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crime we cannot commit. If a 'whole' white man cannot practice the one and perpetrate the other, the 'half' man cannot; but if the white man can, the mulatto can. We need not here cite instances or cases; just run over the list, Mr. COONLY, at your leisure, and find those vices and crimes which 'whole' white men have been known to commit, and which the 'halfness' men cannot. For our part, we know not one; but perhaps you do. On the other hand, please refer to those high moral actions, requiring strong convictions of duty for performance, and we will, according to our numbers and opportunity, endeavor to match the 'whole' by the 'half' at that point. The truth is, humanity is ever the same. When Britons were barbarians, they behaved very much like barbarians of other colors; and when they became enlightened, they behaved like civilized men. To get the simple truth on the subject needs nothing but a few grains of common sense -- yes, common sense, Mr. COONLY.

As to the other branch, the relative mental power of the 'halves' and the 'wholes,' we are as much at ease as in respect to the two other points already settled. We have seen a good many white fools, and some mulatto ones. On the other hand, we have met many of an opposite description, both whites and mulattoes. We now have in our mind three or four of the latter class, who, for magical quickness of apprehension, solid reasoning faculties, valuable intellectual acquisitions in languages, living and dead, we are prepared to match against one in every thousand of the white race, whatever may have been their educational advantages. We are ready even to have these mulatto gentlemen confronted by the learned and astute Mr. COONLY, and abide the result. But our patience with this miserable effort to cast a stigma upon a class already weighed down by oppression and wrong, in a paper calling itself, the 'Herald of Progress,' is now quite exhausted, and we leave Mr. COONLY to digest the dish already served up for his palate. But for the impertinence of calling us by name, the matter might have been permitted to go its round of geometrical dreaminess undisturbed. Answer a fool according to his folly.

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HOW CAN SLAVERY BE ABOLISHED? -- A call for a Convention, to be held in Boston, December 3d, at Tremont Temple, has been issued by a number of young men of that city, for the purpose of discussing this important question. The speakers -- among whom are Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, Montgomery Blair, R. W. Emerson, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, and Frederick Douglass -- will be confined to the question, as the Committee think it would be a work of supererogation to defend John Brown now, and a useless waste of time to eulogize him, and they wish to continue his life by striving to accomplish what he left them to finish.

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REVELATIONS OF A SLAVE SMUGGLER. -- We have received from the publisher, Robert M. DeWitt, New York, a copy of this thrilling book, which has been noticed so extensively by the press throughout the North. We have not room in our present number to give it the notice it deserves, but we will in some future issue give some extracts. Price 25 cents.

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ANOTHER TRUE FRIEND GONE. -- Just as we go to press we have received a letter containing the sad intelligence that Mr. H. O. Remington, of New Bedford, is now no more.



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[[bold, centered]] THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CLAM BAKE. [[/bold]]

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The *Anglo-African* has laid us and its readers generally under special obligation for its entertaining history of the Annual Clam Bake. Woeful and sad is the condition of a race when its heart for amusement is gone. Its future will be short, as well as gloomy. We like to study our people at play as well as at prayer. They were at play at Fort Lee, and the occasion was instructive as well as brilliant. -- Prejudice against color and fine spun theories, elaborated by the NOTTS and GLIDDONS, and other American ethnological pro-slavery writers, would have found on this occasion irresistible evidence of the vitality, progress, intelligence, and wealth of the colored people of this country. No man could have viewed the scene at Fort Lee without receiving favorable impressions of the people. It was a picture of order, elegance and beauty, and of whole-souled good-feeling, such as we cannot too often witness, and filled us with hope for the future of our race. The *Anglo* says:

Appetite has surfeited upon the season's ripe harvest of fruits and berries, and now stripping off her dainty garments as the fall winds are stripping the green leaves from orchard and grove, she dives to the sandy depths of the briny water, and feeds her fancy upon clams. Novelty, novelty is the stimulus of our natures, and now and then superior genius displays her transcendent power, creating from things insignificant and uncared for, a beauty and a history.

In 1853, Mr. Peter A. Williams of Brooklyn, N.Y., conceived the idea of a rural entertainment in the shape of a clam bake, and in co-operation with Mr. John Thompson of Fall River, the suggestion was carried out, and the first grand rural banquet was celebrated in that neighborhood. The truly novel and convivial character of this entertainment, owing to its ingenious management, stamped it at once a popular and indispensable feature in the fashionable enjoyments of the season and a club was formed, we believe, the first in New York, under the name of the New York Clam Bake Association. Their festivals have been regularly observed since this organization, respectively in Fall River, Carsville, Weehawken, Boston and the 7th at Fort Lee on Wednesday, Sept. 26th, 1860.

The mere announcement of this period was the signal for the greatest enthusiasm in the lively circles. The evening previous brought with it brilliant hosts from the east, west, north and south.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, the steamer left her dock foot of Spring street, and turned her head toward Fort Lee in as grand a sunlight as ever gilded the face of the beautiful Hudson. But lo! whilst Massachusetts grasps, in friendly greeting, the hand of New York, or the fair daughter of Rhode Island receives the graceful compliments of the assembled company, (not forgetting her lord,) a form arises towering head and shoulders over the whole company, it is Frederick Douglass, thenceforth as ever the lion of the occasion.

The boat made her landing at 12 o'clock precisely, and the ladies were escorted to the pavilion a few rods from the water, where every convenience had been made for their comfort. An elevated platform with canvass awning, afforded a grand promenade, and Professor Brown soon found work for idle feet to do. The spot was well selected. The excellent position of the platform gave us the full benefit of the refreshing breeze from the water and afforded a magnificent view from the opposite shore. When the comfort of the guests had been properly attended to, the President turned his attention to the bake, which was the feature of the occasion. A number of square stones were heated upon a pile of wood arranged in a hollow square. -- When the smoke

had died away, a layer of
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sea-weed was spread upon the stones, then the clams in an immense quantity, were poured from barrels, next sliced potatoes, and then followed green corn, onions, and bass done up in cloths. The whole were covered with a canvass sheet, and in twenty minutes the bake was ready. During the process of the bake, a side arrangement with a suspicious looking pot was carefully nursed by the President, until clams had lost their charms, when the lid was removed and odors rich and rare vied with the perfumes of the sweet flowers which decked the surrounding green. Ochre chicken formed the cap stone to the pyramid of this culinary arrangement, and the party retired to the dance. They were not long destined to linger here however, for a well spread table in doors soon claimed their attention, after which the hours were made merry in the indulgence [[sic]] of happy greetings of kindred spirits, long separated but never forgotten.

A beautiful incident during the day, was the presentation to the president of a silver clam shell by the Boston clam bake association. The shell bears the inscription of the donors, with the coat of arms of the State of Massachusetts. The presentation was made by Mr. G. T. Downing in a most graceful speech, and responded to in a neat manner by the President. Mr. Douglass also addressed the company in behalf of the guests from abroad, and at 8 o'clock the curtain fell over this beautiful re-union, and reluctantly we turned our faces homeward.

We noticed present from Boston, Mrs. J. Lockly Marshall and daughter, John B. Bailey and two daughters, Benj. Gregory and lady, Thomas G. Williams, E. Howard, C. Lennox, J. Colson, J. Freeman, G. Sewell, G. Ruffin, J. Selden, Wm. Jarvis and lady; New Bedford, Mrs. Remington, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Perry; Newport, George T. Downing, wife and daughter, Mrs. Willis; Washington, R. Booker; Baltimore, William Jones; Harrisburgh, J.F. Williams and lady; Newark, Anthony James and lady, Thomas J. Dorsey and lady, Edward James; N.Y. Association, Peter Williams and lady, Robert Vosburgh and lady, William H. Thompson and lady, Daniel Brooks and lady, J. Bowers and lady, Henry Preston, Wesley Earle and lady; Hartford, Thos. Saunders and Mrs. Prince Saunders.

Before the company had separated, a little 'billet deaux' was passed into certain hands reading thus: 'Mrs. Vosburgh, at home on Thursday 27th, from 12 M. [[sic]] to 3 P.M.' This was the index to a most polished and sumptuous entertainment -- at 6 o'clock the company retired to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Peter Williams, from thence to New York, where Mr. Charles Taylor had his table spread in honor of the guests.

Friday evening a grand ball, where beauty and fashion overwhelmed the very sight in the dazzling grandeur.

Saturday evening an entertainment by Mrs. Bowers, and Monday evening a most magnificent banquet by Mrs. Peter Williams of Brooklyn.

The epicurean art will not suffer in the hands of her skillful lord, nor do we believe the links of social brotherhood so inseparably rivetted [[sic]] by his towering genius and generous impulse can fail to hold now and forever the east, west, north and south, heart in heart, and hand in hand, in sentiment one and inseparable. TYPES.
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. -- The December number of this popular monthly is before us, and with it ends the sixth volume. Without exception, it is the best monthly periodical issued from the American press. Among its contributors are such names as Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Sargent, Higginson and Chas. Reed. Its price is \$3 per annum; but we have made arrangements so that we can send this magazine

and our own paper to any person sending us a new subscriber and \$3.
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