

# GWINNETT GAZETEER

**Hog Mountain**  
**Gwinnett County, Georgia**

## **Hog Mountain**

Hog Mountain was a well known locality as early as the War of 1812. All the territory west of Hog Mountain and the Appalachian River was in the possession of the Cherokee Indians who were allies of the British Empire, our enemy in this war. To give protection to the white settlers along the frontier, the military authorities of the State, backed by legislative action, ordered that a military fort be erected near the Hog Mountain. The fort, known as Fort Daniel, was constructed on the hill immediately west of the home of R. H. Burel. A marker on the road designates the location of Fort Daniel.

Another event that contributes in making Hog Mountain perhaps the most historic place in the county was the construction of Peachtree Road in 1813. This road was opened by the military authorities of the State and connected Fort Daniel and a fort built at the Standing Peachtree by Lieutenant George Gilmer. The latter fort was about thirty miles west of Fort Daniel on the south bank of the Chattahoochee River.

The building and operation of The Hog Mountain House, the first hotel in the county, was another contributing factor to Hog Mountain's importance and prominence. The Hog Mountain House was erected by Shadrack Bogan, who married Ann Fee in Augusta and located at Hog Mountain in 1815, three years before Gwinnett

County was created. Bogan also owned a store which was known as a trading post and sold beads and gew gaws and articles that appealed to Indian maidens; and it may be stated that he sold to the braves more substantial merchandise, including blankets and firewater. He did well while operating his trading post and The Hog Mountain House was known far and wide for its hospitality, comfortable beds and good food.

The firm of Moore and Maltbie had been operating a trading post several years before Shadrack Bogan settled at Hog Mountain. Both Moore and Maltbie were natives of Connecticut. Moore had charge of the business. On a trip to New York in 1814 to purchase a new stock of goods, he died. Maltbie then came and took charge of the business. His plan was to dispose of the business as soon as possible and return to his home in Connecticut. There seemed to be two reasons why he did not carry out his plans. In the first place the store was doing a prosperous business and the profits were good.

There was another compelling reason why he remained. Down the river a few miles there lived a beautiful and winsome young lady by the name of Philadelphia Winn, daughter of Elisha Winn. She had reached her first teen age, quite young perhaps to assume the duties of wifedom. Nevertheless, William Maltbie married Elisha Winn's thirteen year old daughter and he spent the balance of his life in Gwinnett County. Maltbie continued to sell merchandise at Hog Mountain until the town of Lawrenceville was started on its career in 1821. He then moved to the county seat, and became its first postmaster. He held public office nearly all his life. A marble slab stands at his grave in the Methodist cemetery in Lawrenceville. Philadelphia Winn lies by his side.

Hog Mountain has been in three counties, Franklin, Jackson and Gwinnett.

The Hog Mountain House stood where the late A. A. Mauldin lived. Indian trails from all directions converged there. These trails became roads when the white man moved in. From the east came swarms of people, looking for homesites where they could begin life anew. They came, the good and the bad, the well to-do and the poor, from older counties and older states. They came on foot, on horseback, in ox carts, in wagons, and some in buggies. Tired and worn many camped at Hog Mountain. Some remained and bought land. The Maltbies came and stayed. The Bogans remained for years and then left. The Berrys lived here for many years, but none are here now. The Kings, the Burels, the Duncans, the Hadaways and others came and settled around Hog Mountain and their descendants are here yet.

There are tales of romance and down to this day, stories about the Mountain community.

A foot peddler often sought lodging at the Hog Mountain House. With a packet of goods across his shoulder, he trudged along the roads from house to house and hardly ever missed a sale when permitted to display his goods. It is related that one of these peddlers, tired from a day's walking from home to home, seated himself on the steps of the Hog Mountain House. A rowdy, reeling under the weight of too much firewater, walked up, and without saying a word, whipped out his long bladed knife and ripped the inoffensive peddler half in two.

An Indian chief, with a group of his tribe, visited a trading post at Hog Mountain. He endeavored to pick a fuss with a prominent citizen who happened to be there on that day. The white man backed away, endeavoring to avoid a difficulty with the Indian. The chief advanced with a drawn dagger. The man warned the Indian not to come nearer. The chief not only continued to advance but rushed forward. The man leveled his gun and pulled the trigger. The Indian died in what was for a long time known as the Mitchell woods.

Four travelers stopped for the night at the Hog Mountain House. A few months later relatives arrived. They were hunting the four who had disappeared. They were never found. No one knew what became of them. The carriage in which they traveled was found on a distant hill years after.

Hog Mountain is now a quiet and peaceful community. There have always been stores, one or more, at that place from the days of William Maltbie and Shadrack Bogan to the present time.

For many years Hog Mountain was on a stagecoach route. A mail route was authorized in 1821

from Monticello, Monroe, Lawrenceville, on to Gainesville by Hog Mountain. In November, 1821, the Postmaster General advertised for bids to carry mail on this route. Later stagecoaches carrying mail were operated from Stone Mountain to Gainesville by Hog Mountain.

Fast Forward to: 2000

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## Hog Mountain

Community boasts modern amenities, alongside links to past

**BY HARRIETT HILAND**

MOST CAME TO THE Hog Mountain area to get away, but development has come, and come quickly.

Charles Copeland moved here 20 years ago and paid \$50 in taxes on nine acres. Now his tax bill is more than \$2,000. Just five years ago, another resident moved from DeKalb County to Hog Mountain for the peace and quiet. He says he counted just a few cars a day passing by his property. Now, the traffic is constant, due in part to the nearby Mall of Georgia, which opened about two years ago.

About five years ago, residential development began in earnest with 1,400-acre Hamilton Mill. With 2,300 home sites, it offers a public golf course as well as multiple pools, tennis courts, parks and trails. There still are a few lakeside lots remaining along man-made Mulberry Lake.

Another development, Apalachee Farms, boasts not only modern amenities, but has connections to the area's past. The 550-home development encircles the Winn House, the first courthouse in Gwinnett County, and there also are two archaeological preserves that contain Indian mounds that cannot be disturbed.

The name Hog Mountain refers to the high ground on which the area sits. Because no waterway cuts through, farmers used to drive their hogs to market through the area. It is actually the continental divide, with water on one side going to the Gulf of Mexico and water on the other ending up in the Atlantic.

The heart of Hog Mountain used to be located at the intersection of Ga. highways 324 and 124, where a hotel with a pig corral previously stood. Now the intersection is a strip mall with no evidence at all that the area dates back to the 1600s. The *Hog Mountain Gazette*, the local newspaper, went out of business a few years ago. And the colorful, unofficial "mayor" of Hog Mountain, Hoyt Pirkle, died a few months back. A local legend, Pirkle was in the livestock business and always wore a cowboy hat. But just a short drive down Highway 124, the last remaining bit of the original Hog Mountain thrives

In a tiny white clapboard building, Joseph Scott Shelton, a native of Gwinnett County, fulfills his

dream of operating a one-chair barber shop. His shop is filled with customers of every age and walk of life.

As Shelton clips away, there is rarely a break in the lively conversation. "This is a brotherhood. A forum for all individual men," says Shelton.

Development is a two-edged sword, Shelton says. Before development came this way, he used to go across the street and ride horses when he wasn't busy. Now his shop is always full of customers, which means more income, and the horses are long gone anyway.

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