

[Special to the DESERET NEWS.]

By Telegraph.

Washington, 7.

In the House, Ashley, of Ohio, offered resolution for the appointment of a Judiciary Committee to continue the investigation into the charges against the President, which he made in the last Congress. He followed it with a half hour's speech, charging the President with corruption, usurpation and crime, and intimating that he gained the Executive Chair through complicity in assassination. At this point Speaker Colfax called him to order, on the ground that he was going beyond the limits of debate. Some Democrats, at this point, inquired if there was not an insane asylum in which Mr. Ashley could be placed. The resolution was passed without a division. The Speaker appointed the old Judiciary Committee and added another Democrat to it.

London, 6.

Advices have been received from the Cape of Good Hope giving intelligence that Dr. Livingstone, African explorer, had been killed by the Kaffirs.

The case of the United States against the ex-confederate steamer Alexandria has been decided by the Admiralty Court in favor of the American Government.

Fenian agitation in Ireland is renewed and is increasing; a meeting of several hundred Irishmen, near Dublin, has been dispersed by the troops, and the telegraph wire has been cut in various places in the country.

Dublin, 6.

In the attack made by the Fenians upon Drogheda barracks yesterday several volleys were given the assailants, who retired in confusion, losing a number of killed and wounded, whom they took from the field. The repulse was complete; several of the Government forces were wounded.

Liverpool, 6.

Dispatches have been received by the Government stating that an attack had been made by a small force of Fenians upon Castle Martyn (?) yesterday, but the enemy was repulsed; one of the attacking force, supposed to be an American officer, was shot.

London, 6.

The Fenians have torn up the railroad and blocked up the roads between Cork and Dublin, completely suspending railroad travel between those cities.

London, 7.

Railway trains are again running between Dublin and Cork.

New York, 8.

The excitement among the Fenians, under the Irish news, is intense; headquarters are thronged with a large number of Irish Americans who have tendered pecuniary assistance; several are booked for the Fenian army. It is ascertained that Stevens is still residing in Brooklyn, having nothing to do with the present struggle.

Dublin, 8.

A heavy storm prevailed in this vicinity night before last, and insurgents who took refuge in the mountains are reported as suffering severely from cold and exposure. Donohue, leader of the Fenians at the fight at Tallaght, is dead, three of his companions are also dead.

London, 8.

Troops are being rapidly dispatched to Ireland from all available points.

A body of Fenians 1,500 strong are reported as threatening Tipperary. The troops had a battle with the insurgent troops near Kilainaine, County Limerick, defeating them. They killed one, wounded one and took 30 prisoners; among the latter was a Fenian General. A large force of rebels, 300 strong, was also beaten by the soldiers at Clonmel; several were killed and 18 prisoners taken; a quantity of arms was also captured. The Fenians stripped the houses of guns and other weapons, and armed bands of men are moving through Counties Clare, Tipperary and Limerick, and have frequent conflicts with the police. Incendiary fires are frequent in the city and county of Limerick.

Despatches from the East report that the Christians in Thessaly have entered into negotiations with the Turks for securing religious independence.

Russia has sent \$55,000 to aid the suffering Christians in Crete.

"Except in Orissa, the most bountiful harvest known for years has removed all apprehension of a continuance of famine or even scarcity."

Miscellaneous.**THE AMBISHUS YOUNG MAN.**

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

[From the new magazine, the *Northern Lights*.]

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR PREFACING THE LEGEND.—Wuz it Bajazet, a Ottoman King, or Bejasus, an Irish King, wich allus kep a French wired skeleton in his banketin hall to remind him he waz mortal? I hev no need for sich. The bottle uv medicine wich bears the legend onto its front—Take one table spoonful immejitly after each meal, and wich my careful spouse, wich her name it is Looizer, puts beside my plate that I may not forget to take it, and leave her an untimely widder before I get my life inshoored, is a suffisient reminder that flesh is grass, and consequently isn't uv much yoose till it is cured. These remarks haven't anything to do with the Legend, but they will indicate to the intelligent reader that the writer hereof is ill, and account for the vane uv sadnis wich runs through it.]

THE LEGEND ITSELF.

About ben Adhem wuz a magician wich lived long afore the flood, in Noo Gersey. He wuzn't sich a magician ez Signor Blitz, or that amuzin cus Heller, wich hez the good taste to hev his jokes and wittikisms manufactured to order, at so much per wittikism, and wich he gets off ez well ez he plays the pianner, wich is sayin a good deal for his wittikisms. Not any sich. About wuz a magician wich hed the power to actilly do things, instid uv makin bleeve to do em—one who cood look down into futurity, and back into the past, and cood tell fortunes without the aid uv the magic pebble wich is a present alluz from the Emperor uv Chiny. He wuz a eminent magician, and wuz highly respected by all who knowed him. He wuz a direkter in the Camden and Amboy Ralerode, and uv course hed bin a member uv the Noo Gersey Legisla-cher, and hed money enuff to get into the Senit uv the Yoonited States from that State, but he didn't wan't to, and beside he hed a spite at the members he'd hev to buy, and didn't want to make em rich.

About ben Adhem wuz a settin one mornin in front uv his tent a gazing off onto the untold herds uv oxen, cows, steers, camels, antelopes, jaguars, and hosses wich wuz a grazin onto his fields wich wuz spread out afore him, a musin onto the vanity ov human affairs, and wonderin whether his last vencher in West Virginny oil stox wuz add to his humble store or lay him out ez badly ez did his Pennsylvany spekulasen, when ther appeared afore him a young man ov prepossessin appearance and good address, but whose travel-stained habiliments bespoke a long distance traveled.

Do I stand afore About ben Adhem, the magician, whose fame hez extended even unto the Northern counties, where I do dwell, and whose name all men pronounce with fear, respect and awe and sich? remarked this ingenuous yooth.

I am About ben Adhem, answered the original, modestly, wat wouldst thou wath me?

Mity man, sed he, bowin, ez is the custom uv the Orientals, three times, till his nose clave the dust, or rather sand, that bein wat they hev in Noo Gersey; I hev walked many weary miles.

Why didn't you take the cars? shrecked About, his eyes flashin fire; how dare you, a native Noo Gerseyan, defraud the Camden and Amboy by walkin?

Mity Abon, sed this ingenuous yooth, humbly, I am not a Direkter, nor the son, or even the causin uv a Direkter, therefore aint a dead-head. Money, I hed none, and when the kondukter come round and I told him so, he laft me to skorn, and him and two brakesmen dropped me gently off the hinder end uv the trane. And so I walked hither to crave a boon.

Speak on.

I hev wastid my life thus far, a selling goods in a country store, but I have a soul wich loathes kaliker and sores above mackarel and molasses. I wood be grate. All things is easy to thee—put me, I pray thee, in a way to achieve fame!

Fame! My son, yoor to be pitied. Take my advice; go home to yoor keller and molasses, and be content with

yoor lot.—Fame is unsatisfactory and a deloosion. He is the happiest man who knows the least and is the leastist known. The wise man hates himself because the wisest of em hev only sense enuff to appreshiate wat a consummate ass he is, wich isn't a cheerin refleckshun, not by no manner uv means. I am powerful and mity, I own the cattle upon a thousand hills, and half the stock uv the Camden and Amboy; I hev bin in the Legisla-cher, and hev enjoyed all that belongs to a legitimit Noo Gersey ambishu, yet its holler! holler! holler! Methinks I wood like to exchange all these for gross ignorance, and be a nigger, wich is made happy by the undisputed possession uv a warm fence corner and a bottle of whiskey, wich kin be prekoored for sixpence.* Into wat line does your ambishen leed yoo? Woodst be poet, politician, konkorer or kondukter onto our railroad?

I wood, mity About, be a politician. I wood mix in public affairs, and leave a name to posterity.

Posterity! sed About, bitterly. Wood bein Governor fill your ambishen?

Governor! Good heavens! that's snigher than my wildest hopes reach.

Are yoo a young man uv ordinary intelligence? Did your parience take the county noospaper and the Noo York Triboon?

Both, great profit.

How many Governors of Noo Gersey kin yoo name over to me?

All uv em, mity profit. Ther's Govenor Ward, he's Governor now, and afore him wuz—that is—wat's his name—Governor—

Young man, you see what fame is. In two years more you'll forgit the name of the present Guvner. But go thy ways; thou shalt be all yoo wish in pollytix; thy wish is granted.

And About passed his magic wand, wich wuz a hickory cane, gold mountid, three times over his head, and sed suthin in Arabic, wich it isn't wuth while to reprodoose. The young man's whole appearance wuz changed. His voice doubled up, his eyes sunk back into his head, his eyebrows became bushy his lips became thick, and his abdomen increased in size. He departed, and About was alone.

Five years elapst, and agin the young man stood afore him.

Well! said About.

Mity profit, sed the ambishus yooth, thy work wuz well done. I hev bin member uv the legisla-cher, uv the senit, and finally guvner, and still further promoshen is afore me. But I aint satisfied. I see men wield power with money, wich I can't with pollytix; and they seem to feel in that a happinis wich I can't in my pursoots.—Mity About, make me a money-king; sich a man ez Sir Morton Peto wuz, or Commodore Vanderbilt, or Stewart, or any uv them fellers.

About laft sardonically. Go, said he, wavin his wand over him three times. Agin I grant thee thine insane rekest. Go! and bother me no more.

And the young man agin changed. His eyes turned to a cold gray; his head head became narrower and long, his lips thin and bloodlis, his fingers long and constantly shet, et settry.

Five years rolled by agin, and the young man agin stood afore him.

Well! sez About.

Mity About, I hev realized all that I hoped for, and more. Everything I teched prospered with me. I went into stock raisin, and my cows all hed twins, every wun uv wich took premiums at the State Fair; I marrid the only child uv a retirid physican, whose sands uv life had nearly run out, and he wuz accommodatin enuff to die a month thereafter; I wuz elected treasurer uv a life insurance company; I drewed Crosby's Opera House, and sold it afore the next year's taxes wuz levied, so I made suthin by drawin it; I speckilated in oilstox, and alluz sold out when they wuz at 200; I bought oil lands, and my wells wuz alluz flowin; I wuz appointed executor uv no less than nine large estates, the heirs uv wich bein alluz famale infants; I speckilated in silver, in gold, in railroads; I bustid the Chicago wheat operators, and am to-day counted the comin man in Noo York; but—

But wat? Artest thou not satisfied?

Satisfied? Alas, no! After all, wat is wealth? Wat is stox and lands and tenements? Nuthin. My sole yearns for suthin higher.

Wat woodst thou be? I have given thee everything yoo've askt for. Wat is thy next whim?

I wood be famous in literatoor. I

wood write for the noospapers and mag-azenes. I wood have my name on the dead walls in big letters, and in many colors. I wood hev the populace say, There goze the author uv, say The Rival Plug Uglies. I wood—but yoo kno wat I wood.

Agin I gratify thee, sed the complain-sant About, and he passed his wand over his head four times—it takin one more pass to transform him into a literary man than it does for anything else—and he went out from the presence in a seedy blak cote, with a expansive forehead and dreamy bloo eyes, and a turn-over collar, smokin a meershaum in a abstractid manner.

Five years rolled around, and agin the young man, wich is to say, he wuzentso yung how ez he wuz at the beginnin by fifteen years, appeared.

Wat! sed About, Yoo here agin? Wat woodst thou now? Three times I hev grantid thy wishes—three times hev I given thee the menes to make thyself happy ez thou supposest. Art satisfied, or does thy yearnin sole still yearn? Speak! or forever hold thy peace.

Mity About, I wood crave suthin, but I kno not wat. I hev been successful in literatoor. I hev made myself a name and fame; I hev won distinkshen and worn it. My pomes are pronounst sweet; my plays are actid, and draw houses; my novels is read from Greenland's icy mountains to Ingy's coral strands; and my history of Ameriky is a tex-book. But wat uv it? Each step I took, I felt an innard dissatisfashun with wat I left behind; my inkrease uv knolij was jist suffisient to show me wat a egrejis ass I hed bin, and ef I gained a step in appreciashun uv the beautiful, it wuz pizoned with the thot that there were hites I cood not elime; depths I cood not sound. I pined for immortality, and onst, methaut, I hed attained her and I wood ceese in my labors, and rest onto my laurels, and, for a week, I quit peggin away. The publick fergot there hed ever bin sich a person. The bill poster went forth, and over the posters wich hed my name on to em he pastid others, announcin a new name, and I wuz berrid. Wat, thot I, is fame, wen its at the mercy uv a bill-sticker? And while in the zenith uv my glory, it wuz gilded mizery. I opened letters by the bushel, from the Lord knows who, invitin me to lektur for the benefit uv the Lord knows wat. I spent over half uv my time in sendin autografs to my admirers; and tother half, and all my money in sendin photografs to people wich hev shuved em out uv their albums, long since, to make rume for the next popler cuss wich cum after me. And this is fame!

And the yung man stampst his feet and tore sevrul large handsful uv hare out uv his hed, wich he shooodent hev dun, ez his severe labors and bad habits hed made hem alreddy bald.

Then About spoke up, and, sez he,

My son, I knowed invariably in advance wat wood be the result uv all these favors I hev grantid thee. Welth, politikel preferment and literary fame, is three uv the most unsatisfactory stiles of loonacy mankind is afflicted with. Hed I bin angry with yoo, I shoood hev marrid yoo to a woman's-rites lekturer; but I chose rather to let yoo run yoor course. All mankind, my son, is onto a rode wich begins with the cradel and ends with the grave. Flittin afore us is a parcel of butterflies, wich, observin uv em from the yooth end uv the rode, is beautiful insex. We strive to ketch em, and do so; but, alas! the minit we pass em and turn to look at wat we hev, we are sumwat disgustid to find that on this side there uv that dull led color wich farmers, in the more barbarous parts of Pennsylvany, paint their housis. Ef our for-site waz as good ez our hind-site, we woodent go for em; but it aint. I hev lived suthin over fore thou-sand yeres, owin to my bein a profit, and hev seen the folly uv sich things. Wealth! its good jus ez fur ez yoo kin make yoose uv it. Pollytix! I never saw but one man who ever saw any good in it. He sed he likt it, coz, next to counterfeitin and bigamy, two pursoots he doted onto, there wuz in it the great-est rume for developin the dormant rakality wich is in every man. A literary fame! my yung frend, bottled moon-shine is granite for solidity beside it. My old friend Shakspeer wuz spozed to be entitled to a permanent place in the memry uv man, and here comes a woman and a man, writin books provin that twazn't Shakspeer, but some other feller wat did his plays and things.

Agin, under this hed. The fame wich men strike after, and yearn after, aint