

some labor in beating down against wind and sea before we could reach Vardö. We passed several vessels, and dipped our flag to them. We passed the revenue-cutter; she came alongside, but they had nothing to do there, and no one came on board. Then came pilots, father and son. They greeted Brown, but were not prepared to meet a countryman on board an English vessel. They were a little surprised to hear me speak Norwegian, but did not pay much attention to it. But when Brown asked them if they knew who I was, the old man gazed at me again, and a gleam, as it were, of a possible recognition crept over his face. But when the name Nansen dropped from the lips of the warm-hearted Brown, as he took the old man by the shoulders and shook him in his delight at being able to give him such news, an expression came into the old pilot's weather-beaten face, a mixture of joy and petrified astonishment, which was indescribable. He seized my hand, and wished me welcome back to life; the people here at home had long ago laid me in my grave. And then came questions as to news from the expedition, and news from home. Nothing had yet been heard of the *Fram*, and a load was lifted from my breast when I knew that those at home had been spared that anxiety.

Then, silently and unobserved, the *Windward* glided with colors flying into Vardö Haven. Before the anchor was dropped, I was in a boat with Johansen on our way to the telegraph-station. We put in at the quay, but