

VIRGINIA BATTLE-FIELD.

Marye's Heights as Seen Eighteen Years After Burnside's Desperate Results.

Fifteen Thousand Federal Dead-Reminders of the Bloody Battle.

Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

FREDERICKSBURG, July 28.—And this is the place where that grisly thing at Marye's Heights was done—the field where on one December day eighteen years ago the army of the Potomac marched to the sacrifice, the scene of a battle cruel in its conception, Stantio in its delivery, and grim, ghastly, inexpressibly awful in its slaughter. What the participant saw then no one can adequately describe. What is to be seen in the bright sun and soft air now appears to be a landscape of hazy hillsides and a valley that is a thing of joy.

Cats, the darkly dressed, trotted that the first place to take a look at, was the Union headquarters over in Stafford, and so emphatically did he become "who a yo' bo'n sah!" and "wish I may drop dead of taint no, sah!" that I agreed to go to Stafford before visiting the key-point at Marye's. Stafford is across the Rappahannock from Fredericksburg, which is in Spottsylvania. As we crossed the long bridge I couldn't help remarking that Nature gives Stafford a fair country, but some of the stories of Spottsvyians of the Stafford people indicate that nature's bounty has been jumped rather than appreciated. What with rich harvests of grain and many hillside orchards the Stafford people ought to be satisfied; but they like to fish and while the funny game of the Rappahannock is to them a constant delight it is also a drawback to material progress. According to tradition the Stafford man is humility itself, before the fishing season comes but when his net is full he in turn becomes very much that way himself. Meeting a citizen during the former period he will assume a lowly mien and if asked whence he hails he will answer: "I'm from Stafford, if you please, sir; won't you gimme a chaw or tobacco?"

But meeting him with the same question during the fishing season he will advance boldly and condescend to say: "I'm from Stafford, by G—d, sir! Have a chaw or tobacco? here two, sir! take the whole d—d plug, sir."

As the same tradition has it, members of the county aristocracy feel like successful fishermen all the year round. Colonel Brown, an old-time slaveholder and statesman, used to pass his winters in Richmond, being for a number of years a member of the Virginia Legislature. When introduced as "Colonel Brown, of Stafford," the Colonel would draw himself up to his full height, fold his arms grandly and exclaim: "From Stafford and King George, too, by G—d, sir." Then, walking with quick strides away from his interlocutors, the old Tory would add, in a fierce undertone: "I thank the King of kings, that the blue blood boils in the veins of Colonel Timothy Brown, of King George and Stafford."

ON BURNSIDE'S STAFFORD BELL.

While enjoying these anecdotes, which were interrupted only by Cato's chirrups to his horse, we made slow ascent of a steep road, and came to Mulberry Hill, one of the Stafford Heights and Burnside's headquarters. Of the stately Phillips mansion, which the commanding General occupied, there now remains only the kitchen part. The great plantation house that stood upon the crest of the hill is gone from its garden and its grove of locusts, which still overshadow the crumbling, weed-covered foundation walls. Near the ruins is a plot of land, bordered by apple, cherry and cut paper trees, and in this plot grow several old-fashioned garden plants, "ragged Robert" as it held its blue flower up to the sun, offering dismal contrast to the time when the Phillips maidens, owners of a thousand acres, plucked its blossoms to wear a the throat. Wreck and ruin mark the place, and the land lies fallow from woods to woods. From this point, in a straight line to Lee's headquarters, on the range along the western bank of the Rappahannock, it is more than a mile, and between hilltop and hilltop Burnside had the hill unrolled as upon a map before him. The Stafford range runs north and south, with the river to the west below, and the Spottsylvania range, of which Marye's Hill is a part, lies somewhat lower, being distant from the Rappahannock from six hundred yards to two miles. In the narrow strip of broken plain between the river and Marye's hill, Fredericksburg, with its six thousand people, while a curve in the line of hills towards the south leaves, lower down, a plain two miles wide and five miles long. It was a drear picture for Burnside, because on the opposite range was the foe, so steadfastly placed that plentiful remnants of parapet and rifle-pit remain to-day, but now the smiling valley is checkered with alternate field and grove.

FREDERICKSBURG'S SCARS.

Returning we come again to the bridge and the shore-marsh that were left when the Sumner pontoon was thrown across the river. Captain Scott, the toll-man, tells us, as we pass over into Fredericksburg, that he saw the mad efforts of the Yankees in putting the pontoon down. Keen-eyed rebel sharpshooters were in the stone houses, yet to be seen on the Fredericksburg shore, and they picked off the engineers with the indifferent coolness of a sportsman cracking glass balls.

"One feller," said the Captain—who talks as though his listener were a quarter of a mile away—"one of the Yanks, an officer, I low, got mad and rode his horse out on the pontoon. One of our fellows put some lead 'twixt his eyes and for pity's sake he shot the horse and both of them floated down stream, dead." At the Fredericksburg end of the pontoon are the ruins of two or three houses, but the walls of the houses that were destroyed during the battle are no uncommon sight. The business streets and the streets of handsome residences show few signs of the cannonade, yet one is led to notice patch after patch in the brick walls until he feels there is

something queer about the old town. I counted nineteen patches in one square and the ruins of about a dozen small brick buildings remain as they were after the tempest of shot, shell and fire had passed.

MARYE'S HEIGHTS AND HOUSE.

While the Rappahannock, with its few reminders of the struggle, serves as a limit and a border to one side of the town, the steep Marye Hills are as a wall to the other side. I went out the street that runs into the Orange plank road and a drive of three minutes from the bridge brought me plump against the heights. The Marye Hill is to the left and to the right stretches a saw-like range of eminences. The Marye mansion, once the homestead of Governor Marye, and now owned by John Lane, is a fine brick house on the crest of the hill. Its red walls are supplemented towards the roof by white weather-boarding, and this with its four white porch pillars, makes it a Doric oddity. There is an air of prosperity about the house and about the whole, making it appear to be the well-kept suburban residence of a wealthy citizen. The lawn which contains a grove of cedars, looks toward the town and slopes at a steep angle to a stone wall by the roadside, at the foot of the hill. This is the town wall of history. Its bits of rock are as stern in their brown solidity as when they were unquarried parts of Mother Earth. Walking along the wall, up to the eyes of a small man, I was first startled and then amused to see the sign.

"No SHOOTING."

painted in capital letters midway the frowning mass of rocks. No shooting! It was a conceit to tickle Santa himself and to make Federal puns for a week. Some mad wag, I thought, had thus grimly satirized history, and very likely my belief would have been so regarded if Cato's quick explanation that "no shooting" was a warning for sportsmen to keep off the premises had not altogether spoiled the idea. The wall on the other side of the road is partly gone—put to good use, as I presently saw—but at least half of it now remains in a small orchard.

THE FAMOUS STONE WALL.

It is hard to believe that such a peaceful spot as this ever was over-swept by the storm of which veterans stammer to tell and wherewithal no writer may hope properly to deal. The hill-top frowns with rebel artillery, scores of heavy guns in double, treble and quadruple lines terrace the slope, and roadway and trench behind the stone walls bristle with bayonets. Sumner and French and Hooker and Hancock see that no such wall of strength ever fell to the lot of man to take and the many brigades now massed securely in the shelter of the town feel the force of it—all save Burnside—and, pity though it is, behind Burnside is the whip-lash of a great people who, in the rage of ignorance, howl for victory. From the shelter of the low-lying houses there to the east comes bravely out a thick line of men in blue. They are in fine form, so admirable, indeed, that the enemy envies them. They come on in spite of the cannon and crash and deadly rain of shot in their pathway. Individual heroes even get to where they can see the white of the foe's eyes, but it is too much for mortal man and French is brushed away. Now Hancock bursts from his shelter with a desperate rush—a dash that would seem to know no stop. Five thousand men are double-quickening across the field straight against the heights. Even Lee is nervous. Every rebel line is ablaze, but they come on and men fall within a dozen steps of the goal. The roadway between the walls is packed with a yelling mass of humanity. Friendly gun kills friend. It is throat to throat. But under the immense pressure and the cutting cross-fire back they go, falling and crawling as best they may. Two thousand of the five thousand fall in five minutes—many are dead, many are dying, and many destined to a night worse than death itself. McClaws feels so full of the big issue that he shouts "Victory!" into Lee's ear and Lee smiles as he never did before. To look at the piles of dead one thinks that the matter might end now, and yet Hooker drives forward in a charge that is repulsed with terrible slaughter as the quick-falling darkness of December rests upon the field.

As I stand in the federal cemetery here on Marye's Hill the afternoon sun slants across the graves of 15,000 men and brightens the places of slaughter below. The field over which the unequalled charges were made was then an open suburb of the town—a ground where fairs were held; but it is now filled with small frame houses, pretty and pleasant in their gardens, whence the fragrance of flowers is blown. During the battle there were three or four houses near the foot of the hill, and now contain patched places, unweaved holes and bullet marks. At the northern end of one of these dwellings may be seen between five hundred and a thousand bullet marks, which no amount of whitewashing will conceal. The occupant of this cottage told me that on the morning after the battle he saw two union soldiers within hand's reach of the stone wall. They got nearer than any of their fellows and each had a cold grip upon his gun. Two hundred yards from the cemetery gate the guide points out a lot in which the amazing thousands threw up a breastwork of dead bodies, fighting desperately behind it until hope was gone.

AFTER THE BATTLE, BURIAL.

One side of the contested hill is now the place of burial. The superintendent walked around among the graves with me and showed me his register. The cemetery, which serves for the bodies in the Wilderness also, covers several acres and contains the bodies of 15,257 Union soldiers, of whom 12,770 are unknown. These glorious fellows at last passed the stone wall and carried the heights, but there they must stop until doomsday. The graves are in broad lots on a plateau, and moreover the side of the hill overlooking Fredericksburg is terraced, and even from the Rappahannock the little white blocks of granite may be seen. Dwarf cedars and various flowering plants thrive all around the vast graveyard, and the keepers stone lodge, which was built from a portion of the bloody wall, is in a thick cluster of shrubs. Near

the grave and monument of Washington's mother, whose house still stands in Fredericksburg, is the Confederate cemetery. It joins the town cemetery, being in the same inclosure. A Confederate monument has been erected within the last year or so, and visitors from the north feel that a monument should be raised among the myriad dead on the neighboring hill.

Besides the ruined houses, the graves, the trenches and the stone walls, there are many well-preserved parapets on the hills adjoining Marye's. The thickly-wooded spurs to the south contain positive marks of their occupation, but in the neighborhood of Hamilton's Crossing, where Franklin and Meade made such a brilliant beginning of what might have been victory, the farmers have blotted out all evidences of war. Roundabout is the yellow stubble of a rich harvest, while from the hills that Jackson held to the beautiful Rappahannock the orchards are fair with fruit.

Growing Western Iowa.

The immense immigration of the past few years is rapidly settling up the west. A large number of emigrants, especially Germans and Norwegians, have settled in the northern and western portions of this state and the western counties of this state are rapidly filling up with these people. It is illustrated by the great demand for lumber from this section. One western lumber dealer sent a telegram here yesterday saying he wanted lumber at any price, stating that the demand is so great that it cannot begin to be supplied. Fifty-nine car loads were shipped yesterday over the Illinois Central, and about as many more went west to-day. One of our lumber dealers is forty cars behind orders, and is compelled to work his hands night and day to catch up again. The Illinois Central freight depot is crowded with merchandise destined for the same points as the lumber, and the railroad people are obliged to work two gangs of men night and day in order to keep the freight house clear of goods. All this indicates that it will not long in the future before the thinking and acting counties of our young and prosperous state will be filled with industrious and thrifty people.

There is No Happier Man

in Rochester than Mr. Wm. M. Armstrong. With a countenance beaming with satisfaction he remarked, recently, "blessings upon the proprietor of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver cure. It saved me." 1w

Oil Report.

The July report of oil production in the Bradford Era shows the completion of 341 new wells during the month, yielding a daily average of 5591 barrels. As compared with the new wells for June this shows a decrease of new production equal to 1582 barrels per day. The bulk of the increased production (4823 barrels) is in the Bradford district. The development of the Allegheny field—the extension of the McKean county oil field across the line into New York state—is progressing with characteristic energy. The Era says: "During the past month twenty-three wells were completed in the Allegheny field. Of this number fifteen are classed among the producers. One or two, however, are of exceedingly light caliber. The dry holes serve to narrow the productive field to certain degree, though within the confines marked by the few dusty outcrops there is a large scope of territory yet to be tested. A careful canvass of this new and budding field at the close of the month shows an aggregate of ninety-nine rigs up and building and wells drilling. Many of these are located in proximity to producers, and are considered safe ventures, if they may be considered ventures at all, while others are purely of an experimental nature, some being miles outside the known boundaries. At present the towns of Alma and Wirt are furnishing the most of the Allegheny production, Bolivar at the same time coming in for a share of the honors." The storing capacity for oil was increased during the month of July, at points in proximity to the source of supply and convenient for transportation, to the extent of 827,000 barrels of iron tankage.—[Petroleum Philadelphia Record.

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B. Turner, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have been for over a year subject to serious disorder of the kidneys, and often unable to attend to business; I procured your BUCKLE BLOOD BITTERS, and was relieved before half a bottle was used. I intend to continue, as I feel confident that they will entirely cure me. Price, 50c, trial size 10 cents. aug7-eod1w.

Flax Seed.

Many of our readers are interested in the probable price of seed. The impression is general, and we think correctly so, that there is double the acreage in Iowa at this previous year. But there are indications of a limited yield per acre. J. T. Thomas & Co., of St. Louis, deal largely in flax seed, and they have careful correspondents in all parts of the northwest. They say in their circular of July 25th, that so far as flax seed has been thrashed in Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Illinois, the yield proves very disappointing. They say the yield is from four to seven and eight bushels per acre. Last year it was from ten to fourteen. From these facts, and the fact that European crushers will this year compete in the New York market for our flax seed at \$1.35 per bushel, should induce holders not to be in a hurry to contract their crop at panic prices. Though it is too early to make a correct estimate of the crop, yet it is best not to be too fast to contract for less than from 90 cents to \$1 in Iowa.

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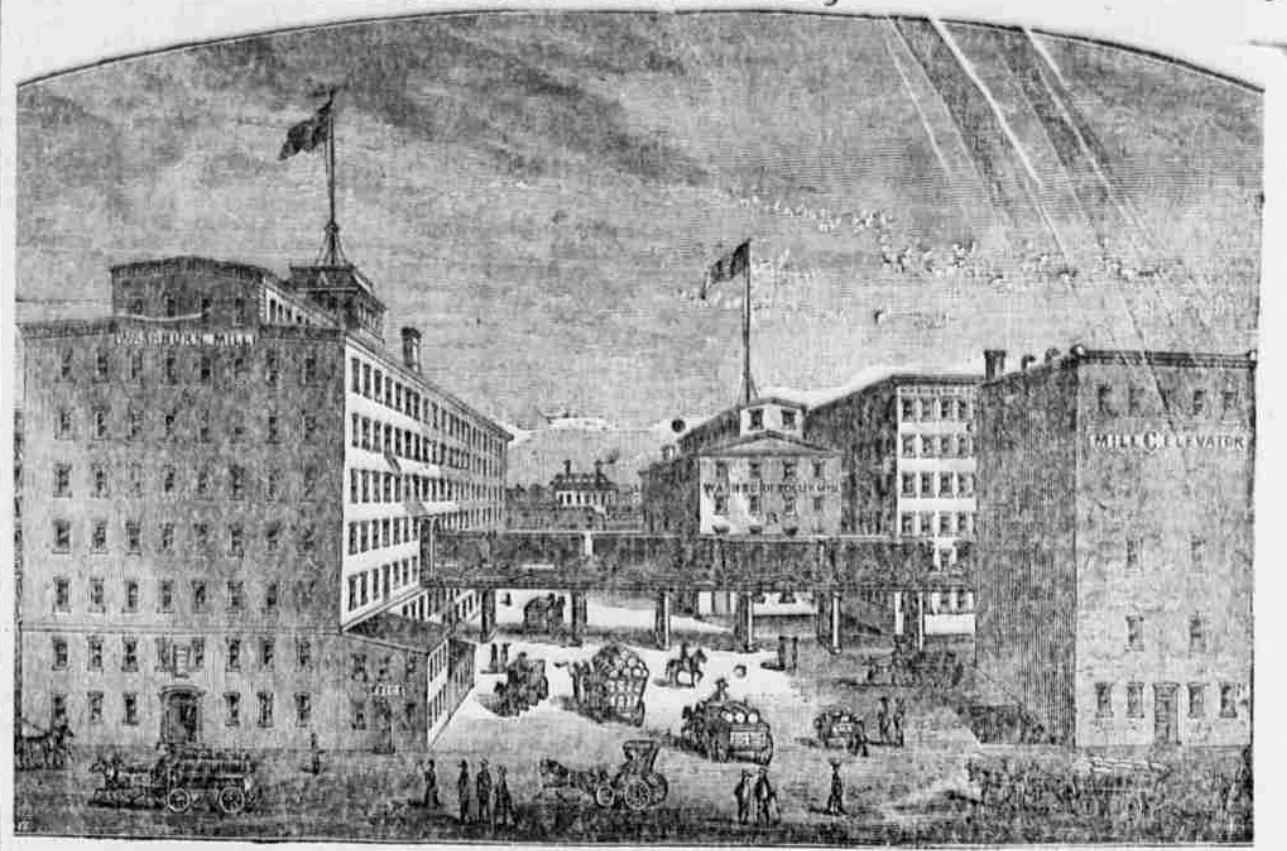
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