Bradley Headstone and Charlie Heman dally got to the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, and crossed the bridge and made along the Middlesex shore towards Millbank. In this region are a certain little street, called Church Street, and a certain little blind square, called Smith Square. [...]. They found a tree near by in a corner, and a blacksmith's forge, and a timber yard, and a dealer's in old iron. [...]

After making the round of this place, and noting that there was a deadly kind of repose on it [...], they stopped at the point where the street and the square joined, and where there were some quiet houses in a row. To these Charley Heman finally led the way, and at one of these he stopped.

"This must be where my sister lives, sir. This is where she came for a temporary lodging, soon after father's death. [...]"

The boy knocked at a door, and the door promptly opened with a spring and a creak. A parlour door within a small entry stood open, and disclosed a child—a dwarf—a girl—a something—sitting on a little low old-fashioned arm-chair, which had a kind of little working bench on it.

"I can't get up," said the child, "because my back's bad, and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house."

"Who else is at home?" asked Charlie Heman staring.

"Nobody is at home at present," returned the child, with a gibber assertion of her dignity, "except the person of the house. What did you want, young man?"

"I wanted to see my sister."

"Many young men have sisters," returned the child. "Give me your name young man."

"The queer little figure, and the queer but not ugly little face, with its bright grey eyes, were so sharp, that the pursiveness of the manner seemed unavoidable. [...]"

"Heman is my name;" said the person of the house. "I thought it might be. Your sister will be in a quarter of an hour. I am very fond of your sister. She's my particular friend. Take a seat. And this gentleman's name?"

"Mr Headstone, my schoolmaster."

"Take a seat. And would you please to shut the street door first? I can't do it myself, because my back's so bad, and my legs are so queer." (Charles Dickens, Our Mutual Friend, 1864, Book the Second, Chapter 1)

QUESTIONS

A. REMINDER

Deictic words (words that point, locate and show) can function both with respect to the immediate situation (deixis ad oculos [Karl Bühler, 1933] and within a text (anaphoric deixis). In the passage above, the immediate situation and the characters are of course fictional.

With this in mind,
(i) identify the deictic forms that refer directly to the fictional situation and those (traditionally known as "anaphoric") that function within the text (all forms are indicated in bold print).

(ii) establish the referents for the anaphoric forms and show how from the first mention (usually introduced by the indefinite article—a cohesive chain is deployed through the text.

(iii) identify the deictic words that function as pronouns (suppletive forms) and those that function as determiners (completive forms).

B. REMINDER
The system of modal auxiliaries, concerned mainly with the notions of possibility, probability, necessity etc., functions in tandem a lexical verb (infinitive form) that designates the event. Unlike the auxiliaries of the other compound tenses, they represent the direct intervention of the speaker (personne d'énonciation) with respect to the status of the event expressed by the main verb [You may come: I the speaker grant you, the hearer and subject of the clause, my permission to accomplish the event designated by the verb COME]. For this reason the preterite form does not always refer to a past event, but functions as a secondary modality, increasing the degree of virtuality when it comes to the actualisation of the event. The verbal groups containing modal auxiliaries in this passage are underlined.

(i) establish the exact meaning of each form chosen (possibility, probability, necessity, capacity etc.)

(ii) identify its temporal reference (past, present, or future with respect to the moment of speech)

(iii) compare the present and preterite forms (can't vs. couldn't, lines 15 & 29, might vs. may, line 23, would vs. will, line 29), explain why in some cases it is grammatically possible to exchange one form for another and in other cases not.
Three well-known writers, Professor Max Muller, Professor Mixart, and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace have lately maintained that though the theory of descent with modification accounts for the development of all vegetable life, and of all animals lower than man, yet that man cannot—not at least in respect of the whole of his nature—be held to have descended from any animal lower than himself, inasmuch as none lower than man possesses even the germs of language. Reason, it is contended—more especially by Professor Max Muller in his "Science of Thought," to which I propose confining our attention this evening—is so inseparably connected with language, that the two are in point of fact identical; hence it is argued that, as the lower animals have no germs of language, they can have no germs of reason, and the inference is drawn that man cannot be conceived as having derived his own reasoning powers and command of language through descent from beings in which no germ of either can be found. The relations therefore between thought and language, interesting in themselves, acquire additional importance from the fact of their having become the battleground between those who say that the theory of descent breaks down with man, and those who maintain that we are descended from some ape-like ancestor long since extinct.

The contention of those who refuse to admit man unreservedly into the scheme of evolution is comparatively recent. The great propounders of evolution, Buffon, Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck—not to mention a score of others who wrote at the close of the last and early part of this present century—had no qualms about admitting man into their system. They have been followed in this respect by the late Mr. Charles Darwin, and by the greatly more influential part of our modern biologists, who hold that whatever loss of dignity we may incur through being proved to be of humble origin, is compensated by the credit we may claim for having advanced ourselves to such a high pitch of civilization; this bids us expect still further progress, and glorifies our descendants more than it abases our ancestors. But to whichever view we may incline on sentimental grounds the fact remains that, while Charles Darwin declared language to form no impassable barrier between man and the lower animals, Professor Max Muller calls it the Rubicon which no brute dare cross, and deduces hence the conclusion that man cannot have descended from an unknown but certainly speechless ape (413 words).

1. Sum up the extract from Samuel Butler's lecture on "Thought and Language", reducing it to roughly one third (-2/-3+140).

2. Make a list of all the expressions used in the passage that are used by the author to present the arguments of others in indirect speech (ex. "have lately maintained that...", line 2).

3. Resume the topic of these two paragraphs into one sentence and set out the arguments for and against in two columns, identifying in your heading the ideology behind both points of view.
Aristocratic and democratic tendencies in a nation often show themselves in its speech: [...] It is often said on the Continent, at least, that the typical Englishman's self-assertion is shown by the fact that his is the only language in which the pronoun of the first person singular is written with a capital letter, while in some other languages it is the second person that is honoured with that distinction, especially the pronoun of courtesy (German, Sie, often also Du, Danish De and in former times Du, Italian Ella, Lei, Spanish V, or Ud., Finnish Te). Wise goes so far as to say that the 'Englishman, who as the ruler of the seas looks down in contempt on the rest of Europe, writes nothing but the beloved I with a big letter'. But this is little short of calumny. If self-assertion had been the real cause, why should not me also be written Me? The reason for writing I is a much more innocent one, namely, the orthographic habit in the middle ages of using a 'long i' (that is, j or l) whenever the letter was isolated or formed the last letter of a group; the numeral 'one' was written j or 1 (and three iij, etc.), just as much as a pronoun. Thus no sociological inference can be drawn from his peculiarity.

On the other hand, the habit of addressing a single person by means of a plural pronoun was decidedly in its origin an outcome of an aristocratic tendency towards class-distinction. The habit originated with the Roman Emperors, who desired to be addressed as beings worth more than a single ordinary man; and French courtesy in the middle ages propagated it throughout Europe; in England as elsewhere this plural pronoun (you, ye) was long confined to respectful address; superior persons or strangers were addressed as you; thou thus becoming the mark either of inferiority of the person spoke to, or of familiarity or even intimacy or affection between two interlocutors. English is the only language that has got rid of this useless distinction. The Quakers (the Society of Friends) objected to the habit as obstructing the equality of all human beings; they therefore shouldn't (or rather threethed) everybody. But the same democratic levelling that they wanted to effect in this way was achieved a century and a half later in society at large, though in a roundabout manner, when the pronoun you was gradually extended to the lower classes and thus lost more and more of its previous character of deference. Thou, then for some time was reserved for religious and literary use as well as for foul abuse, until finally the latter use was discontinued also and you became the only form in ordinary conversation.

Apart from the not very significant survival of thou, English has thus attained the only manner of address worthy of a nation that respects the elementary rights of each individual. People who express regret at not having a pronoun of endearment and who insist how pretty it is in other languages when, for instance, two lovers pass from vous to the more familiar tu, should consider that no foreign language has really a pronoun exclusively for the most intimate relations. Where the two forms of address do survive, thou is very often, most often perhaps, used without real affection, may very frequently in contempt or frank abuse. Besides it is often painful to have to choose between the two forms, as people may be
offended, sometimes by the too familiar, and sometimes by the too distant mode. […] In some languages the pronoun of respect often is the cause of ambiguity, in German and Danish by the identity in form of Sie (De) with the plural of the third person, in Italian and Portuguese by the identity with the singular (feminine) of the third person. When all the artificialities of the modes of address in different nations are taken into account — the Lei, Ella, voi and tu of the Italian, the vossa mercé (‘your grace’ to shopkeepers) and vocé (shortened form of same, to people of lower grade) of the Portuguese (who in addressing equals or superiors use the third person singular of the verb without any pronoun or noun), the gjí, jíj, je and U of the Dutch, not to mention the eternal use of titles as pronouns in German and, still more in Swedish (‘What does Mr. Doctor want?’ ‘The gracious Miss is probably aware,’ etc.) — the English may be justly proud of having avoided all such mannerisms and ridiculous extravagances, though the simple Old English way of using thou in addressing one person and ye in addressing more than one would have been still better. (O. Jespersen (1985), The Growth and Structure of the English Language, pages 222-224). (722 words).

1. Reduce this extract from Jespersen’s Growth and Structure of the English Language to roughly one third (⅓).

2. Set out Jespersen’s arguments in favour of the superiority of the English system.

3. Do you agree that the best system would be a single pronoun for one special person to address one person and another to address several? Justify your answer.
Il a horreur du sport, de toute façon. Il traiterait presque avec mépris ses frères et ses copains qui emploient leurs loisirs à taper niaisement dans un ballon. Quand ils l'obligent parfois à jouer, il participe à son corps défendant, ne sait pas s'y prendre, n'entend rien aux règles. Tout en feignant de s'intéresser, il regarde ailleurs en tâchant discrètement d'éviter le ballon dont il ne comprend jamais la trajectoire. Et si cela lui arrive par malheur dans les jambes, Émile donne un grand coup de pied dedans pour s'en débarrasser, dans n'importe quelle direction, trop souvent celle des buts de sa propre équipe.

Donc, le Parcours de Zlin1. Émile n'y trouve nul intérêt, n'y prend part que contreain et forcé, tente de secher tant qu'il peut cette corvée mais en vain. Il a beau feindre chaque fois de bottiller une heure avant le départ, arguant d'une cruelle blessure à la cheville ou au genou pour obtenir une dispense, il a beau grimacer et geindre énormément, les médecins ne sont jamais dupes. Il faut y aller. Bon, il y va. Le sport. Émile aime d'autant moins que son père lui a transmis sa propre antipathie pour l'exercice physique, lequel n'est à ses yeux qu'une pure perte de temps et surtout d'argent. La course à pied, par exemple, c'est vraiment ce qu'on fait de mieux dans le genre : non seulement çà ne sert strictement à rien, mais observant le père d'Émile, mais ça entraîne en plus des ressemelages surnuméraires qui ne sont qu'obérer le budget de la famille.

Ce budget - père ouvrier en menuiserie, mère au foyer, sept enfants, pas un rond -. Émile sait bien ce que c'est. Il est d'accord sur la question du sport avec son père qui d'autre part, plutôt qu'il entre à l'usine, l'aurait mieux vu instituteur. Émile voulait bien passer l'examen mais traditionnellement en Tchécoslovaquie, depuis le XVIIIème siècle, l'instituteur est un cantor2 avant tout chargé de faire chanter les enfants, de leur faire écouter et connaître la musique. Or Émile chante, hélas, comme une seringue. Recalé d'office. Bata3, donc.


1 Ville de Tchécoslovaquie
2 ne pas traduire
3 usine de chaussure, ne pas traduire
"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Owens, doing her pleasant-but-firm smile and playing her punchline to the crowd, "removing Christian festivals from the face of the earth is a little beyond my jurisdiction. Otherwise I would remove Christmas Eve and save myself a lot of work in stocking-stuffing."

Samad ignored the general giggles this prompted and pressed on. "But this is my whole point. This Harvest Festival is not a Christian festival. Where in the bible does it say, 'For thou must steal foodstuffs from thy parents' cupboards and bring them into school assembly, and thou shalt force thy mother to bake a loaf of bread in the shape of a fish? These are pagan ideals! Tell me where does it say, 'Thou shalt take a box of frozen fish fingers to an aged woman who lives in Wembley!'"

Mrs. Owens frowned, unaccustomed to sarcasm unless it was of the teacher variety, i.e., 'Do we live in a barn? And I suppose you treat your own house like that!"

"Surely, Mr. Iqbal. It is precisely the charity aspect of the Harvest Festival that makes it worth retaining. Taking food to the elderly seems to me a laudable idea, whether it has scriptural support or not. Certainly, nothing in the bible suggests we should sit down to a turkey meal on Christmas Day, but few people would condemn it on those grounds. To be honest, Mr. Iqbal, we like to think of these things as more about community than religion, as such."

'A man's god is his community!' said Samad, raising his voice.

'Yes, umm ... well, shall we vote on the motion?'

Mrs. Owens looked nervously around the room for hands. 'Will anyone second it?'

Samad pressed Alsana's hand. She kicked him in the ankle. He stamped on her toe. She pinched his flank. He bent back her little finger and she grudgingly raised her right arm while defiantly elbowing him in the crotch with her left.
Write a sensible essay on one of the following subjects:

- Nation and Hibridity in the short story, *Half of a Yellow Sun*.

- The narrative voice in Adicke's short stories: *Half of a Yellow Sun* and *The Headstrong Historian*. 
Université du Sud Toulon-Var

LLCE Anglais Semestre 5
Postcolonial Literature (Mme Sibley)
1ère session – Janvier 2009
Documents autorisés : aucun
Durée : 3 heures

A noter : Les brouillons ne seront pas corrigés

Please write a clearly organised essay on the following topic:

Hybridity and Othering in Bhisham Sahni’s *We Have Arrived in Amritsar* and/or Salman Rushdie’s *Chekov and Zulu*. 
Université du Sud Toulon-Var

LLCE Anglais Semestre 5
Postcolonial Literature (Mme Sibley)
2ème session – septembre 2009
Documents autorisés : aucun
Durée : 3 heures

A noter : Les brouillons ne seront pas corrigés

Please write a clearly organised essay on the following topic:

Changing Identities in Bhisham Sahni’s *We Have Arrived in Amritsar* and/or Salman Rushdie’s *Chekov and Zulu*. 
Read this carefully before beginning:
--Please write your essay neatly on the sheets provided.
--It is important to remain silent and to stop work immediately upon the announcement of the end of this exam period.
--No documents authorized.

Reminder: those students writing on the topic below will do their oral commentaire with Mme Gorgievski.

Dissertation
Please write a clear, elegant, and well-organized essay treating the topic below. The quality of your written English will naturally be taken into consideration in your grade:

Appearance and reality in Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
But did they buy their own furniture?
Class is no longer a reliable guide to anything in Britain. But it still matters

WHEN George Orwell wrote in 1941 that England was "the most class-ridden country under the sun", he was only partly right. Societies have always had their hierarchies, with some group perched at the top. But in another way Orwell was right, and continues to be. As a new YouGov poll for The Economist shows, Britons are surprisingly alert to class—both their own and that of others. And they still think class is sticky. According to the poll, 48% of people aged 30 or over say they expect to end up better off than their parents. But only 28% expect to end up in a different class. More than two-thirds think neither they nor their children will leave the class they were born into.

What does this thing that people cannot escape consist of these days? And what do people look at when decoding which class someone belongs to? The most useful identifying markers, according to the poll, are occupation, address, accent and income, in that order. The fact that income comes fourth is revealing: though some of the habits and attitudes that class used to define are more widely spread than they were, class still indicates something less blunt than mere wealth. Being the sort of person who "buys his own furniture", a remark that Alan Clark, a former minister once reported as directed at Michael Heseltine, a self-made Conservative colleague, is still worthy of note in circles where most inherit it.

Occupation is the most trusted guide to class, but changes in the labour market have made that harder to read than when Orwell was writing. Manual workers have shrunk along with farming and heavy industry as a proportion of the workforce, while the number of people in white-collar jobs has surged. Despite this striking change, when they are asked to place themselves in a class, Brits in 2006 choose much the same categories as they did when they were asked in 1949. There has been a slight fall in the number who reckon they are at either the very top or the very bottom of the pile, consistent with the move to working behind desks and in air-conditioned places. But jobs, which were once a fairly reliable guide to class, have become misleading.

A survey conducted earlier this year by Experian for Liverpool Victoria, a financial-services firm, shows how this convergence on similar types of work has blurred class boundaries. Experian asked people in a number of different jobs to place themselves in the working class or the middle class. Secretaries, waiters and journalists were
significantly more likely to think themselves middle-class than accountants\(^1\), computer programmers or civil servants\(^2\). Many new white-collar jobs—in vast call centres, for example—offer no more autonomy or better prospects than old blue-collar ones. Yet despite the confusion over what the markers of class are these days, 71% of those polled by YouGov still said they found it very or fairly easy to figure out which class others belong to. (...) 

In fact, it seems that many Brits, given the choice, prefer to identify with the class they were born into rather than that which their jobs or income would suggest. This often entails pretending to be more humble than is actually the case: 22% of white-collar workers told YouGov that they consider themselves working class. Likewise, the Experian survey found that one in ten adults who call themselves working class are in the richest quintile of asset-owners, and that over half a million households which earn more than £100,000 a year say they are working class. Dissimulation in the other direction—pretending to be grander than income and occupation suggest—is rarer, though it happens too. 

If class no longer describes a clear social, economic or even political status, is it worth paying any attention to? Possibly, yes. It is still in most cases closely correlated with educational attainment and career expectations. And what societies believe about how fluid they are matters almost as much as the reality: if America’s poor ever start to believe they will never get rich, the place will be heading for trouble. In Britain the perception that class is fairly fixed could become more damaging if income inequality continues to rise and social mobility to slow. 

*The Economist, 10 August 2006.*

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\(^1\) comptables

\(^2\) fonctionnaires
Population rise

Britain's population is set to grow ferociously—perhaps

ALL countries need a national myth. For decades after its loss of empire, Britain's was that of its own decline. Yet not everything is withering away. Britain is one of the relatively few developed countries that have a growing population, and it is growing far faster than was thought just two years ago. According to the Office for National Statistics, which released new estimates on October 23rd, today's population of 60m may become roughly 71m in 25 years' time, and 77m by 2050.

These projections suggest the biggest increase in population since the post-war baby boom, much of it due to immigration. Foreign-born women are pushing up the birth rate, which is now expected to stabilise at 1.84 children per woman rather than the 1.74 that was projected in 2005. Life expectancy, currently 77.2 years for men and 82.7 for women, is likely to rise by 2031 to 81.5 and 86.2, respectively. Net immigration may eventually run at around 190,000 a year, not at 145,000 as assumed.

Not everyone is keen on the prospect of a bumper crop of new citizens. The Optimum Population Trust, a think-tank, cites surveys showing that most people think Britain is already overcrowded. David Coleman, a demographer at Oxford University, describes meeting the needs of an extra 15m or so people as an "absent-minded commitment" about which there has been little debate. Unplanned immigration has posed problems for many local councils, which are struggling to find houses and school places for newcomers. And some worry about the social consequences of a population that could, by Mr Coleman's calculations, be 30% non-white by 2050.

But will all this in fact come to pass? Population projections are fraught with difficulty, points out Andrew Hinde of Southampton University. Improvements in life expectancy have been relatively constant, he says, but migration and fertility are much trickier to predict.

Migration—which accounts directly for around half of the predicted population increase—is particularly elusive. The scanty data come mainly from a single survey. Numbers fluctuate for many reasons, including changes in government policy, booms and busts in

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1 = to decline, to disappear
2 récolte exceptionnelle
3 = filled
4 difficult to predict.
5 insufficient
6 succession de périodes de croissance et de crise de l'économie
The Good Aunt

Charles Howard was left an orphan when he was very young. Without fortune and without friends, this poor boy would probably have lived and died in wretchedness, but for the humanity of his good aunt, Mrs. Frances Howard.

She was a young and cheerful woman when she first undertook the education of her little nephew. She had the courage to apply herself seriously to the cultivation of her understanding; she educated herself, that she might be able to fulfil the important duty of educating a child.

The conversation of the sensible, well-informed people who visited Mrs. Howard contributed to form her nephew's taste. A child may learn as much from conversation as from books—not so many historic facts, but as much instruction. Greek and Latin were the grand difficulties. Mrs. Howard did not understand Greek and Latin; nor did she, though a woman, set too high or too low a value upon the learned languages. She was convinced that a man might be a great scholar without being a man of sense; she was also persuaded that a man of sense might be a good scholar.

One evening Charles came running upstairs to his aunt, who was at tea; several people happened to be present. "I have done with Mr. Russell, and my Latin, ma'am, thank goodness—now may I have the elephant and the camel, or the bear and her cubs, that you marked for me last night?"

The company laughed at this speech of Charles; and a silly lady—for even Mrs. Howard could not make all her acquaintance wise—a silly lady whispered to Charles, "I've a notion, if you'd tell the truth, now, that you like the bear and her cubs a great deal better than you do Latin and Mr. Russell."

"I like the bear a great deal better than I do Latin, to be sure," said the boy; "but as for Mr. Russell—why, I think," added he, encouraged by the lady's smile, "I think I like the bear better than Mr. Russell."

The lady laughed affectionately at this sally.

"I am sure," continued Charles, fancying that every person present was delighted with his wit, "I am sure, at any rate, I like the learned pig fifty times better than Mr. Russell."

The judicious lady burst into a second fit of laughter. Mrs. Howard looked very grave. Charles broke from the lady's caresses, and going up to his aunt, timidly looking up in her face, said, "Am I a fool?"

"You are but a child," said Mrs. Howard; and, turning away from him, she desired the servant, who waited at tea, to let Mr. Russell know that she desired the honour of his company.

"Give me leave, Mr. Russell," said Mrs. Howard, as soon as he came into the room, "to introduce you to a gentleman, for whose works I know you have a great esteem. The gentleman was a celebrated traveller, just returned from abroad, whose conversation was as much admired as his writings.

The conversation now took a literary turn. Mrs. Howard led the traveller to speak of what he had seen in different countries—of natural history—of the beaver, and the moose-deer, and the humming-bird, that is scarcely larger than a bumble bee; and the mocking-bird, that can imitate the notes of all other birds. Charles scolded himself into a corner of the sofa upon which the gentlemen were sitting, and grew very attentive. He was rather surprised to perceive that his tutor was as much entertained with the conversation as he was himself.

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Howard to the traveller, "is it true that the humming-bird is a passionate little animal? Is the story told by the author of the Farmer's Letters true?"

"What story?" said Charles, eagerly.

"Of a humming-bird that flew into a fury with a flower, and tore it to pieces, because it could not get the honey out of it all at once."
"Oh, ma'am," said little Charles, peeping over his tutor's shoulders, "will you show me that? Have you got the book, dear aunt?"

"It is Mr. Russell's book," said his aunt.

"Your book!" cried Charles: "what, and do you know all about animals, and those sorts of entertaining things, as well as Latin? And can you tell me, then, what I want very much to know, how they catch the humming-bird?"

"They shoot it."

"Shoot it! but what a large hole they must make in its body and beautiful feathers! I thought you said its whole body was no bigger than a bee — a humble bee."

"They make no hole in its body — they shoot it without ruffling even its feathers."

"How, how?" cried Charles, fastening upon his tutor, whom he now regarded no longer as a mere man of Latin.

"They charge the gun with water," said Mr. Russell, "and the poor little humming-bird is stunned by the discharge."

The conversation next turned upon the entertaining chapter on instinct, in Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia. Charles heard of the tailor-bird, that uses its long bill as a needle, to sew the dead and the living leaf together, of which it makes its light nest, lined with feathers and gossamer: of the fish called the 'old soldier,' that looks out for the empty shell of some dead animal, and fits this armour upon himself: of the Jamaica spider, that makes himself a house under ground, with a door and hinges, which door the spider and all the members of his family take care to shut after them, whenever they go in and out. (Maria Edgeworth, « The Good Aunt », Moral Tales, 1801)

**Guided Commentary**

1) Give a brief description of this excerpt from "The Good Aunt" by Maria Edgeworth, taking into account:

   (i) the organisation of the passage in terms of narrative and dialogue,

   (ii) the use of direct and indirect speech.

   (iii) point of view (how, for example, are we to understand silly (l.17) and judicious (l. 27)?

2) Give a brief account of the way the system of the article functions in English:

   (i) explain the connection with the nature of the substantive (noun) — don't forget to give examples, preferably taken from the excerpt.

   (ii) describe the connection between the universal and the singular — once again giving examples.

   (iii) enumerate the various ways the article is used in the extract.

3) Comment on the choice of "this" (lines 3, 17, 24), rather than "that"; how do these forms contribute to the cohesion of the passage?
Students writing their commentaire on the passage below will complete their oral commentary examination with Mme Gorgievski, and vice versa:

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful cleanliness around them—in dreadful cleanliness floated onwards the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tolson houses, observed their danger, and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep hoarse voice, loosing the oars, and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water—and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared—but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and reaped the daisied fields together.

Conclusion

Nature repairs her ravages—repairs them with her sunshine, and with human labour. The desolation wrought by that flood, had left little visible trace on the face of the earth, five years after. The fifth autumn was rich in golden corn-stacks, rising in thick clusters among the distant hedgerows; the wharves and warehouses on the Floss were busy again, with echoes of eager voices, with hopeful loading and unloading.

And every man and woman mentioned in this history was still living—except those whose end we know.

Nature repairs her ravages—but not all. The upturned trees are not rooted again; the parted hills are left scarred; if there is a new growth, the trees are not the same as the old, and the hills underneath their green vesture bear the marks of the past rending. To the eyes that have dwelt on the past, there is no thorough repair.

Dorlcote Mill was rebuilt. And Dorlcote churchyard,—where the brick grave that held a father whom we know, was found with the stone had prostrate upon it after the flood,—had recovered all its grassy order and decent quiet.

Near that brick grave there was a tomb erected, very soon after the flood, for two bodies that were found in close embrace; and it was visited at different moments by two men who both felt that their keenest joy and keenest sorrow were for ever buried there.

One of them visited the tomb again with a sweet face beside him—but that was years after.

The other was always solitary. His great companionship was among the trees of the Red Deeps, where the buried joy seemed still to hover—like a resting spirit.

The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written—

"In their death they were not divided."
Final Examination, May-June 2009
L.L.C.E. Anglais sem. 6, Mr. Engle
George Eliot, The Mill on the Floss

Students writing on this essay topic will complete their oral commentary examination with Mme Gorgievski, and vice versa.

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Dissertation: Please write a coherent and elegant essay treating the topic below. The quality of your written English will naturally be taken into consideration in your grade:

Change and The Mill on the Floss
"She was lying on the floor. Her head had been cut pretty near off, a lady with the beginning of grey hair. The man said how he stood there and he could hear the fire and there was smoke in the room itself now, like it had done followed him in. And how he was afraid to try to pick her up and carry her out because her head might come clean off. And then he said how he ran back down the stairs again and out the front without even noticing that the drunk fellow was gone, and down to the road and told his wife to whip the team on to the nearest telephone and call for the sheriff too. And how he run back around the house to the cistern and he said he was already drawing up a bucket of water before he realized how foolish that was, with the whole back end of the house afire good now. So he run back into the house and up the stairs again and into the room and jerked a cover off the bed and rolled her onto it and caught up the corners and swung it onto his back like a sack of meal and carried it out of the house and laid it down under a tree. And he said that what he was scared of happened. Because the cover fell open and she was laying on her side, facing one way, and her head was turned clean around like she was looking behind her. And he said how if she could just have done that when she was alive, she might not have been doing it now."

Byron ceases and looks, glances once, at the man beyond the desk. Highbrow has not moved. His face about the twin blank glares of the spectacles is sweating quietly and steadily. "And the sheriff come out, and the fire department come too. But there wasn't nothing it could do because there wasn't any water for the hose. And that old house burned all evening and I could see the smoke from the mill and I showed it to her when she come up, because I didn't know then. And they brought Miss Burden to town, and there was a paper at the bank that she had told them would tell what to do with her when she died. It said how she had a nephew in the North where she come from, her folks come from. And they telegraphed the nephew and in two hours they got the answer that the nephew would pay a thousand dollars' reward for who done it."

"And Christmas and Brown were both gone. The sheriff found out how somebody had been living in that cabin, and then right off everybody begun to tell about Christmas and Brown, that had kept it a secret long enough for one of them or maybe both of them to murder that lady. But nobody could find either of them until last night. The countryman didn't know it was Brown that he found drunk in the house. Folks thought that him and Christmas had both run, maybe. And then last night Brown showed up. He was sober then, and he come onto the square about eight o'clock, wild, yelling about how it was Christmas that killed her and making his claim on that thousand dollars. They got the officers and took him to the sheriff's office and they told him the reward would be his all right soon as he caught Christmas and proved he done it. And so Brown told."
1. In what ways did Shakespeare’s theatre contradict the mimetic theories of literature of his time? (5 points)
2. To what extent did Anglo-Saxon New Criticism pave the way for structuralism? (5 points)
3. Define the term “suspension of disbelief” in relation with fiction. Discuss this notion taking at least 2 examples from your own reading experience. (5 points)
4. Define the term “intentional fallacy” and discuss its relevance according to your own personal reading experience. (5 points)
Université du Sud (Toulon-Var)
Faculté des Lettres - Département d’Anglais

LCE 3

2° SEMESTRE 2008-2009
1° Session

Civilisation anglo-saxonne

C. Saint-Jean-Paulin

Treat **one** of the following questions:

I – Counterculture in the 1960s.

II – The Kennedy-Johnson era.

*NB : Aucun document n’est autorisé*
Treat one of the following questions:

I – The Eisenhower presidency

II – Comment upon the following text: Kennan (1946)

NB: Aucun document n’est autorisé
George F. Kennan, jeune (il est né en 1904 et brillant diplomate, est en poste à Moscou lorsqu'il envoie au Département d'État son analyse de la situation en URSS et de ce qu'il doivent faire les États-Unis pour y répondre. Il est le véritable inventeur de la politique « d'endiguement » (containment) qu'adoptèrent les responsables américains à partir de 1947. Le propos est calme, réaliste et raisonnable : Kennan ne procédera pas autrement lorsqu'il exposea publiquement ce point de vue dans l'article fameux (et anonyme : il le signera X) publié par Foreign Affairs en juillet 1947.

[...] We have here a political force committed fanatically to the belief that with US there can be no permanent modus vivendi that it is desirable and necessary that the internal harmony of our society be disrupted, [...] the international authority of our state be broken, if Soviet power is to be secure. This political force has complete power of disposition over energies of one of world's greatest peoples and resources of world's richest national territory, and is borne along by deep and powerful currents of Russian nationalism. [...] In addition, it has an elaborate and far-flung apparatus for exertion of its influence in other countries, an apparatus of amazing flexibility and versatility, managed by people whose experience and skill in underground methods are presumably without parallel in history. [...] But I would like to record my conviction that problem is within our power to solve—and that without recourse to any general military conflict. And in support of this conviction there are certain observations of a more encouraging nature I should like to make:

1. Soviet power, unlike that of Hitlerite Germany, is neither schematic nor adventurous. It does not work by fixed plans. It does not take unnecessary risks. Impervious to logic of reason, and it is highly sensitive to logic of force. For this reason it can easily withdraw—and usually does—when strong resistance is encountered at any point. [...] If situations are properly handled there need be no prestige-engaging showdowns.

2. Gauged against Western World as a whole, Soviets are still far by the weaker force. Thus, their success will really depend on degree of cohesion, firmness and vigor which Western World can muster. And this factor which it is within our power to influence.

3. Success of Soviet system, as form of internal power, is not yet finally proven. It has yet to be demonstrated that it can survive supreme test of successive transfer of power from one individual or group to another. Lenin's death was first such transfer, and its effects wracked Soviet state for 15 years. After Stalin's death or retirement will be second. But even this will not be final test. Soviet internal system will now be subjected, by virtue of recent territorial expansions, to series of additional strains which once proved severe test on Tsarism. [...] In Russia, party has now become a great and—for the moment—highly successful apparatus of dictatorial administration, but it has ceased to be a source of emotional inspiration. Thus, internal soundness and permanence of movement need not yet be regarded as assured. [...] For these reasons I think we may approach calmly and with good heart problem of how to deal with Russia. [...]
Worry about the minimum aged 12, not 66

While the delay of a much older minimum is unlikely, the teenager is the bigger social problem.

Opinion

Alice Miles
It's High Time. Legalizing marijuana in the U.S. may be politically risky. But the economic benefits are difficult to ignore

For the past several years, I've been harboring a fantasy, a last political crusade for the baby boom generation. We, who started on the path of righteousness, marching for civil rights and against the war in Vietnam, need to find an appropriately high-minded approach to life's exit ramp. In this case, I mean the high-minded part literally. And so, a deal: give us drugs, after a certain age—say, 80—any drugs, any drug we want. In return, we will give you our driver's licenses. (I mean, can you imagine how terrifying a nation of decrepit, soporific 90-year-old boomers behind the wheel would be?)

We'll let you proceed with your lives—much of which will be spent paying for our retirement, in any case—without having to hear us complain about our every ache and reflex. We'll be too busy exploiting altered states of consciousness. I even have a slogan for the campaign: "Tune in, turn on, drop dead."

A fantasy, I suppose. But, beneath the furious roar of the economic crisis, a national conversation has quietly begun about the irrationality of U.S. drug laws. It is going on in state legislatures, like New York's, where the draconian Rockefeller drug laws are up for review; in other states, from California to Massachusetts, various forms of marijuana decriminalization are being enacted. And it has reached the floor of Congress, where Senators Jim Webb and Arlen Specter have proposed a major prison reform package, which would directly address drug sentencing policy.

Any politician who publicly considers legalizing marijuana is assumed to be stoned all the time, unworthy of being taken seriously. But there are big issues here, issues of economy and simple justice, especially on the sentencing side. As Webb pointed out in a cover story in *Parade* magazine, the U.S. is, by far, the most "criminal" country in the world, with 5% of the world's population and 25% of its prisoners. The country spends $68 billion per year on corrections, and one third of those being corrected are serving time for nonviolent drug crimes. It spends about $150 billion on policing and courts, and 47.5% of all arrests are marijuana-related. That is an awful lot of money, most of it nonfederal, that could be spent on better schools or infrastructure—or simply returned to the public.

At the same time, there is an enormous potential windfall in the taxation of marijuana. It is estimated that pot is the largest cash crop in California, with annual revenues approaching $14 billion. A 10% pot tax would yield $1.4 billion in California alone. And that's probably a fraction of the revenues that would be available—and of the economic impact, with thousands of new jobs in agriculture, packaging, marketing and advertising. A veritable marijuana economic stimulus package!

So why not do it? There are serious moral arguments, both secular and religious. There are those who believe—with some good reason—that the institution of legalized vices is debilitating, that America is a less virtuous society since gambling spilled out from Las Vegas to "riverboats" and state lotteries across the country. There is a medical argument, though not a very convincing one: alcohol is more dangerous in a variety of ways, including the tendency of some drunks to get violent. One could argue that the abuse of McDonald's has a greater potential health-care cost than the abuse of marijuana. (Although it's true that with legalization, those two might not be unrelated.) Obviously, marijuana can be abused. But the costs of criminalization have proved to be enormous, perhaps unsustainable. Would legalization be any worse?

In any case, the drug reform discussion comes just at the right moment. We boomers are getting older every day. You're not going to want us on the highways. Make us your best offer.
Q&A

'Find Your Space. Find Your Spot. Wear What You Love.'

MICHELLE OBAMA HASN'T FOUND THE time to fill the bookshelves in her East Wing office yet, but she spent nearly an hour in early May with TIME's Michael Scherer and Nancy Gibbs to discuss her first few months as one of the world's most watched women. Some excerpts:

ON HER CHILDHOOD We were so blessed, my brother and I, because we had everything you needed. It had nothing to do with money, but we had two parents who loved us, a father that had a steady job all of his life. We had a strong external-family unit. I grew up with grandparents and uncles and aunts. People didn't go to college, but you had Christmas dinner together. The neighborhood that I lived in wasn't wealthy, but it wasn't crime-ridden, so you could play in the streets. And there were gangs, but there weren't 'gangs that would keep you from going to school.

ON Raising Kids in the White House We stay 100% in their world all the time. And I don't know if you understand that, but their lives are very disconnected from this place. You can do that with kids when they are young, because they just don't care.

ON THE NEW HOUSE It has been the greatest single benefit of this for us as a family. It means that we see each other every day. And that hasn't happened for most of the kids' lifetime. It's rare to have Dad at home for dinner, to see him in the mornings, to have him there when you go to bed at night, just to be able to have the casual conversations that happen about life at dinnertime. That's been terrific. It's normal. It's more normal than we've had for a very long time.

ON STRESS I figure I can turn it off. He can't. And knowing that he can't—that there probably isn't a minute that goes by that he's not worrying, thinking, dealing, mulling something around in his head, that there's no real time that he can be down, and just knowing how stressful that is on a person—that's a tough thing to watch. But he handles it so well that he even gives me a sense of calm.

ON BEING A ROLE MODEL There are thousands of Michelle and Barack Obamas all over this nation. That is true. I know them. I've gone to school with them. I live with them. There are thousands of role models like me. I just happen to be the First Lady.

ON ADVICE FROM FORMER FIRST LADIES The most unexpected and uniform advice that I got was, Go to Camp David early and often. It's one place you can go where you feel some level of freedom and an ability to breathe. I think every single First Lady felt that was an important resource, an important opportunity, an important thing for the health of the family.

ON WOMEN'S CHOICES Find your space. Find your spot. Wear what you love. Choose the careers that may have meaning to you, because there's always somebody who will say, "I wouldn't have worn that color," or "Why didn't you work at that job?" But if you're comfortable in the choice and it resonates with you, then all that other stuff—it's just conversation. People have the right to have conversations. But I think that's one thing we as women sometimes do—we don't make choices that have meaning to us. And then when those things fall apart, you have to have yourself to fall back on.

ON THOSE WHO SAY SHE IS SACRIFICING FOR HER HUSBAND Those conversations had nothing to do with me. A lot of times, women feel like they give up so much in comparison to their partner, or in life, for whatever. I don't look at doors closing. I thought that I'd be shortchanged in any way, and if [Barack] thought I'd be shortchanged in any way, we wouldn't have done this.

ON WHAT COMES NEXT I'm 45 years old. When this is over and my kids are grown... I'll still be in the prime of my professional life, as far as I see it. If I'm alive and work till I'm 80, that's a lot of good years of doing a whole bunch of things that sort of fit into my particular line of work. And I don't even know what that is yet.
Examen de Littérature et Expression Française

Durée : 3 h.

**NB** : Vous veillerez tout particulièrement à soigner l'expression et la correction de la langue dans la rédaction de vos réponses.

**1ère partie : questions de cours (6 points)**

1/ Donnez une définition claire et précise de ce que l'on appelle un mouvement littéraire et établissez une certaine logique dans l'agencement des différents mouvements du 19ème siècle (continuité ou rupture ?) → **2 points**

2/ Définir le courant romantique. Vous préciserez notamment la période du siècle au cours de laquelle il se manifeste, les thèmes abordés, les œuvres et les auteurs qui l’illustrent principalement. → **2 points**

3/ Le courant romantique a pour thème de prédilection un rapport privilégié avec la Nature. Expliquez ce rapport et la manière dont il se manifeste dans les textes romantiques au niveau du style. → **2 points**

**2ème partie : commentaire d'un texte au choix (14 points)**

Après avoir lu les deux textes joints, vous en choisirez un et en ferez une analyse détaillée, avec une introduction, une problématique, un plan apparent et une conclusion. (*Ne pas oublier d'indiquer le texte choisi sur la copie*)
Le ciel commença à se couvrir. Les voix de la solitude s’éteignirent, le désert fit silence, et les forêts demeurèrent dans un calme universel. Bientôt les roulements d’un tonnerre lointain, se prolongeant dans ces bois aussi vieux que le monde, en firent sortir des bruits sublimes. Craignant d’être submergés, nous nous hâtâmes de gagner le bord du fleuve, et de nous retirer dans une forêt.

« Ce lieu était un terrain marécageux. Nous avançions avec peine sous une voûte de smilax, parmi des ceps de vigne, des indigos, des fiascôles, des lianes rampantes, qui entravaient nos pieds comme des filets. Le sol spongieux tremblait autour de nous, et à chaque instant nous étions prêts d’être engloutis dans des fondrières. Des insectes sans nombre, d’énormes chauves-souris nous aveuglaient ; les serpents à sonnette bruissaient de toutes parts ; et les loups, les ours, les caracajous, les petits tigres, qui venaient se cacher dans ces retraites, les remplissaient de leurs rugissements.

« Cependant l’obscurité redouble : les nuages abaissés entrent sous l’ombrage des bois. La nue se déchire, et l’éclair trace un rapide losange de feu. Un vent impétueux sorti du couchant, roule des nuages sur les nuages ; les forêts plient ; le ciel s’ouvre coup sur coup, et à travers ses crevasses, on aperçoit de nouveaux cieux et des campagnes ardentques. Quel affreux, quel magnifique spectacle ! La foudre met le feu dans les bois ; l’incendie s’étend comme une chevelure de flammes ; des colonnes d’éclairs et de fumée assiègent les nuées qui vomissent leurs foudres dans le vaste embrasement. Alors le Grand Esprit couvre les montagnes d’épaisseurs ténébres ; du milieu de ce vaste chaos s’élève un mugissement confus formé par le fracas des vents, le gémissement des arbres, le hurlement des bêtes féroces, le bordonnement de l’incendie, et la chute répétée du tonnerre qui siffle en s’étirant dans les eaux.

« Le Grand Esprit le sait ! Dans ce moment je ne vis qu’Atala, je ne pensai qu’à elle. Sous le tronc perchée d’un bouleau, je parvins à la garantir des torrents de la pluie. Assis moi-même sous l’arbre, tenant ma bien-aimée sur mes genoux, et réchauffant ses pieds nus entre mes mains, j’étais plus heureux que la nouvelle épouse qui sent pour la première fois son fruit tressaillir dans son sein.

« Nous prétions l’oreille au bruit de la tempête ; tout à coup, je sentis une larme d’Atala sur mon sein : "Orage du cœur, m’écriai-je, est-ce une goutte de votre pluie ?" Puis embrassant étroitement celle que j’aimais : "Atala, lui dis-je, vous me cachez quelque chose. Ouvrez-moi ton cœur, ô ma beauté ! cela fait tant de bien, quand un ami regarde dans notre âme ! Raconte-moi cet autre secret de la douleur, que tu t’obstines à taire (…)"”

"Je n’ai jamais lavé les pieds de mon père, dit Atala ; je sais seulement qu’il vivait avec sa sœur à Saint-Augustin, et qu’il a toujours été fidèle à ma mère : Philippe était son nom parmi les anges, et les hommes le nommaient Lopez."

"A ces mots, je poussais un cri qui retentit dans toute la solitude : le bruit de mes transports se mêla au bruit de l’orage. Serrant Atala sur mon cœur, je m’écriai avec des sanglots : "O ma sœur ! ô fille de Lopez ! fille de mon bienfaiteur ! " Atala, effrayée, me demanda d’où venait mon trouble ; mais quand elle sut que Lopez était cet hôte généreux qui m’avait adopté à Saint-Augustin, et que j’avais quitté pour être libre, elle fut saisie elle-même de confusion et de joie.

"C’en était trop pour nos cœur que cette amitié fraternelle qui venait nous visiter, et joindre son amour à notre amour. Désormais les combats d’Atala allaient devenir inutiles : en vain je la sentis porter une main à son sein, et faire un mouvement extraordinaire ; déjà je l’avais saisie, déjà je m’étaisuni de son souffle, déjà j’avais bu toute la magie de l’amour sur ses lèvres. Les yeux levés vers le ciel, à la lueur des éclairs, je tenais mon épouse sur mes bras, en présence de l’Eternel. Pompe nuptiale, digne de nos malheurs et de la grandeur de nos amours : superbes forêts qui agitez vos lianes et vos dômes comme les rideaux, et le ciel de notre couche, pêns embrasés qui formiez les lambeaux de notre hymne, fleuve débordé, montagnes mugissantes, affreus et sublime nature, n’éteignez-vous donc qu’un appareil préparé pour nous tromper, et ne pûtes-vous cacher un moment dans vos mystérieuses horreurs la flièéité d’un homme !

« Atala n’offrait plus qu’une faible résistance ; je touchais au moment du bonheur, quand tout à coup un impétueux éclair, suivi d’un éclat de la foudre, sillonne l’épaisseur des ombres, remplit la forêt de soufre et de lumière, et brise un arbre à nos pieds. Nous fuyons.
C'était une de ces journées d'hiver où le soleil semble éclairer tristement la campagne grisâtre, comme s'il regardait en pitié la terre qu'il a cessé de réchauffer. Ellénoire me proposa de sortir. « Il fait bien froid, lui dis-je. — N'importe, je voudrais me promener avec vous ». Elle prit mon bras ; nous marchâmes longtemps sans rien dire ; elle avançait avec peine, et se penchait sur moi presque tout entière. « Attétons-nous un instant. — Non, me répondit-elle, j'ai du plaisir à me sentir encore soutenue par vous. » Nous retombâmes dans le silence. Le ciel était serein ; mais les arbres étaient sans feuilles ; aucun souffle n'agissait l'air, aucun oiseau ne le traversait ; tout était immobile, et le seul bruit qui se fit entendre était celui de l'herbe glacée qui se brisait sous nos pas. « Comme tout est calme, me dit Ellénoire ; comme la nature se régresse ! Le cœur aussi ne doit-il pas apprendre à se régresser ? » Elle s'assit sur une pierre ; tout à coup elle se mit à genoux, et, baissant la tête, elle l'appuya sur ses deux mains. J'entendais quelques mots prononcés à voix basse. Je m'aperçus qu'elle priait. Se relevant enfin : Rentrons, dit-elle, le froid m'a saisie. J'ai peur de me trouver mal. Ne me dites rien ; je ne suis pas en état de vous entendre. »

A dater de ce jour, je vis Ellénoire s'affaiblir et déperir. Je rassemblai de toutes parts des médecins autour d'elle : les uns m'annonçaient un mal sans remède, d'autres me bercèrent d'espérances vaines ; mais la nature sombre et silencieuse poursuivait d'un bras invisible son travail impitoyable. Par moments, Ellénoire semblait reprendre à la vie. On cût dit quelquefois que la main de fer qui pesait sur elle s'était retirée. Elle relevait sa tête languissante ; ses joues se couvraient de couleurs un peu plus vives ; ses yeux se ranimaient : mais tout à coup, par le jeu cruel d'une puissance inconnue, ce mieux mensonger disparaissait, sans que l'art eu pût deviner la cause. Je la vis de la sorte marcher par degrés à la destruction. Je vis se graver sur cette figure si noble et si expressive les signes avant-coureurs de la mort. (...) Un seul sentiment ne varia jamais dans le cœur d'Ellénoire : ce fut sa tendresse pour moi (...). Je craignais de lui causer une émotion violente ; j'inventais des prétextes pour sortir ; je parcourais au hasard tous les lieux où je m'étais trouvé avec elle ; j'arrosois de mes pleurs les pierres, le pied des arbres, tous les objets qui me retraçaient son souvenir.

Ce n'était pas les regrets de l'amour, c'était un sentiment plus sombre et plus triste (...). Je n'espérais point mourir avec Ellénoire ; j'allais vivre sans elle dans ce désert du monde, que j'avais souhaité tant de fois de traverser indépendant. J'avais brisé l'être qui m'aimait ; j'avais brisé ce cœur, compagnon du mien, qui avait persisté à se dévouer à moi, dans sa tendresse infatigable ; déjà, l'isolement m'atteignait. Ellénoire respirait encore, mais je ne pouvais déjà plus lui confier mes pensées ; j'étais déjà seul sur la terre ; je ne vivais plus dans cette atmosphère d'amour qu'elle répandait autour de moi ; l'air que je respirais me paraissait plus rude, les visages des hommes que je rencontrais plus indifférents ; toute la nature semblait me dire que j'allais à jamais cesser d'être aimé. (...) Tout à coup, Ellénoire s'élança par un mouvement subit ; je la retins dans mes bras ; un tremblement convulsif agitait tout son corps ; ses yeux me cherchaient, mais dans ses yeux se peignait un effroi vague, comme si elle eût demandé grâce à un objet menaçant qui se dérobait à mes regards : elle se relevait, elle retombait, on voyait qu'elle s'efforçait de fuir ; on cût dit qu'elle luttait contre une puissance physique invisible qui, lassée d'attendre le moment funeste, l'avait saisie et la retenait pour l'achever sur ce lit de mort. Elle cédait enfin à l'acharnement de la nature ennemie ; ses membres s'affaissaient, elle semblait reprendre quelque connaissance : elle me serrait la main ; elle voulut pleurer, il n'y avait plus de larmes ; elle voulut parler, il n'y avait plus de voix ; elle laissa tomber, comme résignée, sa tête sur le bras qui l'appuyait ; sa respiration devint plus lente ; quelques instants après elle n'était plus.

Je demeurai longtemps immobile près d'Ellénoire sans vie. La conviction de sa mort n'avait pas encore pénétré dans mon âme ; mes yeux contemplaient avec un étonnement stupide ce corps inanimé. Une de ses femmes étant entrée répandit dans la maison la sinistre nouvelle. Le bruit qui se fit autour de moi me tira de la léthargie où j'étais plongé ; je me levai : ce fut alors que j'éprouvai la douleur déchirante et toute l'horreur de l'adieu sans retour. Tant de mouvements, cette activité de la vie vulgaire, tant de soins et d'agitations qui ne la regardaient plus, dissipèrent cette illusion que je prolongeais, cette illusion par laquelle je croyais encore exister avec Ellénoire. Je sentis le dernier lien se rompre, et l'affreuse réalité se placer à jamais entre elle et moi. Combien elle me pesait, cette liberté que j'avais tant regrettée !