**Bangor University**

**School of English Literature**

**Scholarship Exam Paper 2022**

**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 Adventures of David Simple***

Mr. David Simple was the eldest Son of Mr. Daniel Simple, who kept a Mercer's Shop on Ludgate−hill. His Mother was a downright Country Woman, who originally got her Living by Plain−Work; but being handsome, was liked by Mr. Simple. When, or where they met, or what happened to them during their Courtship, is foreign to my present Purpose, nor do I really know. But they were married, and lived many Years together, a very honest and industrious Life; to which it was owing, that they were able to provide very well for their Children. They had only two Sons, David and Daniel, who, as soon as they were capable of learning were sent to a publick School, and kept there in such a manner as put them upon a footing to be respected and used as well, as if they had been born in a much higher Station: and their Behaviour really demanded it; for there never appeared anything mean in their Actions, and Nature had given them Parts enough to converse with the most ingenious of their Schoolfellows. The strict Friendship they kept up was remarked by the whole School; whoever affronted the one, made an Enemy of the other; and while there was any Money in either of their Pockets, the other was sure never to want it: the Notion of whose Property it was, being the last thing that ever entered into their Heads. … [David] paid a perfect Deference to his Brother's Wisdom, from finding, that whenever he marked out a Boy as one that would behave ill, it always proved so in the end. He was sometimes indeed quite amazed how Daniel came by so much Knowledge; but then his great Love and Partiality to him easily made him impute it to his uncommon Sagacity; and he often pleased himself with the Thoughts of having such a Brother. … their Father being taken violently ill of a Fever, occasioned their being sent for from School. He recovered of that Distemper, but it weakened him so much, that he fell into a Consumption, in which he lingered a Twelvemonth, and then died. The Loss of so good a Father was sensibly felt by the tender−hearted David; he was in the utmost Affliction, till by Philosophical Considerations, assisted by a natural Calmness he had in his own Temper, he was enabled to overcome his Grief, and began again to enjoy his former Serenity of Mind. His Brother, who was much more gay, soon recovered his Spirits…

…[David] met a Jeweller, who knew him by sight, having seen him at his Uncle's, where he used often to visit. He asked him several Questions; and after a short Conversation, desired he would favour him with his Company at Dinner, for his House was just by. David readily accepted his Offer, being willing to be acquainted with as great a variety of People as he possibly could. The Jeweller's Name was Johnson; he had two Daughters, who dined with them. They were both young, and pretty: Especially the youngest, who had something so soft and engaging in her Countenance, that David was quite charmed with her. Mr. Johnson, who had been an extravagant Rake in his Youth, though he was now become a Miser, and a rigid Censurer of others’ Pleasures, immediately perceived the young Man was greatly taken with his Daughter; which he resolved to improve, knowing that his Uncle had made him his Heir, and that it was worthwhile to endeavour to increase his liking for her. He well remembered, that in his days of Gallantry, he had often from a transient View of Women liked them; but for want of Opportunities of frequently conversing with them, his Passion had grown cool again. He therefore thought, the wisest way would be, to engage David to stay some time with him, as the surest Method to fix his Affection.

It was no hard matter to persuade the young Man, to what his Inclination so strongly prompted him to comply with. Though this Inclination was so newly born, he hardly knew himself from what Motive his desire of staying there arose. But this Ignorance did not continue long; for a short time’s conversing with his Mistress, convinced him, how much he liked her: He thought to watch her very narrowly, to see, if her Mind was equal to her Person, which was indeed very agreeable. But from the moment he took a Fancy to her, he imagined her Beauty exceeded that of all other Women in the World. For which Reason he was strongly possessed, she was in all respects what he wished her to be. The Girl was commanded by her Father, if Mr. David made any Addresses to her, to receive them in such a manner, as to fix him hers. He said, he had conversed with Women enough in his time, to know they did not want Arts to manage the Men, they had formed any Designs on; and therefore desired she would comply with him, in a Case which would be so greatly to her advantage. She did not want many Arguments, to persuade her to endeavour to promote her own Interest, which she had as much at heart, as he could have. Her only Answer was, she should obey him: on which he left her, highly pleased at her Dutifulness; which he imputed to his own Wisdom, in educating her in a strict manner.

David passed his time very happily; for the Master of the Family omitted nothing in his power to oblige him, and he was always received by his Mistress with cheerful Smiles, and Good Humour. He lived on in this agreeable manner for three Months, without ever wishing to go in search of new Adventures, thinking he had now found the greatest Happiness to be attained in this World, in a Woman he could both love and esteem. Her Behaviour was in all respects engaging; her Duty to her Father, Complaisance and Affection to her Sister, and Humanity to the Servants, made him conclude, his travelling was at an end; for that in her he had met with everything he wanted. He was not long before he asked her Father's Consent, which was easily obtained; and now he had not a Wish beyond what he imagined satisfied. Hitherto he had observed nothing in her, but what increased his good Opinion. He was one day a little startled, by her telling him, he should not seem too anxious, whether he had her, or no; for she was certain her Father designed, if he found he loved her enough to take her on any Terms, to save some of her Fortune to add to her Sister's: but when she told him, she had too much Generosity and Love for him, to let him be imposed on by his Affection to her; this Discourse increased his good Opinion of her; and the Thought that she loved him, gave him the greatest Pleasure. He then told her, he did not care whether her Father would or could give her anything; her Affection was all he coveted in this World. He spent his time in Raptures, in the reflection, what a charming Life he should lead with such a Woman. But this lasted not long, before all his fancied Scenes of Joy fell to the ground, by an Accident so very uncommon, I must pause a while before I can relate it…

[This is an extract from Sarah Fielding’s novel *The Adventures of the David Simple* (1744).]

**Extract Two: from *The Europeans***

A narrow graveyard in the heart of a bustling, indifferent city, seen from the windows of a gloomy-looking inn, is at no time an object of enlivening suggestion; and the spectacle is not at its best when the mouldy tombstones and funereal umbrage have received the ineffectual refreshment of a dull, moist snowfall. If, while the air is thickened by this frosty drizzle, the calendar should happen to indicate that the blessed vernal season is already six weeks old, it will be admitted that no depressing influence is absent from the scene. This fact was keenly felt on a certain 12th of May, upwards of thirty years since, by a lady who stood looking out of one of the windows of the best hotel in the ancient city of Boston. She had stood there for half an hour—stood there, that is, at intervals; for from time to time she turned back into the room and measured its length with a restless step. In the chimney-place was a red-hot fire which emitted a small blue flame; and in front of the fire, at a table, sat a young man who was busily plying a pencil. He had a number of sheets of paper cut into small equal squares, and he was apparently covering them with pictorial designs—strange-looking figures. … The window-panes were battered by the sleet; the head-stones in the grave-yard beneath seemed to be holding themselves askance to keep it out of their faces. A tall iron railing protected them from the street, and on the other side of the railing an assemblage of Bostonians were trampling about in the liquid snow. Many of them were looking up and down; they appeared to be waiting for something. … On the other side of the graveyard was a row of small red brick houses, showing a series of homely, domestic-looking backs; at the end opposite the hotel a tall wooden church-spire, painted white, rose high into the vagueness of the snow-flakes. The lady at the window looked at it for some time; for reasons of her own she thought it the ugliest thing she had ever seen. She hated it, she despised it; it threw her into a state of irritation that was quite out of proportion to any sensible motive. She had never known herself to care so much about church spires.

She was not pretty; but even when it expressed perplexed irritation her face was most interesting and agreeable. Neither was she in her first youth; yet, though slender, with a great deal of extremely well-fashioned roundness of contour—a suggestion both of maturity and flexibility—she carried her three and thirty years … [well]. Her complexion was fatigued, as the French say; her mouth was large, her lips too full, her teeth uneven, her chin rather commonly modelled; she had a thick nose, and when she smiled—she was constantly smiling—the lines beside it rose too high, toward her eyes. But these eyes were charming: grey in colour, brilliant, quickly glancing, gently resting, full of intelligence. … She had a large collection of earrings, and wore them in alternation; and they seemed to give a point to her Oriental or exotic aspect. A compliment had once been paid her, which, being repeated to her, gave her greater pleasure than anything she had ever heard. “A pretty woman?” someone had said. “Why, her features are very bad.” “I don’t know about her features,” a very discerning observer had answered; “but she carries her head like a pretty woman.” You may imagine whether, after this, she carried her head less becomingly.

“Tomorrow I shall go away,” [she said.]

“Where shall you go?”

“Anywhere away from here. Back to Silberstadt. I shall write to the Reigning Prince.”

The young man turned a little and looked at her, with his crayon poised. “My dear Eugenia,” he murmured, “were you so happy at sea?”

Eugenia got up; she still held in her hand the drawing her brother had given her. It was a bold, expressive sketch of a group of miserable people on the deck of a steamer, clinging together and clutching at each other, while the vessel lurched downward, at a terrific angle, into the hollow of a wave. It was extremely clever, and full of a sort of tragi-comical power. Eugenia dropped her eyes upon it and made a sad grimace. “How can you draw such odious scenes?” she asked. “I should like to throw it into the fire!” And she tossed the paper away. Her brother watched, quietly, to see where it went. It fluttered down to the floor, where he let it lie. She came toward the window, pinching in her waist. “Why don’t you reproach me—abuse me?” she asked. “I think I should feel better then. Why don’t you tell me that you hate me for bringing you here?”

“Because you would not believe it. I adore you, dear sister! I am delighted to be here, and I am charmed with the prospect.”

“I don’t know what had taken possession of me. I had lost my head,” Eugenia went on.

The young man, on his side, went on plying his pencil. “It is evidently a most curious and interesting country. Here we are, and I mean to enjoy it.”

…

“Be serious, Felix. You forget that I am your elder.”

“With a sister, then, so elderly!” rejoined Felix, laughing. “I hoped we had left seriousness in Europe.”

“I fancy you will find it here. Remember that you are nearly thirty years old, and that you are nothing but an obscure Bohemian—a penniless correspondent of an illustrated newspaper.”

“Obscure as much as you please, but not so much of a Bohemian as you think. And not at all penniless! I have a hundred pounds in my pocket. I have an engagement to make fifty sketches, and I mean to paint the portraits of all our cousins, and of all *their* cousins, at a hundred dollars a head.”

“You are not ambitious,” said Eugenia.

“You are, dear Baroness,” the young man replied.

The Baroness was silent a moment, looking out at the sleet-darkened graveyard and the bumping horse-cars. “Yes, I am ambitious,” she said at last. “And my ambition has brought me to this dreadful place!” She glanced about her—the room had a certain vulgar nudity; the bed and the window were curtainless—and she gave a little passionate sigh. “Poor old ambition!” she exclaimed. Then she flung herself down upon a sofa which stood near against the wall, and covered her face with her hands.

[This is an extract from Henry James’ novella *The Europeans* (1878).]

**[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: Walt Whitman, ‘As I Ebb’d with the Ocean of Life’ (1860)**

# 1

As I ebb’d with the ocean of life,

As I wended the shores I know,

As I walk’d where the ripples continually wash you Paumanok[[1]](#footnote-1),

Where they rustle up hoarse and sibilant,

Where the fierce old mother endlessly cries for her castaways,

I musing late in the autumn day, gazing off southward,

Held by this electric self out of the pride of which I utter poems,

Was seiz’d by the spirit that trails in the lines underfoot,

The rim, the sediment that stands for all the water and all the land of the globe.

Fascinated, my eyes reverting from the south, dropt, to follow those slender windrows,

Chaff, straw, splinters of wood, weeds, and the sea-gluten,

Scum, scales from shining rocks, leaves of salt-lettuce, left by the tide,

Miles walking, the sound of breaking waves the other side of me,

Paumanok there and then as I thought the old thought of likenesses,

These you presented to me you fish-shaped island,

As I wended the shores I know,

As I walk’d with that electric self seeking types.

                                             2

As I wend to the shores I know not,

As I list to the dirge, the voices of men and women wreck’d,

As I inhale the impalpable breezes that set in upon me,

As the ocean so mysterious rolls toward me closer and closer,

I too but signify at the utmost a little wash’d-up drift,

A few sands and dead leaves to gather,

Gather, and merge myself as part of the sands and drift.

O baffled, balk’d, bent to the very earth,

Oppress’d with myself that I have dared to open my mouth,

Aware now that amid all that blab whose echoes recoil upon me I have not once had the least idea who or what I am,

But that before all my arrogant poems the real Me stands yet untouch’d, untold, altogether unreach’d,

Withdrawn far, mocking me with mock-congratulatory signs and bows,

With peals of distant ironical laughter at every word I have written,

Pointing in silence to these songs, and then to the sand beneath.

I perceive I have not really understood anything, not a single object, and that no man ever can,

Nature here in sight of the sea taking advantage of me to dart upon me and sting me,

Because I have dared to open my mouth to sing at all.

                                             3

You oceans both, I close with you,

We murmur alike reproachfully rolling sands and drift, knowing not why,

These little shreds indeed standing for you and me and all.

You friable shore with trails of debris,

You fish-shaped island, I take what is underfoot,

What is yours is mine my father.

I too Paumanok,

I too have bubbled up, floated the measureless float, and been wash’d on your shores,

I too am but a trail of drift and debris,

I too leave little wrecks upon you, you fish-shaped island.

I throw myself upon your breast my father,

I cling to you so that you cannot unloose me,

I hold you so firm till you answer me something.

Kiss me my father,

Touch me with your lips as I touch those I love,

Breathe to me while I hold you close the secret of the murmuring I envy.

                                             4

Ebb, ocean of life, (the flow will return,)

Cease not your moaning you fierce old mother,

Endlessly cry for your castaways, but fear not, deny not me,

Rustle not up so hoarse and angry against my feet as I touch you or gather from you.

I mean tenderly by you and all,

I gather for myself and for this phantom looking down where we lead, and following me and mine.

Me and mine, loose windrows, little corpses,

Froth, snowy white, and bubbles,

(See, from my dead lips the ooze exuding at last,

See, the prismatic colours glistening and rolling,)

Tufts of straw, sands, fragments,

Buoy’d hither from many moods, one contradicting another,

From the storm, the long calm, the darkness, the swell,

Musing, pondering, a breath, a briny tear, a dab of liquid or soil,

Up just as much out of fathomless workings fermented and thrown,

A limp blossom or two, torn, just as much over waves floating, drifted at random,

Just as much for us that sobbing dirge of Nature,

Just as much whence we come that blare of the cloud-trumpets,

We, capricious, brought hither we know not whence, spread out before you,

You up there walking or sitting,

Whoever you are, we too lie in drifts at your feet.

**Poem Two: Lord Byron, ‘To Thyrza’ (1811)**

Without a stone to mark the spot,

And say, what Truth might well have said,

By all, save one, perchance forgot,

Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea

Divided, yet beloved in vain;

The past, the future fled to thee,

To bid us meet no ne’er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,

That softly said, ‘We part in peace,’

Had taught my bosom how to brook,

With fainter sighs, thy soul’s release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee

Prepared a light and pangless dart,

Once long for him thou ne’er shaft see,

Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch’d thee here?

Or sadly mark’d thy glazing eye,

In that dread hour ere death appear,

When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past; But when no more

'Twas thine to reek of human woe,

Affection’s heart-drops, gushing o’er,

Had flow’d as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day

In these, to me, deserted towers,

Ere call’d but for a time away,

Affection’s mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;

The smile none else might understand;

The whisper’d thought of hearts allied,

The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,

That Love each warmer wish forbore;

Those eyes proclaim’d so pure a mind,

Even Passion blush’d to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,

When prone, unlike thee, to repine;

The song, celestial from thy voice,

But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,

But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?

Oft have I borne the weight of ill,

But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life’s best bloom

The cup of woe for me to drain.

If rest alone be in the tomb,

I would not wish thee here again.

But if in worlds more blest than this

Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,

Impart some portion of thy bliss,

To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!

To bear, forgiving and forgiven:

On earth by love was such to me—

It fain would form my hope in heaven!

**[End of Exam Paper]**

1. Paumanok: fish-shaped; also the native name which Whitman used to signify Long Island in the state of New York. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)