

Yancey, when he addressed the citizens of Cincinnati, advocating the kindred principles of Slavery and Secession.

For the Advocate & Press.

COMPANY B, 7TH REGIMENT, P. R. }
Alexandria, March 26, 1862. }

DEAR BROTHER:—We left our camp at Pierpont on the 10th; leaving Drainsville two miles to the right, we struck across the country and at 9 o'clock halted at Hunter's Mill. Here with one blanket to cover us, we laid down to rest our weary limbs, having traveled 18 miles since noon. The Mill is on Difficult Creek, 2 miles from Vienna and 6 from Centreville. The Leesburg and Alexandria railroad is within a rod of the Mill. The rebels in their work of destruction had burned the bridge that spanned the creek; burned several trains of cars, the running gears of which were still standing on the track. The track was torn up at different places. While we were at the Mills it was repaired, so that the cars run as far as to the bridge. We passed the time here, quite pleasantly, as the weather was beautiful.

On Friday evening, while our company with two others of our regiment were on picket, the order came to leave. We marched to camp, but it was deserted. The camp fires were still burning brightly. After marching back about 3 miles we caught up to the division, and put up for the night in an open country along the Alexandria pike. Here we were necessitated to stop on account of the bridge having been burned down that crossed the creek. It rained almost all night. We had no tents and had to stand around the fires to keep dry. The next morning, Saturday, we were in line by daylight, ready for another march. We again reached Georgetown turnpike, and turned our steps towards our old camp Pierpont, but when within 8 miles of the place that had grown dear to us, the head of the column turned to the right into a by-road, and I guess a worse road could not have been found in Virginia. Here it commenced raining, the rain fell in torrents, the mud and water run in the road knee deep, and drenched with rain our overcoats and knapsacks hung on our shoulders like lead. After trudging along in this manner for about an hour we reached the pike, and encamped in a pine woods for the night. Here we passed a worse night than any before. It continued raining the greater part of the night. Sleep there was none. We stood around our fires, waiting and wishing for the dawning of the next day. At last, to our joy it came, the clouds broke, and the sun rose in all his splendor, telling us that we would have a better day for our journey than the preceding one. By 10 o'clock we were again on our way. At Falls Church the ladies unfurled a large Union flag—an expression of the strongest kind of Union sentiment was this unfurling of the old flag. We arrived at our present camp, which is 1½ miles from Alexandria, on Sunday at 8 o'clock P. M. We are on a hill, in or near is Fairfax Institute, in front a large eight cornered house, used as a Division Commissary, to our right are Forts Lyon and Ellsworth, and the broad Potomac winding its onward course to the ocean.

Yesterday McDowell reviewed his great army corps. Our division passed review first. Well here we are at Alexandria, as you see by the heading of this letter, awaiting transports as I suppose to go, I know not where.

JAMES P. SHREVEY.

Emerson Etheridge made a speech at Nashville, the other day, which is bold and slashing as reported in the papers of that city. He told them: "You have got to live in the Union—with your niggers if you will—without them if you will. The Union is worth more than all the secessionists and niggers in the world."