

"FOUR OF THE TIGERS, SAH."

Gettysburg correspondence New York Times: The bugler of the Third United States Artillery woke the town with the reveille. Early as the hour was the crown of East Cemetery Hill was occupied by a small detachment. It consisted of four men and two women—the latter evidently mother and daughter. The men were pointing toward the north and east. As they were gesticulating a party of Pennsylvania veterans approached within listening distance. They heard one of the four men say: "We rushed up that slope, had a hand-to-hand fight right here where these guns are; some of our boys got as far as the road back there, but it was no use. We did our best, but were driven back, all who were alive."

"I think it's a wonder," said the older woman, "that any of you got back."

The listening veterans looked at each other and then, as if of one mind, moved forward until they closed in upon the party of six.

"We heard you say you had rushed up that slope," said one of the veterans, "and the only men who reached the top, except the men who guarded it, were the Louisiana Tigers."

A smallish man, of wiry frame, his hair and goatee flecked with gray, stepped forward a couple of paces and said, with a smile that was lamblike, "We are four of the Tigers, sah."

The veterans made a forward dash and such a shaking of hands was never before seen on the top of East Cemetery Hill. The wife and daughter of one of the "Tigers" participated in the handshaking, and laughed and blushed at the earnestness with which the Northern veterans welcomed the representatives of the most desperate fighters the South produced.

The news jumped quickly from point to point that the "Johnnies" had come. It was lamented on all sides that they had not come in larger numbers, but it was conceded that four Louisiana "Tigers" would cover a multitude of shortcomings. The four who came all the way from New Orleans to shake hands with the men they were so desirous of killing twenty-five years ago are John J. Wax, Frederick A. Ober, Thomas Higgins, and L. J. Cordes. Mrs. and Miss Ober accompanied the party.

The men wore blue silk badges, and on these were the letters "A. N. V.," which stand for the Army of Northern Virginia. Mr. Ober acted as spokesman, and when he was asked for his card he handed out a square bit of bristol board, on the face of which was engraved, in colors, the battle flag of the Army of Northern Virginia. Under the flag were the words: "Louisiana Tigers. Here we are again." In an hour after the first of these cards saw the light at Gettysburg Mr. Ober hadn't one left. The demand for them was hardly equalled by the number of people who visited the battle-field during the day.

Those who were hottest on the trail for them were members of organizations that carried in conspicuous places upon their persons the names by which they were familiarly designated by the war. Among such organizations, already on the ground, are the "Eazers," the "Hawks," the "Lamba," the "Doves," and the "Orange Blossoms." The "Bucktails" are known by the tail of the buck that curls around the band of their caps. Veterans who wear felt hats instead of fatigue caps have them decorated with corps badges. Veterans of all ranks and all ages showed an immensity of interest in the four "Tigers," and the latter were so pleased with their treatment that "Tiger" Ober was induced to tell why he came, why so few of them came, and what they thought of the nickname given to them by the Unionists.

He did not think the South knew much about the reunion until it was too late to take measures to attend it. It was only three weeks ago that the subject was first discussed among the Louisiana "Tigers." They wrote to General Sickles for information. He answered by telegraph, telling how and when to reach the battle-field. They replied that it was so late few of them could attend. Their organization held a meeting and the four whose names are given were deputed to represent the organization. Its President had instructed "Tiger" Ober to say that if defenders for the Stars and Stripes were needed, the Louisiana "Tigers" were and would always be ready to furnish their full quota.

Growing excited, "Tiger" Ober said, "I tell you, Sahs, we are American citizens. I am an American citizen, and I am proud of it, and if it ever becomes necessary I will fight for that citizenship and for the men I once fought against, and for whom I now have a feeling I can not express. I am American born, and I am for America."

There was a shout of approval. "How would you like to take a crack at England?" asked a bystander who wore a brogue.

"I am not Irish enough," was the unexpected reply. It caused a roar of laughter.

Everybody visits Little Round Top, the apple of Longstreet's eye, and examines the monuments of the Forty-fourth New York, the Twentieth Maine, the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, and the Sixteenth Michigan Regiments and the ramparts of hastily-piled stones, from behind which the Union soldiers poured death into the ranks of their assailants. Everybody visits the peach orchard and Culp's Hill, but at none of these points do visitors, either military or civilian, spend so much time as at East Cemetery Hill, and all because of the desperate conflict that occurred on this hill between the Louisiana "Tigers" in their mad attempt to demolish Weederich's and Rickett's batteries and their supports. Veterans never tire of telling how the gunners used the rammers upon the heads of the "Tigers," and how the latter fought like wild beasts.

They never tire, either, of listening to "Tiger" Ober tell how disgusted the name of "Tigers" made them when it was first applied to one company and then gradually spread to all Louisiana troops, and how proud they now were of the title.