

and would always be ready to furnish their full quota.

Growing excited, "Tiger" Ober said, "I tell you, sars, 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 cannot express. I am American born, and I am for America."

There was a shout of approval.

This interesting incident shows, among other things, how much there is in an expressive epithet or an attractive and striking sobriquet. There was really but one Louisiana company which went out to the war with the name of "Tigers." That was Captain White's company of Wheat's celebrated battalion, and known as the Tiger Rifles. The term was subsequently applied to the entire battalion of five companies which did such desperate fighting in the seven days battles around Richmond, when the gallant Wheat was killed and his command so cut to pieces by the slaughter of its officers and men that it was disbanded or consolidated with other Louisiana forces.

Thus the Tigers ceased to exist as an organization, but the appellation continued to stick to the Louisiana troops in Virginia so that it was often applied indiscriminately to all of them. Moreover a tiger's head was the historic badge of the Washington Artillery of Louisiana, and this painted on their flags, wagons and equipments also served to perpetuate the sobriquet. The Louisiana division belonged to Stonewall Jackson's corps, and participated in all his great battles. The history they made speaks for them and they need no plaudits here. In much the same way the name of "Black Horse Cavalry," which was really borne by a single Virginia company, was for a long time applied to all the cavalry of General Stuart's command in the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Louisiana "Tigers" at Gettysburg.

A telegram from Gettysburg to the New York Times, under date of July 1, has the following:

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 lamelike: "We are four of the Tigers, sars."

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 "Razors," the "Hawks," the "Lambs," 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