

## MADAGASCAR JACK.

"Look out for a big sperm whale with the stump of a harpoon in his hump, and about fifty fathom of line towing astern!"

"Ay! Look out for Madagascar Jack. He's a rogue. Ye may know him by the horse-shoe mark on his head. Give him a wide berth; he's a man-killer."

We had hope to, to deliver letters and have a chat with the crew of the old whaler, *Cicero*, of New Bedford, then commanded by Captain Taber.

The *Cicero* had been three years on the Indian ocean grounds, and was homeward bound when we fell in with her. She had eighteen hundred barrels of oil under hatches, and more than fourteen thousand pounds of bone,—so the crew told us. Ours was then a "clean ship." She was named the *Draper*, and was outbound for the same waters.

I was then a young man of twenty years and was a boat-steerer on board the *Draper*, Captain Lawton, of New Bedford. Captain Lawton had sent a boat aboard the *Cicero* with the letters, and we laid by her for an hour or two, giving the captain and crew home news and getting information from the whaling grounds. It was pleasant weather, and the vessels were brought within easy hail of each other.

I remember they told us of a "new island," or at least of one not down on the chart, in east longitude about fifty-eight degrees, twenty minutes; south latitude, twenty-two degrees, fifteen minutes; and as our boat was pulling back to the ship and we were about to part company, the second mate of the *Cicero* stood aft and told us about the whale. Then one of the men, forward, added the remark given above.

Whalemen in those days often warned each other of "fighting" or "rough" whales. In the earlier years of the whale fishery comparatively little difficulty was experienced in taking the leviathans of the deep. In their dying throes they sometimes stove in or capsized the boats, but rarely made a direct, persistent attack upon them.

At last, however, the constant persecutions of man seem to have developed aggressive traits in the harassed cetaceans. Boats, and even the whale-ships, were savagely attacked and sometimes sunk by whales.

This was the fate of the *Essex* and the *Ann Alexander*; and on all the great whaling grounds of the various oceans certain whales came to be known as "fighters" and "rogues."

One grim, black old sperm whale on the Brazilian grounds was as greatly feared as a tornado, and for many years bore the unpleasant name of the Black Devil.

As souvenir of his encounters, this whale had, protruding from his carcass, the rusted, broken and twisted shanks of several harpoons, and at one time was seen towing after him many fathoms of line, wound around his body and trailing far astern.

He was reputed to have crushed seven boats and killed more than twenty men in his day. Several times he had menaced the ships. So far as known this whale was never captured, and lived and died the champion of the South Atlantic.

The Indian ocean also had its fighting whales. One of these was known as the Dragon. For ten years this creature—a right whale, nearly a hundred feet in length—came off victor from all encounters with the oil hunters, and was said to have sunk a Russian brig, causing the loss of thirty of her crew.

There was still another whale in these waters, called the "One-Eyed Turk," whose broad back was studded with old irons. He had a trick of sinking suddenly when struck, and then rising beneath the boats.

While the more prudent and, generally, the older skippers were inclined to avoid dangerous whales, there were always bold spirits among the younger men, particularly the young mates, who desired to distinguish themselves and their ships by capturing a "rogue"; for to clear the seas of one of these destroyers was justly ranked as a great exploit.

It was from the *Cicero* that we first heard of "Madagascar Jack"; and afterward the *Drayade*, which we fell in with near Mauritius, gave us further tidings of a certain cross whale with an iron in his back and a white scar on his head.

But the *Draper* did not meet him, nor with much else in the way of whales, indeed, during the first year out, and sailed for home two years afterward with a light fare.

My next cruise was in the *Acosta*, of Sag Harbor, Capt. Harlow, which returned on account of the illness of the captain and was withdrawn; and it was not till three years after, when I was on the *Orad*, Capt. Wyford, that I first saw "Madagascar Jack."

We went through Sunda Straits and cruised on the Indian ocean grounds for eight months. There we took twenty-one barrels of whale-oil, but thus far not a cask of sperm. Wyford was an elderly man who did not now enter a whaleboat himself. Some, indeed, hold that the master ought never to enter one. But we had a second mate who made up in luck and daring for anything the captain lacked.

I have cruised in a good many ships, but never saw Cliff Andrews' match as a whaleman.

One morning during the tenth month of our cruise a whale was sighted in a mist soon after daylight. In fact, we heard him spouting before we saw him. But the captain would not order the boats down till the men had their breakfast, and the delay chafed Andrews.

We ate our breakfast in a few minutes, and two boats were lowered. Meantime the whale, after blowing a few times, had gone down to feed.

The captain said that we would not see him again for an hour; but we pulled off to the spot where he had last been heard blowing, and then lay by our oars.

Mr. Cummings, the first mate, was in one boat and Andrews in the other. We listened and watched for a long while, and meantime the mist lifted a little, although the surface of the sea was still dim.

Andrews declared that we had lost the whale, "like a pack of duff-eaters who must needs stuff ourselves with breakfast, whatever betided;" but while he was fretting, the whale suddenly breached, scarcely a cable's length from where we lay.

He had been down a long time. His

big, square head broke water like a small mountain; and he blew heavily as he turned. We saw his head distinctly. There was a semi-circular whitish mark on it, six or eight feet across, and as he rolled we saw the stump of an old iron in his back and another in his side.

"Madagascar Jack!" I exclaimed. "That's the whale that killed the mate of the *Drayade*."

"Ay, Madagascar Jack!" echoed several voices from the other boat. A description of this whale was current among whalemen in these waters.

"I'll Madagascar-jack him!" exclaimed Andrews. "Give way—sharp."

He stood up, harpoon in hand, and at the whale's second spout we laid the boat alongside of him.

"Another shoot, boys!" whispered the mate. "Put me just past his hump." He darted the harpoon and buried it to the hitches, shouting, "Down to your oars!"

Feeling the iron, the whale suddenly ran off perhaps seventy-five fathoms of our line, not more, when the strain suddenly stopped.

"Back water!" muttered the mate. "He's coming up! Hand me that lance, blacksmith. Haul line for'ard!"

Suddenly we felt a tremendous shock under foot, and next moment we were all turning somersaults in the air. The whale had breached with a vengeance. In the swashing and confusion of the moment, I cannot say exactly what happened; it was every man for himself.

I struck out for the boat of the first mate Mr. Cummings's. Our own boat, badly shattered, had fallen back bottom up.

Three men contrived to dock themselves astride it, and Andrews appeared to have caught a grip on the shank of one of the irons in the whale. He held on there for some minutes.

The whale meanwhile moved slowly forward, nosing for the boat; then, suddenly, with a single clack of its great jaw, crushed it to fragments.

The three men astride it dived off in time to avoid the blow and swam for us; but still Andrews held fast to the harpoon, or to the line at the whale's side. One poor fellow had disappeared.

There were now five of us with Mr. Cummings, and his boat was crowded. How to rescue Andrews from his perilous situation was now our only thought. We dreaded to attract the whale's attention, and dared not approach. Andrews could swim like a fish, as we knew, and at length Cummings hailed him.

"Better take a header under him and then swim for us!" he advised.

"Put in! Put in, man, and fasten to him!" Andrews shouted back. "You're not goin' to show the white feather, be ye?" "It's not my duty," replied Cummings, "with a boat loaded down to the gunwale! If you want to get back to the ship with us, make haste!" he again hailed.

Andrews let go the whale, which was still thrashing the fragments of the boat in pieces, and swam off to us. But he was very angry.

Cummings headed for the ship. Most of the men were badly scared. Meantime the captain had ordered out another boat. We met it coming off. Andrews, wet as he was, jumped in and took command.

"I'll kill that whale, or that whale kills me!" he shouted. "But if there's any man here who can't swim, or is afraid, he had better go into Mr. Cummings's boat."

Four of the crew lost no time in tumbling out; but two of us, who had been with Andrews before, took their places. Andrews seized an oar and we started to pull back to the whale.

The first mate, by the captain's advice, put his wet men aboard and then followed slowly after us, to pick us up, as he said.

"Boys," cried Andrews, as we neared the whale again, "I'm going to put another iron in him. If he makes for us, jump overboard, swim a few strokes and then tread water." We wore round the whale and got within half a ship's length of him, when he settled a little, rose with a half breach, and came straight toward us again.

We as rapidly backed water and tried to sheer off; but in a moment the furious leviathan was close astern of us, and threw out his terrible jaw.

"Jump!" shouted the mate; and we all went overboard.

For some reason the whale missed his blow at the boat and rushed by, going in the direction of the ship. As we swam we could hear the shouting on board.

Cummings got his boat to lee of the ship. The whale coursed back and forth, exhibiting unmistakable evidences of angry defiance. They feared that he would run them aboard.

On our part, we saw that our boat remained uninjured, and returned to it; the last but one of us was climbing in, when the mate again shouted, "Jump! He's coming!"

I took a long header out, on the side next the ship, and as I rose, I heard a crash behind me. The whale had returned and made an end of the boat this time.

We all swam in the direction of the ship, and Mr. Cummings's boat stole cautiously round the bows and picked us up.

Meantime, "Madagascar Jack" was thrashing the fragments of our second boat to pieces; there could be no doubt as to his fighting quality. We had already lost one man and two boats; and the captain deemed any further effort to kill him unwise and extra hazardous. So thought most of the men.

The second mate held out and exclaimed: "Is there a man who will go with me for a set at the old man-killer, or will ye see me go alone?"

The captain did not exactly forbid it; and three of us, Coles, the blacksmith, a boat-steerer named Preston, and I, volunteered to accompany Andrews to make a third attack on the whale.

We pulled round the bows in Mr. Cummings's boat and heard the whale at a little distance, near where he had stove the last boat.

A few drops of rain were falling, and the mist had settled again instead of clearing.

"Ship your oars and take the paddles," said Andrews. "Dip easy."

He picked up the boat's lance instead of the harpoon. "If we can creep up where I can get a good set at him behind the

hump, it's all I ask," he continued, under his breath.

Immediately we espied the black back of the monster through the mist, not half a cable's length away. He seemed to be lying there as if on the watch for us. Then, after a moment or two, he thrashed the floating splinters of the boat again.

With hearts thumping hard, for we felt it to be a matter of life and death, the boat was propelled forward on the left side of the whale, and glided past his flukes. Andrews planted his foot on the rail, and seized the lance pole in both hands.

The whale moved slightly forward; but the boat continued overreaching him for several seconds, till we were nearly abreast his shoulder.

Then the mate lunged at him with a will, burying the lance in his side.

He had struck the "life;" the lance entered so deeply, that Andrews went half-overboard with it.

The whale squirmed spasmodically, then started forward, staving in the broadside of the boat before we could edge off. We jumped out and dived as deep as possible to escape a second blow.

I swam under water for twenty or thirty yards, and when I rose and got the brine out of my eyes, I saw the whale making off. Andrews and both the others had risen near me; and a moment after we all saw blood fly from the animal's spiracles.

"Madagascar Jack" was done for at last. He lagged around for ten or fifteen minutes, however.

They could not see us from the ship; but they had lowered another boat, and on Andrews's triumphant hail came and picked us up.

This whale made eighty-five barrels of sperm oil; and we had, moreover, the satisfaction of having rid this ocean of a dangerous "rogue."—*Cephas N. Watkins in Youth's Companion.*

### DINING WITH KIPLING.

A Boston Woman Tells the Truth About the Young Anglo-Indian's Books and Health.

The new gallery in London is especially rich in portraits this year, and one sees on its walls the face of many a well-known man. Among these Miss Thompson's "Justin McCarthy," Weigall's "J. A. Froude," and Collier's "Rudyard Kipling" are especially interesting. I have always been interested to see a group of people standing before this painting, commenting on the appearance of this young writer, who in so short a time has reached almost the very pinnacle of success.

Mr. Collier has certainly succeeded in exactly portraying Kipling, not only in respect to features, but in respect to expression. In this portrait the young author wears a white woolen blouse, suggestively Indian in style, and as he leans forward toward the spectator his eyes have a merry and agreeable twinkle. I can bear witness to the merits of this portrait, for it was my own good fortune to meet Mr. Kipling, a few evenings ago, at a little dinner where the whole party numbered only five, and where, therefore, it was easy for each of the others to see much of the chief guest.

Rudyard Kipling has been often described during the past year or two, and yet his admirers in America are so numerous that, even at the risk of repetition, I will describe him again. Imagine, then, a young man looking perhaps nearer thirty than twenty-five, above middle height, with good shoulders and a well-knit figure; with hair and eyes of the darkest brown; with a firm mouth and a pleasant smile—in all not only an agreeable personality, but one that speaks of a high latent power.

Furthermore, Mr. Kipling is now the picture of health, newspaper rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. It is impossible to imagine him the half-dying invalid for whom our sympathy was asked a few months ago. The rumor working pretty hard the past few months, and for that reason wisely made up his mind to forego all invitations to receptions and other similar affairs.

On this account and because he decided to get perfect rest by taking a rapid voyage to America and back, the outside world has been asked to believe that consumption or some other malady is soon to put an end to his career. I will admit that I myself was a little sceptical even as to the newspaper paragraphs which stated that Mr. Kipling had landed in New York in June, for I could not imagine it possible even for so clever a man as he to elude entirely the vigilant American interviewers, yet he did this, and did it so thoroughly too, that in one case he was even himself successful in sending an unwary reporter from one New York hotel to another in search of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

On this visit, Mr. Kipling was in America hardly a week, but he had been there before and speaks very appreciatively of American cities and American people. He seems to have seized the chief points of Boston, San Francisco and New York, of all of which cities he seems to have very clear and correct ideas. He was interested in the Kipling reading given in Boston last winter, and in every way showed himself much better informed on current affairs, literary and social, in the United States than it is the case with most Englishmen.

Mr. Kipling's manner in conversation reminds one strongly of his style in writing—there is a certain indescribable terseness and humor in all that he says. Best of all, however, is the entire freedom from conceit and egotism. It is of Rudyard Kipling the man, not of Rudyard Kipling the author, of whom you think as you talk with him.

A new novel by Mr. Kipling written in collaboration with a young American, now resident in London, is soon to be published as a serial, and an American magazine is to have the honor of bringing it out. More than this may not be said now, although before this letter reaches the *Transcript* the well-kept secret may have been divulged.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Kipling is soon to appear, and it would not be strange if the critics should agree that the metrical work of this gifted young man is to be placed even higher than his prose. In view of the many rumors, however, of which he has been the subject, one cannot but wonder what will be said when it is learned that he starts this week on a six months voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, New Zealand and the South Sea Islands.

He goes because he finds at sea the best relaxation for a rather highly strung organization, and probably he hoped, too, to gather novel material for future literary work. But it may be stated in advance that he does not go as an invalid in search of health.—*H. L. R., in Boston Transcript.*

### THEY ALL USE POWDER.

"HERMIA" TELLS OF THE WEAKNESSES OF LITERARY WOMEN.

The Fashion Writers do not Practice What They Write and as a Consequence are Addicted to Ill-Fitting Gowns—Some Well Known Writers and How They Dress.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—The literary women of Gotham in common with their sisters of all places and times are notoriously addicted to ill-fitting gowns patched together out of the special colors that hurl profane language at each other.

Women who on paper can dress up imaginary women in toilets that are dreams of grace and harmony, seem to be utterly incapable of selecting a becoming garment for themselves. As nature is after all pretty even-handed and seldom bestows beauty where she has given brains, the literary woman in her best gowns is consequently very apt to be a sight to make the dullest on-looker wax smiling and witty.

The fashion writer is frequently accused of being the chief offender in this respect. In a gathering of literary women she is pretty sure to take the palm for dowdiness and ill-assorted colors. Her propensity to choose the unbecoming for herself seems to exist in exact proportion to her ability to describe charmingly the beauty and becomingness of other people's clothes. One of the best known fashion writers in New York stands at the head of the contingent.

For quaintness and originality in describing lovely gowns and bonnets she flourishes unrivalled, and for ability to make a picturesque frump of herself she is equally inaccessible.

It is obvious that she who is constitutionally a bungler in the part of personal decoration, ought to refrain altogether from meddling with such double-edged tools as rouge and powder, but mesdames the writers do not seem to have discovered this primary truth. At social functions the literary lionesses sometimes attract more attention by their "make-up" than the owners of names well-known in literature. Rouge and bismuth, tresses of the golden hue that is conspicuously the gift of science and doctored eye-brows and eye-lashes, demonstrate quite audibly that they are neither afraid nor ashamed to juggle with the peculiar weapons of the coquette.

Of course all do not sin against the laws of good dressing. Nature who bestows on the graceful feline tribe and on birds of gorgeous plumage, are instinct to keep their glossy coats in the best of order, seems always to accompany physical charms with the ability to set them off to the great advantage, and even the literary woman, if she be blessed with beauty, knows how to make the best of it. Mrs. Devereux Blake, the belle of the Women's Rights agitators is always dressed as if she was a society belle and her first duty in life is to look pretty; so is Lillie Hamilton French one of the editors of Harper's publications, who if a beauty contest were started amongst the spinster celebrities of the literary world, would probably lead the poll. So is Julia Percy Hayes the beauty of the journalistic ranks.

"Julien Gordon" and Mrs. Burton Harrison the grande dames of the writing sisterhood, could not if they desired it be other than *comme il faut* as to their draperies. With women of their environment it is gospel to be well-dressed, and the ethics of gowns and bonnets are held in sufficient reverence to keep down the slovenly proclivities of the literary.

Ella Dietz Clynner ex-president of Sorosis affects pale shades of grey and violet, and as she is a pale blonde they become her to perfection. Grace Greenwood is a sedate and stately dresser. Black and gray for the street and velvet and point lace for festal occasions are her favorite wear.

Kate Field, "Jennie June" and Isabel Mallon, otherwise "Bab," are always draped according to the canons of fashion and good taste, and none of the above-mentioned are in any way responsible for the fact that the literary woman's wardrobe has become one of the funny man's most valuable properties.

A New York *bas-bleu* recently declared that the shouting colors and eccentric cut that distinguished the dressing of so many of her gifted sisters were due to the lively imaginations with which they are necessarily endowed, and this idea is born out by facts.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mrs. Burnett, Elita Proctor Otis and Gertrude Atherton, whose literary work is purely the product of imagination, are all more or less devoted to the primary colors, and the eccentricities of the Watteau, Josephine and Recamier styles. Mrs. Burnett, who is a short, plump, little woman, once won a two-column advertisement by attending a reception clad in a Kate Greenaway gown of vivid green.

The newspaper women, on the contrary, who have to deal mostly with facts, dress conventionally and seldom draw criticism on themselves.

One of the most interesting events impending in the dramatic world is the debut of Miss Elsie DeWolfe in *Thermidor*, a play by Sardou that was suppressed in Paris after three performances, because it meddled with French politics in a manner offensive to the government.

Miss DeWolfe is a popular society woman, and as an amateur actress divided honors with Mrs. Cora Brown Potter, before the latter became a professional.

In person she is dark and striking and possesses a beautiful figure. While not strictly beautiful, her stage presence is highly effective. Sardou, with whom she studied in Paris, prophesied that she would become an artist of the first rank, and there is little doubt that she will score a success on Oct. 5, when she will make her bow to the public at one of the principal theatres in New York.

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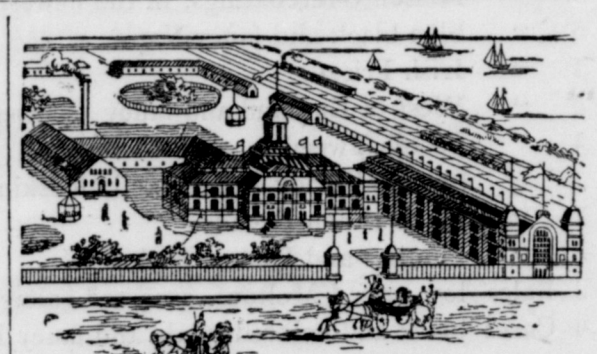
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