

to get along some of the principal 'streets.' Above the town a little clearing forms a miniature lawn and garden gay with bright flowers in front of the Governor's house, a pretty wooden cottage residence like a villa in a suburb of one of the Scandinavian towns.

Færoe, with its wet sunless climate and precarious crops of barley; its turf-thatched cottages and quiet little churches; its glorious cliffs and headlands and picturesque islets, the haunt of the eider-duck and the puffin; and its hardy, friendly islanders, with their quaint, simple, semi-Icelandic semi-Danish customs, has been described again and again. Færoe only came to us as a pleasant haven of rest in the middle of our northern work. We paid it two visits of a week each in successive years, and one of the most pleasant memories in the minds of all of us connected with these expeditions will always be the cordial sympathy which we received from our friend M. Holten the Danish Governor, and his accomplished wife. M. Holten received us with the most friendly hospitality, and did everything in his power at all times to render us assistance and to further our views. He introduced us to the leading inhabitants of his dominion, and during the many pleasant evenings which we spent at his residence we heard all that we could of the economy of this simple little community, perhaps the most primitive and the most isolated in Europe. To Governor Holten I have already had the pleasure of dedicating a singularly beautiful sponge-form which we discovered during our return voyage; and to Madame Holten, to whose graceful pencil I am indebted for the vignettes of Færoe scenery which so