

# The True Northemer.

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WHOLE NO. 1107.

## QUATRAINS.

**MAPLE LEAVES.**  
October turned my maple leaves to gold;  
The most are gone now; here and there one  
lingers.  
Soon those will slip from out the twigs weak hold,  
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

## HUMAN IGNORANCE.

What mortal knows  
Whence comes the tint and color of the rose?  
Or that his lyrics were divine  
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?

## PERSEUS AND OPTIMISM.

This one sits shivering in fortune's smile,  
Taking his joy with bated, doubtful breath  
This other, gnawed by hunger, all the while  
Laughs in the teeth of death.

## POET.

He sings because he needs must sing,  
As birds do in the May,  
Not caring who'll be listening,  
Nor who may turn away.

## FROM EASTERN SOURCES.

No wonder shall we write such verses, when  
He had the bill of wrightingale for pen;  
Or that his lyrics were divine  
Whose only ink was tears and wine.

## II.

A poor dwarf's figure, looming through the dense  
Mists of the mountain, seemed a shape immense;  
On seeing which, a giant, in dismay,  
Took to his heels and ran away.

## III.

In youth my hair was black as night,  
My life as white as driven snow;  
As white as snow my hair is now,  
And that is black which once was white.

## MARKS.

Black tragedy lets slip her grim disguise,  
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes  
But when, unmasked, gay comedy appears,  
'Tis ten to one you find the girl in tears.

## THE FABLE.

In their dark house of cloud,  
The three weird sisters toll till time be sped;  
One twines life; one ever weaves the shroud;  
One waits to cut the thread.

—T. B. Aldrich, in Harper's Magazine for June.

## LORD CAMELFORD'S BODY.

A New Story by Charles Reade.

To those who take their ideas of character from fiction alone such a sketch as this must seem incredible; for fiction is forced to suppress many of the anomalies that nature presents. David was even more unlike David than Camelford varied from Camelford, and the chivalrous Job, who dashed with his life in his hand, into the camp of the Philistines, to get his parched general and king a cup of water, afterward assassinated a brother soldier in a way so base and dastardly as merited the gibbet, and the lash to boot. Imagine a fellow hanging in chains by the roadside, with the Victoria cross upon his bosom, both cross and gibbet justly earned! Such a man was, in his day, the son of Zeruah.

But were fiction to present such bold anomalies they would be dubbed inconsistencies, and Horace would fly out of his grave at our throats, crying,

## supphora oispt

In still, current to rot, our uncrossed exit?  
It is all the more proper that the mixed characters of history should be impressed on the mind, lest in our estimate of mankind men's inconsistencies should be forgotten, and puzzle us beyond measure some fine day when they turn up in real life.

Lord Camelford went to school first at Berne in Switzerland, and passed for a thoughtful boy; thence to Charterhouse. He took a fancy to the sea, and was indulged in it; at fourteen years old he went out as midshipman in the Guardian frigate, bound for Botany bay with stores. She met with disasters, and her condition was so desperate that the Captain (Rion) permitted the ship's company to take to the boats. He himself, however, with a fortitude and pride British commanders have often shown in the face of death, refused to leave the ship. Then Camelford and ninety more gallant spirits stood by him, to share his fate. However they got the wreck—for such she is described—by a miracle, to the Cape, and Camelford went home in a packet.

Next year, 1791, he sailed with Vancouver in the Discovery. But, on this voyage, he showed insubordination, and Vancouver was obliged to subject him to discipline. He got transferred to the Resistance, then cruising in the Indian seas, and remained at sea until 1796, when his father died, and he returned home to take his estates and title.

Though years had elapsed, he could not forgive Captain Vancouver, but sent him a challenge. Vancouver was then retired, and in poor health. The old captain appealed to the young man's reason, and urged the necessity of discipline on board a ship of war, but offered to submit the case to any flag officer in the navy, and said that if the referee should decide this to be a question of honor, he would resign his own opinion and go out with Lieutenant Camelford.

Camelford, it is to be feared, thought no sane officer would allow a duel on such grounds, for he did not accept the proposal, but waited his opportunity, and meeting Vancouver in Bond street, insulted him and tried to strike him. The mortification and humiliation of this outrage preyed upon Vancouver's heart, and shortened the life of a deserving officer and very distinguished navigator.

Little more than a year after this Camelford took a very different view of discipline, and a more sanguinary one. Yet there was one key to these discordant views, his own egotism.

Peers of the realm rose fast in the King's service at that date, and Camelford, though only a lieutenant, soon got a command. Now it so happened that, on a certain day at the end of the year 1797 or beginning of 1798, his sloop, the Favorite, and a large vessel, the Perdrix, Captain Fahie, were both lying in English harbor, Antigua. Fahie was away at St. Kitts, and Peterson, First Lieutenant, was in charge of the Perdrix. Lord Camelford issued an order, which Peterson refused to obey, because

it affected his vessel, and he represented Fahie, who was Camelford's senior. There were high words, and threats of arrest on Camelford's part; and twelve of Peterson's crew came up armed. It is not quite clear whether Peterson sent for them; but he certainly drew them up in line, and bared his own cutlass. Camelford immediately drew out his own marines and ranged them in line opposite Peterson's men. He then came up to Peterson, with a pistol, and said, "Lieutenant Peterson, do you still persist in not obeying my orders?"

"Yes, my Lord," said Peterson, "I do persist."

Thereupon Camelford put his pistol to Peterson's very breast and shot him dead on the spot. He fell backward and never spoke nor moved.

Upon this bloody deed the men retired to their respective ships, and Camelford surrendered to Capt. Matson, of the Beaver sloop, who put him under parole arrest. He lost little by that, for the populace of St. John's wanted to tear him to pieces. A coroner's jury was summoned, and gave a cavalier verdict that Peterson "lost his life in a mutiny," the vagueness of which makes it rather suspicious.

Camelford was then taken in the Beaver sloop to Martinique, and a court-martial sat on him, by order of Rear-Admiral Hervey. The court was composed of the five captains upon that station, viz., Coley, Brown, Ekers, Burney, and Mainwaring, and the judgment was delivered in these terms after the usual preliminary phrases: "The court are unanimously of opinion that the very extraordinary and manifest disobedience of Lieut. Peterson to the lawful commands of Lord Camelford, the senior officer at English harbor, and his arming the ship's company, were acts of mutiny highly injurious to his Majesty's service; the court do therefore unanimously adjudge that Lord Camelford be honorably acquitted."

Such was the judgment of sailors sitting in a secret tribunal. But I think a judge and a jury sitting under the public eye and sitting next day in the newspapers would have decided somewhat differently.

Camelford may or may not have been the senior officer in the harbor; Peterson, in what pertained to the Perdrix, was Fahie, and Fahie was not only Camelford's senior, but his superior in every way, being a post-captain.

"Lieutenant" is a French word, with a clear meaning, which did not apply to Camelford, but did to Peterson; *lieutenant*, or *locum tenens*. I think, therefore, Peterson had a clear right to resist in all that touched the Perdrix; and that Camelford would never have ventured to bring him to a court-martial for mere disobedience of his order. In the court-martial Camelford is called a commander; but that is a term of courtesy, and its use, under the peculiar circumstances, seems to indicate a bias; he had only a lieutenant's grade, and in that grade was Peterson's junior.

Much turns, however, on the measure and manner even of a just resistance, and here Peterson was prima facie to blame. But suppose Camelford had threatened violence! The thing looks like an armed defense, not a meditated attack. For the lieutenant in command of the Favorite to put a pistol to the lieutenant in charge of the Perdrix and slaughter him like a dog, when the matter could have been referred on the spot by these two lieutenants to their undoubted superiors, was surely a most rash and bloody deed. Indeed opinion in the navy itself negated the judgment of the court-martial. So many officers who respected discipline looked so coldly on this one-sided disciplinarian, Camelford, that he resigned his ship and retired from the service soon after.

THE CAPRICIOUS OF CAMELFORD.

It was his good pleasure to cut a rusty figure in his Majesty's service. He would not wear the epaulettes of a commander, but went about in an old lieutenant's coat, the buttons of which, according to one of his biographers, "were as green with verdigris as the ship's bottom." He was a tartar, but attentive to the comforts of the men and very humane to the sick. He studied hard in two kinds, mathematical science and theology; the first was to make him a good captain, the second to enable him to puzzle the chaplains, who in that day were not so versed in controversy as the Jesuit fathers.

Returning home with Peterson's blood on his hands, he seems to have burned to recover his own esteem by some act of higher courage than shooting a brother officer *a bout portant*, and he hit upon an enterprise that certainly would not have occurred to a coward. He settled to invade France single-handed and shoot some of her rulers, *pour encourager les autres*. He went to Dover and hired a boat. He was sly enough to say at first he was bound for Deal; but after a bit, says our adventurer, in tones appropriately light and cheerful, "Well, no; on second thoughts, let us go to Calais; I have some watches and muslins I can sell there. Going to France in that light and cheerful way, was dancing to the gallows; so Adams, the skipper of the boat, agreed to go with him for £10, and went directly to the authorities. They concluded the strange gentleman was going to deliver up the island to France; so they let him get into the boat and then arrested him. They searched him, and found him armed with a brace of pistols, a dagger, and a letter of introduction in French.

They sent him up to the privy council, and France escaped invasion that bout. At that time, as I have hinted, it was a capital crime to go to France from England. So the gallows yearned for Camelford. But the potent, grave and

reverend seniors of his Majesty's Council examined him, and advised the King to pardon him under the Royal Seal; they pronounced that "his only motive had been to render a service to his country." This was strictly true, for whoever fattens on the plans of France with a pestilent English citizen, or consigns him to a French dungeon for life, confers a benefit on England, and this benefit Camelford did his best to bestow on his island home. It was his obstructors who should have been hanged. His well-meant endeavor reminds one of the convicts' verses bound for Botany bay:

True patriots we, for be it understood  
We left our country for our country's good.

The nation that had retained him against his will now began to suffer for its folly by his habitual breaches of the public peace.

After endless skirmishes with the constable, his lord went into Drury Lane theater, drunk, with others of the same kidney, broke the windows in the boxes and the chandeliers, and Mr. Humphries' head. Humphries had him before a magistrate. Camelford lied, but was not believed; and then dragged the magistrate to ask Mr. Humphries if he would accept an apology; but word-ointment was not the balm for Humphries, who had been twice knocked down the steps into the hall, and got his eye nearly beaten out of his head. He prepared an indictment, but afterward changed his tactics judiciously, and sued the offender for damages. The jury, less pliable than captains in a secret tribunal, gave Humphries a verdict of £500 damages.

After this, Camelford's principal exploits appear to have been fights with the constables, engaged in out of sport, but conducted with great spirit by both parties, and without a grain of permanent ill-will on either side. He invariably rewarded their valor with gold when they succeeded in capturing him. When they had got him prisoner, he would give the constable of the night a handsome bribe to resign his place to him. Thus promoted, he rose to a certain sense of duty, and would admonish the delinquents with great good sense and even eloquence, but spoiled all by discharging them. Such was his night work. In the daytime he was often surprised into acts of unintentional charity and even of tender-heartedness.

HIS NAME A TERROR TO FOES.

He used to go to a coffee-house in Conduit street, shabbily dressed, to read the paper. One day a dashing beat came into his box, flung himself down on the opposite seat, and called out in a most consequential tone, "Waitas, bring a couple of wax candles and a pint of Madeira, and put them in the next box." *En attendant* he drew Lord Camelford's candle toward him and began to read. Camelford looked at him, but said nothing.

The buck's candles and Madeira were brought, and he lounged into his box to enjoy them. Then Camelford mimicked his tone, and cried out, "Waitas, bring me a pair of snuffas." He took the snuffas, walked leisurely round into the bean's box, snuffed out both the candles, and retired gravely to his own seat. The buck began to bluster, and demanded his name of the waiter.

"Lord Camelford, sir."

"Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?"

He laid down his score and stole away without tasting his Madeira.

HIS FLUCK.

When peace was proclaimed the suffering nation rejoiced. Not so our pugnacious peer. He mourned alone, or rather cursed, for he was not one of the sighing sort. London illuminated, Camelford's windows shone dark as pitch. This the London citizen always bitterly resents. A mob collected and broke his windows. His first impulse was to come out with a pistol and shoot all he could; but, luckily, he exchanged the firearms for a formidable bludgeon.

With this my lord sallied out, single-handed, and broke several heads in a singularly brief period. But the mob had cudgels, too, and belabored him thoroughly, knocked him down, and rolled him so diligently in the kennel, while hammering him, that, at the end of the business, he was just a case of mud with sore bones. All this punishment he received without a single howl; and it is believed would have taken his death in the same spirit; so that we might almost say of him,

He took a thousand mortal wounds  
As mute as fox's midst mangling hounds.

The next night his windows were just as dark, but he had filled his house with boarders, as he called them, viz., armed sailors, and had the mob attacked him again there would have been much bloodshed, followed by a less tumultuous, but wholesale, hanging day. But the mob were content with having thrashed him once, and seem to have thought he had bought a right to his opinions. At all events they conceded the point, and the resolute devil was allowed to darken his house and rebuke "the weakness of the people" in coming to terms with Bony.

THE FITCHER GOES ONCE TOO OFTEN TO THE WELLS.

Camelford had a male friend, a Mr. Best, and, unfortunately, a female friend, who had once lived with this very Best. This Mrs. Simmons told Camelford that Best had spoken disparagingly of him. Camelford believed her and took fire. He met Best at a coffee-house and walked up to him and said, in a loud, aggressive way, before several persons, "I find, sir, you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Mr. Best replied, with great moderation, that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge.

"No, sir," says Camelford; "you

know very well what you said of me to Mrs. Simmons. You are a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian!"

In those days such words as these could only be wiped out with blood, and the seconds were at once appointed.

Both gentlemen remained at the coffee-house some time, and during that time Mr. Best made a creditable effort; he sent Lord Camelford a solemn assurance he had been deceived, and said that under those circumstances he would be satisfied if his lordship would withdraw the expressions he had uttered in error. But Camelford absolutely refused, and then Best left the house in considerable agitation and sent his lordship a note. The people of the house justly suspected this was a challenge, and gave information to the police; but they were dilatory, and took no steps until it was too late.

Next morning, early, the combatants met at a coffee-house in Oxford street, and Best made an unusual and indeed a touching attempt to compose the difference. "Camelford," he said, "we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honor you have been imposed upon by a strumpet. Do not insist on expressions under which one of us must fall." Camelford, as it afterward appeared, was by no means unmoved by this appeal. But he answered, doggedly, "Best, this is child's play; the thing must go on." The truth is, Best had the reputation of being a fatal shot, and this stealed Camelford's pride and courage against all overtures.

The duel was in a meadow behind Holland House. The seconds placed the men at thirty-nine yards, and this seems to imply they were disposed to avoid a fatal termination if possible.

Camelford fired first, and missed; Best hesitated, and some think he even then asked Camelford to retract. This, however, is not certain. He fired, and Lord Camelford fell at his full length, like a man who was never to stand again.

They all ran to him; and it is said he gave Best his hand, and said, "Best, I am a dead man. You have killed me; but I freely forgive you."

This may very well be true, for it certainly accords with words he had already placed on paper the day before, and also with words he undoubtedly uttered in the presence of several witnesses soon after.

Mr. Best and his second made off to provide for their safety; one of Lord Holland's gardeners called out to some men to stop them, but the wounded man rebuked him, and said he would not have them stopped—he was the aggressor; he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and hoped God would forgive him, too.

He was carried home, his clothes were cut off him, and the surgeon at once pronounced the wound mortal; the bullet was buried in his body, and the lower limb quite paralyzed by its action. It was discovered after his death, embedded in his spinal marrow, having traversed the lungs. He suffered great agonies that day, but obtained some sleep in the night. He spoke often and with great contrition of his past life, and relied on the mercy of his Redeemer.

Besides the duel he had done a just and worthy act. He had provided for the safety of Mr. Best, by adding to his will a positive statement that he was the aggressor in every sense: "Should I therefore lose my life in a contest of my friends or relations to proceed against my antagonist." He added that if the law should, nevertheless, be put in force he hoped this part of his will would be laid before the King.

I have, also, private information, on which I think I can rely, that, when he found he was to die, he actually wrote to the King, with his own hand, entreating him not to let Best be brought into trouble.

And, if we consider that, as death draws near, the best of men generally fall into a mere brutish apathy—whatever you may read to the contrary in tracts—methinks good men and woman may well yield a tear to this poor, foolish, sinful, but heroic creature, who, in agonies of pain and the jaws of death, could yet be so earnest in his anxiety that no injustice should be done to the man who had laid him low. This stamps Camelford a man. The best woman who ever breathed was hardly capable of it. She would forgive her enemy; but she could not trouble herself, and worry herself, and provide, *moribunda*, against injustice being done to that enemy; *c'estait male*.

I come now to the particulars which have caused me to revive the memory of Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, and I divide these particulars into public and private information.

THE PUBLIC INFORMATION.

The day before his death Lord Camelford wrote a codicil to his will, which, like his whole character, merits study.

He requested his relations not to wear mourning for him, and he gave particular instructions as to the disposal of his remains in his last resting place. In this remarkable document he said that most persons are strongly attached to their native place, and would have their remains conveyed home even from a great distance. His desire, however, was the reverse; he wished his body to be conveyed to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery might smile upon his remains.

He then went into details. The place was by the Lake of St. Pierre, in the Canton Berne, Switzerland. The particular spot had three trees standing on it. He desired the center tree to be taken up and his body deposited in the

cavity, and no stone nor monument to mark the place. He gave a reason for the election, in spite of a standing caution not to give reasons. "At the foot of that tree," said he, "I formerly passed many hours in solitude, contemplating the mutability of human affairs."

He left the proprietors and ground £1,000 by way of compensation.

COMMENT ON THE PUBLIC INFORMATION.

Considering his penitent frame of mind, his request to his relations not to go into mourning for him may be assigned to humility and the sense that he was no great loss to the world.

But, as to the details of his interment, I feel sure he mistook his own mind, and was in reality imitating the very persons he thought he differed from. I read him thus by the light of observation. Here was a man whose life had been a storm. At its close he looked back over the dark waves, and saw the placed waters his youthful bark had floated in before he dashed into the surf. Eccentric in form, it was not eccentric at bottom, this wish to lay his shattered body beneath the tree, where he had sat so often an innocent child, little dreaming then that he should ever kill poor Peterson with a pistol, and be killed with a pistol himself in exact retribution. That, at eleven years of age he had meditated under that tree on the mutability of human affairs is nonsense. Here is a natural anachronism and confusion of ideas. He was meditating on that subject as he lay a-dying; but such were never yet the meditations of a child. The matter is far more simple than all this. He, who lay dying by a bloody death, remembered the green meadows, the blue lake, the peaceful hours, the innocent thoughts, and the sweet spot of nature that now seemed to him a temple. His wish to lie in that pure and peaceful home of his childhood was a natural instinct and a very common one. Critics have all observed it, and many a poet sung it, from Virgil to Scott.

Occidit, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

THE PRIVATE INFORMATION.

In the year 1858 I did business with a firm of London solicitors, the senior partner of which had, in his youth, been in a house that acted for Lord Camelford.

It was this gentleman who told me Camelford really wrote a letter to the King in favor of Best. He told me, further, that preparations were actually made to carry out Camelford's wishes as to the disposal of his remains. He was embalmed and packed up for transportation. But, at that very nick of time, war was proclaimed again, and the body, which was then deposited, pro tempore, in St. Anne's Church, Soho, remained there, awaiting better times.

The war lasted a long while, and, naturally enough, Camelford's body was forgotten.

After Europe was settled it struck the solicitor in question that Camelford had never been shipped for Switzerland. He had the curiosity to go to St. Anne's church and inquire. He found the sexton in the church, as it happened, and asked him what had become of Lord Camelford.

"Oh," said the sexton, in a very cavalier way, "here he is;" and showed him a thing which he described to my friend McLeod as an enormously long fish basket, fit to pack a shark in.

And this, McLeod assures me, was seven or eight years after Camelford's death.

Unfortunately, McLeod could not tell me whether his informant paid a second visit to the church, or what took place between 1815 and 1858.

The deceased peer may be now lying peacefully in that sweet spot he selected and paid for. But I own to some misgivings on that head. In things of routine, delay matters little; indeed, it is a part of the system; but, when an out-of-the-way thing is to be done, oh, then delay is dangerous, the zeal cools, the expense and trouble look bigger, the obligation to incur them seems fainter. The inertia of mediocrity flops like lead into the scale and turns it. Time is really *edax rerum*, and fruitful in destructive accidents. Rectors are sometimes lawless, churchwardens deal with dustmen, and dead peers are dust. Even sextons are capable of making away with what nobody seems to value, or it would not lie years forgotten in a corner.

These thoughts prey upon my mind, and, as his life and character were remarkable, and his death very noble and his instructions explicit, and the duty of performing them sacred, I have taken the best way I know to rouse inquiry and learn, if possible, what has become of Lord Camelford's body.

Carlotta.

Sad news is received from Brussels of the condition of the ex-Empress Carlotta, widow of the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico. Her physical health is good, but the unfortunate lady can no longer recognize her nearest relations, and the visit of any one who is not one of her regular attendants irritates her beyond expression. She has occasionally lucid intervals, but they are of very brief duration, and at such times she only occupies herself in domestic pursuits.

A Counterfeit John B. Gough.

A fellow, billing himself in the towns and registering himself as John B. Gough, has been delivering temperance lectures in Northwestern Iowa. At first it was suspected that he was an impostor, but when he told the Niagara story and jumped up in the air, cracking his heels together, and split his coat up the back from the tails to the collar, the audience stood right up and said, "This is, of a verity, the great apostle of temperance."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

## A CENTENNIAL COUPLE.

Sketch of the Life of George Fruits, 113 Years Old, and of His Wife, 90 Years—Probably the Oldest Married Couple in the World.

(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

In Ripley township, Montgomery county, and about nine miles from Crawfordsville, there lives an old man named George Fruits, whom every evidence goes to prove has passed the 113th milestone.

He was born in Baltimore, Md., in the early part of January, 1763. His parents were Germans, being emigrants from the Fatherland to America. They were poor and rather illiterate. The boyhood of Mr. Fruits was principally spent in Maryland, where he was engaged as a laborer. His education was neglected, and as a consequence he can neither read nor write. He says he don't believe he ever attended school to exceed a month in his life. He is the last one left of a family of twelve children, eight girls and four boys. Leaving Maryland accompanied by his friends, Mr. Fruits went to Pennsylvania, where he remained a short time. When Kentucky was opened to settlers he went there, where he took an active part in the Indian wars. His comrades were Daniel Boone and other well-known characters in the colonial history of Kentucky. He spent much of his time in the erection of block-houses and other means of defense for the settlers, and was well-known as a daring scout. He took part in all of the principal battles of the Indians, and now carries in one of his legs a ball which was shot there at the time of the battle of Blue Licks, on Licking creek, about eighty years since. After the settlements in Kentucky were perfected, Mr. Fruits removed to Ohio, remaining there during the first years of the present century. He was married near Hamilton, Butler county, O., on the 4th of October, 1806, to Miss Catherine Scombraker, who still survives. When Indiana was admitted into the Union in 1816, he entered the farm which is his present home, and bringing with him his family, removed to Indiana. He showed me the deed for his farm, which was given several years after the purchase. It bore the name of John Quincy Adams as President. In his better days Mr. Fruits was six feet three inches high, and weighed about 225 pounds. He was rather slender for one of that weight, his flesh being very compact. His arms were long and supported by powerful muscles. He had the reputation of being one of the strongest and most athletic men in his neighborhood. His hair was rather light in his palmer days, but is now a dark gray. The top of his head, a few years since, was entirely bald, but is now covered with a very fine coat of hair, similar to that of an infant. His eyes are of a light blue. While the lid on the left has fallen, completely closing it from view, the sight of the other is good, and he can readily distinguish objects with it. All of the permanent set of his teeth are out, with the exception of one, the eye-tooth on the left side of the jaw, but in their place a new set, the third, are making their appearance. The most of them are through cutting, and he tested their strength sufficiently to satisfy me by biting my finger when I was feeling of them. His forehead is high, and his other features quite regular, and his was considered quite a good looking man. One rather strange feature, about his feet is his toe-nails. They will at times almost disappear, and then suddenly put forth into a thick, spongy growth. He has met with several accidents during his life, at one time breaking several of his ribs, and at another mashing his ankle, besides being wounded at the battle of Blue Licks. But, everything considered, he is as well preserved generally as most persons that reach the age of eighty. His habits have been good, generally, and especially since his settlement in Indiana. He has always been an early riser, and regular in his eating. He used tobacco a good many years, and whisky occasionally, but never to an excess. With the exception of the time he was a soldier, and four years as a tanner, and six as a distiller, he has been a farmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fruits together constitute the oldest couple in the State, perhaps, and probably in the nation. Their combined ages amount to over 202 years. They are the last persons living of two large families, and are outliving the fifth generation. They are the parents of thirteen children, twelve of whom are living, and are the grand and great-grandparents of over eighty children.

A Kentucky Hazing.

An account of the hanging of a husband and wife in Warsaw, Ky., by a mob, briefly reported by telegraph, is given by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Their names were French, and with them lived Luke Jones, an uncle, who contributed largely to their support. His money being at length all spent, they desired to be rid of him. They put arsenic in his food, and he died in great agony, his sufferings exciting the anger of the community toward his murderers, who were immediately put in jail. At night they were taken out by the masked men, carried on horses to a secluded place, and hanged to a tree. The woman met death bravely, but the man begged piteously for mercy, and charged the crime upon her. "You lie," she retorted, "but it ain't worth while for us to quarrel here. We'll settle it in hell."

A SIX-POUND cannon ball was dug up in Charlestown, Mass., recently. It was probably fired by one of the British frigates at the time of the landing of the British troops to attack the American intrenchments on Bunker Hill on the morning of the 17th of June, 1776.