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## Document A

1 Mr. Haley and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each, for a time, absorbed in his own  
reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing,—  
seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands and organs of all sorts, and  
having pass before their eyes the same objects,—it is wonderful what a variety we shall  
5 find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height,  
and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into  
market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective  
market value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to  
10 compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how  
humane he was, that whereas other men chained their "niggers" hand and foot both, he  
only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well;  
and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to  
doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by "niggers" whom  
15 he had favored; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet  
remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which  
kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: "We have here no continuing  
city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our  
20 God; for he hath prepared for us a city." These words of an ancient volume, got up  
principally by "ignorant and unlearned men," have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a  
strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the  
soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm,  
where before was only the blackness of despair.

25 Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their  
advertisements, with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was  
in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative half-aloud, by way of calling in his ears to  
verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph:

30 "EXECUTOR'S SALE, — NEGROES! — Agreeably to order of court, will be sold,  
on Tuesday, February 20, before the Court-house door, in the town of Washington,  
Kentucky, the following negroes: Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul,  
aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of  
Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

SAMUEL MORRIS

35 THOMAS FLINT, *Executors*."

"This yer I must look at," said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to.

"Ye see, I'm going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom; it'll make it  
sociable and pleasant like,—good company will, ye know. We must drive right to  
Washington first and foremost, and then I'll clap you into jail, while I does the business."

40 Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the naive, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into jail by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and  
45 upright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess it, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow,—not having very much else to be proud of;—if he had belonged to some of the higher walks of society, he, perhaps, would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington,—the one in a tavern, and the other in a jail.

50 About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps,—smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns,—waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She  
55 might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense  
60 trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

"Don't be feard, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, "I spoke to Mas'r Thomas 'bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot both together."

"Dey needn't call me worn out yet," said she, lifting her shaking hands. "I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour,—I'm wuth a buying, if I do come cheap;—tell em dat ar,—you  
65 tell em," she added, earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt of his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions to show his muscles; and then passed on to the next, and put him through the same trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms,  
70 straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

"He an't gwine to be sold widout me!" said the old woman, with passionate eagerness; "he and I goes in a lot together; I 's rail strong yet, Mas'r and can do heaps o' work,—heaps on it, Mas'r."

"On plantation?" said Haley, with a contemptuous glance. "Likely story!" and, as if  
75 satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, ready for action.



## Document B

1 The negro slaves of the South are the happiest, and in some sense, the freest people in the world. The children and the aged and infirm work not at all, and yet have all the comforts and necessities of life provided for them. They enjoy liberty, because they are oppressed neither by care or labor. The women do little hard work, and are protected from the  
5 despotism of their husbands by their masters. The negro men and stout boys work, on the average, in good weather, no more than nine hours a day. The balance of their time is spent in perfect abandon. Besides, they have their Sabbaths and holidays. White men, with so much of license and abandon, would die of ennui; but negroes luxuriate in corporeal and mental repose. With their faces upturned to the sun, they can sleep at any  
10 hour; and quiet sleep is the greatest of human enjoyments. "Blessed be the man who invented sleep." 'Tis happiness in itself-and results from contentment in the present, and confident assurance of the future. We do not know whether free laborers ever sleep. They are fools to do so; for, whilst they sleep, the wily and watchful capitalist is devising means to ensnare and exploit them. The free laborer must work or starve. He is more of a  
15 slave than the negro, because he works longer and harder for less allowance than the slave, and has no holiday, because the cares of life with him begin when its labors end. He has no liberty and not a single right. We know, 'tis often said, air and water are common property, which all have equal right to participate and enjoy; but this is utterly false. The appropriation of the lands carries with it the appropriation of all on or above  
20 the lands, *usque ad coelum, aut ad inferos*.<sup>1</sup> A man cannot breathe the air without a place to breathe it from, and all places are appropriated. All water is private property "to the middle of the stream," except the ocean, and that is not fit to drink.

Free laborers have not a thousandth part of the rights and liberties of negro slaves. Indeed, they have not a single liberty, unless it be the right or liberty to die. But the  
25 reader may think that he and other capitalists and employers are freer than negro slaves. Your capital would soon vanish, if you dared indulge in the liberty and abandon of negroes. You hold your wealth and position by the tenure of constant watchfulness, care, and circumspection. You never labor; but you are never free.

Where a few own the soil, they have unlimited power over the balance of society, until  
30 domestic slavery comes in to compel them to permit this balance of society to draw a sufficient and comfortable living from terra mater. Free society asserts the right of a few to the earth—slavery maintains that it belongs, in different degrees, to all.

But, reader, well may you follow the slave trade. It is the only trade worth following, and slaves the only property worth owning. All other is worthless, a mere *caput mortuum*<sup>2</sup>,  
35 except in so far as it vests the owner with the power to command the labors of others—to enslave them. Give you a place, ten thousand acres of land, sumptuous clothes, equipage, and every other luxury; and with your artificial wants you are poorer than Robinson Crusoe, or the lowest working man, if you have no slaves to capital, or domestic slaves. Your capital will not bring you an income of a cent, nor supply one of your wants,  
40 without labor. Labor is indispensable to give value to property, and if you owned every

<sup>1</sup> Even to heaven or hell.

<sup>2</sup> Worthless residue.

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thing else, and did not own labor, you would be poor. But fifty thousand dollars means,  
 and is, fifty thousand dollars worth of slaves. You can command, without touching on  
 that capital, three thousand dollars' worth of labor per annum. You could do no more  
 where you to buy slaves with it, and then you would be cumbered with the cares of  
 45 governing and providing for them. You are a slaveholder now, to the amount of fifty  
 thousand dollars, with all the advantages, and none of the cares and responsibilities of a  
 master.

George Fitzhugh, "The Universal Trade" (1857) in : *Cannibals All! Or, Slave without Masters*. London: Harvard University Press, 1988, pp. 18-20.



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## Document C



Junius Brutus Stearns : *Washington as Farmer at Mount Vernon*, 1851, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, USA.