

A Tale of Two Cities

Directions: This part consists of selections from *A Tale of Two Cities* and questions on their content, form, and style. After reading each passage, choose the best answer to each question.

Note: Pay particular attention to the requirement of questions that contain the words NOT, LEAST, and EXCEPT.

Passage 1, Questions 1-9. Read the following passage from Book I, Chapter 1 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "The Period," carefully before you choose your answers.

5 It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way--in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

15 There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

20 It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster.

25 Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

30 France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and

45 trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any 65 suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

70 In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three

35 dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition:" after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on

90 Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded

95 with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers

100 fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of

105 miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; to-

110 day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year

115 one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their

120 divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures--the creatures of this chronicle among the rest--along the roads that lay before them.

1. The first paragraph contains examples of all of the following EXCEPT
 - (A) paradox
 - (B) euphemism
 - (C) anaphora
 - (D) antithesis
 - (E) personification

2. In the second paragraph, the narrator points out the complacency of
 - (A) English royalty
 - (B) French royalty
 - (C) the common people
 - (D) those with economic power
 - (E) merchants and fishermen

3. The narrator's attitude toward the religious establishment could best be described as
 - (A) respectful
 - (B) derisive
 - (C) resigned
 - (D) compassionate
 - (E) ambivalent

4. The personification of Fate and Death serves to
 - I. show the inevitability of a revolution
 - II. remove all responsibility from the common people
 - III. highlight the magnitude of coming events
 - (A) I only
 - (B) II only
 - (C) I and II only
 - (D) I and III only
 - (E) I, II, and III

5. Lines 69-71 are best interpreted to mean that
 - (A) a belief in Fate or Death was dangerous
 - (B) the clergy made sure that the people remained ignorant
 - (C) the people dared not acknowledge the signs of coming unrest
 - (D) the people feared that Death and Fate would harm them
 - (E) those who spoke up were assumed to be allied with England

6. The sentence which begins in line 72 contains an example of the rhetorical device of
- (A) litotes
 - (B) chiasmus
 - (C) hyperbole
 - (D) metaphor
 - (E) antithesis
7. The structure of the paragraph which begins in line 72 is that of
- (A) a hypothesis followed by commentary
 - (B) a proposal followed by discussion
 - (C) an assertion followed by evidence
 - (D) anecdotes followed by explanations
 - (E) a boast followed by justification
8. From lines 102-112, it is apparent that the legal establishment in England
- (A) routinely executed innocent people
 - (B) showed a marked lack of discrimination
 - (C) was the sole voice of reason in the country
 - (D) provided due process for the accused
 - (E) considered murder to be the most serious offense
9. In the last paragraph, the events which "came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five" are NOT attributed to
- (A) the year itself
 - (B) Fate
 - (C) Death
 - (D) royalty
 - (E) the common people

Passage 2, Questions 10-17. Read the following passage from Book I, Chapter 5 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "The Wine-Shop," carefully before you choose your answers.

A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; other devoted themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices--voices of men, women, and children--resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern

by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the firewood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot-ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a night-cap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-lees--- BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy--cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence--nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and

100 ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up
afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent
everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall
houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon
poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them
with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger
105 was repeated in every fragment of the small
modicum of firewood that the man sawed off;
Hunger stared down from the smokeless
chimneys, and started up from the filthy street
that had no offal, among its refuse, of anything to
110 eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's
shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty
stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every
dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale.
Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting
115 chestnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shred
into atomies in every farthing porringer of husky
chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of
oil.

Its abiding place was in all things fitted to it.

120 A narrow winding street, full of offence and
stench, with other narrow winding streets
diverging, all peopled by rags and nightcaps, and
all smelling of rags and nightcaps, and all visible
things with a brooding look upon them that
125 looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there
was yet some wild-beast thought of the
possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and
slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not
wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white
130 with what they suppressed: nor foreheads knitted
into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused
about enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs
(and they were almost as many as the shops)
were, all, grim illustrations of Want. The
135 butcher and the porkman painted up, only the
leanest scraggs of meat; the baker, the coarsest of
meagre loaves. The people rudely pictured as
drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their
scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were
140 gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was
represented in a flourishing condition, save tools
and weapons; but, the cutler's knives and axes
were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were
heavy, and the gunmaker's stock was murderous.

145 The crippling stones of the pavement, with their
many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no
footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors.
The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle
of the street--when it ran at all: which was only
150 after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many
eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets,
at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by

a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamplighter
had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them
155 again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a
sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea.
Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew
were in peril of tempest.

For, the time was to come, when the gaunt
160 scarecrows of that region should have watched the
lamplighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long,
as to conceive the idea of improving on his
method, and hauling up men by those ropes and
pulleys, to flare upon the darkness of their
165 condition. But, the time was not come yet; and
every wind that blew over France shook the rags
of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, fine of
song and feather, took no warning.

10. Which of the following contributes LEAST to the depiction of the people's plight?
- (A) "which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths" (lines 22-23)
 - (B) "champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish" (lines 29-30)
 - (C) "so much mud got taken up along with it" (lines 32-33)
 - (D) "There was a special companionship in it" (lines 41-42)
 - (E) "were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers" (lines 49-50)
11. The details in lines 51-62 combine to create a tone of
- (A) sentimentality
 - (B) objectivity
 - (C) pathos
 - (D) bitterness
 - (E) anger
12. The sentence which begins in line 79 presents an example of
- I. foreshadowing
 - II. analogy
 - III. alliteration
- (A) I only
 - (B) II only
 - (C) I and II only
 - (D) I and III only
 - (E) I, II, and III

13. Which of the following best describes the words “cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want” as they are used in lines 85-86?
- (A) exaggerations of the problems the people faced daily
 - (B) personifications of the predominant conditions in the suburb
 - (C) allusions to the members of the French upper classes
 - (D) allegorical symbols of the people’s difficulties
 - (E) foreshadowing of the conditions which will soon pervade France
14. The shift in syntax which occurs in the sentence which begins in line 100 serves primarily to
- (A) emphasize the extreme significance of Hunger
 - (B) signal a transition in subject matter
 - (C) break the monotony of the paragraph for the reader
 - (D) demonstrate the author’s versatility of style
 - (E) make the narrator appear to be an impartial observer
15. As it is used in line 129, “wanting” is best understood to mean
- (A) desiring
 - (B) requested
 - (C) lacking
 - (D) tolerated
 - (E) evident
16. In the last sentence, the reference to scarecrows and birds is
- (A) ironic
 - (B) sarcastic
 - (C) aphoristic
 - (D) didactic
 - (E) symbolic
17. In this passage, which of the following is (are) personified?
- I. wine
 - II. the suburb
 - III. hunger
- (A) I only
 - (B) III only
 - (C) I and II only
 - (D) II and III only
 - (E) I, II, and III

Passage 4, Questions 24-32. Read the following passage from Book II, Chapter 7 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "Monseigneur in Town," carefully before you choose your answers.

Monseigneur, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his inner room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshippers in the suite of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but, his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur, without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four a-blaze with gorgeous decoration, and the Chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second, milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument he bore for that function; a third, presented the favoured napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches), poured the chocolate out. It was impossible for Monseigneur to dispense with these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly waited on by only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur, that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets, than the needs of all France. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favoured!--always was for England (by way of example), in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who sold it.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was, to let everything go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way--tend to his

own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (altered from the original by only a pronoun, which is not much) ran: "The earth and the fulness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur."

.....
 Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Everybody was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palace of the Tuileries, through Monseigneur and the whole Court, through the Chambers, the Tribunals of Justice, and all society (except the scarecrows), the Fancy Ball descended to the common Executioner: who, in persuance of the charm, was required to officiate "frizzled, powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings." At the gallows and the wheel--the axe was a rarity--Monsieur Paris, as it was the episcopal mode among his brother Professors of the provinces, Monsieur Orleans, and the rest, to call him, presided in this dainty dress. And who among the company at Monsieur's reception in that seventeen hundred and eightieth year of our Lord, could possibly doubt, that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman, powdered, gold-laced, pumped, and white-silk stockinged, would see the very stars out!

Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. Then, what submission, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down in body and spirit, nothing in that way was left for Heaven--which may have been one among other reasons why the worshippers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy slave and a wave of the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There, Monseigneur turned and came back again, and so in due course of time got himself shut up in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

20. The effect of "Yes" in line 14 is to
18
- (A) emphasize the great eminence of Monseigneur
 - (B) assure the reader that the account is historically accurate
 - (C) reinforce the satirical tone of the passage by confirming an absurdity
 - (D) answer a question implied in the previous paragraph
 - (E) convey approval for a respected member of society

27. The tone of lines 28-31 could best be described as
19
- (A) ominous
 - (B) mock-serious
 - (C) awed
 - (D) indignant
 - (E) rueful

28. Which of these lines does NOT contain sarcasm?
20
- (A) lines 15-18
 - (B) lines 21-22
 - (C) lines 34-36
 - (D) lines 45-47
 - (E) lines 53-56

29. The incessant repetition of "Monseigneur" serves to highlight the Monseigneur's
21
- (A) elevated position
 - (B) French nationality
 - (C) awareness of his duties
 - (D) marital status
 - (E) self-importance

30. Which of the following LEAST conveys the hypocrisy regarding the Executioner?
22
- (A) "of the charm" (line 66)
 - (B) "was required" (line 67)
 - (C) "Monsieur Paris" (line 70)
 - (D) "brother Professors" (line 71)
 - (E) "presided in this dainty dress" (line 73)

31. The phrase "would see the stars out" (lines 78-79) could best be restated as
23
- (A) would outshine other countries
 - (B) would attract many luminaries
 - (C) would last until the next morning
 - (D) would go on forever
 - (E) would eventually execute the nobles

32. The narrator's attitude toward Monseigneur is revealed through the use of
24
- I. references to other authorities on the period
 - II. concrete physical descriptions
 - III. diction with religious connotations
- (A) I only
 - (B) III only
 - (C) I and II only
 - (D) II and III only
 - (E) I, II, and III

Passage 7, Questions ~~48-54~~. Read the following passage from Book II, Chapter 21 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "Echoing Footsteps," carefully before you choose your answers.

A wonderful corner for echoes, it has been remarked, that corner where the Doctor lived. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directress and companion, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first, there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands, and her eyes would be dimmed. For, there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts---hope, of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts, of her remaining upon earth, to enjoy that new delight---divided her breast. Among the echoes then, there would arise the sound of footsteps at her own early grave; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, swelled to her eyes, and broke like waves.

That time passed, and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then, among the advancing echoes, there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she has confided hers, seemed to take her child in His arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making it predominate nowhere, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds. Her husband's step was strong and prosperous among them; her father's firm and equal. Lo, Miss Pross, in harness of string, awakening the echoes, as an unruly charger, whip-corrected, snorting and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest, they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little

50 boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go!" those were not tears all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek, as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Suffer them and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father, blessed words!

Thus, the rustling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them that breath of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over a little garden-tomb were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur---like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore---as the little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in uninvited, and would sit among them through the evening, as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man every really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind, when she was a wife and a mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him---an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case, no echoes tell; but it is so, and it was so here. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie held out her chubby arms, and he kept his place with her as she grew. The little boy had spoken of him, almost at the last. "Poor Carton! Kiss him for me!"

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law, like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favoured is usually in a rough plight, and mostly under water, so, Sydney had a swamped life of it. But, easy and strong custom, unhappily so much easier and stronger in him than any stimulating

0 sense of desert or disgrace, made it the life he was to lead; and he no more thought of emerging from his state of lion's jackal, than any real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion.

105 Stryver was rich; had married a florid widow with property and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

110 These three young gentlemen, Mr. Stryver, exuding patronage of the most offensive quality from every pore, had walked before him like three sheep to the quiet corner in Soho, and had offered as pupils to Lucie's husband: delicately saying, "Halloa! here are three lumps of bread-and-cheese towards your matrimonial picnic, Darnay!" The polite rejection of the three lumps of bread-and-cheese had quite bloated Mr. Stryver with indignation, which he afterwards turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen, by directing them to beware the pride of Beggars, like that tutor-fellow. He was in the habit of

120 declaiming to Mrs. Stryver, over his full-bodied wine, on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to "catch" him, and on the diamond-cut-diamond arts in himself, madam, which had rendered him "not to be caught." Some of his 5 King's Bench familiars, who were occasionally parties to the full-bodied wine and the lie, excused him for the latter by saying that he had told it so often, that he believed it himself--which is surely such an incorrigible aggravation of an originally bad offence, as to justify any such offender's 130 being carried off to some suitably retired spot, and there hanged out of the way.

48. Lines 15-23 present an example of

25

- (A) hyperbole
- (B) bathos
- (C) the pathetic fallacy
- (D) foreshadowing
- (E) symbolism

45. The fifth and sixth paragraphs (lines 46-69) contain examples of all of the following EXCEPT

26

- (A) litotes
- (B) alliteration
- (C) personification
- (D) allusion
- (E) onomatopoeia

50. The structure of the paragraph which begins in line 79 is that of

27

- (A) a hypothesis followed by possible proof
- (B) an aphorism followed by several anecdotes
- (C) a truism followed by unrelated incidents
- (D) a categorical assertion followed by illustrations
- (E) a common banality followed by evidence

51. As it is used in line 97, "custom" is best understood to mean

28

- (A) traditions
- (B) habit
- (C) payment
- (D) income
- (E) patronage

52. The motif of "echoes" serves to

29

- I. provide information about various characters
- II. illustrate the passage of time
- III. join literal and figurative footsteps

- (A) I only
- (B) II only
- (C) I and II only
- (D) II and III only
- (E) I, II, and III

53. Mr. Stryver describes his stepsons as "lumps of bread-and-cheese" most likely because they

30

- (A) are not very intelligent
- (B) have light golden hair
- (C) can provide income for Darnay
- (D) have brought property to Mr. Stryver
- (E) are extremely quiet and passive

Passage 9, Questions 6-9. Read the following passage from Book III, Chapter 2 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "The Grindstone," carefully before you choose your answers.

The grindstone had a double handle, and, turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, as their long hair flapped back when the whirlings of the grindstone brought their faces up, were
5 more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false moustaches were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling,
10 and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some women held wine to their
15 mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one
20 creature in the group free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone, were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon
25 those rags; men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with the stain dyeing those trifles through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. some of the
30 hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them, with strips of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various in kind, but all deep of the one colour. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the
35 stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes;-- eyes which any unbrutalised beholder would have given twenty years to life, to petrify with a well-directed gun.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy
40 face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words, glancing fearfully round at the locked room, "murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think
50 you have---as I believe you have---make yourself

known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

55 Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the courtyard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried
60 him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line of
65 twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of--- "Live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner
70 Evrémone at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted
75 by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but, it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night
80 knew.

Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the
85 pillow beside her pretty charge. O the long, long night, with the moans of the poor wife! And O the long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings!

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered. "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr.
90 Lorry. "The place is national property now, and used as a kind of armoury, my love."
95

Twice more in all; but, the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out
100 again. A man, so besmeared that he might have

been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly, this worn-out murderer descried in the imperfect light one of the carriages of Monseigneur, and, staggering to that gorgeous vehicle, climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions.

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the court-yard. But, the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

31 The images in the first paragraph combine to present a picture of men who are all of the following EXCEPT

- (A) animalistic
- (B) uncivilized
- (C) boastful
- (D) demonic
- (E) brutal

32 The men most likely "tore away into the streets" (line 35) because they

- (A) were afraid of being apprehended
- (B) wanted to incite their fellow rioters
- (C) knew there were other grindstones available
- (D) did not know what they were doing
- (E) were anxious to commit further violence

33 The name of the prison, "La Force," is best understood to be

- (A) ironic
- (B) allegorical
- (C) symbolic
- (D) satirical
- (E) tongue-in-cheek

34 The paragraph which begins in line 81 is characterized primarily by

- (A) pathos
- (B) apostrophe
- (C) hyperbole
- (D) alliteration
- (E) symbolism

35 Mr. Lorry's words to Lucie in lines 92-95 are

- (A) condescending
- (B) euphemistic
- (C) dismissive
- (D) hyperbolic
- (E) metaphorical

36 The words "gorgeous" (line 107) and "dainty" (line 109) emphasize the

- (A) man's audacity in entering the carriage
- (B) author's commitment to historical accuracy
- (C) tendency of a criminal to progress from one offense to another
- (D) economic disparity which led to the violence described
- (E) difference in character between the aristocracy and the common people

37 The analogy in the last paragraph draws a comparison between the

- (A) mythological and the actual
- (B) abstract and the concrete
- (C) metaphorical and the literal
- (D) actual and the imagined
- (E) traditional and the contemporary

38 As it is used in this passage, the color red could be described as a

- I. motif
- II. symbol
- III. simile

- (A) I only
- (B) II only
- (C) I and II only
- (D) I and III only
- (E) II and III only

Passage 11, Questions 72-84 Read the following passage from Book III, Chapter 13 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "Fifty-two," carefully before you choose your answers.

In the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the Tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him, that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face of his beloved wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there; and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his heart, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But, all this was at first. Before long, the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers went the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones, depended on his quiet fortitude. So, by degrees he calmed into the

50 better state, when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it had set in dark on the night of his condemnation, he had travelled thus far on his last way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment, until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery, until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished, was the one condition---fully intelligible now---that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her

60 father's sake, never to seek to know whether her father had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good), by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear old plane-tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastille, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the populace had

70 discovered there, and which had been described to all the world. He besought her---though he added that he knew it was needless---to console her father, by impressing him through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in Heaven, to comfort her father.

80 To her father himself, he wrote in the same strain; but, he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous retrospect towards which he foresaw he might be tending.

85

90

95

To Mr. Lorry, he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He never thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others, that he never once thought of him.

105 He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed, he thought he had done with this world.

110 But, it beckoned him back in his sleep, and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho (though it had nothing in it like the real house), unaccountably released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him it was all a dream, and he
115 had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, dead and at peace, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the sombre morning, unconscious
120 where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "this is the day of my death!"

39 36. From the first paragraph, it can be inferred that approximately fifty-two prisoners were executed

- (A) weekly
- (B) yearly
- (C) daily
- (D) twice daily
- (E) every other day

40 37. The meaning of the sentence which begins in line 14 would be made more explicit if "and" in line 16 were replaced by

- (A) therefore
- (B) also
- (C) likewise
- (D) and then
- (E) and worse

41 38. The word "units" (line 27) is best understood to mean

- (A) wealth
- (B) individuals
- (C) the military
- (D) bribes
- (E) numbers

42 39. The antecedent for "it" in line 40 is

- (A) "heart" (line 37)
- (B) "resignation" (line 38)
- (C) "wife" (line 39)
- (D) "child" (line 39)
- (E) "protest" (line 40)

43 40. Darnay attempts to keep Dr. Manette from becoming despondent by making the doctor feel

- (A) angry about Darnay's imprisonment
- (B) proud of Darnay's bravery
- (C) hopeful that Darnay might escape death
- (D) glad that he will have Lucie to himself
- (E) responsible for Lucie and her child

44 41. Darnay most likely "never thought of Carton" (lines 102-103) because Darnay

- I. has a relative lack of concern for Carton
- II. is jealous of Carton's friendship with Lucie
- III. dislikes and disapproves of Carton

- (A) I only
- (B) II only
- (C) I and II only
- (D) II and III only
- (E) I, II, and III

45 42. Darnay's dream (lines 110-118) could best be described as

- (A) maudlin
- (B) incoherent
- (C) insignificant
- (D) poignant
- (E) ecstatic

Passage 12, Questions 8-14. Read the following passage from Book III, Chapter 15 of *A Tale of Two Cities*, "The Footsteps Die Out for Ever," carefully before you choose your answers.

Along the Paris streets, the death-carts
 rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the
 day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring
 and insatiate Monsters imagined since
 5 imagination could record itself, are fused in the
 one realisation, Guillotine. And yet there is not
 in France, with its rich variety of soil and
 climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a
 peppercom, which will grow to maturity under
 10 conditions more certain than those that have
 produced this horror. Crush humanity out of
 shape once more, under similar hammers, and it
 will twist itself into the same tortured forms.
 Sow the same seed of rapacious licence and
 15 oppression over again, and it will surely yield the
 same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change
 these back again to what they were, thou
 powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen
 20 to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the
 equipages of feudal nobles, the toilettes of flaring
 Jezebels, the churches that are not my father's
 house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of
 starving peasants! No; the great magician who
 25 majestically works out the appointed order of the
 Creator, never reverses his transformations. "If
 thou be changed into this shape by the will of
 God," say the seers to the enchanted, in the wise
 Arabian stories, "then remain so! But, if thou
 30 wear this form through mere passing conjuration,
 then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and
 hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

.....
 They said of him, about the city that night,
 35 that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld
 there. Many added that he looked sublime and
 prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the
 same axe---a woman---had asked at the foot of the
 40 same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to
 write down the thoughts that were inspiring her.
 If he had given an utterance to his, and they were
 prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The
 45 Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of
 the new oppressors who have risen on the
 destruction of the old, perishing by this
 retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of
 its present use. I see a beautiful city and a

50 brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in
 their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs
 and defeats, through long years to come, I see the
 evil of this time and of the previous time of
 which this is the natural birth, gradually making
 55 expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life,
 peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy, in that
 England which I shall see no more. I see Her
 with a child upon her bosom, who bears my
 60 name. I see her father, aged and bent, but
 otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his
 healing office, and at peace. I see the good old
 man, so long their friend, in ten years' time
 enriching them with all he has, and passing
 65 tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts,
 and in the hearts of their descendants, generations
 hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me
 on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her
 70 husband, their course done, lying side by side in
 their last earthly bed, and I know that each was
 not more honoured and held sacred in the other's
 soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and
 75 who bore my name, a man winning his way up
 in that path of life which once was mine. I see
 him winning it so well, that my name is made
 illustrious there by the light of his. I see the
 blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him,
 80 foremost of just judges and honoured men,
 bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I
 know and golden hair, to this place---then fair to
 look upon, with not a trace of this day's
 disfigurement---and I hear him tell the child my
 85 story, with a tender and faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing I do, than I have
 ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to
 than I have ever known."

85. The phrase "the day's wine" (lines 2-3) is
 46 an example of all of the following EXCEPT

- (A) synecdoche
- (B) foreshadowing
- (C) metaphor
- (D) allegory
- (E) euphemism

47. Lines 6-16 primarily emphasize the Guillotine's
- (A) violence
 - (B) inevitability
 - (C) power
 - (D) barbarity
 - (E) prevalence
48. The content of the first paragraph reflects the truth of which saying?
- (A) One bad apple spoils the whole barrel.
 - (B) The acorn never falls far from the tree.
 - (C) You reap what you sow.
 - (D) There is nothing new under the sun.
 - (E) For everything there is a season.
49. In context, the sentence which begins in line 31 implies that the change which has occurred in France was
- (A) due to petty grievances
 - (B) partly the will of God
 - (C) a passing anomaly
 - (D) similar to changes in Arabian lands
 - (E) magical and inexplicable
50. In lines 42-43, "and they were prophetic" reflects the viewpoint of
- (A) the narrator
 - (B) the spectators
 - (C) Sydney Carton
 - (D) those listed in lines 44-45
 - (E) future generations

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Question 2

(Suggested time--40 minutes)

Note to teachers and students: On the English Literature and Composition Exam, students are given an open free-response question and a list of possible works from which to choose in answering the question. For the purposes of applied practice in class, the question given here was written with *A Tale of Two Cities* in mind. However, the question could be applied to numerous literary works. It is important for students to understand that, on the actual exam, a student's choice would not be restricted to a given work.

In literature, some characters are clearly heroic or villainous. Other characters, however, are more ambiguous, displaying a mixture of positive and negative qualities. In a well-organized essay, consider two or three such characters in *A Tale of Two Cities*, explain what makes them ambiguous, and discuss how this ambiguity contributes to one or more of the novel's themes.