

*Honour* acted her Part to the utmost Perfection. She no sooner saw herself secure from all Danger of *Bridewell*, a Word which had raised most horrible Ideas in her Mind, than she resumed those *Airs*, which her Terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her Place, with as much Affectation of Content, and indeed of Contempt, as was ever practised at the Resignation of Places of much greater Importance. If the Reader pleases, therefore, we chuse rather to say she resigned---which hath, indeed, been always held a synonymous Expression with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. *Western* ordered her to be very expeditious in packing: For his Sister declared she would not sleep another Night under the same Roof with so impudent a Slut. To work therefore she went, and that so earnestly, that every Thing was ready early in the Evening; when having received her Wages, away packed she Bag and Baggage, to the great Satisfaction of every one, but of none more than of *Sophia*; who, having appointed her Maid to meet her at a certain Place not far from the House, exactly at the dreadful and ghostly Hour of Twelve, began to prepare for her own Departure.

But first she was obliged to give two painful Audiences, the one to her Aunt, and the other to her Father. In these Mrs. *Western* herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory Style than before; but her Father treated her in so violent and outrageous a Manner, that he frightened her into an affected Compliance with his Will, which so highly pleased the good Squire, that he changed his Frowns into Smiles, and his Menaces into Promises; he vowed his whole Soul