

JOURNALISM IN MEXICO.

Interesting Gossip About Newspaper Writers and

Others in the City of the Montezumas.

Special Correspondence of the Dispatch.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 22.—Truly the life of a journalist is not all cigars, "Take me with me," and "What do you know?" in Mexico. In fact it is one long martyrdom and we only wonder why they come to persevere. Ever since our arrival we have heard of the jail adding new guests every day—and always literary wretches, too. The other night a gentleman was leaping out of his home, accompanied by his wife and sister, when he was arrested and hurled off to prison, where he has ever since been kept without the privilege of communicating with anyone. What had he done? Well, he was editor of a Spanish paper, and one morning in an editorial said the rulers of the people were not doing as they should in a free country. That was enough. He is in jail now, for how long, we know not. So it is with them all except the ones who stand by the Republic, and receive monthly their little retainer.

The bull fights are getting better every Sunday. Two men were killed in the ring last Sunday, one a professional, the other an amateur. Several women under the influence of pulque proceeded to decorate each other with numerous scratches and black eyes. Several cases of stabbing and shooting were reported. Many horses were killed, and 15 bulls at one place and 25 at another were slaughtered; consequently the fights are now said to be good. Duels occur frequently here, but men are very seldom killed. They are good marksmen, but they generally just graze one another and then pronounce their honor satisfied, but the other day two fought fatally. Both dropped dead on the spot. We hope their honor was satisfied.

Mexico is becoming quite a resort. The city is full of tourists, and the store keepers and vendors are reaping a rich harvest off them. Twelve Pullman cars are now on their way to the city with excursion parties from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. The first party ever to come here from Pittsburg got in Sunday, March 21, in their private car the Glen Eyra. They have had quite a good time. Leaving the Mexican Central at Fresnillo, they traveled in a "diligencia," or old-fashioned stage, for 6 miles to Sombretet, and thence to La Noria, 15 miles further, where the silver mines belonging to the party are located. They have now reached the city, and intend, after doing it thoroughly, to return to Pittsburg via Chicago, and will reach home about April 10. Except a slight weariness produced by the high altitude, too much red pepper and hard beds, they are all well.

So far they are delighted with Mexico, and shall carry home quite different ideas to what they brought here. The party consists of Mrs. M. B. Murray, Misses Bailey, Carnaghan and Jackson and Messrs. J. L. Carnaghan, Alex. Nimick, William Eberhardt, William Guckert, Joseph Vogel, Wilfred H. Nevin and J. B. Jackson.

Feasts are now held every day and the whole city has a holiday appearance. Tourists are lingering as long as business will permit, and once they get accustomed to bad food and hard beds they think Mexico the Paradise of the earth. Joaquin Miller is hunting up all the stone gods and telling what he knows of them. Charles Dudley Warner is going around still, satisfied with himself and the world. Roswell P. Flower, of New York, accompanied by his wife and daughters, is living in style at the Iturbidi, buying up so-called relics and getting rid of loose cash. Senor Church, the great American landscape artist, has gone away. He has lost the use of both arms and can do no more painting. Two New Yorkers, who won fame by spending \$5,000 in two months in this city, pleasure seeing and drinking, have gone to Havana. NELLIE BLY.

WANT A CHANCE?

Senator Payne and Editor McLean in Communication With the Investigating Committee.

Special Telegram to the Dispatch.

COLUMBUS, March 21.—John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, has sent a telegram to Capt. Cowgill, Chairman of the Payne Investigating Committee, stating that he has returned from Washington to Cincinnati, where he will remain for two months, and that he is ready at any time to appear before the committee and testify, if they should desire to hear him. Those who have been most active in the Payne interests before the committee, are quietly speculating on the request of McLean, and there will be a feeling of uncertainty until his evidence is made public.

It could not be learned to-night as to whether the Chairman of the Committee would favor McLean by giving him a call, but the impression prevails that his telegram will be accepted as an evidence of good faith, and that he will now be asked to tell what he knows. It is reported here that Senator Payne has placed himself within range of the Committee, and that he will again request to be given an opportunity to appear before it. The Republicans are claiming that there is a concert of movement among the principals and leaders in the Payne election to prevent, if possible, any step being taken which will induce the United States Senate to authorize an investigation.

The Committee has examined but one witness this week, and announce that there will be no more called before next week. The Chairman states that they have but three or four more witnesses whose testimony they will hear and it may be the leaders they are waiting for.

THE CHINESE TROUBLES.

An Appeal That They be Not Urged as a Reason for Not Admitting Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 21.—Mr. Dolph addressed the Senate in support of the bill for the admission of Washington Territory. He claimed that from every point of view the Territory was entitled to admission.

Alluding to the recent anti-Chinese occurrences in the Territory, Mr. Dolph said they were the work, not of the citizens of Washington Territory, but of foreigners. The outrages he characterized as inexcusable—he would not defend lawless violence—but there were some mitigating circumstances in this case. The people of the whole Pacific coast were almost unanimous as to the policy of excluding the Chinese, but the proximity of Washington Territory to British Columbia gave opportunity for many Chinese, on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, to get into Washington Territory and so violate the laws of the United States.

Although the national troops had been called for, the people of Washington Territory had themselves arranged matters before the troops arrived. The anti-Chinese incident should not prejudice the case of the Territory. Occurrences just as reprehensible had occurred in most of the States before admission, and some since. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

POEMS WORTH READING.

APACHE.

From the awful desolation of the Llano Estacado I have traced my red dominions with your blood upon the sand;

You may see its current tinging through the tawny Colorado.

Are you mad, that you imagine I shall stay a lifted hand?

I defy you and I hate you! Do you threaten me with death?

Me, whose fervid spirit surges with the century's hot breath?

Turn and ask this flaming desert—it has lain forever so;

It has scorched the helpless mass with its seething overflow;

Molten, pitiless, remorseless—ask it if I fear to die!

I am one with this—immortal—and the bloodish suns of years

Burn within my soul, as ages they have burned the alkali;

I shall be again in the desert—what have I to do with tears?

You shall die, and I shall clasp you to my heart with hot embrace,

Whispering words of awful vengeance in your pallid speechless face.

—C. H. Phelps in *Appalachian*

THE FACE ON THE WALL.

"In the long, sleepless watches of the night,

A gentle face—the face of one long dead—

Looks at me from the wall, where rounds its head

The night lamp cast a halo of pale light.

Here in this room she died, and soul more white

Never through martyrdom of fire was led

To its repose; nor can in books be read

The legend of a life more benedict.

There is a mountain in the distant West

That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines

Displays a cross of snow upon its side.

Such is the cross I wear upon my breast

These eighteen years through all the changing scenes

And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

—Longfellow