

however, that there is a material difference between the people of the East and the people of the West. A great majority of the people of the West, on the borders, may be emphatically termed "Border ruffians." The Eastern people call them by that name, and by that name they are known. There is a species of ruffianism among them, of rowdyism, groggerism, of bantering, bullying, fighting, and killing, that is a disgrace to humanity.

The most of you who have read the news must be familiar with the scenes that have transpired in Kansas between the two parties that have existed there—one party in favor of slavery, and the other opposed to it. There has been a great struggle between them, and mobocracy has abounded to a great extent. Who are the best and who are the worst, would be very difficult for me to tell.

The Eastern people, of whom I have been speaking, as quick as they go to the borders, partake of the spirit that reigns there, and turn "border ruffians" too. It is not difficult for them to enter into it; for the spirit of deep seated hatred which prevails among many in the East towards the South soon breaks out, and their feelings are manifested in acts of violence, and they generally maintain their points by the bowie knife and pistol, by mob violence, vigilance committees, &c.

This disorder of things extends all along the frontiers. If a man does not do right, they get up a vigilance committee, and it takes up a man, judges him, whips him, banishes him, or puts him to death, as they please; and it has become popular to act in this way in all those border places.

They are called "border ruffians," and I think the name is as appropriate as anything you could give them. I do not know that I could

pick out a better title. In the East, they do it with their tongues; they do not use the bowie knives, pistols, and rifles so much as in the West and in the South; but a spirit of rancor, animosity, and hatred seems to be engendered in the bosoms of the people, one against another. They have their most deadly enemies in their very midst. Every man's hand is against his neighbor.

The feelings of the North and South have run very high, each party seeking to support their own peculiar views alone, and truth is out of the question. If they tell the truth, it is by accident. The object is not to tell the truth, but to sustain parties and party interests; for to tell the truth is not generally considered very politic.

True, there is a great profession of truth, and a great deal of apparent abhorrence of lies and falsehood, because falsehood is not popular, although it is practiced all the time.

The ministers say it is right to tell the truth, and then go to work and lie. One politician banter another, on account of the hypocritical course he has taken: and as quick as he has done that, he goes to work and lies, and deceives as much as he possibly can to sustain his party; and it is not whether a thing is true or not, but whether it is policy or not; and if a thing becomes policy, every influence, every kind of chicanery, falsehood, and deception is brought to bear upon it; and when a little truth will tell better, they mix that up along with it, but it is generally the least ingredient in the whole mass.

Talk to them about the Gospel and the Scriptures! They seem to think, even the ministers among them, that it is old fogyism. Talk about Abraham and his institutions! Say they, "You are taking us back to the dark ages. Such things would do eighteen hundred years ago; but we are more