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The Star.

DUCE AMOR PATRIE, PRODESSE CIVIBUS.—"THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS."

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THE OLIO.

"With sweetest flowers curied
From various gardens cul'd with care."

THE ROSE OF MAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

I said the flower would bloom no more,
That wither'd yesterday;
That morning dew would ne'er restore
My lovely rose of May.
The fallow was too cold a thing
In my sweet dream to be;
The present rose, the present spring,
Are all of life to me.

I do remember well my grief,
When died my flower—and then
My joys which time brought, leaf by leaf,
As sweet a flower again.
And then I said, "Farewell, despair,
Thou art no guest for me;
Whate'er I lose of bright or fair,
I hope again to see."

Alas! I've often wept since then,
And death has robb'd my bowers;
But even amidst the griefs of men,
I've comfort found in flowers.
For, if the bloom of love be brief,
And if Fame's crown be riven,
I would not mourn life's fading leaf,
But look for spring in heaven.

THE MISCELLANY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE VICTIM OF TRIFLES.

By J. K. PAULDING.

According to all the rules by which we estimate worldly happiness, Mr. Irby ought to have been a happy man. He had health, wealth, an amiable wife and obedient children. His integrity gained him the respect of the good, and his wealth secured the preference of such as only bow to worldly prosperity. But the most delusive estimates of happiness are those which erect on the basis of outward appearance. From these we decide that a man ought to be happy, and set him down as such without further inquiry. Happiness is in the disposition, not in outward circumstances, and thus is hidden from ourselves.

The subject of our story inherited from both parents an impatience of trifles. His father had not the patience to do any thing that cost him a moment's difficulty. If he turned a key the wrong way, ten to one but he broke it before he could bring himself to turn it to the other. In fact he could not do any thing that required the least management or delay, and fell in a passion ten times a day about nothing. His mother left off sewing before she grew up, because she could not endure the trouble of threading a needle.

In the nursery, young master Irby broke all his playthings because it was too much trouble to use them; at school the trouble of learning the multiplication table made him so impatient that he tore it all to pieces; and when a young man, he never lit his foot against a stick or a stone without giving it a kick with a malediction to boot. He could not bear a crowd because he was impatient of restraint, nor solitude because he was impatient of his own company. He was often known to delay reading a favorite book merely for want of patience to cut the leaves; and thus he missed a large portion of the pleasures of enjoyment solely on the score of his detestation of the trouble of obtaining them. We recollect that one morning he was going on an excursion when he promised himself great satisfaction, when a pair of new boots was brought home, which he wished to wear on the occasion. He was fretting with impatience to join his party. Unfortunately they did not go on as easily as a glove, and after two or three pulls, our hero got in such a passion that he swore a great oath, and threw one of the boots with such violence from him that it upset the inkstand and spoiled his carpet. This caused him to fall into a still greater passion, he fired away the other and broke his looking-glass. For these two atrocious offences, he finally threw them both out of the window with such violence that he broke the head of an honest person who happened to be passing; at the same time denouncing the physical conformation of man, who being predestinated to wear boots, was accommodated with a heel, as if on purpose to prevent his putting them on. He was affronted at all these severe afflictions, that he determined not to go on the excursion. The next day he had to pay a round sum for breaking the poor man's pate, which made him ten times more impatient than ever.

Our hero finding the life of a bachelor so full of little troubles, cares and vexations, that he resolved in a fit of impatience to marry. Accordingly he reflected at least five minutes, when he got out of patience with thinking, and determined to have no more trouble of that sort. He decided at once, called forth, and knocked at the door of the fair Julia, whom he intended to address instantly. The servant who was so long coming that he was out of all patience, and turned away in disgust, determined to have nothing to say to the fair Julia, who kept him waiting a whole minute at the door.

He bent his course to the dwelling of another fair lady, and unluckily found the servant on the steps, shaking a rug, which raised a cloud of dust which so seriously incommoded him, that he went away in great wrath without saying a word.

From thence he proceeded to visit the pretty, sprightly brunette, Eleanor, and fortunately was neither delayed at the door nor driven away by the dust. He was ushered into the parlour, and told the lady would be down presently. He waited a quarter of a minute, and then began to drum violently on the table. He waited another quarter, and fidgeted round the room three or four times. Still the provoking dæmrel did not come. "She's enough to tire the patience of a saint," quoth our hero, and stalked out of the room in a furious fit of impatience. The street door had a spring lock, which delayed him an instant and threw him into an ecstasy of fretfulness; he slammed the door so hard that he alarmed all the old rats in the house. Fortunately he at length found admittance into a dwelling, the door of which was open, and the young lady already in the parlor. He paid his compliments in a speech she could scarcely comprehend, for he had not patience to speak low. The lady was rather slow in answering, and our hero was just getting out of all patience; but he restrained himself with wonderful self-command, and an agreeable conversation ensued. He was astonished to find when he went away that his visit had actually lasted fifteen minutes, during all which time he had not once got out of patience. He went the next day, and found the old lady mother in the parlor, who pretty nearly annihilated him with an account of an attack of the rheumatism. Ye powers! how did he fidget, & fret!

out his legs, and twirl his hat, and drum on the arm chair! He was just on the point of giving up the ghost when a great revolution took place. The young lady came in and the old lady departed. Mr. Irby thought the former one of the most charming of her sex, only she talked a little too slow for him. She was indeed a model of meekness, patience, and discretion. The very antipodes of our hero. It is therefore no wonder that they should fall in love. The two extremes generally come together sooner or later.

It was not long before he offered himself and was accepted; but the lady, as all delicate females should do, hesitated and bided a little before she uttered the inextinguishable which decides the fate of woman, and Mr. Irby was out of patience that he was just about setting his hat and bidding her a deuce forever. He was so impatient for the wedding that he could hardly wait for the wedding clothes, which we don't so much wonder at, as his bride was a charming creature. He was impatient because the clergyman was five minutes behind his time; he was still more impatient because the bride and her maids were not quite ready at the moment; and he was out of all patience with the length of the ceremony that he answered saunterly questions before they were asked. Never man was more miserable at the consummation of his happiness. It fell to his lot at supper to cut up a tough goose, and he was three or four times on the point of throwing it at the old gentleman, his honored father-in-law, for giving him such a diabolical task.

The parents saw all this; but as he was rich, they flattered themselves they had secured the happiness of their daughter; the bride saw nothing of it, as in duty bound. She was in love, and near sighted.

When Mr. Irby set up an establishment his troubles increased tenfold, and he got out of patience ten times oftener than ever. One morning, about a month or thereabouts after taking possession of his bride and his house, he rang the bell for a servant, and before the sound could reach the lower regions, he repeated it with an expression of impatience at the laziness of the fellow.

"He has not had time to come," said his wife, in her mild dilatory way.

"Not time! I could have gone to the garret and back again!"

"Indeed you are mistaken, my dear—have a little patience—here he comes."

Mr. Irby gave him a violent rebuke for being so long answering the bell.

"You sent me on an errand, sir," replied he.

"So you did, my dear—now I recollect," said Mrs. Irby.

Mr. Irby said nothing, but he was out of all patience, first with him self for not recollecting having sent the man away so early, with the man for depriving him of so excellent an apology for being out of patience; and thirdly with Mrs. Irby for not being out of patience in the least.

"Upon my soul, madam, you are enough to provoke a stone."

"How so, my dear?" said she smiling.

"You have the patience of Job."

Mrs. Irby had it just on the tip of her tongue to say she wished she could return the compliment; but we regard it as a modern miracle that she resisted the temptation, and only said, making a low courtesy at the time.

"I thank you for the compliment my dear."

"Hem!" quoth Mr. Irby, and felt quite provoked at his wife for laying so much more patience than himself.

On another occasion Mr. Irby fell into a great passion because his wife could not immediately find the key of a drawer, when he wanted it.

"Zounds, madam," cried he, "you never can find any thing when I want it. I believe half your life has been spent in looking for keys."

Mrs. Irby said nothing, but continued the search while her husband was fretting away his soul, and uttering irritating reflections. He was just going to break the lock when the lady all at once exclaimed,

"O, now I recollect—you have it, my dear—I gave it to you yesterday."

He denied it at first, and could not be persuaded to put his hand in his pocket to see if it was there. He was sure—positive, it was not. Mrs. Irby approached him with an irresistible smile, put her hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew out the identical key. She did not laugh, she did not give a look of triumph, but went and sat down to her employment.

"My dear," at length she said, "why don't you open the drawer, now you have the key?"

"O, it's no consequence—it will do just as well some other time."

Mrs. Irby was tempted by the evil one to tell her husband it was hardly worth while to get so out of patience about a matter of no consequence—but she was a model of discretion, and said not another word.

This was exceedingly provoking. Half the time Mr. Irby had nobody to dispute with about nothing, and it was but a dull business to be angry alone. He made divers attempts to put his wife out of patience, but all in vain, she neither joined in his anger against others, nor gave him occasion to be angry with herself.

"Zounds!" said he to himself, "I believe the devil is in the woman," and he got out of all patience because he could not put his wife out of patience. The truth is, she made him ashamed of himself, and his wayward disposition took offence at self reproach. Instead of putting him on correcting his own faults, it only made him more testy and impatient.

Being of a domestic turn, he generally staid at home almost all the day—and a man who keeps house without any business of his own, is pretty certain to interfere in the just prerogatives of his wife. Mr. Irby was always prying about, seeking causes of discontent and self-torment. If he detected a cob-web hanging from the ceiling, he got out of patience with his wife, his servants, the spiders, and himself. He could not rest till he had made an uproar in the house, and fretted himself sore about it.

By degrees he persuaded himself there was nothing done in the house as it ought to be, unless he attended to it himself. Under the dominion of this freak he set about meddling with what properly belonged to the jurisdiction of his wife. All human beings love power, and that too in proportion to the limited sphere in which they exercise it. Women are of course tenacious of their dominion within doors, the right to which they acquire by surrendering that without to their husbands. It was very vexatious to see Mr. Irby usurping the distaff. But Mrs. Irby was never known to get out of humor on these occasions, either because she was incapable of anger, or that she took warning from the example of her husband, who, with every thing in his power to be happy, daily and hourly fretted himself into a state of misery, at the same time that he made every body dependent on him as miserable as himself.

"I wish to heaven, Juno," said he one day, after having done and said enough to provoke a knock-

ness itself, "I wish you would get over that disagreeable, obstinate habit you've got."

"What obstinate habit, my dear?" replied Mrs. Irby, rather surprised at the charge.

"Why I mean that infernal provoking habit of keeping your temper when you see me out of patience with every body and every thing. An affectionate wife ought always to sympathize with her husband. But to see you sitting perfectly unmoved when I have a hundred causes for being in a passion is too bad. It makes me just as if one had no reason for one's conduct. Now do, my dear Jane, get angry sometimes, won't you?"

"My dear, I don't know what it is to be out of patience or angry. I wish I could oblige you."

"What a confounded disagreeable, ignorant, insensible woman I've got for a wife," quoth Mr. Irby. "Not know how to get out of patience! I'm sure I could have taught her that, if she had not been an insensible block." And away he went in a passion to look for cobwebs and scold the servants.

By degrees he began to dislike his wife because she could not get out of patience and sympathize with him. It showed a want of susceptibility, a want of affection, a want of sense in fact. She was a great fool, and there was an end of the matter. A woman will pardon any thing in a husband, if she is only satisfied that he loves her truly. But if to occasional unkindness he adds indifference, not Griselda herself, can preserve obedience and tenderness. The faults of Mr. Irby were gradually estranging the affections of his wife; and though she preserved in her patience, there was not the same sweetness of deportment towards her husband as formerly. They were on the high road to indifference, alienation, and mutual dislike when a series of misfortunes by degrees united them once again into the bonds of mutual sympathy.

Mr. Irby had estates in St. Domingo, of which he was suddenly deprived by the bloody revolution that converted the oppressed slave into a remorseless tyrant. The loss of these, striated his circumstances exceedingly, and obliged him to circumscribe his establishment. He could command nothing more than the ordinary comforts of life. But what was very surprising, the news neither put him out of patience nor made him angry. He communicated it to his wife in a cold, solemn manner that was quite edifying.

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Irby, who felt her old affections awakened by the touch of his fortune. "Never mind, my dear, we have our children and the means of supporting them."

Mr. Irby kissed his wife with all the warmth of first love, and received a kiss sweeter than that of a bride.

He had now something to think of besides trifles; and it was several weeks before he undertook to look for cobwebs, scold the servants, get out of patience himself, or find fault with his wife for not doing it. Old habits, however, obstinate things. They are like spaniels, you cannot beat them from you. Mr. Irby was gradually relapsing, when the news of the failure of a man whom he had entrusted with his out-door affairs, while he was attending to those within, again relieved him from the dominion of littleness. He received the shock with firmness—kept his temper and patience—although he was now reduced to poverty.

"Well my dear," said his good wife, "we must exert ourselves for the sake of our children. I cannot earn, but I can save."

Mr. Irby was inspired by the cheerfulness of his wife. "I too can do something besides getting out of patience," thought he "that I will!"

He procured, by the influence of Mrs. Irby's friends, a respectable though laborious employment which occupied him so completely during the day, that he had not time to get out of patience. He was so fixed when he came home that he had not the least inclination to trouble himself with the affairs of his household, and had no servants to worry his soul by not answering the bell. In short he had occupation for his time and thoughts, and that pettish, feverish, impatience which had been the bane of his own happiness, as well as that of his wife and children, yielded entirely and forever to the dignified impression or serious calamity, assisted by the necessity for constant employment. Their loss of fortune thus became the source of permanent peace and happiness.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," thought Mrs. Irby.

"What a delightful thing it is to have something to do but doors, instead of looking for cobwebs myself!" quoth Mr. Irby. "I'm no patience with myself when I think how I used to get out of patience about nothing."

The Goods of Life.—Speaking of these, Sir Wm. Temple says:—the greatest pleasure of life is Love; the greatest treasure is Contentment; the greatest possession is Health; the greatest ease is Sleep; and the greatest medicine is a TRUE FRIEND.

John Randolph, the American System hater, said he would go twenty rods to kick a sheep. At the dinner given to Mr. Burgess in New York, he was thus complimented: Hon. John Randolph, the next time he kicks a sheep, may it prove a battering ram!

It is but little known, but it is nevertheless a fact, says the Portland Mirror, that a little tar rubbed on the necks of young lambs or geese, will prevent the depositions of foxes upon them; these animals have an unconquerable aversion to the smell of tar.

WOMEN WITH WHISKERS.—One would suppose that in precisely the ratio that the march of mind prevailed in and enlightened this country, that the absurdities of fashion would take a retrograde movement and be expelled from all decent society. This is not the case, however, and some of our country readers will doubt the fact, when we assure them, that some of the fashionable belles of this city have an ambition for whiskers, and in an attempt to gratify this absurd whim, so arrange their hair upon their faces as to give them the appearance of wearing these masculine appendages. Several of the softer sex thus disguised have appeared at the theatre and in our public promenades. We notice the fashion as one discredit to delicacy, and beyond the prerogatives of the sex. It should be frowned down by the common consent of every feminine spirit.

In the animal creation none of the female gender have whiskers, but a species, which, above all others, a delicate woman would dislike to pattern after. A dandy with mustachios is had enough in all conscience, but a woman in whiskers—ye Brummels—'tis monstrous!—Bicknell's Reporter.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Why is Freemasonry like an Owl?

Because it shuns the light, and commits its depredations in darkness.

Why is it like a Lawyer?

Because it won't work without a fee.

Why is it like the Devil?

Because it worries whom it can't devour.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin first introduced broom corn into this country; he had the curiosity to save a few seeds that were attached to an important corn whisk, so now we have broom corn in abundance.

NEAR SIGHTED PIG.—During the late eclipse, many an unconscious beauty smuted the end of her pretty nose, while viewing the phenomenon through a smoked glass;—but this earnestness of observation was not confined exclusively to the ladies. A boy not remarkable for precocious wisdom was seen in a neighboring yard fastening a huge pair of his grandmother's specs on the nose of a capacious and sage looking parker; he said he was only letting the "light of science" into the pig's head.

N. Y. Constellation.

FRANCE.

FRANCE AND ITALY.—FRANCE AND BELGIUM.—NEW PROTOCOL AGAINST THE BELGIANS.—FRANCE AND POLAND.—POLICY OF THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY IN THE DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF FRANCE.

To the Editor of the London Morning Chronicle.

PARIS, March 27, 1831.

Sir—The Austrians have entered Bologna! The emperor, when he made his proclamation in favor of "Order" and "Despotism," declared that the Austrian troops were "in the first instance" to enter Modena and Parma. The lovers of peace, at all hazards, and at all prices, said, that although the "pacific" Emperor spoke "of the first instance," yet really he had no intention of proceeding into the Roman States—and that if by any mistake the troops should proceed as far as Ferrara, that they would arrest their march at the birth-place of Ariosto, and not incur the indignation and reproaches, the anger and resentment of France! From hour to hour these assurances have been made in Le Temps (which of late has changed its colors) in the Journal des Debats, which no later than yesterday recommended war in case the Austrian troops should attempt to establish themselves as the police of the Roman States; and in all the Court Circles and Literary Salons, where it has been laid down as a sort of axiom that Ferrara would be the limit of French forbearance. But at length the peace party are to-day biting their lips and cursing their own imprudence in not even consenting beforehand to the entry which has been made, and to which they must now submit, or declare war. The Temps of to-day has, however, with its accustomed ability, thought of a remedy for this evil, and it says, "Let us wait"—This is the result of the negotiations or policy of the late Ministry. "We cannot know, the result of the new system of our new Cabinet before the middle of April," and, in fine, they are for waiting till the mischief is done, and then they will exclaim, "It is too late to help it!" Although, however, "the peace party" has not yet abandoned its hopes—the nation has nearly lost its patience. All reasonable and respectable citizens unquestionably admit that war is a great evil, and that peace should, if possible, be preserved; but all citizens who have a grain of common sense, and whose love of high prices does not get the better of their judgments, must also admit that after the revolution of July in France, if despotic and absolute Governments shall succeed in crushing the spirit and love of liberty in other lands, they will afterwards unite to attack that Revolution which was the parent of the rest, and which these Despots only affect to respect because it is powerful, and until they have succeeded in crushing all its allies.

In the cases of Modena and Parma, the excuses which were made by the Court of Vienna, though frivolous and unjust, were yet fortified upon something like the pretext of family alliances, and the necessity for supporting the dignity and honour of Austrian Princes; but the case of the Papal States admits of no such subterfuge—and as Austria is arming every where—has ordered a new levy of troops—has just made a loan of 100 millions of francs—occupies Eodrig and Parma—and are thus dominating in Romania, and will occupy all central Italy; it is high time for Louis Philippe to be up and bestir himself, unless he desires to be a witness to the third Restoration. If liberty shall be crushed in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Poland, Belgium, and Germany, she will not long remain unassailed in France, or even Britain. As, however, this occu-

—And what are the people about? They are preparing for war! They are first of all for fixing the territorial limits of Belgium. They say with truth that it is useless to erect a king until there be a kingdom to crown him; & that until the limits of Belgium shall be fixed, all other measures are provisional and useless! They wished for a war with Holland to decide the question. They do not wish war for the sake of war but they understand that King William will not abandon the citadels of Antwerp, Maestricht, or Luxembourg; and they, therefore, wish to appeal to the force of arms. Can this be avoided? Yes, by the re-union of Belgium to France, or by the armed intervention of the foreign Powers. But this armed intervention is forbidden by the principles of our July Revolution. The re-union to France will not be sanctioned by Prussia or Great Britain. Then a war between Belgium and Holland is inevitable, unless the principles of the July Revolution be to be compromised. This is the position of Belgian affairs.

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of Bologna has only been known a few hours in the Government of Louis Philippe, let us wait for the decision of the Cabinet before we complain or threaten. Let us hope that this progress of despotism in the South of Europe may, ere it be too late, open the eyes and raise the courage of even a Perrier Administration.

The conduct of the Austrian forces in Modena and Parma has of course been severe and brutal. There are no troops in Europe less civilized, less moderate in victory, less kind towards their enemies, and less anti-barbarian than the Austrians. In Modena they have treated with cruelty and indignity the best and most virtuous citizens. They have placed the Duke on his throne by the force of foreign bayonets, and at the sacrifice of the lives of his subjects, and every step from Austria to Modena of this "beloved Monarch," has been stained with blood! For such successes the Duke has attended at the Cathedral! sung for hours a Te Deum! and rendered thanks to Almighty God for having enabled him by force of arms to reduce to momentary subjection the unhappy and indignant people over whom Heaven has called him to govern! All these Italian Princes have commissions from Heaven! It is most extraordinary, however, that they do not demonstrate the divinity of their commission by the working of miracles. Until then, we bold and daring heretics venture to question their patent rights; and if Modena is not to be permanently occupied by Austrian troops, in a very short time the Duke will be again compelled to make an excursion into foreign parts. I assure you that the Modena Revolution has not terminated.

In Belgium we are not marching. On one side there is the French Government afraid of offending—on another, Holland preparing for war—on another, Prussia, ready to occupy Luxembourg and Liège; and last of all, there are at London an assembly of Protocols who meet in Downing street, and legislate for the hopes, wants, and wishes of nearly four millions of people. But what is the Belgian Government doing? What is the policy of the Regent? Who and what are his ministers? What is the conduct of the Members of the Congress? And, above all, what are the people about? Let me answer these questions in a few words.

The Belgian Government is divided! The most powerful party still entertain some hopes of a re-union to France—or at least of the Duke of Nemours for King. Another party, considering this as impossible, is favourable to an English alliance, and of the selection of Prince Leopold, of Saxe Coburg. A third party is for postponing all these considerations until the preliminary question is disposed of; and that question is, "What is Belgium—its limits—territory—population?" This party is divided into two sections: one for an immediate declaration of war against Holland, in order to obtain possession of Antwerp, Maestricht, and Luxembourg by force; and the other section is for negotiating with King William—for mutual concessions—for yielding up part of the provinces of Lembourg and Hainault, for the purpose of securing Luxembourg to Belgium. Thus the Government is divided—and now the Ministry is dissolved.

What is the policy of the Regent? National! truly national! He is opposed to the system of Protocols! He is for demanding the strict observance of the principle of non-intervention. He is for relying on themselves, and not on France, or England, or Prussia—but nearly four millions of united Belgians. He looks to Poland, and derives consolation from the noble and successful exertions of those brave and devoted patriots; and he hopes to raise the enthusiasm and valor of the Belgians in the same degree of excitement. In this he is mistaken. He must calculate upon the lukewarmness of the capitalists, who were the friends of the fallen dynasty—and upon the opposition or secret conspiracies of the Orange party. The Regent has a host of difficulties to contend with, and the last, though not least, is the uncertainty of the policy of the French Government.

Who and what are the Ministers of the Regent? On this head the information which we are in possession of to-day is not more satisfactory. The Cabinet is dissolved—a new administration is forming—various names are announced as likely to form it—and we must wait eight and forty hours before we can pronounce an opinion.

What is the conduct of the Members of the Congress? Some are still conspiring for the Prince of Orange—but they are few, obscure and anti-national. Some (the majority) are sighing and pressing for a re-union to France. Belgium is too small—too powerless—too divided, to form an independent kingdom for any length of time. An union to Holland is impossible—but to France, both possible and desirable, provided Great Britain would consent.

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