

syren that she is! No longer shall I breathe her name but with feelings of hatred and disgust, Ah! that villain too, who is leading her headlong to her own ruin! I hate him also. His affection towards me as a friend and companion has only served as a mantle to cover his deceitful heart. He is a serpent more subtle and venomous than that which entered the Garden of Eden. Ah! the vile wretch that he is! The deed is too base to forgive. I spurn the debased villain. I shall humble his proud heart. I shall crush him to the earth. I shall have revenge upon his guilty head. Revenge, revenge I must have!"

In this excited state of feelings poor Frederick followed them unperceived to the very doorsteps of her home. His impulses had made him recklessly desperate. His savage nature was aroused. He was, indeed, no longer himself. Like a wild beast he was ready to spring upon them, and would have done so had not the uprisings of his moral nature suggested to him not to do so.

He heard for a while the lively chit-chat within—the humorous joke—the joy-excited laughter, all of which only aroused his indignation to greater fierceness. But at that moment, when ready to put his threats into execution the right hand of his soul arrested suddenly the uplifted weapon of his evil heart. He wheeled about as if it were instinctively, fled from the house, and directed his course homeward with hasty steps.