

『ドンビー父子商会』における喜劇的人物の役割

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(1) *Dombey and Son* seems to me his most through exploration of his own and his contemporaries' doctrine of the "two spheres," with each sex moving in a solitary orbit inaccessible to the other one. (Auerbach 95)

(2) Such was the plan and it tells a good deal, but it does not explain the two central mysteries of the book: the mystery of iniquity contained in Dombey's fantastic treatment of his daughter, and the mystery of Florence's enormous power over nearly every important character in the book except Dombey and Carker, and in the end over Dombey. (Moynahan 121-22)

(3) Mr Dombey undergoes no violent internal change, either in this book, or in life. A sense of his injustice is within him all along. The more he represses it, the more unjust he necessarily is. (*Dombey and Son* Preface to the Cheap Edition 949)

(4) Dombey, exulting in the long-looked-for event, jingled and jingled the heavy gold watch-chain that depended from below his trim blue coat, whereof the buttons sparkled phosphorescently in the feeble rays of the distant fire. (*Dombey and Son* Ch. 1 11)

(5) Was Mr Dombey pleased to see this? He testified no pleasure by the relaxation of a nerve; but outward tokens of any kind of feeling were unusual with him. If any sunbeam stole into the room to light the children at their play, it never reached his face. He looked on so fixedly and coldly, that the warm light vanished even from the laughing eyes of little Florence, when, at last, they happened to meet this.

It was a dull, grey, autumn day indeed, and in a minute's pause and silence that took place, the leaves fell sorrowfully. (*Dombey and Son* Ch. 5 69)

(6) Dombey, like all genuinely humoral characters, is "utterly without a past or a future, without motivation or reason of any kind"; like Little Nell, he seems to exist "in a kind of allegory." (Gitter 113)

(7) But an addition to the little party now made its appearance, in the shape of a gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist; very bushy black eyebrows; and a thick stick in his left hand, covered all over (like his nose) with knobs. (*Dombey and Son* Ch.4 55-56)

(8) He found no pleasure or of relief in the journey. Tortured by these thoughts he carried monotony with him, through the rushing landscape, and hurried headlong, not through a rich and varied country, but a wilderness of blighted plans and gnawing jealousies. The very speed at which the train was whirled along mocked the swift course of the young life that had been borne away so steadily and so inexorably to its foredoomed end. The power that forced itself upon its iron way-its own-defiant of all paths and roads, piercing through the heart of every obstacle, and dragging living creatures of all classes, ages, and degrees behind it, was a type of the triumphant monster, Death. (*Dombey and Son* Ch. 20, 310-11)

(9) And what were his thoughts meanwhile? With what emotions did he prolong the attentive gaze covertly directed on his unknown daughter? Was there reproach to him in the quiet figure and the mild eyes? Had he begun to feel her disregarded claims, and did they touch him home at last, and waken him to some sense of his cruel injustice?

There are yielding moments in the lives of the sternest and harshest men, though such men often keep their secret well. The sight of her in her beauty, almost changed into a woman without his knowledge, may have struck out some such moments even in his life of pride. (*Dombey and Son* Ch. 35 547)

(10) In Mr Dombey Dickens achieves the remarkable feat of making us aware of the hidden depths of a character, while keeping them largely hidden (Tilloton 167)

(11) The Captain spoke in such a trembling voice, and looked at Florence with a face so pale and agitated, that she clung to his hand in affright.

'Your face is changed,' cried Florence. 'You are altered in a moment. What is it? Dear Captain Cuttle, it turns me cold to see you!'

'What! Lady lass,' returned the Captain, supporting her with his hand, 'don't be took aback. No, no! All's well, all's well, my dear. As I was a saying-Wal'r-he's-he's drowned. An't he?'

Florence looked at him intently; her colour came and went; and she laid her hand upon her breast.

'There's perils and dangers on the deep, my beauty,' said the Captain; 'and over many a brave ship, and many and many a bould heart, the secret waters has closed up, and never told no tales. But there's escapes upon the deep, too, and sometimes one man out of a score, -ah! maybe out of a hundred, pretty, -has been saved by the mercy of God, and come home after being given over for dead, and told of all hands lost. I--I know a story, Heart's Delight,' stammered the Captain, 'o'this natur, as was told to me once; and being on this here tack, and you and me sitting alone by the fire, maybe you'd like to hear me tell it. Would you, deary?'

Florence, trembling with an agitation which she could not control or understand, involuntarily followed his glance, which went behind her into the shop, where a lamp was burning. The instant that she turned her head, the Captain sprung out of his chair, and interposed his hand.

'There's nothing there, my beauty,' said the Captain. 'Don't look there.'

'Why not?' asked Florence.

The Captain murmured something about its being dull that way, and about the fire being cheerful. He drew the door ajar, which had been standing open until now, and resumed his seat. Florence followed him with her eyes, and looked intently in his face. (*Dombey and Son* Ch. 49 745-46)

(12) Captain Cuttle is thus seen to be a necessary element in the novel, casting an ironic light on that Victorian idea of Property as a value and its acquisition an end in itself which is later to be satirized both by Dickens in Wemmick's assertion of everyone's obligation to acquire Portable Property (Leavis 33)

(13) No child could have surpassed Captain Cuttle in inexperience of everything but wind and weather; in simplicity, credulity, and generous trustfulness. Faith, hope, and charity, shared his whole nature among them. An odd sort of romance, perfectly unimagined, yet perfectly unreal, and subject to no considerations of worldly prudence or practicability, was the only partner they had in his character. (*Dombey and Son* Ch. 49 740)

(14) 'That's my great reason for wishing you to break it out to him; and that's the first point.'

'Keep her off a point or so!' observed the Captain, in a contemplative voice.

'What did you say, Captain Cuttle?' inquired Walter.

'Stand by!' returned the Captain, thoughtfully.

Walter paused to ascertain if the Captain had any particular information to add to this, but as he said no more, went on. (*Dombey and Son* Ch.15 235)

(15) The world was very busy and restless about him. He became aware of that again. It was whispering and babbling. It was never quiet. This, and the intricacy and complication of the footsteps, harassed him to death. Objects began to take a bleared and russet colour in his eyes. Dombey and Son was no more – his children no more. This must be thought of, well, tomorrow.

He thought of it tomorrow; and sitting thinking in his chair, saw, in the glass, from time to time, this picture: (*Dombey and Son* Ch. 59 909)

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