



### COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY LEVI L. TATE, IN BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

OFFICE: In the new Brick Building, opposite the Exchange, by side of the Court House, "Democratic Head Quarters."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$1 00 In advance, for one copy, for six months. \$1 75 In advance, for one copy, for one year. \$2 00 If not paid within the first three months. \$2 50 If not paid within the first six months. \$3 00 If not paid within the first nine months. \$3 50 If not paid within the first twelve months. No subscription taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages shall have been paid. Ordinary advertisements inserted, and Job Work executed, at the established rates.

### GOOD ACTIONS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANKS. Believe me, all good actions are garnered up in Heaven. And yield to earth a hundred fold of soul-reviving heaven. We can not, with our vision, For aye the best return, No more than we in selfishness The sunshine bright can earn. But we can feel its presence, Like soft distilling dew, Press on our senses gently, Falsing our heartstrings through. Turning each thought to goodness, To practice each each right, Pursuing our hope's false things, Truth's robe of sober dye. Winning the soul to labor, For nations worst and dead, Such as will give to Heaven Again the precious seed.

### ICE-WRECKED.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

We had hardly crossed the Atlantic, and were beginning to look eagerly for our first sight of the New World, when a sudden change occurred in the temperature, and the balmy days of April were followed by a May cold and cutting almost as winter. At length we entered the broad estuary of the St. Lawrence, and then the mystery was solved, for its entire surface was checkered with masses of ice; evidently the broken up winter covering of the river above being swept by the current out to sea. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the ice-fields as they flashed and sparkled like gigantic gems in their setting of azure sea. Many were of great size also, like floating islands, and the heaped up blocks upon their surface gleamed from a distance like cities of dazzling crystal. The wind was in our favor, and our good ship sped up the gulf, threading her way through the channels of the floating ice fields, while, hour after hour, her passengers stood watching with unwearied eyes the splendid scene around them. Even when night came, there was the same eager throng of gazers, for those large frozen plains glittering in the moonlight with a strange spectral beauty none of us had ever seen before. After a time, a mass of ice larger than common, appeared floating down the stream. Subsequently, we learned that it was part of the cone the spray forms every winter before the falls of Montmorency. On it came, gleaming palely against the deep blue sky like a castle of spotted marble, rising in tower and turret, and massive buttress, and enriched by the most delicate tracery. Every eye was fixed upon it in breathless admiration, as it swept majestically by; until, as it passed between us and the wind, by its loftiness it momentarily becalmed us. Suddenly the stationary ship received a severe shock, which not only vibrated through all her timbers, but through every one of the hundred and forty human beings who formed her living freight. Never shall I forget the shrieks of terror that followed, as women well-nigh frantic with fear, clasped their children to their bosoms, believing that the ship had struck upon a rock, and that their last moment had come. A cry from the bow, that it was but a blow from the ice, somewhat relieved their fears, and they stood quietly by, while the helm was put down, and the sails drawn round, in the effort to free us from the huge mass of ice which still lay across the vessel's bows pressing and grating audibly against her timbers. A minute more, and above the din of blocks and caskage, and the stamping of men's feet, there arose a wild cry that echoed far and wide over the surrounding fields of ice, and through every cranny of the neighboring ice castle—"The Ship is sinking!" It was an appalling announcement; and unfortunately it was a true one. The ice had struck us heavier than we thought, and its hard, sharp edge, keen and resistless as a knife, pressing against the bow of our vessel—undefended as she was by the double timbers needed for ice-encounters—had cut them completely through, so that the water rushed in with the force and rapidity of a cascade.

What a fearful scene of terror and confusion ensued; the shrieks and lamentations of women, the cries of children, and the silent anguish of men, as they beheld the fears and dangers of those dearest to them. On none did the blow fall heavier than on me; for I had a delicate wife on board, and of my two little ones, the younger was an invalid. Meanwhile, no time was lost. There was no space to lower the boats, and the pale, terrified passengers were hurriedly passed down, by the bowsprit, upon the ice. It was touching to see some snatch a cloak or wrapper as they passed, the sole relic of all their worldly possessions; while others, in their terror, departed without even that. A few provisions were next sent down, quickly followed by the crew; and then we stood a wretched, cowering group upon the field of ice that had wrought us so much evil, watching for the last moment of the good ship, which had brought us in peace and safety more than two thousand miles. It was not long in coming. Suddenly the bow bent low, as if it to salute the waves, and the stern rose high into the air; then with a rapid forward movement, the stately ship passed silently down into the bosom of the deep, every tall mast and tapering yard in its place, and every sail spread to its uttermost, and gleaming whitely in the moonlight, until each in its turn passed from our sight. For a few moments there was a troubled vortex, and then the moonlit sea rolled placidly on, and the gentle night wind swept over the spot, leaving no trace of the fearful shipwreck which, in scarce ten minutes from the time the ice had struck our devoted ship had left us exposed and helpless upon the broad sea, our only refuge that desolate field of ice—hard, inhospitable and shelterless.

That night was one of infinite suffering to hardy men; what then, must it have been to the feeble and helpless? A few loose planks and spars had been thrown over from the ship, and the scramble to obtain them was like a struggle for gold. I was so fortunate as to secure one, and on it I placed my poor wife and elder child, rolled together in our only cloak; while through the livelong night I passed to and fro beside them, with the little one wrapped in the breast of my coat, striving in vain to still its cries; and as I walked, my feet clung to the frozen pavement beneath them, and the cold shot up through my limbs like an icy fire, causing intolerable pain.

As the night passed on the cold increased, or else we felt it more; and many times, as I looked on the shivering beings crouching around me, I thought that few of them would survive till morning. But thanks, under Providence, to the officers of the ship, who served out, at short intervals, small allowances of spirits, the day dawned upon all save a few small children, my own dear babe among them. And truly, when I looked on the wide waste of waters around us, dotted here and there by silvery ice fields, but uncheered by a single sail, and thought of our desolation, our misery, and probable fate, I felt that it was mercifully called away from the evil to come. But the mother could not feel so, and amid her own sufferings, her tears fell fast on the sweet placid face that would never weep again.

With the morning, the ship's company and passengers were mustered, to ascertain if any were missing, and great was our consternation to find that Mr. Grant was absent. Every inquiry was made, and every search among the crevices and cranions of our rugged ice raft; but all in vain. In the confusion and misery of the night, none had missed him, nor was any trace of him to be found, and we were at length compelled to believe that our kind friend and master had either perished in the wreck, or else in his passage to the ice.

Meanwhile many were the eager eyes continually scanning the horizon in the vain search for a friendly sail. As the day wore on, the sun shone out brilliantly, and his beams flashed in a thousand dazzling rays on our ice raft, until we were almost blinded by their radiance. Yet they shed a warmth through our chilled frames for which we were most thankful, and in many spots they melted the ice, which ran in little rills, enabling us to quench our thirst without filling our mouths with ice. Twice in the day a little biscuit and raw pork were distributed to us, and thus sadly and suffering passed the day, till a second night of misery set in. This proved far worse than the first, for, ere long, wild gusts began to howl over the ocean wastes out among which we now had drifted; and heavy waves lashed and raged around us, and dashed themselves against our refuge; and though

they had not power to put it into motion, we knew not how soon they might sweep over it or shatter it in pieces. It was a fearful night, and so exhausted and despairing did it leave us, that we scarce could rouse ourselves to exertion, until a sailor's cry of "Sail ho!" awoke fresh hope.

How many tearful eyes brightened and heavy hearts throbbled quick and gratefully, as they watched that sail speed on towards us before the last breath of the expiring gale! As she drew near the only fear was lest she should not have space for a spar, and the dark group of human beings clustered around it. If unheeding, Heaven forgive them, for it was a fearful depth of despair into which to fling back so many of their fellow creatures. The women sank down to heart-stricken for words, and the men lifted up their voices in bitter indignation at the cruelty that could thus leave women and children to perish.—Death in one of his most fearful forms did indeed seem pressing close upon us, for our scanty stock of food was exhausted. Many flung themselves at full length upon the ice, utterly indifferent to all outward objects; while others prayed earnestly over the dear ones for whom all earthly hope is passed.

Suddenly a loud shout rose above the splash of the waves and the murmur of sorrowful voices, and echoed cheerfully over our frozen resting place. Every eye turned seaward, and there, but a few fathoms from us, lay a large vessel, which, absorbed as we were in our misery, had approached us unperceived. Her bulwarks were filled with sympathizing faces, and to our feeble cheer of welcome there came back so hearty a response that it sent a glow through our shivering frames.

Never was kindness greater than we poor ice-wrecked voyagers received from the crew and passengers of that ship, crowded though she already was. To their care and attention we owed not only our own lives, but those of the dear ones who seemed about to die; and never can we feel fully grateful for their good offices, or the many sacrifices they made in our behalf.

The ship was westward bound, and on our arrival in Canada, the account of our misfortunes brought us many offers of employment. Years have passed since, and the world has gone well with us, but nothing can erase from our minds the haunting remembrance of the days and nights of suffering we passed upon that fearful ice field.

**SEARCH AFTER A LOST INVENTION.**—A most interesting search, says the London Court Journal, is about to take place, that will draw all lovers of invention to the tombs of the Deaufort family. It seems that the first Earl of Worcester, of the day of Henry VII. invented an engine the original model of which has never, up to the present moment, been discovered. Through the deepest researches Mr. Woodcroft obtained undeniable proof that the Earl of Worcester desired in his will that this model should be interred with him, and actually in his coffin. Therefore, Mr. Woodcroft's next step was to obtain permission to have the coffin opened; but before that could be done, the whereabouts had to be discovered, and no one knew anything about it.

It was not till recently that, coming across an old manuscript, he found an allusion made to the coffin of Charles Somerset, first Earl of Worcester, and that it was buried in a vault which had fallen in, and, as the writer observed, was never likely to be beheld by mortal eyes again. The manuscript is upwards of one hundred and fifty years old; it, therefore, may be imagined that to find the spot where the Earl is buried was difficult enough; that, however, has been accomplished, and Mr. Woodcroft, having obtained the Duke of Beaufort's permission to open the coffin, is only waiting the necessary permission of the bishop to do so. The Duchess has signified her desire to be present.

**THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.**—*Singular Coincidence.*—Col. Lewis W. Washington, of Jefferson county, Va., was married on the 6th inst., to Ella M., daughter of Geo. W. Bassett, Esq., of Hanover county, Va. In this marriage a singular coincidence occurs, the groom being the great-grandson of two brothers of General Washington, and the bride the great-grand-daughter of the only sister of Gen. Washington, and also great-grand-daughter of the sister of Mrs. General Washington.

### "Guy Fawkes' Day."

This day is one of the best observed—or it was, until within a very few years—of the numerous English holidays and anniversaries. On the 5th of November, 1605, in the third year of King James I., was discovered and frustrated the attempt of Guy Fawkes, or (Faux.) to blow up the British House of Parliament. The plot grew out of the onerous laws with which the Catholics of England were oppressed by James, and the intense hatred which his unexpected course towards Catholicism excited.

Cateby, who is described in history as "a gentleman of good parts," originated the idea, and communicated it to Percy, "a descendant of the noble house of Northumberland;" the latter received it with great satisfaction. Guy Fawkes, a brave officer in the Spanish service, was engaged to accomplish the deed, the preliminaries were all arranged in the spring of 1604. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were purchased and put in the vault under the House of Lords. The secret had been entrusted to only twenty people, who faithfully kept it for more than a year. But Cateby became pressed for money to carry on the scheme and was forced to take others into the conspiracy. Sir Everard Digby and Francis Tresham, two opulent Catholic gentlemen were admitted, and it is supposed that the latter revealed the whole plot in a letter which was received by Lord Montague, the brother-in-law of Tresham. Sir Thomas Knevet was sent by the King's Chamberlain to investigate the affair. He first searched the premises, and discovered Fawkes in the vault, arrested him, and having removed the fagots and rushes which covered the barrels, discovered the powder.

Fawkes could not deny his guilt, for he was provided with matches and fuse ready to ignite the powder at the appointed instant. But he never could be tortured into revealing the names of his accomplices. However, the public rebellion of these people, though only about fifty in number, discovered their guilt, and being surrounded by the populace in their retreat, they were killed or taken, and afterwards executed; except Tresham, who was confined in the Tower, where he died.

"I have ended the famous 'gunpowder plot,' the boldest, as it was the most diabolical, attempt to wreak vengeance on political foes that the world ever heard of. It's timely discovery was one of those extraordinary interpositions of divine mercy which save men from the infernal designs of each other. The English people have good cause to be thankful, and they have annually rendered their tribute in joyous demonstrations, not always remarkable for piety during more than two hundred and fifty years.

### "She works for a Living."

Comment as the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "she works for a living;" in her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady.—True, we are not prepared to see a mincing step—a haughty lip—a fashionable dress, or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and young men, the new novels and the next party, no, no; but we are prepared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming woman, and to see a neat dress, mild brow, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy, haughty girls, and select one from those who work for a living and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend, and not a doll; a help-mate and not a help-eat, a counsellor, and not a simpleton. You may not be able to carry a piano into your house, but you can buy a spinning wheel or a set of knitting-needles. If you cannot purchase every new novel you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ticket to the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor. Be careful then when you look for companions and when you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame?

The time was when the ladies went a visiting and took their work with them.—This is the reason why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle darning her father's stocking, or carding wool to spin! Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize for some body. Blessed is the man who chooses for his wife from despised girl's "who work for a living."

### About a Snake.

(From the Wayne County Herald.)

I am happy to state more explicitly the particulars of my case since it has revealed itself. In the fall of 1859 I was tending mill for Atkinson, Taft & Co., in Hawley, Wayne county, Pa., and in the month of December I commenced feeling cold and had an unpleasant feeling in the right side of my stomach, and when in bed, if I layed on my right side I would feel such a beating and thumping through my entire system that I would often times get up on account of it. I then called upon Doctor John R. Thomas, who was my first physician, and having a bad cough at the time, he recommended to me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took some of it and my sufferings grew worse. Then I consulted Doctors Stephens and Bonnevillie of Hawley; but they gave me no relief as to what the complaint might be. I then went to Allentown, Penn'a., and consulted two Doctors, Charles Martin and Roemich, and they pronounced it Liver complaint. I took some medicine, but my pains were the same as in the fall of 1859. I then quit medicine and made up my mind that it was Consumption; and in August last I returned from the South again to Wayne county, and resumed the milling business, and my feelings were about the same indoors as when outdoors.

The last week in April, a friend recommended to me hemlock gum in liquor. I took it three times a day for five days, and on the morning of the first day of May I was very thirsty for milk, which I always refused to drink; but I went to where they were milking cows and drank of it all I could, and in the afternoon I felt very bad and told Mr. Phillips, a young man at the mill, that I felt like sitting by the warm stove. I went to my boarding house and told Mr. Wm. Bortree and Harriett Leshner, that I felt something choking and crawling in my throat and stomach. Immediately afterwards I felt it coming up my throat. I strained with my breath outward, then reached with my fingers and pulled up a reptile, that is pronounced a live snake, ten inches in length, which has been seen by hundreds of persons up to this time. I should call it a water snake; but there are different opinions in regard to what kind of a snake it may be, when it first came from the stomach—its color was whitish, but it has now changed to a light brown, with black spots, and is still living in a glass and feeds on milk.

Since it has left my stomach I have none of those feelings which I have described and suffered for seventeen months. At no time was my usual weight reduced but fourteen pounds; most of my time I was able to do business, except in February and March 1859. My mind was effected and I had a distress on the brain. The week before the snake came from my stomach, I talked with the Rev. William Bortree, an old and much esteemed citizen of Wayne co. He had witnessed my troubles for the seven months, and thought them of a singular nature until the snake came out of my throat. I told him before, that should I die sudden, I wished to have a post-mortem examination made, thinking it might be a benefit to the human family, and satisfactory to my relatives and friends.

MILTON J. GERHART, Sterling, May 5th, 1860.

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand; Make much of it while you yet have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfeeling love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexhaustible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh at my struggles with the hard unfeeling world, for the sweet deep sympathy I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her aside by my father in the old church-yard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

"An," said an Englishman, the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets." "And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast the surveyors can't keep up with it."

### Mad Elephant.

COCHRAN, Aug 18.—The inhabitants of Trechoor, (a few miles hence,) are just now in a great fright, owing to a newly trained elephant having gone mad and become ungovernable. It has already killed three men, and occasioned considerable damages to property. One of the men seems to have fallen a victim to its fury through his own folly. It appears that while himself and his elder brother, (who were both trainers of the animal,) were on their way down a hill with the elephant, it suddenly revolted and attempted to seize them.—Finding every effort to calm it unavailing they took refuge on the top of a huge tree close by. The animal pursued them, but after a few minutes fruitless endeavor to knock down the tree, it descended into the paddy-fields below, and committed great devastation in the place. Afterwards, while it was directing its way to the village the young brother, heedless of his elder's remonstrances, came down from the tree, and hastened towards the elephant, intending to recall it to obedience, in order to avert further mischief. But the animal as soon as it caught sight of the man, furiously chased him, who, after running desperately about the field for nearly an hour, hid himself among the tall paddy shoots in a somewhat secluded place. The elephant awhile after missing his object, was about resuming its course to the village, when the ill-fated man suddenly rose to see whether his pursuer was gone. The noise of the water and crush of the leaves occasioned by his rising, made the elephant, which was not far off, to turn round, and he was discovered. The infuriated monster at once rushed upon him, and within a few seconds the unfortunate man was torn limb from limb, in the very sight of his brother who still continued on the tree. The animal soon after proceeded towards the village, where within the space of an hour, it killed two other persons. (Poochies) destroyed several houses, and ruined the bazaars, which were deserted by the merchants on hearing the approach of the beast. At length it entered the spacious premises of the pagoda, which is enclosed by lofty granite walls of considerable strength and durability. Immediately on its entrance, which was effected by the manœuvre of its keepers throwing stones, &c., on its heels and other vulnerable parts, all the gates were closed and strongly barricaded to ensure public safety. It would appear that several expert elephant trainers were also in the enclosure, who voluntarily undertook the perilous task of quieting and taming the animal, by dint of professional management. The pagoda, which has already sustained a good deal of damage by the attacks of the elephant, is their only refuge; and if that is demolished the fate of the trainers is inevitable. The only alternative I see now is either to destroy the beast at once by bullets, or to starve it to a degree which would render it powerless that the trainers may effect its capture.—*Bombay Times.*

**POVERTY NOT SO GREAT A CURSE.**—If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more thankful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor, creditably performed. A young man who cannot stand the test, is not worth anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel his will harden, as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend because you are in danger. You lack one stimulus to effect an excellence, which your companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean and injures you. With full pockets, and full stomach, and fine linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plethoric, in the race of your life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it.

No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage, for he means to give you a chance to make some thing of yourself. If you had plenty of money ten chances to

one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text book? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know men and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to its action power and faculty? If so then you are more of a man, a thousand times better educated than the fellow who graduates from college with his brains full of stuff that he cannot apply the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process as far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters, is the saving of a large crop of young men.—*Timothy Tutcomb.*

**MINNIE, THE RIFLE-MAKER.**—A writer thus describes a visit to the great rifle maker at his workshop in Paris: Our attention was next directed to the chef's collection of cartridges, bullet-moulds and bullets. They were arranged in a series of drawers; and looked a grimly menacing assortment of instruments. He told us that he had made balls in every conceivable shape, and that he had manufactured the moulds with his own hands. One of the specimens was remarkably ingenious. Minnie declared that it was calculated to give the least possible resistance to the air. And thus the chef illustrated his assertion. He took up an iron tube, and standing at one end of the shop, blew his bullet with such force that it struck firmly in the opposite wall. Again and again he blew it from a fixed point, again and again it reached the hole it made at the first shot. The bullet was on the principle of the Archimedian screw. Then we had an anecdote in reference to this screw-bullet. Minnie took this ingenious bullet and a tube to the Tuilleries, and submitted his new projectile to the Emperor. A few days afterward the chef paid a second visit to his sovereign, and found that his majesty had riddled the richly ornamented walls of his cabinet with the new projectile. We passed from the subject to another. Holding up one of the compact cartridges he had recently made, Minnie proceeded to prove how soldiers might be sent into the field with an inexhaustible supply of ammunition. At every turn in his crowded little workshop, he had some experiment to show, or some half developed idea at which he was working. At breakfast, over his slice of melon, or at the butts of Vincennes the chef is the same man. His idea is before him. The perfection of arms is the devouring passion of his life. Always attempting something new—always practicing his arms, he may, any day, produce a great authority on fire arms; and it was to him, therefore, that the Emperor appealed for advice when the new Imperial Guard was to be armed. The question was not slowly filtered through committees and a council. Minnie was summoned. He stated his views frankly; and gave reasons for them. The Emperor listened, and decided. Minnie armed the Imperial Guard of France.

**FROM TEXAS.**—The Galveston News says the sugar crop will be better than has been expected. Frosts are reported in various sections of the State. Several counties on the Northern frontier have voluntarily associated themselves for a campaign against the Indians. The Sabine Pass Times says that there are 600 hands at work on the East Texas road, and the iron all purchased for 150 miles.

A poor Irishman offered an old sauceman for sale. His children gathered around him, and inquired why he parted with it. Ah, he hookeys, he answered. I would not be after parting wid it but for want of a little money to buy something to put in it.

The clergy live by our sins, the doctors by our diseases, and lawyers by our follies. What do printers live on—echo answers—What?

Reading serves for delight, for ornament and for capacity; it improves nature, and is perfected by experience.

If you would talk much, you should particularly endeavor to talk well; he always speaks to much who speaks ill.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.—An African infant just born.