

will excite your curiosity only by heightening your compassion; do not blush at indulging in it, dear brother; a noble heart is ever sensible to the misfortunes of others; he who would be unmoved by the miseries of his brethren, bears, so to speak, a stamp of reprobation which justly cuts him off from human society.

I shall write you some weeks hence; do not answer this, as I must go some leagues from this town, your letter might not reach me, and I do not wish to risk its loss.

Do not be impatient for my third, I shall write some pages every day; rely on my word, and believe that I shall be, for life,

My dear brother, your affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, January 30, 1742.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—It is not a fortnight since I sent you my second letter; you must see, by my diligence in writing the third, that I do not wish to keep you waiting for the sequel of my narrative. If I were master of all my time, my letters would be longer and more frequent; but duty must be preferred to all else, and I can only afford you the hours not taken up by the indispensable duties of my state.

I remained some time at Quebec, awaiting an opportunity to return to France; two offered at once; the first in the king's vessel, *Le Héros*, of which I did not

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