

Agrégation interne d'anglais
Session 2025
Épreuve EPC
Exposé de la préparation d'un cours

EPC 432

Ce sujet comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Thomas Cole, "The Arcadian or Pastoral State", part of the series *The Course of Empire*. Oil on canvas, 1834, 39 ½ x 63 ½ in. Collection of The New-York Historical Society.
- Document 2 : Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Nature" [1836], *Essays and Lectures*, New-York: The Library of America, 1983.
- Document 3 : "Louisa May Alcott's Diary at Fruitlands" [1843], *Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands*, Boston: The Riverside Press, 1915.

Compte tenu des caractéristiques de ce dossier et des différentes possibilités d'exploitation qu'il offre, vous indiquerez à quel niveau d'apprentissage vous pourriez le destiner et quels objectifs vous vous fixeriez. Vous présenterez et justifierez votre démarche pour atteindre ces objectifs.

Document 1 : Thomas Cole, "The Arcadian or Pastoral State", part 2 of 5 of the series *The Course of Empire*. Oil on canvas, 1834, 39 ½ x 63 ½ in. Collection of The New-York Historical Society.



Document iconographique également consultable sur la tablette multimédia fournie.

Document 2 : Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Nature" [1836], *Essays and Lectures*, New-York: The Library of America, 1983, pp. 1-2.

TO GO into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the wood-cutter, from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning, is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty-deeds give no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth, becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows.

Document 3 : “Louisa May Alcott’s Diary at Fruitlands” [1843], *Bronson Alcott’s Fruitlands*, Boston: The Riverside Press, 1915, pp.106–109.

September 1st. — I rose at five and had my bath. I love cold water! Then we had our singing-lesson with Mr. Lane. After breakfast I washed dishes, and ran on the hill till nine, and had some thoughts,— it was so beautiful up there. Did my lessons,— wrote and spelt and did sums; and Mr. Lane
5 read a story, “The Judicious Father”. How a rich girl told a poor girl not to look over the fence at the flowers, and was cross to her because she was unhappy. The father heard her do it, and made the girls change clothes. The poor one was glad to do it, and he told her to keep them. But the rich one was very sad; for she had to wear the old ones a week, and after that
10 she was good to shabby girls. I liked it very much, and I shall be kind to poor people.

Father asked us what was God’s noblest work. Anna said *men*, but I said *babies*. Men are often bad; babies never are. We had a long talk, and I felt better after it, and *cleared up*.

15 We had bread and fruit for dinner. I read and walked and played till supper-time. We sung in the evening. As I went to bed the moon came up very brightly and looked at me. I felt sad because I have been cross to-day, and did not mind Mother. I cried, and then I felt better, and said that piece from Mrs. Sigourney, “I must not tease my mother.” I get to sleep saying
20 poetry,—I know a great deal.

Thursday, 14th. — Mr. Parker Pillsbury came, and we talked about the poor slaves. I had a music lesson with Miss P. I hate her, she is so fussy. I ran in the wind and played be a horse, and had a lovely time in the woods with Anna and Lizzie. We were fairies, and made gowns and paper wings. I “fled”
25 the highest of all. In the evening they talked about travelling. I thought about Father going to England, and said this piece of poetry I found in Byron’s poems:—

“When I left thy shores, O Naxos,
Not a tear in sorrow fell;
30 Not a sigh or faltered accent
Told my bosom’s struggling swell.”

It rained when I went to bed, and made a pretty noise on the roof.

Sunday, 24th.— Father and Mr. Lane have gone to N. H. to preach. It was very lovely.... Anna and I got supper. In the eve I read “Vicar of Wakefield.” I was cross to-day, and I cried when I went to bed. I made good
35 resolutions, and felt better in my heart. If I only *kept* all I make, I should be the best girl in the world. But I don’t, and so am very bad.

(Poor little sinner! She says the same at fifty.— L. M. A.)

40 *October 8th.*— When I woke up, the first thought I got was, "It's Mother's birthday: I must be very good." I ran and wished her a happy birthday, and gave her my kiss. After breakfast we gave her our presents. I had a moss cross and a piece of poetry for her.

45 We did not have any school, and played in the woods and got red leaves. In the evening we danced and sung, and I read a story about "Contentment." I wish I was rich, I was good, and we were all a happy family this day. [...]

Thursday, 12th. — After lessons I ironed. We all went to the barn and husked corn. It was good fun. We worked till eight o'clock and had lamps. Mr. Russell came. Mother and Lizzie are going to Boston. I shall be very
50 lonely without dear little Betty, and no one will be as good to me as Mother. I read in Plutarch. I made a verse about sunset: —

55 "Softly doth the sun descend
 To his couch behind the hill,
 Then, oh, then, I love to sit
 On mossy banks beside the rill."

Anna thought it was very fine; but I didn't like it very well.

Friday, Nov. 2nd.— Anna and I did the work. In the evening Mr. Lane asked us, "What is man?" These were our answers: A human being; an animal with a mind; a creature; a body; a soul and a mind. After a long talk
60 we went to bed very tired.

(No wonder, after doing the work and worrying their little wits with such lessons.— L. M. A.)