



Andrew Jackson Patrick

Private, Company I, 10<sup>th</sup> Alabama Infantry

## REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR BY ANDREW JACKSON PATRICK (JULY 1921)

I was born February 10<sup>th</sup>, 1844, DeKalb County, Alabama. I commence to give a few sketches of my life.

When the Civil War broke out, I volunteered in the second company which left our county. I was then in my seventeenth year and not old enough to be mustered in without permission from my parents. We got our company made up, the women folks at home making our uniforms out of homespun jeans, and I will say right here that I never received a uniform from the Government all during the war. All our clothes coming from home.

Our company was received and the time set for us to report at Montgomery the capital of the state. Our flag was presented us the day we started at Duck Springs. We had to march 25 miles to Blue Mountains to take the train. We got that night to Selma about 40 miles from our starting point and spent the night on the banks of the Alabama River. The next day we went by boat to Montgomery, and the following day we were mustered into service and joined the 10<sup>th</sup> Alabama regiment, our company consisting of 101 private soldiers and non-commissioned officers under command of Captain Hughes. After drawing our arms, we went into camp for about ten days close to Montgomery and started to drilling. At the end of that time, we received orders to cook five days of rations, and we went by rail to Richmond, Virginia, and there we organized into a brigade of five regiments, the 8<sup>th</sup>, 9<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, and 14<sup>th</sup> Alabama regiments, known as Wilcox brigade all during the war.

Business began to pick up right then. We drilled every day and soon received orders to go to Yorktown, a strip of land between Yorktown and the James River. This strip of land is about 10 or 11 miles across. The Confederacy had only a small force there, and we were sent to reinforce them. The Yankee army was manning their force there, and my brigade was sent aboard sail ships and landed close to Jamestown, while the other part of the army came through over land.

General Joseph E. Johnson was now put in command of the whole Confederate forces, and when he reviewed the situation, seeing that the federal army could put gunboats up the river to harass us, he commanded our forces to fall back. General McClellan was in command of the federal forces opposing Gen. J. E. Johnson. Johnson started to fall toward Richmond and Gen. Longstreet was ordered to bring up the rear, our brigade being under his command. The federal army was pushing us very hard, and we had some pretty hard fighting all that day. This was the first time I was under fire. Our brigade was stationed in the woods and to our left was a battery of big guns, the Washington artillery. The federal cavalry was now trying to take this battery, and we were ordered to their support, forming a corral of battle around them. They noticed us coming to the support of the battery, and the big guns were playing such havoc in their ranks that they fell back. We moved on unmolested until we got to Richmond, never losing a wagon or prisoner.

It was a considerable length of time before there was any more fighting going on. Each side selected their battle ground and awaited reinforcements. September the 15<sup>th</sup> we captured

Harpers Ferry on the first trip in Maryland. We flanked down on Harpers Ferry without the Federals noticing us and captured about 800 prisoners and a big battery and large amount of stores and ammunition. Five minutes after the capture of Harpers Ferry we received orders to reinforce Jackson, who was hard pressed by a large force of the Federal army, so we crossed the Potomac River at Harpers Ferry and were sent on forced march to Jackson's relief passing on our way the place where John Brown was hung. We marched all night and not before day we had to cross the Potomac again to reach Jackson's army. The river was up, and our officers were afraid to make us cross it before day, so we were put in ranks four deep and got orders to tie our cartridge boxes to the point of our bayonet to keep them dry and marched this way into the river. Despite our precaution several men were swept off their feet by the current and carried down river. When we got out the river, our order was to double quick it, and without a chance to dry we went into battle line.

My brigade was at the head of the column, and we had advanced only a short distance when I was wounded by a bullet in my leg. One of my comrades seeing me fall stopped long enough to help me over a brick fence and out of the way of falling bullets. While I was laying there, Gen. Pryor, who was put in command of Longstreet's Corps that day, noticed me and ordered me to get up and rejoin my company. I told him I was wounded and could not go, but he did not believe it till one of his staff got off his horse and examined me and told the general I was right. Next morning, I was carried back across the river in a wagon and moved direct to Richmond, and as soon as I was able to be furloughed, I got an unlimited furlough to go home. As quick as I got the furlough, I knew just how long it would take me to go home and wrote my mother that I was wounded and when I would be home and to have a sweet potato pie ready for me. Sure enough, the day I got home the pie was waiting on the table for me.

On June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1862, General Lee was placed in command of the forces in eastern Virginia and North Carolina, and we received orders to be ready to march next morning. We were then in camp on Gen. Lee's left on the south side of the Chickahominy River close to Richmond. Jackson was sent off that day and went clear around McClellan's army attacking him next day in the rear. Next morning we struck over the Mechanicsville road till we came to the edge of the battlefield that was fought the day before and there halted. We were ordered to open ranks to let the general pass. This was the first time I saw Gen. Lee, the finest looking man on a horse that I ever saw, tipping his hat to every flag he passed. He rode to the head of the column, took out his spy glasses, and after a while we received orders to form a line of battle. Facing east, we marched about 200 yards, forming pickets and threw out a heavy skirmish line and stopped. The enemy was holding all the ground east of us.

We were now under Gen. A. P. Hill's command. By daylight next morning as soon as we could see, Gen. Hill was ordered to form his army in line of battle, reaching clear from river to battlefield. We had small skirmish right along till we reached Gaines' Mill. There were only narrow roads and the bridges across the river, the Yankees holding both sides till we got to Gaines' Mill. Then we formed a line fronting north, and we were halted there a few minutes, the enemy batteries playing on us from the south side of the river. Pretty soon Gen. Lee and Longstreet came riding up and Longstreet ordered his heavy battery in action silencing the Yankee batteries after a while. There had been three unsuccessful attacks by a Tennessee brigade on this place before we got there. General Lee and Longstreet and our brigade commanders were holding a consul while this was going on. I could see from the gestures that our brigadier commander was doing most of the talking, General Lee nodding his head several

times. The front now was formed by ridge hills, and after this consultation they all got on their horses, and we were ordered by Gen. Wilcox to line up and march about a quarter of a mile and then come back on another ridge, nearer the line of battle, opposite from where we started. We marched up this low ground until we got within a hundred yards from the enemy battle line. We were doing this under perfect silence making as little noise as possible. We were halted here and sent back word by the courier to the colonel to have the men load their arms. After this was done, he came down the line in person and asked the colonels if the men would follow them. He told them he would lead the column in person and expected every man to do his part. In going back, he commenced talking to the boys and told them that his orders this time would be "Come on" instead of "Go on" adding that he wanted them to go over the hill as fast as their feet would carry them till they got to the bottom. After this talk, he rode back to about the center of the brigade and dismounted, sending his horse to the rear. Drawing his pistol and sword and stepping about 10 feet in front of the boys, he gave his command in loud voice, "Come on boys." This fight did not last but 25 minutes after we started. We went over the hill as ordered and after getting to the bottom, we were mowed down like wheat. The enemy had three lines of battle and a big battery. Just as we got through the first breastwork, I saw Gen. Wilcox on top of the second ridge shooting his pistol. Before we got to the enemy last breastwork, the enemy was trying to take their battery to the rear, but we shot their horses and captured every gun, 18 in all. When we got to the top of the last hill, the valley was crowded with blue coats, retreating. The General asked for volunteers to mount the enemy guns and very soon the captured guns were playing on the retreating enemy. It was unknown to us where Jackson was until now. We looked about one-half mile below, and we saw a Confederate flag, then a second one, then a troop of cavalry, Gen. Jackson bringing up the rear, this was the hardest battle I ever was in during the war. Gen. Jackson had McClellan cut off from his base of operations, and where I was, we had the great army of the Potomac cut into, taking about 1500 prisoners. My brigade was cut all to pieces, only 15 men and non-commissioned officers escaping unscratched. After we quit fighting, I examined myself and found 11 bullet holes in my coat, even my cap was shot all to pieces, but I did not have a wound on me. Every man was so black from powder that we had trouble to tell one from another. ? then I think McClellan was in a bad shape, cut off from his base of supplies, his armies cut into and his only way of escape through the swamp and unite forces -- with the forces he had left on the south side. This retreat was so bad that he left everything in the way of wagons and so forth while he had more arms and ammunition than he could use. I will say this, the men in charge of the enemy battery were the bravest men I ever fought. They kept on firing their guns after all their support had left them. This was the 1<sup>st</sup> battle of the 7-day fight.

Next day I was put on duty to bury the dead. McClellan spent the night to take part of his to the south of the Chickahominy. By this time, he was in full retreat to his gunboats on the James River, leaving his stores behind. Lee had got his men together by this time and went in pursuit of the enemy. They gave battle at Melvin Hill on the south side of the Chickahominy River. Jackson followed McClellan away through the swamps made connection with Lee's army before the fight at Melvin Hill. They fought one day and drove the enemy back without any trouble, everything in full retreat. Lee's cavalry did some good work here.

The next fight was at Frazier's farm. This lasted only part of a day mostly skirmish fighting while McClellan was loading his men and stores he had on transport. On his return back to Washington he was superseded.

After we got to Richmond, we had little skirmish fights all along, but one especially I remember at White Oak Swamp. This was before the general fight. We had a pretty hard fight during that day and at night both armies threw out their skirmishes, being at some places only 70 yards apart. I was one of the skirmishers that night, and we had orders to shoot anything moving in front of us. After having been on duty for about an hour, I heard something moving in front of me and took a shot at it. This alarmed the whole line, and our corporal came up inquiring what I shot at. I told him it was lying somewhere in front of me, and I did not know what it was. On investigation, we found it was a dog.

I will now give a few sketches of the first battle of Manassas. When this fight came up my command was stationed at Winchester, and we were in line of battle when we received orders to go a forced march up to Manassas as McDowell had turned his forces to this place. Without stopping to eat we went on forced march to obey orders. We marched all night and part of our command arrived on time to take part in the battle. When our brigade got there Beauregard had the enemy in full retreat, so they turned back to Washington. We were sent from there to Culpeper Courthouse and stayed there for quite a while.

The second trip to Maryland – Toward the last of June we received orders to start on our march to Maryland and Pennsylvania. It was very hot weather, and we always marched very fast. We crossed and camped the Potomac River at Sharpsburg and camped on our old battlefield. As private soldiers did not know what they had in stor(?) forces, all we had to do was to obey orders. We struck out next morning by the way of Hagerstown, Pennsylvania. General Lee had the strangest army he ever had before or after. I will mention a little accident which came up on our march -- After we got into Pennsylvania the whole army stopped in the road passing through a little village, and while we were halted there, there was an old lady living in a house right on the road. She kept looking right at our line as if she saw somebody she knew and finally came out of the house crying. Our captain noticed her and thinking she was afraid or wanted to talk to someone. So, he asked her what the matter was. She answered that she was looking at a knapsack one of our men carried recognizing it as her son's. The man who carried the knapsack asked her saying, "Grandma, do you want it?" and she answered him that nothing would suit her more. So, Smith gave the knapsack to her. She told us then that her son was killed in the battle of the wilderness.

It was now the 30<sup>th</sup> day of June, and we were drawing near Gettysburg. We encamped on the west side of the Blue Ridge that night. A large portion of the army had crossed over the Ridge to Gettysburg that night. Next morning Longstreet's division started to cross the Blue Ridge to reinforce them. We got through the Ridge without being molested, and we got on the battlefield that night having been engaged in battle that first day of July, and the next day we were in it. General Lee had 100,000 men in that battle and 100 pieces of artillery, while the Federals had 300,000 men and a larger artillery force. It seemed that Lee had then worried by changing his tactics so often, several times fighting at two or three places. Early in the morning my regiment had a fight with a Maine regiment and two companies of New York sharpshooters. It was a pretty stiff little fight, but we drove them back. Longstreet spent all of the forenoon getting his men in readiness for advance. We started to attack the enemy in the evening. We were driving them all the time we were fighting. I was shot down by grapeshot that evening causing a severe wound in my leg which disabled me for the balance of the war. Longstreet drove them back about a mile that day and renewed the fighting next morning. I was carried back to the field hospital and the doctors told me that my leg would have to be taken off, but I

told them I objected to that. He said that he did not think he could save my life without amputating my leg, but I told him to let me die then with both legs. So, I am now 78 years old and still have two legs although I have suffered more or less ever since I got shot down. The battle went on all the next day, Lee driving them at every point and held the ground next day. Both armies seemed worn out and there was no fighting next day. Lee withdrew his army that evening without being molested by the enemy, and as they did not think it advisable to move me in the condition I was in, I was taken prisoner by the Yankees. We were kept in the general hospital. Confederates and Federals all together, both sides were treated alike, and we had no complaint to make in that respect. I was kept there until I was able to be moved and then sent to the hospital at Baltimore. From there we all were paroled and sent to City Point where our boat met us and exchanged and sent us to Richmond. I received an unlimited furlough and reached home in about four days and remained there for about three months.

General Lee issued an order for all wounded soldiers to report, and either be detailed or if disabled to get their discharge, so I had to go before the board and papers were sent in to Gen. Lee with a recommendation for discharge, but I never received that. I had to appear before the board to be examined and was then detailed to drive an ambulance wagon. I drove an ambulance wagon the balance of the war and was taken prisoner three days before Lee surrendered at Point Lookout, Maryland, and was in prison quite a length of time and guarded by negroes. Our [blank] not being in the surrender, we were held prisoners quite a while till we took the oath. There were about 1800 in that prison at that time. This place was surrounded by water and a plank fence all around this and the sentries walked this fence. One morning they brought us a new bunch of prisoners. Inside the fence was a little ditch and the orders were that no prisoners should cross that the new men not knowing jumped the ditch and sat down in the shade, whereupon the negroes began shooting at them, wounding several. This raised a whole lot of trouble when night came on. That night about five or six hundred of the boys armed themselves with brickbats. They charged the negroes on one whole side of the prison giving the old battle yell, knocking several of the Negro sentries of the walk. There was not a gun fired, the negroes being too scared. The officers in charge thinking there was going to be a general break out of prisoners ordered the whole federal force out, about 5 or 6 thousand men. The authorities never did find out who took part in this, although they did their best. I was questioned about it too and told them what I thought was the cause of it, and after a few days sentries at that point were changed. We were kept in prison about a month after Lee's surrender after which every one that would take the oath was released. We took the oath and were sent back to Richmond.

I was till the 5<sup>th</sup> of July getting home. Most of the boys in my neighborhood had already got home being in the surrender of Lee's army, and my folks had given there hiding out from the Tories, not being allowed to go anywhere and being abused whenever they met them. I soon found out what was the matter and intended to stay at my hometown. I told the boys that we ought to put a stop to that. They agreed with me and chose me as their leader. Next Sunday we all went to church and the Tory captain was there with about 17 or 18 of his men but being armed did not go in the house. After preaching was over, we walked to the front door, there was a big congregation there. The squad was waiting for us outside and I told the boys to come with me. I took them out a few steps from the crowd and had a private talk with them, telling them what I intended to do. I told them to stay right where they were and that I was going to have a talk with captain. I went up to the captain and told that I would like to have a little talk with

him. He said alright and asked me if my name was not Patrick. I said it was and then told that I heard that he had threatened the men and said that he was not going to let any Confederate soldiers stay around here. I furthermore told him that we had come home to stay or die and that if we talked this matter over we could settle it without any bloodshed. We were not looking for trouble but in case it did come we were prepared for it. However, I thought we could settle it without any trouble. He answered me that was his idea too and said that men could go when and wherever they pleased, and his men would not molest them. I also told him that all that stealing and robbing had to be stopped, and he agreed with that and said that he would do his part to that. I then called the rest of the boys and told them what the captain and I had agreed to. I told the captain that I was going to be plain to him. I've organized too but do not want any trouble unless it is put upon us. We all parted after this and every one of us went our own way and nobody was molested. The next thing the whole country was being filled with the Ku Klux the clans being organized everywhere. It wasn't two weeks, Captain Gilbreath or any of his men were not found anywhere in the country. I always was build as I was not afraid to meet anyone on earth.

## FURTHER REMINISCENCE OF A. J. PATRICK

Landed in Cooke Co. on the 5<sup>th</sup> day of May 1871. When I landed in Cooke Co. it seemed to me the most natural beautiful spot I ever saw. It was then called the “wild west,” and now this time it is called the enlightened age. I want to give you a few sketches of what happened for some time after I got here. In those days when you met a man it was, “How do you do?” and everyone shook hands. I soon decided that here lived the most friendly people I ever had the pleasure to meet. At the time I got here the country was very sparsely settled, but about a year afterwards the country commenced to settle up pretty fast.

When I first went to church, I noticed particular that the preacher and congregation went to services armed with pistols or rifles, not to kill their fellow men, but for fear of Indian attack. Everybody seemed to have plenty to eat, nobody being in want of anything. I could feed my family easily on \$1.00 a week. The only money in circulation was silver and gold. There were no banks here then, everybody had plenty of money but kept it at home. If there was any robbery committed in the year, I do not remember it.

When I came here, I settled on South Fish Creek. There was no trouble for me to find work. I could get work any day I wanted to for a dollar a day in gold and not have to trouble with any checks.

I now want to give you a little description of what was then called Camp Ground Springs. It was about twelve miles from Gainesville. Everybody knew the place by that name. It was the most beautiful place I ever saw. Plenty of nice shade trees and fresh spring water open to everybody who wanted to camp there. I have been at some good meetings there, camp meetings, barbecues, etc. and have never seen a place that seemed so naturally made for that purpose as Camp Ground Springs on Fish Creek. The preacher would preach the goodness love of God, and everybody would join in the good old gospel songs. We have talk now of brotherly love, but I never have seen it as well demonstrated as at those good old meetings. People would not stop and see how much money they had in their pockets before going to church, as the preacher lived with and among the members of his church. I merely put this in here so that you can balance this up in your own mind about the “wild west” then and the “enlightened age” now. I request the old people here to refer to their conscience and note the difference of brotherly love in those days and now. I am requested to give the names of as many people as I knew in those days living in Cooke County. I told the one that asked me that I could not remember the name of anyone now living but was told to give them anyway. I will now commence. You have my name at the beginning.

Mayberry  
Ned McCraugh  
William Simpson  
William Brimberry  
Ned Potter, father of Clay Potter

Captain Gunter  
Old man Rose  
Squire Foreman  
Sam Foreman  
Robert Dickson



Harry Landers  
Captain Twitty  
Joe Edwards  
W. C. Patrick  
J. E. Gillan  
Joe Cross  
Joe Mann  
Henry Hobbs  
John Hobbs  
Ike Hobbs (Sheriff at that time)  
William Midkiff

William Gowan  
Gene Scantling  
John Scantling  
John Gillam  
Dr. Wilborn  
Dr. Stone  
Lige Perry  
Tom Dodson  
H. P. Ware  
Joe Murrell

There were others in the county but those are all I knew. These good people have all gone across the river.

There was no barbed wire known in those days in the country, nor any deep wells. And now the pretty camping ground I have been speaking of is all fenced in, the trees are cut down, and nothing left to show what was once, in my eyes, the prettiest spot in the world. Now I ask you to size this up and be your own judge to see the difference between the “wild west” then and this so-called “enlightened age.”

It seems to me that there were no children then in comparison to the number now, and my greatest worry is what is to become of them all. We don't seem to be able to build schools and churches fast enough and large enough to hold them.

I mentioned a while back of how much was needed to take care of my family in those early days. I could work all day and get my dollar, come in and eat my supper, take my fishing pole and if in the winter time, I could catch enough fish to do us two days. I could go out and kill a deer most any day and turkey meat was more plentiful than chicken meat is now. Remember this is what it took to feed my family. Of course, we had to buy clothes and shoes once in a while, but I venture to say that \$2.00 a week covered all our expenses. Now I ask each of you who supports a family to notice the difference between making a living now and in those early days. Then we all managed to lay some money by each week. I must contend for the wild west for happiness. All people seem to be more of one mind these days accounting for being so much more in harmony with each other. I well remember a preacher by the name of Mason who stayed with us two or three years. He went from house to house and preached the gospel in the homes. He was always of good cheer and had a kind word for everyone. There are, no doubt, some old people in town now who will remember some of those good old meetings we used to have.

My address is 508 N. Morris St., Gainesville, Texas.

A. J. Patrick



Gainesville Daily Register, Wednesday, February 27, 1924

### **Pioneer Citizen Died Here Tuesday**

A. J. PATRICK, age 80 years, one of the highly respected pioneer citizens of Cooke County, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jerry Huffaker, on Brickyard avenue, Tuesday night about 12 o'clock, following an illness of many months' duration.

Mr. Patrick was born in DeKalb County, Alabama, on February 10, 1844, and came to Cooke County on May 5, 1871. He settled on Fish Creek, 15 miles northwest of Gainesville, where he resided a number of years. He moved to Gainesville about twenty years ago and had resided here since that time.

He is survived by five daughters as follows: Mrs. Jeff Garrett, Mrs. Ben Truitt, and Mrs. Jerry Huffaker of this city, Mrs. Frank Truitt of Floydada, Texas, and Mrs. Ida Ward of Lindsay, Okla.

Mr. Patrick was a quiet, law-abiding citizen, and was held in respect by all who knew him. While in a reminiscent mood in conversation with a Register representative several months ago, Mr. Patrick proudly and justly declared he had never sued anyone during his long career, and had never been sued by anyone. He was proud of the fact, also, that he always kept his taxes paid and remarked that he had never held a public office and never sought one.

The deceased was a veteran of the Civil War and was a member of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, United Confederate Veterans. Funeral services were held at the Huffaker residence Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, with Rev. E. A. Wesson of the Grand Ave. Baptist Church officiating. Interment was made in Fairview Cemetery under direction of George J. Carroll.



Memorial in Fairview Cemetery, Gainesville, Cooke County, Texas

