CHAPTER I

CRUSADEING IN THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS

To admit that one sprang from the second families of Virginia marks a strange trait. Indeed, it may well be argued that if the admission were publicly made and without provocation, it points to positive idiosyncrasies. So much undoubtedly can be proved on William Gannaway Brownlow, known to his time and to history as the Fighting Parson. Like Abraham Lincoln, his ancestry was the short and simple annals of the poor, but unlike Lincoln he made a virtue out of telling it.

Brownlow’s father was Joseph A. Brownlow, who was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia in 1781. He spent his life drifting down the great valleys of Southern Appalachia, and by 1816, when he died, he had reached East Tennessee. Brownlow’s mother was Catherine Gannaway, also a Virginian. This couple had proceeded southwestward as far as a farm in Wythe County, when their first child was born. It was on the 29th day of August, 1805, and the child was a boy. They named him William, to do honor to one of his father’s brothers, and they added Gannaway out of respect for his mother’s family. Two brothers and two sisters followed in rather close succession, to be his playmates. At the age of thirty-five his father died, a victim of the hard life of the frontiersman, and his mother, with feelings too tender for so dire a fate, grieved much for her departed husband, and followed him within less than three months. At the age of eleven Andrew Johnson, later to loom large on the Brownlow horizon, had lost only his father; Brownlow at the same age had lost both father and mother. Though an orphan he grew strong and by the time he became the Fighting Parson he seems to have discovered how to transform vehemence into strength, for he outlived all of his brothers and sisters by almost two decades.¹

¹ For the early life and ancestry of Brownlow see, W. G. Brownlow, Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession; with a Narrative of Personal
Brownlow was born in that mountainous region below Mason and Dixon's Line, which might well be called Southern Appalachia. It is one great physiographic unit, embracing more than 100,000 square miles, and extending southward 500 miles and more as far as northern Georgia and Alabama. Ignoring the mighty decrees of nature, man, with his adventitious political divisions, cut it up and parcelled it out among no less than eight states; but the natural coherence of the people of Southern Appalachia has stood out boldly in every great crisis which has confronted them. Nature built this region on a plan clear and simple. On the west is the bold Cumberland escarpment, and on the east is the Blue Ridge, which in North Carolina and Tennessee goes under the name of the Unakas and the Great Smoky Mountains. Between lies the Great Appalachian Valley, which is in fact various valleys running northeast and southwest. This region, instead of being inaccessible, and hostile to man's esthetic tastes and his economic struggles, is kindly disposed to both. The beauty of the smoothly formed green ridges and the great towering peaks, and the fertility of the broad river valleys attracted people no less in the early pioneer days than at present.

Into these beautiful valleys came the Scotch-Irish before the Revolutionary War, and so eager were they and other early settlers to see and to seize what was further on that, without knowing it, they passed on out of the Old Dominion and as early as 1769 reached the Watauga and Holston valleys in the King's

Adventures among the Rebels, pp. 15-17 (This book is best known under the binder's title, Parson Brownlow's Book and is thus referred to hereafter); Portrait and Biography of Parson Brownlow, the Tennessee Patriot, Together with his Last Editorial in the Knoxville Whig; also, his recent Speeches, Rehearsing his Experience with Secession, and his Prison Life, p. 27, (referred to hereafter as Portrait and Biography); W. G. Brownlow, Helps to the Study of Presbyterianism or, an Unsophisticated Exposition of Calvinism, with Hopkinesian Modifications and Policy, with a View to a more easy Interpretation of the Same. To Which is Added a Brief Account of the Life and Travels of the Author, Interspersed with Anecdotes, pp. 242-43 (referred to hereafter as Helps to the Study of Presbyterianism. The personal narrative part of this book has been republished in S. G. Heiskell, Andrew Jackson and Early Tennessee History, III, 227-72); R. N. Price, Holston Methodism, III, 315-18; Oliver P. Temple, Notable Men of Tennessee from 1833 to 1875, p. 318; and American Annual Cyclopaedia, 1877, p. 79.

* Many Germans drifted into the Shenandoah Valley.
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colony of North Carolina. With characteristic frontier initiative they set up a government of their own, writing out on American soil for the first time a fundamental charter, and calling it the Watauga Association. They fought the King at the battle of Kings Mountain and later when affairs in state and nation were not going to suit them, they showed further initiative and daring by declaring themselves the independent State of Franklin.

The spell of the frontier led people of every estate in life to drift westward, and as they trudged along, the Great Southern Highlands laid first claim on them and levied its toll. In its strategic position it stood to win some of the best as well as the worst. It had fertile valleys which satisfied the most fastidious, and it possessed barriers, which stopped the weaklings and shiftless and afforded them homes which no other would accept. So it was that some seeing the fertile lands, stopped through choice; others suffering the breakdown of a wagon wheel, remained by accident; and still others too poor and too weak to proceed farther, settled down through hard necessity.

In Southern Appalachia were developing such families as the Breckinridges, the Prestons, and the Clays who were to move out about the beginning of the nineteenth century and attach their names indelibly to other parts of the country. On the edges of this region were born the Jeffersons and the Calhouns. Originating on the outside Andrew Jackson entered it, remained for a time, and then moved on; Andrew Johnson came to stay; David Crockett and Sam Houston were born in the heart of Southern Appalachia, and both moved westward to cast their lots with Texas. Admiral David G. Farragut came from this region, and it was not by accident that he supported the Union in the Civil War. And in the latter part of the century Bob Taylor, born in East Tennessee, fiddled himself into the hearts of his fellow-citizens and into the office of governor of the state. Later his brother Alf won the same office, though through the power of the opposite party, the Republicans. And downward into the twentieth century Southern Appalachia has not ceased to attract attention. It remained for a little town in
East Tennessee to draw upon itself the eyes of the world as it sought to prove that a great Englishman was wrong if not sacrilegious when he formulated his theory of evolution.

In such a region Brownlow found himself at the age of eleven, an orphan. He was not of the rich valley people who tilled farms of plantation proportions, though both the Brownlows and the Gannaways had been sufficiently well-to-do to own a few slaves. It is also evident that there was at that time a class of people in the out-of-the-way places who had an economic standing lower than the Brownlows. Manifestly a boy of eleven could do little toward feeding and clothing a family of four younger brothers and sisters, so these five orphans were scattered among their relatives. Billy Brownlow was sent to his Uncle John Gannaway, and for the next seven years he worked on a farm and earned his keep by the sweat of his brow. As the hard life of a farmer did not appeal to him, at the age of eighteen he got his uncle's permission to leave, and went to Abingdon, in Washington County. Here he apprenticed himself to another uncle, George Winniford, a house-carpenter and a planter, and for three years worked at the business of sawing planks, and building them into houses. But he was soon convinced that he was not destined to go through life doing such things, and so decided to get an education and become a man of some importance.

In 1825 a camp-meeting was reported in progress at Sulphur Springs, twenty-five miles from Abingdon. Brownlow went over to join the crowd, and soon found himself converted, and then for the first time in his life was "enabled to shout aloud the wonders of redeeming love." As he recalled the occasion a few years later, "All my anxieties were then at an end—all my hopes were realized—my happiness was complete." A sudden change had now come over him. He quit being a carpenter, and hurried away from Abingdon back up into Wythe County, there to have his rude educational tools welded by William Horne into finer instruments. This year ended his formal schooling, but it heightened his insatiable desire to read and study almost every book he could lay his hands on.

Camp-meeting ecstasy as pictured by an antebellum artist. From *Brother Mason, the Circuit Rider; or, Ten Years a Methodist Preacher.*
As Brownlow read, he also observed. He was soon convinced that the quickest way to become a great man in his little world in Southern Appalachia was to join in the great religious boom then in progress. Not much education was needed, but a large amount of religious fervor, excitability, and pugnacity would go a long way, and if a ready tongue and a quick wit were added, the combination would be complete. As Brownlow had all these qualities in excellent proportions, he decided to join in the movement. According to the law of probabilities, he should have become a volunteer in the Presbyterian forces, for these crusaders were the first to visit the back country of Virginia, in the Scotch-Irish migrations of colonial times. The Brownlow family was Scotch-Irish and naturally was Presbyterian, but the Gannaways were Methodists and it was they who had the last word on religious matters with Billy Brownlow before he became a man. And then, too, the Methodist ways of doing things suited Brownlow much better. Finally, it was a Methodist meeting which had turned him to the Lord. So Brownlow decided to join the Methodist movement and become a leader in the front ranks.

As the Holston Conference was scheduled to meet in Abingdon in the fall of 1826, he planned to attend and to apply for admission into the travelling ministry. Bishop Joshua Soule presided this year, and it was he who admitted Brownlow, assigning him to the Black Mountain Circuit, in North Carolina, an outpost on the eastern slopes of Appalachia.

What sort of task confronted this new parson in the wilderness? What had the forces of organized religion done for Southern Appalachia and what had been their manner of doing it? These questions must of need be settled. It brings no profit to any one to be able to say truly which might have been the first denomination to be represented in any given portion of the great Southern Highlands by some wandering preacher, perhaps, self-appointed; but it is of much importance as far as history goes to be able to say which denomination first came in considerable force and tended to hold the upper hand. This strategic position fell to the Presbyterians, as before intimated, but they were soon being hard-pressed by the Methodists and
Baptists. The Presbyterians were in Abingdon some years before the American Revolution broke out, for Charles Cummings went there in 1772 to serve two congregations already organized. On down into East Tennessee they drifted; when Francis Asbury passed through that region in 1802 he found them well organized. The Presbyterians were the religious aristocrats in this frontier country. They believed in education and carried out that belief by setting up academies and colleges. In 1783 Samuel Doak set up Martin's Academy at Salem. A dozen years later this was transformed into Washington College. Greeneville College was provided for in 1794, and the year 1819 saw the beginnings of Southern and Western Theological Seminary, which later became Maryville College.4

A few stray religious enthusiasts who called themselves Baptists seem to have made their appearance in East Tennessee, long before this name was applied to the region, even as early as the Watauga settlement. The Indians demolished one of their establishments before the Revolutionary War, but the Baptists were back again by 1781, this time at Buffalo Ridge. Thereafter one Baptist association followed another in a steady progression, bearing such names as Holston, Nolichucky, Powell's Valley, Sweetwater, Sequatchee, and Ocoee.5

Methodist men of God were in the back country almost as soon as a settlement would spring up; their activities began in Southwest Virginia before 1783, for it was in this year that the Holston Circuit was set up. The first Conference ever to be held west of the mountains took place in East Tennessee in May, 1788, at a place called Half-Acres; and it was the ubiquitous Asbury who presided. Later he passed through this region often in his wilderness travels, and now and then Lorenzo Dow, "the crazy

5 David Benedict, A General History of the Baptist Denomination in America and other Parts of the World.
preacher,” came this way. Soon the Methodists were setting up their circuits throughout all Southern Appalachia. As for schools and colleges, the followers of John Wesley were not quite sure that such man-made institutions might not afford easy ways for wasting money. And at this time the feeling was not completely dispelled from among them that a Methodist preacher needed no more education than that with which the Lord had endowed him. Yet in 1831 they founded Holston Seminary at New Market, in East Tennessee, and falling into the habits of the times, they soon changed it into a manual training school. In 1836 the Holston Conference succeeded in founding a college which they had been contemplating for four years. At first they decided to locate it at Strawberry Plains, in East Tennessee, but their final decision was to go to Washington County, in Southwest Virginia. This institution developed into Emory and Henry College.  

Carrying religion to the frontier was beset with almost as many dangers and inconveniences as dogged the steps of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. The Methodist circuit-rider was in the forefront; the Baptist itinerant was not far behind; the Presbyterians, while generally early on the field, enjoyed more security back of the lines. The frontier preacher, though little educated, was tremendously serious; indeed, his zeal often went in inverse proportion to his learning. Hunting souls was to some adventuresome frontiersmen much the same as hunting bears might be to others. There was much the same sort of sport for both, although the soul hunter might not always recognize it. Each made a living, and neither grew wealthy. The Methodist circuit-rider was allowed about $80 a year if he could find means for getting it, and in computing this amount, gifts of food and raiment and fees for marrying couples were included. He was urged to remain single as long as he was on the circuit, and if he felt he must marry he was urged to “locate,” in order to supplement his income from other means than preaching. Old Peter

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Cartwright, who knew well the business of circuit-riding, observed, "But the Lord provided; and, strange as it may appear to the present generation, we got along without starving, or going naked."

The circuit-rider's equipment generally consisted of a horse, a bridle, a saddle, and saddle-bags. Among the contents of his saddle-bags were a Bible, and perhaps occasionally a copy of Milton's works. The latter was valuable for descriptions of hell-fire; the former must be a constant companion, for the Bible should be continuously studied in order that the sinner might be the more easily refuted. And furthermore a frontier preacher would be forever disgraced among his fellows if he were ever caught off guard to the extent that he could not preach a sermon at the shortest notice on any given passage in the Bible. Ezek. 1:16 reads, "The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl: and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel." This difficult passage led a Presbyterian preacher to construct a sermon which he called "A Wheel Within a Wheel," and which he liked so well that he had it printed in the *Calvanistic Magazine*, an East Tennessee publication.

Once a Methodist bishop exhibited his learning by beginning his sermon in this wise, "My beloved hearers, I shall in the first place speak to you of the things which you know; second, of what I know, and you do not know; third, of the things that neither of us know." The frontier man of God was a hard rider, a hard preacher, and a hard liver. One who knew the Methodist itineracy in its greatest vigor declared that it had no ruffles or lawn sleeves that it cared to soil, no love-locks that it feared to disorder, no buckles it was loath to tarnish. It lodged roughly, and it fared scantily. It tramped up muddy ridges,

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2 Vol. III, No. 7 (July, 1829), pp. 199-213. This magazine was started in January, 1827, in Rogersville, in East Tennessee, by James Gallaher, Frederick A. Ross, and David Nelson. See also Milburn, *op. cit.*, pp. 365-66.
it swam or forded rivers to the waist; it slept on leaves or raw deer-skin, and pillowed its head on saddle-bags; it bivouacked among wolves or Indians; now it suffered from ticks or mosquitoes—it was attacked by dogs, it was hooted, and it was pelted—but it thrived.\textsuperscript{10}

He threaded his way through the wilderness with a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. He might have had imperfect notions of the universe outside of Southern Appalachia, but he was seriously going about the task which he knew it was his duty to perform. His language was fiery and direct, for he knew he had a great issue to settle every time he preached. He had the conviction that there were souls in his audience which if not saved then would go down to eternal damnation before he should return. An East Tennessee religious publication excitedly declared, “With unspeakable distress we have heard of the alarming prevalence and wide-spread ravages of moral death in one of the western counties of Virginia.” A runner had but recently arrived and told “with streaming eyes of the ruin which appears to hang over the people.”\textsuperscript{11}

The earliest preachers of course found no meeting-houses, so they preached under some large tree or on the doorstep of some willing convert. Bishop Asbury came through East Tennessee in the fall of 1802 and reported that he “had sacrament and love feast in the woods.”\textsuperscript{12} The lack of meeting-houses and the strange religious outburst that swept over the whole western frontier at the break of the nineteenth century, led to the camp-meetings which were held out in the midst of the forest. The Great Revival seems to have had its earliest and most intense manifestations beyond the mountains out in Kentucky, but some of the strangest outbursts first appeared in East Tennessee. People for miles around went to these meetings in almost unbelievable numbers for where else could they go and what else was there to draw them together, unless it were the tricks of a politician? Bishop Asbury attended a camp-meeting in 1802 near Jonesboro. It

\textsuperscript{10} Wm. W. Wightman, \textit{Life of William Capers, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; including an Autobiography}, pp. 471-72.


\textsuperscript{12} \textit{Journal of Francis Asbury}, III, 87.
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lasted for four days and drew a modest crowd of about 1,500 people. According to his account, “We had a shaking, and some souls felt convicting and converting grace.” But it remained for “crazy Dow,” who debouched from Buncombe County, in North Carolina, down the French Broad River, the next year, to discover and report on happenings strange even to the early frontier preacher. He had heard “about a singularity called the *jerks* or *jerking exercise*, which appeared first near Knoxville in August last, to the great alarm of the people. . . .” At first he considered the report “vague and false,” but “at length, like the Queen of Sheba” he set out to see for himself. He was soon in the midst of things and saw remarkable sights. The afflicted threw their heads to and fro hurriedly, at the same time jerking furiously in every limb. At one of the camp-meetings, he saw jerking-saplings, “where the people had laid hold of them and jerked so powerfully that they had kicked up the earth as a horse stamping flies.” Peter Cartwright knew much about jerking. He had had as many as five hundred people at one time jerking in his congregations. According to him the bonnets, hats, and combs of the women would fly off, and so violently did their heads snap back and forth that “their long hair cracked almost as loudly as a wagoner’s whip.” The Lord smote the people of this wilderness in other strange fashions. People ran hurriedly to and fro on the camp grounds and in the tabernacle under the trees; some lay prostrate in beds of straw; others with flays hurried out into the forests and whipped the trees as if they were chasing and chastising the devil; some went through the motions of playing the fiddle or sewing; and some went into the holy dance. Dow visited a camp-meeting across the line in Virginia where he heard a great pandemonium of the wicked break out, as they were smitten by the Lord. One preacher had used up his strength in exhorting the multitude and then another “began to exhort, when there commenced a trembling among the wicked; one, a second, and a third fell from their seats and the cry for mercy became general . . . and for eleven hours there was no cessation of the loud cries.” The Quakers in

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East Tennessee did not seem to engage in these antics, but Dow found a sect of them “who do not feel free to wear colored clothes.”

These holy demonstrations gradually began to degenerate, in the eyes of some of the preachers, into gigantic frolics and horse-play performances, and the whole system of camp-meetings soon came in for condemnation. Lorenzo Dow declared that he had heard a preacher produce “ten passages of Scripture to prove that dancing was once a religious exercise, but corrupted at Aaron’s calf, and from thence young people got it for amusement.” But the camp-meeting was destined to outlast all its critics, even into the dawn of the twentieth century. It became one of the fixed institutions in Southern Appalachia, serving not only the religious group but also the irreligious element. The announcement of a camp-meeting brought glee to the hearts of all the bullies, drunkards, pickpockets, horse-traders, horse-thieves, and whiskey-traffickers throughout all the surrounding country. To preserve order was no easy task, but in the performance of this function, some of the best preachers developed into some of the most proficient fighters. Virile old Peter Cartwright, in his western vineyard, stood equally ready to instill the fear of God into his hearers through a sermon or by wielding a club. Once with a club he knocked a rowdy off his horse, seized him, took him before a justice of the peace and had him fined $50. On another occasion he seized the whiskey supply of a bunch of disturbers and drove them off the campground with a barrage of stones. When in the midst of his sermon a woman disturbed the meeting by kicking her converted daughters, he tripped her up and threw her sprawling among the congregation, continuing his discourse as if nothing had happened. Now and then he worked such strategems on the hood-

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14 T. W. Humes, The Loyal Mountaineers of Tennessee, pp. 339-41; Perambulations of Cosmopolite; or Travels and Labors of Lorenzo Dow in Europe and America, pp. 132-33; The Dealings of God, Man, and the Devil; as Exemplified in the Life, Experience, and Travels of Lorenzo Dow, in a Period of over Half a Century; together with his Polemic and Miscellaneous Writings. Complete. To which is added the Vicissitudes of Life, by Peggy Dow, I, 27, 85 (referred to hereafter as Dealings of God, Man, and the Devil). Abel Stevens, History of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America, IV, 483.
lums as playing on the vanity of their leader by appointing him peace officer and thereby turning him against his own gang, and by centering his heavenly artillery on the gang leader and subduing him. Parson Cartwright's creed was "to love everybody, but to fear no one," and he added, "I did not permit myself to believe any man could whip me till it was tried." A gentle Baptist itinerant in the Big Sandy Valley of Eastern Kentucky, by the use of his fiddle, tamed the spirit of the rowdies that might otherwise have disturbed him.\(^{15}\)

To say that these fiery champions of the Lord should fight only gangsters would leave unnoticed some of their greatest battles. In this great arena of Southern Appalachia there were three bands of gladiators—the Methodists, the Baptists, and the Presbyterians—contesting for the souls of the people. Fights waxed as hot among these three groups as ever they did between preacher and rowdy. The general tendency was for the two Calvinistic groups, the Baptists and the Presbyterians, to join the fray against the Methodists. This union of forces was encouraged by the fact that the Methodists appeared to each of the other denominations to be the most dangerous rival. Methodism was a frontier religion, made so by the chief characteristics of its doctrines and by the nature of the frontiersmen. Among the cardinal principles of Methodism were free will, free grace, and individual responsibility. These ideas worked in definite harmony with frontier democracy. Such Calvinistic doctrines as predestination and foreordination could have little appeal to a headstrong son of the frontier, who wanted and would have his own way, in this world if not hereafter. So, contentions and disputes grew up in which there was none too lowly to participate and none too high. At the very time Brownlow became a parson, a war against Methodism was raging, with Nathan Bangs and John Emory boldly fighting the battles for John Wesley. Although one of the most historic fights against Methodists in Southern Appalachia was carried on by a Presbyterian, the Baptists developed the more intense rivalry with the

\(^{15}\) Milburn, op. cit., pp. 383-84; W. R. Jillson, The Big Sandy Valley. A Regional History Prior to the Year 1850, pp. 105-6; Strickland, op. cit., p. 133.
Methodists and engaged in the greater number of battles.

Jacob Young, a Methodist preacher, experienced much trouble in organizing a circuit until he was able to dispel the feeling of the people that he was a Baptist. On one occasion, as darkness was fast approaching, he spied a cabin in the midst of the forest. He approached and asked the woman in the doorway whether he might spend the night. She was on the point of turning him away as a roving Baptist, when he explained that he was a Methodist. Thereupon she exclaimed, "La me! has a Methodist preacher come at last? Yes, brother, you shall stay all night." The point of difference between the Methodists and Baptists that produced the greatest amount of disputing was the question of baptism. So many revivals had been held in the Clinch Circuit and the people had been preached to so much that they had become "very superstitious in their notions—looking for miracles and things out of the common order. They expected for God to tell them everything that they ought to do." According to the Reverend Mr. Young,

A class-leader became dissatisfied with the baptism he received when he was an infant, and began to think he ought to be baptized by immersion; he talked to the preachers and to the brethren, but concluded he would lay it before the Lord. One morning he arose early and went upon the mountain, and continued in prayer until late in the afternoon. But before sundown, the family heard him crying at the top of his voice, and he came down from the mountain, in full speed, crying, "Baptism, baptism, baptism, by immersion!" He thought he had received the revelation right from heaven; others thought so too, and away they went and were immersed—then they felt that all was well.17

Often Methodist and Baptist ministers interrupted each other in their meetings and now and then meetings were broken up by the indignant enemy. On one occasion a Baptist cried out in a Methodist service, "Sir, you have preached lies this day,

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16 Autobiography of a Pioneer: or, the Nativity, Experience, Travels, and Ministerial Labors of Rev. Jacob Young with Incidents, Observations, and Reflections, p. 83.
17 Ibid., pp. 126-27.
and I can prove it from the word of God."\(^{18}\) The congregation dispersed in riotous disorder. But the Methodists were not above taking the offensive. A Baptist, after bitterly castigating a Methodist, called upon anyone in his audience to deny the truth of his charges. Peter Cartwright arose and assailed him so mercilessly that he fled from the house. Then, according to Cartwright's account, "I ordered him to stop, and told him, if he did not, I would shoot him in the back for a tory; he got out at the door. He was taken so at surprise, and charged on so suddenly, that he forgot his hat, and he peeped around the door-chink at me. I blazed away at him till he dodged back, and started off, bare-headed, for home, talking to himself by the way."\(^{19}\) Parson Cartwright was greatly annoyed by the proselyting Baptists who came across his trail, and he solemnly laid this charge against them:

It was the order of the day (though I am sorry to say it), that we were constantly followed by a certain set of proselyting Baptist preachers. These new and wicked settlements [in the upper Cumberland River region] were seldom visited by these Baptist preachers until the Methodist preachers entered them; then, when a revival was gotten up, or the work of God revived, these Baptist preachers came rushing in and they generally sung their sermons; and when they struck the long roll, or their sing-song mode of preaching, in substance it was "water! water! You must follow your blessed Lord down into the water!" . . . indeed, they made so much ado about baptism by immersion, that the uninformed would suppose that heaven was an island, and there was no way to get there but by diving or swimming.\(^{20}\)

The Presbyterians, less given to roving up and down the wilderness, carried on their warfare in the more dignified printed page. So they were answered likewise. Cartwright, equally versatile as a pamphleteer or a verbal antagonist, hurled against them such compositions as these, "A Useful Discovery: or I

\(^{18}\) Ibid., p. 80.
\(^{19}\) Strickland, op. cit., p. 136. This incident took place in the Cumberland River region in 1813.
\(^{20}\) Ibid., pp. 133-34.
Never Saw the Like Before,” “The Dagon of Calvinism,” and “The History of the Devil,” and “Crazy Dow” entered the pamphleteer’s arena against them with his “Chain.”

The ministers of Southern Appalachia had all the frailties of the rough frontiersmen among whom they worked. They suffered all the hardships that befell frontiersmen, but they bore them with joy for in their unshaken faith they knew they were performing the task the Lord had set for them. Had they not been combative in disposition they would never have secured a hearing or a following. People went to their meetings to be entertained, and many came away converted. When civilizing influences had softened the hard forces of nature and had tamed the savage disposition of man, the preachers, no longer having rivers to swim and rowdies to whip, intensified the warfare among themselves. Mankind is endowed with an irreducible minimum of piety which always promotes true religion, but churches have never depended on this fact alone. As time went on, education and social standing were beginning to develop into religious assets, but stirring up prejudice and antagonism against the other sects was long to be a powerful weapon wielded by the preacher-warriors in Southern Appalachia.

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\(^{22}\) Controversy was nothing new in the development and spread of religious sects. It has played so consistent a part in history that it might well be considered the normal. Methodism was ushered into America in the midst of a dispute between George Whitefield and John Wesley. New England was being torn asunder by her bitter religious contentions, while Southern Appalachia was yet the peaceful home of the Cherokees.