## Our Locality.

EXECUTION OF COLONEL HAYNE.—Among the distinguished men who fell victims during the war of the American Revolution, was Col. Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a man who by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honor and uprightness, had secured the good will and and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six small children, the oldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim to disease; an event hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole family largely participated. Col. Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the British forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows, under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A great number of persons, both English and American, interceded for his life. The ladies of Charleston signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were presented to Sir Guy Carleton as humble suitors for their beloved father; but all in vain. During the imprisonment of the father, the eldest son was permitted to stay with him in prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavored to console him, by reminding him that the last pang of the son tenderly increase his own misery; that we came into this world merely to die; and he could even rejoice that his troubles were so near an end. "Cheerup," said he, "and prepare for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of execution; and when I kneel down to my God, you will kneel by the side of your father. The youth here fell on his father's neck, saying, 'Oh, my father! my father! I will die for you.' 'I will die for you!' cried Col. Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, unable to return the embrace of his son, and merely added in reply—'Live, my son; live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters.' The next morning Col. Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself, and said, 'Now, my son, follow your father!' and, 'Now, my son, follow yourself!' replied the broken-hearted youth, 'I shall shortly follow you; for indeed I feel that I cannot live long.' And his melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly; but soon as he saw that sight, the fountains of his tears were stanched, and he never wept more. He died insane; and in his last moments often called upon his father, in terms that brought tears from the hardest hearts.

BALLOONING.—The recent balloon excursion made by Mr. Wise and his companions, has awakened or renewed a great deal of interest on the subject of the science of aeronautics. If, however, we are to believe the incidents recorded in the following extract from a London paper published in 1786, the art of navigating balloons is not as successfully practiced now as was the case many years ago.

"Abdonel Saib, of Baffora, an Arabian collector of extraordinary anecdotes and curious occurrences, tells us that in the reign of the Calif Alhachid, a cotton weaver of Mousul invented a box or chest, in which he enclosed some unknown power, which carried him, in a chair strongly fixed in the middle of the chest, at the height of one hundred feet, from Baffora to Bagdad, being upwards of fifty leagues, in twenty-four hours. This adventurer never showed the work by which he performed this flight, even to the Calif, who offered large sums for the secret, but was too just to make use of his authority on such an occasion. On the outside of the machine was a triangular sail, so contrived as to turn with the wind, on a pivot like a weathercock, and a rudder to direct its course. In this manner the ingenious inventor made several voyages to Seiras, Gombroon, and several parts of the Calif's dominions, with government despatches, by which he soon raised an immense fortune; but ambition or love prompted him to alight on the roof of a palace, in order to carry off one of the wives of the Sultan Beuhali, Governor of Aleppo, whom he had seduced. He was detected in the Seraglio, and brought before the Prince, who sentenced the daring intruder to be burned, with his machine, which was executed next day. It seems probable, adds our historian, that superstition overruled curiosity, otherwise Beuhali would have examined the powers by which such a person could be transported through the fields of liquid air, at any distance from the earth, with as much ease and safety as in the best vessel on smooth water; but the horror of beholding the Devil's work prevented the knowledge of a contrivance, which, though evidently but a compound of natural philosophy and mechanics, was well worth the most elaborate inquiry. This perished the secret by the popular destruction of the machine and of the only person in the world who was capable of unfolding it."

OBSERVER.—Jonathan, expounding and sheriff, was unfortunately, the owner of a most mischievous and mappish cat, that answered to the Anglo-Saxon name of "Watch." Worried with the vexatious tricks of the dog, the old man at length resolved that "Watch" must die. "There must die," said he, "there is more than one way to drown a dog;" the old man was pondering in his mind as to the best mode, when to his no small surprise and pleasure, the tandem team of a Yankee pedlar drove up to the door. "I can't sell you any clocks to-day, can I, mister?" "I don't know," replied the landlord, "I'm nearly out of cash, and it would rather inconvenience me to purchase at present." "Well," said the pedlar, "I'm not very particular about the cash; can't I pass with you for something—some fox-skins, dried apples, or most any thing?"

"I have a watch," says the landlord, "that perhaps I should be willing to swap for a good clock." "Let me see it," said the pedlar. The watch was produced, and the old man having selected one to his fancy, commenced the trade.

"Landlord—I should be willing to swap my watch for this clock, if you like. It is out in the field now with one of my workmen, but I can get it soon."

*Pedlar*—How old is it?

*L*—Not more than five or six.

*P*—What kind of a thing is it to run?

*L*—I'll warrant it to run as well as it would when new.

*P*—Got a key to it?

*L*—Yes, but it is a steel one.

"Wal," says the pedlar, "you may have that 'ere clock, you've picked out there, for your watch."

"It's a bargain," said the landlord, and he went after his watch. He went out, whistled a moment for his dog, which was soon caught, and an old trunk key having been put around his neck with a red string, he was presented to his new master. The pedlar, at first, returned considerably, but having been satisfied that the dog's name was Watch, he fastened his watch to the axletree of his wagon, and was off for "the land of steady habits."

SOMETHING TO BE HEARD AND NOTICED.—It is related of a reverend clergyman who lived in Vermont some forty years ago, that he was on such friendly and intimate terms with his parishioners that he would sometimes indulge in freedoms not altogether in character with the gravity of deportment so essential to the maintenance of clerical dignity and respect. On a certain occasion, previous to commencing religious worship, he called the attention of his hearers to a subject which weighed heavily on his mind.

"I have," said he, "something to impart and something to learn. There is one thing which I know that you do not know; there is one thing which you know that I do not know; and there is one thing which neither of us knows. First, I know that you do not know. Second, whether you will give me credit enough to take a new pair this fall does not know; and third, what will be the change to make them. This latter is what neither of us knows."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—"He's dead!" How frequently is that brief but admonitory sentence uttered without any but the most transient emotion—without awakening a deeper or more permanent reflection than the next passing thought will entirely obliterate from the mind! Two friends shall casually meet after a temporary separation, and inquire after a third and mutual friend. "He's dead!" is the melancholy and impressive rejoinder. If men of business, perhaps he also was one who entered largely into their speculations—all their projects for the advancement of their fortunes—all their worldly schemes of aggrandizement—yet "he's dead!" The intelligence is received with an exclamation of surprise—a significant shake of the head—a sensation nearly allied to pity and regret; but it is not heard "as it an angel spoke," and as time passes, they hurry off, *without* further comment, to their respective counting-houses, there the unexpected information of the rise in sugars—the depression of the money market—the failure of some great house in which they had placed implicit confidence—or some equally vital and important affair, demands their immediate attention and totally absorbs their minds, and they entirely forget that they have heard an echo of their own inevitable doom.

INGENIOUS PAINTERS.—When Apelles drew the portrait of Antigonus, who had lost an eye, he judiciously took his face in profile, that he might soften the blemish.

Not less was the caution of Vandyck; for when the Countess Dowager of Exeter, who had no eyes brown, sat to him for her portrait, to conform to a vicious taste that would have been miserable to see the *status rei*, he painted a snake well upon the forehead of her picture, the hew of which colocated what was termed the defect of nature.

HOW ARE YOU, GRAY.—"Mamma," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who had suffered affectation to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish for you?" "A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied the mamma, with a bland smile of approbation on her darling's commendable curiosity. "A cucumber! Gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how very extraordinary! I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices!"

PARADOXICAL.—Punch, having heard a good deal of the term "stony-hearted," determined upon making a few scientific investigations. His first experiment was upon the heart of a habitual drunkard, which he found changed entirely into *starch*.

## Foreign Intelligence.

At a late sale of ancient manuscripts, autographs, &c., in London, Milton's receipt to his publisher for the purchase money of "Paradise Lost," was sold for the sum of £15, to a gentleman who bought it on commission for the United States. This receipt, in Milton's own handwriting, is now on its way to Philadelphia, and lost forever to England.

The London *Times* of the 6th of July remarks: "In a public speech delivered on the 4th inst., Mr. Bright made a financial statement, which, if passed over, would lead to erroneous conclusions. He congratulated the people of America on the fact that the sum to be raised by their Secretary of the Treasury during the current year will be only one-fifth of that which will be required by our Chancellor of the Exchequer, the intention being to show the baleful results of the policy of England, especially on foreign points, compared with that of the United States.

"But America and England afford scope rather for constant announcement for what they have respectively attained than for depreciation for shortcomings that remain to be remedied, and it is a satisfaction to reflect that the allowances to be made for each are so various that an American may admire and compliment Englishmen without disparaging himself, and that an Englishman can find inexhaustible reasons for returning the courtesy with interest. The inexpediency of hasty contrasts was sufficiently shown on a recent occasion, when our poor were urged to emigrate across the Atlantic as the only refuge short of political convulsion, and the pamphlets which were eating up, up, that declaration having been followed in the course of a few months by statistical accounts from New York, showing the pressure of pauperism to by far greater on that side, as well as by a number of warning announcements that numbers of persons, unable to find employment, at last, and many, some very respectable, left upon the streets, their scanty means, were thus thrown back upon the country as it were helpless, and absolutely dependent upon public charity which, in fact, in consolation, the court hoped, that the grand principle of self-help upon the great cases promptly as it might, and that the effects of all such as would be found to be salutary."

A Vienna letter of the 11th of July, says: "Austria having been sufficiently humiliated, Napoleon is willing to pardon her for her past offences, and to take her under his favor again if she will promise not to thwart the plans which France and Russia have formed for the well-being of Europe in general, and of Turkey in Europe in particular." It must have been miserable to see the *status rei*, he painted

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Exchange.)
LAZARETTO, *August 1, 1859.*

The brig Billow, Capt Lawrence, from St John, N B, with laths, went ashore on the point of Tinicum, on Saturday night, and still remains there.

The schr Wonder, Capt Gardenas 21st ult, with molasses, arrived here last night, and will be discharged to-day into two vessels. Capt Cook reports having left the following vessels: Barks Jubilee, Boyd, wtg; Pendleton, Stimson, for New York; F H Fanning, Hallett, for Boston; Hope, Hinchly, for Boston; brigs S Pierce, Babcock, do; Grenada, Fatiprill, do; Tavernier, Johnston, do; Dahlia, Gardner, Newburyport; schrs Mary Ann, Richards; Achorn, Hastings, unc; schrs R H Jenkins, Roberts, for Baltimore; Central America, and Orrington, wt. Vessels were to be towed to sea on the 1st inst—ships Frankfort, and \$1.50 to \$1.75 for bargues, and very dull at those quotations. Ship is a large model of molasses hand, of which holders ask 3c3½ cents for port in very healthy. Yours, &c., L. S. P.

(Correspondence of The Press.)
HAVRE DE GRACE, August 1, 1859.

The Wyoming Valley came down with twelve boats in tow, laden and consigned as follows:

Schr Strouse, corn to A J Cattell & Co; England & Brown, lumber to C & S Carpenter; Wm Helmuth, do to R Wolgamot; John Pint, do to do; Dr Wm Underwood, do to Norcross & Shaner; Kinsey, do to Stone & Taylor; Young Jaines, Frontier, do to Frank, Rocen Ann, Paxton, and Ida, coal to Delaware City.

W. E. W.

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