

send them out. If we only gave Johansen notice by a salute from our guns he would wait patiently; so we each fired two shots. We soon met several men—Mr. Armitage, the second in command; Mr. Child, the photographer; and the doctor, Mr. Koetlitz. As they approached, Jackson gave them a sign, and let them understand who I was; and I was again welcomed heartily. We met yet others—the botanist, Mr. Fisher; Mr. Burgess, and the Finn Blomqvist (his real name was Melenius). Fisher has since told me that he at once thought it must be me when he saw a man out on the ice; but he quite gave up that idea when he met me, for he had seen me described as a fair man, and here was a dark man, with black hair and beard. When they were all there, Jackson said that I had reached $86^{\circ} 15'$ north latitude, and from seven powerful lungs I was given a triple British cheer that echoed among the hummocks. Jackson immediately sent his men off to fetch sledges and go out to Johansen, while we went on towards the house, which I now thought I could see on the shore. Jackson now told me that he had letters for me from home, and that both last spring and this he had had them with him when he went north, on the chance of our meeting. We now found that in March he must have been at no great distance south of our winter-hut,* but had to turn there, as he was stopped by open water—

* He had reached Cape Richthofen, about 35 miles to the south of us.