

SOME LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

"Detestable Phantom!" cried the traveler, as his horse sank with him into the morass; "to what miserable end have you lured me by your treacherous light!"

"The same old story for ever!" muttered the Will-o'-the-Wisp in reply. "Always throwing the blame on others for troubles you have brought upon yourself. What more could have been done for you, unhappy creature, than I have done? All the weary night through have I danced on the edge of this morass to save you and others from ruin. If you have rushed in further and further, like a headstrong fool, in spite of my warning light, who is to blame but yourself?"

"I am an unhappy creature, indeed," rejoined the traveler; "I took your light for a friendly lamp, but have been deceived to my destruction."

"Yet not by me," cried the Will-o'-the-Wisp, anxiously; "I work out my appointed business carefully and ceaselessly. My light is ever a friendly lamp to the wise. It misleads none but the headstrong and ignorant."

"Headstrong! ignorant!" exclaimed the Statesman, for such the traveler was. "How little do you know to whom you are speaking! Trust me, your King—honored by my country—the leader of his councils—ah, my country, my poor country, who will take my place and guide you when I am gone?"

A precious home it would have been at the bottom of the stony pool yonder, for that's where you'd have got us at last. You light is the Will-o'-the-Wisp, that's always trying to mislead folks. Bad luck befall him! I got half way to him once when I was a young 'un, but an old neighbor who'd once been in himself was going by just then, and called me back. He's a villain is that shamefaced Will-o'-the-Wisp."

"They are safe," observed the Will-o'-the-Wisp, as the cart moved on, "and that is the great point gained! Nevertheless, such wisdom is mere brute experience. In their ignorance they have struck the hand that helped them. Nevertheless, I will try again, for I may yet save some one else. But what a rude and ungrateful world I live in!"

"I see a light at last, papa!" shouted a little boy on a Sheltland pony, as he rode by his father's side along the river. "I am so glad! There is either a cottage or a friendly man with a lantern, who will help us to find our way. Let me go after him, I can soon overtake him."

"Not a step further in that direction at any rate, if you please, my darling." "Oh, papa!" expostulated the child, pointing with his hand to the light.

"But, indeed, he does no such thing, my dear—the contrary he spends all his life in shining brightly to warn travelers of the most dangerous parts of the swamp."

DEATH FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS.—Hans Johnson was one of the three Norwegians arrested and committed to jail for the murder of one of their own countrymen in a drunken spree last Saturday night, by strangling him with whisky. Soon after he was incarcerated, Hans showed symptoms of delirium tremens, which increased in violence in spite of all the jailer or physician could do for his relief, until he died on Thursday evening. He would neither eat, drink, nor take of any medicine, except by compulsion. Even his favorite beverage, which he had chosen for so many years, was refused with all the abhorrence of a maniac. The few last days of his life, his suffering must have been awful beyond conception. Left to himself in his cell he tore everything to atoms upon which he could vent his fury, and tore his own flesh in his agony. He would try for hours to climb the sides of his cell to escape from the tormenting little fiends with which his imagination filled the little apartment, while his cries and imprecations, although in a language few about him could understand, filled all who heard them with horror, that any human could be the subject of such terrible suffering. At last nature gave out and he died. The coroner's jury passed through a formal inquest—the sexton came and buried him. Cannot those who indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks see to what they are all liable to come? There are no so strong in body or in mind as to be proof against the danger, as the history of drunkenness from the first to the last victim fully proves.

SAD ACCIDENT IN SOUTHAMPTON.—On Wednesday last, as Mr. Henry Hannum of Southampton was descending the mountain on his return from Holyoke, near the house of Stillman Hitchcock, one of the "tugs" un hitched from the wagon, thereby letting the wagon come against the horse's heels. The horse ran, and Mr. Hannum was thrown out and very seriously injured. One leg was broken near the ankle, also one arm near the shoulder, and his shoulder very badly bruised. He remained in this situation until found by Mr. Hitchcock. He was conveyed home Wednesday evening, and now lies in a very critical condition. He has a family who were dependent upon his labor for their support.—Northampton Courier.

MARRIED.—In this town May 14th by Rev. E. D. Clark, Henry S. Babcock, of New Haven, to Cynthia A. Wagner of Chicago. At the Cabot House May 12th by Geo. M. Stearns Esq. Octavio Cons to Sophia Langness' both of Springfield.

DIED.—In this village May 07th BURLAN WARNER, aged 66 years.

WEEKLY JOURNAL. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. J. R. Childs, Editor & Publisher. OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Chicago, May 13th, 1854. Persons calling for letters will do so before 10 o'clock, unless otherwise they may not get them.

ADVERTISING.—The space occupied by 100 words, not exceeding that occupied by 12 lines of minion type, shall constitute a square.

Job Printing OF EVERY VARIETY, DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH AT THIS OFFICE. Sign of the Big Flag.

SPRING CAMPAIGN. THE Steamer Rye State has made arrangements to touch at the following points during the present and coming months.

FOR SALE. A gented two-story DWELLING HOUSE, situated on one of the pleasant streets in town. Price \$8,000.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.—Passenger trains leave Springfield to connect with railroads North and way stations on this road at 7:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.—Quoted after Monday, May 15th, 1854. Passenger Trains run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

W. W. JOHNSON, P. M. Great Artists' Union Enterprise!! 250,000 GIFTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Darley's Great Picture of Wyoming. They have determined to distribute among the purchasers of this work, Paucis, \$1,000, 250,000 GIFTS, of the value of \$250,000.

WESTERN Railroad.—Winter Arrangement.—Commencing MONDAY, OCT. 31st, 1853. For Albany, New York and Way Stations, at 7:30 A. M.

EASTMAN'S Infallible Sick Headache REMEDY. THIS PREPARATION, BY E. P. EASTMAN, M. D. OF LYNN, MASS.

At 7:00 a. m. Accommodation Trains, with Passage and Freight, for Hartford and New Haven. At 7:00 a. m. Express Train, for New Haven, with Passage and Freight.

To the County Commissioners for the County of Hampden. Resolved, by the Board of County Commissioners of the County of Hampden, that the Public Health and Safety of the County be promoted.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At a meeting of the County Commissioners, holden at Springfield, in and for said county, on the 23rd day of April, in the year 1854.

30 Pieces. Deane's, Frost's, Donnell's, Greene's, Maline's, Bouché's, French Point, Brilliantes Linens, Poplins, Raw Silk Plaid, Embracing the best makes and styles ever brought to Springfield.

G. F. KENT, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Plasters, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Art, &c. JOHN S. DODGE, Dealer in FISH AND OYSTERS.

M. D. WHITTAKER, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. CHARLES R. LADD, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

GREAT ARRIVAL OF NEW SPRING GOODS. BINGHAM, we would like to call your attention to our new extensive importation of goods.

Opening of NEW SPRING GOODS AT WILSON & CO'S Great Dry Goods Warehouse. The largest and most elegant stock of DRY GOODS.

MILLINERY ROOMS. The Best in New England, with help fully competent to complete with any in or out of New York.

