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Emerson on Emancipaton.

Ralph Waldo Emerson—the greatest thinker in America—cantributes to the *Atlantc Monthly* a masterly review of the President's proclamation of Emancipation. The following extractes are published as a sample of the whole:

"The extreme moderation with which the President advanced his design—his long avowed expectant policy, as if he chose to be strictly the executive of the best public sentiment of the country, waiting only till it should be unmistakably pronounced—so fair a mind that none ever listened so patiently to such extreme varieties of opinion; so reticent that his decision has taken all parties by surprise, whilst yet it is the just sequel to his prior acts—the firm tone in which he announces it, without inflamation or surplusage, all these have bespoken such favor to the act that, popular as the President has been we are beginning to think that we have underestimated the capacity and virtue which the Divine Providence has made an instrument of benefit so vast. He has been permitted to do more for America than any other American man. He is well entitled to the most indulgent construction. Forget all that we thought shortcomings, every mistake, every delay. In the extreme embarrassments of his part, call these endurance, wisdom, magnanimity, illuminated as they now are by this dazzling success.

When we consider the immense opposition that has been neutralized or converted by the progress of the war (for it is not long since the President anticipated the resignation of a large number of officers in the army and the secession of three States on the promulgation of this policy)—when we see how the great stake which foreign nations hold in our affairs has recently brought every European power as a client to this Court, and it became every day more apparent what gigantic and what remote interests were to be effected by the decicion of the President—one can hardly say the deliberation was too long. Against all the timorous counsels he had the courage to seize the moment; and such was his position, and such the felicity attending the action, that he has replaced the Government in the good graces of mankind. 'Better is virtue in the sovereign than plenty in the season,' say the Chinese. 'Tis wonderful what power is, and how ill it is used, and how its ill use makes life mean, and the sunshine dark. Life in America has lost much of its attraction in the later years. The virtues of a good magistrate undo a world of mischief, and, because nature works with rectitude, seem vastly more potent than the acts of bad governors, which are ever tempered by the good nature in the people, and the innocent resistance which fraud and violence encounter. The acts of good governors work at a geometrical ratio, as one midsummer day seems to repair the damage of a year of war.

A day which most of us dared not hope to see, an event worth the dreadful war, worth its costs and uncertainties, seems now to be close before us. October, November, December will have passed over our beating hearts and plotting brains; then the hour will strike, and all men of African descent who have faculty enough to find their way into our lines are assured of the protection of the American law.

It is by no means necessary that this measure should be suddenly marked by any signal results on the negroes or on the rebel masters.—The force of the act is that it commits the country to this justice—that it compels the innumerable officers, civil, military, naval, of the Republic to range themselves on the line of this equity. It draws the fashion to this side. It is not a measure that admits of being taken back. Done, it cannot be undone by a new Administration. For slavery overpowers the disgust of the moral sentiment only through immemorial usage. It cannot be introduced as an improvement of the nineteenth century. This act makes that the lives of our heroes has not been sacrificed in vain. It makes a victory of our defeats. Our harts are healed; the health of the nation is repaired. With a victory like this we can stand many disasters. It does not promise the redemption of the black race; that lies not with us; but it relieves it of our opposition. The President by this act has paroled all the slaves in America; they will no more fight against us; and it relieves our race once for all of its crime and false position. The first condition of success is secured in putting ourselves right. We have recovered ourselves from our false position and planted ourselves on a law of nature.

"If that fall,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And Earth's base built on stubble."

The Government has assured itself of the best constituency in the world; every spark of intellect, every virtuous feeling, every religious heart, every man of honor, every poet, every philosopher, the generosity of the cities, the health of the country, the strong arms of the mechanics, the endurance of farmers, the passionate conscience of women, the sympathy of distant nations—all rally to its support.

In the light of this event the public distress begins to be removed. What if the brokers' quotations show our stocks discredited, and the gold dollar costs one hundred and twenty-seven cents? These tables are fallacious. Every acre in the free States gained substantial value on the 22d of September. The cause of disunion and war has been reached, and begun to be removed. Every man's house, lot and garden are relieved of the malaria which the purest winds and the strongest sunshine could not penetrate and purge. The territory of the Union shines to-day with a lustre which every European emigrant can discern from afar; a sign of inmost security and permanence. Is it feared that taxes will prevent immigration? That depends upon what the taxes are spent for. If they go to fill up this awful Dismal Swamp which engulphed armies and populations, and created plague, and neutralized hitherto all the vast capabilities of this continent—then this taxation, which makes the land wholesome and inhabitable, and will draw all men unto it, is the best investment in which the property holder ever lodged his earnings.

While we have pointed out the opportuneness of the proclamation, it remains to be said that the President had no choice. He might look wistfully for what variety of courses lay open to him; every line but one was closed up with fire. This one, too, bristled with danger, but through it was the sole safety. The measure he adopted was imperative. It is wonderful to see the unreasonable senility of what is called the peace party, through all its masks, blinding thier eyes to the main features of the war, namely, its inevitableness. The war existed long before the cannonade of Sumpter, and could not be postponed. It might have begun otherwise or elsewhere, but it was in the minds and bones of the combatants, it was written on the iron leaf, and you might as easily dodge gravitation. If we had consented to a peaceable secession of the rebels, the divided sentiment of the border States made peacable secession impossible, the insatiable temper of the South made it impossible, and the slaves on the border, wherever it might be, were an incessant fuel to rekindle the fire.—Give the Confederacy New Orleans, Charleston and Richmond, and they would have demanded St. Louis and Baltimore. Give them these, and they would have insisted on Washington. Give them Washington and they would have assumed the army and navy, and through these, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. It looks as if the battle-field would have been at least as large as it is now. The war was formidable, but could not be avoided. The war was and is an immense mischief, but brought with it the immense benefit of drawing a line, and rallying the free States to fix it impassably—preventing the whole force of Southern connection and influence throughout the North from distracting every city with endless confusion, detaching that force and reducing it to handfulls, and in the progress of hostilities disinfecting us of our habitual proclivity, through the affection of the race and the tradition of the Democratic party, to follow Southern leading.

The necessities which have dictated the conduct of the Federal Government are overlooked, especially by our foreign critics. The popular statement of the opponents of the war abroad is the impossibility of our success. "If you could add," say they, "to your strength the whole army of England, of France and of Austria, you could not coerce eight millions of people to come under this Government against their will."—This is an odd thing for an Englishman, a Frenchman or an Austrian to say, who remembers the Europe of the last seventy years—the condition of Italy until 1859—of Poland since 1793—of France, of French Algiers—of British Iraland and British India. But granting the truth, properly read, of the historical aphorism, "the people always conquer," it is to be noted that, in Southern States, the tenure of land and the local laws, with slavery, give social system not a democratic, but an aristocratic complexion; and those States have shown every year a more hostile and aggressive temper, until the instinct of self-preservation forced us into the war. And the aim of the war on our part is indicated by the President's proclamation, namely, to break up the false combination of Southern society, to destroy the piratic feature in it which makes it our enemy only as it is the enemy of the human race, and so allow its reconstruction on a just and healthful basis. Then new affinities will act, the old repulsions will cease, and, the cause of war being reduced, nature and trade may be trusted to establish a lasting peace.

We think we cannot overrate the wisdom and benefit of this act of the Government. The malignant cry of the secession press within the free States, and the recent action of the Confederate Congress, are decisive as to its efficiency and correctness of aim. Not less is the silent joy which has greeted it in all generous hearts, and the new hope it has breathed into the world.

It was well to delay the steamers at the wharf until this edict could be put on board. It will be an insurance to the ship as it goes plunging through the sea with glad tidings to all people. Happy are the young who find the pestilence cleansed out of the earth, leaving open to them an honest career. Happy the old who see Nature purified before they depart. Do not let the dying die; hold them back to this world, until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spirtual societies, announcing the melioration of our planet.

"In certainties now crown themselves assured,
And Peace proclaims olives of endless age."

Meantime that ill fated, much injured race which the proclamation respects, will loose somewhat of the dejection sculptured for ages in their bronzed countenances, uttered in the wailling of their plaintive music a race naturally benevolent, joyous, docile, industrious, and whose very miseries sprang from their great talent for usefulness, which in a moral age, will not only defend their independence, but will give them a rank among nations.

[From the Tribune Correspondence.]

THEOCRACY VS. DEMOCRACY.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND GOVERNOR HARDING.

A few days since Gov. Harding received a dispatch from Gen. Craig, at Fort Laramie, requesting him, in view of the recent Indian outbreaks, to re-enlist the company of Mormon soldiors whose three months' term of service had expired a short time before; and in order that he might do this with as little delay as possible, to consult with Brigham Young on the subject.

Accordingly the Governor of Utah Territory called upon the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints, at the office of that dignitary. Brigham and his two councilors were present—the "trinity" as those three persons are considered by the saints, the better to illustrate the order of their importance in their limitless power on earth.

After the customary formalities between the powers celestial and the powers terrestrial, the latter, in earthly fashion, made known the contents of the dispatch, and proceeded to speak of the Indian difficulties, of the necessity of troops to quell them, and of the propriety of raising a company of soldiers to be placed at Gen. Craig's disposal.

The ruler of the people declined any participation in the matter, giving as a reason that the "boys" were busy with their harvesting, and he did not think they would be willing to do anything more in the military line until they should see a pile of "green backs" from Washington; and demanding to know why Col. Conner, with his command, was not ordered on an expedition against the Indians, instead of being sent here among the Mormons, where he was not at all needed.

Gov. Harding replied that the United States government was fully able to pay all the men who should enlist in its service, and that it would most certainly do so, although there might, in this case be some little delay.

Upon this, Brigham coolly informed the Governor of a new and startling fact, viz.: that there *would be no United States government*, that it would go to pieces, that the two armies would totally destroy each other, etc., closing the tirade with the very significant question, "Don't you think, Governor, that a government administered by one man, and that man appointed by God, would be far better than the government of the United States, or of any other country?"

"Most assuredly," replied the Governor; "because the Almighty could undoubtedly make a better selection than any company of men on earth. The only question would be to know what man the Lord had chosen."

"There could be no trouble in deciding that," said Brigham; "evidently it would be the man who should receive a revelation to that effect."

"But," added the unbelieving Gentile, "sometimes more than one might claim to to have had a revelation. Some of your people believe you to be the true prophet of God, and others believe in another prophet."

"I was not aware of that fact," interposed the astonished revelator.

"Why, it is only a short time since some of your followers set up a new prophet [referring to the Morrisites,] thus creating schism in the church, and occasioning the death of several men. So you see that opposing factions may arise as well among the people as elsewhere."

After a pause, during which the "President" was manifestly collecting his forces, he renewed the attack by saying, "Don't you think the time must come—the millennium—when such a government divinely ruled will be established on earth?"

"I do not suppose," replied the Governor, "that we are to consider the description of the millennium as literally true, but simply as figures through which the inspired writer sought to convey his meaning to a highly imaginative people. For instance, when we read that the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, that the lion shall eat straw like the ox, etc., I do not imagine that these phenomena are actually to take place."

"Why not?" asked Brigham in amazement.

"Because it would be a physiological impossibility. The lion must first be provided with a new set of teeth and a new stomach. You might chain a lion by a straw-stack, and place beside him all the water he would drink, and, after a certain number of days he would die; while an ox, with the same bill of fare before him would thrive."

"Where do you get such ideas?" inquired the prophet in solemn tones.

"From books—from such authors as Buffon, Humboldt, and other distinguished scholars, who doubtless know more about such subjects than you, President Young, or I, or any of us."

"They don't know half as much about it as I do. They don't know anything about it. It was sheer folly for them to write such books, and it would be better for the world if they were all burned."

"Well," said the Governor good naturedly, "history has furnished us with an illustrious example of your mode of thinking, in the character of the great Saracen chieftain, who ordered the splendid Alexandrian Library, enriched by the collection of ages, to be burned to ashes, giving as a reason, that all books which contradicted the Koran were false, and ought to be destroyed, while all those which agreed with the Koran, it was unnecessary to preserve, as they were mere works of supererrogation."

At this presumptuous speech from a mortal, in the Triune presence, it is reported that the saintly glow which unceasingly illumines the countenance of the Prophet-in-Chief, the Lord's anointed, was suddenly lighted to a remarkable degree—the halo of glory being changed, in a twinkling, to the more fiery halo of wrath—righteous indignation, I should say—and the second in power and majesty, the Prophet's first Councilor, buried his face in hands as though he fain would shut out from his eyes the miracle so sure to follow—the blasphemer struck dumb; that the third person in the Trinity, in whose title of Lieutenant-general there is a smacking of this world, taking it more as a mortal would, lay back on the sofa, and surveyed the ceiling with what was intended to be an air of indifference.

The audacious sinner, evidently forgetting that his auditors were anything more than ordinary human beings, quietly drew their attention to the business which had brought him to their sanctum.

Brigham still declining to render any assistance in the matter, and again alluding to the wreck of our Government, the heart of the Governor was stirred within him, and rising from his seat in earnestness, he said:

"President young, while I agree with you on many points, there is one subject upon which I disagree with you *in toto cœlo*; and that is your theory that this government is going to pieces on the principle of the Kilkenney cat fight. Mark my words. I prophesy against your prophecy. These difficulties will be settled, and there will be more cats left than ever were heard of in Kilkenny. I can converse coolly upon any subject, except when I am talking of my country, in the hour of her peril, and I suspect the man I am talking with to be disloyal. Then I become excited." "I want you to distinctly understand, President Young," added the patriotic Governor, growing vehement, "that I shall stand by my government—stand by it to the death."

Whereupon, taking his hat, he politely bowed himself out of the Presence, leaving such attitudes and expressions as though a *new revelation* had suddenly came down from on high.

Ashamed of her Father.

Little Sallie was the daughter of an honest blacksmith, and was a very frank warm hearted child. A new house had been erected on a high hill near, by a fine gentleman from the city; and Sallie was delighted to see in his carriage, drawn by two fine bay horses, a sweet little girl about her own age. Once when she was in the shop, they stopped to say something to Giles about shoeing the horses, and Sallie smiled at Lucy who in turn threw her a great red apple. She caught it so nicely that they both laughed heartily; and became friends; for little children have none of that mean pride which we sometimes see in older people, till they are taught it.

One day when Sallie was dressed very neatly, she asked leave to take a walk, and bent her steps towards the mansion on the hill. She did not know how to go around by the road, so she climbed over fence and wall till she reached the grounds. There to her delight she saw Lucy on a little gray pony which the coachman was leading carefully by the bridle. She drove up to the wall and asked, in a kind voice, "Have you berries to sell, little girl?"

Sallie laughed, and said, "No, I'm Sallie; don't you remember me? I came to play with you a little while. May that man open the iron gate for me? It is very heavy."

"I should like to play with you, and to let you ride on my pony," replied pleasant little Lucy, "but I know mamma would not allow me to play with you."

"Why not?" asked Sallie in wonder. "I never say naughty words, and I am all dressed clean this afternoon."

"Oh!" said Lucy, "it is because your father works with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and has a smutty face and hands."

"Oh, the smut washes off!" replied the innocent child. "He is always clean in the evening; and when he has his Sunday clothes on he's the handsomest man in the world! Mother is pretty *all the time!*"

"Oh, but—mamma would not let you in, I know, because your father shoes the horses," added Lucy.

"That is no harm, is it? Dont your father want his horses shod" asked the wondering Sallie.

"Yes, but he won't let me play with poor people's children," answered Lucy.

"*We're not poor;* we are very *rich*," replied Sallie. "Father owns the house and the shop, and wev'e got a cow and a calf, and twenty chickens, and the darlingest little baby boy in the world!"

But after all this argument little Lucy shook her head sadly, and said, "I wouldn't dare to ask you in, but I'll give you some flowers."

So Sallie went back over fence and wall, wondering much at what had passed. Then for the first time in her life, she wished that her father would wear his Sunday clothes all the week, just as the minister and the doctor and Lucy's father did. She almost felt ashamed of him—so noble, and kind, and good—as she entered the shop to wait for him. She stood by the forge trying to enjoy the sight of the sparks as they danced and fought each other after each stroke of the hammer. But her thoughts were so troubled that she could not see the beautiful pictures which she had always found before in the blazing fire.—mountains, castles, churches, angels, all were gone and there was nothing left in the black shop but a coal fire, hot sparks, and a smutty man! Tears came into Sallie's eyes, but she crowded them back because she could not tell why she shed them.

The fire was out; the blacksmith pulled off his apron, laid aside his hammer, and took the soft hand of Sallie in his own hard and smutty one. For the first time in her life she withdrew it to see if the black came off; just then the cars came in; and to her joy she saw little Lucy on the platform waiting for her father. The conductor helped him from the steps, and he called out to Lucy, "take my hand, child;" but she put both hands to her face to hide it, and sprang back into the carriage alone; while the coachman with a blushing face, almost lifted the finely dressed gentleman into it. Oh, wint a sad, sad sight! He had been drinking wine till his reason was gone, and he could not walk; so his own sweet child was ashamed of him!

Then Sallie grasped the hard hand of Giles, not caring whether the smut rubbed off or not, and told him all that was in her heart. "Oh, father," she cried, "I was so wicked that I was just beginning to be ashamed of you because your face was black, and you did not dress up like a gentleman all the time. I'm so glad you are a blacksmith instead of a drunken man! Poor, poor little Lucy! She is ashamed of her father, although he has on a fine coat and gold buttons in his shirt!"

The Difference.

We commend the following sensible views, from the Yreka *Journal*, to the consideration of the "Union Democrats"—those God forsaken sore headed politicians, who devote one half of their time to scheming how to obtain office at the next election, and the other half to calling all men "Abolitionists," who are honest enough to support the Government:

The great difference between the North and South, for many years, has been, that the North respected the Constitution and the laws, submitting always with good grace to the majority, against individual will, while the South has repeatedly threatened to dissolve the Union, if the North had the independence to go against her will. They were determined to oppose the constitutional authority of Abraham Lincoln acting as President, as the voice of the people declared he should. Even Stephen A. Douglas was considered too much of an "Abolitionist" to be supported by them for President. The only excuse they allege for the rebellion, is violation of the Constitution, which allegation is also seconded by their sympathizers at the North, who only work for party and not for country. Douglas was a pure Democrat a true Republican and genuine patriot. He believed in defense of his country, that necessity was above all law, and in his endorsement of General Jackson, cared not whether the officer violated the Constitution or not, so long as his acts were necessary to crush rebellion. Let every cannon, rifle and war implement be regarded as the Constitution, from which sufficient doses may be administered to the rebels, until they learn to respect the lawful authority and benefits of the Constitution, as the majority of the people and the majority of the States have always understood it. The distinction of parties lately seems to be, that those whom secessionists can not affiliate with are Abolitionists, hence it is reasonable to assert that those whom the aforesaid Abolitionists cannot affiliate with, must be secessionists. We confess we are Abolitionist enough to keep us from shaking hands, in partisan unity, with hands stained with loyal blood. There is but two sides—loyalty and treason. Loyalty is headed by Abraham Lincoln; treason is headed by Jefferson Davis. President Lincoln believes in undermining treason by destroying slavery, and though it surprised the deep seated prejudice of the people on the nigger question, they are becoming reconciled, and the movement is getting exceedingly popular as a powerful sacrifice of secesh bread and butter, to hungry murderers of loyal men.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—The only flag of any nation that has attempted to run the blockade has been that of England. This speaks volumes for the hypocritical character of a portion of the public sentiment of Great Britain, and also of sincere neutrality of its Government.

AN old Jew who sold exclusively for cash said he did it for the benefit of his neighbors. He did not wish to see them "deep in debt mit him, ven day ish got no monish to pay mit.

A LAST LOOK.—There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your heart as she passes by on her wedding day, it may be happy and blissful, as she lifts up her laughing eyes, the symbol of her own bright heart, and leaves in that look darkness and desolation, to you forever. The boy your father's spirit has clung to, like the very light of your existence, waves his hand from the quarter-deck as the gigantic ship bends over the breeze; the wind is playing through the locks your hands so often times have smoothed; the tears have now dimed his eyes, for mark, he moves his fingers over them—and this is the last look.

CROUP.—The *Journal of Health* gives the following advice in the treatment of croup:—

"Apply cold water—ice water if possible—suddnly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breathing will at once be more free, and the difficulty relieved. Soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can, then wipe *dry* and cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anexity, und lead the heart in thankfulness to the power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medical qualities."