Hardy’s Humour
― Linguistic Characteristics
in ‘The Distracted Preacher’ (1) ―

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Abstract
‘The Distracted Preacher’ (1879) in Wessex Tales (1888) by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) is quite an interesting ‘long short story’ in terms of humour and narrative techniques. This story was received as ‘capital trifle, light and amusing’ and ‘irresistibly comic’ when published. Hardy is still now regarded rather fixedly as a writer of tragic and pessimistic novels, stories and poems. This conventional image of Hardy is at once blown away if we read this comical story. Hardy started writing novels with an acute critical eye on the society of class-consciousness, and therefore his works are in a sense full of satirical and ironical treatment of the then society and its system. One of his earliest novels, however, Under the Greenwood Tree (1872), whose title is from the song in the Wood of Arden in Shakespeare’s comedy As You Like It (1599), is a pastoral novel with a tint of pathos and humour. Hardy was an ambitious writer with keen consciousness of narrative techniques and seems to have tried every mode of narrative including humour, which element is as it were an
undercurrent even in tragic novels like *Tess of the d’Urbervilles* (1891) and *Jude the Obscure* (1896).

Focusing on Hardy’s humour might have the possibility of changing the quality of his novels and stories, and would contribute to reevaluation of his writings in general. In this paper ‘The Distracted Preacher’ is discussed and analyzed from the point of humour and narrative technique with the attention to linguistic characteristics in the story.

I

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) 的短篇集『ウェセックス物語』(*Wessex Tales*, 1888) に収められた「長い短編小説」(*a long short story*)1である「惑える牧師」(*The Distracted Preacher*, 1879)という作品は、ハーディの作品の中でも特異なほどにユーモアに充ちており、発表された当時も、その面白さが好評を持って迎えられている2。いわゆるハーディらしい作品として常套的なテーマを含み、男女の恋愛と結婚というおよそ人間と人間とのつながりの根源的なものを軸に展開しながらも、主人公である若き牧師と若き未亡人の恋愛、その過程に見られる滑稽で軽妙なやりとりは、ハーディの作品に対するイメージを覆すほどのものであるといってもよい。もっともこうした傾向は、実はハーディのより悲劇的な作品にも時折見られるものであった。たとえば、『塔上のふたり』(*Two on the Tower*, 1882)の若き天文学者と年上の貴婦人のやりとりにも似たような滑稽なやりとりが見られる3。さらに、おかしさや面白さという点で見直してみれば、『ダーバヴィル家のテス』(*Tess of the d’Urbervilles*, 1891)にも『日陰者ジュード』(*Jude the Obscure*, 1896)にも、ユーモラスな会話やエピソードが、基底音ともなっている農民たちのバラッドの世界をだぶらせながら、悲劇の中に喜劇の要素

1 山本文之助『當惑した牧師』（東京：千城，昭和 53 年），p. 1.
2 ‘H’s short story, “The Distracted Young Preacher,” is a capital trifle, light and amusing...’，*Current Fiction,* Literary World (Boston), X (25 Oct 1879, 341. ‘...The Distracted Preacher’ is a “thrilling smuggler’s story of daring ingenuity mingled with much which is irresistibly (sic) comic, and led up to by a gradual unfolding and mutual recognition of character on the part of the two chief actors which make the whole stand out before us with striking reality.’, “Books: Mr. Hardy’s Wessex Stories,” *SPECTATOR* (Lond), LXI (28 July 1888), 1037-38.
3 拙論「第4章 時間の断層—「共感」の通路を求めて—」『トマス・ハーディ 研究—時間意識と二重性の自己ー』（東京：青山社，2008 年），p.277 参照。
が巧妙に仕組まれているのである。農民たちのおおらかでユーモラスな生活を歌ったバラッドの世界は、実は悲劇的な事柄を笑いやユーモアで乗りこえようとする知恵に充ちた世界に他ならない。極貧の農民の娘テスがだらしない男の企みに捉えられ、「堕ちた女」(a fallen woman)4として生きていかざるを得なかった事実は、バラッドの世界には数多く描かれており、作者もテスの悲劇がただテスひとりだけのものではないことを注釈のように述べて相対化を図っている5。そこにうかがえるのは、ひとりの娘テスの身の上に起きた出来事を、幾多の事例のひとつと矮小化することによって、悲劇性を和らげようとすることに他ならない。それが、バラッドを歌い受け継いできた農民たちの生きようとする悲しくも逞しい処世術でもあったはずですである。小説の中で「飢生」(Rally)というタイトルの章立てが持っている意味も、テスの若さとともに農民たちの逞しい生き方と処世に関わっているのである。そしてそこにはユーモアというものが巧妙に絡められている。決して笑うことのできない事柄に対して、果敢に笑いで吹き飛ばし乗り越えようとする姿や処世の様がユーモア、すなわちイギリスにチョーサー(Geoffrey Chaucer, c.1343-1400)以来うかがえる「イングリッシュ・ヒューモア」(English Humour)の伝統と知恵に見られるひとつの側面であるといってもよかろう。その伝統は、喜劇に受け継がれながらもシェイクスピア(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)においては、悲劇と喜劇とをない交ぜた独特なロマンス劇(Romance)に受け継がれている。

ハーディは、いわゆる悲劇的な作品を書き残している詩人・作家ではあるが、先述したように、その作品が一貫して悲劇一色のトーンではないことに読者は容易に気づくことができる。最初期の作品である『緑樹の陰で』(Under the Greenwood Tree, 1872)は、そのタイトル自体がシェイクスピアの喜劇作品『お気に召すままに』(As You Like It, 1599)の2幕5場のアーデンの森での歌から取られたものであって6、シェイクスピアを意識していたということが明らかだが、その作品の世界は、牧歌的な農民世界のそこかとないユーモアに充ちた世界になっている。ハーディの小説の創作活動の原点が、シェイクスピアの喜劇やロマンス劇を意識した喜劇的な要素を含むものであった事自体再検討の必要がある。

5 拙論「第7章 失われた自己を求めて」『トマス・ハーディ研究—時間意識と二重性の自己—』(東京: 青山社, 2008 年), p.331 参照。
6 ‘AMIENS: Under the greenwood tree / Who loves to lie with me, / And turn his merry note / Unto the sweet bird’s throat, / Come hither, come hither, come hither: / Here shall he see No enemy / But winter and rough weather.’
Something delayed the arrival of the Wesleyan minister, and a young man came temporarily in his stead. It was the thirteenth of January, 18—, that Mr. Stockdale, the young man in question, made his humble entry into the village, unknown, and almost unseen. But when those of the inhabitants who styled themselves of his connection became acquainted with him, they were rather pleased with the

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7 山本文之助『当惑した牧師』（東京：千城，昭和 53 年）参照。
substitute than otherwise, though he had scarcely as yet acquired ballast of character sufficient to steady the consciences of the hundred and forty Methodists of pure blood who, at this time, lived in Nether-Moynton, and to give in addition supplementary support to the mixed race which went to church in the morning and chapel in the evening, or when there was a tea—as many as a hundred and ten people more, all told, and including the parish-clerk in the winters time, when it was too dark for the vicar to observe who passed up the street at seven ‘o clock—which, to be just to him, he was never anxious to do.  (217) 8

8 テキストは Wessex Tales (New York: AMS Press, 1984)を使用。引用はすべてこの版による。
It was a youth who gave this information, and Stockdale asked him who Mrs. Newberry might be.

The boy said that she was a widow-woman, who had got no husband, because he was dead. Mr. Newberry, he added, had been a well-to-do man enough, as the saying was, and a farmer; but he had gone off in a decline. As regarded Mrs. Newberry's serious side, Stockdale gathered that she was one of the trimmers who went to church and chapel both. (218)
As he now lived there, Stockdale felt it unnecessary to knock at the door; and entering quietly, he had the pleasure of hearing footsteps scudding away like mice into the back quarters. (219)

Stockdale sat down, not objecting to his experience of the room thus far, and began his residence by tinkling the bell. A little girl crept in at the summons, and made tea for him. Her name, she said, was Marther Sarer, and she lived out there, nodding toward the road and village generally. Before Stockdale had got far with his meal a tap sounded on the door behind him, and on his telling the inquirer to come in, a rustle of garments caused him to turn his head. He saw before him a fine and extremely well-made young woman, with dark hair, a wide, sensible, beautiful forehead, eyes that warmed him before he knew it, and a mouth that was in itself a picture to all appreciative souls.

‘Can I get you anything else for tea?’ she said, coming forward a step or two, an expression of liveliness on her features, and her hand waving the door by its...
‘Nothing, thank you,’ said Stockdale, thinking less of what he replied than of what might be her relation to the household.

‘You are quite sure?’ said the young woman, apparently aware that he had not considered his answer.

He conscientiously examined the tea-things, and found them all there. ‘Quite sure, Miss Newberry,’ he said.

‘It is Mrs. Newberry,’ said she. ‘Lizzy Newberry. I used to be Lizzy Simpkins.’

‘Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Newberry.’ And before he had occasion to say more she left the room.

Stockdale remained in some doubt till Martha Sarah came to clear the table.

‘Whose house is this, my little woman?’ said he.

‘Mrs. Lizzy Newberry’s, sir.’

‘Then Mrs. Newberry is not the old lady I saw this afternoon?’

‘No. That’s Mrs. Newberry’s mother. It was Mrs. Newberry who comed in to you just by now, because she wanted to see if you was good-looking.’ (219-20)
‘You can keep a secret?’ she said, in a musical voice.
‘Like an iron chest!’ said he, fervently.

Then from under her cloak she produced a small lighted lantern, which the minister had not noticed that she carried at all. The light showed them to be close to the singing-gallery stairs, under which lay a heap of lumber of all sorts, but consisting mostly of decayed framework, pews, panels, and pieces of flooring, that from time to time had been removed from their original fixings in the body of the edifice and replaced by new.

‘Perhaps you will drag some of those boards aside?’ she said, holding the lantern over her head to light him better. ‘Or will you take the lantern while I
move them?’

‘I can manage it,’ said the young man; and acting as she ordered, he uncovered, to his surprise, a row of little barrels bound with wood hoops, each barrel being about as large as the nave of a common wagon-wheel. When they were laid open Lizzy fixed her eyes on him, as if she wondered what he would say.

‘You know what they are?’ she asked, finding that he did not speak.

‘Yes, barrels,’ said Stockdale, simply. He was an inland man, the son of highly respectable parents, and brought up with a single eye to the ministry, and the sight suggested nothing beyond the fact that such articles were there.

‘You are quite right; they are barrels,’ she said, in an emphatic tone of candor that was not without a touch of irony.

Stockdale looked at her with an eye of sudden misgiving. ‘Not smugglers’ liquor?’ he said.

‘Yes,’ said she. ‘They are tubs of spirits that have accidentally come over in the dark from France.’

In Nether-Mynton and its vicinity at this date people always smiled at the sort of sin called in the outside world illicit trading, and these little tubs of gin and brandy were as well known to the inhabitants as turnips. So that Stockdale’s innocent ignorance, and his look of alarm when he guessed the sinister mystery, seemed to strike Lizzy first as ludicrous, and then as very awkward for the good impression that she wished to produce upon him.

‘Smuggling is carried out here by some of the people,’ she said, in a gentle, apologetic voice. ‘It has been their practice for generations, and they think it no harm. Now, will you roll out one of the tubs?’

‘What to do with it?’ said the minister.

‘To draw a little from it to cure your cold,’ she answered. ‘It is so burning strong that it drives away that sort of thing in a jiffy. Oh, it is all right about our taking it. I may have what I like; the owner of the tubs says so. I ought to have had some in the house, and then I shouldn’t ha’ been put to this trouble; but I drink none myself, and so I often forget to keep it indoors.’

‘You are allowed to help yourself, I suppose, that you may not inform where their hiding-place is?’ (222-24)
りとりがいかにも滑稽である。「秘密」(secret)の要素で醸しだされる緊張した緊迫した状況に対して、ストックデイルのとぼけた返事が、その緊張を一気に緩和するのである。酒の入った樽を見せて、ニューベリー夫人が「何だかお分かりですね？」と換喻的(metonymic)に問いかけたのに対して、ストックデイルは「ええ、樽です」と答える。ニューベリー夫人が問いかけたのは、密輸の酒であるという本質的な点でありながら、ストックデイルは、即物的直接的な返答をしまわないのである。密輸の酒であることをうすうす察していてながらも、というより察しているからこそこうした表面的な返事をするのだと考えてもよろうけれども、目の前に露わにされたものが、密輸の酒であるにもかかわらず、それを入れている樽をただの樽としてしか捉えていないところに、彼の人間的な面目さを生み出している。

英語の表現のレベルで眺めてみると、ストックデイルは、「ええ、樽です」と「単純に答えて」いる。ここで‘simply’という副詞が使われているが、‘simple’には「単純、素朴」の意味の他に「だまされやすい、外見好しの、無知な、ぼかす」といった意味を含んでおり、語り手の距離を置いた語りにはそれがじみ出ている。同時に聞き手であるニューベリー夫人も、それを感じて多少の皮肉のまじった声の調子で率直に答えているのである(...she said, in an emphatic tone of candor that was not without a touch of irony)。書き言葉としての限界で、ニューベリー夫人の声の調子は再現できず、語り手は描写としてしか表すことができないが、ニューベリー夫人に寄り添って「誇張した声の調子’(emphatic tone)という描写、「ないこともない’(not without)といった二重否定の表現、多分に誇張的(hyperbolic)な意味だが、ニューベリー夫人のストックデイルに対する気持ちを代弁している。

ここで使われた‘simple’という言葉によって醸しだされたストックデイルの人となりに対するイメージが、その後も彼には常につきまとある。「密輸入者の酒なのか」とのストックデイルの問いかけに、ニューベリー夫人ははっきりとそうだと答えつつも「フランスから偶然に流れ着いたもの」であることを強調し、さらにこうしたことがこの村ではある人たちによって代々行われてきたことを弁解のようつけ加えている。それが、彼の「無邪気な無知’(innocent ignorance)に対して、初対面のストックデイルに対して自分を悪く思わぬようにする彼女なりの女心であると同時に、村人たちが揺れて行なっている密輸入の首謀者たる彼女の手練手管の術数である。この後に、密輸入の作業のために真夜中に変装して出掛けるニューベリー夫人の後を追い、首謀者であることを決して疑おうとしないストックデイルは、彼女が心進まずやむを得ずに行なってい
‘But they tell you you may take it?’

‘Yes, the smugglers: but the buyers must not know that the smugglers have been kind to me at their expense.’

‘I see,’ said Stockdale, doubtfully. ‘I much question the honesty of this proceeding.’

By her direction he held the tub with the hole upward, and while he went through the process of alternately pressing and ceasing to press she produced a bottle of water, from which she took mouthfuls, then putting her pretty lips to the hole, where it was sucked in at each recovery of the cask from pressure. When it was again full he plugged the hole, knocked the hoop down to its place, and buried the tub in the lumber as before.

‘Aren’t the smugglers afraid that you will tell?’ he asked, as they recrossed the churchyard.

‘Oh no; they are not afraid of that. I couldn’t do such a thing.’
'They have put you into a very awkward corner,' said Stockdale, emphatically. 'You must, of course, as an honest person, sometimes feel that it is your duty to inform—really, you must.'

'Well, I have never particularly felt it as a duty; and, besides, my first husband—' She stopped, and there was some confusion in her voice. Stockdale was so honest and unsophisticated that he did not at once discern why she paused; but at last he did perceive that the words were a slip, and that no women would have uttered 'first husband' by accident unless she had thought pretty frequently of a second. He felt for her confusion, and allowed her time to recover and proceed. 'My husband,' she said, in a self-corrected tone, 'used to know of their doings, and so did my father, and kept the secret. I cannot inform, in fact, against anybody.' (225)

ここで滑稽なのは、ニューベリー夫人が首謀者もしくは元締めであるが故に、他人に秘密をばらす云々の問題からはほど遠い、あるいはあり得ないということである。ストックデイルは、美しく善良な（思い込んでいる）彼女が、村という狭い共同体の中で苦境に追い込まれてやむを得ずこのようなことに手を染めているのだと思い込んで、その善良な彼女をぜひとも助けるということ、善の世界に導くことを牧師たる人間としての使命と考えるのであるが、それよりも美しく若い未婚人のニューベリー夫人に対する思いに苦しむのである。タイトルの「惑える」(distracted)は、世间にこの悪事を知らせるのが「義務」(duty)であると考えるのが、市民として、また牧師として当然のことでありながら、未婚人に恋ををしてしまっていることとの板挟み故に心が千々に乱れてしまうストックデイルの滑稽さを皮肉たっぷりに表している。牧師であるならばまず、若く美しい未婚人などに心を奪われてはならないのであるし、それを抑制し己己するということが牧師の本来の姿なのである。その意味では、この作品のタイトル‘The Distracted Preacher’は、相反する矛盾を含みつつ刺激的でかつ挑発的な皮肉たっぷりのものでもあると考えてよろう。また、ここでは、ニューベリー夫人が、思わず口にしてしまった「私の最初の夫」という言葉が、少年がストックデイルに伝えた「これまで旦那さんがひとりもいなかったんだよ」(..., who had got no husband, 218)という言葉に対応しておかしみを醸し出している。

ストックデイルの心は、ニューベリー夫人が秘かに村の男たちと会って話をしている姿を目撃してさらに乱れてしまう。密輸入の作業に指令を出しているのが故に、彼女はいつもこっそりと Familiaに部下として動いてくれる男たちに指
He saw outside the door a young man in clothes of a whitish color, and upon reflection judged their wearer to be the well-built and rather handsome miller who lived below. The miller’s voice was alternately low and firm, and sometimes it reached the level of positive entreaty; but what the words were Stockdale could in no way hear.

Before the colloquy had ended, the minister’s attention was attracted by a second incident. Opposite Lizzy’s home grew a clump of laurels, forming a thick and permanent shade. One of the laurel boughs now quivered against the light background of sky, and in a moment the head of a man peered out, and remained still. He seemed to be also much interested in the conversation at the door, and was plainly lingering there to watch and listen. Had Stockdale stood in any other relation to Lizzy than that of a lover, he might have gone out and examined into the meaning of this; but being as yet but an unprivileged ally, he did nothing more than stand up and show himself in the lighted room, whereupon the listener disappeared, and Lizzy and the miller spoke in lower tones.

Stockdale was made so uneasy by the circumstance that as soon as the miller was gone, he said, ‘Mrs. Newberry, are you aware that you were watched just now.

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9 拙論参照、「視線と語りの方法：トマス・ハーディの『羊飼いが見たもの』」『イギリス文学のランドマーク—大槻茂行教授喜寿記念論文集—』(大阪：大阪教育図書，2011年11月)。“
and your conversation heard?’

‘When?’ she said.

‘When you were talking to that miller. A man was looking from the laurel-tree as jealously as if he could have eaten you.’

She showed more concern than the trifling event seemed to demand, and he added, ‘Perhaps you were talking of things you did not wish to be overheard?’

‘I was talking only on business,’ she said.

‘Lizzy, be frank!’ said the young man. ‘If it was only on business, why should anybody wish to listen to you?’

She looked curiously at him. ‘What else do you think it could be, then?’

‘Well, the only talk between a young woman and man that is likely to amuse an eavesdropper.’

‘Ah, yes,’ she said, smiling in spite of her preoccupation. ‘Well, Cousin Owlett has spoken to me about matrimony, every now and then, that’s true; but he was not speaking of it then. I wish he had been speaking of it, with all my heart. It would have been much less serious for me.’

‘Oh, Mrs. Newberry!’

‘It would. Not that I should ha’ chimed in with him, of course. I wish it for other reasons. I am glad, Mr. Stockdale, that you have told me of that listener. It is a timely warning, and I must see my cousin again.’

‘But don’t go away till I have spoken,’ said the minister. ‘I’ll out with it at once, and make no more ado. Let it be Yes or No between us. Lizzy, please do!’ And he held out his hand, in which she freely allowed her own to rest, but without speaking.

‘You mean Yes by that?’ he asked, after waiting a while.

‘You may be my sweetheart, if you will.’

‘Why not say at once you will wait for me until I have a house and can come back to marry you?’

‘Because I am thinking—thinking of something else,’ she said, with embarrassment. ‘It all comes upon me at once, and I must settle one thing at a time.’

‘At any rate, dear Lizzy, you can assure me that the miller shall not be allowed to speak to you except on business? You have never directly encouraged him?’

She parried the question by saying, ‘You see, he and his party have been in the
habit of leaving things on my premises sometimes, and as I have not denied him, it makes him rather forward.’

‘Things—what things?’

‘Tubs—they are called things here.’

‘But why don’t you deny him, my dear Lizzy?’

‘I cannot well.’

‘You are too timid. It is unfair of him to impose so upon you, and get your good name into danger by his smuggling tricks. Promise me that the next time he wants to leave his tubs here you will let me roll them into the street?’

She shook her head. ‘I would not venture to offend the neighbors so much as that,’ said she, ‘or do anything that would be so likely to put poor Owlett into the hands of the exciseman.’

Stockdale sighed, and said that he thought hers a mistaken generosity when it extended to assisting those who cheated the king of his dues.

‘At any rate, you will let me make him keep his distance as your lover, and tell him flatly that you are not for him?’

‘Please not, at present,’ she said. ‘I don’t wish to offend my old neighbors. It is not only Owlett who is concerned.’

‘This is too bad,’ said Stockdale, impatiently.

‘On my honor, I won’t encourage him as my lover,’ Lizzy answered, earnestly.

‘A reasonable man will be satisfied with that.’

‘Well, so I am,’ said Stockdale, his countenance clearing. (231-34)
の気持ちを傷つけまいとしている。「道理のわかる人ならそれで満足してもらえるなければ」というリジーの言葉は、まさに聞き分けのない子どもを諭す母親のような言葉となっているばかりか、牧師という理性を説く人間に対する痛烈な皮肉ともなっている。

上のふたりのやりとりで、われわれ読者は、ストックデイルとは異なって、リジーとその仲間がおかれている危機的な状況というものを見渡手と共に把握する。亡くなった夫の外套を着込んで変装し、真夜中に密輸入の作業へと出掛けるリジーを追ってストックデイルがこっそりと後に続き、物語は必死で彼女を守ろうとするクライマックスへとつながってゆくのである。

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参考文献: