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# Communicated

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Age! thou art ashamed,  
 Rome! thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

Is it then true, that the Legislature of Virginia have shrunk from the question of secession? "O yes! The proper time has not come."

Why then did the President lug it into his manifesto? When a claim of right is denied by anticipation, the more urgent is the necessity for asserting it. The more unseasonable the attack, the more call for prompt defence, and the more prompt, the more seasonable. It is dark midnight: our sentinels are sleeping on their posts: our camp is assaulted; and our martinetts must wait for daylight, that they may see to manœuvre *secundum artem*.

"But there is no one in the Legislature qualified to lead"!!! Is this so? Then, let them disband and go home. But is there no one in Virginia fit to lead? If there is, let the geese but cackle, and the men will show themselves. If not; why then Virginia is not FIT TO BE LED, and there is nothing left, but to be slaves in condition, as sooner or later all slaves in heart are sure to be. FUIMUS TROES, and there's an end. (a)

Yes, WE HAVE BEEN. We have been men whose "swords would have leaped from their scabbards," even at a hint of the doctrines of the Proclamation. Now we bless God, that it is poor South Carolina that is to suffer, and not we, and are content to be kept "like a nut in the corner of a Monkey's jaw, first mouthed to be last swallowed."

What are we doing? We are talking "about it, Goddams, and about it," some evading the difficulty, like a sneaking Judge working round a constitutional question, and some, who should shout the war cry "VIRGINIA TO THE RESCUE," are trying to lead men to peril "Life and fortune and sacred honor" by wire-drawn metaphysics.

"LIFE AND FORTUNE AND SACRED HONOR"!!! How often and how freely have they been pledged in this very cause! Aye; as freely as the spend-thrift gives his note on long credit. But pay-day comes, and all is changed. PAY-DAY IS NOW COME.

How is the pledge to be redeemed, when the very CITADEL of State Rights is beleaguered and summoned to surrender on pain of the halter? How? By answering the minions of power thus—

"But if your chief his purpose urge,  
 Take our defiance loud and high;  
 Our slogan is your lyke-wake dudge,  
 Our moat the grave where you shall lie."

The poet puts these words in the mouth of a woman. Our mothers were such women. What are we? Each turns upon his fellow's face an eye of death, and says,

"Why man! he doth bestride the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
 Creep under his huge legs, and peep about,  
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

Aye creep, and peep, and hide! Yes, hide your shame, and no more pretend to identify yourselves with those, who, backed their resolves with laws, and put *Dark's brigade* in requisition to sustain both.

Am I then for war? No. I am for avoiding war by prudent boldness. I am for saying to our oppressors, on behalf of the whole planting and slave-holding country; "If this is the way the bargain is to be read, we must be off; and if you mean to continue the Union, the principles of that Proclamation must be DISTINCTLY AND FOREVER RENOUNCED."

Will this course endanger the Union? No. "I tell you, my Lord Fool, that out of this nettle DANGER, we pluck the flower SAFETY."

#### A FRIEND OF STATE RIGHTS.

(a) Lord Chatham said that a people willing to be made slaves of, were fit tools to enslave others. And what are they, who are willing to be employed as tools to enslave their countrymen? Are they not slaves already? They may have to seek a master; but it is always easy to find one. A leech may not always find his way into the wolf's jaws; a wanton may not always find a paramour, but a slave is always sure to find a master.