

The Independent. SPECIAL NOTICES. PAPERS are forwarded on an explicit order...

Our Special Contributors.

SUMMING UP IN ITALY. (DESCRIBED TO INTELLIGENT PUBLICS OUT OF IT.) BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[The following graphic poem will explain, among other things, Mrs. Browning's views of Louis Napoleon, and her reasons for holding them.—Eos, INDEPENDENT.]

Observe how it was at last, When our Italy stands at full stature, A year ago died down so fast...

The speech in the Commons which hits you A sketch off, how dunces must feel— The official dispatch, which conveys you...

True, you praise for the firmness, who sets his Brave face to the ax of the flame, Disappears in the smoke, and then fetches...

Regio, Farini, Mamiani, Ricca, doubt by the dozen!—here's Popoli too, and Cipriani, Imperial cousins and cognates;

Garibaldi—we'll come to him shortly, (As soon as he ends in the south.) Napoleon,—as strong as ten armies, Carr; as seven devils,—a fact...

Who has his own thought so desirably married, What is he but a thin wire For conducting the lightning from Paris?

Who writes down the two to compass, Confronting (you would not permit a lie) He bore up his Piedmont ten years...

Who quail, in a nerve, from their own! Per this,—through the dim, Hades-portal The dream of a voice,—Blessed thou Who has made all thy race twice immortal!

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

Who has been full of loving-kindness heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter?

The Independent. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1860. NUMBER 617.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XII. TO CHARLES SUMNER. [We take the liberty of mentioning that the initials at the foot of the following poem are those of Mrs. L. W. FELLOWES, a daughter of Rowland Hill, the originator of the Cheap Postage System in England...

As one who wandering lone is sudden stirred With a wild gust of hidden woodland singing— Doth picture to himself the "beauteous bird" That with sweet concord sets the greenwood ringing...

So I, being melted by my inmost soul By this thy noble plain for Freedom's sake, Do grieve that ocean-beds between us roll— And that I never can see thee strive to break The shackles, 'e'en more harsh than those that bind!

COUNTRY EPISODES.—NO. 2. "FREE SOIL." BY HAYARD TAYLOR. "For and in consideration of the sum of—dollars, good and lawful money of the state of—, I, the aforesaid A. B., do hereby convey and transfer to the aforesaid C. D., etc., etc., his heirs, executors, or assigns, all my right, title, and interest in the aforesaid message and tract of land, etc., etc."

How much may have occurred within the young man's heart before he said, "I'll illustrate that case in their more particular details, must leave to the consciousness of others. But no complaint was uttered of the father's injustice, nor does the illustration allow the charge of anything on that side in the application which it proposes. He had been kind, tender, and faithful. Generous, we should say, to a fault. His kindness still continuing when he complied with the request, and to his own disadvantage, meeting the wishes of his son."

How earnestly Paul cries out to Timothy, his own son—"Be thou powerful, but keep thyself pure; as a gain there is for ever, in the victory then obtained on the side of virtue and holiness! Why need the youth taste the bitter cup of guilty indulgence, or see the polluted scenes and sights of a world lying in its wickedness? Why may he not maintain the integrity of his character—the purity of his life—and his childish love of home, and the joys and blessedness of a godly, Christian home? Certainly multitudes do. They never go vitally astray. They never yield their members to be the instruments of unrighteousness into sin, or stoop to taste the delinquencies of a sensual or a giddy life. Though not truly sanctified in childhood, they are restrained and kept from evil. And their conversion, though it find abounding inward sin to mourn, brings up no polluting violence of the life to fill the soul with groanings which cannot be uttered, or to charge the sorrows of the future life with a corrupted imagination which cannot be cleansed."

A well-beloved youth whom I knew was a complete illustration of this restraining influence. Born marked his person—wealth adorned his condition. Every worldly attraction was around his dwelling. Every conceivable opportunity of indulgence was within his reach. His nature was earnest and vigorous. And though brought up under the influence of religion at home, those who most wisely loved him, trembled for him, when his opening years forced him into contact with the world. His school and college life took him from home. His circumstances attracted around him the gayest and silliest companions. His cheerfulness delighted in mirth. His talent made mirth at his pleasure for all. Ah—few knew what he went through to test his principles and his instruction. His college companions stimulated the worst propensities within him. The array of books and pictures which form the secret agencies of defilement in our colleges, and aiding the influence of these so many of the stories and allusions of classical learning led him in one line of temptation to the very verge of ruin, when the remembrance of his mother and sisters at home, so beloved, to be outraged by his compliance,—arrested him with the sternness of a resistless appeal, and he started back. His social relations brought him multiplied invitations to the card-table and the billiard-room; and again and again, on the eve of yielding, his pure and peaceful home came up again, and he had strength to utter a solemn No, and he never knew a game of either. The college supper more than once threatened his destruction in its provisions for intoxication,—and once only prevailed, giving him a subsequent shock which secured his final liberty. He came to maturity easily tempted, but wonderfully restrained. He had strength given him to fight the battle though in his own heart, and needed not to unwind the habits of outward defilement, and sin in open conduct. Grace found him, a tried and chosen vessel, and made him a noble and shining instrument of usefulness to others. Ah, often in the course, his heart was tempted to "say" but the restraining Spirit interposed,—and never in outward, allowed rebellion, did he "say" the language of selfish choice or sensual determination. Though tempted much, and seeing much,—from which parental love, had it all been known, would have gladly kept him back,—he still had strength given him to "flee youthful lusts," and to "keep himself pure." Why may not all thus start back, and make their stand there? S. H. T.

It extends, legally, to the center of the earth. I own, therefore, a narrow strip of territory nearly four thousand miles in length! Truly that I have no desire to do so. And above me, the seas of blue air, the dark, superimposing space—all is mine, half-way to the nearest star, where I join atmospheres with some far-off neighbor! The scattered clouds, as they pass over, the rain, the rainbow, lightnings and meteoric fires, become my temporary chattels. Under my feet, doth unknown riches may not exist!—beds of precious minerals, geodes of jewels, sparry caverns, sections of subterranean seas, and furnaces heated from the central fire! This is wealth which, indeed, would not be received as collateral security for a loan, but it is therefore none the less satisfactory to the imagination.

Standing, once, on the lawn at Farringford, I congratulated Alfred Tennyson on the beauty of his view towards the Solent, to the blue, wavy outline of the New Forest. "You," he assured me, "have another feature—three summits of perpetual snow, yonder!" pointing to the northwest. To make my landscape complete, not only those three peaks are required, (also in the northwest), but a lake or a river in one of the intervening valleys. Until I can procure them, I construct temporary Alps from masses of sun-gilded cumuli which settle along the western horizon, and fatter myself that I shall be able to give a distant view of the top of my future house. The changes to the blue, wavy outline of some prevailing tone in the colors of the landscape—give me, virtually, the range of many lands. My property may lie in Norway, in America, or in Andalusia; it depends upon the sky. Usually, however, it represents the midland valleys of England—undulating, deep in the richest foliage, intersected with lanes of hawthorn and clematis, and dotted with old stone country-houses and capacious barns. The sentiment of the scenery is the same—order, peace, and home comfort.

But I have wandered away from the proposed disposition of my farm. It is to be Free Soil, I have said—whereby I do not mean the narrower political, but the larger social sense of the phrase. If I am lord of my own acres, (as the politicians say, addressing their agricultural constituents,) can I certainly establish my own social laws. In the first place, I proclaim the decrees of Fashion, so far as dress is concerned, to be null and void, anywhere inside of my gates. No pretensions shall there be obliged to cut his throat with dog-collars, nor any body to present the appearance of a smashed skull, by wearing the hideous nose bonnet. Understand that I do not prescribe; I merely abrogate: my guests are at liberty to wear the most frightful costumes, if they please. I prefer beauty to deformity, that is all.

Thought and speech (unnecessary profanity excepted, which, indeed, is not to be presumed of any of my guests) shall be as free as possible. My political, religious, or literary antagonists, if he be not inclined to permanent ground shall have free range of my woods and fields. Believing that most of only be justly estimated by their character, not by their opinions, I shall ask no man to declare himself on the foregoing points. I have been treated with brotherly kindness by poor Mussulmans and non-believers: heathen: God forbid that I should possess a narrower soul than they! There is one class of characters, however, which will be tolerated on my property. Hypocritical, insincere, linen-serving creatures, of all kinds, men with a broken head, bootlessly cast-up, oily faces, and large soft hands, (which they are always rubbing)—for such there is no entrance. This is always brought most of the Pharisees, who, it need be said, are excluded, severally and collectively. The other variety—the men with thin faces, bilious, shallow complexions, and mouths depressed at the corners, with a melancholy air of the land of A. B., I do not think I should have been satisfied. But this ludicrous lingering upon the circumstance, ringing it over and over upon all words which had a remote approach to the meaning—conveyed, transferred, made over, disposed of, invested with, donor, grantee, gift, mortgage, and the like, and richness, what vitality and certainty it gave to the act!

I repeat it, the only positive property is real estate. Not only in imagination, but also in fact. You may hold in your hand a hundred thousand dollars in bank-notes; a sudden puff of wind surprises you, and whisks away that gold. Or you may fall into the water, and they are reduced to a worthless pulp—or the horse burns down, and your notes, and jewels, and mortgages are consumed with it. But who ever heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter? Did any man ever see a counterfeit far? The market value of land may fluctuate considerably, but unless Nature is subjected to violence and outrage, its intrinsic value never varies. It always possesses the same capabilities, it is not the same capacities.

There is one feature at least—and, to me, not the least important—wherein the bleakest barren is equal to the most beautiful interval. Within its limits the proprietor is sovereign lord. He may build, tear down, excavate, fill up, plant, destroy, or do whatever else he will. Yes, he may even (in our own country) write, speak, proselytize, establish a new religious sect, adopt another form of government—provided he still pays his taxes—and in every other way, compatible with the rights of his neighbors, give free play to the eccentricities of his individual nature.

I, at least, in receiving the deed, determined that my land should be Free Soil, free to myself from all liens, free to all the world, with certain restrictions to be hereinafter specified. Before proceeding to these, let me note another feature of human nature, which, as homo sum, could not have failed to present itself without constituting me a highly exceptional person. I forget whether it was on the first, second, or third visit I made to the old farm, (I believe I went every day for the first week, when my satisfaction received a check. The ridge running through the property is the highest in the neighborhood, with the exception of one immediately to the north, which conveniently protects it from the cold winds of winter. My own ridge, therefore, commands an extensive view over the regions to the east, south, and west. Through the inlets of cedar-castled lawns between the triple groves, I caught lively glimpses of other valleys, between me and the distant purple hills. A line of post-and-rail was drawn across the middle ground of each picture—it was my line fence! There my sovereignty ceased. My previous sense of possession, "This is mine," was immediately displaced by the unreasonable Frenchman, who, sitting down to crust of bread and a cup of water, and being unexpectedly presented with a bottle of wine, growled, "Peste! via ordinaire!" you might have given me Burgundy!"—or the child who gets an apple and then cries because he can't have six, or I was wanted to feel myself the owner of all the land within the range of vision. My possession was incomplete—it was only part of a landscape. Those forests which now so beautifully feather the distant hills may be destroyed at the will of another. I have no power to preserve them. How fortunate are those large landholders in England, who can ride thirty miles in a straight line through their own property! They can mount the highest hill, and all which the rounded sky incloses, belongs to them in stream, forest, meadow, mountain, village, mills, and mines!

Presently an inner voice whispered: "Great estates are a curse. They flatter the selfish pride of one man, that a thousand others may be homeless. You, who rejoice in the soil you have just achieved, finding there a better right to residence on the earth, would you crowd out others from the same privilege? You, with your fields and groves, would you grudge the laborer his single acre, or yonder farmer his hill-side, made dearer to him by the labors of his fathers for a hundred and fifty years? Have you not sold enough for the exercise of your coveted freedom? Were all the land yours, to the furthest hill, you would stand upon that, and extend your wishes to the next horizon. He has enough who makes a wise use of his property. Beware! for there have been those who, not satisfied with ten thousand acres, were reduced to seek contentment at last in six feet of earth!"

Resides, I thought, this is but the outside of my farm. Possession is not merely the superficial area: it extends, legally, to the center of the earth. I own, therefore, a narrow strip of territory nearly four thousand miles in length! Truly that I have no desire to do so. And above me, the seas of blue air, the dark, superimposing space—all is mine, half-way to the nearest star, where I join atmospheres with some far-off neighbor! The scattered clouds, as they pass over, the rain, the rainbow, lightnings and meteoric fires, become my temporary chattels. Under my feet, doth unknown riches may not exist!—beds of precious minerals, geodes of jewels, sparry caverns, sections of subterranean seas, and furnaces heated from the central fire! This is wealth which, indeed, would not be received as collateral security for a loan, but it is therefore none the less satisfactory to the imagination.

Standing, once, on the lawn at Farringford, I congratulated Alfred Tennyson on the beauty of his view towards the Solent, to the blue, wavy outline of the New Forest. "You," he assured me, "have another feature—three summits of perpetual snow, yonder!" pointing to the northwest. To make my landscape complete, not only those three peaks are required, (also in the northwest), but a lake or a river in one of the intervening valleys. Until I can procure them, I construct temporary Alps from masses of sun-gilded cumuli which settle along the western horizon, and fatter myself that I shall be able to give a distant view of the top of my future house. The changes to the blue, wavy outline of some prevailing tone in the colors of the landscape—give me, virtually, the range of many lands. My property may lie in Norway, in America, or in Andalusia; it depends upon the sky. Usually, however, it represents the midland valleys of England—undulating, deep in the richest foliage, intersected with lanes of hawthorn and clematis, and dotted with old stone country-houses and capacious barns. The sentiment of the scenery is the same—order, peace, and home comfort.

But I have wandered away from the proposed disposition of my farm. It is to be Free Soil, I have said—whereby I do not mean the narrower political, but the larger social sense of the phrase. If I am lord of my own acres, (as the politicians say, addressing their agricultural constituents,) can I certainly establish my own social laws. In the first place, I proclaim the decrees of Fashion, so far as dress is concerned, to be null and void, anywhere inside of my gates. No pretensions shall there be obliged to cut his throat with dog-collars, nor any body to present the appearance of a smashed skull, by wearing the hideous nose bonnet. Understand that I do not prescribe; I merely abrogate: my guests are at liberty to wear the most frightful costumes, if they please. I prefer beauty to deformity, that is all.

Thought and speech (unnecessary profanity excepted, which, indeed, is not to be presumed of any of my guests) shall be as free as possible. My political, religious, or literary antagonists, if he be not inclined to permanent ground shall have free range of my woods and fields. Believing that most of only be justly estimated by their character, not by their opinions, I shall ask no man to declare himself on the foregoing points. I have been treated with brotherly kindness by poor Mussulmans and non-believers: heathen: God forbid that I should possess a narrower soul than they! There is one class of characters, however, which will be tolerated on my property. Hypocritical, insincere, linen-serving creatures, of all kinds, men with a broken head, bootlessly cast-up, oily faces, and large soft hands, (which they are always rubbing)—for such there is no entrance. This is always brought most of the Pharisees, who, it need be said, are excluded, severally and collectively. The other variety—the men with thin faces, bilious, shallow complexions, and mouths depressed at the corners, with a melancholy air of the land of A. B., I do not think I should have been satisfied. But this ludicrous lingering upon the circumstance, ringing it over and over upon all words which had a remote approach to the meaning—conveyed, transferred, made over, disposed of, invested with, donor, grantee, gift, mortgage, and the like, and richness, what vitality and certainty it gave to the act!

I repeat it, the only positive property is real estate. Not only in imagination, but also in fact. You may hold in your hand a hundred thousand dollars in bank-notes; a sudden puff of wind surprises you, and whisks away that gold. Or you may fall into the water, and they are reduced to a worthless pulp—or the horse burns down, and your notes, and jewels, and mortgages are consumed with it. But who ever heard of an estate being blown away, or burned up, or carried off by an absconding defaulter? Did any man ever see a counterfeit far? The market value of land may fluctuate considerably, but unless Nature is subjected to violence and outrage, its intrinsic value never varies. It always possesses the same capabilities, it is not the same capacities.

The Independent. IS PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, NO. 3 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

By mail, \$2 per annum in advance. Single copies, 5 cents. If delivered in New York or Brooklyn by carrier, 50 cents additional to the above rates for each month.

ADVERTISEMENTS. Twenty-five cents for each insertion. SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTICES. Thirty cents a line.

spots and gladdening amid the penumbra of this temperance eclipse. One of these cheering spots is presented in the aroused activity of the "Sons of Temperance" in his own state of Massachusetts.

Two antagonist criticisms assail the Republican host now advancing to take possession of the Federal Government: "Too fast," and "Too slow."

"You go too far!" shouts the timid writer who follows that host afar off; "we, too, are hostile to the Extension of Slavery; but we cannot abide your Sumners, Seward, Chase, Hales, Burlingame, who make war on Slavery itself. Why don't you continue to reiterate your unqualified devotion to the Union, your inflexible repugnance to any interference with Slavery in the States where it has a legal existence, your determination to enforce the Fugitive-Slave Law, and to uphold all the rights of the South? Thousands are repelled from you by the vehement and sweeping Anti-Slavery inculcations of Giddings, Lovejoy, and Cassius M. Clay: why do you not disavow them?"

"You don't go half far enough!" shout an equally vehement if somewhat less numerous crowd, composed of earnest, thorough, uncompromising Abolitionists, including the whole membership of three or four respectable Christian denominations: "why don't you come out squarely against Slavery always and everywhere? You gain nothing by temporizing: the South hates you and fights you no less than if you were not only almost but altogether such as we are. Her mercantile and political vessels could not be more fully intimidated to you than they are. We will not declare for Abolition in the States as well as in the Territories, and strike for a result worth having? Why not enable us to unite with and strengthen you?"

To these last, we answer: "The Republican party was called into existence by a treacherous attempt to open to Slavery the Territories shielded therefrom by the Missouri Compact. It embraced men of every degree of moral and political elevation, who hate oppression and injustice anywhere; Conservatives, who condemn the violation, in the interest of Slavery, of bled light. Outside of the party, each follows the dictates of his own judgment and conscience; but, when acting as Republicans, we must act with good faith to each other and to our common purpose. We are united on the basis of resistance to the Extension of Slavery and to any measures tending to legalize or practically establish it in any portion of the common Territories of our Union. We are united in support of the Free Homestead policy, which clearly tends to encroach the dominion of Slavery with the quarter sections of free laboring whites. We believe our opposition to Slavery is carried as far as it is carried by any National party: we know it is carried as far as it can be. We were to adopt your views and follow your suggestions, we should be divided and crushed out in nearly every State. So we choose to do what good is practicable, rather than fall in attempting the impossible. If you therefore refuse to act with us, we regret it; but we must obey our convictions of duty and policy rather than rush on ruin by following your counsel."

But it is not true—though good men have asserted it—that the Republicans are "in favor of Slavery where it exists, but against it where it does not." We are opposed to it everywhere—in Brazil or Cuba, Russia or Turkey, Virginia or Texas, as well as in Kansas or New Mexico. We pray God in His own good time to make an end of it everywhere, and would gladly, gratefully, have that time come in our day. There is not to-day a Republican in any Slave State who is not in favor of the earliest possible emancipation of Slavery from that State, and from every other. We all rejoice at any evidence from time to time afforded that the fabric of Human Bondage totters to its fall. But if you ask us to undertake the overthrow of Slavery in the States, we must answer, We will each do whatever is within his power to put a speedy end to slavery; but we citizens of New York or New England have no power over the laws of Virginia or Alabama. We will do our best, whenever opportunity shall be afforded us, to convince the citizens of those States that they ought to abolish Slavery within their respective States; but if we were to attempt its abolition there, by external or Federal constraint, we should at once usurp power and rebel slavery; but in preventing its further extension, it insures its ultimate extinction. It is Slavery—Breeding—the rearing of human beings for the uses of Avarice or Lust—that keeps Slavery strong and vital to-day in the border Slave States; it is Slavery Extension which renders Slave-Breeding active and profitable. Had Mr. Jefferson's sweeping proviso of 1784 become law, and been steadily upheld to this day, Slavery in our Union would have been dead long ago; had Louisiana or Florida never been purchased, had they both been subjected to the slavery prohibitions of 1787, Slavery would no longer be formidable among us, and all could see that it was dying out. Our fathers hated Slavery, but they missed its valuable part, or failed to persistently profit by their knowledge; we have found that part, and shall not imitate the foolish dog that dropped the bone in his mouth for the larger one he saw outlined in the water beneath him. Let Republicanism accomplish its mission, and we shall then see clearly what is next to be done. H. G.

Thomas Hood. HIS CHILDREN. 2 vols., 10s. 6d. Examples of Hood's peculiar vein of wit and humor...