

# A Tale of Two Uncles: The Old Age of Uncle Tom and Uncle Remus



Why does Uncle Tom grow old?

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## A Revolutionary Future



What falls within American Revolution scholarship? To what larger questions and themes should our more focused work speak?

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## Mapping Time



From imaginary vantage points along major streets, [writers] traced the life of the metropolis from its first vigorous stirrings before dawn through its murmurs and rustlings deep in the night.

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## [The Sound and Look of Time: Bells and Clocks in Philadelphia](#)





Not everyone in colonial Philadelphia was pleased about having the hours rung on the state house bell.

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**We Won't Leave Until We Get Some**

# NEWS BOY'S ADDRESS,

TO THE PATRONS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICAN,

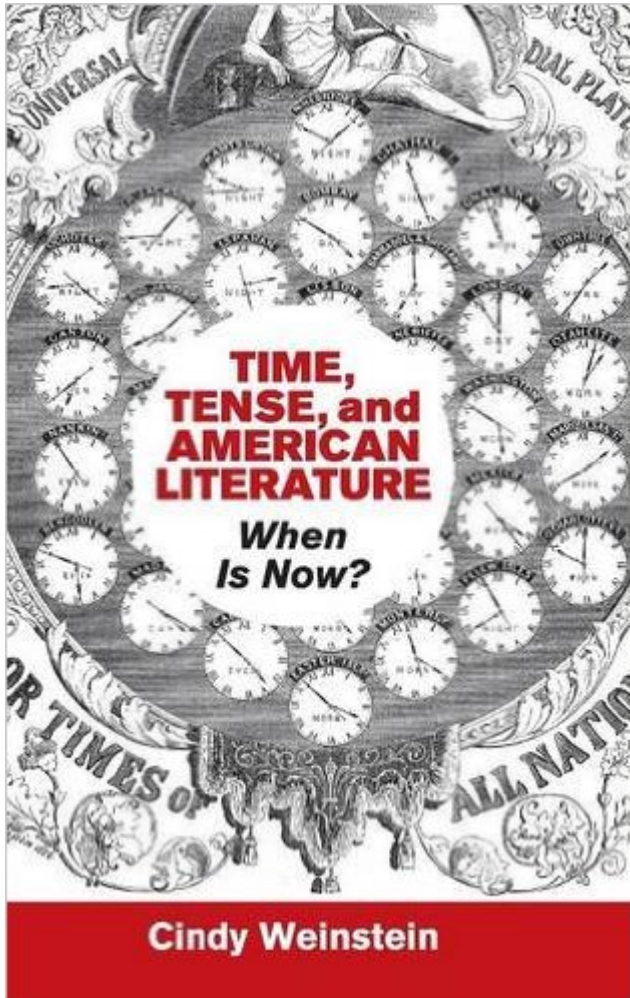
January 1, 1820.—Almanac included.

*A New-year's Gift! my friends—A New-year's Gift!*  
 In these "hard times," we fly to any gift!  
 Since dire misfortune hath belied friend Paul,  
 We write, indite, set types, ride post, do all!  
 And while we greet you, and repeat "hard times,"  
 Accept, we pray you, these our home-made rhymes!  
 Since 'tis the fashion, to burst forth in raptures,  
 And loudly laud domestic manufactures,  
 You'll doubtless praise our patriotic labors,  
 As many do their manufacturing neighbors;  
 Say that our zeal, the country's thanks demands;  
 And leave our stiffs to rot upon our hands,  
 Domestic fabrics have their praise in full;  
 But then they wear the fabrics of John Bull.  
 Our introduction now being quite complete,  
 We hobble on, to reach the goal we seek:  
 A trifle from you each—perhaps a shilling,  
 Or less, or more, or just as you feel willing,  
 Is our great aim—and these may make a sum,  
 For which we'll thank you a whole year to come.  
 Since this time twelve-month, when the post-boy's muse  
 Sang "Tid-re-ty," and carried round the news,  
 Some things have happen'd, which we'll now rehearse,  
 As is the custom, in a new-year's verse.  
 Though general health has overspread our land;  
 Yet Death has exercised a mighty hand;  
 And shown his sovereign and despotic sway—  
 That high and low his mandates must obey.  
 The gallant Perry, late upon the lake,  
 Midst showers of language, cannon balls and grape,  
 Escaped uninjured. But, how dire the blow!  
 Death, by a fever, laid his body low!  
 And since last new-year's, many chiefs of state,  
 Or those who had been, paid their last great debt.  
 Among the number of this titled throng,  
 Are Snyder, Robson, Madisson and Strong;  
 Peace to their ashes—while we humbly pray,  
 We've hundreds left, as great and good as they.  
 Intrepid Jackson, to whose skill and valor,  
 We owe the safety of our southern border,  
 Has past an ordeal of ambilious power,  
 And triumphs still, as in the battle hour,  
 One tribunal still holds him in suspense,  
 Who, if they're govern'd by the public sense,  
 Will still pronounce him, as the people do,  
 A patriot general, and a just one too.  
 Another question, some brief notice craves:  
 Shall *exas of freedom* cease the land with slaves?  
 No! cry the shades of Bennezetite and Pena!  
 No! cry all reason, and the best of men!  
 If our American he made a slave,  
 By Algerines, or any Turkish knave,  
 The nation rallies, and her seventy-four,  
 With ships and frigates, line the Dey's sand shores,  
 Until the despot, with his villain board,  
 Set free the freeman, and he be restor'd.  
 With such strong feelings, in a captive's cause,  
 Shall negro slavers, still pollute our laws?  
 Some minor matters too, have had a place,  
 For which in rhyme we hardly can find space:  
 We've told the story of the auctioneers,  
 How all the *Huk*, got fairly "by the ears!"  
 How governor Finlay has incurred the ire,  
 Of *Buna, Mat, Rowland, Bartram, Wurtz* and *Gayer*—  
 How *Monsieur Walsin*, in his load-cating strain,  
 Has turn'd and turn'd—perhaps may turn again;  
 Perhaps when next he pays his court to *Tarant*,  
 He'll weep with *Cobbett*, over *Tom Paine's* bones!

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
<b>January</b>							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
<b>February</b>		1	2	3	4	5	
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29				
<b>March</b>			1	2	3	4	
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
<b>April</b>							1
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	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
<b>May</b>		1	2	3	4	5	6
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	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
<b>June</b>					1	2	3
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	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
<b>July</b>							1
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	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
<b>August</b>			1	2	3	4	5
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	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
<b>September</b>						1	2
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	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
<b>October</b>		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
<b>November</b>			1	2	3	4	
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
<b>December</b>						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						

In eighteenth-century America, Christmas gift exchange was marked by a powerful reciprocity: one gave a present and received one back

## Reading Time



Focusing attention on the various “temporal markers” in each text, Weinstein reveals the ways the novels in her archive unsettle straightforward chronology and leave time in disarray.

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## [The Trouble With Angels](#)





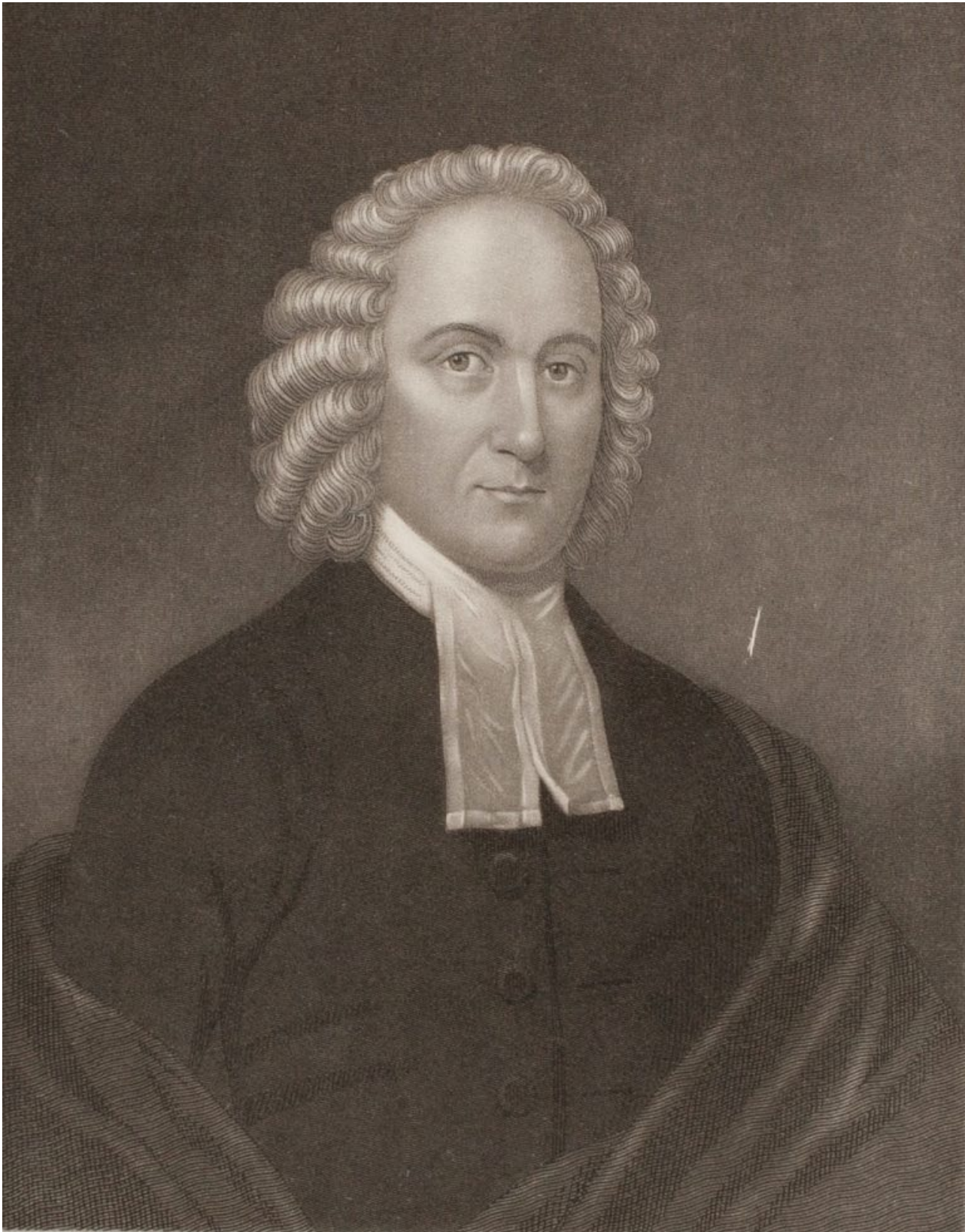
A strange and memorable thing. After outpourings of prayer, with the utmost fervor and fasting, there appeared an Angel, whose face shone like the noonday

sun. His features were those of a man, and beardless; his head encircled by a splendid tiara; on his shoulders were wings; his garments were white and shining; his robe reached to his ankles; and about his loins was a belt not unlike the girdles of the peoples of the East.

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## An 'Epidemical Distemper': Conversion and Disorder, then and now





As opposing groups fight to defend antagonistic beliefs, their accounts take on a life of their own, such that the women's existence becomes most important not in and of itself but rather as a register of broader cultural struggles.

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**There Arose Such a Clatter Who Really Wrote “The Night before Christmas”?  
(And Why Does It Matter?)**



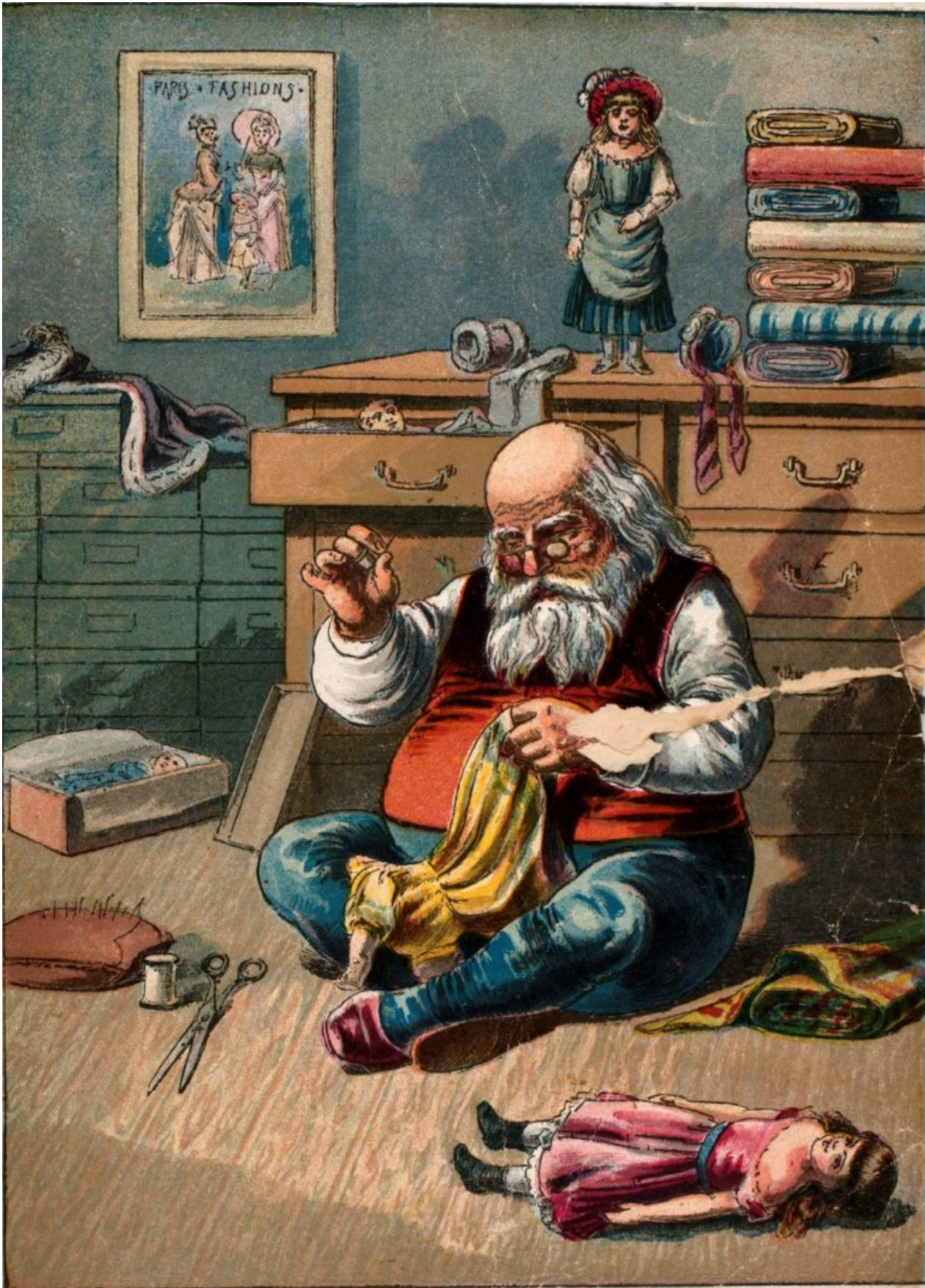
“It is clear even to my own inexpert eye that the penned inscription “by Clement C. Moore, A.M.” is not written in Moore’s rather distinctive hand.”

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**George’s Story: Dolls and the Material**

# Culture of Christmas





MAKING THE DOLL'S CLOTHES.

The growing popularity of dolls had both ideological and pragmatic roots in the emerging middle class.