

WOOD'S THEATER.

CORNER SIXTH AND VINE-STREETS.

JOHN A. ELLISSLER, Jr., Sole Lessee and Manager.

Benefit and last night of MR. JAS. ANDERSON,

Whose successful engagement of thirty-six nights has established the greatest epoch ever known in the history of the legitimate drama in Cincinnati.

A 100,000 copies of MISS DOROTHY.

THIS EVENING, November 19, will be presented Shakespeare's grand five-act comedy, entitled

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shylock..... Mr. Anderson

Portia..... Miss Roworth

Antonio..... Mr. Ellissler

Shylock's Gobbo..... Mr. E. J. Brown

Gratiano..... Mr. E. J. Brown

Antonio's Clerk..... Mr. Fisher

Lucentio..... Mr. Fisher

Lucentio's Clerk..... Mr. Fisher

The Penny Press.

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CINCINNATI, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Arrivals of Trains.

LITTLE MIAMI—Night Express, 8:30 A. M. Accommodation, 10 P. M. Day Express, 6:35 P. M. ...

Departures of Trains.

LITTLE MIAMI—Day Express, 10:30 A. M. Accommodation, 4:30 P. M. Night Express, 11:30 P. M. ...

PEN AND SCISSORS.

It is said that New York city contains 54,019 houses.

In one week the births of 823 boys and 805 girls, in all 1,627 children, were registered in London.

"What will you have?" asked a Sheriff of a culprit whom he was about to hang. "Not a drop," was the quaint reply.

Geo. W. Oliver, a wealthy planter near Oxford, Miss., was convicted last week of manslaughter, for killing one of his slaves.

A fine buck-deer was caught on the cow-catcher of an engine on the Erie Railroad, near Deposit, last week.

They have a curiosity in Norwich, Conn., in the shape of a Peonoid tortoise, a sea monster of the turtle specie, weighing over one thousand pounds.

Talk about "mysterious knockings," what is more mysterious than the knockings of two human hearts, set in operation by the magnetism of youthful love?

The number of patents issued from the Patent office for the first nine months of the present year amounted to 3,334, and the amount of fees thereon to \$188,500.

A testimonial is talked of in New York, for Miss Foulke, of Harper's Ferry, who so heroically saved the life of an "insurgent" at the time of the outbreak.

One of the latest interpretations of the character of Hamlet is that he was a gambler, for he says, "How absolute the have is; we must speak by the card."

The average armed force employed in the British Colonies during the last five years has been 42,693 men, at an expense of £3,182,745, or about \$16,000,000.

At the Norfolk (Va.) Fair-grounds, on Saturday, a man ran ten miles in one hour and four seconds. But for the four seconds he would have received a prize of \$200.

A man in Hartford has made application for divorce from his wife, on the ground of her being lazy. He alleges that she will not get up in the morning, build a fire and get his breakfast at a reasonable hour.

A gate, believed to be the largest in the world, has been constructed for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. It is eighty-two feet wide, with the Canal—thirty-one feet six inches deep, and thirty-two inches thick.

Walter Savage Landor has said: "There are women from whom innocent tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of condescension for their own delinquencies not one."

A philosophic owl being asked what the Shakespeare was most applicable to a certain young lady of much beauty, but little conversational power, aptly replied in reply, "She speaks, yet she says nothing."

It is said that the French fashions corrupt Republican pens, and that after a short sojourn in the "gay capital of civilized France" American writers become "Parisians. True—and some of them go to Rouen."

An honest confession that of De Quincy's when he says that after first tasting opium he thought happiness might now be attained in one's waistcoat pocket, and peace of mind be sent down in gallons by the mail coach.

Samuel Cubberley, an old and respected citizen of Mercer County, N. J., committed suicide recently by hanging himself in his barn. He had been partially deranged for some time before his death, and had a sister who committed suicide some years ago.

There have been appointed to the American Army and Navy, since the organization of the Government, the following: Episcopalians 125; Presbyterians 54; Methodists 39; Baptists 21; Congregationalists 12; Catholics 5, and other denominations 5.

Two magnificent suits to be added to the gallery of the palace of Versailles are now approaching their terminus. One is to receive pictures representing the different battles during the campaign in the Crimea, and the other those of the late war in Italy.

Lamarine eloquently says of Mary Stuart: "All that was not love in her soul was poetry; her verses possess a Greek softness combined with a quaint simplicity; they are written with tears, and even after the lapse of so many years, retain something of the warmth of her sighs."

The New York Freeman says that Eleanor Gray, of Coventry, while digging a well, recently found some frogs embedded in clay, about twenty feet below the surface. After a few minutes exposure they became lively and hopped away. How long they have been there?

WHEREABOUTS OF OPERA SINGERS.—Tiberius, the tenor, is singing at La Scala, Milan, in Rossini's Matilda di Sabaena. The tenor Forti is engaged at Piacenza. Neri Berardi, the tenor, is at Barcelona. Ronconi has been engaged for the Pagliano Theater, Florence. Benvenuto will sing during the next carnival at Turin. At St. Petersburg they are going wild about Emily La Grus, a prima donna who has just sung there in Norma, having recently returned from South America. She was, on the night of her debut, after the trio of the second act, called six times before the curtain. A critic says that "the Signora La Grus is not merely a grand singer, but that she is without doubt the greatest tragic artist of the Italian lyric stage, and no one, since Malibran, has surpassed her in Norma."

WISB AND HIS CAVALRY.—The Baltimore Patriot says in a recent issue: "We are sorry to see the fanzoned of the Richmond Enquirer about the dissolution of the Union, unless Gov. Wise be nominated at Charleston, treated with seriousness by any portion of the press. It is nothing more than honoring the Charleston Convention into the nomination of the vaillant Governor, and is a good deal like his order to impress all the horses at Harper's Ferry into the service of Virginia, for mounting the Baltimore Light Greys; the result of the order being a gathering together of seven mangled animals with blind bridles and two saddles!"

DEATH OF A CHEROKEE.—Rev. W. L. McCulloch, formerly a prominent Presbyterian clergyman in Philadelphia, died at Grand Gulf, Mississippi, on the 13th ult., aged seventy-one years. He is said to have been chaplain to the army of Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans.

Professor Lowe's Balloon Voyage—The Experimental Trip—A Successful Air Voyage.

Two days ago, according to preliminary announcements, Mr. T. S. Lowe made an ascension in his small balloon "Pioneer." Over a thousand people were present, and the balloon, which holds about thirty-five thousand cubic feet of gas, excited great admiration. At three o'clock Mr. Lowe appeared on the grounds and was hurriedly wrapped himself in a huge fur coat and a curly-haired hat, entered the frail car—about as big as a clothes-basket and of the same material—which depended from the balloon. Flags were fastened to the basket, and the aeronaut bade farewell to his wife and child, and shook hands with a number of his friends present, while the crowd greeted him with hearty cheers. At this moment Mr. Lowe, in his rough, heavy furs, and surrounded by the net-work of cords which held the basket, the balloon, looked not unlike a Russian bear seen through the bars of a menagerie cage.

At about a quarter past three the men holding the balloon, at a signal from Mr. Lowe, stepped aside and the balloon slowly ascended, but with a sideling motion that obliged Mr. Lowe to throw out some ballast. Thus relieved, the balloon shot nobly upward, the daring voyager waving his hat to the people below. The scene was quite exciting. The windows and roofs of the houses were crowded with spectators, who watched the ascending balloon till its passenger was no longer discernible. The balloon sailed in a northerly direction, until it passed over West Farms, when Mr. Lowe determined to alight. A large number of people were waiting to receive him, and after some refreshments he again ascended, and after remaining some twenty minutes in the air, and journeying about twelve miles by the aid of his balloon, he landed on the farm of Mr. G. W. Bygones, who welcomed him to his house and invited him to tea.

The gas was then allowed to escape from the balloon, the material folded up, and at eight o'clock Mr. Lowe was again in this city, after a most successful balloon trip. The thermometer ranged from 30° to 40° in the aerial regions he visited, and his balloon was signalled from below by the whistles of steamers and locomotives.

Mr. Lowe will commence to-day the re-inflation of the mammoth balloon "City of New York," and hopes to start on the great transatlantic voyage on Saturday next.—N. Y. Evening Post, 16th.

Particulars of the Capture of Brownsville.

The telegraph has mentioned the storming and taking of Brownsville, Texas, but the statement, dated Corpus Christi, Nov. 7, of W. J. Miller, one of the escaped citizens, from the New Orleans papers of the 16th, is as follows: On the 29th of October, Cortinas and his band surrounded the town of Brownsville. On the 31st Cortinas ordered the barricades to be charged; at the same time his men made good an entrance from the yards at the back of the stores and dwelling houses; in a moment his men and ours were mixed up in a hand to hand fight, and a moment more the barricades were forced. After five hours hand to hand fighting, we were forced to retreat, and succeeded in making our escape to the other side of the river.

Cortinas's attacking party consisted of about four hundred men, and had in all probability two hundred men patrolling the country to prevent communication with the city.

In all told we had about fifty white men of other arms, and these were aided by one hundred and fifty Mexicans, sent from Matamoros, Col. Manuel (Naranco) commander of the force. I can form no idea of the number of men killed on either side. The cry of the Mexicans was, "Death to all Americans! No quarter!" And such was truly the case, as it proved, by the death of every man Cortinas had taken prisoner. On Tuesday, Cortinas had entire possession of Brownsville.

BURGLARY IN PHILADELPHIA.—THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF FURS STOLEN AND RECOVERED.—M. Cohen, a German cap dealer, doing business in New York, was arrested on Wednesday, having in his possession a large quantity of furs, the proceeds of a burglary committed about a month ago on the first store of Mr. Reisky, in Third-street, Philadelphia, which was broken into and robbed of furs to the amount of \$3,000. Soon after the commission of the burglary, the New York police were telegraphed, and Officers Elder, McCorr, Slover, and King, of the Detective force, commenced searching for the stolen property, and they visited numerous auction-stores and other places, and with some surprise noticed that several of the cap dealers who had not heretofore dealt in fur, had supplied their stores with them. Suspicion rested on Cohen, and the foreman of Mr. Reisky's store was sent for. Cohen's house and stores were then searched, and \$2,800 worth of furs, identified as part of the stolen property, was found. Some of them were secreted in the coal cellar and garret. The trimming had been stripped from the tippets, cuffs, and so, but the private marks were not erased, and by these they were identified.

A WHITE MAN HUNTED BY REVENGEFUL NEGROES.—George Hootch, who, by his action in a recent scandalous kidnapping affair, rendered himself obnoxious to the violent anti-slavery men of the Northern part of this State, stayed in the Cleveland jail during Wednesday night, not caring to trust himself outside. The jail was watched by a party of negroes who would have given him a rough reception if he had ventured out. The next morning about nine o'clock he left the jail as stealthily as possible, in the hope of getting to the New England House, where he boarded. Sharp eyes however saw him, and he was compelled to take refuge in Andrew's Saloon on Seneca-street. There not being permanent quarters he endeavored to escape through the back yard, but was caught by Andrew's dog, which would have speedily disabled him if he had not been called off. Hartman soon made his escape thence and succeeded in reaching the New England, though closely followed by incensed negroes. Here he armed himself and suffered no further molestation. He probably left the city upon the Columbus train last evening.—Cleveland Herald.

CHARLIE SMITH'S INSANITY.—The Hartford (Conn.) Press says: "We cannot believe that Mr. Smith anticipated any such folly as that made by John Brown. He liberally assisted the old man in Kansas, and had no scruples whatever against assisting slaves to escape. He is a man of the warmest sensibilities, and may possibly feel that he has suddenly misunderstood Brown, and may have himself been indirectly pushing the brave old man and his comrades into their terrible calamities. This, combined with ill-health and anxiety concerning his family in the event of a prosecution, probably induced the attack under which he labors."

THE GREAT EASTERN IN THE GREAT STORM.—The Little Western in a Northern. A correspondent of the London Times from Holyhead tells a thrilling story of the test the Great Eastern made of riding out the tempestuous seas that drove into that harbor for the Thursday to bring of what the big vessels can do, and of vessels large that find it easy to "venture mors" in the wide, wide sea, but not easy to keep near shore. But to the Little Western in a Northern. We have not given our experience. One of the Penny Press firm, not "our Andy," has been to sea.

The steamer Yazo Planter, Captain Aaron Fuller, on the 23d of July, 1842, left the wharf of Cincinnati, bound for the Tobacco River in Mexico, left New Orleans, August 25, and passed the shores of the United States, at South-west Pass on the 29th of August. The little steamer, as fit for sea as a sugar trough for a ferry over Maple Creek, steamed it over a serene sea from the mouth of the Mississippi to the coast of Sinaloa.

The little Cincinnati steamer, drawing, when light, but thirty inches water, was a greater novelty in the middle of the gulf than all the Great Eastern and Great Western that ever crossed half a dozen water lines, and when the Emerald Sea. The glass quiet of the ocean depths was soon disturbed; the adventures of the Pork City were to pass the ordeal of a terrific storm. Holyhead harbor may be a good scene for the display of the powers of the Monarch of the Trident on big ships, but it can't compare with the bar of Frontiers for "norther"—that's the fearful word to characterize a storm on the Gulf. When Ossawatimie's name is mentioned on the banks of the perilous Potomac, at New York, it does not pale the cheeks of the first or last family; does not create greater apprehension among the citizen soldiers than the word "norther" does to the greenhorns at sea in the Mexican Gulf.

The Yazo Planter had a sea Captain to direct the precious craft on the sea passage. The "old salt" had never been on the decks of a vessel so "fresh." He had rode on hulks of caymans and all, and whose keels were fifteen feet under water, and when the Yazo Planter hove in sight of the mouth of the Tobacco River, just before night fall of a Sabbath eve, September 4, the weather, wise sea Captain declared the vessel must not attempt to cross the bar that night, as a "norther" was coming up, and the steamer could not cross the sandy line at the mouth of the harbor without being on the bar.

A tall, top-totched sea Captain was not to be gained by fresh-water navigators, who knew that most of the coal or iron barge burner, which was the only cargo on board, the little vessel would have gilded into the long-forer unheeded without rubbing a barnacle from her unopened hull.

But cruel fate and Capt. Levy had decreed the Yazo Planter should anchor outside, and outside she did anchor, and now comes the record of her gallant braving of the pitiless storm. A faint streak of orange-like mourning cloud, but scarce time to get out anchors ahead and astern, when the "Old Brown" clouds, which in a twinkling became pitch dark, pitched with more than Ossawatimie fury upon the devoted heads of the Western county bush-whackers of Yazo River, and then came a scene that the Thunderer's correspondent possesses not the "adequacy" to describe. Lo, the poor Indian, says the Montgomery County orator, got the first channel storm that ever swept into the space of three columns of the Express Press, adequate outlines of the picture board said small steamer—the aforesaid Little Western, all the way from the tranquil waters of the Ohio; but there she is anchored on the bar a few miles distant from a sheltered haven, and on board a worse scared company of adventurers than now are covering at Charleston. We need not say "that while the gale lashed it equalled in violence any of the fiercest channel storms that ever swept our coast with wrecks;" that it was "a night; that it was wild and dark as pitch; that the roar of the storm through the rigging reminded one that its hoarseness might have been mitigated by 'Phillips's ough syrup,' but that thought might have come and passed away as rapidly as the gleams of lightning. But in the uproar of the hour, amid the crash of crockery, snapping of hawsers and breach of boards by the dashing waves, there were a thoughtful, effective men at their posts, and their faces were blanched with fear, and their hands tremulous as they grasped the throats of the steam-engine valve.

Sea captains might get Western steamboatmen in the trough of the sea, and shake the life almost out of them, but it was reserved for the desperate energy, historical learning of an Engineer from Cincinnati, and one from the woods about Mayaville, Ky., to exemplify in desperate emergencies the truth of an old adage that peace can be secured by pouring oil on the troubled waters. About two o'clock of the morning, when human exertions promised a failure, when hope from heaven was largely at a discount, the two heads in the engine-room, as the vessel was heaving and battering about in the brine of the foaming sea, were put as near together as the dashing of the storm would allow them, and they agreed to stagger along to the lee side of the steamer, and pour a ton-gallon can of lard oil from the door of the hold-house on to the angry waves beneath.

The can was emptied, and an ungrateful shower-bath was returned upon the good-intentioned but very much exposed engineers, who were washed back into the engine-room. Not minding the rebuff, this homoeopathic dose was not renewed, but an allopathic one of the entire barrel of oil, obtained by us of Pollard, Cincinnati—last poor Pollard—who did not long survive to make so useful and pacific a use of his allying storm. The oil lasted in the morning was empty, the storm had passed, and the writer had the great gratification, on that beautiful Sunday morning, to guide the vessel, as slick as grease, within the harbor of Frontiers, and land at the hospitable house of the American Consul.

SERIOUS TRICK OF A LUNATIC.—A lunatic, who once escaped from an Asylum at Mercersville, Pa., was entirely destroyed by a ground inclosure was entirely destroyed by a fire on Monday night, having caught from sparks from a passing locomotive. The entire fence would have burnt but for the students of the "Institute," who succeeded in arresting the flames before further damage was done.

LARGE LAND SUIT IN KENTUCKY.—Suits have been instituted for twenty-one thousand acres of the most valuable land in Ballou County. It is very generally improved, and occupied by a large number of farmers. Great excitement prevails in relation to the suit, and measures will be taken to prevent any survey being made.

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