

EAE 0422 A	
Code Sujet	EHP 29
Sujet Jury	
Sujet Candidat	
Page	1 / 5

## DOCUMENT A

Moses, however, refused to be dished; he thought he would try again. Casting a somewhat ireful glance at 'Noah o' Tim's,' he launched out in his turn: and now he spoke in a serious tone, relinquishing the sarcasm which he found had not answered.

5 “Or iver you set up the pole o' your tent amang us, Mr. Moore, we lived i' peace and quietness; yea, I may say, in all loving-kindness. I am not myself an aged person as yet, but I can remember as far back as maybe some twenty year, when hand-labour were encouraged and respected, and no mischief-maker had ventured to introduce these here machines which is so pernicious. Now, I'm not a cloth-dresser myself, but by trade a tailor; howsiver, my heart is of a softish natur': I'm a very feeling man, and when I see my brethren oppressed like my  
10 great namesake of old, I stand up for 'em; for which intent, I this day speak with you face to face, and advises you to part wi' your infernal machinery, and tak on more hands.”

“What if I don't follow your advice, Mr. Barraclough?”

“The Looard pardon you! The Looard soften your heart, sir!”

“Are you in connection with the Wesleyans now, Mr. Barraclough?”

15 “Praise God! Bless His name! I'm a joined Methody!”

“Which in no respect prevents you from being at the same time a drunkard and a swindler. I saw you one night a week ago laid dead-drunk by the roadside, as I returned from Stilbro' market; and while you preach peace, you make it the business of your life to stir up  
20 dissension. You no more sympathize with the poor who are in distress, than you sympathize with me: you incite them to outrage for bad purposes of your own; so does the individual called Noah of Tim's. You two are restless, meddling, impudent scoundrels, whose chief motive-principle is a selfish ambition, as dangerous as it is puerile. The persons behind you are some of them honest though misguided men; but you two I count altogether bad.”

Barraclough was going to speak.

25 “Silence! You have had your say, and now I will have mine. As to being dictated to by you, or any Jack, Jem, or Jonathan on earth, I shall not suffer it for a moment. You desire me to quit the country; you request me to part with my machinery; in case I refuse, you threaten me. I *do* refuse – point-blank! Here I stay; and by this mill I stand; and into it will I convey the best machinery inventors can furnish. What will you do? The utmost you *can* do – and this  
30 you will never *dare* to do – is to burn down my mill, destroy its contents, and shoot me. What then? Suppose that building was a ruin and I was a corpse, what then? – you lads behind these two scamps? Would that stop invention or exhaust science? Not for the fraction of a second of time! Another and better gig-mill would rise on the ruins of this, and perhaps a more enterprising owner come in my place. Hear me! I'll make my cloth as I please, and according  
35 to the best lights I have. In its manufacture I will employ what means I choose. Whoever, after hearing this, shall dare to interfere with me, may just take the consequences. An example shall prove I'm in earnest.”

He whistled shrill and loud. Sugden, his staff and warrant, came on to the scene.

Moore turned sharply to Barraclough: “You were at Stilbro’,” said he; “I have proof of

Code Sujet	EHP 29
Page	2 / 5

40 that. You were on the moor, – you wore a mask, – you knocked down one of my men with your own hand – you! a preacher of the Gospel! Sugden, arrest him!”

Moses was captured. There was a cry and a rush to rescue, but the right hand which all this while had lain hidden in Moore's breast, reappearing, held out a pistol.

“Both barrels are loaded,” said he. “I'm quite determined! Keep off.”

45 Stepping backwards facing the foe as he went, he guarded his prey to the counting-house. He ordered Joe Scott to pass in with Sugden and the prisoner, and to bolt the door inside. For himself, he walked backwards and forwards along the front of the mill, looking meditatively on the ground, his hand hanging carelessly by his side, but still holding the pistol. The eleven remaining deputies watched him some time, talking under their breath to each other: at length one of them approached. This man looked very different from either of  
50 the two who had previously spoken; he was hard-favoured, but modest, and manly-looking.

“I've not much faith i' Moses Barraclough,” said he, “and I would speak a word to you myseln, Mr. Moore. It's out o' no ill-will that I'm here, for my part; it's just to mak a effort to get things straightened, for they're sorely a crooked. Ye see we're ill off, – vary ill off; wer families is poor and pined. We're thrown out o' work wi' these frames: we can get naught to do: we can earn naught. What is to be done? Mun we say, wisht! and lig us down and dee? Nay: I've no grand words at my tongue's end, Mr. Moore, but I feel that it would be a low principle for a reasonable man to starve to death like a dumb cratur'. I will n't do't. I'm not for shedding blood: I'd neither kill a man nor hurt a man; and I'm not for pulling down mills and  
60 breaking machines: for, as ye say, that way o' going on'll niver stop invention; but I'll talk, - I'll mak as big a din as ever I can. Invention may be all right, but I know it isn't right for poor folks to starve. Them that governs mun find a way to help us: they mun mak' fresh orderations. Ye'll say that's hard to do: – so mich louder mun we shout out then, for so much slacker will t' Parliament-men be to set on to a tough job.”

65 “Worry the Parliament-men as much as you please,” said Moore; “but to worry the mill-owners is absurd: and I for one won't stand it.”

“Ye're a raight hard 'un!” returned the workman; “Will n't ye gie us a bit o' time? Will n't ye consent to mak your changes rather more slowly?”

“Am I the whole body of clothiers in Yorkshire? Answer me that!”

70 “Ye're yourseln.”

“And only myself; and if I stopped by the way an instant, while others are rushing on, I should be trodden down. If I did as you wish me to do, I should be bankrupt in a month: and would my bankruptcy put bread into your hungry children's mouths? William Farren, neither to your dictation, nor to that of any other, will I submit. Talk to me no more about machinery;  
75 I will have my own way. I shall get new frames in to-morrow. If you broke these, I would still get more. *I'll never give in.*”

Here the mill-bell rang twelve o'clock: it was the dinner hour. Moore abruptly turned from the deputation and re-entered his counting-house.

80 His last words had left a bad, harsh impression; he, at least had “failed in the disposing of a chance he was lord of.” By speaking kindly to William Farren, – who was a very honest man, without envy or hatred of those more happily circumstanced than himself; thinking it no hardship and no injustice to be forced to live by labour; disposed to be honourably content if he could but get work to do, – Moore might have made a friend. It seemed wonderful how he could turn from such a man without a conciliatory or a sympathizing expression.

Code Sujet	EHP 29
Page	3 / 5

## DOCUMENT B

What's the matter with Kansas?

We all know; yet here we are at it again. We have an old mossback Jacksonian who snorts and howls because there is a bathtub in the State House; we are running that old jay for governor. We have another shabby, wild-eyed, rattle-brained fanatic who has said openly in a dozen  
5 speeches that "the rights of the user are paramount to the rights of the owner"; we are running him for Chief Justice, so that capital will come tumbling over itself to get into the state. We have raked the old ash heap of failure in the state and found an old human hoop skirt who has failed as a businessman, who has failed as an editor, who has failed as a preacher, and we are going to run him for Congressman-at-Large. He will help the looks of the Kansas delegation  
10 at Washington. Then we have discovered a kid without a law practice and have decided to run him for Attorney General. Then, for fear some hint that the state had become respectable might percolate through the civilized portions of the nation, we have decided to send three or four harpies out lecturing, telling the people that Kansas is raising hell and letting the corn go to weed.

Oh this IS a state to be proud of! We are a people who can hold up our heads! What we need is not more money, but less capital, fewer white shirts and brains, fewer men with business judgment, and more of those fellows who boast that they are "just ordinary clodhoppers, but they know more in a minute about finance than John Sherman; we need more men who are posted," who can bellow about the crime of '73, who hate prosperity, and who think, because a  
20 man believes in national honor, he is a tool of Wall Street. We have had a few of them some hundred fifty thousand – but we need more.

We need several thousand gibbering idiots to scream about the "Great Red Dragon" of Lombard Street. We don't need population, we don't need wealth, we don't need well-dressed men on the streets, we don't need cities on the fertile prairies; you bet we don't! What we are  
25 after is the money power. Because we have become poorer and ornerier and meaner than a spavined, distempered mule, we, the people of Kansas, propose to kick; we don't care to build up, we wish to tear down. "There are two ideas of government," said our noble Bryan at Chicago. "There are those who believe that if you legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, this prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea has been that if you  
30 legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up and through every class and rest upon them."

That's the stuff! Give the prosperous man the dickens! Legislate the thriftless man into ease, whack the stuffing out of the creditors and tell the debtors who borrowed the money five years ago when money "per capita" was greater than it is now, that the contraction of currency  
35 gives him a right to repudiate.

Whoop it up for the ragged trousers; put the lazy, greasy fizzle, who can't pay his debts, on the altar, and bow down and worship him. Let the state ideal be high. What we need is not the respect of our fellow men but the chance to get something for nothing.

Oh, yes, Kansas is a great state. Here are people fleeing from it by the score every day, capital going out of the state by the hundreds of dollars; and every industry but farming paralyzed, and that crippled, because its products have to go across the ocean before they can find a  
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Code Sujet	EHP 29
Page	4 / 5

laboring man at work; who can afford to buy them.

William Allen White, "What's the Matter with Kansas?", *Emporia Gazette*, Emporia, Kansas,  
15 August 1896 issue

Code Sujet	EHP 29
Page	5 / 5

DOCUMENT C



Nicholas Middleton, *Protest, 1<sup>st</sup> April 2009*, 2010, oil on canvas, black and white, 46.1 x 80.1 in., private collection