

THE BREVIARY TREASURE

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The breviary treasure by Nathan Haskell Doll

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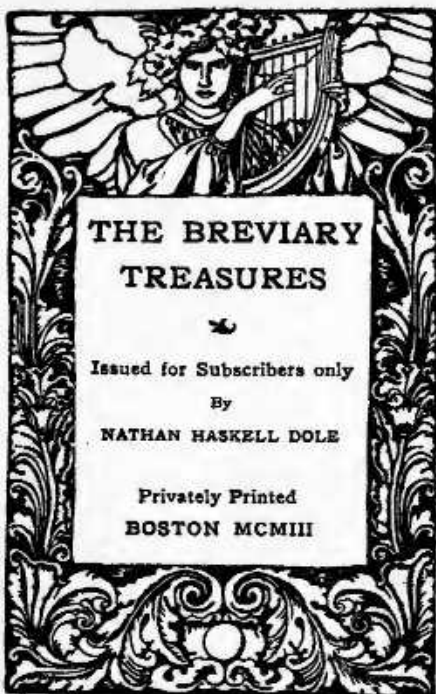
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NATHAN HASKELL DOLL

**THE BREVIARY
TREASURE**





**THE BREVIARY
TREASURES**



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THE
SATIRES OF HORACE

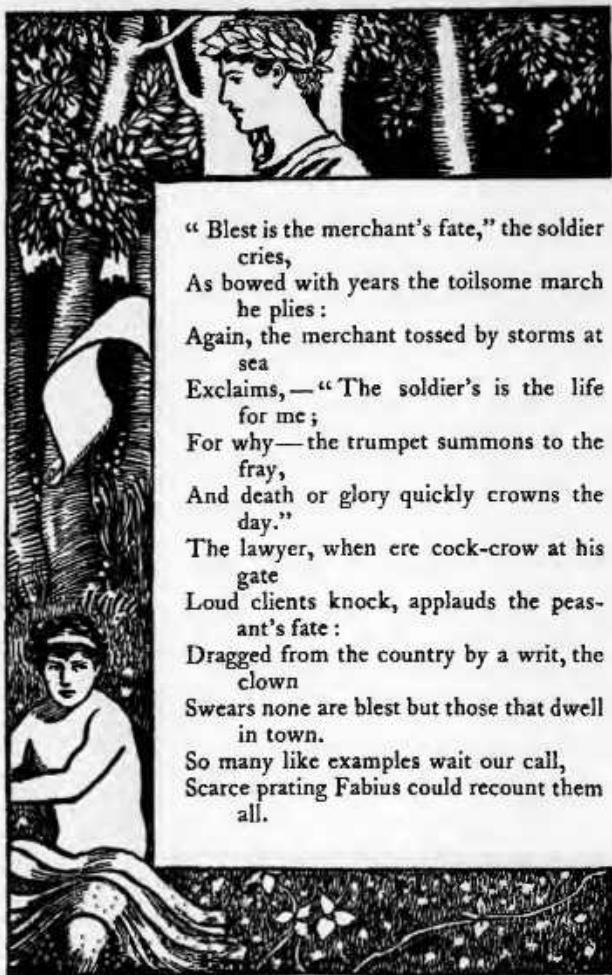
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BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS

"Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem."

WHENCE comes it, dear Mæcenas, that
we find
Each to applaud his neighbour's lot
inclined —
Each to repine at that which chance has
thrown
Into his lap, or choice ordained his
own?

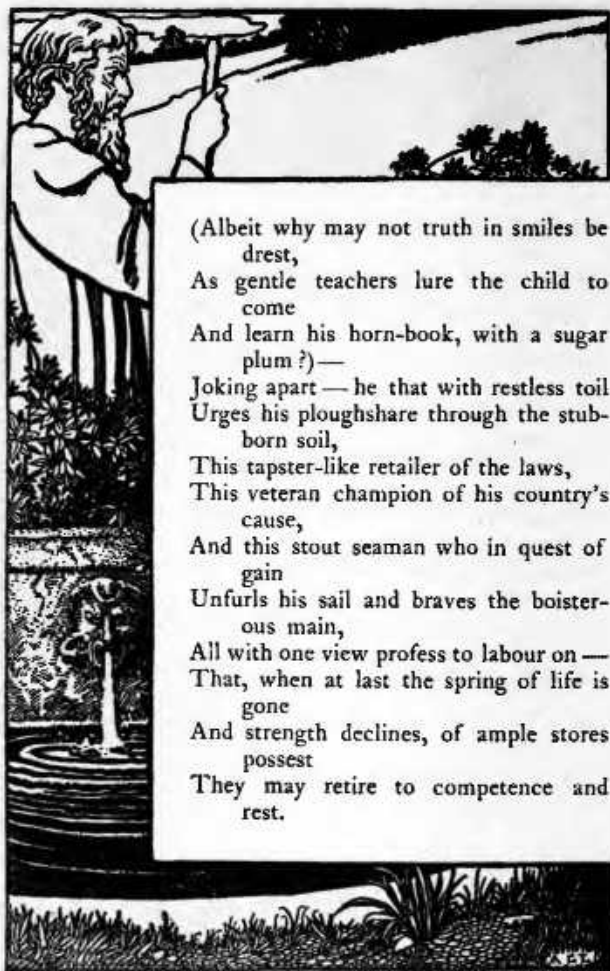


“Blest is the merchant’s fate,” the soldier
cries,
As bowed with years the toilsome march
he plies :
Again, the merchant tossed by storms at
sea
Exclaims, — “The soldier’s is the life
for me ;
For why—the trumpet summons to the
fray,
And death or glory quickly crowns the
day.”
The lawyer, when ere cock-crow at his
gate
Loud clients knock, applauds the peas-
ant’s fate :
Dragged from the country by a writ, the
clown
Swears none are blest but those that dwell
in town.
So many like examples wait our call,
Scarce prating Fabius could recount them
all.



But (not to tire myself and you) 't were
best
At once to bring the matter to the test.
Suppose some god should cry, "Lo, it
shall be
Even as ye list: you, soldier, off to
sea!
You, lawyer, go and plough! advance,
retire,
Change sides, and be at last what ye
desire!"
Why all draw back! — Was ever whim
like this? —
Retract their wishes, and renounce their
bliss!
What hinders but that Jove, with burly
scowl
(As limners paint him) and inflated jowl,
In vengeance swear, that never will he
deign
A patient hearing to such suits again?
But, not to treat my subject as in
jest —





(Albeit why may not truth in smiles be
drest,
As gentle teachers lure the child to
come
And learn his horn-book, with a sugar
plum ?) —
Joking apart — he that with restless toil
Urges his ploughshare through the stub-
born soil,
This tapster-like retailer of the laws,
This veteran champion of his country's
cause,
And this stout seaman who in quest of
gain
Unfurls his sail and braves the boister-
ous main,
All with one view profess to labour on —
That, when at last the spring of life is
gone
And strength declines, of ample stores
possest
They may retire to competence and
rest.