

MASSON ADDRESS.—On the occasion of the dedication of the new Masonic Hall at Baton Rouge, La., the 15th inst., our fellow citizen, the Hon. A. S. Masson, delivered the dedicating address.

WHERE IS GEN. HARNEY?—We are constrained to ask this question, and hope that it may find its way to the General's eye, that he may answer it himself. This wire workers, at every station in this Union have his name before them, and he has become a standing subject for despatches. After having answered a Court Martial before which he was summoned, the Secretary of War, gave him permission to go to Europe. This was authentic. He had scarce time to get out of sight of land, before, we are informed that he had been ordered to Virginia, for political purposes. In the next place the wires said, he was to go back to California, and now from the same unerring source we learn:

Gen. Harney has received orders assigning him to the command of the military department of the West, with his headquarters at St. Louis.

If the Gen. will answer the question above, he will quiet the inventors of wonderful telegrams. If he does not, he will soon lose his identity, and be no better off than the Count de Riviere.

A TERRIBLE ENGINE OF WAR.—The London Morning Post says that a new steel gun, invented by E. Lynet Thomas, has just been tried at Shoeburyness. Here is the result of the trial. The gun, loaded with twenty-eight pounds of powder, sent a ball weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, to a distance of ten thousand yards, or five miles and three-fourths. Measures have been taken to have a series of experiments in presence of the members of the committee of the Woolwich Arsenal.

This is still another argument for peace. Who can say that the time may not be, which is hinted at in the good book, when the lion and the lamb, will be forced to lie down together—when the King of the forest will find plover enough for his stomach without devouring his kindred? It is possible, it is probable! The longer the range of the gun the nearer the range of this possibility. There is no reason why men should kill one another, for the flesh of this animal is only fit for grass. What do they go sgering for? What is it that pricks them to it, but the possibility of coming off with triumphant honors to march through the arches of Goose Hollow. The chances grow beatifully less, at the lengthening of the range of every new gun.

AN ENGLISH VIEW.—The London Spectator, is better posted on American politics than some of its conferees, when it says:

"It is obvious that such a dissolution of the Union as that proposed by the fire-eaters would bring about consequences little dreamt of in the South. We believe that in six months Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland would not be able to hold a single slave without a standing army to enforce the domestic institution. In fact, the South would be under the double necessity of keeping up one army to guard its frontiers and another to hold its blacks in subjugation. This military obligation would obviously involve a heavy taxing, to say nothing of the losses occasioned by social disturbances. With free trade abruptly introduced at the expense of customs, with large naval and military burdens to bear, with the living machines of industry in a state of contumacy; with distracted councils—for there are still supporters of genuine Republican principles in the South—with British alliances proving the ludicrous fallacy that it must be; the people of the Southern States are likely to find the experiment proposed for their amusement by Messrs. Keitt, Yancey and Hammond painfully unprofitable, and productive only of disasters that no one can foretell or measure. So obvious, indeed, are the frightful tendencies of the policy now proclaimed openly in the market-place, that we have little fear of its being carried out. The folly is too transparent.

GREAT SALE OF THE "THE" DICTIONARY.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin mentions as an instance of the immense sale of a single book in a short space of time, that of the new pictorial quarto edition of Worcester's Dictionary, of which the publishers, Messrs. Swan, Brewer & Tilton, of Boston, have sold about twenty three thousand copies since the first of January last, which at the trade price amounts to nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

The Conflict of Authority.

The city papers are just now full of the argument pro and con, growing out of the conflict between Mayor Monroe and one of the Recorders of the Crescent city. The Delta says:

The conflict of jurisdiction between the Mayor and the Recorder is not yet settled. On the contrary, it seems to be the determination of the Recorder to push it beyond the limits of propriety. Certainly his conduct in releasing prisoners, at first merely from suspicion, or in a spirit of resentment against the Mayor, and more recently by going personally to the lock-up and opening the cell-door with his own hands, is not becoming the dignity of his position, and is by no means required by the duties of his office.

This is not the beginning of the conflict, which so many pens are even now engaged in settling on the safest and most satisfactory foundations. We have referred to it before, and do so now again, because we have the extreme satisfaction of knowing that we are with the hopeless minority, who look at the train of evils, which have led to the conflict with the liveliest and most painful interest. Louisiana is not very far behind her sisters of the confederacy in the advance movements of her progressive Democracy. The Recorders are elected, so is the Mayor; so is the Justice and the Constable, the Governor and the Judge on the bench. Besides this, every juror is an aspirant for office. It is for this reason that when the Mayor or the Judge—as the case may be, forgetting his duty to his constituents, gets mad and commits a sovereign for violating the law; some other Judge or Justice of concurrent jurisdiction, discovers how he may make a point by unlocking the prison-door with the key of his authority and turning the prisoner out. Hence it is, that the writ of habeas is nearly as common as the writ of mandamus, and both are as common in modern jurisprudence as the writ of commitment. The Recorder, out of office, is himself a sovereign, with the right to knock down any man he can, who gets between the wind and his nobility. Is it to be wondered at that, when in office—being

"Most ignorant of what he's best assured, He plays fantastic tricks!"

We think not. The people make the laws—he is the representative of the people, and if he has not a right to break them, who has? What is the law? Here's the rubbing question. The law itself, says that "it is a rule of action." Where shall we look for the rule, but in the large mind of the gentlemen elected to administer it. Louisiana is sovereign, so is the Corporation, and so is the individual. Constitutional law, is obsolete, hence the legislature, whenever it suits the will of its leading partizan, may leave the letter of that senseless document, and exercise its will in the spirit as well as the name of universal democracy, by taking away the charter of the city, creating a military despotism for the same, such as we have in the abortive election law, and doing anything else it likes, or by abrogating federal authority in an effort to reopen the slave trade. Is not the mob the most respectable body in the government. Is not the Vigilance Committee organized in violation of law, the most effective legal authority? Answer us these several questions, you sovereign mountebanks who with the mere word "democracy" on your banners are marching this people with your progressive strides into the fetters of slavery. You slaves and hirelings of the proscriptive Red Republicanism of the North, (another phase of the vulgar democracy of the times) follow like sheep to the sacrifice. Believe them when they tell you, that one man is as good as another, and all, equally capable of self government. Forget the teachings of the past, in the figures of speech of your most excellent demagogues, when they talk eloquently of the star of empire and such stuff. Go on with your con-

flicts of authority until we come to the democratic level of the gutter; until the sun goes out, and the bright vision of the founders of the Republic melts away forever as a summer's cloud.

CLINGING TO YOUTH.—I abominate the padding, rouged, dying old sham; but I heartily respect the man or woman, pensive or sad, as some little circumstance has impressed upon them the fact that they are growing old. A man or woman is a fool who is indignant at being called the old lady or old gentleman, when these phrases state the truth; but there is nothing foolish or unworthy when some such occurrence brings it home to us, with something of a shock, that we are no longer reckoned among the young, and that the innocent and impressionable days of childhood (so well remembered) are beginning to be far away. We are drawing nearer, we know, to certain realities of which we speak much and feel little; the undiscovered country (humbly sought through the pilgrimage of life) is looming in the distance before. We feel that life is not long, and is not common-place, when it is regarded as the portal of eternity. And probably nothing will bring back the season of infancy and early youth upon any thoughtful man's mind so vividly as the sense that he is growing old. How short a time since then! You look at your great brown hand. It seems like yesterday since a boy companion (gray now) tried to print your name upon the little paw, and there was not room. You remember it (is it five-and-twenty years since?) as it looked when it laid on the head of a friendly dog, two or three days before you found him poisoned and dead; and helped, not without tears, to bury him in the garden under an apple tree. You see, as plainly as you saw it then, his brown eye, as it looked at you in life for the last time. And as you feel these things, you quite unexpectantly and sincerely put off, time after time, the period at which you will accept it as a fact you are old. Twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-five, forty-eight, mark years, on reading which you will still feel you are young. Many men honestly think that sixty-five or sixty-eight is the prime of life.

EMERSON ON MARRIAGE.—I wish cities would teach their best lessons—of quiet manners. It is the foible especially of American youth—pretention. The mark of a man of the world is absence of pretention. He does not make a speech, he talks a low business tone, avoids all brag, is nobody, dresses plainly, promises not at all, performs much, speaks in monosyllables, hugs his facts. He calls his employment by its lowest name, and so takes from evil tongues their sharpest weapon. His conversation clings to the weather and the news, he allows himself to be surprised into thought, and the unlocking of his learning and philology. How the imagination is piqued by anecdotes of some great man passing incognito as a king in gray clothes!—of Napoleon affecting a plain suit at his glittering levee!—of Burns, or Scott, or Wellington, or any container of transcendent power, passing for nobody!—of Epaminondas, "who never says anything, but will listen eternally!"—of Goethe, who preferred trifling subjects and common expressions in intercourse with strangers, wore rather better clothes, and to appear a little more capricious than he was! There are advantages in the old hat and box-coat. I have heard that throughout the country, a certain respect is paid to good broadcloth; but dress makes a little restraint; men will not commit themselves. But the box-coat is like wine, it unlocks the tongue, and men say what they think—Atlanta Monthly.

A droll incident occurred at Harvard University on the occasion of the collation given by the Faculty to the Prince of Wales and his suite. Soon after the commencement of the feed, President Tilton asked: "Will your Royal Highness take tea or coffee?" "Neither," replied Wales; "I'll take a glass of wine." "No wine has been provided," responded the President. "Well, then, I'll take a glass of beer." "We have no beer," meekly responded the cheerful Tilton. "W-h-a-t! no beer?" said the Prince with amazement. "No, your Highness, no beer;" and then the dialogue ceased. It was a very convivial and jolly occasion, and will always be remembered by H. R. H. "with mingled feelings of joy and pride."

FANNY COMPLAINS.—In the last Ledger Fanny Fern thus complains of men, women and things:

I am sick of politics. I am sick of torch-light rallies. I am sick of "the Prince." I am sick of men who never talk sense to woman.—I am sick of boys of seven smoking cigars. I am sick of gloomy Pharisees, and worthy, idealess sermons, and narrow creeds. I am sick of lawless Sabbatarians, and female infidels, and free-lovers. I am sick of unhealthy, diseased books, full of mystifications and transcendental bosh. I am sick of "chaste ribbons" and "ravishing lace." I am sick, in an age which produced a Bronte and a Browning, of the prate of men who assert that every woman should be a perfect house-keeper, and fail to add, that every man should be a perfect carpenter. I am as sick of woman self-styled "literary," who thing it a proof of genius to despise every day household duties. I am sick of schools for the manufacture of bent spines. I am sick of parents, the coffins of whose children are already being made, asking teachers to add "another branch" to the already suicidal pile of lessons. I am sick of over-worked, ill-paid female operatives. I am sick of seeing tracts distributed where soup and bread should go. I am sick of seeing noodles in high places, and intelligence and refinement sitting in inglorious ease by their own firesides. I am sick of the encouragement held out to women by the other sex to remain pretty idiots, followed by long moral essays upon the enormity of being such. I am sick of flummery and nonsense and humbug and pretension of every kind. I am sick of this everlasting scribbling and crowding, and pushing and jostling, on the edge of the five feet of earth which is all any one of us can have at last, after all our pains.

Now, don't lay this growl to indigestion, for I never had it, or biliousness, for I feel as if I were just made, or long arrears of unpaid bills, because I pay as I go. No sir—as the Episcopalians have it, "all this I do steadfastly believe." There—now I feel better.

HOW THE HOONUMAN MONKEYS KILL SNAKES.—The banyan tree is the favored habitation of these monkeys; and among its many branches they play strange antics, undisturbed by any foes excepting snakes. These reptile are greatly dreaded by the monkeys, and with good reason. However, it is said that the monkeys kill many more snakes in proportion to their loss, and do so with a curiously refined cruelty. A snake may be coiled among the branches of the banyan, fast asleep, when it is spied by a Hoonuman. After satisfying himself that the reptile really is sleeping, the monkey steals upon it noiselessly, grasps it by the neck, tears it from the branch, and hurries to the ground. He then runs to a flat stone, and begins to grind down the reptile head upon it, grinning and chattering with delight at the writhings and useless struggles of the tortured snake, and occasionally inspecting his work to see how it is progressing. When he has rubbed away the poor animal's jaws, so as to deprive it of its poison fangs, he holds great rejoicings over his helpless foe, and tossing it the young monkey, looks complacently at its destruction.

ALL THAT WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.—He was born in April, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, was the son of John Shakespeare, tradesman, and at the age of eighteen was married to Ann Hathaway, then twenty-six years old. In 1586 he went to London, and there became a player; in 1588 he was one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars' Theatre, and in 1595 was a prominent sharer in a large theatre called the Globe. He seems to have altered, mended, and added to the dramas of others before he wrote any himself. Between 1591 and 1613 he wrote over thirty plays, but the precise date of the composition it is impossible to fix.—About the year 1610 he retired permanently to Stratford. He died on the 23d of April, 1616. Such are the meagre results of a century of research into the external life of Shaspeare.

THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN KNOWLES. The steamship Fulton brought us news of the death of James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatic poet.—This is incorrect. The Sheridan Knowles referred to was a printer, engaged by the Russian government for the purpose of printing Russian paper money, and who was drowned while on his passage from Hull to Dronstadt by the wreck of the Arctic.—Spirit of the Times.

FOLLY OF PRIDE.—Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his bloody the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

A NEW SUGGESTION ABOUT THE POPE.—The idea of installing the Pope in Jerusalem has been broached by the French press. They say it is no further from Jerusalem to Jaffa, than from Rome to the seaport, Civita Vecchia; a railroad would place Jerusalem within one hour of the Mediterranean, and it would be nearly as convenient for the Catholic world as Rome is now. It would add also very much to the advance of Christianity in the East. The French army in Syria can easily take possession of Palestine if the Sultan should dare refuse a demand for it; in fact, they say it would be the easiest way to settle the Roman question.

DIED.—On Friday the 2d inst., at his residence near Fort Hudson, Mr. EUGENE A. SHERBURNE, in the 58th year of his age.

The deceased had long been afflicted with that torturing malady the gout, frequently complicated with that other scarcely less torturing malady, rheumatism. Mr. Sherburne was a most estimable man, and citizen, esteemed and respected by all. For several years he had been a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and gave hopeful evidence of being a child of God. Though sudden and fatal the stroke, we trust he was ready to depart and be with Christ. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." J. M. G.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—I. O. O. F. THE REGULAR weekly meeting of the Sub Lodge, No. 47, I. O. O. F. is held every THURSDAY EVENING at half past seven o'clock, at their Lodge Room on Main street, East of the Battery House. I. M. COLLIER, Secretary.

DR. D. L. McKITTRICK, SURGEON DENTIST. THIRD STREET, West side, second door north of Main street, Baton Rouge, La. Artificial Dentures inserted in the most approved style, and foreign performed strictly according to science.—All the modern improvements adopted. nov15

REMOVED.—DR. D. L. McKITTRICK, has removed to Third street, West side, second door, North of Main, nearly opposite the Advocate office. nov15

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT! KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE! THAT the largest and most select assortment of PLAIN and DECORATIVE PAPER HANGINGS ever brought to Baton Rouge, is now open for examination. Orders for PAINTING, GRAINING, GLAZING, GILDING, PAPER HANGING &c., solicited. nov14-1m. WILSON & HIGGINS, Main street, opposite A. Matta's.

E. GOURRIER, SURVEYOR AND CIVIL ENGINEER, BATON ROUGE, LA. WILL ATTEND to running out and establishing Lines, Levelling, laying out Canals and Levees, Draughting Plantation Maps, Architectural Design, Mechanical Inventions, &c. Nov. 14, 1860-7

REWARD.—A REWARD of \$10 will be paid for the arrest of a man calling himself John D. Morton, who left his house on Bayou Fochade, Parish of Point Coupee, on the 3d inst., on a small Brown Mule and riding a Spanish Paddle, with wings or Saps attached to the Stirrup-Leathers. Said Morton is a Scotchman, about 50 or 55 inches in height, of light complexion, sandy hair, decayed front teeth, and a late scar on one of his wrists. He worked about Baton Rouge, some four months since at a Saw Mill, where he got the cut on his wrist and afterward at unloading a Coat Box. Ten Dollars will be paid for his arrest and the same amount for recovery or information of the Mule that will lead to it. 1tda.1w. JOH. H. MOORE, Morganza, La.

IMPORTANT NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—DALSHEIMER, SIMON & CO'S. CORNER LAUREL AND THIRD STS. HAVING sold many of our Black and Fancy Silk Dress Patterns at our lately reduced prices, we would respectfully inform the Ladies of this city and vicinity, that we have still on hand a beautiful assortment of the latest style Italian and French Silks, which are now offering at great bargains. nov3

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!! LADIES in need of Shawls, would do well to call at our store and inspect our assortment in the line, which we sell at low prices, to compete with any firm in town. DALSHEIMER, SIMON & CO. Corner Laurel and Third Street. nov3

JOHN GASS, BARBER, CUPPER AND BLEEDER. I WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Baton Rouge and vicinity, that I am permanently located opposite Academy Hall, where I have opened a Barber Shop, I am bound at my Shop all hours when not otherwise engaged, and will promptly attend to Cupping and Bleeding. JOHN GASS. nov3

SEWING MACHINE NOTICE. PARTIES having the Sewing & Goodall Machines, are requested to send them to the new name fitted to it, it makes the machine work much easier. nov3

A CARD. HAVING entered into copartnership with Hold and Co. in the sale of the Baton Rouge New-hall & Co. I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the public patronage as liberally bestowed on me for the past five years, at the same time returning my sincere thanks to my friends for past favors. Respectfully, G. G. WILSON. Baton Rouge, Nov. 1, 1860.

THE undersigned have this day formed a copartnership under the name of WILSON & HIGGINS, for the purpose of carrying on the business of House, Sign and Decorative Painting, Wall Papering, etc. nov3-2w

CHAMPAGNE WINE.—An assortment just received and for sale by A. STEWART & CO. nov3

PURE TEN YEAR OLD BOURBON WHISKY.—Just received direct from Bourbon county, Ky. warranted pure and superior to anything in this market—For sale by A. STEWART & CO. nov3

NEW GOODS. LADIES in want of the following named goods, will do well by calling at the Baton Rouge Cheap Store. Just received a large stock of Ladies and Childrens' Bonnets at very low prices.—A large invoice of Corsets for \$1.00 worth \$1.75; East colored Prints from 25 cts. worth 35c; Louisiana Muslins 12 1/2 cts., worth 20c. A choice stock of Embroideries in lace, than most of importation, Hosiery, Gloves, Edgings, Inserting, etc., at reduced prices at the BATON ROUGE CHEAP STORE. A. Hess, Agent. nov3

NEW FLOUR. FOR a well selected stock of the various grades of Flour now manufactured, call at the Feed store of the undersigned. 150 Barrels of fresh ground and of various grades from the finest extra to superfine now on hand and for sale at its current market value. nov3

FRESH BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—Another fine lot just to hand and for sale in boxes and sacks. nov3

DIRECT IMPORTATION. NOW landing in New Orleans per Ship Carl from Bremen: 100 doz. Kid Gloves, 50 doz. French Garment Hats, 100 doz. Embroidered Collars, Bands, etc., 200 doz. Linen Handkerchiefs. The above Goods are in part of New Orleans, and will be opened as soon as they pass the Custom House. A. ROSEFIELD. nov3

REMOVAL OF R. HOFFMANN'S BOOT AND SHOE MAKER SHOP, TO THE OLD BATH OF P. GADDEVILLE ON LAUREL STREET. THANKFUL for the liberal patronage heretofore rendered from my friends, and the public generally, I beg leave to inform them, that I have removed my shoe shop, to the old stand of P. Gaddeville, on Laurel street, where an new and better prepared than ever to do work at short notice and at moderate prices, for the GASH. R. HOFFMANN. nov3-1m

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS. THE UNRIGHNED having just received a large supply of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, such as: FINE DRESS GOODS OF THE LATEST STYLES. Comprising FIGURED and PLAIN SILKS, and PAINTS, BELGIAN, BARBETTES, FRENCH, ENGLISH & AMERICAN PRINTS, MANTILLAS, SHAWLS, TRIMMINGS, of all kinds, RIBBONS, GLOVES, HOOP SKIRTS, ETC. Also, a large assortment of CLOTHING, such as, Men and Boys FINE CLOTH FROCK COATS, FALTOYS, OVEN COATS, FINE GLOVES, PAINTS AND YEC, ETC.

all kinds of gents Furnishing Goods HATS and CAPS; a large variety of New, Ladies, Misses and Childrens' BOOTS and SHOES, SADDLERY, etc., to which they call the attention of their friends and patrons, assuring them, that they will give them as good bargain in the run, as if they were to keep auction goods, and with a good face on a pinch, will make advances. oct12

HUDD & RHODES, Corner Africa St. Ferdinand Street, or accounts due, are notified that the same must be closed between this and the first December, 1860. H. & R.

TO THE PUBLIC. HAVING closed out my stock of goods, I return many thanks to the public for their kind patronage extended me while engaged in business, and would solicit for Mr. Henry Jones, who has purchased my stock of SHOES, the liberal patronage of my friends. nov3

From the 1st proximo I shall be connected with Frank Kugler, in the HARDWARE business, when I shall always be happy to see my friends and serve them with entire satisfaction. Respectfully, A. B. HUGGETT. oct12

BATON ROUGE BONNET STORE. MOTTO—Fit in Fashion, Cheapest in Price. Magnificent assortment of Bonnets and all the Novelties in the Millinery line. Ladies in the district and in the surrounding country are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. nov3

FANNIE T. O'CONNOR. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—NOVEMBER, 1860, Just received and for sale by J. McCOORMICK. oct12-2w

LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.—NOVEMBER, 1860, Just received and for sale by J. McCOORMICK. oct12-2w

THE PEOPLE'S STORE. SAVING MONEY! S. SCHMALINSKY & CO., Third Street, opposite the Bank. NEW STORE NEW GOODS!! THE SUBSCRIBERS respectfully invite the attention of the citizens of Baton Rouge and the people in general to their entire new and carefully selected assortment of wonderful cheap things, consisting in part of the following: Rich Flounced Silk Robes; Plain Silk Dresses; Checked Silk from 50 cents upward; Black Dress Silk all widths; Black Striped Silk, all of which will be sold at greatly reduced prices at the PEOPLE'S STORE, Third Street. oct11