



# Coimisiún na Scrúduithe Stáit State Examinations Commission

---

**JUNIOR CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 2016**

---

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

---

## **SOURCES**

---

### **1. PICTURES**

#### **PICTURE A1**



Source: [en.wikipedia.org](http://en.wikipedia.org)

**[Turn over**

**PICTURE A2**



Source: en.wikipedia.org

**PICTURE B**



Source: irelandyha.wordpress.com

**X**

**Y**

PICTURE C



Source: [www.nlm.nih.gov/nativevoices](http://www.nlm.nih.gov/nativevoices)

↑  
↑  
Z

## 2. DOCUMENTS

### DOCUMENT 1

#### **The escape of a prisoner**

This is a true story. It happened in the year 1798 when Geneva Barracks was in the possession of the British soldiers. Some of the neighbouring farmers were drawing manure from a field within the enclosure where the soldiers kept their prisoners. One day as one of the prisoners was walking around the grounds he came upon one of the men who was bringing away the manure, and they got into conversation. The prisoner asked the workman if he could help him to escape. So they planned it so the workman should cut a hole in the bottom of the cart. The workman went away and, the next day he came, he met the prisoner again. The prisoner got into the cart, and lay face downwards so that his face could go down through the hole, so as to enable him to breathe. The workman then filled the load of manure and went away. When he reached his destination he unloaded the manure and the man made his escape.

Source: <http://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4428155/4382274/4451162>

### DOCUMENT 2

#### **The seaside resort of Bray in the 1940s**

Bray was very popular as a holiday seaside resort in the 1940s. It was close to Dublin and had a railway line running direct to the city. This made it possible for families to come and spend the day at the seaside. On fine days during the summer the beach was thronged with visitors, and a line of horses and cabs waited outside the railway station for those who didn't feel inclined to walk the short distance to the beach.

As we continued on our walk along the promenade and up towards Bray Head, we stopped when we heard music and saw an old man sitting on a wooden seat, playing a fiddle. It was my first meeting with a blind person. It was also the very first time I had seen anybody play a fiddle. As soon as the tune ended my father put some money in the musician's tin box. He spoke in Irish to the old fiddle player and I felt that they must have met somewhere before. As we made our way home, I learned that the blind fiddler came from Co. Cork and that he made the journey to Bray every summer to play music near the sea.

Source: Éamon de Buitléar "A Life in the Wild" (Dublin, 2004), pp.22-23