

ed with the rights of the white citizen. Not knowing how to use their suddenly acquired freedom, they plunged into great excesses. Their mis-rule distracted the country, and their brutal crimes provoked the whites to retaliation. To read many of the northern papers, we would suppose the negroes an innocent and inoffensive race, wantonly oppressed by malicious whites. This is a false idea, based upon partial observation. The conduct of the negroes is not a whit less to be palliated, than that of the whites.

What is called the carpet-bag rule has also been a source of grievance to the South. During the time of reconstruction northern adventurers poured into the South, and by the easy means of negro aid, became office holders. Their motive, in general, was no better than to gain ill-gotten wealth from the public treasury. The negroes soon equalled their leaders in this, and the south, already ravaged by war, was now heavily taxed to meet the needless extravagance that followed. The whites felt irritated, and were not without excuse. Had the war resulted in a southern triumph, and had a similar fate befallen us, we would have shown no more forbearance than they.

The President's southern policy, in its main design, we regard as a step in a better direction. The result of the war decided the fate of southern aristocracy, and proved the danger of sectional preponderance. It showed that our country cannot enjoy due prosperity unless all its parts be joined together by a common bond of sympathy, and a broad national policy shape the general government. The southern people have suffered severely, and some of their complaints are just; yet they do not want another war, because it would profit them nothing. Discontented ones there may be, for

"He that complies against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Yet if time be allowed to do its work, unfettered by needless obstacles, the scheming of Toombs and his compeers will at last lose its influence.

Time is needed to right the effects of any war, but especially of a civil war. The social barriers between the sections were swept away by the war, and let us hope as years roll on, that a more friendly knowledge of each other may also sweep away the ill feeling caused by them. The North, for its own part, needs to pay less attention to the clamors of those noisy demagogues who would have us believe that in the military guardianship of the South lies the safety of our country.

M.

RECIPROCATED MAXIMS.

[This story was commenced in the May issue. Back numbers can be obtained by addressing the Business Manager.]

CHAPTER IV.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Command all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late."

Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Perhaps, Judge, you remember John Bosnell of the class of '58?"

"Why, how do you do, John Bosnell? (here follows a hearty hand-shake.) Where have you been keeping yourself these ten years?" ejaculated the gentleman first addressed, who was none other than Judge McKee, toasting his shins before the bar-room fire of the City Hotel about half an hour after his lecture at Library Hall.

"Well," slowly replied the gentleman who had so unceremoniously introduced himself as John Bosnell, "after graduating I studied medicine for two years and upwards, and then hung out my shingle, and have since been laboring *pro bono publico* in dosing the sick people of this town with physics and powders.

"And I presume," continued McKee "that you are married and have a family by this time?"

"Yes," drawled the Doctor who talked ordinarily as though it were not best to be in a hurry about it, "I have two mischievous, fine-looking boys, and a little pink of