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**DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.**

Detective Department,

Dublin, 4th March, 1916.

*Subject,* MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 3rd inst. the under-mentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other.

Thomas J. Clarke has not, so far, returned to Dublin. Those observed to enter his Shop, 75a, Parnell St., during yesterday, included James O'Sullivan, E. Daly, Thomas McCarthy, James Stritch and John R. Reynolds.

P. H. Pearse arrived at Amiens St., from Belfast, at 1 p.m. He went direct to 2, Dawson St.

John McDermott, William O'Leary Curtis and Arthur Griffith in 12, Dolier St., together, between 5 and 6 p.m.

John McDermott and John McGarry in company on O'Connell Bridge, between 7 and 8 p.m.

Pierce Beasley and M. Foley together in Talbot St., between 8 and 9 p.m.

Thomas Byrne with J. J. Walsh, in the  
shop

The Chief Commissioner.

10817

S.

2572

D.M.P.

*The under mentioned  
Submitted.*

*W. E. Johnstone*

*Comm 4/3/16*

*Under Secretary  
Submitted*

*WMC  
4/3*

*Wm.*

*4/3*

*Chief Const  
WMC  
4/3*



shop of the latter, 26, Blessington St.,  
between 8 and 9 p.m.

E. De Valera, John O'Hanrahan, E.  
Daly, John E. Lyons, Thomas Hunter, J. J.  
O'Connell, L. Raul and Joseph Coleman  
2, Dawson St., for two hours, from 8 p.m.

Attached is a copy of this week's  
issue of the "Spark", which does not appear  
to contain anything deserving serious at-  
tention.

Owen'Brien  
Superintendent.





Edited by Ed. DALTON

VOL. III. No. 57.

DUBLIN, SUNDAY, MARCH 5, 1916

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

## EM-PIRACY.

In 1896 the Financial Relations Commission published their belated report showing that Ireland's taxation was £8,000,000, or £2,750,000 per annum. in excess of her taxable capacity as defined by the Act of Union. Thus, in plain terms, in addition to paying all the expenses of foreign government in Ireland since the Union, Ireland was robbed in 100 years of close on £300,000,000. And all the time Ireland was a poor country, and according to the Khaki Economist, incapable of paying her way.

Ireland's taxation for the current year amounts to £17,400,000, or £4 4s. per head of the population. Taking the average family as consisting of five persons, this means that each family in Ireland, in return for the privilege of being citizens of that Empire on which the sun has not yet set, is to contribute £21 per annum, or 8s. per week, to the imperial exchequer.

As a quid pro quo for this enormous sum we are to be given a share in the munition making, and also, our countrymen are to be given the place of "honour" in the firing line. That is to say, we are to consider ourselves adequately compensated by the "Empirates" for their shameless robbery of this nation, a robbery encompassed in the sleekest and most hypocritical fashion if our countrymen are placed in the danger zone, placed in such position as to convince the enemy of England that it is Irishmen who are fighting this war for her, and by having Irish girls unsexed by employing them in the manufacture of instruments for the destruction of human life, of the lives of brave and noble men, men who never did Ireland an ill turn nor bore Ireland an ill thought. Good

Catholics in the main, these men are better than our own in many ways, because Germany was the home of Catholic organisation. It had to be so, because it was also the home of the adventurous in philosophy and religion. That is to Germany's discredit. But whether is it worse to regard religion with as little concern as a pig, as did the vast bulk of the people of England, or view it, as did great masses of people in Germany, as something which could not be ignored, but should be examined into with all earnestness that enquiring minds might be at rest? The mistake of many in Germany was in "enquiring" into religion with a 2ft. rule and an ounce. But even this was preferable to the English "pig attitude."

Now, I have spoken of Irish girls being unsexed by being employed at the manufacture of munitions. In the first place, it isn't girls' work, apart altogether from its effect on their character and emotions. Whilst it may be, and as a matter of fact sometimes is, necessary for women to become "militant," it cannot but be a source of grave concern to all earnest men and women that girls, even if never the potential mothers of a future generation, should be deliberately organised and set to work on the manufacture of implements for the destruction of human life. It is a distortion and perversion of woman's instinct. If it were done in any great paroxysm of patriotism, if this Irish nation, this ghost of an Irish nation, were seriously endangered, and all its manhood were engaged on the field of battle, if Christian Ideals, the Sanctity of the Home, the Honour of Womanhood, and the Safeguarding of Small Nationalities were really and truly issues in this



war, then there might be justification for the employment of girls on the making of munition.

But—it is not from patriotism. The "Murder Machine" (of which P. H. Pearse writes so tellingly in No. 3 of the Bodinstown Booklets) has no experience of Patriotism. British educational systems in Ireland have been devised for the creation, not of Patriots or of men, but of puppets. The men and the women of Ireland are "men" and "women" by compliment only. They cannot be Patriots without doing violence to their education, and they dare not offend against their education without prejudicing recruiting or imperilling the "realm."

The employment of Irish girls on the making of even the most harmless portions of war weapons in the exceptional circumstances of Ireland is an outrage on womanhood. The manufacture of munitions in Ireland is a sham, however. A sham in this way. Only the envelopes, so to speak, are made in Ireland, the contents are being made in England, and the envelopes bearing the stamp of Irish firms will be filled in England. Thus Ireland is to be credited by the Kaiser's soldiers with doing her part for their destruction, and when a British trench is captured and a quantity of shells discovered therein bearing the names of Irish firms, they are expected to conclude that Ireland has joined the great game, and is being entrusted with the making of the real thing.

But the one flaw in the great plan is that neither the Irish nor the Germans are blank fools. If senile decay characterises modern England, it is late enough in manifesting itself.

### “MORE” MAP

At the recruiting conference held recently in the Dublin Mansion House, Mr. John Redmond tried to harrow the soul of those who were likely to read his speech—he hardly spoke for the benefit of his hearers—with tales of German atrocities and with threats of what the Prussians would do if ever they came to Ireland. Amongst other things they would grab the farmers' land. Recognising that a bald statement like that would not carry conviction even amongst the few in Ireland who still cling blindly to their faith in Mr. Redmond's Party, the "leader of the Irish race at home and abroad" delivered himself thus: "On a Prussian officer at the front were found a series of maps, and, amongst them, a map of Ireland so minute that not only every parish, but practically every farm in every parish was marked on it." The next day's issue of the "Evening Mail" described it (in bad verse) as a "four inch map of all our Irish ground." The allegation

was so startling that I consulted my chief cartographer and asked him about what size such a map should be. I give you the result of his calculations. A four-inch map means a map drawn on a scale of 4 inches to the mile, and a four-inch map of Ireland would therefore measure 29 yards long and 25 yards broad—sufficiently big to allow the marking out of a 100 yards race course on which sprinters could train. Naturally it would hardly be made of fine paper, but would be canvas-backed, and as such an area of canvas could hardly be concealed about the person, the map must have been disguised in some way or other. My map-expert says it might be disguised as a ground sheet, on which allowing 8 feet by 4 feet to each man, about 200 men could find sleeping accommodation. It is not likely, however, that so valuable a map would be put to such a use, for naturally its surface could not be long in suffering. Another use to which the map might be put would be to provide bell-tents. Now, a bell-tent 10 feet in diameter at the base and 7 feet high at the centre would require about 30 square yards of canvas, so that allowing for some margin of material, there would be more than enough canvas to provide 20 such tents. But as I cannot see what a Prussian officer could want with 20 bell-tents, apart from the fact that the putting up of such tents would mean cutting up the map into sections, we shall have to look for another "disguise." The idea of a marquee would suggest itself at once to a Prussianised mind. Now taking a marquee 10 feet wide, 6 feet high at the sides, and about 9 feet at the centre, the Prussian officer would have enough material to make it about 260 feet long, but what on earth would he want with a marquee 260 feet long? So making our marquee 40 feet wide, 20 feet high at the sides, and about 30 feet high at the ridge, we would still have enough stuff to make it over 50 feet long. As these are unlikely dimensions even for a Prussian marquee, let us make it 30 feet broad, 15 feet high at the sides, and 20 feet at the ridge. This would be about 90 feet long, and should provide any amount of air-space for the officer and his valet.

I think we may dismiss the idea of a marquee. Though, as remarked above, concealment of the map about the person is unlikely, we should not exclude the possibility, and we shall briefly consider it. Assuming that 20 layers of the map-material would not be more than an inch thick, and that the width of each strip around the body would be  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet, the map would form a hollow cylinder about 50 inches in external diameter and about 13 feet in circumference. Such a cylinder would provide an excellent protection for the vital parts of the Prussian's body, but would prove a problem for his tailor and an encum-



brance to his movements. In the face of all these considerations we must only discountenance Mr. Redmond's yarn, and thus write Mr. Redmond down a liar, which is, of course, unthinkable.

## NORTH LOUTH'S LESSON

I took but slight interest in the recent election in North Louth. It was a contest between two sections of the West-Britons of that constituency as to who should represent them in the British Parliament. If any Irish Nationalist voted for either candidate he sinned against the first tenet of Irish Nationalism, which is, that the people of Ireland alone must decide Ireland's destiny. By sending representatives to the British Parliament to argue with the representatives of England, Scotland, and Wales regarding Irish affairs, you surrender to the claims of that Parliament to legislate for Ireland. Amongst his other sins, that was a sin of Parnell. There is this, however, to be said for Parnell, he humiliated the British Parliament to the dust. He made it the laughing stock of the world, thinking that to save itself from his assaults it would surrender to his claims for Ireland. It might have done so, had Parnell been more than a man. But he was only a man after all, and was trapped, as most men can be who are worth baiting a trap for. Lesser men escape and gain a reputation for righteousness, simply because they weren't worth snaring, and because the devil is sure of them ultimately.

This is, of course, a digression. I hold with John Mitchel, that the British Parliament is a fit place for liars, drunkards, cadgers, sneaks, and place-hunters. It is not the place for an honest man. If Hamill is such a man, I congratulate him on his escape. Mr. L. Ginnell is busy proving Mitchel's contention, and it is but a question of time until Mr. Ginnell himself leaves that spawning ground of political parasites—the British House of Commons.

The North Louth result is a further evidence of the immorality of Parliamentaryism, or, perhaps, I should say of Devlinism. Whitty, the successful candidate, actually secured only a minority of the registered voters. But Devlinism is always equal to such a contingency, and the gentle art of personation has capable exponents amongst his battalion in Belfast, who were brought to Louth for the occasion. In addition, practically every Redmondite-owned-motor-car North of Dublin and South of Belfast was at Whitty's service, and electioneers know that nowadays the candidate with the best motor service stands to win, even if that candidate, as Mr. Hazleton declared, was not a politician.

is not a politician, and never would be one. Fancy foisting a thing answering to this charge into a political job such as the representation of the West-Britons of North Louth in the British Parliament. It was a triumph of organisation. All things are possible to organisation, and without it you are sparring the air. There are people for whom this concluding sentence is specially intended, but they won't bother about it; they are too busy waiting for miracles. And when the miracles don't happen, but the inevitable disaster due to lack of even primary organisation does happen, they wring their hands, assume an expression like that borne by a bookmaker after a bad day at the Curragh and he trudging home on foot, and they exclaim: "We are destroyed; all is lost. God must be against us." God is always against the pessimist, because the pessimist lacks faith.

The way to win is to deserve to win. Devlin deserved to win because he worked to win; it would have taken a miracle to beat him. Similarly with other people, to win they must work, they must organise, and having organised, having prepared the train of events, then invite God's help. But don't be always asking God to plough the field, whilst you sit in the ditch smoking, or cursing your neighbour for having his work done. Ireland will be saved by work even as it has demanded work and ceaseless vigilance to keep her under.

## THE CASE FOR IRELAND

A fortnight ago I wrote in the "Spark": "The time is ripe for an authoritative statement of Ireland's position under England being sent broadcast throughout the world." I have received letters promising signatures to the statement from many districts, but some readers have failed to grasp the idea. So I will develop it somewhat.

John Redmond is regarded outside Ireland as the spokesman of the Irish nation. We in Ireland know him as the spokesman of a corrupt faction in the pay of the English Government. We can laugh to scorn his utterances and his manifestoes, but we must take into consideration the fact that there is an appearance of truth in his claim to Irish leadership in the fact that official returns show that 145,000 recruits were obtained in Ireland for the English Army. Redmond, in his recent manifesto, said: "For the first time in history we have a huge Irish Army in the field."

The world sees that fact. How are we to get over it? To redeem Ireland in the eyes of the world we have to show how those 145,000 recruits were got. Some of them were perhaps



pro-British, but the overwhelming majority were obtained under false pretences; they were not pro-British nor anti-German. They were anti-Bogey. English education has left Irishmen mere kindergarten politicians, political children, and the men-children were frightfully worked upon by the German-Bogey-Man. I want this whole damnable conspiracy against Irish manhood exposed, and I want Ireland's name redeemed before the world. I shall have more to say on this matter, and will welcome readers' opinions.

### A CALL

Come forward and fight for your country,  
For the bog and the bare hillside,  
For the bleak and barren patches  
Where your fathers toiled and died.  
Though you rot in you clammy cabins,  
You must answer the Empire's call;  
And be thankful that proud Britannia  
Has allowed you to live; t all.

Present-day methods of warfare  
Don't agree with the upper ten;  
To live in a trench were too big a wrench  
For tenderly-nurtured men.  
We want the sturdy country lads  
Who delve in the mud and clay,  
To shoulder their guns and fight the Huns,  
So come in and join to-day.

Don't think of the wrongs of the distant past—  
Home Rule's on the Statute Book;  
And wealth's for the few—excluding you—  
However unfair it look.  
And if cattle—not men—inhabit the plains  
Of Meath and broad Kildare—  
Well the Saxon's food must be cheap and good  
That's why we've the ranches there.

Mother England calls with a pleading voice—  
The Empire's need is great;  
She appeals to you for fighters are few.  
Your reward is sure as fate.  
A nameless grave in some foreign field  
Awaits you after the fray,  
Or a safe retreat in some workhouse neat—  
So come in and join to-day. M. O'B.

### SENSATION!

"We have often stated and again reiterate that Rome is behind the war—and that the Kaiser is the tool of the Pope. Further proof of our statement has just come to hand. Bro. Pte. Edward Alderthay, Smethwick, Birmingham, of the 8th Royal Bucks, has just returned from Flanders, wounded. He was in that awful battle

on Hill 70, when a shell burst over his company, by which he was injured. Thousands of little things like bullets were around him, and he picked one up out of curiosity. To his surprise he found the little article to be a small tin box, and, inside, was a lead image of the Virgin Mary. Surely there is some Popish reason for shelling British Protestant Soldiers with images of the Virgin Mary!"—From "The Orange Standard," Birmingham, the official organ of the Orange body.

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