

have proved themselves utterly unable to control the helm of the State in stormy weather;—we have seen a so-called model republic turn out to be at best but a fair weather institution. While heartily deploring the continuance of civil war, we are yet not without hopes that the heavy taxation consequent thereon may eventually prove a blessing to America, as tending to raise the tone of its public men. Up to the present time, the American people have not troubled themselves much, concerning the qualifications of those brought forward for offices of trust. Nor is this at all strange, for the multitude care nothing for theories regarding government, and so long as a man does not interfere with the rights of his neighbour, or oppose those passions which the multitude hold in common with himself, he can do as nearly as possible what he pleases. When taxation is merely nominal, rough practical justice is all a man wants at the hands of his rulers; but when a man's necessities, or luxuries, are roundly taxed, he will ponder well the position no less than the capabilities of those anxious to be invested with the power of controlling taxation. We question whether the Americans of twenty years hence, will be content to see men such as Mr. SEWARD, filling high offices of trust.

The following extracts from a letter addressed to us, too late for publication last week, will give our readers some curious information, regarding an American Statesman of the present time.

"I am an Englishman, and many years ago my sister married a gentleman of South Carolina, who had been my fellow school-boy at Harrow. At the commencement of the war, he was one of the many who gave up all (in his case, a large fortune and a happy home,) for the cause which he thought to be true patriotism. Meanwhile, death was busy in our English home, and two years ago a widowed brother-in-law,—a clergyman—set out to see my sister in South Carolina, with whom intercourse had been cut off,—and to bear to her the sad intelligence that she was never again to see a beloved mother and sister (taken away within a few weeks of each other). This gentleman obtained a pass from the U. S. Government, and was put on shore at Charleston, by an English man-of-war, under a flag of truce. On his return to England, he wrote a very innocent little book, advocating peace between the warring Americans, and giving expression to very grateful remembrances of kindnesses he had received at the hands of friends in the South. The book, he called—"An errand to the South."

After two years campaigning, my sister's husband returned home, prostrated by ill health, and, after a lingering illness, died in January last. My sister, broken down by sorrow and bereavement, wrote to me, earnestly requesting me to come and fetch her back to the old home, where an aged father still looked to have his eyes gladdened by her presence. I went forth, furnished with recommendations from EARL RUSSEL to LORD LYONS,—— from Mr. ADAMS to Mr. SEWARD,—doubting not a moment that the cause which brought me across the Atlantic was one of a character so entirely domestic, and of so purely a matter of love, that any request for a pass through the lines of the armies would (unless military necessity intervened) meet with a ready assent. Before leaving London, however, a well known Southern gentleman, warned me in these words:—"You do not know these Northern men in power, Sir, nor the temper in which they carry on this war:—the very circumstance you have mentioned,—the widow's prayer to her family,—the old father's yearning to again see his daughter,—the brother's mission of love,—are just the circumstances which will gratify their malevolence,—you are sure to have your pass refused." How far he malign'd the Northern rulers,—how far he had insight into their real character,—may be shown by the result of my journey.

I arrived at Washington, saw LORD LYONS, and received from him just so much assistance as may be given by a kind letter of introduction to the Secretary of State,—sufficient, at all events, to show that I was "a free man, and no spy." On the 12th of July, at 9.30 A. M.,—I called at the State Department, beneath the portico of which I found Mr. SEWARD—smoking a cigar. I took off my hat, announced my name, and presented the letter with which I had been furnished by LORD LYONS. Mr. SEWARD read it slowly, without in any way returning my salutation, and then, with an offensive air, said—"Sir,—two years ago, I gave a pass to a Clergyman, a member of this family, to visit this WOMAN." (I understand the word because, by the tone of his voice, his emphasis, and his expression, he evidently wished me to mark that he ignored the term "lady.") "He went to the South and was so far seduced by Southern hospitality, that he went home and wrote a book!"

I here interrupted him, by saying—"Sir,—will you allow me?"

but, with an air as insulting as he could assume, he continued—"Hear me speak,—will you sir?—he wrote a book, I say, in which he desired to advance arguments to the English people for the destruction of this country,—You cannot go Sir."

I said,—Will you allow me to speak a few words Sir?, to which Mr. SEWARD replied,—Not one word, Sir,—you have your answer: You had better go home and take care of the interests of your own country,—I will take care of the interests of mine!

With this, he at once went down the steps, jumped into a hack, and drove off, doubtless proud that, if through the insane management of affairs by himself and his brothers in office, an insignificant body of Confederates were at that moment scaring Washington, he had, at all events, single-handed, gained a decisive victory over a sorrowing widow, an aged father, and an anxious brother—whose hands and tongue were tied, lest the one object of his journey,—his sister's safety,—should be imperilled.

I pray you, Sir, mark his reasoning! "A relative has written a book, which this lady can never have seen, or had control over,—I will then make her suffer, as I cannot reach the writer,—a relative has written a book—therefore, I will insult a brother seeking a widowed sister!" Is it possible to imagine a more petty-minded piece of insolent tyranny—a more egregious instance of a low bully in power? Is it thus that the American people speak to foreigners in distress,—is this the way that they desire to establish their character for nobility of mind, and delicate chivalry toward the weaker sex? If so, they have indeed set on high a good exponent of their principles! But I know it is altogether the contrary—I know that it is not only the foreigner who will execrate the man who would use such language as I have mentioned—language, not less marked by egregious folly than by sottish insolence. How contemptible the proud irony to a man of my simple position. "I will take care of the interests of my country";—how ridiculous his dogmatic decision—"You cannot go Sir"? Yet, big man as he wished to make himself, his impotence was, in this particular case, on a par with his insolence. I had merely asked for a pass for my sister's sake,—I knew that I could reach my destination without consulting Mr. SEWARD's desires, or asking his leave. Within a few days of this interview, I was at my sister's house in Carolina, and we are now together on our way to Europe, without having been delayed one day by this great man in power. * * *

You may imagine I have spoken of this to many—their universal question being—"was he drunk?" I fear that the hour, 9.30 A. M., is against this charitable suggestion; I leave this, however, to be solved by those who may know more surely than by common rumour, the domestic habits of this high-bred gentleman."

OUR UPPER STREETS.

When men have amassed through industry a comfortable provision for themselves and their families, they commonly evince a disposition to settle down apart from the scene of their labors, and enjoy their leisure without the world of business. As fortunes accumulate, suburban dwellings increase, and widely extended suburbs usually tell of commercial prosperity. In this city, as elsewhere, such as are comfortably off, live at some little distance from their offices or stores, in localities deemed more or less fashionable, according to the caprice of the age. Just now, the South end would seem to be most in favor, but people living comfortably in the northern or western suburbs are not, on this account, likely to migrate. Making due allowance for the relative numbers of well-to-do people living at either end of Halifax, it would seem that in point of wealth and social position, north, south, and west are about on a par, the dwellers in each locality coming together in society on equal terms, and in the best possible humour with themselves and the world in general. But although north and south are, socially speaking, one and the same community, there is practically a great gulf between them. The ladies of Brunswick or Lockman streets, dare not visit their friends of Queen or Morris streets, without making a circuitous route, eastward or westward. Assuming the intersection of Morris and Queen streets to be the centre of fashionable life in our southern and western suburbs, and the middle or Brunswick or Lockman streets to be the centre of northern fashion, it is somewhat annoying that direct communication between the two is, for ladies, impracticable. A lady resident in Queen street, cannot take a direct line to Brunswick street, nor can a lady resident in Brunswick street take a direct line to Queen street. And the reason for this is, that the more direct routes to and from these localities are hourly disgraced by scenes which it is highly undesirable a lady should witness.

We are not sanguine enough to suppose that vice and profligacy can ever be successfully combated by any human agency.