

EAE 0422 A	
Code Sujet	EHP
Sujet Jury	
Sujet Candidat	
Page	1 / 6

Document A

Brian Friel, *Philadelphia, Here I Come!*, Faber & Faber, 1964

- BOYLE Tomorrow morning, isn't it?
- PUBLIC* Quarter past seven. I'm getting the mail van the length of Strabane.
- BOYLE You're doing the right thing, of course. You'll never regret it. I gather it's
5 a vast restless place that doesn't give a curse about the past; and that's
the way things should be. Impermanence and anonymity—it offers
great attractions.
- PUBLIC Another row with the Canon? I really hadn't heard—
- BOYLE But the point is he can't sack me! The organization's behind me and he
10 can't budge me. Still, it's a ... a bitter victory to hold on to a job when
your manager wants rid of you.
- PUBLIC Sure everybody knows the kind of the Canon, Master.
- BOYLE I didn't tell you, did I, that I may be going out there myself?
- PRIVATE Poor bastard.
- BOYLE I've been offered a big post in Boston, head of education in a reputable
15 university there. They've given me three months to think it over. What
are you going to do?
- PUBLIC Work in a hotel.
- BOYLE You have a job waiting for you?
- PUBLIC In Philadelphia.
- BOYLE You'll do all right. You're young and strong and of average intelligence.
20 Good old Boyle. Get the dig in.
- BOYLE Yes, it was as ugly and as squalid as all the other to-dos—before the
whole school—the priest and the teacher—dedicated moulders of the
mind. You're going to stay with friends?
- PUBLIC With Aunt Lizzy.
- BOYLE Of course.
- PRIVATE Go on. Try him.
- PUBLIC You knew her, didn't you, Master?
- BOYLE Yes, I knew all the Gallagher girls: Lizzy, Una, Rose, Agnes...
30 And Maire, my mother, did you love her?
- BOYLE A long, long time ago... in the past... He comes in to see your father
every night, doesn't he?
- PUBLIC The Canon? Oh, it's usually much later than this—
- BOYLE I think so much about him that—ha—I feel a peculiar attachment for
35 him. Funny, isn't it? Do you remember the Christmas you sent me the
packet of cigarettes? And the day you brought me a pot of jam to the
digs? It was you, wasn't it?

* "The two Gars, Public Gar and Private Gar, are two views of the one man. Public Gar is the Gar that people see, talk to, talk about. Private Gar is the unseen man, the man within, the conscience, the alter ego, the secret thoughts, the id. Private Gar, the spirit, is invisible to everybody, always. Nobody except Public Gar hears him talk. But even Public Gar, although he talks to Private Gar occasionally, never sees him and *never looks at him*. One cannot look at one's alter ego." (*ibid.*, pp. 11-12)

- PRIVATE Poor Boyle—
- 40 BOYLE All children are born with generosity. Three months they gave me to make up my mind.
- PUBLIC I remember very well—
- BOYLE By the way—*[producing a small book]* a—little something to remind you of your old teacher—my poems—
- PUBLIC Thank you very much.
- 45 BOYLE I had them printed privately last month. Some of them are a bit mawkish but you'll not notice any distinction.
- PUBLIC I'm very grateful, Master.
- BOYLE I'm not going to give you advice, Gar. Is that clock right? Not that you would heed it even if I did; you were always obstinate—
- 50 PRIVATE Tch, tch.
- BOYLE But I would suggest that you strike out on your own as soon as you find your feet out there. Don't keep looking back over your shoulder. Be 100 per cent American.
- PUBLIC I'll do that.
- 55 BOYLE There's an inscription on the fly-leaf. By the way, Gar, you couldn't lend me 10s until—ha—I was going to say until next week but you'll be gone by then.
- PUBLIC Surely, surely.
- BOYLE I seem to have come out without my wallet...
- 60 PRIVATE Give him the quid.
[Public gives over a note. Boyle does not look at it.]
- BOYLE Fine. I'll move on now. Yes, I knew all the Gallagher girls from Bailtefree, long, long ago. Maire and Una and Rose and Lizzy and Agnes and Maire, your mother...
- 65 PRIVATE You might have been my father.
- BOYLE Oh, another thing I meant to ask you: should you come across any newspapers or magazines over there that might be interested in an occasional poem, perhaps you would send me some addresses—
- PUBLIC I'll keep an eye out.
- 70 BOYLE Not that I write as much as I should. You know how you get caught up in things. But you have your packing to do, and I'm talking too much as usual.
[He holds out his hand and they shake hands. He does not release Public's hand.]
- 75 PUBLIC Good luck, Gareth.
- PUBLIC Thanks, Master.
- BOYLE Forget Ballybeg and Ireland.
- PUBLIC It's easier said.
- BOYLE Perhaps you'll write me.
- 80 PUBLIC I will indeed.
- BOYLE Yes, the first year. Maybe the second. I'll—I'll miss you, Gar.
- PRIVATE For God's sake get a grip on yourself.
- PUBLIC Thanks for the book and for—
[Boyle embraces Public briefly.]
- 85 PRIVATE Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	3 / 6

[Boyle breaks away and goes quickly off through the scullery. He bumps into Madge who is entering.]

- 90 MADGE Lord, the speed of him! His tongue out for a drink!
 PRIVATE Quick! Into your room!
 MADGE God knows I don't blame the Canon for wanting rid of that—
[Public rushes to the bedroom. Private follows.]
 Well! The manners about this place!
 95 *[She gathers up the tea things. Public stands aside the bedroom door, his hands up to his face. Private stands at his elbow, speaking urgently into his ear.]*
 PRIVATE Remember—you're going! At 7.15. You're still going! He's nothing but a drunken aul schoolmaster—a conceited, arrogant wash-out!
 PUBLIC O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful—
 100 PRIVATE Get a grip on yourself! Don't be a damned sentimental fool! *[Sings.]*
 'Philadelphia, here I come—'
 PUBLIC Maire and Una and Rose and Agnes and Lizzy and Maire—
 PRIVATE Yessir, you're going to cut a bit of dash in them thar States! Great big sexy dames and night clubs and high living and films and dances and—
 105 PUBLIC Kathy, my own darling Kathy—
 PRIVATE *[sings]* 'Where bowers of flowers bloom in the spring'
 PUBLIC I don't—I can't.
 PRIVATE *[sings]* 'Each morning at dawning, everything is bright and gay/A sun-kissed miss says Don't be late—' Sing up, man!
 110 PUBLIC I—I—I—
 PRIVATE *[sings]* 'That's why I can hardly wait.'
 PUBLIC *[sings limply]* 'Philadelphia, here I come.'
 PRIVATE That's it, laddybuck!
 TOGETHER 'Philadelphia, here I come.'

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	4 / 6

Document B

William Grattan Tyrone Power (1795-1841), *Impressions of America during the years 1833, 1834 and 1835*, London, R. Bentley, 1836, pp. 347-352.

The hand of welcome is also extended and sympathy encouraged towards the persecuted, whether of fortune or despotism. The exile is sure to find shelter and security here, without encountering suspicion, whether necessity or choice induced him to abandon his country.

- 5 Honoured be the land which offers to the stranger a free participation, on equal terms, of all it holds dearest! Hallowed be the institutions which hold out to talent a free field, and where honest ambition knows no limit save the equal law!

I shall ever love America for the happy home it has proved to the provident amongst the exiles from Ireland. In almost every part of the land, they form an important portion of
10 the freemen of the soil. If, on becoming American, they have not at all times ceased to be Irish in that full degree the political economist would desire, there are many allowances to be made for them.

Let it not be considered an unpardonable enormity that the poor Irishman runs a little riot when suddenly and wholly freed from the heavy clog by which the exhibition of his
15 opinions has been restrained at home. It is not surprising that those who have been for life hoodwinked should fail to see clearly for themselves in all cases; or that, falling upon interested guides, they are occasionally led astray.

Wayward and wilful I will admit them sometimes to be, and in evil hands their misdirected energies may for a time become the instruments of evil. Mistaken in
20 judgment they may often be, for such is the lot of humanity, but regardless of right and justice they seldom are, and ungrateful or ungenerous they cannot be. The evidence of their native spirit of enterprise is found in their daily braving destitution in the hope of bettering their hard lot. Their hatred of oppression is proved by their ill-directed, but constant struggles for equal rights; and, if kind-heartedness and charity cover a
25 multitude of sins, no people on earth can justly claim a larger stock. In illustration of which I will present one proof out of the many I possess, because it will at once serve as an illustration of my assertion, and gratify those who love to contemplate the bright side of poor humanity.

The following statement was enclosed to me by an excellent Quaker, one of the partners
30 of the house from whose books the document is extracted, with a letter which I need not insert here, but will add, that the statement is incontrovertible.

“From the 1st of January 1834, to the 1st of May 1835, Abraham Bell and Co. of
New York have received from the working classes of Irish emigrants, that is, from
common labourers, farm servants, chambermaids, waiters, &c. to remit to their
35 friends and kindred in Ireland, the sum of fifty-five thousand dollars, in amount varying from five dollars upwards. The average amount of the whole number of drafts sent is twenty-eight and a half dollars each.”

New York, May, 19th, 1835.

There is not a part of the country to which I have wandered, where I did not find that a
40 like gentle recollection of the destitute left at home prevailed. In every large city is some one or more Irish house, which becomes the popular medium through which these offerings of the heart are transmitted to the miserables at home. When it is reflected that

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	5 / 6

the donors are themselves the poorest of the poor, and that often at the close of their first summer, they are found transmitting their earnings to some mother, or aunt, or sister,
45 without providing against or thinking of the severity of approaching winter, no eulogy can be too strong.

“Well, but look, David,” remonstrated my kind friend H—— in New Orleans, to a poor fellow who, after three months’ hard labour, brought him forty-five dollars to send home, “let me recommend you to keep back ten dollars of this to buy yourself a warm coat; we
50 have a cold month coming, man, and you are ill off for covering.”

“It’s true for ye, sir,” cried Davy, scratching his head, and glancing down at his ragged garments, “bud it’s only for a month you’ll be havin’ cowld here, and the poor crature at home has a long winter to get over, and her as bare as myself, and less able for id. The clothes cost a heap o’ money here, too, I find; and if you plase, sir, in the name o’ God,
55 send all I have home, and I’ll keep off the cowld, when it comes, by workin’ the harder.”

Instances are constantly occurring of labourers, landing at a good season, going to work though hardly able from weakness, and at the end of their first week bringing three or four dollars to be sent home.

I will not multiply instances, as I might do, nor need I offer further comment. I confess
60 freely that I have a pride in setting this much-enduring class of my countrymen before the English people, who, generous themselves, know how to appreciate good in others. At these times one page of fact is worth a volume of unsupported eulogium. If the present short statement contributes to promoting a kind feeling towards a little known, although much abused class, it will have accomplished the end contemplated, and in doing this,
65 will have served all parties.

Code Sujet	EHP
Page	6 / 6

Document C

Thomas Nast, *The Ignorant Vote: Honors Are Easy*, Harper's Weekly, December 9, 1876

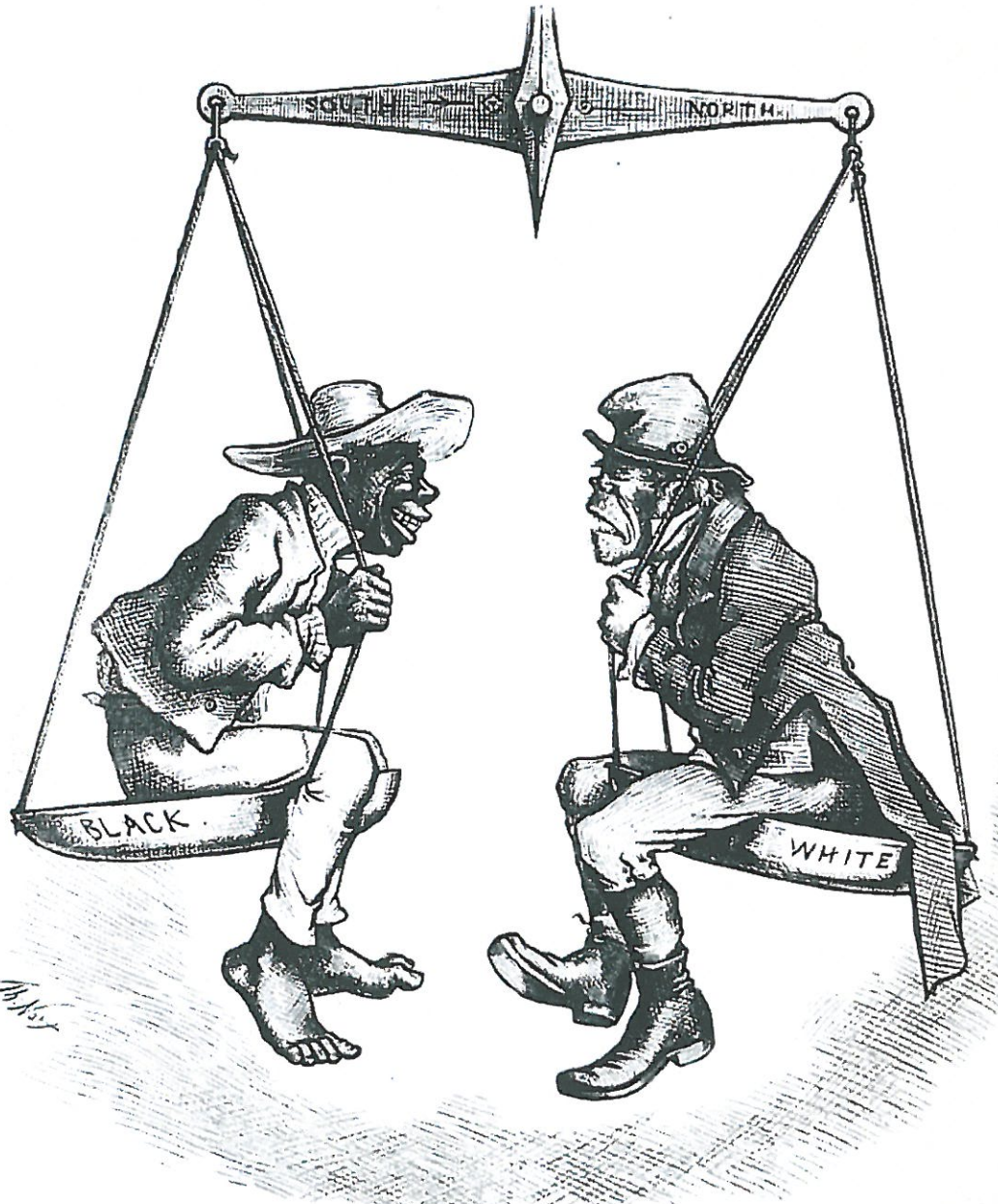
HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE IGNORANT VOTE—HONORS ARE EASY