Most of the German immigrants were natives of the Palatine, in southwestern Germany, who had fled to America from devastating wars, religious persecution and burdensome taxes. The first group left the Palatinate in 1708 under their minister, Joshua von Kocherthal. This group numbered ten men, ten women and twenty-one children whose ages ranged from six months to fifteen years.

On passes procured by their leader from the English representative in Frankfort on the Main they went to England, where Queen Anne encouraged them by granting them an allowance of a shilling a day. This generous example was soon imitated; rich families gave them clothing and tools, while the government decreed them citizenship without charge.

When Kocherthal applied in their behalf for transportation to America, the Lords of Trade decided to send them to the colony of New York, where they could serve as buffer folk against the Indians or be employed in the manufacture of such naval stores as tar, pitch and high masts, which the Mistress of the Seas greatly needed. On arriving in New York at the end of 1708 the Palatines proceeded to the mouth of Quassaic Creek, some fifty-five miles north of New York City, where Governor Francis Lovelace gave each of them fifty acres and, in addition, granted Kocherthal five hundred acres for a glebe and two hundred and fifty acres for his family. Here they established Newburgh, named in honor of the residence in the Palatinate of the House of Pfalz-Neuberg.
News of Kocherthal’s success drifted back to the Palatinate, where new oppressions and the privations of an unusually severe autumn and winter combined to touch off another and much larger wave of emigration. Each new month proved more rigorous than the last. In November firewood would not burn in the open air. In December wine and liquor froze into solid masses of ice, trees and vines withered at the roots, and birds dropped dead as they flew. In January 1709 men claimed that their saliva congealed before it touched the ground. Before the month ended most of western Europe was buried in ice and snow. All the rivers, including the swift Rhone, were frozen; all along the coast the sea was solid enough to bear heavily laden carts.

Persecuted by their rulers and ruined by the wintry blasts, many Palatine husbandmen and wine dressers resolved to leave their wretched country. Kocherthal’s success in gaining the assistance of Queen Anne encouraged them to adopt the same course and seek English shores. Soon the whole Palatinate seemed to have migrated to London. By the fall of 1709 over thirteen thousand Palatines overflowed the city, filling taverns and public squares in Blackheath on the southern side of the Thames, where sixteen hundred tents from English military stores were erected to shelter them. Queen Anne made them liberal donations, provided them with food, presented them with a thousand German Bibles and distributed coal among them at Christmas time. A collection was taken up for them throughout the kingdom. This yielded nearly £2,000, and Parliament appropriated £35,000 more for their subsistence and transportation.

Curiosity drew half of London to Blackheath to see those hardy and simple foreigners who reportedly subsisted on brown bread, roots and the cheapest of meats. The practical Palatines fashioned inexpensive toys and sold them by the thousands. Rumors of Palatine brawn spread throughout the kingdom. The diarist Narcissus Luttrell heard of an elderly German who wagered an Englishman that he could walk three hundred miles in Hyde Park within a week. The German won the wager and then walked an extra mile for good measure.

The government took a more serious view of their presence. What was to be done with them? Only a handful could find
employment. The working people of London frankly distrusted them. They accused the Palatines of eating the bread which belonged to Englishmen and of working for smaller wages. Even beggars felt that the Queen's bounty belonged to themselves. Shopkeepers regarded Palatines with a jealous eye. Two thousand infuriated Londoners who were armed with axes, scythes and hammers attacked a Palatine camp and, much to the Queen's chagrin, struck down, threatened and robbed all who failed to run away. When an epidemic of smallpox struck London, the Palatines were accused of infecting the air.
At last the British authorities adopted a singular policy. The Catholic immigrants, numbering over three thousand, were returned to the Palatinate. The Protestants, however, were distributed throughout the empire. Some were sent to Ireland, some to the Carolinas. But the majority of them were transported to New York, whose governor, Colonel Robert Hunter, proposed to employ them in the production of naval stores.

As a site for the experimental work camp Hunter selected a tract on Livingston Moor, which had been recommended to him by the proprietor, Robert Livingston, as very suitable for his purpose. There, in the autumn of 1710, they were settled in two villages—East Camp, now Germantown; and West Camp, which name still survives.

The experiment was a failure from the very beginning. The local farmer hired to supervise production knew nothing about extracting pitch from virgin pine, so the Palatines found other employment. They established a school for the instruction of the few children who had survived the voyage; they built huts for shelter; they sowed grain; several hundred of them volunteered in an expedition against Montreal. Hunter grew more and more weary of supporting them. At last, having exhausted cash and credit—and having failed to receive his salary for five years—he informed them through his overseer that they must shift for themselves.

The Palatines despaired, for winter was approaching and winter had always brought starvation. In their extremity they sent a deputation of three men under John Conrad Weiser to purchase land from the Indians. The Indians not only sold the Palatines the land they desired but guided them through the forest, pointed out edible roots and herbs to them and provided the mothers with fur robes on which to rest and sleep.

The purchased land lay in the valley of the Schoharie, which they reached by blazing a trail fifteen miles long through the forest. Here fifty families settled during the first year. The next year another group, breaking through snow three feet deep, joined their comrades in Schoharie, swelling the population of the settlement to over a thousand.

They endured a poverty that belied their diligence. They
plowed their land with sickles, ground corn in stone mills like their Indian friends and, having at first neither horse nor cow, carried their belongings into the valley on their backs like the gold miners of the Klondike some two centuries later. On their backs, too, they carried salt and wheat seed from the village of Schenectady about twenty miles away.

To the common trials of pioneer life was added the unsleeping hostility of the government. Three times their land was granted away; three times they repurchased it. Then, exasperated by the dishonesty of the local speculator, they waited for the Albany sheriff who had been sent to eject them. Under the direction of Magdalena Zeh, a woman of Amazonian strength, they seized the sheriff, knocked him down and threw him into a ditch where a sow was wallowing. After inflicting many other indignities on him, they threw him on a rail and rode him through several settlements. Finally they deposited him on a small bridge across a stream along the old Albany road, a distance of six or seven miles from their starting point. There Mistress Zeh seized a club and beat the sheriff until two of his ribs were broken. Friends later rescued him and nursed him back to health.

Despite the experience of the unfortunate sheriff, dishonest speculators continued to wage a war of recrimination against the Palatines for several years. At last the beleagured Schoharie settlers decided to send Weiser and two other men to lay their cause before the Lords of Trade in London. This recourse proved unfortunate. In Delaware Bay pirates captured the three men, tortured and flogged Weiser until they extorted from him the money provided for the mission and then turned him and his companions free.

On arriving in London they were thrown into prison on the ground that the Palatines whom they represented, had, in taking possession of Schoharie, appropriated a tract which belonged to others. Weiser remained in London for five years, endeavoring to obtain for his people a title to the lands they had settled with so much peril and hardship. The appeal proved vain. Hunter returned to England and argued the case with such vehemence that finally Weiser gave up in despair. Returning to Schoharie, he advised his people to leave the colony and settle in Pennsyl-
vania, where he was confident they would obtain more hospitable treatment.

Not all of them were of the same mind. Some of them decided to stay on their clearings and buy their land again from the government; some accepted the offer of the new governor, William Burnett, to settle on lands elsewhere. The latter group, under the leadership of John Christopher Gerlach, emigrated to the Mohawk Valley, where—with other Palatines—they founded the towns of Herkimer, German Flats, Mannheim, Oppenheim, Minden, Palatine Bridge, Canajoharie, and Stone Arabia. For thirty years the Mohawk was as German as the Rhine.

The majority of the settlers of Schoharie decided to accept Weiser's advice and seek refuge in Pennsylvania. Under the guidance of their Indian friends, they cut a road through the forest from Schoharie to the headwaters of the Susquehanna, where the women and children floated down the river in rafts and canoes and the men marched along the road with their cattle.

At the juncture of the Swatara and the Susquehanna, they ascended the former stream. Between the sources of the Swatara and Tulpehocken Creek, on the rolling countryside so reminiscent of their native Palatinate, they selected land and settled. The limestone soil and the abundance of streams promised them rich agricultural reward for their patient industry. In ensuing years some of them advanced northward to the Juniata and southward through the low gaps of the South Mountains to the Great Valley of southeastern Pennsylvania. As they moved southward they found less and less prejudice from other newly arrived immigrants, the Scotch-Irish. Quitrents were cheaper too; Pennsylvania charged £15 for each hundred acres, Maryland only £5, and Virginia speculators in the Shenandoah Valley even less.

In 1726 the first German families attracted by these conditions crossed the South Mountains through Crampton's Gap and followed the Monocacy into the Potomac Valley, where they built such towns as Monocacy and Frederick. Others crossed the Potomac by Old Packhorse Ford, over which Indian hunters and warriors had passed since time immemorial, and founded a settlement which they named Mecklenburg but which inscrutable history rechristened Shepherdstown in honor of Thomas Shep-
The first Palatine to settle in the Valley of Virginia was Adam Müller, who changed his name to Miller. In 1726, when a Knight of the Golden Horseshoe told him of the fertile and beautiful country beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, he forthwith resolved to see it with his own eyes. Entering the Valley through Swift Run Gap, he built a cabin near the present site of Elkton. The land pleased him so much that he hurried back to Pennsylvania to fetch his family and to spread word of his good fortune among his former neighbors. They and some of their friends followed him. Within a few years nine plantations containing fifty-one persons, young and old, were flourishing along the Shenandoah River near Massanutten Mountain.

Farther north, five miles below the present town of Winchester, another Palatine, Justus Hite—or Joist or Yost Heid, as he variously spelled his name—built in 1731 a cabin destined to become the center of German migration that eventually helped to fill the back country of Virginia. With Hite and his family came his three sons-in-law, their families and a few of their friends. Each man in this group founded a separate settlement. Among them was Peter Stephan who, with other settlers, laid out Stephansburg which changed its name several times before it adopted its present one of Stephens City.

By 1740 waves of migration, each larger than the one previous, spread to the Great Falls, at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, and then swept through the Valley in all directions. In the next two decades immigrants poured through the gaps of the South Mountains to Patterson’s Creek, then to the South Branch of the Potomac as far as the New River region, then to the Greenbrier, and eventually to the Great Kanawha—converting, as they advanced, a trackless wilderness into a continuous agricultural paradise. On the eve of the American Revolution they had reached the mountains of Kentucky and were ready with the Scotch-Irish to bring permanent settlement to the Appalachian Frontier.

Of all the migratory groups in the Old West none surpassed the courage and faith of the Moravian Brotherhood, which
established Wachovia, the first permanent settlement in the back country of North Carolina. The Moravians were followers of that Morning Star of the Reformation, John Huss, who in 1415 “sealed his faith with a martyr’s death.” Originally they called themselves Unitas Fratum—the Unity of Brethren—but eventually they became known as Moravians, because most of them came from Moravia, the central province of present Czechoslovakia.

Their rule of faith and practice was based on the Old and New Testaments as God’s word, “which he spake to all mankind of old time in the prophets, and at last in his Son and by his Apostles, to instruct us into salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus.” Their leader in America was perhaps the best-known personality of the sect, Count Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf. He, like Saint Francis of Assisi, forsook the comforts of wealth to pursue evangelical work.

In 1741 Zinzendorf established a permanent organization in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and soon set out to bring religion to the Delawares and Shawnee in the Wyoming Valley of that colony. Armed only with the shield of faith and the gospel of peace, he advanced among the savages and announced that he came to dispel the darkness of their souls with the light of Christ. The Indians received him suspiciously. Legend says that one day while he sat writing in his tent, some Delawares stole up with the intention of killing him. Suddenly they saw two deadly snakes crawl into the tent from the opposite side, approach Zinzendorf, and pass harmlessly over his body. Thereafter the Delawares regarded him as a protégé of heaven. None of them dared disturb the Moravian settlements for several years.

In 1751 Zinzendorf bought 100,000 acres in North Carolina from Lord Granville, who wanted mines discovered, land cultivated, and towns and cities established on his vast estate. Hearing that the Moravians were thrifty and industrious settlers, he was happy to make them a liberal offer. On their part, they sought an estate where they could worship God without the restraint they had endured in Pennsylvania and where they might sell farmland to members of the Brotherhood. Zinzendorf chose Bishop August Spangenburg, a learned, devout and intensely practical man, to make surveys in the Granville tract and select
the site of the purchase. The prelate and five other Brothers left Bethlehem and arrived sixteen days later at Edenton, North Carolina, where they remained for several days. Spangenburg was so ill with fever that he fainted as he rode his horse and grew so weak that he had to be assisted to mount and dismount. Nevertheless, he refused to remain in Edenton until he was well. "The Lord," he said, "will give me the necessary health and strength. I will have to pass through much weakness, you will have to exercise much patience, but the Lord will help me through."

Prostrated with malarial fever, two of the Brethren remained behind, and eventually returned to Pennsylvania; but Spangenburg led the remaining three doggedly toward their goal. Several days later they arrived in the Catawba Valley, where they were joined by a surveyor and two hunters who supplied them with game. But the deeper they pushed into the wilderness the harder their journey became. Indians constantly eyed them with suspicion. Mountains rose all around them like huge waves in a storm. Confronted with an "indescribably" high peak, they once were obliged to remove the baggage from the horses to keep them from being hurled backward. Taking firm hold of the reins, they coaxed the trembling animals forward while they dragged the baggage after them as they climbed on hands and knees. Near the summit darkness overtook them; unable to put up their tents, they slept under the trees.

The Lord soon showed them a chestnut grove where they found water and forage for their horses. Patiently crossing a stream full of large rocks, they entered a broad valley, only to encounter a blizzard that drove them like dry leaves in all directions and almost swept them off their feet. Even the stoical Spangenburg complained—he had never known so strong a wind. He took refuge in his faith; it assured him that tomorrow would be no worse, and might be better.

And in the morning the Lord let His face shine upon them. Warmed and cheered by a flood of sunlight, they put more of the mountains behind them; but before the day ended they faced new difficulties. For two weeks they were "completely lost," walled in on all sides, while they and their horses trembled from hunger and cold, and Brother Antes suffered "unendurable pain"
from cold in a cut on his arm. But the Lord never forsook them. To their grateful joy He sent them three hunters, one of whom, Owen, invited them to his hut, cheered them and nursed Brother Antes' wound.

Resuming their journey with renewed courage, on December 27 they came upon "a body of land" in Anson County, about ten miles from the Yadkin. Spangenburg rejoiced, for at last they had reached the promised land, the terrestrial paradise "reserved by the Lord for the Brethren."

Before them spread a wide prairie abounding with springs that "never fail in summer," fine creeks, stone for building purposes, and meadows even more beautiful than those they had seen around Nazareth, Pennsylvania. Spangenburg had fourteen sections surveyed—a total of 73,000 acres—measuring ten miles wide and eleven miles long. Later he added enough to increase the amount to nearly one hundred thousand acres. He named the tract Wachovia, because its well-watered fields reminded him of Wachau, a former estate of the Zinzendorf family in Austria which derived its name from wach, meaning stream, and aue, meaning meadow. Soon after it was surveyed Spangenburg returned to Pennsylvania and then sailed to England where he reported to Lord Granville. Presently this nobleman and James Hutton, Secretary of the Moravian Brotherhood, came to an agreement on financial terms and signed a deed of property.

The Brotherhood soon took steps to establish a colony on its newly acquired possession. It assigned this task to twelve Brethren who, under the leadership of Brother Gottlob Königsdorfer, left Bethlehem early in October 1753 with their goods stored in a large wagon drawn by six horses. During the expedition Brother Bernhard Adam Grube kept a diary which reveals on almost every page the simple Christian faith that, translated into resigned patience and unremitting industry, enabled them to surmount the obstacles they everywhere encountered. Water was scarce, food not easily obtained. The Brethren were often obliged to travel many miles before they could find pasturage for their horses; sometimes, if they were fortunate enough to pass by a farm, they bought oats—after they had helped the farmer thresh it. In the wilderness they often went without
bread and meat and grain. Not always were they received with open arms. The folk they encountered were often suspicious of them or full of wonder at the sight of the huge wagon, strong horses and men bound for a distant region.

The Brethren usually rose before dawn and, buoyed by singing their prayers, traveled several miles in their lumbering wagon before they halted for their breakfast of broth. On this meager repast they journeyed until nightfall, overcoming incidents which varied with the condition of the road, the elevation of the ground and the state of the weather. Then they made camp, usually near a house or beside some stream, ate their supper, recounted their experiences, reverently heard Brother Gottlob say the evening service, and went to sleep in the care of Jesus. All of them reposed on the ground save Brother Gottlob who, ascending a little closer to heaven than his charges, “rested well” in his hammock between two trees.

Many and almost insurmountable were the difficulties that daily slowed their advance. Once their wagon proved too heavy for a bridge which collapsed just as the horses and the fore part of the vehicle were safely across. Sometimes their horses, straying during the night, delayed their early morning start. Sometimes the wagon, loaded with their belongings, was too heavy for the six horses to draw over a steep hill. Then they were obliged to carry the goods on their shoulders to the summit, sometimes in rain or snow, sometimes in bitter cold or oppressive heat. At the summit they faced the problem of descending. They carefully spragged the wheels of the wagon and held back with “all their might” by the tree trunk they had fastened to the rear—still they came down so rapidly that most of them lost their footing and rolled and tumbled pell-mell. Their discomfort left them unruffled. “No harm was done,” wrote Brother Grube, “and we thanked the Lord that He had so graciously protected us, for it looked at times as if it could not possibly be done without accident, but in spite of stump and stone we got down safely.”

As they crossed the James River, rain fell in torrents, drenching them to the skin. One night Brother Gottlob had to forgo the comfort of his hammock to help his charges dig trenches around their tent, which was in danger of being washed away
by the rain-swollen streams. When the weather cleared, “we spent most of the day drying our blankets and mending and darning our stockings.” The rain soon changed to snow. “The farther we went the more snow we found, and travel was difficult,” for they followed the “Upper Road,” which lay along the hills of the Blue Ridge in such an angle that “we could hardly keep the wagon from slipping over the edge of the mountain.” Often they were obliged to cut down trees so that the wagon could pass, or clear the road before they could get by a bad place.

On November 17 they at last arrived on the fringe of Wachovia. They were grateful to find that, as ever, the Lord had provided for them. This time the celestial gift was in the form of a deserted cabin “large enough that we could all lie down around the walls.” In this mansion, descended miraculously from heaven, they held a lovefeast in imitation of the early Christians while wolves padded and howled outside. And in that Pentecostal hour the tongue of fire descended upon Brother Gottlob, inspiring him to thank the Lord with this little poem:

We hold arrival Lovefeast here,
    In Carolina land,
A company of Brethren true,
    A little Pilgrim Band,
Called by the Lord to be of those
    Who through the whole world go,
To bear Him witness everywhere
    And naught but Jesus know.

The texts for the day were strikingly appropriate: “I know where thou dwellest,” even in the wilderness. “Be ye of the same mind one with another,” they prayed and then laid them down to rest. Brother Gottlob, as usual, hung his hammock above their heads.

Soon Brother Gottlob returned to Bethlehem, leaving Brother Jacob Loesch in charge of the colony. This resolute man soon sent his charges to explore and clear the land. It proved both beautiful and fertile. Near a clear creek which flowed through a wooded plain surrounded by low hills, they cleared with their
crude implements over eight acres on which they planted winter wheat, flax, millet, barley, oats, buckwheat, turnips, cotton and tobacco. Later, at the request of Brother Hans Martin Kalberlahn, a Norwegian who acted as the colony's physician, they added such medicinal herbs as fennel, caraway, parsley, poppy, sage and anise.

The next two years were brimful of work. They cut roads, raised vegetables and grain, built houses and shops and made journeys that covered hundreds of miles.

But they devoted their best hours to the herculean task of building a mill a mile downstream. They felled giant trees; they quarried and shaped and dressed suitable millstones; they built a dam; they forged metal bearings for the wheel; they constructed the race. And before the end of their second year in Wachovia the mill was grinding away. Around it sprang up a hamlet which the Brethren called Bethabara in memory of that place on the Jordan where John baptized Jesus. Soon roads were leading to it from all directions; the forest receded as Bethabara grew; a tannery, a pottery, a carpenter shop rose among the dwellings. During the French and Indian War the Brethren welcomed refugees and soldiers from both sides.

The Brethren always set a bowl or plate for hungry travelers. And Kalberlahn never denied his medical or surgical skill to any ailing person who was given lodging in the "strangers' house" until he or she was well enough to return home. But Kalberlahn did not confine his unresting duties to Bethabara; he traveled on horseback as far as a hundred miles to deliver a baby or treat a case of smallpox or mend a broken arm.

Once, on New Year's Day, he became a hero of a different sort. The Brethren discovered fire on the roof of their house, and Kalberlahn, rushing to help put it out, severely burned his feet. On the same day a man was injured on the head while cutting down a large tree. The Brethren carried him to Kalberlahn who, despite his own suffering, wasted no time in treating his patient. The skull was not fractured, and the man recovered before his physician.

Nothing epitomizes the Moravian spirit better than the short
The Immigrants

entry in Spangenburg's diary for Christmas Eve 1753. "We had a little love-feast; then near the Christ child we had our first Christmas Eve in North Carolina, and rested in peace in his hope and faith." In the surrounding forest wolves howled and panthers screamed throughout the night.

Moving with the Germans in the Old West were immigrants from the British Isles: English, Scotch Highlanders, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch-Irish. Among them were the ancestors of such famous Americans as Daniel Boone, James Robertson, Thomas Jefferson, Davy Crockett, Sam Houston, John Caldwell Calhoun, James Knox Polk, Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln and Stonewall Jackson. Representing the militant and expansive movement of American life, these names foretell such epic achievements as the Louisiana Purchase, the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War and the acquisition of California and Oregon. Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln personify such frontier ideals as universal manhood suffrage and social equality for all men.

The most numerous and significant of the British immigrants in the history of the American frontier were the Scotch-Irish. These were the descendants of Scotch Highlanders, Lowland Scots and Englishmen who had migrated in successive groups to that region of northern Ireland known as Ulster. The earliest group settled, with the permission of James I, on the huge estates of the outlawed earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel. The fertility of the soil, the favorable terms by which land could be bought and the advantages derived from a number of circumstances attracted other groups to Ulster until, by the end of the seventeenth century, that region became predominantly Scotch-Irish.

Zealous Presbyterians, they built many fine churches of their denomination, while they converted a number of remote towns into renowned emporiums. Their commercial success, however, eventually caused their undoing. Their exports of cattle became so large that they excited the alarm of English landowners who complained that the competition of the Ulster pastures had lowered English rents. Confronted with this condition, Parliament
felt obliged to pass laws absolutely prohibiting the importation to England from Ulster of all cattle, sheep, swine, beef, pork, bacon, mutton and even butter and cheese.

The Scotch traders also complained, forcing Parliament in 1667 to boycott Irish cattle, beef, all kinds of grain and, subsequently, horses. When even these repressive measures failed to allay English resentment, Parliament passed acts in 1670 and again in 1696 excluding Scotch-Irish vessels from the American trade and prohibiting any importation directly from the colonies to northern Ireland.

In the face of this restraint, the Scotch-Irish found an outlet for their industrial activity in manufacturing. Even there Parliament dealt them a staggering blow. In 1699 it passed an act prohibiting them from exporting manufactured wool to any country whatever. The crushing blow came five years later. An act excluded Presbyterians from all civil and military offices and forbade their ministers from celebrating marriages on pain of heavy fines and imprisonment.

Such were the tyrannies that had impelled the Scotch-Irish to seek new homes in America. Through Lewes and Newcastle, through Philadelphia and Boston, they moved in steady streams up the Mohawk and Cherry valley frontiers, and then down to Pennsylvania. Like the Germans, they were too poor to buy lands. Instead, they sought isolated spots on the frontier, where they squatted unmolested or defied the few rent collectors who invaded their domains. When they were challenged for titles they replied that Pennsylvania had solicited for colonists and that they had come accordingly. They even squatted on Conestoga Manor, a tract of 15,000 acres which the Penns had reserved for themselves. When they were told to move on they replied that this would be contrary to the “laws of God and nature” and that so much land should not be idle “while so many Christians wanted it to work on and to raise their bread.” And they stayed. Indeed, they even encouraged others to join them. In 1725 one of them wrote to a friend in Ulster that every member of his family was pleased with the colony “and wod If we were in Ireland again come here Directly it being the best country for working folk & Tradesmen of any in the world.”
Toward the middle of the century the Scotch-Irish began to move westward in thousands, following a trail that paralleled the banks of Octorora Creek and then turning northward along the Susquehanna and its tributaries. Finding that the Germans had already occupied the best lands, they had to satisfy themselves with the hillier country beside the Juniata River and west of the Cumberland Valley. By the middle of the century these bold and indigent strangers had occupied the whole mountainous region as far as the frontier post of Bedford.

After they had taken up the lands of interior Pennsylvania they turned southward into the free lands of Virginia and North Carolina, into the valleys of the Shenandoah, the Yadkin and the Catawba. In a single year more than four hundred Scotch-Irish families with horse wagons and cattle settled in the back country of North Carolina. The immigration was so great that the colony more than doubled its population within twenty years.

The Scotch-Irish represent a striking example of the powerful influence which hereditary and environmental factors exert on the psychological make-up of a people. Their ancestors had been compelled to hunt over perilous terrain and sometimes in rigorous weather in order to supplement their inadequate food supply. At the same time they often engaged in sanguinary feuds which family hate or a mutual desire for plunder or revenge kept alive from generation to generation. This pattern of life developed in them a self-reliance and a physical endurance acquired by their descendants, who were thus enabled to respond with admirable effectiveness to the formidable challenge of the American frontier. They had undying confidence in their own manhood. In action they were as bold and intrepid as the Romans; in Indian fighting they won the admiration even of the Shawnee, who acknowledged them as superiors.

The Scotch-Irish also acquired a defiant, aggressive and grasping nature which compensated for feelings of insecurity and inferiority doubtless engendered by centuries of precarious existence. They seldom neglected an opportunity to better themselves. They kept the Sabbath and everything else they could lay their hands on. And they manifested an indomitable spirit
of personal independence which impelled them to resist any encroachment on their individual rights. They were impatient of the slow process of the law, resentful of governmental restraint imposed on them without their consent. While they supported royalty with their heads, their hearts desired that the people should be the ultimate repository of political power.

Though life had made them hard-boiled and sometimes cruel, they yearned, like the rest of humanity, for society and sympathy, sentiments which circumstances compelled them to gratify in their own hearthstones for it was there that

... the mother and children, under an ever-present sense of their dependence upon his protection and counsel, gathered around the husband and father, as their hero and their oracle, with mingled emotions of love, gratitude, veneration, and pride; while he, in return, regarded the protégés of his prowess with those feelings of tenderness natural to the sacred relation he sustained toward them, deepened and intensified by a realization of their absolute dependence upon his strength and their confidence in his courage.

This strong feeling of domestic affection—this clannishness, strengthened by time and constant necessity of mutual assistance—was one of the traits of the Scotch-Irish pioneers that spelled their success.

Originally they were stanch followers of John Knox, though later in the American wilderness many of them found the Baptist or Methodist faiths better suited to their religious needs. The bleak surroundings—which had engendered in their Scotch forefathers a disdain for political authority—incited in them a profound feeling of superstitious awe.

Their rude imaginations became impressed by the viewless presence of a vast, invisible, intangible, mysterious being, whose character they invested with the same savage attributes as their own. They saw his terrible chariot in the black mass of whirling clouds, and heard his angry voice in the roaring storm. They caught the gleam of his vengeful weapon in the lightning's bolt that shivered the gnarled oak, and saw the outpouring of his om-
nipotent rage in the rushing torrent that dashed the granite buttress of the mountain from its base; and when the wintry night wind shrieked its wailing dirge around their lonely hovels, they told their children, in the subdued tones of ignorant awe, of his wrath which they could not appease, and his power which they could not withstand.

Inspired by the preaching of John Knox, who understood their psychological needs, they repudiated prelacy and papacy alike for a religion in which no minister or other ecclesiastic could be foisted on a congregation without its own consent, and in which not even its humblest member could be deprived of any congregational right without the privilege of appealing to its highest tribunal which was composed of representatives chosen by the people. Thus they embraced popular government in religion as they had in politics. Their stubborn attachment to democratic principles inspired the saying among them that, when God made the Scotch-Irish, He put a bone in them that never lets the knee bend save to Himself.

In Ulster they had found themselves pressed on every side by politically powerful Episcopalian and by numerically superior Roman Catholics. These circumstances engendered in them a hatred for everything English and a dread of Catholicism. More than ever, they conformed only to the Word, and even this they handled in the rude, practical manner so characteristic of them. Typical of their ministers was the Reverend Matthew Clark of Kilrea, a veteran of the siege of Londonderry. Once, preaching from Philippians 4:13, the Reverend Clark began with the words: “'I can do all things.' Ay, can ye, Paul? I'll bet a dollar o' that!” Whereupon he drew a Spanish dollar from his pocket and placed it beside his Bible on the pulpit. Then, with a look of surprise, he continued: “Stop! Let's see what else Paul says: 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengthened me.' Ay, sae can I, Paul; I draw my bet!” And he returned the dollar to his pocket.

The reactions of the German and the Scotch-Irish immigrants to their experiences determined the nature of American charac-
ter. Because they had been oppressed they believed in freedom; because they were underprivileged they believed in social and political equality. They resented the leisurely life and wealth of the East. They hated what the East championed—class distinction and privilege—and championed what the East denied them—universal manhood suffrage, social equality and religious toleration which, incidentally, spawned new creeds. Adaptability was the price of survival: they became emphatically practical, versatile and ingeniously mechanical. They “preferred the useful to the beautiful and even required the beautiful to be useful.”

The poverty and dangers they shared in common made them equals; they developed no sense of superiority one over the other. Each settler, therefore, respected his neighbor’s property and religious beliefs—in principle if not always in practice. At the same time their feelings of inferiority and insecurity made them bold, persistent, aggressive and boastful, while their frustrations engendered a restlessness that plunged them into constant and feverish activity. They sought quick and direct and forceful solutions to problems that required reflection and patience. Yet their response to their environment converted these shortcomings into the very virtues they needed to survive and succeed on the frontier. And there they expressed, in word and deed, their unmistakably American character.