

From the New Orleans Delta.  
Letter from Col. Titus.

OASTROVE, March 4th, 1857.

DEAR SIR: Doubtless you are aware from other sources of the cause of my imprisonment, in the hands of the English. I arrived here on my way to Aspinwall and San Juan del Sur, by one of the steamers of the Transit Company, under the control of Col. Lockridge, Gen. Walker's agent here, which he had brought down the river for repairs.— We had scarcely landed when we were surrounded by three boats of the English, filled with armed men. The officer in command informed Colonel Lockridge, that he required him to draw his men up into line, so that he could see for himself whether there were any English subjects engaged in the unlawful expedition up the river, and if they wanted protection from the English fleet, &c.

Col. Lockridge immediately called his men for the purpose, as related, but (under protest) from so vile and outrageous an insult, on the rights of men, that it brought forth from the lips of every American freeman, "Oh my country! my country! I blush for thee."

The precepts of the immortal Washington, the father of our great republic, that have been instilled in the heart of every American, were keenly remembered, and when he informed Col. Lockridge of his orders to seize the steamers J. N. Scott and Rescue, the passions of every individual were excited, for well he knew that 400 of our countrymen were sixty miles up the river, surrounded by the enemy, without provisions, and were depending upon the steamer to return with supplies. I replied to Capt. DeHorsay with all the venom of my nature; he openly threatened my arrest by saying that he would take me aboard of his ship and have me flogged and punished, if I did not immediately hush my mouth. I responded in the language of a wounded and oppressed American, and it was almost impossible for me to believe that it was reality.

Has America—proud America—ceased to exist! and has her councils become so corrupt, under the rule of Pierce, Marcy and Vanderbilt, that they will barter American freedom for their own self-aggrandisement! To the American people I appeal, in the name of our sacred Constitution and the precepts of our institutions, to call for the rights of her citizens, and from such outrageous insults from the hands of the English rascals that infest this coast. Alas, would to God that I had never witnessed such a disgrace!

They seized the two steamers and made them fast alongside of their men-of-war, and as I was proceeding across the harbor, under the American flag, an armed boat filled with men and with a six-pound gun upon its bows, commanded me to stop, when a midshipman ordered me aboard of the gun-boat as a prisoner. I refused, under the most solemn protest, against the right of such an act; but I was threatened by him in the most insulting language and forced aboard, when I was taken on board the corvette Cossack, where I was accosted in the most brutal manner before the entire crew, both officers and men, when I was told that I had insulted an English officer by one Captain J. Wm. Cockburn, whom he would learn me to respect and that he would try me for it, as he was the only law and authority known here. I was immediately disarmed, and thrust below by Capt. J. Wm. Cockburn among the sailors, when a sentinel was placed over me with strict orders, &c., and I for the first time felt that I was a prisoner in the hands of my enemies. And for what? For not submitting to the bullying and insulting language of an English officer. How long will this continue? I live in hopes, for I well know that a change in our national affairs takes place to-day, when every American will rejoice at the final adieu of the outragers of our liberty, Wm. L. Marcy & Co. I shall bear the insult with patience and fortitude, and wait for the result. Well do I know that my cause has many friends in my native land, who will not quietly submit to such an outrage upon American liberty at the hands of English oppressors and tyrants. I had just been informed that the sloop-of-war Saratoga was coming over the bar, when I was ordered into the cabin of Capt. Cockburn, and told that I was no longer detained. See what the presence of one of our men-of-war will do. I have no time to write as I would wish. Suffice it to say that the San Juan river will soon be open. Our men are in good spirits, and anxious to join Gen. Walker. Yours, &c.,

H. T. TITUS.