

The Family Circle

PEARSE'S VOW.

I n-aimm De,
 Dar Criost a Aon-Mhac,
 Dar Muire a Chaom-Mhathair,
 Dar Padraic Apstal Gaedheal,
 Dar dilseacht Chuilm Chille,
 Dar clu ar geinidh,
 Dar cru ar Sinnsear,
 Dar dumharbhadh Aodha Ruaidh,
 Dar bas truaighmheileach Aodha Ui Neall,
 Dar oidheadh Eoghain Ruaidh,
 Dar mian an tSairsealaigh le ucht a bhais,
 Dar osna eagcomlainn an Ghearaltaigh,
 Dar creachtaibh croilinnteacha Tone,
 Dar fuil usail Emmet,
 Dar corpaibh an Ghorta,
 Dar deoraibh deoraidhe nGaedheal,
 Do-bheirimid na mionna do-bheireadh ar sinnseir,
 Go bhfuasclochaimid do gheibheann ar geinidh,
 No go dtuitimid bonn le bonn. Amen.

[TRANSLATION.]

In the name of God,
 By Christ His Only Son,
 By His Blessed Mother Mary,
 By St. Patrick, Apostle of the Gael,
 By beloved Colm-Cille,
 By the fame of our race,
 By the blood of our ancestors,
 By the murder of Red Hugh,
 By the mournful death of Hugh O'Neill,
 By the murder of Owen Roe,
 By the dying wish of Sarsfield,
 By the piteous moans of the Geraldine,
 By the bloody wounds of Tone,
 By the gore of Emmet,
 By the corpses of the Famine,
 By the tears of the exiles from Erin,
 We will take the vows that our fathers took
 That we will break the chains of our race
 Or die in the attempt. Amen.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

A TALK WITH MRS. DE VALERA.

(By DORIS STEVENS.)

What the Men Said:

The most popular girl in Dublin.
The best dancer.
No end of good looks.
Had fifty suitors, but young de Valera persisted until she married him.

What the Women Said:

She is most charming and attractive.
A beautiful woman.
So gifted in our ancient Irish tableaux—has dramatic as well as literary talent.

It was of Mrs. de Valera, wife of the Sinn Fein leader, that I heard those things said before I met and talked with her at a garden party at the country house of Professor Eoin MacNeill, the Speaker of Dail Eireann, in the first days of the truce. They were, it will be agreed, well calculated to stimulate my already keen curiosity.

Happy groups were on the lawn, for many of the people had been "on the run" for two years and were meeting socially for the first time. Talk was gay, not only about politics, as was inevitable, but about poetry, the drama, philosophy, biology—what not?

Into one of the groups came Mr. de Valera and his wife, the latter looking very small by the side of her tall, slim husband as they walked across the lawn. Mr. de Valera introduced me to his wife with a twinkle in his eye, which I understood to mean, "Get her if you can." I accepted the challenge. And soon Mrs. de Valera and I had found a corner in which to talk.

PUPIL-SUITOR.

Her sea-blue eyes strike one first. She has an almost child-like smile, with only occasionally a suggestion of haunting sadness when she speaks of some particular Irish tragedy. Otherwise her face is singularly untouched by the strain of the late years. Those who knew her in her early youth say her smile is more quiet now. But that is to be expected. Her countenance radiates happiness, however, not sadness. Her mass of burnished gold hair tops off dramatically the brilliant coloring of her healthy, sea-bred complexion. She is mature, to be sure, but it is the maturity which has kept its youth in spite of six children.

As with so many Irishwomen, her mode of dress was far more French than British. A dark blue soft satin cape of loose, graceful lines covered her blue frock. A dark blue velvet hat of girlish cut, with rolled-back brim, set off her golden hair. Blue silk stockings and little black pumps completed her charming costume.

"Do you know William Rooney's poems and ballads?" were almost her first words to me, spoken in her soft, quiet, musical voice. I did not know them, but could I get them at the Irish Book Shop? Yes, I could. And would I read the very first beautiful one, called "Dear Dark Head"? "The volume has a preface by Arthur Griffith," she said. And she launched into earnest praise of Mr. Griffith, the Sinn Fein Vice-President. "He it was," she said, "who inspired me to learn Gaelic."

Sini O'Flanagan—for that was her maiden name—in turn became a teacher of Irish. She has one time or another taught most of the present Irish leaders their knowledge of the Irish language. Among her pupils was the young university professor, Eamon de Valera, who became her husband in 1900.

She will not for a moment admit that coming to her class led the young scholar into the movement of which he became the leader. "He could not have avoided being caught up by the movement," she said. "It simply happened this way. You must realise what a tremendous influence the study of the Irish language has had on the political views of young Irishmen. If the language movement had been a mere superficial pastime it would not have taken roots as it has. But it became a vital part of the Nationalist movement because thoughtful people were soon made to realise our distinct racial culture through this medium."

Mrs. de Valera has never given up altogether an active participation in the Gaelic movement. "Of course you cannot do much else in life when you have six little children to look after. And I have given myself to this task of late years. I still manage to find time to teach Irish to the nuns in a convent nearby to my home. Then, too, I love the country. We are at the sea [Greystones, their home, is a loyalist centre 17 miles from Dublin]; I never come up to Dublin except when I have to."

"Do the children speak Irish?" I asked.

"The four eldest speak Irish fluently. The two youngest will as soon as they are old enough to learn. But I believe that while you are rearing children and looking after the home you need not neglect to bring the world into your home."

That Mrs. de Valera has not neglected that side of life is evident from her preoccupation with every problem occupying people's minds to-day.

"I sometimes wonder," she said, "if women had had the power in the world that men have had, or even equal power with men, if they would have done better. . . I know the theory that women when cruel are more refined in their cruelty, but at best now women are only followers, not leaders. Do you think most women are pacifists?" she queried.

I answered that I did not believe women would organise for murder as men had always done, if women had power and leadership in national and international affairs, but that they followed men into war as they always followed men into all their pursuits. "Left to themselves," I said, "I do not think they would organise to kill the young."

"I wonder!" she said. "I am inclined to think that women are a little more civilised than men. All mothers really hate war—that much I am sure of. I feel just as sorry for English mothers who have lost their boys as I do for Irish mothers."

She did not find it easy to talk about what she had

S. F. Aburn

PAINTER, PAPERHANGER, GLAZIER, Etc., 215 PRINCES ST., DUNEDIN.
 Importer of Paints, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Brushware, Paperhangings, Pictures
 and Room Mouldings, Sheet (Plate) and Colored Glass, etc.—TELEPHONE 1320