THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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Poetry.

THE ATTACK ON FORT WASHINGTON,

OCTOBER THIRD, 1861.

Come all ye gallant Hoosier crew,
And listen to my rhymes,
While I a song new sing to you,
Relating to the times.
Of how in Old Virginia,
Hard fighting was our sport,
And how the rebels ran away
For shelter in their fort.
Oh! run, poor rebels, hurry up,
The Ninth is at your back,
And Milroy's not the man to stop,
When once upon the track.

'Twas on a dark October night,
The Second, I believe;
When with a shout of wild delight,
We our orders did receive
To march, to fight the rebel foe,
Who were several thousand strong,
And who in fortress lay twelve miles away,
In a fort called Washington.
Poor rebels, each one hunt your den,
The Fourteenth onward rolls,
With Kimball, and they're the men,
To make you hunt your holes.

Onward o'er the mountains and thro' mud,
Our gallant men march on,
Resolved to wade through streams of blood,
Ere they would ever run;
Seven miles away, 'tis break of day,
The Ohio Thirty second here
With two brass guns to the right away,
March toward the rebels' rear.
Poor rebels, now you'd best look out,
The Thirty-second comes,
With Ford, to ferret traitors out,
And send them to their tombs.

Now down a long and winding hill,
Our forces take their way,
Of the Ninth are scouts; they will
Most surely clear the way.
To Green Brier river they have come,
To the bridge across the stream,
Here many a rebel finds a tomb,
Where Northern rifles gleam.
Poor rebels, you're too far from fort,
The fifteenth is at hand,
With Waggener, and with them 'tis sport
To sweep you from the land.

Hark! 'tis the thunder of our guns,
And see the streams of fire
Pour from our ranks, their picket runs,
The rebel crew retire.
With shot and shout we still rush on,
Now on a hill we form,
While Howe's and Loomis' big guns
Send forth an iron storm.
Oh! rebels, seek a shelter now,
Oh! rebels, seek a shelter now,
The Seventh comes thundering on,
With Dumont, and they just know how
To make you rebels run.

Across Green Brier's pleasant vale,
Our forces now deploy,
Ditches we leap and fences scale,
And loudly shouts each boy;
While all the time an iron storm,
Is flying over head,
And many a true and gallant form
Is numbered with the dead.
Oh! rebels, we are getting nigh,
The Thirteenth you may see,
With Sullivan, and they'll stand by,
The banner of the free.

Now on the plain, behind a fence,
The Ninth and Fourteenth lay,
While our batteries, scarce two rods hence,
Are thundering away;
The foe directly in our front,
Not one mile off, reply,
Some of them safer shelter hunt,
And some in terror fly.
Poor rebels, woeful is your plight,
The Seventeenth is about,
With Hascall, and they're some to fight,
As you will soon find out.

Their guns have almost ceased their fire,
The Fort is almost won,
To the hillside now our men retire,
Soon will the fight be done;
Hark! 'tis a shout comes bursting out,
From rebel throats we hear;
Aid to the foe has come no doubt,
All now is lost we fear.
Yet rebels keep behind your works,
Ohio's Twenty-fourth is nigh,
With Ammond, and they fight like Turks
And don't know how to fly.

Our guns have ceased, our powder gone,
And slowly we retire;
Six hours hard fighting we have done,
Six hours of constant fire;
But yet our loss is very small,
How many I can't say,
Less than a score, I think, in all,
And those we brought away.
Poor rebels, follow, if you dare;
The Ohio Twenty-fifth is round,
With Jones, and rebels they'll not spare,
Wherever they are found.

A. Breazee, Co. I, 9th Reg. Ind. Vol.

A BALLAD.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

She was tall and fair
And in her summer's prime!
Her feet were snowy feet,
As faultless as a rhyme
When 'tis true;
And her eyes were made of heaven,
Fire, and dew!

In the kirkyard let her lie!
Let the thistles and the burrs
Cover up the two-fold life—
The little life and hers!
Well a-day!
It is sad to see a flower
Dead in May.

Now, Lord Nial sails the sea,
And laughs above his wine,
And he never thinks, never thinks,
Of the lily of Loch line.
May the storms
Smite him as he sails, and the sea
Crush him in its arms!

O list, ye maidens fair,
To the ballad that I sing;
Go bid your true-loves fetch
The distrait priest and ring!
Best be dead,
In some old kirkyard, than to give
Your true-lovers all, unwed!

REBEL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE AT BELMONT,

The Great Battle at Columbus—Our Trooys Repulsed and Driver to the the Water's Edge—Grand Rally and Change—Gallant Conduct of General Pillsw—Address of General Cheatham.

To prevent the Federals from erecting batteries on the Missouri shore opposite Columbus, and to act as scouts, Colonel Tappan's Arkansas Regiment, Colonel Marks' Louisiana Regiment, and some cavalry, had been some months encamped on the Missouri shore opposite Columbus. News was brought to the encampment about seven o'clock on Thursday morning that the enemy was coming upon them in large force, and was actually only three miles distant Immediately information of the fact was sent over to Columbus, when General Pillow, with Colonels Rikett's, Russell's and Wright's Regiments, and Logwood's Cavalry, were transported across the river. They had only landed and gone about half a mile from the boats, when the enemy appeared in full force in the woods, and the fighting immediately commenced. The light battery which had been stationed on the Missouri shore was first brought into requisition, but the enemy kept advancing and driving in our force as they moved, till finally, by twelve o'clock M., they had taken our battery ane entire encampment, our troops being forced under the bluff to the water's edge.

The enemy, flushed with victory, then partially ceased their pursuit, and engaged in setting fire to our tents, taking prisoners and committing other depredations. They shortly after opened a fire on the steamers *Prince* and *Charm*, which were engaged in bringing over reinforcements, sending a ball through the wheel house of both, but not seriously injuring either This led our friends at Columbus to suspect that our side had been repulsed, and immediately a heavy cannonade was opened from the Columbus side on the enemy in our camp on the Missouria shore. The 128-pounder did fearful execution. In the mean time General Pillow, having been reinforced by Colonels Carroll's Walker's Breman's, Stephens' and the Twelfth Louisiana regiments, reformed his forces about a mile below our encampment on the road, and executed a flank movement on the enemy, recaptured our battery, and was gallantly driving the Federals before him with great slaughter, when about two o'lock, he was still further reinforced by Colonel Smith's Regiment and Blythe's Mississippi Battery, in command of General Cheatham, who, on landing oc the Missouri side, briefly but eloquently appealed to the men "to follow him and he would lead them to hell or to victory" The men, being fresh, soon caught up with the flying enemy, and in conjunction with Logwood's cavalry battallion, pursued and cut them down to within fifty yards of the gunboats on which the enemy debarked—the enemy meanwhile keeping up a most terrific cannonade upon our pursuing hosts from the gun-boats.

We captured a large lot of ammunition, about two thousand stand of arms, a few pieces of artillery, besides knapsacks, wagons, colors and overcoats without number.

The enemy had engaged in the fight ten regimentr, fifteen pieces of light artillery, and some cavalry, [Our whole force amounted to 2,800 men.—EDS. COM.

Mr. Harman, of this city, says that when he left the scene of the fight, *one hundred of our killed had been brought in, and it was supposed that there were from fifty to one hundred more* scattered about on the field He estimates the wounded on our side at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred. Capt. J Willy Armstrong was shot all to pieces Col. Pickett was shot between the shoulder and the breast. Major J. G. Finnie, aid to Pillow, had the lower jaw bone on the right side shot off. Captain Searons was badly wounded, but was not dead up to twelve o'clock. Lieutenant J. Walker was badly wounded in the leg Captain Easley, of company D, Carroll's regiment, received two bullets in his right breast. Captains J. T. Layton and Taylor, of Pickett's regiment, are both dangerously wounded. Major Thos Stokes, of Col. Cathen's regiment, and Captain Toby and Lieutenant Wm. Coleman, of the Cuba Guards, are reported killed. Col. Preston Smith had his horse shot under him.

The battle throughout was exceedingly fierce. The fire on Pillow's force in the first instance was tremendous. The Federals fought with unusual bravery. They were picked men—the very flower of the Mississippi army. Only our superior generalship and the desperate courage of our men gave us victory. The whole field was covered with slain Federals. It is supposed that from 400 to 500 Federals at least were killed, and as many wounded. Our 200 prisoners had been brought in Thursday night. It is supposed that the enemy lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, at least 1,000. Among the prisoners are Col. Dougherty, General Bowling, Col. Buford, a Lieut Colonel, a Captain of Artillery and other commissioned officers.

The butchery of the Federals was terrific after they reached their boats. [Only five men were wounded, and none were killed, on the boats—EDS COM.] Packed together in dense masses. Smith's regiment poured on them for half an hour an icessant fire at a distance of only eight yards. An immense number were killed and wounded; the gutters around the boats filled with torrents of blood, which crimsoned the river around for a considerable distance, and made the decks so slippery that the men could scarcely stand. Those who approached the wheel were shot down as fast as they appeared, so that they were compelled to turn the boat into the stream without guidance.

Col. Bryson, of this city, walked over the battlefield on Friday. *He saw about 200 dead Lincolnites which was supposed not to be one half* [The number of our men buried on the field was 85.—EDS. COM.] The Twenty-seventh Iowa and the Seventeenth Illinois were cut all to pieces. The captain of one of these regiments, that superintended the burial of their dead, said that a corporal's guard could not be got out of the Iowa regiment [The loss of the regiment was 150.—EDS COM.]

General Pillow telegraphed on Saturday that our loss in killed and wounded was about 600.

News from Washington—Will there be an Advance?

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Times* writes:

The special meeting of the Cabinet, held on Saturday evening, is understood to have had reference to the plan of the winter campaign If the naval expedition to Port Royal succeeds in effecting a landing of the troops, it is believed to be the policy of the Administration to make the territory between Savannah and Charleston the base of very extensive military operations. A force of 100,000 troops will be concentrated there at once; both Savannah and Charleston will be occupied, and then a movement inland will be commenced, the ultimate object of which will be to strike the great South ern Railroad at Chattanooga or Knoxville, and to penetrate Kentucky through the Cumberland Gap. General McClellan was summoned to attend this meeting and went, when this plan was laid before him for his approval. Whether or not it received his sanction, I am unable to say. It is certain, however, that his military judgment at once perceived the objections of withdrawing 80,000 more of such troops as would be required for that work from Washington, and the difficulties of marching an army such a distance through a hostile country, and that his plan in regard to Kentucky is to attack the rebels there from the line of the Ohio, and expel them southward.

But, whatever will be the nature of the winter campaign at the South, the indications are that in these parts the Union troops will soon go into winter quarters The troops of Generals Banks and Stone have already done so. The men are comfortably hutted at Darnestown, and most of the officers are at Baltimore and other places, on furloughs

The papers just now are filled with reports of the withdrawal of large bodies of Confederate troops from the Lower Potomac to defend the Southern sea coast These reports are weak inventions of the enemy. There is no truth in them whatever. It appears, from the most reliable accounts, that Gen. Beauregard has gone to Charleston, most probably to see about the defenses of that place and Savannah. But all the stories about the Confederate troops weakening their defensive line opposite Washington, by the withdrawal of any considerable portion of their number, are the purest fictions It is not the first time, nor the second, that such stories have been started.

The same *canards* were circulated before the battle of Bull Run, before the evacuation of Munson's Hill, and before it had to be acknowledged that the Confederates had succeeded in completely closing the navigation of the Potomac. On each occasion that portion of the press that has always despised and underrated the strength and resources of the South, not only gave credence to the reports, but used them as arguments to prove that *now* was the time for a grand forward movement of the army of the Potomac. But on each occasion a few days only elapsed before it was found that the rebel army was as strong as ever. So it will prove in the case. At every point where there is a Federal and a Confederate army, the latter is either numerically the strongest, or else has the best Generals, or the advantage in position. And it has been so ever since the war began. This accounts for the results of the affairs at Big Bethel, Vienna, Bull Run, Lexington, Belmont, Ball's Bluff, and, above all, for the success of the Confederates in holding the right bank of the Potomac below Washington for the space of seven months, in the face of the grand Union army, and of openly, deliberately, and step by step, erecting one battery after another, until the work was done, and the great avenue to the capital closed. This I consider their greatest triumph.

But what do all these things prove? That such are to be the results of all the battles that are to be fought? By no means. They merely prove that the Administration have had, as yet, no proper conception of the magnitude of the war, and that we have been cursed hitherto with a lot of incompetent Generals. Hagging the delusive fallacy that there is a strong Union party at the South who would co-operate with the Union army, the Administration has never believed that the people of the eleven seceded States are unanimous in their determination to sever forever their connection with the Northern States. But this fact is now too evident to be longer denied. There is authority for saying that the President and Mr. Seward are both now convinced that the South are united as one man in this attempt to achieve for themselves a separate nationality, and that to crush the rebellion and conquer a peace, it will be necessary to call forth the entire strength of the loyal States, and to put into the field at once not a half million but a million of troops. This will be urged in the forthcoming President's message as a *sine qua non* for the successful prosecution of the war.

Villiam Brown Once More.

[Washington (special) Correspondence New York Mercury.

EDITOR T. T—Having just made a luscious breakfast, my boy, on Herculaneum, and purchased expressly for the grand army by a contracting agent for the Government, I take a sip of coffee from the very boot in which it was warmed, and hasten to pen my dispatch.

On Wednesday morning, my boy, the army here was re-enforced by a very fat man from Boston, who said he'd been used to Beacon street all the days of his life, and considered the State House somewhat superior to St. Peter's at Rome. He was a very fat man, my boy: eight hands high, six and a half hands thick, and his head looked like a full moon sinking in the west at five o'clock in the morning. He said he joined the army to fight for the Union, and cure his asthma, and Col. Wobert Wobinson thoughtfully remarked, that he thought he could grease a pretty long bayonet without feeling uncomfortable. This fat man, my boy, was leaning down to clean his boots just outside of a tent, when the General of the Mackerel Brigade happened to come along, and got a back view of him. "Thunder!" says the General, stopping short; "who's been sending artillery into camp?"

There's no artillery here, my boys," says I.

"Well," says he, "then what's that guncarriage doing there?"

I explained to him that what he took for a gun-carriage was a fat patriot blacking his boots; and he saic that he be dam.

It is with raptures, my boy, that I record the promotion of Villiam Brown, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, to the rank of Captain, with the privilege of spending half his time in New York and the rest of it on Broadway. Villiam left the Army of the Upper Potomac to pass his examination here, and the Board of Examiners report that he reminded them of Napoleon, and made them feel sorry for the Duke of Wellington.

One of the questions they asked him was—

"Suppose your company was sudenly surrounded by a regiment of the enemy and you had a precipice in your rear and twenty-seven hostile batteries in front—what would you do?"

Villiam thought a moment, and then says he—

"I'd resign my commission, and write to my mother that I was coming home to die in the spring time."

"Sensible patriot," says the Board. "Are you familiar with the history of General Scott?"

"You can bet on it," says Villiam, smiling like a sagacious angel: "Gencott was born in Virginia when he was quite young, and discovered Scotland at an early age He licked the British in 1812, and wrote the Waverly Novels, and his son Whaha bled with Wallace. Now, old hoss, trot out your commission and let's liquor."

"Pause fair youth," says the Board. "What makes you think that General Scott had a son named "Whaha?" We never heard that before"

"Ha!" says Villiam, agreeably, "that's because you don't know poickry. Why," says Villiam, "if you'll just turn to Burns works, you'll learn that

'Scott's wha' ha' wi' Wallace bled.

and if that ain't good authority, where's your Shakspeare?"

The Board was so pleased with Villiam's learning, my boy, that it gave him his commission, presented him with two gun boats and a cannon, and recommended him for President of the New York Historical Society.

It was rumored in camp last night that the army would go into winter quarters, and I asked Colonel Wobinson if he could not lend me a few of the quarters in advance, as I felt like going in right away He explained to me that winter-quarters would only be taken in exchange for Treasury Notes, and I withdrew my proposition for a popular loan.

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

A Wail from South Carolina.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 8th instant has this wail over the reble discomfiture a part of which was given in our telegraphic dispatches yesterday:

South Carolina began the war, and it is, perhaps, fitting, in the nature of things, that she should end it. The rage and hate of her enemies have precipitated them on her coast. They come to punish her for daring to assert her liberties and independence. Hence, as Gen. Butler, of Massachusetts, says:

"The war is to be illuminated by her burning cities and villages." We have foreseen and have deprecated the wretched policy which has induced the invasion of the State. we have wished that it could have been otherwise, and that the redemption of Maryland and the protection of South Carolina had been accomplished by fighting on the banks of the Potomac

But since all our efforts to shield South Carolina from invasion have failed, we await with cheerfuless the fate which is upon us. There are few calamities, without some redeeming advantages to those who suffer. We can, and we will make this invasion another occasion for illustrating the characteristics of Southern soldiers. "Let the invaders come," is the unanimous feeling of our people. Our Yankee enemies will, sooner or later, learn to their cost the difference between invaders for spoils and power, and defenders of their liberties, their homes and their native land If they can take Charleston with 25,000 men, let them have it. We are unworthy to possess it; and it will be a fitting memorial—laid in ashes—of our imbecility and base degeneracy.

But if, on the contrary, we shall give to every one of our invaders, who shall remain on our soil, a prison above it or a grave beneath it. will it not end the contest? Carolinians, the great cause of the Confederacy rests on your arms. Strike for the independence of the Confederate States, your homes and your native land. It has pleased God to place upon you the responsibility of commencing, this glorious war. Free and far, let your names spread among the nations of the earth as one of the freest, bravest and most enlightened people that has lived in the tide of time. Let us all with one heart, repeat the noble sentiment of one of her dead sons:

"It is better for South Carolina to be the cemetery of freemen than the home of slaves."

Picketing—A Burlesque.

While on my lonely beat, about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention, and, on looking up, I beheld one of Secesh's pickets standing before me.

'Soldier,' says he, 'you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I I was born; but this unnatural war has made as enemies, and I must shoot you Give me a chaw ter backer.'

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and descended from the First Families of Virginia. That is to say, his mother was a virgin. At least that s what I understand by the First Families of Virginia.

I looked at him, and says I—

'Let's compromise, my brother.'

'Never!' says he 'The South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave.'

'Stand off ten paces,' says I, 'and let's see whose name shall come before the coroner first.'

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about a quarter of a mile on my right; and when the smoke cleared away, I saw the Secesh picket approach me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

'Soldier,' says he, 'was there anything in my head before you fired?'

'Nothing,' says I, 'save a few harmless insects.'

'I speak not of them,' says he. 'Was there anything *inside* of my head?'

'Nothing!' says I.

'Well,' says he, 'just listen now."

He shook his head mournfully, and I heard something rattle in it.

'What's that?' I exclaimed.

'That,' says he, 'is your bullet, which has penetrated my skull, and is rolling around in my brain. I die happy, and with an empty stomach; but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish for my country. Have you a quarter about you?'

Too much affected to speak, I drew the coin from my pocket and handed it to him. The dying man clutched it convulsively, and stared at it feverishly.

'This,' said he 'is the first quarter I have seen since the fall of Sumter, and had I wounded you I should have been totally unable to give you any quarter Ah! how beautiful it is! how bright, how exquisite, and good for four drinks! But I have not time to say all I feel.'

The expiring soldier then laid down his gun, hung his cap and overcoat on a branch of a tree, and blew his nose. He then died.

And there I stood, my boy, on that lonely beat, looking down upon that fallen type of manhood, and thinking how singular it was he had forgotten to give me back my quarter. The sight and the thought so affected me that I was obliged to turn my back on the corpse and walk a little way from it. When I returned to the spot the body was gone! Had it gone to heaven? Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps so, but I haven't seen my quarter since.'

The Results of Fusion—Oil and Water Can't Mix.

The Boston *Post* says "that the effort here to place the election on a basis higher than that of party has failed."

The Detroit *Tribune* says that the Democrats played the Republicans false in the late election, and that hereafter the parties will be two, to which the *Press* says 'Amen!'

The New York *Tribune* says the result of the late election is an improvement over last year, as there are at least six out of the seventeen elected to the Legislature that won't steal.

The Chicago *Times*, in speaking of the late election there, says:

"Democrats have tried the experiment of a union with Republicans, and *failed*. They went into the movement in good faith, relying upon the 'no party' assurances of thir political opponents, and have come out of it with a proud consciousness that they have observed the bond to the letter, but with the bitter mortification that they have been deceived and betrayed.

The *Times* declares that '*henceforth the two parties must be as distinct as oil and water*—as far apart as earth and sun.'

So the humbugs of the People's party and the Union party, made up of a fusion of old parties and the ignoring of party antecedents, have been about played out We are glad of it. Democrats hereafter will adhere to their organization and not be weak enough to be bamboozled into any fusion movements, the main objects of which are to put demagogues in office; get the Democracy to share in the sins of Republicanism; or hide the weaknesses, follies and rascalities of Republican officials from popular indignation. We hope no Democrat will henceforth give any ear to the fusion appeals of weaklings, or the knavishly inclined of their own party, to abandon or postpone their organization, 'drop party for the present' and unite with those whose policy they have always predicted would bring about the very troubles that now afflict the country. Let all the honest and bold hearted maintain their organization as heretofore, confident that through it alone the country can be restored to its ancient harmony and prosperity.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—Hill's harness factory at Concord, N. H., was destroyed by fire this morning. The loss amounted to $60,000.

S. P. Skinner was convicted to-day of fitting out the steamer Margaret as a slaver.

On the person of James Brown, who was arrested here as a traitor, was found a letter from Wm. L. Yancy, in England, to his son, in Alabama, in which he speaks discouragingly of a prospect of the recognition of the rebels by the European powers.

Memphis Market—The Blockade and Its Efficiency.

[From the Memphis Appeal, Nov. 9.]

The sales recorded on the books were 380 bushels prime red wheat at $2 10; 80 barrels country extra flour at $11 25 per barrel; 300 sacks salt at $9 50; and 500 sacks on private terms; 14 tierces hams at 25c; 14 barrels molasses at 23c. The Charleston railroad brought in 1,366 barrels flour.

The New Orleans *Crescent* had the following:

The heretofore magic word, cotton, is scarcely lisped now a days on the flags. Some parties—would-be operators—hope that the blockade may be broken or raised, but hoping will not effect it. *It is manifest that Great Britain will adhere to the position she assumed months ago*—strict neutrality. There has been much talk and a great many comments on what has been termed running the blockade Reports—and they will prove to be simple reports—say that 516 vessels have run the blockade since the 16th of May last. This is a very wild estimate, even if it is supported by returns or statements in the departments at Richmond. The blockade was enforced off the mouths of the Mississippi River on the 25th of May, at which time there were forty sail of vessels in this port outward bound, which were permitted to go to sea. The blockade commenced off Mobile and Pensacola about the same time. Vessels were allowed to leave these ports till the 8th of June. So far as New Orleans is to be considered, the last arrivals *via* the Balize, were on the 29th of May last.

There have been some arrivals and departures of schooners from the bayous on the Gulf. There have been some coasting vessels on the coast of Carolina evading the blockade; but all these will not count up 510. On the other hand, the Hessian steamer *South Carolina* has captured seventeen schooners in attempting to run the gauntlet between New Orleans and Texas ports. There have been only three or four vessels from Europe—one the *Bermuda*—that have successfully run the blockade. Some few West Indian trader met with success on the Carolina coast. It is misleading foreign governments to make assertions of this character, that the blockade is easily avoided, when not a vessel has entered the port of New Orleans via the river for over five months, and only one via the lakes from a foreign port. Great Britain and France recognized the closing our ports, whether it is effectual or ineffectual. It is, however, thought the steamer *Nashville* has got out of the port of Charleston and gone somewhere. It is also evident that the steamer *Theodora*, or *Gordon*, made a successful trip from that port to Cuba and back."

The Official Canvass—A Good Prediction.

Two or three days after the election we ventured the prediction that the Democratic vote for Jawett would equal, if not exceed 150,000. It turns out to be surprisingly accurate. Here is the official vote:

GOVERNOR.

David Tod	206,387
Hugh J. Jewett	151,594
Tod's majority	56,793

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Benjamin Stanton*	207,646
John G. Marshall	151,976
Stanton's majority	55,670

SECRETARY OF STATE.

Benj. F. Cowan	207,355
Wm. M. Armstrong	151,531
Cowan's majority	55,824

TREASURER OF STATE

G. Volney Dorsey	207,453
G. W. Holmes	151,521
Dorsey's majority	55,907

COMPTROLLER OF THE TREASURY.

Jos. H. Riley ‖	206,376
Wayne Griswold ‖	150,877
Riley's majority	55,499

MEMBERS OF BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

John F. Torrence	207,378
Jabez W. Fitch	151,852
Torrence's majority	55,531

SUPREME JUDGE.

Josiah Scott	207,143
T. J. S. Smith	151,639
Scott's majority	55,504

* In Brown County 326 votes were cast for Benjamin F. Stanton.

‖ In Ashland County Jos. H. Riley had 1,428 votes, and Wayne Griswold had 683 votes for Comptroller of State, instead of Comptroller of Treasury, not counted in footing.

At the last Governor's election, in 1859, the Democratic vote was 171,000. Considering the number of Democrats who have gone into the service, and the defection of leading men in the party, it is gratifying how complete and true to itself and the country the organization has remained through the present crisis. The loss is about 20,000, more than which number are in the army, showing that the organization is really stronger than it was at the last gubernatorial election.

Gen. Grant's Report of The Battle at Belmont.

CAIRO, Nov. 18.—Gen. Grant's official report of the Belmont battle says he had but twenty-eight hundred men. The object of the expedition was to prevent the enemy from sending re-inforcements to Price, and also from cutting in two the column that he had sent out from Cairo and Cape Girardeau, in pursuit of Jeff. Thompson.

Knowing that Columbus was strongly guarded, I asked General Smith, commanding at Paducah, to make a demonstration in that direction. He did so by ordering a small force to Mayfield, another in the direction of Columbus, not to approach however, nearer than fifteen miles I also sent a small force on the Kentucky side with orders not to approach nearer than twelve miles above Columbus. At daylight we reached a point just out of range of the rebel guns, and debarked. Our troops were marched one mile towards Belmont, though drawn in line, one battalion being left as a reserve near the transports.

It was but a few moments before we met the enemy, and a general engagement ensued. They were driven fast by foot back to their encampment on the river bank, a distance of two miles. Here they had strengthened their position by falling the timber for several hundred yards around. Our men charged through this, driving the enemy over the bank into their transports, leaving us in possession of everything not portable.

Belmont being in range of guns on the opposite shore, could not be held a single hour by our troops. Having no wagons, we could not move any captured property, consequently I gave orders for its destruction.

Our troops were not in the least discouraged; they charged the enemy again and defeated them. Our loss is about eighty five killed and one hundred and fifty wounded, many of them slightly, and about an equal number missing. Nearly all the latter are from the Iowa regiment, which behaved with great gallantry, and suffered more severely than the others. The balance of the report details individual gallantry.