

when he gained the edge of the ice-floe the other two were not over forty or fifty yards away, swimming for dear life, although they did not manage to save themselves, as two well directed shots laid them out. Then Toolooah, extemporizing a raft from a small floating cake of ice, managed to get out to both of them, and, having taken the precaution to pay out his sledge-lashing from the shore as he went, pulled himself and prey back, and brought us the three robes to verify his powers. It is said that the Eskimo of Cumberland Sound fearlessly attack the polar bear in their frail *kayaks*, or light sealskin canoes, but are afraid of them on the ice or land. In October, 1877, an enormous female with two cubs paid an Eskimo encampment in this sound a visit. They swam over one of the fjörds, probably scenting a dead whale that was on the beach near the huts. The bears made a very lively time here, and a considerable outlay of ammunition and dogs was made before they were finally captured. There were about two hundred dogs and half as many natives, besides the crews of two whalers. All this motley crowd made war on the bears. One of the whaling captains, a little braver than the rest, got too close to the old bear, and she dealt him a blow that knocked his gun many feet into a snow bank; she then began to make away with him, but was prevented by the Eskimo and dogs. A young Eskimo was served in a similar manner, but sustained quite serious injuries. Great consternation and fear prevailed among the women and children, and that memorable night, when the *nannooks* besieged their quiet camp, was long a lively topic of conversation. During the season the common hair seal have their young, the bears begin to wander up the fjörds in search of them, and are at this time often found a considerable distance from the open water.

Toolooah killed a monstrous polar bear, that would probably turn 1300 or 1400 pounds, the day we reached the northernmost cape of King William's Land, July 3. Bruin came up the beach from the south, snuffing by the camp, when Toolooah and Frank were the only ones not absent, and while the dogs were yet harnessed to the unloaded sledge. But a good view of the situation sent him off on the sea ice at a smart lope, Toolooah and Frank following him with the light sledge over the terribly rough hummocks of Victoria Channel. The nineteen strong