

**ELE 24**

Ministère de l'Education Nationale

**CAPES EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS**

**CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS**

**SESSION 2005**

**ÉPREUVE EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE**

**Consigne**

Dans le cadre de votre épreuve, vous procéderez :

- à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés  
**(en anglais)**
- à l'explication des trois faits de langue soulignés dans le document  
**(en français)**
- à la restitution du document sonore que le jury vous proposera  
**(en français)**

1           The public opening of the railway took place on the 15th September, 1830. Eight locomotive engines had now been constructed by the Messrs. Stephenson, and placed upon the line. The whole of them had been repeatedly tried, and with success, weeks before. A high paling had been erected for miles along the deep cuttings near Liverpool, to keep off the pressure of the multitude, and prevent them from falling over in their eagerness to witness the opening ceremony.  
5           Constables and soldiers were there in numbers, to assist in keeping the railway clear. The completion of the work was justly regarded as a great national event, and was celebrated accordingly. The Duke of Wellington, then prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, secretary of state, Mr. Huskisson, one of the members for Liverpool, and an earnest supporter of the project from its commencement, were present, together with a large number of distinguished personages. The  
10           “Northumbrian” engine took the lead of the procession, and was followed by the other locomotives and their trains, which accommodated about 600 persons. Many thousands of spectators cheered them on their way – through the deep ravine of Olive Mount; up the Sutton incline; over the Sankey viaduct, beneath which a multitude of persons had assembled, – carriages filling the  
15           narrow lanes and barges crowding the river. The people gazed with wonder and admiration at the trains which sped along the line, far above their heads, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour.

          At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in water. Here a deplorable accident occurred to one of the most distinguished of the illustrious visitors present which threw a deep shadow over the subsequent proceedings of the day. The “Northumbrian”  
20           engine, with the carriage containing the Duke of Wellington, was drawn up on one line, in order that the whole of the trains might pass in review before him and his party on the other. Mr. Huskisson had, unhappily, alighted from the carriage, and was landing on the opposite road, along which the “Rocket” engine was observed rapidly coming up. At this moment, the Duke of Wellington, between whom and Mr. Huskisson some coolness had existed, made a sign of  
25           recognition, and held out his hand. A hurried but friendly grasp was given; and before it was loosened there was a general cry from the bystanders of “Get in, get in!”. Flurried and confused, Mr. Huskisson endeavoured to get round the open door of the carriage, which projected over the opposite rail; but in so doing he was struck down by the “Rocket”, and falling with his leg doubled across the rail, the limb was instantly crushed. His first words, on being raised, were, “I have met  
30           my death”, which unhappily proved too true, for he expired that same evening in the neighbouring parsonage of Eccles. It was cited at the time as a remarkable fact, that the “Northumbrian” engine conveyed the wounded body of the unfortunate gentleman a distance of about fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. This incredible speed burst upon the world with the effect of a new and unlooked for phenomenon.

35           The lamentable accident threw a gloom over the rest of the day’s proceedings. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel expressed a wish that the procession should return to Liverpool. It was, however, represented to them that a vast concourse of people had assembled at Manchester to witness the arrival of the trains; that report would exaggerate the mischief if they did not complete the journey; and that a false panic on that day might seriously affect future railway  
40           travelling, and the value of the Company’s property. The party consented accordingly to proceed to Manchester, but on the understanding that they should return as soon as possible, and refrain from further festivity...

          It is scarcely necessary that we should here speak of the commercial results of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Suffice it to say that its success was complete and decisive.  
45           The anticipations of its projectors were, however, in many respects at fault. They had based their calculations almost entirely on the heavy merchandise traffic – such as coal, cotton, and timber – relying little upon passengers; whereas the receipts derived from the conveyance of passengers far exceeded those derived from merchandise of all kinds, which, for a time, continued a

subordinate branch of the traffic. In the evidence given before the committee of the House of  
50 Commons, the promoters stated their expectation of obtaining about one-half of the whole number  
of passengers that the coaches then running could take, which was from 400 to 500 a day. But the  
railway was scarcely opened before it carried on an average about 1,200 passengers a day; and  
five years after the opening, it carried nearly half a million of persons yearly. In the first eighteen  
55 months, upwards of 700,000 persons, or about 1,270 a day, were conveyed on the line without an  
accident. Formerly, the transit by coach had occupied four hours. The railway passenger trains  
performed the journey in an hour and a half on the average.

Samuel SMILES,  
*The Life of George Stephenson (1857).*

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1           Going home from school in the afternoon, the Brangwen girls descended the hill between  
the picturesque cottages of Willey Green till they came to the railway crossing. There they found  
the gate shut, because the colliery train was rumbling nearer. They could hear the small  
locomotive panting hoarsely as it advanced with caution between the embankments. The one-  
5 legged man in the little signal-hut by the road stared out from his obscurity like a crab from a snail-  
shell.

          Whilst the two girls waited, Gerald Crich trotted up on a red Arab mare. He rode well and  
softly, pleased with the delicate quivering of the creature between his knees. And he was very  
picturesque, at least in Gudrun's eyes, sitting soft and close on the slender red mare, whose long  
10 tail flowed on the air. He saluted the two girls, and drew up at the crossing to wait for the gate,  
looking down the railway for the approaching train. In spite of her ironic smile at his  
picturesqueness, Gudrun liked to look at him. He was well-set and easy, his face with its warm tan  
showed up his whitish, coarse moustache, and his blue eyes were full of sharp light, as he  
watched the distance.

15           The locomotive chuffed slowly between the banks, hidden. The mare did not like it. She  
began to wince away, as if hurt by the unknown noise. But Gerald pulled her back and held her  
head to the gate. The sharp blast of the chuffing engine broke with more and more force on her.  
The repeated sharp blows of unknown, terrifying noise struck through her till she was rocking with  
terror. She recoiled like a spring let go. But a glistening, half-smiling look came into Gerald's face.  
20 He brought her back quickly again, inevitably. The noise was released, the little locomotive with  
her clanging steel connecting-rod emerged on the high-road, clanking sharply. The mare  
rebounded like a drop of water from hot iron. Ursula and Gudrun pressed back into the hedge, in  
fear. But Gerald was heavy on the mare, and forced her back. It seemed as if he sank into her  
magnetically, and could thrust her back, against herself.

25           "The fool!" cried Ursula loudly. "Why doesn't he ride away till it's gone by."

          Gudrun was looking at him with black-dilated, spell-bound eyes. But he sat glistening and  
obstinate, forcing the wheeling mare, which spun and swerved like a wind, and yet could not get  
out of the grasp of his will, nor escape from the mad clamour of terror that resounded through her,  
as the trucks thumped slowly, heavily, horrifying, one after the other, one pursuing the other, over  
30 the rails of the crossing.

          The locomotive, as if wanting to see what could be done, put on the brakes, and back came  
the trucks rebounding on the iron buffers, striking like horrible cymbals, clashing nearer and nearer  
in frightful strident concussions. The mare opened her mouth and rose slowly, as if lifted up on a  
wind of terror. Then suddenly her fore feet struck out, as she convulsed herself utterly away from  
35 the horror. Back she went, and the two girls clung to each other, feeling she must fall backwards

on top of him. But he leaned forward, his face shining with fixed amusement and at last he brought her down, sank her down, and was bearing her back to the mark. But as strong as the pressure of his compulsion was the repulsion of her utter terror, throwing her back away from the railway, so that she spun round and round, on two legs, as if she were in the centre of some whirlwind. It  
40 made Gudrun faint with poignant dizziness, which seemed to penetrate to her heart.

“No—! No—! Let her go! Let her go, you fool, you fool—!” cried Ursula at the top of her voice, completely outside herself. And Gudrun hated her bitterly for being outside herself. It was unendurable that Ursula’s voice was so powerful and naked. (...)

Meanwhile the eternal trucks were rumbling on, very slowly, threading one after the other,  
45 one after the other, like a disgusting dream that has no end. The connecting chains were grinding and squeaking as the tension varied, the mare pawed and struck away mechanically now, her terror fulfilled in her, for now the man encompassed her; her paws were blind and pathetic as she beat the air, the man closed round her and brought her down, almost as if she were part of his own physique.

50 “And she’s bleeding! – She’s bleeding!” cried Ursula, frantic with opposition and hatred of Gerald. She alone understood him perfectly, in pure opposition.

D. H. LAWRENCE  
*Women in Love* (1920).

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Augustus Egg *The Travelling Companions*  
BM&AG