

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

May/June 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.

This document consists of **18** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*

- 1 **Either** (a) '*Antony and Cleopatra* is a play about power – political, military and emotional power.'  
In what ways does this reflect your reading of the play?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and dramatic action of this extract, discuss what you learn about Cleopatra at this point in the play.

*Enter a MESSENGER*

<i>Cleopatra:</i>	O! from Italy? Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, That long time have been barren.	
<i>Messenger:</i>	Madam, madam–	5
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Antony's dead! If thou say so, villain, Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free, If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here My bluest veins to kiss – a hand that kings Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.	10
<i>Messenger:</i>	First, madam, he is well.	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark, we use To say the dead are well. Bring it to that, The gold I give thee will I melt and pour Down thy ill-uttering throat.	15
<i>Messenger:</i>	Good madam, hear me.	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Well, go to, I will. But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony Be free and healthful – why so tart a favour To trumpet such good tidings? If not well, Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes, Not like a formal man.	20
<i>Messenger:</i>	Will't please you hear me?	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st. Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well, Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him, I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail Rich pearls upon thee.	25
<i>Messenger:</i>	Madam, he's well.	30
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Well said.	
<i>Messenger:</i>	And friends with Caesar.	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Th'art an honest man.	
<i>Messenger:</i>	Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Make thee a fortune from me.	
<i>Messenger:</i>	But yet, madam–	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	I do not like 'but yet'. It does allay The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet' 'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,	35

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together. He's friends with Caesar; 40  
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

*Messenger:* Free, madam! No; I made no such report.  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleopatra:* For what good turn?

*Messenger:* For the best turn i' th' bed. 45  
' th' bed.

*Cleopatra:* I am pale, Charmian.

*Messenger:* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Act 2, Scene 5

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*

- 2 **Either** (a) 'The old fantastical duke of dark corners.'  
What is your view of the role and characterisation of the Duke in *Measure for Measure*?
- Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following passage unfolds?

Scene I. *A hall in Angelo's house.*

*Enter* ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, PROVOST,  
Officers, and other Attendants.

- Angelo:* We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, 5  
And let it keep one shape till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.
- Escalus:* Ay, but yet  
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little  
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman, 10  
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.  
Let but your honour know,  
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,  
That, in the working of your own affections,  
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing, 15  
Or that the resolute acting of our blood  
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,  
Whether you had not sometime in your life  
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,  
And pull'd the law upon you. 20
- Angelo:* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall. I not deny  
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice, 25  
That justice seizes. What knows the laws  
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,  
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it. 30  
You may not so extenuate his offence  
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend,  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die. 35
- Escalus:* Be it as your wisdom will.
- Angelo:* Where is the Provost?
- Provost:* Here, if it like your honour.
- Angelo:* See that Claudio  
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning; 40  
Bring him his confessor; let him be prepar'd;  
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
- [Exit PROVOST.]
- Escalus:* [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him! And forgive us all!  
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall; 45

Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none,  
And some condemned for a fault alone,

*Enter ELBOW and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.*

*Elbow:* Come, bring them away; if these be good people in  
a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in 50  
common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

*Angelo:* How now, sir! What's your name, and what's the matter?

Act 2, Scene 1

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 **Either** (a) ‘Emma’s view of Harriet is that she was not clever but she had a sweet, docile, grateful disposition.’  
Consider Harriet’s relationship with Emma in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Austen’s methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

It may be possible to do without dancing entirely. Instances have been known of young people passing many, many months successively without being at any ball of any description, and no material injury accrue either to body or mind; but when a beginning is made – when the felicities of rapid motion have once been, though slightly, felt – it must be a very heavy set that does not ask for more.

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Frank Churchill had danced once at Highbury and longed to dance again; and the last half-hour of an evening which Mr. Woodhouse was persuaded to spend with his daughter at Randalls was passed by the two young people in schemes on the subject. Frank’s was the first idea, and his the greatest zeal in pursuing it; for the lady was the best judge of the difficulties and the most solicitous for accommodation and appearance. But still she had inclination enough for showing people again how delightfully Mr. Frank Churchill and Miss Woodhouse danced – for doing that in which she need not blush to compare herself with Jane Fairfax – and even for simple dancing itself, without any of the kind of wicked aids of vanity – to assist him first in pacing out the room they were in to see what it could be made to hold, and then in taking the dimensions of the other parlour in the hope of discovering, in spite of all that Mr. Weston could say of their exactly equal size, that it was a little the largest.

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His first proposition and request – that the dance begun at Mr. Cole’s should be finished there, that the same party should be collected and the same musician engaged – met with the readiest acquiescence. Mr. Weston entered into the idea with thorough enjoyment, and Mrs. Weston most willingly undertook to play as long as they could wish to dance; and the interesting employment had followed, of reckoning up exactly who there would be and portioning out the indispensable division of space to every couple.

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‘You and Miss Smith and Miss Fairfax will be three, and the two Miss Coxes five,’ had been repeated many times over. ‘And there will be the two Gilberts, young Cox, my father, and myself, besides Mr. Knightley. Yes, that will be quite enough for pleasure. You and Miss Smith and Miss Fairfax will be three, and the two Miss Coxes five, and for five couple there will be plenty of room.’

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But soon it came to be on one side: ‘But will there be good room for five couple? I really do not think there will.’

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On another: ‘And after all, five couple are not enough to make it worth-while to stand up. Five couple are nothing when one thinks seriously about it. It will not do to *invite* five couple. It can be allowable only as the thought of the moment.’

Somebody said that *Miss* Gilbert was expected at her brother’s, and must be invited with the rest. Somebody else believed *Mrs.* Gilbert would have danced the other evening if she had been asked. A word was put in for a second young Cox; and at last, Mr. Weston naming one family of cousins who must be included and another of very old acquaintance who could not be left out, it became a certainty that the five couples would be at least ten, and a very interesting speculation in what possible

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manner they could be disposed of.

The doors of the two rooms were just opposite each other. 'Might not they use both rooms and dance across the passage?' It seemed the best scheme, and yet it was not so good but that many of them wanted a better. Emma said it would be awkward; Mrs. Weston was in distress about the supper; and Mr. Woodhouse opposed it earnestly on the score of health. It made him so very unhappy, indeed, that it could not be persevered in. 45

'Oh, no,' said he, 'it would be the extreme of imprudence. I could not bear it for Emma! Emma is not strong. She would catch a dreadful cold. So would poor little Harriet. So you would all. Mrs. Weston, you would be quite laid up; do not let them talk of such a wild thing; pray do not let them talk of it. That young man' (speaking lower) 'is very thoughtless. Do not tell his father, but that young man is not quite the thing. He has been opening the doors very often this evening and keeping them open very inconsiderately. He does not think of the draught. I do not mean to set you against him, but indeed he is not quite the thing.' 50 55

Chapter 29

EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and characterisation of Nellie Dean 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.

On an afternoon in October, or the beginning of November, a fresh watery afternoon, when the turf and paths were rustling with moist, withered leaves, and the cold, blue sky was half hidden by clouds, dark grey streamers, rapidly mounting from the west, and boding abundant rain; I requested my young lady to forgo her ramble because I was certain of showers. She refused; and I unwillingly donned a cloak, and took my umbrella to accompany her on a stroll to the bottom of the park; a formal walk which she generally affected if low-spirited – and that she invariably was when Mr. Edgar had been worse than ordinary; a thing never known from his confession, but guessed both by her and me from his increased silence, and the melancholy of his countenance. 5

She went sadly on; there was no running or bounding now, though the chill wind might well have tempted her to a race. And often, from the side of my eye, I could detect her raising a hand, brushing something off her cheek. 10

I gazed round for a means of diverting her thoughts. On one side of the road rose a high, rough bank, where hazels and stunted oaks with their roots half exposed, held uncertain tenure; the soil was too loose for the latter, and strong winds had blown some nearly horizontal. In summer, Miss Catherine delighted to climb among these trunks, and sit in the branches swinging twenty feet above the ground; and I, pleased with her agility and her light, childish heart, still considered it proper to scold every time I caught her at such an elevation; but so that she knew there was no necessity for descending. From dinner to tea she would lie in her breeze-rocked cradle, doing nothing except singing old songs – my nursery lore – to herself, or watching the birds, joint tenants, feed and entice their young ones to fly, or nestling with closed lids, half thinking, half dreaming, happier than words can express. 15

'Look, Miss!' I exclaimed, pointing to a nook under the roots of one twisted tree. 'Winter is not here yet. There's a little flower, up yonder, the last bud from the multitude of bluebells that clouded those turf steps in July with a lilac mist. Will you clamber up, and pluck it to show to papa?' 20

Cathy stared a long time at the lonely blossom trembling in its earthly shelter, and replied, at length – 25

'No, I'll not touch it – but it looks melancholy, does it not, Ellen?'

'Yes,' I observed, 'about as starved and sackless as you – your cheeks are bloodless; let us take hold of hands and run. You're so low, I dare say I shall keep up with you.'

'No,' she repeated, and continued sauntering on, pausing, at intervals, to muse over a bit of moss, or a tuft of blanched grass, or a fungus spreading its bright orange among the heaps of brown foliage; and, ever and anon, her hand was lifted to her averted face. 30

'Catherine, why are you crying, love?' I asked, approaching and putting my arm over her shoulder, 'You mustn't cry because papa has a cold; be thankful it is nothing worse.' 35

She now put no further restraint on her tears; her breath was stifled by sobs.

'Oh, it *will* be something worse,' she said. 'And what shall I do when papa and you leave me, and I am by myself? I can't forget your words, Ellen, they are always in my ear. How life will be changed, how dreary the world will be, when papa and you are dead.' 40

'None can tell, whether you won't die before us,' I replied. 'It's wrong to anticipate



evil – we'll hope there are years and years to come before any of us go – master is young, and I am strong, and hardly forty-five. My mother lived till eighty, a canty dame to the last. And suppose Mr. Linton were spared till he saw sixty, that would be more years than you have counted Miss. And would it not be foolish to mourn a calamity above twenty years beforehand? 50

'But Aunt Isabella was younger than papa,' she remarked, gazing up with timid hope to see further consolation.

Chapter 22

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 5 **Either** (a) 'At the heart of *The Knight's Tale* is the conflict between love and loyalty.'  
How far does your reading of *The Knight's Tale* support this view?
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language and tone of the following passage, consider Chaucer's presentation of Emily here and in *The Knight's Tale* as a whole.

The thridde houre inequal that Palamon  
 Bigan to Venus temple for to gon,  
 Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye,  
 And to the temple of Dyane gan hye.  
 Hir maydens, that she thider with hire ladde, 5  
 Ful redily with hem the fyr they hadde,  
 Th'encens, the clothes, and the remenant al  
 That to the sacrifice longen shal;  
 The hornes fulle of meeth, as was the gyse;  
 Ther lakked noght to doon hir sacrificise. 10  
 Smokyng the temple, ful of clothes faire,  
 This Emelye, with herte debonaire,  
 Hir body wessh with water of a welle,  
 But hou she dide hir ryte I dar nat telle,  
 But it be any thing in general; 15  
 And yet it were a game to heeren al.  
 To hym that meneth wel it were no charge;  
 But it is good a man been at his large.  
 Hir brighte heer was kembd, untressed al;  
 A coroune of a grene ook cerial 20  
 Upon hir heed was set ful fair and meete.  
 Two fyres on the auter gan she beete,  
 And dide hir thynges, as men may biholde  
 In Stace of Thebes and thise bookes olde.  
 Whan kyndled was the fyr, with pitous cheere 25  
 Unto Dyane she spak as ye may heere:  
 'O chaste goddess of the wodes grene,  
 To whom bothe hevne and erthe and see is sene,  
 Queene of the regne of Pluto derk and lowe,  
 Goddess of maydens, that myn herte hast knowe 30  
 Ful many a yeer, and woost what I desire,  
 As keepe me fro thy vengeaunce and thyn ire,  
 That Attheon aboughte cruelly.  
 Chaste goddess, wel wostow that I  
 Desire to ben a mayden al my lyf, 35  
 Ne nevere wol I be no love ne wyf.  
 I am, thow woost, yet of thy compaignye,  
 A mayde, and love huntyng and venerye,  
 And for to walken in the wodes wilde.  
 And noght to ben a wyf and be with childe. 40  
 Noght wol I knowe compaignye of man.



CHARLES DICKENS: *David Copperfield*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and characterisation of Steerforth in the novel *David Copperfield*.
- Or** (b) Paying close attention to language and tone, write a critical appreciation of the following passage, commenting in particular on the significance of this episode in the novel as a whole.

It was perhaps a part of Mrs. Heep's humility, that she still wore weeds. Notwithstanding the lapse of time that had occurred since Mr. Heep's decease, she still wore weeds. I think there was some compromise in the cap; but otherwise she was as weedy as in the early days of her mourning.

'This is a day to be remembered, my Uriah, I am sure,' said Mrs. Heep, making the tea, 'when Master Copperfield pays us a visit.' 5

'I said you'd think so, mother,' said Uriah.

'If I could have wished father to remain among us for any reason,' said Mrs. Heep, 'it would have been, that he might have known his company this afternoon.'

I felt embarrassed by these compliments; but I was sensible, too, of being entertained as an honoured guest, and I thought Mrs. Heep an agreeable woman. 10

'My Uriah,' said Mrs. Heep, 'has looked forward to this, Sir, a long while. He had his fears that our umbleness stood in the way, and I joined in them myself. Umble we are, umble we have been, umble we shall ever be,' said Mrs. Heep.

'I am sure you have no occasion to be so, ma'am,' I said, 'unless you like.' 15

'Thank you, Sir,' retorted Mrs. Heep. 'We know our station and are thankful in it.'

I found that Mrs. Heep gradually got nearer to me, and that Uriah gradually got opposite to me, and that they respectfully plied me with the choicest of the eatables on the table. There was nothing particularly choice there, to be sure; but I took the will for the deed, and felt that they were very attentive. Presently they began to talk about aunts, and then I told them about mine; and about fathers and mothers, and then I told them about mine; and then Mrs. Heep began to talk about fathers-in-law, and then I began to tell her about mine; but stopped, because my aunt had advised me to observe a silence on that subject. A tender young cork, however, would have had no more chance against a pair of corkscrews, or a tender young tooth against a pair of dentists, or a little shuttlecock against two battledores, than I had against Uriah and Mrs. Heep. They did just what they liked with me; and wormed things out of me that I had no desire to tell, with a certainty I blush to think of: the more especially as, in my juvenile frankness, I took some credit to myself for being so confidential, and felt that I was quite the patron of my two respectful entertainers. 20 25 30

They were very fond of one another: that was certain. I take it, that had its effect upon me, as a touch of nature; but the skill with which the one followed up whatever the other said, was a touch of art which I was still less proof against. When there was nothing more to be got out of me about myself (for on the Murdstone and Grinby life, and on my journey, I was dumb), they began about Mr. Wickfield and Agnes. Uriah threw the ball to Mrs. Heep, Mrs. Heep caught it and threw it back to Uriah, Uriah kept it up a little while, then sent it back to Mrs. Heep, and so they went on tossing it about until I had no idea who had got it, and was quite bewildered. The ball itself was always changing too. Now it was Mr. Wickfield, now Agnes, now the excellence of Mr. Wickfield, now my admiration of Agnes; now the extent of Mr. Wickfield's business and resources, now our domestic life after dinner; now, the wine that Mr. Wickfield took, the reason why he took it, and the pity that it was he took so much; now one thing, now another, then everything at once; and all the time, without appearing to speak very often, or to do anything but sometimes encourage them a little, for fear they should be overcome by their humility and the honour of my company, I found myself perpetually letting out something or other that I had no business to let out, and seeing the effect of it in the twinkling of Uriah's dinted nostrils. 35 40 45

I had begun to be a little uncomfortable, and to wish myself well out of the visit, when a figure coming down the street passed the door – it stood open to air the room, which was warm, the weather being close for the time of year – came back again, looked in, and walked in, exclaiming loudly, ‘Copperfield! Is it possible?’ 50

It was Mr. Micawber! It was Mr. Micawber, with his eye-glass, and his walking-stick, and his shirt-collar, and his genteel air, and the condescending roll in his voice, all complete!

Chapter 17

BEN JONSON: *The Alchemist*

- 7 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways do you consider *The Alchemist* to be a comic play?
- 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.

*Face:* Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of Mammon!  
 Three o' my clerk! A portague o' my grocer!  
 This o' the Brethren! Beside reversions,  
 And states, to come i' the widow, and my count!  
[Enter DoL] 5

*DoL:* My share, today, will not be bought for forty—  
What?

*Face:* Pounds, dainty Dorothy, art thou so near?

*DoL:* Yes, say lord General, how fares our camp?

*Face:* As, with the few, that had entrenched themselves 10  
 Safe, by their discipline, against a world, *DoL:*  
 And laughed, within those trenches, and grew fat  
 With thinking on the booties, *DoL,* brought in  
 Daily, by their small parties. This dear hour, 15  
 A doughty don is taken, with my *DoL;*  
 And thou may'st make his ransom, what thou wilt,  
 My Dousabell: he shall be brought here, fettered  
 With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown  
 In a downbed, as dark as any dungeon;  
 Where thou shalt keep him waking, with thy drum; 20  
 Thy drum, my *DoL;* thy drum; till he be tame  
 As the poor blackbirds were i' the great frost,  
 Or bees are with a basin; and so hive him  
 I' the swanskin coverlid, and cambric sheets,  
 Till he work honey, and wax, my little God's-gift. 25

*DoL:* What is he, General?

*Face:* An adalantado,  
 A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here, yet?

*DoL:* No.

*Face:* Nor my Druggier? 30

*DoL:* Neither.

*Face:* A pox on 'em.  
 They are so long a-furnishing! Such stinkards  
 Would not be seen, upon these festival days.  
[Enter SUBTLE] 35

*Subtle:* How now! Ha' you done?  
Done. They are gone. The sum  
 Is here in bank, my *Face.* I would, we knew  
 Another chapman, now, would buy 'em outright.

*Face:* 'Slid, Nab shall do't, against he ha' the widow, 40  
 To furnish household.

*Subtle:* Excellent, well thought on,  
 Pray God, he come.

*Face:* I pray, he keep away  
 Till our new business be o'erpast. 45

*Subtle:* But, *Face,*  
 How cam'st thou, by this secret don?

*Face:* A spirit

Brought me th'intelligence, in a paper, here,  
As I was conjuring, yonder, in my circle 50  
For Surly: I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath  
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,  
You must go tune your virginal, no losing  
O' the least time. And, do you hear? Good action.  
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close: 55  
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great  
Verdugoship has not a jot of language:  
So much the easier to be cozened, my Dolly.  
He will come here, in a hired coach, obscure,  
And our own coachman, whom I have sent, as guide, 60  
No creature else.

Act 3, Scene 3





CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 9 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that Rossetti 'is above all a poet of love and longing for love'?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following extract from 'Goblin Market', relating it to Rossetti's methods and concerns in the rest of the poem.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:  
 'Good folk, I have no coin;  
 To take were to purloin:  
 I have no copper in my purse,  
 I have no silver either, 5  
 And all my gold is on the furze  
 That shakes in windy weather  
 Above the rusty heather.'  
 'You have much gold upon your head,'  
 They answered altogether: 10  
 'Buy from us with a golden curl.'  
 She clipped a precious golden lock,  
 She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,  
 Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:  
 Sweeter than honey from the rock, 15  
 Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,  
 Clearer than water flowed that juice;  
 She never tasted such before,  
 How should it cloy with length of use?  
 She sucked and sucked and sucked the more 20  
 Fruits which that unknown orchard bore,  
 She sucked until her lips were sore;  
 Then flung the emptied rinds away,  
 But gathered up one kernel stone,  
 And knew not was it night or day 25  
 As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate  
 Full of wise upbraidings:  
 'Dear, you should not stay so late,  
 Twilight is not good for maidens; 30  
 Should not loiter in the glen  
 In the haunts of goblin men.  
 Do you not remember Jeanie,  
 How she met them in the moonlight,  
 Took their gifts both choice and many, 35  
 Ate their fruits and wore their flowers  
 Pluck'd from bowers  
 Where summer ripens at all hours?  
 But ever in the moonlight  
 She pined and pined away; 40  
 Sought them by night and day,  
 Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;  
 Then fell with the first snow,  
 While to this day no grass will grow  
 Where she lies low: 45  
 I planted daisies there a year ago  
 That never blow.  
 You should not loiter so.'

JONATHAN SWIFT: *Gulliver's Travels*

- 10 **Either** (a) Write an essay on the ways in which Swift presents rulers and governments in *Gulliver's Travels*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Swift's methods and concerns in *Gulliver's Travels* as a whole.

I had the favour of being admitted to several *Houyhnhnms* who came to visit or dine with my master, where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself; but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation. This I found to be true; for, during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of Nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determination to be taken at the next great assembly, and often upon the various excellencies of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant, in a manner not very advantageous to human kind; and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said; only I may be allowed to observe that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of *Yahoos* much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a *Yahoo* of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, 'how vile as well as miserable such a creature must be.'

I freely confess that all the little knowledge I have of any value was acquired by the lectures I had received from my master and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe which the *Yahoos* and all other animals bear towards them: but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, *Yahoos* in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilised, and qualified with the gift of speech; but making no other use of reason than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to see the reflection of my own form in a lake or fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common *Yahoo* than of my own person. By conversing with the *Houyhnhnms*, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into

a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, that I trot like a horse; which, however, I take for a great compliment: neither shall I disown that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manners of the *Houyhnhnms*, and hear myself ridiculed on that account without the least mortification. 50

Part 4, Chapter 10

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