

Brown Bread  
A N D  
HONOUR,  
A  
T A L E.  
Moderniz'd from an  
Ancient Manuscript  
O F  
CHAUCE R.

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L O N D O N:  
Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-Hall, 1716.  
(Price 3d.)



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B R O W N   B R E A D  
 A N D  
 H O N O U R,  
 A  
 T   A   L   E

**I**N Days of old, so Poets feign,  
 Not quite so old as *Saturn's Reign*,  
*Honour* was not an empty Word,  
 But rul'd the Court, and edg'd the Sword:  
 Places and Dignities, conferr'd,  
 Whence Kings were lov'd, and Priests rever'd.  
 Her Stamp was then the certain Test,  
 Whose Title and whose Blood were best :  
 No Herald *V—n* was kept in pay,  
 To blazon Coats of yesterday!  
 Thro' deep obscurity to trace  
 A long unheard-of ancient Race !  
 And shew from what fictitious Spring,  
 Descends this Lord, or that *blue String* !  
 Great Ladies then, were truly great !  
 Supporters, and the Coronet  
 None wore ; but amply were supply'd  
 In Worth and honourable Pride.

To

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To *Honour* all the Court was made;  
And still most Court, the Noblest paid.

Thus in repute she liv'd at Ease,  
Had Coach and Six, and — what you please ;  
For who had Credit then but *Honour* ?  
But soon the Tables turn'd upon her.

Some Sharpers spighted to the Heart  
To see Worth thrive beyond their Art,  
Set all their wicked Wits at Work  
( In Wit what Mischief doth not lurk ? )  
To run her down in every Place,  
And make her blush, or veil her Face.

A common Prostitute they hire !  
Dress her in *Honour*'s own Attire !  
Give her her Errand, and the Cue  
How best to personate the *True* .  
What Form, Complexion, Mien, and Walk,  
What *Honour* did, she was to talk !  
An Anti-*Honour* thus set up,  
( As oft has been a *Pseudo*-Pope )  
They bring Abroad, present at Court,  
( Of Fools and Knaves the sure Resort, )  
There she sits down, as if at home ;  
Perhaps, while *Honour* kept her Room :  
And there she vends her spurious Ware,  
The Sharpers ever at her Ear !  
Near Kinsmen they, and she their Chief,  
Extort, or else purloin Belief !

Of

Of her, and of themselves they boast,  
 What Blood and Treasure they have lost  
 In Foreign Wars, Home-Persecutions !  
 From Court-Intrigues and Revolutions !  
 Their Lives and Fortunes at the Stake,  
 Yet would they never turn their Back.

She too perform'd to Admiration !  
 The Good and Glory of the Nation  
 She always had so much at Heart,  
 Her only Darling seem'd *Desert*.

To her the Prude, *Devotes* and Knave,  
 The real Coward, and false Brave !  
 Chaste Turtles that in Secret keep !  
 True Widows who in Publick weep !  
 The Renegado to his Cause ;  
 Judges well learn'd in straining Laws !  
 Priests against *Mercy*, giving Votes !  
*Guardians of Freedom in Red-Coats* !  
 The Usurer, who safely lends,  
 And sells *great* Bargains to his Friends !  
 Lords, that, *upon their Honour*, Lye !  
 And Patriots who for Justice cry !  
 The Out-casts from the other Side,  
 Flock in, and swell the morly Tide :  
 'Till by degrees, before 'twas long,  
 Her Party grew *convenient* strong.

Now *Honour*, losing Ground each Day,  
 Her Rival wholly came in play ;  
 The Laughers ever at her call ;  
 She, not content to take the Wall,  
 Jostles poor *Honour* in the Dirt !  
 Calls her a proud, intruding Flirt !  
 With fifty other modish Names,  
 The polite Language of the *Thames* !  
 She *Honour* ! She ! an useless Cheat !  
 In short, she treats her at no rate.

What's left for *Honour* in this Case ?  
 Silent and modest she gives Place ;  
 The Shooe-boy's Jeſt, the Courtier's Scorn  
 No Creature ever fo forlorn !

Safe yet ſhe liv'd, in this poor plight ;  
 But when will be an End of Spite ?  
 Her Rival, who had in a huff,  
 The Name of *Honour* now thrown off ;  
 Made it the Faſhion of the Land,  
 That *Villany* ſhould bare fac'd ſtand :  
 Nor could, with common Patience, bear,  
 That *Honour* ſhould breath any where ;  
 But ſends Dragoons to have her driv'n  
 From every Spot on this ſide Heav'n !  
 With Joy her *Mirmidons* obey'd !  
 To pitying Gods ſo *Honour* fled !  
 Appeal'd to *Jove* upon his Throne ;  
*Jove* almoſt wept to hear her moan.

Just in that Instant *Ganymede*,  
 Had introduc'd his Friend *Brown-bread* :  
 Nor could indulgent *Jove* deny  
 To hear the Favourite of his Boy.

*Brown-Bread* complain'd, how much, of late,  
 He sunk in Credit and in State !  
 " Me, who have whilom been the Chief,  
 " Whether for Butter, or Roast-Beef ;  
 " By whom the Hero's were of Old,  
 " Robust in Strength, in Courage bold !  
 " They now kick out from every Board,  
 " Scorn'd by the Footman, as the Lord !  
 " Scarce with the Chaplain in Esteem !  
 " Tho' in as much Contempt as Him !  
 " If Bread be deem'd of Life the Staff,  
 " *Brown-Bread* is sure the better Half !  
 " My Birth-right ravish'd by another,  
 " I'm outed by my younger Brother ;  
 " Who now perfumes, before my Face,  
 " At the best Tables to take Place !  
 " Nay, which is stranger still, tho' Truth,  
 " At *High-gate* I'm abjur'd by Oath !  
 " Forbid it *Jove*, since it is known,  
 " That Quality, of late, are grown  
 " So much corrupt, in Heart and Head,  
 " Chiefly, because they love *White-Bread* ! "

The Plaint now over, gentle *Jove*  
 Vow'd he did no such Wrong approve ;

But

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But to reform the World was vain,  
And to small Purpose to complain !  
With Looks benign, yet thus he says,  
“ *Brown-Bread*, no longer weep your *Cafe* :  
“ *And Honour*, you, lament no more,  
“ You’re shut from ev’ry great Man’s *Door* ;  
“ As the World goes, you must not grieve,  
“ ’Tis well you two, have leave to live !  
“ I therefore, as your Friend, advise,  
“ *That*, *which the World to each denies*,  
“ *By joint Consent, make up to either*,  
“ **BROWN-BREAD and HONOUR go together.**

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

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*F I N I S.*

