

"The Democrat."
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POLITICS.
The Mexican War and American Nationalism.
Most of the Congressional elections take place within a few weeks on the 7th. Democracy, however, never occupied a proud position as at this moment. Never have their principles occupied a higher place in public esteem. Never have we seen so unanimously the witnesses of the efficiency of these principles. Experience has come to the fulfillment of theory; and facts and figures verify the predictions and the policy of the Democratic party. But on this alone does the present attitude of that noble party assume a commanding and significant character. Since the last elections for Congress the people have had an opportunity of comparing the administration that triumphed in 1848, with that which went out of power in 1849. This contrast, engaging the eye of every observer, has utterly demolished the Whig. In every Congressional district there are hundreds of Whigs who openly denounce the policy of the Galusha Administration. In all respects it has been unbecomingly. Beginning without system, conducted without experience, and ending finally in a grand exposure of dishonesty, the exodus of the bad advisers who counseled and contributed to it, has been received with one burst of exultation, the Whigs leading in the general approval of satisfaction. The details of the proceedings of this Cabinet, laid before the people, and commented upon by the able candidates of the Democracy for Congress, cannot fail to bring crowds of converts to the unstained banner of the national Democracy. When the accession of the Whigs to the Presidency has added nothing to the falling fortunes of the Whig. An evil genius seems to follow them, no matter what the coincidence which arises, or who the leader. Hence we see, that after the execution of the late Galusha Administration, the Whig party has appointed to the Treasury department no less a personage than Corwin, of Ohio, the leading orator and apologist for Mexico, during the war, in the American Congress!

Doctrines.
The following amusing fable, from the pen of a celebrated author, is published in the "Year in Review," by N. P. Willis, now being published in this paper.
On a day when the sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing merrily, a young boy named Tom was sitting on the grass, reading a book. He was a very good boy, and he loved to read. He had just finished a book about the life of George Washington, and he was thinking about the great man's life.

that if we could see here any more, he would not be long in coming.
"Who is he?"
"Who sent you here?"
"Nobody," answered Ady.
"Does your mother know you have come?"
"Yes, she knows I am here, but she would not like me to go to bed, but we came for my first."

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear; and while her heart beat with trembling between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which he was sitting. She opened it hastily. It was a pledge, with his well known signature subscribed at the bottom. With a cry of joy she sprang to his side, and his arms encircled his wife, as well as his children, in a fond embrace that they had known for years.
The children's love had saved the father. They were indeed his good angels.

Smiles are produced by a peculiar contraction of the features of the face more or less under the control of the will. In general they are the outward expression of an inward feeling—the index of the soul. Smiles bear the same relation to feelings, as words to thoughts. Words are the expression of thought, smiles of feeling. Feelings resolve themselves into two classes; the pleasant and joyful, the unpleasant and sorrowful. The former find their outward expression in smiles, the latter in frowns.
Variety marks the inward feelings, hence also the outward expressions. There is the feeling of pleasure, joy, approbation, or contempt; each of which has its peculiar smile. There is, then, the smile of pleasure; so called from the feeling of which it is the sign. This is a slight departure from sobriety. Sobriety is a natural state—here the soul is at rest. When pleasure enters it disturbs the equilibrium and sends its smiling messenger dancing along the countenance to announce its presence. There is, also, the smile of joy. This differs from the smile of pleasure in degree rather than kind. As joy is heightened pleasure, so the smile of joy is a double layer of the smile of pleasure. Again, there is the smile of approbation. Pleasure and satisfaction combined produce approval. When the mind assents to the propriety of an act or thing with some degree of pleasure and satisfaction, then it is that the countenance is lighted up with the smile of approbation. Finally, there is the smile of contempt. This is not mis-named, it is mis-placed—a poor substitute for frowns. To manifest the fiendish feeling of contempt by a heaven-born smile, is almost unparagoned degradation. It is none the less unparagoned and hateful.

How to GET RID OF A NATION'S DEBT.—If you are much troubled with your "neighbor's hens," the best way is not to shoot them and send in the dead bodies, but quietly feed them round your stable with your own, and then shake out extra straw in some barrel or by-place. An acquaintance of mine in this way collected some dozens of eggs at a slight expense, thereby getting the profit without the trouble of losing or keeping them through the winter. Try it. It is too good a business to last long. By this plan you will effectively get rid of the hens, and besides this, and the saving of the eggs, you will save your friend and have having one more enemy. A little planning is as good as hard work.

A man is taller in the morning by half an inch than he is at night.—Lewell Vox Populi.
Don't believe that, any way. Please excuse the reason for the assertion.—Lawrence Courier.
With the greatest pleasure. Sleep all night to forget his indebtedness to the printer; but he sinks a half inch into his boots at breakfast, when he takes up the newspaper and thinks he hasn't paid for the last six months' subscription.—Vox Populi.

The School Mistress.

BY MRS. E. M. BROWN.
The school ma'am's coming, the school ma'am's coming, she came with a dozen voices, at the close of a half hour's faithful watch to catch a glimpse of our teacher. Every eye was turned toward her with a scrutinizing glance—for the children as well as others always form an opinion of a person, particularly of their teacher, at first sight.
"Good morning, Miss Westcott," said the first to greet her.
"Good morning, Tom," replied she, smiling.
"Is this your school?" asked another.
"Yes, it is," she answered.
"Where is your school?" asked a third.
"Over there," she pointed.
"Is it a good school?" asked a fourth.
"Very good," she replied.

The Good Angels.

"Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little daughters, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was eight. They were sitting at a table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle-work.
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