

# The Emancipation of Boyhood

# LEBBIO.

VOL. 3.

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No. 2.

## '60 THE NEW SECESSION. '79

IN the Republic of Letters there has never been any distinction save that of merit. From the blind beggar, Homer, down the ages through Aesop and Terence, the slaves, to Dumas, the mulatto, the only credential asked or given, was that of merit. A footing once obtained within its sacred bounds and all were alike—the slave and the prince, the beggar and the millionaire stood together on one platform and were joined in a noble equality.

It remained for the members of the North Carolina Amateur Press Association to demand that this ancient and noble glory sh'ld be cast aside and men be rated not by their degree of ability; not by moral worth, but by accidents of birth or fortune.

The editors of the *North Carolina Amateur* protest not only against our election to the 3rd. Vice Presidency of the N. A. P. A, but against our membership in that honorable body. They declare themselves insulted by the membership and election; impute sinister motives to the honorable gentlemen by whom we were unanimously supported

and finally give notice of their secession from the 'dom.

The N. C. A. P. A, backs up these declarations by a series of resolutions in which they assert that our election was a direct insult to the Southern members and they proceed to call a convention for the formation of a Southern Amateur Press Association and the cutting of all connection with the Napa.

We entered the 'dom in as good faith as either of the editors of the *N. C. Amateur* and are as sadly mistaken as they, to find that "Civil Rights" would ever be questioned. And to the credit of the last convention, "where the boy editors, from the great lakes on the North; from the billowy Atlantic on the East to the peaceful waves of the Pacific on the West;" we can say, that there was only one present who had ever dared to oppose the subject.

As proudly as any, we can boast that we have worked our way to to the front. Commencing with contributions to the puzzle departments of the *Boys of New York*, *Boys' Own* and *Wide Awake* and afterwards sending our journalistic productions to the *Juvenile Weekly* of Lexington, Ky, the *Amateur*

## Copernicus at the Newsstand



"When an AP story on an errant buffalo in Ulster County or a canine candidate for statewide office in Florida is not available, Sun reporters produce their own accounts of dogs rescued at sea or giant turtles recaptured by German police."

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## Pressing Matters: An experiential study of the Isaiah Thomas printing press at

## the American Antiquarian Society



Ink covers much of the wood work, various parts have been gouged by nails or other sharp tools, the bar handle has been smoothed by the hands of many journeymen printers, and overall the press has the worn but proud look of an old veteran.

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## The Rise of American Magazines

# MAGAZINES AND THE MAKING OF AMERICA

Modernization,  
Community, and  
Print Culture,  
1741-1860



HEATHER A. HAVEMAN

Magazines warrant fresh analysis that will enable readers to understand “the

modernization of America."

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## 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.

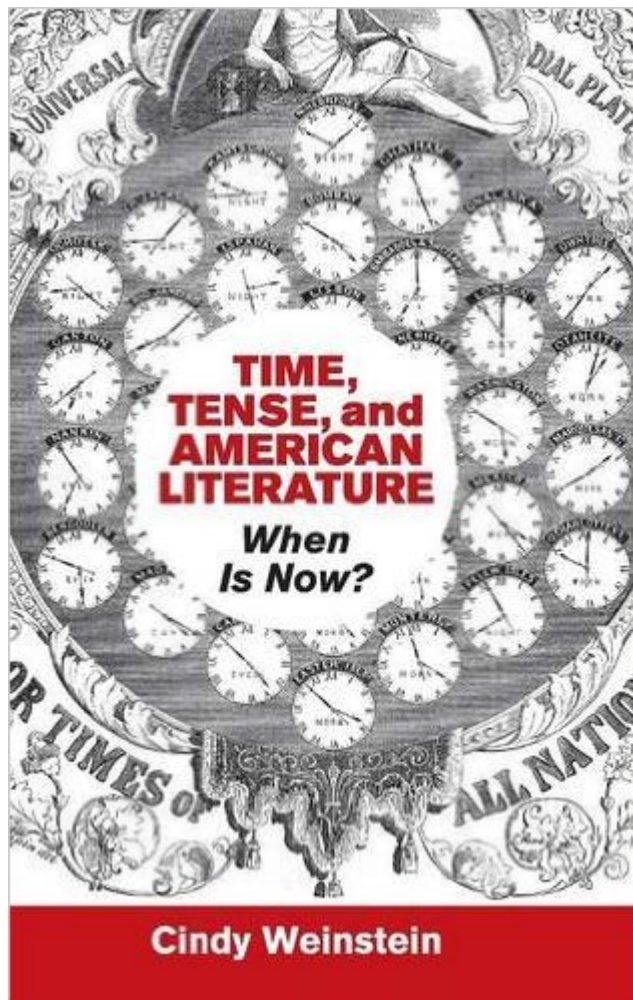
*A New-year's Gift: my friends—A New-year's Gift!*  
In these "hard times," we fly to any shift:  
Since dire misfortune hath befel friend & foe,  
We write, indite, set types, ride post, do all!  
And *while* we greet you, and repeat "hard times,"  
Accept, we pray you, these our *home-made rhymes*!  
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 *stuffs* 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  
Sung "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 PERCY, late upon the lake,  
Midst showers of language, cannon balls and grape,  
Escaped unharmed. 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, Madison 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 ambitious 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 Bennezzette 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* slavery, 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 *cantoniers*,  
How all the *Hub*, got fairly "by the ears!"  
How Governor Finckley has incurred the ire,  
Of *Bunn, Mat, Russell, Bartram, Wertz and Guyer*—  
How *Monsieur Walsb*, in his load-carrying strain,  
Has turn'd and turn'd—perhaps may turn again;  
Perhaps when next he pays his court to *Thames*,  
He'll weep with *Cobbett*, over *Tom Paine's* bones!

VERBUM SAT.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January						
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					
February						
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27	28	29				
March						
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April						
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30						
May						
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27	28	29	30	31		
June						
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	
July						
						1
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23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					
August						
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September						
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October						
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				
November						
			1	2	3	4
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		
December						
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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.