

**POETRY.**

(FOR THE DARLINGTON FLAG.)  
**AIR—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.**

Men of Darlington, arise—  
 See the foe before your eyes!  
 Shall he take you by surprise?  
 Fill you with dismay!  
 Will you sacrifice your right—  
 Leave your honor out of sight—  
 Join your timid neighbors' flight!  
 With him run away!

Once we all stood side by side;  
 Once we all the foe defied;  
 And, for freedom would have died,  
 Rather than to yield:  
 But, the groans of sad despair  
 Now are sounding everywhere;  
 Men forsake their portion fair,  
 Rushing from the field.

He who quits the field to-day,  
 Meets with dangers by the way—  
 Dangers all in black array,  
 More than here we meet:  
 Then return and take your stand,  
 With your weapons in your hand,  
 Ready to defend your land—  
 Never to retreat.

Shall we yield to Northern sway?  
 Shall we freedom throw away?  
 And, for Yankee mercy pray—  
 Bowing down the head?  
 Better far it is to die;  
 Yes, I boldly say that I,  
 Rather in the grave would lie—  
 With the honored dead.

Rally, then, ye brave and true,  
 Under the Palmetto tree;  
 And the world shall quickly see,  
 You are not to fall:  
 Else, a dark and dismal night  
 Must fall on you in your flight;  
 Such as will extinguish light,  
 By its deadly pall.

SECESSION.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

(From the State-Right Republican.)

**THE MARTYR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.**

The sun-light streamed through the prison casements, and lit up with a gleam of happiness the lonely cell—its beams fell upon one who would never again behold its setting and brought to his sad heart thoughts of his home, his country, his own gloomy fate, and of the past—the buried past. It is the last time that sun will ever dawn for him—the last time he can gaze upon beams, glancing over the bright waters, or watch the glad waves of the blue Atlantic, as they lave the glowing shores of his native State. There hanged forth that awful sentence—"Thou shalt die!" He has been condemned as a traitor and he must die a traitor's death. Traitor! must such as he be called traitor?

He was torn from the couch of his dying wife and marched to a gloomy prison. There, the soldiers of King George offered him this alternative—"Swear not to take up arms against your king and you shall not be called upon to fight against your country. Give us this oath and you may return; refuse and the prison must be your abode. The feelings of the man triumphed over those of the patriot, and he swore to remain neutral. Their promise was broken; he was called upon to support the royal standard. This released him from his allegiance, and he again drew his sword in defence of America. This was treason to his Majesty; for this he must die. Nothing could save him. Rawdon turned away from the petition of the Governor, and with cold elegance denied the request of "Carolina's rebel daughters." Then came she "who was bound by the ties of sisterhood," to the condemned, and with her son; but the proud Briton, turning away from that sister's glance, and the mild imploring look of that noble boy, as he prayed him to spare his father's life answered still, "He must die!" That solemn edict, "Death by the gibbet's rope," has been spoken, and calmly and fearlessly Carolina's patriot son awaited his doom.

Alone in the deep and massy prison the stray sun-beams gleaming over the dark damp floor, and the thick, grey wall, the spider weaving her gossamer web over the names of those who have suffered as he now suffers, the cricket on the cold earth was the captive—alone, save with his God! That God only, might ever know the conflicting emotion that swept over heart and mind. He knew the keen agony that wrapt his soul in gloom. He alone could cheer that noble spirit, shrouded in darkness and woe. A vision of the future came over his soul; a vision of his country in chains and bondage; her soil, encreched by the heart's blood of her brave sons, smiling a plentiful harvest for the oppressor; her children the slaves of England's monarch.—Then came a dream of all that he would have done for that bleeding country a dream of the laurels she would have wreathed around his brow, and the blessing that would have rested upon his name.

Clearly upon the still air St Michael's chime tolled forth the hour of twelve. St Michael's chime! How many thoughts does that sound bring to my mind! thoughts of all that has been, and can never never be again! My wife, I have no tears for thee; they were all shed when we laid thee down sleep in the still, damp grave. Thou hast watched over me in "deep, immaculate, immortal love," from thy spirit home. Thy smile has beamed upon

me in the light of the stars—thy voice, low-toned and sweet, has whispered to me in the gentle murmur of the wind. And now, I am hastening to join thee in that Heaven, where the tread of armies, the wild blast of the trumpet, and the fierce battle-cry are never heard.—There is bliss, there is Heaven in the thought, and yet, Earth, thou hast strong ties bind me to thee! My children, I must leave you fatherless and alone. The deep winters of the dark waters and turbid river will soon roll between you and me. Then, who will care for you, my orphan ones?—He who has promised to be a "father to the fatherless," even the Shepherd of Israel. He will shield you from every danger, and sustain you through all the stormy strife of your existence.—Live so, that when he sends his angels to call you from this world of death and sorrow, you may be ready to meet him in a brighter and holier land. May the only King I serve look down upon my children, and grant a dying father's "God bless you!"

"My country! my country! must I leave thee still in irons? thy shores trodden by the foot of the proud oppressor, thy houses desolated and laid waste by British tyranny? My cup of agony is full yet I bless thee, my Father, that one drop of joy—stern, indeed—but oh, how blissful! is mingled amid its deepest, darkest dregs. I thank thee that I may die for my country, than which a more glorious thy sun never shone upon. Willingly do I give back the life thou gavest; willingly do I lay it down upon the altar of Liberty.—I might wish the manner of my death were more glorious—that I could die on the battle field—die supporting the banner of the stars. I but ask a soldier's death—a soldier's burial. Britain sternly denied me. But this avails nothing with thee. Thou wilt give me strength, my Father, to teach my foes how an American can die. Thou knowest that I have been wronged. Thou wilt avenge me. How many a hand will grasp the sword, and rush to the field of carnage, when the story of my wrongs—my death is heard? From the snowy mountains of Maine to the red old hills of Georgia, they will rise up and nerve their hearts to yet sterner deeds.

"And thou my State, my gallant patriotic little State! I thought to see the bright star of victory shining above thy Palmetto tree, and the snowy dove of peace nestling amid its green branches. But this blessed hope is crushed, and I must go down to the grave leaving thy shield shrouded in a pall of darkness.—Carolina, Carolina, with what deathless chains of love art thou twined around this heart. Dearly have I loved thee—dearly do I love thee even now, in this last darkest hour of my existence. Thou wert the foremost to throw off the dominion of old England! Never submit to the yoke of her monarch. Ever choose death to submission—a grave to chains and servitude. Sooner would I see every member of my State die in her defence; ay, even as I shall die ere this day's sun shall go to rest, than she submit and remain in bondage and oppression. South Carolina, receive my blessing—the last I shall ever give to thee. Guard thou the Palmetto Banner with thy life, when death only can save it from dishonor; let thy heart's blood crimson its snowy whiteness, but never suffer the stain of submission to color its glorious folds. But this is not a time to cling with such deathless affection to what is of "earth earthy." The thoughts of this last hour should be of thee only, my Heavenly Father.

It was the hour of noon. Not a zephyr stirred the hot air, or ruffled old Ocean's sleeping bowllows. The breeze scarcely murmured amid the snowy flowers of the orange groves, or waved the white incense cups of the magnolia. The Red Cross of St. George waved not proudly and free from the citadel turret, but conscious of the life-blood that crimsoned its flutterings, drooped mournfully downward, and, more human than its defenders, could not gaze upon another scene of murder. The sun poured down its burning rays upon the glowing sands of Charleston; mournfully drooped the hanging moss from the branches of the oaks. How many a dark and bloody scene had that calm sky looked down upon, over those still waters, how often had the sigh of the lonely captive, the groan of the dying soldier, been wafted. A stillness like death—a gloom like the shadow of the grave, hung over the city. That deep silence, like the calm preceding the tornadoes of the Indies, foretold a convulsion, but a mightier far than that of wind or water. "The still small voice" that spoke in the Martyr's death, aroused the fierce whirlwind and earthquake of human passion.

Beyond the precincts of the city, upon a worn out common, were gathered all those who had deserted the streets of Charleston. There was the gold and scarlet uniform of the British officer, the plain dress of the civilian, the peacocks' drab of the quaker, even the coppersuit of the negro. There was not heard the shout of contending armies, the roar of artillery, that attends the soldier's death. No hoarse with sable plumes was there, no muffled drum, no crape-shrouded banner, to mark the soldier's funeral. Instead of these were

the gibbet, the rude white pine coffin, the carrier's cart. Beside that coffin stood ISAAC HAYNE, the Martyr of Carolina. A halo seemed hovering around that noble form, and on that glorious brow was written the strength of high and holy resolve. There was a smile in his full dark eye, upraised to Heaven, as though, like the exile returning to his native land, he had pierced the mists around him, and was gazing upon his heavenly home. Every brow was pale; upon every face was written the feeling of the heart—hatred, wrath and sorrow, struggling for the mastery. But no tears were there; that scene was too sublime for tears. The soldiers of King George looked gloomy; even to them, a voice was crying "Murder!" The executioner advanced to raise the fatal drop. Suddenly the word "Father!" was borne upon the still air, uttered in tones of such wild agony, that even the rude soldiers, started, and the hand of the executioner fell powerless by his side. A boy, over whose head scarce twelve summers' suns had shone, dashed through the crowd. Beautiful was that young face, with its dark, flashing eyes, its raven curls, waving over a broad, high forehead, upon which the seal of intellect was stamped.

"Father!" he exclaimed, as the martyr folded him to his heart, "America will avenge her murdered Hayne! England shall yet weep tears of blood for thee!" and his pale lip quivered with scorn as he gazed upon his father's foes and his own.

"My noble boy, weep for your father, but weep not that he died for his country. Love that country even as he loved it; with his sword, and your own life defend it. Go forth to battle with a stout heart and strong arm, and if you fall, Columbia's flag will form your winding-sheet. May the God of Battles, bless you, my son."

The boy turned away, and with a firm proud step passed through that host of glittering blades, and brilliant uniforms. Every heart was full of compassion for that lone, injured lad—every heart re-echoed the words, "God bless you!" He turned to gaze upon his father for the last time. A strange, wild light gleamed in his dark eye, and he laughed a bitter, unearthly laugh.

Hayne lived as South Carolina wishes her sons to live: he died as South Carolina wishes her sons to die. He taught his country's enemies, "How an American could die." His ashes sleep in a narrow grave, beneath the red soil of his native State, but the breast of every Carolinian is his sepulchre. His monument is a nation's gratitude, his epitaph, a nation's tears. Carolina wept stern tears for him, but "Britain paid them back in drops of blood."—Seventy years have passed away.—Dust has returned to dust—ashes to ashes—but to us his memory is still holy, his name is still sacred.

South Carolinians, have we proved true to his dying charge! Have we guarded our Palmetto Banner from dishonor? We are answered by the Carolina war, closed so gloriously by our own Fenwick, echoed by the heights of Churubusco—that bloody battle from which so few of our Palmetto boys returned, and those few an orphan band. Carolina, thy flag that day was stained with the blood of the noble Butler, thy Palmetto Banner formed his pall. Well did she deserve a place in the picture, and the name she won, "The Harry Hotspur of the Union." Nobly, right nobly did her gallant sons defend her colors, and we can unfurl our standard, unstained and beautiful as when Marion's men bore it through the cypress swamps of Charleston, or Sumter waved it on the high hills of Santee. And when a darker time shall come—darker than "Old '76, or Young '47"—still, Palmetto boys, remember the words of our patriot martyr, "Death to submission, a grave to chains and servitude," and with the motto, "God, and our sacred rights," engraven on your Palmetto shield, go forth to victory, or a grave. With "the blood of the murdered Hayne upon her soil," the sacred dead of '47, sleeping beneath her red earth; the ashes of Calhoun reposing within her borders, South Carolina dare not submit, and become a slave. While we remember the words and example of our mighty statesman who is gone, the freedom for which he lived and died, must and shall be ours. Let others sneer at our glorious little State, and seek to defame her, we will cherish her, love and defend her to the last. When that dark day comes, and come it surely will, the words of every South Carolinian will be those of our Governor, "Though it will take stout hearts and strong arms to defend you, South Carolina, yet those stout hearts and strong arms are yours."

**RESPECT TO AGE.**—The Spartans obliged their youth to rise up in presence of the aged, and offer them the most honorable seats. At a theatrical representation, when an old man, an Athenian, came too late to be able to procure a good seat, young Athenians unanimously endeavored to sit close and keep him out. Ashamed at this he hastily made his way to the seats appointed for the Lacedaemonians: they all immediately rose, and received him in the most honorable manner. The Athenians, struck with a sudden sense of virtue, gave a thunder of applause;

and the old man exclaimed, "The Athenians know what is right, but the Lacedaemonians practice it."

We understand that the miscrant who perpetrated the following is still at large, with a sheriff and six constables after him with a sharp stick.

Why are the young ladies of the present day like Gen. Jackson at the battle at New Orleans?

Because their breast-works are all made of cotton.

We wonder if it is to manufacture these "works" that such large crops are being made this year. If good care is not taken a bustle will be made out of this matter yet.

**Head Quarters, 4th Brigade Cavalry.**

SPRINGVILLE, S. C., Aug. 1st, 1851.  
 ORDER No. 14.  
 The Commander-in-chief having so ordered, the Officers and Sergeants of this Brigade are hereby required to encamp "full five days."

The encampment of officers of the 7th Regiment, will commence on Monday 29th September next, at 12 o'clock, M., at or near Society Hill, that of the 8th Regiment, at the same hour on Monday the 13th October next, at or near Godfrey's Ferry. Complete returns of the strength of each Regiment and Company, name and date of commission of each officer and his Post Office, and the number and kind of arms in possession, must be made to the Brigade Major, by the 20th September next.

Colonels MILLER, and BACOT, are charged with the extension and execution of this order in their respective Regiments. The Brigade Staff are ordered to attend both encampments, and are required to be equipped according to Law.

By order of Brig. Gen'l. NETTLES,  
 W. H. WINGATE, Brigade Major.  
 Aug. 6 23 4t  
 The Marion Star and True Republican each copy twice.

**Darlington Hotel.**  
**DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.**  
 THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOTY, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table.

Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared.

The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers.

Droves can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.  
 March 12, 1851. 1y

**In Distress we Succor.**  
 HAVING accepted the agency for the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, I will take pleasure in forwarding any applications which may be made for membership. Persons insuring are entitled to share in the profits of the Company. The lives of slaves may be insured on accommodating terms.  
 J. H. NORWOOD.  
 May 21 12 4t

**The State of South Carolina.**  
**DARLINGTON DISTRICT.**  
**In the Common Pleas.**  
 Mary F. Leger, } Ca. Sa.,  
 vs.  
 Daniel Doyal.  
 DANIEL DOYAL, who is in the custody of the Sheriff of Darlington District, by virtue of a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum* at the suit of MARY F. LEGER, having filed in my office, together with a schedule on oath of his estate and effects, his petition to the Court of Common Pleas, praying that he may be admitted to the benefit of the Acts of the General Assembly made for the relief of insolvent debtors. It is ordered that said Mary F. Leger, and all other the creditors, to whom the said Daniel Doyal, is in anywise indebted be and they are hereby summoned and have notice to appear before the said Court at Darlington Court House, on the third Monday in October next, to show cause if any they can why the prayer of the petitioner, aforesaid should not be granted.  
 E. B. BRUNSON, c. c. p.  
 Office of Common Pleas, Darlington }  
 District, 15th day of July, 1851. }  
 July 16 20 3m

**The State of South Carolina.**  
**DARLINGTON DISTRICT.**  
**In the Common Pleas.**  
 William G. Lane, }  
 vs.  
 W. S. Murphy, }  
 W. H. Wingate, }  
 W. J. Floyd, }  
 W. S. Murphy who is in the custody of the Sheriff of Darlington District, by virtue of a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, at the suit of William G. Lane, having filed in my office, together with a schedule on oath of his estate and effects, his petition to the Court of Common Pleas, praying that he may be admitted to the benefit of the Acts of the General Assembly, made for the relief of insolvent debtors. It is ordered that the said William G. Lane, and all others the creditors to whom the said W. S. Murphy is in anywise indebted, be and they are hereby summoned and have notice to be and appear before the said Court at Darlington Court House, on the third Monday of October next to show cause if any they can why the prayer of the petitioner aforesaid should not be granted.  
 E. B. BRUNSON, c. c. p.  
 Office of Common Pleas, Darlington }  
 District, July 15th, 1851. }

**Constantly on Hand**  
**FRESH Soda Water and Lemon Syrup, by**  
 R. & R. M. ROLLINS.

**JAMES M. BROWN,**  
 DEALER in Fruit, Segars and Confectionary, opposite M. W. HUNTER'S, Darlington, C. H., S. C., having added a complete and fresh assortment of articles in his line, is now prepared to furnish every thing usually found in a well furnished establishment. The finest steam refined Candies Fresh and preserved Fruits, English Sauces and Ketchups, Salmon, Lobsters and Sardines, Fresh Garden Seeds, fine Segars and Tobacco of Various Brands, Wines, Cordials, London Porter, Champagne Cider and Durand's celebrated french Bitters, will always be found ready for those who may desire them. He request a share of the public patronage.  
 March 19 3 1f

**CABINET SHOP.**  
 HAVING employed a Cabinet Maker, we are prepared to execute all orders for new work or repairing in the above line.  
 HUNTER & McEACHEN.

**Landreth's**  
**WARRANTED Garden Seed, new crop, for sale by**  
 R. & R. M. ROLLINS.

**W. H. STANLEY.**  
**DRAPER AND TAILOR,**  
 RESPECTFULLY notifies his friends and customers and the public generally, that he has removed to the shop nearly opposite the old Post office, where he is prepared to carry on the Tailoring Business in all its departments. Black and Fancy Cassimers Vestings, and Trimmings of all kinds kept constantly on hand.

He has just received the Spring and Summer reports of Fashions from London, Paris and Philadelphia for 1851.  
 March 12 2 1y

**Bounty Land.**  
 THE subscriber will attend to forwarding to the proper Department the claims of persons, entitled to land under the late Act of Congress, granting Bounty Land to certain officers and soldiers, who have been engaged in the military service of the United States; all persons who served in the war of 1812, or in any of the Indian wars since 1790, are entitled to Bounty Land.  
 J. H. NORWOOD.  
 March 5 1 tf

**SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKING.**  
 THE undersigned having located themselves in this place, for the purpose of carrying on the above business at the old stand of C. TARR, are prepared to do anything in that line. They will sell work Cheap for Cash.  
 REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch.  
 THOMAS & TARR.  
 March 5 1 tf

**Land for Sale.**  
 The subscriber offers for sale her plantation situated six miles south of Darlington C. H., on the waters of Beaver Dam, containing Two Hundred and sixty-four acres, about One Hundred and twenty of which is cleared and in a high state of cultivation. There is an excellent Dwelling House, Gin House and screw, and all other necessary out buildings to make a home comfortable, with a never failing well of water. For further information apply to the subscriber on the premises. Terms will be made to suit purchasers.  
 SARAH A. MOYE.  
 May 7 tf 10

**Bounty Land.**  
 THE subscriber will act as the Agent and forward all applications for Bounty Land, for all persons entitled under the "Act of the 28th September, 1850. He will attend punctually to the whole business connected with the application. All persons who served in the war declared by the United States against Great Britain on the 18th June, 1812, or of any of the Indian wars since 1790, their surviving widows or minor children, are entitled to draw under the act."  
 Those who have lost their certificate of discharge need not fear to apply.  
 S. WILDS DUBOSE,  
 Darlington, March 12, 1851. 2 tf

**Saddles, Harness, &c.**  
 THE subscriber continues to carry on the above business at his residence near St. Pauls Church, Darlington District, and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. His motto is "let the work show for itself," he expects to keep constantly on hand, Ready made Harness of his own manufacture.  
 REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch.  
 JAMES NEWBERY.  
 March 26 4 1y

**WATEREE HOUSE,**  
**(Late Planters' Hotel.)**  
**CAMDEN, S. C.**  
 THE subscriber having purchased this extensive and well known Establishment, and having added largely to its convenience and comfort, by a new addition of Furniture and thorough and complete repairs, begs leave to inform the Public, that he is prepared to Entertain all who may favor him with a call, in a manner hitherto unknown in the town of Camden.  
 He deems it unnecessary to make any pledges, only so far as to say that his TABLE will be supplied daily as well as any in the State; attended by polite and attentive servants.  
 His STABLES, will be bountifully supplied with Provender and attended by the very best Hostlers.  
 No pains will be spared to keep a quiet and orderly House.  
 H. HOLLEYMAN.  
 Camden June 18 16 3m

**E. & R. M. ROLLINS,**  
 ARE receiving this week a full supply in their line, consisting partly, of Preserved Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Cherries, &c. egars and egar Matches. Oranges and Lemons, Fresh Citron, and many other small article too tedious to mention.  
 June 4 14 4f

**The State of South Carolina.**  
**DARLINGTON DISTRICT.**  
 CALEB H. NETTLES, who is in the custody of the Sheriff of Darlington District, by virtue of a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum* at the suit of F. Turner, having filed in my office, together with a schedule, on oath, of his estate and effects, his petition to the Court of Common Pleas, praying that he may be admitted to the benefit of the Act of the General Assembly made for the relief of insolvent debtors. It is ordered, that the said F. Turner, and all others the creditors to whom the said Caleb H. Nettles, is in anywise indebted, be and they are hereby summoned and have notice to appear, before the said Court at Darlington Court House, on Wednesday the 23d day of October next, to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of the petition aforesaid, should not be granted.  
 E. B. BRUNSON, c. c. p.  
 Office of Common Pleas, Darlington }  
 District, 7th July, 1851. }

**The State of South Carolina.**  
**DARLINGTON DISTRICT.**  
**In the Common Pleas.**  
 John Jones, }  
 vs. } Ca. Sa.,  
 Joseph Garland, }  
 The State of South Carolina, }  
 vs. } Ca. Sa.,  
 Joseph Garland. }

JOSEPH GARLAND, who is the custody of the Sheriff of Darlington District, by virtue of a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum* at the separate suits of John Jones and the State of South Carolina, having filed in my office, together with a schedule on oath, of his estate and effects, his petition to the Court of Common Pleas, praying that he may be admitted to the benefit of the Acts of the General Assembly made for the relief of insolvent debtors. It is ordered that the said John Jones and the State of South Carolina, and all other the creditors to whom the said Joseph Garland is in anywise indebted, be and they are hereby summoned, and have notice to appear before the said Court at Darlington Court House on the third Monday of October next to show cause why the prayer of the petition aforesaid should not be granted.  
 E. B. BRUNSON, c. c. p.  
 Office of common Pleas Darlington }  
 District, 4th day of July, 1851. }

**The State of South Carolina.**  
**DARLINGTON DISTRICT.**  
**In Common Pleas.**  
 Geo. W. Dargan, } Declaration in Foreign Attachment, in Assumpsit.  
 vs. }  
 Wm. Y. Layton. }

THE Plaintiff in the above stated case having this day, filed his Declaration in my office, and the Defendant (as it appears), is absent from and without the limits of the State aforesaid, and having neither wife, nor attorney, residing within the same, upon whom a copy of this Declaration could be served, on motion of J. A. & C. A. Dargan Plaintiff's Attorneys; It is ordered that the said Defendant do Plead, or demur to the said Declaration within a year and a day from the publication of this order; and in default thereof, final and absolute judgment will be given, and awarded against said Defendant.  
 It is also ordered, that a copy of this order be published twice, every three months, for the space of a year and a day, from the date of this order, in the Darlington Flag.  
 Clerks office at Darlington Court House, South Carolina, the 18th day of March, Anno Domini 1851.  
 (Signed) E. B. BRUNSON, c. c. p.  
 March 19 3 2m

**The State of South Carolina.**  
**DARLINGTON DISTRICT.**  
**In the common pleas.**  
 Needham Anderson, }  
 vs. } Ca. Sa.,  
 Abraham Gilbert. }

ABRAHAM GILBERT, who is in the custody of the Sheriff of Darlington District, by virtue of a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum* at the suit of Needham Anderson, having filed in my office, together with a schedule on oath of his estate and effects, his petition to the Court of Common Pleas, praying that he may be admitted to the benefit of the Acts of the General Assembly made for the relief of insolvent Debtors. It is ordered that the said Needham Anderson, and all other the creditors, to whom the said Abraham Gilbert is in anywise indebted, be and they are hereby summoned and have notice to appear before the said Court at Darlington Court House, on the third Monday in October next, to show cause if any they can why the prayer of the petitioner, aforesaid should not be granted.  
 E. B. BRUNSON, c. c. p.  
 Office of Common Pleas, Darlington }  
 District, 4th day of July, 1851. }

**The State of South Carolina.**  
**DARLINGTON DISTRICT.**  
**In the common pleas.**  
 James Bell, }  
 vs. } Ca. Sa.,  
 A. W. Moyer. }

A. W. Moyer, who is in the custody of the Sheriff of Darlington District by virtue of a writ of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, at the suit of James Bell, having filed in my office, together with a schedule on oath of his estate and effects, his petition to the Court of Common Pleas, praying that he may be admitted to the benefit of the Acts of the General Assembly made for the relief of insolvent debtors. It is ordered that the said James Bell, and all others the creditors to whom the said A. W. Moyer, is in anywise indebted, be and they are hereby summoned and have notice to appear before the said Court at Darlington Court House, on the third Monday of October next, to show cause if any they can why the prayer of the petitioner aforesaid should not be granted.  
 E. B. BRUNSON, c. c. p.  
 Office of Common Pleas, Darlington }  
 District, July 15th, 1851. }

**Just Received.**  
**SUGAR COFFEE, MOLASSES and RICE.** For sale by  
 A. W. SEXTON.