

ディケンズ・フェロウシップ日本支部 春季総会  
ノートルダム清心女子大学  
2025 年 6 月 14 日 (土)  
研究発表

宮丸裕二

## 他人になぞらえられる自己像

ー『デイヴィッド・コパーフィールド』の中に現れるベンジャミン・フランクリンー

- I. はじめに
- II. デイヴィッドとディックとフランクリン
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*The momentous interview*

**‘The Momentous Interview’ in *David Copperfield***

引用

I-1

‘I say again,’ said my aunt, ‘nobody knows what that man’s mind is except myself; and he’s the most

amenable and friendly creature in existence. If he likes to fly a kite sometimes, what of that! Franklin used to fly a kite. He was a Quaker, or something of that sort, if I am not mistaken. And a Quaker flying a kite is a much more ridiculous object than anybody else.<sup>1</sup>

## II-1

‘Do you recollect the date,’ said Mr. Dick, looking earnestly at me, and taking up his pen to note it down, ‘when King Charles the First had his head cut off?’ I said I believed it happened in the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine.

‘Well,’ returned Mr. Dick, scratching his ear with his pen, and looking dubiously at me. ‘So the books say; but I don’t see how that can be. Because, if it was so long ago, how could the people about him have made that mistake of putting some of the trouble out of *his* head, after it was taken off, into *mine*?’

I was very much surprised by the inquiry; but could give no information on this point.<sup>2</sup>

## II-2

It was quite an affecting sight, I used to think, to see him with the kite when it was up a great height in the air. What he had told me, in his room, about his belief in its disseminating the statements pasted on it, which were nothing but old leaves of abortive Memorials, might have been a fancy with him sometimes; but not when he was out, looking up at the kite in the sky, and feeling it pull and tug at his hand. He never looked so serene as he did then. I used to fancy, as I sat by him of an evening, on a green slope, and saw him watch the kite high in the quiet air, that it lifted his mind out of its confusion, and bore it (such was my boyish thought) into the skies. As he wound the string in and it came lower and lower down out of the beautiful light, until it fluttered to the ground, and lay there like a dead thing, he seemed to wake gradually out of a dream; and I remember to have seen him take it up, and look about him in a lost way, as if they had both come down together, so that I pitied him with all my heart.<sup>3</sup>

## III-1

I am very sorry, that you intend soon to leave our Hemisphere. America has sent us many good things, Gold, Silver, Sugar, Tobacco, Indigo &c.: But you are the first Philosopher, and indeed the first Great Man of Letters for whom we are beholden to her: it is our own Fault, that we have not kept him: Whence it appears, that we do not agree with Solomon, that Wisdom is above Gold: For we take care never to send back an ounce of the latter, which we once lay our Fingers upon.<sup>4</sup>

## III-2

The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great

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<sup>1</sup> Dickens, *David Copperfield*, pp. 175–76 (chapter 14).

<sup>2</sup> Dickens, *David Copperfield*, p. 173 (chapter 14).

<sup>3</sup> Dickens, *David Copperfield*, p. 185 (chapter 15).

<sup>4</sup> David Hume, Letter to Benjamin Franklin, 10 May 1762.

numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants.<sup>5</sup>

#### IV-1

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best cloaths being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and bout a shilling in copper.<sup>6</sup>

#### IV-2

My Shoes were by this time in a woeful condition. The soles had shed themselves bit by bit, and the upper leathers had broken and burst until the very shape form of shoes had departed from them. My hat (which had served me for a nightcap, too) was so crushed and bent, that no old battered handle-less saucepan on a dunghill need have been ashamed to vie with it. My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept—and torn besides—might have had frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I stood at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London. My face, neck, and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the air and sun, were burnt to a berry-brown. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust, as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. I this plight, and with a strong consciousness of it, I waited to introduce myself to, and make my first impression on, my formidable aunt.<sup>7</sup>

#### IV-3

'I say,' returned Mr. Micawber, quite forgetting himself, and smiling again, 'the miserable wretch you behold. My advice is, never do tomorrow what you can do today. Procrastination is the thief of time. Collar him!'

'My poor papa's maxim,' Mrs. Micawber observed.<sup>8</sup>

#### IV-4-1

'Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do'<sup>9</sup>

#### IV-4-2

'Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.'<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Franklin, *The Autobiography*, pp. 75–76 (chapter 10).

<sup>6</sup> Franklin, *The Autobiography*, p. 25 (chapter 2).

<sup>7</sup> Dickens, *David Copperfield*, p. 162 (chapter 13).

<sup>8</sup> Dickens, *David Copperfield*, p. 149 (chapter 12).

<sup>9</sup> Attributed to Franklin.

<sup>10</sup> Attributed to Franklin.

IV-4-3

‘What you need to do tomorrow, do it today’<sup>11</sup>

IV-4-4

Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, “One today is worth two to-morrow;” and further, “Have you somewhat to do tomorrow? Do it today.”<sup>12</sup>

IV-5

Remember that time is money. [. . .] In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time or money, but make the best use of both.<sup>13</sup>

IV-6

Mr. Micawber was waiting for me within the gate, and we went up to his room (top story but one), and cried very much. He solemnly conjured me, I remember, to take warning by his fate; and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a-year for his income, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy, but that if he spent twenty pounds one he would be miserable. After which he borrowed a shilling of me for porter, gave me a written order on Mrs. Micawber for the amount, and put away his pocket-handkerchief, and cheered up.<sup>14</sup>

IV-7

‘My other piece of advice, Copperfield,’ said Mr. Micawber, ‘you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short you are for ever floored. As I am!’<sup>15</sup>

IV-8

By these and other extravagances the genteel to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that “a plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,” as Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, “ ’Tis day and will never be night;” that “a little to be spend out of so much is not worth minding” (a child and a fool, as

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<sup>11</sup> Attributed to Franklin.

<sup>12</sup> Franklin, ‘Poor Richard’s Almanac’, pp. 12–13.

<sup>13</sup> Franklin, ‘Advice to a Young Tradesman’, pp. 43 and 45–46.

<sup>14</sup> Dickens, *David Copperfield*, p. 142 (chapter 11).

<sup>15</sup> Dickens, *David Copperfield*, p. 150 (chapter 11).

Richard says, imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent); but “Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.”<sup>16</sup>



Benjamin Franklin (1706–90)

#### 資料 1: ベンジャミン・フランクリンの『自伝』出版までの経緯

- 1771 年 ベンジャミン・フランクリン (Benjamin Franklin) が 66 歳で、『自伝』(*The Autobiography*) をイギリスへの滞在期間に執筆開始。独立戦争など多忙で執筆を中断。
- 1784 年 79 歳のとき、フランスで執筆再開。
- 1785 年 80 歳で、フィラデルフィアの自宅で執筆再開。死の前年である 1789 年まで執筆し続ける。書き終えられたのは生涯の半分ほどに相当。
- フランクリンが『自伝』のその時点での原稿の写しを用意して 2 部の原稿が用意され、内 1 部がフランスの友人に送付される。
- 1791 年 パリで最初にフランス語で刊行。その英訳 2 バージョンが 1793 年に刊行される (Robinson edition と Parsons' edition)。Robinson edition が広く普及し、フランス語から翻訳した英文ではなく、フランクリンが書いた英文の原稿によるものであるとの誤解が広く定着する。
- 1817 年 孫のウィリアム・テンプル・フランクリン (William Temple Franklin) が初めてフランクリンの原文による版を、3 巻本の全集 (*Complete Works*; 1817–18 年) の一部として刊行する。ジャレド・スパークス (Jared Sparks) がこの全集を 10 巻本として完成させる (1836–40 年)。ディケ

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<sup>16</sup> Franklin, 'Poor Richard's Almanac', pp. 12–13.

ンズが所有した3巻本もこれ。

1868年 失われた原稿（ウィリアムが使用したもの）がパリで見つかり、これを元に新たな版をジョン・ビグロウ（John Bigelow）が刊行する。この版は全集のものとかかなり相異がある。ディケンズが晩年に入手した単行本もこの版。

## 資料2: ディケンズが所有していたフランクリンの書籍

(*Dickens Library Online* より)

*Complete Works in Philosophy, Politics and Morals, with Memoirs of his Early Life, written by Himself* (1806)

Appears in Devonshire Terrace (1844), Sotheran's Valuation (1871), Stonehouse Catalogue (1878), and Charley's Catalogue

スパークス版ではなく、それ以前に編まれた全集でフランス語からの翻訳による『自伝』を含み、1731年までの記述しか含まれていない。ディケンズが『デイヴィッド・コパフィールド』執筆前に知ったフランクリンはフランス語からの翻訳を通じてのみであると推察される。

*The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* (Philadelphia & London: Lippincott; Trübner, 1868)

Appears in Sotheran's Valuation (1871), Stonehouse Catalogue (1878), and Charley's Catalogue  
1868年のビグロウ版と思われる。

## 資料3: ディケンズによるフランクリンへの言及

*Martin Chuzzlewit*, (1843–44)

‘I am rather at a loss, since I must speak plainly,’ said Martin, getting the better of his hesitation, ‘to know how this colonel escapes being beaten.’

‘Well! He has been beaten once or twice,’ remarked the gentleman quietly. ‘He is one of a class of men, in whom our own Franklin, so long ago as ten years before the close of the last century, foresaw our danger and disgrace. Perhaps you don't know that Franklin, in very severe terms, published his opinion that those who were slandered by such fellows as this colonel, having no sufficient remedy in the administration of this country's laws or in the decent and right-minded feeling of its people, were justified in retorting on such public nuisances by means of a stout cudgel?’ (chapter 16)

*American Notes* (1842)

There are various public institutions. Among them a most excellent Hospital—a quaker establishment, but not sectarian in the great benefits it confers; a quiet, quaint old Library, named after Franklin; a handsome Exchange and Post Office; and so forth. In connection with the quaker Hospital, there is a picture by West, which is exhibited for the benefit of the funds of the institution. The subject is, our Saviour healing the sick,

and it is, perhaps, as favourable a specimen of the master as can be seen anywhere. Whether this be high or low praise, depends upon the reader's taste. (chapter 7)

We arrived at Louisville on the fourth night, and gladly availed ourselves of its excellent hotel. Next day we went on in the Ben Franklin, a beautiful mail steamboat, and reached Cincinnati shortly after midnight. Being by this time nearly tired of sleeping upon shelves, we had remained awake to go ashore straightway; and groping a passage across the dark decks of other boats, and among labyrinths of engine-machinery and leaking casks of molasses, we reached the streets, knocked up the porter at the hotel where we had stayed before, and were, to our great joy, safely housed soon afterwards. (chapter 14)

*David Copperfield* (1849–50)

‘I say again,’ said my aunt, ‘nobody knows what that man's mind is except myself; and he's the most amenable and friendly creature in existence. If he likes to fly a kite sometimes, what of that! Franklin used to fly a kite. He was a Quaker, or something of that sort, if I am not mistaken. And a Quaker flying a kite is a much more ridiculous object than anybody else.’ (chapter 14)

‘Lying Awake’, *Reprinted Pieces* (1852)

Thinking of George the Third — for I devote this paper to my train of thoughts as I lay awake: most people lying awake sometimes, and having some interest in the subject — put me in mind of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and so Benjamin Franklin's paper on the art of procuring pleasant dreams, which would seem necessarily to include the art of going to sleep, came into my head. Now, as I often used to read that paper when I was a very small boy, and as I recollect everything I read then as perfectly as I forget everything I read now, I quoted ‘Get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed-clothes well with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open and leave it to cool; in the meanwhile, continuing undrest, walk about your chamber. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your bed, and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant.’<sup>17</sup> Not a bit of it! I performed the whole ceremony, and if it were possible for me to be more saucer-eyed than I was before, that was the only result that came of it.

Except Niagara. The two quotations from Washington Irving and Benjamin Franklin may have put it in my head by an American association of ideas; but there I was, and the Horse-shoe Fall was thundering and tumbling in my eyes and ears, and the very rainbows that I left upon the spray when I really did last look upon it, were beautiful to see. The night-light being quite as plain, however, and sleep seeming to be many thousand miles further off than Niagara, I made up my mind to think a little about Sleep; which I no sooner did than I whirled off in spite of myself to Drury Lane Theatre, and there saw a great actor and dear friend of mine (whom I had been thinking of in the day) playing Macbeth, and heard him apostrophising ‘the death of each day's life,’ as I have heard him many a time, in the days that are gone.

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<sup>17</sup> Quoted from Benjamin Franklin, ‘The Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams’.

‘Long Voyage’, in *Reprinted Pieces* (1858)

Sitting on my ruddy hearth in the twilight of New Year's Eve, I find incidents of travel rise around me from all the latitudes and longitudes of the globe. They observe no order or sequence, but appear and vanish as they will — ‘come like shadows, so depart.’ Columbus, alone upon the sea with his disaffected crew, looks over the waste of waters from his high station on the poop of his ship, and sees the first uncertain glimmer of the light, ‘rising and falling with the waves, like a torch in the bark of some fisherman,’ which is the shining star of a new world. Bruce is caged in Abyssinia, surrounded by the gory horrors which shall often startle him out of his sleep at home when years have passed away. Franklin, come to the end of his unhappy overland journey — would that it had been his last! — lies perishing of hunger with his brave companions: each emaciated figure stretched upon its miserable bed without the power to rise: all, dividing the weary days between their prayers, their remembrances of the dear ones at home, and conversation on the pleasures of eating; the last-named topic being ever present to them, likewise, in their dreams. All the African travellers, wayworn, solitary and sad, submit themselves again to drunken, murderous, man-selling despots, of the lowest order of humanity; and Mungo Park, fainting under a tree and succoured by a woman, gratefully remembers how his Good Samaritan has always come to him in woman's shape, the wide world over.

Speech at Manchester, 5 October 1843

The man who lives from day to day by the daily exercise in his sphere of hands or head, and seeks to improve himself in such a place as the Athenaeum, acquires for himself that property of soul which has in all times upheld struggling men of every degree, but self-made men especially and always. He secures to himself that faithful companion which, while it has ever lent the light of its countenance to men of rank and eminence who have deserved it, has ever shed its brightest consolations on men of low estate and almost hopeless means. It took its patient seat beside Sir Walter Raleigh in his dungeon-study in the Tower; it laid its head upon the block with More; but it did not disdain to watch the stars with Ferguson, the shepherd's boy; it walked the streets in mean attire with Crabbe; it was a poor barber here in Lancashire with Arkwright; it was a tallow-chandler's son with Franklin; it worked at shoemaking with Bloomfield in his garret; it followed the plough with Burns; and, high above the noise of loom and hammer, it whispers courage even at this day in ears I could name in Sheffield and in Manchester.

Speech at Birmingham, 27 September 1869

No, ladies and gentlemen, do not let us be discouraged or deceived by any fine, vapid, empty words. The true material age is the stupid Chinese age, in which no new or grand revelations of nature are granted, because they are ignorantly and insolently repelled, instead of being diligently and humbly sought. The difference between the ancient fiction of the mad braggart defying the lightning and the modern historical picture of Franklin drawing it towards his kite, in order that he might the more profoundly study that which was set before



him to be studied (or it would not have been there), happily expresses to my mind the distinction between the much-maligned material sages — material in one sense, I suppose, but in another very immaterial sages — of the Celestial Empire school.

A letter to Miss Catherine Hutton, 30 November 1841

Miss Georgina Bennett.

Do you see what I have written here, instead of Catherine Hutton? If I had written “Franklin”, to whom your father bore some resemblance I should not have been surprised, but how this name came from my pen, I cannot imagine.<sup>18</sup>

(手紙の宛先である “Bennett’s Hill” からの連想)

A letter to Peter Cunningham, 24 June 1853

Winkles also, are to be obtained in these parts, and it is well remarked by Poor Richard that a bird in the Handbook is worth two in the bush.<sup>19</sup>

(‘Handbook’は Cunningham が書いた *Handbook of London* (1849)を指す)

A letter to Countess Gigliucci, 3 February 1857

I ought to have told you that Miss Coutts immediately replied (as indeed I knew beforehand), that she had no vacant presentation of any kind which she could give to “Poor Richard.”<sup>20</sup>

(他の Richard にかけて名前を出している)

A letter to Wilkie Collins, 9 April 1859

My Dear Wilkie. The insertion in the enclosed, just supply what was wanting. But will you make one more alteration in it, or the title will not by any means fit in among the other titles?—such an alteration as will admit of the paper’s being called:

sure to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.

We want the Proof as soon as possible.<sup>21</sup>

(二重下線部分は *Poor Richard’s Almanack* の ‘Early to bed and early to rise, | Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise’ から取っている<sup>22</sup>)

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<sup>18</sup> Dickens, ‘To Miss Catherine Hutton’ in *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, VII: 1853–55, pp. 835–36 (p. 836).

<sup>19</sup> Dickens, ‘To Peter Cunningham’ in *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, VII: 1853–55, pp. 101–02 (p. 102).

<sup>20</sup> Dickens, ‘To Countess Gigliucci’ in *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, VIII: 1856–58, p. 273.

<sup>21</sup> Dickens, ‘To Wilkie Collins’ in *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, IX: 1859–61, pp. 48–49 (pp. 48–49).

<sup>22</sup> Franklin, *Poor Richard’s Almanac*, 1900, p. 11.

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