The Sentinel.

CLEARSPRING, MD., DECEMBER 15, 1849.

PAINFUL.—On the 13th of October, last, we had the painful duty of announcing the death of the REV. JEREMIAH MASON, Sen. On the 17th of November, we announced the nuptials of Mr. Jeremiah Mason, Jr., to Miss Reitzell; and to day, we are called upon to register the death of young Mr. Mason. On last Wednesday week, he, together with his young bride went on a visit about 8 miles to see a brother, & was taken sick, and on the following Tuesday evening (the 11th) he breathed his last. Thus, within the space of a fraction over two months, death has robbed the family mansion of a venerable sire and a promising son and husband. Thus after the brief space of a few weeks, the joyous marriage nuptials are shrowded with morning, grief and sorrow.

How plainly it depicts the absurdness of trusting to this world, for happiness, fleeting character. How often is it, that in the midst of our highest expectations, the cold and icy hand of death seizes us as his victim, and our souls are hurried away to the Spirit Land. We know not what a day may bring forth—then how important is it, that we *live for* eternity. The addage of the statesman is, "*in time of peace prepare for war*."—The language of every rational man and woman should be, IN TIME OF LIFE, PREPARE FOR DEATH, for we know not the day nor hour wherein the son of Man shall call us to our final account. Let the dispensation above teach us the frailty of our bodies, and the importance of a preparation for our exit from off the stage of action.

Mr. Mason was one of our most honorable merchants, and his loss will be seriously felt by the community, as well as his numerous friends.

The remains of the deceased was interred in the burying ground attached to the M. P. Church. The Rev. T. D. Valiant preached an appropriate discourse from James 4 chap and 14 verse. The concourse of people was large, and when the congregation marched in single file by the corpse so as to take a final view of it, the scene was truly solemn and imposing.

THE MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN.—This has been received. It is the organ of the Sons of Temperance for the State of Maryland. It is published in Baltimore by P. G. W. P. James Young. We are personally acquainted with Bro. Young, and can truly say a more noble hearted, and true Son of Temperance, never lived. We bid him god-speed in his praise worthy undertaking. All sons who may wish to take a temperance paper, we advise to send for the "Fountain." We shall always look for its visits with delight.

THE CROSS MAIL.—We have forwarded the petition to our Representative in Congress, the HON. WM. T. HAMILTON, and have no doubt he will use every exertion to bring the matter to a happy issue.

☞ We have been applied to, to get up a petition for an extention of the route from Mercersburg to Loudon, but we think we have performed our part of the duty. We respectfully refer that part to the Editor of the Journal. We will aid in the effort. Send us a petition.

CUBA.—General Lopez, together with three other individuals have taken up their abode at Washington, D. C., in order that they may be enabled to serve as a corresponding committee with a view to concert with the thousands of noble spirits who, in all sections of the Union, sigh ta beholding the slavery and sufferings of Cuba, and long to contribute any aid honorably and legitimately in their power to her relief.

☞ A woman applied to one of the guardians for admission to the Poor House, in Washington City, D. C., last week.

The request was granted. When the pauper was stripped by the attendants, to be washed, a belt was discovered on her person, and, on opening it, money to the amount of more than $2,000 was counted. The rich beggar was not allowed to remain in the asylum.

Arrival of the Steamer Europa.

The Steamer Europa arrived at Boston on the 9th inst., with seven days later news from Europe.

Breadstuffs were dull and in limited demand.

In a political point of veiw the news does not possess much interest.

Affairs in France, Rome, China, Turkey and Hungary, appear to present a [illegible]re peaceably aspect.

Letters from California.

We have been favored the privilege and gratification of reading two letters which were received in this place on Tuesday last, dated Sacramento City, Sept. 22d, 1849. The letter from Mr. Charles E. Cunningham, to his lady Mrs. E. Cunningham, is very lengthy, it having been kept as a journal. We extract the following items, promiscuously, from the letter. They buried on the route a young man named Joseph C. Young. At times during the journey, they could see from three to four hundred wagons at a time. They also saw great numbers of Antelopes, but owing to their desire to prosecute their journey, they did not lose time by following them. At the Crossings of the Platte, they came across a large encampment of well armed and mounted Sioux Indians, numbering about *fifteen hundred*. He says:

"Some of the Squaws were good looking, and rode in the same manner as the men. One in particular was very pretty. She was about 10 years old, the daughter of the Chief, (Bill Tail) and decidedly the most graceful creature I ever saw. She was always accompanied by a good looking young Indian, who I supposed was her lord anp master, and I asked her by signs if such was the case—it seemed to please her amazingly, much to his chagrin; so I suppose he was one of those unfortunate individuals, known as rejected lovers. She was decidedly the most Coquettish little creature I have ever seen."

They had to pull their wagons across the Platte (a mile wide) with their hands, as the bottom was sandy, and gave way under the feet of the mules. The water being very swift, it was the hardest day's work they had ever done. After crossing the Platte they had got into the Buffalo country, but the Emigration had scared them off. They traded with the Indians however, for Buffalo meat. The Indians appeared friendly, but whenever any of the Emigrants strayed away from the trains, they were never heard of again, and were no doubt murdered for their guns and clothing. A number of Emigrants were shot on the journey by the careless use of fire-arms. A number got drowned in crossing the Platte. He states that that part of the road was now lined with dead stock, and that the stench therefrom was dreadful. They laid over at Big Sandy on Sunday and a Pres: Ox-train preached, and it was truly "The voice of one crying in the wilderness." In attempting to swim across Thomas' fork of Bear River, the youngest member of their company, named Milton, was drowned. He was a favorite with the whole company. His body was recovered and decently interred.

A few days after this they came to the noted Soda Springs. He says:

"It is almost useless for us to attempt a discription of these; there are curiosities enough here to keep one looking at it for several days. The whole surface of the earth shows evident signs of volcanic eruptions, and in one place I observed a crater in partial action—we could see no fire, but a great heat escaped and would almost stifle any one, who went too close. The water is delightful when mixed like soda water. We had no syrup, but used sugar instead, and vinegar for acid. I thought it as good as any soda water I had ever drank. We also got a little Brandy and had some spiked pop. There are a number of springs here of different temperatures, from icy cold to a few degrees above milk warm. One is called the "Steam-Boat Spring." It sounds exactly like a Steamboat. One can hear the large boiler and also the escape pipes. It throws the water up about 2 feet, and is a little above milk warm, and is poisonous to stock, but very good for man, and makes delightful bread without any thing else but flour and salt. We made up a large quantity here to last us several days."

They then left the Bear River, & struck off for Ft. Hall, a fort of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, under the command of Col. Grant, an Englishman. Here they found some of the handsomest Durham Cows they had ever seen, but owing to the number of Emigrants before them, could not get milk. In Warm Spring valley they met a pedlar with '*Brandy*' painted in large letters on the wagon cover. He sold it at $8, per gallon, and well watered at that. Quite a number of the Company got tipsy here. From thence they got fairly into the Desert Basin. He says:

"I do not think this country was ever wet by a rain. The greatest portion of this basin you travel on the banks of Mary's river, or Humboldt's, as some call it. You follow this about 300 miles, and in that distance I think the river runs 1500 it is so very crooked. For the first 150 miles of this river, we found the grass good and we lived (our mess particularly) sumptuously on Jack rabbits, and Sage hens, and now and then a fawn of the black tail deer. The Jack rabbits are about as large as our white rabbits in Allegany, and have very long ears—the Sage Hens are about the size of our tame chickens, but more like Guinea Fowls. They are delightful, and I expect what are called the black cock, in Scotland."

The desert is 65 miles across, and has no grass.

"The only water on the route is the Boiling Spring, at which we stayed a few hours. The water of this spring, or rather springs (for there are a number) is boiling hot. Bryant had said if you cool it, it was good to drink, and consequently we cooled a quanitiy for our mules—it had a very unpleasant taste, but we made tea and coffee of it and boiled our meat in the spring much sooner than we could have done on a fire. The place around was very disgusting; owing to the dead cattle lying around, but we had become used to such things.—Next day we were nearly all sick from the effects of the water, and a good many mules in the same predicament. The road was literally crowded in this stretch with dead cattle, sometimes two in a yoke. A good many got loose from their owners, and as they were thirsty, were scalded to death in the hot springs. Several men were also badly scalded, so I understood, by falling into the spring."

In speaking of Trucker river, he says: 'for a more beautiful stream I never saw. It is as clear as crystal, and very rapid. I believe I drank a gallon the first hitch.' They followed up this river about 70 miles to within 5 miles of the Sierra Navada mountain. In this distance they had to cross the stream 40 times, he says:

"The crossings are very difficult, as the bottom is composed of large round stones, and the currrent so swift, that a mule can hardly breast it. Now comes the amusing part. At almost every ford some one would get a fall, and in some cases the mule would wash completely over them. It was amusing to see them get up puffing and blowing. As we progressed up this stream the timber increased, until it got to be the most beautiful pine forest I had ever seen. There were several kinds of pine, at the head of which stands the Fir and Arbor Vitæ. The Fir is something like our spruce. These trees were sometimes 300 feet high and 6 feet through. The

After passing the cabin where the unfortunate Donnor party was killed and eaten by the Indians. They even sawed open the skull and broke the bones so as to get the brains and marrow to eat. After passing Johnson's settlement they killed a fine cow &c., and he says;

"We were now fairly in California, and had passed several of the smaller diggins. We found things had entirely changed since we had heard from here, and instead of San Francisco being the only town of importance, they were springing up at a number of places along the river, and in business parts of the country. Several of these had arrived at considerable importance. Among these Sacramento, Stockton and Vernon were of the most importance. The Country from Johnson's branch to Sacramento City is a large plain dotted in places with white oak groves.—This plain affords pasturage for large herds of wild horses and cattle, most of which are claimed by the different rancheros, and also to innumerable numbers of Elk and Antelopes, but they are hunted a good deal and are very timid. The Country is beautiful, and the climate the most delightful which can be imagined."

"I shall not pretend to give an idea of what one is likely to make here, as I have not seen enough yet to justify an opinion. I have only seen a few at work, and those in the most indifferent mines; and moreover you could not believe any thing they tell you here, unless they happen to be particular acquaintances. But from what I saw, I must confess, I was not disappointed in my expectations. I washed about half an hour with our bread pan and got what the Doctor thought was about $2.50. If such is the case, I am perfectly satisfied. However it is impossible from the little I have seen, to give any opinion. As to the route across the plains, I think it is a very laborious trip, and now a very dangerous one. As I said before, it has never been so heretofore, as only a few ever attempted to cross at a time, and there was always grass enough for their use; but this year the suffering will be immense."

After stating that it is probable that much suffering will be endured by the Emigrants behind, he says, the night before he wrote, $100,000 and 500 mules was voted to a company to meet Emigrants, and help them through.

He says, labor is from $12 to $16 a day. Some men in business in the city (at surveying) get $500 per day. Hay is worth from $90 to $120 per ton, Flour 40 cts per lb., Bacon 60 cts, Sal Aeratus $12 lb., molasses $4 per gal., Soap $2 lb., Beef on the hoof $30 per head, when killed $130. Price of slaughtering $100.

"I understand a great many are returning home. But they are mostly those who came here not expecting to work, but live on their wits. This is a thing almost impossible here. These and those who have become low spirited in getting here (and they are many) make up the greatest portion of those who are returning. As yet I would not advise any of my friends at home either to come or stay: but I am in hopes before long to be able to give you an opinion."

"Sacramento City is built on the river about 5 miles below Sutter's Fort, and vessels of a large size are able to come up. It is a place containing about 6,000 inhabitants, and there is no estimating the amount of money. It is actually in piles on the docks. Business is carried on, on a very large scale; and strange to relate, the houses are all built of canvass, or as one of our men said when he came back from his first visit, "it is a town done up in rags." With a pen knife a man could cut his way into the largest houses in a minute; but this would be of no use, as the goods are laying about in all directions in the street, and yet nothing is ever stolen—indeed it is impossible to hear of a single theft. This is different from the expectations of most of us who came here. Fire-arms are now thrown about in all directions, and are of no value at all. Our Company have never fired a gun at an Indian on the trip, and were only called out once to repel an attack, that was on South Platte, late one evening. The Guard reported Indians crossing the river in force, in the direction of our mules. We all got out guns and commenced crawling down to the bank, when the Indians were discovered to be a herd of Elk, which were frightened back by such violent demonstrations. It is impossible in the short space of time I have to write, to give you an account of our trip, even if I could recollect it at this length of time. We were continually meeting with some laughable occurrence.—Once on Sweetwater river a mule team belonging to a St. Louis train had been stalled in a mud hole, for almost an hour. The men had become tired out pushing at the wagon and whipping the mules; but it was reserved for us to set the laughing and hooping attracted the attention of a small fice dog in the train, which ran up barking, and laid hold of one the leader's feet. This started the mules which jerked the wagon out of the mud and ran off with it; and the men, who were almost distracting with laughter, could hardly stop them. In Warm Spring valley there is a spring almost boiling hot, but it looks very pretty, and men are often induced take a drink. As it is a very dry part of the road, and every one is anything but thirsty they get to it. This seemed to be the case with a large dog belonging to an Ox team. He ran up and rushed in knee deep; but did not take time to drink, before he ran out and retreated 30 or 40 yards, and it was amusing to see the surprised manner with which he turned to look at the spring. This second inspection did not seem to please him more than the first; for he put his tail down and rolled off at a killing gait. I saw in another place, a thing which at the time did not seem so laughable. A man and his wife had bought a wagon, and out fit to start at St. Joe; but instead of getting oxen, had join'd with another man who had furnished the team. About half way through, they either quarrelled, or he had advantageous offers made him for his team by other Companies—for he took his team loose from the wagon, and left it standing in the road, and the man and his wife in a most deplorable condition. The St. Louis Company brought them across.

The two most singular things I noticed on the plains, were these: A ball shot from a rifle, whistles from the time it leaves the muzzle, and you can hear it until it falls. This is entirely different from what we are accustomed at home, where the man who shoots never hears the ball whistle again. One unaccustomed to the Plains, can form no estimate of distance. One hundred yards does not look more nearly as much as at home On the first part of the trip, one could see persons shooting at birds, and thought he could easily hit them; but after firing a dozen times, he concluded he could not. Birds are not near as shy as those at home. Woodpeckers are black, with red wings—Partridges are the color of Pea Fowls about the neck—Cranes are white and brown—these last are very large. Doves and Crows and some few others resemble those at home. An Elk looks like a mule. They are smaller in body, but heavier horned; and instead of a white tail have a rat tail with a tuft of black hair on the end. Wolves are of all descriptions, and so impudent that they will eat things within a few feet off from one at night. No one molests them, unless they are too noisy in which case they are apt to get a pistol ball through them. But the most astonishing thing I have yet seen, is the manner in which the Rancheros throw the lasso. I have seen them catch horses at full speed (after chasing them some time) more than 25 yards from them. The moment the lasso leaves the hand, the horse he rides, braces himself to hold; and in many cases if he did not, both he and his rider would be thrown down, by the concussion.

P. S. The extracts we made from the other letter, addressed to Mr. J. S. Firey, from his brother, Dr. W. Firey, are crowded out. They substantiate the facts advanced in Mr. Cunningham's letter. We were compelled to omit many pleasing incidents in Mr. C's., letter owing to the crowded state of our columns.

☞ We learn from the Westminster Carrolltonian that by the returns of Mr. Carson, a member of Capt Orrick's company, Rev. Isaac Webster received an interesting letter from his son Joseph, dated at San Francisco, September 28.—The dysentery prevailed to a considerable extent, and the deaths in the city averaged twenty per week. Numbers have "seen the elephant" to their heart's content and are leaving the country.—Capt. Orrick's company has determined not to go to the mines, believing that more money can be realized by chopping and selling wood, which is worth $30 per cord, and was believed, would raise to $50 during the winter. Cabbage is selling at $1 per head, onions per pound, 75 cents; potatoes, 37½c; tomatoes, 75c; eggs, $5 per doz.; butter, $3 per lb; milk, $1 a pint, and every thing else at a rate corresponding with the high prices quoted. About $15 worth of gold dust was sent in a small vial with the letters which had been picked up in the city. The company has realized about $5,000 above expenses, and all were in good spirits.

☞ The Enigma by "B. W." is inaccurate, and awaits the Author's revision.

We shall shortly answer the letters of "A. G. G.," and "R. W."

The merry sleigh bells are jingling.

One Month later From California.

The Steamer Crescent City arrived at New York on Friday the 7th inst. She brings *One Million, two hundred and fifty thousand Dollars* in Gold. There was fear of a famine, as the great influx of overland emigrants had served to eat up all the provisions in the Market. The only hope to prevent famine, was in timely arrivals of vessels. The price of Flour had advanced 100 per cent.

Gold was being extracted more abundantly than ever. New discoveries were being made daily, and many parties had started to explore the higher branches of the streams.

GENERAL ITEMS.—The number of arrivals in California, from Europe and the United States, was progressing with much spirit. There were at least 100 British vessels in the harbor of San Francisco on the 1st of November.

The town of San Francisco numbered in population at least 30,000, and the number of persons at the mines is confidently set down at 80,000 persons.

It is reported that the cholera is carrying off from twelve to fifteen persons daily at Mazatlan.

RETURNING EMIGRANTS.—Passengers sufficient to fill the next two steamers, besides several large sailing vessels, were awaiting passage on the departure of the California. The discouraging reports brought by the California's paseengers, with the more undeniable evidence in the haggard looks and wasted frames of many unfortunates, has induced many on the isthmus to take the back track. Several passengers return on the Crescent City and Ohio.

THE OVERLAND IMMIGRATION.—The main body of immigrants are daily arriving, and a Rough and Ready, tough and ready, set of men they are. Numbers of them are at Weaver's Creek, Dry Diggings and Weaverville; strike their picks as soon as they reached the promised land, and from the word "Go," fall to like so many hyenas. Some trusty members of their company are dispatched to Sacramenta city with wagons and pack mules, and others proceed to San Francisco.

The immigrants from the Western and South-Western States will make far better miners than our Nothern and Western men. They are far more inured to toil, and the arduous journey over the plains has in a measure broken them into the traces. The main ranks of the emigration had turned the sink of Mary's river at last accounts, and the relief trains, sent out by order of Gov. Smith, were already in their midst. The fact of some of the immigrant trains having left the beaten track and sought some half dozen new routes, will render Gov. Smith's praiseworthy efforts nugatory.

Still those who have verged from the main route have found in the main road pasture for their stock, and those who have taken the most northerly or *Lawton Route*, leading into the Oregon route near the Sacramento, have all come in well, although they represent the distance some five hundred miles further.

Heretofore, politics has not been agitated; but owing to a movement recently made by a mass meeting, reviving extreme political distinctions, many persons have abandoned their business pursuits, and do nothing but talk of politics.

This heated state of public feeling is confined almost exclusively to the district of San Francisco. The mass meeting of the friends of T. Butler King, held in this city on the 23d instant, was a firebrand thrown in the magazine—a step from which the democratical portion of this community dissented, and the following day an appeal to the party was made and answered by a strong demonstration.

This meeting of upwards of 1,800 adherents to the democratic party, after preliminary measures for organization adjourned, and on the 26th inst., assembled again, appointed a day for the election by ballot of a committee to decide party nominations.

The issue of the approaching election may be determined in this district by a recourse to party politics. It is hard to say which party is the strongest in this place—whig or democrat.

To the Senate of the United States, California will send J. C. Fremont, and the choice for the remaining seat will be probably T. Butler King or H. W. Halleck.

THE MIRACULOUS RIVER.—A California letter in the New York Tribune says that rumors from the South state that the river which miraculousiy opened in the Great Desert is again disappearing. It was this which fortunately revived and perhaps saved many of the overland emigrants.

HIGH RENT.—The Parker House, the principle hotel in San Francisco, rents for $280,000 per annum. They charge $42 a week for board.