**Bangor University**

**School of English Literature**

**Scholarship Exam Paper 2020**

**Time Allowed: 2 hours**

**You must answer two questions.**

**Answer one question from Section A and one question from Section B.**

**Section A**

**Write a close critical analysis on one of the following prose extracts. Remember you are NOT being asked to summarise the extract.**

**Extract One: *Humphry Clinker***

To Mrs JERMYN at her house in Gloucester.

DEAR MADAM,

Having no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to disburden my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever since I was put under your care. Indeed, and indeed, my worthy governess may believe me, when I assure her, that I never harboured a thought that was otherwise than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I shall never behave so as to cast a reflection on the care you have taken in my education. I confess I have given just cause of offence by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have listened to what the young man said; and it was my duty to have told you all that passed, but I was ashamed to mention it; and then he behaved so modest and respectful, and seemed to be so melancholy and timorous, that I could not find in my heart to do anything that should make him miserable and desperate. As for familiarities, I do declare, I never once allowed him the favour of a: salute; and as to the few letters that passed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour. -- I am still persuaded that he is not what he appears to be: but time will discover -- mean while I will endeavour to forget a connexion, which is so displeasing to my family. I have cried without ceasing, and have not tasted anything but tea, since I was hurried away from you; nor did I once close my eyes for three nights running. -- My aunt continues to
chide me severely when we are by ourselves; but I hope to soften her in time, by humility and submission. -- My uncle, who was so dreadfully passionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and distress; and is now all tenderness and compassion; and my brother is reconciled to me on my promise to break off all correspondence with that unfortunate youth; but, notwithstanding all their indulgence, I shall have no peace of mind till I know my dear and ever honoured governess has forgiven her poor,
disconsolate, forlorn,

Affectionate humble servant, till death,
LYDIA MELFORD CLIFTON, April 6.

To Dr LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

… My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am surrounded with domestic vexations. My niece has had a dangerous fit of illness, occasioned by that cursed incident at Gloucester, which I mentioned in my last. -- She is a poor good-natured simpleton, as soft as butter, and as easily melted -- not that she's a fool -- the girl's parts are not despicable, and her education has not been neglected; that is to say, she can write and spell, and speak French, and play upon the harpsichord; then she dances finely, has a good figure, and is very well inclined; but, she's deficient in spirit, and so susceptible -- and so tender forsooth! -- truly, she has got a languishing eye, and reads romances. … 'sdeath, I'm ashamed to tell you! She fell in love with one of the actors -- a handsome young fellow that goes by the name of Wilson. The rascal soon perceived the impression he had made, and managed matters so as to see her at a house where she went to drink tea with her governess. -- This was the beginning of a correspondence, which they kept up by means of a jade of a milliner, who made and dressed caps for the girls at the boarding-school. …

Your assured friend,
M. BRAMBLE CLIFTON, April 17.

[These are two extracts from some initial letters in Tobias Smollett’s epistolary novel *Humphry Clinker* (1771).]

**Extract Two: *Under the Volcano***

TWO mountain chains traverse the republic roughly from north to south, forming between them a number of valleys and plateaus. Overlooking one of these valleys, which is dominated by two volcanoes, lies, six thousand feet above sea level, the town of Quauhnahuac. … The walls of the town, which is built on a hill, are high, the streets and lanes tortuous and broken, the roads winding. A fine American-style highway leads in from the north but is lost in its narrow streets and comes out a goat track. Quauhnahuac possesses eighteen churches and fifty-seven cantinas. It also boasts a golf course and no less than four hundred swimming pools, public and private, filled with the water that ceaselessly pours down from the mountains, and many splendid hotels. The Hotel Casino de la Selva stands on a slightly higher hill just outside the town, near the railway station. It is built far back from the main highway and surrounded by gardens and terraces which command a spacious view in every direction. Palatial, a certain air of desolate splendour pervades it. For it is no longer a Casino. You may not even dice for drinks in the bar. The ghosts of ruined gamblers haunt it. No one ever seems to swim in the magnificent Olympic pool. The springboards stand empty and mournful. … Towards sunset on the Day of the Dead in November, 1939, two men in white flannels sat on the main terrace of the Casino drinking anís. They had been playing tennis, followed by billiards, and their racquets, rainproofed, screwed in their presses —the doctor’s triangular, the other’s quadrangular—lay on the parapet before them. As the processions winding from the cemetery down the hillside behind the hotel came closer the plangent sounds of their chanting were borne to the two men; they turned to watch the mourners, a little later to be visible only as the melancholy lights of their candles, circling among the distant, trussed cornstalks. Dr. Arturo Díaz Vigil pushed the bottle of Anís del Mono over to M. Jacques Laruelle, who now was leaning forward intently. Slightly to the right and below them, below the gigantic red evening, whose reflection bled away in the deserted swimming pools scattered everywhere like so many mirages, lay the peace and sweetness of the town. It seemed peaceful enough from where they were sitting. Only if one listened intently, as M. Laruelle was doing now, could one distinguish a remote confused sound—distinct yet somehow inseparable from the minute murmuring, the tintinnabulation of the mourners—as of singing, rising and falling, and a steady trampling—the bangs and cries of the fiesta that had been going on all day.

…Two young Americans, a boy and a girl, had started a belated game of ping-pong on the verandah of the annex below. What had happened just a year ago to-day seemed already to belong in a different age. One would have thought the horrors of the present would have swallowed it up like a drop of water. It was not so. Though tragedy was in the process of becoming unreal and meaningless it seemed one was still permitted to remember the days when an individual life held some value and was not a mere misprint in a communiqué. He lit a cigarette. Far to his left, in the northeast, beyond the valley and the terraced foothills of the Sierra Madre Oriental, the two volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, rose clear and magnificent into the sunset. … M. Laruelle watched the doctor leaning back in the steamer chair, yawning, the handsome, impossibly handsome, dark, imperturbable Mexican face, the kind deep brown eyes, innocent too, like the eyes of those wistful beautiful Oaxaqueñan children one saw in Tehuantepec (that ideal spot where the women did the work while the men bathed in the river all day), the slender small hands and delicate wrists, upon the back of which it was almost a shock to see the sprinkling of coarse black hair. “I threw away my mind long ago, Arturo,” he said in English, withdrawing his cigarette from his mouth with refined nervous fingers on which he was aware he wore too many rings. … While they had been talking the sky had grown wild and stormy to the south; the mourners had left the slope of the hill. Sleepy vultures, high overhead, deployed downwind.

[These are extracts from the first chapter of Malcolm Lowry’s novel *Under the Volcano* (1947).]

**[End of Section A]**

**Section B**

**Write a close critical analysis of one of the following poems. Remember you are NOT being asked to summarise the poem.**

**Poem One: Extracts from James Thomson’s ‘Winter’ (1730)**

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,

Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—

Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,

These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought

And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!...

Now, when the cheerless empire of the sky

To Capricorn the Centaur-Archer yields,

And fierce Aquarius stains th’ inverted year,

Hung o’er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun

Scarce spreads o’er ether the dejected day.

Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot

His struggling rays in horizontal lines

Through the thick air; as cloth’d in cloudy storm,

Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;

And, soon descending, to the long dark night,

Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.

Nor is the night unwish’d; while vital heat,

Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.

…Thus Winter falls,

A heavy gloom oppressive o’er the world,

Through Nature shedding influence malign,

And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.

The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,

And black with more than melancholy views.

…Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand

Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,

How mighty, how majestic are thy works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,

That sees astonish’d, and astonish’d sings!

…When from the pallid sky the sun descends,

With many a spot, that o’er his glaring orb

Uncertain wanders, stain’d; red fiery streaks

Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds

Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet

Which master to obey; while, rising slow,

Blank in the leaden-colour’d east, the moon

Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns….

’Tis done! Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,

And reigns tremendous o’er the conquer’d year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His melancholy empire. Here, fond man!

Behold thy pictur’d life; pass some few years,

Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer’s ardent strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,

And pale concluding Winter comes at last

And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

Of happiness? those longings after fame?

…And see!

‘Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears

The new-creating word, and starts to life

In every heighten’d form, from pain and death

For ever free. …

The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,

And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

**Poem Two: Nicholas Breton (1545-1626) ‘His Wisdom’**

I would thou wert not fair, or I were wise;

I would thou hadst no face, or I no eyes;

I would thou wert not wise, or I not fond;

Or thou not free, or I not so in bond.

But thou art fair, and I can not be wise;

Thy sun-like face hath blinded both mine eyes;

Thou canst not but be wise, nor I but fond;

Nor thou but free, nor I but still in bond.

Yet am I wise to think that thou art fair;

Mine eyes their pureness in thy face repair;

Nor am I fond, that do thy wisdom see;

Nor yet in bond, because that thou art free.

Then in thy beauty only make me wise;

And in thy face the Graces guide mine eyes;

And in thy wisdom only see me fond;

And in thy freedom keep me still in bond.

So shall thou still be fair, and I be wise;

Thy face shine still upon my cleared eyes;

Thy wisdom only see how I am fond;

Thy freedom only keep me still in bond.

So would I thou wert fair, and I were wise;

So would thou hadst thy face, and I mine eyes;

So would I thou wert wise, and I were fond,

And thou wert free and I were still in bond.

**[End of Exam Paper]**