

i Exam information

ENG2305 - The Victorian Period

This exam consists of two parts. You must respond to both parts.

All questions must be answered in English.

What you write will be stored automatically every 15 seconds.

You may, at any time, switch back and forth between exam modules in order to check what you have done in each; however, the modules are numbered and you must do each module as a separate unit.

You are allowed to use 1 English-English dictionary on the exam. You have access to the Macmillan digital dictionary.

Thesauruses and Encyclopedias are not allowed.

Good luck!













1 Part I (25%)

Choose **two** questions to answer. You should write roughly a paragraph in response to each question. You should spend **about 25% of your time (1 hour)** on this part.

Your response to part 2 should not **focus on** the same text or texts as either of your responses to this section, though it may **mention** the same text or texts. For example, if you choose to answer Question 3 in this section, and choose Question 2 in part 2, you should **not** focus on *Dracula* or *Jekyll* in your essay for part 2.

1. What is the significance of Jacob's Island in Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist* **and/or** Henry Mayhew's 'Jacob's Island'?
2. Explain the concept of 'the white man's burden' in Victorian writing about empire.
3. Describe some of the features of *Dracula* and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* that situate them within the genre of 'Victorian Gothic'.
4. Why does mourning play such a significant role in Victorian literature? Link your answer to the culture surrounding death and grief in Victorian Britain.
5. Describe some common features of, or ideologies surrounding, Victorian literature for children.

Fill in your answer here

Format | **B** | *I* | U | x_2 | x^2 | I_x |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | 

Words: 0

Maximum marks: 0

2 Part II (75%)












Choose **one** question to answer. Your answer should take the form of an essay.

You should spend **about 75% of your time (3 hours)** on this part.

You should **not** focus on the same text or texts that you discussed in your answers to part 1, though you may *mention* the same text or texts.

1. Explore how Robert Browning's 'My Last Duchess' (text provided) engages with different forms of power. You should pay close attention to the formal features and narrative techniques of the poem, as well as its content.
2. 'His very heart was bleeding, and it took all the manhood of him [...] to keep him from breaking down' (Bram Stoker, *Dracula*). Explore the relationship between fear and masculinity in TWO texts from the syllabus.
3. Perform a close reading of this excerpt from Charlotte Bronte's *Villette* (text provided), relating it to the novel as a whole in the ways that seem most interesting to you.
4. 'Those who are happy and successful themselves are too apt to make light of the misfortunes of others' (Elizabeth Gaskell, *North and South*). How might the idea of compassion help us read Gaskell's *North and South*? (You can make use of the quotation given here, but you are not required to do so. You may want to think about narrative form, connection, points of view, sociohistorical context...)

Fill in your answer here

Format | **B** | *I* | U | x₂ | |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | ABC | 

Words: 0

Maximum marks: 0

Question 2
Attached



TEXT FOR QUESTION 1: Robert Browning, 'My Last Duchess' (1842)

Ferrara

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let

Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse
—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
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
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!

TEXT FOR QUESTION 3: excerpt from Charlotte Bronte, *Villette* (1853)

To wonder sadly, did I say? No: a new influence began to act upon my life, and sadness, for a certain space, was held at bay. Conceive a dell, deep-hollowed in forest secrecy; it lies in dimness and mist: its turf is dank, its herbage pale and humid. A storm or an axe makes a wide gap amongst the oak-trees; the breeze sweeps in; the sun looks down; the sad, cold dell becomes a deep cup of lustre; high summer pours her blue glory and her golden light out of that beauteous sky, which till now the starved hollow never saw.

A new creed became mine—a belief in happiness.

It was three weeks since the adventure of the garret, and I possessed in that case, box, drawer up-stairs, casketed with that first letter, four companions like to it, traced by the same firm pen, sealed with the same clear seal, full of the same vital comfort. Vital comfort it seemed to me then: I read them in after years; they were kind letters enough—pleasing letters, because composed by one well-pleased; in the two last there were three or four closing lines half-gay, half-tender, "by *feeling* touched, but not subdued." Time, dear reader, mellowed them to a beverage of this mild quality; but when I first tasted their elixir, fresh from the fount so honoured, it seemed juice of a divine vintage: a draught which Hebe might fill, and the very gods approve.

Does the reader, remembering what was said some pages back, care to ask how I answered these letters: whether under the dry, stinting check of Reason, or according to the full, liberal impulse of Feeling?

To speak truth, I compromised matters; I served two masters: I bowed down in the houses of Rimmon, and lifted the heart at another shrine. I wrote to these letters two answers—one for my own relief, the other for Graham's perusal.

To begin with: Feeling and I turned Reason out of doors, drew against her bar and bolt, then we sat down, spread our paper, dipped in the ink an eager pen, and, with deep enjoyment, poured out our sincere heart. When we had done—when two sheets were covered with the language of a strongly-adherent affection, a rooted and active gratitude—(once, for all, in this parenthesis, I disclaim, with the utmost scorn, every sneaking suspicion of what are called "warmer feelings:" women do not entertain these "warmer feelings" where, from the commencement, through the whole progress of an acquaintance, they have never once been cheated of the conviction that, to do so would be to commit a mortal absurdity: nobody ever launches into Love unless he has seen or dreamed the rising of Hope's star over Love's troubled waters)—when, then, I had given expression to a closely-clinging and deeply-honouring attachment—an attachment that wanted to attract to itself and take to its own lot all that was painful in the destiny of its object; that would, if it could, have absorbed and conducted away all storms and lightnings from an existence viewed with a passion of solicitude—then, just at that moment, the doors of my heart would shake, bolt and bar would yield, Reason would leap in, vigorous and revengeful, snatch the full sheets, read, sneer, erase, tear up, re-write, fold, seal, direct, and send a terse, curt missive of a page. She did right.

I did not live on letters only: I was visited, I was looked after; once a week I was taken out to La Terrasse; always I was made much of. Dr. Bretton failed not to tell me *why* he was so kind: "To keep away the nun," he said; "he was determined to dispute with her her prey. He had taken," he declared, "a thorough dislike to her, chiefly on account of that white face-cloth, and those cold grey eyes: the moment he heard of those odious particulars," he affirmed, "consummate disgust had incited him to oppose her; he was determined to try whether he or she was the cleverest, and he only wished she would once more look in upon me when he was present:" but *that* she never did. In short, he regarded me scientifically in the light of a patient, and at once exercised his professional skill, and gratified his natural benevolence, by a course of cordial and attentive treatment.

One evening, the first in December, I was walking by myself in the carré; it was six o'clock; the classe-doors were closed; but within, the pupils, rampant in the license of evening recreation, were counterfeiting a miniature chaos. The carré was quite dark, except a red light shining under and about the stove; the wide glass-doors and the long windows were frosted over; a crystal sparkle of starlight, here and there spangling this blanched winter veil, and breaking with scattered brilliants the paleness of its embroidery, proved it a clear night, though moonless. That I should dare to remain thus alone in darkness, showed that my nerves were regaining a healthy tone: I thought of the nun, but hardly feared her; though the staircase was behind me, leading up, through blind, black night, from landing to landing, to the haunted grenier. Yet I own my heart quaked, my pulse leaped, when I suddenly heard breathing and rustling, and turning, saw in the deep shadow of the steps a deeper shadow still—a shape that

moved and descended. It paused a while at the classe-door, and then it glided before me. Simultaneously came a clangor of the distant door-bell. Life-like sounds bring life-like feelings: this shape was too round and low for my gaunt nun: it was only Madame Beck on duty.