

ry not only for the safety of others, but for her own good."

"But she will jump from the window, and kill herself. I must go to her at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Aubrey moving towards the door.

Clarence took her hand, and said imploringly, "I beseech you, my mother, reflect a moment, before you encourage her in such conduct. I am younger than you, yet even I have seen children, who, in youth were unrestrained, bring down the grey hairs of their parents with sorrow to the grave. I have heard such parents lament the day of those children's birth, and curse their own folly in neglecting to govern them. Do not, I entreat you, lay up such misery for yourself."

The plea was in vain; the anxious mother could not rest with the knowledge that her daughter was in confinement, and she hastened to liberate her. Clarence turned away despairingly, and was about leaving the house, when he was startled by a loud shriek, followed by exclamations "She has gone! she has gone! my beautiful, darling Isabella, is killed!" and he sprang up the stairs in alarm. She had indeed vanished, and he at first feared that she had jumped from the window, and would be found beneath it; half afraid to look out, he glanced round the room, and soon discovered how she had escaped. She had taken an expensive cloth from the table, and torn it into strips; these she had tied firmly together, and having fastened one end of the rope thus formed to a heavy piece of furniture, she had thrown the other end out of the window and doubtless escaped by it. Clarence explained to his mother that she had gone in safety, and probably without injury, but she could not be pacified.

"She will wander far," she said, "night will soon close in, and in the darkness she will lose her way, and what will become of her!"

"You need not fear for her," he replied; "you may rest assured that the ingenuity which devised such an escape, will be a very good safeguard."

Not so thought the mother, and poor Clarence finding it impossible to quiet her by any other means, started off in pursuit of the truant. He had not proceeded far, however, when he spied her running towards the house, her face glowing with exercise, and her eye sparkling, as she called out to him,

"Halloa, Sir Mentor! what think you now of your cavalier conduct? do you not know I am."

'A being of unearthly mould,
Whom neither bolts, nor bars can hold.'

I see you have much to learn yet, though you have made the tour of Europe," and with a wild

laugh she bounded on to the house. She met her mother in the hall, whose pale anxious face told how much she had suffered.

"Dearest Isabella!" she exclaimed as she received her with delight. "How could you terrify me so? Promise me, my child, that you will never do thus again."

"I am sorry, dear mamma, that I frightened you," replied Isabella, kissing her mother affectionately. "I did not mean to do it, and will never do so again, if you will make Clarence promise to leave me alone."

The weak mother sought to obtain such a promise from Clarence, but he replied to her entreaties, that his conduct would depend upon Isabella's; that as long as she chose to behave like a troublesome animal she must expect to be treated like one.

The following day Isabella received a note from Mary Churchill, saying that as she had been obliged to use the muslin to repair her dress, she could not fulfil her promise literally; but she sent a piece as near like it as she had been able to procure, which she begged her to accept. The note was very kind, and concluded with an admonition so gentle, and so evidently dictated by a desire for her good, that Isabella was touched, and immediately wrote a reply, apologizing for her conduct. Clarence was reading to his mother when she entered the room, to show it to the latter, who read the note with pleasure, and with a look of triumph, handed it to Clarence, saying, "She is not as bad as you imagine."

"He shall not read it!" cried Isabella, her face flashing crimson—but it was too late, Clarence held the note above his head, and resisted all her attempts to regain it, till he had perused the unique epistle. It was as follows:

"Dear Mary,

"I am much obliged to you for your kind present and note, and am really sorry that I tore your dress yesterday. I did not intend to do it, and should have apologized before, if Clarence had not commanded me to do so, and you know I never submit to commands. I am sorry, as I said before, for the mischief, but for the life of me I cannot promise never to do so again; for it was so diverting to see your look of consternation, and to make Clarence so outrageously vexed, that I have longed ever since to produce another such commotion. I will think of your kind advice, and try to improve, but I have little hope of success.

"Yours,

"ISABELLA."

"Bravo! my little sister," he exclaimed, returning the note, "I am glad yesterday's experience has done you so much good. You are not quite incorrigible, I see."