

lay and dived just outside. We were well equipped with guns and harpoons, and thought that it was all quite simple. Nor was it difficult to get within range, and we emptied our barrels into the animal's head. It lay stunned for a moment, and we rowed towards it, but suddenly it began to splash and whirl round in the water, completely beside itself. I shouted out that we must back, but it was too late: the walrus got under the kayaks, and we received several blows underneath, in the violence of its contortions, before it finally dived. It soon came up again, and now the sound of its breathing resounded on all sides, while blood streamed from its mouth and nostrils, and dyed the surrounding water. We lost no time in rowing up to it and pouring a fresh volley into its head. Again it dived, and we cautiously drew back, to avoid receiving an attack from below. It soon appeared again, and we once more rowed up to it. These manœuvres were repeated, and each time it came to the surface it received at least one bullet in the head, and grew more and more exhausted; but, as it always faced us, it was difficult to give it a mortal wound behind the ear. The blood, however, now flowed in streams. During one of these manœuvres I was in the act of placing my gun hurriedly in its case on the deck, in order to row nearer, forgetting that it was cocked, when all at once it went off. I was rather alarmed, thinking the ball had gone through the bottom of the kayak, and I began feeling my legs. They were uninjured, however,