Vous proposerez une analyse grammaticale des segments soulignés ci-dessous en tenant compte de leur contexte d’apparition et en vous fondant sur la valeur des opérateurs qu’ils contiennent.
Vous indiquerez les traductions qui vous semblent compatibles avec cette analyse et vous les commenterez.

Mrs Owens scanned the room. One hand, that of the pretty red-headed music teacher Poppy Burt-Jones, shot up, sending her many bracelets jangling down her wrist. Then the Chalfens, Marcus and Joyce, an ageing hippy couple both dressed in pseudo-Indian garb, raised their hands defiantly. Then Samad looked pointedly at Clara and Archie, sitting sheepishly on the other side of the hall, and two more hands moved slowly above the crowd.

‘All those against?’
‘The remaining thirty-six hands lifted into the air.
‘Motion not passed.’
‘I am certain the Solar Convenant of Manor School Witches and Goblins will be delighted with that decision’ said Samad, retaking his seat.

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En vous aidant des annexes, rédigez un commentaire sur le texte des pages 2 – 3.
The house at which we stopped was the last in the row; all its companions had been pulled down; and there it stood, leaning out with one naked ugly side into the gap, and stretching out long props, like feeble arms and crutches, to resist the work of demolition.

A group of slatternly people were in the entry, talking loudly, and as Downes pushed by them, a woman seized him by the arm.

"Oh! you unnatural villain!—To go away after your drink, and leave all them poor dear dead corpses locked up, without even letting a body go in to stretch them out!"

"And breeding the fever, too, to poison the whole house!" growled one.

"The relieving officer's been here, my cove," said another, "and he's gone for a peeler and a search warrant to break open the door, I can tell you!"

But Downes pushed past unheeding, unlocked a door at the end of the passage, thrust me in, locked it again, and then rushed across the room in chase of two or three rats, who vanished into cracks and holes.

And what a room! A low lean-to with wooden walls, without a single article of furniture; and through the broad chinks of the floor shone up as it were ugly glaring eyes, staring at us. They were the reflexions of the rushlight in the sewer below. The stench was frightful—the air heavy with pestilence. The first breath I drew made my heart sink, and my stomach turn. But I forgot everything in the object which lay before me, as Downes tore a half-finished coat off three corpses laid side by side on the bare floor.

There was his little Irish wife:—dead—and naked; the wasted white limbs gleamed in the lurid light; the unclosed eyes stared, as if reproachfully, at the husband whose drunkenness had brought her there to kill her with the pestilence; and on each side of her a little, shrivelled, impish, child-corpses,—the wretched man had laid their arms round the dead mother's neck—and there they slept, their hungering and wailing over at last for ever; the rats had been busy already with them—but what matter to them now?

"Look!" he cried; "I watched 'em dying! Day after day I saw the devils come up through the cracks, like little maggots and beetles, and all manner of ugly things, creeping down their throats; and I asked 'em, and they said they were the fever devils."

It was too true; the poisonous exhalations had killed them. The wretched man's delirium tremens had given that horrible substantiality to the poisonous fever gases.

Suddenly Downes turned on me, almost menacingly. "Money! money! I want some gin!"

I was thoroughly terrified—and there was no shame in feeling fear, locked up with a madman far my superior in size and strength, in so ghastly a place. But the shame and the folly too, would have been in giving way to my fear; and with a boldness half assumed, half the real fruit of excitement and indignation at the horrors I beheld, I answered—

"If I had money, I would give you none. What do you want with gin? Look at the fruits of your accursed tippling. If you had taken my advice, my poor fellow," I went on, gaining courage as I spoke, "and become a water-drinker, like me—"
"Curse you and your water-drinking! If you had had no water to drink or wash with for two years but that—that," pointing to the foul ditch below—"if you had emptied the slops in there with one hand, and filled your kettle with the other—"

"Do you actually mean that that sewer is your only drinking water?"

"Where else can we get any? Everybody drinks it; and you shall, too—you shall!" he cried, with a fearful oath, "and then see if you don't run off to the gin-shop, to take the taste of it out of your mouth. Drink? and who can help drinking, with his stomach turned with such hell-broth as that—or such a hell's blast as this air is here, ready to vomit from morning till night with the smells? I'll show you. You shall drink a bucket full of it, as sure as you live, you shall."

And he ran out of the back door, upon a little balcony, which hung over the ditch.

I tried the door, but the key was gone, and the handle too. I beat furiously on it, and called for help. Two gruff authoritative voices were heard in the passage.

"Let us in; I'm the policeman!"

"Let me out, or mischief will happen!"

The policeman made a vigorous thrust at the crazy door; and just as it burst open, and the light of his lantern streamed into the horrible den, a heavy splash was heard outside.

"He has fallen into the ditch!"

"He'll be drowned, then, as sure as he's a born man," shouted one of the crowd behind.

We rushed out on the balcony. The light of the policeman's lantern glared over the ghastly scene—along the double row of miserable house-backs, which lined the sides of the open tidal ditch—over strange rambling jetties, and balconies, and sleeping-sheds, which hung on rotting piles over the black waters, with phosphorescent scraps of rotten fish gleaming and twinkling out of the dark hollows, like devilish grave-lights—over bubbles of poisonous gas, and bloated carcases of dogs, and lumps of offal, floating on the stagnant olive-green hell-broth—over the slow sullen rows of oily ripple which were dying away into the darkness far beyond, sending up, as they stirred, hot breaths of miasma—the only sign that a spark of humanity, after years of foul life, had quenched itself at last in that foul death. I almost fancied that I could see the haggard face staring up at me through the slimy water; but no, it was as opaque as stone.

Charles Kingsley, *Alton Locke,*
DOCUMENTS ANNEXES

Chartism or The Chartist Movement

Glenn Everett, formerly Associate Professor of English, University of Tennessee at Martin

The "People's Charter," drafted in 1838 by William Lovett, was at the heart of a radical campaign for parliamentary reform of the inequities remaining after the Reform Act of 1832. The Chartists' six main demands were:

1. votes for all men;
2. equal electoral districts;
3. abolition of the requirement that Members of Parliament be property owners;
4. payment for M.P.s;
5. annual general elections; and
6. the secret ballot.

The Chartists obtained one and a quarter million signatures and presented the Charter to the House of Commons in 1839, where it was rejected by a vote of 235 to 46. Many of the leaders of the movement, having threatened to call a general strike, were arrested. When demonstrators marched on the prison at Newport, Monmouthshire, demanding the release of their leaders, troops opened fire, killing 24 and wounding 40 more. A second petition with 3 million signatures was rejected in 1842; the rejection of the third petition in 1848 brought an end to the movement.

More important than the movement itself was the unrest it symbolized. The Chartists' demands, at the time, seemed radical; those outside the movement saw the unrest and thought of the French Revolution and The Reign of Terror. Thomas Carlyle's pamphlet Chartism (1839), argued the need for reform by fanning these fears, though he later became increasingly hostile to democratic ideas in works like "Hudson's Statue" Historians theorize broadly about why this revolutionary movement died out just as the revolutions of 1848 were breaking out all over Europe, but from this distance we can only suppose that the English had a confidence in their government and a sense of optimism about their future possibilities which suggested to them that patience was better than violence; and in fact most of their demands were eventually met — specifically in the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884. The threat of unrest surely influenced such otherwise unrelated reforms as the Factory act and the repeal of the Corn Laws. The radicalism that surfaced in the agitation for the Charter and a desire for a working-class voice in foreign affairs eventually channeled itself into related areas like the Socialist movement.
ANNEXE 2

In a recent report made to the Commissioners of Sewers for London, Dr. Letheby says: “I have been at much pains during the last three months to ascertain the precise conditions of the dwellings, the habits, and the diseases of the poor. In this way 2,208 rooms have been most circumstantially inspected, and the general result is that nearly all of them are filthy or overcrowded or imperfectly drained, or badly ventilated, or out of repair. In 1,989 of these rooms, all in fact that are at present inhabited, there are 5,791 inmates, belonging to 1,576 families; and to say nothing of the too frequent occurrence of what may be regarded as a necessitous overcrowding, where the husband, the wife, and young family of four or five children are cramped into a miserably small and ill-conditioned room, there are numerous instances where adults of both sexes, belonging to different families, are lodged in the same room, regardless of all the common decencies of life, and where from three to five adults, men and women, besides a train or two of children, are accustomed to herd together like brute beasts or savages; and where every human instinct of propriety and decency is smothered. Like my predecessor, I have seen grown persons of both sexes sleeping in common with their parents, brothers and sisters, and cousins, and even the casual acquaintance of a man’s tramp, occupying the same bed of filthy rags or straw; a woman suffering in travail, in the midst of males and females of different families that tenant the same room, where birth and death go hand in hand; where the child but newly born, the patient cast down with fever, and the corpse waiting for interment, have no separation from each other, or from the rest of the inmates. Of the many cases to which I have alluded, there are some which have commanded my attention by reason of their unusual depravity—cases in which from three to four adults of both sexes, with many children, were lodging in the same room, and often sleeping in the same bed. I have note of three or four localities, where forty-eight men, seventy-three women, and fifty-nine children are living in thirty-four rooms. In one room there are two men, three women, and five children, and in another one man, four women, and two children; and when, about a fortnight since, I visited the back room on the ground floor of No. 5, I found it occupied by one man, two women, and two children; and in it was the dead body of a poor girl who had died in childbirth a few days before. The body was stretched out on the bare floor, without shroud or coffin. There it lay in the midst of the living, and we may well ask how it can be otherwise than that the human heart should be dead to all the gentler feelings of our nature, when such sights as these are of common occurrence.

“So close and unwholesome is the atmosphere of some of these rooms, that I have endeavoured to ascertain, by chemical means, whether it does not contain some peculiar product of decomposition that gives to it its foul odour and its rare powers of engendering disease. I find it is not only deficient in the due proportion of oxygen, but it contains three times the usual amount of carbonic acid, besides a quantity of aqueous vapour charged with alkaline matter that stinks abominably. This is doubtless the product of putrefaction, and of the various foetid and stagnant exhalations that pollute the air of the place. In many of my former reports, and in those of my predecessor, your attention has been drawn to this pestilential source of disease, and to the consequence of heaping human beings into such contracted localities; and I again revert to it because of its great importance, not merely that it perpetuates fever and the allied disorders, but because there stalks side by side with this pestilence a yet deadlier presence, blighting the moral existence of a rising population, rendering their hearts hopeless, their acts ruffianly and incestuous, and scattering, while society averts her eye, the retributive seeds of increase for crime, turbulence and pauperism.

James Greenwood, The Seven curses of London 1869
ANNEXE 3

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875)

Church of England parson, novelist, Christian Socialist, Protestant controversialist, "muscular Christian," poet, and amateur naturalist. Born on July 12, 1819, to Charles Kingsley, Sr., and Mary Lucas Kingsley, he counted among the early formative influences on his life his witnessing of the Bristol Riots in 1831. In 1832 he studied with Derwent Coleridge and in 1837 at King's College, London; in 1838 he matriculated at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He met Frances (Fanny) Grenfell, with whom he fell almost immediately in love in July 6, 1839. In February 1842, Kingsley left Cambridge to read for Holy Orders; in July of that year he became curate of Eversley Church in Hampshire, which he served for the rest of his life. In January 1844, he and Fanny were married; in May he became rector of Eversley Church, and during the summer began corresponding with Frederick Denison Maurice, whose influence permeated every aspect of Kingsley's professional life and whom he addressed as "my Master."

Kingsley moved onto the public stage in 1848 in response to the working class agitation that climaxd in the Chartist collapse of that year. As a result of his interest in the condition of the working classes, he joined with John Malcolm Ludlow, Frederick Denison Maurice, and others in forming the Christian Socialist movement. Although he published "Workmen of England" anonymously, he adopted the pseudonym "Parson Lot" for an article, "The National Gallery," which he placed in a new journal Politics for the People. He also used this pseudonym for a series called "Letters to the Chartists."

Despite his interest in the problems of urban workers, Kingsley turned for his first novel to the plight of agricultural labourers. During 1848 he addressed their plight when his novel Yeast appeared serially in Fraser's Magazine. Two other works of note also appeared in this year: The Saint's Tragedy, Kingsley's only major effort at writing a tragedy, and "Why Should We Fear the Romish Priests?" Both of these works voice his early anti-Catholicism, which became a major theme of much of his writing and in the 1860s brought on his disastrous clash with John Henry Newman.

Kingsley's Christian Socialist sympathies voiced through the pseudonym "Parson Lot" continued to find expression in print at least through 1851. However, in 1852 The Christian Socialist failed, and Kingsley's interests began to change. In that year, for example, he pilloried the American New England Transcendentalists in Phaeton; or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers, and turned to historical fiction with the serial publication of Hyapatia; or New Foes with an Old Face in Fraser's Magazine. Phaeton satirised Ralph Waldo Emerson as "Professor Windrush," whose teaching he characterised as "Anythingianism."

In 1856, Kingsley turned his interest in heroes and heroism to preparing a volume for children. The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales for My Children is a retelling of ancient tales and indicates his growing interest in writing for children, an interest to which he would return in 1862 with The Water-Babies.

The 1860s brought both deserved recognition and the climax of his dispute with John Henry Newman that had been brewing for years. Largely on the strength of his historical fiction Kingsley was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1860; in 1861 he was appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales. The Water-Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby, arguably his most enduring work, appeared serially in Macmillan's Magazine in 1862 and was published in volume format in 1863.
his poetry. Alton’s stay at Cambridge was memorable for several reasons: He came to know his cousin better and was at last introduced to the people he had seen at the gallery so long before. George had decided to become an Anglican priest, despite his lack of either preparation or belief, in order to obtain security. Being self-centered, George made little effort to help Alton, but he did introduce him to Lord Lyndale, another Cambridge student. Lyndale proved to respect Alton’s abilities, despite their difference in rank, and he was interested in the agricultural workers on his family estates and helpful in finding a publisher. He introduced Alton to Dean Winnstay, who arranged for publication of the poetry. The dean, however, asked Alton to omit certain crucial passages that he thought politically subversive. Alton agreed, as it was the only way to see his work in print. Through the dean, Alton met Eleanor Staunton. Eleanor was sympathetic to the plight of the working classes but argued that workers and clergy should be reconciled. The cause of the hostility between the two, she averred, was the workers’ lack of self-discipline and self-restraint. Once workers improved their behavior, she said, they would win the clergy’s confidence. Feeling guilty about having betrayed his poetry, Alton returned to London and made his living with hack writing for the popular press, especially for Fearghus O’Flynn’s Weekly Warwhoop, while waiting for his book of poetry to appear in print. When at last it did, Alton resumed contact with his upper-class acquaintances. He learned that his cousin George was pursuing ordination and planned to marry Lillian and that Eleanor and Lyndale had married, but that the latter had died in an accident. Alton also continued his Chartist activities. Although O’Flynn turned against him, Alton represented the London Chartists at a rally; when the rally turned into a riot, he was arrested and sentenced to three years in jail. He was released just in time to help present the People’s Charter (a petition calling for enactment of the Chartist movement’s democratic goals) to Parliament on April 10, 1848. Sandy Mackay had long warned Alton and Crossthwaite that the Chartist movement was too influenced by rogues and demagogues like Fearghus O’Flynn and that the Charter itself was filled with false signatures; with his dying breath, he predicted that the attempt to present it would prove a disaster. Meanwhile, Crossthwaite and Alton dreamt of revolution and prepared for streetfighting. When April 10 arrived, Mackay was proven correct. The Chartist leaders, fearing arrest, fled the rally, the London workers ignored the presentation, and the meeting broke up in disarray. As Alton, despairing, walked the streets, he met the betrayer Jimmy Downes, now living in poverty. Jimmy’s wife and children, dead of fever and starvation, lay covered by the coats they had been sewing. Alton called for help, but it came too late to prevent Jimmy from committing suicide. Alton’s despair deepened into illness and delirium. Nursed back to health by Eleanor and Crossthwaite, Alton became convinced that the Bible was the true Charter, that workers should earn their rights by reforming their characters, and that class cooperation rather than class conflict was the prerequisite for bringing God’s kingdom to pass. Alton also learned that the coats that had shrouded Jimmy’s family had infected George and Lillian, killing the former and destroying the latter’s beauty. As he came to learn of Eleanor’s charitable activities among the London poor, Alton realized that he had loved the wrong woman, but he found the opportunity for redemption. Sandy Mackay had bequeathed him money on condition that he and Crossthwaite emigrate. Eleanor could not go with them, for her health was declining, so Alton and the Crossthwaite family set sail for Texas. The night their ship arrived on the American shore, Alton died. His last written words were a poem, calling for a day of hope between workers and gentlemen.

Source: http://www.shvoong.com/books/novel-novella/1658750-alton-locke-tailor-poet

1 This is where the passage is located
The Water-Babies touches upon most of Kingsley's favourite themes: the working conditions of the poor, in this case those of chimney sweeps; education; sanitation and public health; pollution of rivers and streams; and evolutionary theory. In the central character's spiritual regeneration, Kingsley presents a vision of nature as the tool of divine reality, which Thomas Carlyle and F. D. Maurice had taught him underlies the imperfect human world. Viewing nature as governed by a redemptive spirit allowed Kingsley to remain untroubled by Darwinism.

Although Kingsley contemplated writing other novels, he never did. Instead, he edited Fraser's Magazine briefly in 1867. In 1869 he resigned his Cambridge professorship, an academic position in which he had never felt comfortable. In 1868 and 1869 he published a series of articles for children; these were collected and issued in 1870 as Madam How and Lady Why: First Lessons in Earth Lore for Children. A tour of the West Indies followed in 1870, producing notes which became At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies in 1871. In 1872 he published Town Geology and became President of the Midland Institute in Birmingham. In the next year he collected a group of prose essays, publishing them as Prose Idylls, New and Old. In 1874 he published Health and Education and made an exhausting six-month tour of the United States. When he returned to England he was worn out. On January 23, 1875, he died.

Source: Apple bookshop

ANNEXE 4

Alton Locke was a poor, Cockney retail tradesman's son. His father had invested all his money in a small shop that failed; by contrast, his uncle had prospered and now owned several grocery stores. Desperately poor, Alton's widowed mother asked the uncle to find Alton a position as a tailor's apprentice. The tailor's establishment was Alton's first experience of the world outside his mother's strict Baptist household. The workroom was close, stinking, and filthy, and most of the other tailors were gross, vulgar, and irreverent. Alton was, however, drawn to a coworker, John Crossthwaite, who was more thoughtful than the others. Locke wanted to improve himself by reading. Having exhausted his mother's few narrow Calvinist theological tomes, he discovered a used-book shop. The shop owner, Sandy Mackaye, befriended him, lent him books, and gave him a place to live after his mother evicted him for reading secular books. One morning, Alton was summoned to his uncle's office for an interview, during which he met his cousin George, who was about to enter Cambridge University. Together, they visited an art gallery, where Alton saw the beautiful Lillian Winnstay, her father Dean Winnstay, and her friend Eleanor Staunton. Alton instantly fell in love with Lillian, and spent the following year looking for her in London and feeling bitter toward the gentlemen who could visit her because of their rank in society. His frustration found release in poetry. At first, he wrote mannered, Byronic trash until under Sandy Mackaye's guidance he found his poetic voice in poetry that described the lives of the poor workers of London. Meanwhile, Alton's employer, wanting to increase his profit margin, changed to the "show-trade"—cheap, flashy, ready-to-wear clothing—and ordered his workers to do piecework at home for much lower wages. John Crossthwaite organized a protest, which Locke joined, but they lost their jobs when Jimmy Downes, one of their number, reported them to the employer. Angered at this injustice and under Crossthwaite's influence, Alton joined the Chartist movement, which advocated the vote for workingmen. Sandy Mackaye thought that Alton was too young to become involved in politics; he advised him to visit his cousin George in Cambridge and ask him for help in finding a publisher for
MASTER ENSEIGNEMENT S2- TRADUCTOLOGIE – MAI 2011

Effectuer une explication grammaticale des cinq segments soulignés du texte, en mettant successivement en œuvre une description, une problématique (en quoi le point pose question ou apporte une explication), une analyse et une critique de la traduction proposée en français.


Dans la cuisine, il se versa un autre verre et regarda le mobilier de la chambre à coucher qui se trouvait dans la cour, devant la maison. Le matelas gisait à nu et les draps aux rayures acidulées étaient pliés sur le chiffonnier, à côté des deux oreillers. A ce détail près, les choses avaient vraiment le même aspect que dans la maison – une table de chevet, une lampe pour lire de son côté à lui, un autre chevet, une autre lampe, de son côté à elle.

Son côté à lui, son côté à elle.

Il y réfléchissait tout en sirotant son whisky.


De temps en temps, une voiture ralentissait et les passagers jetaient un coup d’œil. Mais personne ne s’arrêtait.

L’idée lui vint que lui non plus ne se serait pas arrêté.

– Ça doit être une vente privée, dit la fille au garçon.
Elle et lui cherchaient de quoi meubler un petit appartement.

– Voyons ce qu’ils demandent pour le lit, ajoutait-elle.

– Et pour la télé, dit le garçon.
Il engagea la voiture dans l’alée et l’arrêta devant la table de la cuisine.

Sortant de l’auto, tous deux se mirent à examiner les objets. La fille effeuilla la nappe de mousseline, le garçon bracha le mixer et le régla sur « hachis ». Puis la fille prit un plat à poisson tandis que le garçon allumait la télé.

Il s’assit sur le divan pour regarder, alluma une cigarette, jeta un coup d’œil autour de lui et lança l’allumette dans l’herbe.

La fille s’installa sur le lit, retira ses souliers et s’étendit. Elle crut apercevoir une étoile.

1 In the kitchen, he poured another drink and looked at the bedroom suite in his front yard. The mattress was stripped and the candy-striped sheets lay beside two pillows on the chiffonier. Except for that, things looked much the way they had in the bedroom – nightstand and reading lamp on his side of the bed, nighstand and reading lamp on her side.

His side, her side.

He considered this as he sipped the whiskey.

The chiffonier stood a few feet from the foot of the bed. He had emptied the drawers into cartons that morning, and the cartons were in the living room. A portable heater was next to the chiffonier. A rattan chair with a deccorator pillow stood at the foot of the bed. The buffed aluminum kitchen set took up a part of the driveway. A yellow muslin cloth, much too large, a gift, covered the table and hung down over the sides. A dotted fern was on the table, along with a box of silverware and a record player, also gifts. A big console-model television set rested on a coffee table, and a few feet away from this stood a sofa and chair and a floor lamp. The desk was pushed against the garage door. A few utensils were on the desk, along with a wall clock and two framed prints. There was also in the driveway a carton with cups, glasses, and plates, each object wrapped in newspaper. That morning he had cleared out the closet, and except for the three cartons in the living room, all the stuff was out of the house. He had run an extension cord on out there and everything was connected. Things worked, no different from how it was when they were inside.

Now and then a car slowed and people stared. But no one stopped.

It occurred to him that he wouldn’t, either.

“17 must be a yard sale,” the girl said to the boy.
This girl and this boy were furnishing a little apartment.

“Let’s see what they want for the bed,” the girl said.

“And for the TV,” the boy said.
The boy pulled into the driveway and stopped in front of the kitchen table.

They got out of the car and began to examine things, the girl touching the muslin cloth, the boy plugging in the blender and turning the dial to water, the girl picking up a chafing dish, the boy turning on the television set and making little adjustments.

He sat down on the sofa to watch. He lit a cigarette.

looked around, flipped the match into the grass.

The girl sat on the bed. She pushed off her shoes and lay back. She thought she could see a star.
Comment on document A, using documents B and C to throw light on some aspects of A. Please write a coherent and elegant textual commentary, quoting the text(s) below. The quality of your written English will naturally be taken into consideration in your grade.

Documents provided:

Enter MARK ANTONY and EROS

MARK ANTONY
Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS
Ay, noble lord.

MARK ANTONY
Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tow'r'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vespers' pageants.

EROS
Ay, my lord,

MARK ANTONY
That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislims, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

EROS
It does, my lord.

MARK ANTONY
My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony:
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd untō't
A million more, now lost:--she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN

MARDIAN
O! thy vile lady!
She has rob'b'd me of my sword.

MARK ANTONY
No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

MARK ANTONY
Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

MARDIAN
Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

MARK ANTONY
Dead, then?

MARDIAN
Dead.

MARK ANTONY
Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [To MARDIAN] That thou
depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.

Exit MARDIAN

EROS unarms him
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

Exit EROS

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
Eros!--I come, my queen:--Eros!--Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS
EROS
What would my lord?
MARK ANTONY
Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Delest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Caesar tells
'I am conqueror of myself'. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
EROS
The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
MARK ANTONY
Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleasch'ed arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?
EROS
I would not see't.
MARK ANTONY
Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.
EROS
O, sir, pardon me!
MARK ANTONY
When I did make thee free, sworest thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.
EROS
Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
MARK ANTONY
Lo thee! [Tuming from him]
EROS
My sword is drawn.
MARK ANTONY
Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS
My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.
MARK ANTONY
'Tis said, man; and farewell.
EROS
Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?
MARK ANTONY
Now, Eros.
EROS
Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

Kills himself

MARK ANTONY
Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, of what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

Falling on his sword

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCI'TAS and Guard

First Guard
What's the noise?
MARK ANTONY
I have done my work in, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
Second Guard
The star is fall'n.
First Guard
And time is at his period.
All
Alas, and woe!
MARK ANTONY
Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard
Not l.
Second Guard
Nor l.
Third Guard
Nor any one.

Exeunt Guard
DERCETAS
Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly. 115
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him. [He takes up Antony’s sword]

Enter DIOMEDES

DIOMEDES
Where’s Antony?

DERCETAS
There, Diomed there.

DIOMEDES
Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man? 120

Exit DERCETAS

MARK ANTONY
Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES
Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

MARK ANTONY
When did she send thee?

DIOMEDES
Now, my lord.

MARK ANTONY
Where is she? 125

DIOMEDES
Lock’d in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Which never shall be found— you did suspect
She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

MARK ANTONY
Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES
What, ho, the emperor’s guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls! 135

Enter four or five of the Guard of MARK ANTONY

MARK ANTONY
Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
’Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard
Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All
Most heavy day!

MARK ANTONY
Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us; and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. 140

Exeunt, bearing MARK ANTONY

Notes
v. 10: the mass of clouds or vapour effaces, blots out the picture.
v. 19-20: shuffled cards in Caesar’s favour. Cleopatra, supposedly Antony’s partner in the game, is suspected of having arranged and played her cards in such a way as to leave Antony’s high card vulnerable to Caesar’s trump card.
v. 38: the great shield of Ajax with its seven thickness of oxhide
v. 51: recline (in the Elysian fields)
v. 70: The Partisans were much feared for their tactic of flinging their darts and then discharging a ‘Parthian shot’ of arrows as they retreated or appeared to retreat.
The ships are scattered over the face of the waters and Aeneas despairs, even wishing that he had died at Troy, 'where fierce Hektor lies, dead by Achilles' sword, where great Sarpedon lies, where Simoeis caught up so many shields and helmets and bodies of brave men, and rolled them down in his current' (1.99–101). But all ends well, for Neptune (Poseidon) intervenes, angry that his authority over the sea has been usurped, and calms the storm. Aeneas and his men come safely to Libya.

They are welcomed by Dido, the queen and founder of Carthage. She had been a Phoenician princess, daughter of the king of Tyre and happily married to the wealthy Sychaeus, but her wicked brother Pygmalion murdered her husband out of greed for his riches. Dido escaped from Tyre with her sister Anna and a band of followers and fled to Libya. Here she founded her new city. When Aeneas arrives, Carthage is a hive of activity, with new and splendid buildings everywhere under construction.

Dido gives a banquet in the Trojans' honour, and while they are feasting, Venus sends Cupid to inflame her heart with desire for Aeneas. She hears him tell of the fall of Troy and of all his subsequent adventures, and by the end of his moving narrative she has fallen deeply in love with him. She is torn between the memory of her dear husband and this new and overwhelming emotion, but her sister Anna encourages her to put the past behind her and to give in to her passion. She wanders all over the city, aflame with love – and Virgil likens her to a deer, shot by a shepherd in the woods, that runs away far over the wooded slopes of Mount Dikte, while all the time, lodged in her side, is the arrow that will bring her to death.

While out hunting, Dido and Aeneas take shelter in a cave during a violent storm and there they consummate their love. 'And that day was the beginning of her death,' says Virgil (4.169–70), 'and the beginning of all her sufferings' – though at first it is all pleasure, for now Dido and Aeneas think only of each other, and time slips away as they enjoy their new life together. At last Jupiter sends down Mercury (Hermes) to remind Aeneas of his destiny and urge him to sail for Italy.
Doc. C. Shakespeare, Venus and Adonis, v. 769-816 (1583)

Nay, then,' quoth Adonis, 'you will fail again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

'What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

'Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fied,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.
The Leap in the Dark, 1867

See "guidelines" on document 89. This is a major instance of the "one nation approach" developed by Disraeli's group of "Young Englanders" and presented in his novel Sybil; or, the Two Nations (1845).

Sir, I rise to ask leave to introduce a Bill further to amend the Laws for regulating the Representation of the People in Parliament. [...] I propose [...] to confine my observations to two points. I will endeavour, in the first place, clearly to convey to the House the object of the Government in the Bill which I am asking leave to introduce; and secondly, I will detail the means by which that purpose, in their opinion, can be accomplished. It will be for the House, first, to decide whether that object is desirable; and secondly, if desirable, whether the means which we propose are adequate; and, in the first place, I would say that our object is not only to maintain, but to strengthen, the character and functions of this House. They are peculiar in any popular assembly; not only rare, but perhaps unexampled in any other which has existed. The House of Commons has combined national representation with the attributes of a Senate. That peculiar union has, in our opinion, been owing to the variety of elements of which it is formed. Its variety of character has given to it its deliberative power, and it owes to its deliberative power its general authority. We wish, I repeat, not only to maintain, but to strengthen that character and those functions; and we believe that, in the present age and under the existing circumstances of the country, the best way to do so is to establish them on a broad popular basis. I know that there are some persons in whose minds the epithet which I have just used may create a feeling of distrust; but I attribute the sentiment of alarm which is associated with it to a misapprehension of its meaning, and to that perplexity of ideas which too often confounds popular privileges with democratic rights. They are not identical: they are not similar. More than that, they are contrary. Popular privileges are consistent with a state of society in which there is great inequality of condition. Democratic rights, on the contrary, demand that there should be equality of condition as the fundamental basis of the society which they regulate. Now, that is, I think, a distinction which ought to be borne in mind by the House in dealing with the provisions of the Bill which I am about to ask leave to introduce. If this Bill be a proposal that her Majesty shall be enabled to concede to her subjects, with the advice and concurrence of her Parliament, a liberal measure of popular privileges, then there may be many of its provisions which will be regarded as prudent, wise and essentially constitutional. If, on the other hand, it be looked upon as a measure having for its object to confer democratic rights, then I admit much that it may contain may be viewed in the light of being indefensible and unjust. We do not, however, live, and I trust it will never be the fate of this country to live – under a democracy. The propositions which I am going to make to-night certainly have no tendency in that direction. Generally speaking, I would say that, looking to what has occurred since the Reform Act of 1832 was passed – to the increase of population, the progress of industry, the spread of knowledge, and our ingenuity in the arts – we are of opinion that numbers, thoughts, and feelings have since that time been created which it is desirable should be admitted within the circle of the Constitution. We wish that admission to take place in the spirit of our existing institutions, and with a due deference to the traditions of an ancient State. [...] I am told that in this measure there are checks and counterpoises, and that it assumes in this country the existence of classes. If there are checks and counterpoises in our scheme, we live under a Constitution of checks and counterpoises. If the measure bears some reference to existing classes in this country, why should we conceal from ourselves [...] the fact that this country is a country of classes, and a country of classes it will ever remain?

(1) Understanding the Process of Reform

Reforms respond to three quite different, but inter-related motives:

* Popular pressure, popular demands, expressed in all manners of ways, from street demo to strike action, petition, lobbying, press campaigns, etc.
* Initiative by people in authority to undercut popular demands, decision to change a little something so as to avoid bigger changes and possible disruption in future: wish to improve social control.
* Need to rationalise so as to keep pace with changing circumstances in the economy, in technology, in the world, etc.

(2) The Vote Before 1867

The First Reform Act, 1832, the result of mounting struggles for reform, equalised the franchise in boroughs on the one hand and counties on the other, and redistributed seats in favour of cities. The electorate in England jumped by 100 percent, to about 800,000 out of a population of some 10 million. The new voters were mostly members of the new industrial middle class, but the composition of the Commons hardly changed at all.

After the rejection of the three Chartist petitions (1839, 1842, 1848) demanding universal male suffrage (documents 13-15, 90-92) and the dying out of agitation, things seemed to be quiet on the political homefront. In the 1850s, the situation of the franchise was the following: out of an English population of some 13 million, there were just over a million parliamentary electors. But since 1835, householders paying their own rates and of at least 3 years' standing had been enfranchised in municipal elections (mostly skilled workers and members of the lower middle-class): this dual standard was less and less sustainable.

So that by 1864-65, agitation for the vote was renewed, albeit on a small scale at the beginning, with two strands of opinion: John Bright and other middle-class radicals on the one hand, trade-unionists and members of the first International on the other set up organisations agitating for "Reform".

(3) The Liberal Bill

The conversion of Gladstone to the cause of Reform was probably the last straw of his more general conversion to the Liberal Party. On May 11, 1864, he had declared to the Commons, referring to the unsustainability of the current electoral discrimination:

Is that a state of things which we cannot venture to touch or modify? [...] We are told indeed that the working classes do not agitate for an extension of the franchise; but is it desirable that we should wait until they do agitate?

In this atmosphere of renewed, yet still timid agitation, and declarations such as this one or John Bright's, both Conservatives and Liberals began looking for means of extending the franchise without altering the social balance of the Constitution: they were afraid a simple extension of the vote might overthrow it under the sheer weight of working-class numbers. People like Lord Shaftesbury, the
well-known philanthropist who had done so much to relieve working-class children of the worst forms of exploitation, even thought that extending the suffrage might destroy the Church.

With such wild fears being expressed, one may understand that Gladstone advocated cautionary measures. His already quoted speech went on:

I venture to say that every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or of political danger is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution. Of course, in giving utterance to such a proposition, I do not recede from the protest I have previously made against sudden, or violent, or excessive, or intoxicating change. (our emphasis)

In March 1866, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons in Lord Russell’s Liberal Cabinet, he introduced a moderate bill that would have increased the number of voters in Parliamentary elections by only a third. But the bill was rejected by Conservative opponents and a number of Liberal friends as well, and the government resigned, making way for a minority Conservative government headed by Lord Derby, with Benjamin Disraeli as the Exchequer. But agitation was stepped up and massive street demonstrations took place, which urged the necessity of reform on the new Cabinet.

(4)

The Conservative Bill

A number of Conservatives, including the Queen, adhered to Disraeli’s view that their task was to bridge the gap between rich and poor, between the two “nations” Britain was divided into, to reunite the nation around the Crown, beyond the class divide. They also believed that if THEY took the initiative in reforming Parliament, they might win the praise... and popular support.

Disraeli then introduced a bill in the Commons, but one that was severely limited by built-in safeguards, namely two: the first one, was that the vote would be restricted to householders of two years’ residence paying rates directly in addition to and separately from a minimum rent; the other one was to give a second vote to better-off people, those who paid at least £1 a year in direct taxation – which amounted to not changing the social balance of the electorate. The proposal would have increased the electorate by nearly 50%, while maintaining the overrepresentation of the richer part of the population. Disraeli clearly indicated that in his view, the measure did not propose to introduce “democratic rights”, but proposed that the Queen should “concede to her subjects [...] a liberal measure of popular privileges”, i.e. to a new, useful and deserving part of the population, not the vote by right, but, as it were, by merit assessed by the elite.

(5)

The Second Reform Act and its Sequel

But while agitation continued outside, the safeguards were scraped by Parliament: it appeared it was indefensible to distinguish between householders paying their rates directly, and those who paid them together with the rent, indirectly via their landlords; the double vote for the rich (although it already existed in municipal elections) was too obviously a measure destined to make the reform meaningless. Adopted, then, without those safeguards (but plural voting for the occupants and owners of business premises will be part of the 1918 extension of the vote, up until 1948), the Second Reform Act nearly doubled the electorate, which jumped to 2 million men.

When an election was held the following year under the new system and despite Disraeli’s hopes (he had become Prime Minister in February 1868), a comfortable Liberal majority was returned, and Gladstone became Prime Minister.

The Act was supplemented in 1872 by the introduction of secret voting or “the ballot” (see guidelines for document 13). Before that, electors had to announce aloud and in public who they were and who they voted for and it is easy to imagine the pressure a well-organised crowd could exercise on the free-will of voters. Physical intimidation, but also economic intimidation (of employers on their employees) as well as corruption were possible. The ballot was then a logical, rational development of the franchise being given to voters who had no means of economic independence. With the ballot at least they could express an independent judgement.

The immediate result of the 1867 and 1872 Acts was apparently minimal: nothing was disturbed in the regular alternation of the two major parties in power. The Liberals governed for 6 years, between 1868 and 1874, and were followed by 6 years of Conservative rule, until 1880, when another Liberal
majority was elected to last yet another 6 years. The consequential changes were slow to mature: they were mainly the emergence of a working class party slowly capturing the working class vote.

(6) Later Reforms

One characteristic common to the First and Second Reform Acts, is that they provided for a more democratic franchise in the cities than in the countryside. But the dual standards of the system became less and less sustainable, pressure mounted to abolish the discrepancy. After some agitation against the Lords who resisted it, the Third Reform Act was passed under Gladstone in 1884. It added an extra 2 million men to the electorate. Amidst the furore, the demand for the women’s right to vote had made a brief and timid Parliamentary début – but Queen Victoria was dead set against what she saw as “this mad, wicked folly of ‘Women’s rights’ with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety.” She believed that “suffragists” “ought to get a good whipping.” (her emphasis)

The Acts of 1911 curtailed the powers of the Lords and provided for the payment of MPs. In 1918, the new electoral law made the following provisions: (i) that all males over 21 should have the vote at their place of residence; (ii) that being over 21 and either having a university post or having occupied for 6 months business premises of a yearly value of £10 would give you an extra vote – provided you had the time to go from one place to the other on the single polling day established by the new Act; (iii) that all women over 30 who were householders or wives of householders would get a vote. This created 8 million new electors.

In 1928, women got the vote on the same basis as men, and this created an extra 7 million electors. In 1948, University seats, the business vote and plural voting were abolished and in 1969, the “Representation of the People Act” lowered the age requirement to 18. There has been de facto “universal suffrage” in England since 1928, with qualifications. But curiously, the expression is nowhere to be found in the legal documents. Could it be that Disraeli’s ideas have outlived him?
(1) The author

Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881) was already a famous writer and a rising politician in the Conservative Party when he published *Sybil, or, the Two Nations* in 1845. The period was that of a lull in the agitation for "the People’s Charter" (documents 13, 14, 15, 91, 92) in the teeth of an acute economic recession. Sir Robert Peel, the Conservative Prime Minister since 1841, developed a carrot and stick policy: social legislation to remedy the worst evils and unhesitating suppression of working-class agitation. But when the social consequences of the slump were made even more severe by the failure of the potato crop in Ireland and Scotland, and an insufficient corn crop in England, Sir Robert Peel embraced the doctrines of free-trade and repealed the corn-laws that had protected the farming and land-owning community against foreign competition (1846). Conservative ranks split over the issue, the Peelites now working in alliance with the Liberals, until the Cabinet had to resign over the Irish question in June 1846. Instrumental in the severance of the link between Sir Robert and most Tory back-benchers had been the scathing attacks of Disraeli, who masterminded the reorganisation of the party under the nominal leadership of Lord Bentinck. At the latter’s death (1848) he became the leader of the Conservatives in the Commons, while overall leadership was in the hands of Lord Stanley (the future Lord Derby). Some Tories then failed to realize that it was perfectly consistent for "Dizzy" to refuse to reverse the decision on free-trade, once it had been taken.

(2) One-nation Toryism

Disraeli’s attitude was a two-pronged approach to the "condition of England question", to quote the famous phrase of Carlyle. On the one hand, together with his romantic followers of the Young England group, he had an absolute distrust of the manufacturing middle-class, with their selfish commercial interests so well defended by the Whigs, and he believed that the best of English civilisation was its aristocracy, with patrician values entailing a fatherly attention for common people’s needs. On the other hand, he believed that working people had a genuine grievance at the hands of their greedy and irresponsible employers, and that they would see their interests best defended in an alliance with the aristocracy: this would provide the Tories with a popular constituency (document 16). As early as 1839, at the time of the first Chartist petition, he had been among the few who, despite their refusal to grant the Charter, had nonetheless expressed sympathy for the plight of the petitioners and protested at their treatment by the Whig ministry of Lord Russell: he considered they might be misguided, for lack of responsible leadership by their "betters" (the whole point of *Sybil*, evidenced in our passage), but that ill-treatment by their employers and the Home Office was beyond dispute. In 1845-46, his defence of the landed interests was simply the other side of the Young Englander’s coin and after the repeal, his acceptance of the fact of free-trade, when experience showed it did not ruin the landed interests and positively (albeit temporarily) improved the lot of the labouring classes, was guided by the same principles. Two of his novels were an exposition of the policy of Young Englanders: *Coningsby; or, The New Generation* (1844) and *Sybil*. When he became Prime Minister, he was to implement those principles (document 16) and to this day, his name is associated with policies aiming at bridging the gulf separating Britain into “two nations” along class lines. This Disraelian tradition in the Conservative party is then called “one-nation Toryism” and is contrasted with the “divisive two-nation approach” of Thatcherism: one may speculate whether John Major’s approach has not been to attempt a composite of the two traditions (document 86).

(3) A literary genre

The "social-problem" or "industrial" novel had already become a well-established literary genre, with works like *Oliver Twist* (1838) by Charles Dickens. Dealing with the same or similar issues, on the backdrop of working-class agitation and Chartistism although published shortly afterwards, one may read two other novels: *Mary Barton* (1848) by Elizabeth Gaskell and *Hard Times* (1854) by Charles Dickens.