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THE CECIL WHIG

VOL. XXXI--NO. 1

ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871.

WHOLE NO. 1568.

NEW COMBINATION

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

For the Cure of

WOMEN'S CLAMMERS

BY DR. J. C. WALKER

Where the remotest chamber

Is reached by the rays of light

There are our smiling faces

Of the friends of former days

This sacred, secret chamber

Echoes music to the ear

Almost hold our breath to hear

Fill the loving heart with pain

Like some half-forgotten strain

In this lonely, silent chamber

There are treasures, rich and rare

Such as smiles, and tears, and blessings

And a dying, dear friend's prayer

Words of kindness here are treasured

Spoken in some thoughtful hour

For their influence cannot perish

Lovely amaranthine flowers

In a lone, secluded corner

Memory sighs or buried tears

Like birds that haunt the air

To be free from prison bars

So her trembling spirit long

For a home among the stars

THE SOUTHERN KU-KLUX

THEIR STATUS IN YORKVILLE, S. C.—THE

CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE'S VISIT

FULL DETAILS OF THE ASSAULT ON

CONGRESSMAN WALLACE

BY THE SOUTHERN PRESS

SWAY—TERRIBLE OUTRAGES ON

UNION MEN

A correspondent of the Philadelphia

Press, writing from Yorkville, July 24th,

furnishes the following picture of South

Carolina civilization:

I am willing to forego all that I have said

degenerative to Unionville, the town of which

I gave so bad a report. Compared with

Yorkville it is a paradise. I doubt if there

is in the world any town a mile square

which contains a people so vicious, so de-

based, and so ignorant as those of York-

ville. Beautifully situated in the midst of

a hilly, fertile country, with pure air and

lovely scenery, it is a crime against the

great God who made this beautiful sky,

lovely atmosphere, and classic hills, that

they should be cursed with murderous sav-

ages whom all the beauties of nature can-

not soften or refine. The typical Souther-

ner is reflected on every man and boy on

its streets. No white Yankee or black

native is free from their insults. They are

the most noxious of all the weeds that

spring up in the soil of Southern society.

IS THE PROPHECY FULFILLED?

BY THE REV. J. WESLEY HORN.

PROPHET.

In the second chapter of St. Paul's

Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, from

the first to the fourth verse, inclusive, is

recorded the following startling prophecy:

"Now we beseech you, brethren, by the

coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by

our gathering together unto him, that ye

be not shaken as if men would, or be trou-

bled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by

letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is

at hand. Let no man deceive you by any

means: for that day shall not come, except

there come a falling away first, and that

man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition;

who opposeth and exalteth himself above

all that is called God, so that he sitteth in

the temple of God, showing himself that he

is God."

FULFILLMENT.

Walking slowly and meditatively up

the grand nave of St. Peter's at Rome, through

marvellous groups of statuary on the right

and on the left, and passing, after a

lingering delay, the celebrated bronze car-

pet—ninety-two feet in height, and support-

ing a golden cross ninety-five feet high—

the whole upborne by four richly gilded

spiral columns, under the great dome and

over the high altar of white marble, and

the tomb of St. Peter, surrounded by

eighty-nine ever-burning lamps—you come

at length to the Tribune, containing the

Cathedra Petri or Throne of St. Peter,

as it is said, the veritable wooden episcopal

chair of St. Peter.

The conception of the artist which is

embodied in this Tribune is, to my mind,

at once one of the boldest and most blas-

phemous of human inventions. A founda-

tion of polished marble—partly black,

partly red—arcs round with the curve

of the chancel. On this platform, at suit-

able distances from each other, stand four

colossal figures in bronze, heavily gild-

ed, and with flowing robes. These figures

represent the Church on earth. The right hand

of each is extended to receive a foot of the

Cathedra Petri, or Throne of St. Peter,

which is itself shining with golden tapers—

and to help support it on high. Then,

from above, descending as it were from the

vaulting heavens, volumes of golden clouds

roll down, and touching the throne from

behind, assist to sustain it, lifted up be-

neath heaven and earth.

Beside the throne stand guardian

figures, and over it are angels holding "the

THE ILLUSTRATION

BY THE REV. J. WESLEY HORN.

THE ILLUSTRATION

They pleased God to form poor Ned

A thing of idiot mind,

Yet to the poor street-riding boy,

God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,

Whom helplessness made dear;

And he was everything to her,

Who knew no hope or fear.

And so for many a year they lived,

Nor knew a wish besides;

But one day came a cruel day,

And he fell sick—and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,

He called her "dick" and "dick";

They told him she was dead!

The words to him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,

While he stood wailing by;

And when they bore her to the grave,

He followed silently.

They layed her in the narrow house,

They sang the funeral dirge;

And when the funeral train dispersed

He lingered by that grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer

When they saw poor Ned,

Now stood and watched him by the grave,

And not a word they said.

They came and went and came again,

Till night at last came on;

Yet they were all by the grave

Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone

He wif removed the clay,

Then raised the coffin up in haste,

And bore it swift away.

He bore it to his mother's cot,

And laid it on the floor,

And with the eagerness of joy

He lingered by that grave.

Then out he took his mother's case,

And placed it on the bed;

And soon he heaped the hearth,

And made the kindling fire with care.

He had put his mother in her chair,

And in his mother's bed,

And then he blew the fire,

Which shone, reflected in her face.

And pausing now, her hand would feel,

And placed it on his head;

"Why, mother, do you look so pale,

And why are you so cold?"

It had pleased God from the poor wretch

His only friend to call;

Yet God was kind to him, and soon

In death restored him all.

A Siamese Custom.

THE ILLUSTRATION

BY THE REV. J. WESLEY HORN.

THE ILLUSTRATION

Among the later reports of the Palestine

Exploration Fund, we find a paper on the

Desert of Tih, in which are collected many

curious and interesting observations and

tales about the birds and mammals of the

region.

Many animals have in Arabic a large

number of names—more than five hundred

and sixty, for instance, being applied to

the lion. The following story current among

the Arabs illustrates this fact with refer-

ence to the cat: "Bedawi was out hunting

one day, and caught a cat, but did not know

what animal it could be. As he was carry-

ing it along with him, he met a man, who

said: "What are you going to do with that

Sinnaur?" Then another asked him:

"What is that Sinnaur?" A third asked

him, and others styled successively

the animal by its name, Bedawi, Bedawi,

Bedawi, and so on, till he had named

it twenty times, and then he said: "The

Arabs say that the occasion of the

cat's first appearance was as follows: The

inhabitants of the ark were much troubled

with mice. Noah, in his perplexity, struck

the lion's nose and made him sneeze. The

sneeze came out as a cloud of dust, and

settled on the floor. In the East, as in

Europe, a black cat is regarded as "uncan-

ny," and various parts of it are used for

magical and medicinal purposes; its claws, for

instance, are said to be a charm against the

nightmare. Cats are held in great estima-

tion in the East, and large prices are some-

times paid by native ladies for the Persian

specimens. In Cairo, a sum of money was

left in trust for poor cats, who daily re-

ceived their rations at the Mahkoma (law courts).

The celebrated Arabic author and theo-

logian, Esh Shafey, relates that when in

Yemen, he and his fellow-travellers prepar-

ed two fowls for dinner one