**Bangor University**

**School of English Literature**

**Scholarship Exam Paper 2021**

**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. You have two extracts from which to choose.**

**Extract One: from *The Egoist***

A MINOR INCIDENT SHOWING AN HEREDITARY APTITUDE IN THE USE OF THE KNIFE

There was an ominously anxious watch of eyes visible and invisible over the infancy of Willoughby, fifth in descent from Simon Patterne, of Patterne Hall, premier of this family, a lawyer, a man of solid acquirements and stout ambition, who well understood the foundation-work of a House, and was endowed with the power of saying No to those first agents of destruction, besieging relatives. He said it with the resonant emphasis of death to younger sons. For if the oak is to become a stately tree, we must provide against the crowding of timber. Also the tree beset with parasites prospers not. A great House in its beginning lives, we may truly say, by the knife. Soil is easily got, and so are bricks, and a wife, and children come of wishing for them, but the vigorous use of the knife is a natural gift and points to growth. Pauper Patternes were numerous when the fifth head of the race was the hope of his county. […]

The country and the chief of this family were simultaneously informed of the existence of one Lieutenant Crossjay Patterne, of the corps of the famous hard fighters, through an act of heroism of the unpretending cool sort which kindles British blood, on the part of the modest young officer, in the storming of some eastern riverain stronghold, somewhere about the coast of China. The officer's youth was assumed on the strength of his rank, perhaps likewise from the tale of his modesty: "he had only done his duty". Our Willoughby was then at College, emulous of the generous enthusiasm of his years, and strangely impressed by the report, and the printing of his name in the newspapers. He thought over it for several months, when, coming to his title and heritage, he sent Lieutenant Crossjay Patterne a cheque for a sum of money amounting to the gallant fellow's pay per annum, at the same time showing his acquaintance with the first, or chemical, principles of generosity, in the remark to friends at home, that "blood is thicker than water". […] In the complimentary letter accompanying his cheque, the lieutenant was invited to present himself at the ancestral Hall, when convenient to him, and he was assured that he had given his relative and friend a taste for a soldier's life. Young Sir Willoughby was fond of talking of his "military namesake and distant cousin, young Patterne--the Marine". […] The humour of gentlemen at home is always highly excited by […] cool feats. We are a small island, but you see what we do. The ladies at the Hall, Sir Willoughby's mother, and his aunts Eleanor and Isabel, were more affected than he by the circumstance of their having a Patterne in the Marines. […] Young Willoughby made a kind of shock-head or football hero of his gallant distant cousin, and wondered occasionally that the fellow had been content to dispatch a letter of effusive thanks without availing himself of the invitation to partake of the hospitalities of Patterne.

He was one afternoon parading between showers on the stately garden terrace of the Hall, in company with his affianced, the beautiful and dashing Constantia Durham, followed by knots of ladies and gentlemen vowed to fresh air before dinner, while it was to be had. Chancing with his usual happy fortune (we call these things dealt to us out of the great hidden dispensary, chance) to glance up the avenue of limes, as he was in the act of turning on his heel at the end of the terrace, and it should be added, discoursing with passion's privilege of the passion of love to Miss Durham, Sir Willoughby, who was anything but obtuse, experienced a presentiment upon espying a thick-set stumpy man crossing the gravel space from the avenue to the front steps of the Hall, decidedly not bearing the stamp of the gentleman "on his hat, his coat, his feet, or anything that was his," Willoughby subsequently observed to the ladies of his family in the Scriptural style of gentlemen who do bear the stamp. His brief sketch of the creature was repulsive. The visitor carried a bag, and his coat-collar was up, his hat was melancholy; he had the appearance of a bankrupt tradesman absconding; no gloves, no umbrella.

As to the incident we have to note, it was very slight. The card of Lieutenant Patterne was handed to Sir Willoughby, who laid it on the salver, saying to the footman, "Not at home."

He had been disappointed in the age, grossly deceived in the appearance of the man claiming to be his relative in this unseasonable fashion; and his acute instinct advised him swiftly of the absurdity of introducing to his friends a heavy unpresentable senior as the celebrated gallant Lieutenant of Marines, and the same as a member of his family! He had talked of the man too much, too enthusiastically, to be able to do so. A young subaltern, even if passably vulgar in figure, can be shuffled through by the aid of the heroical story humorously exaggerated in apology for his aspect. Nothing can be done with a mature and stumpy Marine of that rank. Considerateness dismisses him on the spot, without parley. It was performed by a gentleman supremely advanced at a very early age in the art of cutting.

Young Sir Willoughby spoke a word of the rejected visitor to Miss Durham, in response to her startled look: "I shall drop him a cheque," he said, for she seemed personally wounded, and had a face of crimson.

The young lady did not reply.

Dating from the humble departure of Lieutenant Crossjay Patterne up the limes-avenue under a gathering rain-cloud, the ring of imps in attendance on Sir Willoughby maintained their station with strict observation of his movements at all hours; and […] [would respond with] the sympathetic eagerness of the eyes of caged monkeys for the hand about to feed them […]. They perceived in him a fresh development and very subtle manifestation of the very old thing from which he had sprung.

[This is an extract from George Meredith’s novel *The Egoist* (1879).]

**Extract Two: from *Clarissa***

## LETTER I: MISS ANNA HOWE, TO MISS CLARISSA HARLOWE

I am extremely concerned, my dearest friend, for the disturbances that have happened in your family. I know how it must hurt you to become the subject of the public talk: and yet, upon an occasion so generally known, it is impossible but that whatever relates to a young lady, whose distinguished merits have made her the public care, should engage every body's attention. I long to have the particulars from yourself; and of the usage I am told you receive upon an accident you could not help; and in which, as far as I can learn, the sufferer was the aggressor.

Mr. Diggs, the surgeon, whom I sent for at the first hearing of the rencounter, to inquire, for your sake, how your brother was, told me, that there was no danger from the wound, if there were none from the fever; which it seems has been increased by the perturbation of his spirits.

Mr. Wyerley drank tea with us yesterday; and though he is far from being partial to Mr. Lovelace, as it may well be supposed, yet both he and Mr. Symmes blame your family for the treatment they gave him when he went in person to inquire after your brother's health, and to express his concern for what had happened.

They say, that Mr. Lovelace could not avoid drawing his sword: and that either your brother's unskilfulness or passion left him from the very first pass entirely in his power.

This, I am told, was what Mr. Lovelace said upon it; retreating as he spoke: 'Have a care, Mr. Harlowe—your violence puts you out of your defence. You give me too much advantage. For your sister's sake, I will pass by everything:—if—'

But this the more provoked his rashness, to lay himself open to the advantage of his adversary—who, after a slight wound given him in the arm, took away his sword.

There are people who love not your brother, because of his natural imperiousness and fierce and uncontrollable temper: these say, that the young gentleman's passion was abated on seeing his blood gush plentifully down his arm; and that he received the generous offices of his adversary (who helped him off with his coat and waistcoat, and bound up his arm, till the surgeon could come,) with such patience, as was far from making a visit afterwards from that adversary, to inquire after his health, appear either insulting or improper.

Be this as it may, everybody pities you. So steady, so uniform in your conduct: so desirous, as you always said, of sliding through life to the end of it unnoted; and, as I may add, not wishing to be observed even for your silent benevolence; sufficiently happy in the noble consciousness which attends it: Rather useful than glaring, your deserved motto; though now, to your regret, pushed into blaze, as I may say: and yet blamed at home for the faults of others—how must such a virtue suffer on every hand!—yet it must be allowed, that your present trial is but proportioned to your prudence.

As all your friends without doors are apprehensive that some other unhappy event may result from so violent a contention, in which it seems the families on both sides are now engaged, I must desire you to enable me, on the authority of your own information, to do you occasional justice.

My mother, and all of us, like the rest of the world, talk of nobody but you on this occasion, and of the consequences which may follow from the resentments of a man of Mr. Lovelace's spirit; who, as he gives out, has been treated with high indignity by your uncles. My mother will have it, that you cannot now, with any decency, either see him, or correspond with him. She is a good deal prepossessed by your uncle Antony; who occasionally calls upon us, as you know; and, on this rencounter, has represented to her the crime which it would be in a sister to encourage a man who is to wade into her favour (this was his expression) through the blood of her brother.

Write to me therefore, my dear, the whole of your story from the time that Mr. Lovelace was first introduced into your family; and particularly an account of all that passed between him and your sister; about which there are different reports; some people scrupling not to insinuate that the younger sister has stolen a lover from the elder: and pray write in so full a manner as may satisfy those who know not so much of your affairs as I do. If anything unhappy should fall out from the violence of such spirits as you have to deal with, your account of all things previous to it will be your best justification.

You see what you draw upon yourself by excelling all your sex. Every individual of it who knows you, or has heard of you, seems to think you answerable to her for your conduct in points so very delicate and concerning.

Every eye, in short, is upon you with the expectation of an example. I wish to heaven you were at liberty to pursue your own methods: all would then, I dare say, be easy, and honourably ended. But I dread your directors and directresses; for your mother, admirably well qualified as she is to lead, must submit to be led. Your sister and brother will certainly put you out of your course.

But this is a point you will not permit me to expatiate upon: pardon me therefore, and I have done.—Yet, why should I say, pardon me? when your concerns are my concerns? when your honour is my honour? when I love you, as never woman loved another? and when you have allowed of that concern and of that love; and have for years, which in persons so young may be called many, ranked in the first class of your friends,

Your ever grateful and affectionate, ANNA HOWE.

Will you oblige me with a copy of the preamble to the clauses in your grandfather's will in your favour; and allow me to send it to my aunt Harman?—She is very desirous to see it. Yet your character has so charmed her, that, though a stranger to you personally, she assents to the preference given you in that will, before she knows the testator's reasons for giving you that preference.

[This is an extract from Samuel Richardson’s novel *Clarissa* (1748).]

**[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. You have two poems from which to choose.**

# **Poem One: ‘An Order Prescribed […] to two of her Younger Sisters Serving in London’ by Isabella Whitney (1593)**

Good sisters mine, when I

        shall further from you dwell,

Peruse these lines, observe the rules

        which in the same I tell.

So shall you wealth possess,

        and quietness of mind:

And all your friends to see the same,

        a treble joy shall find.

In mornings when you rise,

        forget not to commend

Your selves to God, beseeching him

        from dangers to defend

Your souls and bodies both,

        your parents and your friends,

Your teachers and your governors.

        So pray you that your ends

May be in such a sort

        as God may pleasèd be:

To live to die, to die to live,

        with him eternally.

Then justly do such deeds

        as are to you assigned:

All wanton toys, good sisters now,

        exile out of your mind.

I hope you give no cause

        whereby I should suspect,

But this I know, too many live

        that would you soon infect.

If God do not prevent,

        or with his grace expel,

I cannot speak, or write too much,

        because I love you well.

Your business soon dispatch

        and listen to no lies,

Nor credit every fained tale,

        that many will devise.

For words they are but wind,

        yet words may hurt you so,

As you shall never brook the same,

        if that you have a foe.

God shield you from all such

        as would by word or bill

Procure your shame, or never cease

        till they have wrought you ill.

See that you secrets seal,

        tread trifles under ground:

If to rehearsal oft you come,

        it will your quiet wound.

Of laughter be not much,

        nor over solemn seem,

For then be sure they'll accompt you light

        or proud will you esteem.

Be modest in a mean,

        be gentle unto all:

Though cause they give of contrary

        yet be to wrath no thrall.

Refer you all to him,

        that sits above the skies:

Vengeance is his, he will revenge,

        you need it not devise.

And since that virtue guides,

        where both of you do dwell:

Give thanks to God, and painful be

        to please your rulers well.

For fleeting is a foe,

        experience hath me taught:

The rolling stone doth get no moss

        your selves have heard full oft.

Your business being done,

        and this my scroll perused,

The day will end, and that the night

        by you be not abused.

I something needs must write:

        take pains to read the same.

Henceforth my life as well as pen

        shall your examples frame.

Your Masters gone to bed,

        your Mistresses at rest,

Their daughters all with haste about

        to get themselves undressed.

See that their plate be safe,

        and that no spoon do lack,

See doors and windows bolted fast

        for fear of any wrack.

Then help if need there be,

        to do some household thing:

If not, to bed, referring you

        unto the heavenly King.

Forgetting not to pray

        as I before you taught,

And giving thanks for all that he

        hath ever for you wrought.

Good Sisters, when you pray,

        let me remembered be:

So will I you, and thus I cease,

        till I your selves do see.

**Poem Two: ‘The Bells of San Blas’ by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1882)**

What say the Bells of San Blas

To the ships that southward pass

       From the harbour of Mazatlan?

To them it is nothing more

Than the sound of surf on the shore,—

       Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,

To whom what is and what seems

       Are often one and the same,—

The Bells of San Blas to me

Have a strange, wild melody,

       And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;

They have tones that touch and search

       The hearts of young and old;

One sound to all, yet each

Lends a meaning to their speech,

       And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,

Of an age that is fading fast,

       Of a power austere and grand;

When the flag of Spain unfurled

Its folds o'er this western world,

       And the Priest was lord of the land.

The chapel that once looked down

On the little seaport town

       Has crumbled into the dust;

And on oaken beams below

The bells swing to and fro,

       And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"

They say, "and in its stead

       Is some new faith proclaimed,

That we are forced to remain

Naked to sun and rain,

       Unsheltered and ashamed?

"Once in our tower aloof

We rang over wall and roof

       Our warnings and our complaints;

And round about us there

The white doves filled the air,

       Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown

Forgetful of their own?

       Are they asleep, or dead,

That open to the sky

Their ruined Missions lie,

       No longer tenanted?

"Oh, bring us back once more

The vanished days of yore,

       When the world with faith was filled;

Bring back the fervid zeal,

The hearts of fire and steel,

       The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again

We will send over land and main

       Our voices of command,

Like exiled kings who return

To their thrones, and the people learn

       That the Priest is lord of the land!"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain

Ye call back the Past again!

       The Past is deaf to your prayer;

Out of the shadows of night

The world rolls into light;

       It is daybreak everywhere.

**[End of Exam Paper]**