



# Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

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*JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2006*

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

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*SOURCES*

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## 1. PICTURES

*PICTURE A.*



(Source: [www.antrimtown.co.uk](http://www.antrimtown.co.uk))

**PICTURE B.**



(Source : [www.picture-newsletter.com](http://www.picture-newsletter.com))

***PICTURE C.***



**(Artist : Leo Whelan RHA. Courtesy of Dúchas)**

## 2. DOCUMENTS

### DOCUMENT 1.

**From an interview with Sarah Carpenter and James Patterson, factory workers, in *The Ashton Chronicle*, 23<sup>rd</sup> June 1849.**

*Sarah:*

“They took me into the counting house and showed me a piece of paper with a red sealed horse on which they told me touch, and then to make a cross, which I did. This meant I had to stay at Cressbrook Mill till I was twenty-one.

Our common food was oatcake. It was thick and coarse. This oatcake was put into cans. Boiled milk and water was poured into it. This was our breakfast and supper. Our dinner was potato pie with boiled bacon in it, a bit here and a bit there, so thick with fat we could scarce eat it, though we were hungry enough to eat anything. Tea we never saw, nor butter. We had cheese and brown bread once a year. We were only allowed three meals a day, though we got up at five in the morning and worked till nine at night.

We had eightpence a year given to us to spend: fourpence at the fair, and fourpence at the wakes. We had three miles to go to spend it. Very proud we were of it, for it seemed such a sight of money, we did not know how to spend it.”

*James:*

“I worked at Mr Braid’s Mill at Duntruin. We worked as long as we could see. I could not say at what hour we stopped. There was no clock in the mill. There was nobody but the master and the master’s son had a watch and so we did not know the time. The operatives were not permitted to have a watch. There was one man who had a watch but it was taken from him because he told the men the time.”

Source: Spartacus.co.uk

### DOCUMENT 2.

**From *The Coming of The Third Reich* by Richard J. Evans. Penguin Books.**

A particularly graphic, though by no means untypical, account of stormtrooper activities was provided by a schoolteacher, born in 1898, who had fought in the war and, after far-right activities in the early 1920s, joined the Nazis in 1929. He was called up one evening with his brownshirt group to defend a Nazi rally in a nearby town against the ‘reds’:

“We all gathered at the entrance of the town and put on white armbands, and then you could hear the thundering marching of our column of about 250 men. Without weapons, without sticks, but with clenched fists, we marched in strict order and iron discipline into the catcalls and screaming of the crowds before the meeting-hall. They had sticks and fence-boards in their hands. It was 10 o’clock at night. With a few manoeuvres in the middle of the street, we pushed the crowd against the walls to clear the street. Just at that moment, a carpenter drove through with a small truck and a black coffin in it. As he went by, one of us said: ‘Well, let’s see whom we can put in there.’ The screams, cries, whistles and howls grew ever more intense.

The two rows of our column stood still, charged up with energy. A signal, and we go marching into the hall where a few hundred rioters are trying to shut up our speaker. We came just in time, marching in step along the walls until we had closed the ring around them, leaving an opening only at the entrance. A whistle sounds. We tighten the ring. Ten minutes later...we had put them out into the fresh air.”