

VIRGINIA BATTLE-FIELDS.

Present Appearance of Bull Run.

How The Historic Ground Looks Twenty Years After the Fight.

Signs of War's Havoc Still to be Seen--The Second Battle and the Porter Case.

Letter to the Philadelphia Times. MANASSAS, Va.—The lapse of twenty years has left the fields and wooded hills upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought as they were on that hot day in July, 1861, the young armies of the people for the first time joined in combat. At this spot this month twenty years ago the raw nucleus of the grand army of the Potomac fell upon the equally undisciplined enemy and forced him through thick woods, across ravines, up hillsides and into what promised to be a rout, but accident and war turned the tide of battle and under vigorous counter-attack drove the assailants dismayed to the banks of the Potomac.

THE FIELD'S KEY-POINT. The Henry house stands upon Henry hill, a flat, bare crest, the field's key-point, whence came the first great outburst of battle and across which forward and backward the contending lines surged from noon until the day was lost. The house is a pleasant structure, with marks of newness about it, and it is made inviting by a lawn in which there is a large elm and several small locust trees. The eye of the approaching visitor does not rest upon these trees, however, delightful as they may appear, for the objects of prominence are a little Gothic-Aere grove in front of the house and a rude monument in its rear.

"Be so kind as to stand under this tree he said; 'this point is the best from which to study the battle-field. General Sherman so regarded it when he called here some time ago. I was sitting in this place where you saw me reading to-day when I observed the general approaching across the field. He came to the house, and standing here pointed out with wonderful accuracy the various positions held during the battle. Sir, that ridge beyond the Bull Run stream is in Fairfax county, look to the east. On this side of that Fairfax ridge lay the Federal army on the night before the battle. The country there was partly cultivated then as it is now, but, turning your eyes further to the north, you see a forest extending to the stream. Through that forest, now of larger growth, the Federals, who were to turn Beauregard's left, moved, cutting their road as they went to Sudley Springs, which you see in the distance to the north. Then crossing Bull Run they came down directly upon this point. There remain few evidences of that movement. The oak and pine stands as it did then. Now, mark, 'Shanks,' the Confederate Colonel Evans, 'Shanks,' as they called him, faced Tyler just down there at the stone bridge, on the Warrenton pike. Is it clear to you? Well, sir, Evans, suspecting something wrong, faced up stream, and, with Col's Bee and Barton, threw himself into that field just beyond the valley. You see the field now. It is still clear. To make a long story short, when the Federal attacking column struck Evans they thought Colonel Evans was in their front. If they had pushed forward they would have crushed Beauregard. No doubt of it. Evans, with a handful of men, held them for an hour and a half, and, when he was forced back, he retreated to this plateau, where the fiercest fighting was done. The Confederates ran past this house towards General Jackson, who had just posted his brigade at the ridge a few hundred yards to the northeast of the house. Jackson's men were lying flat on the ground, but Jackson was on his horse. He sat there as still and steadfast as this monument. Now and then he waved his hat to his men, among whom shells were flying and around whom heads bullets were flying like bees in harvest time. A soldier of that brigade was here a few years ago and he told me that he thought it too hot to stay. He was slipping back, when Jackson seeing him, lifted his hand. The fellow dropped into his place.

WHERE JACKSON BECAME "STONEWALL." As he talked Mr. Henry led his visitor beyond the lawn into a field where grey long grass, daisies, dandelions, dock weeds, blue thistle and thickly

matted blackberry briars. Slightly in advance and at the further edge of the field was a line of young pines which had sprung up since the battle, making the field narrower now than it was then. Beyond this growth of small pines stretches a wide belt of oak timber, then standing. Eating strawberries as we walked along we came to a slight ridge near the woods. It needed no one to explain that this was where Jackson stood "like a stone wall." From this spot, where his horse's hoof made their memorable mark, I could trace, by the red road-bed leading to Sudley Springs, one line of Federal approach, and immediately below, in the little valley of Young's Branch, I could see the Warrenton pike that brought union help from the stone bridge across Bull Run. Far away in beautiful undulations roll pleasant fields and stately in the background still grow the very oaks that once were bruised and shattered in the shock of battle.

BATTLE FIELD FANCIES. Standing where Jackson stood, it is easy to repeople this beautiful crest, and with slight effort fancy fills in the picture. Panning after a hot run of a mile and a half, Bee's men and Barton's huddle panic-stricken at the edge of the woods. The rebels are routed. The hard-worked men of the north, driving constantly forward, cross Warrenton road, push up the hill and reach the plateau. Their batteries sweep the crest and send death-dealing bolts, hissing hot, into the woods. Bee is in sore extremity. His face is streaked with the smut of powder. His eyes are wild. His sword is in constant motion above his head. His voice is husky, for shouts of command long since gave place to whispers of entreaty. Over the field he comes in search of his badly-smitten runaways. "General," he exclaims, reaching Jackson, "they are beating us back." "Sir," replies Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet." Again Bee's sword waves encouragement to his troops, and in a rain of bullets he runs forward, saying to some who are with him: "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall." Instantly thereafter Bee smites his breast, and, stumbling, falls backward upon a clump of briars. To and fro across his body fly the bits of lead, riggering his chest and the thick of the fight is on. A dozen rocks in the spot where Bee died, and a few steps distant a similar mound designates the place of Barton's fall. One conviction forces itself upon the visitor who walks from point to point in this field—that the people never have done justice to the heroism of the union soldiers who through no fault of their own lost the battle here. "May I ask what has become of the hall in your house?" said General Sherman to Mr. Henry.

"The house had to be rebuilt," was the reply, "and it was remodeled." "I thought so," said Sherman, with a grim smile. "I was in that hall, but it got too hot for me." It is not pleasant for the gentleman who, with an aged sister, made dear by the battle and so remaining now, occupies the Henry mansion to tell of the fighting in and around the house. In the graveyard grove is a tombstone with the inscription: In Memory of THE PATRIOTS Who Fell at BULL RUN, July 21, 1861.

Great locust trees that then stood around the lawn were broken off and swept down, and from their stumps the lesser locusts now standing have grown. In a grove of these trees, on a grass-covered mound in the rear of the house, is a monument of rough red granite, whereupon are scratched the names of visiting veterans. The shaft is chipped with shells, one of which was hurled by "Long Tom" from Fairfax Heights far across Bull Run. Though the monuments was put up by Union soldiers the bones of five Confederates are buried beneath. Pushing aside some hollyhocks, now in flower around the mound, I was able to read the inscription: JUDITH HENRY, killed near this spot by the explosion of shells in her dwelling during the battle on the 21st of July, 1861. When killed she was in her 85th year and confined to her bed by infirmities of age. Her husband, Dr. Isaac Henry, was a surgeon in the United States navy, on board the trigate Constellation.

When the artillery began to rock the hill and shot came tearing through the house Mrs. Henry's invalid son took her in his arms and bore her across the field and down the hill to a sheltered place. Two daughters of the house followed. When the tide of battle momentarily rolled away to the right, the party returned to the house, but scarcely had they reached the lawn when a heavier storm than ever raged around Mrs. Henry was shot in several places, one of the daughters was made deaf for life and the terrible shock hastened the son's death.

DOWN AT THE BRIDGE. With taut reins Sheddick let his horses down the farm road leading from the plateau, and, crossing Young's branch, we emerged upon the Warrenton pike. The stone house known to history still stands at the intersection of the Sudley Springs and the Warrenton roads, and we drank from the same well when thirty years ago drew refreshing draughts twenty years ago. From the stone house along the pike to the stone bridge across Bull Run, it is a long mile, the road being up hill and down, twice crossing the rivulet.

"The Yankees retreated along this road after the fighting on the Henry farm, didn't they Sheddick?" "I'm free to say, sir, dat dey kind o' made for de bridge." "But didn't they run?" "No, sah; when de rebels got de Union gemen on de go-back, dey kind o' went along dis road toards de bridge." "But what's the difference between 'on the run' and 'on the go-back'?" "Heap o' diffence, sah, heap o' diffence."

This cute description appeared to tickle Sheddick, who, at the time of the battle was a slave, and who, in his respect for the North, could not be induced to admit that those who set him free were driven in wild flight

across the bridge now before our very eyes. The bridge looks old, but steadfast. A wall of stone is on either side, the road-bed on the bridge is of red clay, just as on the pike itself. The stream that passes under the bridge is now narrow and sluggish, but a rain storm sends the waters roaring down between the high walls of red rock and the dry undergrowth of summer in the run's race-track is frequently submerged. To the east is Fairfax county, and, looking in this direction, fields and thick woods, in the depths of which the bones of men and horses are found to this day. To the west, along the road that took us thither, stretch the undulating lands of Prince William county. Things are somewhat desolate at the bridge, but is a novelty to sit on the stone buttress and read of war's deadly drama, while from the dark grass and dark water below the bullfrog mocks the drum.

WHERE THE PORTER TROUBLE BEGAN. A year after the first battle the second battle of Bull Run was fought upon the same ground. But in the second battle the positions of the opposing forces were reversed. Henry Hill and the adjacent Bald Hill were the points from which the operations during the second battle can best be studied. Far to the west stretch the Bull Run mountains and in the distance the Blue Ridge. Throughfare Gap, through which Jackson marched and in which Ricketts disputed Longstreet's passage, looks like a notch in a huge saw. Bones have been found within the last few years in the Gap, but it behooves the searcher for such uncanny relics to beware lest he himself be turned to bones, for in the Bull Run Mountains are the development of the case, almost all taking sides with Porter, who, as a Manassas man put it, "is merely the scapegoat of a lost battle."

A year or so ago Senator Don Cameron found himself at the Henry farm, and, having examined the two battle fields, he said to Mr. Henry: "What will you take for your property? I've a notion to buy it." The reply was that the spot was too dear to be bought; a place full of pitiful memories for the owner and a reflection for the friends of those whose gathered ashes rest at Arlington.

How Japanese Fans are Made. A British consul in Japan gives the following particulars touching the manufacture of folding fans at Osaka. As in many other branches of industry, the principle of division of labor is carried out in the fan-making trade. The bamboo ribs are made in Osaka and Kyoto by private individuals in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part are left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handle according to plans prepared by a designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns which his experience teaches him will be most likely to be saleable during the ensuing season; and when the different blocks have been cut, it still rests with him to say what colors are to be used for the two sides of each fan. In fact, this official holds, if not the best paid, at any rate the most important position on the staff ordinary.

When the printed sheets which are to form the two sides of the fans have been handed over to the workman, together with the sets of bamboo sheets which are to form the ribs, his first business is to fold the two sheets of which the fan is to be composed, so that they will retain the crease, and this is done by putting them between two pieces of paper, well saturated with oil and properly creased. The four are then folded together, and placed under a heavy mallet. When sufficient time has elapsed the sheets are taken out and the molds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The next process is to take the ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on wire, and "set" them into their places on one of the sheets, after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dish of paste, then gives the woodwork adhesive powers and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining sheet of paper.

The fan has to be folded up and open the four or five times before the folds take the proper shape; and by the time it is put up to dry it has received far more handling than any foreign paper could stand; indeed, foreign paper has been tried, and had to be given up as unsuitable for the work; but with great care the Osaka fanmakers have been able to make some fans with printed pictures which have been sent over from Africa, though they were invariably obliged to use one face of Japanese paper. The qualities of native paper now used are not nearly so good as those of which the old fans were made, and, in consequence, the style of manufacture has had to be changed.

Instead of first pasting the two faces of the fan together and then running in pointed ribs, the ribs are square and are pasted in their places in the manner described above. The outside lacquered pieces and fancy work are all done in Osaka and Kyoto, and some of the designs in lacquer on bone are really artistic; but the demand for the highly ornamented description of fans is not sufficient to encourage the production of large quantities of first-class work. When the insides are drying the riveting of the pieces together, including the outer covering, is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan.

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