

TWO GETTYSBURG ENCOUNTERS

DURING the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg a number of old men, clad in the Confederate gray, walked up Cemetery Ridge together. One of them was deferred to as leader because he had been in Pickett's famous charge. The others were among the unhappy regiments that had to wait back at Seminary Ridge and watch Pickett's men move forward. A New York *Times* correspondent tells about the incident. We quote him for the rest of the story:

But the old man had another title to consideration. Not only was he in Pickett's charge, but he was in the fight at the Bloody Angle, where Pickett's men all but got over Cemetery Ridge, and he was wounded there. He had come to show the luckless men who had watched him and his comrades run up that ridge where they had gone. It is a good many years ago, and they had forgotten.

Along Cemetery Ridge were several other scouting parties, old Union and Confederate soldiers, all bent on similar missions. One Union soldier had loitered behind the squad that he was with, and while he was standing there, with his hands clasped behind him, studying the field, the Confederates came up.

"The place is right here," said the leader. "This is the Bloody Angle, and I was shot right here where I stand now. I would have died if it hadn't been for a Union soldier, who saved my life. I've often wished I could see him, but I never saw him after that day."

The old Federal turned around and surveyed him with placid interest.

"That's a funny coincidence," he remarked. "I was at the Bloody Angle, too, and there was a Rebel there who was pretty badly hurt. I first gave him a drink of water, and then I took him upon my back and carried him out of the line of fire to the field hospital. Some other Union soldiers must have been doing something like that to you at the same time."

"But, my God," cried the Confederate, "that's just what that Yankee did for me. There couldn't have been two cases just like that at the same time. Let me look at you."

He grabbed the Yankee by the shoulder and looked at him long and earnestly.

"You are the man," he said. Further inquiry put it beyond a doubt. The Confederate was A. C. Smith, of the Fifty-sixth Virginia, a part of Garnett's gallant brigade, and the Union man was Albert N. Hamilton of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania. By a little comparison of notes it was made certain that it was Hamilton who had saved Smith as he sank under the Union fire at the Bloody Angle.