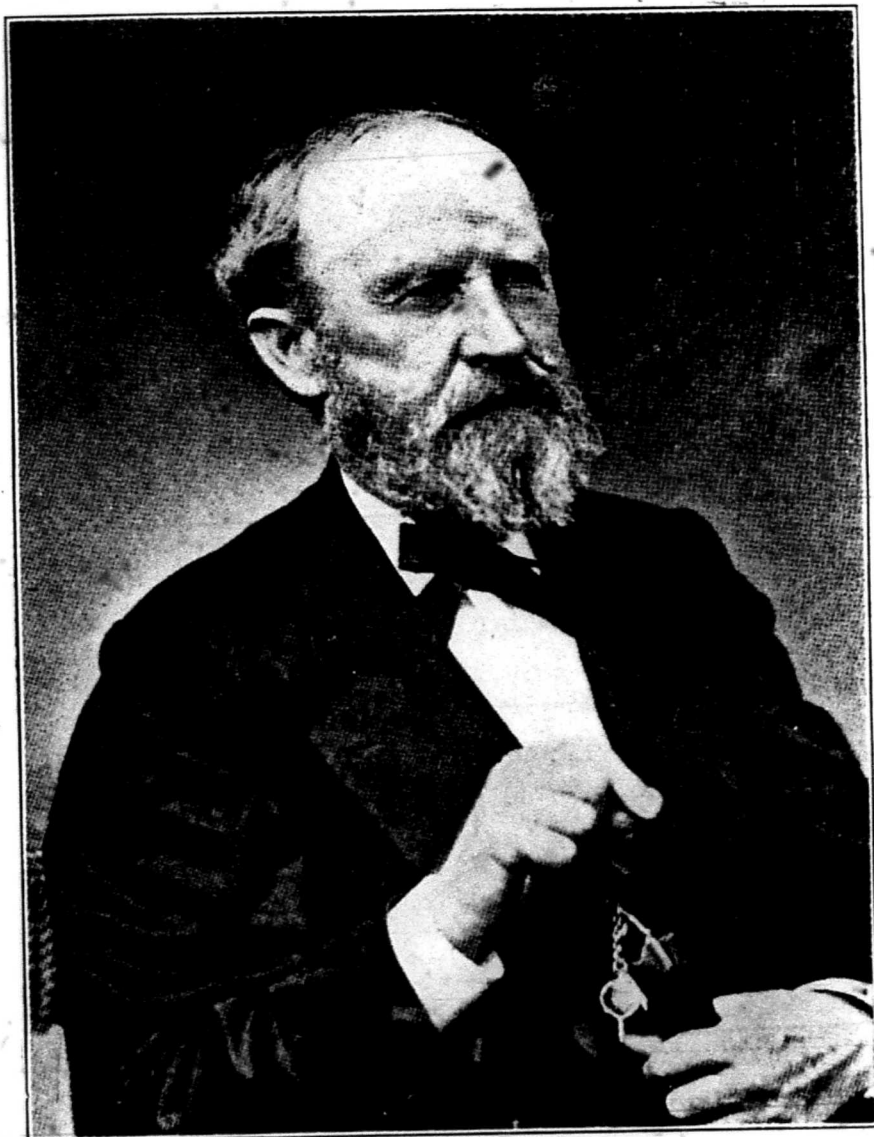


burg county. The wisdom of building this road has been amply shown by the benefit it has been to the city. In every position that Capt. Waring has occupied, his services have always been endorsed by the people of the county.

-ADAM BREVARD DAVIDSON.

Mr. Davidson was well known not only in Mecklenburg county, but all through Western North Carolina as the foremost farmer in this part of the State. He was also well known in South Carolina and Georgia, for his fine cattle, especially for his herd of Devons and Durhams.

Until the war between the States, Mr. Davidson was probably the most wealthy man in the county. When a young man he married a daughter of Mr. John (commonly Jack) Springs, of South Carolina. His father gave him the large and elegant brick dwelling house built by Maj. John Davidson in 1787. Here Mr. A. B. Davidson lived and raised a large family, and accumulated a large estate. He was very liberal in his support of Hopewell church and all benevolent objects. He was always an ardent Whig, was a firm believer in the doctrine of internal improvements; subscribed largely to building railroads, had large amounts in cotton mills in Augusta, Ga., contributed of his wealth to build the A. T. & O. Railroad, and since the war crippled every one so severely, he urged the county to vote \$300,000 to build the Atlanta road and rebuild the Statesville road. This road bed was taken up—that is the iron and cross ties—to build the road from Greensboro to Danville, which was deemed a necessity during the war. Mr. Davidson lost by the war, and by security for his *friends*, four-fifths of his estate. He was worth prior to 1865, a half million of dollars. He was a very busy man, as he always looked after his own affairs. He employed overseers on his plantations where everything was raised or made that was used on his farm. Farming was very different fifty years ago from what it is now. Whatever was necessary to feed the stock,



A. B. DAVIDSON, ESQ.

the hands and the family, to clothe and shoe the family, was raised on the farm. Every farmer of any consequence had one of their slaves for a shoemaker, one a carpenter and a blacksmith, a woman for a weaver. So nothing was to buy but salt, sugar, coffee, molasses, etc. Store bills amounted to but little, and when bread and meat had to be bought, it was looked for in the county. A doctor's bill could not well be avoided; but the doctors in those days had some conscience, and were as successful then as fifty years later.

Mr. Davidson did not have the advantage that his younger brothers had in the way of education; but he had a large amount of common sense, listened to what other people expressed, then drew his own conclusions and was rarely wrong.

Some twenty years before he died, he became thoroughly disgusted with free labor. He moved to Charlotte and quit the farm. He owned quite an interest in city property, and confined himself to improving his property here and rented the farms not given to his children. Before he died his noted old home, "Rural Hill," was burned; the old homestead and surroundings were not kept in the repair of forty years ago; the old place is much changed, and in fact bears but a faint resemblance to what it was when Mr. Davidson looked over some three thousand acres of land, and slaves enough to keep it in splendid repair, and have the large pastures filled with mares and colts, and the finest of cattle, sheep and swine. Our old civilization has been swept away, and we are living under the new order of things.

Mr. Davidson's mother was Sally Brevard, a daughter of Adam Brevard, who was a brother of Dr. Ephraim Brevard, the draftsman of the Declaration of Independence. A story is told that one morning after a hard rain, Maj. John Davidson called his son Jacky (who in after years was the father of Mr. A. B. Davidson), and told him: "While the ground is too wet to plow, go and get your horse saddled and get yourself dressed and go over to Adam Brevard's and court Sally; I think she will make you a good wife."

Now you have no time to fool about it; the ground will be dry enough to plow by to-morrow." Jacky went like a dutiful son, and Sally acquiesced in the proposition. They lived a long time, led a useful life and raised a large family of children. The subject of this sketch being the eldest, he was born March 19, 1808, and died July 4, 1896.

In the long ago it was not uncommon for families to have private burying grounds before churches were so numerous, or rather before any were built. Maj. John Davidson had a private plat a little west of the front of his house, probably started before the one at Hopewell church. Nearly the whole of the Davidson family are entombed there. Maj. Davidson's sister, Mary, who married John Price, is buried at Baker's graveyard, about five miles towards Beattie's Ford. It is overgrown with large trees of many varieties. Some old stones, grey rock, covered with moss, render the letters unintelligible. The old resting place is now forgotten by all save a few who live near it. Two desolate places for so important personages to occupy, Maj. John Davidson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, at one place, and his sister at another.

#### PATRICK HARTY.

Patrick Harty and wife came from Ireland to America in the year 1820. They crossed the Atlantic ocean in a sailing vessel and landed at Charleston, South Carolina, where they stayed but a short time, when he was induced to move into the up country. The neighborhood is now, as then known, as Coddle Creek, where there is a church by that name. He worked there at his trade—brick mason and plasterer. He did not stay there long as work was more plentiful in Mecklenburg, so he moved his family to Charlotte and worked around through the county.

The people in the eastern part of the county, in Clear Creek Township, employed Mr. Harty to build Philadelphia church. It is a fine structure for that period. The