

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULERS."



DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE.
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.
VOLUME IX—NUMBER 34.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1852.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.
A remarkable circumstance is related by Mrs. Catharine Crowe, in the "Night side of Nature," as having occurred at Odessa, in 1842. An old blind man named Michael, had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which the passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants, and as he was believed to have been a soldier, his blindness was attributed to the wounds he had received in battle. For his own part he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion. One night Michael, by some accident fell in with a little girl named Pawleska, who was friendless, and on the verge of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her, and from that time instead of sitting in the timber yard, he went about the streets in her company, asking alms at the doors of houses. The child called him father and they were extremely happy together. But when they had pursued this mode of life for five years, a theft having been committed in a house they had visited in the morning, Pawleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was left once more alone. But, instead of resuming his former habits, he now disappeared altogether, and this circumstance causing suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment. "Do you know where Michael is?" inquired the magistrate. "He is dead!" replied she, shedding a torrent of tears. As the girl had been shut up for three days, without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise. "Who told you that he was dead?" they inquired. "Nobody." "Then how can you know it?" "I saw him killed!" "But you have never been out of prison." "But I saw it nevertheless!" "But how was that possible?" Explain what you mean. "I cannot. All I can say is, I saw him killed." "When was he killed, and how?" "It was the night I was arrested." "That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized." Yes, he was; he was killed one hour after that; they stabbed him with a knife. "Where were you then?" "I can't tell, but I saw it." The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was really insane, or pretended to be so; so leaving Michael aside, they proceeded to interrogate her about the robbery, asking her if she was guilty. "O, no!" she answered. "Then how came the property to be found about you?" "I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder." "But there is no ground for supposing Michael is dead; his body has not as yet been found." "It is in the aqueduct." "And do you know who slew him?" "Yes; it was a woman. Michael was walking very slowly; after I was taken from him. A woman came behind him with a large kitchen knife: but he heard her and turned around, and then the woman flung a piece of gray stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with a knife. The gray stuff was much stained with blood. Michael fell at the eighth blow, and the woman dragged the body to the aqueduct, and let it fall in without even lifting the stuff that stuck to his face." As it was very easy to verify these latter assertions, they dispatched people to the spot, and there the body was found, with a piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she had described. But when they had asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer, "I don't know." "But you know who killed him?" "Not exactly; it is the same woman that put out his eyes; but perhaps he will tell me her name to-night, and if he does I will tell you." "Who do you mean by he?" "Why, Michael, to be sure." During the whole of the following night, without allowing her to suspect their intention, they watched her; and it was observed she never lay down, but sat upon her bed in a sort of lethargic slumber. Her body was quite motionless, except at intervals, when this repose was interrupted by nervous shocks, which pervaded her whole frame. On the ensuing day, the moment she was brought before the Judge she declared that she was now able to tell the name of the assassin. "But stay," said the magistrate; "did he never tell you when he was alive how he lost his sight?"

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

FOR SALE,
Valuable River Plantation!
Brick House Place,
500 AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
A STRANGE STORY.

500 AGENTS WANTED.
\$1000 A YEAR.
WANTED in every County of the United States,
active and enterprising men to engage in the sale of some of the best Books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from \$25 to \$100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from \$3 to \$10 a day profit.

VALUABLE TAVERN
And Lots for Sale in Statesville.
HAVING determined to leave this place, I offer my Tavern and Lots for sale, all of which are in good repair. Any person wishing to purchase would do well to give me a call soon, as I will sell at a reduced price. If a sale should not be effected, I will rent them publicly on the 1st day of January next, at the Court House in Statesville, for the term of one year or longer so as to accommodate the renter, &c.

NEW GOODS FOR THE
Fall & Winter Trade,
SIGN OF THE RED FLAG,
Salisbury, Oct. 1st, 1852.

FALL & WINTER
TRADE,
which, when opened, will comprise the most Attractive Assortment he has yet offered, among which are—
Plaid and figured Dress Silks, of the newest styles; Extra rich de Lains, and Cashmeres; Mouslin de Lains at 12 1/2 cts. per yard; English, French, and German Merinos; Bombazines, Alpaccas, and Canton Cloths; French, English and American Prints; Linen Cambric & Lawn Handkerchiefs, from 12 1/2 cts. to 813 Embroidered Steeves, Collars, Cuffs and Capes; Mourning Collars, Cuffs and Steeves; Swiss and Cambrie Trimmings, Bands and Flouncings; Thread and Bobin Laces, Edgings and Insertings; Rich Bonnet and Neck Ribbons.

FALL & WINTER
READY MADE CLOTHING,
all of which will be sold at unusually low prices, at the sign of the RED FLAG.

JOEL SULLIVAN,
Saddle and Harness Manufacturer,
opposite W. Murphy & Co., Salisbury, N. C.

COWAN'S
VEGETABLE LITHONTRIPTIC,
OR
FRIEND OF THE HUMAN FAMILY,
SUFFERING FROM
DISEASED KIDNEYS,
Stone in the Bladder and Kidneys, Weakness of the Loins, &c.

FRESH AND CHOICE
STOCK OF
NEW GOODS.
Maxwell & Horah,
Are receiving and opening their stock of Fall and Winter Goods.

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

DRY GOODS,
COOKING STOVES, HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS AND SHOES, CHINA, GLASS AND CROCKERY WARE; STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES; GROCERIES!

GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' SHOES.
THE subscribers have on hand, and are constantly manufacturing, Gentlemen's Boots, shoes and gaiters, and Ladies' shoes of every variety. Our stock of children's shoes is large and handsome. Our work is of the best material and workmanship, and will be sold low for cash, or on short credit to punctual dealers. Repairing done in a neat manner, and on short notice.

DAVIE HOTEL,
MOCKS VILLE,
Davie County, North Carolina.

THE NEW NORTH CAROLINA FORM BOOK!
BY C. H. WILEY,
Containing Forms of all those Legal Instruments important to be known by the people of North Carolina, and designed also for the use of Justices of the Peace, Sheriffs, Clerks, Constables, Coroners, &c., for sale at the Book Store of J. H. Eaniss. Price \$1.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS FOR 1852.
THE subscribers are now receiving and opening one of the largest and most desirable stock of Fall and Winter Goods ever offered in this market, consisting of

DRY GOODS,
Hardware, Crockery, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Ready Made Clothing, Brussels three ply and Ingrain Carpets, Rio and Java Coffee, Loaf and Brown Sugars, Raisins, Cheese, Molasses, Buggy Tire, Band and Horse Shoe Iron Nails, Springs & Axes, Carriage Trimmings, (a large stock.) Sole Leather, White Lead, Spermin and other Candles, Bagging and Rope, Nova Scotia Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
H. H. BEARD & SON,
Fashionable Tailors and Clothiers,
HAVE just received a most superb stock of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing, Coats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pants and Vests. Also a beautiful assortment of Boys and Children's Clothing, Gents Dressing Gowns, Heavy Double Overcoats, Fancy Pants and Vests; fine Shirts, Collars and Cravats; Suspenders, Drawers, &c.; and Pocket Handkerchiefs of a superior quality, and almost every other article belonging to a Clothing Store; together with a superior lot of

A STRANGE STORY.
A remarkable circumstance is related by Mrs. Catharine Crowe, in the "Night side of Nature," as having occurred at Odessa, in 1842. An old blind man named Michael, had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which the passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants, and as he was believed to have been a soldier, his blindness was attributed to the wounds he had received in battle. For his own part he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion. One night Michael, by some accident fell in with a little girl named Pawleska, who was friendless, and on the verge of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her, and from that time instead of sitting in the timber yard, he went about the streets in her company, asking alms at the doors of houses. The child called him father and they were extremely happy together. But when they had pursued this mode of life for five years, a theft having been committed in a house they had visited in the morning, Pawleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was left once more alone. But, instead of resuming his former habits, he now disappeared altogether, and this circumstance causing suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment. "Do you know where Michael is?" inquired the magistrate. "He is dead!" replied she, shedding a torrent of tears. As the girl had been shut up for three days, without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise. "Who told you that he was dead?" they inquired. "Nobody." "Then how can you know it?" "I saw him killed!" "But you have never been out of prison." "But I saw it nevertheless!" "But how was that possible?" Explain what you mean. "I cannot. All I can say is, I saw him killed." "When was he killed, and how?" "It was the night I was arrested." "That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized." Yes, he was; he was killed one hour after that; they stabbed him with a knife. "Where were you then?" "I can't tell, but I saw it." The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was really insane, or pretended to be so; so leaving Michael aside, they proceeded to interrogate her about the robbery, asking her if she was guilty. "O, no!" she answered. "Then how came the property to be found about you?" "I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder." "But there is no ground for supposing Michael is dead; his body has not as yet been found." "It is in the aqueduct." "And do you know who slew him?" "Yes; it was a woman. Michael was walking very slowly; after I was taken from him. A woman came behind him with a large kitchen knife: but he heard her and turned around, and then the woman flung a piece of gray stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with a knife. The gray stuff was much stained with blood. Michael fell at the eighth blow, and the woman dragged the body to the aqueduct, and let it fall in without even lifting the stuff that stuck to his face." As it was very easy to verify these latter assertions, they dispatched people to the spot, and there the body was found, with a piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she had described. But when they had asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer, "I don't know." "But you know who killed him?" "Not exactly; it is the same woman that put out his eyes; but perhaps he will tell me her name to-night, and if he does I will tell you." "Who do you mean by he?" "Why, Michael, to be sure." During the whole of the following night, without allowing her to suspect their intention, they watched her; and it was observed she never lay down, but sat upon her bed in a sort of lethargic slumber. Her body was quite motionless, except at intervals, when this repose was interrupted by nervous shocks, which pervaded her whole frame. On the ensuing day, the moment she was brought before the Judge she declared that she was now able to tell the name of the assassin. "But stay," said the magistrate; "did he never tell you when he was alive how he lost his sight?"

A STRANGE STORY.
A remarkable circumstance is related by Mrs. Catharine Crowe, in the "Night side of Nature," as having occurred at Odessa, in 1842. An old blind man named Michael, had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which the passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants, and as he was believed to have been a soldier, his blindness was attributed to the wounds he had received in battle. For his own part he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion. One night Michael, by some accident fell in with a little girl named Pawleska, who was friendless, and on the verge of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her, and from that time instead of sitting in the timber yard, he went about the streets in her company, asking alms at the doors of houses. The child called him father and they were extremely happy together. But when they had pursued this mode of life for five years, a theft having been committed in a house they had visited in the morning, Pawleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was left once more alone. But, instead of resuming his former habits, he now disappeared altogether, and this circumstance causing suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment. "Do you know where Michael is?" inquired the magistrate. "He is dead!" replied she, shedding a torrent of tears. As the girl had been shut up for three days, without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise. "Who told you that he was dead?" they inquired. "Nobody." "Then how can you know it?" "I saw him killed!" "But you have never been out of prison." "But I saw it nevertheless!" "But how was that possible?" Explain what you mean. "I cannot. All I can say is, I saw him killed." "When was he killed, and how?" "It was the night I was arrested." "That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized." Yes, he was; he was killed one hour after that; they stabbed him with a knife. "Where were you then?" "I can't tell, but I saw it." The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was really insane, or pretended to be so; so leaving Michael aside, they proceeded to interrogate her about the robbery, asking her if she was guilty. "O, no!" she answered. "Then how came the property to be found about you?" "I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder." "But there is no ground for supposing Michael is dead; his body has not as yet been found." "It is in the aqueduct." "And do you know who slew him?" "Yes; it was a woman. Michael was walking very slowly; after I was taken from him. A woman came behind him with a large kitchen knife: but he heard her and turned around, and then the woman flung a piece of gray stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with a knife. The gray stuff was much stained with blood. Michael fell at the eighth blow, and the woman dragged the body to the aqueduct, and let it fall in without even lifting the stuff that stuck to his face." As it was very easy to verify these latter assertions, they dispatched people to the spot, and there the body was found, with a piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she had described. But when they had asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer, "I don't know." "But you know who killed him?" "Not exactly; it is the same woman that put out his eyes; but perhaps he will tell me her name to-night, and if he does I will tell you." "Who do you mean by he?" "Why, Michael, to be sure." During the whole of the following night, without allowing her to suspect their intention, they watched her; and it was observed she never lay down, but sat upon her bed in a sort of lethargic slumber. Her body was quite motionless, except at intervals, when this repose was interrupted by nervous shocks, which pervaded her whole frame. On the ensuing day, the moment she was brought before the Judge she declared that she was now able to tell the name of the assassin. "But stay," said the magistrate; "did he never tell you when he was alive how he lost his sight?"

A STRANGE STORY.
A remarkable circumstance is related by Mrs. Catharine Crowe, in the "Night side of Nature," as having occurred at Odessa, in 1842. An old blind man named Michael, had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which the passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants, and as he was believed to have been a soldier, his blindness was attributed to the wounds he had received in battle. For his own part he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion. One night Michael, by some accident fell in with a little girl named Pawleska, who was friendless, and on the verge of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her, and from that time instead of sitting in the timber yard, he went about the streets in her company, asking alms at the doors of houses. The child called him father and they were extremely happy together. But when they had pursued this mode of life for five years, a theft having been committed in a house they had visited in the morning, Pawleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was left once more alone. But, instead of resuming his former habits, he now disappeared altogether, and this circumstance causing suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment. "Do you know where Michael is?" inquired the magistrate. "He is dead!" replied she, shedding a torrent of tears. As the girl had been shut up for three days, without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise. "Who told you that he was dead?" they inquired. "Nobody." "Then how can you know it?" "I saw him killed!" "But you have never been out of prison." "But I saw it nevertheless!" "But how was that possible?" Explain what you mean. "I cannot. All I can say is, I saw him killed." "When was he killed, and how?" "It was the night I was arrested." "That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized." Yes, he was; he was killed one hour after that; they stabbed him with a knife. "Where were you then?" "I can't tell, but I saw it." The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was really insane, or pretended to be so; so leaving Michael aside, they proceeded to interrogate her about the robbery, asking her if she was guilty. "O, no!" she answered. "Then how came the property to be found about you?" "I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder." "But there is no ground for supposing Michael is dead; his body has not as yet been found." "It is in the aqueduct." "And do you know who slew him?" "Yes; it was a woman. Michael was walking very slowly; after I was taken from him. A woman came behind him with a large kitchen knife: but he heard her and turned around, and then the woman flung a piece of gray stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with a knife. The gray stuff was much stained with blood. Michael fell at the eighth blow, and the woman dragged the body to the aqueduct, and let it fall in without even lifting the stuff that stuck to his face." As it was very easy to verify these latter assertions, they dispatched people to the spot, and there the body was found, with a piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she had described. But when they had asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer, "I don't know." "But you know who killed him?" "Not exactly; it is the same woman that put out his eyes; but perhaps he will tell me her name to-night, and if he does I will tell you." "Who do you mean by he?" "Why, Michael, to be sure." During the whole of the following night, without allowing her to suspect their intention, they watched her; and it was observed she never lay down, but sat upon her bed in a sort of lethargic slumber. Her body was quite motionless, except at intervals, when this repose was interrupted by nervous shocks, which pervaded her whole frame. On the ensuing day, the moment she was brought before the Judge she declared that she was now able to tell the name of the assassin. "But stay," said the magistrate; "did he never tell you when he was alive how he lost his sight?"

A STRANGE STORY.
A remarkable circumstance is related by Mrs. Catharine Crowe, in the "Night side of Nature," as having occurred at Odessa, in 1842. An old blind man named Michael, had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which the passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants, and as he was believed to have been a soldier, his blindness was attributed to the wounds he had received in battle. For his own part he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion. One night Michael, by some accident fell in with a little girl named Pawleska, who was friendless, and on the verge of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her, and from that time instead of sitting in the timber yard, he went about the streets in her company, asking alms at the doors of houses. The child called him father and they were extremely happy together. But when they had pursued this mode of life for five years, a theft having been committed in a house they had visited in the morning, Pawleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was left once more alone. But, instead of resuming his former habits, he now disappeared altogether, and this circumstance causing suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment. "Do you know where Michael is?" inquired the magistrate. "He is dead!" replied she, shedding a torrent of tears. As the girl had been shut up for three days, without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise. "Who told you that he was dead?" they inquired. "Nobody." "Then how can you know it?" "I saw him killed!" "But you have never been out of prison." "But I saw it nevertheless!" "But how was that possible?" Explain what you mean. "I cannot. All I can say is, I saw him killed." "When was he killed, and how?" "It was the night I was arrested." "That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized." Yes, he was; he was killed one hour after that; they stabbed him with a knife. "Where were you then?" "I can't tell, but I saw it." The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was really insane, or pretended to be so; so leaving Michael aside, they proceeded to interrogate her about the robbery, asking her if she was guilty. "O, no!" she answered. "Then how came the property to be found about you?" "I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder." "But there is no ground for supposing Michael is dead; his body has not as yet been found." "It is in the aqueduct." "And do you know who slew him?" "Yes; it was a woman. Michael was walking very slowly; after I was taken from him. A woman came behind him with a large kitchen knife: but he heard her and turned around, and then the woman flung a piece of gray stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with a knife. The gray stuff was much stained with blood. Michael fell at the eighth blow, and the woman dragged the body to the aqueduct, and let it fall in without even lifting the stuff that stuck to his face." As it was very easy to verify these latter assertions, they dispatched people to the spot, and there the body was found, with a piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she had described. But when they had asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer, "I don't know." "But you know who killed him?" "Not exactly; it is the same woman that put out his eyes; but perhaps he will tell me her name to-night, and if he does I will tell you." "Who do you mean by he?" "Why, Michael, to be sure." During the whole of the following night, without allowing her to suspect their intention, they watched her; and it was observed she never lay down, but sat upon her bed in a sort of lethargic slumber. Her body was quite motionless, except at intervals, when this repose was interrupted by nervous shocks, which pervaded her whole frame. On the ensuing day, the moment she was brought before the Judge she declared that she was now able to tell the name of the assassin. "But stay," said the magistrate; "did he never tell you when he was alive how he lost his sight?"

A STRANGE STORY.
A remarkable circumstance is related by Mrs. Catharine Crowe, in the "Night side of Nature," as having occurred at Odessa, in 1842. An old blind man named Michael, had for many years been accustomed to get his living by seating himself every morning on a beam in one of the timber yards, with a wooden bowl at his feet, into which the passengers cast their alms. This long continued practice had made him well known to the inhabitants, and as he was believed to have been a soldier, his blindness was attributed to the wounds he had received in battle. For his own part he spoke little, and never contradicted this opinion. One night Michael, by some accident fell in with a little girl named Pawleska, who was friendless, and on the verge of perishing with cold and hunger. The old man took her home and adopted her, and from that time instead of sitting in the timber yard, he went about the streets in her company, asking alms at the doors of houses. The child called him father and they were extremely happy together. But when they had pursued this mode of life for five years, a theft having been committed in a house they had visited in the morning, Pawleska was suspected and arrested, and the blind man was left once more alone. But, instead of resuming his former habits, he now disappeared altogether, and this circumstance causing suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment. "Do you know where Michael is?" inquired the magistrate. "He is dead!" replied she, shedding a torrent of tears. As the girl had been shut up for three days, without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise. "Who told you that he was dead?" they inquired. "Nobody." "Then how can you know it?" "I saw him killed!" "But you have never been out of prison." "But I saw it nevertheless!" "But how was that possible?" Explain what you mean. "I cannot. All I can say is, I saw him killed." "When was he killed, and how?" "It was the night I was arrested." "That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized." Yes, he was; he was killed one hour after that;