

# THE HERALD

A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER  
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PUBLISHED AS A SERVICE TO ITS MEMBERS

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Montgomery County Historical Society - MCHS

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# Montgomery County Historical Society THE HERALD



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This issue is especially for:

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

## Through The Years The Town Clock

By Peter A. Branon  
Montgomery Advertiser  
May 8, 1944



Peter A. Branon

I HAVE, and others have in the ninety-two years since it was put there, written several times about the Montgomery town clock on the west front of the Capitol building. Those of us who have written on the subject knew very little about the clock (judging from the way they wrote, and I still don't know much about it), but as the years have passed it was an interesting subject and it still creates a great deal of attention. So far as the beauty of the timepiece is concerned, it doesn't have any, there just isn't very much to it to be attractive. So far as the timeliness of having placed it where it is, I doubt if one deeply versed in the artistic would have consented for it to have gone there, but I for one would hate "mighty bad" to see it taken down. It is a tradition of Montgomery - verily a tradition of Alabama - and I



Mr. William J. Howard was the clock caretaker beginning in 1947.  
Photo courtesy of Carolyn Wright.

hope that even in these changing times that it will be permitted to continue to occupy that exalted place overlooking Dexter Avenue. I hope that as long as I am able to pass

the way of Court Square, I may look east and see that little box-like edifice surmounting the projecting roof of the old section of the Capitol Building.

It is a historically known fact that the city of Montgomery paid for the clock and placed it there in 1852. It is not very well an historically known fact as to whence it came. Along with others I have been trying for at least thirty years to find something in the newspaper which would give some clue as to who made it and sold it to the city of Montgomery. It was placed there by a special resolution of the Legislature, which permitted the city of Montgomery to do so and it has a perfectly legal right to stay there. We must assume that almost from the beginning it had its vicissitudes. During the recent years, about the last twenty-five, it has run some time and struck a few times, but I don't think it has ever, during that period, kept much correct time. I do recall that some years back one of the janitors at the Capitol was assigned the duty to keep it running and he proved to be about as good a clock-fixer as most of the professional jewelers who have been assigned to the job.

The *Montgomery Daily Messenger* published on November 19, 1856, an excerpt from *The Montgomery Journal* in these words:

"THE TOWN CLOCK - We find the following notice in *The Journal*. It is a very satis-



Farmers bring cotton to sell at Court Square early in the 1900s.

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factory explanation of the present condition of the State House timepiece:

"NOTICE - Having notice in one of the city papers that the City Clock was not kept running. I would inform the public that a few days previous to the Fair, some evil disposed person entered the dome of the Capitol and injured the City Clock to such an extent that it will require much time and considerable expense to put it in order. The time is not at all changed, but the striking part is much broken, and will be put in order as soon as possible. (Signed):

"GEORGE W. HARRIS."

It may be a rash conclusion on my part but I am going to think that Mr. Harris was the man charged by the city of Montgomery to keep the clock in condition. If he was the official time-piece sponsor, then it was reasonable to assume that the city of Montgomery purchased the clock through his firm and that they got the contract to keep it in order. Mr. Harris was advertising as early as 1852 as the local representative of Gilbert's Patent Fly Traps. In 1857 and 1858 he ran advertisements calling attention to the fact that he sold gold and silver and ivory-headed walking canes and in other advertisements he said that he sold gold, silver and steel frame spectacles. His regular advertisement of 1858 which appeared in *The Confederation*, still another Montgomery newspaper was: New and Beautiful Goods

GEORGE W. HARRIS,  
Market Street, Under the Dexter House,

(Cut of Watch)

Is now receiving a large stock of watches, jewelry, silverware and fancy goods generally - the latest and most beautiful styles to be found in the best markets.

Fine and cheap watches and clocks of every description.

Rich and beautiful diamond, coral, lava, etruscan, and other jewelry.

He is also prepared to execute every description of work in his line with promptness and in the best manner, having first-class workmen.

LODGE JEWELS AND SEALS ENGRAVED AFTER ANY STYLE. In passing it is interesting to the observer to note that *The Messenger*, *The Confederation* and *The Journal* all were apparently thriving here at Montgomery in the [1850s]. Copies of all three of them have come under my eye and they carried numerous advertisements. Whether the income from advertising was a lucrative one I do not know. None of them carried any great amount of news. There was some little editorial comment nearly altogether of a political character, but much of the editorial page was devoted to short "borrows" from other newspapers, and two-thirds of the page was filled with advertising. None of these papers carried any great amount of legal advertising apparently because the county and city's business were divided three ways.

Mr. Harris' jewelry store was at 46 Market Street (the present Dexter Avenue) and in 1859 he lived between Madison and Monroe on McDonough Street, a little later on he lived in the 400 block of Madison Avenue and the family owns the house at the present time. The George W. Harris and the old Garside families of Montgomery were intermarried. The Harrises had the leading jewelry store and Dr. Garside was one of the leading druggists. George Leach, Charles, and Garside Harris of Montgomery are descendants of

these families.

George W. Harris came from New England to be a jeweler in the establishment of the Lewis Owen and Company. He succeeded to the business of Mr. Owen. He married Susan Owen, daughter of George W. Owen, long prominent in Mobile, member of Congress from that district and cousin of Owen the jeweler in Montgomery.

Lewis Owen and Company, a firm made up of Lewis Owen, David Owen, and Samuel Swan, must have sold out shortly before *The Messenger* notice shown above, for "L. Owen and Company auctioneers" were advertising night sales of jewelry at times during the month of November. On the 28th, an illustrated ad was:

STOCK WATCHES AND JEWELRY AT AUCTION!

The subscribers will offer at their salesrooms on Saturday morning, 29th inst., at 10 o'clock, the entire balance of the stock of WATCHES, JEWELRY and FANCY GOODS of the late Jewelry Establishment of L. Owen & Co., comprising some very rich and fine goods L. Owen & Co., Auctioneers, Nov 28-2t.

Owen's Jewelry Store appears to have been the main distributing agency for the celebrated Saroney Lithograph of the Burning of the Capitol, published by A.S. Park and S. Swan early in 1851. One of the second editions of the lithographs is before me and it bears the notation: "Copies may be obtained from Lewis Owen and Company, Jewelers." To the left on the lower border of the picture is a display advertisement of Lewis Owen and Company Jewelers, and to the right is the list of publishers, Lewis Owen, David Owen and Samuel Swan. This Burning of the Capitol picture is one of the

## In House News

### New Members

Mr. & Mrs. Richard H. Allen  
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Babington  
Mr. Tom Brantley  
Ms. Michelle Browder  
Mrs. Kitty C. Harrell  
Ms. Joy Langley  
Given by Ms. Lida Hill  
Ms. Bonnie McEnery  
Given by Mrs. Betty C. Keyes  
Mr. Maurice C. Mitchell

### Honors

**Mr. Zac Gibbs**

The Board of the MCHS

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**Mr. James Fuller**

Mr. William G. Thames, Jr.

**Ms. Eleanor Lucas**

Mr. & Mrs. Philip H. Butler

### Special Donations

Alabama Advertising Federation  
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Bloomdahl  
Mr. & Mrs. John Caddell  
Mrs. Billie Capell  
Mr. Marion T. Conover  
Mr. & Mrs. Zac Gibbs  
Mrs. Jean F. Goodwyn  
Mrs. Betty C. Keyes  
Mr. & Mrs. Seaborn Kennamer  
Mrs. Mary Lynne Levy

### Memorials

**Mr. Lee Blackmon**

Dr. & Mrs. M. Bonner Engelhardt

**Mrs. Evelyn Britton**

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mrs. Carolyn Lightfoot

**Dr. Richard Brown**

Dr. & Mrs. M. Bonner Engelhardt

**Mrs. Jane Bryan**

Dr. & Mrs. M. Bonner Engelhardt

**Mrs. Norma Weiss Grove**

Mr. James W. Fuller

**Judge Perry O. Hooper  
and**

**Mrs. Ruth McKinney**

"The Consort of the Krewe of the  
Phantom Hosts"

**Judge Perry O. Hooper**

Mr. James W. Fuller

Mr. & Mrs. T. Bowen Hill III

**Mrs. Marion Parker**

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**Mrs. Ann Stinson**

Mr. James W. Fuller

Ms. Jane Gordon

Mr. & Mrs. William A. Hughes

Mrs. Sallie W. Millsap

Marjam

Gen. & Mrs. John H. Napier III

Dr. & Mrs. Mac Porter

Railyard Brewing Co.

Mrs. Myrtle Ridolphi

Ms. Janet Roughton

Stonehenge

# History Archives Collections

**Mr. Billy "Willie G." Moseley of Tallassee** donated seven Lanier annuals 1940, 1941, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, and 1954.

**The Hon. Mark Anderson** has donated a 15" advertising ruler from Wilson Printing Co. formerly located at 9 south Lawrence St. (later at 328 Dexter Ave.) A program from the UCV reunion here in 1948. It was supposed to be the final reunion (if my memory serves me correctly), but there ended up being one or two more.; A photo of my uncle (by marriage), Robert Talmadge Smith, taken by Tresslar (photographer), Christmas 1900. Uncle Bob died in 1972; A framed silhouette of my mother's twin sister, Dorothy Baker Stahlnecker, dated 1932. It appears to be signed by "Nely", whoever that was. "Sister" was married to Haynie Harrison at that time, but later married Uncle Bob; a cased set of 4 Montgomery Sesquicentennial coins; 1920 and 1923 Lanier Oracles. those were my father's first and last years there; a photo of Co. E of the Lanier ROTC, 1919-1920. My father is kneeling in the front row, sixth from the left; 1923 and 1928 Lanier graduation invitations with envelopes; a 1923 Lanier graduation program; and a large soft-cover book on the U. S. Capitol, with a gift letter from Cong. George Grant.

**Mrs. Jo McGowin** has donated a copy of the program from her 60th Lanier Class reunion.

**Mrs. Chris Setzer** donated a copy of Dr. Joseph Ray's book, 1877, "Ray's New Practical Arithmetic."

**Mr. Gerald H. Thompson** gave a booklet "Gunter Field Alabama." Army Air Force Basic Flying School. WW II

**Rev. Gary Burton** donated a copy of "We Proceed On" The History of the Pintlala Baptist Church where he has been the pastor for forty-four years, an avid historian and we are proud to say, a new member of the Board of the MCHS.

**James Fuller** has donated a copy of a new book edited by Sarah Woolfolk with Ruth Smith Truss, "The Journal of Sarah Haynsworth Gayle 1827-1855". Mrs. Gayle and her husband, John Gayle, later an early governor of Alabama, lived in Greensboro.

**Mrs. Sallie Wood Millsap** donated a copy of two articles and photographs showing wagon loaded with cotton. Montgomery County farmers crowded into Court Square by the hundreds to sell their cotton. It was sold to warehousemen who paid on the spot at their warehouse enabling the farmers to head for their annual funspree. The small boy in the picture is George Mark Wood, Sr., Sallie's father. The picture appears on page 16 of this issue.

## APPRECIATION

The Historical Society sincerely appreciates the work of **Jessica Pace, Haley Clement and Clara Lasseter** on our Facebook and Web Site pages. We will soon have a new look when it is complete.

These three are part of the effort toward establishing a Junior Board to benefit the Society and give new visions for the future.

## Montgomery County Historical Society

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## Join

the Historic Society and support their work collecting and preserving the past of our community.

**Individual \$25.00**  
**Family \$35.00**  
**Supporting \$50.00**  
**Sustaining \$100.00**  
**Sponsor \$500.00**  
**Benefactor \$1,000.00**

few local lithographs of early views of Montgomery. There were quite a few old woodcuts, these appearing in *Ballou's Illustrated Magazine* and in *Leslie and Harper's Magazines*.

The Capitol was destroyed by fire on December 14, 1849, and the daguerreotype picture of the incident was made by Mr. Park, a local photographer who stood on the steps of the Courthouse, which building was at the site of the present Court Square Fountain, and from that picture made then, this 16 by 22 lithograph. The perspective illustration is of the view of Dexter Avenue from the site of the old cistern which was about in front of Newberry's of the present time, east to include the burning Capitol on the hill. The original edition of this print carried no advertisements. Probably it was



the one which was given away with subscriptions to certain newspapers, and also sold at fifty cents. It is a choice item of Montgomeriana today.

#### RETIREMENT OF MR. HARRIS

Mr. Harris retired from the jewelry business and went to live at Coosada developing that old river home now known as the Pierce place over there. Garside's Drugstore it was that had the sign, "The Negro and the Mortar." Harris' Jewelry Store it was that made a great reputation by being robbed of a large amount of jew-

elry, valued about \$50,000, by the well-known gambler Jack Stevens. There is a local tradition in Montgomery, however, that this individual was named Chastain. The robbery occurred in January 1852. Much of the loot was not recovered but there was a considerable portion of it found later inside the mortar, of the Negro and mortar sign, which being higher than a man's head and out in the open above the sidewalk, no one had ever thought to look therein.

Harris's Drugstore was next above the Madison House. This would place it at the site of the Nachman & Meertief of today. Mr. Charlie Harris of Montgomery, grandson of old Dr. Garside, has just shown me a very interesting picture of Irvine, Garside and Alexander's store front which illustrated the

"Negro and the Mortar" and which also carries a very interesting display advertisement of Moffitt's Teething Powders.

Incidentally, the Harris family has a most interesting collection of views of Montgomery made in 1886, one of which is a pic-

ture of the Capitol which I had never seen before. It shows houses along the Washington Street side and the little corner frame house on Bainbridge and Dexter. The streetcar track leading to the Capitol wiggles along in no straight way up Market Street. That was a mule track anyhow, so perhaps it was not necessary for it to go in an air-line. The picture of the Courthouse and the one showing the waters of the flood of 1886 give an interesting sidelight of Montgomery of that day.

Tradition as well as some other pictures I have seen say that you could row a skiff from the doors of the Exchange Hotel on past the depot, and the South and North Railroad Station was at that time just a little one-room affair.

I heard the Capitol clock striking a few days ago and looking across from the second floor of our building I notice someone striking the bell. The "striker" of the clock is a large brass bell, the hammer hitting it on the edge. I still hope that someday somebody is going to find the bill for the clock and then we will know from whom it was purchased, until that time it will have to remain unknown.

P.S. - After writing the above story I learned during the week that Mr. Howard Thames, a superintendent of the Capitol building, had secured the Governor's approval to have Lawrence Cooley, a former clock man put the striking mechanism of this old machine back into shape. The bell on the clock has a resonant sound. We in the city will enjoy hearing it. Several days ago Atticus Mullin quoted somebody as saying that the big clock at the end of Dexter Avenue and two or three others around town here which formerly kept time, were going to remain silent until normal times again, so if the Capitol clock begins to strike again and its hands creep around that western face, we will have that to enjoy. P. Brannon

**Flash!** The latest word from Lisa Franklin at the Capitol in July 2016: All three clock faces agree on the time now and the clock does strike, thanks to a grant that got it in top notch shape. At Christmas time, the clock even chimes Christmas carols.

# The Lady of The Old Arm Chair

No. 12

## More Old Homes

By Hannah McIntyre Cozart  
*The Montgomery Journal*  
Sunday, September 17, 1916



Hannah Cozart  
and daughter,  
Toccoa

Well, well, you don't say so! Brannon Hubbard and his friends have bought the Strassburger "Twin-Houses." How that does carry me back - many a day!

Those were very fine houses in their time, and I dare say, there were no better built houses in this town, and those Strassburger men were as good as their houses, fine, upright, honest citizens. My brother was so fond of them, and we bought our groceries from them for many years; yes, by the two-horse drayload; flour and sugar by the barrel, lard, never less than 100 pounds, half a cheese, and everything else in proportion. Ha, ha, think of the contrast, now living in little paper bags! And when you order 50 cents worth of sugar you can't find it in the bag!

But, I was talking about the Strassburgers. They always imported the finest wines and our supply of sherry, for the year, came from their order. Just to think how ideas have changed! Then, no gentleman's pantry was complete without wines for cooking, for certain dishes could not be prepared without wine. Now, the temperance idea has "swept the cobwebs out of our brains" and we regard alcohol as a poison, not as a food, for science declares it to be so. How we have grown.

That block on which the Strassburger houses stand is certainly an interesting one. It was owned, when Montgomery was nothing but a village, "Alabama Town," just "laid off," by a very distinguished woman, Mrs. David Taliaferro, who was sister to Mr. Tom Barnett who built the Tallassee Cotton Factory. She was the widow of one of the richest and most distinguished settlers of the Mt. Meigs neighborhood, about 1819. After his death, she moved into town and bought that whole block, and that seemed a small place! One of her daughters had married Dr. Bolling Blakey and was living at Shorter; another had married

a Mr. Micou, of Virginia, and she lived with her mother; another daughter, Emma had married Dr. Rush Jones, of South Carolina. Mrs. Taliaferro's house stood right where Judge John Tyson's house stands now; she gave the corner lot, where the Strassburger houses now stand, to Mrs. Jones for a bridal present. Dr. Jones did not build there, but sold the lot and bought the half block on Perry, Adams and Lawrence, and built their house where the Carnegie library now stands. During the first years of the war, Dr. Jones moved his house, and rebuilt it, at the spot where it now stands; you know Mr. Lockwood bought it several years ago (on the corner of Adams and Lawrence) and has had the good taste not to change it. Here Emma and Jennie and Lucy and Sue grew to womanhood. Emma is now Mrs. Edgar Winter; Jennie is Mrs. Marshall Vass; Sue is Mrs. George Waller, and lives on the old Jones plantation, while Lucy - well, weren't you surprised to learn of her marriage to Will Jackson the other day? The completion of a long, long ago romance; don't you remember when all these young folks visited the Blakeys out on our old Perry Street Hill? What merry days they were! How we used to dance, grandmothers and grandsons in the same "set," and Lucy and Sue and Will were always there.

Strange how things turn out! Now Mrs. Micou bought her mother's place [at] the Tyson corner and raised her children there; the old crepe-myrtle tree, under which Gussie and Mary and Will played as children, is still standing, sentinel of a lovely past!

Dr. Constantine Jones built his home on the high lot on McDonough Street oppo-

# Bar-B-Que At Court Square Was the Event of the Summer

An impressive group of hungry and thirsty folks gathered at Court Square on the evening of June 9th to celebrate the Montgomery County Historical Society's annual BBQ. There was wine and a very good draft beer from the Railyard Brewing Co. The "Irish Red" proved to be very popular and we appreciate Bob Parker's consideration. Able bartenders were Winston Sheehan, Jack Owen and Seabie Kenamer. Rusty Gregory, the event chairman, engaged the fine music by the Coosa River Ramblers. There were special arrangements for personalized handicapped parking adjacent to the fountain arranged by Christy Anderson. The City of Montgomery was most accommodating in helping with the blocking off of the street to traffic, furnishing trash cans, barriers and spraying for mosquitoes. The Bar-B-Que as always was first class and it came from Stacey and Tom Haynes of Smoking S BBQ in Wetumpka.

One of the biggest helping hands were those of Zac Gibbs with Marjam, the company that is doing such a great



job of restoration on Dexter, Pizitz building as well as other projects downtown. He made his facilities available in the old Pizitz for use of power and restrooms. His assistant, Clara Lasseter, did a fantastic job in facilitating the arrangements with the City, the ABC Board, The Advertiser, the Railyard Brewers and Brendle Rentals. It was Marjam that was one of the sponsors of the BBQ along with American Advertising Federation and Stonehenge.

Mary Ann Neeley gave a fine short talk sharing the history of the site where the two adjacent towns of New Philadelphia and East Alabama came together and became one with the new name of MONTGOMERY in 1819. It was

here right where the fountain now stands that the first Court House was built on the exact line between the two towns.

Susan Haigler, Raye Gregory, Kitty Sheehan and Helen Wells greeted everyone and Gary Burton, Dick Hodges and Ray Rawlings saw that there was always plenty of food available. Chris Setzer, Cheryl and Richard Bloomdahl created beautiful patriotic table decorations. Luther Hill, Jo McGowin, Carol Hodges, Mary Lynn Levy

and Bob Seibels dressed the tables with cloths and decorations and checked during the



evening to be sure that all was going well and filled in as needed.

Judge Mark Anderson returned thanks and Charles Nicosi led us in the National Anthem. A 58" TV mounted on the back of a pick-up truck displayed a continuous slide show of over 800 scenes of old Montgomery.

At the end of the evening the Board members, their spouses and many friends aided in the closing down all of the tables, chairs and other props for the event. They did an amazing job of clearing the area and the Square in record time.



If you missed being with the fun crowd, we hope you will be on hand next year for the good food, fellowship and a bit of history.



whereupon he pulled out a large pistol and shot several times at the target, hitting same with remarkable accuracy. When several shots had been fired my father asked to see the pistol. Mr. Jackson continued to fire the pistol until it was empty. He then handed it over. In the meantime, he had out another pistol and began to shoot with it. My father remarked, "I believe that one is better than this. Let me see it." Mr. Jackson made first one trivial excuse and then another until he had recovered the first pistol and reloaded it; then he handed over the second pistol, empty. This and several other incidents of a similar nature, show how extremely cautious he was and how always on guard even with his friends.

My aunt Rebecca, whose home was about three quarters of a mile from ours, was sick nigh unto death. If Mr. Jackson had been her brother or a near relation, he could not have exhibited more anxiety or solicitude for her welfare. He offered to "set up" and to aid the family in any way and begged that he should be called on to render some service.

He stayed with us a month, and during that time

endeared himself to every member of the family, so that when he left every one of us felt a personal loss. I never saw him out of patience, or in the least perturbed in any way. He was gentleness itself with women and children. One day he received a letter. He said it was very important; that he must go at once to visit the bedside of someone that was sick. My father took him to Fort Deposit, the nearest railroad station, the next day. We almost wept at his going. He promised to write. He said he felt such great interest in Aunt Rebecca, and he wanted to know if she got well. He left no address; he said there would be no mail to forward. So great was our respect and love for him that we waited eagerly for a message from him and often wondered as time passed on why he had not written us as he had promised.

On April 3, 1882, Jesse James was shot to death by Ford, at St. Joe, Missouri. The papers carried page after page of the story. Among other things it was stated that after the Winsfield robbery, to elude the vigilance of the officers, he went south and stayed for sometime, assuming the name of J. T. Jackson. When we read that statement, we realized for

the first time that the beloved stranger whom we had entertained six years before was none other than the noted outlaw.

In 1884 my mother visited relatives in Missouri. While there,

she went to see the mother of Jesse James. She described to her the J. T. Jackson who had stayed with us, the date of his visit and various circumstances connected with same. The mother assured her that it was none other than her son, Jesse James. She knew of his stay in Alabama in 1875, and that he had been in the home of a former Missouri woman. She thanked my mother again and again for having befriended her son. She gave my mother several pictures of him and a single feather from the large duster which he was using when he was shot by Ford. The pictures alone would have been sufficient to convince us that our Mr. J. T. Jackson was, in reality, Jesse James.

In 1886 I was in Northwest Missouri. I went to the home of his mother; I talked with many of his former neighbors, schoolmates and friends. All held him in high esteem. It would have been almost worth a man's life to have made a disparaging remark about him in the presence of any of them.

In one corner of the old homestead stands a plain marble monument, about two feet square and five feet high, and engraved thereon,

"Jesse K. James  
Born 1847  
Died 1882"



site the Lanier High School. His family went to Birmingham to live and Gussie Micou and Will's widow (you know he married Mary Phinizee of Augusta, Ga.), and daughter live in the Constantine Jones house.

But I want to talk about that other part of town, down there, in the Taliaferro neighborhood. Across the street, going toward the river, on the corner, lived Mr. William Marks, a cousin through the Merriwether blood of Mrs. Taliaferro. What? You say that beautiful old myrtle tree is still standing in the corner of the front yard?

You say it is about six inches in diameter?

Why, that beats the one that is in Aunt Sophie Bibb's yard! A bridal myrtle; its fragrant leaves so evergreen; typical of sweet memories that never fade! Its blooms so pure and fairy-like; no wonder the Germans have adopted it as the emblem of womanly purity! I'd like to have a spray from the dear old tree. Ah, how much have we two seen happen in this town!

Just opposite to Mrs. Taliaferro's home, was the large house of another Marks - I've forgotten which, there were so many. I well remember that big yard full of every kind of flower and all the winding walks bordered with tightly clipped box. Afterward, Clara Virgin bought that place and improved it wonderfully. You remember my telling you about Colonel Young's little daughter, Clara, at the Montgomery Hall? Well, 'twas she.

Then she rented it to Frank Taylor and Minnie, and there, Mrs. Clitherall died; our old neighbor and friend, out in the old Perry Street neighborhood. What a gathering of old neighbors and friends was there, so sorrowful over the breaking of tender ties that bound our hearts to a golden past.

Up that high hill, back of the Taliaferro block, is what is called Five Points now; we called it, in the long ago, Pomeroy's Corner. It cornered on North Goldthwaite, Clayton, Montgomery and the Mobile road. It was built to accommodate itself to the triangular shape of the lot, its verandahs were rose-wreathed and delightful; it was built with a "basement" above the ground, and down there were the breakfast room, dining room, pantries and storerooms - the kitchens were nearly always brick and built away from the houses, and it has always puzzled me how those Negroes succeeded, in time of storms, in getting those perfect meals safely

into "the big house!"

Mrs. Pomeroy was a splendid house-keeper and greatly praised by her neighbors. I don't know who owns that corner now; oh, the changes that the years bring!

Right across the street, south and on another point, lived the great lawyer, Joseph Wilkinson, who married a Miss Westcott. The Westcott corner? Why, yes, I suppose it is called, so now. Yes, I know when Mr. William Westcott greatly improved the place and moved there to live. Yes, I know that Ellie Westcott married Mr. Riley, and that she and her family live there now. But, you see, my mind goes back to those earlier days, and I knew his niece, Mrs. Hutchinson.

It was her home that my mother bought, from Mr. Joe Wilkinson, who was managing Mrs. Hutchinson's business. I refer to the place where Dr. Thigpen now lives. The whole, sloping block, between Dr. Thigpen's house and the city, was the "orchard" and it certainly was the most beautiful I have ever seen. Every fruit that would grow in this climate - that was known then - flourished there. We called it the "Garden of Eden" - and right in the "midst thereof" was a great apple tree! It bore magnificent, pale yellow May apples and burdened the air with fragrance when they were ripe! I always felt sorry for Mrs. Hutchinson, about the giving up of that lovely home. I never knew what became of her and her little family. But, here I am wandering "all over the land" again! That was an interesting part of town, up there on Pomeroy Hill. On Clayton street, just south and across the street from the Wilkinson-Westcott home, was the hospitable home of the Powells. Miss Ann married Dr. Means, son of the great Georgia educator, and Marcellus married a beautiful girl from Greenville. There never were three prettier girls raised in any town, than Jette and Aileen Means and Fannie Powell! What merry times they had, as youngsters! Right down on the corner below the Powell-Means home, was the house of Sallie Bibb Hutcheson. Mr. Hutcheson was such a nice, quiet, polished gentleman, and Sallie was as "strenuous" as possible. Ha! ha! I never can forget what a "fire-eating Southerner" she was! When feeling ran high in 1860, and the terms were beginning to be used insultingly, of "Yankee" and "Slave-owner," Sallie Hutcheson had a neighbor - a



Jesse's family was not a bad looking group.

"Yankee," by the name of Redford. A lamp exploded in the Redford home and set fire to a little girl. Mr. Hutcheson rushed in to assist in saving the child, while Sallie scolded vigorously, about his going to help "those wretches, who before long would be setting torches to all the south!" She moderated her attitude somewhat, when she learned that the little girl was terribly burned; but she still

insisted on her prophecy! When the civil war came on, the Redfords remained and they certainly carried, for several years, magnificent, imported goods, their store was about where Knowles' store is now; how they got those goods, no one knew. After the war they continued in business for some time, and then one night there was a fire and that whole block came near to going up in smoke. Public

prejudice flared up so, that the family moved back North. Sallie Hutcheson told Aunt Sophie Bibb, her mother, "I told you so!" Judge Bibb remonstrated with her for her uncompromising attitude, but nothing changed her; she could never be persuaded that "a Yankee" was real folks! O, I'm sleepy, I've told you enough for one time. Good night.



## DEDICATION WALLER HOME MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

By Sir George Waller  
June 20, 1920

In 1860, William W. Waller purchased the estate upon which today is being dedicated to the glory of God and the service of mankind, this Memorial Hospital.

During the War for Southern Independence, Mr. Waller and his wife, Margaret Armstrong Stout, nursed in this home many sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, and in the spacious rooms of their home, their children, George and William and Kate grew through childhood into youth in an atmosphere of Christian charity and service to those upon whom providence had laid burdens heavier than their own. Years passed and father and son, William, died in this home and Mrs. Waller and her children, George and Kate, lived in quiet, extending their charitable work in connection with the activities of the Working Woman's Home, of which Mrs. Waller was one of the founders, and to which she gave the Memorial

Cottage, which today bears her name. In 1884, Kate Waller was married to her cousin, Frank R. Chambers, and for thirty-four years after this Mrs. Waller lived on this estate during the winters, splended summers with her daughter at the latter's lovely home, "Crow's Nest" in Westchester County, New York.

In 1888, George Waller married Susie Theresa Jones, and this old place was in the following years gladdened by the presence of children again. George, Frances, William, Luther and Kathryn Waller born here and spending their childhood beneath these oaks and cedars. In 1904, George (Dr. George P. Waller) removed his residence to "Halcyon Hill" the ancestral estate of his wife, and his place was occupied by the dear sister-in-law and nephew of Mrs. Waller, Mrs. Platt Stout and her son, Major Robert Platt Stout and his wife and children, with whom Mrs. Waller passed her winters for several years more.

After Major Stout's death, Mrs. Dallas Boyd, the only daughter of Mrs. Waller's brother, lived here with her husband and children. Mrs. Waller's dream for many years before her death was that her beautiful home in which she had passed more than half a century, should continue after she had left this life to be a place of healing, strength and inspiration to the body as well as to the soul of others and many were the plans which she made to this end. She died in 1915, in her 88th year, and those of us who knew and loved her, rejoice with her today that the cornerstone is now being laid, of a structure more enduring than brass, in which providence has seen fit to embody and amplify her dreams of fifty years, and it is with praise to God that her grandson, George Platt Waller, Jr., writes this day these words, bearing witness to the ever present truth of God's answers to the prayers of His children.

Montgomery, Ala.,  
The Twentieth day of June, In  
the Years of our Lord, Nineteen  
hundred and twenty.



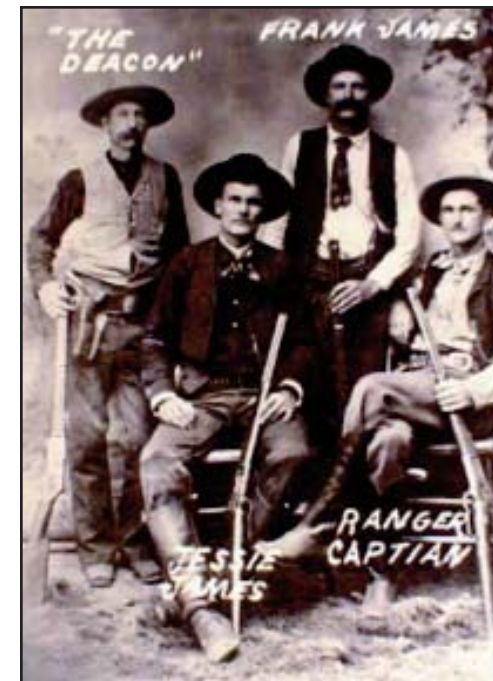
*Sir George was the American  
Charg'e de Affaires to Luxem-  
bourg returned Jan. 1945 having  
been forced out by the Nazi inva-  
sion in 1940. He was a brother  
of Luther Waller, Sr. Editor*

eleven years old. The stranger stated that he was very tired; that he had traveled much; was greatly fatigued and begged to be allowed to stay and rest awhile before looking at certain lands in the neighborhood, which he hoped to purchase for a stock farm. He said his name was J. T. Jackson, and that he was from Kentucky; that he was "well to do" and desired to purchase a farm in Lowndes County for stock raising, and since he understood my father was familiar with the lands, he wanted to secure him as a guide to show him about. The stranger was about thirty years old, of medium height and build, dark complexion and keen, penetrating eyes. Back through the vista of fifty-two years I can visualize him as clearly as if it were but yesterday. The first night he stayed with us he asked for a basin and warm water to dress a wound in the shoulder which he claimed was received during the Civil War. My father aided him in dressing the wound. It seemed rather strange to us that it had not healed, but we had no reason to doubt him. For a week or more my father aided him daily in dressing the wound, which healed up clean and well before he left us. We learned afterwards that the wound was received during the bank robbery incident above referred to. We did not at that time know we were entertaining the great outlaw, Jesse James.

Almost every family of any consequence in those days took the weekly Louisville Courier Journal. During his stay with us its pages were filled with the accounts of the evil deeds of the James gang. On more than one occasion he asked my father for his personal opinion of the James boys and while my father tried to make

excuses for them, Mr. Jackson was bitter in his denunciation of them.

After he had rested up somewhat, father told him that he had horses ready, and would show him the adjacent lands at any time. Mr. Jackson always put him off, saying that he was not yet ready. He never did go to look at any lands.



Before he had been with us a week, we were all greatly in love with him. To the children of the family he told most wonderful stories of the Civil War and hair-breadth escapes. He was very fond of children. He seemed never to tire of them. I was the oldest of five. Many a time he would have us and some of the neighbor children around him, with a package of shin plasters in his hand, spread out like a fan, and ranging in denomination from ten cents to fifty cents in value, and freely inviting the youngsters to come up and help themselves, but when one dared to do so instead of receiving a shin plaster he would get stuck in the side or hand or arm with a pin. Thereupon the youngsters would scamper back out of arm-

sreach, and they were coaxed again and again to come forward and try it over. Occasionally, a youngster would grab one. (My stenographer has just wondered what a shin plaster is, so, for the benefit of those like her, will state that it was the current name for fractional paper currency following the war period.)

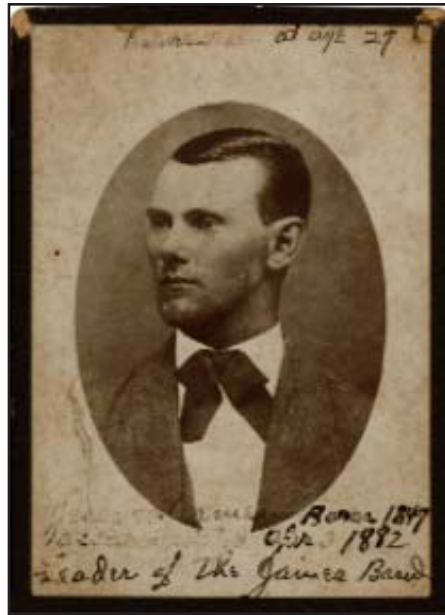
During the time Mr. Jackson stayed with us he broke up and harrowed three acres of land and planted some in rye. Not being able to find a suitable harrow in the neighborhood, he made one. He went to the woods with my father and aided in cutting and hauling firewood.

To live in our home was to go to church on Sunday. Mr. Jackson had to go too. We noticed that he never allowed himself to be surrounded. He always stayed on the outside of a crowd. Even in church he took a back seat. We gave him the best room in the house, a large room with no lock, but with a barrel bolt on the inside. It was the custom in those days never to lock up a residence. We would leave for days at a time with only the doors "pulled to." Mr. Jackson invariably bolted his door at night. I remember seeing great rolls of money, almost as large around as one could span with both hands. I have no idea of its value, but it is probable that, since small bills were not then the fashion, that he had several thousand dollars.

My father was perhaps the best shot with a rifle in the county. He could split a bullet on an ax from fifty to seventy-five yards away. Upon one occasion he was training his gun, that is, adjusting the sights in some way and practicing at a target. Mr. Jackson watched the proceedings in interest, and after a little remarked, "I believe I can beat you with my pistol,"

# "Gentleman" Jesse James in Alabama

Presented to the Montgomery Kiwanis Club  
August 30, 1921  
By J. M. Garrett



the name of Frank or Jesse. Investigation many years later developed the fact that Frank and Jesse James, the noted outlaws, were the James boys that attended her school.

In 1860 my mother came to Alabama, to assist her brother in a large school at Mt. Willing, Lowndes County. Both brother and sister secured board in the home of my father's people. Soon the Civil War broke out, and my mother was not able to visit her Missouri home until after the conclusion of that struggle. In the meantime, acquaintance between my mother and father ripened into friendship, and friendship into a love that lasted as long as they lived.

The Winsfield bank robbery was typical of many

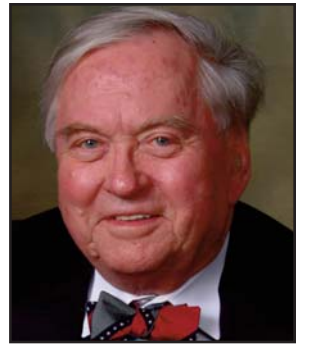
bloody outrages perpetrated by the James gang. A small town in a rich prosperous country. The time was late Summer or early in the Fall of 1875. A picnic was in progress a few miles out. A large percent of the entire population of the town was at the picnic. About twelve o'clock the James gang came in on horseback and dismounted. Some remained outside near the entrance, some held the horses, and some went into the bank. The cashier made an effort to draw his gun. They killed him. A boy in the bank ran out of a back door and tried to give the alarm; they shot him down as he ran. A man in an upper window across the street tried to fire at them with a gun; they shot him while he was raising the gun to his shoulder. They robbed the bank. The news spread like wildfire. Soon a great posse was in hot pursuit. The gang was overtaken about sundown. A pitched battle ensued. Some of the gang was shot down, some were wounded and captured, some got away. Jesse James was one of those that escaped. The gang was broken up temporarily. It took several months for them to recuperate and reorganize.

Shortly after the bank robbery, about sundown of a typical Fall day, I remember well a stranger coming to our house and asking for board and lodging for a few days. I was a boy

## "Civil War Has Ended in Montgomery"

(or "The Night the Cradle Fell")

By Lt. Col. John Hawkins Napier III



Gen. Jno. H. Napier

*This article written by John Napier was discovered in our files. It evidently has never before been published, and is offered here with his current updating.*

*Thank you, John.*

*Editor*

When the Civil War ended in Central Alabama where it began four years earlier, it did so in Selma with a bang. There, on April 2, 1865, in his only defeat Lt. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest tried to hold five miles of defenses with barely 5,000 men, half of them militia, against Union Maj. Gen. James H. Wilson's 30,000-man seasoned cavalry corps of three divisions. The Yanks swept aside the Rebs and put Selma with the South's second largest arsenal to flames. A week later, on Palm Sunday April 9, Wilson and his corps left the River City for the Cradle of the Confederacy, unaware that Gen. R.E. Lee was surrendering his Army of Northern Virginia that very day at Appomattox, Va.

By contrast, the war ended in Montgomery, if not with a bang, perhaps not a whimper either, but more of an embarrassed clearing of the throat. Here, where hot-blooded secessionists such as William L. Yancey had held sway in the spring of 1861, after the Confederate capital was moved to Richmond, Montgomery reverted to its role as Alabama's seat of government and an agricultural and transportation center. It also became an important arms production center for Southern armies, secondary to Richmond and Selma, but on a level with Augusta and Columbus, Ga. and Columbia, S.C.

Here also Confederate military units were organized and sent to the field Armies of Northern Virginia and of Tennessee. Twelve infantry regiments and one battalion, three cavalry regiments, three field artillery batteries and Hilliard's Legion, a 3,000-man force of all arms, were mustered at the State Fair Grounds in North Montgomery or at another racetrack east of town on the Mt. Meigs Road from units from all over Central Alabama.

There was also an echelon military organization here to support units in the field and to send replacements to the fighting fronts, staffed both by State and Confederate officers. Maj. Gen. Jones M. Withers, West Point 1835, veteran of the Second Creek and Mexican Wars, former Mayor of Mobile and first commander of the 3rd Ala. Inf. Regt., in 1864 became both the Alabama Adjutant General and Commander of the Confederate States Army's Montgomery District, Department of Alabama, Military Division of East Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. The Quartermaster General was Capt. Reuben C. Thom, the first officer commissioned in the Confederate Marines, who is buried in Old Oakwood Cemetery. Despite their experience, they and their staffs had their hands full.

For three years Central Alabama had been spared the rigors of war, although the Tennessee Valley of North Alabama had seen its share. However, in July 1864, Maj. Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, then besieging Atlanta, asked Maj. Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau at Decatur to bring his cavalry south to cut the Alabama and West Point Railroad between Montgomery and Columbus, Ga., to choke off supplies to Atlanta's defenders. Rousseau with 2,500 sabers swept down to Chehaw Junction east of Shorter.

By coincidence, Gen. Braxton Bragg, then President Jefferson Davis's military adviser, was visiting Montgomery. He took charge and ordered Maj. (later Maj. Gen.) Bryan M. Thomas of Withers' staff to take Maj. Joseph Hardie's Reserve Cavalry Battalion of 17-year-old boys, poorly armed with old single-shot rifled muskets, east to defend the railway. Lt. Col. James C. Davidson was in immediate command of this motley force, which also included a squad of University of Alabama cadets manning a field piece and brown linen-clad mounted militia from Tuskegee.

As this entrained force crossed Ufaupsee Creek just east of Chehaw Station on July 18, the bluecoats at the other end of the bridge opened fire with Spence repeating carbines, killing six Rebels and wounding 60

with no losses to themselves. They then spent 36 hours tearing up the roadbed, of strategic importance to Sherman's winning the Atlanta campaign.

The local newspapers complained about Montgomery's unpreparedness and belatedly the authorities here tried to improve the city's defenses. Thrice-wounded, one-eyed Brig. Gen. Daniel W. Adams took command of the District of Central Alabama. There had earlier been organized several companies for local defense: the Firemen Guards, Montgomery Mounted Infantry and the teenagers of the Watts Cadets. On Aug. 13, 1864, the Montgomery County Reserve (Regiment) was organized, Col. J. H. Cogburn commanding. His staff included Lt. Col. James R. Dillard, Maj. G. P. Keyes, Surgeon James B. Freeney, Quartermaster James Davidson, Paymaster Josiah Morris (the leading banker), and Adjutant James Yancey Brame (the Sheriff). There were ten companies, two of them made up of railroad men, and a cavalry company that attorney John Archer Elmore led. One infantry commander was Major W. A. Gunter's grandfather, Charles G. Gunter, such an irreconcilable Rebel that he emigrated to Brazil after the surrender and never returned.

When General Wilson began moving his troopers east along the Old Hayneville Road toward Montgomery, Adams appointed Brig. Gen. Abraham Buford to take charge of Montgomery's defenses. He was West Point 1841, a Mexican War veteran and was recovering from wounds suffered as one Forrest's cavalry brigade commanders. Buford rounded up arms and equipment for the Reserve Regiment, as well as some conscripts. Camp Watts near Notasulga was examining 300 to 400 conscripts monthly and pronouncing nearly all of them for service. Captains of each Montgomery County Beat rounded up all available men, including soldiers absent from their units. Buford impressed slaves from their masters to build breastworks and rifle puts on three sides of Montgomery, from the Alabama River at present Bell St. around to South St., east to the present Hall St. and north through the cemetery to the River. Cotton bales were stacked at street intersections.

However, seeing Selma's fate, Lt. Gen. Richard Taylor, commanding the Division of East Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama (Zachary Taylor's son and Jeff Davis's former brother-in-law), directed Adams not to defend Montgomery against a direct assault, but to pull his troops east to Columbus to join Brig. Gen. Howell Cobbs' Georgia State Troops.

For some reason, perhaps to avoid panicking the citizenry, Adams did not tell civil authorities of this order. Instead, when he learned on April 11 that Mayor W.L. Coleman (for whom Coleman St. in Cloverdale is named) and the City Council proposed to surrender the city to the advancing Federals he threatened to arrest

them.

Nonetheless Adams ordered the troops to begin evacuating and to set fire to 88,000 bales of cotton stored here to keep them out of Union hands. At 5pm on the 11th, a smoke signal arose from Johnson's Warehouse and graybacks torched the large warehouses belonging to Lehman and Durr, Murphy and Co., Gilmer's and others on Commerce, Tallapoosa and North Court Sts. Commissary stores were thrown open to the public, but whiskey stores were poured into the gutter, where a few lapped it up.

The Montgomery Mail reported on April 17 that it had been a "desperate order" and a miracle that Montgomery was not burned down. It reported that "the members of the Negro fire company deserve great praise. The brave fellows, reckless of life and limb, met the furious flames at every advance and kept the conflagration in check." The white firemen had been dragooned into the Reserve Regiment, by now withdrawing to the east. With them and the other Confederate troops left Governor Thomas H. Watts and other State officials, aiming to reestablish the State Capital at Eufaula. Also with them went the peripatetic Memphis Appeal, which had fled Memphis for Jackson, then to Meridian and here, where it published briefly.

Wilson ordered the 4th Ky. Cav. Regt. to lead an assault on Montgomery at daybreak Wednesday April 12. However, just in time at 3am, Mayor Coleman led a delegation out of the Old Hayneville Road to its Catoma Creek crossing (just north of today's Dannelly Field) to surrender the city to Maj. Gen. Edward M. McCook, one of Wilson's division commanders. The pleantry-surprised Wilson and McCook agreed to protect civilians and their property.

About 9am that morning the Regular Army's 34th Cavalry Regiment clattered into town and up Market St. (now Dexter Ave.) to the Capitol, where they ran up the Stars and Stripes atop the dome, established their provost guard headquarters in the Governor's office and cordoned off the building. Mayor Coleman hastily had a placard printed and distributed announcing the surrender and Wilson reiterated his order forbidding looting, stealing and straggling on pain of death.

His cavalry corps of McCook's, Long's and Upton's divisions, more than 30,000 strong, then galloped, sabers down, four abreast, guidons fluttering, up Market, cheering the U.S. flag at the Capitol. The parade lasted nearly all day and without incident. Thousands of Montgomerians lined the

street, some "instant Union men" and many Blacks welcoming the bluecoats, but many others watched in stony silence.

Afterwards, some troopers bivouacked in fields east of town, but Wilson was anxious to press on east and pushed a scouting force along the Mt. Meigs Road. At Three Mile Branch (now Coliseum Blvd.) they ran into Confederate pickets from the 4th and 7th Ala. Cav. Regts., but the Federals pushed them back to Line Creek, the county line. One last Confederate act of defiance followed. Capt. Addison Harvey's Scouts of Wirt Adams's Mississippi Cavalry Regiment had been hanging on the Union flanks. They sent a flag of truce into town demanding that the Yankees surrender Montgomery to them, but this was "scoffed at respectfully." So ended Montgomery's Civil War.

When General Wilson rode up to Judge George Goldthwaite's former house at Moulton and Church Sts., he remarked facetiously, perhaps because it was Holy Week, that he had entered Montgomery much as Jesus had entered Jerusalem, riding on [a donkey]. Thereupon a diehard Rebel muttered, "I only hope he'll be crucified before he leaves." He established his headquarters there, then occupied by Col. J. R. Powell (later Birmingham's founder). He himself stayed at Col. Henry W. Hilliard's mansion at the east end of Washington St., now the site of the White Chapel Funeral Home.

Proclaiming martial law, Wilson appointed McCook Montgomery Post Commander, who in turn named Col. Wickliffe Cooper to head a picked provost guard from Cooper's 4th Kentucky, the 1st Wisconsin and 3rd Iowa. McCook addressed Montgomery whites and blacks at the formal flag raising at the Capitol, when the Stars and Stripes also were hoisted over the Courthouse at

Adams and Lawrence, the telegraph office and McCook's headquarters at the Exchange Hotel, both at Court Square.

Generally the Union soldiers behaved properly. The provost guards patrolled the streets and posted guards at private residences when requested. There were reported isolated burning and looting on the town's outskirts. However, the Federals did exert themselves to destroy war material: the Montgomery Arsenal with 20,000 stand of small arms, a nitrate factory, Janney's Foundry on North Court, the railroads' rolling stock, depots and roadbeds, and they brought three steamboats laden with foodstuffs that had been hidden upriver and burned them at the river landing.

Wilson, anxious to crush the remnant Confederate forces in West Georgia, began moving out the afternoon of the 13th and in force on the 14th, leaving 144 sick and wounded behind. There were already several large Confederate military hospitals here, as well as a Union soldiers' prison, from which four Yanks had escaped the previous month. His troopers had scattered already Confederate riflemen at Three Mile Branch, went through Mt. Meigs and covered the 40 miles to Tuskegee that day and taking 100 prisoners. Another ten days would elapse before a permanent Federal Army of Occupation under a Colonel Spurling would be set up here on April 24.

The 81st Illinois and 124th Illinois Infantry commanded by Colonels Rogers and Howe camped on the Wilson Farm and Nursery between Sayre St. on the east, Amanda St. (now Morgan Ave.) on the west, Mildred St. on the north and Line St. (now Jeff Davis Ave.) on the south. Mrs. Wilson's servant

house was one of regiment's first headquarters. Later, Ward's 14th Wisconsin replaced the 124th Illinois. These troops were from Maj. Gen. Kenner Garrard's 2nd Division of Maj. Gen. A.J. "Whiskey" Smith's XVII Corps based on Mobile (it was Smith who earlier had burned wantonly Oxford, Miss.). Gradually, the Union occupation forces were reduced, as was the need for them, much as U.S. forces were when I served in the Occupation of Japan in 1945-46.

A nine-year-old girl of a plantation family long remembered the night before Montgomery surrendered. Her diehard secessionist great-grandmother had sworn that she would rather die than see the Yankees take Montgomery. She got her wish, dying on April 11, the day before the surrender. Returning from Granny's burial at Old Oakwood to her uncle's and aunt's, Dr. and Mrs. Carnot Bellinger's country house (where old Bellinger School is), the carriage had to go up on the sidewalk to get around burning cotton bales on South Hull St. while the sky glowed with King Cotton's flames. As an adult, she remembered thinking as a frightened child that the world had come to an end. She was right, of course; her world had ended (she was my wife's great-grandmother).

✂

*"P. S. Recently I learned that my Great Great Uncle, Pvt. Terry Tarpley Shanks, Co. F., 57th Alabama Inf. Reg. was in the garrison here and helped burn the cotton to prevent being taken by the Union troops. Earlier he fought in battles at Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. "*

*Brig. Gen. John H. Napier III (July 2016)*