Clearfield Republican

THE

D. W. MOORE, Editor and Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, not MEN. TERMS:—$2 00 Per Annum, if paid in advance

VOL. XXXVI.—WHOLE NO. 1851. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAR. 29, 1865. NEW SERIES—VOL. V.—NO. 37.

THE REPUBLICAN.

WEDNESDAY,.....March 29, 1865.

Rates of Subscription, Advertising and Jobbing.

Subscription, in advance,	$2 00
" if paid within the year,	2 50
" if not paid within the year,	3 00

☞ *The above rates to apply to the present vol. unless paid for at or before Jan'ry court, 1865.*

Adm'r and Ex'rs' notices, each, 6 times,	$2 50
Auditors' notices, each,	2 50
Custom and Estrays, each, 3 times,	1 50
Dissolution notices, each, 3 times,	2 00
Transient Advertisements, per square of 10 lines, or less—3 times, or less,	1 50
For each subsequent insertion,	50
Official advertising, for each square of 10 lines, or less—3 times, or less,	1 50
For each subsequent insertion,	50
Professional Cards, 1 year,	5 00
Local notices, per line,	15
Obituary notices, over 5 lines, per line,	10
Yearly advertising, 1 square,	8 00
do do 2 do	12 00
do do 3 do	15 00
Yearly advertising, ¼ column,	$20 00
" " ½ "	35 00
" " 1 "	60 00
Blanks, single quire,	2 50
do 3 quires, per quire,	2 00
do 6 quires, per quire,	1 75
do over 6 quires, per quire,	1 50
Handbills, ½ sheet, 25, or less,	1 50
do ½ sheet, 25, or less,	2 50
do ½ sheet, 25, or less,	4 50
do whole sheet, 25, or less,	$ 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

☞ The above rates were agreed upon by the undersigned, on the 3d day of December, 1864, and will be strictly adhered to during the present high prices of all kinds of printing materials.

D. W. MOORE,
Publisher of the "*Clearfield Republican.*"
S. J. ROW,
Publisher of the "*Raftsman's Journal.*"

FIFTY-FOUR DAYS IN LINCOLN'S BASTILES.

CLEARFIELD, PA., March 22, 1865.

D. W. MOORE, Esq., *Editor Republican.*

Dear Sir:—At the request of a number of my friends I have consented to furnish you for publication an account of my arrest and imprisonment by the military authorities. I was arrested on the 6th of January last, at 1 o'clock, p. m., in my office in Baltimore, by a Government detective, and taken to Col. Wooley's office corner of Camden and Eutaw Streets, where I was given in charge of a guard, who locked me up in the "Old Negro Jail," or "Slave Pen," with some forty other prisoners, mostly deserters and bounty jumpers. The room was in a most filthy condition, and alive with vermin, without furniture of any description. At 7, p. m., I was ordered to get ready to go to Harrisburg. I asked permission of the Detective, who had me in charge, to stop at my boarding-house, on our way to the Depot, to get some clothing. This he refused, saying that he was not permitted to take a prisoner into any house. On arriving at the Depot I got one of the clerks to go for my shawl, but could not get any other clothing. I was then taken on the train for Harrisburg, where we arrived at 4, p. m., of the 7th, having been detained by an accident on the Road. I was then turned over to Capt. Thume, Provo Marshal, who sent me under guard to the "Exchange Guard House," on Walnut Street, opposite the County Jail, where I was put into a room on the second floor 20 by 40 feet, with 53 prisoners, among whom were a number of prisoners from this and Jefferson county. There was usually from 75 to 100 persons confined in this room, including five or six negroes, it was very filthy and dirty, and contained no accommodation of any kind. We slept on the floor, without any clothing, except such as we had with us. We were marched down to the Soldier's Rest, opposite the P. R. R. Depot, three times a day, for our rations of bread, meat and coffee. For dinner we had vegetable soup, a place of meat. We had as much of these articles as we wished. The bread and coffee was reasonably good; the meat was not. I remained in this military prison until the 17th of January, when I with 10 others, was taken to Fort Mifflin, near Philadelphia where we were locked up in a Bomb Proff, with 41 prisoners from this and adjoining counties—drafted men, deserters, bounty-jumpers, and quite a number like myself, knew not what their offence consisted in. The Bomb Proof is an arch of brick and stone, laid in cement, and intended to be proof against shot and shell. The room is about 20 by 60 feet, and 12 feet high in the centre of the arch, the walls are 5 or 6 feet in thickness, on the top of which is thrown from 5 to 10 feet of earth, the floor is of cement, and has the appearance of hard earth. There was a grate in the one end of the room in which we kept constantly a fire of anthracite coal—the chimney of which smoked so badly that our eyes were continually sore from the effects of it. In the opposite end there were nine crevices 3 by 15 inches, through which all the light and air passed that was admitted to this room. There were a number of similar crevices along one side, but these we were obliged to keep closed on account of the coldness of the weather. It was so dark that in no part of the room day one could see to read or write a word at mid day without a candle, and had the weather permitted us to have kept all the crevices open, there still would not have been enough light admitted to allow of either reading or writing. There was no bunks, or accommodations for sleeping, other than a few loose boards thrown along either side, upon which we slept. Each prisoner was furnished by the Government with one old blanket, and those were the only beds we had until the 10th of February, (seven days before we were brought to Harrisburg) when bunks were put in for us; and five days afterwards some hay was given us to put upon them, and a few old bed ticks given to the old men. Each man was provided with a tin cup and spoon, for which he paid the sutler thirty cents. This is all we had in which to get our rations, which were served in this manner:—In the mornings, each drew an 18 ounce loaf of bread, a small piece of meet, (the weight of which I do not know) and a tin cup of coffee. This was all the bread and meet we received for one days rations. The bread was good, but the meat was not. Once or twice a week we had fresh beef, and the balance of the time bacon two or three years old, and of a very poor quality at that. The coffee was not the article furnished by the Government, but a very inferior quality of patent coffee purchased at probably one fourth the cost of the genuine article, which we were obliged to use, while the proceeds of that which was intended for our use passed into the pockets of those connected with the Commissary Department. For dinner, we had a tin cup of bean soup, made by putting the beans into the water in which the meat had boiled the previous day, and cooking them a few hours; when served, it resembled very closely in appearance, the water found in a frog pond in August. It could scarcely be made more unpalitable or unwholesome. For supper, each had a tin cup of coffee, made of the same material as that served in the morning. We had the privilege of buying a few articles from the suttler, at three times their value; but these were of no use to us as we had no conveniences for cooking. Our daily ration of water, for 52 of us, was what we could bring twice in a barrel from the Delaware. This was all we had for drinking and washing purposes; and the only vessel we had in which to boil and wash our clothing was a 2 gallon tin bake pan, until a short time before we were sent to Harrisburg, when we were provided with two old rusty camp-kettles. The air was very damp, and during a greater part of the night it was so cold we could not sleep. This room was evidently never intended to confine persons in, as the dampness must, in a short time, impair, if not destroy, the health of those having the strongest constitutions—as the appearance of many of the prisoners fully testified. During my imprisonment in the Fort I was kept in close confinement, except when I would volunteer to get out and work, which I did several times in order to have the fresh air. The only kind of work we had to do was cutting and wheeling ice to fill the Ice House, or shoveling gravel on a new road, which is being built from the Fort to Bell's Sation on the P. W. & B. R. R. The work, although not of a very pleasant kind, was not half so bad as the sence of having a guard at your back, with a musket and bayonet, watching you as if you were a condemned criminal.—This, to me, was most humiliating, as I had never been accustomed to being driven in this manner. I was confined here 31 days.

On the morning of the 17th February, I, with six others, left the Fort for Harrisburg. We walked to Philadelphia, a distance of some eight miles; the road was slushy and slippery, making it very hard for some of the party, as Mr. Hubler was very old, and Dr. Krise had just been taken out of the hospital. We arrived at Harrisburg at 4, p. m., and were lodged in the "Exchange," and found it, if possible, even more filthy than when, one month previous, I left it for the Fort. I now, for the first time, was able to find out the charges upon which I had been arrested. I had made inquiry at the Provost Marshal's office in Baltimore, when first arrested, and was told that they did not know what the charges were against me. This, however, I am satisfied, was false, as a very "flattering" notice appeared in the *Clipper* a day or two afterwards, stating that I was a most "desperate" character, and the "leader of the Clearfield county rioters;" and I have no doubt this "reliable" information was received from the office of Col. Wooley. On being turned over to Capt. Thume at Harrisburg, when first brought there, I asked for a copy of the charges against me, which he promised to furnish on the following Monday.—But I presume he forgot it, as I never received them. I frequently asked to know the nature of my offence, but failed in every attempt; and now, after being confined 43 days, I learned the charges thro' one of my friends, which was: of being an officer of a secret organization in Clearfield county to resist the draft. The affidavit, upon which my arrest was ordered, was made by John L. Loder, of Bradford township, who *swore* that I acted as an officer of a meeting at Knepp's barn, in Bradford township, in September or October, and swore the members present to resist the enforcement of the draft, to stick together, and to rescue each other from the marshals, should any one be arrested by them. This was a falsehood, as I left the county on the 12th of September, returned on the 26th, remained during the court, and again left for Williamsport on the 3d of October, and did not return to the county until since my release. The meeting, of which Loder pretends to give an exposition, was held in the latter part of July, and its *only object* was the organization of the Democratic party preparatory to the Special election on the 4th of August. This same Loder came to me at the Guard House, in Harrisburg, on the day my trial was to commence, and in the presence of Daniel Curley, informed me that he had told the Judge Advocate to destroy the affidavit he had made against me, and he would not appear against me at all, as he had been "entirely mistaken," both as to the time and object of the meeting, and that he would swear that resistance to the draft, or Government, was not mentioned at the meeting at Knepp's barn.

This was the first time I had spoken to him since my arrest, and he came voluntarily and made this statement without any questioning on my part. From some further conversation with him it was evident to me that he had been made to serve the wishes of S. Benson, who I am satisfied, conducted the prosecution against me for the purpose of revenging himself for a personal altercation that took place between us in the stage last August going to Philipsburg, and for the purpose of getting some evidence out of me against Gov. BIGLER and Senator WALLACE—for, when I was first confined at Harrisburg, I was frequently questioned concerning them, and told that it was they who had brought all this trouble upon us, and that now they stood aloof and let us suffer. I was satisfied at the time that these persons were *Detectives*, and subsequently I saw one of them wearing the "Star of Honor!"

On the evening of the 22d of February I was taken to the court house and given a copy of the charges and specifications against me by Capt. Johnson, Judge Advocate—with whom I had considerable conversation in reference to my case. He then sent me back to the Guard House, saying he would send for me in the morning and commence my trial.

The next morning H. B. SWOOPE, Esq., called upon me, with some other friends, and expressed a willingness to assist me in obtaining a release. I told him I was tired of my imprisonment, but would make no concessions, or in any way sacrifice my manhood, to secure my liberty; but that, if he could do anything for me, I should consider it a personal favor. He left me, and returned in the evening, and informed me that my release had gone to Philadelphia to receive the approval of Gen. Cadwallader, and that as soon as it returned I would be liberated. And now, for his influence in my behalf, I thank him; for, although they never could have convicted me of any crime whatever, yet I am satisfied they would have held me in prison, perhaps for months, before I would have been released.

My political friends had made every effort to have me released, or tried; but in vain. Their efforts seemed to be looked upon with suspicion, and their requests treated with contempt, by those in immediate charge of the Department at Harrisburg.

On the 27th of February we were all removed to the Guard House connected with the Cotton Factory barracks, which, although unfit for the confinment of any one, was much cleaner and better in every respect than the "Exchange," which had become so perfectly filthy that persons visiting their friends confined there could not, after leaving the pure air of the city, remain more than a few minutes without being sickened by the intolerable stench that pervaded the room.

On the 1st of March I, with five other citizens of this county, was marched down to the Provost Marshal's office, where we were released upon taking the oath of allegiance, and also an oath to report in person when called upon by the officer commanding this Department.—The oath of allegiance was the same I had taken before.

Thus ended 54 days imprisonment in Military Bastiles, for a purely imaginary offence, with which I was charged, arrested, and imprisoned, to satisfy the malice of S. B. Benson, and with the hope of eliciting some evidence from me against my political friends in this town. I must not forget the officers and soldiers who had me in charge during my arrest. I take this opportunity of returning to them one and all my thanks for the universally kind treatment received at their hands. Col. Eastman, in command of Fort Mifflin, is, in the fullest sense, a soldier and a gentleman. To my personal and political friends in Clearfield, Baltimore and Harrisburg, I am under the deepest obligations for their unceasing efforts to effect my release, or to secure me a speedy trial; as well as for many of the comforts and delicacies furnished through their kind and generous hospitality. I never asked any thing but a trial. This was all I desired; for I was perfectly conscious that I had never committed any crime against my country.

Respectfully yours,
J. BLAKE WALTERS.

Shooting Affair at Bladensburg.

Sunday afternoon a young man named Hiram Dowden was shot and killed at Bladensburg by a cavalry soldier on the portico of Howell's restaurant, under the following circumstances: Young Dowden, who was clerk in the shoe store of C. F. Cummings & Co., Seventh street, near New York avenue, has been in the habit of visiting his grandfather, Mr. Clements, at Bladensburg, every Sunday. Last Sunday afternoon, being ready to return to the city, he went to Howell's restaurant with some acquaintances and took a seat on the back portico to await the arrival of the cars. Conversation ensued among the young men, and the subject was the situation of South Carolina, and young Dowden claimed that she was not whipped yet. According to one account he hurrahed for South Carolina and Jeff. Davis, but this is denied by his friends.

The cavalry soldier walked up to him remarked, "I want you!" Young Dowden denied the soldier's right to arrest him. The soldier told him he was under arrest, but Dowden still refused to acknowledge it, and still maintained his position on the chair. The soldier drew his revolver, presented and fired, the ball entering Dowden's forehead, about an inch above the eye, and passed through the head, causing death in a few minutes. The soldier immediately mounted his horse and left the village in haste, by the old bridge road. Upon reaching the guards near the camps, he was halted by a sentinel who inquired the cause of his haste. He only replied, "I have shot some one!" and passed on to Fort Baker, where, we hear, he was arrested by the officer of the day, and is now in custody for trial.—*Washington Star.*

Correspondence.

——— ——— March 10, 1865.

D. W. MOORE, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I have just came home from Centre county, where I have been visiting my old Democratic friends for the last month. I found them true LOW, as of old, to the principles of Democracy, afflicted, as the Democrats of Clearfield county are, with the bad state of public affairs under the rule of *Abraham*, and fearing the great danger, as we do, of our Republican institutions under the power as exercised and carried out by the Lincoln Administration. Tyranny rules there just as tyranny is the rule here in Clearfield county. Peaceable citizens are arrested because they are Democrats, without complaint, charge or hearing, and hurried away to some bastile, before their friends know of their absence. Can these tyrant Devils be submitted to much longer. If the people know their rights, and put forth their power, I answer, not,—Therefore I would warn the human Devils before it be too late, to pause in the exercise of their tyranny, and contemplate the forbearance of the people. Forbearance any longer with them may cease to be a virtue with the people, and in their omnipotent power they will be constrained to defend their persons, the laws and the Constitution. And I would say to the Servants of the people, one and all, if you cannot do your duty, to guard the proper exercise of the law in protecting the people of their rights and liberties under the adopted Constitutions of the land, why, be honest, and just tell the people so, and the people will take care of themselves, and can apply the remedy, by hanging the tyrants, which will cure the evils. I fear things have gone too far already for a milder remedy to cure the evils and restore the country to peace.

Pat. Curley, in his statement to the military court trial at Harrisburg, has made a real cat's paw of himself, and for so doing will be detested and considered infamous all the days of his life, by every honest and good citizen. And those whose tool he was, may expect, and can not escape, the just indignation, and lasting damnation of the people for their larger share in the matter of throwing their dirt on two of our citizens, whose characters can not be soiled by all the dirt throwers in the Republican party. I say, Democrats, stand firm and true to your principles under the violation of Constitution and law at the present time by our corrupt rulers. It is worth something now to be a Democrat. Stand firm in principle. Our fathers, for the same principles, stood firm at the mouth of British cannon, and shall we not stand up before the cannon of these cowardly Lincoln-poops and fear them not? Destroy our principles they cannot. Arrest our persons, subject us to mock trials and bastiles, is all they can do. Remember, under a tyrants rule they may have power to "kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul"——Democracy is a living principle, and will never die. Dare these tyrants in the name of God and the Democracy to arrest Bigler and Wallace for disloyalty, on the statement of such a lying scamp as Pat. Curley has made himself.

Excuse my hasty letter. I have at heart my country. I fear danger of its welfare. So I endeavored to pen you a line on the subject.

* * *

What Men are Arrested for.

Mr. Joseph C. Miller, of Harrison township, this county, was recently arrested upon the following charges:

1. In that the said Miller declared that "Abe Lincoln was a fool and had no sense."

2. In that the said Miller wished that "Lightning might strike the Cabinet and knock them into —— along with Horace Greeley."

3. In that the said Miller is a sympathizer with the South and had declared that he would rather fight for Jeff. Davis than for Abe Lincoln.

4. In shat the said Miller had "spoken disrespectfully of the Administration."

These grave charges were not sustained against Mr. Miller and he was discharged. We give publicity to this matter, merely to show by what uncertain tenure we held our liberties. The idea of arresting a man because he has declared that the President hasn't good sense, and for "speaking disrespectfully of the Administration," decidedly refreshing. We hear every now and then of citizens being arrested by the military and released upon examination.—This is in direct violation of the conscription law. This law provides that whenever a citizen shall have been arrested for an offence against the laws of the United States, he shall be immediately handed over to the United States Courts for trial. The officer who restrains a citizen of his liberties, contrary to law, is liable to prosecution and to suit for damages. It is about time that the laws were observed in this country, and if they are to be trampled under foot much longer, we will see what virtue there is in the civil courts.—If a citizen be charged with a violation of the law, let him be tried according to law. If found guilty, let him be punished according to law, and if innocent, acquitted according to law. Shall this be the rule in future, or must citizens be driven to seek a remedy in prosecutions for false imprisonment and suits for damages? We shall see.—*Bedford Gazette.*

☞ Several Unionists lately fled from Texas to Matamoras for assylum, and were forcibly taken from the American Consulate, and delivered over as prisoners to the Confederates. The new American Consul, Mr. Wood, was ordered to leave. His flag was torn down by the mob in the presence of the Franco-Mexican officials, who made no effort to stop the outrage.

A CURIOUS STORY.

The Siamese Twins—Their Life since the War began—Jealousy and Quarrels through the influence of their Wives?—Can they exist separately?—Interesting Questions?

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Siamese Twins have been lost from public view for the last few years. It was well known of them that they had married two sisters, and settled down near Salisbury, in North Carolina, on a well-stocked plantation. In addition to this, they have ample funds invested through their agent in New York city. Through a North Carolina medical gentleman now within our lines, we had the other day an opportunity of minute and full particulars in regard to them. Ever since the war began they have continued to reside on their plantation, and lived in the same quiet and hormony as ever until within two years. Of course no one ever thought of drafting them, and their negroes prospered, except that when out of temper from any cause, it was apt to work itself off in striking the first one that came to hand, from which the best escape was to keep out of the way. The brothers probably never would have had any difficulty, but that their wives, though sisters, turned away their hearts, and children were the cause of this estrangement. Up to the period that each had five children, all prospered well enough, but one of them had a sixth, and this awoke envy and jealousy to such a degree that the two sisters, not being bound together like the twin brothers, would no longer live under the same roof, though, we believe, still in different houses on the same plantation. The brothers are now, it seems, about fifty years of age but one, we believe, the smaller and feebler of the two, looks, it is said, now full ten years older then the other. They can turn back to back or face to face, but it is as far as the remarkable bond that unites them permits.

It is almost certain that should either die the other could not survive even for more then a few minutes, as there is an artery as large as the femoral artery that connects them. A few years since they corresponded with some of the leading surgical operators in London, as to the possibility of the umbilicus which unites them being out, so that in the case of the death of the one, the life of the other might be saved. At the request of the London surgeon they visited that city, and many experiments were tried to determine the safety of such an operation. Among other things, a ligature was tied firmly for a few minutes round the connection between them, so as to prevent the circulation of blood through the artery. But it seemed as if each would expire if this were longer persisted in. The smallar of the two fainted away and lost all consciousness, and there were symptoms that the same effect would follow to the other, but that the process could not be continued long without endangering the life of him who was first to faint. Should the smaller and feebler die, it might be worth while making the experiment of operation, but the prospects of prolonging the life of the other would be very small. Should, however, the larger and more healthy of the twin brothers die, there would seem absolutely no hope of saving the feebler of the two. From all this it is evident that though the connection between these two brothers is very remarkable and perfectly unique, it is yet not so absolute as has been usually supposed.

LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNA.—A correspondent describing his journey from Carson city over the Sierra Nevada, gives the following account of a remarkable mountain lake:

One of the most charming features of this mountain ride is that of Lake "Tahoe," or, as once called, Lake Bigler, in honor of Governor Bigler.

Our road skirted it for a distance of ten miles or more—a most lovely lake, of many miles extent, in the very bosom of the mountains, up somewhere toward the summit, over 5,00 feet above the level of the sea. It is a lake of transparently clear water, abounding in speckled trout, weighing often eight and ten pounds, forming the most delicious eating in the world. We observed several sailboats on the lake, which, full and smooth as a mirror, reflected back hull and mast and sail of every boat that pressed its bosom, and every crag and promontory and pine that formed the setting of this bright gem of the mountains. A spacious, commodious hotel, overshadowed by grand trees, stands near the borders of the lake, and there, as our coach stopped for a relay of horses, we noticed quite a company of vistors, gentlemen and ladies, who had come up from San Fransisco and Sacramento to this charming watering place, to enjoy the scenery of mountain and lake, with their unadulterated pure air and bathing, and boating, and fishing, with picturesque walks on the mountain sides or the shores of the lake, refreshed by cool breezes laden with the delightful aroma of the pines. I know not the apot anywhere, east or west, more lovely than this seemed to us to be, or presenting stronger temptations to run away from the city in summer time. The seashore, of course, has its own peculiar unrivaled attractions. But as a mountain watering place, Lake Bigler deserves a conspicuous memorial in the note book of a tourist.

The Freshet in the Susquehanna.

HARRISBURG, March 18.—The flood in the Susquehanna is unprecedented. It exceeds by 30 inches in height the memorable and destructive freshet of 1846.—Thousands of timber logs, with millions of feet of sawed lumber have already passed this point.

Intelligence from the north and west of us in dicates the most frightful destruction of private and public property on the many streams emptying into the Susquehanna. Bridges have been swept away and torn to pieces, and from the character of the ruins floating by Harrisburg it is fair to infer that many dwelling houses, barns, &c., have been swept from the shores.

At 7o'clock this morning it was ascertained that the bridges at Northumberland, Duncan's Island, and part of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, above this city, had been carried away, while as I write a bridge, said to be from the Juniata is being borne with fearful violence down the stream.

The Cumberland Valley Railroad bridge, which is also used by the Northern railroad, is in imminent danger, several spans at the eastern end being submerged to the depth of two feet. It is scarcely possible, as the water is steadily rising, that the submerged portion can resist the force of the flood for many hours.

There have been no trains passing through Harrisburg from Pittsburgh or Philadelphia for the last twelve hours. The lower part of the city is completely submerged and much suffering has been inflicted upon the poor families living in that part of the suburbs.

At Middletown, Dauphin county and villages along the shore clear to Columbia, in Lancaster county, the destruction of private property and the suffering among individuals is immense. The fires in several iron furnaces have been quenched and of course the furnaces will chill.

Thousands of dollars worth lumber, usually stocked at Marrietta. Columbia and Middletown, was swept away. The bank in front of the city has been lined all day with thousands of people, watching the progress of the flood. Families are being removed from the streets in the lower section of the city, which was not approached by the waters of the great flood of 1846, but which are now considered in imminent danger of being overflowed. Our city water works are completely submerged, and all the pumps stopped.

It is conceded on all hands, alike by our oldest inhabitants and experienced river men, that this is the most immense flood that has taken place in the Susquehanna within the memory of man.

DANNVILLE, Pa., March 18.—The most destructive flood ever heard of is now raging on the north branch of the Susquehanna. The railroad is submerged and all travel suspended.

All the bridges on the west branch as far as Lock Haven are gone. The Lackawana and Bloomsburg railroad is under water in places ten feet. The canal in many places is completely destroyed. Half of Danville is under water and the river is rapidly rising.

The wires south have been broken by the cables across the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace being carried away. We are consequently without depatches from Baltimore and Washington.

BUFFALO, March. 18.—The injuries to the Erie road extend over a distance of nearly 100 miles, mostly east of Hornellsville, and there are several breaks between Hornellsville and Dunkirk.

The Lake Shore road is slightly damaged, but will soon be repaired.

ALBANY, March 19.—The river has fallen between four and five feet, and, as a boat has arrived from Catskill, it is believed that navigation is fairly open to New York. A passenger boat is expected to-morrow morning.

Telegraphic communication with the West was resumed to-night. Two trains from beyond the Fonda break on the New York Central railroad have arrived, being the first since Thursday. The regular 11 P M. train went out to-night.

SYRACUSE, N Y, March 19.—The recent floods have damaged the saltworks to the extent of nearly $200,000. Three hundred dwelling are more or less flooded, and the probable total loss in this county will be half a million dollars.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 19.—The flood has subsided. The bridges on the Central and Genessee Valley railroads have been swept away. Many buildings have been undermined and have fallen.

About a thousand of the principle stores are filled with water. The gas works and newspapers have suspended. No lives have been lost but the damage amounts to several millions of dollars.

☞ Sir Frederick Bruce, the new English Minister to Washington, was attached to the English Legation in this country during the negotiation of the Ashburton treaty, and subsequently held office in Newfoundland.

☞ Several chiefs of the Winnebagoes had a talk with the Commissioners of Indian Affairs to-day, preliminary to a treaty for their removal from Dacotah to the Omah a reservation, in Nebraska.