

WAUBONSA—IN KANSAS.—We find the following letter from Mr. H. M. Selden, of Middle Haddam, [one of the Connecticut Colony, in Kansas,] in the New Haven Courier.

WAUBONSA, Kansas Ter., Dec. 21, 1856.

*Dear Cousin:*—It has been nearly three months since I wrote to you, and have not received an answer as yet. I wrote it from Lawrence during the war, in answer to one that I received from you the fore part of September. Kansas presents a very different aspect at present from what it did when murder, robbery, and arson were the order of the day. Then I was a soldier, and lay down at night with my rifle at my side, expecting to have to use it before morning.—Then, no one was safe travelling on the highway; but now, everything is the reverse—peace and quiet are restored, the guilty are punished, and the innocent protected.

The natural inquiry is, to whom do we owe this change. I have no hesitation in saying, that we owe it to Gov. John H. Geary, who has done more, in my estimation, for Kansas, than any other man. The Governor makes no distinction between free-state and pro-slavery men, but if he finds either committing depredations, has them arrested and dealt with as they deserve.

All the Free State men in prison here have been liberated, or escaped, excepting fifteen, which the Governor will probably pardon before long. Clark, the Indian agent—the supposed murderer of Barber—has been arrested, by order of the Governor, and has since been removed by the President. Marshal Donelson resigned several weeks ago. Col. Titus, Capt. Donelson, [not the Marshal] and a large party of Russians, have left for Nicaragua. Put all these together and it looks as if the South had given up Kansas, which I think they have.

Kansas is bound to be a free state. Gov. Geary says that “two-thirds of the people are free State men, and if the majority of the people say free State, in God’s name let it be a free State!” This I heard him say myself.

You perhaps would like to know how Waubonsa flourishes. I am sorry to say that it moves slowly. Lines’ saw-mill has not as yet cut boards enough to build a pig pen; but then it has had no one to manage it, as Lines is in New Haven, when he ought to be here—and in fact, that is the way with nearly all our leading men, they are at home enjoying themselves, having left us, whom they considered boys, to build up the town, and they take the glory. But then we shall have a town here, if the men who brought us out here should all desert us, as we are now making arrangements to get a forty horse power mill early in the Spring.

I have been appointed Postmaster. My health is improving slowly. Give my love to Uncle, Aunt, and all the rest of the family.

Your affectionate cousin,

HEZEKIAH.