

of fish there under our eyes, but they belong, they say, now to the Duke, or somebody else, and we have to look on and see them preserved for him, or others for whom we care nothing. Our landlords are not much better off than we are. We are told that the Duke's tenants catch thousands, and that they, and the people below Hereford, are allowed by law to net night and day, except on Saturday and Sunday, and that this prevents any fish coming into our streams until the breeding season begins. We will stand this no longer. We

upset the bad law about gates, and we will upset these unfair laws about salmon. We are a God-fearing people, and wish to respect the laws, wherever just and fair, but the salmon were sent us as our lawful food, and no board shall deprive us of them."

The result is easily told. The Wye, the most beautiful salmon-river in England or Wales, is being denuded of its breeding-fish, steadily but surely, and the number of sporting-fish that reach the upper waters in the fishing season is also diminishing every year.

THE

CAPTURE OF THE CONFEDERATE PRESIDENT.



AFTER leaving Washington (says Mr. Jefferson Davis) I overtook a commissary and quartermaster's train, having public papers of value in charge, and, finding that they had no experienced woodsman with it, I gave them four of the men of my small party, and went on with the rest. On the second or third day after leaving Washington, I heard that a band of marauders, supposed to be stragglers and deserters from both armies, were in pursuit of my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but of whom I heard, at Washington, that they had gone with my private secretary and seven paroled men, who generously offered their services as an escort, to the Florida coast. Their route was to the east of that I was pursuing, but I immediately changed direction and rode rapidly across the country to overtake them.

About nightfall the horses of my escort gave out, but I pressed on with Secretary Reagan and my personal

staff. It was a bright moonlight night, and just before day, as the moon was sinking below the tree-tops, I met a party of men in the road, who answered my questions by saying they belonged to an Alabama regiment; that they were coming from a village not far off, on their way homeward. Upon inquiry being made, they told me they had passed an encampment of wagons, with women and children, and asked me if we belonged to that party. Upon being answered in the affirmative, they took their leave. After a short time I was hailed by a voice which I recognised as that of my private secretary, who informed me that the marauders had been hanging around the camp, and that he and others were on post around it, and were expecting an assault as soon as the moon went down. A silly story had got abroad that it was a treasure-train, and the *auri sacra fames* had probably instigated these marauders, as it subsequently stimulated General J. H. Wilson to send out a large cavalry force to capture the same train.

For the protection of my family, I

travelled with them two or three days, when, believing that they had passed out of the region of marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at nightfall, to execute my original purpose. My horse, and those of my party proper, were saddled preparatory to a start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighbouring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumour, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled, and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down, fully dressed, to rest.

Nothing occurred to rouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman, a free coloured man, who faithfully clung to our fortunes, came and told me there was firing over the branch, just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognised as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction.

As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my "Raglan," a water-proof light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started my wife thoughtfully threw over my

head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone, perhaps, fifteen or twenty yards, when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and "Raglan" from my shoulders, advanced towards him; he levelled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was, in that event, to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle, and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and, recognising that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed on to a fire just beyond the tent. Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions. They encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing they had met our armed escort, and some casualties resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops.

During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those who were engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Taylor Wood, with Lieut. Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring exploits on the sea had made him, on the part of the Federal Government, an object of special hostility, and rendered it quite proper that he should avail himself of every possible means of escape. Colonel Pritchard went over to their battle-field, and I did not see him for a long time, certainly more than an hour after my capture. He subsequently claimed credit, in a conversation with me, for the forbearance shown by his men in not shooting me when I refused to surrender.