

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN

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RAFAEL R. SPINDOLA, President.

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JACKSON & GRAHAM, MANAGING DIRECTORS AND EDITORS.

FRED. NAVARRO, BUSINESS MANAGER & ADVERTISING AGENT.

No. 17, Calle del Cinco de Mayo, P. O. Box 853, Mexico.

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 3, 1891

"If you want the news, read the ANGLO-AMERICAN"—quoted by J. Mastella Clarke in the Two Republics June 25th.

AN ANGLO-SAXON EISTEDDFOD.

Mr. Froude's sympathies have been enlisted on behalf of a project for the organization of a Pan Anglo-Saxon Festival, in which Great Britain, and her Colonies, and the United States, shall hold amicable contests in "industry, athletic, and culture."

THE TOUAT OASIS.

A few days ago a dispatch gave particulars of the intended occupation of the Touat oasis by the Sultan of Morocco and to-day's dispatches say that the French government will at once take armed possession of the territory in dispute.

This region is traversed by caravans, which journey from the Soudan to Morocco. It has been a refuge for the enemies of the French. From Insalah, its chief center, went forth the signal for the massacre of La Mission Flatters and of Lieut. Palat.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Mexico, Oct. 28, 1891.

The offices of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York have been removed from Lerdo street No. 2 to Angel street No. 2.

CHAS. SOMMER, Director General. Advertise in the DAILY ANGLO-AMERICAN.

FRAGMENTS.

Y. M. C. A. sociable to-night. Crowds of visitors passed the feast days in San Luis Potosi. Roadmaster Flynn, of the Central, was in the city yesterday.

The electric light in Pachuca still continues to give the best of satisfaction. Vocal and instrumental music at free sociable to-night in Y. M. C. A. Hall.

There was a bull-fight in Pachuca on Sunday night, the novel feature of which was it was conducted by the electric light.

Coffee, home-made cake and doughnuts and a jolly social time are promised for the Y. M. C. A. free sociable to-night.

A bull got loose in Ixtlahuacillo, State of Vera Cruz, the other day and cleared the streets in his mad career.

Major R. B. Gorsuch beautifully decorated many of the graves in the American cemetery yesterday.

Stewart's Ticket Office, opposite the Iturbide Hotel, buys, sells and exchanges railroad tickets to and from all points in the United States.

Robert Burnham, E. M., well known in the southwest, will shortly establish metallurgical and testing works in Chihuahua.

The trial of Mr. E. Adams, who shot the French waiter at the National Restaurant nearly a year ago, is soon to take place.

A new banking firm has commenced business at San Felipe Neri, Number 21, under the firm name of "Scherer & Company."

The members of the R. M. L. A., who are preparing for the entertainment of the association, December 19th, in Orrin's Theatre, meet for rehearsal at the residence of R. M. Ruth next Friday evening.

The following passengers arrived in this city this morning by the Central express: M. V. Cover, Mexican Central railroad; Victor M. Braschi, Mexico; Albert Kimoen, R. J. Widney and wife, Los Angeles, Cal.; Francisco Mallen, Ciudad Juarez; Luis Casanova, Chihuahua; Leon Cicimien.

The El Paso Herald of October 27th says: "Report was received at the Herald office this afternoon of the murder of an American on the line of the Mexican Central, between Juarez and Chihuahua."

The man who wrote and sent the celebrated dispatch to Mr. Geronimo Pou, the late Salvadorian Minister to this Republic, from Acapulco, during the war between Salvador and Guatemala, is in the city.

The El Paso Herald has in a recent issue the following amusing item: "Dr. J. McLeish, the well known mining operator of Sabinas, Mexico, returned here yesterday."

The National Express. The Mexican National Express has special messengers on the "Aztec Limited," hence can transport valuables, merchandise, etc., to Celaya, San Luis, Monterey and all local points; also to the United States, Canada and Europe, in advance of any other company.

Bull-Fight in Puebla. A grand bull-fight will be given in Puebla next Sunday for the flood sufferers of Consuegra.

The Mexican Metallurgical Company. In a private letter to one of the editors of the ANGLO-AMERICAN, Mr. H. A. Baer, writes from the Mexican Metallurgical works, near San Luis Potosi, as follows:

"We were delayed at first owing to the slowness of the machinery arriving here. It is now coming and we are making most excellent progress. We are now working 54 Americans and the company has 800 Mexicans on its pay-roll."

The prospectus is issued of the Mortgage Company of Mexico, Limited, the authorized capital being \$250,000 in 50,000 ordinary shares of \$5 each, and 100 founders' shares of \$1 each.

Mr. E. Milliken has taken a contract on the Southern Railroad. Mr. Chas. Starr has gone to work for the Mexican Central Railroad.

Mr. John J. Burke, the popular passenger conductor of the Central, is confined to his room with a malarial attack.

Col. A. K. Owen, of Topolobampo fame, arrived in the city this morning from New York.

Mr. A. A. Fox, the dynamite dealer, has returned from a business trip to the interior.

Col. L. L. Lamar, the popular contractor, has arrived in the city and will spend a few days here.

Mr. C. J. Husted has been appointed train dispatcher at Silao, for the Central, vice A. J. Borie resigned.

Mr. W. H. Hamilton is busily engaged in laying out the line of General Sturm's proposed belt line around the city.

Misses Ayres and Loyd, of the Methodist Mission, left yesterday via the Mexican National Railroad for the United States.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Geo. D. Barron leaves to-day for San Luis Potosi via the Mexican National.

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Mr. M. P. Boss, principal owner of the Hacienda de San Francisco in Pachuca and the well known milling expert, is a guest of the Iturbide.

Mr. A. J. Borie, dispatcher for the Mexican Central Railway at Silao, has resigned, to accept the position of division superintendent on the Union Pacific Railroad.

Gerard Van Mourick, representative of the Sonora News Company's interests in Monterey, will reach this city to-morrow morning, after a two months visit to his home in Detroit and the principal cities of the United States.

Mr. C. P. Barrett, the popular ticket agent of the Mexican National railroad, is expected to return in a few days from a trip to the United States.

Mr. W. H. Monroe and his son George O. Monroe, the well known contractors, left the city this morning to inspect the construction work on the contract which they are at present engaged upon.

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THE JOURNEYS OF MR. FREDERICK POOL.

He Writes on Miners and Mules and will Study for the Priesthood. BERMOA, Durango, Oct. 26th, 1891. EDITOR ANGLO-AMERICAN:

Dear Sirs: In my last letter, I took a long and affectionate adieu of you all before plunging, accompanied by my mule, into the wilds of the "Sierra Madre," and before going into any question of my sufferings in this pilgrimage, I wish to give you a historical description of the place I am leaving, to wit, "Santiago Papasquiaro." You will find the name easily on the map of Durango, from the fact of its covering about half the map.

Even the oldest inhabitant has been unable to give me any information as to the derivation of the name, so I am left to my own devices, and have arrived at the conclusion that Señor Santiago resided in this vicinity, and was the papa of Mr. Squiero, and that this latter gentleman immortalized himself in some manner, (probably as a brigand) and posterity joined papa Santiago in the business as well in giving a name to the town.

The church is very old and has on its tower a picture in basso relieve of the patron Saint of the town and of old Spain—Saint James. The Saint is mounted on horseback and is twirling his lasso around above his head, with the evident intention of roping something in the distance.

The basso relieve in this particular, is so indistinct that I cannot positively assert whether the animal to be roped is a cow or a crocodile, but whatever it may be, the Saint looks as if he meant business.

I am also uncertain if the town is called Santiago and the river Papasquiaro or vice-versa—whether a la Francaise, it is "Santiago sur Papasquiaro" or "Papasquiaro sur Santiago"—anyhow the town and river seem to get along comfortably together, so I let them rip.

The people of this town are the devoutest of the devout, and as the priest is reputedly rich and owns a hundred thousand dollars and owns a bunch of cows, I have a strong inclination to pitch up the mining business, cut a ring around my head and join the priesthood.

It seems there has been a great drought in the country for some time and the crops were suffering for want of rain, so a few days before I arrived, the priest had organized a procession and invited the faithful to assist him in praying for rain. They walked all through the place, praying and chanting and the rain came down heavily, so nearly all of them got wet through and had to bolt home, Father Stiggins two laps ahead.

How about the rain-makers, Mr. Editor? Why don't they try the efficacy of prayer instead of disturbing the Almighty with bombs and other fireworks? Why do we live in this age of unbelief? Oh why? I may add that the holy Father evidently studied astronomy and artfully waited for the change of the moon.

This reminds me of a minister in the States who invited his parishioners to join him in praying for rain; they prayed, and a violent rain storm came on followed by a storm of hail that cut all their crops to pieces. The faithful flock began to murmur, but the minister said, "Do not, dear brethren and dearer sisters, blame the inscrutable ways of the Almighty. It may have been our own faults; we must have prayed a little too hard, we should have slacked up a little just when the rain was about to begin."

Well, now, I'm off! and for the next month or so my headquarters will be like General Pope's, in the saddle; and I hope if anything is going to wear out, it will be the saddle. Bang go the whips, out go the hind legs of my companion, and we go careening madly, like noble knights, with one spur each and a lot of old tin cans jangling from our saddle bows, through the principal streets of the town, scattering dogs and chickens to the four winds of heaven, and then we settle down and jog along through a great valley that looks like the bed of some great river, with mountains on either side.

We quickly come to the mountains, and then the up and down business commences, although in the saddle, dangers beset me fore and aft; one moment my mule's head is away down out of sight and I have to get out of my spectacles to see where she has put it, and the next her noble crest is away up, and I feel a sort of sliding away sensation, as if I were about to do a toboggan slide backwards over her caudal appendage; then she catches me before I have got on the slide and jerks me forward with a movement that reminds me that I had eggs and a bacon for breakfast, and I was also forcibly reminded of ship life, and almost involuntarily muttered, "Steward, I'm so ill! bring, oh, bring me a"—when I recovered myself, gave my faithful animal a good lick with the whip and felt better.

In my first day's ride, I came to a mine belonging to a friend of mine, which produces the richest ore as a body I have ever seen, (rich pyrites), an ore body of three metres wide, giving an average of 40 ounces of silver per ton, whilst 18 inches of the vein contains "pellangui" and "rosicler," valuing two to three thousand dollars per ton. The mine had been worked by the youthful Spaniards, but my friend had run down a new shaft and struck fresh ore.

The first night we slept at a place called "Valde de Dios," and the gentleman, who extended his hospitality to us for a consideration, begged half

our dried beef necessary for the journey.

The second night we slept in the woods, gigantic pines and oaks, with the gentle zephyrs of heaven and the song of the coyotes to lull us to sleep.

The third day we crossed a river, with an island in the centre; on one side of the island, the water ran down a sluice in quite a strong volume; a lot of pigs were on the bank intending to get over to the island; the first one dropped into the water and let itself be carried down, swimming to a shoal from whence it got to the island, and they all, one by one followed suit; one little pig was not strong enough, and with frightful squealing was carried over the shoal, but he managed to get out on the island.

There were brown and grey herons on the stream and wild ducks. My friend, Mr. West, shot at a grey heron with his revolver, the bird looked round inquiringly at Mr. West, stood on one leg for a minute or two and then resumed its melancholy contemplation of the stream.

We struck two pueblos close to one another that were in the time of the Spaniards populous towns, "Presidio del Alto" and "Presidio del Abajo," and were entirely peopled in olden times by Spaniards.

The Indians, down to twenty years ago, raided all through this country; a little beyond the Presidios we came to a town with a record.

On the occasion of the first Indian invasion by the Comanches, this town displayed the white flag, joined the Indians and raided down with them through the valley to Durango, looting all the towns as they went. The name of this heroic little town is Carneras. In all the pueblos along the route, round towers with loopholes, still remain that the people retired into to defend themselves from the Indians.

All along this district they raise enormous quantities of chilies, and the inhabitants are known as "Chilireos."

I have decided in my own mind, that mules have a wonderful faculty for acquiring foreign languages, but I have found after careful consideration that the English language has a more soothing effect on the front end of the animal than on the back.

Standing at the rudder end of my mule, if I muttered a word of my native tongue, signs of ominous portent were visible in the nervous whisking of her dust-brush that warned me of danger.

The third night we slept in the open, outside a palatial residence composed of adobe, inhabited by fleas and other rodents. They had a wild pig they had caught in the woods and to tame it, as they said, had tied its two hind legs to a tree, so high that it could just touch the ground with its fore legs; they also added, that keeping it so for three days without food tamed it completely. If that wouldn't tame anything, I don't know what would!

The next day we continued our course south by northeast—32 west—and passed up over a very high mountain, the "Papudos" from whence you get a sniff of sea breeze and also a distant view of the Pacific Ocean. I did not see anything, but they say you can; nor did the sniff of sea-breeze smell particularly briny.

Before arriving at the "Papudos" we crossed a corn belt that had all been killed by a frost that occurred on the 12th of September last.

I am now well posted on frosts; the first night we slept out we had a white frost and that was cold; the next night they said was a black frost, and that was colder, and the third night must have been some other colored frost, for it was the coldest.

From the "Papudos" we could see the town of Canelas, and my mule trumpeted forth a sound of gladness, but it took us three hours to get down into the town, where I must get you at present to leave me to attend to my preparatory studies for the priesthood—and to still consider me.

Your Obedient Servant, FREDERICK POOL. (Of Zimapan).

The Concert Last Night. The open air concert in the Alameda last night was quite a brilliant affair. The covered space around the central fountain was filled with a gay crowd of promenaders who laughed, talked and flirted to the music of the military band. Electric lights illuminated the animated scene.

Among the people there were generals, jurists and diplomats, who mingled with folks of lesser note in the most democratic fashion.

The music was especially good, selections being rendered from the standard operas, and also music of a lighter order was given; the aria from "El Rey que Rabio," being one of the most popular.

The concourse broke up shortly after 10.30 o'clock and the illuminated walks of the park were soon filled with the homeward-bound promenaders.

Lady (engaging cook): "Why did you leave your last place?" Cook: "I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, mum."

Lady: "What used they to quarrel about?" Cook: "The way the dinner was cooked, mum!"

"What do you think of Smith?" "I think he is a very bright fellow."

"Well you know, he doesn't speak well of you."

"What do you suppose I care what an ass like Smith thinks of me?"

FLOATING POPULATION.

Hotel Arrivals. Hotel Iturbide.—C. J. Sahner, London; Rob. Jenkins, Wm. Willmore, Zumpango; A. K. Owen, New York; L. Crimim, Paris; H. Delemie.

Hotel del Jardin.—Martin Conrad, Chicago; W. H. Corthell, United States; Tamborrell, Chihuahua; R. L. Widney and wife, Los Angeles, Cal.

National Railroad Passengers. The following is the passenger movement on the Aztec Limited and arrivals in this city, to-morrow, Nov. 4:

Mr. Halberston, H. B. Wion, C. O. Brin, Ventura J. Treviño, Carlos Martinez, Monterey; Felipe Salazar, Samuel Zayas, Matamoros; G. C. Vauden, Mrs. G. C. Vauden, Ed Vauden, Walter Vauden, Villa Lerdo, Dr. Ismachl, J. R. Chalkley, Saktillo.

Central Railroad Passengers. No passenger list received up to 3 p. m.

Letter List. Letters for the following foreigners were advertised at the local post office on Moueda street this morning:

Baldwin E W Browne William Cuzner James Crane M J L Bock C Co Huntington J J Puggan Breen Knapp E W Smith Jerome Smith J J Schaffer C Wagner E G Arochig R Buckel Charles Bahnsen George Cromwell C L Greinhof J T Fligneau Pedro J Harzog Federico Hoffman A Jerry William Johnston Kittle Lubbock A Balkam S J Botschen Arthur Levy P T Miller Victor Mathews James T Oldham T M Poirier Ed Rolly Samuel R Ruiz Carlos M Soriano Dr Smith Joseph Schley Geo Sutherland A H Smith E. Breakspeare.

HELD FOR POSTAGE. Flinn M Lillie.

Football at San Cristobal. SAN CRISTOBAL, Mexico, November 2nd, 1891.

Editors ANGLO-AMERICAN: "Pearson's Wanderers" vs. "San Cristobal Swifts."

A friendly game at football took place at San Cristobal on the 1st of November between the above named clubs. The day was very fine and the attendance of spectators very large. Both teams were out in full strength. The following are the names of the players.

Pearson's Wanderers.—General P. Ryan, Captain, backs, D. McNeill & M. Ryan, halfbacks, Collin and More, forwards, Kane, Barr, Doyle & Day.

San Cristobal Swifts.—General Lizard, (Capt.) back, Bacon, halfbacks, Turnston & Edmonds, forwards, Clarke, Bailey, Payne, Chapman and Leadley. Umpires Messrs, Menziro & Lucey.

Notes.—It is necessary to explain that many of the Swifts had never played at football before, and consequently were at a disadvantage, but they played remarkably well, considering that the Wanderers had just returned from a trip to Europe where they had practiced for some months.

The result of practice was exemplified by Kane, who was so swift and nimble in action that a spectator would have imagined that at one time he must have belonged to a Mountebank show. The same thing was observed in Collin Davine, and it was owing to the ability displayed by these two famous football players in dribbling the ball to Barr, who in an adroit manner shot it through the goal whilst the noble goal-keeper was looking for his hat. This rather dismayed but did not discourage the gallant Swifts. Bailey now got the ball and made one of his famous runs, taking the ball with him to within a few yards of the goal and passed it cleverly to Bacon, who had hard lines in scoring and just missed by a few inches. The Swifts now settled down to work and would have scored had not their hands been so much in the way. I heard a bystander remark that they were like a workingman in a dress suit, their hands were in the way all the time. Nothing daunted by the many fouls, they pressed their opponents, so much so, that they had a sure goal had not Bailey used his hands to throw the ball in, instead of kicking it. Edmundo displayed a great knowledge of the game, and kicked the ball as much as any one, but unfortunately not in the right direction.

Furnston played a good game but had hard work to keep the members of his own club from taking the ball from him. Clarke now forced the game and would have most assuredly scored a goal had not McNeill been in the way. This indeed was the only drawback to the game, as Ryan, the goalkeeper was sure to let it through between his legs.

Time was now called and all felt satisfied at the results of the game. It does great credit to the Swifts to say that they prevented the wanderers from scoring the second time, considering that some of the members are so stiff in the legs, but they will be well rubbed with "Rofino," before the next match takes place.

Result.—Wanderers, 1 goal. Swifts, 0 SPECTATOR.

A pathetic plea for a holiday was put forward recently by the Baboos employed in the Government Geological Department at Calcutta. They asked the supreme authorities to close the office because "they were suffering from perspiration and a want of enthusiasm for their work."