

All Is True

5.3

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter [with rushes]
and his man [with a broken cudgel]*

PORTER *(to those within)*

You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take
The court for Paris Garden, ye rude slaves?
Leave your gaping.

ONE *(within)*

Good master porter, I belong to th' larder.

PORTER

Belong to th' gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue!
Is this a place to roar in?

5

(To his man)

Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones,
[Raising his rushes] These are but switches to 'em.

(To those within)

I'll scratch your heads.

You must be seeing christenings? Do you look
For ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

10

MAN

Pray, sir, be patient. 'Tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning±±which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

15

PORTER How got they in, and be hanged?

MAN

Alas, I know not. How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot±±
He raises his cudgel

You see the poor remainder±±could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

PORTER

You did nothing, sir.

20

MAN

I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,

He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again±± 25
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

ONE (*within*) Do you hear, master porter?

PORTER

I shall be with you presently,
Good master puppy. (*To his man*) Keep the door close,
sirrah.

MAN

What would you have me do?

PORTER What should you do, 30

but knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this Moorfields
to muster in? Or have we some strange Indian with
the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us?
Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my
Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a 35
thousand. Here will be father, godfather, and all
together.

MAN The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow
somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his
face, for o' my conscience twenty of the dog-days now 40
reign in's nose. All that stand about him are under the
line±±they need no other penance. That fire-drake did
I hit three times on the head, and three times was his
nose discharged against me. He stands there like a
mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's 45
wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her
pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a
combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and
hit that woman, who cried out `Clubs!', when I might
see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her 50
succour, which were the hope o'th' Strand, where she
was quartered. They fell on. I made good my place. At
length they came to th' broomstaff to me. I defied 'em
still, when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose
shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles that I was fain 55
to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work. The
devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

PORTER These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse,
and fight for bitten apples, that no audience but the

tribulation of Tower Hill or the limbs of Limehouse, 60
their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of
'em in *limbo patrum*, and there they are like to dance
these three days, besides the running banquet of two
beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! 65
They grow still, too±±from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? (*To the Porter and his man*) You've
made a fine hand, fellows!
There's a trim rabble let in±±are all these
Your faithful friends o'th' suburbs? We shall have 70
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies
When they pass back from the christening!

PORTER

An't

please your honour,
We are but men, and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done.
An army cannot rule 'em.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN As I live, 75

If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly±±and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. You're lazy knaves,
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service.

Flourish of trumpets within

Hark, the trumpets sound.

80

They're come, already, from the christening.
Go break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

[As they leave, the Porter and his man call within]

PORTER

Make way there for the Princess!

MAN

You great fellow, 85

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

PORTER

You i'th' camlet, get up o'th' rail±±
I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

Exeunt