Death as well as Night after all. (CODN, 288)

Now even in the Bliss Cottage I had a vague notion of an Irish boy, born in India and mixed up with native life. I went as far as to make him the son of a private in an Irish Battalion, and christened him 'Kim' of the 'Rishti' — short, that is, for Irish. This done, I felt like Mr Micawber* that I had as good as paid that IOU on the future, and went after other things for some years. (SOM, 115)

'Gently — gently,' the man replied, and from a drawer under the table dealt a half-handful of clattering trifles into the tray.

'Now,' said the child, waving an old newspaper. 'Look on them as long as thou wilt, stranger. Count and, if need be, handle. One look is enough for me.' He turned his back proudly.

'But what is the game?'

'When thou hast counted and handled and art sure that thou canst remember them all, I cover them with this paper, and thou must tell over the tally to Lurgan Sahib. I will write mine.'

'Oah!' The instinct of competition waked in his breast. He bent over the tray. There were but fifteen stones on it. 'That is easy,' he said after a minute. The child slipped the paper over the winking jewels and scribbled in a native account-book.

'There are under that paper five blue stones — one big, one smaller, and three small,' said Kim, all in haste. 'There are four green stones, and one with a hole in it; there is one yellow stone that I can see through, and one like a pipe-stem. There are two red stones, and — and — I made the count fifteen, but two I have forgotten. No! Give me time. One was of ivory, little and brownish; and — and — give me time...'

'One — two' — Lurgan Sahib counted him out up to ten. Kim shook his head.

'Hear my count!' the child burst in, trilling with laughter. 'First, are two flawed sapphires — one of two ruttees and one of four as I should judge. The four-ruttee

sapphire is chipped at the edge. There is one Turkestan turquoise, plain with black veins, and there are two inscribed — one with a Name of God in gilt, and the other being cracked across, for it came out of an old ring, I cannot read. We have now all five blue stones. Four flawed emeralds there are, but one is drilled in two places, and one is a little carven —'

'Their weights?' said Lurgan Sahib impassively.

'Three — five — five — and four ruttees as I judge it. There is one piece of old greenish pipe amber, and a cut topaz from Europe. There is one ruby of Burma, of two ruttees, without a flaw, and there is a balas-ruby, flawed, of two ruttees. There is a carved ivory from China representing a rat sucking an egg; and there is last — ah ha! — a ball of crystal as big as a bean set on a gold leaf.'

He clapped his hands at the close.

'He is thy master,' said Lurgan Sahib, smiling.

'Huh! He knew the names of the stones,' said Kim, flushing. 'Try again! With common things such as he and I both know.'

They heaped the tray again with odds and ends gathered from the shop, and even the kitchen, and every time the child won, till Kim marvelled.

'Bind my eyes — let me feel once with my fingers, and even then I will leave thee opened-eyed behind,' he challenged.

Kim stamped with vexation when the lad made his boast good.

'If it were men — or horses,' he said, 'I could do better. This playing with tweezers and knives and scissors is too little.'

'Learn first — teach later,' said Lurgan Sahib. 'Is he thy master?'

'Truly. But how is it done?'

'By doing it many times over till it is done perfectly — for it is worth doing.'

The Hindu boy, in highest feather, actually patted Kim on the back.

'Do not despair,' he said. 'I myself will teach thee.'

'And I will see that thou art well taught,' said Lurgan Sahib, still speaking in the vernacular, 'for except my boy here — it was foolish of him to buy so much white arsenic when, if he had asked, I could have given it — except my boy here I have not in a long time met with one better worth teaching. And there are ten days more ere thou canst return to Lucknao where they teach nothing — at the long price. We shall, I think, be friends.'

They were a most mad ten days, but Kim enjoyed himself too much to reflect on their craziness. In the morning they played the Jewel Game — sometimes with veritable stones, sometimes with piles of swords and daggers, sometimes with

photo-graphs of natives. Through the afternoons he and the Hindu boy would mount guard in the shop, sitting dumb behind a carpet-bale or a screen and watching Mr Lurgan's many and very curious visitors. There were small Rajahs, escorts coughing in the veranda, who came to buy curiosities — such as phonographs and mechanical toys. There were ladies in search of necklaces, and men, it seemed to Kim — but his mind may have been vitiated by early training — in search of the ladies; natives from independent and feudatory Courts whose ostensible business was the repair of broken necklaces — rivers of light poured out upon the table — but whose true end seemed to be to raise money for angry Maharanees or young Rajahs. There were Babus to whom Lurgan Sahib talked with austerity and authority, but at the end of each interview he gave them money in coined silver and currency notes. There were occasional gatherings of long-coated theatrical natives who discussed metaphysics in English and Bengali, to Mr Lurgan's great edification. He was always interested in religions. At the end of the day, Kim and the Hindu boy — whose name varied at Lurgan's pleasure — were expected to give a detailed account of all that they had seen and heard — their view of each man's character, as shown in his face, talk, and manner, and their notions of his real errand. After dinner, Lurgan Sahib's fancy turned more to what might be called dressing-up, in which game he took a most informing interest. He could paint faces to a marvel; with a brush-dab here and a line there changing them past recognition. The shop was full of all manner of dresses and turbans, and Kim was apparelled variously as a young Mohammedan of good family, an oilman, and once — which was a joyous evening — as the son of an Oudh landholder in the fullest of full dress. Lurgan Sahib had a hawk's eye to detect the least flaw in the make-up; and lying on a worn teak-wood couch, would explain by the half-hour together how such and such a caste talked, or walked, or coughed, or spat, or sneezed, and, since 'hows' matter little in this world, the 'why' of everything. The Hindu child played this game clumsily. That little mind, keen as an icicle where tally of jewels was concerned, could not temper itself to enter another's soul; but a demon in Kim woke up and sang with joy as he put on the changing dresses, and changed speech and gesture therewith. (*Kim*, 204-7)

I was plentifully assured, *viva voce* and in the Press cuttings — which is a drug that I do not recommend to the young — that 'nothing since Dickens' compared with my 'meteoric rise to fame,' etc. (But I was more or less inoculated, if not immune, to the coarser sorts of print.) (SOM, 85)

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