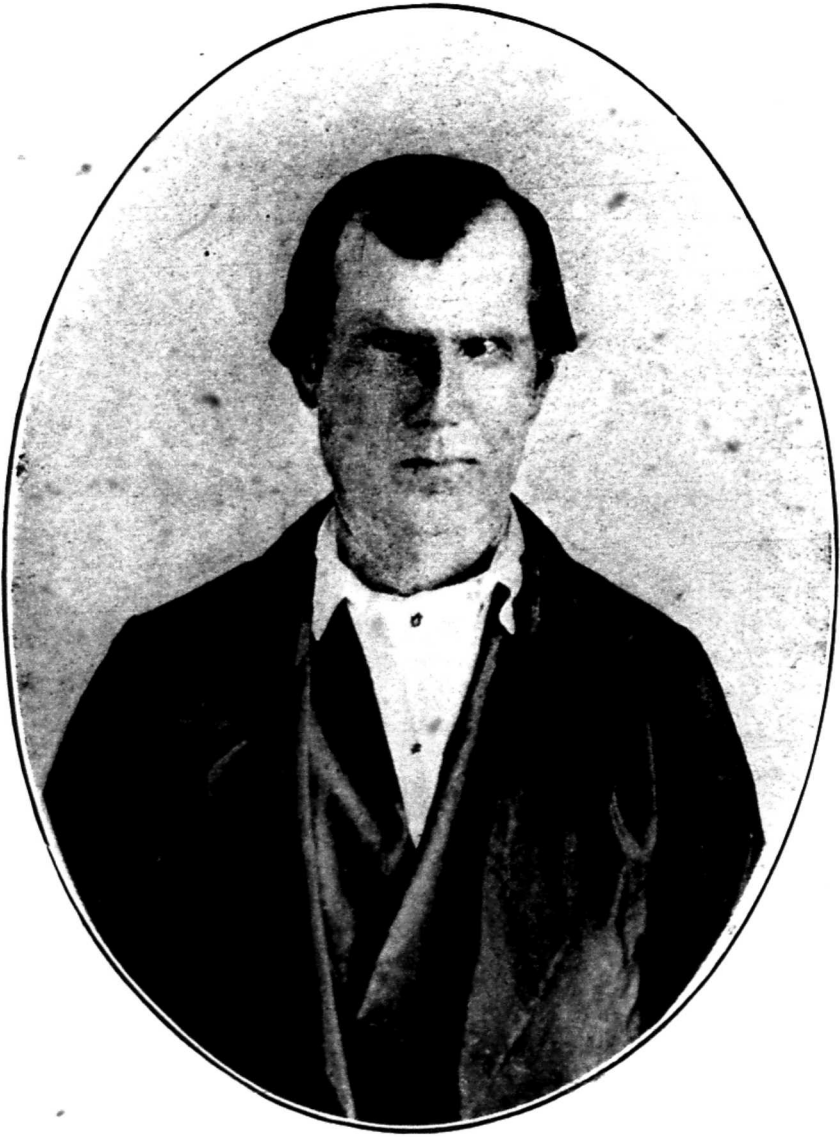


tion. In his day the people had two services each day, and a bountiful repast spread in a good shade. To this dinner each mother expected Mr. Pharr to dine with them, so as not to be partial he would make the circuit of all the spreads. He was a man for the times, and was well known in the county. His remains rest in Mallard Creek burying ground, close by the remains of his kinsman, Rev. Walter Smiley Pharr, who was his predecessor at both Ramah and Mallard Creek. The people were devoted to the name of Pharr. Some fifty years ago when Rev. W. S. Pharr was the pastor, he invited his son, Rev. S. C. Pharr, D. D., who was a very talented man and given to using much poetry in his sermons, to assist him with the communion then approaching; as was the custom then to hold service out of doors, the young man arose in the stand to preach the morning sermon, and as he gave out his text, the old man who was sitting behind him, pulled his coat tail, intimating that he wanted to speak to him. He at once turned around when his father said to him: "Now Samuel, my son, we must have no rhyming to-day." It was too solemn an occasion for poetry to be allowed a place in the wonderful display of God's love.

DR. W. A. ARDREY.

Dr. William A. Ardrey was born in York District, South Carolina, on the 19th day of April, 1798. His parents, William and Mary Ardrey, sailed for America upon the first vessel leaving the shores of old Ireland after the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed at Philadelphia by Great Britain's erstwhile colonies.

The vessel landed at Charleston, South Carolina, and this young couple made their way to the up-country of South Carolina, and settled in York county, within a few miles of the present town of Yorkville. There they erected the frontiersman's cabin and with brave hearts for the hardships of the present and bright hopes in the fortunes of the future, they established their home and cast their lot with the new



DR. WM. ARDREY.

republic. To them were born six sons and daughters. William A. Ardrey, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest son. His mother died in his infancy and he was reared by an elder sister—Miriam, whose training may have developed in her ward a sturdiness of character that the mother's tenderness may not.

With strong intellectual inheritance and with lofty and manly aspirations, he obtained a classical education against all the hindrances and difficulties of the times. After completing his academic course, he entered upon the study of medicine, and when he had finished his lectures and received his medical degree, he located for the practice of his profession on the border line between the counties of Mecklenburg and Lancaster, in the States of North and South Carolina, respectively, his home being on the North Carolina side.

He married Mrs. Lydia L. Cureton, who was a daughter of Capt. John Potts, of Mecklenburg county, and a granddaughter of Mrs. Gen. Graham.

With clear head, sound judgment and genial manners, he practiced medicine for many years, over an area of twenty miles, embracing portions of Union and Mecklenburg counties in North Carolina, and York and Lancaster, in South Carolina.

With a high appreciation of the usefulness and dignity of his profession, he gave medical education and opportunity to quite a number of deserving young men.

In politics, Dr. Ardrey was an old line Whig. Having attended a Kentucky University in the zenith of the fame of Henry Clay, he imbibed and assimilated much of the tenets and doctrines of that brilliant statesman, and continued in that faith as long as there was a Whig candidate to espouse or a Whig ticket to vote. Although his party was in a hopeless minority in Mecklenburg county and there was no chance to win, yet, feeling that its principles were to be counted above success, he was several times induced to

make the race, as the Whig nominee, for the State Legislature.

He was a zealous patriot, and was generally the master of ceremonies, or a favorite speaker, at all the Fourth of July or like celebrations and demonstrations in lower Mecklenburg.

He was a man keenly alive to everything that indicated progress and advancement in the life of his country. He was especially active in the agitation in behalf of railroads, and with Judge Osborne and other prominent men of the county canvassed the county in the interest of its first railroad running from Columbia to Charlotte, and the first railroad in this section of the country.

He had been reared in the faith of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, but in the mature and ripened convictions of later years, he joined the Methodist Church, and helped to build and establish Harrison church, in lower Providence township, near the South Carolina line, which is perhaps, the oldest Methodist church in Mecklenburg county. He served his church with all that earnestness and faithfulness that he had devoted to suffering humanity in his profession. He accepted and adorned all the lay offices within her gift. Until disabled by physical affliction, he dedicated to her cause, without stint and with a whole heart, his time, his talents and his means. For many years he maintained on his plantation a Sunday School for the systematic teaching of the Scriptures to his slaves, towards whom he was, at all times, a kind and merciful master.

It was the home and social and Christian life of this busy physician that marked in him the highest consummation of the virtues of a true gentleman.

He died in the year 1861, leaving seven children who, true to the teachings of their worthy sire, have borne well their part in all the calls of the highest citizenship, both in Church and State.

Captain James P. Ardrey gave up his life upon the battlefields of Virginia. His other sons are Captain W. E.



Ardrey, of Providence township; Mr. J. W. Ardrey, of Fort Mill, S. C., and the late Dr. J. A. Ardrey, of Pineville.

His surviving daughters are Mrs. Mary J. Bell, widow of the late Robt. C. Bell, of Providence township; Mrs. Margaret R. Potts, widow of Captain J. G. Potts, and Mrs. S. H. Elliott, all of Mecklenburg county.

DR. CHARLES HARRIS.

When we come by Poplar Tent, one of the original seven churches that were first organized in this part of North Carolina, and formerly in Mecklenburg county, we pass the place of Dr. Charles Harris, who was a surgeon in the Revolutionary war. He lived for many years after Independence was gained, to heal the sick, and perform the surgery that was needed in a radius of more than one hundred miles. He was offered the chair of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, but declined the flattering offer to render his services to neighbors and friends with whom he worked to build up the civilization at home, where his labors were appreciated. His manners were rough, like the times in which he lived. An anecdote or two will show him as to his actions better than words.

He attended Mrs. Alcorn, a very poor Irish widow, for a bad case of white swelling. A few months after she got well, the doctor was passing her house when she ran out calling, "Doctor, stop a minute." "What do you want?" he enquired. "I want to give you this web of cloth for attending me." The doctor replied: "Take that cloth and clothe your ragged children. I am going to Hugh Torrance's and Robbin Davidson's, and I will make them pay your bill."

He was sent for to go to Morganton to see a young lady who had dislocation of her jaw. The family thought she had lockjaw and was dying. Dr. Harris wrapped his thumbs with her handkerchief and told her, "Damn you, don't you bite me!" She was instantly relieved.