



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2005

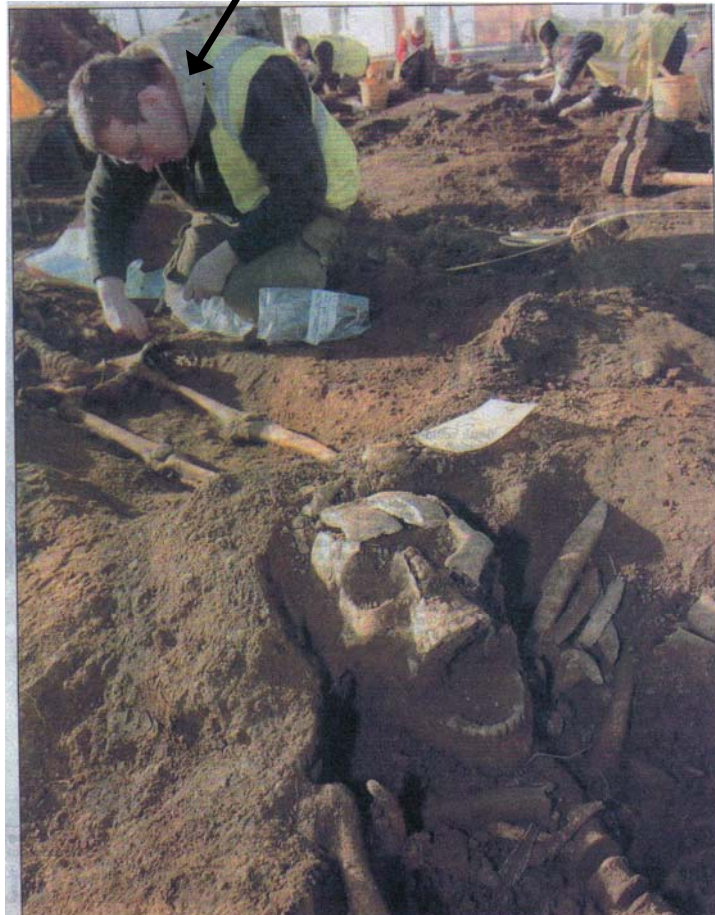
HISTORY - ORDINARY LEVEL
(Do **NOT** include these pages with your answer book.)

SOURCES

1. PICTURES

PICTURE A.

X



Source: Irish Independent

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PICTURE B1.



Source: Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence

PICTURE B2.



Source: National Gallery of Art, Washington

PICTURE C.



Source: Corbis – stock photography and pictures

2. DOCUMENTS

DOCUMENT 1.

This is a register from Kilmainham Gaol, listing people in the Gaol during the Famine in 1847.
(Source: OPW)

<i>Name</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Crime</i>	<i>Sentence</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Read/ Write</i>	<i>Trade</i>	<i>Address</i>
William Kinsellagh	75	Begging	3 days confined with hard labour.	M	RW	Labourer	Meishal, Co. Carlow
Margaret Toole	32	Same	3 days with labour	M	NN	None	Glen of Amale, Co. Wicklow
William Cooke	16	Rooting Potatoes	Bailed	S	R	Labourer	Killeague, Co. Wicklow
James Brennan	24	Stealing Potatoes	21 days confined	S	R	Labourer	Mountmellick, Queen's Co.
Andrew Farrell	16	Malicious injury by rooting potatoes	1 calendar month confined from 2 Oct. or pay £1 fine	S	R	Labourer	Longford
Alicia Hanlon	23	Stolen potatoes	14 days confined	S	NN	None	Crumlin

M: Married **S:** Single **RW:** Read & Write **R:** Read only **NN:** Neither read nor write

DOCUMENT 2.

This is an extract from "The Master" by Bryan MacMahon. It is an account of his days as an Irish schoolmaster during the early 1930s.

In the temporary accommodation of the old St. Patrick's Hall, with two older teachers and 140 boys competing for air, sound and floor space, I began to teach my huddle of scholars beside the grimy window that looked out directly onto the street. Every head passing on the pavement outside turned to gawk in at me. I looked at my class. Many were barefoot, their toes bloodied, scabbed, and bruised. Some affluent children - sons of bank officials, well-off merchants and farmers - seemed to be exceptions.

It was a morning of driving rain, and placing my hand on one lad's jacket, which I found to be sodden, I said "Take off your coat son, and hang it before the fire." There was a fire of sorts, smoky sods, wholly inadequate for heating the great hall. The boy looked up at me squarely. "I won't," he said. He was almost as big as myself. "Why not?" "I won't take off my coat for you, nor for anyone." I then realized that the boy had not much of a shirt to his back. I did not argue the matter further.

It was a time of dreadful squalor. Disease was implied in the pale faces before me. Infant mortality was taken for granted. The white coffin slung on ribbons and carried through the streets by huge ex-soldiers was almost an everyday sight. Pneumonia was feared; the crisis time struck terror. But despite adversity, the boys before me seemed poised to leap forward, eager to bring about change.

- **Affluent:** Wealthy
- **Squalor:** Poverty