

Dinner, and spent almost his whole Time in watching Opportunities of conveying Signs of his Approbation by Winks and Nods to his Sister; who was not at first altogether so pleased with what she saw as was her Brother.

In short, *Sophia* so greatly overacted her Part, that her Aunt was at first staggered, and began to suspect some Affectation in her Niece; but as she was herself a Woman of great Art, so she soon attributed this to extreme Art in *Sophia*. She remembered the many Hints she had given her Niece concerning her being in Love, and imagined the young Lady had taken this Way to rally her out of her Opinion, by an overacted Civility; a Notion that was greatly corroborated by the excessive Gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking that this Conjecture would have been better founded, had *Sophia* lived ten Years in the Air of *Grosvenor-square*, where young Ladies do learn a wonderful Knack of rallying and playing with that Passion, which is a mighty serious Thing in Woods and Groves an hundred Miles distant from *London*.

To say the Truth, in discovering the Deceit of others, it matters much that our own Art be wound up, if I may use the Expression, in the same Key with theirs: For very artful Men sometimes miscarry by fancying others wiser, or in other Words, greater Knaves than they really are. As this Observation is pretty deep, I will illustrate it by the following short Story. Three Countrymen were pursuing a *Wiltshire* Thief through *Brentford*. The simplest of them seeing the *Wiltshire House* written under a Sign, advised his Companions to enter it, for there most probably