

# To the Irish in England.

Men and women of the Irish Race—The land of your forefathers is still in bondage. She is suffering to-day as she has suffered through the centuries. The tyrannous Power that denies her her liberty still represses her struggles in blood, still presents a pharasaical countenance to the world. A preliminary to setting Ireland free is to tear off that mask. Let pharasaical Englishmen who mouth liberty be met wherever they turn with the cry, "What about Ireland?"

Irishmen! duty claims—love prompts that you strive to set your Motherland free. Many thousands of you have but just engaged in a crusade in foreign lands because the cry of liberty was raised and liberty's glorious standard unfurled. Thousands of your comrades have just died on foreign battlefields with Sarsfield's wish upon their lips, looking at their life-blood and crying, "Oh, that this were for Ireland!" Will you not strive that their wish may come true—will you allow British Ministers to cheat them? Will you yourselves hang back now when the call is Liberty for Ireland and on the banner "That Emmet's epitaph be written."

Irishmen and Irishwomen at home have seen to it that the plea of acquiescence to her rule cannot be put forward by England against Ireland. Whilst you were crusading abroad they rose up against the tyranny at home. They, too, tried to break militarism—England's militarism in Ireland. They hated, and still hate, militarism as you do: they struck at it where it was nearest—where their strokes would be the most telling for the liberty of Ireland.

A tacit question went forth to the peoples of the world asking them to proclaim in what manner they wish to be governed. Ireland answered in a voice that could have been heard by all but by those who wanted not to hear, and in terms that could have been misunderstood only by those who wished to misunderstand.

You see around you to-day, everywhere, subject nations achieving their freedom. You hail them with joy. Sons and daughters of a race that has struggled for freedom longer than any other, you feel that you understand, as no other people can, the agonies these sister nations have endured. You feel and you know that Ireland's example has been as a torch that lighted up the way for not a few—a torch held steadily aloft to light them through the darkest and dreariest passages of their dungeons as they toiled laboriously towards the day—and now you rejoice that they have gone forth into the sunlight. Their success is a surety that Ireland herself shall not fail.

Self-determination, understood in the only way it has a practical meaning, is the one basis on which the Governments of nations can rest now. Stability within, international peace and security without alike require it. It is a principle dictated by a common sense that will bring the superior scheming of oligarchical statesmen to nought. It is the very definition of liberty. It is founded on justice, and must win acceptance from the just. To bring it to triumph it is only necessary that those who believe in it band themselves together—uniting their separate wills into a tide that will be irresistible. It is consistent with the most devoted citizenship in every land.

Irishmen, for you in particular this word is a gospel. On the basis of government of the people of Ireland by the people of Ireland for the people of Ireland all true lovers of liberty can unite and press forward to the goal shoulder to shoulder. Never were Ireland's hopes so bright if we but press on together now resolutely and swiftly.

League yourselves together so that, flung world-wide though we are, we may all act together in co-operative unison. Begin to-day here in the very heart of the Power that is your country's **only** enemy. Your brothers in Scotland and Wales will soon be with you—Australia and Canada too. Mighty America is already vigorously in the cause. Irishmen and Irishwomen at home are doing their duty nobly though they suffer. Children of the Irish race in England, unite and assist them!

Europe knows the justice of our claims. Lovers of liberty everywhere bid us Godspeed.

EAMON DE VALERA.