

For the Oregon Spectator.
THE WINTER'S HEARTH.

When Winter 'mid the Arctic zone,
Enters his shining, icy throne,
And sends his icy blasts to sweep
The frozen fields, and heaving deep;
When days are short, uncheered by song,
And nights are dim, dark and long;
When snow makes a mighty roar,
And wroth between a craggy shore;
When snow breaks the lofty hills,
And shines bright rows of icicles;
When bleak their faces hoary flocks,
And many oaks seek the hills;
When loudly sounds the driving rain,
And lone the grove, and withered plain;
When weary wanderers homeward go,
The night shall glow the crimson sky,
And cold and cheerless in the earth—
How pleasant seems the Winter's Hearth!
When loud without the trumpet roars,
And wintry winds assail the doors;
When thick the whirling snow-drift flies,
And curling wreaths in valleys rise,
How sweet to sit by evening's blaze,
With those we loved in early days,
And talk of many a happy year
And scenes of affection dear,
When life, undimmed by cloud or care,
In prospect seemed an Eden fair.
While glad we haste home to play,
And spend the weekly holiday,
And when no rivalry could part
The friendly ties that bound the heart;
Oh! when released from labor thrall,
Our youthful seats we thus recall,
And look with retrospective view,
To childhood's sports we seem anew
To taste of boyish glee and mirth,
While seated by the Winter's Hearth.
How pleasant, too, at evening dear,
When loud the gusty storm we hear,
By sparkling fire and taper bright,
That cheer the gloom of sullen night,
To sit in comfort and repose
The weekly fete of news,
That to the cottage fire-side brings
Accounts of many wondrous things—
Of city feasts, of grave debates,
And changeable history of States,
Of peace, of commerce, and of war,
Of scenes at home, and deeds afar,
Of accidents by flood and fire,
With sudden deaths and murders dire.
Instructed thus, and cheaply taught
By pages with amusement fraught,
And news from all the climes of earth,
How cheerful seems the Winter's Hearth!
When sallow on the billowy deep,
Amid them hear the storm-blast sweep;
When wanderers 'mid the desert roam,
Far from the gladdening smile of home;
When fields are bleak, and forests bare,
And hail comes driving through the air—
Placed by a warm and blazing fire,
May gratitude our hearts inspire
To bless the bounteous God of Heaven,
Who hath so mercifully given
To us, while Winter binds the earth,
A happy home, and cheerful Hearth!

From the London News.

Every additional fact in the intelligence from America confirms us in the belief that the race who inhabit the north of that immense continent are destined to rule the south of it. They will do so from a natural cause always in operation, that infallibly gives dominion over the weak into the hands of the strong, over the idle to the industrious, over the apathetic to the men of energy. No political combinations, no efforts of diplomacy, will avail to prevent this consummation; it may be very distant as yet, but come it will, and it is as well to contemplate it as a possibility. The nature of man abhors a state of anarchy, confusion, and mere chance existence, with neither laws to restrain, men to guide, or a power that can be and do something. The northern race possess the qualities that build up empires and states, and hold them together by law and custom; wherever they go, they carry these qualities with them: their colonies grow to nations, and those nations proceed in their development.

It is as useless to complain of the increase, and try to stop it, as to lament the growth of the sapling to the oak. What may be the "Federations and the Powers" that are yet to arise in America, none can foresee; but that they will be as extraordinary in their nature as anything the world has yet witnessed, we do not doubt. It is a continent in the infancy of its history, armed with all the strength of modern science. It began its career little more than two centuries ago, and has an almost boundless territory, fresh and unworn, in which the Railway and Steam Engine will be but the beginning of things.

Europe has a distinct history of two thousand years, yet has got no farther. Can we at all estimate what the aspect of society would have been, had Printing, Steam, and the Railway, been at work in it ever since the fall of the Roman Empire? The subject almost defies the grasp of the imagina-

tion. Yet, thus must we calculate, in looking forward into the future of America.

Present forms of government sink into insignificance; they may be the best for the time, but will not bind all generations; the Republic of America has not existed longer than the duration of one human life; yet we doubt if the history of the whole world presents such another example of expansive power; man armed with implements unknown to former times, placed in a new sphere of action, scarcely feels a limit to his faculties; he starts upon new ground, with all the skill and wisdom that have been the accumulation of the experience of centuries. What marvel that he so quickly makes a conquest of the desert and converts the wilderness into a dwelling place? That he spreads farther and farther, till men of other blood and languages acknowledge his dominion? It is a necessity. This is what is leading the power of the United States southward to Mexico; we now see but the germs and beginnings of what will assuredly take place in time—the Government of the descendants of the Spanish Colonists by the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Spaniards began their way in the New World more like demons let loose on the earth than men; they have had their reward; their old Monarchy, from the same incapacity for government, and inability to do anything but crush and destroy, fetter and exclude, giving nothing but chains alike to commerce and conscience, has sunk to the weakest and most despised country of Europe; their colonies, where they shed so much blood, have gone from bad to worse; even their independence has been a misfortune rather than a blessing. Unable to unite for any purpose, the moment the yoke of the Monarchy was thrown off they flew at each other's throats, fighting and murdering, till the page they have added to modern history is one of the most horrible that history, ancient and modern, contains. But humanity wearies of anarchy; hopeless of improvement, of peace, of government of any kind from within, they are indifferent to invasion from without.

It now appears that many of the Northern States of Mexico are rather favorable to "Annexation" to the United States, than otherwise. The utter imbecility and savage ferocity of the men who have stood in the place of rulers to them, drive them to it; when anything like a well-policed state borders another torn and convulsed by factions, the feeling is inevitable; and thus the race who can govern, wins its way by a law as natural as the descent of water from the height to the level. It has been so from the beginning, and will continue to be so till the end. This is the tendency; but some of the circumstances by which it is shown are not so solemn in their nature; thus a President stimulating a war cry for party purposes, and then finding it unechoed by the great mass of the people, looks very petty indeed; the discovery of the cost of war and its ruinous effects is sooner made than formerly, and the alarm felt on the money part of the question, we hail as one of the best symptoms for the sway of peace; and, as if to conclude the discussion of the subject with a touch of the ludicrous, the last mail contains the offer of an American speculator to take the whole Mexican war by contract! undertaking to beat Arista and his troops for a much smaller sum than the States Government could do it, "pickings included!" Such a proposition could only be made by an American; it is, decidedly, a new field of commercial enterprise. The "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of glorious war never received such a shock as this—placing it on the level of "navies' work," or the supply of work-house provisions. Think of a return of so many killed and wounded, "as per contract!" It is worse than the "villanous salt-petre" that disgusted Hotspur's "certain Lord" with the profession.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6th.

Monterey, and Palo Alto and Resaca del Palma were nothing, in public estimation, to the overthrow of the dominant party in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The army and its victories are lost sight of, in contemplation of these more stirring events which come home to every man's business and bosom.

Political speculations upon the results are, of course, very active. Some predict Cabinet changes as a result. Many seem to look to a general political revolution in

1848, as certain.

The demonstration of popular opinion, at these elections, would seem to be adverse to the policy of the new Tariff; but some of your papers deny that this or any other national question was a part of the issue. It is certain, too, that the new Tariff could not have had any influence, for its effects have not yet been manifested even prospectively.

We have not a word, as yet, from Monterey, in addition to the former advices. In another week we may hear of Gen. Taylor's march to Saltillo, if he obeys his orders from the government. That he will proceed any further, under present circumstances, is not to be believed; for he will not feel himself compelled to risk all the laurels which the army has won, upon a movement so wild and hazardous.

It has rained incessantly all day; and the evening will be exceedingly unfavorable to the civic and military procession which is intended, in honor of the memory of the late Colonel Cross, the first victim to the Mexican war. The remains of the gallant Colonel are to arrive in the cars from Baltimore, this evening.

CAPTURE OF OIL FISHES.—Moses Morin, Esq., for a great number of years engaged in the Canada fisheries, having obtained a patent in Canada for a new mode of making and spreading nets, for the purpose of capturing those large oil fishes so very numerous on this side of the Atlantic coast; and being prevented by unforeseen circumstances from securing a like patent in this country, would be willing to dispose of his highly important invention, which consists in raising from the water, without the least noise or danger of frightening the fish, and in the incredible short space of ten minutes, a net of over twenty acres in length and about thirty feet in height, which is spread thus—one end being secured to the shore, the net is carried out five or six acres in the water, (provided the water is not deeper than the height of the net;) then it is made to run a line parallel to the shore, the distance of about twelve acres; finally, the other extremity is directed toward the shore.

The lower extremity of the net is firmly held, by means of anchors, to the bottom, where it lies in the way it has been spread. When it is known that the fish have entered the enclosure, then one single man, from the shore, may raise the whole of the upper part of the net to the surface of the water, so as to have a full view of the whole of it, in the space of time above stated; and the fish, being thus entirely surrounded, are easily driven ashore and destroyed. The net may be made smaller, or even larger, than above described, to suit localities. The whole apparatus might be easily managed by ten men.

Mr. M. is confident that, on his fishing grounds, he can capture yearly, with one net one thousand or more fishes, yielding, on an average, as much oil as would make each of them worth forty dollars. Merchants extensively engaged in fisheries may then calculate the immense advantage such an invention might be to them.

SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA.—Shortly after leaving the city we met several flocks of sheep, preceded by their shepherds, walking slowly toward Jerusalem, and at once the full force of all the beautiful imagery, and the many touching similes derived from such scenes and associations, and so often alluded to in Scripture, came vividly before me. These Arab shepherds, clad in the turbans and simple abbas worn by their class and carrying a wooden crook in their hands, walked in front.

The sheep which are a peculiar and very handsome breed, are mostly low sized; the foreparts of their bodies are of a fawn color, the hinder parts white; they have long, pendent, silken ears and sweeping tails; their faces more oval and longer than the species in these countries, and they have altogether a more pleasing, docile and mild expression of countenance.

Not one of them ventured before the shepherd, but stopped or quickened their pace as he did; or if a young and forward creature lagged behind, or strayed to either side, a single word from their leader, often a very look, brought it back and checked its wanderings. A few favorite lambs friaked about their master, rubbing themselves against his legs and garments.

After the sheep came some young goats

and lambs, and the whole procession closed with about two dozen of old patriarchal looking goats, which brought up the rear. These goats have long horns and pendent ears that hang almost to the ground, and their hair is a glossy black and of the finest grain; the sheep and goats were perfectly distinct.

These shepherds are often to be seen about sunset, slowly approaching the city from all sides, to seek shelter for their flocks, during the night, in some of the deep valleys by which it is surrounded, carrying the lambs in their bosoms. It is almost incredible, the influence that the shepherds of Palestine possess over their flocks; many of them have no dogs, but a word is quite sufficient to make them understand and obey the will of their shepherd.

He sleeps among them at night, and in the morning leads them forth to pasture; always walking before them, guiding them to those places where they can enjoy the best food, and resting when he thinks they have obtained a sufficiency, or during the heat of the day, in some cool shady place, where they all immediately lie down around him.

He has generally two or three favorite lambs which do not mix with the flock, but follow close at his side, frisking and fondling about him like dogs; indeed the degree of intelligence and understanding that exists between the Arab and his flock is truly astonishing. "They know his voice, and follow him;" and "he careth for the sheep." It was probably to such shepherds as these that the angel announced the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth.—*Wilde's Narrative.*

MONUMENT TO DR. WATTS.—Our London correspondent alludes to the erection of a statue to the memory of Dr. Watts, in Abney-park Cemetery. The ceremony of inaugurating this monument took place on the 25th of November, the 97th anniversary of the death of Dr. Watts. On the ground of the cemetery formerly stood the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, the friend of Dr. Watts. In this mansion Dr. W. died in 1748, after an abode of more than 30 years with Sir Thomas, and after his death with his lady. The monument, so appropriate to the place, is erected about the centre of the grounds.—It is a full length figure of the distinguished divine, nine feet in height, and in academical costume. The pedestal, of Portland stone, is sixteen feet high and six feet square. In the left hand is a book, and two other books are upon a pillar on the right side.—The countenance is said to bear a striking resemblance to the best portraits of Dr. W. and the whole work is pronounced beautiful. On the side facing Abney Chapel is the inscription, which is as follows:

In memory of

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

In testimony of the high and lasting esteem, in which his character and writings were held, in the great Christian community by whom the English language is spoken. Of his Psalms and Hymns it may be predicted, in his own words,

'Ages unborn will make his songs'

'The joy and labor of their tongues.'

He was born at Southampton, July 17th, 1647.

And died November 25th, 1748.

After a residence of thirty-six years in the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney Kn., then standing on these grounds. Erected by public subscription.

On the occasion of inaugurating and opening this statue to the public view, an address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Morrison, a copy of which we have before us. It is a deserved tribute to the memory of "the sweet singer of our Christian Israel," and embraces a just estimate of his character as a poet, a philosopher and a divine. The address asserts, "with the utmost firmness," that Dr. Watts was neither an Arian nor a Socinian; and that great injustice has been done, in imputing to him a change of opinion in regard to the doctrine of the Trinity. It is perhaps on his "Moral and divine songs for children," that Dr. Watts' fame rests, more than on any other of his works, even his Psalms and Hymns. It has been well remarked, that in producing these imperishable little rhymes, he achieved the noblest triumph of condescending genius; as certainly he made the most extensive appeal to the judgment and sympathies of mankind. Dr. Morrison, in his eulogy, expressed it as his deliberate conviction that the cenotaph now reared in Abney-park would have been well deserved, if Dr. Watts had only produced his matchless songs for children.—*Boston Trav.*

Baltimore is said to be the largest tobacco market in the world.