



English 207  
FINAL EXAMINATION

Spring Semester, 1997-98

June 23, 1998

**INSTRUCTIONS:** Choose five of the following quotations, two from Part I, and three from Part II. Identify the work, the author, the approximate date, and, if an excerpt, the approximate position of the quotation within the larger work. Then, paying careful attention to words, phrases, lines, sentences, images, ideas, show how the passage you have chosen is representative of the style and themes of the author. You may wish to show also how the passage reflects major issues of the age from which it has been drawn. Be sure you write specifically about the quotations you have chosen. **DO NOT** simply write generally about the author and his works!

**TIMING:** The examination has been set for two and one half hours. You may, however, have an extra fifteen minutes for proofreading if you wish. All booklets will be picked up promptly at 12:45 PM. Plan your time wisely and well. Allow approximately one half hour for each passage.

**FORMAT:** Please write on every other line and observe conventional margins.

**PART I.** Choose two. 40%. Suggested time: 1 hour. (30 minutes for each passage.)

1) . . . therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not. 5

And, moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and 10 streets, under their proper names, where such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz. countries and kingdoms), where the ware of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, 15 some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nations, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.



2) All human things are subject to decay,  
 And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.  
 This \_\_\_\_\_ found, who, like Augustus, young  
 Was called to empire, and had governed long; 5  
 In prose and verse, was owned, without dispute,  
 Through all the realms of *Nonsense*, absolute.  
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,  
 And blest with issue of a large increase,  
 Worn out with business, did at length debate 10  
 To settle the succession of the state;  
 And, pondering which of all his sons was fit  
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,  
 Cried: ' 'Tis resolved; for nature pleads, that he  
 Should only rule, who most resembles me. 15  
 Sh----- alone my perfect image bears.  
 Mature in dulness from his tender years:  
 Sh----- alone, of all my sons, is he  
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.  
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence, 20  
 But Sh----- never deviates into sense.  
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;  
 But Sh-----'s genuine night admits no ray,  
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day. 25

3) Well, and how shall I receive him? In what figure shall I  
 give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first  
 impression. Shall I sit?--No, I won't sit--I'll walk--aye, I'll walk from the  
 door upon his entrance, and then turn full upon him.--No, that will be 5  
 too sudden, I'll lie--aye, I'll lie down--I'll receive him in my little  
 dressing-room; there's a couch--yes, yes, I'll give the first impression  
 on a couch.--I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow with  
 one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way--yes--and then 10  
 as soon as he appears, start, aye, start and be surprized, and rise to  
 meet him in a pretty disorder--yes--oh, nothing is more alluring than  
 a levee from a couch in some confusion.--It shows the foot to advantage,  
 and furnishes with blushes and recomposing airs beyond comparison.  
 Hark! There's a coach.

4) As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child, just dropped from its dam, may be supported by her milk for a solar year with little other nourishment; at most, not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that Horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas, too frequent among us, sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman heart.

5) And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.  
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,  
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.  
A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;  
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.  
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here  
The various offerings of the world appear;  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.  
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.  
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, powder, patches, bibles, billet-douz.  
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;

These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;  
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

6) . . . The child said that was not its way home. I said, 'Yes, my dear, it is; I'll show you the way home.' The child had a little necklace on of gold beads, and I had my eye upon that, and in the dark of the alley I stooped, pretending to mend the child's clog that was loose, and took off her necklace, and the child never felt it, and so led the child on again. Here, I say, the devil put me upon killing the child in the dark alley, that it might not cry, but the very thought frightened me so that I was ready to drop down; but I turned the child about and bade it go back again, for that was not its way home. The child said she would, and I went through into Bartholomew Close, and then turned round to another passage that goes into Long Lane, so away into Charterhouse Yard and out into St. John Street; then, crossing into Smithfield, went down Chick Lane and into Field Lane to Holborn Bridge, when, mixing with the crowd of people usually passing there, it was not possible to have been found out; and thus I enterprise my second sally into the world.

PART II. Choose three. 60%. Suggested time: one and one-half hours. (30 minutes each.)

- 1) 'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,  
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'  
In the afternoon they came unto a land  
In which it seemed always afternoon.  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem. 5
  
- 2) Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain; 5  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

3) ---E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet 5  
 The company below, then. I repeat,  
 The Count your master's munificence  
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed; 10  
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me! 15

4) Nothing is so beautiful as Spring--  
 When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;  
 Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush  
 Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring  
 The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing; 5  
 The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush  
 The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush  
 With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.  
  
 What is all this juice and all this joy?  
 A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning 10  
 In Eden garden.---Have, get, before it cloy,  
 Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,  
 Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,  
 Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

5) My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky:  
 So was it when my life began;  
 So is it now I am a man;  
 So be it when I shall grow old, 5  
 Or let me die!  
 The Child is father of the Man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

6) 'Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. An empty stream, a great silence, an impenetrable forest. The air was warm, thick, heavy, sluggish. There was no joy in the brilliance of sunshine. The long stretches of the waterway ran on, deserted, into the gloom of overshadowed 5 distances. On silvery sandbanks hippos and alligators sunned themselves side by side. The broadening waters flowed through a mob of wooded islands; you lost your way on that river as you would in a desert, and butted all day long against shoals, trying to find the channel, till you thought yourself bewitched and cut off for ever from everything you had known once--somewhere--far away--in 10 another existence perhaps. There were moments when one's past came back to one, as it will sometimes when you have not a moment to spare to yourself; but it came in the shape of an unrestful and noisy dream, remembered with wonder amongst the overwhelming realities of this strange world of plants, and water, and silence. And this stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was 15 the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. . . .'

7) O Rose thou art sick.  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night  
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy:  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.

8) \* \* \*  
II  
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal--yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!