



**ENGLISH LITERATURE ADMISSIONS TEST**

**4501/11**

**Practice paper 2018**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

**Please read this page carefully, but do not open the question paper until you are told that you may do so.**

A separate answer booklet with 8 lined pages is provided. Please check you have one.

You should allow at least 30 minutes for reading this question paper, making notes and preparing your answer.

**Your answer should only be written on the lined pages inside the answer booklet. No extra paper is allowed for this purpose.** The blank inside front and back covers should be used to plan your answer and for any rough working or notes.

At the end of the examination, you must hand in both your answer booklet and this question paper.

No texts, dictionaries or sources of reference may be brought into the examination.

*This paper consists of 8 printed pages and 4 blank pages.*



**UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE**

Developed and administered on behalf of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge by Cambridge Assessment Admissions Testing, a non-teaching department of the University of Cambridge.

**BLANK PAGE**

*Time allowed: 1 hour 30 minutes.*

*You should spend at least 30 minutes reading and annotating the passages and preparing your answer.*

**The following passages are all linked by the theme of poverty and destitution. They are arranged chronologically by date of publication. Read all the material carefully, and then complete the task below.**

- (a) From 'Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard' (1751), a poem by Thomas Gray *page 4*
- (b) From 'The Deserted Village' (1770), a poem by Oliver Goldsmith *page 5*
- (c) From 'A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis' (1823), an essay by Charles Lamb *page 6*
- (d) From *Bleak House* (1853), a novel by Charles Dickens *page 7*
- (e) From *Strife* (1909), a play by John Galsworthy *page 8*
- (f) From *A Change of Climate* (1994), a novel by Hilary Mantel *page 9*

***Task:***

**Select two of the passages (a) to (f) and compare and contrast them in any ways that seem interesting to you, paying particular attention to distinctive features of structure, language and style.**

***This task is designed to assess your responsiveness to unfamiliar literary material and your skills in close reading. Marks are not awarded for references to other texts or authors you have studied.***

(a) From 'Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard' (1751), a poem by Thomas Gray

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke!  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th'inevitable hour.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

(b) From 'The Deserted Village' (1770), a poem by Oliver Goldsmith

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green:  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain<sup>1</sup>.  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,  
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green, —  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

---

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the fields are only half cultivated

(c) From 'A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis' (1823), an essay by Charles Lamb

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe. The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the Signs of old London. There were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial - mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry -

- Look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet, - whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt half-penny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs? - Have the overseers of St.L— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and dropt into the Thames...

(d) From *Bleak House* (1853), a novel by Charles Dickens

I tapped at the door, and a little shrill voice inside said, "We are locked in. Mrs Blinder's got the key!"

I applied the key on hearing this and opened the door. In a poor room with a sloping ceiling and containing very little furniture was a mite of a boy, some five or six years old, nursing and hushing a heavy child of eighteen months. There was no fire, though the weather was cold; both children were wrapped in some poor shawls and tippetts as a substitute. Their clothing was not so warm, however, but that their noses looked red and pinched and their small figures shrunken as the boy walked up and down nursing and hushing the child with its head on his shoulder.

"Who has locked you up here alone?" we naturally asked.

"Is Charley your brother?"

"No. She's my sister, Charlotte. Father called her Charley."

"Are there any more of you besides Charley?"

"Me," said the boy, "and Emma," patting the limp bonnet of the child he was nursing. "And Charley."

"Where is Charley now?"

"Out a-washing," said the boy, beginning to walk up and down again and taking the nankeen bonnet much too near the bedstead by trying to gaze at us at the same time.

We were looking at one another and at these two children when there came into the room a very little girl, childish in figure but shrewd and older-looking in the face - pretty face too - wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and wrinkled with washing, and the soap-suds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms. But for this, she might have been a child playing at washing and imitating a poor working-woman with a quick observation of the truth.

She had come running from some place in the neighbourhood and had made all the haste she could. Consequently, though she was very light, she was out of breath and could not speak at first, as she stood panting, and wiping her arms, and looking quietly at us.

"Oh, here's Charley!" said the boy.

The child he was nursing stretched forth its arms and cried out to be taken by Charley. The little girl took it, in a womanly sort of manner belonging to the apron and the bonnet, and stood looking at us over the burden that clung to her most affectionately.

"Is it possible," whispered my guardian as we put a chair for the little creature and got her to sit down with her load, the boy keeping close to her, holding to her apron, "that this child works for the rest? Look at this! For God's sake, look at this!"

It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third, and the third so young and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

(e) From *Strife* (1909), a play by John Galsworthy

[ROBERTS faces the crowd, probing them with his eyes till they gradually become silent. He begins speaking. One of the bargemen rises and stands.]

ROBERTS. You don't want to hear me, then? You'll listen to Rous and to that old man, but not to me. You'll listen to Sim Harness of the Union that's treated you *so fair*; maybe you'll listen to those men from London? Ah! You groan! What for? You love their feet on your necks, don't you? [Then as BULGIN elbows his way towards the platform, with calm pathos.] You'd like to break my jaw, John Bulgin. Let me speak, then do your smashing, if it gives you pleasure. [BULGIN stands motionless and sullen.] Am I a liar, a coward, a traitor? If only I were, ye'd listen to me, I'm sure. [The murmurings cease, and there is now dead silence.] Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up *eight hundred* pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up - ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle - [with biting irony] - but when Nature says: 'No further, 'tes going agenst Nature.'" I tell you if a man cannot say to Nature: "Budge me from this if ye can!" - [with a sort of exaltation] - his principles are but his belly. "Oh, but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" I tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night - don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyin' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you'll soon know with what ye've got to deal. 'T'es only by that - [he strikes a blow with his clenched fist] - in Nature's face that a man can be a man. "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees; throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust."

JAGO. Never!

EVANS. Curse them!

THOMAS. I never said that.

ROBERTS. [Bitingly.] If ye did not say it, man, ye meant it. An' what did ye say about Chapel? "Chapel's against it," ye said. "She's against it!" Well, if Chapel and Nature go hand in hand, it's the first I've ever heard of it. That young man there - [pointing to ROUS] - said I 'ad 'ell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender. Surrendering's the work of cowards and traitors.



(f) From *A Change of Climate* (1994), a novel by Hilary Mantel<sup>†</sup>

Each morning by eight Anna was in the little schoolroom. She had a floating and variable number of pupils: some tots who could barely grip a pencil, some big bold girls who sat knitting and gossiping at the back. Anna did not try to stop them; she had no doubt they needed whatever it was they were knitting. The boys would go off for weeks at a time, herding cattle. Months on the battered schoolroom benches; then months on the trail.

Her aim was not high: just that they should be able to count, add up, subtract, and not be cheated when they went to the store with small coins. They should be able to write their names and read from primers meant for children in English suburbs: children with lawns to play on, and pet dogs, and strawberry jam for tea. There were no lawns here, for each blade of vegetation had to pit itself against God to survive. There was mealie-porridge for tea, and breakfast and dinner too. And if they saw a dog, her pupils threw stones at it.

They were incurious, apathetic children; impossible to know whether or not they took in what she was trying to teach them. They were, she guessed, often hungry: not with the sharp hunger that goads the mind and makes the hand shake, but with a chronic hunger, grumbling and unappeasable. There was no starvation at this date: not in the village, not in the country. There was, rather, a malnourishment that bred lethargy, which bred an unfitness for any effort beyond minimum. The Afrikaner farmers had the best land; they sweated it and made it pay. The desert produced thorn bushes and scrub, and in spring, after rain had fallen, a sudden, shocking, carpet of strange flowers.

By eleven each day, the sun high in the sky, her pupils slept, nodding and slumping at their benches. Her voice dried in her throat. By one o'clock school was over. The children pressed around her. 'Goodbye, and go well,' she would say, in her awkward, minimal Setswana.

'Stay well, madam,' they would say. And enclose her. Their hot bodies to hers. Hands patting. She felt herself shrink inside.

Why? Her own reaction disgusted her. The village men were meagre, spiritless and skinny. The women were great tubes of fat, blown out with carbohydrates. They carried vacant-faced infants, strapped tightly to their backs. Too many babies died. The clinic nurse Mrs Pilane could not cure measles. When the women spoke, they seemed to shout and sneer. Their voices were harsh, monotonous, somehow triumphal. God help me, Anna thought: but I don't like them, perhaps I fear them. These feelings were a violation of everything she expected from herself, of all her principles and habits of mind.

---

<sup>†</sup>Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers Ltd  
© Hilary Mantel 1994

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**

**BLANK PAGE**