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THE LAWYER'S STORY.

About the commencement of the present century, there stood near the centre of rather extensive hamlet, not many miles distant from a seaport town, in the north of England, a large, substantially built, but somewhat straggling building, known as Craig Farm House. The farm consisted of about one hundred acres of arable and meadow land; and at the time I have indicated, belonged to a farmer by the name of Armstrong. He had purchased it about three years previously, at a sale held in pursuance of a decree of the High Court Chancery. Farmer Armstrong was married but childless, his dame like himself was a native of Devonshire. They bore the character of plodding, taciturn, morose mannered couple; seldom leaving the farm, except to attend market, and rarely seen at church or chapel, they naturally enough became the object of suspicion and dislike to the prying, gossipping villagers, to whom mystery and reserve of any kind was exceedingly annoying and unpleasant.

Soon after Armstrong was settled in his new purchase, another stranger arrived and took up his abode in the best apartments in the house. The newcomer, a man of about fifty years of age, and evidently from his dress and gait a seafaring person, was as reserved and unsocial as his landlord, His name or at least that which he chose to be known by, was Wilson. He had one child, a daughter, about thirteen yerrs of age, whom he placed at a boarding school in the adjacent town. He sel dom saw her; the intercourse between fateer and daughter being principally carried on through Mary Strugnell, a widow, of about thirty years of age, and a native of the place. She was engaged as a servant to Mr. Armstrong, and seldom left Craig Farm except on Sunday afternoons, when if the weather was at all favorable, she paid a visit to an aunt living on the town; there saw Miss Wilson; and returned home usually at half past ten o'clock—later rather than earlier. Armstrong was occasionall absent from home several days together; on business, it was rumored for Wilson; and on Sunday in the first in January, 1802, he and his wife had been away for upwards of a week and had not yet returned.

About a quarter past ten o'clock on that evening, the early retiring inhabitants of the hamlet were aroused from their slumbers by a loud and continuous knocking at the front door of Armstrong's house; windows were hastily thrown open, and presently numerous footsteps approached the scene of growing hubbub. The unwanted noise was caused, it was found, by Farmer Armstrong, who accompanied by his wife was thundering vehemently upon the door with a heavy black thorn stick. Still no answer was obtained, Mrs. Strugnell, it was suposed, had had not returned from town, but where was Mr. Wilson, who was most always at home both day and night? Presently a lad called out that a white sheet or cloth of some sort was hanging out of one of the back windows. This announcement, confirming the vague apprehensions which had began to germinate in the wise heads of the villagers, disposed them to adopt a more effectual made of obtaining admission than knocking seemed likely to prove. Johnson, the constable of the parish, a man of great shrewdness, at once proposed to break in the door. Armstrong, who, as well as his wife, was deadly pale, and trembling violently, either with cold or agitation, hesitatingly consented, and crowbars were speedily procured, and an entrance was forced and in rushed a scorce of excited men. Mrs. Armstrong it was afterwards remembered, caught hold of her husband's arm in a hurried and frightened manner, whispered hasily in his ear, and then followed into the house.

Armstrong, who appeared to have somewhat recovered from his panic, darted at once up the staircase, followed by the whole body of rustics. On reaching the landing place, he knocked at Mr. Wilson's bed-room door. No answer was returned. Armstrong seemed to hesitate, but the constable at once lifted the latch; they entered, and a melancholy spectacle presented itself. Wilson, completely dressed, lay extended on the floor, a lifeless corpse. He had been stabbed in two places in the breast with some sharp poined instrument. Life was quite extinct. The window was open. On further inspection, several bundles containing many of Mr. Wilson's valuables in jewelry and plate, together with clothes, and silk handkerchiefs, were found. The wardrobe and secretary bureau had been forced open. The assassin's had it seemed, been disturbed, and hurried off by the window without their plunder. A hat was also picked up in the room, much too small for the deceased. The constable snatched it up and attempted to put it on Armstrong's head, but it was not near large enough. This, together with the bundles, dissipated a suspicion which had been growing in Johnson's mind, and he roughly exclaimed, "You need not look so scared; it's not you; that's quite clear."

To this remark neither Armstrong nor his wife uttered a syllable, but continued to gaze at the corpse, the bundles and the broken locks, in bewildered terror and astonishment. Presently some asked if any one had seen Mrs. Strugnell. This question asoused Armstrong, and he said "she has not come home yet; her door is locked."

"How do you know that!" cried the constable, turning sharply around; and looking in his face. "How do you know that!"

"Because, because," stammered Armstrong, "because she always locks it when she goes out."

The constable, however, insisted on being shown the room. He was of course followed by the other persons in the house. One of them looked through the key-hole, and exclaimed that the key was on the inside. Armstrong, it was afterwards sworn, started as if he had been shot; and his wife again clutched his arm with the same nervous, frenzied grip as before. The sheriff called out the woman's name at the top of his voice. He was answered by a low moan. In an instant the frail door was burst in, and Mrs. Strugnell was soon pulled out apparently more dead than alive, from underneath the bedstead, where she, in speechless consternation, lay partially concealed. Placing her in a chair, they scon succeeded—much more easily, indeed, than they anticipated—in restoring her to consciousness. Nevertheless she glanced around the circle of eager faces that environed her, till her eyes fell on Armstrong and his wife, when she gave a loud shriek, and muttering, *"they, they are the murderers!"* swooned, or appeared to do so, again instantly.

The accused persons, in spite of their frenzied protestations of innocence were instantly seized, and taken off to a place of security; Mrs. Strugnell was conveyed to a neighbor's close by; the house was carefully secured, and the agitated and wondering villagers departed to their several homes. The deposition made by Mrs. Strugnell at the inquest on the body, was in substance as follows.

"On the afternoon in question, she had in accordance with her usual custom, proceeded to town. She called on her aunt, took tea with her, and afterwards went to the Independent Chapel. After service she called to see Miss Wilson, but was informed that, in consequence of a severe cold, the young lady had gone to bed.—She then immediately proceeded homewards, and consequently arrived at Craig Farm more than an hour before her usual time. She let herself in with her latch-key, and proceeded to her bed-room. There was no light in Mr. Wilson's chamber, but she could hear him moving about in it.—She was just about to go down stairs, having put away her sunday bonnet and shawl, when she heard a noise, of persons entering the back way, and walking gently across the kitchen floor. Alarmed as to who it could be, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong not being expected home for several days, she gently closed her door and locked it. A few minutes after, she heard stealthy steps ascending the creaking stairs, and a voice in a low, hurried whisper, said—"Mary, are you there?" She was positive it was Mr. Armstrong's voice, but was too terrified to answer. Then Mrs. Armstrong—she was sure it was she—said also in a whisper, and as if addressing her husband, 'she is never back at this hour.' A minute or so after there was a tap at Mr. Wilson's door. She could not catch what answer was made; but by Mr. Armstrong's reply, she gathered that Mr. Wilson had laid down, and did not wish to be disturbed. He was often in the habit of lying down with his clothes on. Armstrong said, 'I will not disturb you, sir; I'll only put this parcel on the table.' There is no lock to Mr. Wilson's door. Armstrong stepped into the room, and almost immediately she heard a sound as of a violent blow, followed by a deep groan, and then all was still. She was paralyzed with horror and affright. After the lapse of a few seconds a voice—Mrs. Armstrong's undoubtedly—asked in a tremulous tone 'if all was over?' Her husband answered, 'Yes; but where be the keys to the writing desk kept?—Armstrong then came out of the bedroom, and both went into Mr. Wilson's sitting apartment. They soon returned, and crept stealthily along the passage to their own bedroom on the first floor. They then went down stairs to the kitchen.—One of them—the woman, she had no doubt—went out the back way, and heavy footsteps again ascended the stairs. Almost dead with fright, she then crawled under the bedstead, and remembered no more until she found herself surrounded by the villagers.

In confirmation of this statement, a large clasp knife belonging to Armstrong, and with which it was evident the murder had been committed, was found in one corner of Wilson's bedroom; and a mortgage deed of one thousand pounds on Craig Farm, the property of Wilson, and which Mrs. Strugnell swore was always kept in the writing desk in the front room, was discovered in the sleeping apartment, together with nearly one hundred and fifty pounds in gold, silver, and county bank notes, although it was known that Armstrong had but a fortnight before declined a very advantageous offer of some cows he was desirous of purchasing, under the plea of being short of cash. Worse, perhaps, than all, a key of the back door was found in his pocket, which not only confirmed Mrs. Strugnell's evidence. but clearly demonstrated that the knocking at the door for admittance, which had aroused and alarmed the hamlet, was a sure subterfuge. The conclusion, therefore, almost universally arrived at throughout the neighborhood, was that Armstrong and his wife were the guilty parties; and that the bundles, the broken locks, the sheet hanging out of the window, the shiny black hat, were, like the knocking, mere cunning devices to mislead inquiry.

The case excited great interest in the county, and I esteem myself professionally fortunate in being selected to hold the brief for the prosecution. I had satisfied myself, by a perusal of the depositions, that there was no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and I determined that no effort on my part should be spared to insure the accomplishment of the ends of justice. I drew the indictment myself, and in my opening address to the jury, dwelt with all the force and eloquence of which I was master, upon the heinious nature of the crime, and conclusive of the evidence by which was brought home to the prisoner.

The trial proceeded. The cause of the death was scientifically stated by two medical men. Next followed the evidence as to the finding of the knife in the bed-room of the deceased; the discovery of the mortgaged deed and the sum of money in the prisoner's sleaping room; the finding the key of the back door in the male prisoner's pocket; and his demeanor and expressions on the night of the perpetration of the crime. In his cross examination of the constable several facts perfectly new to me were elicted by the very able counsel for the prisoners. Their attorney had judiciously maintained the strictest secresy as to the nature of the defence, so that it now took me completely by surprise. The constable, in reply to questions by counsels, stated that the pockets of the deceased were empty; that not only his purse, but a gold watch, chains and seals, which he usually wore had vanished, and no trace of them as had yet been discovered.—Many other things were also missing. A young man of the name of Pearce, apparently a sailor, had been seen in the villlage once or twice in the company of Mary Strugnell; he had not seen Pearce since the night the crime was committed, had not sought for him.

Mary Strugnell was the next witness; she repeated her previous evidence with precision and apparent sincerity, and then I abandoned her to the counsel for the defence. A subtile and able cross-examination of more than two hours' duration followed: and at its conclusion, I felt that the case of the prosecution was not damaged, that a verdict of condemnation was, or ought to be, out of the question. The witness, in fact, appeared to be confused, and contradicted herself several times destroying all the important points in her evidence. Had the counsel been allowed to follow up his advantages by an address to the jury, he would I doubt not, in spite of their prejudice against the prisoners, have obtained an acquital; but as it was after a neutral sort of charge from the Judge, by no means the ablest that then adorned the bench, the jurors having deliberated for something more than an hour, returned in to the court with a verdict of guilty, against both prisoners, and accompanying it, however with a strong recommendation to mercy!

The usual ridiculous formality of asking the wretched convicts what they had to urge why sentence should not be passed upon them was gone through, the Judge with unmoved feelings, put on the fatal cap; and then a new and startling light burst upon the mysterious, bewildering affair.

"Stop, my lord!" exclaimed Armstrong with a rough vehemence; "hear me speak! I'll tell you all about it; I will indeed, my lord. I was gone away, wife and I, for more nor a week, to receive money, for Mr. Wilson on account of smuggled goods—that money my lord, as was found in the way. When we came home that dreadful Sunday night, my lord, we went in the back way and hearing a noise, I went up stairs, and found poor Wilson stone dead on the floor. I were dredful skeered, and let drop the candle. I called to wife and told her of it. She screamed out, and almost fainted away. And then, my lord, all at once the devil shot into my head to keep the money I had brought and knowing as the keys of the desk where the mortgeged writing was kept was in the bed-room, I crept back, as that false-hearted woman said, got the keys, and took the deed; and then I pursuaded wife, who had been trembling in the kitchen all the while, that we had better go out quiet again, as there was nobody in the house but us; I tried that woman's door, and we might perhaps be taken for the murderers. And so we did; and that it is a downright truth my lord.

I was deeply affected, and felt that the man had uttered the whole truth. It was one of those cases in which persons liable to suspicion damages his own cause by resorting to a trick. No doubt by act of theft, Armstrong had been driven to an expedient which would not have been adorned by a person perfectly innocent. And thus from one thing to another, the charge of murder had been fixed upon him and his hapless wife. When this confession had been uttered, I felt a species of self accusation in having contributed to his destruction, and gladly would I have undone the whole days proceedings. The Judge on the contrary was quite undisturbed.—Viewing the harangue of Armstrong as a tissue of falsehood, he coolly pronounced sentence of death, upon the prisoners.—They were to be hanged on Monday.—This was Friday.

"A bad job!" whispered the counsel for the defence as he passed me. That witness of yours, the woman Sturgnell is the real culprit.

I tasted no dinner that day; I was sick at heart: for I felt as if had the blood of two fellow creatures on hands. In the evening I sallied forth to the judges lodgings. He listened to all I had to say; but was quite imperturable. The obstinate old man was satisfied the sentence was as it should be. I returned to my inn in a fever of dispair. Without the approval of the Judge, I knew that the application to the Secretary of State was futile. There was not even time to send to London unless the Judge had granted a respite.

All Saturday and Sunday I was in misery. On Monday morning I was pacing up and down my breakfast room in the next assize town, in a state of great excitement, when a chaise and four drove rapidly up the Hotel, and out tumbled Johnson the constable. His tale was soon told. On the previous evening, the landlady of the Black Swan, a roadside public house about four miles from the scene of the murder, reading the name of Pearce in the report of the trial in the Sunday county papers sent for Johnson to state that the person had on the fatal evening called and left a portmanteau in her charge, promising to call for it in an hour, but had not been there since. On opening the portmanteau, Wilson's watch chain and seals and other property, were discovered in it; and Johnson had, as soon as it was possible set off in search of me.—Instantly, for there was not a moment to spare, I, in company with Armstrong's counsel, sought the Judge, and with some difficulty obtained from him a formal order to the sheriff to suspend the execution till further orders. Off I and the counsel started, and happily arrived in time to stay the execution, and deprive the already assembled mob of the brutal exhibition they so anxiously awaited. On inquiring for Mary Sturgnell, we found that she had absconded on the evening of the trial. All search for her proved vain.

* * * * * *

Five months had passed away; the fate of Armstrong and his wife was still undecided, when a message was brought to my chambers in the Temple; from a woman said to be dying in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It was Mary Strugnell; who when in a state of intoxication, had fallen down in front of a carriage, as she was crossing near Holburn Hill, and had both her legs broken. She was dying miserably, and had sent for me to make a full confession relative to Wilson's murder. Armstrong,s account was perfectly correct. The deed was commited by Pearce, and they were packing up their plunder when they were startled by the unexpected return of the Armstrongs. Pearce snatching up a bundle and a portmanteau, escaped by the window: she had not enough nerve to attempt it, and had crawled back to her bedroom, where she, wacthed the doings of the farmer through the chinks of the partition which seperated her room from the passage, concocted the story which convicted the prisoners. Pearce, thinking himself pursued, too heavily encumbered for rapid flight left the portmanteau as described, intending to call for it in the morning. He, however, had not courage to risk calling again, and made the best of his way to London. He was now in Newgate under sentence of death for a burglary, accompanied by personal violence to the inmates of the dwelling he and his gang had entered and robbed. I took care to have the deposition of the dying wretch put into proper form and the result was, after a great deal of petitioning and worryings of authorities a full pardon for both Armstrong and his wife. They sold Craig Farm' and removed to some other part of the country, where I never tronbled to inquire. Deeply grateful was I to be able at last to wash my hands of an affair, which had cost me so much anxiety and vexation; albeit the lesson it afforded me of not coming hastily to conclusion, even when the truth seems, as it were upon the surface of the matter has not been, I trust, without its uses.

[Special correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.]

CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

Gallant Conduct of Our Young Western Navy.

FULL PARTICULARS

CAIRO, Feb. 9, 1862.

The telegraph has given you information relative to the attack upon Fort Henry, and the surrender, and it only remains for me to give a connected account of the expedition, the attack and surrender. The expedition was planned with great secrecy. Even the most knowing correspondents were in the dark as to what was intended, although those who kept their eyes and ears open could very well guess what was going on.

The expedition was planned by Gen. Halleck, and although he was at St. Louis he had a big finger in the pie. General Cullom, chief of his staff, came down here the other day on business with Gen. Grant and Commodore Foote. Soon after his arrival there was a general movement in camp and at the levee. Steamboats multiplied—or rather those which were usually to be seen steamingup and down the Ohio and Mississippi, somehow found it convenient to stop here, and the landing presented a grand spectacle. The troops were ordered to be ready. Their provisions were placed on board the steamers, then the troops went on board. No one knew whither they were bound, but there were many shrewd guesses.

Finally on Tuesday seven of the gunboats and the steamer moved up the Ohio, and then all hands came to the conclusion that the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers were to be visited.

You remember that one of the gunboats a few weeks ago went up the Tennessee river with the Commodore on board, and that a few shells were dropped into Fort Henry, eliciting no reply, the rebels shrewdly understanding that it was only a reconnoisance, and that it would not be wisdom to expose their position. But notwithstanding they chose to be silent Commodore Foote obtained all needful information and proceeded to make his arrangements accordingly.

The plan proposed was for a joint attack by water and by land, but owing in part to the gallantry of the brave boys on the gunboats and to Commodore Foote's admirable plan of attack, which did not admit the possibility of a defeat; also to the persistent energy which kept his fleet straight on, bent on one single purpose; also owing to the distance the land forces were obliged to march, it was wholly a naval victory.

To give a clear account, one which can be understood by those who have not visited the locality, or who have not studied the plan, I will attempt a description of the place.

You know that that the Tennessee and the Cumberland Rivers enter the Ohio only ten miles apart, and that they both run across the State, and that at the line between Kentucky and Tennessee, they are only ten miles apart. Both are navigable. The Tennessee is navigable for large steamers to the Muscle Shell Shoals in Alabama. The Cumberland is navigable for small steamers up as far as Mill Springs, where Zollicoffer was defeated and killed. The two streams are in fact two highways opening into the heart of the bogus Confederacy. They are most important avenues, quite as valuable as railroad lines—more so in fact, for powder will blow up bridges, and rebels can tear up rails, but it is impossible for all secessia to tear up the rivers. The rebels very well understood the importance of these streams, and knowing that the rivers could not be destroyed, they did the only thing in their power, built forts, to stop our advance by these two gateways. They chose two important localities—one on each river, both below the line of railroad which connects Columbus with Bowling Green. The point on the Tennessee which was selected is near the Bluff, two or three miles above or south of the Tennessee line. Pine Bluff is on the West side of the river, about twenty miles from the bridge where the railroad crosses the stream. The point on the Cumberland is at Dover, 12 miles distant. The Fort on the Tennessee was named Fort Henry, that on the Cumberland was named Fort Donelson.

Fort Henry stands in an admirable position—one strong by nature and improved by the scientific skill of engineers taught at West Point, at the expense of the Government of the United States. As you steam up the river you come to a long, narrow, and densely wooded island—Panther Island. Just beyond is Panther Creek, coming in from the east. Here the river makes a bend to the west, and in the curve is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide. From the bend to the head of the island is a mile and a quarter. Just above the bend there is another creek, which opens into a pond or bayou on the eastern side. The land between those creeks was selected for the defence of the river. The angles and faces of the fort were constructed so that the larger portion of the guns could be brought to bear upon the entire distance to the island, and also down its eastern side, which is the main channel. The western side is impassible at low water, but the rebels taking into account the possibility of an attack at high water, had planted several torpedoes in the channel—a poor expedient, for Commodore Foote knew they were and not only that, but the exact locality in which they were placed. He sent out his small boats and fished up five, four of which were found to be so damp that the powder would have had to be dried before exploding.

The fort was strong on both flanks by means of the creeks and the pond. The creeks extended along the mainland and left but a narrow ridge of land in the rear. This was covered by a dense forest, and here the rebels have used their axes to some advantage, the trees were felled and strong abatti constructed. The fort itself is of strong embankments, with a ditch outside, surrounding it. It contains about four acres. Outside this there is an entrenched camp — an embankment and stockade containing about thirty-five acres.

At Pine Bluff landing is a ferry six miles below the fort. The road from the ferry runs along the bank under the bluff for a short distance, then runs inland, crosses Panther creek and joins the road leading to Dover, which crosses at the head of the pond.

Right opposite the pond, on the west side of the river, there is a high bluff, which commands the fort and encampment. On the bluff the rebels had erected a work, called a redan in military works; but they had not erected guns within it. The front face of the fort was not more than twelve or fifteen feet above the surface of the river at high water. The rebels had tented barracks in their encampment, and every preparation was made to make an effective, determined, victorious stand—to hold the place against us by water and by land. It was confidently expected that the fort would knock big holes into the gunboats and send them to the bottom, long before they could pass the fort; and if the place could be held against the boats, there was no danger of our opening their highways by a mere land attack. But, as has been seen, they counted thair chickens before they were hatched. With this view of the locality, we may proceed to the narrative of events.

The whole force numbered about twenty thousand.

While the steamers were down the river, Gen. Grant and staff, on the St. Louis and Essex, proceeded up the river upon a reconnoisance. They went within a mile and a half of the fort, and threw several shells into the entrenchments, which elicited a reply—just what was wanted—from a 24-pound rifled gun, which was admirably aimed, sending a shot through one corner of the top works of the Essex—the cabin which Captain Porter had constructed outside the Essex, merely for the convenience of himself and officers, and which, as he informed me a few days since, "he expected would be blowed to thunder if they went into a fight."

Meanwhile also a land reconnoisance was made and the rebel pickets encountered.—A few shots were fired and the pickets driven in by our cavalry. One man was killed and one wounded on our side.

The next morning the forces from Paducah and Smithland arrived and were landed on the west side near Pine Bluff to operate against the redan. During the night, however, there was a severe thunder storm and heavy rain, which made it anything but comfortable for our troops, and which made ground almost impassable. It also raised the river to an unusual height, flooding all the low roads, filling the river with driftwood and raising the creeks, which, while it made the fortifications stronger against an attack by land, enabled Commodare Foote to pass up the shallow side of the island and keep out the range of the rifled guns till he was near enough to open.

The plan of attack was for the fleet to open at half past twelve o'clock. Gen. Grant was to move at an earlier hour and get in rear of the camp, to cut off all communication with Dover. Com. Foote assured the General the ball would open precisely at that hour. He also expressed his fears that the troops would be behind on account of the bad roads, and added, "General, I shall have the Fort in my possession before you get into your position." The General told him to go ahead. He started the columns, Gen. McClernand's up the eastern bank, and Gen. Smith's up the western, himself remaining at the landing to direct operations from that point. The forces of the enemy were variously estimated from eight to twelve thousand. A small portion of their force was at redan—the largest number being on the eastern side, but not all within the fort. Several regiments were posted on the road leading to Dover.

At ten and a half o'clock, Thursday forenoon, Commodore Foot gave the signal from his flag ship to get under way.—He had previously given his instructions to the officers and men. He determined to fight only with his bow guns, and to come to close quarters. He believed that the gunboats would stand it quite as long as the earthworks. His intenion was to keep slow steam, take deliberate aim, to fire slow, and *to keep cool!* He told his men that one shot deliberately aimed was more effectual than two badly aimed. He did not want them to waste ammunition, but to drop every shot where it would tell; for by firing slow they would not heat the guns, and by keeping cool they would have perfect confidence till the rebel flag should give place to the Stars and Stripes. He told them that he intended to take the fort or go the bottom!

The gunboats were as follows:

Cincinnati, (flag ship,) Capt. R. N. Stembel, 13 guns.

St. Louis, Lieut. Leonard Paulding, 13 guns.

Carondelet, Commander Henry Walker, 13 guns.

Conestoga, Lieut. Phelps, 7 guns.

Lexington, Lieut. J. W. Short, 7 guns.

Taylor, Lieut. W. Gwin, 7 guns.

The Cincinnati St. Louis and Carondelet are new bonts, iron plated at the bows with two and one-half inch plates, as also are the sides aft beyond the wheel houses, and upon the decks with half-inch boiler plates. The Essex was an old ferry boat, transformed. The boilers were much exposed, but protected by oak stanchions. A few days since, in company with other gentlemen of the pen, I made visit to the Essex, and casually remarked to Captain Porter that his boilers were exposed to any shot which might come in that the ports. He admitted it, and wished that he had iron plating within to protect them. The Lexington Conestoga and Taylor are side wheel steamers—river boats formerly, but altered for service as fast sailing gunboats. They are iron plated.

Commodore Foot arranged the fleet in two divisions, the four strongest boats in front, and the other three in the rear. As soon as the four were sufficiently advanced, the three were to take position at the head of the island, and, by elevating their guns throw shells into the encampment, over the boats in advance.

All the boats got under way as soon as the signal was made. They steamed up the shallow channel—not shallow but deep enough to float a frigate—and reached the head of the island soon after twelve. They came into their several positions—the flag ship being about a half length ahead. At 12 34 the Cincinnati opened with an eighty pound shell which steamed over the water, dropped square into the fort, and produced a great commotion among the rebels. The shot had hardly escaped from the muzzle before the three other boats, each sent their compliments—each shell reaching the fort or the encampment.

The Cincinnati then gave another, and the others followed their commodore's example. The rebels were ready. They had expected it, and their guns were shotted, the lanyards fixed, the men in their places, and they replied, gun for gun.

The boats kept steadily on, slowly, but constantly in motion, and the firing was kept up deliberately and with regularity. There was no excitement, no indiscriminate banging away at random, but time was taken for the smoke to clear away to obtain accurate aim. The shots, some of them went beyond the fort in the camp, and smashed the barracks about making kindling wood of the log huts and sending teror and dismay to the soldiers. At the fourth round they become completely bereft of their senses, left their dinner still cooking in their camp kettles, their blankets, guns, swords, Arkansas tooth picks, home made cleavers, old flints, fowling peices, rifles, love letters—everything, and took to their heels in the utermost consteruation; an improvement on the example set them by their illustrious predecessors, the South Carolinians at Port Royal. The artilerists in the fort however still stuck to their guns and fired with great coollness and accuracy of aim. They evidently had practiced on ranges all the way down to the Island, and many of their shots struck the boats. They lost the use of their rifled 24 pounder—it bursted on the fourth fire.

Still onward moves the boats—straight on their bows puffing out immense volumes of white smoke and sending their missles into the fort. Soon one of the rebel guns was dismantled, and then the fire from the fort perceptibly slackened. A shot from one of their guns struck the Essex just above one of the ports in a place where there was no iron plate—the only vulnerable place at the bow of the boat, passed through the outside as if it was but paper; also passed through the oak stanchions around the boilers and through the standard boiler. Instantly the boat was filled with hot steam.

The pilot and his assistant, probaly did not draw a second breath. They must have been immediately suffocated. One of them was found with his hand upon the wheel, the other holding the cord which rings the engineer's bell. Three of the men were scalded to death. The boat was completely disabled and floated down with the current till taken in shore by a tug.

The rebels took new heart, they sprang to their guns, and for a a few minutes blazed away with desperate energy, evidently thinking that as the range was shortening they were cutting through the iron plates. But the other three boats kept steadily on pouring in their slow, sure, deliberate fire. The shell tore through the embankments, knocked the gabions and sand-bags about, and smothered the garrison with sand.—One shell burst directly over one of the guns, and killed or wounded every rebel at the gun.

Nearer and nearer moved the three boats, never swerving for a moment—not even to blow to atoms a little steamer loaded with fleeing fugitives, that pushed out from the creek beyond the fort. Our shells have annihilated them, but Commodore Foate could not afford to loose his range upon the fort. He had but one object in view—the reduction of that fortification, and till that was done he could not be tempted to turn aside for anything else.

Flesh and blood could not stand against his fire. He was about three hundred yards distant and still advancing, when the rebel flag came down. Instantly all was silence. Not a shot was fired after it was struck. The rebel Gen. Tilghman, had flung out a white flag, but Commodore Foote informed me that he did not see it. If he had, it would have made no difference, for he was determined that there should be no conditions when the stars and stripes went up again over the soil of Tennessee.

Immediately the borders of the St. Louis were on hand, and Gen. Tilghman desired to see Commander Foote. He was told that he must go on board the Cincinnati, and soon the two commanders stood face to face. Gen. Tilghman said that he had displayed a white flag, and desired conditions. Commodore Foate replied that he did not see it, but that it would have made no difference if he had. He said, "Your surrender must be unconditional, sir." "Well, Commodore, if I must surrender, it is a pleasure to surrender to so brave a man as yourself." "You do perfectly right, sir; to surrender, for I should not, under any circumstances." Gen. Tilghman did not comprehend the Commodore. "I would not have surrendered, sir," he continued, "because I was fully determined to capture you or go to the bottom."

Everything was surrendered—twenty-seven guns, all the munitions, provisions for several months, camp equipage for several thousand men—and the Stars and Stripes went up over the soil of Tennessee with a wild, indescribable shout and hurrah. The men who had been cold during the fight now became excited. They grasped one another by the hand and danced and capered like wild men. The fight lasted one hour and twelve minutes.

Meanwhile the troops were floundering in mud over the terrible roads. When the firing commenced the troops were but half the distance to their designed positions. The bands had been playing to enliven the march, but when the deep toned music of the cannonade come booming on their ears, they gave a loud cheer, and of their own accord broke into a double-quick movement. But they were too late to bag the fleeing rebels. If they had arrived at the appointed time, we should have had several thousand of them on our hands. Commodore Foote was right in his calculations, and Gen. Grant wrong.—As it was, sixty-nine prisoners fell into our hands.

Gen. Tilghman informed Commodore Foote that he knew the weak places of the gun boats and aimed accordingly, and informed the Commodore that he confidentially expected to sink every boat.

Com. Foote laid all his plans with admirable forethought. He was determined, and accordingly succeeded in the undertaking. He is much beloved by his men, for he is as humane, considerate, and careful, as he is brave and prudent.

A gentleman said to him last night that he was getting nervous and must have some sleep. "I never slept better in my life than I did the night before the battle, and I never prayed more fervently than on that morning; but I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of those poor fellows on board the Essex"—was his reply—a reply which at once reveals his whole character, for he is not only a moral man, but humane, self-sacrificing—one who openly recognizes the claims of Christianity, and lives up to his professions.

The officer who served under him are equally worthy of mention. Capt. Stembel, Commander Paulding, Walker, Porter, Short, and Gwin, one and all did their whole duty.

It is impossible for me to give a description of the arms captured in the rebel works.

There were heaps of old flint lock guns, mostly of the 1828 pattern, but some old enough and rusty enough to have been carried by the grandfathers of the rebels. There were old rifles with shattered stocks tied to the barrel with shoemokers' wax ends. There were single and double barreled guns, some of which saw their best days years ago. There were a few good guns, but the majority were such as we have described. There were home-made sabres, or swords or cleavets, or knives—one knows not what name to give them—but the most unganly implements of war imaginable—made by the poorest and most unskilled of black-smiths. They were rough unpolished blades, about eighteen inches long, wide and very thick.—They had oak handles, and rough guardss. They might do good service as butcher's cleavers, but could not be yielded with great effect in battle. They were in sheep skin sheaths, of the poorest kind of dressing, tan colored, with a slit for the soldier's belt.

Provisions of all kinds were found in abundance, flour, bacon, corn, pork, sugar and molasses. There were a good supply of shoes, blankets, camp kettles, and tents sufficient to accommodate several thousand men.

Dismissed at Plaintiff's Cost.

It will be recollected that after the narrow escape of U. S. Deputy Marshal Lowe from the Penitentiary on an indictment for kidnapping in Lorain county, he commenced suit for $20,000 against Professor Peck and Fairchild of Oberlin, and Judge Carpenter of Akron, in the Supreme Court at Columbus where they happened then to be for conspiring, together with the Grand Jury, Sheriff and Clerk of Lorain County, to procure his imprisonment.

For two years and a half the defendants urged a hearing of their cause, but could not obtain it, and on the 27th ult. the Court dismissed the case at the Plaintiff's cost.

Pious but Illustrative.

A Canada paper says that one of their officers on hearing that the militia were to be called out, sent his commission to his Lieut. Colonel, endorsed as follows:

"dear Curnel, i beg to resine my commishen, Being a deciple of Krist, i cannot take up the sord."