UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
Faculty of Arts and Science

DECEMBER 2010 EXAMINATIONS

EN323H1F

Duration: 3 hours

No Aids Allowed

Instructions

This exam is constituted of two parts. You must answer **one** question from Part 1 and **two** questions from Part 2.

Part 1 requires you to analyze a short passage from one of the texts you have studied. You may select from four possible passages.

Part 2 contains a number of questions, of which you must answer two. Over these two answers you must refer to **at least four texts**, **one of which must be Maria Edgeworth's *Belinda***.

Your answers in Part 2 should avoid significant thematic overlaps with the essays you have submitted for this course.

Your three answers are equally weighted.

PART 1

Analyze <u>ONE</u> of the following passages.

Your answer should pay close attention to issues of style and technique, and also relate the passage to the themes and ideas explored in the work as a whole.

1.

Elizabeth, as they drove along, watched for the first appearance of Pemberley Woods with some perturbation; and when at length they turned in at the lodge, her spirits were in a high flutter.

The park was very large, and contained great variety of ground. They entered it in one of its lowest points, and drove for some time through a beautiful wood stretching over a wide extent.

Elizabeth's mind was too full for conversation, but she saw and admired every remarkable spot and point of view. They gradually ascended for half-a-mile, and then found themselves at the top of a considerable eminence, where the wood ceased, and the eye was instantly caught by Pemberley House, situated on the opposite side of a valley, into which the road with some abruptness wound. It was a large, handsome stone building, standing well on rising ground, and backed by a ridge of high woody hills; and in front, a stream of some natural importance was swelled into greater, but without any artificial appearance. Its banks were neither formal nor falsely adorned. Elizabeth was delighted. She had never seen a place for which nature had done more, or where natural beauty had been so little counteracted by an awkward taste. They were all of them warm in their admiration; and at that moment she felt that to be mistress of Pemberley might be something!

They descended the hill, crossed the bridge, and drove to the door; and, while examining the nearer aspect of the house, all her apprehension of meeting its owner returned. She dreaded lest the chambermaid had been mistaken. On applying to see the place, they were admitted into the hall; and Elizabeth, as they waited for the housekeeper, had leisure to wonder at her being where she was.

The housekeeper came; a respectable-looking elderly woman, much less fine, and more civil, than she had any notion of finding her. They followed her into the dining-parlour. It was a large, well proportioned room, handsomely fitted up. Elizabeth, after slightly surveying it, went to a window to enjoy its prospect. The hill, crowned with wood, which they had descended, receiving increased abruptness from the distance, was a beautiful object. Every disposition of the ground was good; and she looked on the whole scene, the river, the trees scattered on its banks and the winding of the valley, as far as she could trace it, with delight. As they passed into other rooms these objects were taking different positions; but from every window there were beauties to be seen. The rooms were lofty and handsome, and their furniture suitable to the fortune of its proprietor; but Elizabeth saw, with admiration of his taste, that it was neither gaudy nor uselessly fine; with less of splendour, and more real elegance, than the furniture of Rosings.

"And of this place," thought she, "I might have been mistress! With these rooms I might now have been familiarly acquainted! Instead of viewing them as a stranger, I might have rejoiced in them as my own, and welcomed to them as visitors my uncle and aunt. But no,"—recollecting herself—"that could never be; my uncle and aunt would have been lost to me; I should not have been allowed to invite them."

This was a lucky recollection—it saved her from something very like regret.

(Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice*, Vol. 3, Ch. 1)

2.

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The Captain having given some directions to the servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to show me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries; but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forebore exclaiming against the cruelty of the Captain for thus wantonly ill-treating her; and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually tore the ground with her hands.

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot; but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was, therefore, obliged to apply to the footman; but, being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation. I desired him to lend me a knife: I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled; and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread: and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that, for some time, I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation, and real suffering, soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her, that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow of her ill-usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased; and I again intreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her, that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of our ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder, that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of her master, hold her in derision: however the disgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almost quite dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure, I never before saw her. Her head-dress had fallen off, her linen was torn, her negligee had not a pin left in it, her petticoats she was obliged to hold on, and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible; for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite *pasted* on her skin by her tears, which, with her *rouge*, made so frightful a mixture, that she hardly looked human.

(Frances Burney, *Evelina*, Vol. 2, Letter 2)

3.

Sir William. The ancients, I believe, were very affectionate to their wives.

Lord Priory. And they had reason to be so; for their wives obeyed them. The ancients seldom gave them the liberty to do wrong: but modern wives do as they like.

Mr. Norberry. And don't you suffer Lady Priory to do as she likes?

Lord Priory. Yes, when it is what I like too. But never, never else.

Sir William. Does not this draw upon you the character of an unkind husband?

Lord Priory. That I am proud of. Did you never observe, that seldom a breach of fidelity in a wife is exposed, where the unfortunate husband is not said to be "the best creature in the world! Poor man, so good-natured!—Doatingly fond of his wife!— Indulged her in every thing!—How cruel in her to serve him so!" Now, if I am served so, it shall not be for my good-nature.

Mr. Norberry. But I hope you equally disapprove of every severity.

Lord Priory. [rapidly] What do you mean by severity?

Mr. Norberry. You know you used to be rather violent in your temper.

Lord Priory. So I am still—apt to be hasty and passionate—but that is rather of advantage to me as a husband—it causes me to be obeyed without hesitation—no liberty for contention, tears, or repining. I ensure conjugal sunshine, by now and then introducing a storm; while some husbands never see any thing but a cloudy sky, and all for the want of a little domestic thunder to clear away the vapours.

Sir William. I have long conceived indulgence to be the bane of female happiness.

Lord Priory. And so it is.—I know several women of fashion, who will visit six places of different amusement on the same night, have company at home besides, and yet, for want of something more, they'll be out of spirits: my wife never goes to a public place, has scarce ever company at home, and yet is always in spirits.

Sir William. Never visits operas, or balls, or routs?

Lord Priory. How should she? She goes to bed every night exactly at ten.

Mr. Norberry. In the name of wonder, how have you been able to bring her to that?

Lord Priory. By making her rise every morning at five.

Mr. Norberry. And so she becomes tired before night.

Lord Priory. Tired to death. Or, if I see her eyes completely open at bed-time, and she asks me to play one game more at picquet, the next morning I jog her elbow at half after four.

Mr. Norberry. But suppose she does not reply to the signal?

Lord Priory. Then I turn the key of the door when I leave the chamber; and there I find her when I return in the evening.

Sir William. And without her having seen a creature all day?

Lord Priory. That is in my favour; for not having seen a single soul, she is rejoiced even to see me.

Mr. Norberry. And will she speak to you after such usage?

Lord Priory. If you only considered how much a woman longs to speak after being kept a whole day silent, you would not ask that question.

Mr. Norberry. Well! this is the most surprising method!

Lord Priory. Not at all. In ancient days, when manners were simple and pure, did not wives wait at the table of their husbands? and did not angels witness the subordination? I have taught Lady Priory to practise the same humble docile obedience—to pay respect to her husband in every shape and every form—no careless inattention to me—no smiling politeness to others in preference to me—no putting me up in a corner—in all assemblies, she considers her husband as the first person.

(Elizabeth Inchbald, *Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are*, Act 1, Scene 1)

4.

"Then poor Yates is all alone," cried Tom. "I will go and fetch him. He will be no bad assistant when it all comes out."

To the theatre he went, and reached it just in time to witness the first meeting of his father and his friend. Sir Thomas had been a good deal surprised to find candles burning in his room; and on casting his eye round it, to see other symptoms of recent habitation and a general air of confusion in the furniture. The removal of the bookcase from before the billiard-room door struck him especially, but he had scarcely more than time to feel astonished at all this, before there were sounds from the billiard-room to astonish him still farther. Some one was talking there in a very loud accent; he did not know the voice—*more* than talking—almost hallooing. He stepped to the door, rejoicing at that moment in having the means of immediate communication, and, opening it, found himself on the stage of a theatre, and opposed to a ranting young man, who appeared likely to knock him down backwards. At the very moment of Yates perceiving Sir Thomas, and giving perhaps the very best start he had ever given in the whole course of his rehearsals, Tom Bertram entered at the other end of the room; and never had he found greater difficulty in keeping his countenance. His father's looks of solemnity and amazement on this his first appearance on any stage, and the gradual metamorphosis of the impassioned Baron Wildenheim into the well-bred and easy Mr. Yates, making his bow and apology to Sir Thomas Bertram, was such an exhibition, such a piece of true acting, as he would not have lost upon any account. It would be the last—in all probability—the last scene on that stage; but he was sure there could not be a finer. The house would close with the greatest eclat.

There was little time, however, for the indulgence of any images of merriment. It was necessary for him to step forward, too, and assist the introduction, and with many awkward sensations he did his best. Sir Thomas received Mr. Yates with all the appearance of cordiality which was due to his own character, but was really as far from pleased with the necessity of the acquaintance as with the manner of its commencement. Mr. Yates's family and connexions were sufficiently known to him to render his introduction as the "particular friend," another of the hundred particular friends of his son, exceedingly unwelcome; and it needed all the felicity of being again at home, and all the forbearance it could supply, to save Sir Thomas from anger on finding himself thus bewildered in his own house, making part of a ridiculous exhibition in the midst of theatrical nonsense, and forced in so untoward a moment to admit the acquaintance of a young man whom he felt sure of disapproving, and whose easy indifference and volubility in the course of the first five minutes seemed to mark him the most at home of the two.

Tom understood his father's thoughts, and heartily wishing he might be always as well disposed to give them but partial expression, began to see, more clearly than he had ever done before, that there might be some ground of offence, that there might be some reason for the glance his father gave towards the ceiling and stucco of the room; and that when he inquired with mild gravity after the fate of the billiard-table, he was not proceeding beyond a very allowable curiosity. A few minutes were enough for such unsatisfactory sensations on each side; and Sir Thomas having exerted himself so far as to speak a few words of calm approbation in reply to an eager appeal of Mr. Yates, as to the happiness of the arrangement, the three gentlemen returned to the drawing-room together, Sir Thomas with an increase of gravity which was not lost on all.

(Jane Austen, *Mansfield Park*, Vol. 2, Ch. 1)

PART 2

Answer <u>TWO</u> questions.

Across your two answers you must refer to at <u>least four texts</u>, one of which must be Maria Edgeworth's *Belinda*.

Your answers should avoid significant thematic overlaps with the essays you have submitted for this course.

5. How do women writers of Austen's period engage with or contest the politics of sensibility?

6. Write an essay about the social, political, imperial, and/or sexual dynamics of space in the texts you have studied.

7. 'Jane Austen's plots express a typical conservative middle-class ethic of the day' (Marilyn Butler). Do you agree with this statement?

8. Is the form of the *bildungsroman* especially suited to writing about the female condition in Austen's period? If so, why?

9. 'It is a truth universally acknowledged that Jane Austen chose to ignore the decisive historical events of her time' (Raymond Williams). Discuss.

10. 'The times in which we live are in no danger of adopting a system of romantic virtue' (James Fordyce). Are the works of Austen and/or her contemporaries finally escapist?

11. 'Every family might also be called a state' (Mary Wollstonecraft). How, and to extent, do women writers of Austen's period politicize the family?

12. Many women novelists of the Georgian period are drawn to writing about theatrical performance, public or private. Write an essay in which you compare the depiction of the theatre in two or more of the novels you have studied.

13. To what extent do women writers of Austen's period write novels that seek to redefine 'the novel'?

14. Write an essay examining the depiction and exploration of 'otherness' in two or more of the texts you have studied.

15. 'Patrilineal ideology is at the centre of female suffering and vulnerability in the early nineteenth century'. Is this statement borne out by women's literature of the period?

16. Write an essay about the depiction of illness in two or more of the texts you have studied.