

battle ;—to die in battle is exactly the same thing as to fall in battle. To say, ‘he fell,—he died,’ is therefore just tantamount to saying that he fell, he fell, or that he died, he died, and is bad poetry and tautology. And this is one of the effects of ignorance, and a want of right education.” Here, however, a low grumbling sound, gradually shaping itself into words, interrupted the lecturer. There was a worthy old captain among the audience, who had not given himself very much to the study of elocution or the *belles lettres* ; he had been too much occupied in his younger days in dealing at close quarters with the French under Howe and Nelson, to leave him much time for the niceties of recitation or criticism. But the brave old man had a genial, generous heart ; and the strictures of the elocutionist, emitted, as all saw, in the presence of the assailed author, jarred on his feelings. “It was not gentlemanly,” he said, “to attack in that way an inoffensive man : it was wrong. The poems were, he was told, very good poems. He knew good judges that thought so ; and unprovoked remarks on them, such as those of the lecturer, ought not to be permitted.” The lecturer replied, and in glibness and fluency would have been greatly an overmatch for the worthy captain ; but a storm of hisses backed the old veteran, and the critic gave way. As his remarks were, he said, not to the taste of the audience,—though he was taking only the ordinary critical liberty,—he would go on to the readings. And with a few extracts, read without note or comment, the entertainment of the evening concluded. There was nothing very formidable in the critique of Walsh ; but having no great powers of face, I felt it rather unpleasant to be stared at in my quiet corner by every one in the room, and looked, I dare say, very much put out ; and the sympathy and condolence of such of my townfolk as comforted me in the state of supposed annihilation and nothingness to which his criticism had reduced me, were just a little annoying. Poor Walsh, however, had he but known what threatened him, would have been considerably less at ease than his victim.

The Cousin Walter introduced to the reader in an early