

Some days after, I started for Paris, whence I was sent to Douay, in Flanders. Here I remained, till early in 1740, when I was appointed Vicar of our Convent of Avesnes, in Hainaut. I arrived there on the 25th of January, the same day that I had left it, sixteen years before. My Superiors, in sending me to that house, had expected that some years' stay in my native country would completely restore me, after the hardships I had undergone in my travels. I had conceived the same hope, but it turned out quite the reverse; my stomach could no longer bear the food of that part; I had, so to speak, acquired a new constitution; repose was injurious to me, and I had to accustom myself to it gradually. This made me solicit from my Superiors an obedience to return to Paris, the air of which suited me much better than that of my province. They were kind enough to grant my request, and when I was perfectly well, they appointed me chaplain in the French army, commanded by the Marshal Maillebois.

Such, my dear brother, is the account of my voyages and shipwrecks. I hope you will be better satisfied with it, than with what I sent you first. You may rest assured, that I have stated nothing that is not in accordance with strict truth. I hope, indeed, that the rumors which begin to prevail, have some foundation; I should soon have the pleasure of embracing you at Frankfort, and of proving to you that I am, and shall be all my life, with the sincerest friendship, dear brother,

Your very affectionate brother,

EMMANUEL CRESPEL, *Recollect.*

Paderborn, June 18, 1742.