

Answer Question 1 and **one** other question.

All questions carry equal marks.

In your answers you should comment closely on effects of language, style and form, and pay close attention to features that are characteristic of their period and context.

- 1 Write a critical comparison of the following prose extract and poem, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writers' language, style and form.

- A** It was towards sunset when I first got into the air, with the feeling of a *finished* man – finished in more than one sense. Avoiding crowds and highways, I went along Battersea Bridge, and thence by a wondrous path across cow fields, mud ditches, river embankments, over a waste expanse of what attempted to pass for country, wondrous enough in the darkening dust, especially as I had never been there before, and the very road was uncertain. I had left my watch and my purse. I had a good stick in my hand. Boat people sat drinking about the Red House; steamers snorting about the river, each with a lantern at its nose. Old women sat in strange cottages trimming their evening fire. Bewildered-looking mysterious coke furnaces (with a very bad smell) glowed at one place, I know not why. Windmills stood silent. Blackguards, improper females, and miscellanies sauntered, harmless all. Chelsea lights burnt many-hued, bright over the water in the distance – under the great sky of silver, under the great still twilight. So I wandered full of thoughts, or of things I could not think.
- 5
10
15

Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881)

B

His Returne to London

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
 To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
 Ravished in spirit I come, nay more, I flie
 To thee, blest place of my Nativity! 5
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
 With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crowned.
 O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here
 An everlasting plenty, year by year.
 O *Place!* O *People!* Manners! framed to please
 All *Nations, Customs, Kindreds, Languages!* 10
 I am a free-born *Roman*¹; suffer then,
 That I amongst you live a Citizen.
 London my home is: though by hard fate sent
 Into a long and irksome banishment;
 Yet since called back; henceforward let me be, 15
 O native country, repossessed by thee!
 For, rather then I'll to the West return,
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.²
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
 Give thou my sacred Relics Burial. 20

Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

¹ free-born *Roman*: someone with the right to live in the country² Urn: burial urn

- 2 Write a critical appreciation of the following extract, making clear your view of its dramatic effectiveness. (The 'Chorus' are all the characters on stage except Sharp.)

[While SHARP the lawyer opens Mordaunt's will, re-enter LADY FRANKLIN and CLARA, crossing behind characters.]

Sharp:	The will is very short, being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.	5
Sir John:	I wish there were more like him!	
	[Groans and shakes his head. CHORUS groan and shake their heads.]	
Sharp	[reading]: I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being at the present date of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will and bequeath – to my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London	10
	[STOUT places handkerchief over his eyes. CHORUS exhibit lively emotion.]	15
	being the value of the Parliamentary Debates with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past – deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay, the sum of £14, 2 shillings and 4 pence.	20
	[STOUT takes away handkerchief. CHORUS breathe more freely.]	
Stout:	Eh, what – £14? Oh hang the old miser!	
Sir John:	Decency – decency! Proceed, sir. Go on, go on.	
Sharp:	Item – To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative –	25
	[CHORUS exhibit lively emotion.]	
Blount:	Poor old boy!	
	[GEORGINA puts her arm over BLOUNT's chair.]	
Sharp:	Being, as I am informed, the best dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of £500 to buy a dressing case.	30
	[CHORUS breathe more freely. GEORGINA catches her father's eye and removes her arm.]	35
Blount	[laughing confusedly]: Ha! Ha! Ha! Very poor wit – low! – vewy – vewy low!	
Sir John:	Silence, now, will you?	
Sharp:	Item – To Charles Lord Glossmore – who asserts that he is my relation – my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John.	40
	[CHORUS as before.]	
Lord Glossmore:	Butterflies! Pedigree! I disown the plebeian!	
Sir John	[angrily]: Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency – go on.	45
Sharp:	Item – To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, F.R.S., F.S.A., etc.	
	[CHORUS as before.]	
Sir John:	Hush! Now it is really interesting!	50
Sharp:	Who married my sister, and who sends me, every year, the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death – I bequeath – the empty bottles.	

<i>Sir John:</i>	Why, the ungrateful, rascally old –	
<i>Chorus:</i>	Decency, Sir John, decency!	55
<i>Sharp:</i>	Item – To Henry Graves, Esq, of the Albany – [CHORUS <i>as before.</i>]	
<i>Graves:</i>	Pooh, gentlemen – my usual luck – not even a ring. I dare swear!	
<i>Sharp:</i>	The sum of £5,000, in the Three Per Cents.	60
<i>Lady Franklin:</i>	I wish you joy!	
<i>Graves:</i>	Joy – pooh! Three Per Cents! – Fund’s sure to go! Had it been <i>land</i> now – though only an acre! – just like my luck.	
<i>Sharp:</i>	Item – To my niece, Georgina Vesey – [CHORUS <i>as before.</i>]	65
<i>Sir John:</i>	Ah, now it comes!	
<i>Sharp:</i>	The sum of £10,000 India stock, being, with her father’s reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess.	70
<i>Sir John:</i>	And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?	
<i>Chorus:</i>	Really, Sir John, this is too revolting. Decency! Hush!	
<i>Sharp:</i>	And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune to Alfred Evelyn, now or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge – [<i>Universal excitement</i>] being, I am told, an oddity like myself – the only one of my relations who never fawned on me; and who, having known privation, may the better employ wealth. (<i>All rise.</i>) And now, Sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased – I believe it is important. [<i>gives letter to EVELYN</i>]	75
<i>Evelyn</i>	[<i>crossing over to CLARA</i>]: Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!	85
<i>Clara</i>	[<i>turning away</i>]: And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us for ever.	
<i>Lady Franklin:</i>	I wish you joy. [<i>All crowd round to congratulate EVELYN.</i>]	90
<i>Sir John</i>	[<i>to GEORGINA</i>]: Go, child – put a good face on it – he’s an immense match! [<i>to EVELYN</i>]: My dear fellow, I wish you joy; you are a very great man now – a very great man!	
<i>Evelyn</i>	[<i>aside</i>]: And <i>her</i> voice alone is silent.	95
<i>Lord Glossmore:</i>	If I can be of any use to you –	
<i>Stout:</i>	Or I, sir –	
<i>Blount:</i>	Or I! Shall I put you up at the club?	
<i>Sharp:</i>	You will want a good man of business –	
<i>Sir John</i>	[<i>rushing to the centre of the crowd, and pushing them aside</i>]: Mr Evelyn is at home <i>here</i> – always looked on him as a son. Nothing in the world we would not do for him. Nothing!	100
<i>Evelyn:</i>	Lend me £10 for my old nurse! [CHORUS <i>put their hands in their pockets, producing purses and offering them eagerly.</i>]	105

From *Money* by Edward Bulwer Lytton (1803–1873)

- 3 The following passage is the opening of a short story. Write a critical appreciation of it, considering in detail ways in which your responses are shaped by the writer's language, style and form.

Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at—nothing—at nothing, simply.

What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly, by a feeling of bliss—absolute bliss!—as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe? ... 5

Oh, is there no way you can express it without being “drunk and disorderly”? How idiotic civilisation is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle? 10

“No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean,” she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key—she'd forgotten it, as usual—and rattling the letter-box. “It's not what I mean, because—Thank you, Mary”—she went into the hall. “Is nurse back?” 15

“Yes, M'm.”

“And has the fruit come?”

“Yes, M'm. Everything's come.”

“Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I'll arrange it before I go upstairs.” 20

It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly. But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment, and the cold air fell on her arms.

But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place—that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror—but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for something ... divine to happen ... that she knew must happen ... infallibly. 25 30

Mary brought in the fruit on a tray and with it a glass bowl, and a blue dish, very lovely, with a strange sheen on it as though it had been dipped in milk.

“Shall I turn on the light, M'm?” 35

“No, thank you. I can see quite well.”

There were tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink. Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones. These last she had bought to tone in with the new dining-room carpet. Yes, that did sound rather far-fetched and absurd, but it was really why she had bought them. She had thought in the shop: “I must have some purple ones to bring the carpet up to the table.” And it had seemed quite sense at the time. 40

When she had finished with them and had made two pyramids of these bright round shapes, she stood away from the table to get the effect—and it really was most curious. For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air. This, of course, in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful. ... She began to laugh. 45

“No, no. I'm getting hysterical.” And she seized her bag and coat and ran upstairs to the nursery. 50

Nurse sat at a low table giving Little B her supper after her bath. The baby had on a white flannel gown and a blue woollen jacket, and her dark, fine hair was brushed up into a funny little peak. She looked up when she saw her mother and began to jump. 55

“Now, my lovey, eat it up like a good girl,” said nurse, setting her lips in a way that Bertha knew, and that meant she had come into the nursery at another wrong moment.

“Has she been good, Nanny?”

“She’s been a little sweet all the afternoon,” whispered Nanny. “We went to the park and I sat down on a chair and took her out of the pram and a big dog came along and put its head on my knee and she clutched its ear, tugged it. Oh, you should have seen her.” 60

Bertha wanted to ask if it wasn’t rather dangerous to let her clutch at a strange dog’s ear. But she did not dare to. She stood watching them, her hands by her side, like the poor little girl in front of the rich little girl with the doll. 65

The baby looked up at her again, stared, and then smiled so charmingly that Bertha couldn’t help crying:

“Oh, Nanny, do let me finish giving her her supper while you put the bath things away.” 70

“Well, M’m, she oughtn’t to be changed hands while she’s eating,” said Nanny, still whispering. “It unsettles her; it’s very likely to upset her.”

How absurd it was. Why have a baby if it has to be kept—not in a case like a rare, rare fiddle—but in another woman’s arms? 75

“Oh, I must!” said she.

Very offended, Nanny handed her over.

“Now, don’t excite her after her supper. You know you do, M’m. And I have such a time with her after!”

From *Bliss* by Katherine Mansfield (1888–1923)

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