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JANET'S FORTUNE.

"And when I die I shall leave my fortune to the one who will use it to the best advantage," said Grandma Leeds, smiling from behind her spectacles to the young girls around her.

"Your fortune, grandma? What will it be? That old basket with its horrid yarn and needles, and the never-ending knitting work. If so, you need not leave it with me. Janet will use it to a far better advantage than I could."

"Yes, Lettie, you are right; and I'm sure I don't want it, either. H'm, what a fortune, to be sure!"

"I'll accept it, grandma, and prize it, if you will only add your sweet, contented disposition. It would be a fortune which none of us need despise."

Janet Leeds was the youngest of the family, and the plainest. She had a sweet, fresh face, and tender eyes; but these paled into ugliness before Lettie's black orbs and shining curls, and the blonde loveliness of belle Margaret. So she settled back in the chimney corner, and waited on grandma, or assisted the maid in the housework.

Once in a while she ventured out to a party in the village, but so seldom, that people never observed her. That made it unpleasant, and she staid at home still closer.

But on that morning, while they sat chatting with grandma, she felt a deal of real discontent for the first time in months.

Clara Bosworth, her bosom friend, was to give a party that evening, and she could not go. For weeks preparations had been going on in their quiet family. She had given up the money saved for a new winter cloak, that Lettie's green silk might be retrimmed for the occasion, and the best dress she had in the world was a plain, garnet-colored poplin with black velvet trimmings.

She had faintly suggested that she might wear that, but the cry of dismay from her sisters silenced her.

"Go and wear that old poplin!" cried Lettie, from the clouds of white billow lace that was to adorn the green silk. "You must be crazy!"

"I should think so," chimed Margaret, who was fitting a lace berthe over the waist of the delicate lilac satin. "Do you want Austin Bosworth to think us a family of paupers? It is to be a grand affair, and Clara expects all who honor it with their presence to pay her respect enough to dress respectably. It is Austin's first appearance after his European tour, and surely you do not want him to think meanly of us?"

The tears came up, but Janet was brave, and no one saw them.

That night, when the two girls--the one in her dark beauty and wonderfully becoming array, the other all delicacy, her fair, pearl love-locks enhanced by the pale purple color of her splendid dress--came laughing into grandma's room, a little shadow darkened her face, and she found it very hard to keep back the tears.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, but fine birds do not always sing the sweetest, Janet," said grandma, as she left. "I know who is the true one in this family. I know my little singing bird, Janet, and she is dearer than a dozen fine ladies. Austin and Clara will come to-morrow, and he will tell us about his travels in foreign lands, and you will be far happier than you would be up at the house to-night, with dancing and confusion."

"I suppose so, grandma," and Janet took her seat by the fire and went on knitting, with a peaceful face.

The elder sisters came home with crumpled plumage, but in high spirits.

Austin Bosworth had returned, a handsome, polished gentleman, and had flirted desperately with Lettie.

"Why, grandma, he almost proposed to her!" laughed Margaret, who was engaged to Judge Lenard's hopeful son, and, therefore, had no place for jealousy. "More than one of the company predicted that it would be a match."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," called grandma from her pillow. "Mr. Austin Bosworth is no fool, I can tell you!"

"What an old croaker!"

They were entering their chamber across the hall, but grandmother's ears were not dulled by age, and she clearly heard them.

"Don't mind them, grandma," whispered Janet, who had waited to help them lay aside their finery.

"Mind them! Do you think I shall, Janet Leeds?"

Next day Austin Bosworth came. He was too familiar with the old house to stop for bell-ringing, and he entered, crossing the hall directly past the parlor door, where Margaret and Lettie waited in their tasteful afternoon costumes, and walked straight on to Grandma Leeds's room.

She was there with her work, her placid face beaming beneath the white lace-bordered cap.

A graceful, girlish figure half knelt beside her, wreathing with deft fingers a bunch of evergreens into a frame for a mantel ornament, and her eyes were lifted smiling into the old lady's face.

He entered and closed the door, before either saw him.

"Grandma Leeds!"

"Why, bless my heart, it is Austin! Come here, my boy!"

And the fine gentleman came and gave both hands to her in his delight.

"Janet, my little playmate, too! What a happy meeting! Clara came down dressed for a call, and declared she would come, but I told her no! I knew the amount of gallantry I should feel obliged to use, and I preferred that my first visit should be like the old ones."

"You are right. We are better pleased to have it so, are we not, Janet?"

His call lengthened itself into two hours, and during the time he told pleasant stories and chatted like the boy of by-gone days, but not once did Margaret's or Lettie's name pass his lips.

When he went away he met them coming with disappointed faces from the parlor, where they had been waiting for him; but he only lifted his hat and passed out. Then grandmother and Janet received a sound scolding, such as only these two knew how to give, and the shadows of discontent again fell on Janet's spirit.

Ah, that long, cheerless winter! What a story Janet could tell you of disappointments, of happy parties of which she had no share, of moonlight that one comforter, kind, patient grandpa; for now that Austin Bosworth had come, the way was harder than before.

He came and escorted Lettie to parties, and sometimes chatted with grandma, but nothing she saw nothing more--she did not catch the good-natured smiles he gave her from the sleigh as he rode away--and Lettie never told her how often he asked for her. Alone with grandma, Janet wished for better things, and wondered why she was so harshly dealt with.

At last even the society of her aged comforter was denied her, and in her bed the old lady gradually faded away. Day and night Janet sat beside her, with the knowledge that she sat beyond earthly help--waiting upon her,

yielding to childish whims, and shutting out everything youthful and beautiful from her sight.

"Playing household angel" said Margaret. "Working for grandma's fortune of old shoes and worsted stockings." Lettie cruelly added.

Doing her duty by the faithful woman who had taken the three motherless children into her heart, filled the lost one's place, so far as God permitted, her own heart said, and steadily she worked on.

The first of May brought invitations to the last ball at the Bosworth house, and while the two elder sisters laid out the finery, Janet folded her tiny missive, and hid it away next to her heart as a sacred bit of paper, bearing Austin's firm, broad chirography upon it.

That night grandma was very ill, and when Margaret and Lettie flustered in with their gay dresses, Janet met them, and almost forcibly put them out of the room.

"I beg you girls, to have a little respect for poor grandma--she is very ill to-night."

"Nonsense! Don't be a fool, Janet; anybody would think she was dying."

"I believe so she is."

Their reply came in a violent slam of the door, and Janet was left alone with her patient.

The hours dragged wearily, and overcome by her long, sleepless watches, Janet fell fast asleep. Two hours later she awoke with a start, and in an instant she saw that dread change visible in grandma's face. Like one in a dream, she walked to her father's door, and awakened him.

"Father, grandma is worse. I believe her dying. You must go to Dr. Berne. You will find him at the hall. Go quickly!"

She went back and sat there wearily, waiting for something--for a sound, a sign from the dying woman, but none came. Slowly, but perceptibly, the lines settled around the placid mouth, and the dark shadows crept over the placid face, but no sound issued from the pale lips. Janet bent her head. There was a faint flutter--no more--and she clasped her hands. Would grandma die there, before her eyes, and never speak a word? She caught the cold hand in her own, and cried aloud:

"Grandma, speak to me! Speak to your little Janet! Don't you heed me, grandma?"

But grandma heard nothing. The chillness of death had settled down, and even as she knelt there, the breath fled and Janet was alone. She understood it all when she arose, and she sank back half fainting in the arm-chair, near the bed.

"Janet, my poor darling!"

She lifted her head. Austin Bosworth was leaning over her.

"My little girl! Why did you not send word to me to-night, and let me share your sorrow?"

"You, Austin?"

"Yes, have I not--ah, forgive me! This is no time or place. I missed you, as I have always missed you, but thought it was your own pleasure to remain at home. When your father came in with a white, frightened face, and whispered to Dr. Berne, I knew you were in trouble. I came at once, Janet, and I shall not leave you."

She knew his meaning, and did not put him away, when he held her close in his arms and drew her into the parlor.

Margaret and Lettie coming in with their faces horror-stricken, saw him holding her in his arms, her tired head resting wearily upon his shoulder, and the proud Lettie said:

"Mr. Bosworth--I am surprised!"

"You need not be. This is my privilege, now and forever."

Three days after they gathered in that same parlor to hear grandma's last will and testament read. After some little directions, it said:

"And to my beloved granddaughter, Janet Leeds, I bequeath the Holmes' estate, together with my entire stock of furniture and money, amounting to ten thousand dollars."

Janet's father smiled upon his astonished and crest-fallen daughters. She never desired it to be known. Therefore you were ignorant of the fact that she had a dollar beyond the annuity I held for her."

When, six months later, Austin and Janet were married, her elder sisters dared to say that he married her for her money. He knew better, and so did Janet.

GOOD DEEDS HAVE NO SABBATH.--Not long since, says a Breslau paper, and elderly man, with bare head, stood in an eating house, surrounded by a crowd of people. The landlord held the man's hat and cane, and an impatient waiter stood between the guest and the door. The confusion of the old man was indescribable. He seemed to be for the first time in his life in such a scrape--said nothing, looking down on the ground, and with difficulty restrained his tears, while all around mocked and jeered him. Just then a poorly dressed Israelite, with a long white beard, entered, and inquired what it all meant, and with an expression of almost feminine curiosity. He was told that the man had eaten and drank, and now that he must pay, he searched his pockets in vain for money. "Well," said the Israelite, "I see the old man for the first time, but I'll be bound that he did not come here to cheat. And, landlord, suppose he had no money to forget, couldn't you for once give a poor man something to eat, for God's sake? How much does he owe, anyhow?"

The debt was eight silver grochen, and the Israelite, paying this, took the old man by the hand and led him to the door. Those present did not seem to enjoy the reproach which their brutality had received, and one insolent fellow cried out:

"Hey, Jew, what have you done? This is the Sabbath, and you have touched money!" (This is forbidden to the Israelite.) "Just now I forgot that I was a Jew, just as you forgot that you were a Christian. But you may rest easy on my account; I understand my commandments, which says: 'Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy.' Just get some school-master to explain it to you, and if he is a reasonable man he will agree with me. Good deeds have no Sabbath." And with these words the good man left the room.

DRUNK.--Young man, did you ever think how the word sounds? Did you ever think what misery and woe you brought upon your friends when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk? How it rings in the ears of a loving wife! How it makes the heart of a fond mother bleed! How it crushes out the hopes of a girl's life! How it brings reproach and shame upon your father, and brings reproach and shame upon your friends! Drink! See him as he goes home with a heavy head. He stands ready to fall into the jaws of hell, unconscious as to his approaching fate. The wife, with her tearful eyes and aching heart, sits at the open window to hear him. He is drunk! The husband, they come to him, drunk, spending his time and money when he should be at home. Instead of enjoying the comforts of the home circle, he is drunk! He is spending his means of support for liquor, while his family is starving for bread. Drunk! His reputation is gone, gone! His friends one by one are leaving him to a miserable fate.

"Is it a Sin to be Rich?"

What a question, and yet we have seen this question asked and answered in all seriousness in more than one religious journal. To the abstract question there can be, in all reason, but one answer. A man has a right to acquire riches honestly, all other duties which a prosperous worldly condition imposes being discharged. It is hardly possible to do this and accumulate an extravagant amount of riches. Take the New Testament--take the golden rule--act by them to the letter and in their spirit, and such are the circumstances of so large a portion of mankind, that it would require a liberal distribution of surplus earnings to meet the requirements of the Saviour. The saying of Christ that a rich man can hardly enter the kingdom of heaven, had not so much reference abstractedly to his riches, as it did to their accompaniments. He knew, as we all know, that persons of wealth, in the way of temptations which do not affect other classes. God requires of them a certain use of their means, which it is hard for human nature to make. The passion for wealth, like most other passions of the human heart, grows with what it feeds upon, and, as a general thing, the larger the gains, the more eager the greed. And so riches become an idol and are worshipped; they absorb, as it were, the soul of their possessor, and hence he is in danger of losing heaven for the reason that he has lost all desire and love for heavenly things. And this is what was meant when it was said that a rich man can hardly enter the kingdom. He has a burden, like Bunyan's pilgrim, and what is worse, he loves his burden and clings to it. He is unwilling to part with it even with the grave opening before him; and he goes down into the river with it and sinks, and the waters close over him. If it were possible for mankind to be possessed of riches and retain their purity of soul, as they would under other conditions, and to meet the responsibilities which they impose, we should not have recorded the language of Christ on this subject. Perhaps he intended the rule he laid down to the young man, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," as one that should be applicable in all time, and as a test of the sincerity of religious professions. Be this as it may, riches are a snare, and there are very few who know how to use them, or knowing, do not follow knowledge so as to meet the requirements of God. We should prize wealth for the good we can do with it; not for hoarding; not for the luxurious living it will give us; not that we may pander to pride, and show, and extravagance, and ostentation; but that through it we may honor God and aid in building up His kingdom; that we may relieve poverty and want; and woe; that we may advance religion and learning; that we may make the world better, holier and happier for our having been blessed with the spirit of love and charity.--Standard.

A CURIOUS LEGEND.--When Adam was far advanced in years and at the point of death, he sent his son to the angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave; it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod, and Moses' staff, with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Marah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony rested.

At last it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The Queen of Sheba was not to walk upon it, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterward the pool of Bethesda was dug, and from the virtues of this tree, healing properties were imparted to the waters. After it had been buried three hundred years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the Cross of our Saviour.--Lippincott's Magazine.

TWO STORIES ABOUT CARRIER PIGEONS.--We noticed a few days since at Mr. R. Wright's store, a flock of beautiful carrier pigeons, which are very tame and attractive. Mr. Wright, three years ago, sold a carrier dove, reared at his place, to a gentleman in a distant town. This gentleman subsequently sold the dove to another party still further from Lewiston. A few weeks ago, there was a flapping of wings at the doorway of his store. The door opened, in stepped the keen-eyed, beautiful dove which, three years before, had been carried miles away, and had now seized the first moment of freedom to fly, like a spirit, home.

Not long since, Mr. Wright sent a dove from his flock to a friend in Portland, saying to him--"Let this dove love at 1 o'clock to-day."

At 1:30 o'clock--thirty-eight minutes after being let loose in Portland--she dove folded her wings on Mr. Wright's door steps in Lewiston.

He flew directly upward from Portland, spilling by his bearings, taking emphatically a bird's-eye view, as though poised on a star, and then hastened his flight unerringly homeward.--Lewiston (Me.) Times.

CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.--A physician writes to Demore's Monthly Magazine an interesting communication on the nature and treatment of whooping cough, and adds:

"The remedy for the cure of this terrible disease is simple. It is in reach and procurable by all. Perhaps its very simplicity will cause it to be neglected. It is simply to administer the decoction or infusion of the common *castanea vesca*, chestnut leaves; or, if better understood, chestnut leaves tea. The infusion is prepared in the ordinary manner that tea is daily prepared for domestic purposes, to wit: Pour one quart of boiling water on one ounce of the chestnut leaves, and keep covered. When cold, an ordinary teacupful may be given three or four times a day; the last at the time of the patient retiring to rest for the night. Sugar and milk may be added, if necessary to deceive the patient."

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I have often read of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?" "Tut, tut, my son, nobody would believe them," answered the father.

"Mamma," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbidden him to draw horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail, "mamma, this ain't a nice horse. At Sam Rackett's we can cut the sofa and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet, but here we can't have any fun at all."

"What is the greatest curiosity in the world?" A woman's.

Correspondence of Cincinnati Commercial.

The Prestons and Hamptons.

INTERESTING FAMILY REMINISCENCES.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 24.

"What fine large house is that standing over there, surrounded on three sides by a high brick wall, and in front by an ornamental iron fence with marble pillars at each corner?" Inquired of a citizen.

"Oh, that's the old General Preston's, and is said to be the finest laid off grounds in the South. There's a whole square or four acres of it, and all inside is every kind of shrubbery that you could think of with gravel and shell walks running all among it."

"Does Preston live there himself?"

"Yes, considerably, but I believe he spends most of his time in Europe. Has got considerable money invested there in one way and another. He prophesied that the war would come up a long time before it did, and so to be on the safe side, he sold most of his niggers, and invested his money in Europe."

"What relation is he to the Hamptons?"

"Why, you see, he married a daughter of old Colonel Wade Hampton, who was the father of the present Wade Hampton, and his father-in-law being very rich, gave him this fine property that we're being speaking of."

"The old original Preston of all of them came here years and years ago. He was from Virginia, and was on his way to Florida to get cured of the consumption. He was a young man then about twenty years old, and traveling along towards Florida, he passed through here and concluded to stop, as he liked the climate. He went to school here awhile, married and settled down. About that time old General Wade Hampton, who had been a Colonel in the Revolutionary war, settled here, raised a large family, and got rich. Preston also got rich, and the families afterwards became connected by marriage. They owned a great many plantations, and kept getting richer and richer until the war came. Of course they all went with the South, and many of them lost nearly all of their property. General Wade Hampton owned a very costly residence just out of town, which the Yankees burned up. Ornamented the grounds around his house alone cost him sixty thousand dollars. Now all his fine shrubbery are turned out and the ruins look bad enough. On top of the war came a lot of security debts, and the General had to take the benefit of the bankrupt law. They say he is now getting started again in Mississippi, and will come out right side up."

"The Hamptons and Prestons are great workers. You may make them poor but they won't stay so. Wade has one brother in Mississippi, I believe, who is very rich. Besides being rich, they are all popular men, and if it had not been for the war, there is no telling what the two families would have come to. They would have owned the State after awhile. But they were very much set back during the war, and some of them were killed. Thomas Hampton, son of the present Wade, was killed in Virginia when he was only twenty-one years old. His remains were brought home, and passed right along the street, followed by over a hundred of his negroes, most of them crying, for they loved their young master. This was in the fall of 1864. The following February here came Sherman with fire and sword, and destroyed a great deal of property belonging to the two families, so that they were crushed by all kinds of misfortunes. It was all that could be done to keep the army from burning that fine house we were speaking of. But they left it, and that is about all they did leave."

There are several grave yards in and about Columbia, belonging to different churches, and in one of them are the graves of the Hampton and Preston families, all in one corner, partially to themselves. Finely wrought marble slabs are over them all, upon which are engraved the names and date of deaths. The insatiable reaper has been at work among these great families, for side by side repose the ashes of some twenty-five or thirty of them.

They are fighting stock, for one of the oldest tombstones bears this inscription:

"General Wade Hampton, Colonel in the Revolutionary War, and Major-General in the War of 1812, died in Columbia, February 4, 1836, aged 83 years."

Another, but recently erected, has this inscription:

"Lieutenant Thomas Preston Hampton, son of General Wade and Margaret Hampton, born November 26, 1841, killed in battle, near Petersburg, Va., October 27, 1864."

Upon this tomb was lying a large wreath of flowers, but the warm April sun had partially faded them, and they were fast dying. Like the body under the slab, they had been cut down in the spring-time of life, just as they were blooming into fragrance and beauty. Young Hampton fell when he lacked but a few days of reaching man's estate, which makes his death all the more sad. Death is a cruel monster, any time; but when he cuts down the young buoyant and hopeful, he seems doubly so.

The Hamptons and Prestons all espoused the cause of the South when the struggle began, and considering their location and interests, it is but justice to say that such a course was natural. That they were in earnest, and not actuated by selfish motives, let their deeds testify; for the die was cast and the battle came, they were not found shirking.

The families are both very popular with the negroes; their old servants will not leave them, but remain as faithful to their interests as before the war. Wade Hampton is as strong a friend to the negro as he can be, and remains in the Democratic party; he always befriends them both in public and in private when occasion demands. The negroes appreciate his noble stand in their behalf, and I am not sure but he would make melancholy inroads into the ranks of the Loyal League if he should run for an office. There is no danger of that, however, as he is too busily engaged in trying to build up his scattered fortunes, to go into politics. Nevertheless, as loudly as we may shriek "Rebel!" and lash ourselves into fury over the misdeeds of the great families of the South, on sober, second thought, it is evident it would be better for the colored people, better for the State and better for the nation, to have Wade Hampton in Congress rather than Cadet Whitehouse; at all events it would save the Republican party some disgrace, which is desirable. When it comes to such men as Whitehouse, the party might cry out, with one of old, "Oh, deliver me from my friends!"

AVERY.

The lunatic son of Henry Clay died in the Lexington (Kentucky) Asylum on Saturday. Theodore Wythe Clay was born in 1802, and lost his reason in early life through a casualty. For over fifty years he was an inmate of the Lexington Asylum, and during many years of his father's life an object of anxious and affectionate solicitude on the part of the great statesman. Theodore was quiet and gentlemanly in his manners and a good talker, and was more inclined to melancholy than violence.

To fire and fall back--shoot a gun that kicks.

How a Circus Winds Up.

"Fat Contributor," in the Cincinnati Times, makes the following excellent hints at the closing performances of a circus:

People who patronize the circus see a gentleman enter the ring, hat in hand, at a certain stage in the performance, and announce the grand concert and minstrel performance that is to come off in the ring at the conclusion of the regular show, for the amusement of all who choose to remain and invest an extra quarter for a ticket. Then the voluble young men in the employment of the candy stand vary their cries of "nice peanuts, just baked," "here's your ice-cold lemonade," &c., with entreaties to buy a ticket to the grand concert. The concert business don't pay very well in the city, where there is usually a surfeit of minstrelsy, and the best there is at that; but in the country it is a big business. The privilege of running the concert usually goes with the candy stand, and sells for from one thousand to three thousand dollars for the season, according to the drawing qualities of the main show. Sometimes the candy stand and the concert make more money than the circus itself, and there have been instances where they have cleared as high as \$20,000 in a single season.

There is an opportunity for displaying shrewdness and tact in conducting this business so as to make it successful. Some of the biggest showmen in the country got their first start running a candy stand. Ames, of Ames, Circus and Menagerie, is a case in point. The young men who move about among the audience exhibiting tempting displays of candies and peanuts and dexterously managing trays of lemonade, generally get a per centage on what they sell, which accounts for their impertunity. They keep their temper under all manner of sturring remarks from "Smart Alecks," and are generally able to wind them up with a sharp retort. They learn to be good judges of human nature and know how to press their merchandise upon, and who to pass by. One of them detects a bashful young man sitting by his girl, a handsome, young, red-cheeked beauty. He fills her lap with candies, heedless of remonstrance, keeping up a bewildering flow of compliments, which pleases her as it excites the envy of her lout of a beau, who inwardly wishes he could talk like the circus man. Then the candy fellow appeals to him direct--asks if he will sit there like a bump on a log, and a handsome young woman like that suffer for the want of a little candy to sweeten the asperities of life. He would keep her in candy himself for a year, for he really felt sweet on her already, were it not for the fact that he had fourteen young and helpless grandmothers to support. The young woman blushes and tittles, and her beau buys the candy, if for no other reason than to get rid of the good-looking and smart-talking candy man. He is equally successful in pleasing mamma by praising her children, and, if he understands his business, he will talk cash out of the most crusty, and peanuts into the most penurious.

We watched one of these "candy butchers," as they are called in the technicality of the circus, the other night and were much amused by the way he worked up business. While urging a party to invest in peanuts he turns his head as though he had been called by another party and shouts--"I'm coming. Don't be in a hurry. I always wait on the ladies and children first." Of course no one has called him, but the people don't know that, and as he repeats it often it gives an appearance of his wares being in great demand.

Ever stop to hear the "Grand Concert?" You ought to do it once. There is as little delay as possible after the people who are not attracted by it or who haven't a spare quarter are gone. A portable platform is brought in and placed in the ring, facing the audience, who are got together in a group. A board, supported at each end by a chair, furnishes the orchestra accommodation for their music. Chairs are placed on the platform for the minstrels. Then enter the orchestra, made up from the circus band, who receive an additional compensation for becoming a Grand Concert. After a brief overture, which is played standing, the minstrels appear. (We are describing the Grand Concert attached to the negro Robinson's show) the others wear their natural skin. The troupe is rendered additionally attractive by the presence of a good-looking female minstrel, wife of one of the performers. We recognize two of the men as trapeze performers in the regular performance. There is the usual minstrel business in brief. Brother Bones is asked "how is ye?" and Brother Bones replies that he is "salubrious." There are comic songs that make you weep, and pathetic ballads that make you laugh, sung by a young man whose voice is rendered weak and sepulchral by sleeping at night on the top of a circus wagon. The pretty female minstrel appears again in fancy attire, and sings a "Girl of the Period" song with a voice too sweet to follow in the wake of a circus, and then a Dutchman sings a song and tells a story very laughably, through whose comical disguise we recognized the "ring-master" of the big show. We might say for him that he succeeds so much better in his comic Dutch business than he does in the ring that we would advise him to give up the ring-master's whip and stick to his pipe and wooden shoes.

The Grand Concert lasts about an hour, when it closes with the inevitable "Ehoo, Fly, put in"--a force and mass, if properly applied, sufficient to have carried Petersburg at a blow and have crushed that portion of Lee's army in their front into the nothingness of slaughter, capture and dispersion. There was nothing between Meade's 50,000 to 70,000 men but an attenuated line under and inefficient commander until Mahone came up three miles to throw himself into the gap, and then, with a loss of two hundred and fifty men, to win back the captured works, with an admitted list of casualties to us of 6,240 in killed, wounded and prisoners--twenty-one times his own casualties. This operation will be explained more at length in its appropriate place.

This sketch contains some interesting reminiscences of the war--doubly interesting when it is considered that the writer is a Northern man.

The latest specimen of juvenile literature is this: "As Wil-li-am Wil-kins was walking in the garden one day, he met his dear sister, and thus he did say: 'Why is a squash like a lit-lit news-boy?' She gave it up. 'Be-cause,' said this wick-ed boy, 'the old-er he grows, the more of a yel-ler he will be.' His good grand-mamma overheard him, and went to bed sick with grief."

A paragraph is going the rounds about a girl in Chester, Vt., dying from tight lacing. An editor commenting on the fact says: "These an editor should be done away with, and if the corsets can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can be found who would sacrifice themselves. As old as we are we would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset, than see the girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time."

When boxing with a friend never hit him in the boxing department. It always hurts his feelings.

Andrew Johnson.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE EX-PRESIDENT.

The following is an extract from an article in the May number of the XIX Century, from the pen of ex-Gov. B. F. Perry:

President Johnson came to Laurens C. H., South Carolina, in 1827, and remained there two years, working as a journeyman tailor. He came from North Carolina, where he was born, and served his apprenticeship. While working at Laurens he became engaged to a young lady in the neighborhood, and went one Sunday morning to ask her mother, who was a widow lady, for the hand of her daughter. He told Gov. Orr that he saw by the old lady's manner that she was not favorably disposed towards him. It was late in the evening before he could muster up courage to "pop the question." When he did so, the old lady told him very plainly that her daughter should not marry a tailor, and intimated that she suspected he wanted some of her negroes. The young tailor boy and future President of the United States, was so much mortified at the rebuff he had received, that he determined to quit Laurens, and did so the next day.

How unfortunate for the daughter was the ill judgment of the mother. Had she given her consent, her daughter might have been the occupant of the White House, mistress of ceremonies and fashion in Washington, receiving and entertaining foreign ministers and their ladies, instead of being as she is, the humble wife of a poor and obscure man. On the other hand, it might have disappointed the high destiny of the tailor boy. Instead of being President of the United States he might be still pursuing his humble vocation. But this is not very likely. A man working with Johnson's natural endowments, intellectually and morally, could hardly pass through life in this American republic, without elevating himself and acquiring honor and distinction.

It is a remarkable and most wonderful fact, that President Johnson never went to school a day in his life! His father, who was a most worthy and excellent man, filling the office of town constable in Raleigh, North Carolina, messenger of the bank and sexton of a church, died when his son was only two years old. The family were left in poverty, and at the age of ten years, Andrew was bound as an apprentice to the trade of a tailor. Whilst working as an apprentice, some one came into the shop with a book of speeches, and read one to the boys. This speech delighted Andrew Johnson so much that he determined to learn to read himself. The book was given to him, and in this book, with the assistance of his fellow apprentices, he learned his letters and learned to read; and after that, a book of some sort was ever his constant companion. His wife taught him to write and cypher after they married. In the meantime he must have had his mind well stored with a great deal of useful