

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)

2444/2

Scheme A

UNIT 4 Pre-1914 Texts

HIGHER TIER

Friday

21 JANUARY 2005

Morning

1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials:

Answer booklet.

This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. They may be annotated.

TIME 1 hour 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

You must answer **THREE** questions.

- You must answer **one** question from **Section A: Drama pre-1914**.
- You must answer **one** question from **Section B: Poetry pre-1914**.
- You must answer **one** question from **Section C: Prose pre-1914**.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total number of marks for this paper is 45.

- All questions carry equal marks.

This question paper consists of 29 printed pages and 7 blank pages.

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(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION B – Poetry Pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION C – Prose Pre-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION A

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section A – Drama Pre-1914		
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	6	1–2
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	7	3–4
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>Henry IV Part One</i>	8	5–6
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	9	7–8
HENRIK IBSEN: <i>An Enemy of the People</i>	10–11	9–10

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

1 Friar: Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions 5
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool; 10
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor of my book. Trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here 15
Under some biting error.

Either 1 How does Shakespeare make you feel sympathy for Hero as you re-read these lines? [15]

Or 2 You are Benedick, immediately after Beatrice has ordered you to 'Kill Claudio'.
Write your thoughts. [15]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*

- 3 Juliet: Farewell. God knows when we shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life.
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.
 Nurse! What should she do here? 5
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
 Come vial.
 What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?
 No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there. 10
Lays down a dagger
 What if it be a poison which the friar
 Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonoured,
 Because he married me before to Romeo? 15
 I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a holy man.
 How if when I am laid into the tomb,
 I wake before the time that Romeo
 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point. 20
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Either 3 How does Shakespeare's writing make this such a dramatic moment in the play? [15]

Or 4 You are Romeo, as you flee from the scene after you have killed Tybalt.
 Write your thoughts. [15]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part One*5 *Re-enter* PRINCE and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

PRINCE:	Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou fleshed Thy maiden sword.	
LANCASTER:	But soft, whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?	5
PRINCE:	I did; I saw him dead, Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou alive? Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight? I prithee speak, we will not trust our eyes Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.	10
FALSTAFF:	No, that's certain, I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack: there is Percy (<i>throwing the body down</i>)! If your father will do me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.	
PRINCE:	Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.	15
FALSTAFF:	Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so: if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.	20
LANCASTER:	This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.	
PRINCE:	This is the strangest fellow, brother John. Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back. (<i>Aside to FALSTAFF</i>) For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. (<i>A trumpet sounds for the enemy to retreat.</i>) The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.	25
	Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field, To see what friends are living, who are dead. <i>Exeunt PRINCE and LANCASTER</i>	30
FALSTAFF:	I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less, for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. <i>Exit, carrying off the body</i>	35

Either 5 In this final meeting with Hal in the play, how does Shakespeare shape your feelings
towards Falstaff? [15]

Or 6 To what extent does Shakespeare make you feel that King Henry is a good father to Hal?
Refer to details from the play in support of your answer. [15]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

- 7 TUBAL: Yes, other men have ill luck too – Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, –
 SHYLOCK: What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?
 TUBAL: – hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.
 SHYLOCK: I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it true?
 TUBAL: I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 5
 SHYLOCK: I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news: Ha, ha! heard in Genoa!
 TUBAL: Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.
 SHYLOCK: Thou stick'st a dagger in me – I shall never see my gold again – fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats!
 TUBAL: There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. 10
 SHYLOCK: I am very glad of it – I'll plague him, I'll torture him – I am glad of it.
 TUBAL: One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.
 SHYLOCK: Out upon her! – Thou torturest me, Tubal – it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. 15
 TUBAL: But Antonio is certainly undone.
 SHYLOCK: Nay, that's true, that's very true. – Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before – I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue – go, good Tubal – at our synagogue, Tubal. 20

Either 7 To what extent does Shakespeare make you feel sympathy for Shylock here? [15]

Or 8 You are Portia, just after Bassanio has received the letter from Antonio saying his bond is forfeit to Shylock.

Write your thoughts. [15]

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 9 MAYOR: Just a moment, please, Mr. Aslaksen. With your permission, Mr. Hovstad ...
- HOVSTAD: Please.
- MAYOR: Now you are a wise and sensible sort of man, Mr. Aslaksen.
- ASLAKSEN: I am very pleased you should think so, Mr. Mayor.
- MAYOR: And a man of considerable influence in some circles. 5
- ASLAKSEN: Mainly among the people of moderate means.
- MAYOR: The small ratepayers are in the majority – here as everywhere else.
- ASLAKSEN: That's right.
- MAYOR: And I've no doubt you know what most of them think about things in general. Isn't that so? 10
- ASLAKSEN: Yes, I think I can safely say I do, Mr. Mayor.
- MAYOR: Well ... the fact that this admirable spirit of self-sacrifice is to be found in our town among its less well-endowed citizens ...
- ASLAKSEN: How do you mean?
- HOVSTAD: Self-sacrifice? 15
- MAYOR: ... This shows an admirable public spirit, most admirable. I almost said unexpected, too. But of course you know better than I what people's attitudes are.
- ASLAKSEN: But, Mr. Mayor ...
- MAYOR: And in fact it's no small sacrifice that the town will have to make. 20
- HOVSTAD: The town?
- ASLAKSEN: But I don't understand. ... You mean the Baths, surely. ...
- MAYOR: At a rough estimate, the alterations which the Medical Officer considers desirable will come to something like a couple of hundred thousand crowns.
- ASLAKSEN: That's a lot of money, but ... 25
- MAYOR: Of course it will be necessary to raise a municipal loan.
- HOVSTAD [*rises*]. Surely it's not the idea that the town ... ?
- ASLAKSEN: It's not going to come out of the rates! Not out of the people's pockets!
- MAYOR: My dear Mr. Aslaksen, where else do you see the money coming from?
- ASLAKSEN: I think the owners ought to take care of that. 30
- MAYOR: The owners do not see themselves in a position to provide any additional capital.
- ASLAKSEN: Is that absolutely certain, Mr. Mayor?
- MAYOR: I am assured on that point. If all these extensive alterations are considered desirable, the town itself must pay for them. 35
- ASLAKSEN: But God damn it all – I beg your pardon! – but this puts a completely different light on things, Mr. Hovstad!
- HOVSTAD: Yes, it does indeed.
- MAYOR: The most ruinous thing is that we'll be forced to close the Baths for a couple of years. 40
- HOVSTAD: Close them? Completely?
- ASLAKSEN: For two years?
- MAYOR: Yes, the work will take all that long – at least.
- ASLAKSEN: Yes, but Heavens! We could never last out that long, Mr. Mayor. What would people like us live on in the meantime? 45
- MAYOR: I regret to say that is an extremely difficult question to answer, Mr. Aslaksen. But what do you expect us to do? Do you think anybody is going to come here if you get people going round making up these stories about the water being polluted, and about the place being a cesspool, and the whole town ...
- ASLAKSEN: Do you think the whole thing might just be imagination? 50
- MAYOR: With the best will in the world, I cannot come to any other conclusion.

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People* (Cont.)

Either 9 How far do you find Ibsen's portrayal of the Mayor here to be characteristic of the way he appears in the play? [15]

Or 10 'An honest and honourable man.'
'An unrealistic and self-centred fool.'

Which of these two comments on Dr Stockmann more closely reflects your own view of his character? [15]

SECTION B

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section B – Poetry Pre-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	14–18	11–14
WILLIAM BLAKE: <i>Songs of Innocence and Experience</i>	20–21	15–16
THOMAS HARDY: <i>Selected Poems</i>	22–23	17–18

11 (a)

A Scherzo, A Shy Person's Wishes

With the wasp at the innermost heart of a peach,
 On a sunny wall out of tip-toe reach,
 With the trout in the darkest summer pool,
 With the fern-seed clinging behind its cool
 Smooth frond, in the chink of an aged tree, 5
 In the woodbine's horn with the drunken bee,
 With the mouse in its nest in a furrow old,
 With the chrysalis wrapped in its gauzy fold;
 With things that are hidden, and safe, and bold,
 With things that are timid, and shy, and free, 10
 Wishing to be;
 With the nut in its shell, with the seed in its pod,
 With the corn as it sprouts in the kindly clod,
 Far down where the secret of beauty shows
 In the bulb of the tulip, before it blows; 15
 With things that are rooted, and firm, and deep,
 Quiet to lie, and dreamless to sleep;
 With things that are chainless, and tameless, and proud,
 With the fire in the jagged thunder-cloud,
 With the wind in its sleep, with the wind in its waking, 20
 With the drops that go to the rainbow's making,
 Wishing to be with the light leaves shaking,
 Or stones in some desolate highway breaking;
 Far up on the hills, where no foot surprises
 The dew as it falls, or the dust as it rises; 25
 To be couched with the beast in its torrid lair,
 Or drifting on ice with the polar bear,
 With the weaver at work at his quiet loom;
 Anywhere, anywhere, out of this room!

Dora Greenwell (1821–82)

13 (a)

I Remember, I Remember

I remember, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon 5
 Nor brought too long a day,
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
 The roses, red and white, 10
 The violets, and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birthday, - 15
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing; 20
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember, 25
 The fir trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy 30
 To know I'm further off from heav'n
 Than when I was a boy. .

Thomas Hood (1799–1845)

(b)

Woak Hill

When sycamore leaves wer a-spreaden,
 Green-ruddy, in hedges,
 Beside the red doust o' the ridges,
 A-dried at Woak Hill;

I packed up my goods all a-sheenen 5
 Wi' long years o' handlen
 On dusty red wheels ov a waggon,
 To ride at Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen ruf o' the dwellen,
 I then wer a-leäven, 10
 Had shelter'd the sleek head o' Meäry,
 My bride at Woak Hill.

But now vor zome years, her light voot-vall
 'S a-lost vrom the vlooren.
 Too soon vor my jay an' my childern, 15
 She died at Woak Hill.

But still I do think that, in soul,
 She do hover about us;
 To ho vor her motherless childern,
 Her pride at Woak Hill. 20

Zoo – lest she should tell me hereafter
 I stole off 'ithout her,
 An' left her, uncall'd at house-ridden,
 To bide at Woak Hill –

I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippens 25
 All soundless to others,
 An' took her wi' air-reachen hand,
 To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talken
 To light at my shoulder, 30
 An' then led her in at the door-way,
 Miles wide vrom Woak Hill.

An' that's why vo'k thought, vor a season,
 My mind wer a-wandren
 Wi' sorrow, when I wer so sorely 35
 A-tried at Woak Hill.

But no; that my Meäry mid never
 Behold herzelf slighted,
 I wanted to think that I guided
 My guide vrom Woak Hill. 40

William Barnes (1801–86)

OCR: *Opening Lines: Time and Change* (Cont.)

Either 13 Compare the ways in which these two poets convey strong feelings about a place that they have known. [15]

Or 14 Compare the ways the language movingly conveys sadness in **TWO** of the following poems:

Spring and Fall (Hopkins)

The Darkling Thrush (Hardy)

The Gray Folk (Nesbit). [15]

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WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

15 (a)

The Divine Image (Innocence)

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
 All pray in their distress,
 And to these virtues of delight
 Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love 5
 Is God, our Father dear,
 And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
 Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart, 10
 Pity a human face,
 And Love, the human form divine,
 And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
 That prays in his distress,
 Prays to the human form divine, 15
 Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form
 In heathen, Turk or Jew;
 Where Mercy, Love and Pity dwell,
 There God is dwelling too. 20

WILLIAM BLAKE: *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (Cont.)(b) *The Human Abstract* (Experience)

Pity would be no more
 If we did not make somebody poor;
 And mercy no more could be
 If all were as happy as we.

And mutual fear brings peace, 5
 Till the selfish loves increase;
 Then cruelty knits a snare,
 And spreads his baits with care.

He sits down with holy fears,
 And waters the ground with tears; 10
 Then humility takes its root
 Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
 Of mystery over his head;
 And the caterpillar and fly 15
 Feed on the mystery.

And it bears the fruit of deceit,
 Ruddy and sweet to eat;
 And the raven his nest has made
 In its thickest shade. 20

The gods of the earth and sea
 Sought through nature to find this tree,
 But their search was all in vain:
 There grows one in the human brain.

Either 15 Compare the ways in which Blake portrays strongly contrasting human feelings in these two poems. [15]

Or 16 Compare the ways in which Blake portrays children and childhood in **TWO** of the following poems:

A Cradle Song (Innocence)
Nurse's Song (Experience)
Holy Thursday (Experience).

[15]

17 (a)

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
 When Frost was spectre-gray,
 And Winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky 5
 Like strings of broken lyres,
 And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The Century's corpse outleant, 10
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry,
 And every spirit upon earth 15
 Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong
 Of joy illimited; 20
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
 In blast-beruffled plume,
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul
 Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings 25
 Of such ecstatic sound
 Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
 That I could think there trembled through
 His happy good-night air 30
 Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
 And I was unaware.

31st December 1900

THOMAS HARDY: *Selected Poems* (ed. Motion) (Cont.)

(b)

In Tenebris I

Wintertime nighs;
But my bereavement-pain
It cannot bring again:
Twice no one dies.

Flower-petals flee; 5
But, since it once hath been,
No more that severing scene
Can harrow me.

Birds faint in dread:
I shall not lose old strength 10
In the lone frost's black length:
Strength long since fled!

Leaves freeze to dun;
But friends can not turn cold
This season as of old 15
For him with none.

Tempests may scath;
But love can not make smart
Again this year his heart
Who no heart hath. 20

Black is night's cope;
But death will not appal
One who, past doubtings all,
Waits in unhope.

Either 17 What do you find powerful about the different ways in which Hardy uses images from nature in these two poems? [15]

Or 18 Compare the ways in which Hardy conveys thoughts and feelings about war and fighting in **TWO** of the following poems:

Drummer Hodge
The Man He Killed
Valenciennes.

[15]

SECTION C

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Section – Prose Pre-1914		
JANE AUSTEN: <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>	25	19–20
CHARLES DICKENS: <i>Great Expectations</i>	26	21–22
THOMAS HARDY: <i>The Mayor of Casterbridge</i>	27	23–24
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: <i>Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i>	28–29	25–26
EDGAR ALLEN POE: <i>Selected Tales</i>	30	27–28
H.G. WELLS: <i>The History of Mr Polly</i>	31	29–30
KATE CHOPIN: EITHER <i>The Awakening and other stories</i>		
OR <i>A Shameful Affair and other stories</i>	32–33	31–32

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

19 She grew absolutely ashamed of herself. – Of neither Darcy nor Wickham could she think, without feeling that she had been blind, partial, prejudiced, absurd.

‘How despicably have I acted!’ she cried. – ‘I, who have prided myself on my discernment! – I, who have valued myself on my abilities! who have often disdaind the generous candour of my sister, and gratified my vanity, in useless or blameable distrust. – How humiliating is this discovery! – Yet, how just a humiliation! – Had I been in love, I could not have been more wretchedly blind. But vanity, not love, has been my folly. – Pleased with the preference of one, and offended by the neglect of the other, on the very beginning of our acquaintance, I have courted prepossession and ignorance, and driven reason away, where either were concerned. Till this moment, I never knew myself.’

From herself to Jane – from Jane to Bingley, her thoughts were in a line which soon brought to her recollection that Mr. Darcy’s explanation *there*, had appeared very insufficient; and she read it again. Widely different was the effect of a second perusal. – How could she deny that credit to his assertions, in one instance, which she had been obliged to give in the other? – He declared himself to have been totally unsuspecting of her sister’s attachment; – and she could not help remembering what Charlotte’s opinion had always been. – Neither could she deny the justice of his description of Jane. – She felt that Jane’s feelings, though fervent, were little displayed, and that there was a constant complacency in her air and manner, not often united with great sensibility.

When she came to that part of the letter in which her family were mentioned, in terms of such mortifying, yet merited reproach, her sense of shame was severe. The justice of the charge struck her too forcibly for denial, and the circumstances to which he particularly alluded, as having passed at the Netherfield ball, and as confirming all his first disapprobation, could not have made a stronger impression on his mind than on hers.

Either 19 Explore the extent to which Austen’s writing makes you sympathise with Elizabeth here. [15]

Or 20 How far do you think Austen portrays Charlotte and Mr Collins as having a successful marriage?

Support your answer with details from the novel. [15]

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

- 21 The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue, the larks were soaring high over the green corn, I thought all that countryside more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet. Many pleasant pictures of the life that I would lead there, and of the change for the better that would come over my character when I had a guiding spirit at my side whose simple faith and clear home-wisdom I had proved, beguiled my way. They awakened a tender emotion in me; for my heart was softened by my return, and such a change had come to pass, that I felt like one who was toiling home barefooted from distant travel, and whose wanderings had lasted many years. 5
- The schoolhouse where Bidley was mistress, I had never seen; but the little roundabout lane by which I entered the village for quietness' sake, took me past it. I was disappointed to find that the day was a holiday; no children were there, and Bidley's house was closed. Some hopeful notion of seeing her busily engaged in her daily duties, before she saw me, had been in my mind and was defeated. 10
- But the forge was a very short distance off, and I went towards it under the sweet green limes, listening for the click of Joe's hammer. Long after I ought to have heard it, and long after I had fancied I heard it and found it but a fancy, all was still. The limes were there, and the white thorns were there, and the chestnut trees were there, and their leaves rustled harmoniously when I stopped to listen; but the clink of Joe's hammer was not in the midsummer wind. 15
- Almost fearing, without knowing why, to come in view of the forge, I saw it at last, and saw that it was closed. No gleam of fire, no glittering show of sparks, no roar of bellows; all shut up, and still. 20
- But the house was not deserted, and the best parlour seemed to be in use, for there were white curtains fluttering in its window, and the window was open and gay with flowers. I went softly towards it, meaning to peep over the flowers, when Joe and Bidley stood before me, arm in arm. 25
- At first Bidley gave a cry, as if she thought it was my apparition, but in another moment she was in my embrace. I wept to see her, and she wept to see me; I, because she looked so fresh and pleasant; she, because I looked so worn and white.
- 'But, dear Bidley, how smart you are!' 30
- 'Yes, dear Pip.'
- 'And Joe, how smart *you* are!'
- 'Yes, dear old Pip, old chap.'
- I looked at both of them, from one to the other, and then –
- 'It's my wedding-day,' cried Bidley, in a burst of happiness, 'and I am married to Joe!' 35

Either 21 How does Dickens' writing make this such a moving moment in the novel? [15]

Or 22 Which character in the novel does Dickens make you dislike the most intensely?

Refer closely to details from his writing in support of your answer. [15]

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

- 23 Chancing to look out of the window at that moment he saw a flock of people passing by, and perceived them to be the congregation of the upper church, now just dismissed, their sermon having been a longer one than that the lower parish was favoured with. Among the rest of the leading inhabitants walked Mr Councillor Farfrae, with Lucetta upon his arm, the observed and imitated of all the smaller tradesmen's womankind. Henchard's mouth changed a little, and he continued to turn over the leaves. 5
- 'Now then,' he said, 'Psalm the Hundred-and-Ninth, to the tune of Wiltshire: verses ten to fifteen. I gi'e ye the words:

'His seed shall orphans be, his wife
A widow plunged in grief; 10
His vagrant children beg their bread
Where none can give relief.

His ill-got riches shall be made
To usurers a prey; 15
The fruit of all his toil shall be
By strangers borne away.

None shall be found that to his wants
Their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed
The least assistance lend. 20

A swift destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface.'

'I know the Psa'am – I know the Psa'am!' said the leader hastily; 'but I would as lief not sing it. 'Twasn't made for singing. We chose it once when the gipsy stole the pa'son's mare, thinking to please him, but pa'son were quite upset. Whatever Servant David were thinking about when he made a Psalm that nobody can sing without disgracing himself, I can't fathom! Now then, the Fourth Psalm, to Samuel Wakely's tune, as improved by me.' 25

'Od seize your sauce – I tell ye to sing the Hundred-and-Ninth, to Wiltshire, and sing it you shall!' roared Henchard. 'Not a single one of all the droning crew of ye goes out of this room till that Psalm is sung!' He slipped off the table, seized the poker, and going to the door placed his back against it. 'Now then, go ahead, if you don't wish to have your cust pates broke!' 30

Either 23 How does Hardy make this incident such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel? [15]

Or 24 How far does Hardy make you feel sympathy towards Elizabeth-Jane at the end of the novel?

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [15]

- 25 Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr Guest, his head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely calculated distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that had long dwelt unsunned in the foundations of his house. The fog still slept on the wing above the drowned city, where the lamps glimmered like carbuncles; and through the muffle and smother of these fallen clouds, the procession of the town's life was still rolling in through the great arteries with a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with firelight. In the bottle the acids were long ago resolved; the imperial dye had softened with time, as the colour grows richer in stained windows; and the glow of hot autumn afternoons on hillside vineyards was ready to be set free and to disperse the fogs of London. Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr Guest; and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions: was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights? and, above all, since Guest, being a great student and critic of handwriting, would consider the step natural and obliging? The clerk, besides, was a man of counsel; he would scarce read so strange a document without dropping a remark; and by that remark Mr Utterson might shape his future course. 5
- 'This is a sad business about Sir Danvers,' he said.
- 'Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling,' returned Guest. 'The man, of course, was mad.' 10
- 'I should like to hear your views on that,' replied Utterson. 'I have a document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I scarce know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is; quite in your way: a murderer's autograph.'
- Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and studied it with passion. 'No, sir,' he said; 'not mad; but it is an odd hand.' 15
- 'And by all accounts a very odd writer,' added the lawyer.
- Just then the servant entered with a note.
- 'Is that from Dr Jekyll, sir?' enquired the clerk. 'I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr Utterson?' 20
- 'Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?'
- 'One moment. I thank you, sir'; and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents. 'Thank you, sir,' he said at last, returning both; 'it's a very interesting autograph.'
- There was a pause, during which Mr Utterson struggled with himself. 'Why did you compare them, Guest?' he inquired suddenly. 25
- 'Well, sir,' returned the clerk, 'there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical; only differently sloped.'
- 'Rather quaint,' said Utterson.
- 'It is, as you say, rather quaint,' returned Guest. 30
- 'I wouldn't speak of this note, you know,' said the master.
- 'No, sir,' said the clerk. 'I understand.'
- But no sooner was Mr Utterson alone that night than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward, 'What!' he thought, 'Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!' And his blood ran cold in his veins. 35

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (Cont.)

Either 25 How does Stevenson's creation of atmosphere and drama bring this moment alive for you? [15]

Or 26 How does Stevenson make Hyde such a frightening figure for you?
Support your answer with details from his writing. [15]

EDGAR ALLEN POE: *Selected Tales*

27 He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red – in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanour; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality. 5 10 15

(from *The Gold-Bug*)

I smiled – for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search – search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim. 5

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct – it continued and became more distinct. I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness – until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears. 10

(from *The Tell-Tale Heart*)

Either 27 In each of these extracts, how does Poe strikingly portray a man who is obsessed by something secret? [15]

Or 28 Explore how Poe creates a sense of mystery in **TWO** of the following tales:

The Murders in the Rue Morgue

The Purloined Letter

The Imp of the Perverse.

[15]

- 29 Feeling a little disorganised by her hilarity and a shocked expression that had come to the face of Cousin Miriam, he made some indistinct excuse and went out through the back room and scullery into the little garden. The cool air and very slight drizzle of rain was a relief – anyhow. But the black mood of the replete dyspeptic had come upon him. His soul darkened hopelessly. He walked with his hands in his pockets down the path between the rows of exceptionally cultured peas, and unreasonably, overwhelmingly, he was smitten by sorrow for his father. The heady noise and muddle and confused excitement of the feast passed from him like a curtain drawn away. He thought of that hot and angry and struggling creature who had tugged and sworn so foolishly at the sofa upon the twisted staircase, and who was now lying still and hidden at the bottom of a wall-sided oblong pit, beside the heaped gravel that would presently cover him. The stillness of it! the wonder of it! the infinite reproach! Hatred for all these people – all of them – possessed Mr Polly’s soul. 5
- ‘Hen-witted gigglers,’ said Mr Polly. 10
- He went down to the fence, and stood with his hands on it, staring away at nothing. He stayed there for what seemed a long time. From the house came a sound of raised voices that subsided, and then Mrs Johnson calling for Betsey. 15
- ‘Gowlish gusto,’ said Mr Polly. ‘Jumping it in. Funererial Games. Don’t hurt him, of course. Doesn’t matter to *him*. ...’
- Nobody missed Mr Polly for a long time. 20
- When at last he reappeared among them his eye was almost grim, but nobody noticed his eye. They were looking at watches, and Johnson was being omniscient about trains. They seemed to discover Mr Polly afresh just at the moment of parting, and said a number of more or less appropriate things. But Uncle Pentstemon was far too worried about his rush basket, which had been carelessly mislaid, he seemed to think with larcenous intentions, to remember Mr Polly at all. Mrs Johnson had tried to fob him off with a similar but inferior basket – his own had one handle mended with string according to a method of peculiar virtue and inimitable distinction known only to himself – and the old gentleman had taken her attempt as the gravest reflection upon his years and intelligence. Mr Polly was left very largely to the Larkins trio. Cousin Minnie became shameless, and kept kissing him goodbye – and then finding out it wasn’t time to go. Cousin Miriam seemed to think her silly, and caught Mr Polly’s eye sympathetically. Cousin Annie ceased to giggle, and lapsed into a nearly sentimental state. She said with real feeling that she had enjoyed the funeral more than words could tell. 25 30

Either 29 How is this passage so characteristic of the way in which Wells portrays Mr Polly in the novel? [15]

Or 30 Apart from Mr Polly himself, which **ONE** character in the novel have you found to be most strikingly drawn, and why? [15]

KATE CHOPIN: **EITHER** *The Awakening and other stories* **OR** *A Shameful Affair and other stories*

31 (a)

Tonie was perfectly at home in the familiar task of guiding his boat before the wind that bellied its taut, red sail. He did not seem clumsy and awkward as when he sat in church. The girl noticed that he appeared as strong as an ox.

As she looked at him and surprised one of his shifting glances, a glimmer of the truth began to dawn faintly upon her. She remembered how she had encountered him daily in her path, with his earnest, devouring eyes always seeking her out. She recalled – but there was no need to recall anything. There are women whose perception of passion is very keen; they are the women who most inspire it.

A feeling of complacency took possession of her with this conviction. There was some softness and sympathy mingled with it. She would have liked to lean over and pat his big, brown hand, and tell him she felt sorry and would have helped it if she could. With this belief he ceased to be an object of complete indifference in her eyes. She had thought, awhile before, of having him turn about and take her back home. But now it was really piquant to pose for an hour longer before a man – even a rough fisherman – to whom she felt herself to be an object of silent and consuming devotion. She could think of nothing more interesting to do on shore.

She was incapable of conceiving the full force and extent of his infatuation. She did not dream that under the rude, calm exterior before her a man's heart was beating clamorously, and his reason yielding to the savage instinct of his blood.

(from *Tonie [At Chênière Caminada]*)

KATE CHOPIN: **EITHER** *The Awakening and other stories* **OR** *A Shameful Affair and other stories*
(Cont.)

(b)

At the very hour when Sister Agathe looked up at the clock, Adrienne, clad in a charming *négligé*, was reclining indolently in the depths of a luxurious armchair. The bright room was in its accustomed state of picturesque disorder. Musical scores were scattered upon the open piano. Thrown carelessly over the backs of chairs were puzzling and astonishing-looking garments. 5

In a large gilded cage near the window perched a clumsy green parrot. He blinked stupidly at a young girl in street dress who was exerting herself to make him talk.

In the centre of the room stood Sophie, that thorn in her mistress's side. With hands plunged in the deep pockets of her apron, her white starched cap quivering with each emphatic motion of her grizzled head, she was holding forth, to the evident ennui of the two young women. She was saying: 10

'Heaven knows I have stood enough in the six years I have been with Mademoiselle; but never such indignities as I have had to endure in the past two weeks at the hands of that man who calls himself a manager! The very first day – and I, good enough to notify him at once of Mademoiselle's flight – he arrives like a lion; I tell you, like a lion. He insists upon knowing Mademoiselle's whereabouts. How can I tell him any more than the statue out there in the square? He calls me a liar! Me, me - a liar! He declares he is ruined. The public will not stand La Petite Gilberta in the role which Mademoiselle has made so famous – La Petite Gilberta, who dances like a jointed wooden figure and sings like a *traînée* of a *café chantant*. If I were to tell La Gilberta that, as I easily might, I guarantee it would not be well for the few straggling hairs which he has left on that miserable head of his! 15 20

'What could he do? He was obliged to inform the public that Mademoiselle was ill; and then began my real torment! Answering this one and that one with their cards, their flowers, their dainties in covered dishes! which, I must admit, saved Florine and me much cooking. And all the while having to tell them that the physician had advised for Mademoiselle a rest of two weeks at some watering-place, the name of which I had forgotten!' 25

Adrienne had been contemplating old Sophie with quizzical, half-closed eyes, and pelting her with hot-house roses which lay in her lap, and which she nipped off short from their graceful stems for that purpose. Each rose struck Sophie full in the face; but they did not disconcert her or once stem the torrent of her talk. 30

(from *Lilacs*)

Either 31 What does Chopin's writing make you feel about the two young women (Clare Duvigné and Adrienne) in these passages? [15]

Or 32 Which **TWO** of the stories in this selection do you find the most moving?

Refer closely to details from Chopin's writing in explaining your choice. [15]

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