

## 「ディケンズとトウェインの接点？」 佐々木徹

(下線はすべて引用者による)

(1) Twain was surely the American Dickens, however much he would have hated the phrase--and however high a tribute it seems today. (Moers, “The Truth”, 10)

(2) With the exception of Sir Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper, no English and American writers of the nineteenth century seem more suited for comparison than Charles Dickens and Mark Twain. (Mills, 92)

(3) “My brother used to try to get me to read Dickens, long ago. I couldn’t do it--I was ashamed; but I couldn’t do it. Yes, I have read *The [sic] Tale of Two Cities*, and could do it again. I have read it a good many times. . . .” (Paine, 1500-01)

(4) Mark returned to the subject on another occasion. He said:  
“You know I have always been a great admirer of Dickens, and his ‘Tale of Two Cities’ I read at least every two years.” (Fischer, 60)

(5) In California in the 1860s Twain’s interest in Dickens began to wane, criticizing authors who were “ambitiously and undisguisedly imitating Dickens,” particularly Bret Harte. Twain’s antipathy for romantic sentimentality was one reason for this change of heart; another was the increasing frequency of published comparisons of the two writers.  
(“Dickens” in LeMaster and Wilson, *The Mark Twain Encyclopedia*)

(6) [T]here is no doubt that the American public was willing to see links between the two writers. From early in his career, Twain was regularly labeled the “American Dickens” by reviewers who admired the ability of his vernacular irony to undercut social and religious pretension. (Gair, 143)

(7) Like Dickens, Twain was effectively constructing a new audience for the creation of himself; indeed he was, critics noted, in his way the “American Dickens,” who had defined, with a single book [*The Innocents Abroad*], a radical, vernacular new version of the American humorist’s role. (Bradbury, 169)

(8) I heard him [Bret Harte] say, myself, that he thought he was the best imitator of Dickens in America, a remark which indicates a fact, to wit: that there were a great many people in America at that time who were ambitiously and undisguisedly imitating Dickens. His long novel, *Gabriel Conroy*, is as much like Dickens as if Dickens had written it himself.  
(*Autobiography*, vol. 2, 120)

(9) 次の文を読み、設問に答えなさい。(解答時間 3 分)

Don’t tell me that it wasn’t a knocker. I had seen it often enough, and I ought to know. So ought the three-o’clock beer, in dirty high-lows, swinging himself over the railing, or executing a demoniacal jig upon the doorstep; so ought the butcher, although butchers as a general thing are scornful of such trifles; so ought the postman, to whom knockers of the most extravagant description were merely human weaknesses, that were to be pitied and used. And so ought, for the matter of that, *etc.*,

*etc., etc.* (Bret Harte, “The Haunted Man” in *Condensed Novels*, 1871)

[下線部「3時のビール」とは何か？ これはディケンズのどの作品に出てくるものか？]

(10) Of the innumerable tributes the story has received, and to none other by Dickens have more or more various been paid, there is one, the very last, which has much affected me. Not many months before my friend’s death, he had sent me two *Overland Monthlies* containing two sketches by a young American writer far away in California, “The Luck of Roaring Camp,” and “The Outcasts of Poker Flat,” in which he had found such subtle strokes of character as he had not anywhere else in late years discovered; the manner resembling himself, but the matter fresh to a degree that had surprised him. . . . I have rarely known him more honestly moved. . . . [“Dickens in Camp”] embodies the same kind of incident which had so affected the master himself, in the papers to which I have referred; . . . there is hardly any form of posthumous tribute which I can imagine likely to have better satisfied his desire of fame than one which should thus connect, with the special favorite among all his heroines, the restraints and authority exerted by his genius over the rudest and least civilized of competitors in that far fierce race for wealth. (Forster, 152-53)

(11) And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of “Little Nell.”  
Perhaps ’twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
Was youngest of them all,—  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;  
The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp, with “Nell” on English meadows,  
Wandered and lost their way. (Bret Harte, “Dickens in Camp”)

(12) Bret Harte has been generally accepted as the one American writer who possessed above all others the faculty of what may be called heart appeal, the power to give to his work that quality of human interest which enables the writer and his writings to live in the memory of the reading public for all time. By reason of that gift of his Bret Harte has been popularly compared with his great contemporary beyond the seas, greatest of all sentimentalists among writers of fiction, Charles Dickens. (Frederick S. Myrtle, Foreword to “Dickens in Camp”; John Howell, 1922)

(13) Only Mr. Harte himself could do justice to Gabriel Conroy by condensing it. . . .  
[Harte] has given familiar sentiment new and pathetic situations. His babies and children, for example, reconcile us from time to time a world in which sentiment is the ruling motive. . . .  
[Gabriel Conroy] is a baby giant. He is presented to the reader as a foil, in his innocence, to the combined wickedness of the other characters . . . and yet, though he is, so to speak, the spinal column of the book, he becomes utterly useless at the most critical point.  
 (“Harte’s Sketches and Stories,” *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1882)

(14) This is the very Bret Harte whose pathetics, imitated from Dickens, used to be a godsend to the farmers of two hemispheres on account of the freshets of tears they compelled.  
(*Autobiography*, vol. 2, 119-20)

(15) “I seldom read Christmas stories, but this is very beautiful. It has made me cry. I want you to read it.” (It was Booth Tarkington’s *Beasley’s Christmas Party*.) “Tarkington has the true touch,” he said; “his work always satisfies me.” (Paine, 1535)

(16) “Poor David! Outside of his law-books, I don’t believe he’s ever read anything but *Robinson Crusoe* and the Bible and Mark Twain.” (*Beasley’s Christmas Party*, 1909, p. 38)

(17) [H]is pathos is only the beautiful pathos of his language -- there is no heart, no feeling in it -- it is glittering frostwork; his rich humor cannot fail to tickle an audience into ecstasies save when he reads to himself. And what a bright, intelligent audience he had! He ought to have made them laugh, or cry, or shout, at his own good will or pleasure -- but he did not. They were very much tamer than they should have been. (*Alta California*, 5 February 1868)

(18) We find that mix of pathos, comedy, and social conscience which put contemporary readers in mind of the greatest English novelist of the day, Charles Dickens. (Moers, *Harriet*, 4)

(19) She (I mean Mrs. Stowe) is a leetle unscrupulous in the appropriatin’ way. I seem to see a writer with whom I am very intimate (and whom nobody can possibly admire more than myself) peeping very often through the thinness of the paper. (To Mrs. Watson, 22 November 1852)

(20) But, what can any individual do? Of that, every individual can judge. There is one thing that every individual can do,--they can see to it that *they feel right*. (*Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, Ch. 45, “Concluding Remarks”)

(21) I have read your book with the deepest interest and sympathy, and admire, more than I can express to you, both the generous feeling which inspired it, and the admirable power with which it is executed.

If I might suggest a fault in what has so charmed me . . . I doubt there being any warrant for making out the African race to be a great race, or for supposing the future destinies of the world to lie in that direction. (To Harriet Beecher Stowe, 17 July 1852)

(22) In setting *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* and *Huckleberry Finn* as opposites, Jane Smiley repeated a well-established gesture of what she called the “Propaganda Era,” except that by preferring *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* she reversed the established evaluation.

(Arac, 90; Ch. 4, “*Uncle Tom’s Cabin* vs. *Huckleberry Finn*”)

(23) Ernest Hemingway, thinking of himself, as always, once said that all American literature grew out of *Huck Finn*. It undoubted would have been better for American literature, and American culture, if our literature had grown out of one of the best-selling novels of all time, another American work of the nineteenth century, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. . . . (Smiley, “Say it ain’t so”)

(24) He was . . . a true celebrity (maybe the first true celebrity in the modern sense). . . .

We can recognize [the American trip] as a nightmare book tour. . . . (Smiley, *Dickens*, v, 39)

(25) [T]he enraptured audience inside Thomas Maguire’s Academy of Music peered back at the nation’s first rock star. (Powers, 164).

(26) [Stowe] felt invited to use all her powers as a writer, all the resources of popular fiction. That is why *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the most Dickensian of all Victorian American novels. (Railton, 142)

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(27) Hitherto it has served, as a general thing, merely as a complimentary nickname for some rather clever newspaper reporter with a taste for police court reporting and portrayals of the grimy side of life. The American Dickens that I have in my mind, however, is the one who will obtain the same mastery over New York that the great English novelist had over London. . . .

I think that Edward Harrigan, in his local farces of twenty years ago, came nearer to the Dickens standard than any writer of recent years. (Ford, 281, 285)

(28) Well, by-and-by the king he gets up and . . . slobbers out a speech, all full of tears and fladpoodle about its being a sore trial . . . but it's a trial that's sweetened and sanctified to us by this dear sympathy and these holy tears. . . . (*Huckleberry Finn*, Ch. 25)

(29) "Let the tears which fell, and the broken words which were exchanged in the long close embrace between the orphans, be sacred. A father, sister, and mother, were gained, and lost, in that one moment. Joy and grief were mingled in the cup; but there were no bitter tears: for even grief arose so softened, and clothed in such sweet and tender recollections, that it became a solemn pleasure, and lost all character of pain." (*Oliver Twist*, Ch. 51).

(30) I had feigned to withdraw, but had only retreated to cover close at hand, the friendly shade of some screen . . . folded up behind which and glued to the carpet, I held my breath and listened. I listened long and drank deep while the wondrous picture grew, but the tense cord at last snapped under the strain of the Murdstones and I broke into the sobs of sympathy that disclosed my subterfuge. (Henry James, *A Small Boy and Others*)

(31) Like all Mr. Dickens's pathetic characters, [Jenny Wren] is a little monster; she is deformed, unhealthy, unnatural; she belongs to the troops of hunchbacks, imbeciles, and precocious children who have carried on the sentimental business in all Mr. Dickens's novels; the little Nells, the Smikes, the Paul Dombey. (James, review of *Our Mutual Friend*; *Nation*, 1865)

(32) [Mrs. Davis] drenches the whole field beforehand with a flood of lachrymose sentimentalism, and riots in the murky vapors which rise in consequence of the act. It is impossible to conceive of a method of looking at people and things less calculated to elicit the truth--less in the nature of a study or of intelligent inspection.

(James, review of Rebecca Harding Davis, *Waiting for the Verdict*; *Nation*, 1867)

(33) “The Approaching Epidemic”

One calamity to which the death of Mr. Dickens dooms this country has not awakened the concern to which its gravity entitles it. We refer to the fact that the nation is to be lectured to death and read to death all next winter, by Tom, Dick, and Harry, with poor lamented Dickens for a pretext. All the vagabonds who can spell will afflict the people with “readings” from *Pickwick* and *Copperfield*, and all the insignificants who have been ennobled by the notice of the great novelist or transfigured by his smile will make a marketable commodity of it now, and turn the sacred reminiscence to the practical use of procuring bread and butter. The lecture rostrums will fairly swarm with these fortunates. Already the signs of it are perceptible. Behold how the unclean creatures are wending toward the dead lion and gathering to the feast:

“Reminiscences of Dickens.” A lecture. By John Smith, who heard him read eight times.

“Remembrances of Charles Dickens.” A lecture. By John Jones, who saw him once in a street car and twice in a barber shop.

“Recollections of Mr. Dickens.” A lecture. By John Brown, who gained a wide fame by writing deliriously appreciative critiques and rhapsodies upon the great author’s public readings, and who shook hands with the great author upon various occasions, and held converse with him several times.

“Readings from Dickens.” By John White, who has the great delineator’s style and manner perfectly, having attended all his readings in this country and made these things a study, always practising each reading before retiring, and while it was hot from the great delineator’s lips. Upon this occasion Mr. W. will exhibit the remains of a cigar which he saw Mr. Dickens smoke. This Relic is kept in a solid silver box made purposely for it.

“Sights and Sounds of the Great Novelist.” A popular lecture. By John Gray, who waited on his table all the time he was at the Grand Hotel, New York, and still has in his possession and will exhibit to the audience a fragment of the Last Piece of Bread which the lamented author tasted in this country.”

“Heart Treasures of Precious Moments with Literature’s Departed Monarch.” A lecture. By Miss Serena Amelia Tryphenia McSpadden, who still wears, and will always wear, a glove upon the hand made sacred by the clasp of Dickens. Only Death shall remove it.

“Readings from Dickens.” By Mrs. J. O’Hooligan Murphy, who washed for him.

“Familiar Talks with the Great Author.” A narrative lecture By John Thomas, for two weeks his valet in America.

And so forth, and so on. This isn’t half the list. The man who has a “Toothpick once used by Charles Dickens” will have to have a hearing; and the man who “once rode in an omnibus with Charles Dickens;” and the lady to whom Charles Dickens “granted the hospitalities of his umbrella during a storm;” and the person who “possesses a hole which once belonged in a handkerchief owned by Charles Dickens.” Be patient and long-suffering, good people, for even this does not fill up the measure of what you must endure next winter. There is no creature in all this land who has had any personal relations with the late Mr. Dickens, however slight or trivial, but will shoulder his way to the rostrum and inflict his testimony upon his helpless countrymen. To some people it is fatal to be noticed by greatness. (*The Galaxy*, September 1870)

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