

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

L O N D O N :

Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1716.

(Price 3*d.*.)

BROWN BREAD
AND
HONOUR,
A
TALE

IN 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

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 *Pfendo*-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 motly 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 Laughters 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 uselefs 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 Scorr
 No Creature ever so 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

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 presumes, before my Face,
 “ At the best Tables to take Place !
 “ Nay, which is stranger still, tho' Truth,
 “ At *Highb-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 Complaint now over, gentle *Jove*
 Vow'd he did no such Wrong approve ;

But

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 Case :
 " 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.

F I N I S.

