

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

FEDERALS AND CONFEDERATES ARRIVING AT GETTYSBURG.

The Louisiana Tigers—The First Day's Fighting—A Monument Dedicated—Reunion of the First Corps—Longstreet's Speech.

Special to The Republic.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 1.—The Confederates have begun to arrive in straggling order. There have been a few here for several days, but they have come individually and not in bodies. Gen. Sickles, who by virtue of his triumphs in the war of 1863, is in command of the Union forces now occupying the most advantageous sites of the town, has received reports from incoming scouts that there is a detachment of the enemy en route from Atlanta and Richmond. Orders have been given that upon their arrival they shall be met with a warm fire. The two bodies will probably array themselves in line somewhere near Maj. Coleman's headquarters, the Springs hotel, and there the blues will join the grays in an assault upon the hotel and its supplies, particularly the liquid ones, against which repeated assaults have been made since Thursday. The Southerners will again be commanded by Gen. Longstreet, assisted by Gen. Gordon, Governor of Georgia. Gen. Longstreet now has his headquarters in the house of one of the professors of the Lutheran seminary. Gen. Gordon is hurrying to the scene of action.

THE LOUISIANA TIGERS

Among the arrivals this morning of the fighters from the South was a detachment of the famed Louisiana Tigers. These men made a big name for themselves in the battle when they stormed up the steep slope of East Cemetery hill and in the face of cannon placed there in the lunettes, pushed on their lines till they had conquered the Union soldiers and captured the guns. Their charge was one of the fiercest in the contest. There were hundreds and hundreds of them then, but many of them were killed and many have since died. Almost all of them would be here to-day but for the delay in inviting them to come to the festivities. They did not want to force themselves, and when the tardy invitations were received it was impossible for all to leave their homes at short notice. All the Louisiana men are now called tigers, but it is a name given to them during the war by the Northern troops. There was only one company from Louisiana by that name at first. The members of it got scattered among the regiments from the State, and soon every soldier of those organizations was called a tiger. The survivors have an organization in New Orleans, and when they got the bidding to come here and help bury the bloody shirt this year, the organization met and authorized the issuance of credentials to all who could come up. That was less than three weeks ago, and only four of the men could get off. They are Fred A. Ober, John J. Wax, Thomas Higgins and L. J. Cordes. They say that notwithstanding it is a long way from New Orleans and each man has to pay his own expenses and give up a week from business, that all of their comrades would have come if they had had longer notice. There was no unwillingness, the four men say, on the part of the others to come up and shake the hand of fellowship with their opponents of '63 across the lunettes, where both parties met as enemies a quarter of a century ago. The men who come have been a centre of curiosity all day long. There are so many more Union people in town than confederates that when once a confederate is seen everybody goes up to him and begins talking at once without any formal introduction.

The rebels are to be known by the badges they wear. The four Louisiana tigers are besieged by relic hunters for their cards and autographs. Their cards bear a copy of the flag of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the words printed beneath it, "Here we are again."

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

This is the anniversary of the first day's fighting. The first shot was fired just twenty-five years ago this morning. It was a little before 9 o'clock, and by a fortunate coincidence the Ninth New York regiment, which left New York Saturday night, arrived here sleepy and tired this morning and marched over the field into their camp just at the hour the silence of July 1, 1863, was broken by the crash of guns. The men came up to-day, 553 in number, under Col. Wm. Seward. There was a big crowd at the depot to receive them, and a big crowd watched them through the town and along the frightful road from Gettysburg proper to the field, two miles distant, where the Springs hotel stands and where the first line of battle was opened. By another fortunate coincidence these New York troops camped almost on the site where the hostilities commenced. It is right in front of the hotel, and of course all the generals and colonels and their pretty daughters and the pretty daughters of visitors from miles around were on hand to welcome the New York boys. The lads went into camp gladly, for they had no sleep from New York here. When they went to their mess tents for breakfast, and sat down on the long benches before the tables roughly built last week for them, they were ready to eat anything they could get. Before they had got a mouthful the tables and benches tumbled to the ground. They had been too loosely put up by the lazy Gettysburg people. The boys were mad at the breaking down of their chance to eat breakfast comfortably, and the reputation of Gettysburg for doing things in wretched fashion got up a peg higher than it had been before. It won't be long before the top notch will be reached, and then either somebody with enterprise will have to come here and boss the town or Gettysburg will get a bad name that will keep thousands of visitors away.

GEN. LONGSTREET.

Gen. Longstreet is still the hero of the crowd of military and other visitors. Of the chief Southern generals he is the only one now living. Lee was his chief, and Ewell and Hill were his fellow corps commanders. These three are now dead. Of the Union chiefs Reynolds, Meade, Hancock, Sedgwick and Sykes are dead. Three of the survivors—Sickles, Slocum and Butterfield—are here to-day. Howard and Pleasanton, the other living chiefs, have not yet arrived.

Gen. Sickles is staying with the Lutheran minister. Gen. Butterfield is on his private car, which lies on a side railroad track. With him is Senator Warner Miller, who arrived last night. He did not get here in time to see Senator Spooner, as the Wisconsin man went off yesterday as soon as he finished his speech. Late last night a party of Union generals went to the camp of the regular army men on the scene of the first day's fight and had a pow-wow. The officers of this camp have a private mess with private waiters and private liquid refreshment. It was pitch dark and almost midnight. Senator Miller, Gov. Green of New Jersey, Gen. George H. Sharpe, Gen. Butterfield and Gen. McMahon sat on camp stools under shelter of a low hanging tree with their feet on the grass and were surrounded by a crowd of army men now passed from service. There were reminiscences and criticisms of the fight and Warner Miller told of the Republicans' meeting in the Metropolitan opera-house and prophesied that Ingervoll would

not be harmed much, if at all, by his Burchard speech at Chicago.

THE OLD LEADERS.

These older leaders are enjoying themselves tremendously. They sit on the hotel piazzas and on the camp ground and talk war. They ride in carriages over the field and talk war; they gather at dinner and talk war. It is war, war everywhere. Gen. Hyde, Maj. Beehm, Gen. McMahon and Col. Carpenter, now of the regulars, rode with 130 cavalrymen of the United States army all over the battlefield early this morning. Gen. Berdan gathered his sharpshooters and formed a camp in front of the Springs hotel. He had 1,500 men in 1863 from eight States. Only 250 of them now live. They had not reassembled any year after the war until to-day. Twenty were present. They formed an organization and will erect a marker at the spot where Berdan's heroes went for Longstreet's army of 30,000 fire-eaters.

One of the chief events of the day was the dedication of the monument to the Ninth regiment of New York, which was also known as the Eighty-third New York volunteers. It was an inspiring scene. The sky was bright with fleecy clouds, and the hot sun's heat was tempered both by them and a breeze which blew refreshingly. The monument was the tallest of all on the field. It is of granite with a lofty base and it rises twenty-eight big stones high. On its top rests a huge ball and on that is perched an eagle. Some 5,000 people were present. Gen. Sickles unveiled the monument and made a speech. John M. Vanderveil of Philadelphia, accepted the monument in behalf of the Gettysburg Memorial association. Rowland B. Mahony read a poem and Orlando B. Potter finished up with a speech. The chaplain dismissed the assemblage with a benediction.

FIRST CORPS REUNION.

The First corps, in which were so many New York troops, had a reunion late this afternoon in Reynolds' grove. There were 10,000 persons there. Maj. E. P. Halstead was the presiding officer. Gov. Beaver welcomed the soldiers back to the scene of the struggle and recounted the history of their movements and eulogized Reynolds, who fell near the spot. Gen. John C. Robinson of Binghamton answered for the corps. Then Frederick Holbrook, Gen. L. A. Grant, Col. Veazey, Col. Fairchild, Gov. Smythe of New Hampshire and Austin Blair of Michigan made short speeches. The interest was broken at times by excitement caused by the cracking of the boards in the speakers' platform and the tilting up and tilting down of various dignitaries who are not used to that sort of thing.

Gen. Longstreet was the big gun of the afternoon. He made a speech which was listened to eagerly and applauded generously. Toward its close his emotion was overcome, and for half a minute his emotion was too much for him. He could not speak. The audience looked on in silence. At last he recovered himself and finished his words of peace.

THE TOWN JAMMED.

To-night the town is jammed with people. The railroads are overtaxed. If an invading army were marching on us to-night as they did once before, the town would be safe for a while, for there are soldiers enough here to hold the fort for a time. But if Gettysburg had to have reinforcements to night by rail from Harrisburg, it would wait a long while before it could get them. The railroad could do but little, for it has not engines enough to pull the trains over the hills. However, that is characteristic of Gettysburg accommodations in these days. Besides, the crush in the town there are crowds about the camps. All day long there were imposing and brilliant processions and this evening there were twilight concerts and dress parades. It is dark now and the campfires are burning.

The first day's struggle is over. The survivors of the conflict are in council as to the movements of the second day's contest. Time has taken Lee from the head of the confederates and made Longstreet his successor, but the gallant and good old rebel is planning not how he shall whip Meade to-morrow, for Meade is dead, but rather whether after the tiring duties of this day of peace he will be able to get up to-morrow morning in good season to go with Gen. Berdan to the scene of their bloody duel and there shake hands in the fraternity of allegiance to one Union, with all bitterness of memory destroyed.