

探偵小説の源流に関する考察 ポオとディケンズ  
廣野由美子

1. My Lady's maid is a Frenchwoman of two-and-thirty, from somewhere in the southern country about Avignon and Marseilles - a large-eyed brown woman with black hair; who would be handsome, but for a certain feline mouth, and general uncomfortable tightness of face, rendering the jaws too eager, and the skull too prominent. There is something indefinably keen and wan about her anatomy; and she has a watchful way of looking out of the corners of her eyes without turning her head, which could be pleasantly dispensed with - especially when she is in an ill humour and near knives. Through all the good taste of her dress and little adornments, these objections so express themselves, that she seems to go about like a very neat She-Wolf imperfectly tamed. (209; ch.12)
2. "But why should she [Hortense] walk shoeless, through all that water?" said my guardian [Jarndyce].  
"Why, indeed, sir, unless it is to cool her down!" said the man [the keeper].  
"Or unless she fancies it's blood," said the woman. "She'd as soon walk through that as anything else, I think, when her own's up!" (312; ch.18).
3. "Dear me, sir, I wasn't aware there was any other gentleman present!" Mr Snagsby is dismayed to see, standing with an attentive face between himself and the lawyer [Tulkinghorn], at a little distance from the table, a person with a hat and stick in his hand, who was not there when he himself came in, and has not since entered by the door or by either of the windows. There is a press in the room, but its hinges have not creaked, nor has a step been audible upon the floor. Yet this third person stands there, with his attentive face, and his hat and stick in his hands, and his hands behind him, a composed and quiet listener. He is a stoutly built, steady-looking, sharp-eyed man in black, of about the middle-age. Except that he looks at Mr Snagsby as if he were going to take his portrait, there is nothing remarkable about him at first sight but his ghostly manner of appearing. (361; ch.22)

4. As he [George] pulled a bell-handle which hung by a chain to the door-post, a very respectable old gentleman, with grey hair, wearing spectacles, and dressed in a black spencer and gaiters and a broad-brimmed hat, and carrying a large gold-headed cane, addressed him. . . .

“ . . . I am a physician, and was requested - five minutes ago - to come and visit a sick man, at George's Shooting Gallery.” (403; ch.24)

5. Mr Bucket and his fat forefinger are much in consultation together under existing circumstances. . . . Otherwise mildly studious in his observation of human nature, on the whole a benignant philosopher not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind, Mr Bucket pervades a vast number of houses, and strolls about an infinity of streets: to outward appearance rather languishing for want of an objection. He is in the friendliest condition towards his species, and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation - but, through the placid stream of his life, there glides an under-current of forefinger. (768-69; ch.53)

[下線発表者]

テキスト :

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House* (Penguin, 1985)

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