The American Volunteer.

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The American Volunteer

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BY

John B. Bratton.

OFFICE SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

TERMS.—Two dollars per year if paid strictly in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid within three months, after which Three Dollars will be charged. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

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No. times	1 sq.	2 sq.	3 sq.	4 sq.	¼ c	½ c	1 c	2 c
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2 "	1 50	3 00	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 00	26 00	[illegible]
3 "	2 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	11 00	16 00	30 00	[illegible]
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6 "	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	28 00	40 00	75 00	[illegible]
1 year.	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	40 00	75 00	100 00	[illegible]

Twelve lines constitute a square.
For Executors' and Adm'rs'. Notices
For Auditors' Notices, 2 00
For Assignees' and similar Notices, 4 00
For Yearly Cards, not exceeding six lines, 7 00
For Announcements five cents per line unless contracted for by the year.
For Business and Special Notices, 10 cents per line.
Double column advertisements extra.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS!

The Treasurer of Cumberland county, Pa., will attend for the purpose of receiving STATE, COUNTY and MILITIA TAXES for the year 1873, as required by act of Assembly, at the following times and places:

FRANKFORD, at Bloserville, May 19.
MIFFLIN, at Centre School House, May 20.
HOPEWELL and NEWBURG, at Sharp's Hotel, May 21 and 22.
SOUTHAMPTON, at Baughman's Hotel, May 23 and 24.
DICKINSON, at Stone Tavern, May 26.
PENN, at Eyster's Tavern, 27 and 28.
NEWTON, at Goodheart's Hotel, May 29.
WEST PENNSBOROUGH, at Chisnell's Hotel, May 30, and at Fair's Hotel, May 31.
SHIPPENSBURG BOROUGH AND TOWNSHIP, at Sherman House, June 2, 3 and 4.
NEWVILLE, at Henneberger's Hotel, June 5 and 6.
NEWTON, at McBride & McCleary's Hotel, June 7.
NORTH MIDDLETON, at Beecher's Hotel, June 9.
COOKE, at Pine Grove Furnace, June 10.
SOUTH MIDDLETON, at Rupley's Hotel, June 11.
MIDDLESEX, at Middlesex School House, June 12.
SILVER SPRING, at Grove's Hotel, June 13.
MONROE, at Hursh's Hotel, June 14 and 16.
UPPER ALLEN, at Culp's Hotel, June 17.
LOWER ALLEN, at Heck's Hotel, June 18.
NEW CUMBERLAND, at Starbaugh's Hotel, June 19.
EAST PENNSBOROUGH, at Wilder's Hotel, June 20, and at Eli George's Hotel June 21.
HAMPDEN, at A. L. Bricker's Hotel, June 23.
MECHANICSBURG, at George Bobb & Sons Hardware Store, June 24, 25 and 26.
CARLISLE, at Commissioner's Office, June 27, 28 and 30.

On all taxes unpaid on August 1st, FIVE per cent. will be added. The Treasurer will receive taxes at his office until the 1st day of September next, at which time duplicates of all unpaid taxes will be issued to the Constables of the respective boroughs and townships for collection.

ALSO, at the same times and places, Merchants and Dealers can obtain MERCANTILE LICENCES of the County Treasurer. And all Hucksters and Dealers in Marketing are hereby notified to take out an annual HUCKSTERS' LICENSE, under the act of Assembly, approved the 18th day of May, 1869. GEO. BOBB,
17apl-6t *Treasurer of Cumberland County.*

APPEALS FOR 1873!

Monroe and Upper Allen townships, April 21; Mechanicsburg borough and Lower Allen township, April 22.
East Pennsborough and Hampden townships and New Cumberland borough, April 23.
Silver Spring and Middlesex townships, April 24.
South Middleton and North Middleton townships, April 25.
Frankford and Mifflin townships and Newville borough, April 26.
Hopewell township, Newburg and Shippensburg boroughs, April 28.
Shippensburg and Southampton townships, April 29.
Penn and Newton townships, April 30.
Dickinson and West Pennsborough townships, May 1.
Carlisle borough and Cooke township, May 2.

Appeals to be held for the annual changes in the assessments, on the above stated days, at the Commissioners' office, in the borough of Carlisle, Pa. DAVID DETTY,
Attest— J. C. SAMPLE,
J. B. FLOYD, *Clerk.* SAM'L ERNEST,
Commissioners.
27mar 6t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, to make distribution of the proceeds of sale of real estate devised by the last will and testament of Benjamin Clark, late of East Pennsborough township in said county, deceased, to the issue of Mary Waggoner, who also of said township, deceased, sold under an order of said Court by Benjamin Spong, Executor of said Mary Waggoner, deceased, will meet the parties interested in such distribution, at his office, No. 1 Kramer's Building, in the borough of Carlisle, Pa., on Thursday, May 8th, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purposes of his appointment, when and where all parties interested are requested to attend.
17apl-3t JOS. G. VALE, *Auditor.*

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Henry Rhoads and John Campbell, late trading as the firm of Rhoads & Co., have this day dissolved partnership by mutual consent. The books of the late firm are in the hands of H. Rhoads. All persons indebted to the firm of Rhoads & Co., will settle with him at the old stand. H. RHOADS,
J. CAMPBELL,
Late trading as Rhoads & Co.
April 18, 1873.

The business will be conducted hereafter by H. Rhoads, who will be pleased to supply all with a good article of COAL at fair rates.
24apl 4t H. RHOADS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Isaac Goodhart, late of Penn township, deceased, have been issued by the Register of Cumberland county to the subscriber, residing in Newton township. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement.
WILLIAM GOODHART,
17apl-6t* *Administrator.*

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Martin, late of the borough of Carlisle, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, residing in said borough. All persons having claims or demands against said estate are requested to make the same known to the said undersigned without delay, and those indebted will make immediate payment. MARGARET J. MARTIN,
3mar73 *Administratrix.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of M. F. Gardner, late of the borough of Carlisle, deceased, have been issued to Franklin Gardner, of said borough. All persons indebted to said estate will please make payment, and those having claims will present them, duly authenticated, to the undersigned, for settlement. F. GARDNER,
17apl-6t. *Administrator.*

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that John Newcomer and wife of Penn township, Cumberland county, have this day made a deed of voluntary assignment to me, for benefit of creditors. All persons indebted will please make settlement without delay, and those having claims will present them to NOAH COCKLEY,
24apl-3t* *Assignee.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, to distribute the balance in the hands of George Hoover, assignee of John Karns, for the benefit of creditors, will meet the parties interested for the purposes of his appointment, at his office, in Carlisle, on Saturday, the 10th day of May, at 10 o'clock, A. M. L. J. W. FOULKE,
24apl-3t *Auditor.*

Miscellaneous.

EVERYBODY TAKE NOTICE!

Something New in Carlisle Again,

in which every person is interested more or less. An AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT and SEED STORE. Just what has been wanted here for years back.

No. 91 South Hanover Street,

known as the "Blair Corner," at which place can be found, at all times, a full and complete assortment of all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

and also a full and complete assortment of

FIELD, GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS!

also a full and complete assortment of

WILLOW AND CEDAR WARE!

all of which will be sold very low. Persons wishing anything in the above line will do well by calling and examining our goods before buying elsewhere, as we feel sure we can give as good satisfaction as any other house in the place or elsewhere. Be sure to give us a call. Don't forget the place, NO. 91 S. HANOVER STREET, Blair's Corner. H. G. CARR,
General agent for the sale of all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Seeds, &c.
Jan30-73—tf

AGENTS WANTED.—We want one good Agent in every township to sell our New and Immensely Popular Books and Engravings. The very largest commission paid. Those now at work report great sales. Circulars and all information Free. Write to WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & Co., hartford, Conn.
Sept. 20-6m-4m ex-mar 6-2mtfc n

ASHLAND CEMETERY being now under the direction and control of the subscriber, all persons desiring to purchase lots in it for burial purposes, or wishing any information, can be accommodated by calling on her at her residence, on East High street, nearly opposite the Bentz House, or by calling at the office of the late Wm. M. Penrose, in Rheem's Hall. V. M. PENROSE.
4nov72tyr*

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY.—A GOOD BEAM HAND, or beam hand or finisher. GOOD WAGES paid to a steady, sober hand. Apply to JACOB KOSS,
24apl-2t* Carlisle, Pa.

ITALIAN BEES.—A few colonies of Italian BEES, with pure Queens, for sale cheap by JOHN GUTSHALL,
26mar South Hanover street, Carlisle.

20 WOOD CHOPPERS WANTED.—Inquire of the undersigned, at New Kingston Station. J. B. LEIDIG.
24apl-3t*

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Poetical.

BLESSED DREAMS.

The sunset's smile had left the sky,
The moon rose cold and fair,
As low a little maiden knelt
To breathe her nightly prayer,
And thus her brief petition rose,
In simple words and few;
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

O, I have stood in temples grand,
Where, in the rainbowed gloom,
Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips,
Through clouds of dense perfume,
But never one has seemed to me
So guileless, pure and new—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Ah, little maiden, kneeling there,
Beneath the sunset skies,
What need have we of other prayer
Than yours, so sweet and wise;
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,
But bow and pray with you—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Miscellaneous.

WHO IS GUILTY?

'The man waits outside,' said Mr. Spencer Fenton's servant, as he stepped in front of the low office table, piled with books and law papers.

Mr. Fenton's servant was a man of penetration, and knew where to draw the dividing line between the commonplace 'man' and the higher order of being known as the 'gentleman.'

'Let him come in,' said Mr. Fenton quietly, as he took a pistol from a drawer, laid it on the table, and dropped a newspaper over it.

Mr. Fenton was a lawyer in good practice in a large city, and was known as widely among the class of customers for whom he practiced as a celebrated lawyer of 'Great Expectation' fame.

The man was admitted, and proved to be a sullen looking personage.

Mr. Fenton looked once at this square jawed, savage face, and guaged his man.

'You may go, John,' he said to his servant, 'Take an hour or two for yourself, if you like.'

John then went out, and the lawyer then took a seat at the table opposite his client, looking at him sternly.

'Now, my man,' he said quietly, 'we are together and I want to know how this matter stands.'

'I'm going to tell you how it stands, honest Injun, I am.'

'Very well. Now, as to this bank robbery. You say that you can give information—for a consideration, of course.'

'For five hundred dollars.'

'Very well.'

'Then I'll tell you. The man that put up that job is Seth Amity the cashier of the bank.'

Fenton started to his feet, and for a moment lost his self-possession.

'Seth Amity! Man, you are either drunk or crazy!'

'Be I? Then you take me some'er's and git me swore to it. I'll take my affidavy anywheres that he's the one as put up the job. I ain't a going to swear to a lie.'

'I believe you'd swear to anything for a dollar, Senter; but that don't matter. Of course, if you can prove what you say, the man must be punished. Seth Amity! I would undertake to swear that you are lying.'

'I ain't, Mr. Fenton; so help me, I ain't. He's the man as done it; he's the man as put the others up to the fastenings, and give them the impression to the safe key and the word to unlock the safe by.'

'You know a great deal about this matter, it seems to me.'

'Course I know about it. I ain't snaked and crawled about here hull nights for nothing. See here, they are going to meet to arrange it to-night.—Would you dare to go with me and listen?'

'Can you lead the way.'

'I kin, and you'll see what yer precious Seth Amity amounts to.'

'Shall I bring a policeman?'

'I don't like the cops; but bring one, if you like. He can't hurt me.'

'Very good; you can leave me now; but be on hand at nine.'

He arose and unlocked the door, and Senter shuffled out in his sullen manner. As he passed down the wide stair-case, a young man brushed past him rapidly, and gave him a look of silent scorn. Senter stopped on the stairway and looked after him.

'That's you, Seth, my boy. You are down on me for a traitor and informer but I'll fix you yet!'

The young man tapped at the door of Fenton's room and entered. The lawyer looked up at him quickly, and an expression of doubtful meaning passed over his face.

'Good morning, Seth.' he said. 'How do matters go at the bank?'

'They are in trouble, of course, for there is absolutely no clue to the scoundrels who robbed the safe. They were cunning enough not to take anything except gold—actually leaving a large quantity of notes, which they might have had as well as not.'

'Do you suspect any one connected with the bank?'

'I own I have my suspicions, Mr. Fenton, but I have no proofs, and as the man and I are not good friends, it might look like personal enmity on my part if I spoke of it.'

'The safe was opened with the key and word?'

'Yes; that is the puzzle, for only two of us had the word. The key is another matter, and it might have been taken in a dozen ways. Why, if the directors did not have the utmost confidence in me I might have been suspected myself. Are you going to the house?'

'No; but you must give the name of the man you suspect; of course it will go no farther than myself.'

'Henry Dana, the assistant cashier,' replied Seth slowly. 'You know that he has not been friendly with me since he knew that Mary and I were engaged, for he hoped to succeed himself.'

'Umph! You are going to the house to see Mary?'

'Yes; I thought perhaps you were going down. I can't stop a moment; so good bye, and if you find out anything let us know at once.'

He hurried out, and Fenton remained with his head upon his hands, in deep thought. He had trusted Seth Amity so far that he had accepted him as the affianced husband of his only daughter, whom he loved as few parents love their children.

He knew that his informer was a brute, but a good spy, and he had given him trustworthy information before, and it looked bad for Seth. If it proved true, he would be the one to break the daughter's heart, and consign Seth Amity to a prison cell for years. But he had been retained by the bank officials to work up this most audacious robbery, and he would do his duty.—Seth hurried down to the cars and stepped up to the Fenton residence. As he went up the steps the door opened, and a young man stepped out, who cast a savage glance at him, and passed by without saying a word.

'What is Henry Dana doing here?' he muttered; 'and what a malicious glance he gave me! I must understand this at once.'

He touched the bell and sent up his name by the servant who answered the call.

Directly after the girl came back with a card, upon which was written in a delicate female hand:

'Not at home to Mr. Amity. I will never see you again. MARY FENTON.'

Seth looked wildly at the servant, and then, tearing the card in pieces, he stamped upon them furiously, and hurried on into the street, his heart full of doubts and fears. Mary had refused to see him. Who had poisoned her mind against him, and how should he unravel the dark web which fate seemed weaving around him?

Senter was on hand at the appointed time, and met Fenton at his office, where they were joined by a policeman. Fenton had armed himself, and after a stern command to be careful what he did, the informer took the lead, walking several paces in advance of the others, and not appearing to belong to them. He took a cab at a corner stand, and they followed his example, and after ordering their driver to keep the other cab in sight, they drove away through the city, and half an hour after they alighted in a wide street, where the houses were of the class known as suspicious. The cabmen had their orders and drove away, and Senter joined the party.

'Where is the place, you?' said the policeman.

'Gentleman Tom's,' replied Senter.

'Tom keeps a little game of faro, and a good many rough customers hang around him,' said the policeman. 'Will you go in?'

'Of course,' said Fenton, quietly.

'You are game,' muttered the policeman. 'This way, then.'

He opened a gate and by the talismanic power of certain words and knocks they were soon inside of the house, in which the gambling was in full blast.

Senter led the way up stairs to a small room which was carpeted so thickly that their footsteps gave no sound. Senter moved a small panel, scarcely an inch across, and motioned to Fenton to look in. He applied his eye to the opening and saw three men seated at a table, almost within reach of his hand, conversing in low tones. All of them were masked closely, and two of them called the third by name, at different times, and the name was—Seth Amity.

Fenton listened and heard the whole plan of the proposed robbery, and he knew that the man whom he had intrusted, and to whom he had been about to give his daughter in marriage, was a villian and a partner with robbers.

All compunctions were at an end, and the last words he heard as the men rose were these:

'I have invested the proceeds in our last haul in Chicago in such a way that that it will give me influence enough with that old shark, Fenton, to induce him to hurry up the marriage with his daughter. There are over forty thousand in gold in the bank, and the specie will flow in heavily to-morrow. This will make us rich enough to retire and live the life of honest men.'

Twice during the next day Seth passed Mr. Fenton in the street, with a wild, excited look in his handsome face, and the lawyer found it hard to believe the evidence of his own ear.—Seth did not look like a criminal, but rather one whom some unexpected sorrow had driven to despair.

At night three men, with hats drawn over their brows, crawled through the alleys at the back of Morton's bank and reached a door, which was opened by a key and they entered. A man lay sleeping on the floor, who was quickly overpowered, bound and gagged. The one who appeared to be the leader showed them the way to where the other watchman was seated, nodding over a table. He was disposed of as easily as the other, and left upon the floor helpless, and then the leader produced the key to the vault, and opened it easily enough. The floor was quickly strown with small bags, each of which represented a large sum in gold.

As they were gloating over the prize, which far exceeded their expectations, there came a sudden rush of men, and the three robbers were secured before they had time to think of danger.

'Taken in the act, Seth Amity,' said Fenton, showing himself, 'You cannot hope for mercy at my hands.'

One of the officers removed his cap and held up the lantern, and they saw, not Seth Amity, but Henry Dana, his dark face distorted by rage.

'I am beaten; take me to prison; let me hide myself from the world,' said Dana.

So the three robbers went to prison, and Seth Amity was cleared in the eyes of men, and what he cared for most, in those of Mary Fenton. Dana had told her that he had robbed the bank, and that the officials had proof of his villainy, and she was strong enough to cast off the man she believed to be a villain. She made ample atonement for those moments of doubt, for she is now his wife, and will love him better because she sinned against him for an hour.

The stolen property was nearly all recovered and returned to the bank.—Dana was sent to Sing Sing, where he was found dead in his cell six months after the prison door closed behind him. Whether he died by his own hand or conflicting passions of his own heart no man knows.

THE INSANITY OF CAIN.

Whatever is startling in the fact of questioning Cain's sanity only goes to prove the simple justice of the doubt. For more than five thousand years humankind has been content to look upon the First Born as a murderer. Each new generation, convicting him as it were without hearing of judge or jury, has felt far more concern that the conviction should be understood as a so-called religious fact than that their remote and defenseless fellow-creature should have the benefit of human justice. One-tenth of the zeal and candor with which our own Froude has endeavored to make a saint of England's chronic widower might have sufficed to lift a world's weight of obloquy from the shoulders of Cain. But, until to-day, no philosopher has chosen to assume the difficult and delicate task. No jurisprudent has dared to investigate a charge that has been a sort of moral stronghold for ages. So grand a thing is it to be able to point away, far back, deeper and deeper into antiquity, to the very First Families, and say, Behold the fountain-head of our murder record!

Doggerel has much to answer for. It has driven many a monstrous wrong into the heart of its century. It has done its worst with Cain, but not *the* worst.

C—— is for Cain,
Who his brother had slain,

though winning in cadence, lacks spirit as a charge. It is too non-committal. The feeble soul that contrived it was fit only for jury-duty. It wants the snap of preconceived opinion. But CAIN, THE FIRST MURDERER, is grand, unique, statistical. Hence its vitality and power. Generation after generation taught to loathe his very name, has accepted the statement on general principles. There had to be a first murderer—and why not Cain? Again, why not Abel for the murderee?

There was no miasma in that sweet, fresh time; no scope for contagious diseases; there were no pastry shops, no distilleries, no patent medicines, no blisters, no lancets and no doctors. Consequently, there was no way for a man to die unless somebody killed him. Cain did this thing for Abel. That we do not dispute; nor that he did it gratis and unsolicited. But was he a murderer? Setting aside the possibility that Abel's time had not come, are we to judge Cain by the face of his deed? May there not have been palliating conditions, temperamental causes? In a word, was he sane?

For centuries, ages, the world has overlooked the tremendous considerations involved in this question, placidly branding an unfortunate man with deepest ignominy and taking it for granted that his deed was deliberate—the act of a self-poised, calculating and guilty mind. Let us see.

In the first place, Cain, for a time, was the only child on earth! That in itself was enough to disturb the strongest juvenile organism. All the petting, nursing, trotting, coddling, and watching of the whole civilized world falling upon one pair of baby shoulders! Naturally, the little fellow soon considered himself a person of consequence—all-absorbing consequence, in fact. Then came Abel, disturbing and upsetting his dearest convictions. Another self! A new somebody? A kicking counterfeit, held fondly in *his* mother's arms, riding to Danbury Cross on *his* father's foot!

A brother! What did it mean? There were no books to tell him, and if there had been, the poor children never knew a letter. There were no philosophers or metaphysicians in those days to explain the phenomenon. The earliest Beecher was not born; Darwin was still a lingering atom in some undreamed of, unorganized pseudo-protoplasm of a monkey. The child had no friends, not even a school-fellow. Adam's time was taken up with what modern conundrumists have called his express company; Eve had the baby to mind, and Cain was left alone to brood over the unfathomable. Think of the influence thus brought to bear upon the delicate, sensitive brain of that very select child. A mature intellect would have given away under a far less strain.

But Cain survived it. He became reconciled, we will say, to the little Abel. They played and shouted together as children do in our day, racing the fields at will, growing to be strong, brave little animals—fierce, impulsive and aggressive—especially Cain. But how did they fare æsthetically—no academies, no Sunday schools, no gymnasiums, nothing to direct and balance their young minds!

Their parents were plain people, caring little for society, we imagine, and anything but dressy in their tastes. There were no lectures in those days, remember; no concerts, no Young Men's Christian Associations to make life one long festivity—everything was at a dead level. Probably the only excitement Adam and Eve had were thrashing the children and making them "behave." Whatever sensation Adam may have made among the beasts of the field, the only public movement possible to his active-minded wife was to notify all mankind (*i. e.*, little Cain and Abel) to look out, for Adam was coming! Naturally, Abel, being the baby, the last and therefore the best and dearest, was spared these thrashings and public excitements to a great extent; and so the burden of social responsibility fell upon poor little Cain! Who shall blame him, or wonder at the act, if now and then he indulged in a sly kick at Abel—Abel, the goody boy of the family, the "rest of the world," who would not on any account be as naughty and noisy as brother Cain?

Yet who of us can say that any such kick was administered? At that early stage of his existence, the controlling mind of Cain had not yet given way.

It is no light matter to be the first man in a world like this; and Cain certainly was preparing to hold that position. Adam his father, was created for a purpose. Like Minerva, he sprang into life full grown; therefore, though we may safely consider him as the first human creature, he certainly was not the first man. For, how can one be a man who never was a child?

Here we have another argument in favor of Cain. Besides having no bad boys to pattern after, he was under the constant direction of his parents, who certainly, if only from an instinct of self-preservation, would have trained him never to be passionate or cruel, when in his right mind. To be sure they labored under a peculiar disadvantage. Herbert Spencer himself, coming into the world booted and spurred, with no childhood to look back upon, might have been at a loss how to manage the first boy. We must never forget that there was a time when instinct and reflex action had the start of the doctrine of precedent and law of consequences; when the original "I told you so!" had yet to be uttered. Even the warning example of Cain was denied to the moral advancing of this first boy.

Still the situation had its advantages. There were no fond uncles and aunts, no doting grandparents to spoil the child and confound the best endeavors of Adam and Eve. Fortunately for the boy, poor Richard's almanac was yet unwritten; George Washington's little hatchet was never brandished before his infant mind; and Casablanca had not yet struck his attitude on the burning deck. So young Cain was spared a host of discouraging influences. In short, there is every reason to believe that, in spite of dispressing conditions and surroundings, he grew up to be at least a better man than his father, who never had any bringing up at all. That he did not kill Abel in his boyhood is proof enough of this. There was discipline somewhere.

And in the name of developed science and Christian charity why not, in considering subsequent events, make due allowance for whatever phrenological excesses the cranium of young Cain may have possessed? An intelligent father of to day, figuratively speaking, can take his child's head by the forelock. He can detect what is within it, and counteract proclivities. If an ominous bump rise near his baby's ear, he is ready to check combativeness with "Mary had a little lamb," "Children, you should never lie," and other tender ditties. In a word, he may take observations from the little mounts of character on his child's head, and so, if he be wise, direct the young life into safe and pleasant places. But Adam knew nothing of phrenology. Nor have we great reason to believe that, if he *had* known of it, he would have discreetly followed its indications. Children are not always cherubs. We all know how the dearest of our little ones sometimes become so "aggravating" as to upset our highest philosophies. Was Adam more than human? Say, rather, he was the fountain-head and source of human passion.

Again, both children were the victims of an abiding privation. They had the natural propensities of childhood. They had teeth, stomach, appetite—all the conditions, we will say, of cholera infantum—except the one thing for which they secretly yearned—green apples! These of course were not to be had in that house. They were not even allowed to be mentioned in the family. Not once in all their lonely childhood were those children comforted with apples. Think of the possibilities of inherited appetite, and then conceive of the effect of these years of unnatural privation!

Again, who shall question that at times the deepest and most mysterious gloom pervaded that household? Even if Adam and Eve did not confide in their children, their oldest boy must have suspected that something was wrong. *What was it?*—the terrible something to be read, in the averted faces of that doomed pair? They evidently had seen better days. Where? Why? How? What had become of some vague inheritance that Cain felt was his by right? Morning, noon and night, misty and terrible suspicions haunted his young mind. Night and noon and morning, the mystery revolved and revolved within him. Was this conducive to sanity?

Conceive of the effect of the animals seen in the children's daily walks! There were no well-ordered menagerie specimens then, with Barnum or VanAmburg in the background as a foil against terror. Savage beasts glared and growled and roared at every turn. Whatever geologists may say to the contrary, we must insist that the antediluvian animals did not necessarily antedate Adam. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, the plesiosaurus, pterodactyl, mastodon and megatherium, in their native state, could not have been soothing objects of contemplation to the infant mind.

Well, the boys grew up. But how bleak their young manhood! No patent-leather boots, no swallow-tails, no standing-collars, no billiards, no girls to woo, no fellows to flout! Nothing to do when the farm work was over and the sheep in for the night but to look into each other's untrimmed faces with a mute "Confounded dull!" more terrible than raving.

Fathers of to-day, would your own children pass unscathed through such an existence as this? Your little Abels might stand it, but how about your little Cains? Would they not "put a head" on somebody? Would they not become, if not stark, staring mad, at least *non compos mentis?* Gentlemen of the jury, these considerations are not to be lightly passed by.

In judging of Cain, look at the situation. On the one hand, a terrible family mystery, no schools, no churches, no lectures, no society, no amusements, no apples! On the other hand, the whole burden of humanity borne for the first time; paternal discipline; undue phrenological developments; monotonous employment; antediluvian monsters; an antediluvian parents, and an antediluvian good brother, in whose mouth butter would have remained intact for ages.

Undoubtedly, that brother had an exasperating smile. He was happy because he was virtuous. He had a way of forgiving and forgetting that for a time would deprive the offender of reason itself; above all, he had a cool, collected manner of his own, added to a chronic desire to be an angel. His offerings always fulfilled the conditions. His fires needed only to be lighted, and the smoke was sure to ascend with a satisfied, confident curl far into the sky.

Cain's on the contrary, refused to burn. We can see it all. The smoke struggled and flopped. It crept along the ground, and, clinging to his feet, wound about him like a serpent. It grew black and angry, shot sideways into his eyes, blinding and strangling him—

And there stood Abel beside *his* pile, radient, satisfied, wanting to be an angel!

It was but the work of a moment.—The pent-up, disorganizing influences of a lifetime found vent in one wild moment of emotional insanity. Abel was no more!

Why dwell upon the tragedy? The world is familiar with its sickening details. We shall not repeat them here, nor shall we question the justice of the punishment that came to Cain—the remorse, the desolation, the sense of being a fugutive on the face of the earth. He had killed his brother and the penalty must be paid. Sane or insane, a terrible retribution must have overtaken him. But how about his guilt? Would it have been the same in either case? Are hereditary organism, temperamental excitability, emotional phrensy not to be considered? No, a thousand times NO! What "competent juror" would acquiesce in such a proposition!

Friends, the time has come when this case must be taken up. Its mighty issue cannot be set aside. If Cain was not sane at the moment of the killing, the stain of murder must be wiped from his brow now and forever. This tardy justice may at least be done him. Our children and our children's children must be taught to speak of Cain, the manslaughterer; Cain the mentally-excitable; Cain the peculiarly-circumstanced. But Cain the murderer? Never!

A man's own testimony shall not convict or acquit him. But are we not to take into account, as indicative of his state of mind, actions and declarations coincident with the commission of the crime alleged against him? If at or about the time of the fatal deed, there was positive evidence of incoherence—what then? Witness the last recorded words of Cain—"EVERY ONE THAT FINDETH ME SHALL SLAY ME!"

Is this the utterence of a sane mind? *Every* one that findeth me shall slay me? Gentlemen! Cain, at this point, was not only crazy—he was the craziest man that ever existed! No ordinary lunatic, however preposterous his terrors, expects to be killed more than once. But to this poor creature retribution suddenly assumed a hydra-headed form. His distracted brain, unconscious that Adam was the only other man in the wide world, instantly created an immense population. He saw himself falling again and again by the strokes of successive assassins, even as Abel had fallen under his hand. His first dazed glimpse of death expanded and intensified into a horror never since conceived by mind of man. His happiness overthrown; his reason a wreck; a prey to fears that stretched before him forever, with no possible hope of final destruction—the only consolation is that he could not foreknow the merciless verdict of posterity. He did not recognize in himself THE FIRST MURDERER. Rather than dream of such ignominy as this, was it not better that he should cry in his ravings: Every one that findeth me shall slay me!

We leave the question to the intelligence and justice of this faithful and enlightened century.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF THE MODOC MURDERERS.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes from the Modoc camp:

The principal portion of the camp is situated in a huge opening or widening of the ravine, of perhaps an acre in area. On all sides of this opening, which seems more like a huge wash-bowl than anything else, the natural wall rises a hundred feet or more; but is easily scaled—for the inner side is inclined, and the rocks are sharp and jut out all over it. Once in this basin, there is but one way out, and that is by the trail we entered. There are other ways out, but they are by tunnels leading to the many caves or sink-holes in another part of the lava bed, which will be fully described further. On the outside of this basin there is a succession of ridges as high as that which encloses it, but these do not extend all the way around. To the west of the basin is a flat, table-like surface of lava, extending from the very summit of its rim clear back for more than a mile. In this level place are the sink-holes or caves, formed thousands of years ago, perhaps in the cooling of this immense body of molten earth. The openings of the holes are very small; indeed, one does not see them until he has almost fallen in. But they widen as they go down, and their sides being sloping, one can pick his way to the bottom without difficulty. Most of these caves are connected with each other and with the larger basin by subterraneous passages, so that one can go for half a-mile in the bed without coming to the surface at all. This is of incalculable benefit in defending the stronghold—for one man can keep one hundred at bay almost anywhere in it, without fear of being smoked out, or having reatreat cut off. After supper, which, by the way, was shared with a keen relish by about a dozen naked Indian babies, Bogus Charley came and said he would conduct us to Captain Jack. So the whole party gathered up their blankets and followed. Charley led the way right up to one side of the basin through a little trail not easy of ascent by unpracticed feet, and across the level place about fifty yards, when we came suddenly to the mouth of a pit hole at least forty feet deep. The hole inclined as it led downward, and at the bottom widened and formed a perfect cave, extending under the rock at least fifty feet. At the mouth of the cave proper, yet thirty or forty feet below the surface, a piece of canvass was stretched.

This was Capt. Jack's front door, and the cave behind it was his abiding place—the palace of the Modoc king. Behind the canvas we could see a bright fire burning, and nearly the whole tribe encircled around it, ready for the talk, which they knew was to come. The descent into the cave was somewhat perilous, but by a vigorous clinging to the rocks and careful stepping, we managed to reach the canvas. Then throwing that back, we stood in the presence of Capt. Jack. It was easily seen that he was sick. His eyes were dull, cheeks emaciated, and he was so weak he could not stand, but remained reclining on a huge pile of bear skins, with his two wives by his side. Mr. Steele went up to him and shook hands warmly, as he did the rest of the party. Then passing completely around the circle, all shook hands with the entire tribe. This ceremony lasted several minutes, and, when finished, we were furnished seats in the circle, near Captain Jack.

The only wood in the lava bed is sage brush, but this was piled on the fire with an unsparing hand, and the flames shot upward and illuminated the cave brilliantly. Then each member of our party lighted his pipe, and, after taking a whiff or two, passed it around to the right, beginning with Capt. Jack, who took a whiff and passed it on to the next, and so on. In such a large circle, of course, one pipe full would not go round, and so, when it got smoked out, they did not hesitate to bring it back to be refilled; and then send it on to complete the journey. During the ceremony not a word was spoken, and so the correspondent had abundant time to take a good look at the savages. Captain Jack was the central figure, and attracted most attention. He is a stern, dignified looking man not over thirty, though he looks older. He has a good head, though, like all Indians, the forehead is low. His complexion is dark, the pure copper color; and his eyes are black, full and piercing. His hair is hanging down to his shoulders, and he is, of course, destitute of all beard. His mouth is large, and its shape indicates firmness, determination, and a great deal of character. He was very glad to see Steele, but he did not show it by his manner.

When he shook hands it was with an indifference that, to one unacquainted with the Indian character, would seem to be absolute rudeness. He was dressed in a hickory shirt, and was covered with blankets. Scar-faced Charley, the next noted one in the tribe, has a Jewish cast of countenance, his nose being long and aquiline, and his face thin and narrow. He has a terrible scar on his right cheek, which, but for his natural pleasant expression, would make his countenance rather repulsive. He is about thirty-five years old, and is regarded as the bravest Indian in the tribe. But enough has been written of his exploits. He was very polite to his guests, and did all he could to make them comfortable. He was well dressed, and all he wanted to do was to get out of the lava bed. Shack Nasty