

EMILY MONTAGUE. 195

milk, but there is no good landing-place on this side; the island seems here to be fenced in by a regular wall of rock.

A breeze springs up; our fishing is at an end for the present: I am afraid we shall not pass many days so agreeably as we have done this. I feel horror at the idea of so soon losing sight of land, and launching on the *vast Atlantic*.

Adieu! Yours,

A. FITZGERALD.