

### Col. Titus.

Col. Titus, the Kansas brigand, has obtained no credit in Nicaragua. He is represented as a coward, and everything else than the true hero. We learned his character on the morning of the 20th of May, '56. Had we written an opinion of him at that time, we should have described him as a most consummate coward. The facts were briefly these:—

On the 19th of May last, our kidnapers, who had taken us in Missouri and run us into Kansas without a shadow of law to justify their conduct, passed us over to a body of men, some three hundred strong, who were encamped at Coon Point, seven miles west of Lawrence. A red flag was waving over the party, the same which was afterward planted on our office when it was destroyed, and the same which came into town on the day our new press arrived "trailing in the dust!" The redoubtable *J. H. Stringfellow*, of Squatter Sovereign notoriety, was in command.

Standing in the door of the tent, with the whole body of desperadoes around, conversing with the sentinel, we saw a person of large form, thick set, and commanding appearance, dressed in a greyish hickory shirt, approaching with a huge knife in his hand. He passed near the corner of the tent and stopped some eight feet in front, turning partly around, and looking us full in the face. Supposing he desired a conversation, we made a slight bow, as if about to speak.— Holding his knife clenched in his hand, he hissed through his closed teeth:

"G—d d—n you, don't you speak to me, if you do I will cut your G—d d—d throat for you."

As he closed his speech he turned on his heel and retraced his steps.— Our guard was a South Carolinian. We saw he felt humiliated at such coarseness. As the intruder passed away, we inquired "that gentleman's name," and learned it was **Col. Titus**!

Two hours after, we were mounted on a horse with twelve persons as guard, and were sent forward to Le-compton. Col. *Titus* was the officer in command.