

社会問題小説としての『ハード・タイムズ』の魅力

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1. The difficulty of the space is CRUSHING. Nobody can have an idea of it who has not had an experience of patient fiction-writing with some elbow-room always, and open places in perspective. In this form, with any kind of regard to the current number, there is absolutely no such thing. [To John Forster, [?FEBRUARY 1854]: Graham Storey et al. (ed.), *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, the Pilgrim Edition, vol. 7): 1853-1855 (Oxford: Clarendon, 1993) 282.]
2. These stereotyped images make *Hard Times* a forceful piece of fiction but a poor historical source. The characters are brilliantly one-sided but with the exception of Sissy Jupe and Sleary, mostly without hope. In *North and South* there is much hope and the three central characters, Miss Hale, Thornton and Higgins are allowed to develop to show how capitalism could be civilized by and through self-awareness. Mrs. Gaskell understands, where Dickens does not, that “working people could be both radical and responsible,” and their masters authoritarian and fair. In this sense *North and South* is more realistic than *Hard Times*. It has also more to say about strikes and certainly draws on newspaper accounts of the events in Preston. [H. I. Dutton and J. E. King, “Ten Per Cent and No Surrender”: *The Preston Strike, 1853-1854* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1981) 199.]
3. My satire is against those who see figures and averages, and nothing else—the representatives of the wickedest and most enormous vice of this time—the men who, through long years to come, will do more to damage the real useful truths of political economy, than I could do (if I tried) in my whole life—.... (To Charles Knight, 30 [December] 1854: *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, vol. 7, 492.)
4. “Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth.” [Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*, the Oxford Illustrated Dickens (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1981) 5.]
5. It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and

ashes had allowed it; but as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it, and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of building full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam-engine worked monotonously up and down like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness.... (HT22)

6. The lights in the great factories, which looked, when they were illuminated, like Fairy palaces—or the travelers by express-train said so—were all extinguished; and the bells had rung for knocking off for the night, and had ceased again; and the Hands, men and women, boy and girl, were clattering home. Old Stephen was standing in the street, with the old sensation upon him which the stoppage of the machinery always produced—the sensation of its having worked and stopped in his own head. (HT64)

7. Removing her eyes from him, she sat so long looking silently towards the town, that he said, at length: “Are you consulting the chimneys of the Coketown works, Louisa?”

“There seems to be nothing there but languid and monotonous smoke. Yet when the night comes, Fire bursts out, father!” she answered, turning quickly. (HT100)

8. Although Mr. Bounderby carried it off in these terms, holding the door open for the company to depart, there was a blustering sheepishness upon him, at once extremely crestfallen and superlatively absurd. Detected as the Bully of humility, who had built his windy reputation upon lies, and in his boastfulness had put the honest truth as far away from him as if he had advanced the mean claim (there is no meaner) to tack himself on to a pedigree, he cut a most ridiculous figure....he could not have looked a Bully more shorn and forlorn, if he had had his ears cropped. (HT263)

9. Now, the clustered roofs, and piles of buildings, trembling with the working of engines, and dimly resounding with their shrieks and throbbings; the tall chimneys vomiting forth a black vapour, which hung in a dense ill-favoured cloud above the

housetops and filled the air with gloom; the clank of hammers beating upon iron, the roar of busy streets and noisy crowds, gradually augmenting until all the various sounds blended into one and none was distinguishable for itself, announced the termination of their journey. [Charles Dickens, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the Oxford Illustrated Dickens (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1987) 325.]

But, night-time in this dreadful spot!—night, when the smoke was changed to fire; when every chimney spirted up its flame; and places, that had been dark vaults all day, now shone red-hot, with figures moving to and fro within their blazing jaws, and calling to one another with hoarse cries—night, when the noise of every strange machine was aggravated by the darkness; when the people near them looked wilder and more savage;.... (*OCS* 336)



Philip James de Loutherbourg, 'Coalbrookdale by Night,' 1801.
Science Museum, London/Science and Society Picture Library.



Paul Sandby Munn, 'Bedlam Furnace, Madeley Dale, Shropshire,' 1803.

As he[trooper George] comes into the iron country farther north, such fresh green woods as those of Chesney Wold are left behind; and coalpits and ashes, high chimneys and red bricks, blighted verdure, scorching fires, and a heavy never-lightening cloud of smoke, become the features of the scenery. [Charles Dickens, *Bleak House*, the Oxford Illustrated Dickens (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1978) 845.]

10. I am sorry to hear of the Sale dropping, but I am not surprised. Mrs. Gaskell's story, so divided, is wearisome in the last degree. It would have had scant attraction enough if the casting in Whitefriars had been correct; but thus wire-drawn it is a dreary business. Never mind! I am ready to come up to the scratch on my return, and to shoulder the wheel. (To W. H. Wills, 14 October 1854: *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, vol. 7, 439.)

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