

The anchor was again "tossed up"; we bade adieu to St. James' Valley. Good-bye, extravagant Mrs. L., may we never see you again! Adieu, Dummies, Munkies and the Lunkies; a long story might be told of you, and all the scandal, which does not lose any by being passed from house to house between you. Adieu, then—a last adieu!

On arrival at Ascension, by the hospitality and goodness of a *Governor* whom all know, and all who have the privilege of knowing, idolise; I was supplied with the means of reaching "Green Mount." It is impossible to imagine so great a contrast existing on the same island without seeing it—from a sunburnt cinder, you are transported to a cool and pleasant evergreen.

The Commodore's cottage, on the summit of the island, is surrounded by gardens and green shrubs; the ravines are alive with rabbits and Guinea-fowl; the atmosphere clear and cool, and twelve degrees lower in temperature than the town; altogether presenting a scene as unlike the rest of the island as it is possible to imagine. In the Commodore's room we made a hearty luncheon, having the key of the cellar, in which were cool sherry, ale, and porter; a stroll through "Love Lane" (alone), and a trip to the comfortable hospital to see an old messmate, passed an afternoon, and I was very loth to leave these scenes of verdure and luxuriance, for the dusty, hot, sunburnt town of lava and cinders.

We dined and passed an agreeable evening with the hospitable, kind, and generous-hearted Governor and Commodore.