

CHAPTER
LXI.

having seen nothing, we were doubting whether the whole was not a dream; and then how, with long sweeps, the white ash cracking under the spring of the rowers, we stood for the cape that the sound proceeded from, and how nervously we scanned the green spots which our experience, grown now into instinct, told us would be the likely camping-ground of wayfarers.

A vessel in sight.

By-and-by—for we must have been pulling a good half hour—the single mast of a small shallop showed itself; and Petersen, who had been very quiet and grave, burst out into an incoherent fit of crying, only relieved by broken exclamations of mingled Danish and English. “’Tis the Upernavik oil-boat! The Fraulein Flaischer! Carlie Mossyn, the assistant cooper, must be on his road to Kingatok for blubber. The *Mariane* (the one annual ship) has come, and Carlie Mossyn—” and here he did it all over again, gulping down his words and wringing his hands.

Carlie Mossyn.

It was Carlie Mossyn, sure enough. The quiet routine of a Danish settlement is the same year after year, and Petersen had hit upon the exact state of things. The *Mariane* was at Proven, and Carlie Mossyn had come up in the Fraulein Flaischer to get the year’s supply of blubber from Kingatok.

The first news.

Here we first got our cloudy vague idea of what had passed in the big world during our absence. The friction of its fierce rotation had not much disturbed this little outpost of civilization, and we thought it a sort of blunder as he told us that France and England were leagued with the Mussulman against the Greek Church. He was a good Lutheran, this assistant cooper, and all news with him had a theological complexion.

“What of America, eh, Petersen?”—and we all looked, waiting for him to interpret the answer.

“America?” said Carlie; “we don’t know much of that country here, for they have no whalers on the coast; but a steamer and a barque passed up a fortnight ago, and have gone out into the ice to seek your party.”

How gently all the lore of this man oozed out of him! he seemed an oracle, as, with hot-tingling fingers pressed against the gunwale of the boat, we listened to his words. “Sebastopol ain’t taken.” Where and what was Sebastopol?

But “Sir John Franklin?” There we were at home again,—our own delusive little speciality rose uppermost. Franklin’s