

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers) payable half-yearly in advance or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

## THE GARLAND.



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

## EARLY WOOD AND WON.

BY MRS. ANNY.

"Early wood and early won,  
Was never repented under the sun."

(German Proverb.)

O! sigh not for the fair young bride,  
Gone in her opening bloom

Far from her kindred, loved and tried,  
To glad another home;

Already are the gay brief days  
Of girlhood triumph done,

And tranquil happiness repays  
The early wood and won.

Fear shall invade her peace no more,  
Nor sorrow wound the breast;

Her passing rivalries are o'er,  
Her passing doubts at rest;

The glittering haunts of worldly state  
Love whispers her to shun,

Since scenes of purer bliss await  
The early wood and won.

Here is a young and guileless heart,  
Confiding, fond, and warm,

Unusually by the world's vain mart,  
Unscathed by passions storm;

In "hope deferred" she hath not pined,  
"Till Hope's sweet course was run:

No chains of sad remembrance bind  
The early wood and won.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace  
The halls of festive mirth,

But woman's safest resting place  
Is by a true one's hearth;

Her hours of duty, joy and love  
In brightness have begun;

Peace be her portion from above,  
— THE EARLY WOOD AND WON.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Olive Branch.

## THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

"Wealth! wealth, brother, appears to me to be your idol; it seems to occupy your mind and its efforts." These words were uttered by Caroline Elsington, while tears chased each other down her cheeks, showing but too plainly that bitterly she lamented her brother's inordinate love of the golden bubble.

Frederick Elsington stopped pacing the apartment, and with a look somewhat softened on observing the agony of his sister, said, "Caroline, I have been as a father to you, and you have been as dear to my heart as a child could be. Although for a great part of my life I have struggled with poverty, yet you have never felt it. I have denied myself of many of the necessaries of life, in order that you might enjoy its luxuries. I have given you the means of cultivating and refining your mind, and have rejoiced in thinking how bountiful Nature has been to you, both in mind and person; and when I saw your talents bearing you aloft, and giving you that standing in society which even my warm imagination never dreamed of; when I saw the wealthy and the proud bow before the magic of your beauty and talents, I was satisfied. I felt that my fondest wishes were realized—that every effort was repaid. But Caroline, you have the means of more fully repaying it. The dearest friend I ever knew, the son of my benefactor, seeks your hand, and you, proud, ungrateful girl, refuse it. Such ingratitude is unparalleled. Show me a case in any point equal to it. 'Tis impossible."

"But, brother," continued Caroline, almost choked with emotion, "I do not love Bernard Westerman, and if I marry him I feel I should sacrifice my happiness—not to yours, but your own ambition. I feel that no sacrifice on my part is too great to make for you; but Bernard Westerman will never marry a woman whose heart does not sanction her choice."

"He need not know you ever struggle with your heart; for I feel perfectly satisfied that you need only know him as I do, and you will love him."

"I might not be able to offer to you any excuse for not yielding my heart to him. I might find him just what any woman but myself would desire, but as assured, Frederick, I know my own heart too well to think I could ever give Bernard Westerman that ardent affection which he would desire."

Frederick bit his lip and his eye flashed fire as he said, "tell me, Caroline, did you ever see a man whom you could love?" Caroline blushed deeply, and looking timidly in her brother's face was almost frightened to see his angry look; he who had been all gentleness to her. "Ah!" he exclaimed, while his lip was wreathed into a smile in which there was no pleasure, "there's the mystery solved! Why was I not informed of this before, why this clandestine intercourse? Is it because I have not deserved confidence?"

"But, Frederick," continued Caroline, still deeply blushing, "there has been no intercourse nor is there anything to communicate. You asked me if I ever saw one whom I could love. If ever I did, that one is Albert Wayland."

Frederick curled his lip into a very scornful expression, and taking up his hat, he cast one more look on his unhappy sister, as he said, "Caroline you have blasted my fondest hopes."

She sat with her eyes fixed upon the floor; her grief was too deep for tears, but her countenance plainly told the agony of her spirit.

Colonel Elsington, Caroline's father, had married young, in opposition to the wishes of his friends, and had been disinherited; but a maiden aunt, with whom he was a great favorite, bequeathed him, shortly after, a large amount of property.

Frederick was his eldest son, and early exhibited the same haughty bearing that characterized his father. He was ten years older than Caroline, who was only three years old when their mother died. The death of Col. Elsington's wife caused a melancholy to fix him, and Caroline could scarcely remember seeing her father smile. When she was about seven years old, being weighed down by pecuniary embarrassment he went into a decline and died.—Frederick at that time had almost completed his collegiate course, and was to be fitted for the bar. On settling his father's estate, he found that he had but little more than enough to complete his education; and the care of maintaining and educating his sister would devolve on him. He was left an orphan in the wide world, and all his affections were concentrated in her. To render her happy, was apparently the highest and only wish of his heart. Bernard Westerman was a classmate of his, and before his father's death often visited him, and was the first to offer him assistance when he heard of his misfortunes. His father was a man of great wealth, and would willingly sacrifice all of it to enhance in any way his son's happiness. He spent a college vacation with Frederick, when Caroline was very young. He was then delighted with her playful humor, and laughingly told Frederick, that if in ten years from then she was what she then promised to be, he should like to make her his wife. He did not see her from that time till she was seventeen. It was in a ball room. He was leaning against a window in silence when he raised his eyes and saw his friend Frederick Elsington approaching him. His attention did not long rest on Frederick, but was directed to a female who was leaning on his arm. He looked at her as though he seemed to doubt her being of this earth.—She was rather below a medium size, but looked sweetly dependant on the manly form which accompanied her. Her countenance was brilliant and intelligent, and her deep blue eyes danced in their own sunny light. A profusion of dark brown curls fell on the neck of alabaster whiteness of which a gold chain was the only cover.

Frederick looked exultingly at Bernard as he introduced her, with a look that seemed to say, "is she not all she promised?" Bernard bowed, but seemed fixed by the power of her beauty, until the ease with which she addressed him drew him into conversation, and he was as much delighted with the beauty of her mind, as he had been with her person. He led her off the next dance, but when he sought her hand for the one after, he sighed when she told him she was engaged. "Then I shall not dance!" he exclaimed.

Caroline blushed and feared she had made an impression, which was far from her object. He seated himself by her side, and continued the conversation until a tall gentleman claimed her as his partner. Bernard fixed his eyes upon them to detect if possible, the appearance of passion existing between them. He noticed that she hung with a greater degree of earnestness on the words that fell from his lips, than from any other. He saw her cheek suffuse with blushes when she saw his dark eyes rest upon her. He turned and sought Frederick.

"Why have you not told me," he asked "of the exceeding loveliness of your sister; or did you wish me to enjoy it by surprise? I tell you Fred, she is the very beau ideal of my imagination. Her face is perfect, and her form a Venus; but who is it that robs me of her company?"

Bernard noticed the color mantle on Frederick's brow; and his lip curl, as he said with an effort at carelessness, "some old school day friend of hers."

"Mother, do you say yes?" asked Emma Westerman with earnestness, as she pressed her ruby lips to the faded but still beautiful cheek of her mother.

Mrs. Westerman embraced her only child with fervor, and heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Emma, my child, your mother has, and ever will study your highest happiness, and especially would I avoid thwarting your affections. My own misery both

in early and after life, should present me sufficient warning."

Emma raised her head from her mother's shoulder, where it had been reclining, and as she fixed her eyes upon her mother, said, "Mother, your early history has to me ever been overshadowed by mystery. Will you not make it clear to me?"

"Yes, my child," replied her mother, "giving you some sketch of my early life, is what I have long thought of, and if you will come to me when the sun sets, on the balcony at the west end of the house, you may listen to a tale of mingled happiness and misery of your mother's younger days."

At the appointed hour, Emma, directed her steps to the balcony. The sun was just sinking behind the horizon, and the sky was tinged with the bright tints of an autumnal evening. She was almost lost in thought when the light footsteps of her mother aroused her, and seating herself by her side, she thus began:

"The events of my childhood, and the unwearied assiduity with which my brother anticipated and gratified every wish, are not unknown to you, therefore I will say nothing of them but pass on to my seventeenth year. At this time I loved—yes, deeply, madly loved; and the object was every way worthy the affections of the best of our sex. He was talented, and possessed a noble mind, every chord of which beat in unison with my own. And while I could not help triumphing in the number of my conquests, there was but one that ever touched my heart. My brother was proud of my accomplishments, and anticipated my marrying fashionably, and being mistress of a splendid establishment. Albert Wayland had not wealth, and I think the most unhappy hour my brother ever knew, was the one in which he discovered my passion for him. He set himself to work to eradicate it; he knew at that time that your father loved me, and the first time I saw him angry, was when I expressed my inability to reciprocate the affection. I loved my brother, and his anger so alarmed me that I rashly promised him that I never would marry without his consent. I thought when he found it necessary to my happiness to marry Wayland, I should obtain it; but I was mistaken; his ambition and inordinate love of wealth supplanted every other feeling. And I learnt—but too late—that I had sacrificed all my hopes of happiness to it. For weeks and months I labored with him but in vain. He sternly refused to release me from my promise, and bade me banish all thoughts of Wayland. I resolved to see him—tell him all, and then bury my love in oblivion. I sent him a note requesting him to meet me in the arbor at the foot of the garden. He came—but why dwell upon that hour? Suffice it to say it was one of anguish unutterable to me. I have never seen him since. I heard the next day that he had sailed for India. I have never heard from him, and suppose if he is living he is there still."

In six months from that time I married Bernard Westerman, your father. I respected and obeyed him as my husband.—I admired his noble mind and generous disposition, but I could not love him as I ought. He married me because he loved me;—and years elapsed before he found that I was not equally disinterested. When you were five years old, some circumstances revealed to him my early and strong attachment to Wayland, and the circumstances that forced my marriage with him; and from that time there was a marked difference in his conduct towards me. He treated me as the mistress of his mansion, but not as the wife of his bosom. When my brother died it almost broke my heart, for I loved him, and his affection for me supplied in some degree the want of it in my husband. He offered me no sympathy, but merely remarked that, if it had happened ten years earlier, I should have been left to act my own will. I felt the injustice that I had done him in giving him my hand, when another possessed my heart. I endeavored to compensate him for my want of affection, by careful and assiduous attention to all his wants; but he told me in his last sickness that he thought he should have lived much longer, could he never have known that I did not love him.

"Thus it seems that the happiness of both were sacrificed; and far be it from me, my child, to blast your early hopes as mine were blasted. I shall willingly entrust your happiness to Merville Clinton, for I know of no one better calculated to secure it."

Emma thanked her mother, while the tears flowed down from her eyes at the recital of her story. "And have you never heard from Albert Wayland since?" she inquired.

"No," replied her mother, "and should have succeeded well in burying all thoughts of him, had not Merville Clinton so forcibly reminded me of him. Did he possess his name, I should certainly think he was his son. Every air and expression are so like him."

"He does not hold his father's name," continued Emma, "but was named for an uncle of his who wished it, and promised to bequeath to him his property. And perhaps he is his son. How strange that he never should have told me his father's name." "And mother," she added, her countenance brightening, "he has no mother—nor perhaps"—and then as suddenly recollecting herself she paused.

A faint smile passed over Mrs. Westerman's countenance as she replied, "I think it would not affect my happiness to learn that it was or was not him; for although I have not yet attained the meridian of life, yet the romance of my disposition is too

far gone to dream of what I can readily guess was in your mind when you broke off your conversation," as she spoke she unlocked a casket and took out a pair of diamond bracelets. "These," she continued, "betrayed me to your father. They belonged to the Wayland family; and a necklace was with them, and descended to Albert. At one time he entrusted them all to my keeping, though I never wore any of them. The style of setting was not then as fashionable as at the present day. I returned the casket containing the whole but when I entered the arbor the morning after our parting, I found it there. The first thought that struck me was that they had been left, but I saw that the key was in it. I opened it, and found the bracelets and a note. In it he requested me to keep them, if I could consistently with my views of right; and if not, to tell me to leave them. I considered and reconsidered it, and finally concluded that no evil could come of it, but an unforeseen circumstance brought evil about. I was alone in my room, and had the casket open before me. A servant entered and told me you had fallen from the balcony; and forgetting all else, I hastened to you and left the box in the situation it was when I was called. I feared you were seriously injured, and remained some time in the nursery before I thought of the jewels and note—when I did I instantly repaired to my room. But in the meanwhile your father had entered, and not knowing the accident he went into my room, and when I entered he stood with the note in his hand. In a moment I felt the color approach and leave my face, and I stood pale and trembling before him. I never shall forget the look he bent on me as he said, 'I was not aware that I was possessing myself of so important a secret or I should not have presumed to have read it. From that time he was an altered man, nor was I surprised at it, for at the bottom of my note, I had expressed my grief, and unbraided cruel fortune which had separated us.'"

Emma had listened in breathless silence, and heaved a deep sigh as her mother concluded.

"The night dews are fast descending, and I fear it will be injurious to both of us to remain longer exposed," continued her mother.

She then took the bracelets and fastened them on her daughter's arms, and bade her keep them and wear them, but on no consideration to lose or destroy them.

The next morning, Merville Clinton called, and received Mrs. Westerman's consent to his union with Emma;—and also to his presenting her to his father as his intended bride. His father's estate was some fifteen or twenty miles distant. A particular friend of his was to give a party that evening, which he was anxious Emma should attend; for he wished her to become acquainted in his circle. After some deliberation she concluded to go, and about sundown arrived at his father's. She found him absent, but he was expected to return soon. But Merville was fearful he would not arrive until after the hour of the party. Hour after hour elapsed and he did not come. Emma was dressed and waiting. At length he came, and Merville apparently with some exultation presented Emma to him. He took her hand and was giving her a cordial welcome, when his eyes rested on the bracelet, and he suddenly turned pale and staggered. Merville was alarmed, and stepping forward supported him until assistance could be procured. He could devise no possible reason for his sudden sickness, which was apparently violent. He was conveyed to a couch where he lay for some time insensible. Emma hung over him with affection, bathing his temples and using every effort to restore him. A servant was despatched for medical aid. As he recovered he fixed his eyes on Emma, and said in a lone tone, "it must be so, the same affectionate way, the same soft voice." He requested Merville to leave Emma alone with him a few moments. As soon as his son had complied with his request, he took her hand in his and asked if she knew the origin of her bracelets. He said he had thought since his return from India, he should endeavor to ascertain where Mrs. Westerman resided, but as he had been here but a few months, and had been engaged during that time in procuring a situation, he had not heard of her, though hardly an hour had elapsed since he parted with her, but she had occupied some portion of his thoughts, though he was not aware of her being a widow. He had married a lady of immense fortune who died on the birth of her first child.

It was a delightful morning in June, that a bridal party assembled in the church of St.—The mother and the daughter stood side by side, each to plight their troth; and it would have taken a connoisseur to have detected which was the youngest.—There was happiness visible in every countenance, but a subdued expression in the mother, betrayed that she was the eldest in years and trouble.

## CHILDREN IN MINES AND MANUFACTORIES.

A PAINFUL PICTURE.—A resolution was sometime since passed by the British Parliament, for an inquiry as to the condition of children confined in the mines and manufactories. A Commission was accordingly appointed, and their report embodies many distressing cases. One witness testified that children labor very hard nine hours a day regularly, sometimes twelve and sometimes thirteen hours. They stop two or three minutes to eat, some days they

eat nothing at all and sometimes they eat and work together. There are many children in the mines under 6 years of age.—Sometimes they are unable to eat in consequence of the dust and damp, and badness of the air. It is often as hot as an oven, and will melt a candle. The girls go down in the pits the same as the boys, by ladders or baskets, and are beaten the same as the boys. A good deal of fighting takes place among them, and much crookedness of body is produced. They work in very contracted spaces by candle-light, and are exposed to shocking accidents. "I cannot but think," says one witness, "that many nights they do not sleep with a whole skin, for their backs get cut and bruised with knocking against the mine, it is so low. It is wet underground; the water oftentimes runs down from the roof; many lives are lost in various ways; and many severely injured by burning; workers knocked up after 50."

"I cannot much err," says Mr. Tuffnell, "in coming to the conclusion, both from what I saw and the evidence of witnesses given on oath above, that it must appear to every impartial judge of the two occupations, that the hardest labor in the worst room of the worst conducted factory, is less cruel, and less demoralizing, than the labor of the best of coal mines."

It is stated that in manufactories, in framework knitting, one half, probably two thirds of the employed are young persons between the ages of 6 and 18, who labour 16 hours a day. Their health is greatly undermined, and speedily destroyed. In cotton mills, there are children "from five years old, and upwards, and their length of labour extends from five or six o'clock in the morning until eight at night. The observation as to age and hour applies to the children employed in pin-making, which is said to develop a most horrifying scene from the cruel beating which the masters find necessary to inflict in order to compel the infant to continue at its labour. As to its effects on the health and morals of these unfortunates, we are told that "the children are collected in rooms varying in size, height, and ventilation; the filthy state and foul atmosphere of some of these places is very injurious to the health of the children—they are filled to a most unwholesome extent. No education during the week, and very few go to Sunday school. I can only tell you, that from my own observation of the effect of the trade as now carried on, I do not hesitate to say that it is the cause of utter ruin, temporal and spiritual, to eight out of every ten children that are employed in it." These children are incapacitated from working at this trade at the age of fourteen or fifteen.

We learn further that the atmosphere is so heated, that a burning thirst is occasioned, and a very distressing sensation produced. On leaving their work-places, a chill is experienced, and a resort is had to spirits, and thus, drunkenness is provoked. In calico printing, "children of ages varying from 6 to 9 years, are employed in a most deleterious atmosphere from twelve at noon to twelve at night. Frequently these little creatures, when cleaning blocks on the margin of the brook or reservoir of water on which the works are, may be seen standing up to the calves of their legs in the water, and this even in the severest weather, after being kept all day in rooms heated to a most oppressive degree. The lace mills, as appears from the evidence of Mr. James Bury before the Committee of the House of Commons, employ children of both sexes from eight years of age to fourteen or fifteen, and that they are often called to begin their work at twelve o'clock at night. Subjecting children to obey this unnatural requisition is attended with the effects that might be expected. The decay of their health from this cause is visible in their countenance, and Mr. Bury, after personal inspection, finds that night-work in the lace mills is extremely prejudicial to the morals and health of the population."

These are frightful details, and calculated to arrest the attention and excite the energies of philanthropy. A more degrading and debasing system of slavery can scarcely exist in any portion of the globe. However anxious we may be to see manufactories flourish, and human industry rendered available, no one, with the proper feeling of a human being, can fail to deplore the existence of such a terrible system, and with so juvenile a portion of the human family. It amounts to little short of incipient murder; but we nothing doubt that this exposition will lead to salutary measures of reform.

LADIES—THINK OF THIS.—"Vile men owe much of their villainous to women of character who hardly ever scruple to receive them into their society, if the men are rich, talented and fashionable, even though they have been guilty of ever so much baseness to other women."

Who said that? It is "true as a book"—and truer than a great many books which are written in these days, and that do not contain half so much value as is embraced in the foregoing paragraph. It is astonishing to us that ladies, both married and unmarried, who appear to value their characters and who certainly move with much to in society, will receive into their parties and presses—may, will not hesitate to be seen in public places, arm in arm with men whose characters are pretty well understood to be bad in the worst sense that should be odious and abominable to a pure female mind. We have even seen the society of such people honored and preferred over men of exemplary characters, merely because the latter could not be called rich or fashionable.—Such an error as this in the female sex is a positive injury to the cause of sound morals.

Ladies need not wonder at the inquiry there is in the other sex, as long as they do not make guilt a disqualifying circumstance against them. They should scorn even the approach of such wretches—for wretches they are, though high in office and as rich as Croesus—and repel their presence as an affront and insult to their sex. Let them do this, and the guilty would soon fall to the ignominious level to which their infamous conduct should reduce them. We would not be unjust in this matter, but really we never can see ladies of quality allowing themselves under any circumstances, in the company of men whose chastity is suspected, without having our own fears that all is not innocent on their own side. A woman, as well as a man, should be known by the company she keeps.

TYPE STICKERS.

We casually mentioned, a day or two ago, that the newly elected Mayor of Baltimore was a short time since a journeyman printer. The instances are not rare in which those bred to the profession of printing have become distinguished and honored.

To say nothing of Franklin, the beacon light of the craft, we have in our day more than one instance of this honorable distinction. Isaac Hill, the Governor of New Hampshire, was a journeyman printer; Samuel T. Armstrong, late Mayor of this city, was once a journeyman printer; Mr. Knapp, the Secretary of State of Vermont was a printer. And what is of more consequence, in the editorial professions, some of the most distinguished were regularly bred in the craft. Our neighbor Green, the popular editor of the Morning Post, was once a ragged little roller boy. Mr. Homer, of the Gazette, was brought up on Press and Brevier. We recollect, many years since of seeing a tow-headed overgrown boy in an obscure printing office in Vermont. That boy is now Mr. Greeley, the talented editor of the New Yorker. Of equally obscure origin was the editor of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, Mr. Wm. T. Porter.

The first we ever saw of Deacon Weld, the editor of the New York Sun, and a clever writer for various magazines, &c. was in a printing office at Lowell, when he was no higher in grade than a "printer's devil." The truth is, if a man has genius, the art of printing will draw it out and set it to work. Printers, with the same amount of natural talent, always make the most popular editors, because they imbibe the type of the profession. Schooled among "types and shadows," they have every opportunity of studying public taste, and of diverting their minds so as to meet the various readers.—The discipline of their minds may not be so severe and rigid as that required for eminence in the legal profession; but this is a peculiarity which the great mass of readers care nothing about, and it is unfavorable to the free interchange of mind with mind. Tact, give us editorial tact. In our profession it is every thing.—Boston Times.

COFFEE.—We learn that an application of machinery, entirely new, is now in progress of being established, which will be of great importance to the West Indies. We refer to the cleaning of coffee imported in the husk. It may not be generally known that the coffee of commerce is the seed of a pulpy berry, not unlike the cherry. The process to which it is subjected, before being exported from the countries in which it is grown, is simple, but somewhat tedious, consisting of pulping, washing, and drying in the sun. It is also capable of being dried in the berry, in which state not only is the quality of the seed superior, from the aroma being better preserved, but it is less liable to sour, which is sometimes caused by the fermenting wash, and it is not subject to be broken into what the trade calls triage, and otherwise becomes less valuable. From not having the means of removing the husk, however, it has not been imported in this state except in small quantities, for those who know its superior quality. But we are glad to learn that machinery has been prepared for carrying on this branch of trade in Greenback Mills, in addition to the cleaning of rice. The produce of the first experiment in cleaning coffee has been shown us by Mr. Macfie, from the superior appearance of which we are confident that every West Indian proprietor will soon be induced to prefer having his coffee cleaned in this country, and so far relieve himself of the often troublesome negligence of the negro population.—Greenock Advertiser.

SPRUCE BEER.—The proportion are ten gallons of water three quarts of molasses, a teacupful of ginger, the same of allspice, three ounces and a half of the essence of spruce, and half a pint of good yeast. The hops, ginger, and allspice must be boiled together till the hops fall to the bottom; the molasses and spruce are dissolved in a bucket full of the liquor, the whole strained into a cask, and the yeast well stirred in; when the fermentation ceases the cask is to be bunged up.

CENSUS OF MICHIGAN.—Returns of the census from every county in this State, with the exception of Saginaw, a very small one, have been received by the Marshal. The entire population of the State is not far from 212,000 inhabitants. If the number necessary for a member of Congress is not fixed at a higher number than 60,000, Michigan will consequently have three Representatives. According to the present regulation she would be entitled to four, and to six Electoral votes, so great has been her increase since her admission into the Union.