Glade Spring, Va.
April 9th 1901
MRS. M. F. Farbells

Miss Ida M. Farbells

Dear Madam,

I enclose your manuscript of the dispatch of Col. Mosby's command. You can condense as much as you think proper.

Respectfully,

W. L. Rhine M. D.
Late Surg. P. A. C. S.
On the afternoon of the 4th day of April 1865 with Capt. John Murphy I left the Hague in Westmoreland County, where I had been on duty since Feb. 14th, to return to Hanpquier. I was rejoined next day by a few who had not returned to Hanpquier with 2nd detachment which had uninterested in northern neck of Virginia. On night of the 6th reached tripod end of King George and learned that Richmond had fallen. Remained here until the 12th of April to gain information, then resumed my way to Hanpquier, where I arrived on the 14th and learned Lpol. Hgosby had heard of Gen. Lee's surrender. Lpol. Hgosby disbanded his command at Salem Hanpquier County Va. on the 21st. When the battalion was formed in line Lpol. Hgosby rode out in front, raised his hat in salute, and made his final
address. The men and horses seemed as statues, not a murmur of man or horse seemed to quiver in the entire battalion. No champing of bits by horses. No whisper from men. When he concluded, 'I am no longer your commander, break ranks.' The officers and soldiers who had made the reputation of his command and were his 'veterans' about two hundred and fifty seemed to detach themselves from those who had lately joined, and grouped themselves together, as though they were loth to sever the organization that had bound them together. The confidence in each other's courage and skill as soldiers, their devotion to their comrades proved in so many fields. It seemed that their hearts could break to have to separate. To give up the cause they lived so well was worse than death. After remaining probably an hour with sad tears streaming down their faces, a man of family could seize
his most intimate friends by the hand; then turning to the reman-der with hat-off, would, say, "Goodbye and may God bless you," and ride slowly off to be followed by another, leaving equally reluctantly.

A few days after, with the hostler and three horses of Lt. Fountain Beattie, who gave me twenty dollars in gold and five dollars in pocket hoarded by a comrade, I started home and found the roads open. On reaching home in May I found fences dilapidated, and stock mostly stolen. Many of my father's negroes had stolen his only good team of horses and ran off to Tennessee. The corn was planted, but not enough provision to last until harvest. With two negro men, four negro women, 80 or 85 negro children to feed, in addition to my father, three sisters, two brothers and I and recovered from a wound, recent received in battle.

Fortunately this was a grass country.
and by over-working the horses too hard
made a good crop, by letting the horses
run to graze every night, Saturday and
a part of every day. We were just
getting to feel like we could live, when
a man named Bark with a band
of outlaws made their appearance,
claiming to have U.S. authority to
seize property, and if undisturbed, Persons
also. His headquarters was on an adjoining
farm. Before he done much damage
Gov. Pierpont authorized us by telegraph,
to organize a company, capture him
and his band of cutthroats and he
would see that he was tried by a court
having power to mete out justice. The
company was organized at once, and one
old confederate thought we could hear
carbine crack and revolvers do their
deadly work in some time. But
Bark concluded it was time for
him to hunt his native mountains, and he did so. All trouble of this kind then ceased except a few marauders from mountains of East Tennessee to steal stock. Yonders Fall the Rail Road was repaired and made a demand for Circlevood. I delivered enough in Rail Road to buy the absolute necessities of life, and winter clothing for white and black.

To illustrate the rebound, from the depth of despair of the laboring classes, I will tell you of my first fall. Late in the evening, I was called to see Mrs. G. on the edge of the neighborhood, suffering with colic. How the poor people had settled on some land owned by parties in Pennsylvania. The house was of unknown logs with the board covering held down by a log laid lengthwise. The top one is called
the ridge pole. Just before entering, I concluded I must have stumbled on to a unsteady making. It seemed that two ladies had gone to the sick room's assistance. As she was suffering they concluded to do something for her. One put in a pot of gravel to boil, the other gathered peppermint and a few scalds pulled them in the pot of boiling gravel and after boiling a while stirred in cornmeal to thicken it into a pudding. This she spread red hot as it came on an old apron. The married lady went to the bed, gently laid down the cover, when the young one by mistake, applied to Mr. the husband, this red hot pudding, instead of, to Martha, his wife. She sniths the three women laughing at Mr. lying flat on his back in bed trying to kick the ridge pole off in his frantic endeavors to get the hot thing off "dag gone it".

W. L. Dunn, M. D.
Late Surg. P. O. C. S.