

UNIVERSITY OF 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 2005

**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.

## Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Antony and Cleopatra*

- 1 **Either** (a) Discuss the presentation of Roman attitudes to Egypt in the play *Antony and Cleopatra*.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language and tone of the following passage, discuss its significance to the play as a whole.

<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Have you done yet?	
<i>Antony:</i>	Alack, our terrene moon Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone The fall of Antony!	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	I must stay his time.	5
<i>Antony:</i>	To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes With one that ties his points?	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Not know me yet?	
<i>Antony:</i>	Cold-hearted toward me?	
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	Ah, dear, if I be so, From my cold heart let heaven engender hail, And poison it in the source; and the first stone Drop in my neck; as it determines, so Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite! Till by degrees the memory of my womb, Together with my brave Egyptians all, By the discandying of this pelleted storm, Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile Have buried them for prey.	10 15
<i>Antony:</i>	I am satisfied. Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where I will oppose his fate. Our force by land Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like. Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady? If from the field I shall return once more To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood. I and my sword will earn our chronicle: There's hope in't yet.	20 25
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	That's my brave lord!	30
<i>Antony:</i>	I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd, And fight maliciously. For when mine hours Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, And send to darkness all that stop me. Come, Let's have one other gaudy night. Call to me All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more; Let's mock the midnight bell.	35
<i>Cleopatra:</i>	It is my birthday:	

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Antony:* We will yet do well.

*Cleopatra:* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Antony:* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force  
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen,  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

45

*[Exeunt all but Enobarbus]*

*Enobarbus:* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious  
Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

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*[Exit]*

Act 3 Scene 13

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado About Nothing*

- 2 **Either** (a) In what ways and with what effects are deception and disguise explored in the play?
- Or** (b) By referring closely to language, tone and action, comment on how effective you find the following passage as the opening to the play *Much Ado About Nothing*.

*Before Leonato's house.*

	[Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger]	
Leonato:	I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.	
Messenger:	He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.	
Leonato:	How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?	5
Messenger:	But few of any sort, and none of name.	
Leonato:	A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.	
Messenger:	Much deserv'd on his part, and equally rememb'ed by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath, indeed, better bett'ed expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.	10
Leonato:	He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.	
Messenger:	I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.	15
Leonato:	Did he break out into tears?	
Messenger:	In great measure.	
Leonato:	A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!	20
Beatrice:	I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the wars or no?	
Messenger:	I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.	
Leonato:	What is he that you ask for, niece?	25
Hero:	My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.	
Messenger:	O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.	
Beatrice:	He set up his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? For, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.	30
Leonato:	Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.	
Messenger:	He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.	35
Beatrice:	You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it; he is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.	
Messenger:	And a good soldier too, lady.	
Beatrice:	And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?	
Messenger:	A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.	40
Beatrice:	It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man; but for the stuffing – well, we are all mortal.	
Leonato:	You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her; they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.	45

Turn to page 6 for Section B.

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

JANE AUSTEN: *Emma*

- 3 **Either** (a) 'The novel is structured around Emma's progress into moral and emotional maturity.' Discuss this comment on the novel *Emma*.
- Or** (b) By close reference to the language and tone of the following passage from the first chapter of *Emma*, discuss its significance to the novel as a whole.

Mr. Knightley shook his head at her. Her father fondly replied, "Ah! my dear, I wish you would not make matches and foretell things, for whatever you say always comes to pass. Pray do not make any more matches."

"I promise you to make none for myself, papa; but I must, indeed, for other people. It is the greatest amusement in the world! And after such success you know! Everybody said that Mr. Weston would never marry again. Oh dear, no! Mr. Weston, who had been a widower so long, and who seemed so perfectly comfortable without a wife, so constantly occupied either in his business in town or among his friends here, always acceptable wherever he went, always cheerful – Mr. Weston need not spend a single evening in the year alone if he did not like it. Oh, no! Mr. Weston certainly would never marry again. Some people even talked of a promise to his wife on her death-bed, and others of the son and the uncle not letting him. All manner of solemn nonsense was talked on the subject, but I believed none of it. Ever since the day (about four years ago) that Miss Taylor and I met with him in Broadway-lane, when, because it began to mizzle, he darted away with so much gallantry, and borrowed two umbrellas for us from Farmer Mitchell's, I made up my mind on the subject. I planned the match from that hour; and when such success has blessed me in this instance, dear papa, you cannot think that I shall leave off matchmaking."

"I do not understand what you mean by 'success'" said Mr. Knightley. "Success supposes endeavour. Your time has been properly and delicately spent, if you have been endeavouring for the last four years to bring about this marriage. A worthy employment for a young lady's mind! But if, which I rather imagine, your making the match, as you call it, means only your planning it, your saying to yourself one idle day, 'I think it would be a very good thing for Miss Taylor if Mr. Weston were to marry her,' and saying it again to yourself every now and then afterwards, – why do you talk of success? where is your merit? what are you proud of? you made a lucky guess; and *that* is all that can be said."

"And have you never known the pleasure and triumph of a lucky guess? I pity you. I thought you cleverer – for depend upon it, a lucky guess is never merely luck. There is always some talent in it. And as to my poor word 'success', which you quarrel with, I do not know that I am so entirely without any claim to it. You have drawn two pretty pictures – but I think there may be a third – a something between the do-nothing and the do-all. If I had not promoted Mr. Weston's visits here, and given many little encouragements, and smoothed many little matters, it might not have come to any thing after all. I think you must know Hartfield enough to comprehend that."

"A straight-forward, open-hearted man, like Weston, and a rational unaffected woman, like Miss Taylor, may be safely left to manage their own concerns. You are more likely to have done harm to yourself, than good to them, by interference."

"Emma never thinks of herself, if she can do good to others," rejoined Mr. Woodhouse, understanding but in part. "But, my dear, pray do not make any more matches, they are silly things, and break up one's family circle grievously."

“Only one more, papa; only for Mr. Elton. Poor Mr. Elton! You like Mr. Elton, papa, – I must look about for a wife for him. There is nobody in Highbury who deserves him – and he has been here a whole year, and has fitted up his house so comfortably that it would be a shame to have him single any longer – and I thought when he was joining their hands to-day, he looked so very much as if he would like to have the same kind office done for him! I think very well of Mr. Elton, and this is the only way I have of doing him a service.”

“Mr. Elton is a very pretty young man to be sure, and a very good young man, and I have a great regard for him. But if you want to shew him any attention, my dear, ask him to come and dine with us some day. That will be a much better thing. I dare say Mr. Knightley will be so kind as to meet him.” 50

“With a great deal of pleasure, sir, at any time,” said Mr. Knightley, laughing; “and I agree with you entirely that it will be a much better thing. Invite him to dinner, Emma, and help him to the best of the fish and the chicken, but leave him to choose his own wife. Depend upon it, a man of six or seven-and-twenty can take care of himself.” 55

GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Knight's Tale*

- 4 **Either** (a) How far do you find the ending of *The Knight's Tale* a satisfactory resolution of the rivalry between Palamon and Arcite and of *The Knight's Tale* as a whole?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following lines, relating them more widely to the methods and concerns of *The Knight's Tale*.

Thanne seyde he, "O crueel goddes, that governe  
 This world with byndyng of youre word eterne,  
 And writen in the table of atthamaunt  
 Youre parlement and youre eterne graunt,  
 What is mankynde moore unto you holde 5  
 Than is the sheep that rouketh in the folde?  
 For slayn is man right as another beest,  
 And dwelleth eek in prison and arreest,  
 And hath siknesse and greet adversitee,  
 And ofte tymes giltelees, pardee. 10  
 What governance is in this prescience,  
 That giltelees tormenteth innocence?  
 And yet encresseth this al my penaunce,  
 That man is bounden to his observaunce,  
 For Goddes sake, to letten of his wille, 15  
 Ther as a beast may all his lust fulfillle.  
 And when a beest is deed he hath no peyne;  
 But man after his deeth moot wepe and pleyne,  
 Though in this world he have care and wo.  
 Withouten doute it may stonden so. 20  
 The answeere of this lete I to dyvynys,  
 But wel I woot that in this world greet pyne ys.  
 Allas, I se a serpent or a theef,  
 That many a trewe man hath doon mescheef,  
 Goon at his large, and where hym list may turne. 25  
 But I moot be in prisoun thurgh Saturne,  
 And eek thurgh Juno, jalous and eek wood,  
 That hath destroyed wel ny al the blood  
 Of Thebes with his waste walles wyde;  
 And Venus sleeth me on that oother syde 30  
 For jalousie and fere of hym Arcite."  
 Now wol I stynte of Palamon a lite,  
 And lete hym in his prisoun stille dwelle,  
 And of Arcita forth I wol yow telle. 35  
 The summer passeth, and the nyghtes longe  
 Encressen double wise the peynes stronge  
 Bothe of the lovere and the prisoner,  
 I noot which hath the wofuller mester.  
 For, shortly for to seyn, this Palamoun 40  
 Perpetually is dampned to prisoun,  
 In cheynes and in fettres to been deed;  
 And Arcite is exiled upon his heed  
 For evermo, as out of that contree,  
 Ne nevere mo he shal his lady see. 45  
 Yow loveres axe I now this question:  
 Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamoun?  
 That oon may seen his lady day by day,



But in prison he moot dwelle alway;  
That oother wher hym list may ride or go,  
But seen his lady shal he nevere mo.  
Now demeth as yow liste, ye that kan,  
For I wol telle forth as I bigan.

- 5 **Either** (a) 'The great power with which Brontë invests him as a dramatic presence comes from the fact that we are aware of him more as a force than as a person.'

Discuss the role and characterisation of Heathcliff in the light of this comment.

- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Brontë's methods and concerns in the novel as a whole.

At the close of three weeks, I was able to quit my chamber, and move about the house. And on the first occasion of my sitting up in the evening, I asked Catherine to read to me, because my eyes were weak. We were in the library, the master having gone to bed: she consented, rather unwillingly, I fancied; and imagining my sort of books did not suit her, I bid her please herself in the choice of what she perused. 5

She selected one of her own favourites, and got forward steadily about an hour; then came frequent questions.

"Ellen, are not you tired? Hadn't you better lie down now? You'll be sick, keeping up so long, Ellen."

"No, no, dear, I'm not tired," I returned, continually. Perceiving me immovable, she essayed another method of showing her dis-relish for her occupation. It changed to yawning, and stretching, and – 10

"Ellen, I'm tired."

"Give over then and talk," I answered.

That was worse; she fretted and sighed, and looked at her watch till eight; and finally went to her room, completely over-done with sleep, judging by her peevish, heavy look, and the constant rubbing she inflicted on her eyes. 15

The following night she seemed more impatient still; and on the third from recovering my company, she complained of a headache, and left me.

I thought her conduct odd; and having remained alone a long while, I resolved on going and inquiring whether she were better, and asking her to come and lie on the sofa, instead of upstairs, in the dark. 20

No Catherine could I discover upstairs, and none below. The servants affirmed they had not seen her. I listened at Mr. Edgar's door; all was silence. I returned to her apartment, extinguished my candle, and seated myself in the window. 25

The moon shone bright; a sprinkling of snow covered the ground, and I reflected that she might possibly have taken it into her head to walk about the garden for refreshment. I did detect a figure creeping along the inner fence of the park, but it was not my young mistress. On its merging into the light I recognized one of the grooms. He stood a considerable period, viewing the carriage-road through the grounds, then started off at a brisk pace, as if he had detected something, and reappeared presently leading miss's pony; and there she was, just dismounted, and walking by its side. The man took his charge stealthily across the grass towards the stable. Cathy entered by the casement window of the drawing-room, and glided noiselessly up to where I awaited her. She put the door gently to, slipped off her snowy shoes, untied her hat, and was proceeding, unconscious of my espionage, to lay aside her mantle, when I suddenly rose and revealed myself. The surprise petrified her an instant; she uttered an inarticulate exclamation, and stood fixed. 30

"My dear Miss Catherine," I began, too vividly impressed by her recent kindness to break into a scold, "where have you been riding out at this hour? And why should you try to deceive me by telling a tale? Where have you been? Speak!" 35

"To the bottom of the park," she stammered. "I didn't tell a tale."

"And nowhere else?" I demanded.

"No," was the muttered reply. 40 45

“O Catherine!” I cried sorrowfully. “You know you have been doing wrong, and you wouldn’t be driven to uttering an untruth to me. That does grieve me. I’d rather be three months ill than hear you frame a deliberate lie.”

She sprang forward, and bursting into tears, threw her arms round my neck.

“Well, Ellen, I’m so afraid of you being angry,” she said. “Promise not to be angry, and you shall know the very truth. I hate to hide it.” 50

We sat down in the window-seat. I assured her I would not scold, whatever her secret might be, and I guessed it, of course; so she commenced, –

“I’ve been to Wuthering Heights, Ellen, and I’ve never missed going a day since you fell ill, except thrice before and twice after you left your room. I gave Michael books and pictures to prepare Minny every evening, and to put her back in the stable. You mustn’t scold him either, mind. I was at the Heights by half-past six, and generally stayed till half-past eight, and then galloped home. It was not to amuse myself that I went; I was often wretched all the time. Now and then I was happy – once in a week perhaps.” 55 60

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Selected Poems*

- 6 **Either** (a) Discuss the ways in which Christina Rossetti explores the experience of faith in her poetry.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating its methods and concerns to those of other poems in your selection.

*Memory*

I nursed it in my bosom while it lived,  
 I hid it in my heart when it was dead;  
 In joy I sat alone, even so I grieved  
 Alone and nothing said.

I shut the door to face the naked truth,  
 I stood alone – I faced the truth alone,  
 Stripped bare of self-regard or forms or ruth  
 Till first and last were shown.

5

I took the perfect balances and weighed;  
 No shaking of my hand disturbed the poise;  
 Weighed, found it wanting: not a word I said,  
 But silent made my choice.

10

None know the choice I made; I make it still.  
 None know the choice I made and broke my heart,  
 Breaking mine idol: I have braced my will  
 Once, chosen for once my part.

15

I broke it at a blow, I laid it cold,  
 Crushed in my deep heart where it used to live.  
 My heart dies inch by inch; the time grows old,  
 Grows old in which I grieve.

20

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

- 7 **Either** (a) How far and in what ways is John Donne's poetic method characterised by argument?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem, relating it where appropriate to other poems in your selection.

*Aire and Angels*

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee,  
 Before I knew thy face or name;  
 So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,  
*Angells* affect us oft, and worship'd bee;  
     Still when, to where thou wert, I came, 5  
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.  
     But since my soule, whose child love is,  
 Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,  
     More subtile than the parent is, 10  
 Love must not be, but take a body too,  
     And therefore what thou wert, and who,  
     I bid Love aske, and now  
 That it assume thy body, I allow,  
 And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought, 15  
 And so more steddily to have gone,  
 With wares which would sinke admiration,  
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,  
     Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon  
 Is much too much, some fitter must be sought; 20  
     For, nor in nothing, nor in things  
 Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;  
     Then as an Angell, face, and wings  
 Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,  
     So thy love may be my loves speare; 25  
     Just such disparitie  
 As is twixt Aire and Angels puritie,  
     'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.

- 8 **Either** (a) Discuss Eliot's portrayal of the relationships between parents or guardians and children in *Middlemarch*.
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, paying close attention to the language and tone, and commenting in particular on Eliot's use of dialogue.

She was going to say more, but she saw her husband enter and seat himself a little in the background. The difference his presence made to her was not always a happy one: she felt that he often inwardly objected to her speech.

"Positively," exclaimed Mrs. Cadwallader, "there is a new face come out from behind that broad man queerer than any of them: a little round head with bulging eyes – a sort of frog-face – do look. He must be of another blood, I think." 5

"Let me see!" said Celia, with awakened curiosity, standing behind Mrs. Cadwallader and leaning forward over her head. "Oh, what an odd face!" Then with a quick change to another sort of surprised expression, she added, "Why, Dodo, you never told me that Mr. Ladislaw was come again!" 10

Dorothea felt a shock of alarm: every one noticed her sudden paleness as she looked up immediately at her uncle, while Mr. Casaubon looked at her.

"He came with me, you know; he is my guest – puts up with me at the Grange," said Mr. Brooke, in his easiest tone, nodding at Dorothea, as if the announcement were just what she might have expected. "And we have brought the picture at the top of the carriage. I knew you would be pleased with the surprise, Casaubon. There you are to the very life – as Aquinas, you know. Quite the right sort of thing. And you will hear young Ladislaw talk about it. He talks uncommonly well – points out this, that, and the other – knows art and everything of that kind – companionable, you know – is up with you in any track – what I've been wanting a long while." 20

Mr. Casaubon bowed with cold politeness, mastering his irritation, but only so far as to be silent. He remembered Will's letter quite as well as Dorothea did; he had noticed that it was not among the letters which had been reserved for him on his recovery, and secretly concluding that Dorothea had sent word to Will not to come to Lowick, he had shrunk with proud sensitiveness from ever recurring to the subject. He now inferred that she had asked her uncle to invite Will to the Grange; and she felt it impossible at that moment to enter into any explanation. 25

Mrs. Cadwallader's eyes, diverted from the churchyard, saw a good deal of dumb show which was not so intelligible to her as she could have desired, and could not repress the question, "Who is Mr. Ladislaw?" 30

"A young relative of Mr. Casaubon's," said Sir James, promptly. His good-nature often made him quick and clear-seeing in personal matters, and he had divined from Dorothea's glance at her husband that there was some alarm in her mind.

"A very nice young fellow – Casaubon has done everything for him," explained Mr. Brooke. "He repays your expense in him, Casaubon," he went on, nodding encouragingly. "I hope he will stay with me a long while and we shall make something of my documents. I have plenty of ideas and facts, you know, and I can see he is just the man to put them into shape – remembers what the right quotations are, *omne tulit punctum*, and that sort of thing – gives subjects a kind of turn. I invited him some time ago when you were ill, Casaubon; Dorothea said you couldn't have anybody in the house, you know, and she asked me to write." 40

Poor Dorothea felt that every word of her uncle's was about as pleasant as a grain of sand in the eye to Mr. Casaubon. It would be altogether unfitting now to explain that she had not wished her uncle to invite Will Ladislaw. She could not in the least make clear to herself the reasons for her husband's dislike to his presence – a dislike painfully impressed on her by the scene in the library; but she felt the 45

unbecomingness of saying anything that might convey a notion of it to others. Casaubon, indeed, had not thoroughly represented those mixed reasons to himself, irritated feeling with him, as with all of us, seeking rather for justification than for self-knowledge. But he wished to repress outward signs, and only Dorothea could discern the changes in her husband's face before he observed with more of dignified bending and singsong than usual –

“You are exceedingly hospitable, my dear sir; and I owe you acknowledgments for exercising your hospitality towards a relative of mine.”

55

Chapter 34

ALEXANDER POPE: *The Rape of the Lock*

- 9 **Either** (a) 'Pope's portrayal of Belinda is both satirical and sympathetic.' How far do you agree with this comment on the poem?
- Or** (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following passage, relating it to Pope's methods and concerns in the poem as a whole.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;  
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace, 5  
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.  
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,  
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,  
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom,  
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come. 10  
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
 Each band the number of the sacred Nine.  
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important card:  
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore, 15  
 Then each according to the rank they bore;  
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,  
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.  
 Behold four Kings in majesty revered,  
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard; 20  
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;  
 Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand,  
 And partycolour'd troops, a shining train, 25  
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.  
 The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;  
 'Let Spades be trumps!' she said, and trumps they were.  
 Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors. 30  
 Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!  
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.  
 As many more Manillio forced to yield,  
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.  
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard 35  
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.  
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,  
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd;  
 The rest, his many colour'd robe conceal'd. 40  
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,  
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,  
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,  
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid, 45  
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade.



BEN JONSON: *The Alchemist*

- 10 **Either** (a) 'Face triumphs in the end because of his intelligence and wit.' Discuss the characterisation of Face in the light of this comment.
- Or** (b) With close attention to the language, tone and action of the following passage, comment on its effectiveness as the opening of the play.

[Enter Face, Subtle, Dol Common]

<i>Face:</i>	Believe't, I will.	
<i>Subtle:</i>	Thy worst. I fart at thee.	
<i>Dol:</i>	Ha' you your wits? Why gentlemen! For love –	
<i>Face:</i>	Sirrah, I'll strip you –	
<i>Subtle:</i>	What to do? Lick figs	5
	Out at my –	
<i>Face:</i>	Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.	
<i>Dol:</i>	Nay, look ye! Sovereign, General, are you madmen?	
<i>Subtle:</i>	O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks	
	With good strong water, an' you come.	10
<i>Dol:</i>	Will you have	
	The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?	
	Hark! I hear somebody.	
<i>Face:</i>	Sirrah –	
<i>Subtle:</i>	I shall mar	15
	All that the tailor has made, if you approach.	
<i>Face:</i>	You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave	
	Dare you do this?	
<i>Subtle:</i>	Yes faith, yes faith.	
<i>Face:</i>	Why! Who	20
	Am I, my mongrel? Who am I?	
<i>Subtle:</i>	I'll tell you,	
	Since you know not yourself –	
<i>Face:</i>	Speak lower, rogue.	
<i>Subtle:</i>	Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good,	25
	Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum; that kept	
	Your master's worship's house, here, in the Friars,	
	For the vacations –	
<i>Face:</i>	Will you be so loud?	
<i>Subtle:</i>	Since, by my means, translated Suburb-Captain.	30
<i>Face:</i>	By your means, Doctor Dog?	
<i>Subtle:</i>	Within man's memory,	
	All this, I speak of.	
<i>Face:</i>	Why, I pray you, have I	
	Been countenanced by you? Or you, by me?	35
	Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.	
<i>Subtle:</i>	I do not hear well.	
<i>Face:</i>	Not of this, I think it.	
	But I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie Corner,	
	Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,	40
	Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk	
	Piteously costive, with your pinched-horn-nose,	
	And your complexion of the Roman wash,	
	Stuck full of black, and melancholic worms,	
	Like powder corns, shot, at th'artillery-yard.	45

- Subtle:* I wish, you could advance your voice, a little.  
*Face:* When you went pinned up, in the several rags,  
 You'd raked, and picked from dunghills, before day,  
 Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes,  
 A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak, 50  
 That scare would cover your no-buttocks –
- Subtle:* So, sir!  
*Face:* When all your alchemy, and your algebra,  
 Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,  
 Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades, 55  
 Could not relieve your corps, with so much linen  
 Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;  
 I ga' you countenance, credit for your coals,  
 Your stills, your glasses, your materials,  
 Built you a furnace, drew you customers, 60  
 Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,  
 A house to practise in –
- Subtle:* Your master's house?  
*Face:* Where you have studied the more thriving skill  
 Of bawdry, since. 65
- Subtle:* Yes, in your master's house.



