

RICHARD M. JOLLY AND LOUISA WOOD FAMILY

Louisa Wood and Richard M. Jolly were wedded on the 25th day of April, 1863, twelve days after the surrender of General Lee. The wedding was a quiet affair. John Nicholson, Squire John Byers, and Evelena Surratt (now Mrs. Jud Magness) were present. After the ceremony we went over to my father's house and disposed of some business matters. Later we went to live with Mrs. Wood who had given me land to plant and work provided I should take in four acres of new ground. Because I had done very little hard work since my discharge, I found that I had a task. However, I hired a negro who had been the property of my grandmother. With his help I bent to the job and made a good crop. After Christmas, with a cow and a mule, gifts of Mrs. Wood, we left her home and set up for ourselves. The next year I made plenty and more of corn, some oats and other produce. I was forced to move that fall because the land was sold, and in 1867, moved to land owned by Mrs. Louisa Harris. In 1868 I changed again. By this time I saw that if I was going to farm that I must have land of my own.

In that year I had an escapade with a negro who had risen above her station at a sale of my mother-in-law's. She told someone in their smart set that my mother had told a lie. When I heard it I could not contain my wrath. I asked if she had said it. The woman replied that she had. Whereupon I knocked her down and was on the point of using a chair to finish the job when she scrambled up and ran for her life. I attempted to get a gun but was stopped by James Phillips, who reminded me that night would come.

One night in June mother told me that I should not go home because I had been reported to the Yankees by the negroes. Then was I wrath. I determined to kill, and told my brother, C. M., to ask Gilbert Surratt to send me Old Mike, a mule, but not to ask any questions. He returned with the mule and off we put to gather some companions. The chickens were crowing for day when we tolled the wench off into the woods by getting her to show us the way to my house. Another fellow and I brought up the rear. The wench did not go far before she began to suspect a trap, and stopped still. She started to run, but I caught her as she went behind a tree. She began yelling murder. I stopped that with my hands and jerked a switch from a nearby tree which I laid upon her. My companion rushed up and insisted that I had killed her. In a little while she revived. As she arose both of us hitting at the same time knocked her down the hill to a man who had come in answer to her cries with a light, a gun, and dogs which he was sicing on. Then we went up the hill where the others were supposed to be to await for the man and to have it out with him. They, however, much to my surprise, had become frightened and had left. The man did not come to us but took the negro back to his house.

We then went back to our horses, more than a mile away, mounted and were back home before any one was up. That is so far as I know the first work of the Ku Klux Klan in that vicinity.

Joe H. F. Jolly was born April 26, 1866; Mary Magdaline Jolly was born July 22, 1867; E. Wright Jolly was born December 13, 1868.

In the fall of 1868 I bought a part of the Palmer tract on Broad river, Cleveland County, N. C., for \$750. My wife had \$250 she had received from her father's estate; I had \$150 of my own money. With that \$400 and \$200 I made on the next crop we reduced the debt to \$150. That was in 1870, when the Ku Klux Klan was in its height. I was a full-fledged member, and, as such, participated in many raids, which were designed to drive out the carpetbaggers, who had come to the South to help hold

down the Southern white man and to encourage the negroes to do the same. But many of the old soldiers and the boys who had grown up took affairs in their own hands and succeeded in regaining a semblance of the power that had been wrested from us. That same year the Ku Klux Klan ran General Wade Hampton for governor, and elected him. A brigade of federal troops was stationed in the state to compel obedience to carpet-bag rule and to stamp out the Ku Klux Klan organization. But when Wade Hampton was properly established in the state house at Columbia, the citizenship of the state came again into its own. Thank God that those terrible days are past. For eleven years negro domination had held. The white race had rescued its power and regained its hope.

In 1876 the bottom was knocked out of the radicals. However, the greater number of people had scattered here and there. Some went to Georgia, others as far as Texas, while some were caught and sent to the penitentiary. Some of them gave state's evidence and were freed. I had the chance to pay five dollars, and to give state's evidence to be allowed to go free. I told the man that he could go to the devil, that I had sworn never to betray any act. He met me in the woods, but was afraid to arrest me, when I told him that I would kill him if he attempted to lay restraining hands upon me. He had been to my house before he saw me, but my wife, brave soul she was, told him that he need expect no evidence from me. When I went to the house we decided that since she had enough for her and the children for a year that I should go and get settled before I sent for her. I killed a chicken; she cooked it; and we ate it as a farewell dinner. Then I pulled out with P. W. Jolly, Clayton and Junius Humphries. About midnight we came to a Mr. Forster's home, and asked to be allowed to sleep for a while. The wife replied that we might have a bed, but that she could not promise protection from the troops because her husband was in hiding and the house was in danger of being watched. We slept there two hours, got up and moved thirty-five miles to Duncan, on the Southern Railroad, where we had breakfast with a Mr. Hoskins on the first day of December. I secured a job in a gang cutting cross-ties and right-of-way for the railroad. I immediately sent Winston Wright back for my family and that of A. B. Wright's who was there when I arrived, and who had left for the same cause that I had. My father and his brought our families to us on December 15. Straightway I quit my job and started in my wagon for central Georgia, 240 miles away. We arrived Christmas day in a snow storm at the home of my wife's uncle, Alfred Watkins, from whom I rented land. In the early spring Frazer Allison, a man whom I had hired to help with the large cotton crop, left one Sunday while my wife and I were visiting a neighbor, and I was forced to finish the crop with the help of my one boy, large enough to help by bringing my dinner and a fresh horse. I would sit down, eat my lunch, unhitch my tired horse, hitch up the fresh one, and continue my ploughing until night. That was my first experience with guano. I bought one ton of Chesapeake, put up in a barrel and so hard it had to be pounded into dust. That work fell to Joe and my wife while I laid off the rows and put the fertilizer in. I must necessarily put it out thinly because it had to do for a two-horse farm. I first tried a long sack about two feet in length with a hole in the lower end out of which the guano would dribble. That was a slow way. Uncle came over one day, and told me to go to town and get a tin horn with which I could work more rapidly and with less exertion. I bought one about three feet long with a flared top into which I worked the fertilizer with the fingers as the distributor walked along. He carried a small bag over his shoulder from which he could get the guano. That crude way is a far cry from the improved methods of today.

However, I made and gathered ten bales of cotton with practically no help. Besides the little help from my wife and boy I hired \$10.00 worth of work at seventy-five cents a day. In the meantime I was

able to do enough for my uncle to be paid \$62.00 by him. The cotton was sold at Forsyth, Georgia, for thirteen cents a pound. When I had paid my rent, I had \$400 left with which I bought a mule for \$150 and a buggy and set of harness. I drove in the buggy up to Watkinsville where I traded for a fine large, gray horse. I also realized \$200 rent on my farm in North Carolina which I used in paying the remainder on that place. So I was fairly well fixed with money for the next year.

I had left a young horse with Green Berry Palmer which I carried to Greers and left with my uncle, W. W. Wright, to work that summer. I sold the gray horse for \$175.

That year Susan Emma was born, June 23, 1872.

The next year I worked only one horse, made five bales of cotton which sold for ten cents. After gathering the crop I decided to come back home. I drove the two hundred and forty miles back through the country, but the family came on the train, over the Southern Railway which had been built as far as Atlanta that year. On my way back, I got my young horse, Booth, at Greers, and sold the one I was driving for \$75.00. However, I have never received the money for it. I drove the young horse home, and awaited for my family. Once again I was ready to start life anew.

When my wife and children came in, she wanted to see her mother whom she had not seen for two years. It was a happy meeting. She stayed there, and I with my father until our household goods came from Georgia when we went back to our old home on Broad river.

In the latter part of 1873 my brother Dock came from Mississippi sick with pneumonia. The next year he lived with me, started to work at \$10.00 a month ploughing a mule I had bought from Rev. Tom Dixon. On the night of April 25th he and I sat talking about the time when we were both hunted men without a place to lay our head, when my wife fell sick and died at childbirth. That day Thomas Palmer and Langling Lemmons made a coffin from walnut boards. We buried her at her father's feet in the old Wood graveyard.

I had lost a loving wife and noble companion. Her qualities were of a superior mould. I never, in ten years, heard her speak ill of any one. She was a Christian who lived out her Lord's ideals and commands. She had joined the Baptist church after we were married. Brother and I went to work sad and discouraged. I did the cooking while he did the milking. We worked from sunrise until evening every day, and gathered in a good crop of corn and cotton.

