

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 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.

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



## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 1 **Either** (a) To what extent do you see Leontes as a tragic figure in *The Winter's Tale*?  
**Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and dramatic action of the following scene, discuss its significance in the play as a whole.

*Antigonus:* I do believe  
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that  
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth 5  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well! [*Laying down the child.*  
 There lie, and there thy character; there these [*Laying down a bundle.*  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
 And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch,  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd 10  
 To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!  
 The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt like to have  
 A lullaby too rough; I never saw 15  
 The heavens so dim by day. [*Noise of hunt within*] A savage clamour!  
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;  
 I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*  
*Enter an old Shepherd.*

*Shepherd:* I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that 20  
 youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but  
 getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing,  
 fighting – [*Horns*] Hark you now! Would any but these boil'd brains of  
 nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scar'd 25  
 away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than  
 the master. If any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of  
 ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! What have we here? [*Talking up the*  
*child*] Mercy on's, a barne! A very pretty barne. A boy or a child, I  
 wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one – sure, some scape. Though I 30  
 am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape  
 This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-  
 work; they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll  
 take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even  
 now. Whoa-ho-hoa!

*Enter Clown.* 35

*Clown:* Hilloa, loa!  
*Shepherd:* What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead  
 and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

*Clown:* I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! But I am not to say it 40  
 is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot  
 thrust a bodkin's point.

(Act 3 Scene 3)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*

- 2 **Either** (a) Write an essay on the role and characterisation of Emilia.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and action of the following passage, discuss your response to Othello and Desdemona at this point in the play.

*Desdemona in her bed. Enter Othello with a light.*

|                   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Othello:</i>   | It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul –<br>Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars –<br>It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,<br>Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,<br>And smooth as monumental alabaster.                                                                                                                    | 5  |
|                   | Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.<br>Put out the light, and then put out the light.<br>If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,<br>I can again thy former light restore,                                                                                                                                                                   | 10 |
|                   | Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,<br>Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,<br>I know not where is that Promethean heat<br>That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,<br>I cannot give it vital growth again;<br>It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the tree. [ <i>Kissing her.</i> ]                           | 15 |
|                   | O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade<br>Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.<br>Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,<br>And love thee after. One more, and that's the last:<br>So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,<br>But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly;<br>It strikes where it doth love. She wakes. | 20 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Who's there? Othello?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Ay, Desdemona.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Will you come to bed, my lord?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 25 |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Ay, my lord.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | If you bethink yourself of any crime<br>Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,<br>Solicit for it straight.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 30 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Alack, my lord,<br>What may you mean by that?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.<br>I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;<br>No, heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul.                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 35 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Talk you of killing?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Ay, I do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | Then heaven<br>Have mercy on me!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Amen, with all my heart!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 40 |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Humh!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then<br>When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,<br>Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.                                                                                                                                                                                               | 45 |
| <i>Othello:</i>   | Think on thy sins.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
| <i>Desdemona:</i> | They are loves I bear to you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |

*Othello:* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Desdemona:* That death's unnatural that kills for loving.  
 Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip? 50  
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.  
 These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,  
 They do not point on me.

*Othello:* Peace, and be still.

*Desdemona:* I will so. What's the matter? 55

*Othello:* That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee  
 Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Desdemona:* No, by my life and soul!  
 Send for the man and ask him.

*Othello:* Sweet soul, take heed, 60  
 Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

(Act 5 Scene 2)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 3 **Either** (a) What do the two brothers Don Pedro and Don John contribute to the meaning and atmosphere of the play *Much Ado about Nothing*?
- Or** (b) What might be the thoughts and feelings of an audience as the following sequence unfolds?

Scene I. *A church.*

*Enter* Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, *and* Attendants.

- Leonato:* Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.
- Friar:* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?
- Claudio:* No.
- Leonato:* To be married to her, friar! You come to marry her. 5
- Friar:* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?
- Hero:* I do.
- Friar:* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.
- Claudio:* Know you any, Hero? 10
- Hero:* None, my lord.
- Friar:* Know you any, Count?
- Leonato:* I dare make his answer, None.
- Claudio:* O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do! 15
- Benedick:* How now! Interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!
- Claudio:* Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:  
Will you with free and unconstrained soul  
Give me this maid, your daughter? 20
- Leonato:* As freely, son, as God did give her me.
- Claudio:* And what have I to give you back whose worth  
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
- Don Pedro:* Nothing, unless you render her again.
- Claudio:* Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. 25  
There, Leonato, take her back again;  
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.  
Behold how like a maid she blushes here.  
O, what authority and show of truth 30  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!  
Comes not that blood as modest evidence  
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear  
All you that see her, that she were a maid  
By these exterior shows? But she is none: 35  
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
- Leonato:* What do you mean, my lord?
- Claudio:* Not to be married,  
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton. 40
- Leonato:* Dear, my lord, if you, in your own proof,  
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
And made defeat of her virginity –

*Claudio:* I know what you would say. If I have known her,  
You will say she did embrace me as a husband, 45  
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.  
No, Leonato,  
I never tempted her with word too large  
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity and comely love. 50

*Hero:* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

(Act 4 Scene 1)

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section

JANE AUSTEN: *Sense and Sensibility*

- 4 **Either** (a) Discuss some of the ways in which duty is contrasted with passion in the novel, and with what effects.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating its concerns and methods to those of the novel as a whole.

Mrs. Jennings was a widow, with an ample jointure. She had only two daughters, both of whom she had lived to see respectably married, and she had now therefore nothing to do but to marry all the rest of the world. In the promotion of this object, she was zealously active, as far as her ability reached, and missed no opportunity of projecting weddings among all the young people of her acquaintance. She was remarkably quick in the discovery of attachments, and had enjoyed the advantage of raising the blushes and the vanity of many a young lady by insinuations of her power over such a young man; and this kind of discernment enabled her soon after her arrival at Barton, decisively to pronounce that Colonel Brandon was very much in love with Marianne Dashwood. She rather suspected it to be so, on the very first evening of their being together, from his listening so attentively while she sang to them; and when the visit was returned by the Middletons dining at the cottage, the fact was ascertained by his listening to her again. It must be so. She was perfectly convinced of it. It would be an excellent match, for *he* was rich and *she* was handsome. Mrs. Jennings had been anxious to see Colonel Brandon well married ever since her connection with Sir John first brought him to her knowledge; and she was always anxious to get a good husband for every pretty girl. 5

The immediate advantage to herself was by no means inconsiderable, for it supplied her with endless jokes against them both. At the Park she laughed at the colonel, and in the cottage at Marianne. To the former her raillery was probably, as far as it regarded only himself, perfectly indifferent; but to the latter it was at first incomprehensible; and when its object was understood, she hardly knew whether most to laugh at its absurdity, or censure its impertinence, for she considered it as an unfeeling reflection on the colonel's advanced years, and on his forlorn condition as an old bachelor. 20

Mrs. Dashwood, who could not think a man five years younger than herself so exceedingly ancient as he appeared to the youthful fancy of her daughter, ventured to clear Mrs. Jennings from the probability of wishing to throw ridicule on his age. 25

'But at least, mama, you cannot deny the absurdity of the accusation, though you may not think it intentionally ill-natured. Colonel Brandon is certainly younger than Mrs. Jennings, but he is old enough to be *my* father; and if he were ever animated enough to be in love, must have long outlived every sensation of the kind. It is too ridiculous! When is a man to be safe from such wit, if age and infirmity will not protect him?' 30

'Infirmity!' said Elinor; 'do you call Colonel Brandon infirm? I can easily suppose that his age may appear much greater to you than to my mother; but you can hardly deceive yourself as to his having the use of his limbs?' 35

‘Did not you hear him complain of the rheumatism? and is not that the commonest infirmity of declining life?’

‘My dearest child,’ said her mother, laughing, ‘at this rate, you must be in continual terror of *my* decay; and it must seem to you a miracle that my life has been extended to the advanced age of forty.’ 40

‘Mama, you are not doing me justice. I know very well that Colonel Brandon is not old enough to make his friends yet apprehensive of losing him in the course of Nature. He may live twenty years longer. But thirty-five has nothing to do with matrimony.’ 45

‘Perhaps,’ said Elinor, ‘thirty-five and seventeen had better not have anything to do with matrimony together. But if there should by any chance happen to be a woman who is single at seven-and-twenty, I should not think Colonel Brandon’s being thirty-five any objection to his marrying *her*.’ 50

‘A woman of seven-and-twenty,’ said Marianne, after pausing a moment, ‘can never hope to feel or inspire affection again; and if her home be uncomfortable, or her fortune small, I can suppose that she might bring herself to submit to the offices of a nurse, for the sake of the provision and security of a wife. In his marrying such a woman, therefore, there would be nothing unsuitable. It would be a compact of convenience, and the world would be satisfied. In my eyes it would be no marriage at all, but that would be nothing. To me it would seem only a commercial exchange, in which each wished to be benefited at the expense of the other.’ 55

(from Chapter 8)



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

5 **Either** (a) 'The *Pardoner's Prologue* is a work in its own right: compelling and skilfully shaped.' How far do you agree?

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines, relating them more widely to the methods and effects of the Tale told by the Pardoner.

This olde man gan looke in his visage,  
 And seyde thus: "For I ne kan nat fynde  
 A man, though that I walked into Ynde,  
 Neither in citee ne in no village,  
 That wolde chaunge his youthe for myn age; 5  
 And therfore moot I han myn age stille,  
 As longe tyme as it is Goddes wille.  
 Ne Deeth, allas! ne wol nat han my lyf  
 Thus walke I, lyk a restelees kaityf,  
 And on the ground, which is my moodres gate, 10  
 I knokke with my staf, bothe erly and late,  
 And seye 'Leeve mooder, leet me in!  
 Lo how I varysshe, flessh, and blood, and skyn!  
 Allas! whan shul my bones been at reste?  
 Mooder, with yow wolde I chaunge my cheste 15  
 That in my chambre longe tyme hath be,  
 Ye, for an heyre clowt to wrappe in me!  
 But yet to me she wol nat do that grace,  
 For which ful pale and welked is my face.  
 But, sires, to yow it is no curteisye 20  
 To speken to an old man vileynye,  
 But he trespasse in word, or elles in dede.  
 In Hooly Writ ye may yourself wel rede:  
 'Agayns an oold man, hoor upon his heed,  
 Ye sholde arise;' wherfore I yeve yow reed, 25  
 Ne dooth unto an oold man noon harm now,  
 Namooore than that ye wolde men did to yow  
 In age, if that ye so longe abyde.  
 And God be with yow, where ye go or ryde!  
 I moot go thider as I have to go." 30  
 "Nay, olde cherl, by God, thou shalt nat so,"  
 Seyde this oother hasardour anon;  
 "Thou partest nat so lightly, by Seint John!  
 Thou spak right now of thilke traytour Deeth,  
 That in this contree alle oure freendes sleeth. 35  
 Have heer my trouthe, as thou art his espye,  
 Telle where he is, or thou shalt it abyde,  
 By God, and by the hooly sacrement!  
 For soothly thou art oon of his assent  
 To sleen us yonge folk, thou false theef!" 40  
 "Now, sires," quod he, "if that yow be so leef  
 To fynde Deeth, turne up this croked wey,  
 For in that grove I lafte hym, by my fey,  
 Under a tree, and there he wole abyde;  
 Noght for youre boost he wole him no thynng hyde. 45  
 Se ye that ook? Right there ye shal hym fynde.  
 God save yow, that boghte agayn mankynde,  
 And yow amende!" Thus seyde this olde man;

And everich of these riotoures ran  
Til he cam to that tree, and ther they founde 50  
Of floryns fyne of gold ycoyned rounde  
Wel ny an eighte busshels, as hem thoughte.  
No lenger thanne after Deeth they soughte,  
But ech of hem so glad was of that sighte,  
For that the floryns been so faire and brighte, 55  
That doun they sette hem by this precious hoord.

DANIEL DEFOE: *Moll Flanders*

6 **Either** (a) 'Our sympathy for Moll never wavers, because she is so obviously the victim of fate.' Discuss your own response to Moll in the light of this comment.

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating its narrative and descriptive effects to those of the work as a whole.

All my terrifying Thoughts were past, the Horrors of the Place, were become Familiar, and I felt no more uneasinesses at the Noise and Clamours of the Prison, than they did who made that Noise; in a Word, I was become a meer *Newgate-Bird*, as Wicked and as Outragious as any of them; nay, I scarce retain'd the Habit and Custom of good Breeding and Manners, which all along till now run thro' my Conversation; so thoro' a Degeneracy had possess'd me, that I was no more the same thing that I had been, than if I had never been otherwise than what I was now. 5

In the middle of this harden'd Part of my Life, I had another sudden Surprize, which call'd me back a little to that thing call'd Sorrow, which indeed I began to be past the Sense of before: They told me one Night, that there was brought into the Prison late the Night before three Highway-Men, who had committed a Robbery somewhere on the Road to *Windsor, Hounslow-Heath*, I think it was, and were pursu'd to *Uxbridge* by the Country, and were taken there after a gallant Resistance, in which I know not how many of the Country People were wounded, and some Kill'd. 10

It is not to be wonder'd that we Prisoners were all desirous enough to see these brave topping Gentlemen that were talk'd up to be such, as their Fellows had not been known, and especially because it was said they would in the Morning be remov'd into the Press-Yard, having given Money to the Head-Master of the Prison, to be allow'd the liberty of that better Part of the Prison: So we that were Women plac'd ourselves in the way that we would be sure to see them; but nothing cou'd express the Amazement and Surprize I was in, when the very first Man that came out I knew to be my *Lancashire* Husband, the same with whom I liv'd so well at *Dunstable*, and the same who I afterwards saw at *Brickill*, when I was married to my last Husband, as has been related. 15 20

I was struck Dumb at the Sight, and knew neither what to say, or what to do; he did not know me, and that was all the present Relief I had; I quitted my Company, and retir'd as much as that dreadful Place suffers any Body to retire, and I cry'd vehemently for a great while; dreadful Creature, that I am, *said I*, How many poor People have I made Miserable? How many desperate Wretches have I sent to the Devil; This Gentleman's Misfortunes I plac'd all to my own Account: he had told me at *Chester*, he was ruin'd by that Match, and that his Fortunes were made Desperate on my Account; for that thinking I had been a Fortune he was run into Debt more than he was able to pay, and that he knew not what Course to take; that he would go into the Army, and carry a Musquet, or buy a Horse and take a Tour, as he call'd it; and tho' I never told him that I was a Fortune, and so did not actually Deceive him myself, yet I did encourage the having it thought that I was so, and by that means I was the occasion originally of his Mischief. 25 30 35

The Surprize of this thing only, struck deeper into my Thoughts, and gave me stronger Reflections than all that had befallen me before; I griev'd Day and Night for him, and the more, for that they told me, he was the Captain of the Gang, and that he had committed so many Robberies, that *Hind*, or *Whitney*, or the *Golden Farmer* were Fools to him; that he would surely be hang'd if there were no more Men left in the Country he was born in; and that there would abundance of People come in against him. 40

I was overwhelm'd with grief for him; my own Case gave me no disturbance 45  
compar'd to this, and I loaded my self with Reproaches on his Account; I bewail'd his  
Misfortunes, and the ruin he was now come to, at such a Rate, that I relish'd nothing  
now, as I did before, and the first Reflections I made upon the horrid detestable Life  
I had liv'd, began to return upon me, and as these things return'd my abhorrance of 50  
the Place I was in, and of the way of living in it, return'd also; in a word, I was  
perfectly chang'd, and become another Body.

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

- 7 **Either** (a) Dickinson's poetry has been described as 'full of the homeliest imagery and experience'. Discuss the style and content of **three** or **four** poems in your selection in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it to Dickinson's treatment of the natural world in the poems you have studied.

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset  
 How the Hemlocks burn –  
 How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder  
 By the Wizard Sun –

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet  
 Till the Ball is full – 5  
 Have I the lip of the Flamingo  
 That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows –  
 Touching all the Grass 10  
 With a departing – Sapphire – feature –  
 As a Duchess passed –

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village  
 Till the Houses blot  
 And the odd Flambeau, no men carry 15  
 Glimmer on the Street –

How it is Night – in Nest and Kennel –  
 And where was the Wood –  
 Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing  
 Into Solitude – 20

These are the Visions flitted Guido –  
 Titian – never told –  
 Domenichino dropped his pencil –  
 Paralyzed, with Gold –

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

- 8 **Either** (a) How far do you agree that Donne's poetry is 'dedicated to the arts of argument and persuasion'?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating its methods and effects to others in your selection.

*Loves Alchymie*

Some that have deeper digg'd loves Myne than I  
 Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:  
     I have lov'd, and got, and told,  
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,  
 I should not finde that hidden mysterie; 5  
     Oh, 'tis imposture all:  
 And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,  
     But glorifies his pregnant pot,  
     If by the way to him befall 10  
 Some odoriferous thing, or med'cinall,  
     So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,  
     But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,  
 Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?  
     Ends love in this, that my man, 15  
 Can be as happy'as I can; If he can  
 Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?  
     That loving wretch that swears,  
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes, 20  
     Which he in her Angelique findes,  
     Would swears as justly, that he heares,  
 In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.  
     Hope not for minde in women; at their best  
     Sweetnesse and wit, they'are but *Mummy*, possest.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*

9 **Either** (a) Discuss the importance of money to the main concerns and characterisation of the novel *Middlemarch*.

**Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, showing how it contributes to your understanding of both Dorothea and Casaubon in the novel.

"I hope you are thoroughly satisfied with our stay – I mean, with the result so far as your studies are concerned," said Dorothea, trying to keep her mind fixed on what most affected her husband.

"Yes," said Mr. Casaubon, with that peculiar pitch of voice which makes the word half a negative. "I have been led farther than I had foreseen, and various subjects for annotation have presented themselves which, though I have no direct need of them, I could not pretermitt. The task, notwithstanding the assistance of my amanuensis, has been a somewhat laborious one, but your society has happily prevented me from that too continuous prosecution of thought beyond the hours of study which has been the snare of my solitary life." 5  
10

"I am very glad that my presence has made any difference to you," said Dorothea, who had a vivid memory of evenings in which she had supposed that Mr. Casaubon's mind had gone too deep during the day to be able to get to the surface again. I fear there was a little temper in her reply. "I hope when we get to Lowick, I shall be more useful to you, and be able to enter a little more into what interests you." 15

"Doubtless, my dear," said Mr. Casaubon, with a slight bow. "The notes I have here made will want sifting, and you can, if you please, extract them under my direction."

"And all your notes," said Dorothea, whose heart had already burned within her on this subject so that now she could not help speaking with her tongue. "All those rows of volumes – will you not now do what you used to speak of? – will you not make up your mind what part of them you will use, and begin to write the book which will make your vast knowledge useful to the world? I will write to your dictation, or I will copy and extract what you tell me: I can be of no other use." Dorothea, in a most unaccountable, darkly-feminine manner, ended with a slight sob and eyes full of tears. 20  
25

The excessive feeling manifested would alone have been highly disturbing to Mr. Casaubon, but there were other reasons why Dorothea's words were among the most cutting and irritating to him that she could have been impelled to use. She was as blind to his inward troubles as he to hers; she had not yet learned those hidden conflicts in her husband which claim our pity. She had not yet listened patiently to his heart-beats, but only felt that her own was beating violently. In Mr. Casaubon's ear, Dorothea's voice gave loud emphatic iteration to those muffled suggestions of consciousness which it was possible to explain as mere fancy, the illusion of exaggerated sensitiveness: always when such suggestions are unmistakably repeated from without, they are resisted as cruel and unjust. We are angered even by the full acceptance of our humiliating confessions – how much more by hearing in hard distinct syllables from the lips of a near observer, those confused murmurs which we try to call morbid, and strive against as if they were the oncoming of numbness! And this cruel outward accuser was there in the shape of a wife – nay, of a young bride, who, instead of observing his abundant pen scratches and amplitude of paper with the uncritical awe of an elegant-minded canary-bird, seemed to present herself as a spy watching everything with a malign power of inference. Here, 30  
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towards this particular point of the compass, Mr. Casaubon had a sensitiveness to match Dorothea's, and an equal quickness to imagine more than the fact. He had formerly observed with approbation her capacity for worshipping the right object; he now foresaw with sudden terror that this capacity might be replaced by presumption, this worship by the most exasperating of all criticism, – that which sees vaguely a great many fine ends and has not the least notion what it costs to reach them.

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For the first time since Dorothea had known him, Mr. Casaubon's face had a quick angry flush upon it.

(from Chapter 20)



BEN JONSON: *Volpone*

**10 Either (a)** 'The virtuous are boringly wooden; the immoral are vividly energetic ...' Consider Jonson's characterisation in the light of this comment.

**Or (b)** With close attention to the language, tone and dramatic action of the following sequence, discuss your response to the ending of the play *Volpone*.

|                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Volpone:</i>          | I am Volpone, and this ( <i>Pointing to Mosca</i> ) is my knave;<br>This, ( <i>To Voltore</i> ) his own knave; this, ( <i>to Corbaccio</i> ) avarice's fool;<br>This, ( <i>To Corvino</i> ) a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave;<br>And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope<br>Naught but a sentence, let's not now despair it.<br>You hear me brief.                                                                                                                                    | 5  |
| <i>Corvino:</i>          | May it please your fatherhoods –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Commandadore:</i>     | Silence!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>1st Avvocato:</i>     | The knot is now undone, by miracle!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>2nd Avvocato:</i>     | Nothing can be more clear.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 10 |
| <i>3rd Avvocato:</i>     | Or can more prove<br>These innocent.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>1st Avvocato:</i>     | Give 'em their liberty.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Bonario:</i>          | Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| <i>2nd Avvocato:</i>     | If this be held the highway to get riches,<br>May I be poor.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 15 |
| <i>3rd Avvocato:</i>     | This's not the gain, but torment.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>1st Avvocato:</i>     | These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,<br>Which, trulier, may be said to possess them.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>2nd Avvocato:</i>     | Disrobe that parasite.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 20 |
| <i>Corvino, Mosca:</i>   | Most honoured fathers –                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>1st Avvocato:</i>     | Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice?<br>If you can, speak.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| <i>Corvino, Voltore:</i> | We beg favour.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
| <i>Celia:</i>            | And mercy.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 25 |
| <i>1st Avvocato:</i>     | You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.<br>Stand forth; and first, the parasite. You appear<br>T'have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter,<br>In all these lewd impostures; and now, lastly,<br>Have, with your impudence, abused the court<br>And habit of a gentleman of Venice,<br>Being a fellow of no birth or blood;<br>For which, our sentence is, first thou be whipped;<br>Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys.                                                 | 30 |
| <i>Volpone:</i>          | I thank you for him.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 35 |
| <i>Mosca:</i>            | Bane to thy wolfish nature.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>1st Avvocato:</i>     | Deliver him to the <i>Saffi</i> . ( <i>Mosca is led aside</i> ) Thou, Volpone,<br>By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall<br>Under like censure; but our judgment on thee<br>Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate<br>To the hospital of the <i>Incurabili</i> ;<br>And, since the most was gotten by imposture,<br>By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,<br>Thou art to lie in prison, cramped with irons,<br>Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him. | 40 |
| <i>Volpone:</i>          | This is called mortifying of a fox.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 45 |

(*Volpone is led aside*)  
(from Act 5 Scene 12)

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 11 **Either** (a) 'The "rape" itself is, paradoxically, both insignificant and significant.' Discuss the methods and effects of the poem in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines from Canto 3, giving particular attention to what you consider to be characteristic features of Pope's style and concerns in the poem as a whole.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,  
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,  
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.  
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5  
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;  
 Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes counsel take – and sometimes Tea.  
 Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court; 10  
 In various talk th' instructive hours they past,  
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last:  
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15  
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.  
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.  
 Mean while, declining from the noon of day,  
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20  
 The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;  
 The merchant from th'Exchange returns in peace,  
 And the long labours of the Toilet cease.  
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25  
 Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,  
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;  
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30  
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important card:  
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,  
 Then each, according to the rank they bore;  
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35  
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.  
 Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,  
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;  
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40  
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;  
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,  
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.  
 The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care: 45  
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.



