

drinking of brandy, for which the Samoyede has an insatiable craving. When the trader has succeeded in making a poor wretch quite tipsy, he fleeces him, and buys all he wants at some ridiculous price—the result of the transaction generally being that the Samoyede is in debt to his ‘benefactor.’ All the traders that come to the colony bring brandy, and one great drinking-bout goes on all the summer. You can tell where much business is done by the number of brandy casks in the trader’s booth. There is no police inspection, and it would be difficult to organize anything of the kind. As soon as there is snow enough for the sledges, the merchants’ reindeer caravans start from the colony on their homeward journey, loaded with empty brandy casks and with the proceeds of this one-sided bartering.

“On July 30th [this ought to be 29th] Trontheim saw from the shore, first, smoke, and soon after a steamer. There could be no doubt of its being the *Fram*. He went out in a little Samoyede boat to meet her, and called out in Russian that he wanted to be taken on board. From the steamer they called back, asking who he was, and when they heard his name he was hauled up. On deck he met Nansen himself, in a greasy working-jacket. He is still quite a young man, of middle height. . . .” Here follows a flattering description of the leader of the expedition, and the state of matters on board. “It is evident,” he then goes on, “that we have here one family, united and inspired by one idea, for the