

and as I did not hear the water rushing in either I was reassured. The ball had passed through the deck and out through the side a little above the water-line. We had now had enough of this sport, however; the walrus only lay gasping for breath, and just as we rowed towards it it turned its head a little, and received two bullets just behind the ear. It lay still, and we rowed up to throw our harpoon; but before we got near enough it sank and disappeared. It was a melancholy ending to the affair. In all, nine cartridges had been expended to no purpose, and we silently rowed to shore, not a little crestfallen. We tried no more walrus-hunting from kayaks that day; but we now saw that a walrus had come up on to the shore-ice a little way off. Perhaps we were to receive compensation there for the one we had just lost. It was not long before another came up beside the first. After having taken an observation and given them time to compose themselves, we set off. Having bellowed and made a horrible noise out there for some time, they now lay asleep and unsuspecting, and we stole cautiously up to them, I in front and Johansen close at my heels. I first went up to the head of the nearer one, which was lying with its back to us. As it had drawn its head well down, and it was difficult to get a shot at a vulnerable point, I passed behind it, and up to the head of the other one. The animals still lay motionless, asleep in the sun. The second was in a better position