

シンポジウム イースト・エンドへの眼差し——ディケンズから世紀末へ
博愛か偽善か?——ロンドンの貧しい子どもたちの表象

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野蛮人としての子ども

1 A baby savage, a young monster, a child who had never been a child, a creature who might live to take the outward form of man, but who, within, would live and perish a mere beast. (Dickens 272)

2 “No mere love of adventure led me to contemplate this visit. I had the following important objects in view:—First, to obtain by experience a truer and more exact knowledge of lodging-house accommodation and *habitués*; second, to influence, in the early morning, any young people whom I might meet in the house, and whose mode of life would appear to be depraved or approaching the criminal; and third, to obtain an introduction into other houses through any chance acquaintance which might be formed during my visit to this one. In all this, the main desire of my life—to save poor boys from the life of the streets, by bringing them into our Homes, and thereby under the sound and influences of the Gospel—was, of course, uppermost in my mind. (Barnardo 68; Barnardo’s italics)

3 “How long I slept I do not know—not, I think, more than an hour—when I awoke suddenly out of a horrible dream, in which I thought I had been discovered by my bedroom companions and denounced as a spy, in punishment for which they had each inflicted vengeance on me by pricking pins all over my body, and then rubbing in pepper.

I appealed against their cruelty: I struggled, but in vain; and now the pins came to my face, and it seemed as though in my eyes and nose the pepper was pushed; smarting, burning, almost maddening me! Aiming a blow at my assailants, I rolled out of bed, and suddenly awoke from my uneasy slumbers, to find that there was horrible reality in the brief vision; for while I lay now quite wakeful in the bed, to which I had returned, the sensations which I had just experienced in my sleep were found to be no mere fancies! The gas was still burning; I looked at my hand and arm, which were pricking and smarting intolerably. They were covered with blotches and wheals. Alarmed, I sat up in bed, and—then understood it all. Dear reader, do not accuse me of exaggeration as you peruse these lines; but the simple truth is, that the sheet was almost brown with myriads of moving insects, which seemed to regard my bed and my body as their rightful property. What was I to do? I called to Mick. He did not hear me. Leaping from the bed and turning the gas-jet on full, I noticed that the floor, the walls, the ceiling were equally discoloured. In fact, the place teemed with them. I was now suffering frightfully; many of the creatures were perambulating over my person, feasting upon me at leisure. I could have shouted in my agony. I scraped up from my bed a handful, which I crushed, threw upon the floor, and repeated the operation until I grew sick. Reaching Mick's bed, I shook him lustily, and shouted as loudly as I dared, 'Get up; get up at once! I must go out, or I shall go mad!' (71-72)

[☒ 7] one of Barnardo's "contrasting" portraits of children

4 The story, of course, was original and designated by me to picture the life and to show that children brought up in such surroundings had no chance of a decent life. (Morrison, Appendix 168)

5 "Jago! Jago hold tight!"

Thin, wasted and shaken, Dicky fought like a tiger. He had no stick till he floored a Dove-Laner and took his from him, but then he bludgeoned apace, callous to every blow, till he fought through the thick, and burst out at the edge of the fray. He pulled his cap tight, and swung back, almost knocking over, but disregarding, a leather-aproned, furtive hunchback, who turned and came at his heels.

"Jago! Jago hold tight!" yelled Dicky Perrot. "Come on, Father Sturt's boys!" (164)

6 What was this unendurable stupor that clung about him like a net? He knew everything clearly enough, but it was all in an atmosphere of dull heedlessness. There would be some relief in doing something violent—in smashing something to little pieces with a hammer. (163)

7 He was laid out in the surgery. A crowd stood about the door, while Father Sturt went in. The vicar lifted his eyebrows questioningly, and the surgeon shook his head. It

was a matter of minutes.

Father Sturt bent over and took Dicky's hand. "My poor Dicky," he said, "who did this?"

"Dunno, Fa'er."

The lie—the staunch Jago lie. Thou shalt not nark.

"Fetch mother an' the kids, Fa'er!"

"Yes, my boy?"

"Tell Mist' Beveridge there's 'nother way out—better." (164-65)

8 "Is there a child in all this place that wouldn't be better dead—still better unborn? But does a day pass without bringing you just such a parishioner? Here lies the Jago, a nest of rats, breeding, breeding, as only rats can; and we say it is well. On high moral grounds we uphold the right of rats to multiply their thousands. Sometimes we catch a rat. And we keep it a little while, nourish it carefully, and put it back into the nest to propagate its kind." (133)

9 I have remarked in more than one place the expression of a foolish fancy that because the houses of the Old Jago have been pulled down, the Jago difficulty has been cleared out of the way. That is far from being the case. The Jago, as mere bricks and mortar, is gone. But the Jago in flesh and blood still lives, and is crowding into neighbourhoods already densely over-populated. (Preface to the Third Edition 8)

子どものエネルギー礼賛

10 East End boys are no doubt mischievous, and even destructive creatures. So, for that matter, are all boys. If their brethren of the upper class do not break out in the same way as the urchin East Enders, that is because the march of refinement through the West End has trodden out the old race of small boys and girls, and has replaced them by little men and women whose only childhood will be reached in their dotage. (Escott 124)

11 Perhaps of all the problems he had to tackle at Oxford House, the work among lads most attracted him. He has always loved and understood boys and they instinctively love and trust him. He knows that deep in nearly all of them, even the roughest, there lies a sensitiveness and power of affection far surpassing that of a woman, and those rough Bethnal Green lads responded with all the generosity of youth to the affection and comprehension, free from any touch of patronage, of this fisher of men and his young Oxford disciples. (Colson 32)

12 It has been said that the heart of a boy is half angel, half savage. In the boys we are considering there are no half tints: the lights and shades stand out in strong relief; but though at first view the lurid lights of the savage element alone appear, there is a rich

background formed of the finer shades of the angel element, waiting for the skilled hand to bring forward and develop till the two unite into a harmonious character. Therein lies the charm of it. (Urwick xiii-xiv)

むすび

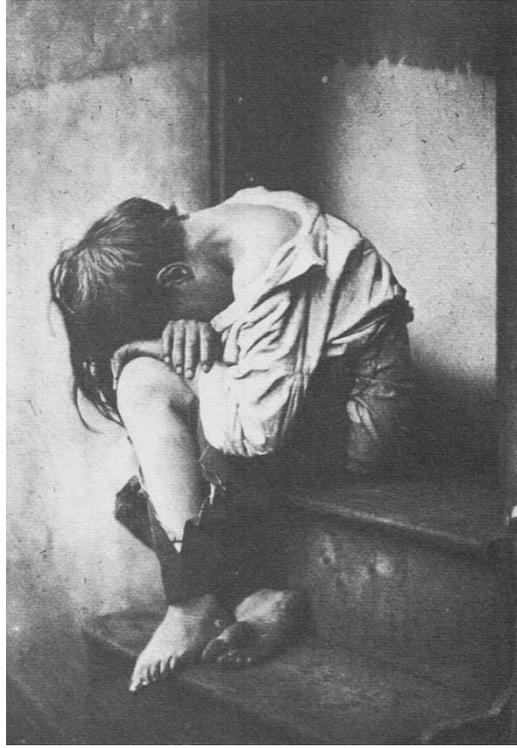
[図 8] “Sarah Burge” (Jan. 5, 1883)

13 “I bears the cold—you must....No; I never see any children crying—it’s no use.” (Mayhew 1: 151)

14 Collars and ties are now almost as common as rags were a few years ago; the bare-footed ragamuffin of popular imagination figures still as the frontispiece to well-meaning philanthropic appeals, but is no longer a common object of the streets. He is found occasionally in some of the poorest parts of London, especially in the Irish quarters; but even there the civilising influence of the Board School has made him the exception instead of the rule. (Urwick xi)

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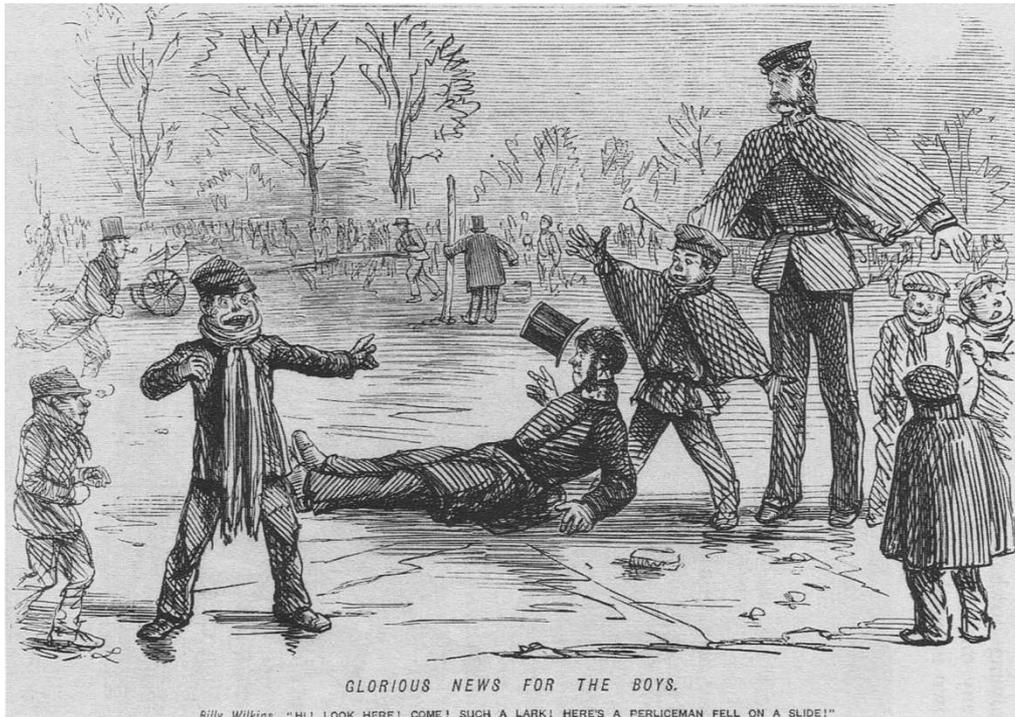
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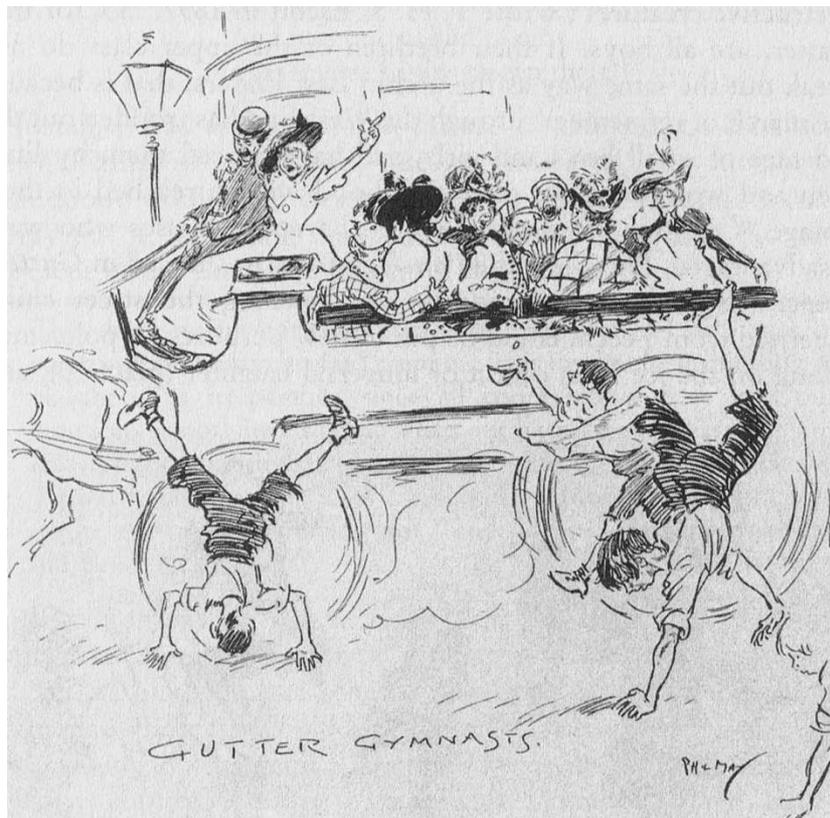
〔图 1〕“Poor Jo” (c. early 1860s)



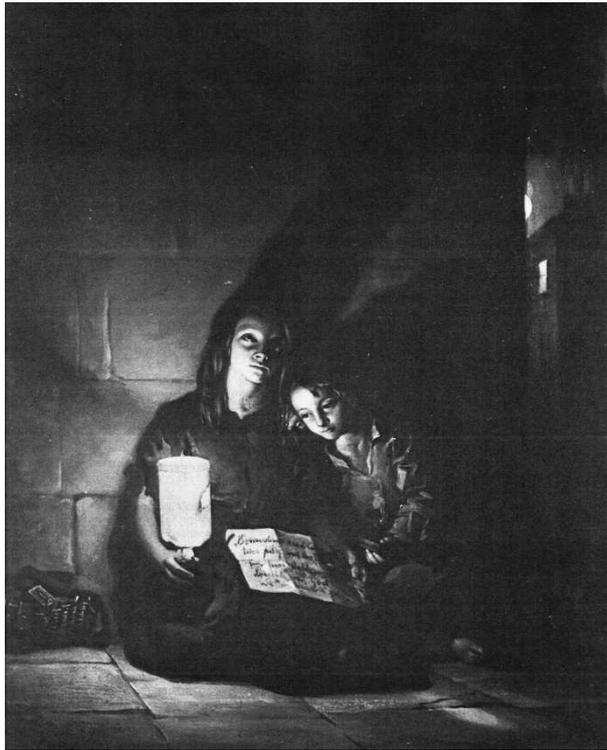
〔图 2〕“Lost” (1871)



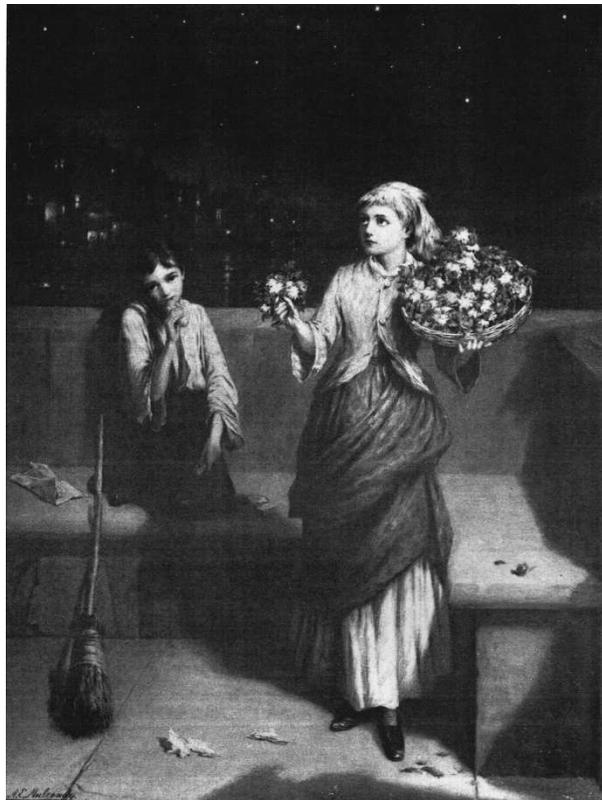
[图 3] “Glorious News for the Boys” (1859)



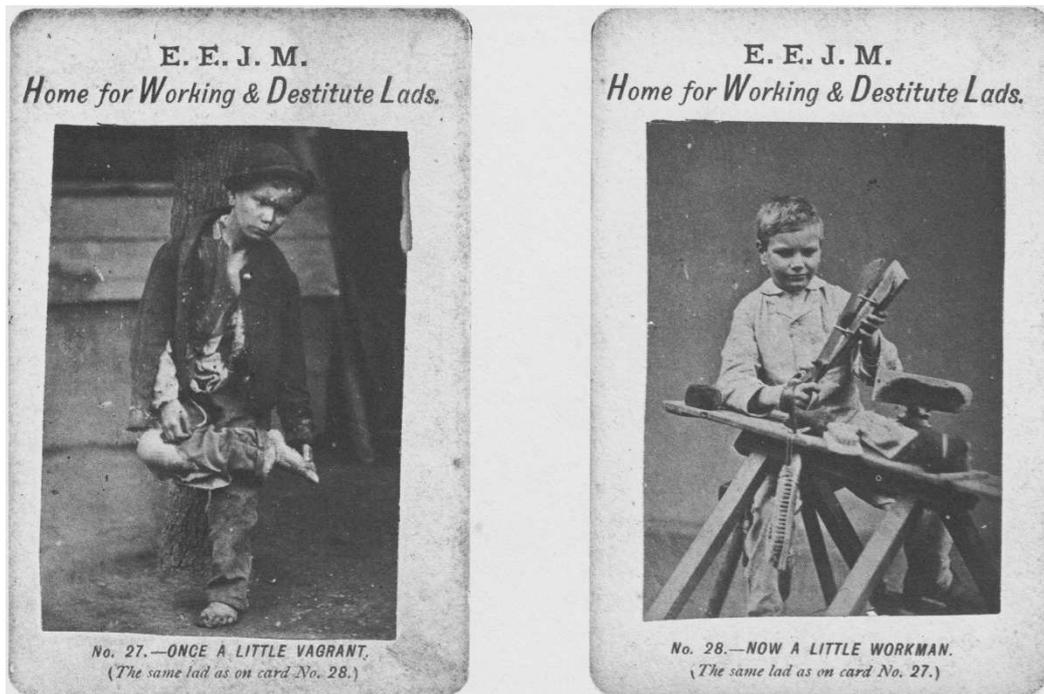
[图 4] “Gutter Gymnasts” (1896)



[图 5] “Two Children Selling Matches” (1851)



[图 6] “A London Crossing Sweeper and Flower Girl” (1884)



[7] one of Barnardo's "contrasting" portraits of children



[8] "Sarah Burge" (1883)