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FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22.

THE NORTHERN MAIL failed yesterday from Washington.

INDEPENDENCE.

It is pleasant feeling to be free for a while from the trammels of party. The sense of political independence is a refreshing thing. For many months past we were tied to the horse of party, and tossed about on the good old Whig ship at the mercy of winds and waves. Too often the vessel, being sorely battered by the storm, escaped disastrous shipwreck, and finally, in 1852, went down into the bottomless pit, with scarcely the shred of a flag unwashed. To drop the metaphor. The demise of the Whig party, many of its former advocates have been in mortal fear would be to their whereabout. Some of them existed for a time with new and adventurous parties that sprung suddenly into life, manifested extraordinary thoughtfulness for vigor, and then declined with debility. Others have united their fortunes with the Democracy, while a very large number remain in a state of political independence, and seem likely to remain so.

This independence—not neutrality, for that is a position which has its advantages. It is what the French call *les coudées franches*—dramatic English, "elbow-room," for those who profess it to praise or censure acts and opinions of the government without the slightest regard to the dictates of party, and without the apprehension of losing a political patronage from which they are necessarily excluded. It relieves the press from the miserable task of perpetual fulsome on the one hand, and factious and unreasonable opposition on the other. It tends to create manliness, a sense of honor, sincerity, and hardihood. An independent journalist is unable to be respected. He may be ferocious, but they are honestly entertained. He swears by words of no master. His opinions are his own, and will prevail or be rejected upon their own merits. He may eulogize the administration with all his heart, and support it with all his might, without exposing to the charge of assailing his own interests, or of treason it without incurring the imputation of waging party warfare against it. There was a time when political parties were a necessity in the country, on account of the world's old and trenchant differences of opinion, and adherence to principles existing—differences and principles radical in character, which were associated with sectional interests—the progress of events, the changes of the country have obliterated these distinctions, and have swept away the political landmarks. Parties have ceased to exist. Parties now are but names with the former distinctions of Democrat, may haunt the memories of either side, but they are nothing more to be practically remembered.

Being entirely independent of party, finding himself in a position on the contrary, he will be a kindly company of intelligent citizens, willing to listen to and unbiased judgment on the conduct of our public servants, and willing to award praise or censure without fear or favor. This numerous class of readers, find something to their taste in the columns of the BEE. The numerous instances, find something to please them in the columns of the BEE. The numerous instances, find something to please them in the columns of the BEE. The numerous instances, find something to please them