RATES OF ADVERTISING

Column six (10 lines or less) 1st insertion	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	1 00
Business Cards, one year, five lines or less	5 00
Each additional line	1 00
One Column, one year,	$50 00
One Column, six months,	30 00
One Column, three months,	20 00
Half Column, one year,	30 00
Half Column, six months,	20 00
Half Column, three months,	15 00
Fourth Column, one year,	20 00
Fourth Column, six months,	15 00
Fourth Column, three months,	10 00
Eighth Column, one year,	15 00
Eighth Column, six months,	10 00
Eighth Column, three months,	5 00
Announcing Candidates for office	5 00
Stray Notices (each head)	2 00

Nebraska Advertiser.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE: NOW AND FOREVER."

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

MUIR, HILL & CO.,

Advertiser Block, Main St., between 1st & 2d

Brownville, Neb.

TERMS:

1 Copy, one year, in advance, - - - $2 00

Subscription, must invariably be paid in Advance

JOB Book Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work done in the best style, and on short notice.

VOL. XI. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEP. 26, 1867. NO. 52

IMPEACHMENT.

The New York Tribune, which has of late been very conservative in its tone, has at last seen the signs of the times, and comes out squarely in favor of impeachment. In its issues of Wednesday, after enumerating the President's offenses, it says:

Where will this end? The President means war. The country must stand and fight, or be defeated. We believe anything possible of Mr. Johnson. His Administration is a record of deception, cunning, disloyalty—antagonism to the best interests of the country. He has made the Administration of Buchanan respectable, by showing a degradation to which even Mr. Buchanan could not sink. He has betrayed his party; he has betrayed his friends: he has betrayed his country. Nothing is left of his Administration but a few miserable jobbers like those who hang around him, and a few wretched political adventurers like Black. The men who accepted contumely for his cause, like Seward, and Randall, and Wells, he is impatient to drive out of his Cabinet. The savage of Sahara is not insensible to the obligations of friendship; but even this no longer remains with Mr. Johnson. We admonish the people to prepare for a stern and high responsibility. It is nearly a hundred days until Congress meets. Till then we are powerless. We can only bow to this dreadful tyranny. The President appealed to the country in his last message. We join him in the appeal. Let our friends organize everywhere. Let us make the canvass upon them in any of Mr. Johnson's Administrations, and having defeated him at the ballot box, we can prepare, through our representatives, to consider the best course to be taken to punish him for his crimes against the sovereign will of the American people.

The New York Times, of August 29th, says:

Matters have gone too far to render doubt or misapprehension reasonable. Mr. Johnson has entered upon a course which shuts out the last chance of reconciliation, and render all compromise impossible. Vows and protestions will save him no longer. Pretences of compliance with the law which he is trying to obstruct, are no longer admissible. His parrot talk about the Constitution is laughed at as sheer nonsense and hypocrisy. He stands revealed an enemy not less of Congress and its laws than of the country and its peace. Wantonly, and treacherously, with no conceivable hope of success, impelled only by needless malignity and an insane ambition, he has reopened the quarrel in a shape which renders his fate and the duty of the government party perfectly clear. As between the Executive and the people represented by Congress, there will be neither the giving nor taking of quarter.—Mr. Johnson has unsheathed the sword of a disturber and a usurper, and there can be no further parley with him.

The New Manufacture—Paper Water Pails and Ice Coolers.

The Japanese art of converting paper into articles of domestic use and convenience will probably be fully developed in this country at no distant period. At Greenpoint L. I., there is a large factory which is now turning out a variety of articles such as have hitherto been manufactured of wood, tin, copper, or other metals. The process is of course a secret. But it may be stated that the ordinary paper pulp is subject to chemical and mechanical influences which renders it as hard as hickory wood, and superior to it in many respects. The substance thus produced is a nonconductor of heat, impervious to the action of acids, and not liable to be warped or injured either by heat or cold, being capable of sustaining a temperature of three hundred degrees Fahrenheit, without injury. The preparation in its soft or pulpy state is shaped on molds and patterns, and converted into water pails, wash bar sins and pitchers, fire buckets, sugar molds, and other articles. Improvements are in process by which complete sets of novel and elegant kitchen and parlor dishes made of paper will be brought into competition with crockery and china. It is also intended to manufacture trunks, boxes, carriage-bodies, gentleman's hats, ice coolers, refrigerators, and a number of other articles for which patents have already been secured. It is also spoken of as an excellent substitute for plaster in the interior of houses. In fact, judging from the specimens of paper manufacture which we have seen, there is no reason why paper commodities may not come into general use in this country as in Japan.

The Upper Yellowstone.

From Dr. James Dunlevy, Surgeon of the Montana Vols., we glean the following items concerning the headwater of the Yellowstone river, supposed by so many to be a continuation of the *Mauvais Terres* or Bad Lands that exist at its mouth.

Dr. Dunlevy left Camp Green Clay Smith, near the mouth of the Yellowstone canyon, about the 12th ult., with a small party, following up the western side of the river for about ninety or one hundred miles, and within a few miles of the lake near the head of this great rive; travelling through a valley of great extent, richness and beauty, interspersed with scenery of most impressive grandeur which in beauty and symmetry are superior to any works of art; beetling cliffs of rock, rising from the waters edge thousands of feet in hight; while wood crowned mountains, with delightful slopes and vista like parks coursed by purling streams and mountains covered with snows, capped and raxing to cone-shaped peaks and knife-like edges, or turretted like castles, and rolling away off in beautiful white pyramidal forms, were to be seen on every side. Language is not adequate to convey an idea of the marvelous beauty of the scenery, which is beyond the power of description, and begets a wonderful fascination in the mind of the beholder who reverently gazes at the snow-crowned summits, that seem as if

"They were to show
How earth may pierce to Heaven and leave vain man below."

In addition to this, Dr. Dunlevy, informes us that he discovered several large streams coming in from the western side, that are yet unnamed. When near the end of his journey his attention was called to something resembling steam or smoke, near the crest of a mountain, and observing springs of hot water gushing out of its side, he was induced to attempt to reach it; which he succeeded in accomplishing with very little trouble, there to find something that proved to be the key-stone to the arch of wonders—a boiling hot lake, covering an area of about forty acres: A herd of antelope were quietly licking the salt along the edge, when a shot from his rifle brought one of them down, a sheath knife soon severed off a ham which was fastened to a lariat and thrown into the lake, and in less than forty minutes it was taken out completely boiled and salted! The party ate of it and represented it as having a peculiar but pleasant flavor. The Doctor supposed the water to contain a large percentage of tincal, the crude property from which borax is manufactured, and has already taken the necessary steps to have it preempted and a company organized to have it thoroughly tested. He gave it the name of Black, in honor of our highly esteemed citizen, Hon. L. M. Black. Should this prove all that the Doctor sanguinely expects, it will prove an additional source of wealth to our highly favored Territory, as very nearly all the borax used, until quite recently, had to be brought from Tuscany.—Lately considerable has been manufactured in California but we do not know of any having been found elsewhere within the country. We have not the space to give an elaborate report of Dr. Dunlevy's trip, but can only say that it abounded in the rarest scenes and incidents equaling almost the experience of Captains Speke and Grant, in their effort to discover the source of the Nile; and we trust ere long that some select party, well prepared and equiped, will be able to penetrate these wilds and reveal to the world its manifest beauties, existing as they do in all their pristine grandeur. The Doctor deserves credit for the daring, invincible spirit displayed by him in thus far exploring this remote region, which example we trust will be emulated by many others. He was compelled to return to camp as his time was limited, and what matches he had with him became dampened and spoiled. He reports the country filled with game of all kinds, including the mountain bison, and reports mining in three different gulches on the eastern side of the river, including Bear and Emigrant gulches.—*Montana Post.*

Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats

BY MARK TWAIN.

I knew by the sympathetic glow on his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden times. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was to slow he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect the infliction was couched in the following language.

We was all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing only how to shirk school, and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This year Jim Wolf, I was talking about, was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted fellow, he was, and the most forgiving and onselfish I ever see—well, there couldn't be a bullier boy than he was, take him how you would, and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him, and plastring hoss bilis on his back, and putting bumble bees into his bed, and so on, and some times we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on and get mad and fight across him so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long and lank and bashful, and we were fifteen and sixteen, and tolerable lazy and worthless.

"So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave the candy pulling, and they started us off to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked out on the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rarin' and a chargin around on it, and carrying on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and was frozed so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand off and e yow yow at one another, just the same as though they was a cussin' one another, you know and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur off the yaller cat's ham, and spin around like the button on a barn-door. But the cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge and bite, and bawl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful."

"Well, Jim he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there, and shake 'em off that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doing it, likely, but we everlastingly dogged him and bully-ragged him, and 'lowed he always bragged how he would'nt take a dare, and so on, 'till bimeby he histed the winder, and lo and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was, nothing on but a shirt, and it was short. You ought to seen him cre-e-pin' over the ice, and digging his toe-nails in for to keep from slippin'; and 'bove all you ought to seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long ridiculous shanks of his'n glisteenin' in the moonlight.

"Them Comp'y folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of'm under that ornery shed of dead Wash'ton Bower vines—all setting round two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothing 'bout the panorammа that was goin' on over their heads."

"Wel'," Jim, he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' up, onbeknowns to them tom cats—they was a wi-kin' their tails and a yow-yowin' and threstenin' to clinch, you know, and not paying any attention—he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot and a half of'm and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh! he missed fire and slipped his holt, and his heels flue up, and he flopped on his back, and shot off'n that roof like a dart—went a smashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines and landed right in the dead centre of all them company people and sot down like a yearthquake in them two dozen sassers of candy, and let off a bawl that was hark from the tombs!—Them girls—well, they left you know.—They see he warn't dressed for company and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war hoop, and a whisk of their dresses, and blame the wench of them that were in sight anywhere.

"Jim he was in sight. He was gormed with the bilin' hot molasses candy clean down his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was an Injun princess; and he came a prancin' up stairs, just a hoopin' and a cussin'; and every jump he give he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched, dropped some candy.

"And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor cretur couldn't really set down comfortable for as much as four weeks!"

BLACK VS. WHITE HOG.

Court opened by colored sheriff.—Twelve jurymen, as black as the ace of spades, sworn.

The counsel for the plaintiff proceeds as follows:

"Jemons ob de jurer, dis am an action brot by Sambo Jones, plaintiff in dis case, against Sam Johnson, de defendant in his case, to recober damages ob de amount ob fifty-six dollars, de costs ob de court, and my fees, on de count ob Sam Johnson habin wilfully took, seized, stole and carried away, in one fat hog to de amount of dat much property, as set forth in dis petition of malegations."

To which the council for the defendant replies:

"If de court and juror pleases, we deny ebery milegation in de jemon's petition."

Counsel for plaintiff—"De sheriff will please call witnesses on de side of plaintiff."

Sheriff proceeds as follows:

"Jim Johnson. I'se heah. Sambo Jones. Heah I'se. Hannah Jones. I'se behind heah."

Judge—"Jemon, proceed wid de testimony."

Counsel for plaintiff—"De cluck will please to swore de witnesses on our side."

Clerk—"All ob you hold up bof ob your hands. You all ob you, and each ob you do solemcolly swore dat de testimony on dis case before trial shall be de whole truff de truff and nuffin but de truff, as you shall answer to Congress, who gibs us de privilege of holding dis court."

Witnesses—"Ob course we do."

Counsel for plaintiff—"Jim Jones took dat witness box."

"You lib in the District of Columus?"

"Yes sah."

"Did you saw Sam Johnson stole dat hog?"

"Ob cous I did."

"How much would dat hog weigh?"

"Dat hog would weigh five hundred pounds."

"How much was dat hog worf?"

"He was worf, at the least calculation, fifty-six dollars."

"Dat's all, jemon, you can take de witness."

Counsel for defendant—"Now, sir, you say you saw Sam Jonson stole dat hog. Now Jim what was de color ob dat hog?"

"De color of dat hog was black."

"Dat's all."

Counsel for plaintiff—"Hannah Jones! Hannah, you saw Sam Johnson stole dat hog?"

"To be cours I did, and it just weighed five hundred pounds, was worth just fifty-six dollars, and de color was white."

Counsel for defendant—"Hannah Jones you say de color of dat hog was white?"

"Ob cous it was."

"Dat's all; you can leah."

Judge—"Call for next."

Plaintiff—"We rest."

Defendant—"We took a rest too?"

Judge—"Proceed to the jury jem'en."

Council for Plaintiff—"If it please your honor and jemon ob de juror, it have already been stated to you what dis case am, and we tink you have, yes, we know we have proben to you beyond an unreasonable doubt that Sam Johnsing stole dat hog as proclaimed in our petition ob malegation. So I do not tink it wuf while to spend my breat in argufying dis case to so telligent looken jurormen as I now see befo me. So we claim de berdict on your hands. So we admit de case to your consternation."

Counsel for Defendant—"If de juror please, we cannot see de case as de jemon would hab you see it. Now, jemon ob do juror; in de fust place you know, dat Jim Jones sword dat dat hog were black, and right on de top ob dat Hannah Jones swore de same hog were white; so jemon ob de juror dare are a plain compredictiion ob terms ob ebidence dareto, we demand dat dese two witnesses be peached, and de case squashed, and da pay the cost and my fees."

Counsel for plaintiff (resumes)—"Jemon ob de juror, we tink de jemon on de erder side must be mighty ignorant. Hannah Jones sees de hog as she is used to cookin dem, and ob cours den da are white eben if da are black when de har is on dare fo dem witnesses are no more entitled to peachement dan old Andy Johnson. President ob dese United States, and not half so much. Darefo, as I said befor, we claim de berdict at de hands ob dat enlighted juror, we darefo committee de case to your careful consterration."

Charge of the Judge—"Jemon you hab de testimony in dis case, and dat testimony as you are aware, is somewhat inflicting. You, darefo, will render your edict accordingly. You can now withdire."

Jury out ten minutes, returns with the following verdict:

"De testimony being so inflicting in de case, we render our berdict for twenty-five dollars for defendant, and thirty dollars for plaintiff.

The Fortieth Congress.

The election in all the States which choose Congressmen this fall (with the exception of vacancies to be filled in Ohio and perhaps one or two other States) are now over, and the political character of the Fortieth Congress may accurately be determined. The following table showing the strength of the respective parties in the present Congress, as well as that which preceeded it, will be of interest in view of the lusty rejoicing of the Democracy over their recent successes:

	XXXIXth Congress,		*XLth Congress,*	
States	Rep.	Dem.	Rep.	Dem.
California	3	0	1	2
Conneticut	4	0	1	3
Delaware	0	1	0	1
Illinois	11	3	11	3
Indiana	9	2	8	3
Iowa	6	0	6	0
Kansas	1	0	1	0
Kentucky	2	7	0	9
Maine	5	0	5	0
Maryland	2	3	1	4
Massachusetts	10	0	10	0
Michigan	6	0	6	0
Minnesota	2	0	2	0
Missouri	7	2	8	1
Nebraska	1	0	1	0
Nevada	1	0	1	0
New Hampshire	3	0	3	0
New Jersey	2	3	3	3
New York	20	11	20	11
Ohio	17	2	16	2
Oregon	1	0	1	0
Pennsylvania	16	8	18	6
Rhode Island	2	0	2	0
Tennessee	4	4	8	0
Vermont	3	0	3	0
West Virginia	3	0	3	0
Wisconsin	5	1	5	1
Total	146	47	144	49

From this it will be seen that the total gains of the Democracy in the lower House of the Fortieth Congress, as compared with their strength in the Thirty-ninth, amounts to just two members, while the Republicans have lost as many. This leaves a Republican majority of 95 members—46 more than is needed to pass any bill by a two-third vote over the President's veto. This is upon the assumption that all the Democratic claimants from Kentucky should get their seats. Instead of blocking the wheels of government, therefore, it is not probable that Mr. Johnson's friends at the next session will have any appreciable influence upon legislation. This will be startling intelligence to those who, mistaking noise for numbers, have been led to the belief that the Democracy were in a fair way to obtain complete control of Congress, or at least sufficient strength to prevent the passage of bills over the President's veto. So much for the great "Democratic reaction" about which we have heard so much.—*Chicago Republican.*