

Thus the mountaineer's horizon was limited by the summits that rose on every side, shutting him in from the rest of the nation and forcing him to find his world in his own small neighborhood. And so the mountains have merely rested in what Ruskin would call their "great peacefulness of light," unknown and unknowing so far as the outside world has been concerned.

CHAPTER II

THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEERS

✓ LIKE the rest of Americans, the mountain people are of a composite race. There is probably no un-
mixed strain of blood in any com-
munity of the United States.

**A Composite
Stock**

While it is true that family origin is not so important as is personal character, it is nevertheless true that heredity has much to do with accounting for that character, and merits consideration from every thoughtful student of history.

While it is undeniable that the mountain people of the South are a composite race, the fact remains that they are probably of about as pure
a stock as we can boast in Amer-
ica. Almost all their ancestors

**Principally
Scotch-Irish**

came from the British Isles. The principal element is Scotch and especially Ulster-Scotch, more familiarly known as Scotch-Irish. That this is the case is indisputably proved by history, by tradition, and by the family names prevailing in the mountains. All the region about the mountains was settled principally by Scotch-Irish, the unbroken traditions of the

mountaineers agree that the majority of the pioneers were Scotch-Irish, while the names of the people are, throughout most of the section, fully fifty per cent. of them, Scotch or Scotch-Irish. It may be added, too, that there still survive most interesting phases of life and idioms of language that are Scotch or Scotch-Irish in origin. No argument based on the present condition of the mountaineers can suffice to render doubtful the cumulative proof of the prevailing strain in the mountain stock.

There are also, especially in the valleys, numerous Huguenot names that once belonged to the noble people who were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the dragonnades that followed that revocation. Most of these Huguenots came to the mountains by the way of Charleston and Savannah, the great Huguenot ports of entry for the South; while others came with the Scotch-Irish from Ulster where they had taken refuge.

English, Welsh, and German names are also very numerous in the Appalachians, as is to be expected; though the German names are not of any recent immigration, but rather may be traced back in many cases to "the Pennsylvania Dutch." Kentucky has more English names than do the other states of the Southern mountains. Occasionally the student of ethnology may stumble upon a community that is a puzzle, as, for example, that one occupied by the "Malungeons" of upper East Tennessee. Our Church conducts successful work in two fields in this Malun-

geon region. The people, whoever their ancestors may have been, are very responsive to good influences.

In this composite race, then, the Scotch-Irish element largely predominates. And surely that fact lends an added interest to the study of the problem of the mountains, for there is no sturdier element in American character than is that contributed by the Scotch-Irish. That the "Plantation of Ulster," which took place as long ago as the days of James the First and Shakespeare, should directly and prevailingly affect the character and possibilities of the Atlantic highlands of America, is one of those interesting facts that emphasize both the romance and the philosophy of history.

The Irish rebellion against Queen Elizabeth had been suppressed with relentless energy, and the confiscated estates of Ulster were peopled by the so-called "Plantation of Ulster." Protestant emigrants, mainly from the Scotch Lowlands but partly from London itself, at the command of King James took the places of the evicted Irish, and established the most intensely Protestant section of the British dominion. Scotch the colonists entered, and Scotch they remained in blood, for intermarriage with the Romanists was prohibited by law and by religion; but Scotch-Irish they became, as we Americans usually call them, in consideration of their Irish home.

At first they prospered greatly; but as early as 1633 England began to maltreat them, violating her pledges

and forfeiting her claims to their loyalty by a policy of perfidy and persecution. The English State despoiled the Ulster yeomanry, and the English Church cropped the ears of the non-conforming Presbyterians. But just as all of Laud's emissaries and Claverhouse's dragoons could not force the Covenanters in old Scotland to conform to Episcopacy, so were all the acts and agents of Parliament unable to coerce the Scotch-Irish cousins of the Covenanters in their Ulster home. But so unbearable did their position become that there occurred what Dr. McIntosh called a "Transplantation of Ulster" to America and religious freedom. Fiske, in his "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," estimates that between 1730 and 1770 at least half a million souls, or more than half the Presbyterian population of the north of Ireland, emigrated to the American colonies; and that at the outbreak of the Revolution they made up one-sixth of the population of the colonies. In the New World, this prolific race became a nation-founding people. Their annals have been recorded by many historians and their achievements have made their history imperishable.

They landed at Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston, and leaving behind them the seacoast and the colonies that had their established religions, they advanced inland to form a second tier of colonies. From Pennsylvania they pressed southward down the Shenandoah Valley and under the Blue Ridge till they spread out southeastward to meet the Charleston im-

migrants, or pushed down southwestward past Abingdon into the valley of East Tennessee and up the trail of Daniel Boone into Kentucky. So advancing, they took possession of the mountains and valleys of the Appalachians.

The gravestones in eastern Pennsylvania, in Virginia, and in East Tennessee mark the successive migrations of some strong old Presbyterian families. These immigrants brought with them their Scotch-Irish convictions and characteristics branded into them by the fires of persecution. Their invasion of the mountains began in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

During a recent visit to the north of Ireland, the writer took notes in Londonderry of such names on the business signs as are familiar names in the southern highlands of America. One of the first names noted down was "Brownlow," and it recalled to memory the fact that Parson Brownlow was accustomed to boast of his Scotch-Irish extraction. Then the names fairly trooped into the notebook. When, however, it appeared that the majority of the names encountered must be transcribed to the notebook, a more expeditious way of making and preserving the comparison was found in the securing and checking up of a directory of North Ireland that is published in Londonderry. On every Londonderry street the names and, indeed, the faces of the people demonstrated the identity of the Cis-Atlantic and Trans-Atlantic Scotch-Irish races.

Londonderry Patronymics

The writer asked Mr. Samuel Bogle, a stationer of Londonderry, what Christian names are most used in his family. To the great surprise of his questioner he replied that Samuel, James, John, Andrew, and Hugh are the names most commonly used by his kindred. Strange to say, the four adults of the Bogle family connected with the Eusebia Presbyterian Church, near Maryville, Tennessee, a few years ago, were Hugh, an honored elder, and his sons, James, John, and Andrew, while the father of Hugh, also an elder, had been named Samuel. In order to learn what traditions survived regarding the branch of the family that had generations ago emigrated to America, the writer also called on the father of the Londonderry Samuel Bogle, and was startled at his close resemblance to the American Hugh Bogle, whose funeral services the writer had not long before conducted.

Mr. Campbell, of the Sage Foundation, is naturally interested in the Campbell clan, and so was greatly pleased when informed, upon what seemed to be good authority, that one mountain county in Kentucky has several hundred Campbells within its borders. This is a case not only where "the Campbells are coming," but also where they have already come, not this time, however, in their ancestral homes in the Highlands of Scotland or in the hills of Ulster, but in the land of promise, the southern highlands of America.

In the "Winning of the West" Mr. Roosevelt pays the following tribute to the Scotch-Irish pioneers:

"The backwoodsmen were Americans by birth and parentage, and of mixed race; but the dominant strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish—the Scotch-Irish as they were often called. Full credit has been awarded the Roundhead and the Cavalier for their leadership in our history; nor have we been altogether blind to the deeds of the Hollander and the Huguenot; but it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people, the Irish whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. These Irish representatives of the Covenanters were in the West almost what the Puritans were in the Northeast, and more than the Cavaliers were in the South. Mingled with the descendants of many other races, they formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march westward."

Our mountain people may, then, boast a most virile lineage. In many cases the individual genealogical records have been lost,

**A Virile
Lineage**

"Nor can the skillful herald trace
The founders of our ancient race."

One generation of pioneers unable to read or write would be sufficient to break the magic thread that ties the generations together. The writer once saw a new student upon matriculating write down a phonetic caricature of a well-known name, and had the privilege of setting the young man right for the rest of his

life in the correct spelling of his family name that had been lost through illiterate parents. But nobody could efface the record of racial lineage registered in name and frame, in feature and speech, in mental and religious characteristics.

Rudyard Kipling tells a story of a puzzlingly peculiar family discovered in the Himalayas. It was evidently a family with a foreign strain in it. Investigation revealed certain infallible signs worked into the Hindoo family: red hair, irascibility, the worship of the crucifix, and the singing of a song that proved to be "The Wearing of the Green," and those Hibernian signs were all explained and justified when it was found that a soldier of a forgotten Irish regiment had married a native woman and reared a family in that lonely recess of the mountains. Everything about the family proclaimed its Irish ancestry. Were all the southern highlanders to conspire to deny their ancestry, thousands of voices would yet cry out of their physical, intellectual, and religious characteristics: "Do not deny the races that gave you birth and heredity; your speech and everything about you betray you; most of you are Scotch-Irishmen; many of you, especially in Kentucky, are Englishmen; some of you are Huguenots and Germans; all of you are descendants of the original stocks with which God peopled the New World. Hold high your heads, for what more could God do for men than he had done for you! He prepared for you: he gave you great-grandfathers of the best races he had in stock."



Men of the Mountains.

A century and a half have passed away and the men of the mountains of to-day are the descendants of some of those sterling pioneers.

Three Classes of Mountaineers They have held lonely state for several generations in their Appalachian homes; but they are still there to give account of themselves, and to face the providential future. There have developed among these dwellers in the mountains three distinct classes, that must be recognized by every judicious student of their history: (1) nominal mountaineers; (2) normal and typical mountaineers; (3) submerged mountaineers.

1. Merely Nominal Mountaineers.—These are the large populations that have occupied the fertile and extensive valleys of the Shenandoah and East Tennessee, and other rich valleys and plateaus, and have established centers of trade and commerce that have developed such prosperous cities and towns as Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Johnson City, Bristol, Asheville, Roanoke, and Staunton. These mountaineers, or rather valley-dwellers, have to deal only with such questions as affect other intelligent sections of our land. They send out missionaries to the ends of the earth, and have as rich and pure a life as have any urban or country people of our Southland. They are a positive force in our national life, and are a valuable asset in the inventory that Uncle Sam may make of his riches. They outnumber the other two classes combined. To apply to

Class One Is Helping

them any hasty generalizations suggested by a study of the third class is simply unpardonable.

✓ 2. Normal and Typical Mountaineers.—Away from these centers of wealth, competence, culture, and refinement, there are two other classes

Class Two
Will Help

more affected by their mountain environment than are these others that merely live in sight of the mountains or in highland communities that are "lowland" in their development. There are, first, the true, worthy, normal, typical mountaineers that deserve far more of praise than of dispraise. While their isolated and hard life, remote from the centers of culture, has contracted their wants and the supply of those wants, and has forced them to do without a multitude of the "necessities" and conveniences and luxuries that seem indispensable to many other people of the twentieth century, they have largely kept that which is really worth while, namely, their virility and force of character. Hemmed in by remorseless environment, they have nevertheless preserved the former rugged character and sterling qualities of their race.

The fact is that Nature, in accordance with her marvelous method of compensations, has endowed these hardy mountaineers with some sterner qualities in lieu of the more Chesterfieldian ones of more favored society; qualities that render them in some respects stronger and more resourceful than their more pampered kinsmen, of the valley or the plain. They have escaped many of the vices and follies that are sapping the life of modern society. They have nerves,

in this day of neurasthenia and neuemia. They know something of all the necessary arts, in these days when centralized and specialized labor gives each workman only a part of one art to which to apply himself.

The mountaineer of this class eats what he raises, and applies to the store for little more than coffee and sugar to supplement what his acres produce. He often does his own horseshoeing, carpentering, shoemaking, and sometimes he weaves homespun. He is the most hospitable host on earth, and he heartily enjoys his guest provided that guest has the courtesy to show his appreciation of what is offered him. His honesty coexists with a native shrewdness that is sometimes a revelation to the unscrupulous visitor that would take advantage of him in a trade. He is usually amply able to take care of himself. Indeed no American has a livelier native intelligence.

—To speak of this class of mountaineers as meriting patronizing disdain is to show oneself to be a most superficial observer. Many of these men of the mountains do need much that can be given from without the Appalachians, but they have a reserve strength that, when aroused, will speedily prove them the peers of any people.

3. Submerged Mountaineers.—There is a third and much smaller class of mountaineers of which not so

Class Three
Needs Help

much good can be said. They correspond to, while they are entirely different from, that peculiar and pitiable lowland class of humanity that was one of the indirect products of the institution of slavery—"the

poor whites" or "white trash," as they used to be called. They are the comparatively few, who are very incorrectly supposed by many readers of magazine articles to be typical of the entire body of southern mountaineers. By this mistaken supposition a mighty injustice is done to a very large majority of the dwellers in the Appalachians. As fairly judge England by "Darkest England," or London by Whitechapel, or New York by the slums, or any community by the submerged tenth.

This third class consists of the drift, the flotsam and jetsam, that are cast up here and there among the mountains. They are the shiftless, ambitionless degenerates, such as are found wherever men are found. Usually they own little or no land and eke out a precarious existence, as only a beneficent Providence that cares for the birds and other denizens of the forest could explain.

They are those unfortunates that are found everywhere, whether in city or country, who sink to the bottom, and leave upper and middle classes above them. They are simply the lowest class in the mountains, and they deserve at our hearts and hands both sympathy and aid. The writer will make no fun of them, will recount no startling stories at their expense, and will not exploit their oddities or peculiarities. It was his good fortune to have parents who were foreign missionaries; and very early in his life these parents taught him to count no one common, unclean, or even ridiculous for whom Christ died. That early training coincides fully with his inclina-

tion when his brethren of the mountains are concerned. A derisive smile, a sneer, a cynical remark, or an unkind criticism would cause the mountaineer the keenest hurt, and would cost the offender the valued friendship of that mountaineer, and his own brotherly influence over him; and why should one say behind a mountaineer's back what would naturally make him a lifelong enemy if said before his face? It is a mistake to treat any mountaineer as if he were a stolid creature incapable of feeling; for the fact is that there is no one more keenly sensitive than is he. His face may not show it, for he has the Indian's impassiveness; but, if you could see his heart, you would be reminded of the sensitive plant of his hills that closes convulsively almost before you touch it.

The proportion of Scotch-Irish names may not be so great among this third class, but many such names are found among them. This class would be a very hopeless one were it not for a quality that will be referred to again; namely, the fact that it can be made over in one generation.

It need hardly be said that, as in all classifications of men on the basis of character and condition, there are many gradations among these three classes; and, indeed, that the classes themselves merge into one another, so that at times it is impossible to say just where one ends and another begins. But why be too nice in determining metes and bounds? Is there not even in the great metropolis a slum problem, and is there not a Fifth Avenue problem—both with inde-

**Modifications of
These Classes**

terminate boundaries? The worthiest question anyone can ask himself is: How can I best help any brother man of mine, of any rank and race, submerged or non-submerged, to realize his high calling in Christ Jesus?

The southern Appalachians have, then, these three classes, very widely distinct, with many modifications and shadings of the classes, and, of course, with many special idiosyncrasies among the individuals that make up the classes. No one is at all prepared to understand the mountaineers who has been led by imaginative and long-range magazineers to confound the people of the region into one vast mediocrity or even degeneracy in which all individuals and all classes look alike to him.

A nomenclature that is objectionable to the persons named should, in courtesy, be modified to remove all unnecessary offense. Some writers have gotten into the habit of calling us modern Appalachians "mountain whites," a term that implies peculiarity and, inferentially, inferiority. We are not deeply in love with that nomenclature. It sounds too much like "poor white trash," the most opprobrious term known in the South. We do not like this color label process any more than country school boys enjoy being called "greenies" by their city cousins. There are no mountain blacks, or browns, or yellows. Fancy how it would sound to hear the inhabitants of the Buckeye State spoken of as "Ohio whites"! They

**Many Men of
Many Kinds**

call themselves Ohioans, and we call ourselves "southern mountaineers" or "highlanders," and of that name we are humbly proud. There is no evil hint in the word mountaineer in the Appalachians, but rather the reverse—an honorable ring. Better use no class name at all, if possible; but if one must be used, let it be a generous one.

A letter was not long since received at a mountain post-office addressed, "To the Teacher of the Mountain White School." Put yourself in the place of the proud-spirited people of that village, and you can the better appreciate the fact that the thoughtlessly addressed letter was of no help whatever to the teacher.

The ancestors of the mountaineers left Europe in search of a land where a man might be "a man for a' that," and the descendants of those ancestors are jealous of their American peerage. They are courteous only to the courteous. They can endure no "I-am-greater-than-thou" air. Surely they have a right to expect of their friends the courtesy of an acceptable designation and the avoidance of what is to them an objectionable epithet; they are mountaineers or highlanders, and never "mountain whites."

CHAPTER III

THE SERVICE OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

IF we take the term "southern mountaineers" in its broadest extent, all must agree that the service rendered the nation by the mountaineers of the South has been a notable one.

They conquered the Alps beyond which untold millions of later compatriots were to find their fruitful Italy. It was, indeed, no small service that Boone and Robertson, Bean and Sevier, and the Shelbys lent the struggling colonies and later the infant republic, by pressing backward the long-time frontiers until those frontiers practically vanished in the sunset West.

As backwoodsmen, clad in buckskin, and bearing their trusty rifles, the pioneers took their lives in their hands and scaled the mighty barriers that Nature had piled before them, and braved wild beast and wilder Indian, and defied the dread of unknown evils in an unknown wilderness. What we pass in review in a day cost them the efforts of the best part of a lifetime. Their days were spent in arduous toil, and their nights were too often wasted in anxious vigils. The annals of the frontiersmen are full of the stories of daring exploits and uncomplaining endurance.

**The Nation's
Frontiersmen**

Such service was the cost that civilization pays for new conquests, but it was paid not by the salaried emissaries of an organized government, nor by the subsidized forces of great trading companies, but by individuals that went always at their own charges, and sometimes at the cost of all things; more often than not, hindered rather than encouraged by the unappreciative governments they had left behind them when they plunged into the depths of the forest.

They took with them the Bible and Protestant Christianity, and established their hereditary faith in

every district of the mountains. **Established Christianity** There is no infidelity native to the Appalachians. An infidel is an imported monstrosity. The only heresy is that of conduct. Men believe in the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice. "Thus saith the Lord," when once ascertained, is the end of all their frequent theological controversies.

The legends of Londonderry may have faded from the memory, but the Orangemen of Ulster are hardly

more inveterate foes of Romanism than are the southern mountaineers. **Established Protestantism**

A traveler in the Blue Ridge stopped at a cabin for a gourdful of water. As the mistress of the cabin, "on hospitable thoughts intent," was bringing the water, a little child clung to her skirts and hindered her. In her annoyance she reproved the child, and in a warning voice said, "You must be good or Clavers will get you." Thus has the once-dreaded name of Claverhouse survived as a

bogie among those that are unfamiliar with the pages of history. In somewhat the same way has a deep-seated hatred of Roman Catholicism been inherited from the past. Strange to say, Rome has as yet made practically no effort to win the mountain people; she either overlooks them or deems them an unpromising field of proselytism.

Fiske, in his "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," tells of a great service rendered by the Scotch-Irish of the Appalachians. He says:

Established Democracy "In a certain sense the Shenandoah Valley and adjacent Appalachian region may be called the cradle of modern democracy. In that rude frontier society life assumed many new aspects, old customs were forgotten, old distinctions abolished, social equality acquired even more importance than unchecked individualism. . . . This phase of democracy, which is destined to continue so long as frontier life retains any importance, can nowhere be so well studied in its beginnings as among the Presbyterian population of the Appalachian region in the eighteenth century."

Out of the chaos of individualism, the frontiersmen soon evolved all the necessary elements of civil government. In many places they founded law and order as substantially as they exist anywhere in the states. In some sections they introduced a good observance of the Sabbath—a better one than is now to be found in most of the cities of our land. There are worthy citizens in the remotest coves that do

not hunt on the Sabbath, even at the present day; and the writer recalls one instance where the people of a very mountainous region discussed the advisability of using mob law to rid their neighborhood of an intruder from another country, who, despite their protests, persisted in hunting on the Sabbath day. Another mountaineer apologized, on his own initiative, for having been out with his team after midnight of Saturday night, justifying himself on the good old Shorter Catechism ground that his work was one of "necessity and mercy." In many places, however, the Sabbath is in as extreme peril as it is in our great cities.

The fatal mistake of the pioneers, if it was not in many cases an unavoidable necessity, was their allowing the hardships of their lot to prevent them from giving their children as good an education as they themselves had enjoyed. As Mr. Roosevelt investigated the early documents that deal with the settlement of the Allegheny frontier, he noted the absence of signatures made by mere signs or marks. In 1776 out of one hundred and ten pioneers of the Washington District who signed a petition to be annexed to North Carolina, only two signed by mark. In 1780 two hundred and fifty-six pioneers of Cumberland signed the "Articles of Agreement," and only one signed by mark.

But the mistake referred to was by no means a universal one. In the case of the people of the rich

valleys and plateaus, the first care of the pioneers was to establish their log church; their next was to plant by it an academy. Many such schools perished either in the course of the years or during our Civil War; yet there remain as the lineal descendants of such schools, supported and perpetuated at the cost of unbounded sacrifice on the part of able Presbyterian ministers, at least six of the so-called "small colleges" to which the people of our generation are so generously paying eloquent tribute.

The service that the southern mountaineers have rendered in national matters can hardly be overestimated. They were possessed by a fierce love of liberty, and so the birthplace of American liberty very appropriately was in the mountains. In Abingdon, Virginia, at the junction of the valleys of the Blue Ridge and East Tennessee, as early as January 20, 1775, a council met that, as Bancroft says, "was mostly composed of Presbyterians of Scotch-Irish descent." "The spirit of freedom swept through their minds as naturally as the wind sighs through the fir trees of the Black Mountains. There they resolved never to surrender, but to live and die for liberty."

This was four months before the Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the lowland hills of North Carolina issued the "immortal Mecklenburg Declaration," which in its turn antedated by more than a year the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress.

While the very fewness and the inaccessibility of the mountaineers were their best defense from the armies of the redcoats, on the other hand, their insignificant numbers and remoteness from their only friends exposed the frontiersmen to the deadly assaults of the Indians, the allies of Britain. The mountaineers have been called by Gilmore in the title of one of his books, "The Advance Guard of Civilization"; and with equal appropriateness, in the title of another of his books, "The Rearguard of the Revolution."

Twice during the Revolution, "the grand strategy" of the English planned simultaneous assaults upon the colonies from the coast-line and the Indian frontier; and twice did the little band of Watauga settlers frustrate the successful carrying out of those sagacious and most sinister plans of campaign. In 1776, while four hundred and thirty-five men behind palmetto logs in Charleston beat off the British fleet with its five thousand sailors and seamen, Sevier and Shelby and their two hundred and ten backwoodsmen repulsed and defeated the Cherokees led by Oconostota and Dragging Canoe. Then from Georgia northward to Virginia, the frontiersmen swept in retributive wrath upon the Tory-led Indians, and dealt them such a blow as extorted from them an unwilling but at least a temporary peace. At the same time the Tories that infested the frontier were either driven out or forced to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederation.

Share in the
Revolution

Service to
the Nation

In 1779 when, on the coast, Savannah had been taken by Clinton's expedition, the frontier invasion was forestalled by the timely capture of all the ammunition stored for the coming campaign by the British and their allies at what is now Chattanooga, by seven hundred and fifty mountaineers led again by Shelby and Sevier. Thus were the southern colonies protected, without help from the Colonial army, by the woodsmen who while fighting for their own existence also contributed materially to the saving of the infant nation.

Nor was this all the service that the frontiersmen rendered during the Revolution. The darkest hour of the War of Independence in the **Kings Mountain** South was in 1780, when Charleston was captured by the English, Gates and DeKalb were defeated at Camden, and the interior was overrun by the victorious British soldiery. Washington said: "I have almost ceased to hope."

Especially troublesome was the presence of Colonel Ferguson, who established himself with two hundred regulars in the western border counties, attempting to draw to the royal banner the rougher element that inhabited the foothills and were neither planters nor mountaineers. Two thousand Tories had joined the standard, and Ferguson was threatening the frontier settlements.

In August he sent word to Shelby threatening to "march his army over the mountains, to hang the patriot leaders, and to lay the country waste with fire and sword." The Indians had rallied from their con-

fusion of the previous year, and were menacing the settlements; but not for a moment did the "rear-guard" hesitate when they saw their duty and their opportunity. When all other opposition in the South was practically dormant, Shelby and Sevier formed the instant purpose not to act on the defensive by guarding the mountain passes against the foe, but the rather bravely to issue from their natural defenses and to assault and capture Colonel Ferguson and his force.

The story of the Battle of ~~Kings Mountain~~ is too long to tell here, but no more heroic or romantic chapter is found in our nation's history. The mountain clans mustered on the Watauga and a draft was taken, not to decide who should go to fight Ferguson, but who should stay to defend the settlements. By September twenty-fifth, eight hundred and forty mountain men were ready for the fight, including four hundred "Backwater Presbyterians" under Colonel Campbell. Of the six leaders, five were Presbyterian elders. Dr. Doak, the founder of Washington College, committed the expedition in prayer to the God of battles, and addressed the volunteer soldiery, closing his address with the words:

"Go forth, my brave men, go forth with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

A few days later, at Kings Mountain, after a march of great hardships and sufferings, nine hundred and sixty militiamen surrounded and took by storm an entrenched natural fortress, and captured over eleven hundred English soldiers.

"That glorious victory," said Jefferson, "was the

glorious annunciation of that turn in the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence."

The mountaineers had, without orders, without pay, without commission, without equipment, and without hope of monetary reward, struck a decisive blow for the entire country. And then, upon their arrival at their cabin homes, without a day's rest they had to hurry into the Indians' territory to check the warlike expeditions that were about to descend upon the settlements.

Thus were the trusty rifles of the pioneers used within one short month against the British regulars at Kings Mountain, and against their savage allies at Boyd's Creek, three hundred miles distant.

The southern mountains are full of the descendants of Revolutionary soldiers. Besides the little armies

**Sons, Daughters of
the Revolution** of volunteer soldiery who fought the Indians and Tories on the frontier, and besides those who issued

out of their mountain settlements to render special service at Kings Mountain and Cowpens, there were also large numbers of volunteers from the eastern slopes and valleys of the Blue Ridge region who served in the patriot armies. Then, too, at the close of the war, there were large numbers of Revolutionary soldiers from other sections, who, when disbanded, moved into the Appalachians and took up grants of land that were made them by the Government. From this prolific race there have issued hosts of descendants who are eligible to be enrolled as Sons



A Grandmother Who Wanted a School for Her People.

or Daughters of the American Revolution. Some of them proudly show their friends the very rifles that their forefathers carried during their service in the patriot armies.

The mountaineers again guarded the frontier for the Government during the second war with Britain.

War of '12 and Mexican War Many volunteers served in the northern armies, but most of them served under General Jackson in the "Creek War" and at New Orleans. The intensity of the patriotism may be judged by a philippic against laggards preached in 1813 by Dr. Isaac Anderson in his Maryville pulpit. His text was, "Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

"British rum, and Albion gold have roused the Creeks' lust for rapine and blood. We are exposed to their incursions; let us carry the war into their country, and go in such numbers as to overwhelm them at once. Apathy on this subject would be criminal. The call of country is the call of God."

A few weeks later one of the patriot doctor's patriot schoolboys, young Ensign Sam Houston, was the second to mount the breastworks of the Indian stronghold on the Tallapoosa. Three severe wounds he received that day, but he lived to be a figure of national importance. The men of the mountains crushed the Creeks in a campaign of many battles; and then

at New Orleans struck the British the heaviest blow that they received during the war.

In 1817 the only volunteers General Jackson took with him to the Seminole War were eleven hundred Tennesseans. In the war with Mexico, so eager were the mountaineers that, at the first call in Tennessee for three thousand men, thirty thousand volunteered their services. The state became known as "the Volunteer State," but the entire Appalachian section also merited the name.

Naturally in the days of the Civil War, there were divisions and alienations and feuds in the Appalachians. Many on the Virginian side
The Civil War of the mountains and among the North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama mountains espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and made as good soldiers as the valorous hosts of the South could boast. "Stonewall" Jackson was a mountaineer indubitably of the first class, and his famous "Stonewall" brigade was made up largely of the men of the hills. The West Virginia, Kentucky, and East Tennessee mountains were overwhelmingly for the Union; while, also, there were many men of the other sections referred to that fought for the preservation of that Union. No better soldiers were found on either side of the great debate at arms than were those that enlisted from the mountains.

While it may be an exaggeration to say that the loyalty of the Appalachians decided the great contest, that loyalty certainly contributed substantially to the

decision; for the mountains cleft the Confederacy with a mighty hostile element that not merely subtracted great armies from the enrollment of the Confederacy, but even necessitated the presence of other armies for the control of so large a disaffected territory. The Federal forces actually recruited from the states of the southern Appalachians were as considerable in number as were the armies of the American Revolution gathered from all the thirteen colonies, and considerably exceeded the total of both mighty armies that fought at Gettysburg, while those from East Tennessee alone numbered over thirty thousand men.

These soldiers were not conscripted or attracted by bounty, but rather in most cases ran the gauntlet through hostile forces for one, two, or three hundred miles to reach a place where they could enlist under the flag of their country. The congressional district in East Tennessee in which the writer lives claims the distinction of having sent a larger percentage of its population into the Union army than did any other congressional district in the entire country. One county of that district furnished more Federal soldiers than it had voters.

The story of the loyal mountaineers is as romantic and thrilling a one as was ever told by minstrel or by chronicler of the stirring days of chivalry. No doubt their position was one of the divinely ordained influences that contributed to that outcome of the fratricidal strife which all Americans now recognize to have been providential and, therefore, best.

The happy union of later days was most auspiciously manifested in the service rendered side by side by the sons and grandsons of the veterans of both armies of the sixties, as these younger Americans united to free Cuba from Spanish tyranny. Of the men enlisted during the Spanish-American War, a little army gathered from the states of the southern mountains—a number far in excess of the quota to be expected from those states. Indeed the recruiting stations had repeatedly to suspend operations in this section, so numerous were the enlistments. The officers testified heartily to the superior quality of the young mountaineers as soldiers and campaigners. Said one of the officers: "The soldiers from the mountains of the South were the best soldiers we had in the war." The boys fought uncomplainingly amid whatever privations. They were of the stock that produced Sam Houston. At San Jacinto his captive, Santa Anna, asked Houston how so few could win so complete a victory. The victor drew an ear of corn from his pocket, and said: "When patriots fight on such rations as these they are unconquerable."

Another form of service rendered by the people of the mountain region has been that contributed to the upbuilding of the newer parts of our land by the emigrants who have gone out into those sections from the Appalachian country. In spite of the comparatively few who have migrated from the remoter mountains, the Appalachians as a whole have been a

Spanish-American War

Service of Emigrants

veritable cornucopia pouring out great numbers of young people, first into the Northwest, then into the Southwest, and finally into all the great West. Everywhere these emigrants have been rapidly assimilated, and they have made invaluable contributions to the sections of their adoption. What Dr. H. W. Wiley says of their influence in Indiana is also true, in varying degrees, of their influence in other states of the Union. While addressing the Indiana Society of Chicago, he said: "The truest Hoosier was the emigrant from southwestern Virginia, from western North Carolina, from eastern Tennessee, and eastern Kentucky. This last wave in its approach stopped for a while in Kentucky, then passed on and overwhelmed and engulfed the 'lumbar' region of Indiana. Typical of this stream was Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, with their son Abraham, who came with the rest of the flood and bided for a time, only to move farther west and north. These were the true Hoosiers, free from all the virtues of education, many of them knowing not even how to read and write, but lithe of limb, strong of body, keen of sight, honest of heart, and endowed with a power of observation and penetration which was little short of marvelous. They brought the Hoosier dialect so-called into the state, and with keen and incisive words and biting sarcasm and wit, in their homely way observed and treated all the subjects which came up for their consideration. It was one of these who in the fertile imagination of Edward Eggleston formulated the fundamental principle of Wall Street finance

as it exists to-day, in the terse but comprehensive expression, 'Them thet hez gits.' Not only did they thus see into the intricacies of finance, but with equal insight and vision understood political and social problems in which they lived. These were the fathers and mothers, the grandfathers and grandmothers, of that great army of statesmen, philosophers, poets, and authors who had their being or received their inspiration in southern Indiana, chief among them the great preserver of his country and the idol of the whole nation, Abraham Lincoln, who lived his boyhood years in that environment and received from it that inspiration and character which with his native genius made his career possible. Contemporaneous with or coming soon before or after him were an army of great men and great women to whom the fame and prosperity of Indiana are due."

This chapter would be incomplete were it not to call attention, before closing, to the service rendered their country by individuals of this mountain region. A mere mention of a few representative names will emphasize the great part that, in spite of all their seclusion, the Appalachians have had in the affairs of the nation. There are the pioneers Boone, Sevier, the Shelbys, Davy Crockett, and Sam Houston; the presidents Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, and Andrew Johnson; the famous Confederates Zebulon B. Vance, John H. Reagan, and "Stonewall" Jackson; the renowned Unionists Parson Brownlow and Ad-

miral Farragut; the inventor Cyrus H. McCormick; and the man of the nation, Abraham Lincoln.

Surely the annals of the country would be the poorer were the deeds of the men of the Appalachians not found recorded in them.

CHAPTER IV

THE APPALACHIAN PROBLEM

THE problems that America confronts and must solve are legion in number. There are problems national and problems sectional; but the national problems belong also to the sections, and the sectional ones belong also to the nation. Away down South in Dixie land, there are two great problems—one, black; the other, white.

Dixie's Two Problems

The Black Problem

The black problem is of vastly the greater importance because it affects the peace, prosperity, and civilization of the entire South, if not of the entire nation. It is a problem to the right solution of which the best efforts of patriots must, perhaps for a long time to come, be most faithfully dedicated. It demands the best human wisdom, and, above all, that wisdom which cometh from above, profitable to direct.

While we lend our most loyal endeavor to the right solution of this supreme problem—a solution that shall please our common Lord and Master—we should imitate the methods of the divine Mathematician, and

not confine ourselves to one problem alone, but rather seek also the solution of other contemporary, coincident, and pressing problems.

The second problem is a white one; it is the Appalachian one. It is presented principally by the third class of the mountaineers of the South. Among the total five millions inhabiting the Appalachians there are a considerable number (how many, though some say two hundred and fifty thousand and others five hundred thousand, there is no statistician wise enough to give exact data) that are sorely in need of our Christian sympathy and help.

The White Problem

To use one metaphor, they are our belated brethren; they are behind the times; “they have fallen behind in the race of life and progress”; they have thus far missed the twentieth-century train. As they have aptly been called, they are our “contemporary ancestors.” To use another metaphor, they form a submerged class—not submerged by the waves of advancing civilization, for these waves have rolled up against the rocky bulwarks and fallen back in spray upon the lowlands; but submerged in sylvan solitudes and seclusion, and sometimes buried in backwoodsman idleness and illiteracy.

The problem is simply this: How are we to bring these belated and submerged blood brothers of ours, our own kith and kin, out into the completer enjoyment of twentieth-century civilization and Christianity? Let us seek the solution.

The Problem and Its Peculiarities

The Appalachian problem has certain peculiarities that cannot fail to engage our attention.

Whatever else may be said of our problem, it must be agreed that it is a peculiarly American one. In

An American Problem

many of the heights of the Appalachians, a foreigner is almost as rare an object as an American would be in the wilds of Tibet. An Indian in his war paint in a crowded city street hardly excites more genuine interest and curiosity than does a non-English-speaking visitor in the recesses of the Great Smokies. The total population of foreign birth in the southern mountains, including the 57,072 miners and their families of West Virginia, is only 89,964. If we omit West Virginia, the percentage of foreign-born population in the mountains is far less than one per cent. There is at least one spot undisturbed by foreign immigration. Only in some mining communities are there many foreigners. West Virginia has fourteen mountain counties that have from six to fifty-one persons of foreign birth to each county. Kentucky has one county with no foreigner, and twenty counties with only from one to eighteen of foreign birth. Virginia has twelve counties with from none to twelve of foreign birth. Tennessee has twenty counties with from none to twenty of foreign birth. North Carolina has five counties containing together a grand total of eight foreigners—not the equivalent of just one ordinary mountain family. Sixteen North Carolina counties have from one to eighteen persons of foreign birth. South Carolina has a county with a lonely

total of thirteen foreigners. Georgia has sixteen counties with from none to nineteen of foreign birth. And Alabama closes the procession with four counties that have an aggregate foreign population of forty-two.

The problem is also a purely Protestant one. There is no other locality in the English-speaking world where a parallel in this regard can be found to the conditions in the Appalachians; for, except in a few towns in the valleys, not a Roman Catholic can be found.

A Protestant Problem

The testimony of the Religious Census, published by the United States Census Bureau in 1906, is remarkable indeed. According to this census, there are only 86,607 Roman Catholics in the southern Appalachians, and these live in Maryland and in the mining regions, and in the larger cities. For example, 20,373 live in the four mountain counties of Maryland, and 13,467 in Birmingham. Out of the 251 mountain counties, 161 do not have even one Roman Catholic within their borders. In Virginia twenty-three of the forty-two mountain counties have no Roman Catholics either within their own limits or within the "independent cities" that are surrounded by those counties. In West Virginia, in spite of the mining population, fifteen of the fifty-five counties have no Romanists; in Kentucky, twenty-eight of the thirty-six have none; in Tennessee forty-one of the forty-five; in Georgia, twenty-one of the twenty-five; in Alabama, ten of the seventeen; in South Carolina,

one of the four; while in North Carolina only one of the twenty-three counties contains a Roman Catholic, and that is Buncombe County in which Asheville is located.

In a recent Roman Catholic appeal in behalf of the "Missions of St. Francis de Sales (East Tennessee)" the following remarkable statement appears: "This mission field comprises some thirty-four counties of East Tennessee, embracing an area of over twelve thousand square miles, with nearly a hundred thousand families within that area. The total population is over five hundred thousand souls. The Catholics on these missions (exclusive of the city of Knoxville) number less than three hundred." The appeal expresses the hope that from a chosen center "missionary activity and church extension may radiate until this fair field gleams with the 'white robe' of mission churches and rejoices in thousands of loyal neophytes."

The Protestant prejudice is intense. When the writer was only a lad, he once found himself in very bad repute among some mountaineers because he was mistaken for a Roman Catholic. He rose to his feet to lead the opening prayer in a mountain Sabbath school. In that locality it was for some reason the universal custom to kneel in prayer, and some one explained the innovation of the visitor by saying that it was rumored that Roman Catholics stand in prayer. The stranger was not reinstated in public confidence until he told the people that Presbyterians, too, stand,

as did Ezra and the congregation of Israel, in the offering of prayer.

Mission teachers have sometimes occasioned serious trouble for themselves by teaching their pupils the Apostles' Creed with its fatally misunderstood sentence, "I believe in the holy catholic church." No amount of footnotes or oral explanation could render the sentence innocuous, or restore confidence in the supposed heretic who had attempted to teach it to the children. The mountaineers are unanimously and unequivocally Protestant; and, as has already been stated, Rome has, for some reason, put forth practically no effort to proselyte these dwellers in the hill country.

The Appalachian problem is almost solely a white one. In 1860, there were but few slaves in all the Appalachians, and almost all of **A White Problem** these were in the valleys. Even in 1910 there were but comparatively few colored people in the Appalachians. True, there are 618,024 colored people reported as living in the southern mountain region, or about one eighth of the entire population, but they do not live in the remoter mountains. Half of this number live in Virginia and Alabama. There are some people in the recesses of the southern mountains that have never seen a colored man. In "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," the hero Chad saw a negro for the first time in his life. He was amazed, and asked what was the matter with the man's face. When informed, he braced up and said: "It don't skeer me."

Twelve mountain counties of West Virginia have within their borders from five to forty-eight colored people. Kentucky has two counties that report only one and four colored respectively. Virginia has one county with only four colored inhabitants and another with only seven. North Carolina has one county with no colored people. Tennessee has six counties with from eleven to ninety-eight. Even Georgia has six counties with only from fifteen to one hundred and sixty-two colored people.

The only part of the South that is not directly concerned in the race problem is the purely mountain region. The two problems of the South—the colored and the white one—in their territorial application almost exclude each other.

The Appalachian problem is, of course, a country problem. Perpetuating, as the geographical adjective does, the name of a tribe of Indians, the Appalaches, it suggests an outdoor problem, one near to Nature's heart. Save in an exceptional case like Asheville, there are no cities in the very mountains, though they flourish in the great valleys of the Blue Ridge and East Tennessee. Only twenty per cent. of the southern mountaineers live in towns of one thousand or more. The people are practically all farmers, and are unspoiled by the contaminations of city life. Their life is ideally bucolic. As has already been said, if it were not for the sheep-killing dogs, the mountaineers might easily be the greatest pastoral people of modern times.

Nevertheless, the problem is a varied and somewhat complex one. The endless variety of conditions among the various settlements is apparent to one who has any intimate acquaintance with the people. The mountaineers are homogeneous as to race, but heterogeneous as to conditions.

It is an utter mistake to assume that, because some—by no means all—of the mountain counties of Kentucky are cursed by the *vendetta*, that reminder of the clan vengeance of the Gaels, it is also true that the mountains of East Tennessee and western North Carolina are likewise afflicted by the same scourge. The feud is unknown in most of the Appalachians. So also is it a mistake to suppose the feudists themselves the incarnation of all evil. The Presbyterian bishop who knew them best declared: "Feud leaders were usually among the best, most honest, and successful men of the mountains; and when they removed to other localities, made some of the best citizens."

To assume that, because "wildcat" illicit distilling is done in some places in the mountains, the favorite occupation of the mass of the mountaineers is "moonshining" is absurd, and besides does great injustice to the valiant and victorious hosts of temperance men scattered all over the mountains.

Could a spiritual and moral barometer test the condition of all the purely mountain communities, a vast variety of records would be given. Some neighborhoods have stood by the Sabbath, the home, morals,

and religion, while many others have wandered far astray.

Then, also, as might be expected, superficial estimates are often as apt to be too harsh as they are to be too favorable. For example, one of the most inaccessible counties of western North Carolina has been widely advertised as a very immoral county. One of our ministers, however, after a residence of several years in the heart of that impeached county while engaged in educational and religious work, declared that he never before lived in a place where there is so little secret vice, and that he had known of almost no illegitimate births in the county during his residence there. While the conditions there are primitive, and large families are being reared in single-roomed cabins, the logically inferred immorality does not after all prevail. Sometimes under a rough, suspicious, and repellent exterior, the heart beats true.

There are, however, many places in the Appalachians where the conditions are deplorable and call loudly for reformation. Some must receive help from outside sources or perish; while, as we have seen, others will themselves lend a most effective helping hand in the making of the new mountains that patriotism and philanthropy unite in desiring. The problem is, of course, not so complex as is that which concerns the redemption and evangelization of the exceptional populations of the great West, or the hordes in the polyglot city of New York; but it is nevertheless sufficiently complex to challenge the best zeal and discretion of the church of Christ.

It must also be said with emphasis that our problem is an exceedingly delicate one. The highlanders are Scotch-Irish in their high-spiritedness and proud independence. Those who would help them must do so in a perfectly frank and kindly way, showing always genuine interest in them, but never a trace of patronizing condescension. As quick as a flash the mountaineer will recognize and resent the intrusion of any such spirit, and will refuse even what he sorely needs, if he detects in the accents or the demeanor of the giver any indications of an air of superiority.

The worker among the mountaineers must "meet with them on the level and part on the square," and conquer their oftentimes unreasonable suspicion by genuine brotherly friendship. The less he has to say of the superiority of other sections or of the deficiencies of the mountains, the better for his cause. The fact is that comparatively few workers are at first able to pass muster in this regard, under the searching and silent scrutiny of the mountain people.

The success of a worker in the mountains has sometimes been greatly and needlessly endangered by the writing of an injudicious letter that has gotten into print and then has found its way back to the place where it was written, to embarrass its author and to injure or even to destroy his usefulness. On the other hand, while workers in the mountains welcome heartily the visit of friends from other sections, their solicitude lest those visitors in addressing the

**A Delicate
Problem**

**Wanted, Tact
and More Tact**

schools or churches should offend the sensibilities of the people by leaving the impression that they look upon them as a peculiar and, inferentially, a lower class, has unhappily sometimes been justified. Certain offensive expressions of well-meaning but blundering visitors are quoted to the prejudice of the work and, sad to say, of the workers, even for years after they were thoughtlessly and tactlessly uttered. There is more tact and discretion needed in the mountains than in the cities, for the mountaineer has sensibilities as acute as any yet discovered, and a pride that deeply resents the air of conscious and patronizing superiority.

Mr. Campbell, in his study of "The Southern Highland Region," earnestly protests against the use of the terms "mission work," "mission schools," and "missionaries" in speaking of the mountaineers and of the work and the workers among them. These terms, while unobjectionable in many sections of our country, and while used frequently even by the distinctively southern churches, and while confessedly innocent and appropriate in themselves, are nevertheless extremely offensive in many sections of the South and of the southern mountains when used in reference to the work carried on among people of this section by people of another section. The mountaineers are proud-spirited and independent, and, in resenting the word "missionaries," often say: "We're no heathen; they needn't send missionaries to us." The newspapers of the section frequently reflect this sen-

timent in very emphatic editorials. Most of the workers in the southern Appalachians will agree with Mr. Campbell that the use of the word "missionary" does arouse a very troublesome prejudice which often hinders a most worthy cause.

Whatever else may be said, the problem is surely an urgent one, whether we take into account local or

national considerations. The men of the mountains need us; and surely we need them. We must

add their sturdy strength to the embattled forces of our Christian Americanism in the great war of the ages that is being waged in our day and in our land for the supremacy of sound government and for the spread of God's glorious gospel.

Most of the Appalachians are with us already; what added strength it would give us to have the entire army of the five millions on our side in this momentous conflict! They are ours by traditions and prejudices; the day will come when they will be ours as intelligent and efficient allies.

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