

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Contributions to this column are requested from Confederate veterans and other persons familiar with the history of the War Between the States. Narratives of particular engagements and personal adventures are especially requested. All contributions should be sent to The Editor of the Confederate Column, Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

Reminiscences of a Union Prisoner
 Northerner's Warm Tribute
 to Virginia.

But it is not that kind of a Petersburg to-day. Far from it. In a previous article I devoted a little space to telling of the city's growth, improvements and prospects. There is an absence of gloom there to-day. The people are hopeful, confident, contented, prosperous, proud of their city, their State and their nation and its one flag. They are Virginians, with enough of the ways and customs of the Virginia of old to give them the rank and the place held by the Virginians who lived there a century ago. Were I a Virginian I should add to this that "the population of Petersburg is like the people of Virginia in the long ago in the matter of intelligence, hospitality, pride, ambition, courage and citizenship," and close this saying "the population unsurpassed in all the directions by that of any other State or the Union or any other portion of the world." Though not a Virginian, I can but well understand why Virginians make such a claim, and I have no disposition to combat that claim. There is so much that is delightful connected with Virginia. The name itself is

and make him happy. I hope you will try hard this spring to get me as much Tobacco and ship it in your name to our old friend, Mr. Grymes. Could I but accomplish to ship about Twelve hogsheads of Tobacco it would get me a charlot and everything for myself and

then I think my wants will be supplied
It please God my self and family keeps
out of the Doctors hands and my old
cart and chariot dont fall to pieces
again, for I have just paid better than
a guinea to Mr. Brooks for mending
them I think now I have Tried your
patience & indeed mine is just gone

That I am not so let them laugh we shall be married when we are (here five lines are effaced).

I have now no Domestic cares to worry me. But with visitors and visiting and writing and various other business I assure you I am scarce an hour idle. I have not been able yet

Mr. Payne and Family came over, & not even my son would bestow one load of wood on me to save me from this illness poore Alexander sent his own team poore fellow with one load of wood and carted my corn out of the field or there it might have been for this moment for what your Brother cared. I hope he may never want a friend. How little my dear do you

Not possible to love more tenderly
than I do & certainly ye greatest virtue
consists in a tender & constant
Passion wch I hope may justly claim
a reciprocal Return.

(Continued to Next Sunday.)

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