to a window that overlooked the line of march. A regiment first passed and then a battalion. The captain turned to me and asked me what soldiers these were. I answered that I had heard that a regiment from Norfolk and a battalion from Portsmouth were expected that day.

"He turned from me and walked to a window at the rear of the room and seemed lost in thought for a few minutes; then turned with a graver expression on his face than I had ever before seen, said, 'Please send a telegram to Mrs. Brown in Philadelphia and ask her to come to me at once.'"

"I left promptly after obtaining her street number and carried his request to Governor Wise, who sent the telegram at once, and Mrs. Brown came that day to Charlestown and visited her husband in the jail. This was the last time I ever spoke to Captain Brown. That evening my friend Byrd Washington called for me to pay him a visit, and as he lived some miles distant I did not return until the next afternoon, and the following morning was the time appointed for the execution. We marched out to the place of execution followed by the sheriff, John Brown, a deputy and a minister in a spring wagon which was surrounded by a company of cavalry.

"On reaching the location of the scaffold the soldiers formed a hollow square around the scaffold in the center and officers in front of their various commands.

"The wagon was driven through the line and up close to the gallows. John Brown jumped to the ground and skipped up the steps to the platform as though he were a mere boy.

"The gallows was unusually high, giving a view of a landscape unsurpassed for its beauty and grandeur. The sun shone with all its brightness, the grass was still green."

THE OPENED BUD

I
SAW a bud unfold—
And something went away
The rose-bloom tried to hold—
Could you see, too?

Aileen Cleveland Higgins.