

have made of her too, and the set that frequent her house. Such a set! Many a wretch who has been drawn upon a hurdle, has done less mischief than those barterers of forged lies, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*L. Teaz.* How can you be so severe? I am sure they are all people of fashion, and very tenacious of reputation.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, so tenacious of it, they'll not allow it to any but themselves.

*L. Teaz.* I vow, Sir Peter, when I say an ill-natured thing, I mean no harm by it, for I take it for granted they'd do the same by me.

*Sir Pet.* They've made you as bad as any of them.

*L. Teaz.* Yes, I think I bear my part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir Pet.* Grace, indeed!

*L. Teaz.* Well but, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come.

*Sir Pet.* Well, I shall just call in to look after my own character.

*L. Teaz.* Then, upon my word, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late.

[*Exit Lady Teazle.*]

*Sir Pet.* I have got much by my intended expostulation. What a charming air she has! and how pleasantly she shows her contempt of my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, 'tis some pleasure to tease her a little; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything to vex and plague me.