

シンポジウム「ディケンズとギッシング-隠れた類似点と相違点」

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「教育は誰のためのものか」

1. One night, I was sitting in the chimney-corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter to Joe. I think it must have been a fully year after our hunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost. With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and smear this epistle:

MI DEER JO i OPE U R KR WITE WELL i OPE i SHAL SON B HABELL 4 2 TEEDGE U JO AN THEN WE SHORL B SO GLODD AN WEN i M PRENGTD 2 U JO WOT LARX AN BLEVE ME INF XN PIP."

There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But, I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "what a scholar you are! An't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it: with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to anythink! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe."

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday when I accidentally held our Prayer-Book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been all right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe, I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Jo."

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slowly searching eye, "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js, and three Os, and three J-O, Joes in it, Pip!"

I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. "You ARE a scholar."

(Great Expectations, chapter 7)

2. 'I've been tellin' Jowey, Grace, as I 'ope he may turn out such another as Godwin 'ere. 'E'll go to Collige, will Jowey. Godwin, jest arst the bo-oy a question or two, will you? 'E ain't been doin' bad at 'is school. Jest put 'im through 'is pyces, as yer may sye. Stend up, Jowey, bo-oy.'

Godwin looked askance at his cousin, who stood with pert face, ready for any test.

'What's the date of William the Conqueror?' he asked, mechanically.

'Ow!' shouted the youth. 'Down't mike me larff! Zif I didn't know thet! 'Tensixsixtenightysivn,' of course!'

The father turned round with an expression of such sincere pride that Godwin, for all his loathing, was obliged to smile.

'Jowey, jest sye a few verses of poitry; them as you learnt larst. 'E's good at poitry, is Jowey.'

The boy broke into fearsome recitation:

'The silly buckits on the deck / That 'ed so long rem'ined, / I dreamt as they was filled with jew. /End when I awowk, it r'ined.'

Half-a-dozen verses were thus massacred, and the reciter stopped with the sudden jerk of a machine.

'Goes str'ight on, don't 'e, Grace?' cried the father, exultantly. 'Jowey ain't no fool. Know what he towld me the other day? Somethin' as I never knew, and shouldn't never 'ave thought of s'long as I lived. We was talkin' about jewellery, an' Jowey, 'e pops up all at wunst. "It's called jewellery," says

'e, "'cos it's mostly the Jews as sell it." Now, oo'd a thought o' that? But you see it's right as soon as you're towld, eh? Now ain't it right, Godwin?' ' 'No doubt,' was the dry answer.

(*Born in Exile*, chapter 3)

3. But surely if, as it is stated, the people are ill disposed and mischievous, surely that is the best reason that can be offered for teaching them better; and if they are not, surely that is a reason for giving them every opportunity of vindicating their injured reputation; and they cannot possibly, I think, have a better one than the opportunity of associating together voluntarily for such high purposes as it is proposed to carry out by the establishment of the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution. [*Cheers.*] In any case, and in every case, if you would reward honesty, if you would give encouragement to good, if you would stimulate the idle, eradicate evil, or correct what is bad, education — comprehensive liberal education — is the one thing needful, and the one effective end. (From “Conversazione of the Polytechnic Institution: Birmingham”, dated 28 February, 1844., *Speeches of Charles Dickens*)

4. It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me — a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally — to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so, if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a Grammar School, and going to Cambridge.

(*The Life of Charles Dickens*, vol.1, chapter 2)

5. So, Mr. M'Choakumchild began in his best manner. He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters, had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin and Greek.

(*Hard Times*, chapter 2)

6. 'However, I have made up my mind that I will become respectable in the scale of society, and that I will not be dragged down by others. I have done with my sister as well as with you. Since she cares so little for me as to care nothing for undermining my respectability, she shall go her way and I will go mine. My prospects are very good, and I mean to follow them alone. Mr Headstone, I don't say what you have got upon your conscience, for I don't know. Whatever lies upon it, I hope you will see the justice of keeping wide and clear of me, and will find a consolation in completely exonerating all but yourself. I hope, before many years are out, to succeed the master in my present school, and the mistress being a single woman, though some years older than I am, I might even marry her. If it is any comfort to you to know what plans I may work out by keeping myself strictly respectable in the scale of society, these are the plans at present occurring to me. In conclusion, if you feel a sense of having injured me, and a desire to make some small reparation, I hope you will think how respectable you might have been yourself and will contemplate your blighted existence.'

(*Our Mutual Friend*, Book IV, chapter 7)

7. "I s'pose you've been to Christminster, Physician?"
 "I have—many times," replied the long thin man. "That's one of my centres."
 "It's a wonderful city for scholarship and religion?"
 "You'd say so, my boy, if you'd seen it. Why, the very sons of the old women who do the washing of the colleges can talk in Latin—not good Latin, that I admit, as a critic: dog-Latin—cat-Latin, as we used to call it in my undergraduate days."
 "And Greek?"
 "Well—that's more for the men who are in training for bishops, that they may be able to read the New Testament in the original."
 "I want to learn Latin and Greek myself."
 "A lofty desire. You must get a grammar of each tongue."
 "I mean to go to Christminster some day."

(*Jude the Obscure*, chapter 4)

8. "Very interesting, Mr. Chipping, but once again it proves my point— you live too much in the past, and not enough in the present and future. Times are changing, whether you realize it or not. Modern parents are beginning to demand something more for their three years' school fees than a few scraps of languages that nobody speaks. Besides, your boys don't learn even what they're supposed to learn. None of them last year got through the Lower Certificate."

(*Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, chapter 11)

9. "I am instructed to communicate to him," said Mr. Jagers, throwing his finger at me sideways, "that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property, that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman,—in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations."

(*Great Expectations*, Chapter 18)

10. 'What is this thing?' inquired Godwin, with ominous calm, as he pointed to the piece of head-gear".
 'A hat, I suppose,' replied his brother.
 'You mean to say you are going to wear that in the street? '
 'And why not? '

Oliver, not venturing to raise his eyes, stared at the table-cloth indignantly.

'Can't you feel,' burst from the other, 'that it's a disgrace to buy and wear such a thing? '

'Disgrace! what's the matter with the hat? It's the fashionable shape.'

Godwin mastered his wrath, and turned contemptuously away. But Oliver had been touched in a sensitive place; he was eager to defend himself.

'I can't see what you're finding fault with,' he exclaimed. 'Everybody wears this shape.'

'And isn't that quite sufficient reason why anyone who respects himself should choose something as different as possible? Everybody! That is to say, all the fools in the kingdom. It's bad enough to follow when you can't help it, but to imitate asses gratuitously is the lowest depth of degradation. Don't you know that that is the meaning of vulgarity? How you can offer such an excuse passes my comprehension. Have you no self? Are you made, like this hat, on a pattern with a hundred thousand others? '

'You and I are different, said Oliver, impatiently. 'I am content to be like other people.'

'And I would poison myself with vermin-killer if I felt any risk of such contentment! Like other people? Heaven forbid and forbend! Like other people? Oh, what a noble ambition!' [my underline]

(*Born in Exile*, chapter 3)



Henry Peacham, *The Compleat Gentleman* (1634 初版) (上) と、その目次 (下)

The Compleat Gentleman, whose
Titles are contained in these
Chapters following.

Chap. 1. **O**F Nobilitie in General [p. 1].
Chap. 2. **O**F the dignitie and necessitie of Learning in Princes and Nobilitie [p. 18].
Chap. 3. **T**he time of Learning [p. 21].
Chap. 4. **T**he duty of Parents in their Childrens Education [p. 30].
Chap. 5. **O**f a Gentlemans carriage in the Virtuouse [p. 38].
Chap. 6. **O**f stile in speaking, writing, and reading History [p. 42].
Chap. 7. **O**f Cosmography [p. 57].
Chap. 8. **O**f memorable Observations in survey of the Earth [p. 65].
Chap. 9. **O**f Geometry [p. 72].
Chap. 10. **O**f Poetry [p. 78].
Chap. 11. **O**f Metrike [p. 90].
Chap. 12. **O**f Statues and Medalls [p. 104].
Chap. 13. **O**f Drawing and Painting in Oyle [p. 124].
Chap. 14. **O**f sandy Blazons: both Ancient and Modern [p. 154].
Chap. 15. **O**f Armour or Blazing Armes [p. 160].
Chap. 16. **O**f Exercise of Body [p. 213].
Chap. 17. **O**f Trappation and carriage [p. 221].
Chap. 18. **O**f Travell [p. 235].
Chap. 19. **O**f Warfare [p. 245].
Chap. 20. **O**f Fyishing [p. 257].

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【引用文献一覧】

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 K. J. Fielding, *Speeches of Charles Dickens* (1960)
 John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens* (1872~74)
 George Gissing, *Born in Exile* (1892)
 Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure* (1895)
 James Hilton, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* (1934)