

342 FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION. [ACT V.]

Clum. Why, what is that Goodvile? will he wrestle? or will he box for fifty pounds? Look you, this fellow is my pimp. 'Tis true, his countenance is none of the best: but he's a neat lad, and keeps good company.

Mala. Hark you, knight: you'll bear me out of this business, knight: for, under the rose, I have apprehension, that this carcase of mine may suffer else.

Clum. No more of that, rogue! no more. Take notice, good people, this civil person shall marry my sister: she is a pretty hopeful lady—truly she is not full thirteen—but she has had two children already, Odd's heart.

Lady Squ. Ridiculous oaf.

Clum. Come, let us talk bawdy.

Vic. I'll call those shall talk with you presently.
[*Exit VICTORIA.*]

Clum. Wheugh—she's gone.

Lady Squ. Beast! brute! barbarian! sot!

Clum. Oh law, my aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be—

[*Runs against her, and almost beats her backward.*]

Lady Squ. Oh help; I am murdered! oh my head!

Clum. Nay, lady, that was no fault of mine: you shall see I'll keep my distance; and, as I was saying, if I have offended—

[*Reels against a table, and throws down a china jar, and several little china dishes.*]

Lady Squ. Oh insufferable! quickly, quickly, a porter and basket, to carry out this swine to a dung-hill.

Clum. Look you, madam, no harm! no harm! you shall see me behave myself notably yet—as for example—suppose now—suppose this the

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door. [*Goes to the door.*] Very well; thus then I move—

[*Steps forwards, and leaves his peruke on one of the hinges.*]

Hah, who was that? rogues! dogs! sons of whores!

Enter Servants.

1 Ser. Such as we are, sir, you shall find us at your service.

Clum. Murder, murder, murder!—

Mala. When there is such odds, a man may with honour retire and steal off. [*Exit MALAGENE.*]

Enter CAPER and SAUNTER.

Cap. Where is this rascal? this coxcomb? this fop? How dare you come hither, sir, to affront ladies and persons of quality?

Clum. Sir, your humble servant: did you see my periwig?

Cap. Sir, you are an ass; and never wore a periwig in your life: jernié, what a bush of briars and thorns is here? The mane of my Lady Squeamish's Shock is a chedreux to it.

Clum. Why, sir, I know who made it. He was an honest fellow and a barber, and one that loved music and poetry.

Saun. How, sir!

Cap. But, sir, come close to the business: how durst you treat ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of music and poetry.

Clum. Why, he had all Westminster drollery, and Oxford jests at his fingers'-ends. And for the cittern, if ever Troy town were a tune, he mastered it upon that instrument, when he was our butler in