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Reacting to the Past handout: The Liberator, Issue 1

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This was prepared for HIS 220H: Debates in African-American History, a class using Reacting to the Past curriculum.

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THOUGHTS INSPIRED BY THE NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS

Thank you all for being here today and giving me this great opportunity to speak before you. While I am very grateful for this chance, I am disturbed by the direction that this discourse has taken so far. Why is the merit of Frederick Douglass’s narrative still being questioned? I believe that the fact that we are all gathered here today from all our different walks of life is proof enough of its value. I am incredulous as well that there are some present who are questioning whether or not Mister Douglass is the author of this work. The eloquence and calm reasoning that he has demonstrated before this assembly are equal to if not greater than that demonstrated in this narrative. I initially had some doubts about speaking my mind on this matter because I was concerned none would listen if I must stand up for my friend. This is such an important conversation to have and I am not throwing away my shot. I am not throwing away my shot. Just like this, my country, I am young, scrappy, and hungry and I am not throwing away my shot. Look, I never got a scholarship and I never went to college. I shouldn’t brag or swear, but damn it, I am amazed and I astonish! As a youth I had a lot of brains but no polish. But I still have to holler just to be heard, even though with every word I drop knowledge. Douglass is just like me. He’s a diamond in the rough, a shining piece of coal. He’s striving to reach his goal and his powers of speech are unimpeachable. Now I’m no longer nineteen, but my mind hasn’t moldered. As these New York City streets have grown colder I have shouldered every burden and disadvantage but I have learned to manage. I have never had a gun to brandish; in fact I’ve walked these streets to fan this spark into a flame, but before I continue, let me spell out my name; I am the G-A-double R-I-S-O-N. My weapon is not a gun, but rather, a pen. I plan to feed fuel to this fire of abolition, but we can’t ignore that this country is controlled by white slave-holding men! Essentially, they degrade us all relentlessly. Then they turn around and spout their laws self-righteously! They lie when they say that will set their slaves free and if they don’t, there could be revolution before the end of the century! Enter we, the abolitionists, who want all to be free. We won’t stop until we achieve for all men full equality. Now, I would lay down my life if it would set all slaves free. But shedding blood will prevent our ascendancy. Look, I am not throwing away my shot. We won’t stop until we achieve for all men full equality. That’s why if people ask why I live so fast and always seize a chance to laugh, I’m just trying to make the moment last because for me that’s plenty. Actually, scratch that, this is not a moment but a movement! This is where all the moral and just went! Foes oppose us but we take an honest stand. We’ll rise like Moses, claiming our promised land. And, if we win slaves’ independence, is that a guarantee of freedom for their descendants? We can’t allow blood to be shed because that will start an endless cycle of vengeance and death with no defendants. I know the action in the press and the streets is exciting, but we cannot fall into bleaching and fighting. We need to address our moral situation. Are we a nation of states? Then what’s the state of our nation? I’m past patiently waiting. I’m passionately smashing every expectation and every act of these slavers’ so called “creation!” I’ve lived through countless casualities and sorrows, and now as I look forward I see so much further than tomorrow! I am not throwing away my shot. I am not throwing away my shot. Just like this country I am young scrappy and hungry and I am not throwing away my shot! -GARRISON

Salem, July 2, 1845.

My Dear Friend

Garrison:

Will you be kind enough to intimate in your next paper, my intention to be at the Plymouth County meeting in Situate, on the 4th inst.; and in Portland on Sunday evening, 6th; in Holliston, Monday, 7th, Dedham, Tuesday, 8th, Upton, Monday, 14th, Milford, Tuesday, 15th, Northboro, Wednesday, 16th, Southboro, Thursday, 17th.

The friends in the several places are requested to make the necessary arrangements for the meetings.

Yours, faithfully,
-C. Lenox Remond

DUNCAN BEignet

CREATOR OF THE SUBMERGEABLE PASTRY! SUPPORT THE BUSINESSES OF YOUR ABOLITIONIST BROTHERS!
REFLECTIONS, SPRINGTIME

As I journey through this unprecedented time and this glorious country, I cannot help but marvel at it. This finally is the glorious spring, so longed for throughout the course of the static, cinerene, biting winter. Revel in it! In this moment when the sun casts its golden glow upon our country and waves of color have graced Nature with their presence, I cannot help but think of my beautiful country and ponder its future. I muse over those who inhabit it. Are we, as the caretakers and occupants of this greatest portion of the world, living in a manner worthy of that part of the world which we so fortunate to indwell? Are we careful when we till a tract of land? Are we contentious as we amble through the forest? I know that many of us have an innate respect for the world around us, and we may all easily agree to this level of care. Yet I speak now not of simply how we live with and within the Nature that surrounds us, but also of that beautiful part of Nature which resides in each of us. Hear me—within our beings we each contain a precious portion of that same Nature which we admire around us in seasons such as these.

And so, good people, I implore you to proceed throughout this day and those to come with the same reverence that the natural world inspires in you; I unashamedly entreat you to take those splendid feelings and actions that you display toward the Nature that displays its splendor to you and to, in turn, apply them to your brothers, your sisters, and to your very selves. Do not engage in anything (nor indeed imbibe anything) that will dull the Nature within you, that will inhibit and shackle your abilities to reason freely and to think without restraint. Do nothing that will cause your fellow brothers and sisters to hide that portion of Nature which is theirs to enjoy. I urge you, good people of America, to embrace this love for Nature, and She in all men and women!

-Walt Whitman

THE FUGITIVE'S SONG.
I'll be Free! I'll be Free!
Dedicated to Frederick Douglass and other Fugitives, by Jesse Hutchinson, Jr.
Also, “Get off the Track,” and the various other Songs of the Hutchinsons. For sale by Bela Marsh, No. 25 Cornhill.

MUSINGS ON PROHIBITION

The enjoyment of alcohol by all men should not be regulated. Men should be allowed to drink alcohol freely, the consumption of spirits is the right of any man. Understandably, there is a need to protect the general public and to be sure that when partaking in such activities a person is not too exuberant or belligerent. To me, alcohol unlocks parts of the mind that allow us to see the horrors around us, spirits allow me to write the truth. "Words have no power to impress the mind without the exquisite horror of their reality." Further, I'd like to say "fill with mingled cream and Amber, I will drain that glass again. Such hilarious visions clamber through the chamber of my brain. Quaintest thoughts—queerest fancies come to life and fade away; what care I how time advances? I am drinking ale today."

-Edgar Allan Poe

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR: I have been asked by many parties to provide a defense for the literary merit of Narrative of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, Written by Himself. A most recent and most eloquent defense of this work was provided by the author himself in a speech presented before a literary forum at Astor House Hotel and as I stand by all that he said, I have re-printed here his closing arguments as an answer to all those questioning the value of the narrative.

-Garrison

IN DEFENSE OF MY NARRATIVE (excerpts)

For those of you who bring into question the experiences found throughout my narrative, calling them fiction, or not my own, I say, is not fiction just as powerful as facts? As I said earlier, the purpose of my work is to bring attention to the terrors of slavery. Whether you believe its authenticity or not, it has brought light to this issue, or we would not all be sitting here today having this conversation. So regardless of it being fact or fiction, original or the experiences of many, the literary merit of this narrative should not be brought into question. When “Oliver Twist” was published, did people cry out that Mr. Twist did not exist? No, because regardless of the validity of the novel’s story, it still has literary merit and still is able to evoke emotion in its reader. In this way, my narrative still accomplishes its goal, it sparks discussion and informs the reader of its authors commitment to an immediate end to slavery, everywhere, without the compensation of slaveowners and for the establishment of all men and women, regardless of color or race to be viewed as equals in every sense of the word.

-Frederick Douglass