



ANGLO-CHINESE JUNIOR COLLEGE
Preliminary Examinations
Higher 2

LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

9748/02

Paper 2 Victorian Literature (1830–1899)

2 September 2014

3 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

Write your Centre number, index 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 **three** questions, one from each of Sections A, B and C.

Begin each essay on a fresh sheet of paper.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, tie each essay separately.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **6** printed pages.



Section A

Answer one question in this section.

1

- Either (a)** The following passage is from *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896), a novel by Herbert George Wells. The narrator, Edward Prendick chances upon the Beast Folk, animals which have been given human characteristics as a result of scientific experiments. Write a critical appreciation of it, relating its concerns to key features of the period.

I stopped just in time to prevent myself emerging upon an open space. It was a kind of glade in the forest, made by a fall; seedlings were already starting up to struggle for the vacant space; and beyond, the dense growth of stems and twining vines and splashes of fungus and flowers closed in again. Before me, squatting together upon the fungoid ruins of a huge fallen tree and still unaware of my approach, were three grotesque human figures. One was evidently a female; the other two were men. They were naked, save for swathings of scarlet cloth about the middle; and their skins were of a dull pinkish-drab colour, such as I had seen in no savages before. They had fat, heavy, chinless faces, retreating foreheads, and a scant bristly hair upon their heads. I never saw such bestial-looking creatures. 5

They were talking, or at least one of the men was talking to the other two, and all three had been too closely interested to heed the rustling of my approach. They swayed their heads and shoulders from side to side. The speaker's words came thick and sloppy, and though I could hear them distinctly I could not distinguish what he said. He seemed to me to be reciting some complicated gibberish. Presently his articulation became shriller, and spreading his hands he rose to his feet. At that the others began to gibber in unison, also rising to their feet, spreading their hands and swaying their bodies in rhythm with their chant. I noticed then the abnormal shortness of their legs, and their lank, clumsy feet. All three began slowly to circle round, raising and stamping their feet and waving their arms; a kind of tune crept into their rhythmic recitation, and a refrain,—“Aloola,” or “Balloola,” it sounded like. Their eyes began to sparkle, and their ugly faces to brighten, with an expression of strange pleasure. Saliva dripped from their lipless mouths. 10

Suddenly, as I watched their grotesque and unaccountable gestures, I perceived clearly for the first time what it was that had offended me, what had given me the two inconsistent and conflicting impressions of utter strangeness and yet of the strangest familiarity. The three creatures engaged in this mysterious rite were human in shape, and yet human beings with the strangest air about them of some familiar animal. Each of these creatures, despite its human form, its rag of clothing, and the rough humanity of its bodily form, had woven into it—into its movements, into the expression of its countenance, into its whole presence—some now irresistible suggestion of a hog, a swinish taint, the unmistakable mark of the beast. 15

I stood overcome by this amazing realisation and then the most horrible questionings came rushing into my mind. They began leaping in the air, first one and then the other, whooping and grunting. Then one slipped, and for a moment was on all-fours,—to recover, indeed, forthwith. But that transitory gleam of the true animalism of these monsters was enough. 20

I turned as noiselessly as possible, and becoming every now and then rigid with the fear of being discovered, as a branch cracked or a leaf rustled, I pushed back into the bushes. It was long before I grew bolder, and dared to move freely. My only idea for the moment was to get away from these foul beings, and I scarcely noticed that I had emerged upon a faint pathway amidst the trees. Then suddenly traversing a little glade, I saw with an unpleasant start two clumsy legs among the trees, walking with noiseless footsteps parallel with my course, and perhaps thirty yards away from me. The head and upper part of the body were hidden by a tangle of creeper. I stopped abruptly, hoping the creature did not see me. The feet stopped as I did. So nervous was I that I controlled an impulse to headlong flight with the utmost difficulty. Then looking hard, I distinguished through the interlacing network the head and body of the brute I had seen drinking. He moved his head. There was an emerald flash in his eyes as he glanced at me from the shadow of the trees, a half-luminous colour that vanished as he turned his head again. He was motionless for a moment, and then with a noiseless tread began running through the green confusion. In another moment he had vanished behind some bushes. I could not see him, but I felt that he had stopped and was watching me again.

What on earth was he,—man or beast? What did he want with me? I had no weapon, not even a stick. Flight would be madness. At any rate the Thing, whatever it was, lacked the courage to attack me. Setting my teeth hard, I walked straight towards him. I was anxious not to show the fear that seemed chilling my backbone. I pushed through a tangle of tall white-flowered bushes, and saw him twenty paces beyond, looking over his shoulder at me and hesitating. I advanced a step or two, looking steadfastly into his eyes.

“Who are you?” said I.

- Or (b) Write a critical appreciation of the following poem by George Massey (published 1851) relating its concerns to key features of the period.

“KINGS ARE BUT GIANTS BECAUSE WE KNEEL”

Good People, put no faith in Kings, nor merchant-princes trust,
 Who grind your hearts in Mammon's¹ press—your faces in the dust—
 Trust to your own true thought! to break the Tyrant's dark dark ban;
 If yet one spark of freedom lives, let man be true to man.
 We'll never fight again, Boys! with the Yankee, Pole, or Russ. 5
 We love the French as Brothers, and the fervid French love us!
 We'll league to crush the fiends who kill, all love and liberty,
 They are but Giants because we kneel, one leap, and up go we!

Trust not the Priests, their tears are lies, their hearts are hard and cold—
 The welcomest of all their flock, are fierce wolves fleeced with gold; 10
 Rogues all! for hire they prop the laws, that make us poor men sin.
 Ay! tho' their robes are black without, they've blacker souls within.
 The Church and State are linkt, and sworn to desolate the land—
 Good People, twixt these foxes tails, we'll fling a fiery brand!
 Who fears the worst that they can wreak, that loveth liberty? 15
 They are but Giants because we kneel, one leap and up go we!

“Back trampers of the many! death and danger ambusht lie?
 “Beware ye! or the blood may run! respect a nation's cry.
 “Ah, shut not out the light of Hope! the People blind, may dash
 “Like Sampson² in his strong death-grope, and whelm ye in the crash. 20
 “Think how they taxt the People mad, that old regime of France³,
 “Whose heads, like poppies from Death's sythe, fell in a bloody dance.
 Ye plead in vain! ye bleed in vain! ah! Blind, when will ye see,
 They are but Giants because we kneel! one leap, and up go we?

We've fought and bled, while Fortune's darlings slunk in splendid lair, 25
 With souls that crept like worms in buried Beauty's golden hair!
 A tale of lives wrung out in tears, their grandeur-garb reveals,
 And the last sobs of breaking hearts, sound in their chariot wheels.
 But they're quaking now! and shaking now! who've wrought the hurtling sorrow:
 To-day the Desolators, but the desolate To-morrow! 30
 Loud o'er their murderous menace, wakes the watchword of the Free.
 Kings are but Giants because we kneel! one leap, and up go we!

Some brave and patriots hearts, are gone, to break beyond the wave,
 And some who gave their lives for love, have found a prison-grave,
 Some, have grown grey with weeping! some have fainted by the way, 35
 But youth still nouritures⁴ within the hope of a better day.
 O! Blessings on world-conquering youth! God's with the shining band!
 Their spirits breathe of Paradise! they're freshest from his hand!
 And looking on the People's might, who doubts they shall be free?
 Kings are but Giants because we kneel! one leap, and up go we! 40

¹ Mammon: The personification of greed as a false idol.

² Sampson: Samson, a biblical figure who, after his capture by the Philistines, is blinded, but succeeds in pulling down the pillars of the Temple of Dagon and destroying the Philistine leaders.

³ The monarchy before the French Revolution.

⁴ Nouritures: nourishes.

Section B

**Answer one question in this section, using two texts that you have studied.
The texts used in this section cannot be used in Section C.**

2

- Either (a)** By comparing the work of two writers of the Victorian period you have studied, discuss their presentation of joys and sorrow.
- Or (b)** In what ways and with what effects do two writers of the Victorian period you have studied explore the relationship between illusion and truth?

Section C

Answer one question in this section, using one text that you have studied.
The text used in this section cannot be used in Section B.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

3

Either (a) 'A novel of striking structural symmetry.' Discuss.

Or (b) 'Miss Havisham is nothing more than an irrational and vindictive female figure.'

To what extent do you agree with this statement?

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*

4

Either (a) '... the seed brings forth a crop after its kind.'

In what ways and with what effects does Eliot affirm this principle in the structure and development of the novel?

Or (b) In what ways and with what effects does Eliot make use of parallels between Silas and Godfrey in the novel?

CHARLOTTE BRONTË: *Jane Eyre*

5

Either (a) '... a distinctively female Bildungsroman...'

How, and how effectively, does Charlotte Brontë construct this 'female Bildungsroman' in *Jane Eyre*?

Or (b) 'The settings in *Jane Eyre* have a deeply symbolic significance.'

With this comment in mind, discuss the presentation of settings in the novel.

G.B. SHAW: *Mrs Warren's Profession*

6

Either (a) Shaw states that 'fine art is the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective instrument of moral propaganda in the world.'

How, and how effectively, does Shaw present his moral propaganda in *Mrs Warren's Profession*?

Or (b) 'Mrs Warren is not a whit a worse woman than the reputable daughter who cannot endure her.' Discuss.