

camp, and by yells and gun-fire, so frightened the followers of King George, that the whole party ran away and never came back. All the booty fell into the hands of the daring victors.

After the battle of Cowpens a party of fleeing British soldiers halted near Love's ford on Broad river for the night. Their leader going alone to a nearby house to get some directions, the eagle-eyed Sharp swooped down and captured him. Having the leader, he determined to have the balance. Getting his few associates together, they appeared before the enemy and demanded a surrender. Some thirty or forty laid down their arms. The balance ran off; some threw their guns into the river and some leaped in themselves. Sharp led his captives to Gen. Morgan and delivered them as prisoners of war.

"Horseshoe" Robinson and Major Butler.

In the summer of 1780 Galbraith (Horseshoe) Robinson and Major Arthur Butler of the Continental army were journeying from Virginia through Carolina towards Georgia. Near the close of the day, after a long, hot and tiresome journey, these travelers were fording Broad River and looking eagerly towards Wat Adair's house over on the hill, where they expected to get the much needed rest and refreshment.

Before proceeding with the narrative we wish to acquaint our readers with the exact location of Adair's ferry and residence. The ferry was about one hundred and fifty yards above where the Southern Railway now crosses Broad river. Westward from the ferry, one-fourth of a mile distant, stood a commodious log dwelling with the chimneys running up on the inside. This has long been known as the "Old Gaffney Place." About fifteen or twenty years ago the house was pulled down and moved a little nearer the river and converted into

William Sharp's Adventure.

On the land now owned by William Nuckolls. . . . The place on which he lived was settled by one Pacolet after which the river was named." The writer prefers to give credence to the positive assertion of Mrs. Nott.

By the time of the Revolution, Grindal had become quite a noted place. Numbers of settlers were living in the vicinity and when that great struggle came on most of them sided with the cause of Independence. As a strategic point, and crossing place, there was none in the country of greater importance. No real battles were fought there, but several incidents occurred that are worthy of mention.

William Sharp, a brave and fearless hero, lived on Brown's Creek a few miles northeast of the present town of Union. A party of British and tory raiders were passing through the country committing their usual depredations, and coming to Grindal Shoals encamped for the night. Without the least suspicion on their part, Sharp and two of his associates were close on their trail. The night being dark, their first intimation of danger was Sharp's bold demand for their immediate surrender, or they would be blown into that region which is reputed to be pretty hot. In the surprise of the moment they begged for quarter and twenty men laid down their arms. The victors threw the enemies' guns into the river, before they discovered the fewness of their captors, and the captives were driven in to the nearest Whig encampment.

Sharp was given to such daring and successful adventures. A short time before the battle of King's Mountain a party of two hundred and fifty Loyalists, laden with wagon loads of plundered booty, were encamped at Hollingsworth's mill on Brown's Creek. Sharp and some eight or ten others surrounded their

a barn. Henry Gaffney, Esq., who lived to an advanced age, told the writer that there was no doubt about this being the original Watt Adair house, for his father bought the property from Adair shortly after the Revolution. The McCraw Brick Co., now occupies this ancient site.

Robinson was acquainted with Adair and expected to find a cordial welcome, but it seems that he had been bribed with British gold, and instead of a friendly greeting, the journeymen were met by a henchman of Adair's with gun in hand. Pressing their case, they were finally admitted, but things were far from congenial. At length Adair came up, and with pretended friendship, had his niece, Mary Musgrove, "The Heroine of Horseshoe Robinson," to look after the welfare of his guests. Knowing the course of their journey, while Robinson and Butler were trying to sleep, Adair was planning to misdirect, and land them into the clutches of a tory gang. The next morning they set out according to Adair's directions, but having premonitions because of Mary Musgrove's whispered warnings the night before, they soon changed their course and proceeded in the direction of Grindal's ford. At this place, a short distance above the ford, on the north side of the river, a hill rises rather abruptly some twenty or thirty feet in height. On this hill stood a large chestnut tree with wide, spreading branches. At night-fall there lay under this tree Hugh Habershaw and a gang of tory ruffians, the description of which we leave to John P. Kennedy. The old Eison store-house, which is now converted into a dwelling, stands on, or near the site of this camp.

Habershaw, having been apprised of their coming, he was on the lookout for Robinson and Butler. When informed by his scouts of their approach, he put his crowd in ambush on both sides of the river at the ford.



The "gravely hillock" on the north side of the river just above the ford. The site of Habershaw's camp on the night of the capture of "Horseshoe," Robinson and Major Butler.

Riding into the river, the weary travelers reined their jaded horses to let them drink, and while thus engaged, they discovered men on horseback approaching from all sides. A volley of shots followed. A vigorous charge made by Robinson and Butler enabled them to gain the opposite bank, where Butler's horse was shot dead, and both were made prisoners. During the melee Dick Waters and Rodger Bell, two of Habershaw's followers were killed, one falling on the bank and the other in the river. After a night of anxiety and suffering in the tory camp, the prisoners were carried the next morning to "Christie's," where a halt was made for breakfast. Here Robinson made good his escape, but Butler was destined to remain in British custody for quite a long while. For a full account of this thrilling episode see "Horseshoe Robinson," by John P. Kennedy.

Gen. Morgan's Encampment at Grindal Shoals.

The great victory at King's Mountain, October 7th, 1780, in which Col. Patrick Ferguson's army of British and Tories was practically annihilated, was both pivotal and epochal in the cause of American liberty. Some time before, the main Continental army in the South, under Gen. Gates had been defeated and incapacitated by Cornwallis at Camden. The force under Gen. Sumter was also surprised and cut up on Fishing Creek. As a consequence of these defeats, the small partisan leaders in the up-country were forced to flee to places of safety. This threw that section open to the mercy of plundering and marauding Tories, who practically devastated the country. None suffered more from these depredations than the Whig families about Grindal Shoals. Mrs. Angelica Nott in her reminiscences says: "We lived at that time generally without bread, meat or salt on roasting-ears. When we killed a beef a pint of salt with hickory ashes preserved it. We went without shoes and