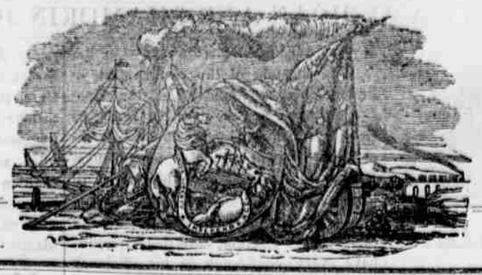
SUNBURY AMERICAN.



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

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SUNBURY, PA.

Dec. 13, 1851.—tf.

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SUNBURY, PA.

December 4, 1852.—tf.

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Sunbury, May 14, 1853.—tf.

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HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A SUPply of all sizes of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Block Tin, Bath Tubs, Shower Baths, Hydrants, Hose, Double and Single Acting Pumps and Water Closets; also, all kinds of Brass Cocks for water and steam, Brass Oil Cups, and Globes for Engines. All kinds of Copper Work and Plumbing done in the neatest manner at the shortest notice.

N. B. Cash paid for old Brass and Lead.

Pottsville, Aug. 27, 1853.—1y

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CONFIDENCE can be placed, to the fullest extent, in the use of the SUPERFERINE of MRS. BETTS of Philadelphia. So many thousand cases are known of entire relief of Ladies from the most intense pain of body and anxiety of mind, arising from the use of other appliances of no reputation whatever. Beware of metal, glass springs or all kinds, and elastic preparations, the tendency of which is injure the patient, is but too well known to many sufferers and physicians. To avoid all Counterfeits, apply personally or by letter to Mrs. B., No. 321 Walnut Street; examine her Signature on each Supporter, and her United States Copyright labels on each box. Her Supporters are sanctioned by a standing of 20 years and also by the Faculty, consisting on the highest names in the United States.—WARRANTED BY MAIL FREE. PRICES MODERATE. Address, wholesale or retail orders, to JAS. BETTS, Agent, No 321 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Phila., October 1, 1853.—tf.

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JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply of

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for Singing Schools. He is also opening at this time, a large assortment of Books, in every branch of Literature, consisting of

Poetry, History, Novels, Romances, Scientific Works, Law, Medicine, School and Children's Books, Bibles; School, Pocket and Family, both with and without Engravings,—and every of variety of Binding. Prayer Books, of all kinds.

Also just received and for sale, Purdons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only $6,00.

Judge Reads edition of Blackstones Commentaries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at $10,00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low price of $6,00.

A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania respecting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only $4,00.

Travels, Voyages and Adventures,—all of which will be sold low, either for cash, or country produce.

February, 21, 1852.—tf.

Shamokin Town Lots.

THE subscriber is now prepared to exhibit and dispose of Lots in the new Town-Plat of Shamokin. Persons desirous of purchasing can ascertain the terms and conditions of sale by calling on the subscriber, at Shamokin.

WM. ATWATER, Agent.

Shamokin, Oct. 15, 1853.—tf.

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Morocco Manufacturers, Curriers, Importers, Commision and General Leather Business.

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Phila., August 20, 1853.—1y.

MICHAEL TRACY, Wholesale Dealer in Confectionary, Fruits and Groceries, No. 204 MARKET Street, above sixth, south side, next door to Red Lion Hotel, Philadelphia

Phila., Oct. 29, 1853.—3m.

FRESH Vanilla Bean of a superior quality just received and for sale by

June 4, 1853— H. B. MASSER.

INK—Boureau's celebrated ink, and also Congres ink for sale, wholesale and retail by

December 26, 1850. H. B. MASSER.

SHOES.—All kinds of Boots Shoes and slippers for sale by

G. ELSBERG & CO,

Market street, opposite the Post Office.

Sunbury, Oct. 8, 1853.—

JUSTICES' FEE BILLS For sale by

H. B MASSER.

Sunbury, 1851 —'26

OMNIPOTENCE.

FROM THE SANSCRIT. BY DR. BOWRING.

God, God alone is truth—as million sparks
Spring from the blazing fire, so living things,
All living things—all life, proceeds from Him,
And unto Him returns—He, He alone
Is glorious, formless, perfect, and unborn,
Pervading all—within, without. Nor life
Nor mind is His * His purity divine
Towers over all existence: higher still,
That even His own almighty energy,
The life, the mind, the sense, ether, air
Light, water, and the all-containing earth,
Proceed from Him. His head the highest heaven,
The sun and moon His eyes, His ears, the points
All round the zodiac. In the *voids* His speech,
His life the air, His bosom nature's breadth,
His feet the earth. The all-prevading He,
'Twas his perfection that created heat,
Whose fuel is the sun. The moon He launched,
Rain to engender—rain to raise the corn,
Which feeds the germinating source of life,
Whose impregnation animates the world.

He hath created gods and demigods,
Men, beasts, birds, vital airs, and corn, and wheat;
Truth, contemplation, veneration,
The claims of duty and the rites of law.

He, the seven orifices of the head,
With their preceptive powers, the objects, too,
Of their perception, and perception's self,
He formed, and seated in the heart that life
Which revels in the organs given to all.

Oceans and mountains all proceed from Him;
From Him all rivers flow. From Him all food
Receives its flavors, and its strengthening powers
'Tis He who to the body binds the soul.
His perfect Deity is all in all!
Object of every holy thought, and aim
Of each divine observance. He, supreme!
Immortal He! and O! beloved one!
If He be seated in thine inmost soul,
Soon wilt thou break the bonds of ignorance,
And glory in bright knowledge.

Frazer's Magazine.

*LIFE and MIND are here spoken of as CREATED things, and therefore not attributes of the divine nature.

A Thrilling Sketch.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE SUFFERINGS OF MRS. JANE ADELINE WILSON, DURING HER CAPTIVITY AMONG THE CAMANCHE INDIANS.

I was born in Alton, Illinois, on the 12th day of June, 1837, and am, therefore, in the seventeenth year of my age. My faher's name was Wm. Smith; my mother's maiden name was Jane Cox. I had five brothers and four sisters. I think it was in the year 1846 that we moved to Missouri, and settled at a boat landing or ferry called Jamestown, on the North Grand River. My father kept the ferry.

About eight years ago we moved from this place to Texas, and settled near Paris, in Lamar County. Here my father and mother died within one day of each other, leaving six orphan children behind them. Three of my brothers had died before the death of my parents. My eldest brother, who was in a ranging company, now came to settle my father's affairs and make provisions for our support. He secured homes for us with different neighbors, but took the youngest sister, our pet, with him to place her with one of our aunts.

One day's journey from the place where he left us, he was attacked by the winter fever, and died in one week. I have three sisters older than myself. There names are Elizabeth, Cynthia and Caroline. My brother James and sister Ellen are younger than myself. Ellen was four years old when my parents died. Caroline is a dwarf, and the neighbors thought that the medicine the doctors gave her stopped her growth. She was a dear child, and we all loved her because of her misfortune. [Here Jane was unable to restrain her feelings, and burst into tears.] I lived with several neighbors until last February, when I was married to Mr. James Wilson, a young farmer, just beginning life with a little property, consisting in horses and cattle. He was but nineteen years of age when we were married. We knew but little of life, for I was not yet sixteen. I fear we were crazy in getting married while we were so young. [Poor girl! when her thoughts went back to this period of her life, she wept as if her heart would break.]

We heard that people became rich very fast in California, so we concluded to move and commence life in that distant country. We gathered together the little property we possessed and joined a party of emigrants consisting of fifty-two men, twelve women and several children. The father and brothers of my husband were among this number. There were in all twenty-two wagons, and the whole company was placed under the command of Mr. Henry Hickman. We started from Hunt County on the 6th of April last, and took the route for El Paso. We arrived at the Guadalupe Mountains about the 1st of June. Here the Mescalero Apaches stole from us nineteen head of cattle; six men started in pursuit, but were driven back by the Indians. We went thence to El Paso. My husband not being able to travel well with Mr. Hickman's train, he determined to remain at El Paso till the arrival of another party of California emigrants. Five of Mr. H.'s men staid with us. While here, the Mexicans stole nearly all the property we had, and left us unable to proceed on our journey. We could do nothing now except make our way back to Texas.

About the last of July we started on our return, with the fragments of our property which the thieves had spared. On the first day of August, my husband and his father left us, and fell into the hands of the Indians. I saw them no more after this. I was told that they had been murdered. You may perhaps be able to imagine my feelings when I found myself thus bereaved and destitute in a land of strangers. My misfortune seemed greater than I could bear, but I knew not that heavier trials were in store for me.

Unable to continue my journey, I returned to El Paso, where I remained until September 8, when I started once more for Texas with my three brothers in-law, in company with a small party consisting of five Americans and one Mexican. Mr. Hart, who owned and commanded this train, having some business in Texas which required his immediate attention, traveled very rapidly, and I hoped in a few more days to be in the midst of my friends.

As we had seen only one Indian on the route we flattered ourselves that we should not be molested by any of the tribes which infest this route. When near the borders of Texas, some of our party stole three animals from Mr. Hart, and ran off. Mr. Hart, anxious to overtake the thieves, started in pursuit, taking with him my eldest brother in-law, a lad some fourteen years of age, leaving myself, a Mexican, and the two boys to follow as rapidly as we could. We were at this time within three days journey of a military post at Phantom Hill, and were considered out of danger. A discharged soldier being unable to keep up with us was some distance behind, but I saw nothing of him after this. The day after Mr. Hart left us, as we were travelling, about noon, we saw two Camanche Indians charging us in front, and at the same time two others were seen driving up behind. We were all very much frightened, and the Mexican jumped out of the wagon and went toward the Indians, in order, if possible, to gain their friendship.

The mules of our wagon, four in number, becoming frightened by the war-whoop of the savages, turned out of the road and commenced running as fast as they could. One of them fell down before we had gone far, and the others were then obliged to stop. The Indians now came upon us, and ordered the Mexican to take the mules out of the harness. While this was going on, I got out of the wagon, and looked on in breathless suspense. After the mules were unharnessed, the Mexican was stripped of his clothing, his hands tied behind his back, and ordered to sit down upon the ground. One of them went behind him and shot him with a gun, while another stabbed him several times with a large butcher knife. His scalp was cut off before he was dead, and put into his own hat; the hat was then worn by one of his murderers. I was stupefied with horror as I gazed on this spectacle, and supposed that my turn would come next. But the Indians having secured the plunder of the wagon, mounted us on the mules and ordered us to go with them.

As I left I looked back and saw the poor Mexican weltering in his blood and still breathing.

We took a north-east direction, and traveled slowly till sunset, when we encamped. Here the plunder, consisting of blankets, bedding, clothing, bridles, and some money which I had in my pocket, was divided among the Indians. Some articles considered useless were thrown into the fire. My clothing was taken away, except barely enough to cover my person. In the distribution of the captives, the eldest boy, about 12 years of age, was claimed by the chief; I became the property of one of the others. I should have mentioned that one of our captors was a Mexican, who had been stolen from the State of Chihuahua when an infant. He was as savage as the Indians, and claimed the youngest boy for his prize. The scalp of the Mexican was stretched on a stick and dried by the fire.

After giving us some meat for our supper, the Indians began to secure us for the night. The boys, with their arms tied tightly behind them, were taken under guard by two of the savages. My feet were tied together, and I was obliged to lie between the other two. I did not sleep any during the night for I was afraid of being killed.

The next day we resumed our journey, and traveled in the same direction. The boys were mounted on good animals, and had bows and arrows. Their faces were painted Indian fashion, and they looked like young savages. They appeared to enjoy this new mode of life, and were never treated with excessive cruelty. I was mounted on a good horse, but being obliged to sit astride the animal, the journey was exceedingly painful.

I had a fine head of hair, which I valued very much, but the chief ordered it to be cut off; I was not a little mortified in seeing it decorating the heads of the heartless savages. My head was thus left entirely unprotected from the intensely hot rays of the sun.

Nothing of interest occurred except repeated acts of inhumanity toward me, until the twelfth day after my capture. At this time we were joined by two Indian men and a squaw. These were all the Indians I saw till after my escape. Up to this time my suffering had been so severe as to take from me all desire to live, but now they were greatly increased. The squaw, from whom I might have expected some compassion, was evidently the cause of the new cruelties which I now began to experience.

My horse was taken from me, and I was mounted on an unbroken mule without a bridle. I had a saddle, but it was worn out and good for nothing except to torture me. This animal would frequently top me over its head of its own accord, but not being wild enough to gratify the malice of the Indians, the chief would sometimes shake the Mexican's scalp before its eyes. The beast would then rear and plunge in the utmost fright, and I would be thrown upon the ground with great violence. I have been tossed from the mule's back as many as half a dozen times a day, and once I was so stunned that I lay a considerable time before my senses returned. My repeated falls greatly amused the Indians, whose horrid peals of laughter might have been heard at a great distance.

I never saw them exhibit the first sign of pity toward me. It made no difference how badly I was hurt, if I did not rise immediately and mount the animal which had just thrown me, they would apply their riding whips, or gunsticks, or the end of a lariat, to my unprotected body with the greatest violence. The squaw would also help me to rise by wounding me with the point of a spear which she carried.—You may understand one object the Indians had in view in putting me upon this wild animal and causing me to be thrown so often, when I tell you I expected to be a mother in a few weeks. They understood my situation, but instead of softening their hearts it only made them more inhuman, and subjected me to greater sufferings.

I was obliged to work like a slave while in camp; while there was any service to perform I was not allowed a moment's rest. I was compelled to carry large loads of wood on my back, which being destitute of sufficient clothing, was mangled till the blood ran down to my feet. I had to chase the animals through briars and bushes, till what little clothing I had was torn into ribbons. I brought the animals to camp in the morning, and had to watch them till they were ready to start, and if one more wild than the rest ran off, I must chase and bring him back, and then be knocked down by the savage chief for my want of skill. When all were ready to start, I had to catch and saddle my own wild mule without assistance. If the party did not start immediately, I was compelled to pull at the end of a lariat which the Indians would fasten to a bush. They seemed to study every method of putting me to death by piecemeal.

Exhausted by incessant toil and suffering, and extreme anguish from my wounds, I could not work as fast as the Indians desired, and often when scarcely able to stand, and hardly knowing what I was doing, I have been required to do the work of the strongest man. And because of my inability to accomplish my task satisfactorily, I have been whipped till my flesh was raw. Large stones were thrown at me. I was knocked down and stamped upon by the ferocious chief, who seemed anxious to crush me like a worm beneath his feet.—My head sometimes fell under the horses' feet, and then the Indians would try to make the beasts kick me. After all was ready for the day's journey, I was obliged to travel as fast as the others, riding sometimes over rocks and through bushes, aching and sore from head to foot, and exposed alike to cold and heat, sunshine and storm.

I have gone two days at a time without tasting food. The Indians depended on hunting for their subsistance, and sometimes had nothing to eat themselves—unless there was an abundance of food, I received little or nothing—when any game was killed, the Indians would tear out the heart, liver, and entrails and eat them raw. I suffered exceedingly from thirst; I was not allowed to drink, except while in camp. We frequently crossed beautiful streams during the day, and I would beg the privilege of dismounting to quench my thirst. But the Indians would always deny my request with contempt. It was in vain I pointed to my parched tongue and head blistered in the rays of the sun. Nothing could soften them into pity, and I ardently desired death that my torments might come to an end.

Every indignity was offered to my person which the imagination can conceive. And I am at a loss to know how I have lived through the barbarous treatment which was inflicted upon me. Frequently my feelings were so outraged that I was tempted to kill my inhuman masters. My indignation burned particularly against the chief, and I thought if I could only cut him to pieces, I could die content.

We traveled every day—we usually started about 10 o'clock in the morning, and halted about four in the afternoon. The Indians were accustomed to go to the tops of the highest hills, and stand there gazing in every direction. We always spent the night on a hill and were thus exposed to the cold autumn winds; we slept on the ground, generally without covering. When it rained the Indians made a tent of the blankets and wagon sheet they had stolen from us; but I was not allowed to take shelter in it—I preferred sleeping outside in the storm.

After my mule had become so gentle that I could ride it without being thrown, it was taken from me and I was obliged to travel on foot. The road over which we passed was often very rough and stony, and full of thorns. My feet were wounded and bruised till they were covered with blood and greatly swollen. But still I was obliged to keep up with the rest of the party, and if I fell behind I was beaten till I was nearly senseless. The Indians often urged me on by attempting to ride their horses over me; many a mile of that road is marked with my blood, and many a hill there has echoed to my useless cries.

I traveled thus on foot some five or six days. After the party were ready to start in the morning, the direction of the route was pointed out to me, and I was required to go before the others, in order not to hinder them. They usually overtook me before I had traveled far. I had always intended to make my escape as soon as I found an opportunity. I never expected to reach any friendly settlement, but I did not wish to give the Indians the pleasure of seeing me die. On the morning of the twenty-fifth day after my capture, I was sent on in advance as usual. I had eaten no breakfast, and was very weak, but the hope of escape now supported me. I hastened on as fast as I could, and finding a suitable hiding-place I turned aside and concealed myself in the bushes. After this I saw nothing more of my captors. I found afterwards by the tracks of the animals, that they had searched for me; they probably thought I would die, and therefore took less trouble to find me. I have no doubt the next time they pass that way they will look for my bones.

My situation was now distressing beyond all description; I was alone in an Indian country, some hundred miles from the nearest friendly settlements. I was without food, without shelter, and almost without clothing. My body was full of wounds and bruises, and my feet were so swollen that I could hardly stand. Wild beasts were around me, and savages, more wild than beasts, roamed on every hand. Winter was coming on, and death in its most terrible forms stared me in the face—I sat down and thought of my lonely and exposed situation. But I could not weep; my heart was too full of woe. I remembered the events of the few preceding weeks.—The husband of my choice had been murdered, and I was not allowed the melancholy privilege of closing his eyes, and seeing his remains decently interred. My little property had been stolen, and when within a few days' march of sympathizing friends, I was captured by savages, and after three weeks of indescribable sufferings, found myself wandering solitary and destitute in the midst of the wild prairies—my cup was filled to overflowing, but I resolved to live in hope, if I died in despair.

After remaining three days in the place where I first concealed myself from the Indians, I went to a grove about half a mile distant and built a little house of bushes and grass. Here I lived nine days. My only food was the blackberries which grew on the bushes around. I quenched my thirst at a spring near by. My wounds pained me exceedingly, and I wasted to a mere skeleton for want of proper nourishment. It rained upon me seven nights in succession, and my little house was unable to protect me from the cold storms. More than once I spent a sleepless night, perfectly drenched in rain; while the wolves, sometimes coming within five steps of me, would make the woods ring with their frightful howlings. They would also follow close behind me when I went to the spring during the day; I expected some time to be devoured by them; but they are great cowards, and I could easily frighten them away.

When I slept I would dream of seeing tables spread with an abundance of every kind of food, but when I stretched forth my hand to satisfy my hunger, the effort would awaken me, and I would find myself weeping bitterly.

When absent from my house on the twelvth day after my escape, some New Mexican traders passed by on their way to the Camanche settlements. While standing on a small hill, looking after them in order to be sure they were not Indians, I was discovered by some three or four of the party who happened to be some distance behind. They immediately come towards me and soon understood my situation. They kindly offered to take me with them, and I gladly bade farewell to my house in the woods. The Mexicans put me upon a *burro* and gave me a blanket and some men's clothing in which I dressed myself very comfortably.

Two or three days after this we came in sight of a band of Camanches, and as it was not safe for me to be seen by them, I was left behind in a ravine, with the promise that the Mexicans would return for me at night. As they did not fulfill their promise, I started toward their camp; about midnight, while wandering among the bushes, a Camanche Indian passed within twenty steps. I thought I was a captive once more, but fortunately the savage did not see me. I threw myself on the ground and waited for day.—In the morning I started again for the camp of the Mexicans, but before I reached it, I was discovered by one of the trading party, who was herding the animals. This man is a Puebla Indian, of San Ildefonso, and is named Juan Jose. To him more than to any man in the party, I owe my present freedom.

He told me the camp was full of Camanches, and if they saw me it would be impossible for the party to save me. He made me lie down on the ground while he covered me with dried grass. I lay here all day, and at night crept forth to quench my almost intolerant thirst. Juan came and brought me some bread, and told me not by any means to leave my hiding place the next day.—That dragged slowly along, and I could hear the dreaded Camanches passing and repassing, and shouting to each other; at night Juan returned, bringing another blanket and several loaves of bread, and told me that I must remain here for seven or eight days longer, as the party was obliged to go further on, and could not take me unless I was willing to become a captive once more. I saw the party disappear the next day, and it seemed as if my hopes of rescue disappeared with them. But I resolved to wait till the appointed time was up.

In a ravine near by I found a large log which had been left burning. This fire I kept alive day and night until the Mexicans returned and with out it I should probably have frozen to death, as the weather had become very cold. I covered a hollow cotton wood stump with bark and leaves to keep out the cold wind. When I could endure the cold no longer, I would leave my house and run to the fire, but was afraid to stay there long, lest the Indians should see me. The wolves soon found out my place of retreat, and frequently while I was in the stump they would come and scratch around and on its top. The blackberries were very scarce here, and had it not been for the bread Juan Jose gave me, I do not see how I could have been kept from starving to death.

The eight days past slowly by, and I knew not whether to give way to hope or despair. But on the eighth I heard several persons calling to each other. I feared they were Indians, but they belongs to the trading party, and were on their return to New Mexico. They had lost the place where I was concealed, and were shouting to each other to attract my attention. I was so overjoyed that I rushed toward them unmindful of briars and sore feet. Juan gave me a fine horse to ride, and the whole party treated me with the utmost civility and kindness.—On the 34th day of our return toward New Mexico we reached the town of Pecos.—Here I met Major Carleton and Mrs. Adams of the United States Army, who took the deepest interest in my comfort. Here I had aside men's apparel, and was furnished with a supply from Mrs. A.'s wardrobe. After remaning at Pecos a few days, I was conducted to Santa Fe by the son of Gov. Meriwether.

To Gov. M., and also to the American ladies of this place, I cannot be too thankful for their friendly sympathies and uniform kindness.

The past seems like a horrid dream. I have related nothing but facts, and no language that I use can fully express the sufferings of mind and body which I have endured. My two brothers-in-law are still captives, and unless reclaimed will become as savage as the Indians. The Mexicans saw them with the Camanches, but where unable to procure their freedom; one is twelve years old, the other ten, and unless the strong arm of Government is lifted up for their redemption, there is no hope for them.

THE ITALLIAN PATRIOTS AND THE PAPAL NUNCIO.

The New Yorks papers publish the following document adopted at a meeting of Italian residents of New York. Our readers will form their own conclusions as to the value of the document. As this matter has assumed such importance as to occasion an animated debate of four hours in the Senate of the United States, in which the most eminent men in the country participated, it becomes incumbent on the press to place on record all authentic statements connected with the charges or their denial:—

Address of the Italian Patriots of New York to Monsignor Bedini.

The disorders which have been occasioned by you in this country have produced a great scandel, and excitement to such a degree, that we, your countrymen, cannot and ought not to remain indifferent spectators.

If we have not hitherto; if we have, in silence, followed the developement of the drama, which tends to expose your deep deceit to the New World in all its horrible nakedness, do not think we have done so because, as your apologist, Mr. Carroll, has said, we feared the dagger of the assassin—No. We have hitherto been silent because we believed that you, Monsignor Bedini, would not carry audacity so far as to deny what has been justly imputed to you.

But now we see that not only you, Monsignor Bedini, attempt with hypocritical language to deny your horrid past deeds, which cry to God for vengence; but also that many journals in this too credulous Republic, and several Senators of the Congress wish to rise as your defenders, the time has come for us to raise a fatal veil from you, and make known to the world how sanguinary was your soul, how sacriligious and barbarian was your Catholic ministry, and how much you deserve for that reason to be ranked with Haynau and Radetzky.

You, Monsignor Bedini, dared to enter Bologna in disguise, as a spy, and served as emissary of Pius IX, while he was in Gaeta, in order to corrupt the faithlessness which the Swiss troops, commanded by Gen. Latour, had sworn to the then dominant Roman Republic; and in that crime found your life in danger, which was saved by the protection of that General in whose house you were secreted, and who obtained from the Civil Governor of Bologna means to remove you privately form the popular fury which you were threatened.

You, Monsignor Bedini, entered Bologna, in the year 1849, at the head of an Austrian army, after bombarding it eight days; you entered in triumph, amid the smoking of Austrian cannon, supported croat bayonets, as *Extraordinary Pontifical Commissary of the four Legations*; you arrived joyful and merry-making among the ruins of the burning Bologna and the blood of your countrymen, at your sumptuous palace; you established, in concert with the Austrian commandant the state of siege; you published a proclamation, which, to your shame, is known to us, Italians, and even to the Americans, because recently published here; you yourself, the new Scylla, *wrote with your own hand the lists of prescriptions, imprisonment and death*; and you, yes you! approved the discousecration and *shooting of Ugo Bassi*, in the name of the Pope.

It is impossible to suppose that the Austrian Military Commissioner could dispose of the liberty and life, &c., of citizens subject to your laws, with out your having given any explicit approbation to the bloody and brutal sacrifice of that holy and brave patriot. And even of that commission had been executed independent of your influence, yet your rank and title would have left you sufficient influence, benignant and christian influence, to save the life of that victim of Italian patriotism. At any rate the Pontifical Government, represented by you, was, in those unhappy circumstances, the principal author of all the legal misdeeds; and the Austrians were merely the executioners.

We will not bring forward again the scandalous scenes of your private life, which cover your name with infamy in Scingaglia, your native place, and in Bologna. We leave all that the unanimous testimony of Italians, clearly expressed in a great number of the news-papers of that period of wickedness.

But we cannot be silent concerning what you feel in your hearts; and perhaps without remorse, that during your goverment in the four Legislations, so many patriots perished on the scaffold and in prisons. We will here, for the sake of brevity, only remind you of the unfortunate men, who against you and the Goverment which you represented, cry for vengeance to the wrath of God, viz; those who fell in those executions or were condemned to the galleys, in Bologna alone, under your eyes; and in your time, viz; the three months from September to November.

EXECUTED.

Signor Barzani and two brothers Govini.

Sr. Boesmi, and ten volunteer Republican soldiers, shot on two occasions. Their corpses were left a prey to the dogs, being denied burial. Also, Signor Sante Miganani.

CODEMNED TO THE GALLEYS.

Domenico Roudelli,	Giuseppe Cordier,
Giuseppe Miglini,	Giuseppe Chiarninis
Michele Rapi,	Ruffli Pietro,
Corletti Agostine,	Gornaccini Pietro,
Ravajoli Gieseppe,	Salvioni Giuseppe,
Andreghetti Cario,	Pessarini Lingi,
Gabelli Giacomo.	

Ten patriots, condemned on the 15th of November, for possessing arms.

Nine others, on the 5th of December, for the same.

The two brothers Pietro and Giovanni Pellerist, Pietro Berti and Giovanni Ballista Giberti.

We omtt many other names whose sentences of condemnation appeared in the official journals of your Government.

Bedini! We, Italian exiles and wanderers, for the same cause for which Ugo Bassi and the other patriots were sacraficed, intend simply to do justice to the truth by *denouncing and proclaiming you the instigator, cooperator and inhuman spectator* of so many good men massacred which, as we have said, *it was entirely in your power to mitigate or prevent.*

The crime of those brave youths was that of loving the same country which you betrayed, and of delivering it from that religious and political yoke of iron which you fastened upon it, and which you are now endeavoring to extend over this Republic.

Bedini! We never have thought of taking your life. Our soul has always been very different from yours. We well know that if you were dead the heads of the Hydra reproduce themselves. Live then, but like Cain, everywhere accompanied by the maledictions of three generations: the past, the present, and the future.

Monsignor Bedini, denies explicitly any participation in the crimes now charged against him by the address of the Italians, in the following abstract of his letter to Bishop Purcell.

I deplore the evil consequences of the atrocious calumnies propagated with the most hideous effrontery, and believed in spite of the plainest and strongest remonstrances of common sense, as if a puerile credulity could have existed in a nation so enlightened and so full of noble sentiments; but the consequences of evil are only for him who harbors it in his heart, or who seeks to propogate it. We know well that in our ministry, pains, humiliations, injuries, are our portion; and I feel proud that your city has given me an occasion to experience them, and that I have thus been more worthily associated in the lot of the saintly bishops of this immense country. I can truly say that feasts and outrages have honored a mission of peace; and that in the midst of both, my soul has always posted itself forth in benedictions and prayers.

ASHLAND COAL.—We have received a box of Coal from the Colliery opened by Col. *J. J. Conner*, at that place, and tried it in our Furnace yesterday. It is a hard White Ash, of a very pure character, burns freely, makes no clinker, and scarcely any ashes. Large lumps, as soon as they become heated, crumble into pieced of about the size of Stove Coal, and burn almost entirely up leaving but little *residuary* matter. The vein from which this Coal was taken is about 33 feet thick, when introduced. We are free to say, we never used a better Coal.—*Min. Jour.*

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—The British Admiralty have announced that if intelligence of Sir John Franklin or his ships, Erebus and Terror, and of the officers and crews being alive, is not received by the 31st of March next, they will be considered as having died in her Majesty's service.

THE Locomotives for the Western Roads, which have been so long in quarantine at Harbor Creek, on the Lake Shore Road, were passed on and through Erie on the 3d inst., under the direction of Gov. Bagler.

A good Locomotive Engine costs from $9000 to $10,500, and it would take nine men a whole year to build one well, with all the machine power of the best machine-shop to aid them in the work.