

トランスアトランティック・エコロジ——ロマン主義と環境批評

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破局のエコノミー
——クレアとソローの自然史

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① The Greeks would not have called the ocean ἀτρυγέτος, or unfruitful, though it does not produce wheat, if they had viewed it by the light of modern science, for naturalists now assert that "the sea, and not the land, is the principal seat of life,"—though not of vegetable life. Darwin affirms that "our most thickly inhabited forests appear almost as deserts when we come to compare them with the corresponding regions of the ocean." Agassiz and Gould tell us that "the sea teems with animals of all classes, far beyond the extreme point of flowering plants"; but they add, that "experiments of dredging in very deep water have also taught us that the abyss of the ocean is nearly a desert";—"so that modern investigations," to quote the words of Desor, "merely go to confirm the great idea which was vaguely anticipated by the ancient poets and philosophers, that the Ocean is the origin of all things." Yet marine animals and plants hold a lower rank in the scale of being than land animals and plants. "There is no instance known," says Desor, "of an animal becoming aquatic in its perfect state, after having lived in its lower stage on dry land," but as in the case of the tadpole, "the progress invariably points towards the dry land." In short, the dry land itself came through and out of the water in its way to the heavens, for, "in going back through the geological ages, we come to an epoch when, according to all appearances, the dry land did not exist, and when the surface of our globe was entirely covered with water." We looked on the sea, then, once more, not as ἀτρυγέτος, or unfruitful, but as it has been more truly called, the "laboratory of continents." (*Cape Cod* 937-38)

② I love to look on nature with a poetic feeling which magnifys the pleasure I love to see the nightingale in its hazel retreat & the cuckoo hiding in its solitudes of oaken foliage & not to examine their carcasses in glass cases yet naturalists & botanists seem to have no taste for this poetical feeling they merely make collections of dryd specimens classing them after Leanius into tribes & familys & there they delight to show them as a sort of ambitious fame with them 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' well every one to his hobby I have none of this curiosity about me tho I feel as happy as they can in finding a new species of field flower or butter flye which I have not seen before yet I have no desire further to dry the plan or torture the Butterflye by sticking it on a cork board with a pin— (*Clare's Natural History* 38-39)

③ I think your feelings are on the side of Poetry for I have no speciments to send you [*del.* be as it will] so be as it may you must be content with my descriptions & observations I always feel delighted [*del.* ?] when an object in nature brings up in ones mind an [*del.*?] image of poetry that describes it from some favorite author you have a better opportunity of consulting books then I have therefore I

will set down a list of [~~? Poets/]~~ favourite Poems & Poets who went to nature for their images so that you may consult them & [~~shall]~~ share the feelings [~~?]~~ & pleasures which I describe—your favourite Chaucer is one Passages in Spencer Cowleys grasshopper & Swallow Passages in Shakespear Miltons Allegro & Penseroso....therefore as I said before to look on nature with a poetic eye magnifys the pleasure she herself being the very essence & soul of Poesy if I had the means to consults & the health to indulge it I should crowd these letters on Natural History with lucious scraps of Poesy from my favourite Minstrels & make them [~~more entertaining to the reader]~~ less barren of amusement & more profitable of perusal In my catalogue of poets I forgot Charlotte Smith whose poetry is full of pleasing [~~natural images drawn from nature]~~ images from nature—Does Mr Whiles accou<n>t of the Cuckoo & Nightingale agree with mine look & tell us in your next (Clare's *Natural History* 39-42)

④ I went to take my walk to day & heard the Nightingale for the first time this season in Royce wood just at the town end we may now be assured that the summer is nigh at hand you asked me a long while back to procure you a Nightingale nest & eggs & I have try'd every season since to find if the birdnesting boys have ever taken one out but I have not been able to procure one—when I was a boy I usd to be very curious to watch the nightingale to find her nest & to observe her color & size for I had heard many odd tales about her & I often observe her habits & found her nest so I shall be able to give you a pretty faithful history—...I have watched them often at their song their mouths is open vey wide & their [~~?]~~ feathers are ruffled up & their wings [~~?]~~ trembling as if in extacy the superstition of laying their throats on a sharp thorn is a foolish absurdity but it is not the only one ascribed to the nightingale they make a large nest of the old oak leaves that strew the ground in woods & green moss & line it with hair & sometimes a little fine witherd grass or whole it is a / very / deep nest & is generally placed on the root or stulp of a black or white thorn sometimes a little height up the bush & & often on the ground they lay 5 eggs about the size of the woodlarks or larger & of a deep olive brown appearance & are unlike any other birds in the country when they have young their song ceases & they make an odd burning noise as if calling their young to their food.... (Clare's *Natural History* 67-68)

⑤ ...when I was a boy I found three nests one season & all were found by chance [~~for]~~ in crossing the woods hunting the nests of other birds—the Red breast [~~?]~~ frequently builds on the ground under the shelter of a knoll or stulp & /its nest/ is often taken for that of the nightingales but it is easily distinguished from it as the robins is built with dead grass & moss on the out side while the Nightingale never forgets her dead oak leaves & this is so peculiar to her taste that I never saw a nest /of their/ with out them nor are they used by any other bird for their nests— (Clare's *Natural History* 68-69)

⑥ There have I hunted like a very boy,
Creeping on hands and knees through matted thorn
To find her nest, and see her feed her young.

And vainly did I many hours employ :
 All seemed as hidden as a thought unborn.
 And where those crimping fern-leaves ramp among
 The hazel's under boughs, I've nestled down,
 And watched her while she sung ; and her renown
 Hath made me marvel that so famed a bird
 Should have no better dress than russet brown.
Her wings would tremble in her ecstasy,
 And feathers stand on end, as 'twere with joy,
 And mouth wide open to release her heart
 Of its out-sobbing songs.... ("The Nightingale's Nest" 12-25)

How curious is the nest ; no other bird
 Uses such loose materials, or weaves
 Its dwelling in such spots : dead oaken leaves
Are placed without, and velvet moss within,
 And little scraps of grass, and, scant and spare,
 What scarcely seem materials, down and hair ;
 For from men's haunts she nothing seems to win.
 Yet Nature is the builder, and contrives
 Homes for her children's comfort, even here ;
 Where Solitude's disciples spend their lives
 Unseen, save when a wanderer passes near
 That loves such pleasant places. Deep adown,
 The nest is made a hermit's mossy cell.
Snug lie her curious eggs in number five,
Of deadened green, or rather olive brown ;
 And the old prickly thorn-bush guards them well.
 So here we'll leave them, still unknown to wrong,
 As the old woodland's legacy of song. ("The Nightingale's Nest" 76-93)

- ⑦ O Poesy is on the wane,
 For Fancy's visions all unfitting;
 I hardly know her face again,
 Nature herself seems on the flitting.
 The fields grow old and common things,
 The grass, the sky, the winds a-blowing;
 And spots, where still a beauty clings,
 Are sighing 'going! all a-going!'

O Poesy is on the wane,
I hardly know her face again. ("Decay A Ballad" 1-10)

Aye, Poesy hath passed away,
And Fancy's visions undeceive us;
The night hath ta'en the place of day,
And why should passing shadows grieve us?
I thought the flowers upon the hills
Were flowers from Adam's open gardens;
But I have had my summer thrills,
And I have had my heart's rewardings.
So Poesy is on the wane,
I hardly know her face again.

And Friendship it hath burned away,
Like to a very ember cooling,
A make-believe on April day
That sent the simple heart a-fooling;
Mere jesting in an earnest way,
Deceiving on and still deceiving;
And Hope is but a fancy-play,
And Joy the art of true believing;
For Poesy is on the wane,
O could I feel her faith again! ("Decay A Ballad" 61-80)

- ⑧ Amidst the happiest joy a shade of grief
Will come—to mark in summer's prime a leaf
Tinged with the autumn's visible decay
As pining to forgetfulness away
Aye blank forgetfulness that coldest lot
To be—and to have been—and then be not
E'en beauty's self, love's essence, heaven's prime—
Mate for eternity in joys sublime,
Earth's most divinest, is a mortal thing
And nurse time's sick autumn from its spring
And fades and fades till wonder knows it not
And admiration hath all praise forgot
Coldly forsaking an unheeding past
To fade and fall and die like common things at last ("Decay" 1-14)

- ⑨ All nature has a feeling: woods, fields, brooks
 Are life eternal—& in silence they
 Speak happiness—beyond the reach of books
 There's nothing mortal in them—their decay
Is the green life of change; to pass away
 & come again in blooms revived
 Its birth was heaven, eternal it its stay
 And with the sun & moon shall still abide
 Beneath their day & night & heave[n] wide

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