

Somewhere, the legends say, there lies a land
Older than Egypt, where the Nile
No human foot has trod, no eye has scanned;

THE LIGHTNING ROD MAN.

What grand irregular thunder,
thought I, standing on my hearth-stone
among the Acroceraunian hills, as the
scattered bolts boomed overhead,

Gibraltar by a few waves of this wand.
Hark, what Himalayas of concussions!
"Special business you were about to
speak of."

"I am better here and better wet."
"How?"
"Is the safest thing you can do—
Hark, again!—to get yourself thoroughly
drenched in a thunder-storm."

The more recent history of the place is
best known. Here John Brown struck
his blow for the freedom of the slaves,
capturing the arsenal on the night of
October 16, 1859, fighting all day on
the 17th, seeing his sons and near
friends shot down about him,

REST.
Love came floating o'er the waters of life's
calm untroubled sea.
Flashing in the morning sunlight: "Rise,"
He said, "and follow me."

arm his household rather than make a
requisition himself. In the meantime
Senator James Lane, of Kansas, had
also raised volunteers. We united our
forces for drill and action.