

## Dr. William P. Hobbs Record

85th Indiana

DR. WILLIAM P. HOBBS

William Parker Hobbs, the oldest child of Samuel and Ruth (Parker) Hobbs, was born near Salem, Ind., November 27, 1821. William was but seven years old when his mother died and eleven when his father died. After the death of his mother William and his brother and sisters lived with their grandfather and grandmother Hobbs for a time. William married Mary Ann Elrod April 25, 1844. She was born near Orleans, Ind., January 7, 1825. Their children were: Mildred Jane, Cyrus May, Jacob, Melville Parker, Wilson Edgar, Thomas Wilbur, Rosetta, and William Lincoln. Mildred Jane, Melville, Rosetta and William L. are now living.

William Parker Hobbs first started in business as a wagon maker in Paoli, Ind. In 1849 or 1850, he built a storeroom in Orangeville, Ind., which is still standing, and began doing the first trade in general merchandise that was carried on there. About the same time he was appointed the first postmaster of that place.

Orangeville was laid out in town lots June 14, 1849, and it is said for several years did more business than any other town three times its size in Orange county. Grandfather sold his store in 1853 and moved to a small farm about a mile from Orangeville.

The Methodist church in Orangeville was built in 1851 and 1852. The lot on which the church stands was deeded by Nathaniel B. Wilson on November 4, 1851, to the following trustees: Alfred Bruner, Robert Higgins, Lewis B. Wilson, Harvey Denny and William P. Hobbs.

About this time grandfather became a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church which license he retained the rest of his life.

Grandfather taught school for several years and then just prior to the civil war took up the study of medicine. It is said that the little village of Orangeville has turned out fifteen physicians in its history. From September 10, 1862, until October 19, 1864, grandfather was with the Union army.

After the war he moved with his family to a farm near Livonia, Ind., and began the practice of medicine. In October, 1874, he moved to Ragsville, Daviess county,

Indiana, he having purchased the practice of Dr. Lane at that place. Rablesville was laid out in town lots under the name of Sanford, June 21, 1837.

Here he practiced medicine until two or three years before his death. He often took me with him as he did some of his other grandchildren on his calls into the country.

I believe in this profession of doctor-preacher grandfather had found his calling.

C. M. Hobbs said of his father: "He gave his life ministering to the souls and bodies of men." He also said that his father was not a business man and that it was only the good management of his mother that kept the wolf from the door.

William Parker Hobbs died February 2, 1897, at the age of seventy-five years two months and six days. Mary Ann Hobbs died January 4, 1901 at the age of seventy-five years, eleven months and twenty-eight days. They were buried in the Rablesville cemetery.

The civil war record of my grandfather, William P. Hobbs, and his brother, Wilson Hobbs, who were members of the 85th Indiana infantry.

William P. Hobbs was enrolled September 10, 1862, at Covington, Ky., and mustered into service from Orangeville, Ind., as a hospital steward September 15, 1862, to serve for three years. He was discharged as hospital steward to accept the appointment of second assistant surgeon of the same regiment, June 1, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.

He was honorably discharged on account of disability in special field orders No. 289 dated headquarters department of the Cumberland, October 19, 1864.

As assistant surgeon he carried the relative rank of lieutenant and received pay at the rate of \$100 per month.

Most of this information I have obtained from a regimental history published in 1902 by the Rev. J. E. Brant, major brevet lieutenant-colonel, Bloomington, Ind. A copy of this history was presented to my brother, Charles, and me in 1926 by Robert Clark, age eighty-nine, the only member of the 85th now living in Indianapolis.

The last time the national G. A. R. encampment was held in Indianapolis, in the year 1921, my brother Charles and I were able to get three of the veterans of the regiment together in the office of The Indianapolis News. These men had not seen each other since the war, and they had a very pleasant visit together. One of them was John W.

Sullivan, of Washington, Ind., who said that he happened to be in an attorney's office in Washington at the time a letter came in there, seeking aid in obtaining a pension for my grandfather.

My grandfather had suffered a sunstroke while in the southland and was applying for a pension by reason of this. Mr. Sullivan told the attorney that he had the exact date when this happened at his home in his diary, for he had seen my grandfather fall from his horse and had made note of it.

Two of the men said that they had taken medicine that grandfather had given them when they were sick.

Wilson Hobbs was mustered in from Annapolis, Ind., September 4, 1862, the date on which the regiment was organized, as its surgeon, and served with it the entire time until it was mustered out, June 12, 1865.

C. M. Hobbs said that his father saw the end of the war was near, and the fact that he was in ill health and was badly needed by his family at home caused him to resign.

In the preface of this history written by the Rev. Mr. Brant, he said it was becoming a custom for every regiment to have its history and at their reunion at Terre Haute in 1888, Samuel R. White, of Company D, regimental clerk, was appointed to write a history, but failed to do so because of poor health.

The regiment was made up of men from Parke, Vigo, Clay, Vermillion, Sullivan and Greene counties and of a few from Illinois. These men were unlike those who had enlisted in 1861 in the fact that they were of more mature years. Many of the men of regiments mustered in during 1862 left young families behind. Such was the case with grandfather, only one of his children being born after the war. My mother was the baby during the war, and she made a visit with her mother to Louisville to see her father.

Those who went in 1861 were under the impression that the war would soon end, but those who answered the call in 1862 faced an era of dread that the struggle would be long and fearful.

The Rev. Mr. Brant said that the 85th was just an average regiment, yet their percentage of loss was more than 18 per cent., while the percentage of loss of Indiana troops in general was about 11 per cent.

On September 8, 1862, they went to Indianapolis, where they were equipped and armed. They arrived in Cincinnati September 7, then went into camp south of Covington, Ky. October 8 they camped at Falmouth river, where more than 100 were in hospitals because they had had no tents up to that time.

In December the women of Terre Haute presented them with a beautiful flag.

They brigaded with the 33d of Indiana, the 19th of Michigan and the 22d of Wisconsin. From Nicholasville they moved to Danville, Ky. They lost sixty men from sickness by March 2, 1863. They were then at Nashville, Tenn. On March 4 they had their first fighting in the battle of Thompson's Station. The 85th's loss was thirteen killed and twenty-one severely wounded. They were surrounded and forced to surrender. Twelve hundred prisoners were taken and sent to Richmond in box cars. They arrived March 16 at Libby Prison. Most of the prisoners were out of prison in three or four weeks and all were out in two months. However, more than 10 per cent. died in that short period. Grandfather and his brother was not taken prisoner, being in the noncombatant class. The prisoners when released were sent to Annapolis, Md. All who desired had a few days' leave of absence to go home.

By June 10, 1863, the regiment was again in line after being scattered for more than three months.

The history reprints an article written for Harper's Weekly by Wilson Hobbs reporting the execution of two spies June 9, 1863. He was one of the surgeons who pronounced them dead.

On Friday, while the battle of Gettysburg was raging, they marched out of Ft. Granger, north of Franklin, and on Sunday went into camp near Murfreesboro.

For many months to follow the 85th was kept guarding the railroad from Christiana, ten miles south of Murfreesboro, to Wartrace. October 5, Company E was captured from a stockade at Christiana, but was paroled the next day. It was decided that this action was not in accordance with the rules of warfare, and they went back on duty.

Above November 6 the regiment was brought together at Fosterville. Here was held a revival which lasted for five weeks, and a regimental church was formed. One hundred or more men were converted, some of whom were killed in the Atlanta campaign. Grandfather preached in many of these meetings. Later another revival was held at Goldsboro, N.C.

About February 1, 1864, they moved to Lavergne [sic], Tenn., crossed the mountains, and reached Bridgeport, Ala., on April 29.

On May 4 they were near Ringold, Ga.

On May 15 they went into battle at Resaca and for 120 days they were on the fighting line, with battles at Cassville, Dallas, and a big ten-day battle at Peach Tree creek, July 17 to 27.

On September 1 Colonel Coburn moved into Atlanta and all moved in September 3.

October 16 to 18 the regiment was on a foraging expedition. About this time (October 19) grandfather resigned.

On November 15 they left Atlanta in flames and started to march they knew not where. November 19 they went through Madison; November 22, Milledgeville; the 25th, Sandersville; the 30th, Louisville, and arrived at Savannah thirty-six days after leaving Atlanta.

They crossed into South Carolina on January 2, 1865; moved through Hardieville [sic], Prurysburg and Robertsville.

They had a fight at Lawtonville with the Wheeler cavalry. Then they went on to Allendale, arriving at Columbia, S. C., February 16. On March 4 they crossed into North Carolina near Cheraw.

On March 10 they had a battle at Averysboro. Then they went to Goldsboro, arriving at Raleigh on April 14. On April 15 they heard of the assassination of the President. On April 30 they started the homeward march. This took them through Richmond, Va., May 8. On May 19 they went into camp near Alexandria. They marched in the grand review on May 24.

They were mustered out on June 12. Arms, horses and their old flag were left in Indianapolis. Their finishing march was down Main street, Terre Haute, on June 29.

Of the loss of the regiment, forty-three were killed and died of wounds, while 164 died of disease.

Extracts from some of the letters that passed between my grandfather and grandmother Hobbs during the civil war. While these are personal letters I believe if my grandparents

were living today they would grant me the privilege of using the parts that I have, in order that we might better understand what they went through in those dark hours. I have used the exact words as they had written them although in some instances sentences did not immediately follow each other as they are here printed.

Letters from MARY TO WILLIAM

September 29, 1862—May brought me a letter yesterday evening stating that you had been very sick and that you had not heard from home since you left.

October 5, 1862—When we get a letter from you Ettie says “Let me see it,” and sits down in her chair to read it.

October 24, 1862—I am sorry to hear that some of your men are going back in a moral point. I hope you will have a good influence over them to do better.

October 27, 1862—Was sorry to hear of your being sick again. I fear you are not going to have good health in the army but I will try and hope for the best. Today Ettie is two years old.

November 23, 1862—Ettie is right fleshy and as lively as ever. She says she is papa's girl.

November 30, 1862—I sit down to write you the sad intelligence that my brother Newton is no more on earth. He died the twenty-seventh of this month. Moses sent a dispatch to Tommy to come after him. The doctors after a consultation, said he could not be moved but he lived from Monday until Thursday after they brought him home. His last words were “Farewell, farewell. Lord Jesus receive my spirit.” He died of pneumonia and typhoid. Amanda (the widow) is almost heart-broken. How many homes and hearts has this wicked rebellion made desolate and how many more will it make ere it ceases to raise its puny arm. My prayer is, hasten the time oh Lord when it will be put down.

December 25, 1862—Ettie often talks about your coming home and sitting on your lap and your singing chickadee for her.

March 3, 1863—I heard yesterday there were 500 soldiers camped near Paoli. They were sent to hunt deserters.

March 14, 1863—I saw in the papers that the brigade you were in was surrounded by the rebels and most of them killed or captured. I spent several uneasy days and nights but

finally received a letter from you. I took Ettie with me to Millers and every house we passed she would say "There is Louisville." She thought we had started to see you again. I sometimes think this war will not last long, then again I fear it will. Be that as it may, I will try to trust in the Lord and leave the event with him. I don't want you to be discouraged.

March 21, 1863—You had better be careful how you eat the darkies [sic] bread, the rebels may poison you in that way. I have not bought one pound of coffee and but one of sugar since you left home but we have sugar now of our own make.

April 3, 1863—Sister Denny's funeral is to be preached next Sabbath at Orangeville by Brother Swartz. We will have been married nineteen years the ninth of this month and it will be eight months since you left home.

May 10, 1863—Ettie is a great singer. I wish you could hear her when she gets in a big way of singing.

May 24, 1863—Ettie goes to the drawer where your miniature is nearly every day and says she wants to see papa. When we ask her if she wants to see you she says you are coming home some day and then she will get to see you.

May 31, 1863—There are so many sympathizers here I fear some that we will have civil war at home yet. I hear of some that say they will resist the conscription law.

Letters from WILLIAM TO MARY

February 4, 1863—Franklin, Tenn., I am left at this place, to take charge of the sick amounting to about fifty, until the return of the troops. My health is better though. I am very busy day and night.

April 30, 1863—We are nearly out of money and if pay don't come soon we shall be in a bad fix. I don't need any only to buy my rations which costs me \$12 every month. We now have four month's [sic] pay due us today. As to your spending money I sent that is what I send it for and want you to buy everything you can that you need to make you comfortable.

May 3, 1863—My health is pretty good with the exception of cold I caught yesterday preaching in the open air at the 33 Indiana. They have no chaplain at present.

November 25, 1863—Louisville, Ky.: (Evidently returning from a furlough). While passing through New Albany I went to the hospital and saw Moses, Fanny and Elzy.

January 7, 1864—Fosterville, Tenn.: Yesterday, I went to Christena and last night preached to the 33d. They have a powerful revival there. Tonight about 300 yards from here is a dance. All are gone from headquarters but me. I had an invitation to the “party” but thought I could better employ my time.

January 17, 1864—We had meeting tonight and afterwards a lieutenant came into our tent when we commenced talking on religion. He is a good, clever fellow, but not religious - don't swear nor drink whisky which is more than can be said of most officers. We have fitted up a house which will hold about 150 persons and it is filled nearly every time. We have a fine prospect of considerable revival. We are sorry that Indiana is about to fill its quota without a draft. We wanted to see some of the butternuts in the ranks.

February 9, 1864—I have an appointment to preach at a private house two miles north of here where we have a detail of men getting railroad ties. Our sick are doing well. The worst cases are now able to be up. I sent one man to his company yesterday who had typhoid fever. When he came to the hospital I feared he would die. I have had charge of the hospital for the last month and lost one man with this disease.

March 14, 1864—Lavergne [sic], Tenn.: I hope the children will do well with the measles. I am anxious to know the result. I hate slavery worse than I ever did because it corrupts all who believe in it. I find that slavery caused the rebellion and none at home who are butternuts believe in freedom, only that kind that favors treason and bad whisky and opposes the church and speaks evil of its faithful ministers.

April 3, 1864—Lavergne [sic], Tenn.: I hope Ettie's dream will soon be fulfilled and I can be at home to see her and the rest of you. We have three or four cases of measles in the regiment and two have been very bad. I found one man of the 33d lying on the ground in his Shelton tent partially broken out and very sick but got him to an open tent and gave him warm whisky with ginger and ipecac when he soon got better and in a day or two was able to sit up. We have three more cases of small pox. One man that I went to see at a battery where one of our companies is got able to go about and had, as he said, a breaking out, came all the way here to see me to see what was the matter. I saw that he was broken out all over the face with the eruption almost in the second stage. I sent him away in a hurry to the small pox hospital.

April 8, 1864—Lavergne [sic], Tenn.: I intended to have written yesterday but was called away to see a sick man at one of the companies at least six miles from here and did not

get back till the middle of the day. It rained on me more than half the way and being without blanket or overcoat I got wet completely. If I find that I can not stand up to what is before us I shall get out of this as soon as I can. I know that if I were to quit and go home and then become stout, or well as usual I mean, I should be dissatisfied. Last Wednesday General Hovey's division passed here. I never saw so many boys before in the ranks. It is a shame. They ought to be sent back and stout butternuts drafted in their places.

April 17, 1864—Lavergne [sic], Tenn.: (The troops were about to move forward.) Some of the young Negro women who took up with some of the darkies that follow the regiment are bawling at a terrible rate as they can't go. They thought that to all intents and purposes they were married.

May 4, 1864—Camped near Chicamauga [sic] battle ground. All that has been said about the treatment of our dead is true. I saw several places where our men were only partially buried, the skull and feet uncovered. They dug no trench to bury these men in but threw a little dirt over them as they lay and left them so.

May 22, 1864—Cassville, Ga.: Many of the men are complaining with flux and the fever which keeps me very busy. I have seen Hooker several times. Once he rode close enough to me to almost touch. I have had a fine chance to look at him. He dresses in good taste and is the finest looking man I ever saw in the army.

June 3, 1864—I was sorry to learn of your ill health and your intense anxiety on my account. I have been through all the battles without the least injury, though once or twice shot and shell and bullets went over my head in torrents. On yesterday I suffered a great misfortune. Col. Baird and Lieutenant-Colonel Crain and I sent our darkies with our horses out foraging with three white men and two Negroes of the 19th Michigan. They went only three miles from camp and were all captured except one. We have no doubt but the rebels killed the Negroes.

June 12, 1864—I wrote you some time ago about the capture of my horse and Bill by the rebels. We have not heard anything from them yet and never expect to again. I am sorry on Bill's account and so much so that I have little concern for the loss of my horse.

June 27, 1864—Near Marietta: Governor Morton and Abraham Lincoln are with the army, the most popular men in the nation. There is no doubt of this, all the copperheads may say to the contrary.

July 16, 1864—War begets many things wrong and produces very little if any moral principle as some noted men are as devoid of virtue as satan [sic] himself, almost.

July 25, 1864—Near Atlanta: The battle that occurred on the twentieth was one of the severest I have ever seen. Those who belong to our division and brigade who were at the battle of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville say they never saw so many dead rebels after a fight as lay on the ground after the battle was over.

August 1, 1864—The tenth of next month it will be two years since I began service in the army. I think I have stayed in the service long enough for a man of my age and family and intend to quit if I live this fall. I am run down now and need rest and quiet life.

August 28, 1864—Third division hospital: I am able to walk about and have part of the time a good appetite. I have no fever of **account** - the main thing being wore down with this awful campaign.

**Commented [SM1]:** The words on the edge of this page are distorted but I was able to decipher some of the words from the content of the sentence.

September 8, 1864—I received a letter from you yesterday that was written in July, which gave an account of the death of Ruth's child. My health is improving slowly but I have not yet reported for duty.

September 21, 1864—Yesterday I came back to the regiment and am waiting impatiently to know the result of my application of resignation. This evening I am to go before the board of examiners but as I am so much better I may not succeed. I shall take the matter coolly either way.

Rev. N. F. Denny, seventy-six years of age, a well-known Methodist preacher in Indiana for over fifty years, sent me from West Baden, under date of July 15, 1927, a eulogy of Dr. W. P. Hobbs and family. In a note at the conclusion, the Rev. Mr. Denny said: "In writing the above I failed to find words to express my high esteem and regards for the Hobbs family."

In a recent conversation with the Rev. Mr. Denny he said that he believed that they had a great deal to do with him deciding to take up the ministry. He also said that he believes Dr. W. P. Hobbs had saved his life by the advice that he had given as to his care when he had typhoid fever. This was during the time grandfather was studying medicine and before he had received his license to practice.

The eulogy follows:

## Eulogy

Life is not to be estimated by the years lived nor by the property accumulated but by the deeds done. A birth and death is all that is recorded of the longest life known in history, but the man who walked with God for 300 years, and had the [illegible]rance that he pleased God was [illegible], for God took him. Enoch was rewarded and crowned for his righteousness. The immortal characters in history are those who serve God best by serving humanity [illegible]. Among the stars that shine [illegible]mmed in the horizon of my life, none shines more brightly than the [illegible] of Dr. W. P. Hobbs. From [illegible] to 1865 Dr. Hobbs taught six schools in the Miller schoolhouse in Northwest township, Orange county, Indiana. I had the pleasure of attending all these schools. Three of the doctor's children attended these schools - Jennie, C. M. and Melville. My father's family and Dr. Hobbs's family were intimate friends and neighbors. The family was an ideal one. In this home was erected a family altar, from which ascended daily the incense of prayer and praise. Dr. Hobbs and wife were devoted Christians. When the Orangeville circuit was a mission and extended to Natchez, Martin county, Dr. Hobbs traveled this charge as a supply. While he never united with the conference yet he was an active local preacher for many years and made great sacrifice for the church. When the storm clouds of war darkened the horizon of our nation, Dr. Hobbs answered to his country's call and left his wife and six children and joined the 85th Indiana volunteers. While in the service he was assistant surgeon of his regiment. After the close of the war he moved from his home near Orangeville, Orange county, Indiana, eight miles southwest of Orleans, and began the practice of medicine. Here he was quite active in the building of the Island M. E. church, five miles east of Orleans. In 1874 he moved to Raglesville, Daviess county. Here he practiced medicine and preached for many years. Dr. Hobbs was a born patriot. William Tommy, the undertaker, told me Dr. Hobbs was called on to preach the funeral of Brother Montgomery. At the close of the sermon he said: "Any eulogy I might make on the life and character of the deceased wouldn't change your opinion, but there is one thing I will say, he was a good Republican."

The doctor was an earnest preacher and always quit when he got through. While I was stationed at Plainville I was called to Raglesville to preach the funeral of this patriot and saint of the Lord. He had answered to the last roll call and pitched his tent on fame's eternal camping ground. His wife was a helpmeet in every sense of the word. They mutually shared each other's joys and sorrows. During the dark days of the civil war this mother, like many others, heroically bore the burdens of the home and thereby gave strength and courage to the husbands and sons who wore the blue. In 1862 this mother with other patriotic mothers made a large flag by hand. Every stitch in it was made by hand. On May 5, 1862, Mrs. William Pinick, in a brief speech in honor of the husbands and sons who were fighting for their country, presented the flag to Dr. Carter, who accepted it with thanks. The flag was then raised on a pole 110 feet high. This flag is

now in the archives of the Orange County Historical Society at the Courthouse in Paoli. This mother will never fade from my vision. My mother was stricken down with erysipelas and diphtheria in February, 1863. The disease was considered contagious and neighbors feared to come to see my mother. The evening of February 16 my father sent me to see if Sister Hobbs would come down and stay overnight with us. About 9 o'clock she came on horseback. About 1 a.m., February 17, my sainted mother was not, for God took her. Sister Hobbs dressed mother and about 3 o'clock went home in the dark. When I was stationed at Cory, Clay county, I received a message from C. M., stating his mother had gone to her crowning. I preached her funeral. It had been her request that I do this. It was the saddest funeral I ever attended outside of my own family. I am indulging in the hope that I shall meet these mothers in the sunbright [sic] clime undimmed by sorrow and unhurt by time.

The friendship of C. M. Hobbs and myself was like that of Jonathan and David. He was a fine young man. He was a young man with lofty aspirations. No blot or stain ever marked his pathway. No shadows ever fell on his life. His business career has won the respect of all who knew him. He leaves a rich heritage for his children. The world has been enriched by his life. Earth never bore upon its bosom a better friend nor heaven opened to receive a manlier spirit.

The Rev. Mr. Denny also copied and inclosed [sic] the poem of Will Carleton entitled "The Country Doctor," which he said was a fitting tribute to the memory of Dr. W. P. Hobbs:

Poem: The Country Doctor

There's a gathering in the village, that  
has never been outdone  
Since the soldiers took their muskets to  
the war of 'sixty-one;  
And a lot of lumber-wagons near the  
church upon the hill,  
And a crowd of country people, Sunday -  
dressed and very still.

Now each window is pre-empted by a  
dozen heads or more  
Now the spacious pews are crowded from  
the pulpit to the door;  
For with coverlet of blackness on his  
portly figure spread,

Lies the grim old country doctor, in a  
massive oaken bed.  
Lies the fierce old country doctor,  
Lies the kind old country doctor,  
Whom the populace considered with a  
mingled love and dread.

Maybe half the congregation, now of  
great or little worth,  
Found this watcher waiting for them,  
when they came upon the earth;  
This undecorated soldier, of a hard,  
unequal strife,  
Fought in many stubborn battles with  
the foes that sought their life.

In the night-time or the daytime, he  
would rally brave and well,  
Though the summer lark was piping, or  
the frozen lances fell;  
Knowing if he won the battle, they would  
praise their Maker's name,  
Knowing if he lost the battle, then the  
doctor was to blame.  
'Twas [sic] the brave old virtuous doctor,  
'Twas [sic] the good old faulty doctor,  
'Twas [sic] the faithful country doctor -  
fighting stoutly all the same.

When so many pined in sickness he had  
stood so strongly by,  
Half the people felt a notion that the  
doctor couldn't die;  
They must slowly learn the lesson how  
to live from day to day.  
And have somehow lost their bearings -  
now this landmark is away.

But perhaps it still is better that his  
busy life is done;

He has seen old views and patients disappearing,  
one by one;  
He has learned that Death is master both  
of Science and of Art;  
He has done his duty fairly, and has acted  
out his part.  
And the strong old country doctor,  
And the weak old country doctor,  
Is entitled to a furlough for his brain  
and for his heart.

In answer to a request of the Rev. John Ragle, a Methodist preacher, for a eulogy of my grandparents, under the date of July 8, 1927, he sent from Spencer, Ind., the following:

#### Eulogy

Dr. W. P. Hobbs was our family doctor in my boyhood days and also in my young manhood days. I remember distinctly a thing that happened one time when I was almost a grown young man. I had a bad case of measles and Dr. Hobbs, of course, was our doctor. He prescribed whisky and ginger. I was awfully sick and almost burning up with fever. I wanted water, water. But no, the doctor said I must not have water, but by and by the fever was so high and the thirst so intense I said to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Amos Ragle, who was waiting on me, "I must have water!" But she said "No." Finally I said, "I must have water or I'll die!" She still said "No, the doctor said no," but I said "I must have it," and I started to get out of bed to get the water. Then she brought the bucket and set it near my bed. I drank all the cold water a fevered patient could hold. Directly everything turned green and black and then I knew I was going to die - but I didn't. The measles popped out and I was soon much better. That afternoon the doctor came and Mrs. Ragle told him what I had done. He just threw himself back and laughed very heartily, saying, "Oh, well, I guess that is just what he needed." It wasn't a bit funny to me then, but since when I think of it, it is funny. The science of medicine has changed very much in the last forty-five to fifty years. However, Dr. W. P. Hobbs was a good doctor, one to be trusted and loved.

He was also a licensed Methodist preacher and did quite a bit of preaching in the neighborhood round about Ranglesville and elsewhere where he was known and, by the way, he was a good preacher - very pointed in his remarks, very earnest and enthusiastic.

I heard him preach often in our home church and elsewhere. One time he was preaching during a series of meetings. He preached a very earnest, pointed sermon,

then made his plea, asking people to come forward and accept Christ. Nobody came. He exhorted and insisted but nobody came. He finally said: "Well if you are determined to go to hell to hell with you!" Then he turned and sat down.

I think he could say the most in a few words in prayer of any man I ever heard pray. His prayers were short, full of meaning and very pointed. When I was called to the ministry Dr. Hobbs was my very best counsellor and advisor. He was a friend in need and a friend indeed. In the beginning of my work in the ministry he often went with me to my appointments and encouraged me and helped me. I expect to meet him on the ramparts [sic] of the glory world. He, his good wife and family were the real fruits of the sturdy and faithful training of the early Quaker and Methodist parents of our country. With gratitude, much and tender, I add these words to the sacred memory of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Hobbs and family.

Rev. Mr. Ragle has been in the Methodist Episcopal conference thirty-four years and is a very successful preacher. I well remember when he decided to take up the ministry and again entered public school, the one some of his children and I attended. The post office at Rablesville was named after the family to which he belonged.

[image-DR. WILLIAM P. HOBBS]

[image-DR. WILLIAM P. HOBBS as he appeared in 1863 during the civil war.]

[image-MARY ANN (ELROD) HOBBS]

