

THE
HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

AUGUST, 1, 1831.

No. 15.

THE RECESS.

“ Here in this calm RECESS, I'd sit, and muse
On the wide world beyond, and as the show
Of actual life pass'd by, t'would mend my wit.”

No. IV.

[For Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Recess, see Magazine Nos. 1, 2, and 14.]

SCENE. The Recess room, tapers burning, and windows closed keep out the murky atmosphere of a foggy drizzly evening in July. Present—Placid, Meadows, and Turgid.

Placid. I want your opinion, Meadows, on these papers.

Meadows. What are they ?

Placid. Verses in Manuscript, by a Private Soldier of the 34th regiment ; a man so attached to the Muses that he composes voluminous rhymes, although he cannot indite a line ; he forms his verses in his mind, lays them up in the keeping of a strong memory, and when occasion offers, gets a comrade to write down as he dictates.

Meadows. An author out of the common line indeed, let us see his productions.

Turgid. Pshaw, the verses of an unlettered private soldier ! read nothing of poetry, but the best.

Meadows. And which is that Turgid ? That to which great names are attached I suppose ; if Byron lent his name to “ Cock Robin,” it would excel Gray's Elegy in your estimation. Pshaw ! I have been as much delighted with good lines and fugitive thoughts, which have been un-puffed and even un-fathered, as ever I have been with Lord or Lady Fustian's paid for communications to the Annuals. Allow me to tell you, that it is your want of acquaintance with such matters, and your adoption of vulgar common place ideas, which cause you to slight a stranger without examination, merely because his card is not formed of perfectionated pasteboard. The man most likely to sneer at attempts at excellence, is he, who unable to excel himself, and unable to appreciate simple beauty, gratifies his dull envy by invective, and calls it good taste. To a few indeed, whom it were madness to despise, he will bow down ; but he allows nothing to be gold which does not bear the impress of the mint.