

EXAMINATION FOR INTERNAL STUDENTS

For The Following Qualification:-

M.A.

M.A. English: Renaissance to Enlightenment 1. Literature and Ideas (written paper)

COURSE CODE : ENGLRE01

DATE : 06-MAY-03

TIME : 10.00

TIME ALLOWED : 3 Hours

M.A. English Renaissance to Enlightenment 1. Literature and Ideas (written paper)

Answer two questions, one from Section A and one from Section B.

Candidates must not present substantially the same material in any two answers whether in this paper or in other parts of the examination.

SECTION A

Write about one of the following passages in any way you find interesting. You should take account both of particular contexts and of what the passage suggests about the ideas you have encountered during the course.

TURN OVER

"Oh, hopefull love my object, and invention,
 "Oh, trew desire the spurr of my consayte
 "Oh, worthiest spirrit, my minds impulsion
 "Oh, eyes transperant my affections bayte
 "Oh, princely forme, my fancies adamande 5
 "Devine consayte, my paynes acceptance,
 "Oh all in onn, oh heaven on yearth transparant,
 "the seat of joyes, and loves abundance
 "Out of that mass of mirakells, my Muse,
 gathered thos floures, to her pure sences pleasinge 10
 "Out of her eyes (the store of joyes) did chuse
 equall delights, my sorrowes counterpoysinge
 Her regall lookes, my rigarus sythes suppressed
 Small dropes of joyes, sweetned great worlds of woes,
 one gladsume day a thowsand cares redressed. 15
 Whom love defends, what fortune overthrowes?
 When shee did well, what did ther elce a miss.
 when shee did ill what empires could have pleased
 no other poure effectinge wo, or bliss,
 Shee gave, shee tooke, shee wounded, shee apeased. 20
 The honor of her love, love still devisinge
 woundinge my mind with contrary consayte
 transferde it sealf sumetyme to her aspiringe
 sumetyme the trumpett of her thoughts retrayt
 To seeke new worlds, for golde, for prayse, for glory, 25
 to try desire, to try love severed farr
 when I was gonn shee sent her memory
 more stronge then weare tenthousand shippes of warr
 to call mee back, to leve great honors thought
 to leve my frinds, my fortune, my attempte 30
 to leve the purpose I so longe had sought
 and holde both cares, and cumforts in contempt.
 Such heat in Ize, such fier in frost remaynde

such trust in doubt, such cumfort in dispaire
 mich like the gentell lamm, though lately waynde 35
 playes with the dug though finds no cumfort ther,
 But as a boddy violently slayne
 retayneath warmth although the spirrit be gonn,
 and by a poure in nature moves agayne
 till it be layd below the fatall stone 40
 Or as the yearth yeven in cold winter dayes
 left for a tyme by her life gevinge soonn,
 douth by the poure remayninge of his rayes
 produce sume green, though not as it hath dunn,
 Or as a wheele forst by the fallinge streame 45
 although the course be turnde sume other way
 douth for a tyme go rounde uppon the beame
 till wantinge strenght to move, it stands att stay,
 So my forsaken hart, my withered minde
 widdow of all the joyes it once possesst 50
 my hopes cleane out of sight with forced wind
 to kyngdomes strange, to lands farr of adrest
 Alone, forsaken, frindless onn the shore
 with many wounds, with deaths cold pangs imbrased
 writes in the dust as onn that could no more 55
 whom love, and tyme, and fortune had defaced,
 of things so great, so longe, so manefolde
 with meanes so weake, the sowle yeven then departing
 the weale, the wo, the passages of olde
 and worlds of thoughts discribde by onn last sythinge, 60
 as if when after phebus is dessended
 and leves a light mich like the past dayes dawninge,
 and every toyle and labor wholly ended
 each livinge creature draweth to his restinge
 wee should beginn by such a partinge light 65
 to write the story of all ages past
 and end the same before th'aproching night.

Sir Walter Raleigh, 'The 21th: and last booke of the Ocean to Scinthia'

CONTINUED

2.

To this well painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stelled.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwelled
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld 5
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign.
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised; 10
Of what she was no semblance did remain.
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
 Showed life imprisoned in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes, 15
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her those,
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong 20
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong, 25
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear. 30
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here,
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
 The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die. 35

'Why should the private pleasure of someone
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin alone committed light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe. 40
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoons,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies, 45
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
 Had doting Priam checked his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.'

William Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece*

TURN OVER

PRINCE HARRY Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

SIR JOHN Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

He sits

PRINCE HARRY Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown. 5

SIR JOHN Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein. 10

PRINCE HARRY (*bowing*) Well, here is my leg.

SIR JOHN And here is my speech. (*To Harvey, Poins, and Gadshill*) Stand aside, nobility. 15

HOSTESS O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i'faith.

SIR JOHN

Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS O the Father, how he holds his countenance!

SIR JOHN

For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen,

For tears do stop the floodgates of her eyes. 20

HOSTESS O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

SIR JOHN

Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—

Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point. Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries?—A question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses?—A question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile. So doth the company thou keepest. For Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. 25

PRINCE HARRY What manner of man, an it like your majesty? 45

SIR JOHN A goodly, portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to threescore. And now I remember me, his name is Oldcastle. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it—there is virtue in that Oldcastle. Him keep with; the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month? 50

William Shakespeare, *Henry IV Part 1*

CONTINUED

However many books
 Wise men have said are wearisome; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek) 5
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 10
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our Law and story strewed
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed, 15
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
 That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own 20
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets thick-laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight, 25
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his saints;
 Such are from God inspired, not such from thee; 30
 Unless where moral virtue is expressed
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem; 35
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government
 In their majestic unaffected style
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 40
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
 These only with our Law best form a king.

John Milton, *Paradise Regained*

TURN OVER

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticism* and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author* whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of *critics*, that 'their writings are the mirrors of learning.' This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers that the *mirrors* of the ancients were made of brass and *sine mercurio*,^o may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been and must be for ever the same. For *brass* is an emblem of duration, and when it is skilfully burnished will cast *reflections* from its own *superficies*, without any assistance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included or easily deducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is that *criticism*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best when it is the very *first* result of the *critic's* mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay for a second.

Secondly, the *true critics* are known by their talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or a wasp to the fairest fruit. So when the king is a horseback, he is sure to be the *dirtiest* person of the company, and they that make their court best, are such as *bespatter* him most.

Lastly, a *true critic* in the perusal of a book is like a *dog* at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests *fling away*, and consequently is apt to *snarl* most when there are the fewest *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the *true modern critics*, and may very well atone for my past silence as well as that which I am like to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole *body* as to meet with generous and tender usage from their *hands*. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. Vide Bently's *Dissertation*, &c.

Didst thou not, by the conclusion of my former, perceive the consternation I was in, just as I was about to re-peruse thy letter, in order to prevail upon myself to recede from my purpose of awaking in terrors my slumbering charmer? And what dost thou think was the matter?

I'll tell thee—

At a little after two, when the whole house was still, or seemed to be so, and, as it proved, my Clarissa abed and fast asleep; I also in a manner undressed for an hour before, and in my gown and slippers though, to oblige thee, writing on—I was alarmed by a trampling noise overhead, and a confused buzz of mixed voices, some louder than others, like scolding, and little short of screaming, all raised to vocatives, as in a fright: and while I was wondering what could be the matter, downstairs ran Dorcas, and at my door, in an accent rather frightedly and hoarsely inward than shrilly clamorous, cried out Fire! Fire! And this the more alarmed me, as she seemed to endeavour to cry out louder, but could not.

My pen (its last scrawl a benediction on my beloved) dropped from my fingers; and up started I; and making but three steps to the door, opened it, and cried Where! Where! almost as much terrified as the wench. While she, more than half-undressed, her petticoats in her hand, unable to speak distinctly, pointed upstairs.

I was there in a moment, and found all owing to the carelessness of Mrs Sinclair's cook-maid, who, having sat up to read the simple history of Dorastus and Faunia when she should have been in bed, had set fire to an old pair of calico window-curtains.

She had had the presence of mind in her fright, to tear down the half-burnt valance as well as curtains, and had got them, though blazing, into the chimney, by the time I came up; so that I had the satisfaction to find the danger happily over.

Meantime Dorcas, after she had directed me upstairs, not knowing the worst was over, and expecting every minute the house would be in a blaze, out of tender regard for her lady (I shall for ever love the wench for it) ran to her door, and rapping loudly at it, in a recovered voice, cried out with a shrillness equal to her love, Fire! Fire!—The house is on fire!—Rise, madam!—This instant rise—if you would not be burnt in your bed!

No sooner had she made this dreadful outcry, but I heard her lady's door with hasty violence unbar, unbolt, unlock, and open, and my charmer's voice sounding like that of one going into a fit.

You may believe how much I was affected. I trembled with concern for her, and hastened down faster than the alarm of fire had made me run up, in order to satisfy her that all the danger was over.

When I had *flown down* to her chamber door, there I beheld the charmingest creature in the world, supporting herself on the arm of the gasping Dorcas, sighing, trembling, and ready to faint, with nothing on but an under-petticoat, her lovely bosom half-open, and her feet just slipped into her shoes. As soon as she saw me, she panted, and struggled to speak; but could only say, oh, Mr Lovelace! and down was ready to sink.

I clasped her in my arms with an ardour she never felt before: My dearest life! fear nothing: I have been up—the danger is over—the fire is got under—And how (foolish devil! to Dorcas) could you thus, by your hideous yell, alarm and frighten my angel!

Oh Jack! how her sweet bosom, as I clasped her to mine, heaved and panted! I could even distinguish her dear heart flutter, flutter, flutter, against mine; and for a few minutes, I feared she would go into fits.

Samuel Richardson, *Clarissa*

TURN OVER

The cruel reproaches and reflections cast on her by Mr Munden, filled her not now with the least resentment; for though she deserved them not upon the score he made them, yet she was conscious, that she did so for going to the house of Lord—, after having the strongest reasons to believe he had dishonour-
5
able intentions towards her.

She blushed to remember, that she had given herself leave to be pleased at the thoughts of appearing amiable in the eyes of that great man:—‘Good God!’ cried she, ‘what infatuation possess’d me!—Am I not married!—Is not all I am the property of Mr Munden!—Is it not highly criminal in any one to offer to invade his right!—And can I be so wicked to take delight in the guilt, to which I am in a manner accessory!’ 10

‘The vanities of my virgin state’, continued she, ‘might plead some excuse;—but nothing now can be urged in my defence for persevering in them.—The pride of subduing hearts is mine no more;—no man can now pretend to love me but with the basest and most shameful views.—The man who dares to tell me he adores me, contradicts himself by that very declaration, and while he would persuade me he has the highest opinion of me, discovers he has in reality the meanest.’ 15 20

In fine, she now saw herself, and the errors of her past conduct in their true light:—‘How strange a creature have I been!’ cried she, ‘how inconsistent with myself! I knew the character of a coquet both silly and insignificant, yet did every thing in my power to acquire it:—I aimed to inspire awe and reverence in the men, yet by my imprudence emboldened them to the most unbecoming freedoms with me:—I had sense enough to discern real merit in those who profest themselves my lovers, yet affected to treat most ill those, in whom I found the greatest share of it.— Nature has made me no fool, yet not one action of my life has given any proof of common reason.’ 25 30

‘Even in the greatest, and most serious affair of life—that of marriage’—added she, with a deep sigh, ‘have I not been governed wholly by caprice!—I rejected Mr Truworth, only because I thought I did not love him enough, yet gave myself to Mr Munden, whom at that time I did not love at all, and who has since, alas, taken little care to cultivate that affection I have laboured to feel for him.’ 35

Eliza Haywood, *The History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless*

CONTINUED

WRITING, when properly managed, (as you may be sure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation: As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good breeding, would presume to think all: The truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

'Tis his turn now;—I have given an ample description of Dr Slop's sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back parlour;—his imagination must now go on with it for a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr Slop has told his tale;—and in what words, and with what aggravations his fancy chooses:—Let him suppose, that Obadiah has told his tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks best will contrast the two figures as they stand by each other:—Let him imagine, that my father has stepped upstairs to see my mother:—And, to conclude this work of imagination,—let him imagine the doctor washed,—rubbed down,—condoled with,—felicitated,—got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, stepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Dr Slop!—stay thy obstetric hand;—return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm;—little dost thou know what obstacles;—little dost thou think what hidden causes retard its operation!—Hast thou, Dr Slop,—hast thou been entrusted with the secret articles of the solemn treaty, which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware that, at this instant, a daughter of Lucina is put obsterically over thy head? Alas! 'tis too true.—Besides, great son of Pilumnus! what canst thou do?—Thou hast come forth unarmed;—thou has left thy *tire-tête*,—thy new-invented forceps,—thy crotchet,—thy squirt, and all thy instruments of salvation and deliverance behind thee.—By heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green bays bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at the bed's head!—Ring;—call;—send Obadiah back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed.

—Make great haste, Obadiah, quoth my father, and I'll give thee a crown;—and, quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give him another.

Laurence Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*

TURN OVER

SECTION B

Answer one of the following questions. Your answer should refer to at least two of the works taught in seminars on the course unless otherwise specified.

9. Write an essay on the uses of myth or of spectacle in the period.
10. How does the idea of the court figure in some of the literature you have read for this course?
11. Consider the significance of ideas about law in some of what you have read for this course.
12. In what ways have you found a knowledge of any Classical or European writing other than in English useful for an understanding of the literature of the period?
13. Paul Harvey observes in Hobbes both 'the practical or utilitarian importance that he attaches to knowledge', and a style marked by 'economy and invariable choice of the right and striking word'. Explore the relationship between content and style in some works of the period.
14. Where have you found the most striking examples of religious intolerance, or tolerance, or both, in writings of the period?
15. Discuss analogies between the family and the state in some writings of the period.
16. Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

(Lady Mary Wortley Montagu)

On the evidence of the satirical writings which you have encountered during the course, do you agree that satire is most effective when its touch is delicate?

17. Discuss any ways in which material conditions affected writing during this period.
18. Write an essay on one of the following topics in relation to some works you have studied: death, fame and reputation, the monarch, masculinity and femininity, war, education, conscience, the association of ideas.

END OF PAPER