

Richard M. Jolly and Margaret Beattie Jolly

Finally one day my mother-in-law said to me:
“Richard, Louisa is dead. You need a good wife. Do not think that I will feel hurt if you marry again. I know that you have enough sense to find a good one.”

That was just three months after my wife's death. Three times did I go to see her before we were married, and the same number of times did I go to see my second wife before I led her to the altar. She was Margaret Eliza Beattie of North Carolina, a daughter of John and Harriet Beattie of Cleveland County, I went with her from an exhibition held by the teacher, Prof. Bert Bridges, at Lovelace Academy. There was preaching the next morning at Beaver Dam church. I overtook her the next morning about two hundred yards from home, and asked her to ride with me. She had been told not to go with me, but she answered me that she would. Before we came to the church I told her that I would help her out and go on to my home. I asked her if it would be worthwhile to drop her a letter. She replied that it might.

After I left her I began to ponder what objections her family could raise against me, and mentally formed the letter that I should write to her when I arrived home. In the letter I asked her to be my wife and told her that she could expect me Saturday night for an answer.

That afternoon I said to a friend, W. P. Love, that I thought I would go to Mr. Beattie's courting, but I had heard that the old folks were away from home, and that I guessed that I would not go. He answered by saying that was the time to go. They came in after I arrived bringing the letter I had written to her. Her mother told her that it was from me and she would do well to send me about my business. When Mrs. Beattie came out she seemed angry and looked askance at me. Maggie did not show up until supper was over. A group of boys knowing that I had gone there gathered after supper. They sat around sniggering and laughing behind my back. I feigned a headache so that I could cover my eyes with my hands in order to watch them through my fingers while I waited. At about nine-thirty the youngsters were having a gay and jolly time, when the play suddenly ceased with Maggie seated by herself on the side of the room opposite me. I realized that I had my opportunity. I arose, took my chair, carried it to her side, and seated myself. In less than a minute the room was cleared leaving it to us two. Then I laughed at them, and asked if she wanted to go too. She answered in the negative. Because I had presented my proposal in the letter, I asked her if she was ready to answer. She shook her head and remarked that she would answer the next morning. Soon after breakfast I saw a chance to be alone with her. She told me that she would be my wife but that her parents did not approve.

Then the rub began, and the fun, if you call it that to ask parents for the hand of their daughter in marriage. I waited until dinner while the clouds gathered in the faces and eyes of both. My pulse was beating a hundred a minute. When I arose from the table I gave Mr. Beattie the letter I had written formally requesting his daughter's hand. Soon after he came into the room where I was with a letter which he handed to me and left the room. Feverishly I read it to find that they objected to the proposed union. I showed it to my sweetheart who began to cry. I proposed going out to them but she said a

thousand dollars would not tempt her to go. I left her there to go alone to the angry and objecting parents. I found them sitting together on a bench on the porch. I bluntly asked them what their objection was. The mother replied that she knew her daughter was a little fool. I had not noticed that and observed as much. Her father was enjoined silence. Thereupon I went back to my prospective bride, told her that I had five children and asked her if she could be a mother to them, to which she answered in the affirmative. We then set the next Sunday for the marriage, and I went home.

Here I want to pay a tribute to her as wife and a mother. She did her part as well as any could have done. She was kind too, and thoughtful of me and the needs of the children. She was a devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We lived together until April 25, 1917, over a space of 45 years. During this time she made it a rule to ever speak well of every one. And when the death angel bore her away she left me to mourn her loss with a heart saddened, but filled with memories of her worth and her tenderness, and goodness. She was buried at Grassy Pond church in Cherokee County, South Carolina.

“Blessed are they that die in the Lord.”

