

went to report myself at Head Quarters. On sending in my card, I was at once admitted, and kindly received by General Beauregard, to him I presented my passports, he introduced me to several of his officers and among them to the gentleman to whom my Masonic friend at Alexandria had given me a letter; the General requested them to make me as comfortable as possible, adding that he would make another endorsement on my passport. I was soon actively engaged in demolishing some cold meats, which with various condiments enabled me to make a hearty supper, for as an old campaigner, I had learned the full value of the maxim laid down by the immortal Dalgetty, "to provision the garrison whenever the opportunity offered." I had just finished my repast and lit my meerschaum, when the General brought me back my passport upon which he had written, in a fine clerkly hand, as follows. "Head Quarters Dept. of Alexandria, Camp Pickens June 7th, 1861, the bearer, and lady, have permission to pass to Charlottesville and return through our lines on their way north, unmolested by any of the forces of Confederate States—signed—G. T. Beauregard, Brigadier General Commanding," Thanking the General for his politeness I handed him some late newspapers, which he eagerly accepted and retired to peruse. Cigars and cogniac enlivened the conversation until the hour for retiring, a buffalo robe and some clean straw in the corner of the tent of my Masonic brother, enabled me to pass the night in tolerable comfort. At 6 a. m. after a hearty breakfast, and with my pockets filled with cigars, I was escorted to the depot of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where I secured a ticket for Charlottesville, and I again proceeded on my journey. A special train bringing 1,000 men from Georgia, arrived just before we left. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon before our train reached Charlottesville, and having entered my name in the register book, and secured a room at the Hotel, I was enjoying the luxury of a bath, when a tap at the door and the intrusion of a woolly head rather startled me, "some gentlemen to call upon massa," said my sable friend depositing at the same time a number of cards upon a chair—you must be mistaken said I, I know no one here—arn't you from Canaday asked he; to my affirmative, he replied its all right massa, you will find the gentlemen in the drawing room when you are ready. When dressed, I descended to the reception room, where I found a number of gentlemen, evidently waiting for me, one of them came forward and introduced himself as Mr. Dangerfield, and welcomed me to Virginia, the others were then introduced by him; they had seen my name in the arrival book, and as strangers from the north, especially from so far north as Canada. were rare, they had availed themselves of the earliest moment to make my acquaintance. After a few minutes pleasant conversation, and kind offers of service on their parts, I mentioned the object of my journey, this announcement I afterwards ascertained, rather disappointed them, as they had come to the conclusion that I was on my way to Richmond on a diplomatic mission of some kind or other. I handed them my remaining newspapers, of which I had fortunately brought a good supply, and they took their leave. I then walked over to the Institute, where to my surprise and disappointment I was informed that my young friend, for whom I had come so far, despairing of intelligence from home, had availed herself of an opportunity which had presented itself to accompany the Bishop of Virginia who had procured a pass for Washington and had that very morning started with him, by way of Harpers Ferry on her journey