

EMILY MONTAGUE. 199

I abhor the sea, and am peevish with every creature about me.

If there were no other evil attending this vile life, only think of being cooped up weeks together in such a space, and with the same eternal set of people.

If cards had not a little relieved me, I should have died of mere vexation before I had finished half the voyage.

What would I not give to see the dear white cliffs of Albion!

Adieu! I have not time to say more.

Your affectionate

A. FITZGERALD.