

## THE RED HAND OF O'NEILL.

BRIGHT gleams the fair sunlight where blue laughing waters  
 The shores of Iernis at morning-tide lave,  
 Emblaz'ning in splendour the vessels of Scota  
 That breast the broad bosom of Inbher Sceine's wave.  
 All regal the air of the Mother-queen Scota,  
 With her sable-decked brow, and her silver-white hair;  
 All stately her bearing as fronting her chief-men  
 Her accents ring out on the calm summer air:

"In the splendour of sunlight, ye sons of far Scythia,  
 Yon emerald valleys stretch fair from this bay,  
 Then say ye, my Scythians, choose, which of my offspring  
 Shall o'er them the sceptre of royalty sway?  
 Eber Find, primal pledge of my good lord, Milesius,  
 Oft has crimsoned the field with his dead father's brand,  
 And Ermon Niul bears the soul of a hero;  
 Choose! Which of my offspring shall reign in the land?"

She ceases. And loudly the voice of Contention  
 Is heard in the midst of her warrior band,  
 And some will that Eber, the beetle-browed Eber,  
 Shall reign as their King in this fair western land;  
 But others, who love the bright face of the last-born,  
 And have secretly chafed beneath Eber Find's frown,  
 Say that none save the younger, the open-browed Ermon,  
 Shall wield the fair sceptre, or wear the bright crown.

Then are heard, o'er their clamour, the words of Queen Scota,  
 "Be still'd in our presence Dissension's harsh voice!  
 'Twixt Eber and Ermon shall be the vex'd question, }  
 Since my faithful and true are divided in choice.  
 Give Eber a linter and with it two rowers,  
 Give Ermon the same, not a follower more,  
 All arm'd as for war, let them row from our vessel,  
 And the land shall be his who first touches the shore."

"Go forth, then, my sons!" Half defiant is Eber  
 As he and his rowers descend the ship's side;  
 And the partisan cries vex the calm summer ether  
 As the boats of the twain lay abreast on the tide;  
 But all changed is the face of the once-smiling Ermon,  
 An expression so stern never dwelt there before;  
 And he deigns not a glance, for the bent of his vision  
 Is changelessly fixed on the far away shore.

Away! They are gone! Strain each limb swarthy rowers  
 Till your eyeballs nigh leap from their dark caverned space!  
 Pull! Pull! Till the swelled vein is strained unto bursting,  
 For a dynasty waits for the first in this race.  
 And the rent wave is spurned by the four mighty rowers  
 As the boats near the land 'neath their swift maddened reach,  
 And the Queen-mother watches, afar, for the moment  
 Which beholds the first Scythian on Inbher Sceine's beach

O! why lags his boat, but a moment since foremost?  
 Why yon swift stream of saffron that wells with each breath?  
 'Tis Ermon's best oar in convulsive distortion,  
 As he flings up his arms in the pallor of Death.  
 Oh! More bitter than death, in the moment of victory,  
 To have torn from his grasp the fair meed of renown,  
 To see Eber erect, with a gesture of triumph,  
 For the leap that shall bring him a kingdom and crown.

But swift as a flash from the gloom of its sheathing  
 Leaps to glittering life now the younger son's brand,  
 Through flesh, bone, and sinew its keen edge goes crashing,  
 And Ermon is lacking his sinister hand;  
 From the might of his right arm, in rapid expulsion,  
 The shorn limb whirls shoreward, fast spurting its gore,  
 'And mine is the crown and the sceptre,' gasps Ermon,  
 "Since mine is the hand that first touches its shore."

And the sceptre was his. But the generous Ermon  
 Shared with Eber the lands that pertained to his throne;  
 And Ermon and Eber, o'er the vales of Ierne,  
 Were crowned as twin kings on the Destiny Stone.  
 And down through the ages, the O'Neills of Old Eirin  
 Tell with pride of brave Ermon, whose merciless steel  
 Turned defeat into triumph on Inbher Sceine's billow  
 And gave to their arms the Red Hand of O'Neill.

H. K. COCKIN.

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

## THE HOUSEWIFE IN CAMP.

WAR, of course, invariably helps to increase the number of those empty places at the board which must annually force themselves upon our attention. The chair at the head of the table may itself be vacant; and, if the worst has not happened, the master himself may, at this very moment of writing, be driven to those resources of the culinary art which any recipes for "camp cookery" may reasonably be assumed to assist. If the housewife thus sadly finds herself called on to cater for a diminished table, may she not in a measure redress the balance by endeavouring to supply to some extent these very hints? Why should she not supplement those

anxiously-written letters to husbands, brothers, sons, or lovers, overflowing with the tenderest affection and solicitude for their welfare, with practical advice and recipes for dealing not only with what is supplied by the commissariat, but with what the country itself yields in the shape of food. Let it be remembered that "can do" takes up no room in a soldier's kit, and that the man who is a good cook and can make a dainty dish from the uninviting rations served out is sure to be one of the most popular characters in camp. It is to be hoped that the commissariat has been improved since the days of the Crimea, and that our soldiers are fighting now under conditions far more favourable than those of that far-off time. Still, in all climes and under all circumstances men must eat, and to eat, men, at least civilized men, must cook. Now will be the moment to prove the resources of our gallant soldiers in this respect. They are very valiant trencher-men—what will they find on the trencher? For the assistance of those housewives who may adopt my suggestion of doing what they can on paper to render the lives of the menkind as endurable as the arduous duties they are engaged in will permit, I will conclude by making a few extracts direct from a list of "Camp Recipes" given in the *London Times* of January, 1885.

*Camp Soup.*—Put half a pound of salt pork in a saucepan, with two ounces of rice, and two pints and a-half of cold water. When boiling, let it simmer another hour, stirring once or twice. Break in six ounces of biscuit, let it soak ten minutes; add one teaspoonful of sugar and some pepper if obtainable. Hints to the cook: If salt, the meat ought to be scraped and washed; if very salt, boil it in water for twenty minutes, and then throw the water away. Mind that the water at starting is always cold. This soup, like stew, is improved by any vegetables, notably leeks and onions. Dumplings may be boiled in this soup, made half of flour, and water and biscuit; lentils would also be a welcome adjunct. The art of making "damper" and similar farinaceous compounds is almost exclusively masculine, and there are doubtless many professors of it in the British camps of the East. One western recipe may, however, be given in case of need, and if the materials are at hand. I will give it in its integrity, leaving it to the ingenuity of the *chef* to make good one article in his *batterie de cuisine* which he certainly will not find in these days of "arms of precision"—viz., a ramrod. Probably a bayonet, or some similar spit, might take its place. Says my authority, "Place on a ramrod a biscuit, on that a thin slice of fat meat of any kind, above that some lean meat, such as might be supplied by a goat or antelope of the desert, above that another biscuit, and so on. Roast slowly, holding the ramrod upright, and turning it round and round before the fire, so that the lean meat and the biscuit are soaked in the fat as it dissolves." This and a score of similar devices can be, and are, of course, resorted to by experienced campaigners when roughing it, but, as this war is likely to make a drain upon the youthful portion of our manhood, it is as well that novices should be armed with a knowledge of these little matters whenever practicable; and if mothers, wives, and sisters can, in the depth of their anxiety, find the heart to impart it, it will, as I have said, take up no room in the soldier's kit, and may prove of an inestimable value in the hour of need.—*Corkscrew, in the Queen*

## THE MOTH AND THE PRIMROSES: A STUDY IN FERTILIZATION.

LET us suppose the moth first visited a pin-eyed blossom, he will gather pollen on a part of his proboscis just answering in length to their position in the flowers of this form. If, next, he flies away to another blossom of the same pin-eyed type, he will only gather more pollen at the same point on his proboscis, without brushing any of it off against the tall pin-head. But if, on the contrary, he happens next to visit a thrum-eyed specimen, in that case he will unconsciously deposit the mealy pollen-grains he gathered from the pin-eyed blossom upon the sticky pin-head or stigma of this second flower, which here occupies just the same relative position as the stamens do in the pin-eyed blossoms. At the same time he will collect more pollen higher up upon his proboscis from the five stamens at the mouth; and this pollen he will again deposit upon the next flower of the pin-eyed type that he happens to visit. In this way, owing to the exact correspondence of the opposite parts in the two forms, a pin-eyed flower always gets fertilized from a thrum-eyed sister, and a thrum-eyed from a pin-eyed. It doesn't matter how many flowers of one sort the moth goes on visiting at once; he will only keep on collecting more and more pollen, without disbursing any: but the moment he arrives at flowers of the opposite sort, he will begin paying out, at the same time that he collects pollen upon another part of his proboscis for the future benefit of the first-visited kind.—*The English Illustrated Magazine.*

## WHO SETS THE MODE IN NAMES?

THE inquiry is for the most part difficult to answer; but in general cases the stream of fashion may not seldom be traced to *royalty*. Among the twenty-five appellations found to be the commonest in England, appear all the names of past English sovereigns since the conquest save two, *Stephen* and *Richard*; and several other of these twenty-five designations probably have their rise from royal sources. But it must be conceded that some of these denominations—notably *Mary*—acquired their hold on popular usage apart from royal considerations. In our own days *Albert* was at one time the fashion through association with the Prince Consort, and *Albert Edward* became more recently a favourite combination, which, of course, had reference originally to the Prince of Wales. *Victoria*, although it has continuously appeared on the national name lists to a moderate extent, cannot be said to have come into fashion at any time. This is remarkable, considering the unparalleled popularity of our present sovereign. The name, however, does not lend itself kindly to the process of familiar