

for a shot, and, when I saw Johansen standing ready at the head of the first, I fired at the back of the neck. The animal turned over a little, and lay there dead. At the report the first started up, but at the same moment received Johansen's bullet. Half stunned, it turned its gigantic body round towards us; in a moment I had discharged the ball from my smooth-bore at it, but, like Johansen, I hit too far forward in the head. The blood streamed from its nostrils and mouth, and it breathed and coughed till the air vibrated. Supporting itself upon its enormous tusks, it now lay still, coughing blood like a consumptive person, and quite indifferent to us. In spite of its huge body and shapeless appearance, which called up to the imagination bogy, giant, and kraken, and other evil things, there was something so gently supplicating and helpless in its round eyes as it lay there that its goblin exterior and one's own need were forgotten in pity for it. It almost seemed like murder. I put an end to its sufferings by a bullet behind the ear, but those eyes haunt me yet; it seemed as if in them lay the prayer for existence of the whole helpless walrus race. But it is lost; it has man as its pursuer. It cannot, however, be denied that we rejoiced at the thought of all the meat and blubber we had now brought down in one encounter; it made up for the cartridges expended upon the one that had sunk. But we had not got them on land yet, and it would be a long piece of work to get them skinned and cut up and brought home. The first thing we did was