

at the first report and looked round, and at the second shot the whole herd began to go into the water. The mothers, however, would not leave their dead young ones. One sniffed at its young one, and pushed it, evidently unable to make out what was the matter; it only saw the blood spurting from its head. It cried and wailed like a human being. At last, when the herd began to plunge in, the mother pushed her young one before her towards the water. I now feared that I should lose my booty, and ran forward to save it; but she was too quick for me. She took the young one by one fore-leg, and disappeared with it like lightning into the depths. The other mother did the same. I hardly knew how it had all happened, and remained standing at the edge looking down after them. I thought the young ones must rise to the surface again, but there was nothing to be seen; they had disappeared for good. The mothers must have taken them a long way. I then went towards another herd, where there were also young ones, and shot one of them; but, made wiser by experience, I shot the mother too. It was a touching sight to see her bend over her dead young one before she was shot, and even in death she lay holding it with one fore-leg. So now we had meat and blubber enough to last a long time, and meat, too, that was delicious, for the side of young walrus tastes like loin of mutton. To this we added a dozen auks, so our larder was now well furnished with good