

for one of the Eskimos to make a feint with the lance as if to strike the right side of the bear as it rears on its hind legs, then the other Eskimo plunges his spear into the unguarded left side. Accounts vary regarding the courage of the Polar bear. He is agile, notwithstanding his size, and is very powerful. A full-grown specimen will weigh from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds.

On another occasion Dumphy sung out from his perch in the crow's nest that there was a bear ahead. Off the port bow, not far distant, his Polar majesty was seen resting on a small ice cake. As we steamed nearer, it was proposed to lower the boat, that we might have a nearer and more interesting combat. But Captain Pike ordered the *Kite* to steam up to the ice cake. As we approached within one hundred yards, the superb, white-haired animal began to grow uneasy, and finally stood on his hind quarters and gazed at us with evident anxiety. When we were

about one hundred and fifty feet from him, the word was given and several bullets took effect. He started forward, staggered, recovered himself, ran forward again as if to jump off into the water, then changed his mind. He turned, roared in rage, reared himself on his haunches and reached out his powerful fore legs, as if he would strangle us all. A second volley stretched him on the ice. It was a pity to slaughter the poor animal in such a manner, when he was completely at our mercy. It would have been far more interesting if we had turned loose the five magnificent Eskimo dogs which Lieutenant Peary had brought along. They were the small remnant of thirteen that he took with him on his inland trip, and were fine specimens, the best bear dogs in North Greenland. The bear was soon hauled on board with block and tackle. He was young, seven feet long, and with long, soft, white hair. This was our last hunt in the Arctic regions.

IN THE LAND OF JOSEPHINE.

BY WALTER L. BEASLEY.

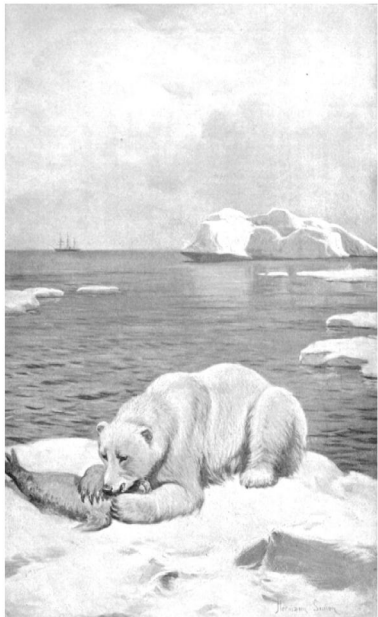
Concluded from January.



GATEWAY OF GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE. (p. 374)

ONE has to go but a few steps in the land of Josephine to be reminded of the power of the Church; for along all the roadways on the top of the Mornes are shrines and stations of the Cross, some of these fitly embedded in the depth of woodland foliage. How often have I seen a kneeling figure bending low before these tiny altars? How often have I listened to the chimes of the cathedral, the vesper bell calling all to a common shrine?

Who could ever forget the impassioned fervor of a confirmation, or a first communion day? The throngs of pious lookers on; the procession of white-veiled maidens treading solemnly down the aisle; the fine ceremonial pomp, the uniformed chamberlain with plumed hat and gilded staff giving plentiful orders to maintain due reverence; the final march of the bride-like confirmants headed by the bishop and his retinue of priests carrying holy banners on their way to the residence of his grace in the rear, near the Cimetiere Du



Painted for *OCTUO* by Hermann Simon.

See "Hunting in Polar Regions." (p. 96)

THE GREAT WHITE BEAR.



HUNTING IN POLAR REGIONS.

BY J. M. MILLS, M. D.*

ONLY a few daring guns have roused the echoes of that strange, lone, iron land—the west coast of Greenland, stretching northward from Upernavick. Yet this Polar region has a fair share of game, and the possibilities for sport are not so limited as those who consider land to be an abomination of desolation, might imagine. On *terra firma* are found reindeer, polar bear, fox and Arctic hare, while in the floe-burdened, ice-cold waters are many walrus, various kinds of seal, narwhal, blue and white whale, etc. We of the Relief Expedition, during our quest for daring Lieutenant Peary and his gallant band of explorers, enjoyed many interesting experiences, prominent among which were our encounters with wild creatures, pursued for the food or sport they afforded, as the case happened to be.

Our first attempt at Arctic hunting was not a brilliant one. On the second day after our departure from Upernavick we were threading our way between the ice-rafts of Melville Bay. For a time we encountered only the more detached ice-masses that yielded ready the passage to our steady steam-whaler, but later, denser ice-packs obstructed our advance. We had to back out frequently and try other "leads," sometimes had to bump forcibly into the ice to break a passage. However, we were making fairly good time, and congratulating ourselves that we would soon make the passage of this treacherous ice-locked bay, the great terror of Arctic navigators.

About five p. m., while at supper, the ship slackened speed, and then came to a full stop with a terrific thump; she had run into the solid ice-pack. As we

*Surgeon of the Peary Relief Expedition.

were lamenting our fate, a black object, sighted off the starboard quarter, seemed to be coming toward the *Kite*. Such was not the case, however, as we found later when the fog lifted. The dark object proved to be a sleeping seal. There were several on the ice three or four hundred feet off. Bryant, Entriken and myself, with one of the sailors, jumped over on the ice, which near the boat was soft and covered with snow elevations, or hummocks. It was difficult walking and we sank up to our knees in the soft snow. We had to jump across from one ice-mass to the other, or walk carefully over the narrow bridges. A short distance from the boat, however, the ice was solid, but covered with snow, so that our progress was slow. Before we could shoot the seal turned, gazed at us an instant and "flopped" back into his hole. We waited a short time for him to reappear, but he was not so minded. The game seen was the common seal or "nets-chuck."

In Winter, when the sea is frozen over, these seal are quite numerous. The manner in which they are caught shows the ingenuity and skill of the native. The seal breaks a hole in the ice, and makes a small opening at the top of the snow-mound covering his home. This is the blow-hole for air, so small that it is often not detected by the sharp Eskimo. His dog, however, scents the game, and then the master lies down near the hole, with harpoon ready, and as soon as the peculiar blowing of the seal is heard, he thrusts the weapon into the mound, and thus fixes the seal. No matter whether his wait is rewarded, immediately or several hours of watching are necessary, it is all the same to the Eskimo. Instances are mentioned by the natives where the hunter lay in wait two days or more when food was scarce.

Another method of catching the seal when he is on the ice might be termed "stalking." The Eskimo creeps carefully and slowly upon the wary "poosi," never permitting his enthusiasm to hurry him. If the seal turns, the Eskimo remains perfectly still, or attempts to creep closer by imitating the habits of the seal. He lowers his head, the seal-skin clothing producing a close resemblance, or he lies down and moves his hands and feet as the seals do their

flippers; he also scratches the ice and goes through other maneuvers, but always remains untiring and persistent until he gets near enough to pierce the game with his harpoon and dispatch it with his lance. This method is exceedingly difficult, as the seals are very suspicious. In the summer, when the seals are found on small ice cakes or in the water, the Eskimo harpoons them from his seal-skin boat, called the *kayak*. To his harpoon point a seal-skin float or bladder, about the size of a half barrel, is attached, and this prevents the seal from sinking when killed. The lance gives the finishing touch. As is well known, the more common variety, the saddle-back seal, is found in immense numbers on the ice-floes, where it is easily killed by whalers, who simply club the creatures to death. The only seal said to be of the combative disposition is the bladder-nose or crested seal. When infuriated they will attack anyone who comes near them. On our return we killed one of these in Melville Bay. They have a soft, velvety skin, and are from six to eight feet long. The skin of the nets-chuck is used by the natives for clothing, boots, tents, and for covering their frail kayaks.

We were prisoned in the "pack" for many hours, but at last, after frequent thumping and bumping, our steamer was forced through the small floes by breaking a passage for herself. Often it appeared as if she would be dashed to pieces, but she was staunch and stiff, with an iron sheathed bow and a strong beam running from stem to stem.

When, on July twenty-third, we reached our goal, Peary's winter quarters at Redcliff in McCormick Bay, we found the party well, and hopeful of Peary's and Astrup's return from the Inland Ice. Two days later we decided to try for walrus on our first hunt in north Greenland. We expected to find the game in Inglefield Gulf, and took a couple of Eskimos along in each boat as guides, for they are experienced hunters. We rowed awhile, then getting a brisk wind astern, put up sail and went skimming along across Murchison Sound. In order to trim the boat I went on the forward deck above the locker, and as it was very comfortable there, I took a nap. We were getting along at considerable speed, when I awoke just in time to see an immense iceberg

straight ahead towering high above us. I called to Gibson, who was sculling, but whose view ahead was hampered by the jibsail, then jerked up a gaff to push off the boat. The jib was torn loose and the side of the boat scraped, but Gibson dexterously saved us.

As we approached the opposite shore, we spied a large seal basking in the sun on an ice-cake. It was the largest variety of its race, called the "Ook-jook," or bearded seal. Specimens sometimes measure ten feet or more. Our boats separated and attempted to approach within rifle shot before the seal was aroused. We had to be exceedingly cautious and row as noiselessly as possible, for all seals have very acute hearing and are easily frightened. If not killed immediately, or fatally wounded, they will crawl to their hole and drop in. But this particular seal was not to be caught napping; it awoke, turned and stared stupidly at us, while we stopped rowing, bent our heads and waited in breathless anxiety, fearing it would dive into its hole. The creature's fears were evidently allayed, for it soon turned around for another siesta. Again we took to our oars, and stole forward, stopping whenever our presence seemed to be suspected, and gliding on as chance offered, until we had advanced within rifle shot. This end had hardly been gained when the seal raised its head again and started quickly for the hole only a few feet distant. At once the Eskimos began screeching and yelling in a maniacal manner. The seal stopped and turned around in blank amazement, then disappeared into his hole. We fired, but too late.

Gibson said we should have fired as soon as the Eskimos began yelling, for the noise holds the attention of the seal only a moment; but we had not been warned of this feature of seal hunting, and were totally unprepared. We had at first simply grasped our guns in stupid bewilderment, wondering if the Eskimos were "perblocktoo," which means crazy.

We saw several seal, but could not get close enough to them, so turned in shore, and landed on Herbert Island for lunch. The principal article of our *table d'hôte* was canned pemmican, which Nansen, the first explorer to cross Greenland, gloated over so much, and the food that Greeley depended greatly upon. Herbert Island is exceedingly pic-

turesque. Its lofty peaks intersected by numerous pendent glaciers, that hung suspended midway up the mountain side, formed a striking picture, varied by an exquisite mosaic of red sandstone, mountain-moss and marble white glacier, stream. But it interested us more as a hunting ground, for it was reported to abound in deer, and as it proved to be too early for walrus, we decided we would be contented with deer.

As we neared the lower extremity of the island, the Eskimo in Bryant's boat raised his finger and pointed silently to a moss-decked spot half-way up the hill. At first we saw nothing, for the Summer coat of the deer so closely resembles the verdure around the gray-mottled lichen-covered stones, that it is difficult to tell them apart. The Innuits' acute sight had discovered two deer grazing there. Judging the Eskimos to be more experienced, we arranged that they should land first and attempt to capture the deer. We crept up the slope opposite the hill and eagerly watched proceedings. We lost sight of our husky, then he appeared, walking so stealthily and half-doubled along the hill-side that our patience was sorely tried. Finally two shots rang out and a deer fell. Then we heard three more shots in rapid succession and our other guide appeared running after the second deer, but failed to bag his game, though once he was within fifty feet of the quarry. The Eskimo's method differs materially from ours; either they have no confidence in their aim or in their guns. They wait until they get within close range, relying chiefly upon their skill in stalking; whereas we would consider a shot at a range of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet as easy, and close enough even for a tyro. When we came up to our husky, his face beamed joyously as he pointed with great pride to his game. We chased two more deer, but they were too swift for us. We also killed some jaegers and small bladder-nosed seals that were swimming in the clear water at the base of the bluff.

A peculiar thing occurred while we were lunching. Gibson was in the boat making coffee over our clumsy alcohol stove, and I was standing on the rocks near the boat, while the others were lying around resting after the chase.

Of a sudden the water came rushing up the rocks and over the island in an immense flood, swift and powerful. If the Eskimo had not seized the gaff and pushed off the boat, it would have been crushed against the rocks. The waves as quickly receded, and again returned. This tidal wave or eddy was repeated several times. Our long rubber boots came in handy, as the water came up above our knees. This wave was caused by an immense iceberg, quite far off, breaking and falling into the water.

There was a curious incident connected with this experience. Shortly before our deluge Gibson had found an old Eskimo grave, and had removed the skull for ethnological purposes. The Eskimo had not seen him commit this sacrilege, so, in order to test the truth of the assertion that they became very savage at such desecration, Gibson asked the husky if it would be right to take the skull, as he desired it very much. The Eskimo objected most emphatically, and when Gibson insisted upon taking it, the Eskimo, who was the Angikok, *i.e.*, the priest and prophet of the tribe, replied that the waters would come up and drown him.

It was about midnight when we started homeward. The sun was shining brightly, the sky blue and beautiful, the sea calm and placid as a crystal lake. We were truly in the realm of Aurora, where daylight holds supreme sway, with the exception of the Winter's dreary darkness of three and a half months.

Our next hunt, and a most exciting one it was, took place in Kane's Basin, near Renssalaer Bay. We had attempted to make the passage of Smith's Sound in order to explore that largest of all Greenland's glaciers, Humboldt Glacier, but our ambitious aspirations were nipped in the bud. Here many Arctic vessels have been "nipped," and many tragic incidents of polar expeditions have resulted. Our passage upward was blocked by a dense cordon of ice, a solid impassable pack, extending from Greenland to America's shore; not the loose, detached ice-floes of Melville Bay, but a hard, thick, insurmountable barrier, bedecked with snowy hillocks or mounds, called hummocks. Here we had our first walrus hunt. We were warned of their presence by the peculiar yelping or barking that

sounded as if some dog were in distress. At first we thought that some of Peary's dogs were lost, but on further investigation discovered the source of the cries. Large numbers of walrus were sporting in the water, and others were lying on the ice-floes not many hundred yards from the ship. It did not take long to lower the whaleboat, and for a few of the members of our party, with Dan, our Eskimo interpreter, as harpooner, to make for the walrus. Then followed our first walrus experience. We captured two and returned in triumph to the *Kite*. With the sailors' assistance they were drawn on the ice-pan adjacent, and Entriken and Hite started to skin one walrus; Bryant, Vorse and I performed the same operation on the other. The creatures weighed between eighteen hundred and two thousand pounds each, and were from ten to twelve feet long. Lieutenant Schwatka described the walrus as "huge seals, with upper canine-teeth prolonged into tusks." These tusks are usually from one to two feet in length, and I have seen some that were two and a half and even three feet long.

When full grown, the tusk weighs about five pounds. Their length does not seem to be dependent upon either the age or size of the animal, as often a young, small walrus will have long tusks. The average weight of the full-grown animal is about a ton. "They frequently attain a length of from fifteen to eighteen feet, and half as much around the fore flippers. The flippers are some two feet long, and capable, when extended, of covering a considerable area, and of forcing the animal rapidly through the water. Walrus also use these flippers to protect wounded comrades and to carry their offspring. The inside of these paws is covered by a horny skin that serves to protect their palms in scrambling around over the rough ice." The walrus-flippers, when properly cooked, are considered a great delicacy by the Eskimos. "The flavor of the flipper is very similar to that of the coarser clams." The meat did not seem as delicate as that of the seal or narwhal. "The flesh of the walrus is protected by a thick blanket of fat—the blubber—which enables it to resist the icy water of the Arctic seas. This fat yields nearly a barrel of oil. The hide is used

by the Eskimos to make soles for their boots, or kamiks, and it is also cut into strips for their harpoon-lines. It is from one to one and a half inches thick." The formidable tusks are used as weapons of offense and defense, and also, it is stated, to gather their food, the clams.

We were cutting and perspiring energetically, when one of the seamen cried out that there were two walrus on an ice-cake only two hundred yards away. Vorse and I dropped our knives, and called to some of the boys to go with us. They had gone below to rest and the others wished to remain and finish the walrus as Captain Pike was impatient to return. Vorse and I easily persuaded one of the seamen, Hays, a veritable Viking, to accompany us. We were too late; the walrus, scenting danger, had dived off their my perch. We rowed back to the place where we had our recent encounter, but saw no walrus. Then we decided to skirt around for a time and see what would result. We had almost despaired, when two huge walrus were spied on an ice-pan not far off. We took in our oars, and let Hays scull, as it made less noise. The walrus were basking indolently in the sun, but were aroused at the sound of the boat, turned their massive heads, and gazed sleepily at us. Hays stopped sculling, and, their fears allayed, they dropped their heads for another doze. We advanced closer, and when we were within two hundred feet, took careful aim at the back of the neck. Three shots broke the stillness, and one walrus dropped over dead. We rowed up, and found three bullet wounds in the nape of the neck, the vulnerable part—the skull being too hard and other portions of the body too thick and tough. We chopped off the head, as we only desired it and the tusks. There was only one tusk apiece for Vorse and myself, so we sculled further hoping to capture another one. Our search was successful. We saw three more—a male, female and young one were apparently asleep, as the shooting had not frightened them. Hays again attempted to scull close up that we might capture all of them, as when you kill the parents you can easily get the young—but they heard us, raised their heads, and glared at us. We remained quiet, and they, lay down again—we started ahead once more—they turned slowly and with awkward dignity

reared their bodies and made a movement as if about to jump into the water. But as we remained perfectly quiet they turned and lay down again. This maneuver was repeated several times and fearing they would escape, we fired, that is Vorse and I. Hays' gun was silent—he had omitted to charge it, though I had reminded him of it a few moments before. This was unfortunate as he had aimed for the mother. We wounded the male severely, then quickly rowed up and finished him. As we were approaching the ice, we saw the mother carrying off her offspring, holding it on her back and between her flippers. It was an interesting sight and showed her fostering care. Vorse let fly at the baby, and I wounded the mother, but we did not follow up this advantage, for suddenly we saw the walrus coming for us from all directions, and we had been warned of their desperation. Hays, therefore, jumped on the ice cake and began chopping off the head of the dead male with a rusty ship's axe. He was about half finished, when a large herd of walrus appeared not more than thirty yards distant. Hays did not like the look of things, and hastily jumped back into the boat, but we emphatically assured him that we would not leave, until we had the head. Vorse grasped a gaff and said he would hold the boat near the ice, and I would keep them at bay with my Winchester. So Tom returned to remove the head. Shot after shot was fired into their ranks—they could not stand such a fusillade and finally turned and left us. We did not blame Tom for not wanting to stay on the ice, as the herd could have easily tipped over the small cake. There is not much danger in attacking walrus on the large ice-floes, as they are so heavy and awkward that they can be avoided or slain without risk, but in the water when they are in herds of fifty or a hundred head it is quite different.

We were destined to have some proof of this. Thinking the walrus had departed for good, Tom calmly proceeded with his work. But the wounded had merely beat a retreat to gather reinforcements, and soon we found ourselves in a precarious position. The fierce, ugly beasts were coming from all directions, bellowing discordantly, lashing the waters with their strong, heavy flippers, raising their gleaming white

ther up the hill, whilst I made a detour under the shelter of the overhanging rocks, crept up within easy range, and bagged my first Arctic hare. These animals are very agile and scramble with marvelous rapidity up the rough mountains, stopping occasionally to look back in saucy defiance. They are about the size of the American rabbit, though they appear somewhat larger on account of their thick coat of fur. We found them excellent eating, though the Eskimos, as a rule, do not care for them—the foxes do, however. Apropos of the blue Arctic fox, which we did not succeed in obtaining ourselves, though the Eskimo shot some for us, they are exceedingly difficult to capture, being very crafty and nimble of foot. The Eskimo usually catches them in traps, made after the old crude style—a flat rock resting on a figure 4 spring, made from bone or ivory pieces. It is so arranged that the rock falls on the side walls and thus does not crush the fox, but captures him alive. In winter slabs of ice are used instead of stones.

On the third day of our sojourn in this picturesque region, having been somewhat unsuccessful in our "Tuttoo" adventures, we concluded to row further up the bay. It was warm work, for old Sol has power even in the Arctic regions. The fatigue and heat were soon forgotten when a school of "Kakokta" (white whale) came puffing along, their white backs glistening like polished marble, standing out in vivid relief from the greenish blue waters, whereas the blue whales often appeared as simply the billows of the water. Their graceful arched backs appeared only for a moment, then they dived below and it was uncertain where they would reappear, and yet they seemed as well drilled as a German regiment, following their leader in regular file, and even when disturbed and their ranks broken, they would quickly close in again and observe the same discipline. We pursued several schools, but they were too quick for us, and we did not wish to shoot them, though they were within easy range, as they would have sunk, unless, as the sailor states, we chanced to strike a spinal column. In that case the victim would be paralyzed and float. We therefore attempted to harpoon them after the old Eskimo method. The harpoon has a wooden shaft with a walrus

ivory tip, in which is fastened an iron point. The spear point is connected, by means of a walrus-hide line, to a bladder or float, and as soon as the spear is fast, this float is thrown into the water, to prevent the animal from sinking. The whale may dive several times, but soon becomes exhausted, and is then dispatched with a lance. The natives are very skillful in the use of these weapons. Our old stuttering husky, Kiuna, stood in the boat with arm poised, and as we approached near the school, swiftly threw his harpoon at a big white mass that appeared for a moment protruding out of the water. The point struck the side of the whale, Kiuna threw over the float, and we rejoiced in our capture. Alas, only for a moment, for the point failed to hold. We made several other attempts, but could not get close enough to the game for sure work. With two other boats to help us, we might have used the sailors' method of forcing the whales inshore, in which way they are often easily captured. In this connection I might refer to the narwhal, several of which were captured by the Peary party. One was shot by Mrs. Peary, shortly before our return. They attain a size from fourteen to twenty feet, and have a long twisted ivory tusk four to eight feet or more in length. This tusk is of the finest ivory, harder and more valuable than the walrus or elephant ivory. It is used by the narwhal for offense and defense, and is a formidable weapon, as it can easily pierce the frail skin kayak of the native or a wooden boat. It is stated that it will even penetrate the bottom of a coppered ship. In ordinary service it secures food for its owner by piercing fish, and it is also used to break the ice when the narwhal desires fresh air. The skin is considered a savory tidbit by the Eskimos. It is sleek, slimy looking, of mottled black and white appearance, and surely not inviting to a stranger. Narwhal are caught by the Eskimos with the harpoon and float, and the ivory tusks are used for sledge runners and for making the hunting implements.

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further collections. On the third day of our stay here we concluded to row over to Herbert Island, right opposite, for reindeer, as we had captured some there on a previous occasion. Our Commander hesitated to give his consent, as there had been a severe storm during the night, and the sky was still dark and threatening. During the night we were aroused by the storm, and fearing our boat would be crushed by the bergs, we hurried down to draw it further up the shore. Whilst there we witnessed a magnificent spectacle. The storm-tossed, wind-driven icebergs, a host of giant and pigmy masses, were carried up the Bay at headlong speed, the rain pouring down in torrents, but no sound of thunder, nor was it ever heard in the Arctic. The huge waves rushed far up the beach, leaving bergs and ice-masses stranded all along the coast. These masses were so thick at some places that there was no passage-way. The gulf was also studded with bergs, some of immense size, and graceful shapes, noble specimens of icy architecture, with exquisite coloring. The concave walls and water-washed arches were of a luminous blue, impossible to paint. We were hardly well out from the shore when it began to snow, and the fog was seen approaching. About one-third of the way across we sighted a couple of walrus on an ice-cake. Profiting by our former experience we proceeded with patience and caution, and were enabled to slip up within short range without arousing them. Our artillery spoke, and the beasts were awakened, and rolled off the ice-pan with a remarkable speed for their bulk. They were wounded, however, as was evident from the blood-stained water, and when we reached the ice-cake we saw one of the walrus struggling in the water and bellowing with pain. We rowed right up to him, and he came near getting under our boat. If he had it would have been all up with us. Dan stood ready, with arm outstretched and harpoon raised in a strong grasp. He gave a vigorous throw, and great was our joy when the iron struck home. Immediately the float was thrown over, and came near getting caught in the sharp ice-cake. We dislodged it and hastened in pursuit. We soon found a second walrus, which we despatched after some vigorous opposition, and

stuck a gaff in him. After a short time we caught the first one and made a harpoon line fast to his flipper. Then we had a gigantic task trying to haul them on the ice—it was very slippery and they were very heavy, weighing over two thousand pounds. We only succeeded in getting them far enough up to chop off their heads.

In the meantime large, soft flakes of snow fell thick and fast, and Herbert Island was completely concealed from view. It was, therefore, thought best to return, as crossing the gulf would be attended with considerable risk on account of the numerous icebergs, and we would stand little chance of getting any more game in such weather. We soon discovered three more walrus on an ice floe straight ahead, and they were too tempting to resist. One was severely wounded, but in his struggles tilted over the small icepan, and he disappeared from view, appearing again right astern of us. We rowed after him, moving backward and forward, and maneuvering in order to get our harpoon into his thick hide. Someone called out that a large school was advancing. The other walrus that had escaped had evidently gone for assistance, and the herd now came toward us in battle array. Our wounded friend, though in his death throes, was making a last effort to swim to them for protection, but in our enthusiasm we were not to be deterred, and Entrikèn and I rowed into the pack, while Bryant and Hite stood ready to keep the creatures at a respectful distance. Bryant called out "Row for him, boys; we will keep the others away." Hite exclaimed "It is about time you did," and he was right, for they were dangerously near, and we shortened the distance rapidly, as we were rowing directly towards them. It was exhilarating sport, and they were worthy foes. A huge wounded beast, undaunted, came again and again for us. He seemed to be the leader, and dashed against the side of the boat and raised his massive body in order to throw his tusks over the side. Hite was elated, for this was his first hunt. With a wild hurrah he planted a bullet square in the neck, and we held the victim with a gaff until Dan stuck the harpoon into him. In the meanwhile Bryant was kept busy with an ugly opponent that seized the sculling-oar. Bryant politely

shouted "D—you, let go!" at the same time giving him the contents of his rifle. Satisfied for a time, our tough sea-horses retreated, but came again, reinforced by other schools more fierce and angry than ever. Entriken's well-directed shot, followed by a volley from our Winchesters settled the combat. They turned and fled. We did likewise, towing that immense bulk after us as there was no ice-cake near.

On another occasion, while on the search for Verhoff, the members of both parties were sent off in detachments to scour the valley and mountains at the apex of Robinson's Bay. Entriken and I, with Koko, an Eskimo youth, and a good hunter, were directed to search the mountain opposite. As we were ascending the moss-covered hill, with variegated tints of green and red, Koko's trained eye noticed fresh deer tracks directed upwards toward the summit, so we kept a careful lookout, and when we arrived at the top, we saw two grayish objects moving in the distance. Koko whispered "Tuttoo" (reindeer). Entriken went to the right, skirting around the hill under the shelter of the cliffs, whilst Koko and I attempted to stalk them. It was a very difficult matter, as the summit was flat and treeless. The largest trees in Greenland are only from six to ten inches high, and there were very few large boulders to conceal us. As we approached closer, we saw that there were three deer grazing about five hundred yards off. We stood still, as the deer had turned and were looking in our direction, having no doubt scented us, for the wind was in their favor. Their suspicions were quieted, however, and they resumed their grazing while we advanced cautiously, but only a short distance, for they were again frightened. We dropped down, lay flat upon the ground and attempted to crawl nearer, then tried other tactics. Koko raised his arms, to represent their antlers, moved his head from side to side, and imitated their bleating. It was amusing to watch his skillful manœuvres. In his deer-skin suit, he looked very much like a deer. They would run forward, gaze curiously at us, and then scamper off—this was repeated several times, but as yet we were too far away. I was getting somewhat impatient, and my back, unused to the double-up action, was feeling the strain, when two shots were heard,

and two deer dropped. Entriken had fired. I ran for the third and wounded him in the leg, but he succeeded in getting away. We returned, and Koko skinned and eviscerated the two deer with remarkable dexterity, then he took one large, heavy carcass, swung it over his shoulder, and started on the journey down the hill for the boat—quite a task, as the descent was rugged, either covered with soft, yielding moss, concealing the numerous pits, or it was over jagged, sharp-edged rocks; but he did not seem to mind his burden. The Northern Eskimos are a strong and sturdy race. They are quite intelligent, being very observant, and possessing a very acute sight. I noticed some stone screens behind which the Eskimos conceal themselves until the reindeer come near by to graze on the luxuriant mossy bed. Then they slay them with their bows and arrows. These screens are constructed by standing upright two large stones at right angles to each other, behind which the Eskimos lie in wait patiently for hours.

The great white bear we had not yet seen, nor did we discover one of these magnificent brutes until we were on our return trip. North Greenland was fading fast in the distance, and we were again in the labyrinth of Melville Bay, and very much disappointed, for it seemed as if we should never interview bruin, though we had seen numerous tracks on the ice sheets. One morning the party was somewhat startled to see a bear coming directly toward the ship, impelled either by curiosity or hunger. If they had waited, the bear would have, no doubt, walked right up to the ship, but, of course, they were impatient, and riddled him with bullets as soon as he came within range. On another occasion they chased a bear and her cub quite a distance over the ice, but were left far in the rear. The Eskimo method is much more interesting. Their dogs are especially trained, and are so eager for the fray that as soon as the bear is scented it is exceedingly difficult to hold them. When they get near enough to the bear, the line is loosened, and they are freed from the sledge, they rush to the attack and harass their dangerous game by nipping and teasing it until their master comes up and slays the bear with his lance. Another ingenious plan when they have no dog, is