

THE HERALD

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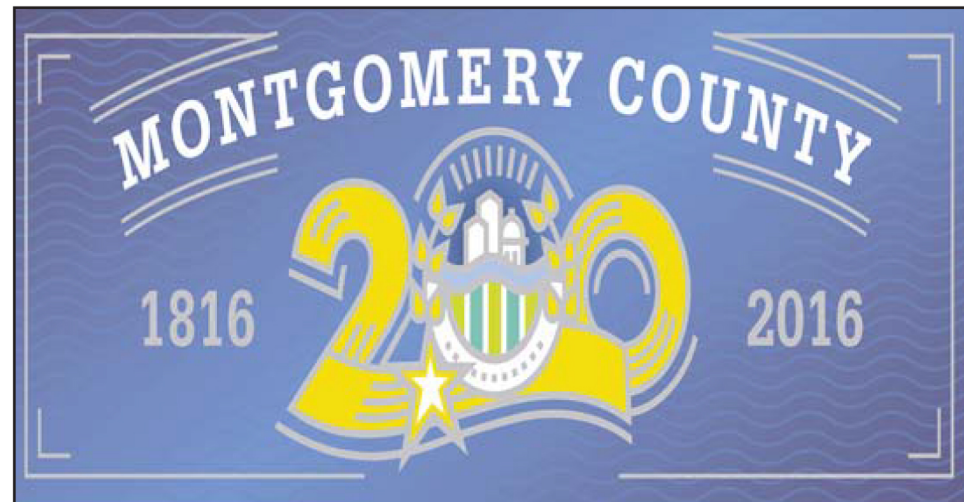
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of the Birthday of
Montgomery County

1816 - 2016

December 6, 2016

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Montgomery County Historical Society THE HERALD



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MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

SUMMER ISSUE III - 2016

The Untold Story of the Fountain

This article was first published in the *Montgomery Guide* in August 1982.

COURT SQUARE FOUNTAIN, one of the most beautiful sights in Montgomery, was erected by the City in 1885. This massive structure was purchased to cover "Big Basin", an open, expanding artesian well.

"Big Basin" was the social gathering point for the townspeople to meet and exchange news and gossip, as well as hold livestock auctions. For over a hundred years the phrase "meet at the basin" could be heard everywhere in Montgomery, but over the years "Big Basin" had become an unsightly "hog-wallow." At one time the editor of the Advertiser quipped that

wealthy family who had decided on a smaller fountain.

The other story, which is most likely the closest to the truth, is that Mr. Carr went to New York to locate a suitable fountain. He found and purchased the 15-ton structure from the J.L. Mott Ironworks of New York.

The fountain and its ornaments, including and topped by the goddess Hebe (goddess of youth and cupbearer to the gods), her attendants, babies and birds were finally placed over the well. However, the fountain does not, nor probably never has used the well for its water supply, but has operated with City water.

Over the years people have loved the fountain with its beauty and grace, but there have been those people who have had other ideas for the spot. Originally the 14-foot basin at the bottom of the fountain was intended to be lined with benches for people to enjoy spending a relaxed lunch break near the city pump. At different times people have suggested building public rest-rooms under the fountain, removing the structure and putting a statue in its place, painting the fountain white or removing it to build a skyscraper or additional parking. But always there has been a strong sense of loyalty to the

fountain from most Montgomery residents. It has been protected, cared for, looked over, repaired and even argued over by Montgomerians for decades.

The most interesting fact and a point of controversy with many older Montgomery residents is who designed the fountain. Very early in



"'Big Basin' realized the approach of spring and was putting on her coat of green."

There are two different stories about the acquisition of the fountain structure. One is that Alderman Thomas H. Carr reportedly went to the Atlanta exposition and purchased the fountain, which had been placed on sale by a

the life of the structure, it was attributed to a fountain sculptor named Frederick MacMonnies. Even one of his "disciples" stated that Montgomery was very lucky to have an original MacMonnies in its possession. This was based on the animation of the ornaments that adorn the fountain. However, the following excerpts from a series of four letters between Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owens and Mr. MacMonnies tells a different story:

January 10, 1935
Mrs. Owens to Mr. MacMonnies -

For many years, probably more than forty, there has stood in the center of the business district of Montgomery a fountain, said to be a MacMonnies fountain, made originally for Mrs. Leland Standford, but found later to be too large for her particular purpose, and sold to the Mayor of Montgomery. This fountain is cherished as a thing of beauty by the more intelligent people of the city. It has been the center of controversy on several occasions...

Those of us who value your work have kept the fountain at its present location and hope to do so permanently. The present Mayor tells me this morning that it is made of iron. That it is not made of bronze and disparages the whole proposition of the veneration of the "old thing."

I, as historian of the State, feel that this question of you being the sculptor of the fountain and the question of the material from which it is made, should be definitely settled. Will you therefore please have your secretary look over the records and settle the question for all time?

January 1935
Mr. MacMonnies to Mrs. Owens

...I am happy to know I have such staunch and charming champions in Alabama. I am sorry to say my old records are in my house in France.

If you will kindly send me a Kodak photo of the fountain you mention, I would be very much interested and glad to solve the mystery...

January 25, 1935
Mrs. Owens to Mr. MacMonnies -

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your very courteous letter of recent date and am sending you herewith a postcard showing the fountain in Court Square in this city, which is in the very heart of the business district. This is an old picture and since it was taken, shrubbery has been planted around the outside of the fence.

If you will settle the point as to whether or not you are the sculptor of the fountain, you will have the hearts of the artistic women in Montgomery. These women make a fight every time the question is raised to save the fountain, because it is the work of the great Frederick MacMonnies.

With all good wishes for a happy year, and assuring you again of our pride in you as an American...

April 21, 1935
Mr. MacMonnies to Mrs. Owens -

Many thanks for your letter of January 24 enclosing the postal card of the pretty little fountain (which I received on my return to New York.)

Although it is not my work, I take great pleasure in the fact that the women of Montgomery and champions of the Fine Arts recognize their importance, which is not the

case in many other parts of America.

I am also deeply touched by your tribute to my own work and the high regard in which you seem to hold it.

I wish the present new times did not make it impossible for me to present to the women of your city a replica of some work of mine, which might be applicable to them...

These letters show that the fountain was not made by Mr. MacMonnies and a copy of the J.L. Mott Ironworks 1885 catalog shows the same fountain with a choice of ornaments (including Hebe, attendants and birds).

The fountain has been remodeled to turn its streams of water in because people complained of the sprinkling they received when they walked by. It has been repaired when the attendants froze over and fell into the basin and when Hebe came up missing. It was renovated to add lights so passersby at night could enjoy the spectacular beauty as well as daytime viewers. It has been restored several times, the most recent being by the "Keep Montgomery Beautiful" Committee in the early 1970's.

Over the years, no matter what the rumor or plan, in spite of the changes that have occurred around it, oblivious to progress and time, whether a MacMonnies or a stock product of J.L. Mott Ironworks, whether bronze or iron, the Court Street Fountain has graced and brought a spirit of tranquility to the downtown area and will probably continue to do so for decades to come. It is a cherished landmark of which Montgomery is proud.



In House News

Memorials

Mrs. May Handey Smith
Mr. James W. Fuller
Mr. & Mrs. William I. Hill II
Mrs. Evelyn Sledge Britton
Ms. Barbara Britton
Mrs. Evelyn Britton Stutts

New Members

Mr. & Mrs. Richard H. Amberg, Jr.
Mr. & Mrs. Bowman Bear
Dr. & Mrs. Sanders Benkwith
Mr. & Mrs. Jeffrey Bond
Mrs. & Mrs. James E. Byram III
Mrs. Edith J. Crook
Judge & Mrs. Joel F. Dubina
Dr. & Mrs. Winston Edwards
Mr. & Mrs. Richard Gassenheimer
Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Jackson
Mr. Royce Kershaw
Mr. & Mrs. Robert T. Proctor
Mrs. Bonnie Hare Shanahan
Mr. & Mrs. Warren Stephens
Mr. Lee H. Sims
Mrs. Caroline Slawson
Mrs. Evelyn Britton Stutts
Mr. Reuben E. Thornton
Vintage Year - Mr. Jud Blount
Ms. Caroline Weiss

Special Donations

Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Champion
Mrs. Mary Ann F. Darby
Mr. James W. Fuller
Mrs. Betty Jo Ritchie

Honors

Mrs. Ilouise P. Hill
On the Occassion of Her 90th Birthday
Mr. James W. Fuller
Mrs. Mary Lynne Levy

REPEAT AFTER ME,

“Yes, I want to join and support the Montgomery County Historical Society.

The preservation of our archives is so important for us and for future generations, considering that there are future generations.”

Individual	\$25.00
Family	\$35.00
Supporting	\$50.00
Contributing	\$100.00
Sustaining	\$250.00
Sponsor	\$500.00
Benefactor	\$1,000.00

Mail your check to:
MCHS; P. O. Box 1829
Montgomery, AL 36102

History Archives Collections

Mr. Billy “Willie G.” Moseley of Tallassee donated seven Lanier annuals to our collection.

Mr. Austin Wilsford of Hope Hull donated five City Directories and various business records from one of Montgomery’s old businesses, Mosley Electric Co., that was located on Noble Avenue just off of Perry St.

The Montgomery Area Chamber of Commerce donated a collection of seventy-four City Directories. This contribution with very few exceptions completes our collection of the Montgomery directories from 1880 through 2007.

There is a vast amount of information available both on individuals, businesses and properties and their progression over the years to be found in these valuable reference tools.

Ms. Louise Winfield donated an antique doll that once belonged to Mrs. Clara Virginia Kennedy Jones and before her, possibly to a member of the Durr family in Montgomery. The doll is well over one hundred years old.

Mr. Rusty Gregory donated a Confederate grave cross from one of his ancestor’s graves at Oakwood.

Mr. Stevenson T. Walker donated a replica of the store building located at Pike Road crossroad that was in its day when cotton was king, operated by Mr. Edward Thomas Davis, farmer and at one time Chairman of the Montgomery County, Board of Education. His store served the large area of Pike Road, Mathews Station and Mt. Meigs. His stock of

goods extended from buggies to caskets and about anything else that the residents of that portion of the county might desire.

Mr. Austin Wilsford of Pintlala donated, through **Mrs. Alice Carter**, a collection of Montgomery City Directories as well as various business records from the Mosley Electric Company. The Mosleys operated their firm of electric service through several generations on Noble Avenue.

The Rev. Gary Burton donated an article he has written, “Pintlala’s Cold Murder Case: the Death of Thomas Meredith in 1812.”

Mrs. Sallie W. W. Millsap donated a paper by Cash Stanley, *Alabama Journal* Editor, on family tombstones on opposite sides of the Tallapoosa River. It contains genealogy of the Mitchell and Wood families.

Ms. Lynn Gulladge, daughter of **Mr. Lawrence Browder** donated his Lanier annuals for 1927 and 1928. Lawrence was a Barnes Boy and a faithful member of the Society.

Mr. & Mrs. Seabie Kennamer donated a drawing of the fountain at Court Square by Richey.

Mrs. Peggy Hall Joseph has donated a book, *Down South* published by Rudolf Eickemeyer. It is a collection of pictures of the times past in the area of Mt. Meigs, east of Montgomery. Many of the individuals shown have been identified in pencil by Peggy’s mother, Mrs. Florence Charles Hall of Chantilly.

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“History is written by the winners.” - Napoleon Bonaparte

“History, in general, only informs us what bad government is” - Thomas Jefferson

“One cannot and must not try to erase the past merely because it does not fit the present.”
Golda Meir, *My Life*

HIGH POINTS IN ALABAMA'S HISTORY

(By Thomas M. Owen, LLD.,
Director of the Alabama Department of Archives and History.)

In 1714 Fort Toulouse, at the confluence of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers, was planted as a remote outpost for Indian trade and as a buffer to the English advance, from the South Atlantic seaboard.

In 1721 the first African slaves were landed at Mobile.

On February 18, 1763, France ceded all her possessions east of the Mississippi, excepting the island of Orleans, to Great Britain.

By the treaty of November 30, 1782, marking the close of the contest of the colonies with the mother country, Great Britain ceded to them all her possessions north of latitude 31 degrees; and on October 27, 1795, Spain relinquished to the United States her claims to West Florida, south of line 31 degrees.

The Mississippi territory was formed by act of Congress, April 7, 1798, and under this and subsequent acts all of the present states of Mississippi and Alabama comprised one territory until 1817.

On March 1, 1817, Alabama territory was formed, and after the adoption of a constitution under an enabling act of March 2, 1819, on December 14 following, the state was admitted into the union.

The seat of the government of the Alabama territory

was at St. Stephens. In 1818 Cahaba was selected as the state capital; in 1826 it was removed to Tuscaloosa, and in 1846 to Montgomery.

The state seceded from the Federal union January 11, 1861; and February 4, 1861, united in the formation of the provisional government of the Confederate States of America.

On June 21, 1865, Lewis E. Parsons was appointed provisional governor.

On November 24, 1874, George S. Houston was inaugurated governor. With his inauguration Negro and carpet-bag rule ended.

In 1901 - May 21 to September 3 - the last constitutional convention of the state was held.

GREAT EVENTS

Within the limits of the state dwelt for hundreds of years the four great Indian tribes - the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws and the Chickasaws. Here were born and reared McGillivray and Weatherford and Osceola and Stan Watie; and here resided the Colberts, the Ridges, Ross, Sequoyah, McIntosh and others.

Aaron Burr, distinguished in the Revolutionary war and vice-president of the United States, while a fugitive from the courts, was captured in the Alabama section of the

Mississippi territory.

In the campaigns against the Creek Indians in the war of 1812, Andrew Jackson entered upon that long public career, so notable in our history.

Of the several territories, Alabama settled more rapidly, and passed more quickly from territorial pupillage than any other.

In April 1825, General LaFayette, on his last tour of the United States, passed through Alabama.

In 1832 was completed the first railway track west of the Allegheny mountains - extending from Tuscumbia in the direction of Decatur, and now a part of the Southern railway system.

In Alabama was granted the first diploma ever issued to a woman by any chartered educational institution authorized to confer degrees, etc.

Alabama was the first of the cotton states to establish a common school system.

Montgomery was the "Cradle of the Confederacy". In the present historic state capitol, Feb. 4, 1861, the delegates from six seceding states met (in the senate chamber) and organized the provisional government of the Confederate States of America. Here they adopted a provisional constitution, elected Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens president and vice-president, respectively, of the

new Confederation; and here on the front portico, Mr. Davis was inaugurated in the presence of thousands, February 18, 1861.

A formal proclamation of war was made April 15, 1861, by Abraham Lincoln president of the United States. At once the brave and patriotic people of Alabama rallied to the defense of the state. The sentiment of the people is thus described by Governor Thomas H. Watts in his inaugural address, Dec. 1, 1863:

"And when the first tocsin of war sounded, co-operationists and secessionist marched shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, hand to hand to the arbitrament of battle. From the gulf to our northern border, from the mountains, valleys and plains, from the east and from the west, the stalwart sons of Alabama rushed to the standard of the new-born republic; and with dauntless bravery and heroism they have crimsoned with their blood every battlefield from Manassas to Chickamauga. An imperishable monument of glorious renown has been erected for the state. The name 'Alabamian' has become immortal in our history."

The number of soldiers from Alabama, which enlisted during the war, is estimated at 122,000, of a total white population of 526,271 in 1860. Of these at least 35,000 are believed to have lost their lives, while a large number were permanently disabled by wounds or disease. These troops comprised substantially sixty regiments of infantry, three regiments of mounted infantry, thirteen of cavalry, six battalions and twenty batteries; besides, there were sev-

eral independent companies and many Alabamians served in commands from other states. There was no important battle east of the Mississippi river in which its troops did not perform an honorable part; and some of the most brilliant general officers were Alabamians, either by birth or adoption.

In a report to Governor Lewis E. Parsons, Dec. 4, 1865, Colonel William H. Fowler, state superintendent of army records, says:

"I assert, with confidence that Alabama sent more troops into the service in proportion to population than any other state in the south, and that her loss was heavier than any other, irrespective of population. I am certain, too, that when General Lee surrendered his army the representation from Alabama, on the field that day, was inferior to no other southern state in numbers, and surely not in gallantry."

In 1874 the state was redeemed from Negro and carpet-bag rule under the leadership of George S. Houston, and from that period to the present it has had an almost phenomenal growth and development. In material progress the growth has been unparalleled, as is evidenced by the growth of mining, timber and manufacturing industries, the enlargement of shipping interests, the increase of railroad mileage, the improvement of the public roads and the founding of new towns. In agriculture there has been marked progress in scientific and pro-

gressive methods.

In Montgomery was built and operated the first electric railway in the United States.

The state geological survey, created first in 1847, was revived in 1873, and under the intelligent direction of Dr. Eugene A. Smith, state geologist, has opened to the world the wonderful resources of the state, and as an institution has become a model for many of the new surveys.

At Auburn Prof. A .F. McKissick constructed the first apparatus used in the United States for the demonstration of the X ray.

The Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn was the first Southern college to establish a separate chair for electrical engineering.

The establishment of the



Dr. Owen located the first archives department in the Capitol Building in 1901. Photograph courtesy of Carolyn Wright

Alabama Department of Archives and History in 1901 was the first attempt in the United States through legislation, to meet the duty of the states to its archives (public records of every character) and history through a separate department of government, administered by a state officer.

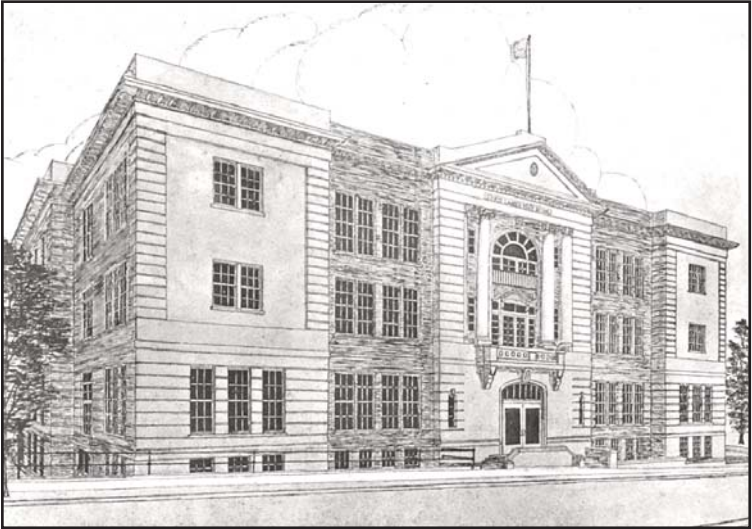


my principal thought I was too young and inexperienced to teach, and I was, so I was given a job as an apprentice. For \$25 a month that first year I observed classes of Miss Dolly Kirk, Miss Nemo Green, Miss Mary Burke and Miss Sophia Himes.

"The next year I taught the 3rd grade at Sayre Street School," she recalls. "By this time a new building with a furnace replaced the old school. I sent my students to the furnace room to dry when they arrived at school wet on rainy days."

When Sidney Lanier High School moved from McDonough street to its present location, the old building became Baldwin Junior High School as it is today. Miss Sarah Wyman became advisor of girls and head of the English Department of the junior high. During the summers she studied the teaching of English at Columbia University in New York.

"I don't remember anything about attending school I didn't like," she says. "I loved teaching but didn't like all the reports to fill out". Miss



Sidney Lanier High School on McDonough St. after 1930, Baldwin Junior School

Wyman states that she never had problems with discipline, especially with boys. "The secret of discipline," she says, "is to treat all children equally and never to speak in anger. I did get mad sometimes, but I never let my children know it."

In her 50 years of teaching Miss Sarah Wyman taught many students who are prominent Montgomery citizens today. Among them are Dr. Jane Day, Dr. Will Waller, Dr. Hamilton Hutchinson, Dr. William Gunter, Dr. Dick Harris, Dr. Zack Trawick, Dr. Grover Murchison, Col. Marion Rushton, James Flowers, Warren Andrews, Allen Hopkins, Phedora Nicrosi, Georgia McGhee, Sally Watkins Marks, Gypsie Oliver and Cassie Lita Brewbaker.

To this day students still quote to her "The Lady of the Lake" and "Julius Caesar," which they learned in her 9th grade English classes. As her students will testify each is proud to say "Miss Sarah Wyman taught me back when Montgomery was growing up along with her students."



Continued from page 13
Social Life

Montgomery, will admit that it has been the center of high culture for many years ago. This culture has marked every phase of her social life and there have always been intellectual, musical and social centers in our midst. One could point out without much need to stop for thought the names of numbers of accomplished and talented women, around whom gathered reading and musical circles in days not yet relegated to the past. Later on others brought to the good work their own and the latent in others in the formation of clubs in certain lines of study. Many of them it is pleasing to note, lived in spite of discouraging environments. And an interest was excited as was emphasized by the formation of other clubs of like nature. Now there are quite a number of literary organizations, including among the members names of women known for superior culture and endowment, not only at home, but abroad, and sufficient in themselves to bring together mental strength and worth. Notable among the literary organizations may be mentioned the No Name club, probably one of the oldest in the city, the Magazine, the Ionian, the Council of Jewish Women, the Art Study Club, the Tintagil, the Fellowship club, the Thirteen, the Meteors, the Neboulous, the Shakespearean club, among the younger set, and the Paul Hayne society at the Girls High school, which gracefully bears the name of our lamented bard - "Sans peur et sans reproche."

[balance of article lost]

I Remember Montgomery: 'Born Teacher,' Miss Wyman Tells Tales of Early Schools, Teaching

Montgomery Advertiser, January 19, 1964

By Lida Hill
Women's Staff Writer

There were only two public grammar schools in Montgomery when Miss Sara Wyman of 904 Felder Ave. first started her school life in 1885. "There was Sayre Street School where the present Sayre Street School is located," she remembers, "and Lafayette School behind the capitol where General Lafayette was met when he visited Montgomery in 1825."

Many children, however, attended private neighborhood grammar schools. Miss Wyman says, "My first school was Miss Callie Hinkle's little one-room school house. It was a wooden building in the yard of her home on Molton Street between the Durr and Gayle homes. We sat in double desks and went to a bench in the front of the room to recite."

"Just as in all the classrooms when I was a student, a little pot bellied stove heated the room. These little stoves did a poor job of heating, for the rooms were poorly insulated. We burned up sitting in front of the rooms and froze when we were in the back."

In the morning during recess boys played on one side of the yard and girls on the other, Miss Wyman remembers. "Drop the handkerchief was one of my favorite games, and we played

hop scotch all the time. There was a swing in the yard in which we all loved to swing."



Miss Wyman in Felder Avenue home recalls school days of young city

In those days Montgomery had its well-known and loved characters. One of them was a Mr. Taylor, or Blind Bob, as the children called him. Sarah Wyman remembers that "sometimes at recess Blind Bob came by selling candy. He blew his little horn and any of us who had a nickel ran out to buy candy and divide it with our friends."

"When the weather was pretty we all sat out under the trees and shared what our mothers had put in our lunch-baskets," says Miss Wyman. "I think this was much more interesting than sitting in supervised lunchrooms as students do now."

Miss Hinkle died and her school was closed as Sarah Wyman was entering the 4th grade, so Miss Wyman finished grammar school at Sayre Street School. After the 6th grade she attended the school on Lawrence street for all the 7th graders in Montgomery.

Next she went to Girls high School at Lawrence and High streets where the public library parking lot is today. Miss Wyman remembers, "There was no library, no lavatory, no lunchroom, no gymnasium or playground, but we thought it was wonderful because it was such an improvement over the old shabby brick building next door to the grammar school on Sayre street which had been the high school for girls."

The course of study was the same for each girl. For four years they took Latin, math, English, history and science. Thirty-five girls started high school with Sarah Wyman, but only 11 survived to graduate. "I think the present way of allowing students to choose courses and have minor subjects is very much better," says Miss Wyman.

After graduation she took the teachers examination. "In those days there were no training schools for teachers," Miss Wyman explains. "I received an A certificate, but

Albert Strassburger, as Mayor, Surrendered Montgomery to Wilson's Raiders During War

The Montgomery Advertiser, Sunday, August 20, 1916



Mayor Albert Strassburger

Hundreds of expressions of condolence from all parts of Alabama show the great esteem in which Albert Strassburger, a veteran citizen who died yesterday morning at 6:15 o'clock was held. Many messages of sorrow and sympathy have been received from Mobile, New Orleans and other cities in which Mr. Albert Strassburger was well known. His death caused widespread sorrow in Montgomery.

One of the most important features of Mr. Albert Strassburger's life, prominently linked with the history of Montgomery, was the surrender of this city to Wilson's

Raiders during the civil war. Mr. Strassburger was acting mayor in the year 1865 when Wilson's raiders appeared on the outskirts threatening to destroy the city by fire unless it was surrendered. Mr. Strassburger met the Federal raiders and surrendered in order to save the city from destruction.

Mr. Strassburger was born in a small town in Bavaria, October 14, 1828. He served in the Bavarian army in the revolution of 1848 and moved to this country after the war, landing at New Orleans with thousands of others after three months on the seas. Among the other Bavarians coming over on the ship with Mr. Strassburger was Carl Schurz, who was well known in this city.

After remaining in New Orleans for a short while, Mr. Strassburger moved to Mobile where he engaged in the dry goods business with Mr. Forcheimer, for many years one of the most prominent merchants in the south. Mr. Strassburger moved to Montgomery just before the outbreak of the yellow fever epidemic in the [1850s]. He was married in 1855 to Miss Amalia Wolf, an old sweetheart in Germany. She died in 1896.

Mr. Strassburger was a

partner in the wholesale grocery business, A. and A. H. Strassburger. The concern was one of the most prominent grocery concerns in the South. He retired from the mercantile business in 1878 entering journalism. He was the Montgomery representative for the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* and made that paper very popular in Alabama by his accurate and able accounts of events in the state.

Mr. Strassburger was regarded as a literary genius. When he quit school at the age of fifteen he was thoroughly versed in the German, English, French and Hebrew languages. He studied and read a great deal after coming to this country and was a close student of American history.

Mr. Strassburger served in the city council of Montgomery for many terms and was a leader in local politics. He was also actively identified with the political and social life of the state. He represented Alabama as commissioner at a cotton exposition in New Orleans and was also commissioner of this state at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, being appointed to the two positions of honor by the governor of the state.

One instance of Mr. Strassburger's interest and

activity in the growth and development of Montgomery is shown by the fact that he owned and controlled a river steamer that operated between this city and Mobile for a number of years, handling the freight of local merchants. The steamer was named Leo in honor of his son who is at present one of the leaders in the river traffic movement. Mr.

Strassburger was foremost in every movement in which the growth and development of Montgomery was interested. He was stricken about five years ago and since that time has been confined to his home, although he was not forced to retire to his bed until thirty days ago, from which time he grew gradually worse,

until the end came. He is survived by two sons, B.W. and Leo Strassburger, and many grandchildren. The funeral will be held from the home of his son, Col. Leo Strassburger, 331 Clayton Street, this morning at 10:30 o'clock. Internment will be in Oakwood Cemetery.



girls were permitted to play in these ball games, which made them beneath masculine dignity. The boys and girls, who were two-thirds grown, used to go wild flower hunting or in quest of blackberries and for some strange reason, the young men would always put on the feminine bonnets and the girls would don the masculine hats and both would be decorated with flowers and Spanish moss.

LEMONADE

But there was always a hum of activity about the lemonade stand. Just as soon as the train arrived the older people began compounding the lemonade. It was made in huge barrels and tradition was that it was "stirred with a spade." Drinking of this innocent potation became a rite.

Each normal boy was supposed to consume as much lemonade as a circus elephant does water. It was served in tin cups and as you drank one cup you were supposed to move to a different side of the stand so that the elders couldn't see how piggish you were.

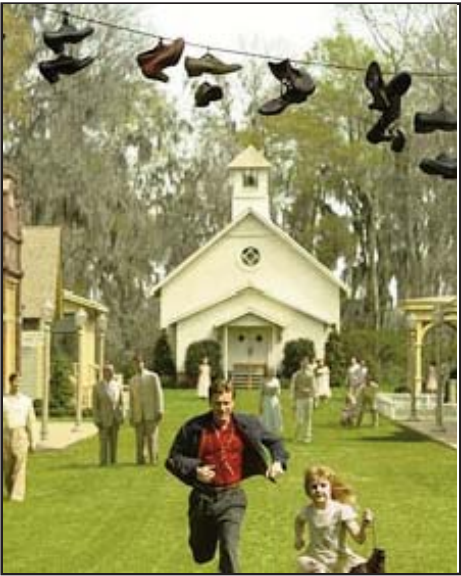
You always did a lot of lying about your lemonade consumption, too. There was always one boy who consumed so much, according to mythology, that he had to be rolled on a barrel. I always believed this implicitly but never saw it happen.

The lemonade debauch always brought us up to dinner. But dinner was ever anti-climatic. You always expected too many joys. As a result there was usually a great deal more dinner left than was eaten and there was always saving souls who were ready to police it up in their baskets and take it back to town with them.

The after dinner amusements were not quite so fervid. Some of us went back to the

lake, but the edge was off of swimming. Most of the children, however, forgathered in the pavilion where Billy Ludicrous performed.

Billy was an institution. He was a dwarf watchmaker who loved children. It was his delight to give them pleasure and the children doted on him. He never missed a Sunday school picnic and was always a stellar attraction. I can recall



Town of Spectra built for movie set for *Big Fish* was built at Jackson Lake and the ruins exist today.

that one of his feats was to seat himself on a jug and thread a needle. I don't know why that was marvelous but it was. It gave joy, I know, and that was what Billy and the children wanted. I don't know how they have Sunday school picnics now without Billy.

The afternoon, too, was a season of exploration.

We used to go into the brakes to cut bamboo poles, supposedly for fishing expeditions in the future, which never materialized. But we always came back with marvelous tales of having encountered snakes or wild cats or something else ferocious and innative.

FIGHT

The picnickers undoubt-

edly became restive during the afternoon and on several occasions fights used to develop. I recall one particularly. There was a two-thirds grown fellow who had a reputation as a bully and a bad actor. I don't know how he got there, but I remember that we all held him in awe. He was supposed to carry a gun and be a combination of Jesse James and Rube Burroughs.

I know he swaggered and strutted and bullied all day, until he finally bestirred the ire of Ray Jones, the son of Capt. W. B. Jones, who was about as big as a dime, and Ray struck the paladin. We all looked for the bad man to destroy him and he did make a furious yank for his gun, concealed under his armpit, when Ray's brother, Josiah Morris, or "Bubber", struck him sincerely on the head with a fishing pole.

Older people stopped the fight, but I recall that when we left the train that afternoon the ferocious one took off his coat, so that his weapon would not be concealed, and paraded through the streets, followed by admirers. It wasn't long after that that he went to the penitentiary.

The hour before train time seemed unendurable. As anxious as we were to get to Jackson's Lake, I think we were more anxious to get back.

We used to walk the railroad tracks, seeing how many steps we could proceed before falling off. And on another occasion I recall being beguiled by the spelling prowess of Taylor Jones, then about four, who could actually spell "hippopotamus", a word that I'm not too sure of even in this good day.

But no sooner were we back home from one picnic than we were ready for another and even now through the vista of years Jackson's Lake seems an indefinite but perfect elysium.



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REMINISCENCES OF MONTGOMERY: JACKSON'S LAKE

BY FUZZY WOODRUFF

Date unknown

[Fuzzy, aka Joel W., was a reporter for the *Advertiser-Journal*, and was a brother of educator, Miss Gussie Woodruff]

As soon as the Sunday school picnic landed at Jackson's Lake, the hardiest souls on the excursion dashed for the waters.

It was a picnic tradition that there was a certain distinction that attended on the first lad to get undressed and into the lake. The place where we used to swim was a good half mile from the railroad tracks but we always used to take it on a mad run, discarding our clothes as we ran, so that by the time we reached the waters all we had to do was to throw our apparel on a blackberry bush and dive in.

As I remember it, Jackson's Lake was a pretty dangerous place for young swimmers. At the sand bar, the beach sloped gently for two or three yards and then dropped



Kate Davidson on right with friends in fishing attire of the times.

off suddenly into about eight feet of water.

But whereas parents of Montgomery generally prohibited their offspring from patronizing

the Alabama River because of its dangerous currents, Jackson's Lake was an approved place for bathing.

I recall that long before I could swim, I used to go in and paddle around the shore of the lake and right now when I think of it I shudder because of the danger. Still I never recall any boy's ever having been drowned in Jackson's Lake.

CONQUEST

The greatest natatorial feat was, of course, to swim across the lake. When I was learning to swim I had an ambition to get across the lake, which, turned to nobler purpose, might have made me president of the United States.

And I know that Columbus - when he set out on his adventurous voyage across the Atlantic - couldn't have regarded his trip with more misgivings than I did the first time I struck out from the sandbank for the muddy shore right across the lake.

To my utter surprise I swam it without ever being compelled to turn over on my back and made the return journey similarly. After that Jackson's Lake seemed to shrink.

Of course, all the boys had to do a prodigious amount of lying in reference to their swimming achievements. One would relate how he had crossed a dozen times without stopping and then another would raise the ante and say that he had crossed 20 times

and so on indefinitely.

We used to stay in the water all morning and only come ashore and dress in time for dinner, which was the big event of the day.

The gentler souls in the meantime had been disporting themselves about the grounds. On the arrival of the train, the grown folks used to install swings for the children and there was always a line of at least a score waiting their turn for a swing. They were propelled by the energetic elders, who, as I remember it, used to sweat prodigiously.

WADING

Then there were others who went down to the spring and went in wading. These were usually the younger children, still parentally guarded. The spring was reached by the steepest set of stairs ever built. I don't know how many steps there were but I should hazard right now that there were at least 100.

At the foot of the steps was a beautiful spring with a gravel bottom and a tiny brook that poured into the lake right where a beautiful water oak stood. The little boys and girls would dam up the brook and wade and splash there all morning, while the parents stood on shore like so many perturbed hens and warned the progeny not to go out too far.

There was another wading place, farther down the lake, that was supposed to be patronized by the larger girls, and which was forbidden ground for any man. Accordingly the bold spirits used to sneak down there and the girls would always squeal and the elders would always choose the bold spirits.

On the grounds there was always an abortive attempt to start baseball games or races or some other sort of sport, but it never amounted to much, for

The Lady of The Old Arm Chair

No. 13

More Old Homes

September 24, 1916

By Hannah McIntyre Cozart

The Montgomery Journal



Hannah Cozart and daughter, Toccoa

Speaking of Sallie Hutcheson, made me think of her cousin, Frank Gilmer.

What a wonderful man he was! And what a lot of enterprises he set going, not only in Montgomery, but in Alabama! You remember, before the South and North railroad was built, the Mobile railroad stopped west of the hills, where Judge Mayse [?] and Col. Coyles [Cowles] lived, and Lee street ran straight to the river-bank, that is, as straight as downhill could be. All that was open, grass-grown space for many a year, yes, right where the Union Station stands and the engines go roaring over. Right at the crest of the street - about where that big white wholesale house was built, used to stand the substantial home of Frank Gilmer. It faced the west, was built of brick, with kitchen, smoke-house and servants' houses and elaborate walls and fences to enclose everything after the New Orleans style. The view was very beautiful; the river, the wide fields beyond, and the blue hills of Prattville to the northwest. Then Mr. Gilmer put up immense warehouses on the land across the street, west of his residence; oh, yes, just where all those tracks and sheds were the last time I went down there - not a vestige of beauty left! Nothing but bare, ugly, American utilitarianism! I sit here and listen to the rumble of the trains, the blast of deep whistles, and conjure up the past. I see Frank Gilmer fostering the cotton warehouse business - making Montgomery one of the cotton markets of the world; I see him acquiring land here- lots there - and wherever he put his investments, it was prophetic. Then he became interested in the iron-regions, where Birmingham and its outlying towns and mines are seething today. He, Col. Jim Powell, Col. Joseph Minter and Mr. Janney, with Daniel Pratt and Henry

DeBardeleben of Prattville were the real motive-power that started all that awful activity up there. To my mind, it is all as dreadful in its moral influence, as the war in Europe is, in its physical destructiveness. What are all those activities worth, after all? Think of the racking anxiety, the strenuous efforts to outwit "the other fellow" then - to lay it all down, so reluctantly, to obey the last summons! They are all gone; they know now the meaning of the old, old warning: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world?" We do not need to finish the quotation, for hardly could be said of any of that set that they risked their "souls" for "filthy lucre". Yes, thank God, the ideals of the Old South were held high in those days, and the honor of those men was unimpeachable! Why, when their idea of building the south and north railroad began to materialize, their splendid project was almost wrested from their grasp by that northern wretch, Stanton. A group of Louisville and Nashville men helped the Montgomery men and saved us from Stanton. But in the working out of the financial problem, Frank Gilmer nobly surrendered self-interest and was reduced to poverty - but he had saved the people who had trusted him! O, Yes, Aunt Sophie and Judge Bibb used to talk and sorrow over Frank Gilmer's fallen fortunes; and it wasn't long before he bent to the burden and then dropped out of life. 'Tis a sad fate, that of the Southern women to watch helplessly, the slow dying of a brave man! How many were slain by never a bullet (so quick and merciful,) by the crumbling of hope, the blasting of plans and the draining of the red blood of the road he planned, roll over his land today; the progress he helped to institute, he leveled his rolling riverbanks, obliterated his home - and how many of the "Businessmen"



Early 1900's dirt, Lee Street looking North toward Union Station. Buildings in the background on each side of the street probably are the warehouses she mentions.

of this day and town know there was a Frank Gilmer, one of the notable financiers of Old Montgomery?

Lee Street was, even in the early nineties [1890s], still a tree shaded, lovely, sandy old thoroughfare, the sidewalk uncertain and the mud deep and certain in the winter! Right where the freight offices of the Mobile and Ohio railroad stand today, in those early days stood the home of one of Montgomery's most honored, beloved and distinguished citizens, Dr. Samuel Holt, the first mayor of Montgomery. It was neither Spanish Renaissance, imitation Colonial nor any other of the things the so-called architects perpetrate on us today, but it was built on simple, dignified lines, for comfort, for hospitality - the home of a typical Southern gentleman. I do not remember how much of that block he owned, but the flower garden was a wonder! So big, so full of riches; built after the fashion of the Old Virginia homes from which these Holts came, via Augusta, Ga. All the dear old sweet-smelling shrubs, varieties of roses that had come to Virginia in sailing vessels; great masses of "clove pinks" all the bulbs supposed to be peculiar to Holland, all enclosed in the primest of box-edging to the beds. Some of the box was allowed to grow up higher, and was then cut into shapes, urns and other figures. You say some of the old cedars are still standing. How forlorn and bewildered and belated they must

feel, down there in all that heat and glare and noise! Poor things! Do bring me a sprig from one, when you go down there again. And to think of the delicate, gentle exclusiveness of those Holts in the old days, and here today, one of the granddaughters of Dr. Holt is one of the finest businesswomen in this city! Of course, yes, her office is in that freight building, and she looks after the claims department of the Mobile and Ohio, right where her grandmother used to "look well to the ways of her household." I believe that it is the spirit of all those fine women, concentrated in her, that makes her such a success. "Business-like, like a man"; don't quote nonsense to me; why can't a woman attend to a financial matter with as much particularity as she used in her housekeeping?

Oh yes, you are right; "the art of housekeeping and home-making seems to be decadent; the women have learned to leave everything to the cook," that is your opinion. Well, it isn't mine; I've too many sweet young housekeeper friends who come and sit on my porch who tell me of their doings; oh, it's "all right with the world!" They are the daughters of many mothers; the virtue of good inheritance is theirs; they'll come out all right! When you are old, like me, you will think back upon this day, even as I do upon my day! Go along with you! You know Dr. Holt's son, Sam, Jr., married a Miss Gaines of Virginia. Laura married Mr. Pickett, a son of our Historian; Mary married Mr. Jury and went to New Orleans to live; Follie married the brilliant Joe Hodgson and lives in Mobile. The mother was a Miss Hall, you know the old Georgia settlement over the river, of Halls, Jacksons, Holts and Crenshaws? Well she was a daughter of that fine old settler; she was a very gifted woman; brilliant in conversation and quite an artist, especially with the brush; her china-painting was the first I ever heard of here and some of her landscape work was good - I heard my brother so pronounce it, and he was an artist himself. Ah, they are all gone, with the homes and the flowers, and I must "sing of the days that are dead."



SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE

By Miss Whitman Hood
(date unknown)

Perhaps there is no city in the south invested with dearer associations than Montgomery, where was cradled and nurtured the history of the Confederacy and where some of the most thrilling scenes of the Civil war were enacted. But without its background of exciting historical incidents, and rich memories, Montgomery would have still been a place of exceptional interest, primarily because of its people, who from the earliest days have been representatives of the south's purest aristocracy. To the present day they retain in a marked degree, much of the savor of old southern customs of ante-bellum days, and cling fondly to them. This is nowhere more noticeable than in her social life, where the scenes enacted have become to some extent, as much a part of her history as the scenes that have transpired within the walls of the state capitol. Being as it is the capital of the state, Montgomery is the most important social center, and its affairs are of import to the entire state. The principal point around which revolves the social life of today is the Beauvoir club, where some of the most brilliant events in Alabama's social history have taken place. The Beauvoir has been a notable factor in the city's social life for a number of years, and since the Joi de Vie was merged into it, several years ago, and its present commodious building was secured, it has extended its membership and broadened its influence. Numbered among its members are men who have figured prominently in the literary, political and social life of the state. The present headquarters of the club, which were purchased several seasons ago, is a magnificent old southern mansion, around such as cluster with peculiar charm, memories that in their historic associations, might carry one back in excursions of fancy, to the stirring days of '61, when gallant youths and brave fathers bade farewell to loved ones to enter the field of battle and fight for the cause so dear to their hearts. When the Beauvoir

club gained possession of the building, it was improved in a number of ways on the interior, and exterior, but the architecture was not altered. It is now one of the handsomest buildings in the south, with its broad piazzas, supported by immense columns, its spacious halls, grand stairway and mural decorations. It is situated on one of the best streets in the city, and stands in the midst of a beautiful lawn, always well kept. The opening entertainment of the season, which virtually started the season's social gaieties in the early part of the month, surpassed anything attempted by the club heretofore.

In the sultry summer evening when social activities at the Beauvoir have been dispensed with, the ...[part of article lost]

The Standard club is pre-eminently the center of Jewish social circles, and some of the most brilliant affairs that mark the social calendar of the state, are given by the members. Of recent years they have had erected a building that in its beauty of architecture and superb furnishings, is classed among the handsomest and most artistic in the south. The club is to Jewish circles what the Beauvoir is to Gentile circles, and their entertainments are anticipated with keen interest by all society.

No mention of clubs that have entered into Montgomery's social life could be complete without a reference to the Elks' club, which has been adding decided interest socially since its organization. A large number of card clubs, including the Tuesday Card club, the Queen of Clubs, the Wednesday and Saturday Card clubs, the Young Ladies' Euchre club, and the Young Ladies' Whist club, and other organizations among the young people have each a part in framing the social history of Montgomery from year to year.

Besides, Montgomery has been always the magnetic center of a wave of culture, which, like wine, improves with age. Those who have seen, or heard, or read of the dear old palm ... of days of

continued on page 17
Social Life

death. None of Colonel Pollard's children were born there, but a number of his children's children came to bless their grandparent's home. Then the last sad experience came in 1873 when John Scott Pollard, the son who had enlisted in the Confederate Army at the age of sixteen, died of yellow fever, leaving a young wife and their unborn son. Two years later Dr. Paul Lee, the son-in-law, died there in his thirty-ninth year, from the effect of hardships endured during his army life.

Colonel Pollard's house remained a perfect background for his large family until 1876 when the rigor of business conditions incident to Reconstruction in Alabama forced this grand old builder to give up even his beautiful home. The abstract records show that in 1876 Colonel Pollard made a deed of the property to Caroline Remson, of Talladega, heir of Nancy Freeman, to whom it had been mortgaged. In 1882 she sold it to Colonel O. O. Nelson.

During the six years of the Remson ownership, the place was used as a boardinghouse, so when it came into Colonel Nelson's hands he found it necessary to make extensive repairs. They included a new roof and the hand painted decoration of the interior walls, with designs in gold-leaf hammered in. The lovely old garden with its formal, box-wood-bordered flower beds was restored; and the round summer houses, which had been the special pride of its first mistress, standing in the garden on either side in convenient proximity to the house, were clothed anew with red and white climbing roses.

At the beginning of the War between the States, Owen O. Nelson was the representative of Limestone County in the Legislature, but Governor Shorter persuaded him to resign and undertake a contract for the State of manufacturing arms for the Confederate service. This service was faithfully rendered throughout the war. His plant was repeatedly moved to avoid Federal invasion, and was finally consolidated with the Selma works. After the War Colonel Nelson went into the operation of cotton oil mills for the Southern Cotton Oil trust, and came to Montgomery in 1876 and opened the first cotton oil mill in the State. This mill was on Pollard Street, two blocks away from the old Pollard House, and his business being thus located influenced his decision to buy the house for a home.

In 1890 the house was sold to the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery Railway. Since then the title has rested in turn in the First National Bank of Montgomery, in Margaret S. Nelson, in J. R. McMasters, the First National Bank again, in Nathan Lobman and L. Steiner, in Mrs. Carrie Lobman, and at present in Steiner & Lobman Realty Company. It is now used in part as a rooming house, but most of its spacious chambers are empty, or turned into storerooms.

The house was exceedingly well built, and its sandstone walls and columns, its mar-



Charles Teed Pollard

ble porches, mantels and tiles, its frescoed ceilings, and its massive carved mahogany stairway, door and window facings cry aloud to be cared for and brought back into their heritage; but warehouses and filling stations when they have come are remorseless.



Reportedly the fence from the house was purchased by Wiley C. Hill whose residence was at 1104 South Perry Street, Montgomery. I went by to document that it was installed around his house. It is not there. Mystery of the past, where is it today? Mr. Hill was married to Elizabeth Thigpen and they lived in her parent's home on Perry.

Ed.

The Pollard House

By Elizabeth Winston Sheehan

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HISTORIC HOMES # 4

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There is no more interesting drama in life, it has been said, than that which shows the struggle of a man to build a house, to put a woman in it and a fence around it. It might be added that the most poignantly pensive story is that which tells of an old house which, having played a glorious part in life's drama, stands in its age, bare of its sheltering trees and comforting grass plots, with gaping doors and staring windows, and watches the world go by.

Stark brick walls of wholesale commercial houses can give no friendly greeting, and a filling station on the adjoining corner may flaunt its fresh paint and flamboyant

signs with all of the crass heartlessness of youth. The old house, as often as not, finds its home altar fed by two or three families. Winds sweep through its wide halls, but the old house shuts its sturdy old inner doors and hugs human life to its heart. A complete home for a family may be made in one big room whose high ceilings and frescoed walls tell of its once being a formal drawing room. Another family with little children may gather, in what was once the library, about a modern Heatrola, the outlet to which is through a chimney which once knew a white marble mantel. But the old house does not seem to mourn,

rather it holds its head in pride as some old aristocrat eager to tell of better days, but with a heart softened through adversity to the mellow consciousness of universal brotherhood.

Thus the old Pollard House stands on Jefferson Avenue, between Lawrence and Perry Streets. Once it was in its completion, the materialized

dream of a man who fought successfully that great drama of life, who built a house, placed in it the woman he loved, furnished it with all that wealth could procure, surrounded it with a beautiful wrought iron fence symbolic of the protection he would give to his household; now, with its six massive Corinthian columns and lofty walls of enduring sandstone, the house stands as a monument to the taste of the man who built wisely and well.

Colonel Charles Teed Pollard, accustomed in his youth to the best homes the Tidewater section of Virginia afforded, had a well-formed taste in architecture. In 1847, as Chairman of the Capitol Building Committee, he saw the first State House in Montgomery completed. This building, erected after plans drawn by one, Stephen D. Button, though it was burned two years later, served as a model for the present Capitol, which is pronounced by distinguished present day architects to be one of the most beautiful Capitols in the United States. Few stairs in America can compare to the two flight spiral at the Capitol, but the stairways at the Pollard House are worthy of



The Pollard House was located in the 100 block of East Jefferson St. where Montgomery Area Council of Aging is now located, directly behind St. John's Episcopal Church.

This picture shows the house not at its finest.

note. An imposing one of mahogany sweeps up from a marble tiled hall to a landing where corner pedestals once held white marble statues, while a door leads back to a very graceful double stair for the use of domestics.

In 1852 Colonel Pollard with four others served on a committee to arrange for the erection of a new house of worship for the St. John's Episcopal Church. M. P. Blue in his "Churches of the City of Montgomery, Alabama," says:

"Early in January, 1854, the committee reported to the Vestry, recommending the adoption of a plan of the Church drawn by Messrs. Willis and Dudley, of New York. They also reported an offer by Mr. B. F. Randolph to build according to that plan. this new Church edifice, which constitutes one of the noted specimens of architecture in our city, was finally completed the latter part of 1855."

The same year in which Colonel Pollard's house was built, the Court Street Methodist Church was commenced, being built by B. F. Randolph on plans drawn by C. C. Ordeman. The same splendid builder, Randolph, also constructed the Pollard House. While there is no record to be found as to what architect designed it, the reasonable supposition is that when Colonel Pollard came to build his own home in 1853, the association of this man of taste with one of the above named architects may have carried over into his private building enterprise.

Abstract records show that lots 2, 3, 4, and 5, Section 2, of Scott's Tract furnished the site for Colonel Pollard's home. In 1848 the title to this property was in the heirs of John Scott, who had acquired it from the Government. At the death of John Scott, the Orphan's Court of Lowndes County, appointed Charles T. Pollard and Alfred Vernon Scott commissioners to divide the property. These Commissioners sold lots 3 and 4 to James E. Scott, who sold them to the Branch Bank of Alabama, at Montgomery. In 1850 F. S. Lyons as Commissioner of this bank sold these lots to Pollard. The same Commissioners sold lots 2 and 5 to William Benjamin Scott, who sold them to Clementina R. James, who in 1851 sold them to Pollard.

It appears, therefore, that Colonel Pollard acquired in 1851 a fine piece of property in what was then a choice residence section of the city. His house was completed, according to Mrs. Samuel B. Marks, in the year her mother Clara Lee James, was married to Origen Sibley Jewett, which the records show to be 1853. Colonel Charles Teed Pollard's family at this time consisted of his wife who was Emily Virginia Scott, a daughter of General John Scott, one of the founders of the City of Montgomery; four sons, Charles Teed, Jr., Joseph, John Scott, and Robert; and three daughters, Bettie, Mary Webb and Clara.

Sons and daughters grew up in this home of beauty and culture, and from it Misses Betty, Clara, and Mary Webb went out to be married at St. John's Episcopal Church, to Dr. Paul F. Lee, J. L. Robinson and William R. Cocke, and came home for receptions given in the grand manner of the time. And so, when Charles T., Jr. married Rebecca Ann Marks, and John Scott married Fanny E. Smith, and Robert married Rose Maury, of Virginia, their brides were brought home with rejoicing to have their share in the delightful social life which centered in this home.

The following interview which Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owen had with Mrs. Mary Whiting (nee Givens) in 1911 was printed in the *Montgomery Advertiser*, under the caption, "Some Ante-Bellum Dames and Belles":

"I recall the life and the social prominence of the family of Col. Charles T. Pollard, as the ideal of those days," said Mrs. Whiting. "This prince among men and his beautiful wife with their interesting household of children stand out in memory as the most beautiful picture and the model of life of the times. They were refined, cultured, religious, the real gentlefolk of any civilization. Miss Betty, the oldest daughter, was the most beautiful creature I ever knew. The house was open to friend and stranger the year around. There were so many slaves to attend one's wants that they were almost in each other's way. Of course the cares of the housekeeping were entrusted to a housekeeper and the mistress was enabled to give all her time to the aesthetic, cultural, and charitable things. After a serious illness Mrs. Pollard lost her eyesight, and I can see her now in her elegant silks or velvets with her real lace cap upon her beau-

tiful hair, as she stood at the head of the line on the occasion of formal entertainments given in her home. A beggar woman once came to ask for charity, and Mrs. Pollard felt her way to the pantry and returned with a loaf of bread and a jar of preserves and added to this a bill of money. A member of the family appeared about the moment the money was being given over and expressed surprise at the amount. 'Never mind,' replied Mrs. Pollard, 'I will not give her less, for maybe God sent me my blindness to make the mistake because it was his way to help this poor creature.'

"Mr. Henry Holz, a German, was the tutor of the younger member of the Pollard family, and he afterwards became the correspondent of the *London Times* during the War, making a great reputation as a war correspondent. This same talented young man became the private secretary of General Fair when he was minister to Belgium.

"As to the dresses of those days, it was the custom to dress very beautifully in the forenoon in a morning robe. I recall one worn by Miss Bettie Pollard made of white cashmere and having a Persian border. It was lined with white satin. All of the clothes of this belle were made in New York City, or in Paris. The maids or governesses did the minor of general family shopping in those days in the local stores, or the bolts of satins, laces and ribbons were sent to the house to be selected from.

"The crowning event of the social career of the Pollard family was the wedding of Miss Bettie to Dr. Lee. Of course it would be impossible to get a description of this event from the newspapers of the times, as it would have been worth a man's life to print any of the social affairs of the old time people.

"In those times a great variety was served, and the table was stretched diagonally across the long dining room. Each gallant sought the platters and helped his lady's plate,

and there was far more confusion than now when each plate is served in the butler's pantry.

"In the olden days the New Year's reception was a great social event. Every home kept open house, and only gentlemen called of course. The older men stood at the head of the line in their own homes, but the

younger ones and those of more convivial sort made the rounds of calls. If a family were in mourning, or not receiving for any reason, a basket was tied to the door knob to receive the cards of the caller. The tables were three in number, a meat table, an oyster table, and a table for cakes and sweets. Each was presided over by



The Pollard House
In the Good Times.

butlers. On the cake table were decanters and flagons of wine and brandies, cocktails and whiskies, pyramids of cakes and candies and baskets of fruits. The butler stood at the door and announced the callers. The festivity continued from noon until midnight."

During the dark days of the sixties, when Montgomery was giving the flower of her manhood to the cause of the Confederate States, seven young men said goodbye to their loved ones in this home: Charles Teed, Jr., who became a captain, John and Joseph, the latter killed in the battle of Murphreesboro; Dr. Paul Lee, husband of Bettie, Tom Scott, a newpew [nephew] of Mrs. Pollard, Tom Green, a cousin, and another young man who was a friend of the family. Mrs. Pollard's maid, being a very fine servant, was given to the Confederate service to nurse the sick soldiers that were at Dr. Bellinger's hospital on "Bellinger Heights." [1098 South Hull Street opposite Highland Court before Findley Ave.]

It is said that for a house to become a home it must see a birth, a marriage, and a