

General Certificate of Education
June 2008
Advanced Level Examination



ENGLISH LANGUAGE (SPECIFICATION A)
Unit 4 Language Investigation

EA4W

Tuesday 3 June 2008 1.30 pm to 4.00 pm

For this paper you must have:

- a 12-page answer book.

Time allowed: 2 hours 30 minutes

Instructions

- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is EA4W.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.

Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 60.
- The marks for the question are shown in brackets.
- You will be marked on your ability to use good English, to organise information clearly and to use specialist vocabulary where appropriate.

Advice

- It is recommended that you spend at least 30 minutes studying the texts and planning your investigation. When you write your answer, the majority of your time should be devoted to analysis of data.

There are no questions printed on this page

Language Investigation

Your task is to carry out a language investigation using **some or all** of the texts that have been provided for you.

Description of Texts

These texts are all first-hand accounts of royal occasions.

Text	Title	Date
1	Extract from Haydon's Journal	1821
2	Extract from Charles Greville's letter	1838
3	<i>Evening Standard</i> article	1952

Suggested structure for writing up your investigation

1: Aim(s)

State the aim(s) of your investigation and identify which texts you are using.

2: Method

Explain the linguistic frameworks you are using to analyse your data.

3: Analysis

Present a detailed analysis of your data.

4: Conclusion

Draw your conclusions in response to your aim(s) and based on your analysis.

5: Evaluation

Evaluate the validity of your conclusions and suggest any further research that might be undertaken.

(60 marks)

Text 1

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV

(1821)

July 19th. – I only got my ticket on Wednesday at two, and dearest Mary and I drove about to get all that was wanted. Sir George Beaumont lent me ruffles and frill, another friend a blue velvet coat, a third a sword; I bought buckles, and the rest I had. I went to bed at ten, and arose at twelve, not having slept a wink. I dressed, breakfasted, and was at the Hall door at half-past one. Three ladies were before me. The doors opened about four, and I got a front place in the Chamberlain's box, between the door and the throne, and saw the whole room distinctly. Many of the door-keepers were tipsy; quarrels took place. The sun began to light up the old Gothic windows, the peers to stroll in, and other company of all descriptions to crowd to their places. Some took seats they had not any right to occupy, and were obliged to leave them after sturdy disputes. Others lost their tickets. The Hall occasionally echoed with the hollow roar of voices at the great door, till at last the galleries were filled; the hall began to get crowded below. Every movement, as the time approached for the King's appearance, was pregnant with interest. The appearance of a monarch has something in it like the rising of a sun. There are indications which announce the luminary's approach; a streak of light – the tipping of a cloud – the singing of the lark – the brilliance of the sky, till the cloud-edges get brighter and brighter, and he rises majestically into the heavens. So with a king's advance. A whisper of mystery turns all eyes to the throne. Suddenly two or three rise; others fall back; some talk, direct, hurry, stand still, or disappear. Then three or four of high rank appear from behind the throne; an interval is left; the crowds scarce breathe. Something rustles, and a being buried in satin, feathers, and diamonds rolls gracefully into his seat. The room rises with a sort of feathered, silken thunder. Plumes wave, eyes sparkle, glasses are out, mouths smile, and one man becomes the prime object of attraction to thousands. The way in which the king bowed was really royal. As he looked towards the peeresses and foreign ambassadors, he showed like some gorgeous bird of the East.

After all the ceremonies he arose, the procession was arranged, the music played, and the line began to move. All this was exceedingly imposing. After two or three hours' waiting, during which the attempt of the Queen¹ agitated the Hall, the doors opened, and the flower-girls entered, strewn with flowers. The grace of their action, their slow movement, their white dresses, were indescribably touching; their light milky colour contrasted with the dark shadow of the archway, which, though dark, was full of rich crimson dresses that gave the shadow a tone as of deep blood; the shadow again relieved by a peep of the crowd, shining in sunlight beyond the gates, and between the shoulders of the guard that crossed the platform. The distant trumpets and shouts of the people, the slow march, and at last the appearance of the King crowned and under a golden canopy, and the universal burst of the assembly at seeing him, affected everybody. As we were all huzzaing, and the King was smiling, I could not help thinking this would be too much for any human being if a drop of poison were not dropped into the cup ere you tasted it. A man would go mad if mortality did not occasionally hold up the mirror. The Queen was to him the death's-head at this stately feast.

Benjamin Robert Haydon
*Life of B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography
and Journals*, edited and compiled by T. Taylor (1853)

¹ To enter the Abbey. She was separated from the King.

Text 2**The Coronation of Queen Victoria, 29 June 1838**

Charles Greville

The Coronation (which, thank God, is over) went off very well. The day was fine, without heat or rain – the innumerable multitude which thronged the streets orderly and satisfied. The appearance of the Abbey was beautiful, particularly the benches of the Peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The entry of Soult [who had been one of Napoleon's marshals] was striking. He was saluted with a murmur of curiosity and applause as he passed through the nave, and nearly the same as he advanced along the choir. His appearance is that of a veteran warrior, and he walked alone, with his numerous suite following at a respectful distance, preceded by heralds and ushers, who received him with marked attention, more certainly than any of the other Ambassadors. The Queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoilt by being too crowded; there was not interval enough between the Queen and the Lords and others going before her. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached a very good sermon. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the Archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to John Thynne, 'Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know'; and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, 'What am I to do with it?' 'Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand.' 'Am I?' she said; 'it is very heavy.' The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off.

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Evening Standard

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1952

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FINAL NIGHT

There's no place like Home

With...

EKCOVISION

The people watch in silence, they hear the sound of guns,
and then the words of the Proclamation—

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN QUEEN MARY WATCHES FROM A WINDOW

Evening Standard Reporter

Queen Elizabeth II was to-day proclaimed Queen from the balcony of St. James's Palace in a ceremony that lasted little more than two minutes.

THE QUEEN SPEAKS

**A time
of deep
sorrow**

The Accession declaration made by the Queen to the Council at St. James's Palace was:

"Your Royal Highnesses, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen—

"By the sudden death of my dear father I am called to assume the duties and responsibility of Sovereignty.

"At this time of deep sorrow it is a profound consolation to me to be assured of the sympathy which you and all my peoples feel towards me, to my mother, and my sister, and to the other members of my family.

"Loss is shared
and beloved head as he was of the wider family of his subjects: the grief which his losses is shared among us all.

"My heart is too full for me to say more to you to-day than that I shall always work, as my father did throughout his reign, to uphold the constitutional government and to advance the happiness and prosperity of my peoples, spread as they are all the world over.

His example

"I know that in my resolve to follow his shining example of service to my country I shall be inspired by the loyalty and affection of those whose Queen I have been called to be, and by the counsel of their elected Parliaments.

"I pray that God will help me to discharge worthily this heavy task that has been laid upon me so early in my life."

This was the first and principal of a series of proclamations in London and at Windsor. Thousands of people had gathered in the area of the Palace, but only a few hundreds saw the scarlet and gold proclamation party in their brief appearance on the balcony.

Fewer still saw the Queen. She took no part in the public ceremony, but attended a meeting of the Privy Council—her first—in the white and gold Throne Room of the Palace to make her Declaration of Accession.

At twenty minutes to ten she came through the main doors of Clarence House, and received a salute from the Queen's Company of the Grenadier Guards, drawn up in the gardens of Clarence House with the Royal Standard.

IN THE THRONE ROOM

She wore the same black hat and coat in which she arrived at London Airport yesterday.

Then, as the Guards were dismissed, she walked along the garden path which links her home with St. James's. A few yards behind her walked Prince Philip, coatless and wearing dark glasses.

In the white and gold throne room of St. James's Palace her Counsellors were waiting. They bowed deeply as she entered.

In a clear voice, the Queen made her declaration of Accession, and then subscribed the oath. The proceedings of the Council lasted barely 10 minutes; and shortly before the Proclamation was due she came out from St. James's Palace into the garden with the Prince. Pointing to the snow lying thickly on the lawn, she walked back to Clarence House.

CRIMSON AND GOLD

Across the bare trees of St. James's came the chimes of Big Ben. A wintry sun appeared from behind the clouds, and the State trumpeters, in gold tabards, came on to the crimson-draped balcony of St. James's Palace.

They were followed by the Serjeants-at-Arms with maces. Then came Garter Principal King at Arms leading the procession of Kings at Arms.

Their tabards gold embroidered and emblazoned with the Royal arms, provided a note of colour against the sombre background.

Then came heralds and Pursuivants in cloth of gold tabards, carrying staffs of gold, silver gilt and ebony.

This was the Proclamation read by Garter King of Arms, Sir George Rothe Bellew:

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign Lord King George VI of blessed and glorious memory by whose decease the Crown is soley and rightfully come to the high and mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary;

"We therefore the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the Realm being here assisted with these His Late Majesty's Privy Council with representatives of other members of the Commonwealth with other principal gentlemen of quality with the Lord Mayor aldermen and citizens of London do now hereby with one voice and consent of tongue and heart publish and proclaim

that the high and mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary is now by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory become Queen of this realm and of her other realms and territories, Head of the Commonwealth Defender of the Faith to whom her lieges do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with hearty and humble affection beseeching God by whom kings and queens do reign to bless the Royal Princess Elizabeth II. with long and happy years to reign over us.

"God save the Queen.

"Given at St. James's Palace this sixth day of February in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty-two.

● Back Page, Col. One



The Proclamation is read at Temple Bar to-day by Norroy and Ulster King of Arms, Sir Gerald Wollaston. More pictures on Page Four, on the Middle Pages, and on the Back Page. ●

END OF TEXTS

There are no texts printed on this page

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Text 1: ROGER SHARROCK, *The Pelican Book of English Prose*, Penguin, 1956.

Text 2: JOHN CAREY, *The Faber Book of Reportage*, Faber, 1989.

Text 3: *Evening Standard*, 1952.

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