

# We Won't Leave Until We Get Some

**NEWS BOY'S ADDRESS,**  
TO THE PATRONS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICAN,  
January 1, 1820.—Almanac included.

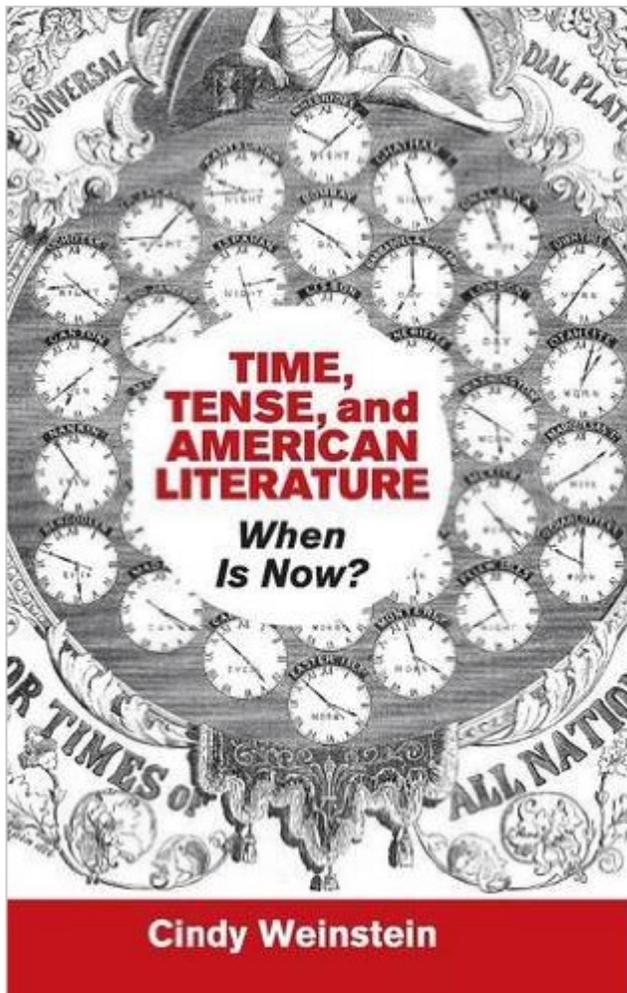
*A New-year's Gift: my friends—A New-year's Gift!*  
In these "hard times," we fly to any shift:  
Since dire misfortune hath beled friend Paul,  
We write, justify, set types, ride post, do all!  
And while we greet you, and repeat "hard times,"  
Accept, we pray you, these our home-made rhymes!  
Since '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  
Sung "Tid-re-l," 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 way—  
That high and low his mandates must obey.  
The gallant Pizarro, 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 Squire, Babau, Nolleston 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 ardor,  
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 curse the land with slaves?*  
No! cry the shades of Bennezzette and Pena!  
No! cry all reason, and the best of men!  
If one American be 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 *excitators*,  
How all the *Hab.* got fairly "by the ears;"  
How governor Finlley has incurred the ire,  
Of *Buna, Mat. Randall, Bartram, Wurtz and Gwyer*—  
How *Monsieur Wulst*, in his load-cating strain,  
Has turn'd and turn'd—perhaps may turn again;  
Perhaps when next he pays his court to *Thronas*,  
He'll weep with *Cobbett*, over *Tom Peine's* bones!

VERBUM SAT.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January							
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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

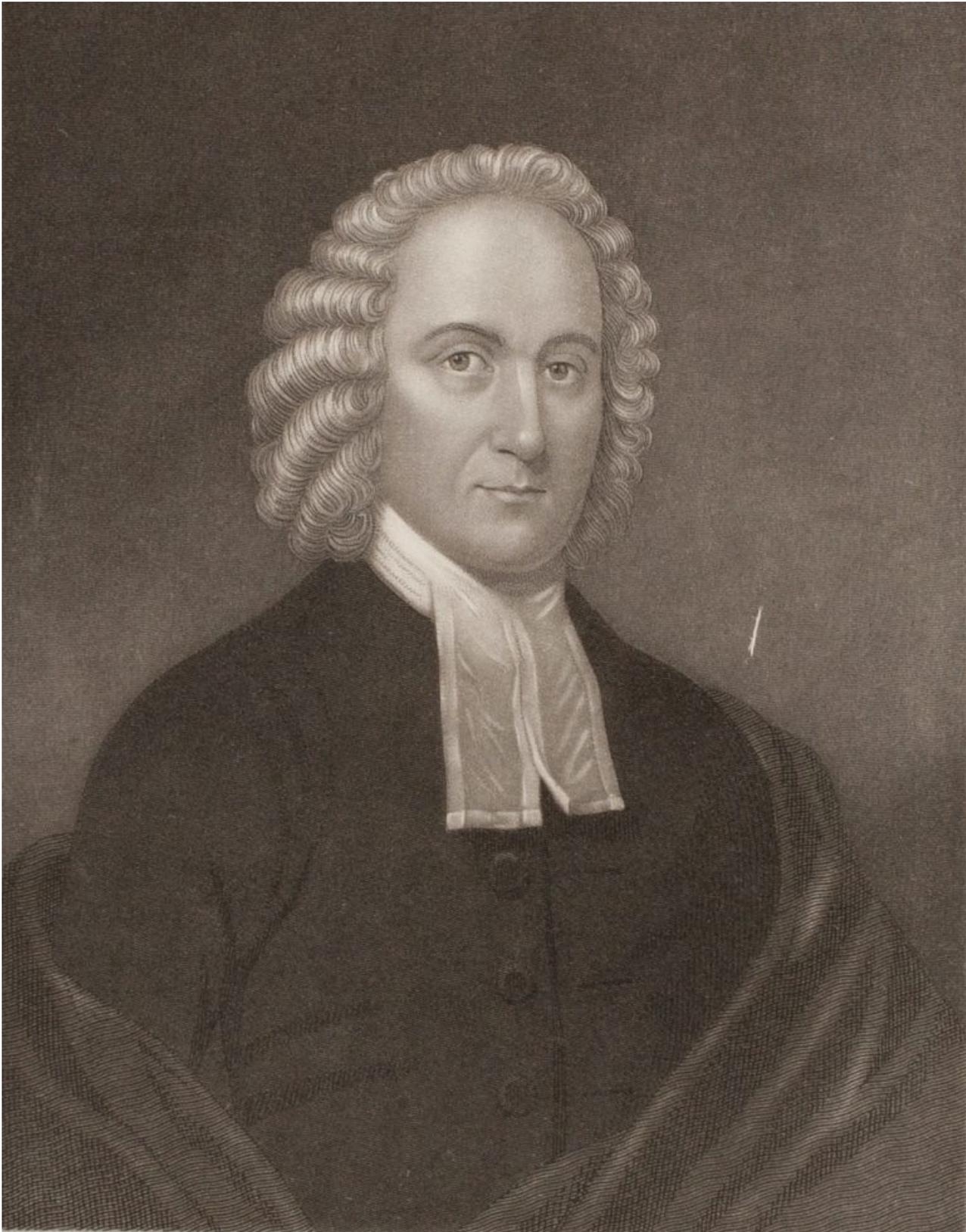


A strange and memorable thing. After outpourings of prayer, with the utmost fervor and fasting, there appeared an Angel, whose face shone like the noonday

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?)**

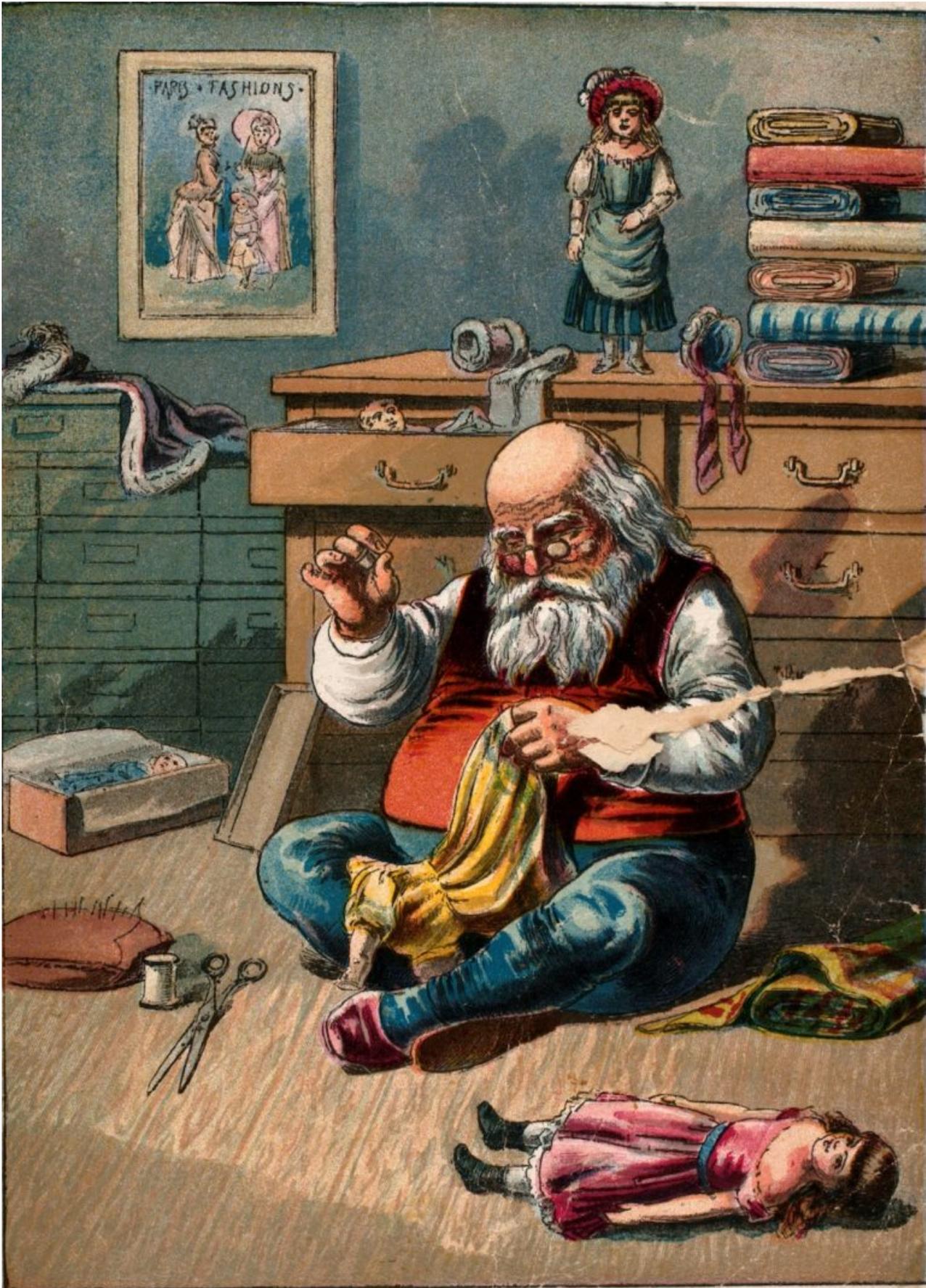


“It is clear even to my own inexpert eye that the penned inscription “by Clement C. Moore, A.M.” is not written in Moore’s rather distinctive hand.”

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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.

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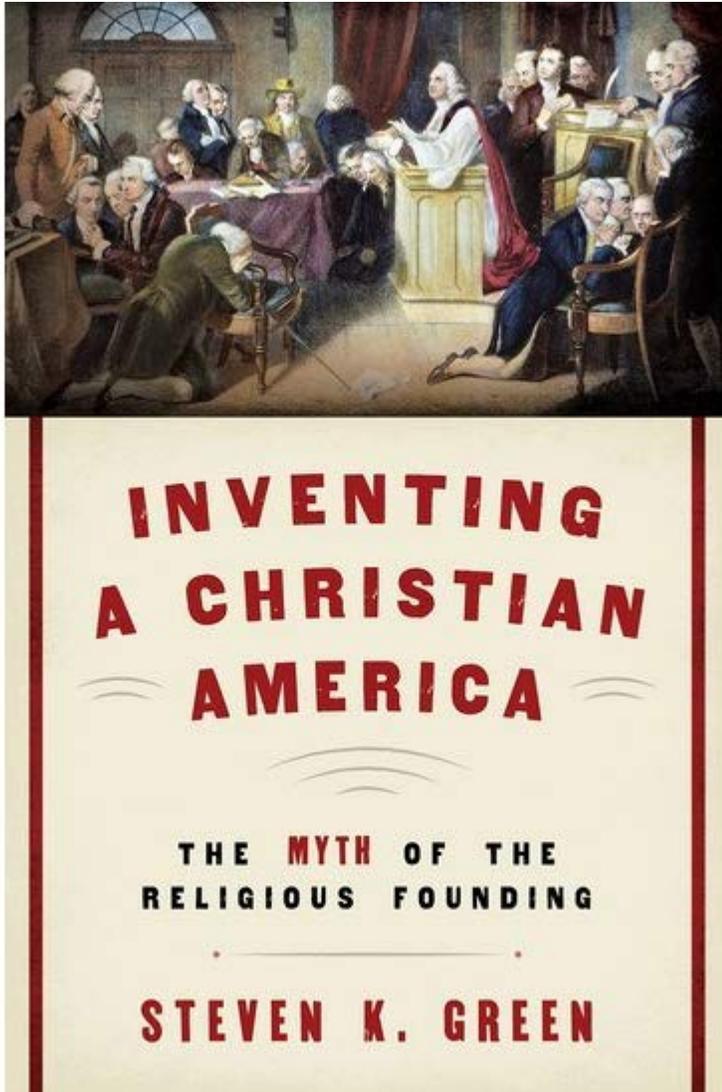
## **Girls Just Want to Have Fun**



“At ninety dollars, they’re hardly cheap, and their price tag is part of their appeal. These are not intended to be superficial toys.”

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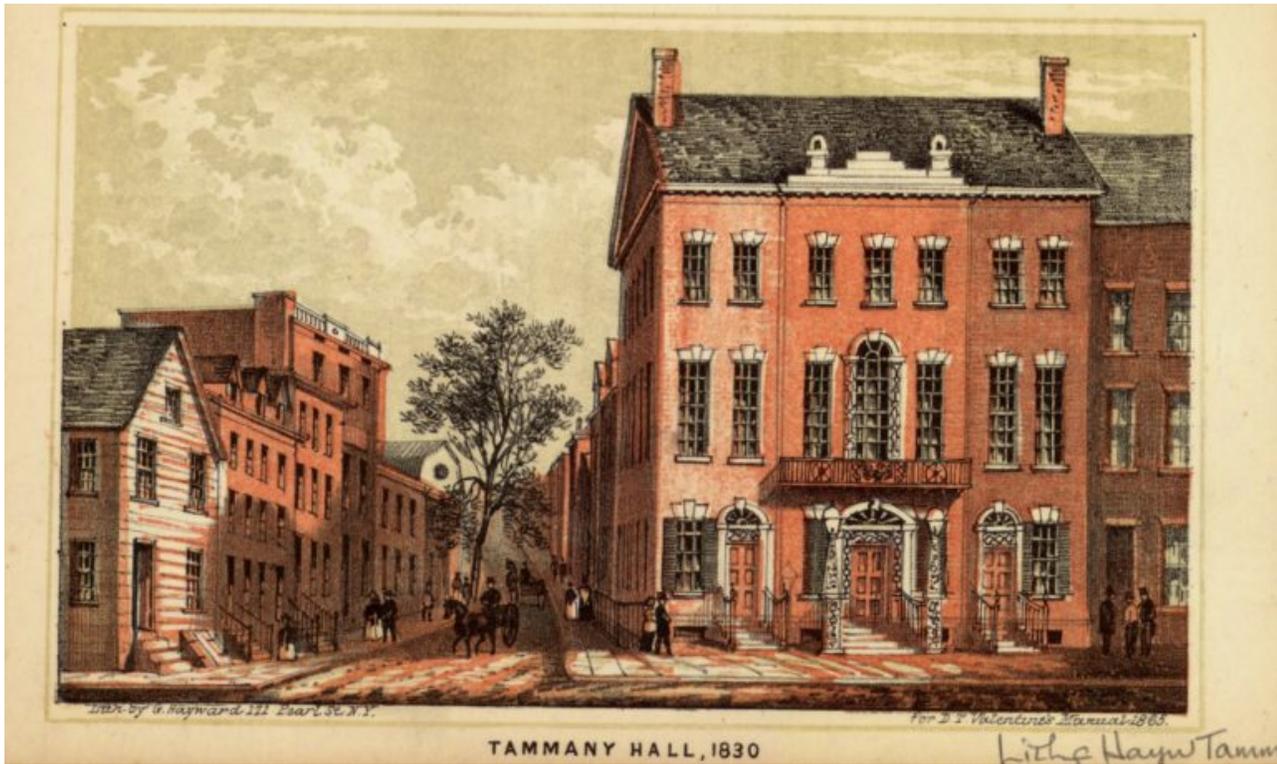
## Defining A “Christian Nation”: or, A Case of Being Careful What You Wish For



Steven K. Green demonstrates how easily the historical inventions of one era may become the historical facts of another.

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## Artificial Light



There's an honest graft, and I'm an example of how it works.

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## Sex and Public Memory of Founder Aaron Burr



VIEW OF THE SPOT WHERE GEN. HAMILTON FELL, AT WESTHAWK.

There has never been a shortage of negative depictions of Burr, but it has become a nearly two-centuries-old cliché that he “has always been out of favor,” that he has only enjoyed the reputation of “outright villain” among the founders.