

Glade Spring Va.
Apr. 9th 1901

Miss Ida M. Garbell

Dear Madam

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

Respectfully
W. L. Dunn 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 Hagare in Westmoreland County, where I had been on duty since Feb. 14th, to return to upper Chancier. I was joined next day by a few who had not returned to Chancier with 2nd detachment which had wintered in Northern neck of Virginia. On night of the 6th reached upper 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 Chancier, where I arrived on the 14th and learned Col. Mosby had heard of Gen. Lee's surrender. Col. Mosby disbanded his command at Salem Chancier County Va. on the 21st. When the battalion was formed in line Col. Mosby rode out in front, raised his hat in salute, and made his final

address. The men and horses seemed as statues, not a muscle of man or horse seemed to quiver in the entire battalion. No clamping 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 others courage and skill as soldiers; their devotion to their comrades proved on so many fields. It seemed that their hearts would 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 would seize

his most intimate friends by the hand; then turning to the remainder with hat-off, would say, "Good bye and may God bless you," and ride slowly off to be followed by another, leaving equally as reluctantly.

A few days after, with the hostler and three horses of Lt. Mountain Beattie, who gave me twenty dollars in gold and five dollars in pocket loaned by a comrade, I started home and found the roads open. On reaching home in May I found fences dilapidated, and stock mostly stolen. Two 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, 30 or 35 negro children to feed, in addition to my father, three sisters, two brothers and one not recovered from a wound, recent - received in battle. Fortunately this was a grass country

and by not-working the horses too hard made a good crop, by letting the horses run to grass every night, Sunday and a part of every day. We were just getting to feel like we could live, when a man named Burk with a band of outlaws made their appearance, claiming to have U. S. authority to seize property, and if molested, persons also. His headquarters was on an adjoining farm. Before he ^{had} 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 we old confeds thought we would hear carbine crack and revolvers do their deadly work in more time. But Burk 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. Towards Fall the Rail Road was repaired and made a demand for cordwood. I delivered enough on 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 call.

Late in the evening I was called to see Mrs. G. on the edge of the neighborhood, suffering with colic. Now the poor people had settled on some land owned by parties in Pennsylvania. The house was of unhewn logs with the board covering held down by a log laid lengthwise. The top one is called

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the ridge pole. Just before entering, from the noise coming from the house, I concluded I must have stumbled in to a merry making. It seemed that two ladies had gone to the sick woman's assistance. As she was suffering they concluded to do something for her. One put on a pot of water to boil, the other gathered peppermint and a few weeds, put them in the pot of boiling water and after boiling a while, stirred in corn meal to thicken it into a poultice. This she spread red hot as it was, on an old apron. The married lady went to the bed, gently laid down the cover, when the young one by mistake, applied to Wm. the husband, this red hot poultice, instead of, to Martha, his wife. The mirth was the three women laughing at Wm. lying flat on his back in bed trying to kick the ridge pole off in his frantic endeavor to get the hot thing off "dag gone it"

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