

the southeast, there was a small rocky knoll, where numbers of fulmar (*Procellaria glacialis*) seemed to be breeding. Our supply of food was now getting very low, and we had been hoping for a visit from some bear or other; but now that we needed them they of course kept away. We then determined to shoot birds, but the auks flew too high, and all we got was a couple of fulmars. As we just then passed a herd of walruses we determined to take some of this despised food, and we shot one of them, killing it on the spot. At the report the others raised their heads a little, but only to let them fall again, and went on sleeping. To get our prize skinned with these brutes lying around us was not to be thought of, and we must drive them into the water in some way or other. This was no easy matter, however. We went up to them, shouted and halloed, but they only looked at us lazily, and did not move. Then we hit them with snow-shoe staves; they became angry, and struck their tusks into the ice until the chips flew, but still would not move. At last, however, by continuing to poke and beat, we drove the whole herd into the water, but it was not quick work. In stately, dignified procession they drew back and shambled slowly off, one after the other, to the water's edge. Here they again looked round at us, grunting discontentedly, and then plunged into the water one by one. But while we were cutting up their comrade they kept coming up again in the crack beside us, grunting and creeping half up on the ice, as if to demand an explanation of our conduct.