From the Hartford Courant.

VOYAGE UP-HARBOR RIVER.

As we have voyaged the whole length of Salt River, up to the third of sloop navigation," we are quite desirous that our readers should know what kind of a time we had, and how we are satisfied with our new acquisition."

We started in the grand old steamer Connecticut, Capt. Steady-Hands commander, with the rest of the large Whig flock, on the evening of the 2nd of November, on our cruise up the stream. As we entered the bay into which that famous river discharges its waters, there was an universal expression of grief throughout the whole fleet. The first solution being over, we had then an opportunity, "even though sail," to mark the rapid progress of our voyage, and the interesting objects before us. As we passed by the Ship, there loomed up before us the low sandy point of *Cape Harbor Improvement*; we gave its obstructions a wide berth and sighed as we silently bade it adieu for years. The wrecks of steamers were strewed all along its yellow sands. *Cape Protection* then showed us its headland. The long beach water, erected in 1842 against the shifting waves of the broad ocean, which rolled its billows from far England upon it, had been taken down and washed away; and, *notwithstanding*, on *the landward side of the point*, another barrier had been built in '46 which only the ocean, and that very recently, land river. As we passed it, it was enveloped in fog, which had settled in gloomy wreaths on the sides of *Mount Sunrise*. *Sunrise* that rose behind it. "Farewell," we said, "old landmark! Thou will guide our fleet no more to safety on moist! Thy ponderous mass is to be carted off and deposited in the deep ocean of Free Trade! The who once stood proudly on the top to cheer us on to the contest, sleeps the last long sleep of death, and his System has perished with him. It is marked on the tombstones, as the fruitless labor of one who would have established his country's prosperity, and fashion it perpetual.

Soon after we approached the hidden rocks of *Slavery Extension*. Here a great debate arose, on the different ways and sels of the fleet as to which side of the rocks we should pass. The contest grew exciting, and Mr. Cold Water Gentleman settled the difficulty by remarking that it made no difference *when we were going by the rocks*.

The old rocky shore of *Point National Bank* appeared inviting. But the repulsive action of the current and tide had so fretted off the projecting rocks, that it was no longer dangerous. Here we passed the large Democratic fleet, coming down the bay, wet, streamers and pennons and flags flying, with bands of music playing, and the passengers shouting in the highest glee. What was rather strange, in all these vessels *the British flag was flying above the American*, and the shouts of "Hurra for England's interests" rent the air, while the bands played "God Save the King." The *New-Hampshire*, an old-fashioned, slow sailing craft, led the van, looking as if her model was a century old. She was on the flag ship, and bore aloft on her mizzen a flag with the inscription—*Virginia Resolutions of '98*." Franklin Pierce stood at her prow, sailing as the morning was, in the wake of the Hero of Buena Vista, President of the White House. The rest of the fleet seemed vexed at the little concern which we made under the flag of '98." The squadron of the West, under the command of Rear Admiral Douglass, were evidently determined to let Lewis go soon in the bay widened. Douglass had showed his running by so constructing his ensign that it appeared to represent a Scotch Lion, ensnared the motto of "the Virginia Resolutions." while on the other was lettering written—"River and Harbor Improvements." He declared to his men that as soon as they had run down enough to please the Commodore, he should lead off himself, hand down the Virginia flag, and sail with the black flag of piracy, with its skull and cross bones.

We passed very rapidly up the *river for the tide was setting strongly against the direction*. Gen. Scott examined with much curiosity both banks of the river as we sailed on. *It was the very first time that he saw on the stream*, and every thing was new to him. "I am not dishearten!," said the old veteran, "I have many of my friends around me, who have fallen with me. My life has been devoted to the Republic, and I bow to its decision now. This vote cannot blot out the record of my services from my country's history. Posterity will do me justice."

As we neared the extremity of the stream, we passed many beautiful country residences: At one of the finest, in his large cabbage garden, stood Martin Van Buren.—He had not recovered from his grief at seeing the Democratic fleet sail by without taking him on board.

"The luck what cake was in his mouth,
The tear was in his eye."

We inquired for the *Prince*, and found that he had followed the fleet in a small skiff, and there were many fears entertained for his safety.

A little further up was Mr. Buchanan. Poor man! he looked haggard. The Democratic ignement with which he had covered up his principles so long, was growing thin, and the Federal lining showed through in many places.

On the next turn of the river we found Cass, swinging his hands in sorrow at the desertion of his friends. With his coat and hat off, he was exclaiming amid "the noise and confusion" of the surf around him, in the words of the Captive Knight:

"They are gone! they have all passed by!
They to whom were I had been a son,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Ho, there, shipmates! Ubeling, pour by blast!
Bound! for the Presidential dream of hope
is past."

Soon after we came to a place where the whole *Free-Soil* party were disembarking. John P. Hale, who is in a very good natured frame of mind, was making preparations for a permanent residence, as he had no idea that four years would pass down the stream again. Many of them were seated on the rocks, with long black pokes, reaching up the mud of the stream, while certain inky looking fellows were calling upon them to agitate, agitate!" Most of the Massachusetts members were sitting in their boats, expecting that the Democrats would charter the old steamboat Cheliffon, and come up after them next week.

We found our new residence a convenient one, and we are, upon the whole, "as well as could be expected." The air is salubrious and invigorating, for as may judge by the hungry looks of the Democrats, as they passed us. The soil is fruitful, and produces a fine crop of vegetal and unavailing resolutions, but we are determined not to cultivate despair.

Soon after our arrival, a call was made, and a meeting was called, which assembled near *Cape Turn-again*. Hon. Smystathome Grumbler was appointed Chairman, and Job Dam-Little, Esq., Secretary. Hon. Mr. Facing-both-ways made some interpretive remarks, which were promptly hissed down; when Mr. Stick-to-their-guns Consistent offered the following resolutions, which were then duly passed:

Resolved, 1. That after mature deliberation, we come to the conclusion *that we are root-and-top Slave Men*.

Resolved, 2. That we are alarmed!

Resolved, 3. That every rooster of the sentiment that crows aloud, shall be immediately deprived.

Resolved, 4. That in the investigation of the sins of our fathers, we find, we think it is owing to Wendell and his abolitionists, or to Franklin Pierce's little news, but to the facts *that we had not eaten enough*.

Resolved, 5. That we stay here until we go down stream again.

Resolved 6. That we will *never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown!*

Important Slave Cave.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Judge Paine of the Superior Court, delivered his decision in the case of the eight slaves who escaped from the South to the city, *en route* to Texas. The decision grants them their freedom, and they were consequently discharged from custody.

The Judge founded his decision upon the statutes of the State of New York.—He said that it was well settled in this country, and has not heretofore been disputed, that a slave voluntarily passe[illegible] if it chooses to do so, forbidding the entrance or bringing of slaves into its territory. This is so held, even by each of the three cases upon which the respondents counsel relies. The laws of the State of New York, must be administered, to be entirely free from any uncertainty. They do not only not uphold or legalize property in slaves, but they do not, in the State, but they render it impossible that such property should exist within those limits, except in the different way of fugitives from labor under the Constitution of the United States.

These slaves were not fugitives, but were brought voluntarily into N. York, by their owners, in defiance of the Statute. They are therefore free.

It was said that the claimant was sold by the captain of the steamboat on leaving them here, but to land on James river, and he declined. He desired to take them to Texas, to be sold there.

Mr. Lepaugh, for claimants, asked the counsel on the other side to return the coin, and he would give up the slaves, if he would turn to get out a writ of error to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Culver said they had no power to do that, but he would be perfectly happy to meet the case there.

Mr. Culver suggested that the Court award costs, but the Judge declined to do so, saying it was a case of great hardship, to be deprived of great good fortune to the slaves.

The riots on the 12 instant, 2 and 12, 12, and 12, amounted to, 7, and 2 of them, then left the room.

There were great rejoicings and the cheering of the colored people assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemonias, owners, presented a petition for the release of the slaves in question were needy all the property they owned in the world.

The New Member

A year or two since, a Mr. B——was elected to represent Cornwall, in the Legislature. He was a plain old farmer, full of round sense, and ready for any work that needed doing. When he made his appearance at the State House, it must be confessed that his *last raiment* was anything but fashionable. He hat was a perfect relic of antiquity—his coarse boots, and trousers of genuine domestic gray home-spun, his shirt bosom, the product of his wife's own loom, and his boots, of the thickest and most substantial cowhide. As Mr. B——entered the lobby, there were several young members standing about the fire, and supposing the newcomer to be an entire stranger, they merely cast a glance at his weather-beaten face, turned up their noses at his verdant look, and then continued their conversation.

B——took a seat near the stove.

"No room here for visitors," said one of the flippants.

"Oh, I am a member,"

"You a member?" uttered the first speaker.

"Sartin," responded B——in a mild tone.

"Where from?"

"Shelburne."

"Well," said the fashionably dressed member, with a disdainful look at the rough, coarse dress of the farmer; "that old fellow from Shelburne got anybody else to send here?"

"O, as for that matter," returned Mr. B——, with perfect good nature, "I spose there's a good many men there that know more I do, but they hasn't now of'em got any clothes that's fit to wear!"

The fledglings were floored, and before the session closed, they found that the 'member from Shelburne' could see thro' a question as far as they could see round it.

INFANTICIDE is reported in the London papers to have increased fearfully among the factory operatives and Agricultural laborers of England, *round*, it is said, by their abject poverty and dire necessities.—Burial clubs, which are mutual assistance institutions, formed among these poor persons for good objects, only increase the extent of the crime; as many are driven by want to murder their infants in order to obtain from these societies the few pounds of funeral money they give. In Leeds there are, as nearly as can be ascertained, about three hundred infants murdered yearly, to avoid the consequences of their living, and the Coroner states that the murderers are never detected.

MR. WEBSTER'S BRAIN.—Three pounds eight ounces, troy weight, is the average weight of a male adult, and three pounds four ounces of a female. Cuvier's brain weighed four pounds, eleven ounces, forty drachms, and thirty grains, troy weight. The brain of Dupuytren, the great French surgeon, weighed two pounds and one ounce, troy weight. Mr. Webster's brain was next in size to the last two, and with these exceptions the largest of any man that ever lived.

THE POTATO ROT, which a short time ago seriously affected the prospect of an average crop, seems to have entirely disappeared, and the prospect now is that we will be so fully equal to any during the last five or six years.

THE STAR AND BANNER.

GETTYSBURG.

Friday Evening, Nov. 19, 1852.

WOOD WANTED.

☞Those of our subscribers who have not yet made payment of their subscription, will do us a favor by rewarding it at once. We need it now.

Notices.

On Saturday, January 1st, Morris & Wills will publish the first number of a new series of the "New York Dime Journal. The Journal is conducted with great industry and good taste, and is one of the most interesting and acceptable papers for companions ever published. We are glad to learn that its worthy publishers are receiving a reward equal to their unquestioned merit. Price, 32 per year. Address, Morris & Willis, 107 Fulton street, New York city.

☞*Godey's Lady's Book*, for December, the last of the present volume, is before us, and for rich embellishments and highly entertaining contents cannot be excelled. The next number will begin a new volume, and will be published prior, according to the promise of the Publisher who always comes up to what he says, and very often, very much more. We know of no more really cheap prospectus for the forthcoming volume.

☞*Peterson's Magazine*, for December, is on our table, and is the last of the present volume. It contains seven full page embellishments, one of them a beautiful colored fashion plate. The forthcoming volume as to be greatly improved, the prospectus of which may be found in today's paper, to which we would direct special attention.

☞At an election for officers of the Gettysburg and Petersburg Turnpike Company, on the 8th inst, the following persons were chosen:

President—George Smyser.

Managers—Wm. M'Sherry, John H. M'Clellan, Jacob Witt, Wm. D. Hiner, J. R. M'Pherson, Richard Storey.

Treasurer—John R. M'Pherson.

Hunterstown Academy.

☞On Wednesday, the 3d inst., this Institution was opened with appropriate exercises. Rev. Homer Ammerman, of Gettysburg, delivered an eloquent address on the occasion, to a large and attentive audience. Fifteen scholars were enrolled on that day, and a considerable increase is anticipated. The Principal is Mr. John H. Clarke, a graduate of Jefferson College, who comes highly recommended.

Result of the Presidential Election.

☞The result of the Presidential contest may now be accurately stated. Difficult United States, Kentucky and Tennessee, have yet to vote for a Vice President. Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, California, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, California, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Arkansas