

O'CONNOR ON THE LEMMON CASE.

Mr. O'Conner is an acute and able practitioner of law; his rank in his profession proves that; but, judging by such forensic efforts of his as we have read or heard, we cannot think him a lawyer of the highest order.

All this is singularly exemplified in his argument of the Lemmon case, which is now before the Court of Appeals of this state, and to the merits of which he has already devoted several years of study and discussion.

As to the law of this state, the statutes would seem to be too explicit to admit of any doubt, even among a host of pettifoggers. As early as 1817 it was enacted by the legislature that "every person born within this state, whether white or colored, is free; and every person brought into this state as a slave, except as authorized by this title, shall be free."

Now, it cannot be denied that, as a sovereign state, New York has a perfect right to decide the condition of all her inhabitants; she has the same right to do this that South Carolina has to sanction slavery; she has a perfect right, also, to declare what person or things shall come within her jurisdiction.

The only question remaining, then, is whether New York, or the other states, has surrendered any part of this sovereign right to the federal government; or, in other words, whether the constitution of the United States imposes any restraint upon the exercise of the right.

The border States of the South understand why a Dissolution of the Federal Union would be ruinous to their slave labor system. The Missouri Democrat, in commenting upon the conduct of Clark from that State—the Helper resolution man—says:

"It is very well for those who have hundreds of miles of slave soil not their own, and millions of pro-slavery men, the citizens of other states than their, between them and the foe, to preach disunion; but the question has quite another significance for the border Slave States—the States which would have to bear the brunt, and which would have to bear enormous losses, whatever might be the issue of the contest.

Mr. O'Conner readily perceived that he had no foot to stand upon, and he amused himself and the court by addressing his eccentricity and paralogisms. Principles of law, which have never been questioned since the days of Justinian, he questioned with the most imperturbable nonchalance.

Like new converts generally, our Republican friends in the Legislature attempted to appropriate all the honor and distinction connected with the execution of the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures to themselves. In the programme, which was the work of their hands, there was not a single Democrat posted among the speakers for Thursday evening last, except Mr. Key, of Hamilton.

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Legislature and the State are sincere; that they are convicted of their folly and madness in warring on the South and her institutions; that they intend in this respect to lead new lives, love the Union, respect the Constitution, and sin no more, we can overlook their neglect of their Democratic neighbors, who now are as they have always been heretofore, friends to the Constitution and the Union of the States.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.

Since the days of miracles there has not been a more sudden conversion and change than that wrought in the views of Gov. DENISON on the slavery question, and the opinion held by him in relation to Southern statesmen.

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DISUNION DEPRECATED.

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LATEST DEMAND OF SLAVERY.

A joint preamble and resolution have been offered in the Senate of Kentucky, stating the important fact that "the citizens of Kentucky have been for a series of years, and are still subject to an annual loss involving hundreds of thousands of dollars from the escape of single-legged chatties; and also the interesting fact that "no treaty exists between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States for the reclamation and extradition" of such single-legged chatties; therefore the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky strongly urges "upon the treaty making power of the Government of the United States the necessity of so amending the tenth section of our treaty with Great Britain in regard to the fugitives from justice, as to include in its provisions fugitives from labor."

It is this new demand of the slave masters to be made a plank in the Charleston platform? An American Minister would cut a figure in presenting such a demand on a monarchy whose true basis is

"Slave cannot breathe in England—They touch our country and their shackles fall."

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Communications.

NO RIGHTS—NO DUTIES.

DAMASCUS, Feb. 3, 1860.

DEAR FRIEND: For several weeks I have lectured in various places in this region, mainly to establish three propositions, &c.

1. That Individual Slaveholders, as such, have no rights that any man is bound to respect.

2. That no Slaveholding State, as such, has any rights that other States are bound to respect.

3. That Slaves, as such, owe no obedience, no service, no duties of any kind, to their enslavers. The deepest interest in every meeting, has been manifested in the discussion of these propositions, and of the conclusions naturally and necessarily deducible from them.

Were Virginia to kidnap the children of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, and seize and sell them as slaves; who doubts as to what would be the right duty of those states and our Northern States. Exterminate Virginia as an incorporeal bandit and kidnapper and smother the "spoiled" from the hands of the spoiler, "would be the right of every man and woman and state of the North.

Slaves, as such, owe no obedience, no service, no duties of any kind, to their masters and enslavers, and the religion and government, the political parties, constitutions, compacts and unions that enjoin on their obedience or service of any kind, as slaves, deserve only the scorn and contempt of all men, as individuals and states.

The one fatal, original mistake of this nation is, its horrible admission that slaveholders, as such, may have rights, and that slaves, as such, may owe duties; they should have acted on the principle of NO RIGHTS—NO DUTIES; that slaveholders as such, can have no rights, whether as individuals or states, any more than assassins and pirates can; and that slaves, as such, can owe no obedience, no service, no duties, to any being in the universe.

Great excitement has prevailed at some of our meetings. Revolvers and clubs have been on hand for use, by the mobocrats if opportunity offered. But thus far no harm has been done, and no meeting has been broken up. The great body of the people are determined to maintain freedom of speech.

JOHN BROWN MEETING.

MAYSVILLE, Franklin co., Iowa, } January 23, 1860.

Pursuant to a call, the citizens of Maysville and vicinity, met at the Reeve School-house, on Thursday evening, January 19th, for the purpose of getting the sentiment of the people in regard to the late Harper's Ferry Tragedy.

On motion of Nathan Moore, J. B. Reeve, was called to the chair, and G. S. Merris, was elected Vice President, and Edwin A. Miller, Secretary.

D. W. Dow, being called upon, took the floor and made an able speech in condemnation of slavery, and expressing his abhorrence of the position taken by that part of the political and religious world who raise their awe-stricken hands and exclaim, Why agitate.

He considered that the action of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, would have the effect on the Nation that leaven has on a measure of meal—it would agitate and purify it. He expressed his readiness for the dissolution of the Union as threatened by the South, but insisted that the North should keep the Eagle and Stars, but would upon a pinch give the South the stripes. He reflected severely on the course taken by Stephen A. Douglas.

A. T. Reeve followed Mr. Dow in an interesting address, showing up the different characters as presented in the late John Brown affair at Harper's Ferry, and not failing to give Governor Wise his share of the contempt of a civilized community; and noticed briefly the importance of having a regiment of Virginia soldiers to guard a poor defenceless woman to the cell of her condemned husband.

S. S. Davidson, made a fluent speech in defence of the Southern Democracy. He represented to the audience that the gentlemen who had preceded him, had undertaken to make them think that John Brown died a saint. He wished to be understood to take the South side of Mason and Dixon's line.

Barclay Coppock has not been arrested, as is erroneously reported in some of the papers. He has gone to Canada, where there is no danger of his being hung for practically believing in the doctrine of man's right to be free.

We are aware that in entering the poetical arena with our friend Whittier, we do it at great disadvantage. All the verdict we care to obtain in relation to the following pieces is this: That while his contains more poetry than truth, ours has more truth than poetry.

OUR UNION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champlain, Streams still along the Southern Gulf and by the lakes of Maine;

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West, With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling western wave, To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;

Wherever Arnold's tale is told, it dyes the cheek with shame, And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moultrie's wider fame;

It is a sacred legacy you never can divide, Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride,

Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart, That first were written boldly there with plight of hand and heart?

Could ye erase a Hancock's name e'en with the sabre's edge, Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?

Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves, Or read in twain the sturdy flag that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?

Can ye meet around his grave as fratricidal foes, And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

Ye dare not! is the Alleghania's thunder-tone decreed! 'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea—

Where tropic waves delighted clasp our slavery Southern shore, And where, through frowning mountain gates, Nebraska's waters roar!

The craven blood that streams along from Florida to Maine Is not such blood as Warren shed, or crimsoned Lake Champlain,

Or else would Freedom's battle-cry, loud as Atlantic's roar, Echo from all our eastern coasts to far Pacific's shore.

Vain is the boast of brotherhood. The young and giant West Yields up her wealth to those who bear aloft the freeman's cross;

The busy East, whose ceaseless hum betokens constant toil, Knows that her industry will not become the robber's spoil.

But in the South, which God has blest beyond this land of ours, And wreathed on his December's brow a coronal of flowers,

They sneer at honest industry, and for the laborer's pay, They steal the manhood from his soul, the sunlight from his day.

The treachery of Arnold's deed need call no blush of shame, Nor should we speak with joy or pride Concord or Moultrie's name,

For we, as Unionists, have done far worse than Arnold could, And blotted out our ancient fame with our poor brother's blood.

And though the stars and stripes may float in beauty on the air, They speak to every bondman's heart of suffering and despair;

And to his hope, the Union's flag is dark as endless night, While England's banner of the Cross glows with resplendent light.

The parchment scroll whereon the name of Hancock leads the host Of men whose glorious deeds were once our country's proudest boast,

Has ceased to be the nation's guide—neglected now it lies, And o'er its truths, like spiders' webs, spreads guilty compromise.

Utah! speak not of Potomac's waves, nor of the shades that fall Around Mt. Vernon's sepulchre like a funeral pall,

Let ye remind us of the men that on the gallows tree Virginia's hangmen sacrificed to Southern Slavery. Those who in glowing words can bless our nation's Union,

Dare not to tell the damning deeds that in its name are done, Dare not to speak the Saxon name of honest old John Brown,

Who, for his love of God and man, has won a martyr's crown. Then let the guilty Union go. Sever the sinful band, Though Bunker Hill and Lexington be blotted from the land,

Though Yorktown's victory be forgot, and never more again Can northern lips pronounce the name of Camden's bloody plain.

Let Liberty and Brotherhood inspire our souls with might; "Dixie's" be our battle-cry, and God be with the right! And blistered be the tongue that asks for compromise with wrong, Or seeks Oppression's notes to blend with Freedom's glorious song.

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