

in profound thought: "Our laws were indeed just; the people have an inalienable right to the land, and individual monopoly is at variance with the spirit of equity; but many generations will come and go before the justice of this claim shall be generally recognized among the Gentiles."

As I now ponder over the old man's words, their full depth and significance appear to me in a new and striking light; and I see, for the first time, how closely his ideas agree with those of Mr. Henry George, and how strange it is that Mr. George's theory, that private ownership in land is prejudicial to the best interests of society, and utterly opposed to the fundamental principles of equity and justice, should have so startled the present generation, seeing that its truth had been acknowledged by the early writers of the Holy Scriptures, and by the framers of the Hebrew law. Few thinking men, I am convinced, will disagree with the principles laid down by Mr. George, but it is not probable that the truths which he has propounded will be accepted so long as the expediency of their adoption is questioned. When that day does come, however, the people who inaugurate the Grand National Land Reform should set apart the year in which it is introduced as a National Jubilee, as a mark of their recognition of the wisdom which inspired the Jewish law-givers to establish the institution of the jubilee in the land of Canaan.

### THE DEVILED HAM.

BY ALEX. SWEET, EDITOR "TEXAS SILLINGS."

Among the very few things we do not know is how the expression "deviled ham" originated. It could not have originated with the Gadarene swine, that, being possessed of the devil, violently ran down a steep place into the sea: for they all perished, hence the subsequent pork could not be deviled from that cause. There is, however, a story told of a deviled ham in San Antonio, Texas, that is amusing, if not instructive.

It happened in 1855, when there were comparatively few Americans in this city. An old Mexican shoemaker, by the name of Pancho Hernandez, had a shop on the Military Plaza. He had a young, and rather good-looking wife. Pancho was a man of considerable influence, and was quite a favorite with the Americans, particularly those who ran for office. He spent much of his time with the Americans, and soon became so saturated with American civilization, that he preferred good old American whiskey to the vile Mezcal, on which his ancestors for hundreds of years had relied for inspiration. He even acquired a fondness for hash, and one day he actually brought home a large canvas-covered ham, much to the disgust of his wife, who exclaimed:—

"Ah! Pancho, those dogs of Gringos will be the death of you yet. You no longer find any pleasure in the juicy *tamale* of your ancestors. You no longer observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy by attending the service at the cock-pit like a good Christian, but you are off every Sunday with your American friends, playing billiards. And now you bring home that vile ham. I wish the devil had it, and all the Americans in the town."

"Excepting that tall one, with light hair, who never comes here except when I am away," observed Pancho, as he hung up the despised ham on a nail in the adobe wall. As Mrs. Hernandez refused to cook the ham, it hung on the wall for several weeks. One day while Pancho was absent, electing a new red-headed American, to whom Pancho had alluded, came in. He said he wanted to see Pancho, but he not being present, Mrs. Pancho seemed to answer the purpose just as well. In his eagerness to have her understand precisely what he wanted, he had inadvertently placed his arm around her neck, and had his mouth very close to her mouth, when she happened to notice the ham on the wall. *Valgame Dios!* It moved: it thopped about. The poor woman believed the devil was in the ham, and had come to carry her away. She omitted a yell that made the inhabitants wry out in the suburbs suppose that Indians were attacking the town. The auburn haired American went out through the window like a streak. Mrs. Pancho resolved to lead a new life, and keep her eye on that ham.

That very same day Pancho, who had been assisting in consolidating the Mexican vote, his wife being at church, was seared into comparative sobriety by seeing the ham wriggle. He rubbed his eyes and saw it wriggle again. The *diablo* was in the ham on account of the sins he, Pancho, had committed during the heat of the campaign, so Pancho strode hurriedly, with a howl on his lips, in search of a priest. Father Thomas Aquinas, a newly arrived prelate from the South of Ireland, was a very devout young man, but when Pancho begged him to come with bell, book, and candle to drive the devil out of a ham, he smiled so audibly that he interrupted an auctioneer's flow of eloquence on the opposite side of the plaza. When he got to Pancho's house, and saw that fine ham hanging on the wall, there were moistures in the corners of his mouth. He said he would have to take the ham to his room, where he had all the facilities for expelling the evil spirit. He was reaching out to remove it from the nail on the wall, when he recoiled with an ejaculation of horror, for the ham kicked at him.

"I forgot entirely we were in Lent, and forbidden to eat meat," muttered the conscience-stricken priest, as he crossed himself and started for the nearest church. The shoemaker's shop was empty. A black woolly head was inserted through the door, and Sam Johnsing, a reliable colored man, stealthily entered. He advanced toward the ham, and was just about to request it, when he saw it move. He, too, thought that the devil was in the ham, and he sauntered out as slowly as if fired out of a gun.

The excitement among the Mexican population was intense. A large

mob collected around the building, but nobody could be induced to enter, until a Texas ranger having put several bullets through the ham, another reckless American pushed it off the nail with a long pole, and then the cut was out of the bag.

In the soft adobe wall where the ham had been was a hole the size of a man's wrist, which was invisible as long as the ham was hanging on the wall. There was no ham at all in the yellow canvas cover. There was nothing inside the cover of the ham except the bone. The intelligent rats had performed a remarkable engineering feat of making a tunnel inside of the adobe wall, it coming out right behind the ham. They had then eaten a hole into the ham, climbed into it and eaten it all up, except the outside cover, which preserved the plump appearance of the ham, while inside it was as hollow and deceptive as the piety of Pancho, his wife, the red-headed American, the priest, and Sam Johnsing.

Pancho had frequently seen a large rat that several times ran out into the middle of the floor, looked up at the ham as if he was taking measurements and bearings of the exact position of the ham on the wall, and then ran back into his hole. That the rats should be able to hit the exact spot on the wall where the ham was hung shows that, as far as intelligence goes, they were probably ahead of Pancho, his wife, and all the rest of the crowd; anyhow, the rats no doubt, were quite as moral, which is the moral of this story.

### THE BIRTH OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

BY LEWIS COL. WAINSWRIGHT.

A man who was in his tenth year when the august and now venerable lady, who rules over us, came to the throne—who remembers the tremendous heat of the summer in which the Sailor King passed to his rest, and the phenomenal cold of the ensuing winter—who knew the *Great Western*, the second steamship that crossed the Atlantic,—who saw the *British Queen* and the ill-fated *President* on the stocks,—within whose recollection the old coaching days were not yet ended,—who has witnessed the grand evening procession of Mail Coaches (uniform in all their appointments, down to the color of their horses) from the General Post Office, which was a spectacle foreigners used to be taken to see—and who has, since those old days, seen a good deal of the world at large—has a memory stored with many reminiscences.

It cannot but be that some of them are of stirring events: but of those which it has fallen to my lot to witness, and more or less, to participate in, none perhaps exceed in interest for the future, the birth, so to speak, of two of those great Dependencies of the Crown, which bear testimony to the enterprising and organizing power of the people of the United Kingdoms.

It was my fortune to take part, in 1851, in the public ceremonies attending the erection of Victoria into a separate Colony. It is true that, at the time of her severance from New South Wales, she was already a flourishing district, with a population of 77,000. But her political birth dated from her independence, and the richness of her gold fields soon placed her first among those rapidly rising States, whose destiny is manifestly to share the great island continent, under some such form of federation as we are familiar with in North America. Her population now exceeds a million, and although there seems to have appeared, of late, some probability of her being eventually eclipsed by the older colony, she has led the van for thirty years, and lent to Australian colonization the impetus which has carried it beyond any human probability of stagnation in its advance.

Twenty years later I was fortunate enough to find myself in the Red River Expedition, which may, with perhaps even more definiteness, be spoken of as the birth of the North-West, for at that time there were probably not five hundred settled inhabitants of Winnipeg. Any estimate of the population of Manitoba and the Territories will, in all likelihood, be unreliable until the census of 1891; but the results of a near future, in view of the broad extent of territory now happily spanned by that great triumph of progress, the "Canadian Pacific," will doubtless be proportionately momentous to the growth of Australia.

It is a fatality attending ill conceived and unjustifiable insurrections that they only succeed in promoting the conditions against which they organize. The miscreant Riel, with the hoped-for aid of sympathisers from the rowdy element in Dakota, Minnesota, and Montana, aspired to keep the N. W. for the Half-Breed and the French. He only succeeded in ensuring its settlement by a preponderance of English blood, as immigration from Ontario and other Eastern Provinces flowed in at once, as soon as the bloodless success of the expedition was known, and the two Militia Battalions alone contributed between four and five hundred settlers of the best kind, not more than two hundred and fifty men of both regiments returning to the east when the force was disbanded in 1871.

The expeditionary force, though numerically small, was in the hands of a thorough organizer. It consisted of a picked battalion of the 60th Rifles, of seven companies of fifty men each: two Militia regiments, the "Ontario" and "Quebec" Rifles, of the same strength; a small detachment of Engineers and Artillery: and two mountain guns. Total not more than eleven hundred. There were in addition, a force of teamsters for the fifty miles of road between Port Arthur and Lake Shebandowan, and a couple of voyageurs for each boat when we got upon the lakes, to act as guides, and for the management of the boats in the rapids. These men, some of them Indians, some Half-Breed, were also of the greatest assistance on the fifty "portages" over which the boats and the thirty days' provisions and