

WM. A. GRAHAM OF ORANGE COUNTY.

A meeting of the share-holders of the A. ...ville Circulating Library is requested, at the counting-room of Messrs. Patton & Osborn, on Monday evening next.

The Approaching Contest.

So far as the gubernatorial election goes, the prospect is that our present excellent chief magistrate will have no opposition. This result, though apparently forced on the Democratic party by a want of self-sacrificing energy to run in a hopeless contest, may be regarded as a concession not altogether without design. The party must and do know, that in a race for Governor no Democrat can succeed over Mr. Graham, and that they can gain nothing by that sort of contest, whatever is another stake to play for, that is them is of more importance. We mean the Legislature. It is time that the Whigs were re-arranging on this subject. A little insincerity, a little insipidness, on the part of the Whigs, may give the Democrats a majority in the Legislature, a result that the lack of excitement in the Governor's election would be favorable to.

We hope the Whigs will bestir themselves and prepare for early and vigorous action, not suffering themselves to be lulled into false security by any artifice their adversaries may resort to. You have an enemy to contend with that is deeply versed in intrigue—an enemy whose natural element is cunning. In no other respect do the Whigs have a decided advantage, and it only remains for them to marshal all their forces when they meet their adversaries at the ballot-box, and victory will crown their efforts. Will the Whigs do this? We can speak in the affirmative for the West. Never did a fiercer spirit prevail in this Congressional District than exists at this time, and the proper efforts will call out all the Whig strength. Right here we have a remark for aspirants to office—let there be but one candidate for each office, and let him be selected strictly with reference to qualifications, and to unite the Whig strength on personal considerations should be laid aside. We should know no man after the flesh, but act with an eye solely to the good of the Whig party, which we hold synonymous with the good of the whole country. Where there are conflicting claims a reference to Whig sentiment in the county or district can easily settle the difficulty, and by that decision every true Whig will abide. This course adopted, and acted upon throughout the State, will produce another glorious victory for the Whigs of North Carolina. We repeat, that early and efficient action is necessary to secure this grand, this noble end.

We have received the first number of the "National Press," a new and elegant journal, established in New York city by Gen. George P. Morris. Gen. Morris is well known as an editor and a writer to need recommendation from any quarter.

Gen. Henderson is elected Governor of Texas, and Gen. Darnell Lieut. Governor.

Mr. T. Pillsbury has been nominated as a candidate for Representative to the United States Congress for the western district of Texas.

The Whig State Convention of Ohio, have nominated William B. Ebb as their candidate for Governor.

The Legislature of Tennessee adjourned sine die on the 21st instant.

INSURRECTION OF 1831 IN LYONS.

[CONTINUED.]

Civil war already raged in Lyons. Stationed on the principal squares, and on the principal squares, the troops kept up their fire on all sides. From the Place Louis le Grand, the artillery thundered on the city, and the murderous discharge of grape shot strewed the bloody pavements with the bodies of men, women and children.

What resistance could be made to an attack so sudden, rough and violent? The communications of the insurgents were cut off by the soldiers, and for the greater part of the operations were pent up in their respective quarters, unable to hold concert or form a junction. As for those who received orders to advance to the public square to engage, even they were for the most part without arms. They had calculated on deposits of arms to be provided for their use when the time should come. Vain hope! They had hoped for a combat hand to hand with the troops, but measures had been taken to prevent any close contact, and cannon shot were used to quell the revolt. They had believed there was some organization of their forces; but they found themselves in frightful confusion, and few of their chiefs were to be seen. Most therefore began to withdraw, discouraged, and with imprecations on their lips; while the more desperate resolved to die at their posts—the defeat having preceded the combat.

Yet amidst this immense confusion, six central points of action were easily fixed on, though without any communication, and while the firing of the troops was kept up, the Whigs made and engagements took place in various quarters. Some of the insurgents block-

ed up the Exchange Buildings, and four companies being sent to attack them were forced to retreat. In one of the streets, the troops were fired upon from the upper part of a house, which was blown up at once by a powder. The office of the prefect, being threatened by a band of the militiamen, is quickly relieved, and the assailants pushed back to a narrow covered way, which they obstinately defend. A piece of artillery loaded with grape shot is brought up, and the passage cleared by a single discharge, which breaks open windows and doors and shatters the lamps. Rushing in, the soldiers find the insurgents behind a barricade which they maintain for a long time with great slaughter, but when they are at length driven, six in number, "Street by street and house by house the army gains ground and establishes its communications, and at length a large edifice being blown up, the flames, increased and extended by a strong north wind, spread into a terrible conflagration.

The close of day approaches. A silence, as sad and almost as frightful as the preceding tumult comes over the city. The inhabitants of the quarters exposed to the fire are imprisoned in their houses in doubtful ignorance of what surrounds and what awaits them.—Night comes on, but it is only a halt in the civil combat. In the morning all was for some hours perfectly quiet, but the strife once renewed soon becomes furious. What a day of horrors!—The troops occupied all the principal routes and lines of communication, filled the fortified places, covered almost all the public squares, and were densely mustered on all the bridges. Thus posted they successfully defended with their musquetry and cannon the approaches of the quays on both sides, where now reigned a funeral solitude, marked by long lanes of blood. The artillery sounded in a field of battle, and the bombs flew in different directions, setting fire at random to various parts of the town.

In spite of all this, the insurrection actually gained ground this day. Creeping over the heights whose slopes are washed by the Saone it pressed on to their summits, and soon bursting forth all at once, enveloped the city. Bands of insurgents, joined by some who had been accustomed to military discipline, overran several quarters and broke into various fortified places. A black flag was hoisted over the Church of St. Polycarp and the Lumine Hospital. When the windows of a house were seen to be occupied by the insurgents, pistols were employed by the soldiers to blow them up. The barricades were attacked and overthrown by artillery. On some of the fauburges the bombs fell thick as rain. Often were poor wretches seen flying along on the roofs of houses, attempting in vain to escape the muskets of the troops. Down the Saone came a boat loaded with hay, which struck by a bomb burst into flames, and running against one of the bridges, set it on fire, so that three of its arches were destroyed.

The measures taken by the military were as prudent as they were severe. Their orders were to advance step by step, avoiding the narrow and winding streets, keeping always the length of a street which they could command by their cannon, between them and the insurgents, and opposing barricade to barricade, till they could break the force of the resisting bodies of men. This course was chosen, as some think, to prolong the combat in order to make the victory more complete, or perhaps, because the military chiefs overrated the numbers and power of the insurgents.

If the latter supposition be true, their error was great indeed. Scattered in little groups of 10, 20, or 30 men, led by temporary chiefs, without communication, plan or anticipation, and armed, for the most part, with sword and pistol only, they derived their strength only from their boldness, and this was called forth by the very greatness of their perils. At one point only did they occupy a favorable position:—this was in the centre of the city, where they had possessed themselves of the church of the Cordeliers and made it their head quarters. Surrounding it with barricades, they made the approaches dangerous. The aspect of the once still and sacred temple became a place of arms was strange enough. In one of the nave's windows were making cartridges, not far off at a great distance were moulding bullets. One of the church was converted into a hospital, where the priests attended the wounded and dying, and where a young woman, led into them by a friend, wept by her anxiety for her lover, joined in their melancholy but kindly labors.

Rings and Saucers.

[Saucers.]

The editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, writing from Washington, says:—"Of Mr. C. (Linn) and the noble stand he has taken in support of the dignity and peace of the country, it is unnecessary to speak. The Whig press, with one voice, and the honest portion of the Locofoco press, has already responded to the grateful feelings of the people, and placed him in a far more enviable position than he has ever before occupied."

A CARD.

If ALFRED B. CHURN, Esq. will suffer his name to be used by the Whigs of Buncombe county as a candidate for the Representative Branch of the next Legislature, he will receive the cordial support of

MANY VOTERS.

Many years ago when first our present Constitution was framed, it was feared by those good and wise men who deemed it their duty to oppose it, that by the opportunity which it would give to cunning and wicked men to advance themselves to offices of profit and trust in the republic by means of party influence, a door would be opened for the admission of corruption and vice which must render nugatory all the barriers erected for the protection of liberty and the right of independent suffrage. But even those whose habit it was to look ever at the gloomy side of things, whose mouths were filled with terrible predictions respecting the fall of the proposed scheme, never could have supposed that any man or set of men would ever in our free country, have the hardihood openly to avow such a detestable principle, as that the spoils of office belong alone to members of the ruling party, and that a man should be judged, not by his honesty or ability, but by his devotion to a political party. However, notwithstanding the fears for its success which many entertained, the Constitution did not for many years after its adoption appear in any way to encourage that exclusive devotion to party spirit which it was supposed to engender; on the contrary, our public men generally, for a length of time, wisely feared and avoided that odium which would have attached to any general political proscription.

The feeling of statesmen generally is well portrayed in the celebrated letter from Gen. Jackson to Mr. Adams, then President. He says: "It is my opinion that the wisest course which can be adopted by you is to promote or exclude men from office on account of no political principles." A noble maxim! But unfortunately its author was the first to neglect it—the very first of all our chief magistrates to make use of the vast power entrusted to him by the people for the good of the country to accomplish the ends of his political supporters. In the first year of his administration more men were dismissed from office than had been by all the Presidents who preceded him.

His successor, well instructed in all his arts, acted upon the same principle, rigidly retaining in office the so-called "Democrats," and as rigidly dismissing all those who, no matter how honest or able, dared own as theirs the hated name of "Whig." Fortunately for the country, Mr. Van Buren in imitating his predecessor went a little too far, Gen. Jackson, it is true, followed the policy of filling all offices with adherents of his own party. But his successor and scholar, not contented with this, went still farther. He spared neither Whig or Democrat—neither slave holder nor abolitionist, who was not prepared explicitly and submissively to obey his supreme will. He found out his mistake when relying on the countless herd of office holders scattered over the country, whom he fondly believed to be his own creatures, he came to give battle against "good men and true." He found out his mistake, when, disappointed in the hope of a re-election for which he had done so much and sinned so much, he retired gloomy and crestfallen to Kinderhook, glad of any solitude in which he could "hide his diminished head."

The infatuated Tyler, raised to an office which he never deserved and could not but disgrace, madly following the course which had sent his predecessor to his merited oblivion, was understood and appreciated, fortunately for his country, in time to receive his reward.

By this time, so low had that party sunk that at least could be found one during enough to declare that it was just and proper, and a proper principle for a political party, that "to the victors belong the spoils." Conscious of his weakness, they have punished this patriotic statesman with a Secretaryship! and nobly has he assisted his master, Mr. Polk, in carrying out this his favorite maxim. Already, before one year of his administration has elapsed, is the political gallows at work. On all sides, through the length and breadth of the land, have the victims fallen. In the crowded city—in the distant village, are seen yielding their fatal and lucrative or starving of fices, those unfortunate men who will be whigs while the poor and honest, who would scorn a bribe but who will not refuse an office on condition of a suitable vote, are rapidly receiving the reward of their toils and struggles at the polls.

For the Highland Messenger.

Mr. Editor:—Recent developments have led me to the conclusion that the days of Chivalry and Knight Errantry are returning; and if old Father Miller can only be induced to postpone the termination of all subsidiary things for a short period, we of the 19th century will have the extreme gratification of seeing Knights and Squires, hoisted and belted, glumed and spurred, ready to break a lance with any unfortunate wight who dares to speak, or even think, of his lady love. Would not this be glorious—the days of chivalry in all their primitive purity and elegance, as compared with the dull, plodding, everyday, matter-of-fact, bacon and greens, hominy and sour-crust sort of existence that has heretofore been our lot!

Pleading as the theme of chivalry and knight errantry is, mixed up though it might be with a little of the Quixotic, we must pass on from its contemplation to the notice of a stanza of melting, captivating, enrapturing, soul-stirring, heart-subduing, reason-dethroning poetry, that made its appearance in the last number of your journal. The poetry is of the most grand, sublime and imaginative

any, written in a Moore, and to which we would call the attention of all the lovers of music, flowers, paintings, drawings, statuary of brass or marble, and every thing else that is tender, melting and soft, including such and such notes. Were we permitted to descend from the pinnacle to which the reading of this poetry has elevated us, and when descended to indulge in a little friendly criticism, we would call special attention to the tenacity of the memory of the poet. Witness with what earnestness he promises to "think of her then," yes, to think of her—and that too "when the bright rays of sunlight are fading at event." But will he forget her at other times? Oh no. "When the stars one by one faintly smile in their gladness," still he'll remember her; and even in "the bright festive hall" surrounded by half a dozen other fanciful forms and bewitching faces, there, even there, he'll "think of her!" Ye readers, say not again that man is inconstant, after the declarations of "Ego Sum Homo" that he'll "think of her" even when the songs of mirth are abundant! Was ever devotion so strong? Wonderful display of the strength of memory! only equalled by the fond recollection of the school boy of the bread and butter in his satchel.

Another characteristic of our poet, as shadowed forth in his production, is fertility of imagination. Witness with what facility he imagines the songs of the Nightingale on the twenty eighth of January, and that too when the earth was covered with snow, and each stream and rivulet ice-bound to the shore, and the whole face of nature wearing the sombre gloom so beautifully described by Thompson. Yet so creative and fertile is the poet's imagination that he hears the soft music of the nightingale's song! So entranced, enraptured and enchanted are his senses that the north-wester that induced other "Homo's" to draw closely around them their plaid, cloth or green blanket coats was mistaken by him for an evening zephyr! Wonder if he went to French Broad and bathed!—When nightingales sing and evening zephyrs kiss the cheek of youth and innocence is said to be the season for bathing. If he did not, we would advise him to do it; the effects might brace his nerves, invigorate his frame, and overcome the debility brought on by the labor of the production in question; other advantages would result from it if soap was freely used.

Transported, melted, elevated, overcome, subdued, enraptured, entranced, swallowed up, completely annihilated and exterminated as we were by the reading of the love inspired poetry in question, we have some fears for the author, if his imagination, his devotion, phrenzy, love, or whatever other ruling passion it is, is of a strength sufficient to produce on the 28th of January, in this region, the impression that it is mid-summer, how, we ask, will he survive the day itself! Alas! we expect about the time they set in that his boots will be found close by a little green spot—the only evidence that he had been there!

For the Highland Messenger.

P. S. Could the lines in question be set to music? If so, we would be pleased to see them introduced to the tune of "O'Donoghue's" in all the fashionable schools where music is taught.

To the Editors of the Several Newspapers in Western North Carolina, Western Virginia, and East Tennessee.

GENTLEMEN: Acting as Agent for the American Bible Society in East Tennessee and vicinity, it is not only my duty, but also my ardent desire to present the paramount claims of that noble institution as extensively as the means within my reach will admit of. That I may the better succeed in this good work, I ask on behalf of the Bible cause, and in the name of the Protestant Churches who are engaged in its support, the privilege of publishing a few numbers in your several valuable journals.

I do this with the greater pleasure, because I know, from personal acquaintance with most of you, that you are steadfast friends of Bible Societies.

Yours, respectfully,

THOS. STRINGFIELD.

Claims of the American Bible Society.

Separated into different sects, as is the Protestant world—each "serving God in all good conscience," according to their several modes and cherished views of truth and duty, no scheme of benevolence can be expected to harmonize them in its support, which requires, as a condition of such union, a relinquishment of those views and modes. It is a fortunate trait in the character of the American Bible Society, that it makes no such demand. Indeed, it is in effect, calls upon the several denominations to come up nobly to the support of their several peculiarities. In so far, at least, as each honestly believes it is abetting those peculiarities when it is increasing the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. This glorious mission, if I may ingenuously concede it to be such, operates like a charm in bringing the isolated tribes of Israel together, and happily unites them as a band of brothers, in promoting the American Bible Society. And having been thus brought together, they become more and more united in that love which "hopeth all things," until their important differences are merged in the great essentials of our common Christianity. Is it not reasonable to hope that in this way Christ's ministers shall ere long be brought to "see eye to eye," and that his purified Church shall "arise and shine" going forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and ter-

rible as an army with banners." Do not prophetic visions of the Church's future glory authorize us to look for such results? And what is more likely to hasten them than united effort in behalf of the Bible Society?

There is but little difference of opinion in this section of country as to the propriety of every individual's possessing a copy of the holy Scriptures; some persons, however, have doubts as to the necessity of Bible Societies, for the attainment of this end. Letting Bibles be obtained by all, through the common channels of trade, as articles of merchandise. To understand this subject correctly we should make ourselves acquainted with a series of facts in the history of Bible operations. Among the most prominent of these we may consider the following:

First. The price of Bibles has been reduced to their present low rate, mainly by the American Bible Society. This noble institution has published their Bibles in a number of such accommodating terms that no private establishment could compete with it. The price of the cheapest Bible is nearly six cents, and that of its lowest Testament six and one fourth. Two years ago they cost double these amounts—five years ago they were considered cheap at four times these amounts. Thus we may trace back the cost of Bibles to a period when a good copy cost a fortune. This delightful change, I repeat, has been effected mainly by Bible Societies; and common justice requires that they should have credit for their share of influence in bringing it about.

We may date the commencement of Bible Society operations forty years back; and since that time more Bibles have been published than had been during two hundred preceding years. The American Bible Society publishes some two thousand per day, and its speed is increasing with the gradual increase of its patronage—and yet there is a growing demand for the sacred Records! How can this growing demand ever be met, without the aid of Bible Societies? The annual increase of population in the United States alone, is more than eight hundred thousand, and yet it is believed that the whole number of Bibles and Testaments published in this country does not exceed some seven hundred thousand.

If we are not sufficiently impressed with this great and rapidly increasing demand for the word of God, in this growing Republic, let us glance at the thousands of heathen, who have it not, and never will have it, unless it be sent to them by those to whom God has committed it, as a sacred trust. The Bible is a revelation from God to all men—and the success of Bible Societies in sending this inestimable treasure to heathen nations, and to scattered Jews, translated into their various dialects, is an argument in favor of the Bible cause which must have great weight with all reflecting minds. The Bible has been translated by the hands of Bible Societies into some two hundred different languages! When would such a result have been effected in the regular course of trade? What mercantile houses or printing establishments would ever think of translating Bibles into so many tongues merely for the privilege of giving most of them away!

Another consideration in the series of facts which must not be overlooked in estimating the importance of Bible Societies, is the hundreds of thousands of Bibles and Testaments which are given by these benevolent institutions to the penitents widows, the destitute orphan, the maimed, the high seas, the soldier in the army, and the dreary prisoner in a military confinement. How long would these poor immortal souls have to wait for God's own blessed word, ere they would receive that gift "in the regular course of trade?" Surely those who oppose or even withhold their support from Bible Societies know not what they do.

THOS. STRINGFIELD.

Agent of the American Bible Society.

Post Office Revenue.

The Union has a table from the Post Office Department of the revenue in the city of New York for the fourth quarter of 1845, compared with that which accrued in the same office during the fourth quarter of 1844. It shows a deficit in those three quarters of \$58,484, being a fraction less than forty and a half per cent.

A Bold Project of Annexation.

The Montreal Herald (Canada) contains the proceedings of a meeting in that city, said to consist of two thousand of the most respectable and influential citizens, at which resolutions were gravely adopted, inviting some of the Northern States to break up the Union and join them. They propose to annex all the New England States, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, and all west of that north of 42nd parallel.

This is probably a mere joke, as a hit at the spirit of annexation.

A Texas feather bed is said to be made of corn-cobs and husks. In Mexico they beds are sometimes made of prickly pears and cactus-pads, with an occasional tantanum.

On the evening of the 20th ult., about two hundred fellows in St. Louis met and celebrated the anniversary of Tom Paine's birthday. They celebrated it very appropriately indeed—in other words they all got drunk.

A Horrible Sentiment.

At a late celebration of old teachers, at Bloomington, Indiana, the following toast was drunk: "The Fair—Saints in churches—angels in ball rooms—devils in the kitchen."

There were 111 deaths in Philadelphia last week—adults 53, children 58. Deaths from consumption 28, dropsy 9, scarlet fever 4, inflammations 15, smallpox 9.

POETRY.

For the Highland Messenger.

Thoughts on a Heretic.

To be or not to be, when I should quit This mundane career, is a question and Demands inquiry vast and deep for ebb! To die to thee, and then to be no more, How gloomy is the grave! I must drink here, And seek a refuge in my day-bell house, From dark mortality. But in it of Shall this aspiring soul—that dares to soar Beyond the Eagle's flight, and prostrate The shielding hold of the Universe, And audience hold with what excites the sight Of ardent longing for deliverance From earth mortality—become extinct As dew the flowers, when its oil is spent! Ah! why did I invent, then, this fire That glows and gives us such inspiring thoughts As make me live in nature's emanation thro' That mortal atmosphere? If I must die Into oblivion's night, when earthly scenes Shall close in death around, and no more greet The cup of fond participation In Mind's exercises and affection's joy, Then He did mock me who did light the lamp Of falter intelligence, and gave the fire That kindles hope and love within my breast. For as the traveller amidst the storm Of some tempestuous night, is cheered anon By the emitted lightning's sudden glare, And then again is left in total gloom, To grope amidst the dangers thus enhanced: So is frail man,—if in the grave must end His destiny and all the fruits of hope,— Thus blent with dawning light, chiding His ardent praises and his wishes vain, By visions fair induced, and ere his day Has realized its full, immersed in night— Unlooked for, and eternal in its reign.

No, I shall live; there comes a whisper soft, As from an Angel's lips, inspired by Love, Declaring what assures my heart, that I Shall ever survive the crush of countless worlds, And gain a home above the reach of care, And toil and pain, and withering, blighting woes; And tone my lips to strains that never shall end, In honor of Creation's lovely sire. Aye, there's a pain unveiled unto my sight, On which the lamp of God's ethereal fire, And methinks luminous his whole extent, Even to the very gates of Life's domain. Oh! may I enter there! 'Tis sweet to move,— Even if 'twere not a truth, unlit did I see! That same enlivening vision,—on the ocean Stretched out serene, immeasurably vast, As an illumined mirror, giving charms To feast an Angelo's eye, and not this earth Of our afflictions; solely contented there. 'Tis so congenial and the blissful— Where He has hid a treasure, and Love And Friendship linger, but to roam their wings' And soar to better company above.— To go in quest of what we have not here, And linger near the object which desire Has conjured up, and cannot in colors fair By revelation's light, and fancy claim The bright inheritance our own rich prize. Be it my lot to meditate with joy On the ethereal beauties stretched afar, To glad the eye of mortals, and to draw The tribute of their gratitude and love, And bear it up to the great Author's throne.

EDWARD.

The "new wire suspension bridge" across the Monongahela, at Pittsburgh, was thrown open to the public on Saturday week. The Gazette says:

"A large number of wagons of all sizes crossed during the day, some of them heavily loaded. Mr. R. contracted to make the bridge as stiff as any of the wooden bridges across the Allegheny, and with as little vibration. As two of the latter are new and constructed upon the most approved principles of modern bridge engineering, this contract was thought by many to be rather a hazardous undertaking; but it is amply, completely successful. What is most singular the vibration caused by a number of foot passengers, is much greater than that produced by a heavily loaded wagon—at the utmost it is very slight."

The emigrants to Texas from the mountainous regions of Harts, in Germany, have become so numerous that several villages are said to have been entirely deserted.

Success of Brandreth's Pills.

A lady to whom I can refer, was given up to die; her physicians assured her friends that nothing could be done for her, that she was dying.—What was the condition of this person? She had been under our best physicians for some months; her affliction was cancer on the right breast; and consumption. A blister was applied, but it was without better success; there was not sufficient vitality in the system to raise a blister. She was suffering terrible agony, and she was determined, death's Pills would do for her. She took eighteen the first day; she continued them in the same doses, and in two weeks she was much better. She could walk about. Desirous of testing whether a dressing could be raised, she had one put on her leg, blister raised finely, and one of her doctors owned that it was astonishing to him to see the blister, recovered. What those Pills could be made of, and purge as they had done, and not kill, but absolutely sustain the vital powers, was more than he could own. Here in New York, in the centre of the way of abolition, this thing has been done in the modern times. Brandreth's Pills were known two months ago, and this person was dying—absolutely dying of consumption and cancer, and how her consumption is entirely cured, and her cancer cured, her way to be so. Is this medicine other medicine in the world? She is equalled by any I answer not ten times in the good it effects! I refer to personally to sustain my assertion. Brandreth's Pills, by cleansing the blood from all impurity, gives to every organ to perform its functions internally situated.

These Pills were sold in every county in this State, at 25 cents per box, and may be had of the following Agents: PATTON & OSBORN, Asheville, N. C. J. M. ALEXANDER, French Broad, N. C. JAS. C. SMYTH, Marion, N. C. WM. L. GIBB, & CO., Marlinton, N. C. M. P. PENLAND, Harrisburg, N. C. KEISEY & MAXWELL, Lenoir, N. C. July 18, 1845.