

ディケンズ・フェロウシップ日本支部2008年春季大会(於江戸川大学、June 7<sup>th</sup>, 2008)

「ディケンズの3小説 *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Great Expectations* を読む」(発表者 寺内 孝)

発表資料

### 第8作 *The Personal History of David Copperfield*.

DC創作前後のCDの生活環境など

- 47年 4月18日 第7子シドニー出産(難産)  
12月28日 ディケンズはキャサリンと汽車でエディンバラからグラスゴーへ移動中、キャサリン、車内で流産
- 48年 1月?4日 キャサリン、体調不良  
3月頃、キャサリン、第8子ヘンリー懐妊  
4月 第7作 *Dombey and Son* 完結 (Oct 46–Apr 48)  
7月29日 8月4日、28日など、キャサリン、体調不良
- 49年 1月16日 第8子ヘンリー出産  
2月 第8作 DCの創案、執筆開始 (Charles Dickens の自伝的小説) CD 37歳  
4月30日 DC第1号発行(月刊連載)  
10月 5日 キャサリン、体調不良 (*Letters* 5: 620) 第9子ドーラ懐妊?
- 50年 3月27日 週刊雑誌 *HW* の第1号出版 (~59年3月28日)  
8月16日 キャサリン、第9子ドーラ出産  
9月と10月 CD、DCの第52章~最終の64章までの執筆で過労  
10月 CD、Ben Jonson の *Every Man in His Humour* の上演準備とリハーサル  
30日 DC完結  
11月 1日 キャサリン、*Every Man in His Humour* のリハーサル中、足くじき、マーク・レモン夫人と交代  
18日、19日、20日 CD、Knebworth House で上記公演  
12月 4日 CD、12月1日以来、体調すこぶる不調、頭持ち上げられず
- 51年 1月15日 Northamptonshire の Rockingham Castle で3つの劇上演  
24日 CD、理由のない突然の激怒の爆発と悪魔にとりつかれた陰鬱にかかりやすい  
2月 第9作 *Bleak House* 着想、10月起稿  
3月 キャサリン、神経疾患  
31日 CDの父、放漫家のジョン・ディケンズ死亡  
4月14日 ドーラ急死  
6月頃 第10子エドワード懐妊  
7月 Tavistock House 購入
- 52年 2月28日 第9作 *Bleak House* 第1号(月刊連載)  
3月13日 第10子エドワード誕生 (CD 40歳、キャサリン 36歳)  
第9作 *Bleak House* 28 Feb 1852–31 Aug 1853 (monthly)  
第10作 *Hard Times* Apr 1–Aug 12, 1854 (published in *HW*, weekly)  
第11作 *Little Dorrit* 30 Nov 1855–30 Jun 1857 (monthly)

### *David Copperfield* の登場人物に見られる CD の心理

#### 1 悪人

Uriah Heep / Littimer / Mr. Edward Murdstone and Miss Jane Murdstone / James Steerforth

#### 2 善人

Dan (Daniel) Peggotty と Clara Peggotty の兄妹 / 前者の甥 Ham Peggotty / DC の亡父の伯母 Betsy Trotwood Copperfield / Wilkins Micawber

#### 3 The narrator of the novel, David Copperfield

Ch. 33、Dora と婚約。Ch. 34、Agnes Wickfield に婚約報告の手紙を書き、書きながら、Agnes の澄んだ目、やさしい顔を思い浮かべる。まもなく DC の伯母破産。

Ch. 37

'Dora, my own dearest!' said I. 'I am a beggar!'

'How can you be such a silly thing,' replied Dora, slapping my hand, 'as to sit there, telling such stories? I'll make Jip bite you!'

Her childish way was the most delicious way in the world to me, but it was necessary to be explicit, and I solemnly repeated:

'Dora, my own life, I am your ruined David!'

-

'Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?' said I, rapturously, for I knew by her clinging to me that it was.

'Oh, yes!' cried Dora. 'Oh, yes, it's all yours. Oh, don't be dreadful!'

I dreadful! To Dora!

'Don't talk about being poor, and working hard!' said Dora, nestling closer to me. 'Oh, don't, don't!'

'My dearest love,' said I, 'the crust well-earned -'

'Oh, yes; but I don't want to hear any more about crusts!' said Dora. 'And Jip must have a mutton-chop every day at twelve, or he'll die.'

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Ch. 38 Mr. Francis Spenlow は娘 Dora の婚約に反対していたが急死

Ch. 39 (Dover からの帰路、Canterbury に立ち寄り、Agnes Wickfield に会う)

'Don't laugh, when I say it was always the same in little things as it is in greater ones. My old troubles were nonsense, and now they are serious; but whenever I have gone away from my adopted sister -'

Agnes looked up - with such a Heavenly face! - and gave me her hand, which I kissed.

-

'Say you have no such thought, dear Agnes! Much more than sister! Think of the priceless gift of such a heart as yours, of such a love as yours!'

[...] Oh, long, long afterwards, I saw that look subside, as it did now, into the lovely smile, with which she told me she had no fear for herself - I need have none for her - and parted from me by the name of Brother, and was gone!

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Ch. 42

I took Agnes to see Dora.

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Dora was afraid of Agnes. She had told me that she knew Agnes was 'too clever'.

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'I have forgotten,' said Dora, still turning the button round and round, 'what relation Agnes is to you, you dear bad boy.'

'No blood-relation,' I replied; 'but we were brought up together, like brother and sister.'

'I wonder why you ever fell in love with me?' said Dora, beginning on another button of my coat.

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Ch. 43 DC と Dora 結婚

Ch. 44

'Dora, my darling!'

'No, I am not your darling. Because you must be sorry that you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!' returned Dora.

I felt so injured by the inconsequential nature of this charge, that it gave me courage to be grave.

'Now, my own Dora,' said I, 'you are very childish, and are talking nonsense. [...] You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that, the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry; today, I don't dine at all - and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast - and then the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable.'

'Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!' cried Dora.

'Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!'

'You said, I wasn't comfortable!' cried Dora. 'I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!'

'It's exactly the same thing!' cried Dora. And she evidently thought so, for she wept most grievously.

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Dora told me, shortly afterwards, that she was going to be a wonderful housekeeper. Accordingly, she polished the tablets, pointed the pencil, bought an immense account-book, carefully stitched up with a needle and thread all the leaves of the Cookery Book which Jip had torn, and made quite a desperate little attempt 'to be good', as she called it. But the figures

had the old obstinate propensity - they WOULD NOT add up. When she had entered two or three laborious items in the account-book, Jip would walk over the page, wagging his tail, and smear them all out. Her own little right-hand middle finger got steeped to the very bone in ink; and I think that was the only decided result obtained.

Sometimes, of an evening, when I was at home and at work - for I wrote a good deal now, and was beginning in a small way to be known as a writer - I would lay down my pen, and watch my child-wife trying to be good.

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I was a boyish husband as to years. I had known the softening influence of no other sorrows or experiences than those recorded in these leaves.

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Ch. 48

What other course was left to take? To 'form her mind'? This was a common phrase of words which had a fair and promising sound, and I resolved to form Dora's mind.

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On further consideration this appeared so likely, that I abandoned my scheme, which had had a more promising appearance in words than in action; resolving henceforth to be satisfied with my child-wife, and to try to change her into nothing else by any process.

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When I thought of the airy dreams of youth that are incapable of realization, I thought of the better state preceding manhood that I had outgrown; and then the contented days with Agnes, in the dear old house, arose before me, like spectres of the dead, that might have some renewal in another world, but never more could be reanimated here.

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For I knew, now, that my own heart was undisciplined when it first loved Dora; and that if it had been disciplined, it never could have felt, when we were married, what it had felt in its secret experience.

'There can be no disparity in marriage, like unsuitability of mind and purpose.' Those words I remembered too. I had endeavoured to adapt Dora to myself, and found it impracticable. It remained for me to adapt myself to Dora; to share with her what I could, and be happy; to bear on my own shoulders what I must, and be happy still. This was the discipline to which I tried to bring my heart, when I began to think. It made my second year much happier than my first; and, what was better still, made Dora's life all sunshine.

But, as that year wore on, Dora was not strong. I had hoped that lighter hands than mine would help to mould her character, and that a baby-smile upon her breast might change my child-wife to a woman. It was not to be.

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Ch. 53

'Quite!' she says. 'Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very, much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for.'

'Except to get well again, Dora.'

'Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think - you know I always was a silly little thing! - that that will never be!'

'Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!'

'I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child-wife's empty chair!'

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening.

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'Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young.'

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes, and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

'I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything, I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better, if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife.'

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, 'Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!'

'I don't know,' with the old shake of her curls. 'Perhaps! But if I had been more fit to be married I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was.'

'We have been very happy, my sweet Dora.'

Dora 死亡

Ch. 58 (DC、3年間の外遊へ)

It was a long and gloomy night that gathered on me, haunted by the ghosts of many hopes, of many dear remembrances, many errors, many unavailing sorrows and regrets.

If my grief were selfish, I did not know it to be so. I mourned for my child-wife, taken from her blooming world, so young.

- Ch. 59、帰国

Ch. 62 (DC、Agnes と再婚)

'Do you know, yet, what it is?'

'I am afraid to speculate on what it is. Tell me, my dear.'

'I have loved you all my life!'

'Dearest husband!' said Agnes. 'Now that I may call you by that name, I have one thing more to tell you.'

'Let me hear it, love.'

'It grows out of the night when Dora died. She sent you for me.'

'She did.'

'She told me that she left me something. Can you think what it was?'

I believed I could. I drew the wife who had so long loved me, closer to my side.

'She told me that she made a last request to me, and left me a last charge.'

'And it was -'

'That only I would occupy this vacant place.'

And Agnes laid her head upon my breast, and wept; and I wept with her, though we were so happy.

Ch. 63

I had advanced in fame and fortune, my domestic joy was perfect, I had been married ten happy years. Agnes and I were sitting by the fire, in our house in London, one night in spring, and three of our children were playing in the room, when I was told that a stranger wished to see me.

'TO DAVID COPPERFIELD, ESQUIRE,

THE EMINENT AUTHOR.

'My Dear Sir,

### THE "VIOLATED" LETTER, 25 MAY 1858

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, | London, W.C.

Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together, who had a greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman servant

[ . . . . . ]

For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart; that her always increasing estrangement made a mental disorder under which she sometimes labours -- more, that she felt herself unfit for the life she had to lead as my wife and that she would be better far away. I have uniformly replied that we must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must bind us together "in appearance."

### 第12作 *A Tale of Two Cities*.

TTC創作の頃のCDの生活環境

56年 3月

Gad's Hill Place 購入

2月 CD4 4歳

- 57年 7月20日 2男ウォルター、インドへ出航（東インド会社現地歩兵士官候補生試験合格）  
 8月 Ternan 母子3人を採用し、Manchester Free Trade Hall で *The Frozen Deep* 公演  
 9月 3日? John Forster 宛書簡で夫婦不和を記す  
 10月11日 夫婦別室  
 15日 CD、午前2時にロンドンを発ち、徒歩で30マイル（約48キロ）先の Gad's Hill まで  
 58年 1月30日? 別居の意思強める  
 5月14日 Catherine 別居受け入れ。夫婦不和外部漏出  
 25日 Arthur Smith 宛私信（後の「侵害書簡」） —CD、虚言・キャサリン中傷---ingratitude  
 6月 7日 *The Times* にPERSONAL掲載 —CD、虚言  
 10日 CD、別居証書にサイン（CD46歳、キャサリン43歳）  
 12日 *HW*にPERSONAL掲載  
 13日 *Reynolds's Weekly News*、CDとEllen Ternanの関係が実名をあげて風評されている、と  
 16日 遺言書作成  
 7月22日 Frederick Evans と絶交、*HW*廃刊、*AYR*創刊へ流れてゆく --ingratitude  
 8月16日 *New York Tribune*、5月25日付 Arthur Smith 宛私信暴露（「侵害書簡」）  
 59年 2月 1日 W. W. F. De Cerjat 宛書簡で、家庭安定、2男ウォルターは東インド会社の上官代理、多額の賞金獲得、  
 4男アルフレッド、5男シドニー、6男ヘンリーの3人はフランスで勉強中、3男フランクはドイツに  
 留学中などと記し、将来、4男アルフレッドは2男ウォルターのいるインドへ、5男シドニーは海軍少  
 尉候補生に、3男フランクは医学へ進むと展望  
 5月末 3男フランク、医道断念の書簡、8月末までに帰宅 —敗北  
 10月までに 2女Kate、CDの反対を押してCharles Collinsと婚約 —敗北  
 11月 CD、末弟Augustusに絶望 —敗北

#### TTC着想と創作時期

- 57年 7月 *The Frozen Deep* 公演中に TC着想  
 58年 1月 Forster 宛書簡で、創作の決心をし、出版は10月か11月、タイトルは *One of these Days*、と  
 3月 物語の新タイトル3つ案出。その1つが *The Thread of Gold* で、第2巻のタイトルに  
 59年 2月 TC創作に取り掛かる  
 3月11日 物語のタイトルは *A Tale of Two Cities*、と  
 4月30日 TCの第1回分を新刊の週刊雑誌 *AYR* (Apr 30) 第1号に掲載  
 11月26日 TC完結

#### TTCからCDの心理を読む

Protagonist、Sydney Cartonの属性：

「酒」(wine, 77; drinking, 79)「肉欲」(sensuality, 144)「放蕩」(profligate, 143; dissolute, 197)「墮落」(degradation, 144)  
 「無価値」(worthless, 197)「誤方向の生」(my misdirected life, 145)「心に深手」を負った「犬」(he has a heart he very,  
 very seldom reveals, and that there are deep wounds in it, 198 / dog, 197)「現世に存在していることを忘れたい」(As to  
 me, the greatest desire I have, is to forget that I belong to it [this terrestrial scheme], 77) (Text: Oxford Illustrated  
*Dickens A Tale of Two Cities*)

#### Bk. 2, Ch. 5

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

#### Bk. 2, Ch. 13

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not--forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips--a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

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I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you-- forgive me again!--to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever.

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Bk. 3, Ch. 9

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

### 第13作 *Great Expectations*.

創作の頃のCDの生活環境 60年2月 CD48歳

60年 5月	インドの2男ウォルターの借金	—敗北
6月	Tavistock House から Gad's Hill Place へ	
7月	2女 Kate 結婚—CD 落涙。実弟 Alfred 死	—敗北
9月	書簡類焼却	—回心
10月	第7子5男シドニー、9月12日頃、海軍少尉候補生試験合格、10月、軍艦ブリタニア、ついでフリゲート艦オーランド乗艦、61年12月アメリカへ遠征。恐らくCDとシドニーとの別れは60年10月だろう	
60年 8月	着想	
10月	Forster 宛書簡で、第1人称で書かれた小説を書く、DCを読み返して心打たれた、と	
12月 1日	GE第1回分をAYR(～3 Aug 61)に	

### *Great Expectations*の登場人物に見られるCDの心理

#### Miss Havisham

Ch. 49

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

"O!" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done! What have I done!"

"If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances. - Is she married?"

"Yes."

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

"What have I done! What have I done!" She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. "What have I done!"

-

"Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did

not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!" And so again, twenty, fifty times over. What had she done!

"Miss Havisham," I said, when her cry had died away, "you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that, than to bemoan the past through a hundred years."

"Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip - my Dear!" There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. "My Dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

"Well, well!" said I. "I hope so."

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

There was a stage, that evening, when she spoke collectedly of what had happened, though with a certain terrible vivacity. Towards midnight she began to wander in her speech, and after that it gradually set in that she said innumerable times in a low solemn voice, "What have I done!" And then, "When she first came, I meant to save her from misery like mine." And then, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her!'" She never changed the order of these three sentences, but she sometimes left out a word in one or other of them; never putting in another word, but always leaving a blank and going on to the next word.

[...] At about six o'clock of the morning, therefore, I leaned over her and touched her lips with mine, just as they said, not stopping for being touched, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her.'"

## **Abel Magwitch**

Ch. 56

He lay in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial, and the coming round of the Sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily. It was a consequence of his hurt, that he spoke so low as to be scarcely audible; therefore, he spoke very little. But, he was ever ready to listen to me, and it became the first duty of my life to say to him, and read to him, what I knew he ought to hear.

It happened on two or three occasions in my presence, that his desperate reputation was alluded to by one or other of the people in attendance on him. A smile crossed his face then, and he turned his eyes on me with a trustful look, as if he were confident that I had seen some small redeeming touch in him, even so long ago as when I was a little child. As to all the rest, he was humble and contrite, and I never knew him complain.

Rising for a moment, a distinct speck of face in this way of light, the prisoner said, "My Lord, I have received my sentence of Death from the Almighty, but I bow to yours," and sat down again.

The number of the days had risen to ten, when I saw a greater change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned towards the door, and lighted up as I entered.

"Dear boy," he said, as I sat down by his bed: "I thought you was late. But I knowed you couldn't be that."

"It is just the time," said I. "I waited for it at the gate."

"You always waits at the gate; don't you, dear boy?"

"Yes. Not to lose a moment of the time."

"Thank'ee dear boy, thank'ee. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy."

I pressed his hand in silence, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

assisting it, he raised my hand to his lips. Then, he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the white ceiling came back, and passed away, and his head dropped quietly on his breast.

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, and I knew there were no better words that I could say beside his bed, than "O Lord, be merciful to him, a sinner!"