

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1870.

The death of Col. Titus, a well known

Kansas border ruffian, is confirmed. He

was tortured to death by Indians in Ariz-

ona.—St. Jo. (Mo.) Herald.

The above announcement comes to the

editor of this paper with feelings of the

deepest regret. "Away back in the early

times of the war, a few days after the

Massachusetts troops had been fired on in

the streets of Baltimore, we, in company

with one of the correspondents of the New

York Tribune, left New York to go to

Washington. When we arrived at Havre

de Grace, on the Susquehanna, we found

the railroad from there to Baltimore broken

up. Determining to go on, we hired a

man and a little one-horse wagon to

take both of us to Baltimore. We had

not traveled but a few miles into the very

loyal State of Maryland, until we discovered

there was a most intense rebel feeling

prevailing everywhere. Men were

gathered along the road in small squads,

and seemed determined that no northern

man should pass along. A shower coming

up, and our wagon being an uncovered

one, we stopped at a little tavern to wait

until the rain passed. Sitting on a

long porch in front of this tavern, were

eight or ten men discussing the exciting

topics of those days. As soon as they

learned we were from the North, they

resolved we should go no further. The

landlord, a good hearted but cowardly

old fellow, apprised us of this fact,

stating at the same time that he had

nothing to do with it, but that we must

take care of ourselves, as he could not

help us any. We told him we would try

and take care of ourselves, and getting

into the wagon, ordered the driver to go

on. These impatient rebels caught hold

of our horses' bridle and vociferated that

we should go no further over the sacred

soil of the Southern State of Maryland.

The ominous crack of our pistols, and

our positive avowal that we would go on,

made the rascals let go their hold, and

we did go on.

During this excitement, a large man,

with coal-black eyes, long hair, brawny

shoulders, and herculean frame, rode up

to the tavern. We noticed him and were

alarmed for fear he might give additional

aid to our enemies. He sat calm, on a

bench on the porch, looking with much

interest at the cowardly effort of eight or

ten men trying to stop two, and their

failure to do so. As our horse freed him-

self from the clutches of the men who

were trying to hold him, and we dashed

on toward Baltimore, in looking back we

saw this large, black-eyed, dark-haired

man get into his buggy and follow rapidly

after us. A few miles further on we

were stopped again, and this man rode

up to us, and said to the men who had

stopped us:—we shall always recollect

what he said, and how he said it:—

"Gentlemen I am a Southern man, and I

expect to fight in the Southern cause, but

I am traveling with those two gentlemen,

and I will defend them with my life." As

he said this, his herculean form

straightened up to its full height, and as

he drew his revolver, and we cocked

ours, the men who had stopped us stepped

to one side, and we went on again. We

have him, at this moment, painted in

living colors on our memory. It was the

hour of midnight. The moon, struggling

faintly through the dark forests that

stretched along on either side of the road,

gave a shadowy indistinctness to every

object. We could see the whole outline

of the man, but could not get his features

distinct, or see the fire of his eye.

From this point we reached Baltimore

without being molested again. Our

friend drove close behind us, and just be-

fore we reached the environs of the city,

he came along side of us, and inquired

where we were going to stop in the city.

We said at the Eutaw House. He replied,

"I will stop at the Barnums, and if you

get into trouble gentlemen, you will know

where to find me."

It was verging towards day when we

reached the Eutaw, and as we went up

to the desk to register our names, the

landlord remarked, "Don't register your

names from the North, or your lives will

be in great danger. There is great exci-

tation in the city, and if it is known

that Northern men are stopping here,

they may mob my house." We did

register our names from the North, and

went up stairs to a room. We did not

sleep, however. It was not a good night

for sleeping; besides a little trembling

sensation which continually fluttered

around our heart, kept us wide awake.

Just as it was light enough to see well, we

started down stairs, and before we had

reached the bottom, we met again our

friend coming up to see us. We stopped

on the stairway and he said, "I was just

going to your room. There is great exci-

tation in the city against northern men,

and I fear you are in great danger, gen-

tlemen. My name is Titus—Colonel Ti-

tus, of Kansas notoriety. I will stick by

you and have come to say this to you. I

like the pluck you showed last night and

will fight for you." We caught him by

the hand and thanked him. He remained

with us until we got off to Washing-

ton, when we parted and never saw Col.

Titus afterwards. We have thought of

him a thousand times, but never saw him

again.

It is therefore sad intelligence to us,

that this noble-hearted man has been

tortured to death by the Indians. None

but true, genuine, chivalric manhood

would have acted as he did with us. This

little tribute to the memory of this man,

to us a stranger, we gladly give, as it is a

record of the pure gold we sometimes

find mixed up with so much dross in poor

human nature. When the Arizonian

Indians tortured Colonel Titus to death,

they stopped the pulsations of as manly a

heart as ever beat in the breast of man.

"After life's brief fever,"

He sleeps well."

THE one hundred and fifty members of

Congress, who have signed a complimentary

letter to Mr. Wells have honored

themselves thereby more than Secretary

Boutwell has honored himself by driving

so valuable a public servant from office.

We think we can foresee a day when Sec-

retary Boutwell, by popular decision, will

be invited to private life, while Mr. Wells,

by popular decision, will be called to a

honorable and useful service.—Missouri

Democrat.

BUCKLEY'S Grenadiers are performing

at Selwin's theater, Boston.

INDIANA NEWS.

The Presbyterian Synod of Southern

Indiana meets in Indianapolis next Tues-

day.

Work on the Agricultural College build-

ings will be commenced next month.

A farmer, in Newton county, found his

entire flock of sheep dead a few days

ago. There was no indication of vio-

lence, and the cause of their death is a

mystery.

Simon Wile, the well-known banker,

of Laporte, has been nominated by the

Democrats of Laporte county for the Le-

gislature.

Seventeen divorces were granted at the

recent session of the Laporte Common

Pleas Court.

A pile of planks fell upon three little

girls in Evansville on Monday, whereby

all were more or less injured, and one, a

daughter of Mr. Chas. Shrader, quite

seriously.

An Evansville merchant has just got

married and gone into bankruptcy.

The Laporte Herald says the peach

crop of Northern Indiana promises well

—better than that of Michigan.

Brazil has a population of 2,286, as re-

ported by the census takers.

The constitutionality of the railroad

tax law is to be tested in Tippecanoe

county.

Seventy cents on the \$100 is the rail-

road tax in Montgomery county.

Holloway Mills, a young man of good

family, residing in Lake county, has

eloped with the second wife of his own

uncle.

Miss Ruth Dinsmore, of Whitley coun-

ty, comes into a fortune of \$60,000, by

the demise of her lover in California.

ANOTHER PERSON DROWNED.—On

yesterday afternoon about 1 o'clock a

man employed at Schulte & Rieman's

saw-mill, named Frank Kirchoff, was

drowned at the mouth of Pigeon Creek.

Work upon the new Martin county

court house, at West Shoals, will be com-

menced immediately.

The Bloomington Progress says: "A

farmer came to town last week with a

ham of medium size, and with the pro-

ceeds of its sale paid for a barrel of flour

and a stock of groceries, sufficient to last

several weeks. This is the first time in

the history of the county, we believe,

when a small ham was worth more mon-

ey than a barrel of flour."

It is really a good thing to have one's

life insured. On June 7th, Mr. Frank

Kirchoff took out a life policy in the

Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company,

and on yesterday afternoon he was

drowned.

The thermometer at 6 o'clock yesterday

morning, stood at 79°; at 9 it had risen to

86°; at noon it showed 91°; at 3 o'clock it

was the same, and at 6 P. M. it had fallen

to 88°.

The Evansville Courier says: "Dr.

Compton reports that while on a visit to

a patient in German township, on Sunday,

he saw his patient's neighbors busily en-

gaged in harvesting the grain which the

sick man had been unable to do himself.

Work being very pressing, the neighbors

decided that they were justified in reap-

ing their unfortunate friend's grain on

Sunday, and accordingly went at it with a

will."

The Star Glass Company, of New Al-

bany, has purchased a tract of land near

Elizabeth, Harrison county, upon which

are large beds of the finest white sand,

superior, probably, for the purpose of

glass manufacture, to any yet found in

the country. The sand will be used in

the manufacture of plate and flint glass.

The Fort Wayne Gazette says that the

wheat harvest has commenced. There

will be a fair yield, notwithstanding the

drought they have experienced in that

locality. The hay crop will be short, but

the corn, it is hoped, will be good.

The New Albany Ledger says of the

crops in Harrison county, that the wheat

harvest is mostly over, and would per-

haps have been completed had it not

been for the secrecy of harvest hands.

Some farmers have had great difficulty

in obtaining sufficient help, which fact

should lead to the introduction of more

harvesting machines in the future.

Wheat is generally considered very good.

The oats will soon be ripening, and this

crop, owing to the abundant rains, will

be very good. Other crops promise well.

We find the following in the New

York Star of June 20. We hope Congress

will look into it:

WHO IS TO MAKE MONEY BY IT?

A Committee of the Senate have investi-

gated the circumstances attending the ne-

gotiation of the St. Domingo treaty, and

have made upon the subject two of the

most interesting reports that have ever

been laid before any legislative body.

There is, however, one point that they

have not fully explored, and in regard to

which the evidence is accessible.

It is possible to prove that one of the

military secretaries of the President stated

without reserve, at the time that Gen. Ba-

beock was first sent down to St. Domingo,

that President Grant had put Babeock into

a first-rate thing. He said that friend

Babeock would certainly make not less

than \$200,000 upon the conclusion of the

treaty.

It is also possible to prove that after

Gen. Babeock had returned from St. Do-

mingo, the same fellow secretary has said

in the same manner that Babeock had now

got it all fixed so that he was sure to make

at least a quarter of a million of dollars,

which would put him beyond want for the

rest of his life.

Whenever either House of Congress de-

sires the evidence upon this point, we will

undertake that it shall be forthcoming.

Asbury University Permanently Located

in Greencastle.

The 31st Commencement of Asbury

University has just closed, and has been

an entire success. All who participated

in the exercises acquitted themselves

well.

The Board of Trustees unanimously

resolved that the University should be

permanently located in Greencastle, and

that work on the new building should be

commenced as soon as practicable. A

Building Committee was chosen as fol-

lows: J. C. McIntosh, — DeFauw, H.

S. Lane, F. C. Holliday, D. L. Southard,

J. F. Darnall, A. S. Bryan, President

Thomas Bowman, and A. M. Lockridge.

It will soon be found that this action

has given a new and prosperous start to

the institution.—Patriot Banner

JOHN THOMPSON, known in the variety

business as the "Lively Moke,"

proposes starting out the coming fall and

winter season to play star engagements

at regular theaters. John F. Poole has

for him, called "On Time" or, "The Race