



SEAL HUNTING.

kayaks with great dexterity, and almost unerring aim. The South Greenlanders, however, whose respect for the walrus is as profound as their fear of him, hesitate to attack him from their kayaks; but encompass his death in other ways. The walrus is usually harpooned like the seal or whale, and finally killed by lances while swimming. They are sometimes enticed within shot by having a young walrus on board, or by the use of an instrument which, like the deer call, resembles the cry of the young in distress, and so attracts the mother until she is near enough to be attacked. The following description of a walrus hunt, given by Mr. Lamont, the famous Arctic traveller, is so graphic and interesting that I make no apology for presenting it to the reader:

"I remember on one occasion," he writes, "some years ago, falling in with a herd of walruses in the water. The mode of attack was to endeavour to harpoon them, by dint of hard rowing after the herd, as they alternately dived and swam on the surface to gain breath. If there are calves in the herd, they cannot go much faster than the boat, if so fast; and the calves having to come up to breathe much more frequently than the old ones, the whole herd generally accommodate their pace to that of the old cows with young ones. In all my sporting experience I never saw anything to equal the wild excitement of such a hunt. Five pairs of oars pulled with utmost strength make the boat seem to fly through the water, while perhaps a hundred walruses, roaring, bellowing, snorting and splashing, make an acre of the sea all in a foam before and around her. The harpooner stands with one foot on the thwart, and the other on the front locker, with the line coiled in his right hand, and the long weapon in both hands ready balanced for a dart, while he shouts to the crew which direction to take (as he, from standing upright in the boat has a better opportunity of seeing the walruses

under water. The herd generally keep close together, and the way in which they dive and reappear again simultaneously is remarkable; one moment you see a hundred grisly heads and long gleaming white tusks above the waves: they give one spout from their blow-holes (nostrils), take one breath of fresh air, and the next moment you see a hundred brown hemispherical backs, the next a hundred pair of flippers (paws) flourishing, and then they are all down. On goes the boat, as hard as ever we can pull the oars, up come the sea-horses again, pretty close this time, and before they can draw breath the boat rushes into the midst of them; whish! goes the harpoon; birr! goes the line over the gunwale, and a luckless junger (young walrus), on whom the harpooner has fixed his eye, is fast; his bereaved mother, snorting with rage, charges the boat with flashing eyes; she quickly receives a bullet in the brain and a harpoon in the back, and hangs lifeless on the line; now the junger begins to utter his plaintive grunting bark, and fifty furious walruses close round the boat in a few seconds, rearing up breast high in the water, and snorting and blowing as if they would tear us all to pieces. Two of these auxiliaries are speedily harpooned in their turn, and the rest hang back a little, when, as bad luck would have it, the junger gives up the ghost, owing to the severity of his harpooning, and the others, no longer attracted by his cries, retire to a more prudent distance. But for this untoward and premature decease of the junger, the men told me we should have had more walruses on our hands than we could manage." He thus concludes: "This curious clannish practice of coming to assist a calf in distress arises from their being in the habit of combining to resist the Polar bear, which is said often to succeed in killing the walrus; if, however, bruin, pressed by hunger and a tempting opportunity, is so ill-advised as to snatch a calf, the whole