



Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2003

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

SOURCES

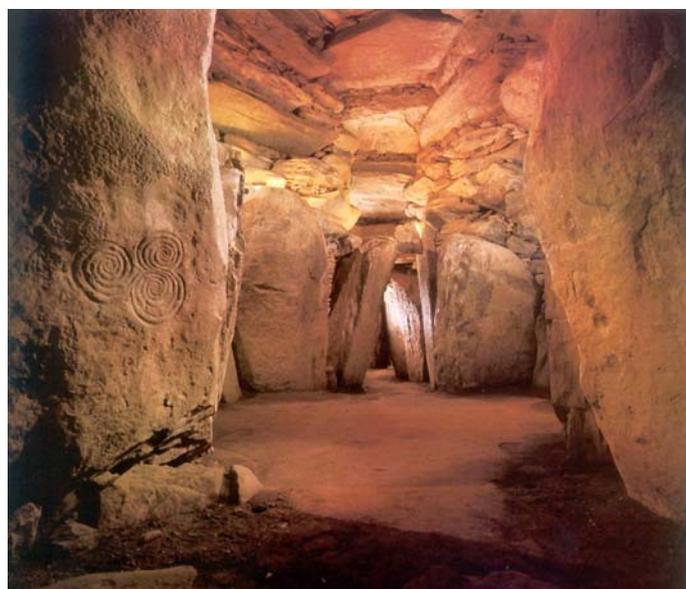
1. PICTURES

PICTURE A1



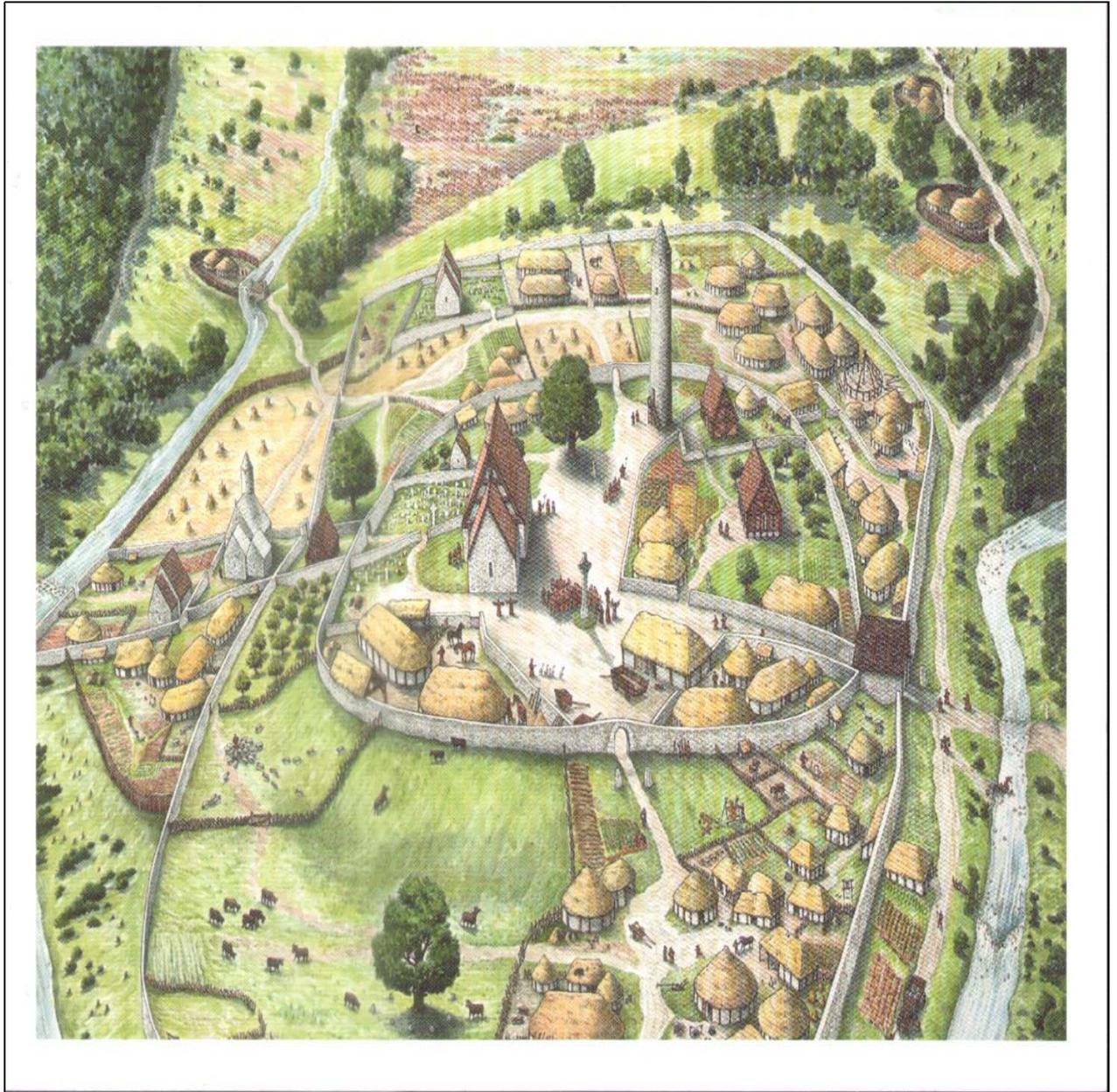
Source: www.stonepages.com

PICTURE A2



Source: *Dúchas – The Heritage Service*

PICTURE B



Source: Dúchas – The Heritage Service

PICTURE C



*Source: "The Harvesters" by Peter Bruegel (1565)
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.*

2. DOCUMENTS

DOCUMENT 1.

An eye-witness account of the storming of the Bastille prison in Paris on July 14, 1789.

“Armed with my gun I then set off for my own district. As I learned on the way that they were handing out powder at the Hotel de Ville (City Hall) I hurried there. As I left the Hotel de Ville I heard someone say that the Bastille was being besieged. I prepared and greased my gun and set off for the Bastille.

It was decided to start the attack with musket fire. We each fired half a dozen shots. Then a paper was thrust through a gap a few inches across; we ceased fire; one of us went to fetch a plank which was laid as a bridge to enable us to go and collect the paper.

One man started out along it, but just as he was about to take the paper, he was killed by a shot and fell into the moat...Just as we were about to fire the small drawbridge was lowered...

We found the gate behind the drawbridge closed: after a couple of minutes a soldier came to open it, and asked what we wanted. “Give up the Bastille,” I replied, as did everyone else. Then he let us in.

Then I entered the main courtyard. I happened to glance at a staircase on my left, and I saw three citizens who had gone up five or six steps and were hurrying down again. I immediately rushed over to the staircase...I found a soldier with his back to me. I aimed my rifle, shouting, “Lay down your arms.” He turned around in surprise, and laid down his weapons, saying, “Comrade, do not kill me...you know I’m obliged to do my job; but I haven’t fired.”

DOCUMENT 2.

An article from the Cork Examiner, September 17, 1847.

THE following is an extract from the letter of an emigrant, addressed to one of his friends in this city, and received by the last mail from Boston. It contains a vivid and painful picture of the emigrant catastrophe in Canada. The letter is dated from the ship *Bridgetown*, lying off Grosse Island, in front of Quebec, which, it appears, was converted to a vast burial place.

“We arrived here on the 22nd from Liverpool. I regret to tell you that fever broke out, and that seventy passengers and one sailor were committed to the deep on the voyage. There are several more ill. We buried six yesterday on shore.

The carpenter and joiner are occupied making coffins. There are six more dead after the night. I cannot say when we can go to Quebec, as we cannot land the remainder of the sick at present. There is no room in the hospitals for them, though the front of the island is literally covered with sheds and tents.

The accounts from the shore are awful, and our condition on board you can form no idea of-- helpless children without parents or relatives, the father buried in the deep last week, and the mother the week before,-- their six children under similar unfortunate circumstances, and so on. I trust God will carry me through this trying ordeal-- I was a few days sick, but am now recovered.

Captain Wilson was complaining for a few days. It is an awful change from the joyous hopes with which most of us left our unfortunate country, expecting to be able to earn that livelihood denied us at home- all changed in many cases to bitter deep despair.”