A Journalistic Sensation.

A hoax has been under fire and it have had a double-tooth out. I have sat, as it were, a tragedy by a modern pantomime. Last one night from a recital of the Black-heath in a fevered dream, I awoke to find myself comfortably on my back, with the Kiss of equine and cross-examined by a fellow, who thought himself clever and facetious after thousand hours of his own hard a-musing, "taking the shine out of these scientific fellows." I have encountered scribbling fellows I have been in a house on fire. I have been pitched out of fire. I have been in a house on fire. I have been a bag of a balloon so steady I had to have my hair cut. I have been blown up in the Great Eastern when she had her trial trip. I Eastern when she had her trial trip. have been run over by a green-grocer's cart. I have had my nose broken in a free fight. I was once all but brained by an Irish gentleman with a quart pot. I have not yet been kicked down stairs, but I have been thrown kicked down stairs, but I have been thrown out of a window. I have seen some of these incidents with a view of showing that I am brave, for personal factive, heroic courage is, I conscientiously believe, an instinct to be found in all men. Some are brave, but others are not, and I, for my part, have only then spoken to what I have been compelled, in the course of a varied career, to confront some peril. Did I ever feel afraid? Well, I will be candid. Under ugly circumstances I have often most decidedly wished that I was well out of them; I have most conscientiously promised myself never to incur the like risk again, if I could quite see my way to do so, consistently. I declare that never, in the whole course of my life, have I experienced a feeling of cowardice, or even of nervous freezing, "goose-flesh"-making, hair-raising terror as that which possessed me the moment I stepped into a hansom. Why do I turn down to write this? Why do I cast nervous glances over my shoulder? Why do I bite the top of my pen, and scratch my head with my heel-jacker, like the man afraid of Julius Cesar? Why sinks my heart into my hightoes? I have nothing particular to fear this morning. There is no Bradwood sitting in my gate, with a capias from the Sheriff of Middlesex in his pocket. There is no avenger of blood—otherwise the bearer of a butcher's bill—taking out process against me in the County Courts. I have not committed any murders lately, and I am not expectant of any more slashing reviews on the last book I ventured to perpetrate. Yet I am afraid. Like a jelly I shake, and like an aspen I quiver.

I remember dear old General Garibaldi, in the Tyrol last summer, going up to one of his heavy artillerymen, who was sitting in a ditch blubbering, wringing his hands, his musket between his legs and shaking like an aspen. There was some fighting going on about half a mile further off. "What the matter with you, *vecchio?* said the General, laying his hand on the recruit's shoulder; "are you afraid, *vecchio mio?*" "Oh," answered the redshirt, with spasmodic haste; "*io paura! io paura! io paura, paura, paura!*" The shout shrieked out the last admission of "funk." The hero turned towards his staff and said, "The last, he said in his quiet voice, 'there is one who is not ashamed to tell the truth.'"

This little apologue is intended to serve as an illustration of the excellence of confession when any personal quality is called in question. It is assertedly better to confess in the outset that you are afraid than to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth and then sneak off and sorry from the first whiff of saltpetre which salutes you when you approach the eighteen-pounder. It is better to do this, than to go into action bouncing and swaggering and with your long sword drawn, and being subsequently (on the evidence of your own legs) convicted of cowardice, and yourself suspended to a tree as an example. The murder is out! I am mortally afraid; and it is all the fault of the Conductor of *Bell Gravoix*.

"I should wish you," said the Conductor to me lately, when I had the honor to meet her in the Champ de Mars, "to write me an article on the Paris fashions." "Good heavens, madam," I cry, my knees trembling, that the eye of the Conductor which made me quail, and I knew that to hear was to obey. A wish expressed by a lady is, of course, equivalent to a command. If the Conductor had said to me, "Go and fetch me a telegraph to king Theodorus of Abyssinia, and offer yourself as a hostage or a scapegoat for the captive detained by his Majesty," or, "You will at once proceed to put yourself in a tight-fitting suit of green silk, bound with yellow cord, and with a dulcimer in your hand, dance a saraband before the Emperor of Russia," and colonel of Richelieu, capered before Anne of Austria," or, "You will without delay invest the savings of your long-continued and laborious career in shares of the Isthmus-of-Suez Company, Unlimited"—I should of course, have bowed, placed my hand on my heart, and—myself—without further delay. For where is the use of having ladies in the world if at their mildest behest you do not at once throw yourself ready to march to the block, or the stake, or as a foot to the correction of the stocks, or to the pecuniary Coventry, or to the cane gently contrive to come back again.—*Belgravia, for October.*

An Anti-Brimstone in Court.

Last month there was a disturbance in the parish church of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, England. Two men took seats on the women's side of the church, and one of them behaving, both were put out. They now are the church-wardens for assault.

There are some amusing passages in the reported cross-examination of one of them, a feather agent by the name of Langston:

THE ANTI-BRIMSTONE.

"I seated myself quietly, when Churchwarden Porter, accompanied by a great many of the congregation, some of whom claimed over the seats, threatened me, and said I had no right to sit. I said 'I am perfectly quiet. I will not go voluntarily. If you put me out you will do so at your peril.' Some of the congregation said, 'If Mr. Porter will give us authority we will remove you.' Mr. Porter in a loud voice said, 'Remove him.' Mr. Porter and another took hold of me by the arm and shoved me. I said, 'That will do; that will be enough to establish an assault.' I shall not retaliate.' Mr. Fenn was sitting by the side of me, but I will not swear. There were a great many round the pew, and they dragged him into the aisle. I did not hear the prosecutor warned that he was in the wrong part of the church. Some said, 'Turn him out,' and several struck him in a savage manner. He was knocked down, and fell between a seat. I then dragged him by sheer force, and said, 'Is that your religion?' He frequently said, 'Let me go; I have done nothing,' and remonstrated, but without violence. One person again collared him, and turned him out of the door. The door at which we entered was fastened and bolted, and he was turned out of the opposite door. I should say that there were fifty or sixty of the congregation driving. The clergyman left off his great excitement. When outside the door I saw the hat crushed, and heard some one say, 'We have got a good thrashing, and if you come again you will get it worse.'

THE CONDUCTOR, PROTESTING AGAINST "DOCTRINE."

"I have never joined in the Eucharistic service. I have never joined in that part of the service in which the men who are present like beer-sellers, turn their backs. I have turned my back when they did it.

"When the first went into the church Mr. Brett offered me a seat on the men's side, making a remark, 'You can play your tricks here.' I am not a gymnast. I never said to Mr. Brett, 'Has the parishioner never said to Mr. Brett, 'Has the parishioner never said to Mr. Brett, 'Has the parishioner