

LEGAL ADV'S.

SHERIFF'S SALE. Abram Krill vs Charles C. Baird. By virtue of an order of sale to me directed and delivered from the court of common pleas of Wood county, Ohio, in the above cause, I shall offer for sale at the door of the court house, in Perryburg, in said county, on

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L. C. Barkhill vs. Prunios & Chaves. By virtue of an order of sale to me directed and delivered from the court of common pleas of Wood county, Ohio, in the above cause, I shall offer for sale at the door of the court house, in Perryburg, in said county, Ohio, on

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Charles Leavitt vs. John McMillan. By virtue of an order of sale to me directed and delivered from the court of common pleas of Wood county, Ohio, in the above cause, I shall offer for sale at the door of the court house, in Perryburg, in said county, Ohio, on

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Henry G. Lawrence vs J. R. Mare et al. By virtue of a Fi Fa judgment to me directed and delivered from the court of common pleas of Wood county, Ohio, in the above cause, I shall offer for sale at the door of the court house, in Perryburg, in said county, Ohio, on

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For Practical COMMERCIAL INSTRUCTION. No. 176, Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio. For further particulars, address G. H. GREGORY, President.

GRAND SPRING OPENING.

ROBERTSON is now receiving his first stock of SPRING GOODS, WHICH WERE BOUGHT AT PANIC PRICES!

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND OILS.

A. J. GARDNER & Co., Druggists, 151-1/2. Have received a large stock direct from New York, consisting in part of PATENT OF ALL KINDS, LASSER, TANNERS, MACHINE AND OILS, FURNITURE, COACH, DEKAR, and JAPAN VARNISH.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

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Perry's Journal.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

BY EDISON BENNETT.

"We doctors sometimes meet with strange adventures," once said to me a distinguished physician, with whom I was on terms of intimacy.

"I have often thought," I replied, "that the secret history of some of your profession, if written out in detail, would make a work of thrilling interest."

"I do not know that I exactly agree with you in regard to detail," rejoined my friend; "but we medical men, like every one else, meet with a great deal that is commonplace, and therefore not worthy of being recorded; but grant us the privilege of your novelists, to select our characters and scenes, and work them into a kind of plot, with a view to a striking development, and I doubt not that many of us could give you a romance in real life, comprising only what we have seen, which would equal, if not surpass anything you ever met with in the way of fiction."

"You never told me any of your adventures," I replied; "but if you have a story to tell, you will find me an eager listener."

"Very well, then, as I have a few minutes to spare, I will tell you one more wildly romantic, more incredibly remarkable, if I may so speak, than you probably ever found in a work of fiction."

"I am all attention," I said. "Twenty-five years ago," pursued the Doctor, "I entered the medical college of Pennsylvania as a student. I was then quiet, unassuming, and inclined to be timid and sensitive; and well do I remember the horror I experienced, when one of the senior students, under pretense of showing me the beauties of the institution, quickly thrust me into the dissecting room, among several dead bodies, and closed the door upon me; nor do I forget how my screams of terror, and prayers for release from that awful place, made me the laughing-stock of my older companions."

"Ridicule is a hard thing to bear; the coward becomes brave to escape it, and the brave man fears it more, that he would a belching cannon. I suffered from it till I could stand no more; and wrought up to a pitch of desperation, I demanded to know what I might do to redeem my character, and gain an honorable footing among my fellow students."

"I will tell you," said one, his eyes sparkling with mischief; "if you will go at the midnight hour, and dig up a subject, and take it to your room and remain alone with it till morning, we will let you off, and never say another word about your wretched life."

"I should have," I was a fearful, almost, but it seemed less terrible to suffer all the horrors that might be concentrated into a single night, than to bear, day after day, the jeers of my companions."

"Where shall I go to find when?" was my timid inquiry; and the very thought of such an adventure made my blood run cold. "To the Eastern Cemetery, tonight, at twelve o'clock," replied my tormentor, fixing his keen, black eyes upon me, and allowing his thin lips to curl with a sneer of contempt. "But what is the name of such a cowardly and unbecoming man?" he added, disdainfully.

"His words stung me to the quick; and without further reflection, and scarcely aware of what I was saying, I rejoined boldly: 'I am no cowardly man; as I will prove to you, by performing what you call a manly feat.'"

"You will go?" he asked quickly. "I will," I replied. "Bravely said, my boy!" he rejoined, in a tone of approval, and exchanging his expression of contempt for one of respect and admiration. "Do this, Morris, and the first man that insults you afterward makes an enemy of me!"

"Again I felt a cold shudder pass through my frame at the thought of what was before me; but I had accepted his challenge in the presence of many witnesses, and his conversation occurred as we were leaving the hall, after listening to an evening lecture; and I was resolved to make my word good, should it even cost me my life; in fact, I knew I could not do otherwise now, without the risk of being driven in disgrace from the college."

"I should here observe that in those days there were few professional resurrectionists; and as it was absolutely necessary to have subjects for dissection, the unpleasant business of procuring them devolved upon the students; who, in consequence, watched every funeral eagerly, and calculated the chances of cheating the sexton of his charge and the grave of his victim."

"There had been a funeral that day of a poor orphan girl, who had been followed to the grave by a very few friends; and this was considered a favorable chance for the party whose turn it was to procure the next subject, as the grave of the poor and friendless were never watched with the same keen vigilance as those of the rich and influential. Still, it was no trifling risk to exhume the bodies of the poor, and I hesitated for not unreasonably persons were found on the watch even over these; and only the year before, one student, while at his midnight work, had been mortally wounded by a rifle ball; and another, a month or two subsequent, had been rendered cripple for life by the same means."

"All this was explained to me by a party of six or eight, who accompanied me to my room—which was in a building belonging to the college, and rented by apartments to such of the students as preferred bachelor's hall to regular boarding; and they took care to add several terrifying stories of ghosts and hobgoblins by way of calming my excited nerves, just as I have before now observed old women stand around a weak, feeble patient, and croak out their experience in seeing awful sufferings and fatal terminations of just such maladies as the one with which their helpless victim was then afflicted."

"Is it expected that I should go alone?" I inquired, in a tone that trembled in spite of me, while my knees almost knocked together. "Well, no," replied Benson, my most dreaded tormentor; "it would hardly be fair to send you alone, for one individual could not succeed in getting the body from the grave quick enough; and you, a mere youth, without experience, would be sure to fall altogether. No, we will go with you, some three or four of us, and help you dig up the corpse; but then you must take it on your back, bring it up to your room here, and spend the night alone with it!"

and letting in a fierce gust of wind and rain; the very d— himself would hardly venture out in such a storm!"

"He lit a dark lantern, threw on his long heavy cloak, took up a spade and led the way down stairs; and the rest of us, three besides my timid self, followed him, and also took each a spade and followed him."

"We took a roundabout course, to avoid being seen by any citizen that might be stirring; and in something less than half an hour we reached the cemetery, scolded the wall without difficulty, and steadily sought for the grave till we found it."

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"I did as directed, trembling in every limb; but the first spadeful I threw up, I started back with a yell of horror, that, on any other but a howling, stormy night, would have betrayed us. It appeared to me as if I had thrust my spade into a barbed lake of fire—for the soil earth was all aglow like living coals; and as I had faced the moonlight of the storm the walls of the tormented spirits, I now fancied I had uncovered a small portion of the Hottentot Pit itself."

"Fool!" hissed Benson, grasping my arm with the grip of a vice, as I stood leaning on my spade for support, my very teeth chattering with terror; "another yell like that, and I'll make a subject of you! Are you not ashamed of yourself, to be scared out of your wits, if you ever had any, by a little phosphorescent earth? Do you not know it is often found in grave-yards?"

"His explanation re-assured me; though I was now too weak, from my late fright to be of any assistance to the party; who all looked on with a faint line of white, and soon reached the coffin. Splitting the lid with a hatchet, which had been brought for the purpose, they quickly lifted out the corpse; and then Benson and another of the party taking hold of it, one at the head and the other at the feet, the latter, it is now, looking me follow, and leaving the others to fill up the grave, that it might not be suspected the body had been exhumed."

"Having got the corpse safely over the wall of the cemetery, Benson called upon me to perform my part of the horrible business. 'Here, you quaking simpleton,' he said; 'I want you to take this on your back, and make the best of your way to your room, and remain alone with it all night! If you do this bravely, we will claim you as one of us to-morrow, and the first man that dares to speak a word against your conduct, at night, shall find a foe in me. But, hark you, if you make any blunder on the way, and lose our prize, it will be better for you to quit this town before I set eyes on you again! Do you understand me?'"

"Yes, yes, yes!" I stammered with chattering teeth. "Are you ready?" "Yes, yes, yes, I gasped. "Well, come here, where are you?" "All this time it was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the hole of the coffin, which I knew to be the shroud of the corpse, but I felt carefully round until I got hold of Benson, who told me to take off my cloak; and then tearing the cold dead body up against my back, he began fixing its cold arms about my neck, and the cold hands of the others drew them well over, and kept them concealed, and he swore not to let go of them on any consideration whatever, as I valued my life."

"Oh! the torturing horror I experienced as I mechanically followed his directions! To see a word against your conduct, at night, shall find a foe in me. But, hark you, if you make any blunder on the way, and lose our prize, it will be better for you to quit this town before I set eyes on you again! Do you understand me?"

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"It was some relief to me to find I was to have company during the first part of my undertaking, but still I felt far from agreeable, I assure you; and chancing to look into a mirror as the time drew near for setting out, I fairly started at beholding the ghastly object I saw reflected therein."

"Come, boys," said Benson, who was always, by general consent, the leader of whatever frolic, expedition or undertaking he was to have a hand in; "Come, boys, it is time to be on the move. A glorious night for us!" he added, throwing up the window,

willfully upon me—the head moved—the lips parted—and a voice, in a somewhat sepulchral tone, said: "Where am I? Where am I? Am I living or dead?"

"You were dead, I grieved, sitting up in bed, and feeling as if my brain would burst with a pressure of unspendable horror; you were dead and buried, and I was one of the guilty wretches who this night disturbed you in your peaceful rest. But go back, poor ghost, in Heaven's name! and no mortal power shall ever induce me to come nigh you again!"

"Oh! I feel faint!" said the corpse, gradually sinking down upon the floor, with a groan. "Where am I? Oh! where am I? Great God! I shouted, as the startling truth flashed upon me, and perhaps this poor girl was buried alive, and is now living!"

"I bounded from the bed and grasped a hand of the prostrate body. It was warm—but it was not cold. I put my trembling fingers on her forehead, and it beat, or was in the pulse in my fingers? I thrust my hand upon her heart. It was warm—there was life there. The breast heaved; she breathed! but the eyes were now closed, and the features had the look of death. Still was a living body—or else I myself was insane."

"I sprung to the door, tore it open, and shouted for help. "Quick! quick! quick! the dead is alive! the dead is alive!"

"Several of the students, sleeping in adjoining rooms, came hurrying to my aid, thinking I had gone mad with terror, as some of them had heard my voice before, and all knew to what a fearful ordeal I had been subjected. "Poor fellow!" exclaimed one in a tone of sympathy; "I predicted this, and another something else, and all speaking together. They placed her on the bed, and gave her some brandy, when she again revived. I ran for a physician, (one of the faculty) who came and touched upon her through the night, and by sunrise the next morning, she was reported to be in a fair way for recovery."

"Now what do you think of my story so far?" queried the doctor, with a quiet smile. "Very remarkable indeed!" I replied; "very remarkable indeed!" But tell me the girl's name, please?" "She died," he said, "and turned out to be a most beautiful creature, and only sweet seventeen."

"And I suppose she must be the resurrectionist all the rest of her life?" I rejoined with a laugh. "Certainly hold one of them in kind remembrance," returned the doctor, with a sigh. "What should be her doctor?"

"What should have become of her according to the well-known rules of poetic justice?" "Why," said I laughing, "she should have turned out an heiress, and married you!" "And that is exactly what she did!" rejoined the doctor.

"Good heavens! You are jesting?" "No, my friend, no," replied the doctor in a serious voice; "the night of horror which you describe, and which I have never previously the dawn of my happiness;—that girl—sweet and lovely Helen Leavitt—in time became my wife, and the mother of my two boys. She sleeps now in death, beneath the cold, cold sod," added the doctor, in a tremulous tone, and bending a tear from his eyes; "and no human resurrectionists shall ever raise her to life again!"

Our Resources. The hearts of the people are the bulwarks of a nation's safety, and the response which the North has given to its country's call is a glorious vindication of its patriotism and devotion. But beyond and above that, it is a more demonstrative proof of the high position which the North occupies in the high places of the earth—upon the hills and mountains—and that a rugged climate produces a hardy and military people.

None have been more astonished at the suddenly-developed military capacity and strength of the Northern people than themselves; and among the many who have professed that free labor is the parent of the best armies. New England, the cradle of muscle and nerve, and the mother of empires in the West, has well vindicated her old renown, and yet she has not exhausted a tithe of the surplus strength of her grand army, or thereby sapped a spindle or a water-wheel in her borders.

New York and Pennsylvania have sent their sons to battle by scores of thousands, and yet commerce, or manufactures, or the great iron or coal interests have not their absence. "And the Great West has sent an army, and yet their corn-fields smile with plenty and their garners burst with food for a world."

That the North, even handed, has an element of strength, in the physical development of its people, growing out of its climate, its country, its habits, and its industry, is a self-evident fact, and one that is not to be denied. The self-reliant, persistent character resulting therefrom, more formidable when rounded by the uncalculating impetuosity generated by a Southern sun, is everywhere apparent.

This same peculiar character of the North, devoted, heretofore, to the arts of peace, aggregated to itself the capital necessary to develop its military power, and has all the confidence in the Government and its perpetuity necessary to bring out that capital to the aid of the Government. The recent exhibition in Wall street of the borrowing of five millions of dollars at a low rate of interest in a single day, demonstrates both the ability and disposition of our capitalists.

Another great resource of the North exists in its vast merchant marine, and the hardy class of men who serve it. We are now just upon the threshold of a necessity for the incorporation of a large portion of this element into our Navy as a volunteer arm of that service. The facility with which our merchant ships and our merchant seamen could be adapted to our present wants in the enforcement of the blockade of our coast, and to co-operate with our regular contingents, is the chief value of this arm of defence.

The foregoing are but a few of the most prominent of our resources of defence, and they afford us just cause of pride and consolation, and a reason to count with confidence upon a speedy and glorious result of our national difficulties.

Gen. Garnett was killed by an Indian soldier named Burlingame. In attempting to rally his men, the General exposed his person and was brought down by the unerring rifle of the Hoosier patriot.

The Pirate Sumter.

From the N. Y. Tribune, July 29. Capt. John Peck, of the U. S. S. Costa Rica, arrived this morning from Aspinwall, reports: 8th instant, off Cape Antonio, spoke brig Cuba, Capt. J. D. Stout, from Trinidad, Port of Spain, for London, who reported that on the 4th inst., off the Isle of Pines, she was boarded by the privateer steamer Sumter, who declared that she was a prize not only, and put a prize crew of five men on board to take her to the nearest port. Capt. Stout succeeded in disarming them, and sent them in irons, and will bring his vessel to New York. Two of the privateersmen are now on board the Costa Rica.

Their names are Henry Spencer and John Davison. The former is an Englishman aged 25 years, and the latter a Scotchman, from Edinburgh, aged 25. They are both seamen, and last December left Philadelphia on the merchant ship Marquette, which had been chartered by the Government to the coast of the West Indies. The ship sailed from Africa to New Orleans. Davison has served in the United States Navy three years. Spencer said he had sailed from Philadelphia on the 10th of July, and that they were at Aspinwall on the 27th. They intended to run away when the first opportunity presented.

The captain of the Sumter is named Sumter, and is a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and a crew of 120 men, a portion of whom, some fifteen or twenty in number, were Northern men, who desired to escape when the chance offered.

The appointments of the ship were similar to those of a regular U. S. S., the officers being according to the statement of the men having formerly held positions of command in the navy. The men enlisted for three years, at the rate, for aboriginal seamen, of \$18 per month, and ordinary seamen, \$14. The crew was composed of all nationalities, but the men were chiefly from the Southern States. The officers are seafaring characters. The Sumter carried five guns—two 68 pounder and four 32 pounder anti-airship. She also had a large number of shells, and some smaller arms in abundance, and she carried six shotguns, cutlasses, boarding axes, &c.

The Sumter left New Orleans on the 30th of June. The United States steamer Brooklyn was heading in, and gave the Sumter chase, but the latter being a very fast sailer, escaped her. On the 27th of July, she was captured by the Golden Rule, which was at that time on her way to New Orleans. The Sumter was captured by the brig Machias and Cuba off Cape Antonio. A prize crew, consisting of two marines, and Spencer and Davison, (the privateersmen) were put on board. On the 27th of July, she was captured by the brig Machias and Cuba off Cape Antonio. A prize crew, consisting of two marines, and Spencer and Davison, (the privateersmen) were put on board.

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