

crustaceans, and sponges were very numerous in the cold area, the tangles often came up absolutely loaded, while there was but little within the dredge-bag.

In the course of the last series of dredgings we crossed the position of the bank on which we got large specimens of *Terebratula cranium* in so great abundance the year before, but we could not find it. The bank appears to be of very limited area, and both on this occasion and on the previous one the sky was so overcast for several days together, just when we were in this neighbourhood, that it was impossible to fix the position either of the 'Lightning' or of the 'Porcupine' by observation. A dead-reckoning is of course kept under great disadvantages when the vessel is drifting for the greater part of the time half anchored by a dredge.

From Station 59 we proceeded northward to Thors-havn, where we were warmly received by our kind friend Governor Holten, who had been forewarned of our visit, and at once came off in his barge to welcome us. Governor Holten was uncommonly proud of this barge, and he had some reason. She was a very handsome trim boat; and, manned by a dozen stout Færoese boatmen in their neat uniform, and with the Danish ensign flying at the stern, and our handsome friend muffled in his military cloak, and with a thick hood to keep out the somewhat palpable and intrusive 'climate' of Færoe, she looked all that could be desired. When the Governor came on board, he proposed to Captain Calver to try a race with him for the honour of old England and the white ensign. Some of us were going ashore, and when the Governor came up from the cabin our whale-boat was lying alongside