



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF IRELAND

Archives are subject to copyright and should not be copied or reproduced
without the written permission of the Director of the National Archives

S.
1511
D.M.P.

9265
69 S

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Secret

Superintendent's Office, G Division,

14th August 1901

Subject:—

MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 13th Inst. the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:—

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75 Parnell St., William O'Leary Curtis for a few minutes between 4 & 5 p. m. James J. Buggy for half an hour between 8 & 9 p. m. D. Lynch for twenty minutes between 9 & 10 p. m.

James Connolly left Amiens St. by 3 p. m. train, en route to Belfast. R. I. C. informed.

Alderman Thos. Kelly, W. T. Cosgrave and W. P. Partridge together in Dame Street between

The Chief Commissioner.

The Under Secretary

Submitted.

W. J. Whiston

C. Connolly 14/8

Under Secretary

Submitted.

*W. J. Whiston
16/8/01*

*W. J. Whiston
16/8*

✓

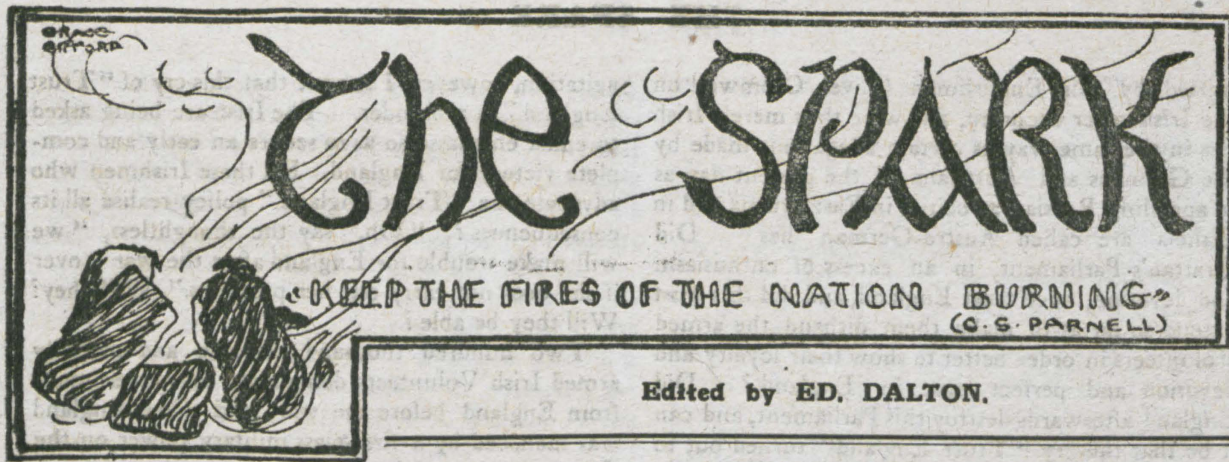
between 4 & 5 p. m.

Thomas Byrne with J. J. Walsh in the
shop of the latter, 26, Blessington Street,
for half an hour between 7 & 8 p. m.

Attached is a Copy of this week's
issue of The Spark which does not appear to
contain anything deserving serious attention.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.



Vol. II. No. 28.

DUBLIN, SUNDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1915.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

TRUST ENGLAND

LET me assume that Germany and Austria will be beaten in this great war. Let me further assume that their defeat will be as complete and as decisive as England desires. In the words of Lord Charles Beresford, England will not be satisfied until every warship that Germany possesses is at the bottom of the sea, until Krupp's factories are razed to the ground, until the German armies are utterly destroyed, until the German Empire is broken up, until the Kaiser is captured, until the English, the French, and the Russians enter Berlin. Other English speakers and writers have amplified this English dream, and have maintained that the Austrian Empire, too, must be completely and absolutely crushed. Then England will be able to breathe freely. She will not have a powerful enemy in the world. She will dominate France and Russia and Italy, and she need no longer make pretence of affection for the United States. This is the dream, mark you, not of Lord Charles Beresford alone, but of millions of Englishmen who are living comfortably out of the revenues of India, of Egypt, of Ireland, and of other small nationalities.

Let me, as I have stated at the commencement of this article, assume that this English dream comes true. What, then, I ask, would be the position of Ireland?

I would like every thinking Irishman who reads this article to seriously, gravely, and deliberately consider the answer to this vital question—What would be the position of Ireland if England comes out of this war as Lord Charles Beresford believes she will—in other words, if England emerges more

powerful from this war than she was after Napoleon was crushed in 1815.

There are some who will say, "Oh, there is no need to discuss such a possibility, because it is not at all likely. The chances are that the war will be a draw—there is even a chance that Germany may win in spite of her many enemies." I grant all this, but still I ask thoughtful Irishmen to consider my question—What will be the position of Ireland if England (with the aid of Irish soldiers) becomes dominant once more after this world war? Our conception of the answer to this question is a thing we ought not to shirk. We have got to face the fact that England may be all-powerful after this war, and I maintain we ought equally to satisfy ourselves clearly as to what we believe Ireland's position would be as a result of such an all-powerful England.

I submit that the only way in which we can give a correct answer to this question is by a reference to history. In the light of history I ask, can any thinking or reading Irishman conscientiously say—"Let us trust England."

Before returning such an answer as this, I would earnestly ask Irishmen who might be inclined to do so, to be absolutely certain of their grounds for saying "Trust England".

For example, has Ireland trusted England ever before? Did thousands of Irishmen once trust England after the siege of Limerick? Was there "a scrap of paper" known as the Treaty of Limerick? Again, did certain Irishmen in Wexford once trust an Englishman named Cromwell? Can it be that certain alleged English atrocities com-

mitted by this Englishman Oliver Cromwell on the Irish never occurred, and were they merely Irish lies in the same way as certain allegations made by the Germans and Austrians of the present day as to appalling Russian atrocities in East Prussia and in Galicia are called Austro-German lies? Did Grattan's Parliament, in an excess of enthusiasm and devotion, once trust England, and did this trust extend so far as to make them disband the armed Volunteers in order better to show their loyalty and devotion and perfect trust in England? Did England afterwards destroy this Parliament, and can it be that the cry "Trust England" turned out to be wrong in Grattan's time even as it was found to be wrong in the days of Sarsfield. Finally, did England per the mouth of her spokesman, Mr. Herbert Asquith, solemnly promise some years ago that Ireland (not any particular part of it, but Ireland as a whole) was to well and truly get Home Rule, and to get it immediately. Did this same Englishman, Mr. Herbert Asquith, afterwards go back of his promise, or did he not?

Frankly speaking, I find it hard to imagine any sane Irishman believing in this cry of "Trust England". In the first place, the whole history of England's dealings with Ireland is against any such belief. In the second place, the juggling that has taken place over the Home Rule Bill is proof positive that England, past or present, is ever the same—namely, that she cannot be trusted.

Let me give also a little instance of England's regard for solemn obligations in modern times.

When England entered Egypt she solemnly bound herself to evacuate the country as soon as order was restored. She is still there. Furthermore she has annexed Egypt.

Germany has not yet annexed Belgium. The Belgians who want Germany out of Belgium are called patriots in London. The Egyptians who want England out of Egypt are called rebels in London. The Irishman who thinks that Ireland is a nation, that Ireland is as deserving of independence as Belgium, or Denmark, or Sweden, or Norway, or Holland, or Serbia, or Bulgaria, or Roumania, or Greece, or even Montenegro is called a visionary by the London "Times" and is dubbed a crank or a factionist by Mr. John Redmond. Is it gratifying to Mr. Redmond, I wonder, to find himself in close agreement with the London "Times" about the mere Irish? Of the two the London "Times" is the less severe. In its eyes the Irish Nationalists are visionaries, but to Mr. Redmond they are criminals.

From the view-point alone of constitutional

agitation, however, I submit that this cry of "Trust England" is a blunder. The Irish are being asked to enlist en masse so as to secure an early and complete victory for England. Do these Irishmen who advocate the "Trust England" policy realise all its consequences? "Oh," say the thoughtless, "we will make trouble for England after the war is over if she does not carry out her promises." Will they? Will they be able?

Two hundred thousand resolute and partially armed Irish Volunteers demanding self-government from England before the war, and when England was menaced by a first-class military power on the Continent, is one thing.

Two hundred thousand Volunteers (even supposing that number were available) demanding that England keep her promises, after a war in which she had crushed her great military rival, would be an entirely different thing.

All history has shown that a powerful England flouts Ireland. All history, unfortunately, has shown equally well that a weak and threatened England can cajole Ireland with promises.

It seems to me conclusive that the "constitutionalists" in Ireland had a magnificent chance last year (and still have even in this year 1915) of saying to England: "Instead of hanging up Home Rule set up a Parliament at once in Dublin and you will see what it will do for England. We are tired of promises. We want performance."

In place of that Mr. Redmond "trusted England" and goes on "trusting England." He went down to Kilkenny to tell the people there that all who thought differently about his policy were only corner boys.

It is melancholy to watch the pusillanimous action of Irish leaders like Messrs. Redmond, Devlin, and Dillon.

I suppose there are people who really believe what the daily papers say and who think that Russian strategy is so deep that when they retreat they are always leading the Austro-Germans into a trap. In the same way, it is possible that there are people who believe that the policy of the Irish leaders is so masterly that every time they say "Trust England" they have solid reasons for so saying.

To the credit of the Russians be it said that they occasionally cashier a general or two, no matter how much influence he possesses, when his trap is so deeply laid that he falls into it himself. Here in Ireland unfortunately, the tried and trusted leaders are so well entrenched with English gold that they can afford (for the present) to disregard criticism and even to denounce it.

When the time comes to deliver the goods, when the time comes to redeem the promise conveyed in the words, "Trust England," I wonder will the Irish people be so patient as they are at present? I wonder will their anger be against England, or will it be against their leaders who told them to "Trust England."

For of this I think that every Irishman who thinks for himself must be convinced that if the balance of power in Europe is disturbed in such a way as to render England again all powerful, she will no more keep her promise to Ireland in the future than she has done in the past.

And when the Irish leaders come home once more to Ireland and are forced to say to the Irish people—"We trusted England. We helped her to beat her great commercial rival. Now she is supreme. Therefore she betrays us."—What will the Irish people say? What will they do?

Will they acquiesce in another bogus Home Rule campaign? Will they go on listening to harmless denunciations of England by the self same Irish leaders—denunciations perfectly harmless because an all powerful England can afford to treat them with contempt, or will the Irish people realise that of all the great shams, of all the great hypocrisies, of all the great betrayals ever heard of on this earth the greatest is this cry (always heard when England is in difficulty) of—"Trust England."—CANICE.

PATSY PATRICK ON FOIBLES OF FAMOUS MEN

"Famous min do have quare little ways on thim," remarked Terry.

"They do," replied Patsy. They do all have some little human weakness. It keeps thim from bein' superhuman. The schoolmaster above, as the boys calls him, tells me that the quare little ways o' famous min should be called foibles; an' the schoolmaster ought to know, for he writes all the speeches for Barney Kearney, the County Councillor. 'Twas only on Sunday last that I got to know o' the rale foible o' Mister John Dillon. Mike Maher, beyond at the forge, used to say that John Dillon's strong weakness was his adoration iv the leaders iv the English Whigs. Mike made out that John Dillon id go into a brekfast, tay-party or dinner at the house iv an English Whig wid much the same soort iv attrite respect that the tinant farmers used to crawl into the land agint's office in the ould days—with his hat in his hand, his knees knockity, an' 'Yer Honor' on his lips. Mike says—an' Mike is a good judge o' general dalers—that John Dillon id rather have a kick from an Englishman or woman than a kiss from anyone born in his own country. Mike 'ill tell ye that, wid Irishmin, John Dillon is a wasp, an' wid Englishmen a worm. I used to think that was Mister Dillon's foible. I used to sort o' blame the

ould man for settin' a bad example to the rest o' the party. I thought 'twas from John Dillon they larned the foible; but now I find the Colorado holiday-maker an' defamer o' the patriot dead is noted in London for the way he keeps his trowsers creased—"

"The divel a straw John Dillon cares 'bout his trowsers," interrupted Terry.

"D'ye mane to doubt the papers?" snapped Patsy. "Are ye wan o' the crowd in Ireland to-day who carry a craugh o' salt around wid 'im to take a pinch wid ivery bit o' news they hear. D'ye know better than the London correspondent o' yer largest daily circulation? Why, I'll have ye to know, me lad, that half London looks out to see Dillon, wid his dandy trowsers, steppin' into brekfast wid Mister Lloyd George, or goin' into Buckingham Palace to truck over the piecin'-up iv Ireland. The thing I can't understand is, that thim newspaper lads niver let us know this tale o' the trowsers afore now. I've looked up the lives o' grate min, an' I can't find much about their clothes. I think 'twas that little gossoon o' Martin Foley's was tellin' me that the breeches was introduced in the reign iv Augustus, but they ran the tailors out in the year 354. It appears some o' the famous min wint in for creasin' the breeches the same as Mister Dillon be, puttin' thim in between the feather bed an' the chaff tick ivery night, an' some o' the cranks an' nobodys got sick iv it. I can't find iv Virgil was light-headed 'bout his trowsers, but I see where Velasquez Diego, the Spaniard—I mane the soldier-fellow—was fairly daft about the style iv his trowsers. So was Tallyrand, who'd a lot iv Mister Dillon's ways 'bout him. Tolstoi wasn't like Tallyrand—at least, in his ould age. Neither did Washington care anything 'bout the crease in his trowsers; but Dermot McMurrough was a divil iv a fop, an' so was Judge Keogh. I heerd Charlie Tierney sayin' somethin' or th'other wan day 'bout the Sham Squire takin' extra care iv his trowsers. So does Tommy Kettle."

"What about John Redmond?" asked Terry.

"John Redmond had a little foible," replied Patsy. "He used to fancy himself like Napoleon, an' spint many an hour afore the glass. He's changed the glass now. Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde used to dress up as Robert Emmet, an' had a foible o' getting his photo side-faced; but at the present he's doin' Jellicoe, an' John Redmond is doin' Botha, while Tay Pay O'Connor is doin' iverybody. The Lord Mayor o' Dublin is, o' course, trying to do Mick M'Quaid, but I'm afeerd he hasn't the jaynis, though he has a few Joe Doolin's around him. Lorcan Sherlock has a little foible iv makin' a speech at the little newsboy sellin' him the paper. It's the way he has o' talkin', but—"

"I don't b'lieve 'bout John Dillon goin' dotin' over his trowsers," interrupted Terry.

"We'll get a snowball resolution," said Patsy. "Make it long and strong. Affirm yer confidence that John Dillon is thinkin' more iv little Belgium than he is iv his breeches. Iv ye do, ye'll have done a good day's work for Ireland."

"It's a quare time, surely," said Terry.

"I'm wondherin' what the historian will say iv it," replied Patsy. "He'll be a bit sore on the foibles, I'm thinkin'."

SINN FEINISM

I never buy the "Freeman's Journal." I occasionally see it, of course, partly because there are public libraries in Dublin and partly because I have a newsagent friend who has got a customer—a regular customer—for the "Freeman," and thus he has to get in a copy every day. He has often asked me to wait some day and look at such a strange being, but I could not stand the shock of meeting a queer customer who actually pays for—mind you, pays for—the daily "Freeman," so I compromise by looking at the paper instead. That is how I came to see last Tuesday's issue. I tell you this by way of explanation.

In Tuesday's issue I saw an article, headed "War Savings," the last of a series of three articles prepared by the "Irish War Savings Committee" "for the benefit and guidance of the people of Ireland, rich and poor, in city and country, without distinction of class or creed." The articles, we are told, form a statement of plain facts and plain advice, expressed in plain language. I like that passage about no distinction of class or creed: I see in it a hint that when the burden of taxation gets heavier it will be laid on the shoulders of all Irish people with quite Imperial impartiality, and that the Carsonite Big Drummer will have no more chance of escaping than the Redmondite Flag-wagger.

This statement of plain facts in plain language is neither more nor less than an extension and a bringing up-to-date of a Sinn Fein handbill issued years ago, and is, in effect, an admission that Sinn Feiners are and always were right.

The article advises us not to import foodstuffs from abroad. If, it declares, we could reduce our consumption of foreign foodstuffs, "it is plain that we should need to buy so much less from abroad, and that we should therefore have all the more wealth for ourselves"—and it points out that, though Ireland is a great food-producing country, it imported in 1913 no less than 26 million pounds' worth of farm produce, food and drink stuffs—that is, to the value of £6 for every man, woman and child in Ireland. "Besides food," the article goes on, "there are other imports in the use of which a greater economy is desirable. Of these, the most striking is, perhaps, the group which comprises piece goods, ready-made goods, drapery and apparel. Our imports under this head, in 1913, reached the enormous total of £16,270,927. When it is considered that a large quantity of such manufactures is also produced within the country, it will be apparent that there is here ample scope for the exercise of economy." Some saving, we are told, might also be effected in the items of Boots and Shoes, of which we imported £1,673,978 worth in 1913. Tobacco, in the same year, was imported to the value (excluding duty) of a million sterling, and we read that the money saved by a reduction of the tobacco bill might be directed from the pocket of the foreigner to better uses at home. Amongst other luxuries the imports of which could be checked are foreign wines, motor-cars and cycles, leather and rubber goods, etc.

Here we are told "in plain language" to keep Ireland's money out of the pockets of foreigners. Whether the writer of the War Economy article accepts Arthur Griffith's

definition of foreign as "not Irish," I cannot say; but it may be assumed that he does, because most of the article is written for the guidance of the people of Ireland, apparently without reference to people dwelling at the other side of the Irish Sea. What is the writer's purpose; what he has at the back of his head in writing these things it is not for me to enquire. He may want the people to conserve their money and put it into War Loans and similar things; he may, on the other hand, be a Nationalist in disguise, using the opportunities offered him to urge on the people to use their own produce, develop their own industries, foster their own manufactures, and let the foreigner go to blazes. Whatever be his motive, he preaches Sinn Fein—he wants the people to work out their own salvation in Ireland, the only difference being that, when he wants a self-reliant, self-supporting Ireland, he wants it in the interests of the "Empire," whereas Sinn Fein wants a self-reliant, self-supporting, self-contained Ireland in the interests of Ireland only. And in these days, when the whole world is agitated, and half of it is fighting in the cause of Small Nationalities, Sinn Fein, which aims at the salvation of our own Small Nationality on our own soil, must be held justified, orthodox, and even respectable.

ST. ENDA'S AERIDHEACHT.

A great aeridheacht is announced for Sunday, September 5th, in the picturesque grounds of St. Enda's College, Rathfarnham. A motor-service will run between the tram terminus and the College. Besides the usual features there will be a number of side shows, including tea-garden.

SPARK VOL. I.

By the time this issue is on sale I expect that the first batch of orders for Volume I. shall have been fulfilled. The volume contains all numbers issued from February to July inclusive, and will be sent post free for 1s. 6d. The number of orders received quite exceeded the supply I had at my disposal, but I have arranged to reprint sufficient numbers to complete all orders, and readers will understand that this will entail some little delay—perhaps of a few days. Any orders received during the ensuing week will be fulfilled at the earliest possible moment. It must be borne in mind that the number of volumes will be very limited.

ORDER FORM.

Please send Vol. I. THE SPARK to—

Name

Address

P.O.O. or stamps 1s. 6d. enclosed.

Printed for the Proprietor by the Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street, and published at 4 Findlater Place, Dublin. Trade Union Labour. Irish Paper and Ink.