

looking man, with black eyes. He left but one child, Sliza, who afterwards married Simon Saylor, nephew of old Col. Wm. Saylor, of Chumbie. She removed to the Louisiana, where she became a widow. Hudson seems to have been a man of estimable private character - his memory is revered by his family.

John Beckham, his brother-in-law, was a most active Whig, fearless scout. While Morgan was encamped on Grindal's Shoals, he kept him in constant motion, the valuable service.

On one occasion, when closely pressed by the light horse of platoons he plunged headlong down a fearful bank into the river, & made his escape. Most of the well known, often pointed out. It was on the plantation of old Wm. Hodge, who was also a true Whig. A comrade named Easterwood, from whom the Shoals take their name, was with him in this race. Easterwood rode a big churning horse, and was big and heavy himself. His horse striking his foot against a log, fell throwing, & Easterwood was made prisoner. Beckham

John Beckham
 fearless
 scout.
 Grindal's Shoals
 valuable
 service

more, a magnificent animal, soon left them in the rear. He could have got off easier, but stopping at Hodge's to light his pipe (he was an incessant smoker), the British were close upon him while he was yet holding the fire - he wore he would light it before he budged a foot. After gaining the opposite side of Pacolet, he slapped his thigh, looking back at the pursuers, "shoot & be - d - d" he cried, his pipe still in his mouth. He issued to have done all his ranting & fighting with his pipe in his mouth. He survived the war, & this buried on Hodge's plantation. His only son removed to Kentucky; his daughters all married & moved to the West.

Wm. Hodge was also a good Whig - his place was some three miles above Grindal's Shoals; it is now occupied by his grandson, Moses Hodge. While Morgan was encamped at the Shoals, his house was plundered & burnt by British men, the old man made prisoner, & sent to Andersonville. He however, escaped & returned home.

James Moreley, another Whig of the

A HISTORY OF THE UPPER COUNTRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, from the Earliest Periods to the Close of the War of Independence, Volumes I & II

by Logan, John H.

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John H. Logan, physician, educator, and newspaper editor of Abbeville, used official records and journals kept by traders and naturalists in this history of upper South Carolina from earliest times to 1760. The first half of the book is natural history, with much on the Indians. After this, he turns to early traders, hunters, and settlers. There are descriptions of the country, the natives, the animals - plus later developments after the arrival of the Europeans, with personal treatment of many individuals. Logan never published what was intended to be the second volume of his history. After publication of Volume I in 1859, the Civil War interrupted his concluding work. His notes, which were intended for Volume II, disappeared from his estate after his death. One biographical sketch says they were lost in a fire. Historian Lyman C. Draper had copied Logan's notes in 1871 and this copy is today archived at the Wisconsin Historical Society. The Joseph Habersham Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Washington County, Georgia, transcribed the notes for publication in 1910. This present volume, published in association with Upcountry History Makers of Winnsboro, South Carolina, is a newly typeset reprint of the 1859 edition of Volume I and the 1910 edition of the notes intended for Volume II, to which has been added a comprehensive personal and place name index.

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but one child, Eliza, who afterwards married Simon Taylor, nephew of old Col. Thomas Taylor, of Columbia. She removed to Alabama (Louisiana), where she became a widow. Henderson seems to have been a man of estimable private character. His memory is revered by his family.

JOHN BECKHAM, his father-in-law, was a most active Whig, and fearless scout. While Morgan was encamped on Grindal's Shoals, he kept him in constant motion, and he did valuable service. On one occasion, when closely pressed by the Light Horse of Tarleton, he plunged headlong down a fearful bank into the river, and made his escape. The spot is still well known, and often pointed out. It was on the plantation of old Wm. Hodge, who was also a true Whig. A comrade named Easterwood, from whom the shoals take their name, was with him in this race. Easterwood rode a big clumsy horse, and was big and heavy himself. His horse striking his foot against a log, fell sprawling, and Easterwood was made prisoner, Beckham a magnificent animal, soon left them in the rear. He could have got off easier, but stopping at Hodge's to light his pipe, (he was an incessant smoker), the British were close upon him, while he was yet holding the fire. He swore he would light it before he budged a foot. After gaining the opposite side of Pacolet, he slapped his thigh, and looking back at his pursuers, "Shoot and be damned," he cried, his pipe still in his mouth. He is said to have done all his scouting and fighting with his pipe in his mouth. He survived the war, and lies buried on Hodge's plantation. His only son removed to Kentucky; his daughters all married and moved to the West.

WM. HODGE was also a good Whig. His place was some three miles above Grindal's Shoals; it is now occupied by his grandson, Moses Hodge. While Morgan was encamped at the Shoals, his house was plundered and burnt by Tarleton's men, the old man made prisoner, and sent to Camden jail. He, however, escaped and returned home.

JAMES MOSELEY, another Whig of the Pacolet, lived some two miles from the shoals on Sandy Run. His place is now in possession of Shelton McWhorter. He was a famous hunter and woodsman; his trade, that of a blacksmith. He came originally from Virginia, and settled first on the

headwaters of the Yadkin, at the foot of the Yellow Mountain. He was then 14 years old. Here he was associated for a time with the celebrated Daniel Boone, and was preparing to join him in his expedition to Kentucky, when he was prevented by his father, on the plea of youth. He did much valuable service as a scout, always on foot.

He was once sent from the High Hills by Sumter to Col. Tom. Taylor, of Columbia, with a valuable express. Taylor's cabin stood on the high hill that (since) overlooked the water-works and much of the valley of the Broad River. He says Taylor was sitting at a table when he walked in, his sword by his side.

A post oak, known as Moseley's Tree, is still standing immediately on the road to the Grindal Shoals ford, just below the house of Garland Meng. Everybody knows it in that country, and no sacrilegious hand would dare touch it. Moseley was out hunting and having taken a small deer, was returning home with it on his shoulders. The wolves, getting a scent of the blood, were soon on his trail; he heard them coming, and knew that he must make an effort to save both himself and meat. The latter he sunk in a neighboring branch, and having climbed up into the post oak, waited their coming. They bayed him all night. "Why did you not shoot them, Mr. Moseley?" was asked him afterwards, "You had your rifle." "Because," he said, "I wanted to kill the leader of the troop, and it was too dark to distinguish him; as soon as light began to appear, they began to enlarge the circle they were constantly making around the tree." He then singled him out, and shot him. The rest retreated to their dens.

DANIEL MCJUNKIN, brother of Major McJunkin, was with Col. Brandon at his defeat on Fairforest. In the rout, he was overtaken by a British officer, who ran his thrust sword through his body. The blade entered between his shoulders, and came out in the breast, and came so far through that McJunkin caught it and held it tight in his agony. The officer said to him: "My good fellow, if you will let go. I will draw it out, and give you as little pain as possible." He did so and the officer putting his foot against McJunkin's shoulder, as he sat on his horse, extracted the sword,

HISTORY

—OF—

GRINDAL SHOALS

—AND—

SOME EARLY ADJACENT

FAMILIES

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—BY—

REV. J. D. BAILEY

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taught school for a while, but later went to Charleston where he settled and took up the practice of law. He had a son, Henry Bailey, Jr., who was Attorney General of South Carolina for several years.

John (Jack) Beckham.

Beckham came from North Carolina about 1774, and settled on a part of the Henderson grant on Sandy Run, which is now known as the "Billy" Whitlock place. He engaged in hunting and trapping as game was plentiful. He had a store, which was probably the first in that section. It would be interesting now to know what the stock of goods consisted of, and from whence, and how he obtained them.

As a horse-trainer, he was considered an expert, and paid a good deal of attention to horse-racing. The war coming on, he became an ardent Whig, and was celebrated as a scout, and did extensive work as a spy. Naturally such a man would suffer much at the hands of British and Tories. Tarlton once made a foray into that section and camped for a night at Beckham's house, and when he left in the morning he took all the bedding except one quilt, and soon afterwards, a party of Tories came and took that; hence when the war was over, he had little, or nothing left.

Subsequently Wade Hampton, who had spent much time in Beckham's home, gave him employment as a trainer of race-horses, but "Jack" Beckham ever remained, what the old people would call a "ne'er-do-well." At last the faithful old scout, who had done his "bit" in the cause of Independence, passed away, leaving a poor widow and a house full of daughters. He was buried in the Hodge graveyard, but his grave being unmarked, the exact spot is unknown.

Mrs. Elizabeth Beckham.

Elizabeth Beckham was a Henderson, sister to Gen.

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Mr. Nott's Traditions - Ferguson - Beckham &c.

Traditions of the Revolutionary war
by Mrs. Angelica Nott - daughter of Joab
Mitchell, born Dec. 22^d, 1771, in Union Dist.
S.C. on Sandy Run - her father one of the first
settlers in the country. My mother a Hun-
-derson, sister of Col. W. Henderson. (Barwick
Iron works, same as Wafford's, on Lawson's
Fork.)

My father moved to Tennessee before
the war. I remained with aunt, Mrs. Nott,
on Sandy Run. I was related to the Beck-
-hams - Mrs. Beckham & mother's sisters.

I saw Ferguson's army pass the
place where Mrs. Harris lives - saw Fer-
-guson on the occasion - He was a
small man. My aunt suffered much.

At the time Laileton was going
to the Campers, some Tories came to my
aunt, with whom I lived, & burnt the top
off our tent. It was a rail pen, covered
with straw. Laileton camped at aunt
Beckham's on this march.

I recollect when Col. Cunningham
came to our house. He came after night
with 250 men. They fed their horses with
our roasting ears - burnt the rails to
roast for themselves.

John Beckham, my uncle, was not
distinguished except as a spy - he hid upon
Sandy Run.

John Beckham,
my uncle,
was most
distinguished
exemplar a
spy - he lived
upon Sandy
Run.