

**Life in Texas.**

Mr. G. W. Kendall, editor of the *N. O. Picayune*, who has retired to a sheep farm, in Texas, thus writes to this paper :

"So far, although my place at the Post Oak Spring is within a few miles of where depredations have been committed, the Indians have been kind enough not to molest me ; yet all my good fortune I attribute to the fact that at that particular locality I keep neither horses nor cattle, and I do not believe that the red rascals care much about sheep. I hope they may never get up an appetite for mutton.

"But if they have not meddled with my sheep they have pestered me in another way ; they have kept up a stampede among the men in my employ, and rendered some of them constantly uneasy.— One negro man in particular, who was at work cutting and splitting rails, was in such continual fear for several days that he declared he could not half work. To use his own words: 'Ebery lick I gib de tree wid de axe I hab to look round to see if some Injun don't gib me a lick in de back ob my head wid a to.nahawk.' A man with such a scare upon him is of little service."

**Slave Stampedes on the Southern Borderlands**