

CAPES/CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS SESSION 2021

EPREUVE DE MISE EN SITUATION PROFESSIONNELLE

Première partie :

Vous procéderez à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés (A, B, C non hiérarchisés).

Deuxième partie :

Cette partie de l'épreuve porte sur les documents B et C.

A partir de ces supports, vous définirez des objectifs communicationnels, culturels et linguistiques pouvant être retenus dans une séquence pédagogique en classe de Terminale, en vous référant aux programmes. En vous appuyant sur la spécificité de ces supports, vous dégagerez des stratégies pour développer les compétences de communication des élèves.

Document A

At the beginning of May, spring remained in a “backward” state. “The air . . . is cold, and the atmosphere heavy and gloomy as it could be in the month of November,” *The Times*’s man in Ireland reported. A few days later, the Dublin papers warned that the 1847 crops had the look of decay about them. “The wheat look[s] very badly and oats slowly coming up... [And] there is by no means, such a breadth of potatoes sown... as I anticipated.”

The news was enough to give the wavering, the undecided, and the fearful resolve; it was time to go. In 1846, emigration, though large – 116,000 people left Ireland – had had an orderly character. By the spring of 1847, people were not leaving Ireland; they were fleeing, the way a crowd flees a burning building: heedlessly, recklessly, with no thought other than to get out. In 1847, 215,000 men and women sailed to North America, and another 150,000 to Britain. [...]

In a letter to *The Nation*, Michael Doheny, a Young Ireland official, recounted several instances “where a mother and father went away by night and left [their] little children, scarcely more than infants, to a person to take to the poorhouse the next morning.” In England, where depopulation was widely viewed as a necessary precondition for the modernization of Ireland, the outflow was cheered. *The Times*, always reliably nasty on such occasions, predicted a second plantation of Ireland by “thrifty Scots and Scientific English farmers, men with means, men with modern ideas.” In a few years more, “a Celtic Irishman will be as rare in Connemara as is the red Indian on the shore of Manhattan.” [...]

The landlords, eager to consolidate their land and lower their poor rate, where also happy to see the Gaelic speakers go. Stewart and Kincaid, estate agents to the foreign secretary, Lord Palmerston, advised Palmerston to offer his most destitute Irish tenants free passage to upper Canada. Leasing ships for the voyage would be expensive, Joseph Kincaid, a principal at Stewart & Kincaid, told Palmerston, but your “estate will be of more value... with the population reduced. These people are a dead weight on you.” Major Mahon, a large Roscommon landowner, received similar advice. Mahon’s agent calculated that it would cost the major £11,534 per annum to keep his tenants in the local workhouse, twice the cost of transporting the tenants to Canada (£5,768). [...] Peasants with no landlord or workhouse to subsidize an escape turned to friends and neighbors. “Trifling objects” were auctioned off to raise fare money; subscriptions were raised in pubs and shebeens, and family members, especially those who lived abroad, were solicited for ticket money.

[...] The desire to go was so powerful, people left without luggage, without money, without forethought, without shoes. They left in unsafe ships; they left from little-used, ill-equipped ports like Westport in Mayo and Kinsale in Cork. They left on ships that had fought through the French Wars and they left without sea stock, the extra provisions essential for the typical eight weeks’ crossing in an emigrant vessel. Later, the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the emigrants would grow misty-eyed when Bing Crosby sang, “I’ll take you home again, Kathleen, Across the ocean wild and wide.” But the people standing on the wharves waiting for the Liverpool packets wondered why, in God’s name, would anyone want to stay? No, said an ailing new mother when offered refuge on shore the night before her ship was to sail. “[I] would rather start with hope... of arriving in America soon than to remain [in Ireland].” On the wharves that desperate spring, the talk was all of the death of “Old Ireland.” “Anywhere than here”; “Poor Ireland’s done”; “This country is doomed,” the people on the crowded decks told one another. Mornings when the packets were late and there was time to think of all that had been lost – the dead wives, husbands, children, and parents; the land-sorrow would overcome the crowds like a strong wind.

John Kelly, *The Graves are Walking. The History of the Great Irish Famine*, chapter 14 “I Shall Arise and Go Now”, London, Faber & Faber, 2012

Document B

Cathy Greene. Brooklyn, New York. To her mother in Ballylarkin, County Kilkenny. August 1st, 1884

My dear Mamma,

5 *What on earth is the matter with ye all, that none of you would think of writing to me? The fact is I am heart-sick, fretting. I cannot sleep the night and if I chance to sleep I wake with the most frightful dreams.*

To think it's now going and gone into the third month since ye wrote me. I feel as if I'm dead to the world. I've left the place I was employed. They failed in business. I was out of place all summer and the devil knows how long. This is a world of troubles.

10 *I would battle with the world and would never feel dissatisfied if I could hear often from ye. And know candidly things are going on but what to think of how ye are forgetting me. I know if I don't hear from ye prior to the arrival of this letter at Ballylarkin I will be almost dead...*

15 *I sometimes think you would come here and that health would fail and like almost all the Irish, drop off one by one. There is no place like home if one could at all live there but if not don't hesitate about coming here.*

I trust ye are well and that my frightful dreams won't be realized.

Cathy

[...]

20 **The following is a letter from Ireland. Michael and Mary Rush from Ardnaglass, County Sligo write to their father, Thomas Barrett, in Carillon, Ontario. September 6th, 1846.**

Dear Father and Mother,

25 *Pen cannot dictate the poverty of this country at present, the potato crop is quite done away all over Ireland and we are told prevailing all over Europe. There is nothing expected here, only an immediate famine...*

30 *Now, my dear parents, pity our hard case, and do not leave us on the number of the starving poor, and if it be your wish to keep us until we earn any labor you wish to put us to we will feel happy in doing so. If you knew what danger we and our fellow countrymen are suffering, if you were ever so much distressed, you would take us out of this poverty Isle. We can only say the curse of God fell down on Ireland in taking away the potatoes, they being the only support of the people. Not like countries that have a supply of wheat and other grain.*

So, dear father and mother, if you don't endeavor to take us out of it, it will be the first news you will hear by some friend of me and my little family to be lost by hunger, and there are thousands dread they will share the same fate...

35 *So I conclude with my blessings to you both and remain your affectionate son and daughter.*

Michael and Mary Rush

P.S. For God's sake take us out of poverty and don't let us die with the hunger.

Matt Keough, "Inspiring emigrant letters home to Ireland from America in the Famine era," March 16, 2015. <<https://www.irishcentral.com/roots/history/inspiring-emigrant-letters-home-to-ireland-from-america-in-the-famine-era>>

Document C



Famine Memorial at Ireland Park, Toronto

<<https://www.irishamericanmom.com/famine-memorial-at-ireland-park-toronto/>>

In 1997, on the 150th anniversary of the Famine, the Irish sculptor Rowan Gillespie unveiled his 'Departure' series of famine sculptures, which are located beside the River Liffey in Dublin. These deeply moving statues in Dublin inspired the Canadian Robert Kearns to invite Rowan Gillespie to create a new group of sculptures to be located on the Toronto waterfront.