

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9695/05

Paper 5 Shakespeare and Other pre-20th Century Authors

May/June 2003

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
All questions in this paper carry equal marks.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief,' Paulina tells Leontes.

In what ways do loss and grief contribute to the meaning and atmosphere of *The Winter's Tale*?

- Or** (b) Comment in detail on how the following passage contributes to your understanding of the play's main concerns and effects.

Perdita: For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Polixenes: Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean 5
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind 10
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature – change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Perdita: So it is.

Polixenes: Then make your garden rich in gillyvors, 15
And do not call them bastards.

Perdita: I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish 20
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flow'rs for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flow'rs 25
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Camillo: I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Perdita: Out, alas!
You'd be so lean that blasts of January 30
Would blow you through and through.

Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flow'rs o' th' spring that might 35
Become your time of day – and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! – daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take 40
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength – a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flow'r-de-luce being one. O, these I lack
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

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Florizel: What, like a corse? 50

Perdita: No; like a bank for love to lie and play on;
 Not like a corse; or if – not to be buried,
 But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flow'rs.
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun pastorals. Sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

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Florizel: What you do
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
 Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function. Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

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(from Act 4 Scene 4)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'Iago has many convincing reasons for wanting to destroy Othello.' Discuss Shakespeare's handling of the characterisation of Iago in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language and tone of the following dialogue, discuss what impression you gain of the relationship between Othello and Desdemona at this point in the play.

Enter Othello.

<i>Emilia:</i>	Look where he comes.	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	I will not leave him now till Cassio Be call'd to him. How is't with you, my lord?	
<i>Othello:</i>	Well, my good lady. [<i>Aside</i>] O, hardness to dissemble! – How do you, Desdemona?	5
<i>Desdemona:</i>	Well, my good lord.	
<i>Othello:</i>	Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.	
<i>Othello:</i>	This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart: Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a young and sweating devil here That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.	10
<i>Desdemona:</i>	You may indeed say so: For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.	
<i>Othello:</i>	A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave hands; But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.	20
<i>Othello:</i>	What promise, chuck?	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.	
<i>Othello:</i>	I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me; Lend me thy handkerchief.	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	Here, my lord.	25
<i>Othello:</i>	That which I gave you.	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	I have it not about me.	
<i>Othello:</i>	Not?	
<i>Desdemona:</i>	No, faith, my lord.	
<i>Othello:</i>	That's a fault. That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give. She was a charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it, 'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, Or made a gift of it, my father's eye Should hold her loathely, and his spirits should hunt After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me, And bid me, when my fate would have me wive, To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't; Make it a darling like your precious eye; To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition As nothing else could match.	30
<i>Desdemona:</i>	Is't possible?	
<i>Othello:</i>	'Tis true. There's magic in the web of it. A sibyl that had number'd in the world	35
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		45

The sun to course two hundred compasses
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona: I' faith! Is 't true?

Othello: Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Desdemona: Then would to God that I had never seen 't!

Othello: Ha! Wherefore?

Desdemona: Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Othello: Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak. Is 't out o' th' way?

Desdemona: Heaven bless us!

(from Act 3 Scene 4)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 3 **Either** (a) '...a serious exploration of men's insecurities.' How far do you agree with this description of the play?
- Or** (b) What impressions do you gain from the following passage of the role and characterisation of Beatrice in the play?

Leonato: By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Antonio: In faith, she's too curst.

Beatrice: Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said 'God sends a curst cow short horns'; but to a cow too curst he sends none. 5

Leonato: So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beatrice: Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen. 10

Leonato: You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice: What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the berrord, and lead his apes into hell. 15

Leonato: Well then, go you into hell?

Beatrice: No; but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids'. So deliver I up my apes and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long. 20

Antonio: [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice: Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy, and say 'Father, as it please you'. But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me'. 25

Leonato: Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice: Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust, to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred. 30

Leonato: Daughter, remember what I told you: if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beatrice: The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinquepace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 40

(from Act 2 Scene 1)

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 4 **Either** (a) 'The novel's main concern is the importance of material security for women with no independence'. To what extent do you agree with this claim?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Austen's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

The young ladies went, and Lady Middleton was happily preserved from the frightful solitude which had threatened her. The insipidity of the meeting was exactly such as Elinor had expected; it produced not one novelty of thought or expression, and nothing could be less interesting than the whole of their discourse both in the dining-parlour and drawing-room: to the latter, the children accompanied them, and while they remained there, she was too well convinced of the impossibility of engaging Lucy's attention to attempt it. They quitted it only with the removal of the tea-things. The card-table was then placed, and Elinor began to wonder at herself for having ever entertained a hope of finding time for conversation at the Park. They all rose up in preparation for a round game. 5
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'I am glad,' said Lady Middleton to Lucy, 'you are not going to finish poor little Annamaria's basket this evening; for I am sure it must hurt your eyes to work filagree by candlelight. And we will make the dear little love some amends for her disappointment to-morrow, and then I hope she will not much mind it.'

This hint was enough; Lucy recollected herself instantly and replied, 'Indeed, you are very much mistaken, Lady Middleton; I am only waiting to know whether you can make your party without me, or I should have been at my filagree already. I would not disappoint the little angel for all the world; and if you want me at the card-table now, I am resolved to finish the basket after supper.' 15

'You are very good; I hope it won't hurt your eyes – will you ring the bell for some working candles? My poor little girl would be sadly disappointed, I know, if the basket was not finished to-morrow, for though I told her it certainly would not, I am sure she depends upon having it done.' 20

Lucy directly drew her work-table near her, and reseated herself with an alacrity and cheerfulness which seemed to infer that she could taste no greater delight than in making a filagree basket for a spoiled child. 25

Lady Middleton proposed a rubber of casino to the others. No one made any objection but Marianne, who, with her usual inattention to the forms of general civility, exclaimed, 'Your ladyship will have the goodness to excuse *me* – you know I detest cards. I shall go to the pianoforte; I have not touched it since it was tuned.' 30
And without further ceremony, she turned away and walked to the instrument.

Lady Middleton looked as if she thanked heaven that *she* had never made so rude a speech.

'Marianne can never keep long from that instrument, you know, ma'am,' said Elinor, endeavouring to smooth away the offence; 'and I do not much wonder at it, for it is the very best-toned pianoforte I ever heard.'

The remaining five were now to draw their cards.

'Perhaps,' continued Elinor, 'if I should happen to cut out, I may be of some use to Miss Lucy Steele, in rolling her papers for her; and there is so much still to be done to the basket, that it must be impossible, I think, for her labour singly, to finish it this evening. I should like the work exceedingly, if she would allow me a share in it.'

'Indeed I shall be very much obliged to you for your help,' cried Lucy, 'for I find there is more to be done to it than I thought there was; and it would be a shocking thing to disappoint dear Annamaria after all.'

'Oh! that would be terrible indeed,' said Miss Steele. 'Dear little soul, how I do love her!'

'You are very kind,' said Lady Middleton to Elinor; 'and as you really like the work, perhaps you will be as well pleased not to cut in till another rubber, or will you take your chance now?'

Elinor joyfully profited by the first of these proposals, and thus, by a little of that address which Marianne could never condescend to practise, gained her own end and pleased Lady Middleton at the same time. Lucy made room for her with ready attention, and the two fair rivals were thus seated side by side at the same table, and with the utmost harmony engaged in forwarding the same work. The pianoforte, at which Marianne, wrapt up in her own music and her own thoughts, had by this time forgotten that anybody was in the room besides herself, was luckily so near them that Miss Dashwood now judged she might safely, under the shelter of its noise, introduce the interesting subject, without any risk of being heard at the card-table.

(from Chapter 23)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Pardoner's Prologue and Tale*

- 5 **Either** (a) The Host asks the Pardoner to tell 'som moral thyng.' In what ways Pardoner's Prologue and Tale be termed 'moral' in your view?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines, discussing how effectively they introduce the character of the Pardoner and his concerns.

"Lordynges," quod he, "in chirches whan I preche,
I peyne me to han an hauteyn speche,
And ryngge it out as round as gooth a belle,
For I kan al by rote that I telle.
My theme is alwey oon, and evere was – 5
Radix malorum est Cupiditas.

First I pronounce whennes that I come,
And thanne my bulles shewe I, alle and some.
Oure lige lordes seel on my patente,
That shewe I first, my body to warente, 10
That no man be so boold, ne preest ne clerk,
Me to destourbe of Cristes hooly werk.
And after that thanne telle I forth my tales;
Bulles of popes and of cardynales,

Of patriarkes and bishopes I shewe, 15
And in Latyn I speke a wordes fewe,
To saffron with my predicacioun,
And for to stire hem to devocioun.

Thanne shewe I forth my longe cristal stones,
Ycrammed ful of cloutes and of bones, – 20
Relikes been they, as wenen they echoon.
Thanne have I in latoun a sholder-boon
Which that was of an hooly Jewes sheep.

'Goode men,' I seye, 'taak of my wordes keep;
If that this boon be wasshe in any welle, 25
If cow, or calf, or sheep, or oxe swelle
That any worm hath ete, or worm ystonge,
Taak water of that welle and wassh his tonge,
And it is hool anon; and forthermoore,

Of pokkes and of scabbe, and every soore 30
Shal every sheep be hool that of this welle
Drynketh a draughte. Taak kep eek what I telle:
If that the good-man that the beestes oweth
Wol every wyke, er that the cok hym croweth, 35
Fastynge, drynken of this welle a draughte,
As thilke hooly Jew oure eldres taughte,
His beestes and his stoor shal multiplie.

And, sires, also it hee leth jalousie;
For though a man be falle in jalous rage, 40
Lat maken with this water his potage,
And nevere shal he moore his wyf mystriste,
Though he the soothe of hir defaute wiste,
Al had she taken prestes two or thre.

Heere is a miteyn eek, that ye may se. 45
He that his hand wol putte in this mitayn,
He shal have multipliynge of his grayn,
Whan he hath sowen, be it whete or otes,
So that he offre pope, or allec prestes

- 6 **Either** (a) In the final moments of the novel, Moll describes herself as ‘the greatest wretched Wickedness, perhaps that had been suffered to live in the World ...’ How far does the novel bear out this claim, in your view?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on its narrative and descriptive methods.

Here he began to be a little freer with me than he had promis'd; and I by little and little yielded to every thing, so that in a Word, he did what he pleas'd with me; I need say no more; all this while he drank freely too, and about One in the Morning we went into the Coach again; the Air, and the shaking of the Coach made the Drink he had get more up in his Head than it was before, and he grew uneasy in the Coach, and was for acting over again, what he had been doing before; but as I thought my Game now secure, I resisted him, and brought him to be a little still, which had not lasted five Minutes, but he fell fast asleep. 5

I took this opportunity to search him to a Nicety; I took a gold Watch, with a silk Purse of Gold, his fine full bottom Perrewig, and silver fring'd Gloves, his Sword, and fine Snuff-box, and gently opening the Coach-door, stood ready to jump out while the Coach was going on; but the Coach stopping in the narrow Street beyond *Temple-Bar* to let another Coach pass, I got softly out, fasten'd the Door again, and gave my Gentleman and the Coach the slip both together. 10

This was an Adventure indeed unlook'd for, and perfectly undesign'd by me; tho' I was not so past the Merry part of Life, as to forget how to behave, when a Fop so blinded by his Appetite should not know an old Woman from a young: I did not indeed look so old as I was by ten or twelve Year; yet I was not a young Wench of Seventeen, and it was easie enough to be distinguish'd: There is nothing so absurd, so surfeiting, so ridiculous as a Man heated by Wine in his Head, and a wicked Gust in his Inclination together; he is in the possession of two Devils at once, and can no more govern himself by his Reason than a Mill can Grind without Water; His Vice tramples upon all that was in him that had any good in it, if any such thing there was; nay, his very Sense is blinded by its own Rage, and he acts Absurdities even in his View; such as Drinking more, when he is Drunk already; picking up a common Woman, without regard to what she is, or who she is; whether Sound or rotten, Clean or Unclean; whether Ugly or Handsome, whether Old or Young, and so blinded, as not really to distinguish; such a Man is worse than Lunatick; prompted by his vicious corrupted Head he no more knows what he is doing than this Wretch of mine knew when I pick'd his Pocket of his Watch and his Purse of Gold. 15
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These are the Men of whom *Solomon says, they go like an Ox to the slaughter, till a Dart strikes through their Liver*, an admirable Description, *by the way*, of the foul Disease, which is a poisonous deadly Contagion mingling with the Blood, whose Center or Fountain is in the Liver; from whence, by the swift Circulation of the whole Mass, that dreadful nauseous Plague strikes immediately thro' his Liver, and his Spirits are infected, his Vitals stab'd thro' as with a Dart. 35

It is true this poor unguarded Wretch was in no Danger from me, tho' I was greatly apprehensive at first of what Danger I might be in from him; but he was really to be pityed in one respect, that he seem'd to be a good sort of a Man in himself; a Gentleman that had no harm in his Design; a Man of Sense, and of a fine Behaviour; a comely handsome Person, a sober solid Countenance, a charming beautiful face, and everything that cou'd be agreeable; only had unhappily had some Drink the Night before, had not been in Bed, so he told me when we were 40

together, was hot, and his Blood fir'd with Wine, and in that Condition his Reason *it were* asleep, had given him up.

As for me, my Business was his Money, and what I could make of him, and after that if I could have found out any way to have done it, I would have sent him safe home to his House and to his Family, for 'twas ten to one but he had an honest virtuous Wife and innocent Children, that were anxious for his Safety, and would have been glad to have gotten him Home, and have taken care of him till he was restor'd to himself; and then with what Shame and Regret would he look back upon himself? how would he reproach himself with associating himself with a Whore? pick'd up in the worst of all Holes, the Cloister, among the Dirt and Filth of all the Town? how would he be trembling for fear he had got the Pox, for fear a Dart had struck through his liver, and hate himself every time he look'd back upon the Madness and Brutality of his Debauch? how would he, if he had any Principles of Honour, as I verily believe he had, I say how would he abhor the Thought of giving any ill Distemper, if he had it, as for ought he knew he might, to his Modest and Virtuous Wife, and thereby sowing the Contagion in the Life-blood of his Posterity?

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A Choice of Emily Dickinson's Poems (ed. Ted Hughes)

- 7 **Either** (a) By reference to **two** or **three** poems from the selection, discuss Dickinson's exploration of suffering.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating its methods and concerns to those of other poems in your selection.

I dreaded that first Robin, so,
 But He is mastered, now,
 I'm some accustomed to Him grown,
 He hurts a little, though –

I thought if I could only live 5
 Till that first Shout got by –
 Not all Pianos in the Woods
 Had power to mangle me –

I dared not meet the Daffodils – 10
 For fear their Yellow Gown
 Would pierce me with a fashion
 So foreign to my own –

I wished the Grass would hurry –
 So – when 'twas time to see –
 He'd be too tall, the tallest one 15
 Could stretch – to look at me –

I could not bear the Bees should come,
 I wished they'd stay away
 In those dim countries where they go,
 What word had they, for me? 20

They're here, though; not a creature failed –
 No Blossom stayed away
 In gentle deference to me –
 The Queen of Calvary –

Each one salutes me, as he goes, 25
 And I, my childish Plumes,
 Lift, in bereaved acknowledgment
 Of their unthinking Drums –

JOHN DONNE: *Selected Poems (from The Metaphysical Poets ed. Gardner)*

- 8 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that 'a powerful sense of inner conflict' is central in religious poetry?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it where appropriate to other poems in your selection.

The Anniversarie

All Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
 The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,
 Is elder by a yeare, now, than it was
 When thou and I first one another saw: 5
 All other things, to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day. 10

Two graves must hide thine and my corse,
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee,) 15
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;
 But soules where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves remove. 20

And then wee shall be throughly blest,
 But wee no more, than all the rest.
 Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but wee
 Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee;
 Who is so safe as wee? where none can doe 25
 Treason to us, except one of us two.
 True and false feares let us refraine,
 Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe
 Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
 To write threescore: this is the second of our raigne. 30

- 9 **Either** (a) What links, if any, do you find between the narratives of Lydgate and Doroth
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Eliot's handling of the relationship between public and private life in the novel as a whole.

Every one now sat down, Mr. Bulstrode presiding, pale and self-restrained as usual. Mr. Thesiger, a moderate evangelical, wished for the appointment of his friend Mr. Tyke, a zealous, able man, who, officiating at a chapel of ease, had not a cure of souls too extensive to leave him ample time for the new duty. It was desirable that chaplaincies of this kind should be entered on with a fervent intention: they were peculiar opportunities for spiritual influence; and while it was good that a salary should be allotted, there was the more need for scrupulous watching lest the office should be perverted into a mere question of salary. Mr. Thesiger's manner had so much quiet propriety that objectors could only simmer in silence. 5

Mr. Brooke believed that everybody meant well in the matter. He had not himself attended to the affairs of the Infirmary, though he had a strong interest in whatever was for the benefit of Middlemarch, and was most happy to meet the gentlemen present on any public question – “any public question, you know,” Mr. Brooke repeated, with his nod of perfect understanding. “I am a good deal occupied as a magistrate, and in the collection of documentary evidence, but I regard my time as being at the disposal of the public – and, in short, my friends have convinced me that a chaplain with a salary – a salary, you know – is a very good thing, and I am happy to be able to come here and vote for the appointment of Mr. Tyke, who, I understand, is an unexceptionable man, apostolic and eloquent and everything of that kind – and I am the last man to withhold my vote – under the circumstances, you know.” 10 15 20

“It seems to me that you have been crammed with one side of the question, Mr. Brooke,” said Mr. Frank Hawley, who was afraid of nobody, and was a Tory suspicious of electioneering intentions. “You don't seem to know that one of the worthiest men we have has been doing duty as chaplain here for years without pay, and that Mr. Tyke is proposed to supersede him.” 25

“Excuse me, Mr. Hawley,” said Mr. Bulstrode. “Mr. Brooke has been fully informed of Mr. Farebrother's character and position.”

“By his enemies,” flashed out Mr. Hawley.

“I trust there is no personal hostility concerned here,” said Mr. Thesiger. 30

“I'll swear there is, though,” retorted Mr. Hawley.

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Bulstrode, in a subdued tone, “the merits of the question may be very briefly stated, and if any one present doubts that every gentleman who is about to give his vote has not been fully informed, I can now recapitulate the considerations that should weigh on either side.” 35

“I don't see the good of that,” said Mr. Hawley. “I suppose we all know whom we mean to vote for. Any man who wants to do justice does not wait till the last minute to hear both sides of the question. I have no time to lose, and I propose that the matter be put to the vote at once.”

A brief but still hot discussion followed before each person wrote "Tyke Farebrother" on a piece of paper and slipped it into a glass tumbler; and in the meantime Mr. Bulstrode saw Lydgate enter.

"I perceive that the votes are equally divided at present," said Mr. Bulstrode, in a clear biting voice. Then, looking up at Lydgate –

"There is a casting-vote still to be given. It is yours, Mr. Lydgate: will you be good enough to write?" 45

"The thing is settled now," said Mr. Wrench, rising. "We all know how Mr. Lydgate will vote."

"You seem to speak with some peculiar meaning, sir," said Lydgate, rather defiantly, and keeping his pencil suspended. 50

"I merely mean that you are expected to vote with Mr. Bulstrode. Do you regard that meaning as offensive?"

"It may be offensive to others. But I shall not desist from voting with him on that account."

Lydgate immediately wrote down "Tyke". 55

So the Rev. Walter Tyke became chaplain to the Infirmary, and Lydgate continued to work with Mr. Bulstrode. He was really uncertain whether Tyke were not the more suitable candidate, and yet his consciousness told him that if he had been quite free from indirect bias he should have voted for Mr. Farebrother. The affair of the chaplaincy remained a sore point in his memory as a case in which this petty medium of Middlemarch had been too strong for him. How could a man be satisfied with a decision between such alternatives and under such circumstances? No more than he can be satisfied with his hat, which he has chosen from among such shapes as the resources of the age offer him, wearing it at best with a resignation which is chiefly supported by comparison. 60 65

(from Chapter 18)

BEN JONSON: *Volpone*

- 10 **Either** (a) 'Volpone is motivated more by the desire to manipulate others than he is by or sexual pleasure.' How far is this your view?
- Or** (b) Write a critical analysis of the following passage, giving particular attention to Jonson's development of characterisation and action at this point in the play.

<i>Mosca:</i>	Now is he gone; we had no other means To shoot him hence but this.	
<i>Volpone:</i>	My divine <i>Mosca!</i> Thou hast today outgone thyself.	
	(<i>Another knocks</i>)	5
	Who's there? I will be troubled with no more. Prepare Me music, dances, banquets, all delights; The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures Than will <i>Volpone</i> . (<i>Exit Mosca</i>) Let me see, a pearl! A diamond! plate! chequeens! Good morning's purchase; Why, this is better than rob churches yet; Or fat, by eating once a month a man. (<i>Enter Mosca</i>)	10
	Who is't?	15
<i>Mosca:</i>	The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir, Wife to the English knight, Sir Politic Would-be, (This is the style, sir, is directed me) Hath sent to know how you have slept tonight, And if you would be visited.	20
<i>Volpone:</i>	Not now. Some three hours hence –	
<i>Mosca:</i>	I told the squire so much.	
<i>Volpone:</i>	When I am high with mirth and wine, then, then. 'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour Of the bold English, that they dare let loose Their wives to all encounters!	25
<i>Mosca:</i>	Sir, this knight Had not his name for nothing; he is politic, And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs, She hath not yet the face to be dishonest. But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face –	30
<i>Volpone:</i>	Has she so rare a face?	
<i>Mosca:</i>	O, sir, the wonder, The blazing star of Italy! a wench O' the first year! a beauty ripe as harvest! Whose skin is whiter than a swan, all over! Than silver, snow, or lilies! a soft lip, Would tempt you to eternity of kissing! And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood! Bright as your gold! and lovely as your gold!	35
<i>Volpone:</i>	Why had not I known this before?	40
<i>Mosca:</i>	Alas, sir, Myself but yesterday discovered it.	
<i>Volpone:</i>	How might I see her?	45
<i>Mosca:</i>	O, not possible; She's kept as warily as is your gold –	

Never does come abroad, never takes air
 But at a window. All her looks are sweet
 As the first grapes or cherries – and are watched
 As near as they are.

Volpone: I must see her –

Mosca: Sir,

There is a guard, of ten spies thick, upon her –
 All his whole household – each of which is set
 Upon his fellow, and have all their charge,
 When he goes out, when he comes in, examined.

55

Volpone: I will go see her, though but at her window.

Mosca: In some disguise then.

Volpone: That is true. I must

60

Maintain mine own shape still the same; we'll think.

(Act 1 Scene 5)

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 11 **Either** (a) 'For all the criticism of women's failings, the poem still celebrates their beauty and charm.' Discuss the poem's methods and effects in the light of this statement.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines from Canto IV, giving particular attention to Pope's poetic methods.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
 Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
 And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
 No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place, 25
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
 Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
 With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
 Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
 Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

