

**David W Fletcher, *Apocalyptic Rhetoric in the Old Southwest* (Doctor of Arts  
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## APPENDICES

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## APPENDIX A

*A call to the people of Louisiana*<sup>1</sup>

Come, my friends, and neighbors all,  
Come listen and I'll tell you,  
Concerning of the mighty call  
That took place in Louisiana.

On Sunday night, you all may know,  
As we were all a sleeping;  
The Lord from heaven look'd down,  
And set the earth to shaking.

Some jumped up, ran out of doors,  
Whilst others follow'd after;  
And some they stood all in amaze,  
Crying, Lord, what is the matter?

As for myself, I must confess  
I could but stand and wonder;  
Expecting ev'ry moment to hear  
Some louder claps of thunder.

The rest of the night was spent in grief,  
And wishing for the morning;  
But little thought, the people had,  
That was the second warning.

As soon as day light did appear,  
The elements were darken'd;

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<sup>1</sup>Martha Aldredge, comp., *A New Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs . . . for . . . Camp-Meetings* (Woodstock, New York: n.p., 1832), quoted in Arthur Palmer Hudson, "A Ballad of the New Madrid Earthquake," *Journal of American Folklore* 60, no. 236 (April - June 1947): 149-150.

I walked out about the yard,  
And saw the earth was cracking.

Immediately the shake came on,  
Which you will all remember;  
The houses reeled to and fro;  
The earth it split asunder.

The people gather'd all about,  
In places there were many;  
The Christians stood with lifted hands,  
Lord, spare the Louisiana.

More than six months have past and gone,  
And still the earth keeps shaking;  
The Christians go with bow'd down heads,  
While sinners' hearts are aching.

The great event I cannot tell,  
Nor what the Lord is doing;  
But one thing I am well assur'd,  
The scriptures are fulfilling.

I thought at last these are the times,  
That in latter days should follow,  
When judgments should pass thro' the land  
And bring the days of sorrow.

But if you will go onward still,  
And still rush on in sinning;  
You need not hope for better times,  
For they are now beginning.

The prophets did foretel of old,  
That great events are coming;  
The Lord Almighty's bringing on  
The days of tribulation.

Prepare, before it is too late,  
To meet the Lord from heaven;  
King Jesus stands with open arms,  
To save your souls from ruin.

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## APPENDIX B

### Thomas Calhoon on the Revivals<sup>2</sup>

“My early religious training threw around me a strong moral influence. My first serious impressions relative to the importance and necessity of religion were produced by a prayer of my mother, in the family, in the absence of my father. I remember she prayed most fervently and devotedly for her children. The same year my father emigrated to Tennessee, there was a camp-meeting at what was called the Ridge Meeting-house, in Sumner county. It was usual for families, on such occasions, to go fifty miles or more in wagons, and remain on the ground four days and nights. My father took his family to that meeting. I was then in my eighteenth year. The day before we set out, there was a dancing party in the neighborhood, and my sister and myself were invited to attend. Such parties were common in that day, and it was not thought wrong to attend them. Our preacher in North Carolina was in the habit of being present at such parties, particularly when they took place at weddings. Just before we were ready to set out to the party, my mother observed to me that we were going to the camp-meeting the next day, and it would not look well to go to the ball that evening. I paused for a moment, and then replied that I agreed with her. We declined going, and I never attended a dancing party afterward.

“Our own family, with several other young people, started on Friday morning for the camp-meeting, and I suppose a company of young persons never felt more careless and playful on arriving at such a place. We stopped about a hundred yards from the pulpit, where the religious exercises were going on. Many sinners were on their knees, crying for mercy. I had never before heard such cries. A trembling at once seized my whole frame, so that it was with some difficulty I walked to the ground where they lay. Shortly after taking my seat, a sermon was delivered which seemed greatly to increase the work of my conviction. My sisters were weeping, and in much distress. There was a great *shaking in the valley of dry bones*. Several ministers from Kentucky were present.

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<sup>2</sup>Thomas Calhoon, Personal Manuscript, quoted in Richard Beard, *Brief Biographical Sketches of Some of the Early Ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church* (Nashville: Southern Methodist Publishing House, 1867), 76-100, at “Thomas Calhoon/Calhoun, 1782-1855,” 12 April 2004, <http://www.cumberland.org/hfpcp/minister/CalhoonT.htm> (accessed 11 June 2006).

All seemed to partake of the excitement of the occasion. In the meantime, however, my own feelings had subsided, and my heart rose in opposition to the work. My first thought then was, to go into the congregation and bring my sisters away; but I had not courage to undertake it. I urged my mother to interfere; but when she went to them, instead of complying with my request, she began to pray for them. This increased my opposition. I was furious. I would have put an end to the whole affair, if I could have done it. My corrupt nature seemed to have entire control. Some friend asked me to go into the crowd where my sisters were. I refused absolutely. I thought they had hopelessly disgraced themselves. My feelings were indescribable. In process of time, however, the evident distress of my sisters, their tears and cries for mercy, overcame me in some degree; and a friend prevailed on me to go into the crowd where they were. William McGee and Samuel King were talking to them. Just as I took my seat, a proposition for prayer was made, but I refused to go upon my knees. Prayer was soon proposed again, and I bowed on one knee, but rose before the prayer was ended. Prayer was called for a third time, when I fell among the slain, overwhelmed with a sense of my sinfulness and rebellion against God. From that time to the close of the meeting no external object engaged my attention. The salvation of my soul was the engrossing concern. It pleased God to give me such a view of the spirituality of the divine law, of the justice and holiness of its requirement, and of the depth of my own depravity, that my heart sunk within me. I felt that there was not another sinner on earth who had sinned against so much light and knowledge. I was ready to despair, and continued in this state of mind until the meeting closed. I thought I could see in the plan of the gospel the ground of hope for other sinners, but could not understand how a just and holy God could pardon and save such a rebel as myself. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my deeply rooted depravity, and the displeasure of Almighty God.

“The meeting closed on Tuesday morning. I was so overcome by my feelings, that my physical strength in a measure gave way. A sense of guilt, and of the probability of damnation, was like a mountain upon my heart. I had to be hauled home in the wagon. On reaching home, and looking at the house, I felt that I could never enter the door; that I was unworthy of a shelter or a place among Christian people. I walked to the grove, to make an undisturbed effort with God for mercy, if indeed any mercy remained for me but my heart appeared to grow harder and still harder, until it seemed that nothing short of Omnipotence could move it. I made my way back to the yard fence, and from there was conveyed into the house. A dreary night followed; my distress was indescribable. The next evening Mr. Craighead preached at my father’s house, but the sermon afforded me no relief. Three or four weeks after this time, there was to be a camp-meeting at the Big Spring, in Wilson county—the neighborhood in which I have since lived for many years. In the intermediate time, I occasionally had some gleams of hope that God would bestow mercy at last. Still my bodily strength was very much reduced, and I was scarcely able for my customary duties on the farm. I visited Mr. Craighead, that he might instruct me in what I should do to be saved. He was very kind—encouraged me to hope; but my heart was not relieved. About this time I had a dream. I dreamed that God had pardoned my sins, and that I was a Christian. I awoke in great agitation, and for a moment could hardly

realize that my experience was but a dream. During the moment I had some enjoyment; but as soon as reason resumed the throne, and reflection took place, all my fancied hopes fled. I felt myself an unpardoned sinner still.

“During the three weeks which intervened between the meetings at the Ridge and at the Big Spring, I do not recollect that there was ever a smile upon my countenance. It was a matter of great astonishment to me to see professors of religion jest and laugh, whilst I with thousands of others around them, was on the road to hell. The time of the meeting at the Big Spring arrived, and I reached there on Friday, with a heavy heart. The word was preached, but my unbelief and hardness of heart brought me to the brink of despair. I retired for the night under a deep impression that the day of God’s merciful visitation had closed upon me, that I was a sinner undone for ever. My brother, older than myself, prayed with me and for me that night, though not a professor of religion himself. I arose in the morning and retired to the grove. I felt heavily burdened with the thought that my case, if not already decided against me, was to be decided for heaven or for hell that day. I spent several hours in earnest prayer, without any results except a deeper experience of my utter helplessness, and the impossibility of salvation in any other method than through the abounding grace of God. About nine o’clock in the morning I started back to where the congregation was assembling. About three hundred yards before I reached the place, I suddenly stopped. I hardly know why, but I stopped, looked up and around me with amazement. The glory of God appeared in every thing, and the very leaves of the trees seemed to be tinged with a Saviour’s blood. I did not think at first of claiming this as a religious experience, but soon found that I was involuntarily ascribing glory to God for his unbounded goodness and mercy to helpless and perishing sinners. My burden of guilt and condemnation was gone, and hope soon sprang up in my mind that I had received the blessing which I had been so long seeking. Under this impression I turned to meet my brother, who I supposed was coming behind; but the thought immediately came into my mind that I ought to be well satisfied in regard to this matter before I disclosed my feelings to any person. I turned again, and started for the congregation, with a fixed purpose of keeping these things a profound secret until the meeting would close, thinking that I would be able after such an interval to settle the question of my conversion in favor of or against myself infallibly. When I reached the congregation, I was astonished to see the people so little impressed with a sense of the awful presence of Almighty God. I took my seat, and Mr. McGready rose in the pulpit. His appearance was fearfully solemn. A profound silence prevailed. He delivered one of his most impressive and stirring sermons. It was wholly experimental. He took the sinner up in his enmity against God and his hardness of heart. He followed him through all the steps of the process of his return to God. He pointed out many of the stratagems used by Satan in so critical a time, for the purpose of misleading and destroying. He finally brought the thoroughly subjugated sinner to the foot of the cross, and to the point of accepting and trusting in Christ, as his only hope of salvation. When he came to this point, I involuntarily spoke out in the congregation and said, ‘If this is religion, I have experienced it.’ So unexpected an occurrence produced an extraordinary excitement in the congregation. Many sinners wept aloud; others fell to the ground and cried for mercy.”

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## APPENDIX C

### Description of “Jerks” by Richard McNemar<sup>3</sup>

“Nothing in nature could better represent this strange and unaccountable operation than for one to goad another, alternately on every side, with a piece of red-hot iron. The exercise commonly began in the head, which would fly backward and forward, and from side to side, with a quick jolt, which the person would naturally labor to suppress, but in vain; and the more any one labored to stay himself and be sober, the more he staggered, and the more his twitches increased. He must necessarily go as he was inclined, whether with a violent dash on the ground and bounce from place to place like a foot-ball, or hop round, with head, limbs and trunk twitching and jolting in every direction, as if they must inevitably fly asunder. And how such could escape without injury was no small wonder among spectators. By this strange operation, the human frame was commonly so transformed and disfigured as to lose every trace of its natural appearance. Sometimes the head would be twitched right and left, to a half-round, with such velocity that not a feature could be discovered, but the face appeared as transmuted into some other species of creature. Head-dresses were of little account among the female jerkers. Even handkerchiefs bound tight round the head would be flirited off almost with the first twitch, and the hair put into the utmost confusion; this was a very great inconvenience, to redress which the generality were shorn, though directly contrary to their confession of faith. Such as were sieved with jerks were wrested at once, not only from under their own government, but that of every one else, so that it was dangerous to attempt confining them or touching them in any manner, to whatever danger they were exposed, yet few were hurt, except it were such as rebelled against the operation, through willful and deliberate enmity, and refused to comply with the injunctions which it came to enforce.”

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<sup>3</sup>“The Great Revival of 1801, 1802, 1803, and the Introduction of Shakerism,” from Josiah Morrow, *The History of Warren County, Ohio* (1882; repr., Mt. Vernon, Indiana: Windmill Publications, 1992), transcribed by Arne Trelvik, 20 August 2003, <http://www.rootsweb.com/~ohwarren/Beers/III/0267.htm> (accessed 9 October 2006).

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## APPENDIX D

Apocalyptic Text by Rev. Robert Henderson<sup>4</sup>

“There shall be collected before the throne of God, and before the son of man seated on that August and splendid throne, all nations, kindreds, tongues and people, from Adam to his youngest son. Then shall the fates of all men be fixed, irreversibly fixed, never, never, never to change! Then man’s ancient habitation, this terrestrial ball with all its ponderous apparatus, will be dissolved in fiery ruin. Then time, old time itself, shall exist no longer. Days shall cease to roll, the sun to shine and hours to be numbered. Then shall all the sufferings, and sorrows, pains, calamities and trials of God’s dear children be at an end. The exiles shall be taken home. Then shall the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. Then shall the saints of God sorrow and sigh no more. Then shall they complain and groan no more, but soar to heaven and glory, and be forever with the Lord. Then shall they leave the world on fire and ascend to take possession of that glorious kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.”

“Learn how awfully solemn and important that eventful day will be, in which the Lord Jesus Christ will come to judge the world. O! What pomp, what awful solemnity, will attend that day, that dreadful day! Hear the judgment chariot rolling, hear the angel’s trumpet sounding, see the sleeping dead arising, see the books of judgment opening, and the dead, small and great, judged out of the things written in the books. May the Lord of his infinite mercy prepare us all for the joys at his right hand, and then bear the judgment down whenever infinite wisdom sees proper. Even so come Lord Jesus. Amen, and AMEN.”

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<sup>4</sup>Selected from “Christ the Sacrificial Offering for Sin Coming to Judgment, Heb. 9.28” in Robert Henderson, *A Series of Sermons on Practical and Familiar Subjects*, vol. 1 (Knoxville: Heiskell and Brown, 1823), 256-257, 259.

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## APPENDIX E

Selected Religious References in the Messages of the Governors<sup>5</sup>

*from John Sevier*

### Legislative Message (LM) 30 July 1796, Announcement of Statehood

“I have the pleasure of announcing to you, gentlemen, the admission of the State of Tennessee into the Federal Union, a circumstance pregnant with every flattering prospect of peace, happiness and opulence to our infant State. The period is at length arrived where the people of the South Western Territory may enjoy all the blessings and liberties of a free and Independent republic.” (17)

### Second Inaugural Address, 22 September 1797

“The Greatest object of my future life will be, to contribute to the Good of my country, and assured as I am of the wisdom and patriotism of this legislature I retire from among you this day with a full persuasion that under the smiles of a Heavenly father the results of your deliberations will strengthen and perpetuate the Great blessings of liberty, laws, and peace.” (26)

### LM 19 September 1799

“Emigration and population is daily increasing, and I have no doubt, under the propitious hand of Providence, your patronage, the wise and wholesome laws you in your wisdom may think proper to enact, that our state will become more and more respectable and conspicuous, and the Citizens enjoy all that happiness and comfort this human life in an ordinary course will afford them. The poor and distressed claim the first share of your deliberation.” (91-92)

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<sup>5</sup>Excerpted from Robert H. White, ed., *Messages of the Governors of Tennessee 1796-1821*, vol. 1 (Nashville: Tennessee Historical Commission, 1952). Page numbers are given in parentheses after each quote.

*from Archibald Roane*

LM 23 September 1801

“If we take a comprehensive view of the general government, of which we form a part, we will see with pleasure the prosperous situation in which by the smiles of Divine Providence it is placed.”

“Whatever my co-operation . . . –May the Supreme Ruler of Nations, direct to a happy issue all our efforts to promote the happiness of our common country.” (107-108)

LM 20 September 1803

“You have been selected . . . to make laws calculated to secure the blessings of liberty and advance the happiness of the people.”

“Blessed as we are with fertility of soil, with a population increasing in numbers, industry and enterprise–favored by heaven with peace and tranquility, and a variety of resources . . . every heart ought to expand with gratitude to our Supreme Benefactor.” (132)

*from John Sevier*

LM 18 September 1805

“The propitious hand of Providence has abundantly blessed our agricultural pursuits with a pleasing prospect of a plentiful supply of all the common and necessary productions of our farms.” (189)

LM 29 July 1806

“No additional burthens of taxation need ever be required or imposed on our fellow-citizens, and we may safely contemplate, under the care of Divine Providence, with mild and salutary laws, on always continuing to be a free, happy and independent people.” (211)

LM 24 September 1807

“I deeply regret the idea of being again involved in all the horrors of a barbarious unnatural war, but at the same time I am very much consoled by believing and hoping our national government has given no cause for the bringing about the calamity; I pray Heaven may avert the appeal to arms and bloodshed, but should the direful event be inevitable, I shall rest with the fullest confidence, that your patriotism will be such, as to afford all the aid in your power, and that but one sentiment will actuate and inspire us all with a full determination to defend, to the last extremity, our injured and insulted country.” (244)

LM 2 December 1807

“Under the propitious hand of Providence, the productions of our farms the last session have been abundantly great.” (260)

LM 18 September 1809

“Permit me, in taking leave of your August body, to express a hope that a benign providence will ever guard, cherish and promote the well-being and happiness of my fellow-citizens of the state of Tennessee.” (273)

*from Willie Blount*

LM 11 October 1809

“ . . . a certain portion of citizens much more exposed to the wiles and artifices of evil disposed men than others; this exposure arises out of their local situation; it is not in their power to guard against it without the interposition of your honorable body. To remedy evils is a duty.” (284)

LM 17 September 1811

“ . . . which situation appears to be such, as almost to require the friendly interposition of the Supreme Being to save them from destruction, or to put their affairs so to rights.” (315)

LM 26 September 1811

“Tennessee possesses great internal wealth, high natural advantages compared with other states, and is settled by people of industrious habits, possessing a good share of laudable enterprize, but cramped in their means of execution, by the existence of present temporary external causes and obstructions, within the power of the general government so to controul.”

“We only want to exercise the privilege of applying our labors in the business of community, in the way we have a right to expect we should, from our local situation, thus to assist by the hand of art and of industry, the consummation of those natural advantages which were evidently intended for us by the Creator.” (346)

LM 7 September 1812

“To the end that . . . the evils of a protracted war may thereby be averted . . . such measures will avert the evils of war and a speedy honorable and permanent peace, the only desirable kind to have will quickly follow.”

“Our cause is a good one—I feel satisfied that the people will rally . . . in support of American liberty and independence; which is the birthright of the people of the United States; given to us by our fathers, many of whom stamped the true value thereon by their actions in the revolutionary struggle, and sealed it with their blood, for this their act we should be grateful. I am so and believe you are.” (373)

LM 19 September 1815

“The expedition with which the Tennessee troops descended the Mississippi to meet the enemy was never surpassed. The hand of a favorable Providence was surely with them; which, with the best human exertions in any laudable undertaking, is sufficient to ensure success.” (420)

from *Journal of the House of Representatives* 1815

“We are irresistably drawn to tender homage to the ruler of the destinies of nations, whose providential interposition on our behalf has been so conspicuously displayed.” (440)

*from Joseph McMinn*

LM 27 September 1815

“But to him who governs the destiny of states, we owe the utmost reverence and humility for the returned blessings of peace; and to him we ought to offer our united supplications that he would continue to bestow his choicest favors on our happy land.”

“In obedience to the voice of my fellow-citizens, I approach the discharge of the duties assigned, impressed with a just sense of their great responsibility, relying on the conducting hand of an unerring Providence, and the cordial co-operation of your wisdom and good will.” (447-448, 452)

LM 17 November 1815

“I cannot close this address without making respectful mention of the Divine Goodness manifested to those who have been assembled at this place on public business; especially as regards their health. For although a considerable portion have been indisposed, yet the convalescent are able to travel to their respective places of abode. Which favors, under ordinary circumstances, would seem to demand our united acknowledgements to the Supreme Ruler of the universe—but more particularly when society appeared to mourn under the awful threatenings of the epidemic which for some time prevailed with unabating ardor.” (467-468)

LM 15 September 1817

“And while I indulge in expressing my thankfulness to the Divine Benefactor for his benign interposition, I am not unmindful of the great obligation I am under to my fellow citizens for their apparent approbation.” (486)

Letter from Governor McMinn to Secretary of State Daniel Graham, 17 September 1818

“When it pleased God to restore me almost to a perfect state of good health, in the most sudden and miraculous manner, and enabled me not only to rise to the agency (10 miles) but to transact the business of my country . . .” (491)

Letter from Governor McMinn to Secretary of State Daniel Graham, 12 November 1818

“Nothing would afford me half the pleasure to that of accomplishing this business the importance of which has become more obvious, since the news of the Chickasaw Treaty, and until that is done my mind will never rest in Peace as to worldly matters, nor can any Human Power stop its progress, tho it may not be the will of the all wise disposer to permit me to see it otherwise than he did the Beloved Father in relation to the Land of promise, and with his will I hope I shall be able to give a Christian assent.” (493-494)

Letter from Governor McMinn to Secretary of State Daniel Graham, 19 November 1818

“Its now confidently believed by my friends that I will affect a total extinguishment of Cherokee title to all their land, east of the Mississippi.”

“For my self when I reflect upon the importance of such an event, and that I have to contend single handed with an opposition as formidable as the one in question, I can scarcely be as sanguine as my friends, but if I should succeed, which God grant I may, I shall live and Die under the pleasing belief that his hand led to victory.” (494)

LM 20 September 1819

“The evidences of a kind and pervading influence have been greatly multiplied and strongly marked; and the regular and consistent progress of morality and religion, must be a source of real pleasure to every well regulated mind. General confidence in our political liberty is strengthened by time and further experiment, whilst the sources of rational enjoyment, and domestic happiness are every where extended and increased.”

“For a continuation of all these things, let us look in humble confidence to that superintending hand, which governs the destinies of men and nations.” (524)

LM 17 September 1821

“ . . . relying for support on that kind Providence under which the institutions of our country have grown and flourished, and upon which alone, each individual is taught to depend for all the comforts of life, and for all the means of social enjoyment.”

“Many of us must in the course of a very few fleeting years at most, be called to reckon the profit we have made on the talent we received, and happy will be the end of that servant who may have known and done the masters will. The ligaments by which we are bound to this world are yielding in sunder to the silent influence of every moments flight, and the objects by which we were once delighted will be seen and known no more.”

“Let it then be our emulation, under the special direction of that divine intelligence to whose beneficence and bounty we refer the enjoyment of every good and perfect gift, to grow in the works of tenderness, forbearance, charity, and benevolence one towards another: Let us endeavour to be good citizens, good neighbors, good brothers and good friends; ever recollecting that perfect goodness is one of the highest attributes of divinity itself.” (642, 658)

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## APPENDIX F

The Bank that Jack Built<sup>6</sup>

CUT 1st.

This is the *Bank* that Jack built.

CUT 2d.

These are the *Men*, that own the Bank that Jack built.

CUT 3d.

These are the *Directors*, that manage the Men  
That own the Bank that Jack built.

CUT 4th.

These are the *Rags*, all tatter'd and torn,  
That were issued as *money*, noon, evening, and morn,  
By the cunning *Directors*, that manage the Men,  
That own the Bank that Jack built.

CUT 5th.

This is the *Beef*, and the *Pork*, and the *Corn*,  
That were bought with the *Rags*, all tatter'd and torn,  
That were issued as money, noon, evening and morn,  
By the cunning *Directors*, that manage the Men,  
That own the Bank that Jack built.

CUT 6th.

These are the *Traders*, all shaven and shorn,  
Who sold all their goods, and their Beef, Pork, and Corn,  
For the *Rags* of the Bank, all tatter'd and torn,  
That were issued as money, noon, evening and morn,

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<sup>6</sup>“Miscellaneous,” *Knoxville Register*, 29 August 1820.

By the cunning Directors, that manage the Men,  
That own the Bank that Jack built.

CUT 7th.

These are the *Farmers*, all poor and forlorn,  
That sold to the Traders, all shaven and shorn,  
The Beef and the Butter, the Pork and the Corn,  
That were bought with the Rags, all tatter'd and torn,  
That were issued as money, noon, evening and morn,  
By the cunning Directors, that manage the Men,  
That own the Bank that Jack built.

CUT 8th.

These are the Banks, which the city adorn,  
That gave *Credit* to Rags, all tatter'd and torn,  
By which the fleec'd Farmers, all poor and forlorn,  
And the bamboozled Traders, all shaven and shorn,  
Were robbed of their goods, and their Beef, Pork, and Corn,  
Which they sold for the Rags, all tatter'd and torn  
That were issued as money, noon, evening and morn,  
By the cunning Directors, that manage the Men,  
That own the Bank that Jack built.

CUT 9th.

These are the *Knowing ones*, \* \* \* \*  
Who laugh in their sleeves at the losers forlorn,  
And buy up the Rags, all tatter'd and torn,  
(Refused by the Banks which the city adorn)  
That the Farmers and Traders, all shaven and shorn,  
Received from their Goods, and their Beef, Pork, and Corn,  
When issued as money, noon, evening and morn,  
By the cunning Directors, that manage the Men,  
That own the Bank that Jack built.

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## APPENDIX G

### Lamentation on the Separation of a Negro Woman and Her Children<sup>7</sup>

Shall human beings be expos'd to sale,  
While children weep, and tender mothers wail,  
Shall streaming tears half blind the mother's eyes,  
And weeping infants vent their fruitless cries?  
Shall children, sever'd from the mother's side,  
Her fost'ring care, forever be deni'd?  
Expos'd to insult,—doom'd to wear the chain  
Of horrid slavery, infamy, and shame!  
Shall men, call'd Christians, do this horrid deed,  
And cause the heartstrings of their kind to bleed;  
Then at the sacramental board record  
The dying sorrows of a risen Lord!  
Shall men, thus guilty of their brother's blood;  
Presume to lift their crimson'd hands to God;  
Or hope for mercy, in a time to come,  
When all oppressors shall receive their doom!  
How would such like to see their brothers dear,  
Fore'd from their sight, forever disappear;  
Or sisters, wrested from their kind embrace,  
To drink the cup of sorrow and disgrace—  
Sold off to tyrants, as if they were brutes,  
To be dispos'd of as vile fancy suits!  
And yet the same they have to others done,  
Whose feelings are as tender as their own!  
O horrid sight! O wonderful to view!  
And yet how many such vile acts pursue;  
Wring out the sorrows of their flesh and blood,  
And buy and sell the image of their God!

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<sup>7</sup>Elihu Embree, ed., *The Emancipator (Complete): A Reprint . . .* (1820; repr., Nashville: B. H. Murphy, 1932), 78.

Such hearts as these, sure, harder are than stone,  
Relentless at deep sorrow's dying groan,  
Cause others hearts with grief and woe to bleed,  
And boast performance of the mighty deed!  
Sure wealth thus got, but little time can stay,  
Such wealth takes wing, and quickly flies away.  
And leaves the wretched victims of such gain,  
A prey to want, remorse, and guilty shame!  
Then O! be wiser! never more transgress,  
The rules of Justice, others to oppress;  
Lest the same measure to thyself be given  
By the all ruling hand of angry Heaven.