

- (1) As to me, I think my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an Accoucheur-Policeman had taken up (on my birthday) and delivered over to her, to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. (Ch. 4 以下すべての下線は引用者による)
- (2) Rosenberg (Norton 1999): “Accoucheur”: male midwife. Here a policeman who serves as midwife in emergencies.
- (3) Mitchell (Penguin 1996): Accoucheur: a male midwife or doctor specializing in obstetrics.
- (4) Gilmour (Everyman 1994): An accoucheur is a male midwife. Pip’s comic/ironic suggestion is that he has been considered an offender since birth.
- (5) Law & Pennington (Broadview 1998): Accoucheur Policeman: as though the male mid-wife were also an officer of the law and had arrested Pip at birth.
- (6) Paroissien (*Companion to GE* 2000): The description of Pip as offender from birth possibly derives from steps taken by midwives known as ‘guarding the bed’. Accoucheurs were male midwives, men with no formal training but experienced in assisting women at childbirth. Until the 1850s, the term accoucheur was applied to both women and men midwives, after which accoucheuse became increasingly popular. In preparation for a home birth, the mattress was covered with a large skin of red leather which was sold specifically for the purpose and came complete with tapes attached to each corner for fastening to the bedposts. Dirty, folded blankets and sheets were then placed on top of the leather. ‘The above plan’, medical authorities asserted, ‘will effectually protect the bed from injury’ (Chavasse, [*Advice to Mothers on the Management of Their Offspring*] 1843, 56).
- (7) Guiliano & Collins (1986): An accoucheur (French) is a male midwife. The narrator is suggesting that he was arrested at birth and delivered over to his sister for punishment.
- (8) “O God bless this gentle Christian man!” [Ch. 57] Pip (and Dickens) separate the word “gentleman” into its classless elements, the gentle man who, living by the Christian ideals of love and forgiveness, is the one type of gentlemanliness which the novel at the end unequivocally affirms. (Gilmore, *The Idea*, 143)
- (9) Joe Gargery is certainly a gentle man, but is he a gentleman? Dickens will not go quite so far: when Pip blesses Joe in his illness he calls him “this gentle Christian man”, which may well be better but is not the same thing as a “Christian gentleman”. (Gilmore, *Everyman*, xxvii)
- (10) “Pip has earned a premium here,” she said, “and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip.” . . .  
 “Then to make an end of it,” said Joe, delightedly handing the bag to my sister; “it’s five-and-twenty pound.” (Ch. 13)

(11) In the ensuing conversation guineas and pounds are used interchangeably. Either way, the riches Joe takes it for: roughly the equivalent of his half-yearly earnings. (Rosenberg, Norton)

(12) A guinea was twenty-one shilling (1£ 1s 0d), making the actual sum of £26 5s. Subsequently reported by Joe, followed by Pumblechook, as ‘five-and-twenty pound’, the change appears to indicate a shift in the social register: the guinea was considered a more gentlemanly amount than £1. You paid tradesman, such as blacksmiths or carpenters, in pounds but gentlemen, such as artists, in guineas, a unit always specified for the rate of pay to the contributors of *HW* (Lewis). The sum was a handsome gesture on two counts [この後まだ5行あり!!]. (Paroissien, *Companion to GE*)

(13) It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding in dumb-show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He stirred his rum and water pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum and water pointedly at me. And he stirred it and he tasted it; not with a spoon that was brought to him, but with a file.

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file; and when he had done it he wiped the file and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be Joe’s file, and I knew that he knew my convict, the moment I saw the instrument. (Ch. 10)

(14) Dickens is being awfully high-handed in allowing the file to travel so freely among criminals. Very likely it would have taken from the convict at the time of his capture in Chapter 5. Dickens’s textual disinfectant is discussed on p. 449. (Rosenberg, Norton)

(15) We are left with one nifty detail—again Dickens kept it under wraps until 1861, when it must have struck him as an essential clue to the narrative, a dramatic foreshadowing that he should have thought of before. During his second encounter with Magwitch, Pip observes that “[Magwitch’s] eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle.” [p. 20] In 1861 Dickens introduced eight low worlds: “when I handed him the file, **and he laid it down in the grass**, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it”—that is, it occurred to Dickens (but not until after the serial had run its run) that it would be expedient to plant the file where it can be picked by anybody who chose to lay his hands on it. When we next see the file (or its cousin), one of Magwitch’s connections dumbfounders Pip by using it as a swizzle stick, stirring his rum and rubbing his leg, in a very odd way. (Rosenberg, Norton, 449)

(16) I was soon at the Battery after that, and there was the right Man, —hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping, —waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry too, that when I handed him the file **and he laid it down on the grass**, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down this time to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets. (Norton, p. 20; emphasis added)

(17) The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going. (Norton, p. 22)

(18) It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. . . .

Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river. We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night, like discharges of cannon, or breakings of a sea. (Ch. 39)

(19) We thought it best that he should stay in his own rooms; and we left him on the landing outside his door, holding a light over the stair-rail to light us down stairs. Looking back at him, I thought of the first night of his return, when our positions were reversed, and when I little supposed my heart could ever be as heavy and anxious at parting from him as it was now. (Ch. 46)

(20) My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread and butter for us, that never varied. First, with her left hand she jammed the loaf hard and fast against her bib,—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterwards got into our mouths. (Ch. 2)

(21) But Mrs. Pocket was at home, and was in a little difficulty, on account of the baby's having been accommodated with a needle-case to keep him quiet during the unaccountable absence (with a relative in the Foot Guards) of Millers. And more needles were missing than it could be regarded as quite wholesome for a patient of such tender years either to apply externally or to take as a tonic. (Ch. 33)

(22) “Hold that noise,” said Mr. Trabb, with the greatest sternness, “or I'll knock your head off! . . .”

I said he might, and [Pumblechook] shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine could not have gone more direct to my head. (Ch. 19)

(23) “Hold your noise!” cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. “Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!” . . .

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. (Ch. 1)

(24)

第45章 監視されている、とのウェミックによる警告。

第46章 クララの家に移動したマグウィッチを訪ねる。

第47章 ウォプスルのパントマイム。コンピysonがピップの後ろにいる。

(25) There, I found a virtuous boatswain in His Majesty's service,—a most excellent man, though I could have wished his trousers not quite so tight in some places, and not quite so loose in others,—who knocked all the little men's hats over their eyes, though he was very generous and brave, and who wouldn't hear of anybody's paying taxes, though he was very patriotic. He had a bag of money in his pocket, like a pudding in the cloth, and on that property married a young person in bed-furniture, with great rejoicings; the whole population of Portsmouth (nine in number at the last census) turning out on the beach to rub their own hands and shake everybody else's, and sing “Fill,

fill!” A certain dark-complexioned Swab, however, who wouldn’t fill, or do anything else that was proposed to him, and whose heart was openly stated (by the boatswain) to be as black as his figure-head, proposed to two other Swabs to get all mankind into difficulties; which was so effectually done (the Swab family having considerable political influence) that it took half the evening to set things right, and then it was only brought about through an honest little grocer with a white hat, black gaiters, and red nose, getting into a clock, with a gridiron, and listening, and coming out, and knocking everybody down from behind with the gridiron whom he couldn’t confute with what he had overheard. This led to Mr. Wopsle’s (who had never been heard of before) coming in with a star and garter on, as a plenipotentiary of great power direct from the Admiralty, to say that the Swabs were all to go to prison on the spot, and that he had brought the boatswain down the Union Jack, as a slight acknowledgment of his public services. The boatswain, unmanned for the first time, respectfully dried his eyes on the Jack, and then cheering up, and addressing Mr. Wopsle as Your Honor, solicited permission to take him by the fin. Mr. Wopsle, conceding his fin with a gracious dignity, was immediately shoved into a dusty corner, while everybody danced a hornpipe; and from that corner, surveying the public with a discontented eye, became aware of me.

The second piece was the last new grand comic Christmas pantomime, in the first scene of which, it pained me to suspect that I detected Mr. Wopsle with red worsted legs under a highly magnified phosphoric countenance and a shock of red curtain-fringe for his hair, engaged in the manufacture of thunderbolts in a mine, and displaying great cowardice when his gigantic master came home (very hoarse) to dinner. But he presently presented himself under worthier circumstances; for, the Genius of Youthful Love being in want of assistance,—on account of the parental brutality of an ignorant farmer who opposed the choice of his daughter’s heart, by purposely falling upon the object, in a flour-sack, out of the first-floor window,—summoned a sententious Enchanter; and he, coming up from the antipodes rather unsteadily, after an apparently violent journey, proved to be Mr. Wopsle in a high-crowned hat, with a necromantic work in one volume under his arm. The business of this enchanter on earth being principally to be talked at, sung at, butted at, danced at, and flashed at with fires of various colors, he had a good deal of time on his hands. And I observed, with great surprise, that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement. (Ch. 47)

(26) “Put it,” he resumed, “as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jaggers,—put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to you. ‘However, you have found me out,’ you says just now. Well! However, did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person’s name? Why, Wemmick.” (Ch. 39)

(27) “Deep,” said Wemmick, “as Australia.” Pointing with his pen at the office floor, to express that Australia was understood, for the purposes of the figure, to be symmetrically on the opposite spot of the globe. (Ch. 24)

(28) I was looking at her with pleasure and admiration, when suddenly the growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above, as if a giant with a wooden leg were trying to bore it through the ceiling to come at us. Upon this Clara said to Herbert, “Papa wants me, darling!” and ran away. (Ch. 46)

(29) I was very glad afterwards to have had the interview; for, in her face and in her voice, and in her touch, she gave me the assurance, that suffering had been stronger than Miss Havisham's teaching, and had given her a heart to understand what my heart used to be.

(30) I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and, as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her. (Ch. 59)

(31) We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world lay spread before me. (Ch. 19)

(32) "Not well from here; but I think I see it.--Now I see him! Pull both. Easy, Herbert. Oars!"  
We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on board, and we were off again. He had a boat-cloak with him, and a black canvas bag; and he looked as like a river-pilot as my heart could have wished.

"Dear boy!" he said, putting his arm on my shoulder, as he took his seat. "Faithful dear boy, well done. Thankye, thankye!" (Ch. 54)

(33)

第20章 ピップ、ロンドン着。

第29章 サティス・ハウスにて約10年ぶりでエステラと再会。

第33章 エステラ、ロンドンに出てくる。

第38章 サティス・ハウスにエステラを連れていく。ミス・ハヴィンシャムとエステラの口論。「お前は冷たい子だよ」「こんな私にしたのはあなたです」

第39章 マグウィッチとの再会。ついに恩人の正体を知る。

第40章 ジャガーズに面会。事実を確認。

第44章 サティス・ハウスへ。「どうしてあなたは今まで黙っていたのですか？」

(34) In the room where the dressing-table stood, and where the wax-candles burnt on the wall, I found Miss Havisham and Estella; Miss Havisham seated on a settee near the fire, and Estella on a cushion at her feet. Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went in, and both saw an alteration in me. I derived that, from the look they interchanged.

"And what wind," said Miss Havisham, "blows you here, Pip?"

Though she looked steadily at me, I saw that she was rather confused. Estella, pausing a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I read in the action of her fingers, as plainly as if she had told me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor.

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday, to speak to Estella; and finding that some wind had blown her here, I followed."

Miss Havisham motioning to me for the third or fourth time to sit down, I took the chair by the dressing-table, which I had often seen her occupy. With all that ruin at my feet and about me, it seemed a natural place for me, that day.

“What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before you, presently—in a few moments. It will not surprise you, it will not displease you. I am as unhappy as you can ever have meant me to be.”

Miss Havisham continued to look steadily at me. I could see in the action of Estella’s fingers as they worked that she attended to what I said; but she did not look up.

“I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another’s.”

As I was silent for a while, looking at Estella and considering how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, “It is not your secret, but another’s. Well?”

“When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham, when I belonged to the village over yonder, that I wish I had never left, I suppose I did really come here, as any other chance boy might have come,—as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?”

“Ay, Pip,” replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; “you did.”

“And that Mr. Jaggers—”

“Mr. Jaggers,” said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone, “had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron is a coincidence. He holds the same relation towards numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by any one.” (Ch. 44)

(35) 三つの仮説

(I) 「ジャガーズお節介」説。

(II) 「わたしたち、いつかこういう日が来ると思っていました」説

(III) 「エステラ千里眼」説。

(36) “I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham,” I murmured. “And I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham!”

“Ay, ay!” said she, looking at the discomfited and envious Sarah, with delight. “I have seen Mr. Jaggers. I have heard about it, Pip. So you go to-morrow?” (Ch. 19)

(37) エステラはどこまで知っていたのか？

(A) エステラはピップの恩人について、ミス・ハヴィシャムと同じだけの情報を前から持っていた。

(B) エステラはピップの恩人について、ピップと同じだけの情報しか持っていなかった。

(38) “You had no idea of your impending good fortune, in those times?” said Estella, with a slight wave of her hand, signifying in the fighting times.

“Not the least.” (Ch. 29)

(39) “Two things I can tell you,” said Estella. “First, notwithstanding the proverb that constant dropping will wear away a stone, you may set your mind at rest that these people never will—never would, in hundred years—impair your ground with Miss Havisham, in any particular, great or small. Second, I am beholden to you as the cause of their being so busy and so mean in vain, and there is my

hand upon it.” (Ch. 33)

(40) “And have you been here all that time, dear Joe?”

“Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I says to Biddy when the news of your being ill were brought by letter, which it were brought by the post, and being formerly single he is now married though underpaid for a deal of walking and shoe-leather, but wealth were not a object on his part, and marriage were the great wish of his hart--”. . . . (Ch. 57)

(41) “Have you heard, Joe,” I asked him that evening, upon further consideration, as he smoked his pipe at the window, “who my patron was?”

“I heerd,” returned Joe, “as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap.”

“Did you hear who it was, Joe?”

“Well! I heerd as it were a person what sent the person what giv’ you the bank-notes at the Jolly Bargemen, Pip.”

“So it was.”

“Astonishing!” said Joe, in the placidest way. (Ch. 57)

(42) The tidings of my high fortunes having had a heavy fall had got down to my native place and its neighborhood before I got there. I found the Blue Boar in possession of the intelligence, and I found that it made a great change in the Boar’s demeanour. (Ch. 58)

(43) Dickens wishes to place Pip as lover in a situation of extreme, even fantastic, hopelessness, and does not want the reader’s attention deflected to the character of Estella herself. She is simply a given entity in the novel, star-like, as her name suggests, in her coldness, beauty and remote indifference to the agony and strife of human hearts. Only as a child does she seem psychologically convincing. . . . But the adult Estella must, it seems to me, be considered more as a fictive device than as a character in the mode of psychological realism. . . . Dickens confuses us by not consistently presenting Estella as thus preternaturally passionless. At various points in the narrative he makes her suddenly display natural emotions. . . . (Slater, 280-81)

(44) But rather than a defect in her characterization, emotional ambiguity is Estella’s character as Dickens understands it. . . . She descends from a well-established line of Dickensian women of “cold” passion—Edith Dombey, Lady Dedlock, Louisa Gradgrind. . . . (Garnett, 35, 36)

(45) Pip’s persistent blindness throughout the story of his romance enables Dickens to complicate conventional paradigms of moral growth. . . . [W]hat Pip finds heartless is her insistence on her own point of view, a perspective that is chilled, sardonic, unable to love, but ready to be friends. (Darby, 215, 221)

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