

The colonel ordered one of his servants to dismount, and take care of Valmore. When he came to himself, he eagerly enquired who the lady was that he had seen in the chariot? and was informed, that she was a lady of *easy virtue*, whom Mons. De Farbanne, his colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, 'It is impossible! Dear shade, forgive the injury which for a moment my rash thoughts have done thee!'

On his return to Frankfort, the likeness between Julia and the lady he had seen, still haunted him, and he resolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her house, and desired permission to see her; she immediately supposed he brought some message from his colonel, and permitted his permission to her presence. She was alone; he gazed on her till all his doubts were passed, and then with streaming eyes addressed her thus: "Ah, Julia! have these tears flowed for thy loss so long, to find thee thus! Is this the cloyster in which you wished to bury the hopeless errors of an innocent love? And didst thou leave the chaste, the tender arms of the despairing Valmore to plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy!"

Though the change, which so many years of misery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at first, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection, and made her rush into his arms, exclaiming aloud. 'It is, it is, my Valmore! Then tearing herself from him, she threw herself on a couch, burst into tears, and turned away her face. 'Cruel Julia! said (Valmore) wouldst thou again deprive me of thy sight?' 'Yes (she replied), I wish to fly from thee, of all mankind, because I am unworthy of thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my own esteem, as well as thine; thy contempt, my own, and that of all that know me, is my portion. Yet heaven is my witness, that when I quitted thee, I meant to consecrate my heart to God, and in a convent expiate the crime of having disobeyed my parents, for that, thou knowest, was then the only guilt my soul was conscious of.'

'In vain did I repeatedly implore admittance at different monasteries: my dress, my youth, and even my beauty, were objections to my being received into any. I had no means of assuring them that any pension would be paid; and they seemed to consider me as a wretch who had been seduced from virtue, who might possibly carry about me the effect of my supposed crime, and disgrace their community.' In consequence of these reitera-

ted disappointments. I returned to the inn where I had left you; but you had fled from thence like an arrow in the air, and left no trace behind.

'Distracted with my grief, and not knowing whither to direct my steps, I wandered on, resolving to lie down and die, when my poor feeble limbs could not convey me farther.—That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for you, and sat me down beside a little brook, hoping each sigh I drew would be my last. A chaise came driving on. I had not strength to move out of the way, though called to by the postillions. The horses stopped to water. A lady who was in the carriage gazed upon me, and became interested by my appearance; she spoke to me with kindness. I answered not but with my tears. She alighted and took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and pressed me to accept a seat in her carriage to the next inn, where she would endeavour by any means in her power, to be serviceable to me.

'The voice of pity soothed my breaking heart, and as well as I was able I expressed my gratitude, and accepted her offer. To be short, I acquainted her with my distressful story, concealing only my name and family. She conveyed me to her house at Rouen, and treated me like a sister. But judge of my distress, Valmore, when I discovered that my humane benefactress, though she possessed all others, was deficient in the most material virtues! A thousand times did I resolve to quit her; but the charms of her conversation, the gentleness of her manner, and, above all, her generosity and kindness to me, prevented me. Vice is contagious; spare my confusion, Valmore, and guess the rest.'

'If you have virtue enough left (said Valmore) to blush at your unhappy situation, you surely will consent to quit it. Fly, my adorable Julia! fly from the paths of vice! Renounce these gilded trappings, these marks of infamy; repent in humble poverty, strive to atone thy crimes by patient suffering, and in thy faithful lover's arms regain thy virtue.' 'Heaven (said Julia) is witness of my sincere repentance; but whither shall we fly?'

As she pronounced these words, Colonel Farbanne entered. He stood amazed at seeing Valmore, and observing that they were both dissolved in tears. Then turning to him said, 'What dost thou here? Begone, this instant!' 'Do you begone!' (said Valmore). 'Vice is forbidden now to enter here.' 'What means this insolence?' replied the colonel, and raised his