

UNIVERSITY OF 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

October/November 2006

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

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'The tragedy of the play lies in the progressive isolation of Antony and Cleopatra.' How far do you agree?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and dramatic action, consider what might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following scene unfolds.

Flourish. Enter AGRIPPA, CAESAR, with DOLABELLA and ENOBARBUS.

Caesar: Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agrippa: Caesar, I shall. *[Exit]* 5

Caesar: The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger: Antony 10

Is come into the field.

Caesar: Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *[Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]* 15

Enobarbus: Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar
And leave his master Antony. For this pains
Caesar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest 20
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's. 25

Soldier: Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules. 30

Enobarbus: I give it you.

Soldier: Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true. Best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host. I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor 35
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit.]*

Enobarbus: I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude 40
They doest as crews with gold! This blowe my heart

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If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee? No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

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Act 4, Scene 6

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 2 **Either** (a) '... What's open made to justice, That justice seizes.'
How 'just' do you find the play, *Measure for Measure*?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and imagery, discuss what you learn about Angelo at this point in the play.

Enter Angelo.

Angelo: When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name, 5
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
Is, like a good thing being often read,
Grown sere and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein – let no man hear me – I take pride, 10
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood. 15
Let's write 'good angel' on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Servant: One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you. 20
Angelo: Teach her the way. [Exit Servant]

Oh heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself
And dispossessing all my other parts 25
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive; and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king 30
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid? 35

Isabella: I am come to know your pleasure.
Angelo: That you might know it would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Isabella: Even so! Heaven keep your honour!
Angelo: Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be. 40
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'Had she intended ever to *marry* him, it might have been worth while to pause and consider, and try to understand the value of his preference, and the character of his temper.'
Discuss the significance of the relationship between Emma and Frank Churchill in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Discuss the effects of the language, tone and dialogue in the following passage.

Soon afterwards Mr. Elton quitted them, and she could not but do him the justice of feeling that there was a great deal of sentiment in his manner of naming Harriet at parting, in the tone of his voice while assuring her that he should call at Mrs. Goddard's for news of her fair friend, the last thing before he prepared for the happiness of meeting her again, when he hoped to be able to give a better report; and he sighed and smiled himself off in a way that left the balance of approbation much in his favour.

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After a few minutes of entire silence between them, John Knightley began with: 'I never in my life saw a man more intent on being agreeable than Mr. Elton. It is downright labour to him where ladies are concerned. With men he can be rational and unaffected, but when he has ladies to please, every feature works.'

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'Mr. Elton's manners are not perfect,' replied Emma; 'but where there is a wish to please, one ought to overlook, and one does overlook a great deal. Where a man does his best with only moderate powers, he will have the advantage over negligent superiority. There is such perfect good temper and goodwill in Mr. Elton as one cannot but value.'

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'Yes,' said Mr. John Knightley presently, with some slyness, 'he seems to have a great deal of goodwill towards *you*.'

'Me!' she replied with a smile of astonishment. 'Are you imagining me to be Mr. Elton's object?'

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'Such an imagination has crossed me, I own, Emma; and if it never occurred to you before, you may as well take it into consideration now.'

'Mr. Elton in love with me! What an idea!'

'I do not say it is so, but you will do well to consider whether it is so or not, and to regulate your behaviour accordingly. I think your manners to him encouraging. I speak as a friend, Emma. You had better look about you and ascertain what you do and what you mean to do.'

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'I thank you, but I assure you you are quite mistaken. Mr. Elton and I are very good friends, and nothing more'; and she walked on, amusing herself in the consideration of the blunders which often arise from a partial knowledge of circumstance, of the mistakes which people of high pretensions to judgement are forever falling into, and not very well pleased with her brother for imagining her blind and ignorant and in want of counsel. He said no more.

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Mr. Woodhouse had so completely made up his mind to the visit that in spite of the increasing coldness, he seemed to have no idea of shrinking from it, and set forward at last most punctually with his eldest daughter in his own carriage with less apparent consciousness of the weather than either of the others; too full of the wonder of his own going and the pleasure it was to afford at Randalls to see that it was cold, and too well wrapped up to feel it. The cold, however, was covered, and by the time the second

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carriage was in motion, a few flakes of snow were finding their way down, and the sky had the appearance of being so overcharged as to want only a milder air to produce a very white world in a very short time.

Emma soon saw that her companion was not in the happiest humour. The preparing and the going abroad in such weather, with the sacrifice of his children after dinner, were evils, were disagreeables, at least, which Mr. John Knightley did not by any means like; he anticipated nothing in the visit that could be at all worth the purchase; and the whole of their drive to the vicarage was spent by him in expressing his discontent. 45

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss Brontë's use of nature and natural imagery in the novel *Wuthering Heights*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Brontë's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

This time, I remembered I was lying in the oak closet; and I heard distinctly the gusty wind and the driving of the snow; I heard, also, the fir-bough repeat its teasing sound, and ascribed it to the right cause; but it annoyed me so much, that I resolved to silence it, if possible; and, I thought, I rose and endeavoured to unhasp the casement. The hook was soldered into the staple, a circumstance observed by me when awake, but forgotten. 5

'I must stop it, nevertheless!' I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch: instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand!

The intense horror of nightmare came over me; I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, 10

'Let me in – let me in!'

'Who are you?' I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself.

'Catherine Linton,' it replied shiveringly (why did I think of *Linton*? I had read *Earnshaw* twenty times for Linton), 'I'm come home, I'd lost my way on the moor!'

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window – terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, 'Let me in!' and maintained its tenacious gripe, almost maddening me with fear. 15

'How can I!' I said at length. 'Let *me* go, if you want me to let you in!'

The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer. 20

I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour, yet, the instant I listened, again, there was the doleful cry moaning on!

'Begone!' I shouted, 'I'll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years.'

'It's twenty years,' mourned the voice, 'twenty years', I've been a waif for twenty years.' 25

Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward.

I tried to jump up, but could not stir a limb; and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright.

To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal. Hasty footsteps approached my chamber door: somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering yet, and wiping the perspiration from my forehead: the intruder appeared to hesitate, and muttered to himself. 30

At last, he said in a half-whisper, plainly not expecting an answer,

'Is any one here?'

I considered it best to confess my presence, for I knew Heathcliff's accents, and feared he might search further, if I kept quiet. 35

With this intention, I turned and opened the panels – I shall not soon forget the effect my action produced.

Heathcliff stood near the entrance, in his shirt and trousers, with a candle dripping over his fingers, and his face as white as the wall behind him. The first creak of the oak startled him like an electric shock: the light leaped from his hold to a distance of some feet, and his agitation was so extreme that he could hardly pick it up. 40

'It is only your guest, sir,' I called out, desirous to spare him the humiliation of exposing his cowardice further. 'I had the misfortune to scream in my sleep, owing to a frightful nightmare. I'm sorry I disturbed you.'

'Oh, God confound you, Mr. Lockwood! I wish you were at the –' commenced my host, setting the candle on a chair, because he found it impossible to hold it steady. 45

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 5 **Either** (a) What is your view of the role and characterisation of Theseus in *The Knight's Tale*?
- Or** (b) Discuss the language and tone of the following passage, relating it to Chaucer's methods and concerns in *The Knight's Tale* as a whole.

And so bifel that in the taas they founde,
 Thurgh-girt with many a grevous bloody wounde,
 Two yonge knyghtes liggynge by and by,
 Bothe in oon armes, wroght ful richely,
 Of whiche two Arcita highte that oon, 5
 And that oother knyght highte Palamon.
 Nat fully quyke, ne fully dede they were,
 But by hir cote-armures and by hir gere
 The heraudes knewe hem best in special
 As they that weren of the blood roial 10
 Of Thebes, and of sustren two yborn.
 Out of the taas the pilours han hem torn,
 And han hem caried softe unto the tente
 Of Theseus; and he ful soone hem sente
 To Atthenes, to dwellen in prisoun 15
 Perpetuelly, – he nolde no raunsoun.
 And whan this worthy duc hath thus ydon,
 He took his hoost, and hoom he rit anon
 With laurer crowned as a conquerour;
 And ther he lyveth in joye and in honour 20
 Terme of his lyf; what nedeth wordes mo?
 And in a tour, in angwish and in wo,
 This Palamon and his felawe Arcite
 For everemoore; ther may no gold hem quite.
 This passeth yeer by yeer and day by day, 25
 Till it fil ones, in a morwe of May,
 That Emelye, that fairer was to sene
 Than is the lylie upon his stalke grene,
 And fressher than the May with floures newe –
 For with the rose colour stroof hire hewe, 30
 I noot which was the fyner of hem two –
 Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
 She was arisen and al redy dight;
 For May wole have no slogardie a-nyght.
 The sesoun priketh every gentil herte, 35
 And maketh hym out of his slep to sterte,
 And seith 'Arys, and do thyn observaunce.'
 This maketh Emelye have remembraunce
 To doon honour to May, and for to ryse.

- 6 **Either** (a) Write an essay on Dickens's portrayal of families and family life in the novel *Copperfield*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Dickens's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire, and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty, with the white apron, was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needlework was as much at home with Saint Paul's and the bit of wax-candle, as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence. 5

'Mr. Peggotty!' says I. 15

'Sir,' says he.

'Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of ark?'

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered –

'No, Sir. I never give him no name.'

'Who gave him that name, then?' said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty. 20

'Why, Sir, his father give it him,' said Mr. Peggotty.

'I thought you were his father!'

'My brother Joe was *his* father,' said Mr. Peggotty.

'Dead, Mr. Peggotty?' I hinted, after a respectful pause. 25

'Drowndead,' said Mr Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

'Little Em'ly,' I said, glancing at her. 'She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?' 30

'No, Sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father.'

I couldn't help it, '– Dead, Mr. Peggotty?' I hinted, after another respectful silence.

'Drowndead,' said Mr. Peggotty. 35

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said:

'Haven't you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?'

'No, Master,' he answered, with a short laugh. 'I'm a bachelore.'

'A bachelor!' I said, astonished. 'Why, who's that, Mr. Peggotty?' Pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting. 40

'That's Missis Gummidge,' said Mr. Peggotty.

'Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?'

But at this point Peggotty – I mean my own peculiar Peggotty – made such impressive motions to me not to ask any more questions, that I could only sit and look at all the silent company, until it was time to go to bed. Then, in the privacy of my own little cabin, she informed me that Ham and Em'ly were an orphan nephew 45

and niece, whom my host had at different times adopted in their childhood, when they were left destitute; and that Mrs. Gummidge was the widow of his partner in a boat, who had died very poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel – those were her similes. The only subject, she informed me, on which he ever showed a violent temper or swore an oath, was this generosity of his; and if it were ever referred to, by any one of them, he struck the table a heavy blow with his right hand (had split it on one such occasion), and swore a dreadful oath that he would be 'Gormed' if he didn't cut and run for good, if it were ever mentioned again. It appeared, in answer to my inquiries, that nobody had the least idea of the etymology of this terrible verb passive to be gormed; but that they all regarded it as constituting a most solemn imprecation.

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BEN JONSON: *The Alchemist*

- 7 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and characterisation of Sir Epicure Mammon.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and dramatic action of the following passage, discuss its significance to the play as a whole.

Enter Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias

<i>Subtle:</i>	O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes Were at the last thread, you see; and down had gone <i>Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius;</i> Lembic, bolt's head, retort, and pelican Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!	5
<i>Tribulation:</i>	Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience, If too much zeal hath carried him, aside, From the due path.	10
<i>Subtle:</i>	Why, this doth qualify!	
<i>Tribulation:</i>	The Brethren had no purpose, verily, To give you the least grievance: but are ready To lend their willing hands, to any project The spirit, and you direct.	15
<i>Subtle:</i>	This qualifies more!	
<i>Tribulation:</i>	And, for the orphans' goods, let them be valued, Or what is needful, else, to the holy work, It shall be numbered: here, by me, the Saints Throw down their purse before you.	20
<i>Subtle:</i>	This qualifies, most!	
	Why, thus it should be, now you understand. Have I discoursed so unto you, of our stone? And, of the good that it shall bring your cause? Showed you, (beside the main of hiring forces Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends, From th' Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet) That even the medicinal use shall make you a faction, And party in the realm? As, put the case, That some great man in state, he have the gout, Why, you but send three drops of your elixir, You help him straight: there you have made a friend. Another has the palsy, or the dropsy, He takes of your incombustible stuff, He's young again: there you have made a friend.	25
	A lady, that is past the feat of body, Though not of mind, and hath her face decayed Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore With the oil of talc; there you have made a friend: And all her friends. A lord, that is a leper, A knight, that has the bone-ache, or a squire That hath both these, you make 'em smooth, and sound, With a bare fricace of your medicine: still, You increase your friends.	30
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<i>Tribulation:</i>	Ay, 'tis very pregnant.	45
<i>Subtle:</i>	And, then, the turning of this lawyer's pewter To plate, at Christmas –	
<i>Ananias:</i>	Christ-tide, I pray you.	
<i>Subtle:</i>	Yet, Ananias?	
<i>Ananias:</i>	I have done.	

ANDREW MARVELL: *Selected Poems* (from *The Metaphysical Poets*, ed. Garth

- 8 **Either** (a) 'Marvell's concerns may be abstract or spiritual but his style is richly sensual. In the light of this comment, discuss your own response to the poems in the selection.
- Or** (b) With close attention to language, tone and imagery, write a critical appreciation of the following poem.

The Coronet

When for the Thorns with which I long, too long,
 With many a piercing wound,
 My Saviours head have crown'd,
 I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong:
 Through every Garden, every Mead, 5
 I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
 Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
 That once adorn'd my Shepherdesses head,
 And now when I have summ'd up all my store,
 Thinking (so I my self deceive) 10
 So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
 As never yet the king of Glory wore:
 Alas I find the Serpent old
 That, twining in his speckled breast,
 About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold, 15
 With wreaths of Fame and Interest.
 Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them,
 And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem!
 But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
 Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie, 20
 And disentangle all his winding Snare:
 Or shatter too with him my curious frame:
 And let these wither, so that he may die,
 Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care.
 That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread, 25
 May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

- 10 **Either** (a) Gulliver has been described as 'a plain man telling a plain tale'. How far do your reading of *Gulliver's Travels* support this view?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating its methods and concerns to *Gulliver's Travels* as a whole.

Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not be better defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-a-dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats.

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He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic, as he was pleased to call it, in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

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He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed: whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions; wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

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He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments; and very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

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His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then, taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivering himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: 'My little friend Gridrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers, for their conduct or valour; judges, for their integrity; senators, for the love of their country; or counsellors for their wisdom.

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'As for yourself', continued the king, 'who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.'

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