

THE GRASSHOPPERS.—The vast swarms of grasshoppers which have been devastating the prairies of Texas, steered a north east course upon their departure thence, and as they rose to a great height from the ground, as though for a long journey, it is a melancholy conclusion that they are coming up this way. Myriads of them are now eating up vegetation in Ohio. It is, therefore, no very violent supposition that Pennsylvania, with a rather milder climate than Iowa, is not unlikely to be visited by them. These insects are not like the common grasshopper, which are every summer found in our fields and roads, but are of the size of a locust, with the same gregarious habits. The ordinary grasshopper is weak of wing, and never rises to a great height, whereas the legions which have so repeatedly desolated Utah and Texas, rise far into the upper air, and move off together to great distances, like wild geese. They appear in innumerable hosts, and instead of scattering, alight in a body upon some devoted locality, which they attack and destroy with the systematic movement of an army. They will thus eat up a crop of corn or cotton in a very short time.

In Utah this plague visited the growing cereals with utter destruction as often as three times in one season, so that the afflicted Mormons were reduced to extremities for food. They seem now to have attacked our frontier States, and to be moving gradually into the body of the republic. The horrors of famine have never been felt in our country, and accustomed to the most prolific abundance, it is a calamity to which no one has ever looked, yet these grasshoppers are a terrible visitation to a region.

DESTRUCTIVE TORNADOES.—A very destructive and fearful tornado passed over a portion of Howard, Baltimore and Harford counties, Md., on the 11th inst. The damage done to the country residences, farm buildings, fruit orchards, shade and forest trees can hardly be estimated in dollars, but was of such a character as to require many thousands to replace the building improvements, to say nothing of the irreparable injury in other respects. On the same evening a violent storm, accompanied by hail, passed over Middletown and its vicinity, in Frederick county, doing considerable damage to the crops and breaking many window lights.

A violent tornado blew the passenger train of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad off the track at Lexington, Ill., on Thursday night, the 13th inst., and several persons were seriously injured. The towns of Lexington and Peoria, at the junction of Towanda, also suffered severely, half the houses in them being prostrated. At Towanda three men were killed.

On the 14th, another storm of like character passed over the region between Bloomington and Springfield, doing much damage. A large number of houses in Elkhart and Williamsville were demolished, one of them falling in and crushing a family of five persons to death.

On the 15th, a terrible hail-storm occurred in Chesterfield county, Va. Some of the stones were of the size of hen's eggs. Vegetation was destroyed, the ground strewn with the leaves and branches of trees, and a great many windows broken. The hail was from two to three feet deep in some places in the roads. The train from Petersburg in the evening came in contact with a fallen tree, and the engine and cars were much damaged. The storm is unprecedented. —[N. Y. Tribune, May 22.]

Terrible Crevasse in Arkansas.

The Southern mail brings particulars of the crevasse in Arkansas, reported previously by the telegraph. The levees on the Mississippi below Napoleon gave way last week, and the break grew rapidly larger until the whole neighboring country became submerged. Large plantations, valued at \$50 per acre, were completely covered, and nearly all the live stock swept away; all, in fact, save the few who congregated upon little patches of rising ground here and there, of some few feet in extent.

In many places private dwellings furnished shelter and protection to "man and beast." As in cases of double tenements somewhat elevated, whites occupied one end of the building, negroes the other, while in the intermediate porch cattle would be huddled as thick as they could stand. In very many instances, however, the houses themselves were deserted, the owners having been compelled to betake themselves to dugouts, boats and rafts, or whatever came first to hand.

The suffering and distress of the inhabitants is described as having been severe in the extreme. Our informant states that up to the time he left fears were entertained that the levee would give way in other places below the first break, and all who could render any effective service were busily employed catching drift-wood and piling it upon the levee, and using all other means in their power to raise it so as to curb the impetuous flood.

Our informant was detained at the landing two days before he could get a boat to send out a yawl for himself and family, and they finally had to take the Ingoma, (bound for New Orleans,) as far as Napoleon, where they waited for the Nebraska. Arrived at Napoleon, he found the citizens boating through the streets, that worthy burgh having also been inundated.

The damage done to the fertile country, covered by this overflow, cannot easily be estimated, as, in addition to the actual loss of property, the land is rendered totally unfit for tillage during the present season. Moreover, it is highly probable that this influx will cause the waters of the Yazoo to back up so as to

flood the rich Delta likewise. And if so, a material curtailment in the great staple, of which Mississippi is the chief producer, may be expected for the coming season.

INDIA.

Sir Hugh Rose invested Jhansi with three brigades on the 27th of March. The rebels, 12,000 strong, retired to the fort. On the next day the bombardment commenced. An attempt was made on the 1st of April, by 20,000 rebels to raise the siege, but they were defeated with the slaughter of 1,500, and the loss of all their guns and camp equipage. The town was stormed and taken on the 4th, and the fort occupied on the 6th, the rebels having 3,000 killed. Six British officers were killed. The Rajah escaped with a few attendants, and was hotly pursued.

General Roberts carried Kotah on the 20th, with a great slaughter of the rebels, the English loss being trifling.

The 37th regiment, under Col. Milman, had been compelled to retire from near Assingpore, and at last accounts was shut up at Azimbus. Strong detachments had gone to his relief.

The country opposite Benares was much disturbed. The northern provinces were quietly disarmed.

Calpee was filled with rebels, and a great panic was prevailing there. A strong column of troops had gone from Cawnpore into Oude, to attack Kawoh.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

You will find my text for to-day among the poetical writings of the not very late Sir Walter Scott, but I can't tell you exactly where, as follows:—

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark the sunbeams as they crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.

My Hearers: While being driven by necessitous employment, like stage horses, from one end of the day to the other, you probably think sometimes how pleasant it would be to have nothing to do—aye, have nothing to do but to lay off like alligators upon a sunny bank, and indulge in stupid chimeras. That may all do very well to think about occasionally, but when you come to harness your ideas to heavy practice, you will find it the hardest work in the world to do nothing, and *very* tool in order. It's very nice, cat-like, to sit and sun one's self for a brief hour in the warm, genial rays of fancy; but when lethargic caterpillars begin to build their cobweb nests in your brains, and you feel yourselves turning into leaden statues, it's time to be scratching.

During a long and severe task of idleness, my brethren, Time, instead of flitting past with silken wings, goes moping along, like a broken down dray horse with the heaves and a hogshead of molasses. The hours don't dance to merry music as they pass, but plod slowly, solemnly on, like a funeral procession on a drizzly day, and minutes crawl like snails in dark places, where the sun never shines, or like so many flies just escaped from a molasses-cup.

It takes but a short time, my friends, for laziness to become chronic. It freezes on to a fellow like a bull-dog on to a sow's ear; and when it does, it's a good deal harder to shake off than a possum from a persimmon tree. In fact you don't care about troubling it—it feels rather good than otherwise. You feel as if you were laying off at the Half-way House on the road to heaven, with your legs stretched on three chairs, and sucking a sherry cobbler through a rye straw. Yes, you like to sit and stretch, and yawn, and mould and mildew—with the happy flies dancing quadrilles beneath the ceiling—mark the sunlight as it crawls, inch by inch, along the window-sill—listen to the clock, as it mournfully tells how lazily the hours roll round, and wonder that it isn't any later—dream of making a fortune by-and-by, just as easy as going to church after dinner—and laying the corner stone of some mighty undertaking that shall result, perhaps, in a vast pyramid of wealth, honor, renown, happiness and other similar luxuries.

But, my very slightly beloved do-nothings, all the while you are thus half dreaming, your heads are mighty apt to be planning no good, while your peace-deserted hearts are gradually changing into so many devil's dens. You sit and grumble at your ill-fortune—for your path never leads to a lucky locality—to a "rich strike;" so you fall to contriving how you can best "make a raise" without exerting yourself to honest industry. First, perchance, you pitch upon gambling, petty thieving, and living upon three-cornered meals at the drinking houses; then you turn politician—get an office, where you can have the fingering of some of my money—peculate, and get booted out. There being no chance for further success in the political line, you try your hand at highway robbery, live, for a time, in continual fear of your own shadows, till finally, decorated with hemp you suddenly find yourselves elevated to a position—not one of your own choosing—but one to which you are abundantly entitled, as a reward for conspicuous deeds and daring exploits. I don't "holler" on any such as you. The only merit I could ever discover in superlatively indolent folks is, that they sometimes run down hill—being too lazy to prevent it.

Lazy-bones! why sit ye there, all the day dreaming, or listening to "yon dull steeple's drowsy chime?" Awake, arouse!—swallow a glass of sweet oil and turpentine, to remove all rust from inside, and "pitch in;" keep pitching in, from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same—and the hours

will whirl like the wheels of a sulky on a trotting course, and glisten like the newly varnished spokes in the same. Verily, your own business shall be your clocks, and the amount of work accomplished as you go along, will tell you the time o' day to a minute. "Holler" on that. So mote it be!—Golden Era.

TIR FOR TAR.—Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H—, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others. His own family were generally the butts of his sport. One cold and blustering night he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Some time after, she, on returning, finding the door closed, demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" cried Mr. H—.

"You know who I am! Let me in—it's very cold!"

"Begone, you strolling vagabond! I want nothing of you here!"

"But I must come in!"

"What is your name?"

"You know my name—it is Mrs. H—."

"Begone! Mrs. H— is a very likely woman—she never keeps such late hours as this!"

"If you don't let me in," replied Mrs. H—,

"I will drown myself in the well!"

"Do, if you please!" he replied.

She then took a log and plunged it into the well, and returned to the side of the door.

Mr. H—, hearing the noise, rushed from the house, to save—as he supposed—his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in, and closed the door after her. Mr. H—, almost naked, in turn, demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"You know who I am! Let me in, or I shall freeze!"

"Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here!"

"But I must come in!"

"What is your name?"

"You know my name! It is Mr. H—!"

"Mr. H— is a very likely man—he don't keep such late hours!"

Suffice it to say, she—after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied—opened the door and let him in.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES NAPIER AND THE INDIAN SWORDSMAN.—After the Indian battles, a famous juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the general, his family and staff. Among other performances this man cut in two, with a stroke of his sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide, by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand, so small an object, without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the "Talisman."

To determine the point, the general offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial.

"I thought I would find you out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," added the other, "let me see your left hand."

The left hand was submitted, and the man then said, firmly:

"If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat!"

"But why the left hand and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less."

Napier was startled.

"I got frightened," he said, "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship; and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it. And so much for the brave swordsmen of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meeanee."—Globe.

A LESSON ON PATIENCE.—"Now, there is my good day's work, Jenny, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being, upon the whole, a pretty bright sort of a man, and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments, and then said:

"Let us hear of the yards of stitching, and the piles of good things made."

"No—nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow, with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doing will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain, is a bargain, Jenny," said Mr. Barlow. "Word-keeping is a cardinal virtue. So let your story be told. You have done a good day's work in your own estimation, for you said so. Go on. I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But, after a little more urging, she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraiding, that I would, for one day, try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial-day. Shall I go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away. "Yes, dear Jenny, go on." The husband's buoyancy of tone was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

"Little Eddy was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought—cross, as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times; but, remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience, and never let him hear a tone. Dear, little fellow! When I went to wash him, after breakfast, I found just behind one of his ears, a small, inflamed boil. It has made him slightly feverish and worrisome all day. Oh, wasn't I glad that patience had ruled my spirit!"

"After you went away to the store, Mary got into one of her perverse humors. She didn't want to go to school, to begin with; then she couldn't find her slate; and then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed; but, recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with calmness, her willfulness with patient admonition, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me, and started for school with cheerful countenance, her slate in her satchel, and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward."

"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed. So I called Ellen, and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pairs of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket-handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quick tongue, and indignant words to mine. Patience! patience! whispered a small, still voice. I stifled, with an effort, my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face, until she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion."

"You must have forgotten yourself," said I, with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once, confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her, after reproof, and she went back to the kitchen, something wiser, I think, than when I summoned her. The washing I required has been done, and well done; and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone, by kindness and service, for that hasty speech. If I mistake not, we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed."

"Other trials I have had through the day. Some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he said:—

"Mine was work, yours a battle—mine success, yours conquest—mine easy toil, yours heroism. Jenny, dear, since you have been talking, I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angel robes. Loving monitor! may your lesson of to-night make me a better man. Your good day's work gives a two-fold blessing!"

"Mary, do you remember the text this morning?" "No, papa, I never can, I've such a bad memory." "Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?" "Oh, yes. What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet, done up, a pea-green silk; a black lace Mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation Honiton collar, her old ear-drops, and such a fan! Oh my!" "Well my dear, your memory is improving."

LOST OR STRAYED.

FROM Fillmore City, a red and white STEER, a little over one year old. Branded T P on high hip, and U on high side.

Whoever will bring information of his whereabouts to the Printing Office at Fillmore, will be rewarded for his trouble, by the owner.

JOHN M. MORGAN.

LOST!

ON Tuesday, June 15, between G. S. L. City and Jordan Mills, the TIRE off the high hind wheel of a wagon, supposed to be lost near the Mills, as the wagon did not break down. Any one who will give the required information to D. R. Allen at Jordan Mills, or to the subscriber, will confer a favor on

18-1t J. V. LONG, Reporter.

FOUND.

A COW, of the following description:—Red brindle, white on the rump, part of tail white, branded W on left hip, slit in left ear, and notch in the under side of right ear.—The owner will pay charges and take her away.

18* WM. S. LISH, Springville.

WANTED.

A BOY, from 14 to 16 years old, to herd sheep. For further particulars, inquire of E. E. HOLDEN, Cedar Springs, Millard county, Utah Territory.

18-1

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT the Machinery, formerly belonging to the Public Machine Shop, G. S. L. City, has been removed to Parowan, Iron county, and is now in complete operation. All persons wishing to procure new machinery, or get old work repaired, would do well to favor us with a call. Iron, copper, brass, zinc, and all kinds of produce taken in exchange for work.

NATHAN DAVIS, Foreman.

Public Machine Shop, Parowan, Iron county, July 3, 1858.—18-8

WOOL CARDING.

THE Subscribers wish to inform the Public, that they have procured a new Carding Machine, which will be in operation by the 15th inst., and they trust by doing good work and being accommodating that they will receive a liberal share of public patronage, as the machine is not inferior to any in the Territory.

W. S. SNOW, GEORGE FLOORE.

Mont, May 6th, 1858.—16-3m