

Anti-Slavery Standard. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, 138 Nassau St., New York.

Dr. Stoddard. BROOKLYN'S LECTURE. (An Address Independent, Dec. 19.)

Dr. Stoddard addressed a very large audience on Saturday night last, on the subject of the political determination, which will be made by the coming spring and summer—remains to be seen.

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Southern Convention. The Richmond South declared recently that "intimacy with southern gentlemen had made Stuart Douglas quite a demagogue."

But one figure in the [Senate] chamber attracted attention in the picture were those of the plain-looking, substantial, better order of American politicians.

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SOUTHERN PROJECTS.

From the State of Cal. It is a well-known historical fact that the Barbary States, commanding the navigation of the Mediterranean...

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

From the Congressional Herald. A word to the deaf and dumb of a conflict, it is not always as we see it, and we have little time to devote to it...

"MEANNESS OF SLAVERY."

The Albany Evening Journal's Washington correspondent speaks out as follows: "I once heard Abner Stewart deliver a pungent speech before the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society..."

BUCHANAN AND HIS TROUBLES.

There was a delicious merry-making when Mr. James Buchanan came into the city of Rochester on the 13th inst. He was received by a large number of preachers and delegates...

METHODS ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

There was a delicious merry-making when Mr. James Buchanan came into the city of Rochester on the 13th inst. He was received by a large number of preachers and delegates...

ORANGE, Essex Co., N. J., Dec. 20, 1857.
Notes anti-slavery meeting on Tuesday evening...

On Wednesday evening, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Barrett...

On Friday evening, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Barrett...

On Saturday evening, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Barrett...

On Sunday evening, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Barrett...

On Monday evening, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Barrett...

On Tuesday evening, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Barrett...

On Wednesday evening, the meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. S. B. Barrett...

customer to any of their schemes of land-robbing and slave-extension. This Texas was allowed to be...

Washington, Jan. 5, 1858.
If the friends of Elliptical Walker are permitted to have their own way...

Washington, Jan. 5, 1858.
The Cabinet has had a prolonged sitting today on affairs relating to Cuba...

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terry can avoid it. Therefore, it is useless to try plankers when energy alone will serve.

Correspondence of the Evening Star.
The Kansas policy has been defined in a manner...

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Twenty-two officers and men of the African coast for the suppression of the slave trade...

MR. SUMNER AND THE SENATORSHIP.
The Senate has a great deal to do in the matter...

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In this respect, Mr. Editor, the conclusion reached by the Convention differed from those presented in your editorial...

To get away out of the Church by a just process of legislation in the future...

It is true that a great wrong, once fairly inaugurated and its operations being robed by instruments of power...

A little more than a week since, a colored man named Jacob Hagen was arrested by the slave-hunters near Harborside, Pa...

THE KANSAS QUESTION IN WASHINGTON.
Correspondence of the Times.
WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1857.

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CHAPTER I.

The next day the house was thrown into an agreeable confusion by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Berker and daughter from Louisiana. They were delightfully welcomed. Now, Mrs. Berker was the very incarnation of pride and prejudice—so haughty that she despised the ground upon which she trod. Hers was one of those still, pale faces, cold as a northern ice-berg. You could not believe that the sun would shine into such a face.

But both Mr. and Mrs. Berker were of a different order. Mrs. Berker was much like her niece, the Misses Berker, and had from her childhood received a close and attentive body-servant, who kept her wardrobe in order, carried her bonnet, &c., &c. The habits of her childhood seemed to increase with her years, so that at thirty-four she was as old as twelve. She did not think that to lounge about the house, read novels and play with her children.

Now, as she came forward, accompanied by her favorite sister—Mrs. Goodwin—to meet and welcome her friends, we find but a faint trace of her childhood. She still is as air and lovely, and full of grace and thought as in her face—it is so bright and sunny as when we first saw it—though "beir't by glowing infancy, and little busy voice breathe out" mother at almost every turn in the house.

"Dear sister Catherine," "My noble Clara," "My pretty Mary," "Sweet Maggie," "dear sister Manners," "winding up" with "how do you do, Sally?" were Mrs. Berker's greetings.

This quite insular manner, which thought that her dear friends, who had been with her for years, should be so ignorant of a good deal, mattering to herself, that "Miss Emily always so stiff and cross like, nobody ever loved her. She won't be pretty, with them as eye lookin' like poor milk, and sich whitish hair."

There could have been no deeper insult to her than to address her thus.

Sally was able to be a great deal in the parlour, and as she listened to her aunt and cousin talk, she was greatly disgusted and horrified to hear them telling of the really practiced on the plantation. Maggie spoke of the moral indifference of the number of negroes that was killed during the busy sugar season by over-work. Mrs. Berker told, with the utmost sang froid, of the prompt manner in which she shot down negro men who were suspected of having been in a supposed insurrection. She might be imagined to have operated painfully upon Sally's heart. Her sensitive, nervous temperament almost sank under it. But to Mrs. Berker and Mrs. Goodwin, both of whom believed in the iron rule, and thought a negro to be better than swine, this prompt and rigid discipline, as they termed it, was elegant. Sally heard such cruel talk, and used to—accompanied by her mother and sometimes by Maggie—wander over the beautiful farm, go down to the quarter and talk to the slaves. Once at a little cabin, in front of which a woman was sitting engaged at her little spinning wheel, and singing a wailing, dirge-like ballad.

When they stopped, she got up and politely offered them stool. As Sally was weak and tired, she readily consented, but Maggie ran on, impatient of fun, saying, "I'll be back after awhile, cousin Sally."

"Is yer much sick, young miss?" asked the woman of Sally.

"Yes, I feel quite weak; my little exertion brings on my headache, and I can't sleep."

"Oh, my! you'd ever try slippery elm tea?"

"No, I have never."

"Would you let me make you a little?"

"Certainly, if you can spare the time."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'm not through my task, an' I'd like to make you some; yer 'pear so weak like."

She went into the cabin and soon returned with a cup of tea, which she hoped would "cure young miss's little ailment."

Sally tried it, and praised it very much.

"But you look weak and thin; are you sick?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I've ailen sick. I've had the breast-complaint all my life."

"What do you take?"

"A little of the tea sometimes; but it is no matter, I can't sleep, and I can't eat."

"What is your name?"

"Lucinda, ma'am."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long has he been here?"

"No, ma'am; he was dead about two years ago down the river; I haven't heard from him since." She did not sigh nor sob; but looked stony, deathly calm.

"Have you children?"

"Two."

"Where are they?"

"My oldest, Sam, is in the field at work. Jimmy, poor Jimmy, he's a lame hand."

"How did Jimmy get?"

"Four years, ma'am," and she sighed profoundly.

Just then a bright, mellow boy, with large eyes and neatly dressed, came crawling up to the woman's side. She put out her hand and, looking fondly down, murmured, "poor Jimmy!"

He whined strangely.

"No, ma'am," asked Sally.

"No, ma'am."

"And four years old?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The boy pulled at his mother's sleeve and cried out in a strange hoarse. She took a crust from her pocket, which appeared to satisfy him. He laid down close to her feet and began to nibble it. As she rolled back, he followed, and Sally had a chance of seeing his face closely, and she became aware of his painful condition. The mother read it, and bowing her head, said,

"Yes, he always has it."

"No, ma'am; you'll be eighteen months old be it was a little more than a year ago, and he's a poor little fellow; no play, no pretty, and noticed everything. He wiped a single tear from his eye."

"What was the cause?"

"Oh, ma'am; oh, oh; and the woman's frame quivered violently; the wheel stopped and Lucinda gave up to the luxury of a passionate burst of tears.

"I can't speak of it," cried Sally.

"Yes, ma'am, I want to speak presently it will do you good."

CHAPTER II.

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"What do you take?"

"A little of the tea sometimes; but it is no matter, I can't sleep, and I can't eat."

"What is your name?"

"Lucinda, ma'am."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long has he been here?"

"No, ma'am; he was dead about two years ago down the river; I haven't heard from him since." She did not sigh nor sob; but looked stony, deathly calm.

"Have you children?"

"Two."

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"My oldest, Sam, is in the field at work. Jimmy, poor Jimmy, he's a lame hand."

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"Dear sister Catherine," "My noble Clara," "My pretty Mary," "Sweet Maggie," "dear sister Manners," "winding up" with "how do you do, Sally?" were Mrs. Berker's greetings.

This quite insular manner, which thought that her dear friends, who had been with her for years, should be so ignorant of a good deal, mattering to herself, that "Miss Emily always so stiff and cross like, nobody ever loved her. She won't be pretty, with them as eye lookin' like poor milk, and sich whitish hair."

There could have been no deeper insult to her than to address her thus.

Sally was able to be a great deal in the parlour, and as she listened to her aunt and cousin talk, she was greatly disgusted and horrified to hear them telling of the really practiced on the plantation. Maggie spoke of the moral indifference of the number of negroes that was killed during the busy sugar season by over-work. Mrs. Berker told, with the utmost sang froid, of the prompt manner in which she shot down negro men who were suspected of having been in a supposed insurrection. She might be imagined to have operated painfully upon Sally's heart. Her sensitive, nervous temperament almost sank under it. But to Mrs. Berker and Mrs. Goodwin, both of whom believed in the iron rule, and thought a negro to be better than swine, this prompt and rigid discipline, as they termed it, was elegant. Sally heard such cruel talk, and used to—accompanied by her mother and sometimes by Maggie—wander over the beautiful farm, go down to the quarter and talk to the slaves. Once at a little cabin, in front of which a woman was sitting engaged at her little spinning wheel, and singing a wailing, dirge-like ballad.

When they stopped, she got up and politely offered them stool. As Sally was weak and tired, she readily consented, but Maggie ran on, impatient of fun, saying, "I'll be back after awhile, cousin Sally."

"Is yer much sick, young miss?" asked the woman of Sally.

"Yes, I feel quite weak; my little exertion brings on my headache, and I can't sleep."

"Oh, my! you'd ever try slippery elm tea?"

"No, I have never."

"Would you let me make you a little?"

"Certainly, if you can spare the time."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'm not through my task, an' I'd like to make you some; yer 'pear so weak like."

She went into the cabin and soon returned with a cup of tea, which she hoped would "cure young miss's little ailment."

Sally tried it, and praised it very much.

"But you look weak and thin; are you sick?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I've ailen sick. I've had the breast-complaint all my life."

"What do you take?"

"A little of the tea sometimes; but it is no matter, I can't sleep, and I can't eat."

"What is your name?"

"Lucinda, ma'am."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long has he been here?"

"No, ma'am; he was dead about two years ago down the river; I haven't heard from him since." She did not sigh nor sob; but looked stony, deathly calm.

"Have you children?"

"Two."

"Where are they?"

"My oldest, Sam, is in the field at work. Jimmy, poor Jimmy, he's a lame hand."

"How did Jimmy get?"

"Four years, ma'am," and she sighed profoundly.

Just then a bright, mellow boy, with large eyes and neatly dressed, came crawling up to the woman's side. She put out her hand and, looking fondly down, murmured, "poor Jimmy!"

He whined strangely.

"No, ma'am," asked Sally.

"No, ma'am."

"And four years old?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The boy pulled at his mother's sleeve and cried out in a strange hoarse. She took a crust from her pocket, which appeared to satisfy him. He laid down close to her feet and began to nibble it. As she rolled back, he followed, and Sally had a chance of seeing his face closely, and she became aware of his painful condition. The mother read it, and bowing her head, said,

"Yes, he always has it."

"No, ma'am; you'll be eighteen months old be it was a little more than a year ago, and he's a poor little fellow; no play, no pretty, and noticed everything. He wiped a single tear from his eye."

"What was the cause?"

"Oh, ma'am; oh, oh; and the woman's frame quivered violently; the wheel stopped and Lucinda gave up to the luxury of a passionate burst of tears.

"I can't speak of it," cried Sally.

"Yes, ma'am, I want to speak presently it will do you good."

CHAPTER V.

stock—the best cultivated lands—and more of our boasted blue grass than any other farm. Upon a small farm of three hundred acres, he employed one hundred negroes—

—where, of course, half their time without work. But both Mr. and Mrs. Berker were of a different order. Mrs. Berker was much like her niece, the Misses Berker, and had from her childhood received a close and attentive body-servant, who kept her wardrobe in order, carried her bonnet, &c., &c. The habits of her childhood seemed to increase with her years, so that at thirty-four she was as old as twelve. She did not think that to lounge about the house, read novels and play with her children.

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