

THE STAR, And North Carolina Gazette, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

TERMS. Subscribers in advance. Subscribers in other States...

Military and Naval Orders.

The Missouri Republican furnishes an analysis of the Documents communicated by the President of the United States...

writing, being cautious and decided, avoiding all committal, and to defend himself if attacked. The next is a communication from the Secretary of War to Gen. Scott...

Most Melancholy—Double Suicide.—Yesterday morning the bodies of Mr. John Carter and Miss Mary Bradlee were found suspended in the first chamber of her father's...

visit and accompany her accordingly. Mr. Bradlee desired to retire from business. Mr. Carter entered into an unsuccessful negotiation to purchase the "stock and stand," with a view to immediate marriage.

They left Mr. Bradlee's house yesterday afternoon, under pretence of going to Trinity Church. Their parents worship at Mr. Pierpont's. No alarm was felt for the absence of Miss Bradlee, as she was in the habit of accompanying Mr. Carter to his father's house...

The Boston Suicide.—The Boston papers contain a few additional particulars respecting the melancholy suicide of which an account was published in our paper on Saturday last.

The Boston Centinel adds that "within a few weeks Carter had received 3500 dollars on some real estate which he owned, and he immediately lost it, as he said, in Boston in some speculation, which he had declined giving any account of to Mr. Bradlee or to any of his friends...

From the New York Courier & Enquirer. "WE ARE ONE PEOPLE."—Resolutions of Mr. Clayton of the Senate. All true friends to the Union, must see with equal regret and mortification, the language and conduct of various public meetings, public men, and papers, towards the people of South Carolina...

nations have destroyed it; and for insuring permanent peace in the family by knocking their adversary on the head. It was in this way the Indians, who once inhabited these United States, and who were doubtless "one people," preserved the family union.

"We are all one people."—Yet from the language and conduct of those who maintain the proposition, our feelings, interests, characters, intentions and pursuits, are as diametrically opposed to each other, as if the north and south, the east and the west, had been at war since the creation of the world.

"We are all one people."—We are all, with the exception of the nullifiers of South Carolina, devoted to the union; yet we will make no sacrifices to preserve it. Instead of stretching out the hand of friendly conciliation, we double our fists; instead of reasoning, we threaten; and in the room of remonstrance, give nothing but reproach.

"We are all one people."—cries the manufacturer of New England and Pennsylvania, but we, too, have calculated the value of the union, and we will give up a cent of duty on woolens and iron to preserve it.

"We are all one people"—say the valiant militia officers of New York, Rochester, Carlisle, and elsewhere. The people of South Carolina are our brothers, but if our services are required, we will cut their throats with a great deal of pleasure, rather than we should cease to be one people.

"We are all one people"—affirms Mr. McKennon in Congress, but we must stick to the union of the manufacturers—and we must keep up our dignity. To yield a single per cent of duty on woolens and iron, would be "a sacrifice to fear," it would certainly endanger the union to yield a hair's breadth to preserve it.

"We are all one people, and a single nation"—united by force. We have heard of forced loans, forced marriages, and why not forced unions? Separate and discordant materials are united by beating them together, and why not separate states? None of your conciliation for us, Mr. Verplanck. For all your excellent distinctions between the different kinds of fear, every body, at least every friend of the union, knows, that when the strongest party voluntarily makes concessions to the weaker, it is not conciliation, but "submission."

Such are the arguments of those who claim to be the most ardent, consistent, and disinterested friends of the Union. There is neither caricature nor exaggeration in them, as here detailed. Never were language and conduct so diametrically opposed to each other. And yet without doubt, a large portion of the people who present this singular contradiction, are perfectly sincere.

We don't deny it, for we never will become instruments in slandering, any more than we will in oppressing our countrymen.—We echo the sentiment with all our souls. "We are one people"—not in the language of the proclamation, but in our devotion to liberty—though we may not constitute one State—and our most ardent wish is, that we may ever remain so, in spite of the efforts of the pretended friends of the union to the contrary.

This day commences the operation of the nullifying laws of South Carolina, and nothing has yet been done in the way of conciliation or compromise. On the contrary, every thing has been done to irritate both parties, and render the one more overbearing, the other more unbending. For aught we know, the gauntlet may have been thrown and taken up before now, and the people, "who are one," may be in arms against one another, to preserve the union! The time is fast passing away for making such a modification of the tariff as would shield us from the horrors of such a crisis.

Extraordinary case of Somnambulism.—We learn from Pembroke, N. H. that on Monday the 7th inst. an extraordinary case of Somnambulism occurred in that town, attended with melancholy and probably fatal consequences.

A lad by the name of Prescott, residing in the family of a Mr. Coffin, received directions on the evening previous, to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and make a fire, after which he was to call Mrs. C. it being washing-day. In the course of the night he awoke, and thinking it was 4 o'clock, arose, agreeably to his instructions, and made a fire. Upon looking at the clock he found that he had made a great mistake in his calculations, as it was only 11 o'clock in the evening. He then went out and got a buffalo's skin, which he wrapped about him, and lay down by the fire, where he fell asleep. About 1 o'clock he got up, went to the wood-house, and took up an axe, with which he entered the room where Mr. and Mrs. C. were sleeping. While they thus lay, unconscious of their danger, he levelled a blow upon the head of Mrs. C. which broke in her cheek-bone, and then upon that of Mr. C. which broke his skull. He then ran for the door, which being shut, he rushed against it with such violence as to awake himself up. On coming to his senses, and perceiving the horrid work he had been doing, he raised a shriek, which brought down the mother of Mr. C. who lodged in the chamber. When she saw what was done, her strength failed and she fainted. The boy took her up and having laid her on the bed, ran for the neighbors, and then for the Doctors. On his return he told the persons who had assembled, that he dreamed two men were attempting to kill him, and was trying to defend himself. Soon after, he became deranged. Two or three times in the course of the day he had lucid intervals, during which he inquired with great anxiety concerning his master and mistress, and wept bitterly. He would then relapse in a state of mental aberration.

When our informant left, (the day after the occurrence took place,) Mr. and Mrs. C. were both alive, and it was hoped that the latter would recover. Mr. C. was nearly despaired of. We understand that Prescott was much beloved by the family, and that no one suspects he had any evil intent.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Jan. 18.

The following genuine piece of humor is from Hood's Comic Annual, entitled an epistle from a country boy to his friend in town: "Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety miles. The two prentices, George and Will, are

here to be made farmers of; and Nick is took home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; its capital fun. Us four have got a gun and go out a shooting; it's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't fall cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he is left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of new rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our joint. We've a poney, too, to ride; when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of.—Isn't it prime Bob? You must come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away. Remember you turn up Goswell street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lot's of bird nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. Fdure say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off."

Cape de Verds.—A passenger in one of the vessels which carried out provisions to the Cape de Verds, states the number of deaths by actual starvation to be 30,000 (population 100,000) He says "Capt. Hays, of brig Emma, of Philadelphia, with a full cargo of provisions, assured me that the scene of wretchedness and desolation at St. Antonio, where he touched long enough to discharge 500 lbs of provisions, was beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. The miserable inhabitants looked more like moving skeletons, than living beings—their flesh was gone, their muscles seemed dried up, and they presented the appearance of only the naked frames of men, which could scarcely be kept together. A pilot was despatched in a boat with some half a dozen skeleton beings, to hail the first vessel that could be seen, and beg of it to stop and sell them something to keep them alive for a few days longer; when the Emma hove in sight, and the entreaty pressed to stop and sell them something to eat. Capt. H. replied that he had nothing to sell, but that his vessel was loaded with provisions to give away; and that he had come for the express purpose of affording relief to any of the islanders who needed the gratuity. They seemed incredulous at first, but when satisfied of the fact, they raised their hands in astonishment toward heaven, intimating that he must have been despatched from thence, on such an errand of mercy. Capt. H. states they even followed him to the water's edge, and there, in attempting to give three cheers with all the little energy which they possessed, they made a noise which seemed more like a sepulchral groan, than the voice of the living. Capt. H. was assured that almost every morning the dying and the dead could be seen in almost every direction from the door of his informant, and that but a short time before, a boy was seen cutting a piece of flesh from the carcass of a fellow creature, to lengthen out his own miserable existence, but was found soon after, dead, with the piece of flesh in his hand. I have often heard them say—"Americans kinder than our own country,—we have two Kings, but they no send provisions to keep us from starving—they fight one another to see who shall govern—they care nothing about us," &c. The rains have begun to fall in the island, and vegetation is coming forward rapidly, and the hope is cherished that something, in a few months may be obtained from the fruits of the earth, to supply the wants of the people.

Mechanics Rising.—The Mayor of New York is a leather dresser; the Mayor of Boston is a mechanic; the late Mayor of Washington is a painter; the Mayor of Baltimore is a saddler; the Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts was a journeyman pressman; Mr. Burgess, M. C. of Rhode Island, was a blacksmith; there are three printers in the Senate of Pennsylvania, and six in the House, and at least twenty in the legislature of Massachusetts.—N. Y. Gaz.