

‘ come to this, to fall in Love without asking
 ‘ me Leave ! ‘ But you will not,’ answered
 Mrs. *Western*, ‘ turn this Daughter, whom
 ‘ you love better than your own Soul, out of
 ‘ Doors, before you know whether you shall ap-
 ‘ prove her Choice. Suppose she should have
 ‘ fixed on the very Person whom you yourself
 ‘ would wish, I hope you would not be angry
 ‘ then.’ ‘ No, no,’ cries *Western*, ‘ that would
 ‘ make a Difference. If she marries the Man I
 ‘ would ha’ her, she may love whom she pleases,
 ‘ I shan’t trouble my Head about that.’ ‘ That
 ‘ is spoken,’ answered the Sister, ‘ like a sensible
 ‘ Man, but I believe the very Person she hath
 ‘ chosen, would be the very Person you would
 ‘ chuse for her. I will disclaim all Knowledge
 ‘ of the World if it is not so ; and I believe,
 ‘ Brother, you will allow I have some.’ ‘ Why
 ‘ lookee, Sister,’ said *Western*, ‘ I do believe you
 ‘ have as much as any Woman ; and to be sure
 ‘ those are Women’s Matters. You know I
 ‘ don’t love to hear you talk about Politics, they
 ‘ belong to us, and Petticoats should not meddle
 ‘ But come, who is the Man ?’ ‘ Marry !’ said
 she, ‘ you may find him out yourself, if you
 ‘ please. You who are so great a Politician,
 ‘ can be at no great Loss. The Judgment which
 ‘ can penetrate into the Cabinets of Princes, and
 ‘ discover the secret Springs which move the
 ‘ great State Wheels in all the political Machines
 ‘ of *Europe*, must surely, with very little Diffi-
 ‘ culty find out what passes in the rude unin-
 ‘ formed Mind of a Girl.’ ‘ Sister,’ cries the
 Squire, ‘ I have often warned you not to talk the
 ‘ Court Gibberish to me. I tell you, I don’t
 ‘ understand the Lingo ; but I can read a Jour-
 B 5 ‘ nal,