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BY GEORGE HOWARD.

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DOMESTIC.

MUREL.

The great Western Land Pirate.

The adventures of this individual are truly of a most daring and unprecedented character.

We have just perused the pamphlet containing his disclosures to a supposed confederate (Mr. Virgil A. Stewart), in which the reader is let into the mysteries of one of the most daring and well-disciplined bands of robbers that ever infested this or any other country.

John A. Murel is the chief organizer and great spirit of the lawless band, which, by indefatigable zeal and ability, he has been able to gather together from all parts of the country and put in motion to serve his villainous purposes. His confederates are scattered all over every slave holding State, and number in all about one thousand strong. They consist of two classes—first 'members of the grand council,' or robbers of the first order; and secondly, the strikers, or monsters not let into the full secrets of the leader, but kept as mere cat's paws to do the dirty work and stand in the passes of danger. There are about 400 of the first and 600 of the latter class; they have a grand place of confederation somewhere in Arkansas, where the 'mystic councils' are held—are bound together by the most awful and unholy ties—and act in perfect concert by means of signs and tokens received from the daring individual under whose influence they move. Men holding high places in society, and heretofore unsuspected, are the secret instigators of the gang—and their ultimate object is a liberation of the slaves, massacre of the whites, and plunder of the whole South.

Sometime in January 1834, two negro men were stolen from a Rev. Mr. Henning, of Madison county, Tennessee. Murel had become a suspicious character, [his then pretended home was in Madison county.] and had a short time previous been tried for a similar offence. He was closely watched. It was ascertained that he had left home for some place on the Mississippi river—and pursuit was immediately made by Mr. Virgil A. Stewart, whom Murel had never seen and would not suspect. Stewart came up with him—remained incognito—became very familiar, spoke of the abundant *thieving* in the country, not reproachfully but with perfect justification—and at length succeeded in inducing Murel to believe him a 'rare fellow,' and fit instrument for his purposes. The result was, Murel began to feel of him and venture little disclosures at which Stewart seemed to take—and full confidence was given. Stewart esteemed a promising disciple, taken to the 'mystic council,' let in a full history, &c. When they returned, Stewart immediately had Murel arrested and held in custody.

It appears from Murel's disclosures, that he is a native of Middle Tennessee—that taught by his mother, when a child, to pilfer and defraud, he soon became as grew up, an accomplished vil-

lain, and was so notorious in the neighborhood of his birth for acts of rascality, that he found it convenient to fix his ostensible residence in the then new and unsettled wilds of the Western District, where he could more securely mature his plans, make proselytes, maraud the country, and run off property. Here he lived until outwitted by Stewart, successfully prosecuting his nefarious designs, taking long, secret and mysterious excursions over the country, and leagued with every villain he could find and manage in the great contemplated massacre and plunder above alluded to.

His adventures in these excursions, are full of incidents, any of which are enough to make the blood run cold in the veins of all who are not lost to the feelings of humanity; take the following, which we select at random from the pamphlet:—

"I had been acquainted with some old hands for a long time, who had given me the names of some royal fellows between Nashville and Tuscaloosa, and between Nashville and Savannah, in the State of Georgia, and many other places. Myself and a fellow by the name of Crenshaw gathered four good horses, and started for Georgia. We got in company with a young South Carolinian just as we got to Cumberland mountain, and Crenshaw soon knew all about his business. He had been to Tennessee to buy a drove of hogs, but when he got there, pork was dearer than he calculated, and he declined purchasing. We concluded he was a prize. Crenshaw winked at me; I understood his idea. Crenshaw had travelled the road before, but I never had; we had travelled several miles on the mountain, Crenshaw asked me for my whip, which had a pound of lead in the butt; I handed it to him, and he rode up by the side of the South Carolinian, and gave him a blow on the head, and tumbled him from his horse. We lit from our horses and fingered his pockets; we got 1260 dollars. Crenshaw said he knew of a place where to hide him, and gathered him under the arms and me by the feet and conveyed him to a deep crevice in the brow of a precipice and tumbled him into it—he went out of sight. We then tumbled his saddle, and took his horse with us which was worth \$200."

On another occasion he had prevailed on an old negro man, his wife and three sons, to run off with him to Texas, where he promised them freedom, on condition they would work for him one year. While descending the Mississippi, the old man became suspicious that we were going to sell them, and became quite contrary. We saw it would not do to have him with us; so we landed one day by the side of an island, and I requested him to go with me around the point of the island and hunt a good place to catch some fish. After we were obscured from our company, I shot him through the head, and then ripped open his belly, and tumbled him into the river. I returned to my company and informed them that the old negro had fallen into the river, and that he never came up after he went under.

While in New Orleans, he got in with a rich Kentuckian and decoyed him off to a spot where he had stationed some of his gang. They were surrounded and robbed of all their money. He says, "the Kentuckian was so mad, that he cursed the whole city, and wished that it would all be deluged in a flood of water, as soon as he left the place. I went to my friends the next morning, got my share of the spoil money, and my pocket book that I had been robbed of." The following para-

graph is revolting to our nature.

"I collected all my friends about N. Orleans at one of our friend's houses in that place and we set in council three days before we got all our plans to our notion; we then determined to undertake the rebellion at every hazard and make as many friends as we could for that purpose. Every man's business being assigned him, I started to Natchez on foot, having sold my horse in New Orleans with the intention of stealing another after I started. I walked four days, and no opportunity offered for me to get a horse. The fifth day, about twelve o'clock, I had become very tired, and stopped at a creek to get some water and rest a little. While I was sitting on a log, looking down the road the way I had come, a man came in sight riding a good looking horse. The very moment I saw him I determined to have his horse, if he was in the garb of a traveller. He rode up, and I saw from his equipage that he was a traveller. I rose from my seat, drew an elegant rifle pistol on him and ordered him to dismount. He did so, and I took his horse by the bridle, pointed down the creek and ordered him to walk before me. We went a few hundred yards and stopped. I hitched his horse, then made him undress himself all but his shirt and drawers, and ordered him to turn his back to me. He asked me if I was going to shoot him. I ordered him a second time to turn his back to me. He said, "if you are determined to kill me, let me have time to pray before I die." I told him I had no time to hear him pray. He turned round, and dropped on his knees, and I shot him through the back of the head. I ripped open his belly, and took out his entrails, and sunk him in the creek. I then searched his pockets, and found four hundred and one dollars and thirty seven cents; and a number of papers that I did not take time to examine. I sunk the pocket book and papers and his hat in the creek."

Many other incidents equally fiendish and inhuman are recorded, but we have not room for them. The pamphlet is intensely interesting throughout, and will be read by all. The recent contemplated insurrection in Mississippi, has been hastened by Murel's confinement and the publication of this disclosure. A list of about four hundred names is here published, among them, Cotton, Saunders, Phelps, Blake, and others executed in Mississippi.

Salem Rep.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.

Another insurrection nipped in the bud... It will be seen, by the following article, that another contemplated servile insurrection has been prevented by its timely detection:—

From the Shelbyville (Tenn.) Freeman, Aug. 14.

We have just heard of an intended insurrection of the Negroes, in the neighborhood of Farmington, Bedford county, (Tenn.) We have not heard particulars in relation to the manner and extent of their plan. Some ten or fifteen negroes we learn, have been severely whipped, some of whom made confessions of the whole matter. They stated that some white man, who refused to tell them his name, was the prime mover of the whole matter—he has left the neighborhood and gone to Nashville, as he told the negroes, to aid in doing something for the rescue of Murel. One of the most deeply implicated among the negroes, was sentenced by the Committee of examination to be carried out of the country.

Some of them, we understand, protested, while under examination, that they would speak nothing but truth, inasmuch, as it

would avail them nothing to equivocate, since they could calculate on nothing but certain death. Their plan of villainy was detected by disclosing it to a white man, and asking his aid in their diabolical scheme. He declined their unhallowed proposition, and together with a number of white persons, watched over their secret manoeuvrings at one of their nocturnal meetings.

Another Slave Atrocity.—The National Intelligencer of Friday, relates in detail the attempt of a young man, a slave of Mrs. Thornton, widow of Dr. Thornton, to murder her, while in bed. Happily, in her room, slept the mother of the slave, who was awake, and saw her son approaching her mistress's bed, with uplifted axe; instantly she sprang upon him, and held him, while her mistress fled to the next house for aid. Meantime, the mother had forced the son out of the back door and locked it. He struggled violently to re-enter, all the time, venting, as the Intelligencer states, "the most ferocious threats, and uttering a tissue of jargon, much of it a literal repetition of the language of the incendiary prints." On the approach of assistance, he fled and had not been taken.

This is a clear instance of the terrible effects of circulating in the slave region, the abolition tracts.—Albany Argus.

A fact for the Abolitionists.—A free man of color, named Jenkins, a resident of Westmoreland Co. Va. a few weeks since, sold himself to a Slave Trader, and transferred by bill of sale his liberty, for the sum of three hundred and fifty dollars. So says a correspondent of the Richmond Whig.

Longevity in North Carolina.—It appears from a Tabular Statement, going the rounds of the papers, compiled from public documents, that there are in North Carolina 88 white and 297 colored persons, of the age of 100 years and upwards. This fact speaks volumes in favor of the salubrity of our climate. Virginia contains 54 white and 328 colored centenarians. It is somewhat remarkable that the largest number of individuals of advanced age should be found in the States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. New York, with her immense population, only contains 115 persons of 100 years and upwards; whilst, in old Massachusetts, there are but 15 individuals who have attained to such an age.

Raleigh Reg.

Joice Heth, the dry nurse of Gen. Washington, aged One Hundred and Sixty One years, is now exhibited at Niblo's Garden, New York. She is said to resemble in appearance an Egyptian Mummy, so dry and attenuated has her flesh become; she is without an inveterate smoker. Joice is a Baptist and was immersed upwards of One Hundred years ago in the Potomac.

Petersburg Con.

David Crockett, one of the Tennessee Delegation who nominated Judge White for the Presidency, has lost his election to Congress by a large majority.

Suicide.—A respectable farmer named George L. Martense, residing at Flatbush, Long Island, blew his brains out on Tuesday morning, in a fit of temporary derangement, occasioned, it is said, by unexpected good fortune in the disposal of some of his property at an extraordinary high price. He effected his destruction in an out-house adjacent to his

premises. He placed the muzzle of his gun into his mouth, and discharged the contents by means of a string which he fastened to the trigger, and then connected it with one of his feet.

It is of rare occurrence that men are so intoxicated with success as to be driven to madness, and it is therefore a very strange and extraordinary fact that in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Martense's dwelling, there is at present a gentleman confined to his room in a state of decided mental alienation, the result of a precisely similar case.

Pennsylvanian.

Bernardo De Soto, one of the pirates under sentence of death at Boston, on the expiration of the reprieve lately granted him, received a full pardon from the President. The cause assigned was the assistance he rendered the crew and passengers of the American vessel Minerva wrecked on the Bahamas in 1828. De Soto was immediately afterwards arrested at the suit of L. D. Child, Esq. for the sum of eight hundred dollars for professional services rendered to him before and after his trial, and for money paid out for documents, depositions, travelling expenses, and translations, in the attempt to establish the innocence of the pirates.

The last Boston Post says, a few days afterwards, he was entirely released from prison having procured the requisite bail, to be forth coming at the suit of Mr. Child. So much for the efforts of Señora De Soto, the Spanish wife. She left Spain after sentence of death had been pronounced against her husband, first obtained a reprieve, then a full pardon, and now has obtained bail for his entire release from prison.

Delaware Gazette.

Jo Smith, the Mormon prophet has bought three mummies, and has discovered that they are the bodies of Joseph (the son of Jacob,) and King Abimelech and his daughter. They are now to be carried about the country to gull poor human nature.

An unfortunate thief.—A fellow in Annapolis, Md. named Jones, having stolen a hog, tied its legs together after killing it; and for the convenience of carrying it, he let the hog rest on his shoulders while the rope with which it was tied went over his breast. On his way home, finding himself fatigued, he laid the hog in the crotch of a tree, about the height of his shoulders, in order to rest himself. But the hog slipped through, the rope that was round the man's breast slipped up to his throat, and immediately choked him to death; and in the morning they were both found dead, the one on one side and the other on the other side of the tree. Thus, the thief killed the hog, and the hog in his turn hanged the thief.—Balt. Visitor.

Affair at Mobile.—The child abducted at Mobile by its uncles, has been recovered, and the culprits hanged. Letters and papers furnish the particulars of the story as follows:

There was a French Physician in Mobile, a man of excellent character, much esteemed, and who has accumulated a considerable fortune by the practice of his profession. The Physician had three brothers in France in indigent circumstances, to whom he was accustomed to transmit money frequently. Last winter they all came over, joined him at Mobile, and were affectionately received and entertained. The physician had an only child, a boy of five years of age, and this circumstance led to a conspiracy

among his brothers for possessing themselves of a large part of his fortune. The child was taken from the house on the pretence of going fishing, and carried into the woods. One of the brothers returned to the father, bringing a letter from the other who remained with the child, demanding a check on the Bank for \$30,000, and in the event of a refusal threatening to destroy the child and afterwards to commit suicide. The father instantly complied with the demand, wrote the check, and having but \$12,000 of the 30,000 in Bank, applied himself to borrow the remainder, which from his credit he hoped to do by the arrival of the Bank hour. He stated the purpose for which he wanted the sum to those of whom he borrowed, the transaction took wind, and in a short time the city was up in arms. A body of citizens repaired to the Bank, where the brother who brought the letter, was receiving payment at the counter in specie. He was seized, and although armed, made no resistance.

He was stubborn for a length of time, but at last confessed the conspiracy and told where the child might be found. A committee of citizens embarked in the steamer Den Juan, carrying the brother who brought the letter, was receiving payment at the counter in specie. He was seized, and although armed, made no resistance. He was taken into custody, and was taken into custody. He was then required to tell where the child was, and accordingly led to a hollow log, in which the child was found in an emaciated condition, but to the great joy of the citizens, alive and otherwise well.—The newspaper account states that the two brothers did not return to Mobile! Private letters state that they were hanged to the next tree—a just sentence whether passed by mob law or not.

It is impossible to paint the agony of the parents in the awful hours of suspense between hearing of the danger of their child, and finding him safe in their arms! Nor can any one but sympathize with the noble passion displayed by the people of Mobile on this occasion. From the desperate character of the brother it was not doubted that he would execute his threats.—Richmond Whig.

A most fatal fever has broken out in Boston—A number of eminent men have fallen its victims.

Commodore Elliott and General Towson have lately had a correspondence which came very near terminating in a duel; luckily, however, the parties could not agree who ought to send the challenge, and in the mean time the hour for the Constitution to sail arrived, and cut off the controversy by sending the Commodore to the Mediterranean. The correspondence originated from the biographical sketch of the Commodore in a Boston paper, in which the cutting out of the two English vessels, the Detroit and Caledonia, during the late war, a brilliant exploit, was exclusively credited to Com. (then Lieut.) Elliott, and no notice was taken of Gen. (then Capt.) Towson, who bore an equally gallant and distinguished part in the fight. Gen. Towson, addressed a letter to Com. E. on the subject of this omission, in which he was somewhat piquant. The Com. replied with great severity, and so the correspondence proceeded to its climax.—Norfolk Herald.