

ROASTING A PENSION WATER

Commander Weisert Outraged the Outlets of a Bay State Congressman.

HE WAS A PULING BABE IN WAR TIMES

Thrilling Pen Sketch of Gettysburg—The Wilder Brigade Monument at Chickamauga—A Flag of Truce—Story of a Hero.

Commander-in-Chief Weisert has written a vigorous reply to the attack of Congressman O'Neill of Massachusetts on the pension system.

"I notice in the morning papers you quote me in approving of your proposed amendments to existing pension legislation affecting pensions of inmates of soldiers' homes."

"In the body of which you are a member many a man who fought us man fashion, open and above board; front face, Gordon, his face seemed with the track of union lead; Butler, scum in one leg; Wheeler, the wild rider, who gave us so little rest, and that sturdy fighter Moore of Texas, there were lines of battle soldiers in time of war; but I hazard the prediction none of them could be induced to lead in such a fight as you are making."

"The building of the monument is under the immediate supervision of General J. T. Child and is being finished as fast as the circumstances will admit. The monument is being built by contributions of the members of the old brigade and will be one of the grandest that will be erected on the field. One of the features of the monument will be the bronze tablet which is to be placed on the top of the monument. It is to be of the size of a full grown man and will be of the finest material. It will be inscribed with the names of the men who were killed in the battle of Gettysburg. The tablet will be placed on the top of the monument and will be visible to all who pass by. It will be a fitting memorial to the brave men who fought and died for our country."

"The next president of the United States goes into office, having been voted for by hundreds of thousands of veterans. I have no criticism for their course. The soldier earned the right to vote as he pleased, he is not a republican or a democrat. If some of them, advanced in years, enfeebled by disease, see fit to totter to the polls and vote the mugwump ticket, that is their right, and I beg you to stop this warfare which will drive them to lay aside their consideration of other matters germane to our system of government and tend to weld them into a nearly solid political mass. Your present course, persisted in, renders that nearly inevitable in my opinion."

On the morning of the 3d of July 1900, the Lee would attack that day. By 10 o'clock in the forenoon every one knew where the blow would fall. The topography of the field, the bloody struggles on the wings, the movements of troops and batteries—there were a dozen signs to indicate what was coming.

From daylight to 9 o'clock there was a spitter of musketry along the front of the sharpshooters and skirmishers fired at long range. From 9 to 10 the cavalry on the wings had the fight all to themselves. From 10 to 11 a gun here and there shelled the confederate skirmishers out of ditches. The firing was not very hot, but there seemed to be no fighting anywhere. From 11 to 12 Lee was massing 120 field pieces in front of Longstreet and Hill to open on Hancock. Meade posted 100 guns to reply, but to fire slowly.

"They are going to batter us with shot and shell, and they are going to dig close to the ground. The shot will fall short or go over us."

So came the word along the lines. It was a wise precaution. But for the caution no one could tell what would be the result. From 12:30 to 1 o'clock seemed an age. At 1 o'clock sharp the boom of a single gun echoed over the battlefield, and a shell came screaming over our heads and exploded 200 feet in rear. That was the signal. Before our eyes were counted twenty there was a roar which can be compared to nothing one has ever heard. In two minutes the earth was trembling. The stones in the mud had been used as projectiles, and pieces of it fell out with clinking. One would have said that nothing could add to that awful roar, but the federal guns opened in reply, and then men lying prone and exploding in the dry soil, and a cloud of dust heavenward to sit down on our backs. Others sail high above us and carry death into the ranks of the reserve, while now and then one

bursts just right to wound or kill in our own ranks.

No living man will ever hear of a more terrific cannonade. No battlefield of the future will hold men for two long hours under such a crossfire. The smoke rose up and hung a dead cloud in the air until one thought that night was coming down. Flying serpents darted in every direction. Exploding shells created sudden great flames, as if kegs of powder had been tossed up to destroy the heavens. There was no lull—no interval. Only those who became unnerved sat up to look around them. Here and there one rose up and ran away. He was at a covered, he was simply unnerved by the situation. Sometimes he came creeping back, white faced and weeping, and sometimes he was struck down as he groped about in the semidarkness to find shelter from the rain of death.

Two hours, they afterwards said. We lying there made no note of the passage of time. It was a nightmare, and yet we did not sleep. Death rode all along the front of the line, leaping over us, heared his specter steed along the fences and highways and fields far in our rear. The cannonade died away slowly. The last few minutes seemed to give up grudgingly. The very last sent a screaming shell which fell among the confederates and stopped the groans and cries of five or six rows.

"Up, men! They are coming! Fall in—fall in!"

Yes, they were coming, with Pickett's Virginians in the van, and brigades of the other corps following. It was a relief to know they were coming. It was grim satisfaction to watch the advance. Men shouted in exultation as they came nearer and the musketry opened. It was the reaction. They laughed and less than \$1000 income per year is particularly objectionable, because it requires public acknowledgment of poverty. Health and loyalty were all that Lincoln asked of us when you were a babe, and we were battling for necessary changes for you to sit in. I commend for your consideration the words of another son of Massachusetts, as he voiced the country's estimate of the services of the founders of the republic, who were survivors in his time. I prefer Webster. Your warfare in advance of those who, in the providence of God, may become soldier's widows is utterly repugnant to even average manhood.

"In the body of which you are a member many a man who fought us man fashion, open and above board; front face, Gordon, his face seemed with the track of union lead; Butler, scum in one leg; Wheeler, the wild rider, who gave us so little rest, and that sturdy fighter Moore of Texas, there were lines of battle soldiers in time of war; but I hazard the prediction none of them could be induced to lead in such a fight as you are making."

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Heavy Receipts of Cattle and Little Demand in Eastern Markets.

FAIR CLEARANCE AT LOWER PRICES

Local Houses Liberal Buyers—Hogs Take Another Turn on the Down Grade, but Pigs Are All Cleared—Sheep Steady.

So far this week compared with last receipts of cattle show an increase of over 4,000 head, notwithstanding a change in hogs and a decrease of over 2,000 sheep.

The cattle market was lower. Under the circumstances it could hardly be otherwise. Receipts were liberal, and the discouraging reports to eastern buyers kept shippers out of the yards. Although the offerings as a whole were hardly as common as Tuesday, they were still nothing extra. Having the field to themselves, and an ample supply from which to make their selections, buyers for local dressed beef houses were in no hurry to fill their orders, and prices ruled from 5c to the lower than yesterday on all but the very best stock. Fair to good 1,100 to 1,200-lb steers sold very largely at from \$4.10 to \$4.40. A good many shippers are sending their cattle in to avoid the assessor on March 1, but as the market has gone off pretty close to a quarter so far this week it looks very much like a case of "spit and hung low."

The hog market was lower in sympathy with beef steers. Neatly hinders were scarce and generally sold at not far from steady prices. The market for hogs was not so good as that of the week ending Feb. 22. The bulk of the recent stock around \$2.50 and \$3.00. The market for hogs was generally unchanged at from \$2 to \$2.75. Offerings of calves were moderate and in the main prices were lower than yesterday. The market for calves was in sympathy with beef steers. Fair to good stock sold largely at from \$2.80 to \$3.50.

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