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SIX DAYS ON A RAFT AT SEA.

Another Survivor From the Bahama. A sailor who escaped on an ice-box from the foundered Steamer Arrives at this Point.

New York Tribune. At work on the deck hauling ropes and furling sails with the other men on the brigantine Pearl, which arrived from Port Spain yesterday, was Napoleon Mathurin, another of the survivors of the steamship Bahama, which foundered off Cape Hatteras on February 10. Mathurin is a sailor, and is about five feet ten inches in height, with a clean shaven and well browned face. With the exception of a badly salivated mouth, he bore no evidences of his hard struggle of six days on an impromptu life-raft. "Wait my story? Why, there is nothing interesting about me or my experience," Mathurin said, in reply to a Tribune reporter's question. "I am here, staunch and true; just wait until I get through with these ropes and sails, and I will tell you about it. I must give a hand to these fellows, for I was never so well treated in my life as I have been by Captain Brighton and his crew since they took me off of my ice-box a week ago."

Just before reaching the Pierpont stores, in Brooklyn, and making the vessel fast in the dock ahead of the great Glenmorag which landed the other survivors of the Bahama here a week ago, Mathurin began: "There's no need of my repeating what you have already published about the vessel taking a heavy sea, which carried away the bulwarks, the deck houses, filled the vessel half full of water, put out the fires, and threw the steamer over on her side. When the two boats were lowered and we were all told to get in, I saw that they were filled beyond safety, and that if I got in, the second cook and a passenger named Mona, who were still on board the vessel, would have followed and we all would have been lost. I concluded to remain on board and take my chances. The captain's boat had got about 200 yards from the vessel when a great sea caught her and she capsized. I saw only two men shoot afterward, and they swam toward the steamer. As they came alongside I threw a rope over the side and hauled one of them on board; he was Charles Smith, one of the sailors. Then we hauled the other fellow on board in the same way. He was John Peterson, another sailor. We did not think that the vessel would go down so soon afterward, or we would have made preparations for our safety before daylight. But the great green sea broke over almost continuously, and each one threatened to carry her under. About half an hour afterward when I was amidships in the gangway I heard a great rumbling, which, I suppose, must have been the explosion of the boilers, for immediately afterward the stern of the vessel sank under. I ran forward and began to cut away the lashings on one of the gangway ladders, but before I could cut away the second lashing the vessel went down, and it seemed a long while afterward before I rose to the surface. I swam as best I could against the mighty seas, each one taking my breath away, and it must have been three-quarters of an hour that I was tossed about in this way before I caught hold of any wreckage. Then I caught one of the spars. This helped to buoy me up, but it was very exhausted, but as it was tossed from sea to another it would roll from under me, and then I had hard work to catch it again. As soon as daylight broke I saw a bark in the distance, which was heading in the direction of where I was, but she soon changed her course and went out of sight. After floating about for two hours or more, I let go of the spar and caught hold of a piece of the gangway of the vessel upon which was Gaudreux, the Biker, the porter, and one of those who left the ship in the captain's boat. Almost the first thing Biker said was, 'It's no use trying to save ourselves; we might as well drown now as any time.' I replied: 'I know, but let's hang as long as we can, and die together if we must.' The next instant Biker was washed off by a sea, and I called to him and asked if he was alive. He answered that he was, and then disappeared. I saw no more of him. A lift while after this I saw right near me the ice-box of the vessel, a box about twelve feet wide and five feet square on the ends. I swam to it, and found it comparatively comfortable. I was completely exhausted, but was afraid to remove my clothing. But I took off my heavy boots and threw them away, and was almost frozen, too, it was so cold. After being on my raft an hour or so I saw three pilot-biscuits floating near and picked them up. As they were saturated I put them inside of my shirts and next to my body to dry. Soon afterward a heavy sea, which came near sweeping me overboard, carried away two of my crackers and to save the other I ate it up. I laid down on my raft and dropped asleep. When I awoke I saw a vessel in the distance, about two miles off, and I took off my jumper and waved it as a signal. As she headed toward me my heart leaped with joy. I thought I would soon be rescued; but the vessel soon afterward disappeared and I was again left in despair.

"As night came on I opened the two doors of the ice-box and lay down on them. As the sea had moderated the water washed under them, and I was as comfortable as any one could have been under the circumstances. I went to sleep and slept soundly, but when I woke I thought my limbs were paralyzed. But I got on my feet and jumped up and down and was soon all right again. I then had a craving thirst, and could only satisfy it with salt water, which tended to increase my thirst. The second day passed without incident, as did also the third day, beyond seeing a vessel on each day, which I was unable to signal. On the fourth day it was stormy with a hard rain, but this was welcome for I caught quantities of rain water in my oil cloth coat and drank it. I tell you it tasted good. The fifth day was pleasant, but fearfully cold. I saw another sailing vessel, but could not attract her attention. I did not suffer in the least from hunger; in fact I had no cravings for food. What I wanted was water. On the sixth day I saw the brigantine Pearl and succeeded in making her crew see my signal and she bore down for me. When she got near me a boat was lowered and I was picked up. As soon as I touched

the deck I made a rush for the 'scuttle-but' and began to drink. After I had drunk a quart or more the steward stopped me and furnished me with a gallon or so of coffee, which I relished. It was the best coffee I ever drank. Then the captain got me some food and the sailors furnished me with dry clothes and I was treated like a nabob. And here I am. I wish I had that ice-box just for a relic."

As soon as the Pearl touched the wharf in Brooklyn a representative of Outerbridge & Co., agents of the Bahama, met Mathurin and offered him everything that he desired for his comfort. He was taken to the agents' office, where he said that he wanted employment as soon as possible. Outerbridge & Co. sent word to Mathurin's family in Quebec of his safety.

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The Function of the Newspapers

Springfield Republican. More than one western editor has prostituted his columns and stultified himself by indorsing the decision of Judge Allen of the California superior court that the opinions of a newspaper are as properly the subjects of traffic as the merchandise of a trader. It is truly astonishing that men thus brazenly protesting their shame can retain any measure of public confidence and support; yet the same anomaly is seen in all professions, — the law, medicine and the ministry. Edward Everett Hale said impressively and well at the funeral of De la O A. Goddard, late editor of The Boston Advertiser, that his "was the function which, of all functions which modern society has created, is the most important, a function which may be prostituted to the very worst use, and which is the very best." Happily the profession of journalism is rallying to its service men true, loyal and broad who have come and something of the difficulties which hedge them about have been sympathetically portrayed by Rev. Mr. Foote, pastor of the late Editor Goddard:—

Think for a moment what it is which is demanded of him who stands in such a post of duty. Like the pilot his hand always on the helm, he watches the atmospheric current of opinion and feeling, and the tides of events, as they affect the public good. An unflinching fidelity holds him constant to the most exacting form of professional duty, with little respite for health and none for pleasure. It is for him to guard against the schemers who seek to gain the public ear, to protect the ignorant and the innocent, to lift journalism from the function of a mere gatherer of news which tends to make the world a vast whispering gallery in which the monstrous and distorted echoes of countless matters which had best sleep in oblivion reverberate, to that of a wise and just organ of public opinion, giving clearness and balance to the general mind on the one hand, and on the other, speaking the general mind of the wisest part of the community with a force and character that make it heard and heeded in the councils of the nation. To do such a work at all demands rare gifts of intellect and culture, of courage and tact. To do it worthily demands how much of truth and of wisdom, bravery to fight a wrong, insight to see the path of practicable duty, gentleness in dealing with opponents, magnanimity in rejecting motives, the absolute elimination of personal and selfish considerations; above all, a self-abnegation, — a merging of self in the truth and which is the very spirit of the disciple of him who is truth itself, who hath said, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." * * * Mr. Goddard had the highest ideal of his duty in that place, and day by day he put that ideal into the drudgery of a most wearing toil. It was said by a noble and true man, a son of this old church — I mean Samuel J. May — that the custom of giving "a charge" to young men entering the ministry ought to be extended to other callings also, and to none more than to that of the editor; a charge to avoid the temptations of time-serving and self-seeking, of cowardice and dishonesty, to be true to duty, to use the great opportunity of influence in behalf of the oppressed and the forsaken against all injustice and wrong. I have often thought that such a charge as this our friend heard in the depths of his own conscience, and, as he heard, obeyed, with as loyal a consecration as any knight of old when he buckled on his armor.

Escaped from the Toils.

John Bacon, LaPorte, Ind., writes: "Hurray for Springs Blossom; it's all you need it to be. My dyspepsia has all vanished. Why don't you advertise it in dozens of bottles, so that I could oblige my friends occasionally?" Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents. fe-8-ec11w

WINTER POETRY.

A Poetical Production Which the Editor Was "Onto." Brooklyn Eagle. "I hardly know where to begin," she said, faintly, the blushes mounting to her forehead and her long lashes sweeping her crimson cheeks. "Compose yourself," said the managing editor, encouragingly, slipping his pipe behind his ear and dropping his pen down a rat-hole; "take plenty of time and a chair. How can we be of service to you?" "It's about winter," she answered, timidly, flashing her glorious eyes at him for an instant, and dropping them in the rosy sea of blushes that again surged up toward her brow. "Don't let them alarm you," murmured the editor, soothingly. "They all are at this season of the year. Six verses, of course?" "Yes, just six," she replied, gaining courage from his smile. "Certainly. That's the average. The first begins, 'How somber is the winter time!' and you make it rhyme with 'sleigh-bells' chime,' of course, I understand it. Don't be frightened. There is no danger." "You are very good," smiled the beautiful mouth. "Not at all. Let me see; the sec-

ond verse commences, 'Then tender flakes drift slowly down,' and for the rhyme you take, 'The earth so bare and brown.' A beautiful idea!" "I think so," returned the fair girl, showing her dimples. "I was going to put something about 'frown' or 'town' but I like the sentiment of 'brown' best. Don't you?" "By all means," agreed the editor. "And it's much more fashionable this winter. We used to get some 'towns' and now and then a 'frown,' but they are out of date now. The third verse describes 'The merry, laughing, rosy boys,' with their sleds, and works in with the 'Ne'er forgotten fireside joys,' I think?" "It does," she replied, referring to her manuscript, "and it speaks of 'Bright eyed, blushing, smiling girls,' which naturally gave rise to 'Dimpled cheeks and sunny curls.' I think that idea is quite lofty, and her radiant face took on a tint of sweet anxiety as she looked for an indorsement of her opinion.

"Couldn't get along without it," asserted the editor. "That is the keynote. Now, your fourth stanza opens, 'Ah! Is the city editor there?'" "Yes, sir," responded the functionary. "How does the fourth verse of winter open this season?" "I think it is 'The trees bend low with fruit of snow, 'isn't it?' suggested the city editor.

"No, no. That's poetry. I mean the regular legal pop!" How does No. 4 commence?" "Oh, I know what you mean. The graceful skaters smoothly glide." "That's it!" said the managing editor, "and that makes room for 'The merry children sootly slide.' That's it!" "The first line is right; but I don't think the second is," she argued, with an enchanting shade of doubt in her face. "Oh! yes, it is," insisted the city editor. "You look at the poem and see." "Upon my word, you are right!" she admitted, glancing at the verse. "I thought it was something else." "Of course," smiled the managing editor. "Then the fifth stanza charges us 'To not forget the starving poor, that beg their way from door to door,' doesn't it?" "Yes, sir!" she exclaimed, with a flash of triumph in her eyes. "That's the sixth!" "She's right about that," said the city editor, gravely. "I guess that's so," conceded the managing editor. "You see I've been sick for a day or two and I've rather lost the run of the verses. The fifth is: 'At night around the blazing fire, we watched the sparks leap higher and higher.' Am I right now?" "Yes, sir! Oh, yes, sir!" beamed the delighted girl. "Would you would you like to publish the poem?" she asked, growing more beautiful as her timidity returned.

"Certainly," answered the managing editor, and he bowed her gracefully to the door. "What shall I do with it?" asked the city editor as his chief handed it to him. "Oh, make a running, long-hand account of it and stick it among the death notices. You'd better look after your local form, for I see they have got a cock fight mixed up with the Friday evening prayer meeting." And the managing editor dipped his pipe in the ink preparatory to the evolution of an article upon "The prevailing disposition of critics to crush true genius."

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