

## Another Bunch of Colts coming on to Years of Discretion.

1910  
Little Valley, March 31.—This is a village of oldtimers. If you don't believe it, drop off the train some day and take a look around town.

On every side you will see active men of advanced years, going about their work with the same spirit and vim as they did a half century ago, with few exceptions. Within the corporation of Little Valley, with its population of 1,300 and something, are some 40 men past the allotted three score and ten, topped off with the oldest approaching the age of 90, and still in the game. And this is not a bunch of feeble and tottering old age. With few exceptions they are all actively engaged in various walks of life. Two or three have reached that stage in life's long day where the shadows are slanting low and the twilight is coming; but it will follow a day well spent. And aside from this large field of those who have passed the three-



EMORY SWEETLAND.  
W. o. is now 75 years old.

quarters mark, there is a large bunch of colts who are closely approaching that mark with no diminution in speed.

Only the other day I started out to pay visits to these old men, with a view to ascertaining their number and a few interesting points in their histories. It was rather a task, because of their number, but a pleasant one withal. It took the more time because of the large number of them still engaged in active life. It wasn't a case of visiting firesides and interviewing wheel chairs or bedsides. It was a case of a young man getting tired rounding up aged men who refused to let their age conflict with work.

Emory Sweetland is one of the interesting talkers of the lot. He is still in active business as a fur buyer at the age of 75 and gets about like a man of middle age. His father, the Reverend Lewis Sweetland, was a Methodist circuit rider and settled in this town in 1830. Mr. Sweetland's recollections are very interesting. As a boy he lived in a log house so closely surrounded by forest that his mother had to be warned from the house when the trees were felled, lest one crush the cabin in its fall. Little Valley was first a huddle of a few houses—seven when he was a boy—south of its present site. Letter postage was 25 cents and the postmaster took the only newspaper in the town. He can remember seeing half a dozen deer herding with their cows and of shooting a basketful of black squirrels from one cherry tree. Three-foot pine lumber was then \$4.50 per thousand. In 1862 he left his farm to care for itself and enlisted in Company B of the 154th New York. He was never wounded during the war, though his record of battles is a long one. He went with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps under General Hooker to the relief of Rosecrans. He marched with Sherman to the sea. A little earlier, after fighting in the Battle of Gettysburg, he was present when Lincoln delivered his Gettysburg address. During the previous speaking he watched Lincoln jotting down a few notes on a scrap of yellow paper. Mr. Sweetland sat so near Lincoln as the President rose to speak that he could see the tears trickling down the face of the great emancipator.

[Courtesy of Margaret N. Smith]