

発表の概要

- 1 . 近年の慈善研究における『荒涼館』への言及
- 2 . 「悪い」慈善家 (philanthropy と charity)
- 3 . 理想的な慈善家
- 4 . まとめ

The figure of the philanthropic woman had long evoked such contradictory perceptions. Perhaps the most famous parodies of the strong-minded woman philanthropist were the “telescopic philanthropist,” Mrs. Jellyby, and the “cast-iron Lady Bountiful,” Mrs. Pardiggle, in Charles Dickens’s *Bleak House*.... (Elliott 2)

The “bad” or “dangerous” female visitor was perhaps best represented to the nineteenth-century popular imagination in Dickens’s Mrs. Pardiggle. The response of the working man Mrs. Pardiggle visits indicates the negative effect on class relations that the wrong kind of visitor was feared to have: ““make it easy for her!’ growled the man upon the floor. ‘I wants it done, and over. I wants an end of these liberties took with my place. I wants an end of being drawed like a badger. Now you’re a-going to poll-pry and question according to custom—I know what you’re a-going to be up to. Well! You haven’t got no occasion to be up to it”” (*Bleak House*, 158). Margaret Hale, unlike Mrs. Pardiggle, always treats the Higginses with respect, courtesy, and gentle friendliness, always fearing to intrude and never prying or pushing advice on them. Margaret’s interactions with the Higginses are always exemplary, and her character serves as an antidote to Dickens’s negative caricature of the female visitor. (Elliott 242)

But what kind of woman took on the often harrowing routine of visiting? And what was it that led her to volunteer? The temptation here is to fall into caricatures, the ‘evangelical girl of the period’, or the visiting types amusingly drawn by the author of *My District Visitors*, or perhaps the literary portraits more familiar to us. There were ‘morally tidy’ and unbending visitors in the style of Mrs Pardiggle, Miss Gladwin, and Drusilla Clack, whose faith resembled their stockings, ‘both ever spotless, and both ready to put on at a moment’s notice’! But this type was probably less prevalent than critics like Dickens, Mary Bridgman, or Wilkie Collins would lead us to believe. To balance such portraits we must remember the softer more sympathetic benevolence of Agnes Gray, or old Alice in *Mary Barton*, or of the May girls in *The Daisy Chain*. We should not underestimate the influence of fictional visitors on nineteenth-century women; the ‘constitutionally charitable’ Lady Belfield in *Coelebs in Search of a Wife* made visiting the ‘rage’ according to Lucy Aikin.

(Prochaska 117-8)

I dream of Mrs. Chisholm, and her housekeeping. The dirty faces of her children are my continual companions. (4 March 1850, *Letters*: Coutts 166; quoted in Shatto 52)

‘We thought that, perhaps,’ said I, hesitating, ‘it is right to begin with the obligations of home, sir; and that, perhaps, while those are overlooked and neglected, no other duties can possibly be substituted for them.’ (*BH*, Ch. 6)

The work at home must be completed thoroughly, or there is no hope abroad. To your tents, O Israel! but see they are your own tents! (*The Examiner*, 19 Aug. 1848)

I am a School lady, I am a Visiting lady, I am a Reading lady, I am a Distributing lady; I am on the local Linen Box Committee, and many general Committees; and my canvassing alone is very extensive—perhaps no one’s more so. (*BH*, Ch. 8)

As for charity, it is a matter in which the immediate effect on the persons directly concerned, and the ultimate consequence to the general good, are apt to be at complete war with one another: while the education given to women—an education of the sentiments rather than of the understanding—and the habit inculcated by their whole life, of looking to immediate effects on persons, and not to remote effects on classes of persons—make them both unable to see, and unwilling to admit, the ultimate evil tendency of any form of charity or philanthropy which commends itself to their sympathetic feelings. The great and continually increasing mass of unenlightened and short-sighted benevolence, which, taking the care of people’s lives out of their own hands, and relieving them from the disagreeable consequences of their own acts, saps the very foundations of the self-respect, self-help, and self-control which are the essential conditions both of individual prosperity and of social virtue—this waste of resources and of benevolent feelings in doing harm instead of good, is immensely swelled by women’s contributions, and stimulated by their influence. (Mill 567)

Even more fraught with encouragement and hope was the series of Lectures on practical subjects, addressed to a female audience, to educated women, who wished to know what it was best for them to learn before they were fitted to help and to teach. ... what was surprising, and delightful too, there were found ready and willing to deliver these lectures to ladies “on practical subjects,” eleven distinguished professional men; of these, six were clergymen, three physicians, and two lawyers. The six lectures delivered by clergymen dwelt of course chiefly on the duty of well directed benevolence, in the hospital and in the workhouse, in parish supervision, and district visiting: all excellent in spirit and feeling.... The three lectures by the medical men are all so excellent.... The two lectures on law, (“Law as it affects the Poor,” and “Sanitary Law,”) are useful and clear,

though technical. (Jameson 271-3)

It seemed to Ada and me that everybody knew him [Jarndyce], who wanted to do anything with anybody else's money. It amazed us, when we began to sort his letters, and to answer some of them for him in the Growlery of a morning, to find how the great object of the lives of nearly all his correspondents appeared to be to form themselves into committees for getting in and laying out money. The ladies were as desperate as the gentlemen; indeed, I think they were even more so. They threw themselves into committees in the most impassioned manner, and collected subscriptions with a vehemence quite extraordinary. It appeared to us that some of them must pass their whole lives in dealing out subscription-cards to the whole Post-office Directory—shilling cards, half-crown cards, half-sovereign cards, penny cards. They wanted everything. They wanted wearing apparel, they wanted linen rags, they wanted money, they wanted coals, they wanted soup, they wanted interest, they wanted autographs, they wanted flannel, they wanted whatever Mr Jarndyce had—or had not. Their objects were as various as their demands. They were going to raise new buildings, they were going to pay off debts on old buildings, they were going to establish in a picturesque building (engraving of proposed West Elevation attached) the Sisterhood of Medieval Marys; they were going to give a testimonial to Mrs Jellyby; they were going to have their Secretary's portrait painted, and presented to his mother-in-law, whose deep devotion to him was well known; they were going to get up everything, I really believe, from five hundred thousand tracts to an annuity, and from a marble monument to a silver teapot. They took a multitude of titles. They were the Women of England, the Daughters of Britain, the Sisters of all the Cardinal Virtues separately, the Females of America, the Ladies of a hundred denominations. They appeared to be always excited about canvassing and electing. They seemed to our poor wits, and according to their own accounts, to be constantly polling people by tens of thousands, yet never bringing their candidates in for anything. It made our heads ache to think, on the whole, what feverish lives they must lead. (*BH*, Ch. 8)

For a good many years I have suffered a great deal from charities, but never anything like what I suffer now. The amount of correspondence they inflict upon me is really incredible. But this is nothing. Benevolent men get behind the piers of the gates, lying in wait for my going out; and when I peep shrinkingly from my study-windows, I see their pot-bellied shadows projected on the gravel. Benevolent bullies drive up in hansom cabs...and stay long at the door. Benevolent area-sneaks get lost in the kitchens and are found to impede the circulation of the knife-cleaning machine. (Pope 9-10)

Yet if Dickens found such persistent notice more trying than comic, it was not exclusively the fault of 'benevolent bullies'. He was, after all, not only a leading public figure, but one popularly associated with sympathy and benevolence; and he was in fact surprisingly active in philanthropic work. In 1846-7, for example, he planned and launched Urania Cottage, Miss Coutts's reformatory for women, which he has mainly responsible for overseeing until 1858. Through speeches, charitable readings, and subscriptions, he gave

support to thirteen separate hospitals and sanatoriums. His banking records show that he made at least forty-three donations to benevolent and provident funds. He was willing to be listed as an officer of such diverse voluntary bodies as the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, the Poor Man's Guardian Society, the Birmingham and Midland Institute, the Metropolitan Sanitary Association, the Orphan Working School, the Metropolitan Improvement Association, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the Hospital for Sick Children, and even the Newsvendors' Provident and Benevolent Institution. (Pope 10)

Ada and I were very uncomfortable. We both felt intrusive and out of place; and we both thought that Mrs. Pardiggle would have got on infinitely better, if she had not had such a mechanical way of taking possession of people. The children sulked and stared; the family took no notice of us whatever, except when the young man made the dog bark: which he usually did when Mrs. Pardiggle was most emphatic. We both felt painfully sensible that between us and these people there was an iron barrier, which could not be removed by our new friend. (*BH*, Ch. 8)

I never walk out with my husband, but I hear the people bless him. I never go into a house of any degree, but I hear his praises, or see them in grateful eyes. (*BH*, Ch. 67)

...he had remarked that there were two classes of charitable people; one, the people who did a little and made a great deal of noise; the other, the people who did a great deal and made no noise at all. (*BH*, Ch. 8)

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