





"Life on the Ocean Wave."  
AT SEA, LAT. 47 N., LONG. 27 W.,  
JULY 18, 1851.

I am now, as the *Latins* would say, in the *midst of the Ocean*;—that is, here I am on this blessed day, in the midst of the Ocean, half-way just that across the Atlantic;—neither in America or Europe—not on earth, but on water only!—Whether there is or is not, at this present writing, any other than the world of waters, does not now appear. The evidence of sense, which is the only evidence that certain common-sense philosophers can refer to, is here against the affirmative proposition. I look around, and the round world I survey, is, on the great scale, just like the infinitesimal globules of which it is composed. The arching banners, that never yet uttered falsehood to man, by the limits they bring down upon every side declare that there is nothing but air above and water around me. Surely, indeed, there was *nothing*—I know it, as surely I am *here*—I feel it. My communion here is with *nothing* but the heavens that ever encircled me before.

This, really, is the first time I ever was out of sight of land. On our own coast from Maine to Maryland, I never happened to be so far from shore. But here I find old ocean to her boundlessness and majesty. Here I explore the central dominions of the "Monarch of the watery main"—old Neptune.

"Deep in the liquid regions lies his cave."  
There he has his crystal chambers, as much surpassing in extent and magnificence, the Crystal Palace of St. Albert in London, as the Gods of Ida's misty tops surpass all things human. I thought I saw him the other morning, just after passing the dense and towering foggy mountains of the Grand Banks. I see him now, as plainly as I saw him then, emerging from his glassy cave:

"—His beard—his old steel—he wears,  
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes,  
Bridg'd with his mighty locks, and crown'd with gold,  
Tumultuous arms of adamant and gold."  
He mounts the car, the golden eagle flies,  
His six superior, and the chariot flies;  
His whirling wheels the clouds of smoke sweep;  
Till enormous monsters, rolling on the deep,  
Gambol around him on the watery way.  
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:  
The sea, subsiding, spreads a level plain,  
Exalts and owns the monarch of the main;  
The parting waves before his courses fly;  
The woning waters leave his axle deep.

Amongst the estuaries and bays of our own New England coast, the blue waters that have strayed thither from their parent ocean's home, seem to be checked and humbled and tamed by the promontories and capes and islands that defy them and hold up everlasting barriers against their proud waves; and so densely has man peopled their heaving bosom with ships and steamers and boats, that by an obtrusive familiarity, he has bound the beating heart beneath to keep the peace; but here, the mighty ocean is at home, and free in his unhindered powers. She swells, and heaves her way pyramids to the skies, and roars the deep thunders of her praise to Heaven. Who would not feel his littleness?—Our noble ship which, seen in port, one might think even the ocean would hardly dare to trifle with, she here takes up "as a very little thing," and tomes it like an empty egg-shell from wave to wave—a mere bubble loaded with shadows.

I feel, indeed, to be far, far away from earth and home; yet I do not feel solitary or desolate. "I love the sea, the deep blue sea,"—it is so much the emblem of eternity to which we are all bound. There are a sublimity here which lift the soul to Him who is "God of the ocean and the land." The heaving billows, lofty and proud as they are, produce a motion of the ship, which I may literally say, is *divinely* agreeable to me; for both as I sink and as I rise, a thrill passes through my frame, that is almost ecstatic. I am not seasick. Neptune, more merciful to me than to most of men, never extorted tribute from my humble stomach. And to a person who is free from sea sickness, who enjoys the graceful motion of a first class ship, who has a state-room with berths and closets—a studio with writing table and books—a sanctuary for thought and meditation—with confidence in the skill and care of the ship's Captain, and a grateful trust in the world's Father above, at the helm of the Universe, my readers will hardly need be told that a voyage, even of weeks, across the Atlantic is only a sailing excursion of just as many weeks of pleasure and delight. Herein do I differ from Horace Greeley, who arriving in England about the time of my departure from the United States, sent back to his paper such a nauseate and lacrymose protest against an ocean passage, and who prayed some Yankee genius to be instant in inventing a new contrivance for getting him home in a single week. We often take our impression of things as much from a foul stomach, as from a clear mind.

But brother Greeley went in a steam-packet,—he knew not the quiet dignity of a sailing ship. If God ever meant fire and water and air to go together, then perhaps may he have designed steam boats for ocean navigation; but there always seemed to me something unnatural and forced in such a mode of crossing seas; yes, even such is *forced*;—the wheels unrolling, except on Neptune's car in the watery plain, are ever fomenting strife and trouble on the bosom of the deep as they strike the face of the ocean, push the craft along no longer "a thing of life." And then there is the heaving sound and the tire-some jar of the heavy piston, and the stench of burning grease and scorching oils, infusing their unseemly fumes through all the floating palace. These, added to the dangers of mighty fires raging in the very bowels of the ship, have always made it seem to me that steam navigation, on long voyages, could never be so natural, so agreeable and so safe a mode of conveyance as actual sailing. A ship without sails is a sea-bird without wings—her beauty and her natural glory are departed.—It is as if man would improve the graceful swan with a pair of seals' flippers. But give her sails! spread the broad canvases from bowsprit to mizen, and from deck to top-gallant mast,—then let her sit in her dignified dignity upon old ocean's bosom, ready to greet the free winds of heaven; get you on board; see the sails fill; behold her move,—yes the waves, herself "a thing of life," witness the grace with which she salutes the rolling waves; mark the stillness on decks, the quiet-

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## The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1851.

W. M. PETTINGILL, No. 10 STATE ST.,  
(Journal Building) Boston, is our authorized agent for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements, &c.

The publishers of this paper hereby announce to their advertising patrons that they have adopted the advance pay rule. Those having notices ordered by the Court of Probate, to be published in the Oxford Democrat, are respectfully requested to settle the same with the Register at the time the notice is ordered. This is the rule adopted in all countries; and it saves the trouble and expense of keeping books, and collecting, and avoids the mistakes that sometimes occur when the advertising is charged, and paid at different times to different individuals.

### SINCERITY OF PROFESSIONS.

Nothing impedes the progress of democracy so much as the influence of professors who are not possessors of its true principles. All associations, all societies, and all parties, be their purposes ever so pure and excellent, are encumbered with unworthy members; it cannot therefore be expected that the great cause of democracy will be permitted to pursue the even tenor of its way, without being made a hobby of by hypocritical pretenders. To avoid this influence, and the blasting consequences, resulting from it when unrestrained and unresisted, requires the unceasing vigilance of all true democrats. Democracy is truth and honesty, and no man can be a democrat who is not honest. The masses, whose interests are integral with the great democratic maxim, "The greatest good of the greatest number," can always be trusted, when permitted to act upon correct intelligence, but are too often deceived by ingenious causticity and plausible imposture.

In an enlightened community, under a free government, the people are naturally democratic, and will cordially support a democratic administration, when fully convinced of its integrity and fidelity to the true principles upon which it professes to act; and will never come under whig rule, unless deceived.—Hence the necessity of illustrating practically the democratic creed in all its ramifications, and exemplifying its virtues by honoring those who possess them. This is of paramount importance, and indeed indispensable to a just exhibition of true democracy. Unless the principles of true democracy are practically demonstrated—or in so much as they fall short of being thus demonstrated—so far the party accessory to the delinquency, is regarded as insincere and false to its professed maxims.

In this enlightened community, actions are regarded as the evidence of faith; professions must harmonize with practice, the avowal of principle must be sustained by corresponding works, and all sanctioned and confirmed by established integrity, ere the person professing is entitled to full confidence. The mere time-serving, trimming demagogue, whose chameleon principles take the complexion of the nearest objects, are welcomed in the unfaithful ocean by a ripple upon the surface of the sea of political truth, may for a season bask in the sunshine of fictitious popularity and imaginary importance—"assuming a virtue though he has it not." But the honest indignation of an abused people will ultimately reach him, and he will be exposed and despised. The honest democrat is guided by a principle which admits of no compromise, no amalgamation of antagonistic political elements, no coalition to promote sinister purposes. He seeks to advance and establish such measures as to benefit and elevate humanity for their own sake to reform abuses, promote the true interests of the whole people, equalize their burdens, and give to them their just influence in the community.

It may not always be easily determined who are sincere in their professions of democracy. We have known men to remain with the democratic party for many years, and appear very zealous for its cause, while they shared liberally in the spoils of office, but when the people's detestation that they had their share of the "loaves and fishes," and that others were more deserving than they were, these men were found in the ranks of the opposition, entreating the most reasonable designs towards their former benefactors. In that it turns out that they were not sincere, and that in all their professions of love for democracy, they were governed only by selfish motives. It may be difficult, then, to avoid being deceived. Still, if such men are carefully watched, it will be seen that every move they make is for their own interest and not for the people. But this class of men that go over directly and entirely to the opposition, is not half so dangerous as that class that professes to remain with the democratic party, and yet oppose every effort, however necessary and important, of its friends. This disaffection and hypocritical class of democrats have received at the hands of the people, almost every office in their gift, yet perhaps in some instances to that of member of Congress, but as they have distinguished themselves for nothing except to manage for their own interests, the people have laid them "on the shelf," and selected such as they deemed more competent and more worthy. These men are consequently filled with envy towards their successors who fill their places with so much more honor and distinction than they did.—They constantly murmur and complain, find fault with every movement of the democratic party not in accordance with their selfish and conservative notions, but every nomination not dictated by them, an unpardonable sin in any body else, and denounce every democrat that will not conform to their narrow views of advancing the interests of the democratic party, or rather their own interests.—"Rule or ruin," is their motto, hoping if the party falls, that they shall be gathered up with the scattered fragments to make a new party of which they shall be chief. By this course such men do more to aid in defeating the democratic party than open enemies, and to reward them for their treachery and *bolting* propensities, they sometimes gain a place of slight distinction of the whig party, as Arnold did of the British, though they heartily despised him.

It is obvious, then, that the great stumbling block to democratic progress is found in the notorious want of conform to the acknowledged dictates of democratic doctrine by prominent pretenders, men clamorous in commendation of its manifold merits, but who practically eschew its inflexible requirements—masked conservatives who continue their communion with the party for power and pelf.—To purge the party of the malign influence of these gentry, is absolutely indispensable to its success.

Plenary proof of the political tergiversation of some notable individuals who have managed to obtain a consequence and influence in the party to which they had no real claim, to say nothing of their moral delinquency which is even more flagrant—is abundant. Let the people acknowledge no leaders and they will not long be troubled with mere pretenders to democracy. Let the democracy of our nation be freed from hypocritical pretenders, and the country will be redeemed from federal rule.

The Boston papers contain long accounts of the destructive effects of the tornado which swept through the towns of Medford, West Cambridge, Waltham, &c., on Friday afternoon. Its width is represented to be but about thirty or forty rods, and the roar of the wind was heard a great distance. We gather from the accounts in the Boston papers, the following items, which will give some idea of the force of the tornado and its destructive effects:—The first damage of which we obtained any reliable account, was upon the farm of Mr. Oliver Russell, near West Cambridge. A valuable orchard was completely carried away. Some forest trees, near the orchard, of huge dimensions, were torn from their foundations and carried forty or fifty rods. Walls, fences, everything was swept. The earth on Mr. Russell's premises was plowed in many places almost incredibly. His damage cannot be short of \$1500 or \$2000. Leaving Mr. Russell's farm, it passed through other orchards, doing but little less damage. A man named Andrew Wilson, in the employ of Mr. Oliver Russell, was taken from his feet and carried about fifteen rods. He is seriously injured in the region of the hips. The tornado then passed to the village of West Cambridge with increasing fury, unroofing and prostrating buildings in its course. Mr. Hill's orchard, one of the finest in Cambridge, was almost entirely destroyed. The trees were raised some distance into the air, and borne along at a most wild and fearful rate. It is stated, further, that one large apple tree was blown fifty feet in the air, and carried over the top of a house. It is estimated that a hundred houses had chimneys blown off, or were otherwise damaged. In Medford, the chimneys of a brick house occupied by the Rev. John Pierpont, were blown down, and the south side of his roof blown away; his barn was also unroofed. Next was a new house being built for Rev. D. G. Haskins. This was entirely destroyed and no part left standing. There were several men at work in the house, but they (all but one) had sufficient warning to run out and lay down in a hollow under a stone wall. The man who was left in the house, was injured, but not very seriously. The loss of property in West Cambridge and Medford is estimated at not less than one hundred thousand dollars. At the Medford gate of the Lowell Railroad, it was quite destructive. Three large houses were destroyed—one said to be worth \$4000. They belonged to Messrs. Usher, Edwards and Bacon. The depot was also blown down, and Mr. Sanford, the station master, seriously injured. His son James, a boy of fifteen, had both legs broken, besides sustaining other injuries. He was carried to Boston, where it was found necessary to amputate both legs. It is stated that two men on the Cambridge side of Medford River, were carried by the force of the wind to the Medford side, where they were deposited unhurt. Another man is said to have been carried in the air ten or fifteen feet. A freight car, on the track, near the Medford station, was lifted up and blown over and over, and finally landed ten rods distant in an adjoining field. The Bee gives the following instance of the force of the wind: "A famous turkey-cock, strutting with great pomp, was driven against a stone wall and completely smashed. His remains were literally plastered to the walls." The Times says: "A lady states that she was sitting within her house, with her child in her lap, when she experienced a sudden jarring or shaking of the house. She thought of no danger, but in a moment or two after, she heard a tremendous crashing overhead, and on looking upward she saw the sky, the roof of the house having been taken off and carried many rods distant. One spar fell and slightly injured her shoulder. The escape of herself and child from serious injury would seem miraculous."

It is said that the ground over which the tornado passed had the appearance of having been passed over by a plough. The damage to the growing crops is very large, especially to fruit trees. The appearance of West Cambridge after the passage of the tornado, is thus described in the Bee: "A portion of the village of West Cambridge presented a peculiar and sad appearance. Roofs, trees, chimneys were strewn up and down the streets, and across the fields. Some houses were entirely down, some partly so, while others were minus roof and chimneys. Timbers, twisted and shattered, and houses moved from their foundations, were seen in every direction. One tremendous patriarchal elm tree was reposing in the highway, its massive roots looking as though they would have defied any power." The width of the tornado was in some places fifty, and in others, thirty rods. The entire length is not yet certainly known. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from West Medford, says that the house of Mr. Charles Rollins, demolished, was nearly finished, and was to cost \$6000.—A carpenter at work in the attic, was carried to the ground on the attic floor, and received no injury. The roof of the house of Mr. Nye, carpenter, was blown off. His wife lay sick in her chamber, and she was buried in the dust and rubbish of the falling chimneys. The tornado passed through the north part of Waltham. A large barn, 100 feet long, belonging to Mr. Baldwin, was turned completely round. In Beverly, it rained severely for four hours and Rev. Mr. Abbott's church was struck by lightning, but no damage of consequence was done.

THIS IS QUEER BUT TRUE.—A Southern paper says:—

"Young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers are always observed to possess most winning ways, most amiable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands—a fact."

## Disastrous Fire at Concord, N. H.

An extra from the office of the N. H. Patriot, dated on Tuesday morning, handed us by Messrs. Langley & Co., furnishes us with an account of a fire in that town on Monday night and Tuesday which proved to be the most disastrous that ever occurred in that town or State, destroying the best of the business portion of the town.—(Part. A.)

The fire was in Abbott's paintshop, directly back of Stickney's block, next to the Eagle Coffee House, and directly in front of the State House. From that shop it was soon communicated to the stable of the Eagle and other out buildings, Porter & Rolfe's iron store, Prescott's Livery Stable, and a number of other buildings in the rear of the Hotel, thence to the Hotel, thence south to the new Merchant's Exchange, thence to a two story wooden store and two ten footers, and another two story wooden store, sweeping every thing in its course to Low's new block, where its progress in that direction was stayed.

To the north of the Eagle, Stickney's Brick Block and all the mass of wooden buildings in the rear were leveled to the ground. At about three o'clock, the progress of the flames in that direction was stayed at Stickney's wooden block, by the efforts of the firemen. All the buildings on the northern side of Main st., from Low's block, opposite the post office, to Stickney's wooden block, opposite Gass' Hotel, are totally destroyed, and every one between that street and the railroad track.—The buildings on the other side of Main st., were in considerable danger, but were not materially injured.

The loss is estimated to be from \$100,000 to \$150,000, a large portion of which, says the Patriot, is probably insured. The same paper says:—

This fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. A negro, called Jack Robinson, is suspected, and has been arrested.

## Total Defeat of Gen. Lopez, and Capture of his Army.

NEW ORLEANS, AUG. 22.

By letters received here from authentic sources, dated at Havana, the 16th, we learn that Lopez had only fought one battle with the Spanish troops. The latter met with a repulse, but shortly after, having received large reinforcements, with cannon, &c., they returned to the charge, and succeeded in utterly routing the patriots, and capturing nearly every one of them, including Gen. Lopez.—This battle occurred almost immediately after the landing of the expedition. The loss on the Spanish side, upon their repulse, was between 400 and 500. Every thing is quite at present, and no further difficulty is anticipated until more reinforcements arrive.

## Facts About Cuba.

The following facts about Cuba, we compile from different sources. The Islands is 770 English miles in length and its breadth varies from 25 to 90 miles. It is about three days' sail, by steam, from New Orleans. The Eastern portion is mountainous, some mountains being about 8000 feet above the level of the sea. The valleys are beautiful and fruitful. When first discovered by Columbus, the Island had an Indian population of about 200,000. This was in 1492. In 1762 the English took Havana, and gave it up in 1763, for a "consideration." The present population is 1,200,000, revenue, \$12,000,000.

The productions of Cuba, are principally, sugar cane, coffee, molasses, honey, rum, tobacco, wax, rice,—cocoa and cotton, are also produced, but in small quantities. The annual product of the vegetable and animal creation, may be set down at \$75,000,000. Cattle to the number of about 90,000 head are owned in the Island, and there are 200,000 horses, and 50,000 mules, with large numbers of smaller animals. In minerals, the Island is very rich. It contains more than 100 copper mines. There are also coal, iron and silver mines.

Slaves were introduced into Cuba near the close of the sixteenth century, a few years subsequent to the cultivation of sugar cane.—It is estimated that about 900,000 boxes of sugar are annually exported.

MILITARY.—PURSUANT to Division Order No. 5, of the 8th Division of the Volunteer Militia of Maine, the several companies composing the 1st Regiment, 2d Brigade, and 8th Division, will meet at Farmington Hill, on Tuesday the 9th day of September next, for Inspection and Review.

If the 9th of September is rainy, then the muster will be on the first suitable day after.

The Battalion of Artillery will meet with said Regiment, under the command of Major Joseph C. Becher.

The Governor and suite are expected to be present and review on that occasion.

The Augusta Band will be present and play for the Regiment. WM. TRIPP.

Col. 1st Reg., 2d Brig. and 8th Div.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—Wm. W. Wilson, Agent of the United States for the detection of counterfeiters, has succeeded in arresting at Palmira, True F. Young and James French on a charge of counterfeiting. A large amount of counterfeit coin was found upon them, mostly in quarter and half dollars, which were a remarkably good imitation of the genuine pieces. These men belong to the Booney gang, and have long been suspected by the police. French has heretofore borne a good character. Young was pardoned out of the States Prison a year or more since, in order to testify at New York in the case of Ashley, charged with passing counterfeit money.

BARNUM ON POLITICS AND MORALS.—P. T. Barnum gave a temperance address before the members of the Legislature and others during the recent legislative session in Hartford, in the course of which he defined his position as follows:—

"For my own part, I am a Democrat, a regular out-and-out, and so strong are my political preferences, that it is quite possible I should vote for the devil, in preference to a Whig, if it should be proved that 'Old Horn' was a Democrat—but when the question comes which to elect to office, a drunken Democrat or a sober Whig, I should prefer the Whig, and should adopt this course on the plain ground that a drunken official, although a democrat is worse than the devil."

At the time of Mr. Jefferson's last election, on the day when the electors met, Judge Rane, the great friend of Mr. Jefferson, presiding, the following regular toast was drunk with overwhelming applause:—"SECESSION! It is treason!"



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