

' her tender Mind.—It is you yourself who have  
 ' taught her Disobedience.' ——— ' Blood !' cries  
 the Squire, foaming at the Mouth. ' you are  
 ' enough to conquer the Patience of the Devil !  
 ' Have I ever taught my Daughter Disobedience ?  
 ' —Here she stands ; Speak honestly, Girl, did  
 ' ever I bid you be disobedient to me ? Have not  
 ' I done every Thing to humour, and to gratify  
 ' you, and to make you obedient to me ? And  
 ' very obedient to me she was when a little Child,  
 ' before you took her in Hand and spoiled her,  
 ' by filling her Head with a Pack of Court No-  
 ' tions.—Why--why--why—did not I over-hear  
 ' you telling her she must behave like a Princess ?  
 ' You have made a Whig of the Girl; and how  
 ' should her Father, or any body else, expect  
 ' any Obedience from her ?' ' Brother,' an-  
 swered Mrs *Wester*, with an Air of great Dis-  
 dain, ' I cannot express the Contempt I have for  
 ' your Politics of all Kinds; but I will appeal  
 ' likewise to the young Lady herself, whether I  
 ' have ever taught her any Principles of Disobe-  
 ' dience On the contrary, Niece, have I not  
 ' endeavoured to inspire you with a true Idea of  
 ' the several Relations in which a human Crea-  
 ' ture stands in Society ? Have I not taken infi-  
 ' nite Pains to shew you, that the Law of Na-  
 ' ture hath enjoined a Duty on Children to their  
 ' Parents ? Have I not told you what *Plato* says  
 ' on that Subject ? —A Subject on which you was  
 ' so notoriously ignorant when you came first  
 ' under my Care, that I verily believe you did  
 ' not know the Relation between a Daughter  
 ' and a Father.' ' 'Tis a Lie,' answered *Western*.  
 ' The Girl is no such Fool, as to live to eleven  
 ' Years old without knowing that she was her  
 ' Father's