

(Correspondence of the New York Herald.)
THE PERILS OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE START FROM THE FIELD.

WASHINGTON, May 10th.—At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, I left the headquarters of the army in the field, near the old Wilderness Tavern, and started for Washington, with full reports of the battle, and a complete list of the casualties to that time. General Lee had just turned our right flank on the road to Germanna Ford, and our cavalry were dashing into the lines in great disorder, reporting the advance of rebel infantry in great strength. To avoid these, Fitzpatrick and myself took the road to Ely's Ford, intending to proceed from there to Rappahannock Station and thence to Washington by rail. It was understood at that time that a large number of slightly wounded and sick were to be sent back to the Washington hospitals, under a strong cavalry escort. When near Ely's we were overtaken by Crosey, correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. He had heard in some way of our having started for Washington, and determined to overtake and accompany us. At Ely's Ford we learned that no trains were in readiness, and determined to push on alone. The distance to Rappahannock Station was about twenty-five miles by the road we designed to travel.

OUR MARCH—UNION TROOPS MET.

This we supposed we could easily traverse by midnight and if no train was likely to leave early the next day we could ride to Washington on horseback by Sunday evening. We had less hesitation in undertaking the midnight ride from knowing that about three hundred of our cavalry had crossed at the ford half an hour before, going in the same direction. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang aglee," and this proved no exception. Night found us a few miles from Ely's, on the road to Kelley's ford. There was no moonlight, and the road was gloomy and forbidding. Thoughts of rebels, robbers and Libby Prison were suggested by everything animate and inanimate. At a turn in the road we discovered a squad of infantry approaching from the opposite direction. The order to "halt and advance singly" was obeyed, and they proved to be Union soldiers, in some way separated from their command, and pushing ahead to rejoin it. We certainly breathed freer on learning who they were, and sincerely hope they did the same. They had seen no rebels on the road, and believed none were in the vicinity.

THE GUERRILLAS—OUR CAPTURE.

Yet before we had advanced fifty yards from that position, and while the dusky forms of the infantry could be dimly seen in the distance, five mounted men plunged into the road from the thicket that skirted it, in our front and rear, and the click of revolvers at our ears was instantaneous. "Surrender! Give up your arms! Speak and you die!" were the gentle but persuasive admonitions of our newfound friends and admirers! We were surprised, surrounded, unarmed, defenceless. Compliance with their modest demands became a "military necessity." One of the bold riders spurred to the side of each, satisfied himself that we were indeed unarmed, and taking our horses by the reins, followed the Captain of the party hastily through an open space of ground to some timber in the distance, where we were compelled to dismount and submit to still further interrogatories and examinations. Our story was briefly and truly told. We were newspaper correspondents, and could in no case be considered a part of the army. Our being unarmed at such a place and at such a time proved us not belligerents. I stated that I had been captured before, and had never been detained to exceed an hour, and expected to be promptly dismissed again. For this purpose I urged them to take us to some suitable place, examine our credentials and papers to satisfy themselves that we represented our occupation truly, and then allow us to proceed unmolested on our way to Washington. But the proposition found small favor in their eyes. We were mounted, taken through dark forests, deep ravines, deserted farms, blind paths and family house-yards, till the roar of falling water proclaimed the presence of some mill-dam on the Rappahannock.

OUR HOPES—OUR HOOSTING PLACE.

The skylight died out with the prospect of escape, as we tole in silence through the dismal waters and forests, and the stunted pines on every hand seemed the specters of departed hopes.

Oh, was y u never captured,
 A felt the bitter pain—
 That heavy sinking of the heart
 You ne'er shall feel again?

We finally forded the Rappahannock at an obscure, out-of-the-way place, far from house or road, and late in the night struck the main road leading down to Fredericksburg. Our captors stopped at one or two lonely houses, and after short whispered consultations with the inmates at the door, we proceeded in silence as before. We were finally dismounted at the house of Stringfellow, near Cold Spring, our horses unsaddled and fed and our papers examined; when we all retired to an upper room containing three wide, old fashioned featherbeds, and were allowed to sleep till daylight. Our captors stood guard over us all night, and were as lynx-eyed and vigilant to prevent our escape as though we were modern Atlases, with the entire weight of the bogus Confederacy on our shoulders.

AT EARLY DAWN

we were ordered out. Two of the party and myself rode to the house of Sears, near by, for breakfast, and the balance of the party honored Stringfellow by accepting a similar hospitality. Of our breakfast too little in praise cannot be said. It had the redeeming feature of being graciously presented. The lady regretted—as what genuine housekeeper does not—that she had nothing better to offer. Her husband is a prisoner in Washington—an old, gray headed man. If he ever needs a breakfast he may draw on me for the favor. An hour later, the party was reunited, and the Captain announced his intention of taking us to Fredericksburg and turning us over to Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee. "Libby" with all its recounted and uncounted horrors, seemed gaping to receive us. When near Fredericksburg a genuine "bushwhacker," on foot, in citizen's clothes, armed with a double-barreled shot gun, emerged from the thicket, at the side of the road and informed the party *sub rosa* that Gen. Lee was not in Fredericksburg, but that the "Yanks" were. This caused an immediate "change of base."

OUR ESCAPE.

Our advance got into a skirmish with what we now know to have been a squad of wounded Union soldiers on their way to Aquia Creek. In the melee we were ordered to the rear in charge of a Sergeant, and managed to escape into the dense thickets that covered the neighborhood, minus horses, clothing, everything but what was on our persons. The unexpected presence of our straggling men disconcerted our captors and probably compelled them to secure their own safety at the risk of losing us. Heavy firing was plainly heard at this time in the direction of Chancellorsville, and announced that the mighty contest between the armies was not concluded.

OUR REPORTS OF THE THURSDAY'S FIGHT

Were eagerly perused by the rebels, who seemed to attach the utmost importance to their capture and astonishment at the amount of labor expended in compiling lists of casualties. The latter, they claimed, were far short of the real loss to us in battle, but greatly larger than they supposed it possible we could obtain in so short a time. In short, they unwittingly paid a high tribute to *Herald* enterprise, and were even sufficiently gracious to compliment Crosey.

OUR FREEDOM AND HOW EMPLOYED.

On finding ourselves indeed free, a council of war was called, in which it was determined that we should strike across to Aquia Creek as the nearest point on the Potomac river, and endeavor to board some passing steamer. The country was evidently full of enemies, many of whom were guerrillas. Our only safety lay in avoiding roads and traveling undiscovered. We started at noon on Sunday. Of the toil and fatigue of the trip I have little disposition to speak. We were taxed to the utmost limit of human endurance. The country was exceedingly broken and woody. The ravines all inclined to the Rappahannock for several miles, and had to be crossed at right angles to preserve our direct course. No hill, no forest, no jungle, was permitted to cause material deviation. Nothing but the presence of roads, habitations and people deterred us in the least, but these exerted peculiar terrorism.

"A DAWG—A BOY—ANOTHER DAWG"

On one occasion the furious barking of a dog betrayed the presence of a mountain cabin in the forest, and came near discovering us to a party of the stalwart rebels who were lounging in the yard.

On another, while seated for a short rest in a thicket a boy and dog came along a path within a few feet of where we sat; but neither discovered our presence.

When about half of our journey had been accomplished night came upon us in the edge of the open country on Potomac creek, and we lay in a thicket by the side of the stream nearly midnight. A few hours brought us, through the tangled brush and briars, to within a mile of the railroad crossing the Potomac creek, where we lay till daylight revealed our position.

From there to Aquia Creek was made by nine o'clock without interruption, although a mounted rebel scout was observing and following us some distance.

AT AQUIA CREEK

We found about three hundred wounded soldiers (a list of which was published in yesterday's *Herald*), who had walked the entire distance from the battle ground, by way of Fredericksburg, and had been compelled to fight their way a part of the time, though by far the largest portion were unharmed. The citizens of Fredericksburg offered them every indignity possible as they passed through the city, and the soldiers were with difficulty restrained from firing and destroying the place.

WE TURN SHIPBUILDERS—OUR SUCCESS.

As vessels fear decoys, they rarely answer signals from the Virginia shore of the Potomac. The soldiers were busily engaged constructing rafts from the debris of railroad platforms and torn down houses, with the intention of crossing the river to Port Tobacco, and making the best of their way here on the Maryland shore. Ye correspondents not caring to be behind in enterprise, or in literal fact, began the construction of a nondescript marine craft capable of carrying three persons, and were embarked on the bosom of the river by noon.

CAPTAIN BAKER AND HIS REBECCA.

The Government transport Rebecca Barton,

Captain Baker, came along, found the river covered with rafts, kindly furnished all a free passage to Washington, and placed everything on board the vessel at the disposal of the wounded and hungry men. To Captain Baker the thanks of nearly three hundred men and the press gang are due, and are hereby tendered, with good wishes for his success in life, and also of his bride Rebecca.

"REBELS, BLWARE!"

A more foot-or-, exhausted and hungry trio could not have been found at Monday noon than we of the reportorial corps. To a detachment of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry—our captors—commanded by Captain Curtis, we have a debt to cancel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GUERRILLAS COMING BACK TO MISSOURI.—A correspondent writing from St. Louis under date of May 9th, says:—Quantrell is unquestionably on the war path again. He crossed the State several days ago, and is probably concealed somewhere in the western portion of the State recruiting and strengthening his guerrilla band, preparatory to striking a sudden blow at some undefended point. The Kansas border is alarmed, and the First Colorado Cavalry, seven hundred strong, has left Kansas City to try and scare up Quantrell and disperse his gang before he has time to mature his plans and commit more depredations. People who have horses and other movable property, have been moving their effects for some days to the river towns. Besides the threatened appearance of Quantrell, there are signs of guerrillas becoming troublesome in North Missouri. The whole country north of the Missouri river is infested with bushwhackers, who are stealing horses and otherwise robbing the people. The Home Guards and the State Militia Cavalry in that section are busy hunting the guerrillas, and picking up armed rebels wherever they can find them; but for all their energy, the bushwhackers manage to maintain a roving existence, and to pounce on unsuspecting victims at night and in lonely places. With the approach of summer the guerrillas always reappear.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.—A few weeks ago a terrible outrage occurred near Springfield, Illinois. I appears a soldier named Phillips, seized the little daughter of a clergyman, only ten years of age, and afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, and forcibly placing her in a carriage, drove off with her, and outraged her person. Soon after, the wretch was arrested. The little girl identified him as the man, and when her father had taken her home, he was not long in finding out how terribly she had been wronged. On his way back to the magistrate's office, the feelings of a father and a man so overmastered his sacred character that he seized a brick, and rushing into the office, struck the guilty man a terrible but not fatal blow. Justice Adams deemed it advisable to postpone a hearing until the next morning, and the bleeding and guilty wretch was carried to the jail for safe keeping.

The examination of the guilty wretch was commenced (next day, May 11,) at the custom house; the attendance was large and the excitement intense. A brother of the afflicted and outraged child got into the building, and drawing a revolver, discharged it at the prisoner. Two shots took effect, and the examination was postponed. The prisoner was fatally injured, and died the same night. The excitement growing out of the affair was intense, and the public feeling was altogether with the family of the unfortunate little girl. [It served the scoundrel right.]

MAXIMILIAN AND HIS BROTHER.—The lady correspondent of the *Bulletin*, at Paris, writes as follows about Maximilian and his brother:

The Emperor, whilom Archduke Maximilian, has really set out for his new dominion. So numerous have been his delays about doing so, that I was inclined last night not to believe the telegraphic announcement of his embarkation at Trieste, and confess to a feeling of incredulity on the subject until I saw that the news was confirmed in the morning papers. The *Journal pour rire* make a good deal of fun out of the "slight attacks of cold and fever" which have for some time past kept his Imperial Majesty from transacting any important public business. It was not certainly politic of him to have exposed himself to such reproaches as did the first Mrs. Bombay. It was clearly his interest to have battled against the "trifling indispositions" which have kept him in his bed, when it was his duty to have been up and doing. The prospect of an Emperor who is so frequently *alic* for nothing, is not calculated to restore order in Mexico; unless, indeed, it is out there generally understood, that his Majesty will be a mere tool in the hands of some energetic lieutenant of his French protector.

The ex-Archduke has undoubtedly lost his elder brother's friendship—a fact rather in his favor than otherwise. The Emperor Francis Joseph went to Miramar to sign some necessary documents before the departure of their Mexican majesties. But he only stayed there from 10 till 4 o'clock—preferring the fatigue of traveling two nights running by a railway carriage to passing a night under Maximilian's roof. He did not stop to greet him by his new title.

COURT GOSSIP IN ENGLAND.—The Stock Exchange has been greatly agitated during the week, not only by political events and me-

nacing complications, but also by strange stories of difference between the Court and the Government. The Ministry, according to one rumor, decided that if the Austrians sailed for the Baltic, the Channel fleet should steam after them within six hours. An illustrious personage, it was rumored, was at issue with the Ministers on this point, and threatened to take command of her navy in person. This cerning a monarch who has always shown so wise and just an appreciation of her constitution is a sufficiently wild and improbable story conditional duies. It was added, however, that there were not only differences between the Court and the Ministry, but also differences within the Court itself. Persons who pretend to know, assert that the relations between the Queen and the Prince of Wales are, and have been, for some months, anything but friendly. Our monarchs, since the Revolution, have invariably quarreled with their heirs; but we hoped we had seen the last of this scandal. Half the people tell you that the Prince came up to shake hands with Garibaldi, against the known wishes of an illustrious personage. One section of the Court is said to be more German than the Germans themselves, while the other weeps incessantly for the sufferings, the misery and the slaughter of the wretched Danes. A general regret is expressed that her Majesty has permitted Prince Albert to visit Berlin at the present moment, and to receive a decoration from the blood-stained hands of the Prussian monarch.—[Birmingham Post.]

SOMETHING OF A FAMILY.—On Saturday week there was a family reunion at the residence of David and Adelaide Knollenberg, near Richmond, Indiana. One hundred and forty-three children and grand children were gathered under the roof of the old homestead of the 50th anniversary of the wedding of the "old folks, still at home." Mr. Knollenberg is 76 and his wife 74 years of age—both still hearty and strong. He yet performs a man's days work, and she walks to town twice a week with butter, eggs, etc., and doubtless she never obtained such encouraging prices before. It must be enough to renew their youth, and stimulate their faith in the excellence of this lower world.

DESERTIONS FROM THE ARMY.—Previous to April 1862, there were reported 478,54 desertions from the army—being an average of 6,239 per month. In April 1862, the Provost Marshal system was adopted, and since then the average desertions per month have been but 1,736. The total aggregate of desertions since the war broke out is 127,157—of which number 30,000 were from the enlisted men in New York; 15,339 from Pennsylvania; 12,388 from Ohio; 11,455 from Illinois; 5,200 from Kentucky; 4,868 from Missouri; 1,943 from Tennessee; 2,895 from Virginia; 1,659 from the District of Columbia, and smaller numbers from other States.

A MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT AN OFFICE.—The Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, in a recent letter, wrote as follows:

"At the capital in these days, a man who does not want an office, or hasn't got one already, is a *rara avis*, and in view of this fact, I think the following circumstance worthy of paragraphic mention: A gentleman who had been in the employ of the government for some time, in a capacity in which he was no longer needed, called upon Secretary Stanton a few days ago to settle his account and strike his balance with the government. The Secretary was so well pleased with the manner in which he had performed his labor, that he tendered him another position equally as pleasant and profitable as the first, but Mr.—declined, stating that he did not want office any longer, and would not accept any position under the government at present. 'Well,' said Mr. Stanton, 'that's strange, I must make a note of that. Here is a man that don't want office.' The matter soon got noised abroad in the War Department, and occasioned great surprise on the part of everybody that heard it.

Paymaster General Andrews is universally conceded to be the most "crotchety" of all the heads of the War Department. He is the most difficult of access, and the least sociable of all the powers that lie in the domain of Mars as represented here. Mr.—called at his office the day after the interview with Stanton, and sent his card for admittance. The Paymaster General, on seeing the card, approached his desk, and said to the waiter in anticipation: 'It's no use, I can't be seen; he must call some other time.' A moment afterward, however, on being made aware of the name of the applicant, he reconsidered his determination, and ordered Mr.—to be admitted.

'Take a seat, sir; I understand that you are the man who didn't want an office,' said the P. M. G.

'I am, sir; I told Secretary Stanton so yesterday,' said Mr.—

'Well, draw up a chair and let me talk to you. I'm d—d glad to see a man that don't want an office.'

— He does anger too much honor, who calls it madness, which being a distemper of the brain, and a total absence of all reason, is innocent of all the ill effects it may produce, whereas anger is an affected madness compounded of pride and folly and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass.