

KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM SHERMAN T. WAFUL TO HIS FATHER.

LECOMPTON, Kansas Territory, Aug. 29.

DEAR FATHER: I have been flattering myself for a long time, that I should soon hear from home, I am still in hopes that the next mail will bring some tidings from you. My health is good at this time and hope you all are the same.

I feel as though I was called upon to give you a correct statement of outrages that hardly ever before disgraced the history of any civilized community, none but an eye witness can appreciate the true state of affairs. Two weeks this day, the small town of Franklin was sacked by 250 men in which there were some 14 of the law and order men, but they were generally free state men; these outlaws immediately proceeded to a settlement of Georgians, they were completely surrounded by a force of some 400 strong; the small party seeing their perilous situation resolved to make their escape if possible. They returned the fire of their enemies who had already commenced firing at them, and by this means succeeded in making their escape, with one man wounded and one taken prisoner, also the loss of several horses. About day-light the next morning the outlaws, now numbering some 500 strong, attacked Col. Titus' private residence; some ten of his neighbors volunteered to guard his house, as the outlaws had made repeated threats against him. All the inmates were soon aroused from their slumbers by the alarm being given that they were surrounded. A private dwelling was made a target of by 500 desperaders armed with Sharp's rifles and one piece of cannon. The attack was made with small arms. The small band inside made a very heroic defence, finding their men were biting the dust too fast, they then commenced a cannonade and battered in the walls carrying off part of the roof. In defence of the house Col. T. and several others were severely wounded. One man killed being shot through the head. Orders were given to fire the house with a load of hay, whereupon those inside surrendered. Then commenced the work of plunder and robbery. The man cold in death had his pockets rifled of \$80 in gold, trunks, bed clothing, wearing apparel, buggy and horses, even went so far as to carry off Mrs. Titus' bonnets, dresses, daguerreotypes which were regarded as sacred mementoes, every thing including a carpet bag containing fifteen hundred dollars, stripping him of his gold watch, cutting off his boots in their search for gold, after their sacking and robbing the house and tearing up the floors in their search for Mrs. Titus they applied the lighted torch, marching away their prisoners, leaving nearly every thing belonging to the Col. which they did not carry away, in smouldering ruins.— His loss is between four and six thousands— These desperaders went so far as to robb the negroes belonging to Col. T. of what little they possessed, and yet these are the men who profess so much sympathy for the negro. It is for the sake of robbery that they come into the Territory. I do not want it understood that I hold to either party for I do believe there never was another such a corrupt set congregated together, I shall not fight for either party, or if I do, it will be with the one I think is the nearest right. This affair with Col. Titus all took place within one-half mile of my house as our farms join.— There has been about one thousand troops stationed all on my place, they robb corn-fields, kill hogs, and chickens. My house has been broken open lately and robbed. I was robbed of \$45 by the free soil party, and now both parties. I am suffering more or less daily by these maurauding scoundrels. The Yankees are flooding into Lawrence and are making a strong fortification, I think they are about three thousand strong.— There are companies coming here of Missourians, and they say there will a great many more come. What will be the result I know not, but hope there will be peace, but that cannot be, for each party say they can't live together.

There was some firing of cannon this day, we some anticipate that a fight has come off some where. I feel sorry that I ever was so unfortunate as to come to this unfortunate country.— It is too bad that I should have stayed here so long for a little land, sacrifice my health and happiness among such a set of banditties. If I was to leave here now I should be broken up.— What to do I know not, but I shall acquit myself honorable if I can, and hope peace may yet be restored to our country. Write to me often one and all. Direct to Leocompton. My love to all my acquaintances. I can't say much more.

From your son.