

with twelve blue-jacketed Shetlanders sitting like statues, their white oars glittering in the sun. The Governor looked with the critical eye of a sailor at the two boats,—he still spoke lovingly of the 'Maid of Færoë,' but I suppose he saw that, as Tennyson says, 'we were all of us Danes;' and the question of a trial of strength lapsed by mutual consent!

We were obliged to remain a few days at Thorshavn replenishing in various ways, and while there we were very anxious to have had an opportunity of seeing Myling Head—a magnificent cliff at the north-western point of Stromcæ, which falls perpendicularly, even slightly overhanging its base, from a height of upwards of 2,000 feet into the sea. The tide runs among and round these islands like a mill-race, and the Governor told us that if we started with the morning flood, and our vessel kept pace with the tide, we might make the circuit of the island, passing under Myling, and returning to Thorshavn in six hours. If we did not carry the tide with us, it became a matter of difficulty only to be achieved at considerable expense both of fuel and time.

We found that high water would occur on the following Monday, Aug. 23, at 4 o'clock in the morning; and as the weather was brilliant up to the evening of Sunday—unusually brilliant for those regions—we made all our arrangements in high hope of a pleasant trip, as we had persuaded our kind host and hostess to accompany us. With the first dawn of Monday morning it was blowing and pouring, and we were obliged to defer our visit to the celebrated headland to some possible future opportunity.

The next morning was fine again, and we left