

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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NUMBER 27

THE DISASTROUS COLLISION.

NARRATIVE OF A SURVIVOR.—I was a passenger on the Opelousas, Capt. Ellis, bound from Berwick Bay to Galveston. On the night of the 14th, about a quarter past 12 o'clock, I was awakened in my berth by a shock, as if the vessel was struck by lightning. I rushed on deck and found it crowded with passengers, all in the wildest state of excitement—the ladies screaming and the gentlemen running to and fro. The first consciousness I had of danger was hearing the mate and steward calling on the passengers to save themselves, as there were two life preservers in each state-room. I hastily made for the cabin to get a life preserver, but on reaching it found the water in it ankle deep. I hastily retraced my steps, and on reaching the deck again found the steamer sunk to her gunwales. The passengers then ran to the hurricane deck, but in about three minutes she had sunk to that deck. The scene of wild confusion and dismay which then presented itself beggars all description. The life boat was cut away and some fifteen or twenty jumped into her, and others jumped into one of the quarter boats, when both boats started for the Galveston, then some distance from the wreck. (At this time I did not see the Galveston and was totally unconscious of the cause of the disaster.) The life boat before reaching the Galveston was capsized, and several of the passengers sunk to rise no more. I held on to the stern of the Opelousas, and while in that position was joined by the second engineer. This officer had secured a plank, which enabled him to shove off from the wreck. I did not do so, believing the Opelousas was aground. In a few moments, however, the Opelousas, from the weight, snapped, and her machinery, broke in two and turned bottom upwards. Seeing the Galveston in the distance I struck out for her, and, after swimming, I think, about a quarter of a mile, was picked up by one of the Galveston's boats. Capt. Ellis, who was clinging to a pironage bottom, was also picked up at the same time. The first engineer, his wife, a man, whose name I do not recollect, two negro boys, and some others, I believe, being the last persons of the wreck, after she turned bottom upwards, until daylight when they were picked up. A Mexican, name not known, who had rescued a little boy, was also found on a morning holding on to a log, and himself and the boy are among the saved.

The mate of the steamer Jasper, Mr. Farlane, running to Sabine Pass, was one of the passengers of the Opelousas, and was rescued. He afterwards left the Galveston to endeavor to save some of the other passengers, and unfortunately perished in the attempt. From all the information I could obtain in the confused state of affairs, after I was saved, it appears that both boats being muffled full headway, the Galveston struck the Opelousas on her starboard side, a little forward of the wheel, cutting her nearly in two at a point where her machinery is, that the steam from her boilers soon filled her cabin, rendering it impossible to distinguish objects distinctly. The second mate of the Opelousas and the first mate of the Galveston were on watch on their respective boats at the time of the collision. Captain Washburn of the Galveston, was not in charge of the G. that trip, having left the boat in Galveston, on account of sickness. Capt. Smith, I understand, had in charge of the G. Captain Ellis asserts that he was in his right track, or course, when the collision took place. Immediately after the collision, Captain Ellis leaped on board the Galveston with a rope, for the purpose of making the latter boat fast to the wreck of the Opelousas, in order to save the passengers, but being unable to accomplish his purpose, he leaped back on the wreck.

The Galveston sank by the wreck during the night, and her officers and crew used every exertion to save those that were in the water. Their kindness and attention to the survivors, while on board the U. S. and until they were placed on board the Union, at the flats, outside of Berwick Bay, will long be remembered by them with gratitude. Officers and crew all saved, 25 in number.

KNOWN TO BE DEAD.—Gen. J. Hamilton, South Carolina. Judge John C. Callahan, New Orleans. A. J. Voorhies, Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Smith, mother and young lady, St. Louis. Miss Lucy Williams, Lavaca, Texas. C. W. Wilcox, Hardin county, Kentucky. Child of C. W. Wilcox, Kentucky. Miss Mary Pittman, Nashville, Tennessee. — McFarlane, late mate steamer Jasper. Two children of G. Williams, Columbia, Texas. Child of Mrs. Fouts, Buchanan county, Miss. August Mendish, Denton county, Texas. Dami, Navarro county, Texas. Negro girl belonging to Mrs. Harshberger. Negro boy, 24 cook on Opelousas. THINGS IN NEW YORK.—New York, November 19. "Horror on horror's head accumulated." Hardly have we recovered from the shock occasioned by the horrible and mysterious assassination of the man Vincent, in Wall-street, that we are startled by the announcement that another man has been slaughtered, and two others in the same house—257 Water street—so awfully cut that neither of them can probably survive. Read the particulars as they are given in the papers, and say if we are not getting to be worse even than Venice, in the days of the Braccos. Another shocking and cold-blooded murder was perpetrated, between one and two o'clock yesterday morning. The scene of the tragedy was in a dance house kept by a man named Mark Drosell. Two men, who appeared to be Spanish sailors, went into the place shortly after one o'clock, and commenced a dispute with one of the girls of the house, and presently drew their knives. A man, whose name was afterwards ascertained

I Have Lost my Way.

"I have lost my way," a little girl said to me this morning. She had wandered too far from her father's house. "I want to go home," the child said, and her tears fell thick and fast upon her little hands. I led the little lost one home; and it was sweet to witness the rejoicing of the parents of the restored lamb. I have lost my way, I repeated sadly to myself, in these deep labyrinthine paths; my feet wander in strange paths; the fruit which I had so fondly coveted, like the apples of Sodom, turned to ashes on my lips; memories of my glad, prayerful childhood, comes sweeping over my soul; I have left my Father's house, and I too, want to go home.

God has made the parent a type of his own infinite love; and if an earthly father can say, "It was meet that we should be merry and be glad, for this my son was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found," how much more will our heavenly Father welcome the wanderer's return to his protecting love! The sweetest tears shed are those of penitence. Some of the noblest steps trod are those which return from wanderings. A greater than a father's love waits to embrace the prodigal.

Does Sunshine tend to Extinguish Fire?

The common opinion that the sun shining on a fire tends to extinguish it, and that consequently the embers must be shaded, if we would preserve them alive in a fireplace, was made the subject of experiment in the year 1825, by Dr. Thomas McKeever of England, and the results seemed to show a real foundation for the opinion that solar light does actually retard the process of combustion. These results were copied by the contemporary scientific journals, and even the great German chemist, Leopold Guelin, in his "Handbook of Chemistry," attributes Dr. McKeever's conclusions, without expressing any misgivings in relation to their accuracy. Sunshine is an agent which is certainly capable of producing very remarkable effects; but the disagreement of this with other facts, has recently led Dr. John LeConte, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the South Carolina College, to repeat the experiments of McKeever, but using greater care, and the results obtained, as detailed by him at the late meeting at Montreal, tend to overturn the idea, and prove that light has no influence whatever on the rate of combustion.

The fire employed in both the sets of experiments was simply a wax candle. McKeever found it to burn about twelve per cent. faster in the dark; but LeConte finds the light of the sun, even when concentrated by a large lens, produces no effect except by heating. At the air in the dark is heated to the same extent, and the air in each case he kept equally quiet, the candle burns at precisely the same rate. McKeever's experiments indicated that the candle burned from five to eleven per cent. faster in the dark than in a common sunbeam. He supposed that the common rays exerted a deoxidizing power, which, to some extent, interfered with the rapid oxidation of the combustible matter, and by trying the candle in different parts of the colored spectrum—produced by decomposing a ray of light in passing it through a prism—his experiments appeared to indicate that a "paper burned more rapidly in the red than in the violet extremity of the solar spectrum."

The whole subject, says the Scientific American, cannot as yet be considered definitely settled, as the recent paper is regarded as merely preliminary to a more thorough experimental investigation which Dr. LeConte proposes to undertake during the next twelve months. It is obvious that these researches have a practical bearing.

Fire-proof Wood.

The French are a curious people in more ways than one; and among the various channels through which they gain renown is by their startling discoveries. M. Carteron, a French chemist, is reported to have discovered a chemical agent in the shape of a new salt, which, by being mixed with paint and laid on a plank, renders it fire-proof. An experiment has been made at Neuilly, where a small theatre was built of wood, which had this salt applied to it. The boxes on the inside and the scenery had also been painted with it. In order to render the experiment more conclusive, the wood was sprinkled over with spirits of turpentine. A light was applied, and the whole place was soon in a blaze and burnt furiously, but when the flames had gone out, it was found that not a single part to which the invention had been applied was in the slightest way injured.

Influence of Good Manners.

It is a fact, that the success which Aaron Burr achieved in politics, up to the hour when he betrayed his party in the great contest of 1801, arose chiefly from his inimitable address, his knowledge of human nature, and his infinite tact in conversation. Nor is he the only man who has distinguished able competitors by his suavity of manner. Talleyrand was as famous for his captivating quality in the last generation, as Chesterfield was in that of our great-grandfathers, or Marlborough in that of Queen Anne. Wherever this advantage of manner is possessed, it renders its fortunate owner popular, and often even idolized. The politician who enjoys it easily distances all other candidates for every voter he

FAILURE OF THE CHINESE AND AFRICAN SUGAR MILLET (SORGHUM SACCHARATUM) TO PRODUCE SUGAR.

Mr. Edroog: With the permission of Ex-Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, I send to you, for publication, the following extracts from two letters recently received from him. From these, in addition to all other known and recent testimony, I deem that there can remain no longer any doubt of the impossibility of obtaining sugar, to any useful end, from the juice of either the Chinese or the African Sugar Millet. Gov. Hammond had sown these on a large scale—on more than 100 acres—embracing 15 or more of the African varieties. Every proper care was taken for the culture—and a fine crop was raised. No proper expense was spared for the machinery, &c., for grinding the cane and boiling juice. The results are stated in his letters.

But though in contradiction to former general expectation, and to much prior and particular evidence, it seems that sugar cannot be produced from these plants, that conclusion, in my opinion, detracts but little from their value for this region. There is no doubt that excellent syrup may be made, even by very rude means and methods—and, by proper means, probably in profitable quantity, for general home consumption. This is enough for us. Also, the feeding value of the green plants is of much importance. Even when I formerly gave credence to the many assertions that sugar could be made, I did not then suppose that the practical operation could be profitable here, or cheap as to buy the sugar made from sugar cane in hot climates. I hope that numerous experiments and fair trial will be made of the Sugar Millet, and of all its varieties, so that the true general value, and the most productive kinds may be known.

EDMUND RUFFIN.

RICHMOND, S. C., Oct. 15th, 1857.

My Dear Sir:—I got my new wheel made, and started my mill again on 24 October. But Mr. Wray, who was absent and unwell, did not commence his experiments until the 6th October. He did not try my battery, but used his little apparatus, with steam evaporation. He selected his canes, and had what juice he wanted, and made I don't know how many boilings during that and the next four days. The juice was good—standing several days to 10 deg. Beaume. But neither by his patented nor any other process could he make Sugar from his Impure. He has brought up some syrup which he thinks will gran yet. I don't think it will, or that sugar can be made from either the Impure or the Chinese cane. I dare say both of them have a small portion of cane sugar in them, but I fear not enough to be worth looking after. If the saccharine matter indicated by 10 deg. Beaume were pure sugar, this plant would be far superior to the sugar cane. But I give it up for sugar purposes. The Impure, as you saw, is a larger growth than the Chinese cane, but from all that I have seen or heard, I would [not] like to say that any variety of it is superior to the Chinese.

Important to Snake Fanciers.

Dr. Alfred H. White, writing from Lynchville, Tennessee, says:—In 1852 I dissected the head of a large rattlesnake, and to keep from being wounded he accidently extracted the two fangs, and proceeded to examine every tissue, when I found another fang, as large as the one I extracted; close by its side I found another, varying in size; when I was surprised again by finding others, amounting to fourteen—all getting smaller and smaller, and all possessing the same characteristics as the original fang. The opposite side corresponded in every particular, excepting there were fifteen. Most persons in getting the rattlesnake generally extract the fangs that are visible, and do not seem to be aware of the ultimate danger of so horrible a serpent.

Death of a Great Millionaire.

The London Times, of the 21st inst., contains a long biographical notice of one of the meridian princes of the great metropolis, who has had most extensive relations with this country. Mr. James Morrison, the eminent millionaire in question, died at his seat, Basildon Park, on the 20th ult., aged 68, and worth \$900,000, a considerable portion of which, it is stated by the Times, is invested in the United States, and so well invested, too, that it suffers no diminution by the present commercial difficulties. We believe that it was Mr. Morrison who had a suit with the Dry Dock Bank in this city, some years since. He went to London a poor boy, and laid the foundation of his great future by engaging in the dry goods trade, in which he was the first to introduce the principle of selling at a small profit to increase the amount of his sales. He afterwards invested largely in lands, and owned large estates in several English counties and also in Scotland. He was many years in Parliament; and was always a liberal in politics; he was an ardent work on the Defects of the English System of Railway Legislation, and in 1848 a volume was published by Longman containing a selection from his parliamentary speeches. He was a self-educated man, but he possessed a refined taste in literature and art, and had collected a remarkably rich library and a noble gallery of paintings. He was one of the nobles of England who inherited neither a name nor a fortune, nor was indebted for any of his distinctions to the crown or the people.—N. Y. Times.

Warning to Snuff Dippers.

Warning to Snuff Dippers.—A beautiful and accomplished young lady, of New York, died suddenly from the effects of the pernicious and disgusting practice of snuff dipping. She had become so addicted to the habit that her lungs were literally stopped up with the vile compound, and respiration being stopped, death ensued. Let snuff dippers make a note.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

These Liquors have no Streptococcus in them. The only way to prove this is to try them. The above poetical couplet occurs in the advertisement of a liquor seller residing not an hundred miles from this place. We have seldom met with anything so rare either in Poetry or whiskey. It is virtually saying to the consumer: certain liquors have the deadly poison, streptococcus, in them—mine has not, and if you are disposed to doubt my assertion, why, just "try them," and if they don't kill you outright you will have the assurance that I spoke the truth; but if they should happen to injure you seriously, or kill you, forthwith, then you may very reasonably conclude that I advertised falsely. This is certainly the last way to raise the wind to secure custom. We have sometimes heard about "the proof of the pudding," being the act of mistaking the reticule in which it was boiled, and this "trying" of poison liquors to see whether they really are poisonous or not, must be an improved version of the old adage. Walk up tippers and try a few glasses just to see whether it will kill you or not—satisfy yourselves upon this point—the only way to prove this is to try them!—Spirit of the Day.

The Virginia Conductor.

The Virginia Conductor, alluding to the late State Fair at Richmond, says: At the last exhibition was enacted a scene of bloodshed. The knife was plunged into the heart of a human being. We do not know that either of the parties was drunk or under the influence of liquor; but the killing occurred just where it might be expected—in one of the booths, where liquor was a great attraction than food. The killed man (J. C. Haley) was the bar-keeper. We knew him well; he was once a zealous Son of Temperance, and abandoned our Order to make a living, as he said, for his family by selling liquor. His living has cost him his life. We have known a number who have left the Sons of Temperance and gone to selling liquor for a living, and ruin has befallen every one that we can now call to mind. It is a perilous undertaking.—Spirit of the Age.

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Mr. Finnefrock, an Ohio political stumpster, while making a high flown speech recently, paused in the midst of it, and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partly closed, modestly, with Scotch brogue, said: Mr. Finnefrock, I think, if I do, indeed, sir; I think that if you and I would stump the county together, we could tell more lies than any other two men in the county, sir; and I'd not say a word myself all the time, sir!"

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The Mobile Register of Sunday says, in addition to the four hundred emigrants who embarked with Gen. Walker yesterday morning on board the Fashion, for Nicaragua, we understand that about three hundred and fifty have gone from other parts of the United States on sailing vessels, thus making the total between seven and eight hundred men, well provisioned and prepared to meet the hardships of a promising expedition.

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Short Supply of Cotton Goods.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, of the 16th, says: "A leading cotton manufacturer of this county says there is not a three months supply of cotton goods in the country. If this be true, the mills must soon resume work, or prices will rapidly advance before spring." Let them resume—the unemployed will have no objection.

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THE VIRGINIA CONDUCTOR.

Forty-Six States.—Would any one believe, without looking into it, that we are in a far way of carrying the number of sovereign States, originally thirteen, and now thirty-one, up to forty-seven? But so it is. In the first place there are Oregon, Kansas and Minnesota, whose constitutions are already formed or forming. It is hoped that they will be admitted the coming winter, making the members of the confederacy thirty-four. Then New Mexico, Nebraska and Washington, already thriving territories, will swell the aggregate to thirty-seven. Four new States to be carved out of Texas, according to provisions in the treaty of Gadsden, will give us forty-one. Two additional States demanded from the area now included in California, would make forty-three. Arizona, Nevada, Dakota and Columbia territories carry us up to forty-six and lovely Utah will be the forty-seventh.—Boston Journal.

SUNDAY CORN.

An American infidel, boasting in a letter that he had raised two acres of "Sunday corn," which he intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds, "All the work done on it was done on Sunday, and it will yield some corn to the birds of the air, so I don't see but that Nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work, however the priests or the Bible may say that work done on that day never prospers. My corn tells another story." To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies, "If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he has the works of his opponent, he would have known that the great Ruler of the universe does not always square up his accounts with mankind in the month of October.

THE VALUE OF INDIAN CORN.

For the following interesting information in regard to this little unlooked kind of food, we are indebted to Hunt's Merchants' Magazine: "By those who do not know, or are too scientific to profit by the experience of nations of men and herds of fat cattle, Indian corn, rice, buckwheat, &c. are only considered 'good food.' Looking states that were we to go naked as the Indians are, we should be subject to the same degree of cold as the Scandinavians, who are able to consume the half of a calf's tallow candles at a single meal. During excessive fatigue in low temperature, wheat flour fails to sustain the system. This is owing to a deficiency in the elements necessary to supply animal heat, and the strong desire for oleaginous substances, under these circumstances, has led to the belief that animal food is necessary for human support. But late scientific experiments, and a better acquaintance with the habits of the North American Indians, have shown that a vegetable oil answers the same purpose as animal food; for one pound of parched Indian corn, or an equal quantity of corn meal, made into bread, is more than equivalent to two pounds of fat meat.

Meal from Indian corn contains more than four times as much oleaginous matter as wheat flour, more starch, and consequently capable of producing more sugar and consequently less gluten, in other important elements, besides it contains nearly as much nitrogenous material. The combination of albuminous compounds in Indian corn, renders it alone the most extraordinary circumstances. In it, there is a natural coalescence of elementary principles which constitute the basis of organic life, that exists in no other vegetable production. In ultimate composition, in nutritional properties, in digestibility, and in its adaptation to the varied necessities of animal life in the different climates of the earth, corn meal is capable of supplying more of the absolute wants of the adult human system than any other single substance in nature."

A Good Example.—Let Others Follow.

The Superintendent of the Southwestern Railroad, says the Macon (Geo.) Telegraph, has ordered his supply of negro clothes to be made of the cotton from the Houston County Factory, (Tooke's Mill Georgia Cotton, Georgia Wool and Georgia Mills). They are to be cut by a Georgia tailor, and given out to be made up by seamstresses in Macon; thus distributing more than a thousand dollars at home, instead of going to the North. This is the true way to achieve Southern independence, and particularly in these hard times. Let all our Southern people follow this wise and liberal policy. You deserve credit Mr. Adams.

Resisting up Spirits.

The Eastern (Pa.) Argus mentions an incident of an old gentleman recently deceased in Lehigh county, who had been suspected of having considerable money in his house, although no one knew the amount. On examining the premises after his death no less than eleven thousand dollars were found in specie, which he had doubtless been saving and concealing for many years.

A San Francisco correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch writes as follows:

"By the way, speaking of elections, our last one exhibited, in a strong degree, the love of power, felt by some men. The Black Republicans, not having a man from their own section whom they could trust for Governor, or else manifesting in death their love of renegades, (as in Fremont Convention,) cast their eyes around for a fit subject on whom to cast their suffrages, and lit on the Hon. Ed. Stanly, late M. C. from North Carolina. Mr. Stanly jumped at the bait; and though, as he avowed, he traveled 6,000 miles to California to escape office, we now find him chasing this office of Governor all over the State, with all the avidity of one who has tasted its sweets. Although inexperienced in Black Republican electioneering, Mr. Stanly had good examples, and being an old scholar, he learned very fast; and before the close of the campaign he could denounce "Southern chivalry," "F. F. V.," "Southern office holding," and "office seeking," with all the grace of a Sumner, a Seward, or a Greeley. But, alas! for his hope of a traitor's to-fortify, his name, which, for a little while illumined the columns of a few obscure papers, is now never heard; nor will be again in connection with any office of honor. The "chivalry" served him pretty much in the way they are accustomed to serve Abolitionists, viz: Almost annihilated him; Weller, (Dem.) as you have seen beating both his competitors by a large majority, and Bowie, American, running within a few votes of Stanly, although not nominated till within a week or two before the election, and thousands not voting for him because they thought he had no chance; so you will see that Black Republicanism, which never had much hold here, has had its death knell sounded. So perished Mr. Stanly's hopes, and so perish the hopes of every member of that traitorous sectional party."

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