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the young women; the very flower of our race, with life and hope in their eyes, the bloom of youth on their cheeks; some laughing, some crying, some singing to keep their courage up; all sons and daughters whom a loving mother tended—there on the quay. Also there were their fathers and mothers; the fathers—men not much given to emotion—with tears streaming down their cheeks; the mothers wringing their hands in anguish, knowing that for the most part they would never see their children again. I tell you that was a sight sufficient to bring tears to any man's eyes, and I knew that it was false economic conditions in my land that made it necessary for those young men and young women to cross the ocean for the privilege of earning their daily bread. And there I made a vow that, if I lived, I would do a man's part to make it unnecessary for any young people to leave their father's home and their native land to cross the ocean in order to earn their daily bread.

If those sons and daughters were by our side to-day in Ireland we would have a population of some fifteen or twenty million souls, and if we had that population we would need to stand at no man's door to ask for our liberty. If these, our sons and daughters, were by our side we need not speak ashamedly to any nation on the face of God's earth, and if we cannot look to our own sons and daughters, our own flesh and blood in our time of need, where on God's fair earth can we look?

But there is another reason why we speak to you. You are part of the great British Empire, one of the great British Dominions, and whatever honor and glory comes to it, you have your fair share, and whatever blame or shame comes to it, you must also bear your portion of it.

The whole question of Ireland is not merely a question for Ireland and England; it is a question for all the British Dominions, aye, it is a question for the whole world. What did your sons and fathers and brothers fight for? Was it not for liberty, for democracy, for freedom of nations, great and small? And you have applied some of these principles to the nations of the Central Empire, to Poland, to Jugoslavia, to Czecho-Slovakia, to Belgium, and the world is asking, "Why, in the name of common sense do you not apply the same principles to Ireland?" Can you believe that before the war there were twenty men in this Dominion who ever heard the name of Czecho-Slovakia or Jugoslavia? I question if any man could even point out the boundaries of those countries on the map. No man has any trouble in pointing out the boundaries of Ireland.

Ireland's claim is as good and better than that of most of those nations and it is older, and it is right and just that you should see justice applied all around; not to only one part, only one people, but to all the world, and then the world will know that you are honest and sincere in your claims and professions and it will know that you have won some of the things for which you fought and died.

But, there is another reason why I, especially, should appear before you tonight. Lord Beaverbrook—perhaps better known to you by the

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