JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH has again commenced his tomfooleries. We find in the Charleston (S.C.) Courier of the 14th inst., that for the ninety-ninth time he is playing 'possum in lieu of Shakspeare's heroes. In his last freak, it seems he came near using up his man-Friday—TOM FLYNN. The Charleston affair is thus detailed :—

MR. BOOTH.—We regret that it becomes necessary for us to state, that instead of having the gratification of witnessing the performances of this gentleman on the stage last evening, he was an actor in a most extraordinary scene the previous evening, which came very near resulting in the death of his friend and companion, Mr. Flynn. We will state the circumstances, as they have been related to us, from good authority, and we do so with the especial purpose of preventing the many exaggerated statements frequently put forth on such occasions, from obtaining credence.

It appears that Mr. Booth had exhibited no signs of a return of his malady since his rescue from drowning, to excite the watchfulness of his friends. He was in company with Mr. Flynn, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday; and on Monday evening attended the theatre, conversing, as usual, with such acquaintances as he encountered. After leaving the theatre they returned to their lodgings, at the Planter's Hotel, both gentlemen occupying the same room. Mr. Flynn undressed himself and retired to bed, and soon fell asleep, but was aroused between one and two o'clock, A. M., by receiving a tremendous blow over the right eye. He sprang up in bed, and discovered Mr. Booth in the act of aiming another blow at him with one of the cast iron fire dogs, taken from the fire place alongside the bed, and with which the first wound had been inflicted. Mr. F. endeavored to avoid the blow, but received it over the left eye, with such force as broke the fire dog, when he leaped from the bed and escaped from the room, Mr. Booth in close pursuit, and endeavoring to inflict other wounds. They finally grappled and fell, the herculean strength of Mr. Booth, while laboring under the excitement of derangement, giving him the advantage. The calls of Mr. Flynn finally brought assistance, and Mr. Booth was secured, but not until Mr. Flynn had received a number of severe wounds and bruises, none of which, we are happy to say, are of a dangerous character. Mr. Booth is now placed under restraint, and will doubtless be kept so until he recovers from his aberration of mind.

BOOTH.

Although we were aware of the fact of the unfortunate affair of Mr. Booth's attempt upon his life, yet as we did not wish to gratify the vicious appetite of gossips, we refrained from publishing an account of the occurrence out of respect for the feelings of the friends of the great tragedian. As rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues, and statements have appeared in the public prints calculated to leave wrong impressions on the mind of the reader, the same motive which caused us to remain silent on the subject then, induces us to publish the following, which we believe to be a correct account of the circumstances alluded to.

It appears that Mr. Booth had for some time past been seriously indisposed, so much so, as to be noticed by the newspapers in the District of Columbia, where we believe he last performed; although he elicited the unanimous approbation of the critics at the time, each account of his performances agreed that he was laboring under severe indisposition. In this state of bodily infirmity he arrived in this city, where he has been confined ever since to his private dwelling. On Monday morning 28th, during the absence of his wife from his bed side, and while laboring under a mental aberration he attempted to immolate himself by hanging, in which he had partially succeeded when discovered by his wife, who released him from his perilous situation, and sent for medical aid, upon the arrival of which, had somewhat recovered, and although not entirely sane, there were some moments when the cloud seemed to be dissipated, and his countenance would beam with the utmost complacency, which brightened the hopes of his family and friends. It was during one of those returns of self-possession, immediately after the arrival of medical aid, that he burst into tears and exclaimed in the most feeling manner, "My God—my God! what could have come over me!"

We publish the above, in order that it may do away any false impressions that may have been created as to the cause of this unfortunate affair, and in conclusion would remark, that as Mr. Booth abstains altogether from eating any food which has had animal life, and lives only upon vegetables and light diet, his physical form has naturally become much debilitated, and rendered unable to sustain the workings of his gigantic mind, which, when brought into full play in the arduous duties of his profession, often dethrones reason and leaves "a wreck behind."

[Baltimore Transcript.

ANECDOTES OF BOOTH.

CHARLES H. EATON, a promising young tragedian, and a very clever fellow, is about the only man in the profession who is under an impression that BOOTH's occasional insanity is not entirely feigned. There is too much "method" in it to excite anything but disgust with those who know him best. Eaton has written the following letter in relation to this matter, which we find in the Boston Morning Post :—

"Since we parted I have been 'strutting my brief hour' upon the boards of the Olympic, Bowery and Franklin, and at the Theatre here, and in a few days shall shape my course south-west.

I have just heard of Booth's attack upon poor Flynn, at Charleston, and shudder, as it recalls to memory the opportunity he had about three years ago to make me participant in a *real* tragedy. We were playing an engagement together at the same theatre, at Baltimore, and reversed Pierre and Jaffier, Othello and Iago. On the second night he played Othello (a part he seldom personates) to my Iago.—After rehearsal, he came to my lodgings and requested me to go through the parts with him again. 'Iago,' said he, 'you must do your d——dest to-night or I shall play you down.' There was a singularity in his manner which I had not observed before, and I confess that I felt considerable fear that he might fall into one of his melancholy paroxysms and do me some harm. We adjourned to an oyster-room, and every time an oyster was opened he cried out 'murder,' in various tones, with apparent horror. Night came. He played Othello *splendidly*, and drew down thunders of applause. In the last act, after the death of the 'gentle Desdemona,' it seemed as if all hell was raging in his heart; his eyes displayed the fierceness of a tiger's, and his thrust at me, I verily believe, would have been fatal had I not suddenly stepped aside to avoid it. The audience were as hushed as death; my heart beat audibly, and it was a minute or two before I could recover my self-possession.

A short time after this I passed a few days beneath his hospitable roof, and was entertained with great kindness by him and his amiable lady. One night I was awoke by a tremendous crash in the next room. I hurried on my dressing gown and ran into the entry to see what the matter was. It seems that Booth had wound a sheet around him, and with a light in his hand, had gone to his aged father's room; but the old gentleman, who happened to be awake and heard him coming, had dashed the bowl and ewer upon the floor at his feet as he entered, and effectually frightened him out of his mad freak. 'Ah, Junius, Junius,' said the venerable old man, 'will you never have done with these mad freaks!' Alas for Booth! alas for the prostration of genius!

"So flourishes and fades majestic man."

Yours ever, C. H. E.

Booth, the Tragedian.—In the account lately published of the attempt of Booth, the tragedian, when in a fit of insanity, to kill Mr. Flynn, an allusion was made to his having previously been saved from drowning. The Charleston Courier of the 13th inst. gives the subjoined particulars of the affair :

"Mr. Booth, the celebrated tragedian, in the steampacket Neptune, attempted to destroy himself while on the passage from New York to Charleston, under the following circumstances. Mr. B. went on board the above packet, in company with his friend, Mr. Flynn, the well known comedian, on Wednesday evening last, and on the passage showed evident symptoms of insanity, but being carefully watched by his anxious friend, had no opportunity of escaping his vigilant eye, and appeared to improve gradually under Mr. F.'s friendly care, until the afternoon of Friday last, the 9th inst., when 36 miles N. E. of Frying Pan Shoals, during dinner, when Mr. B. excused himself from the table, took advantage of his friend's absence, and lowered himself from the promenade deck, which attracted the attention of the men. Capt. Pennoyer, Mr. Flynn, and the rest of the passengers being called from dinner, endeavored to persuade him to return on board, when he not only refused, but immediately plunged into the ocean. Capt. P. instantly stopped the boat, which was then going at the rate of eleven miles an hour, and by his prompt exertion and presence of mind, a safety buoy was thrown over, and a safety boat immediately launched. The gallant captain took the helm, and Mr. Booth, though then half a mile from the boat, was rescued from a watery grave."