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**AN IMPRESSION THAT WILL NEVER BE EFFACED:
EMORY SWEETLAND REMEMBERS NOVEMBER 19, 1863**

by Mark H. Dunkelman

When he was seventy-five years old, a spry Civil War veteran named Emory Sweetland was interviewed by a reporter in his home town of Little Valley, Cattaraugus County, New York. The newspaperman was collecting anecdotes from Little Valley's oldest gentlemen, and his gleanings were eventually published under the headline, "Another Bunch of Colts coming on to Years of Distinction." Sweetland was still active in business as a fur buyer, the reporter noted, and "gets about like a man of middle age." Emory's reminiscences included tales of his boyhood days and a summary of his Civil War service, highlighted by the memorable day when he was an eyewitness to history. "After fighting in the Battle of Gettysburg," the reporter wrote, "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."¹

The haze of decades past might have clouded Sweetland's recall--did Abraham Lincoln jot notes, or rise in tears, on that long-ago November day?--but the details of the recollection were incidental to the fact. The old soldier had been there on that day of consecration, had heard the president's brief speech, and had observed over passing years as the address was deeply chiseled

into the bedrock of the nation's language, its ideals, and its memory. He had been there, and he never would forget.

That Emory Sweetland was a witness to the Gettysburg Address was a matter of coincidence, of course. He was in Gettysburg because he was a nurse to the wounded. He was a nurse because of his brother.

The Sweetland boys were natives of Little Valley, sons of the Rev. Lewis and Mrs. Drusilla Sweetland, a Methodist circuit rider and his wife who settled in the town in 1830. The following year a son was born and christened John Wesley, after the English founder of the reverend's denomination. Emory Sweetland was born October 14, 1835. The family lived in a log cabin so closely hemmed by forest that Drusilla was warned to leave the dwelling when trees were being felled, lest one fall and crush the house. During his boyhood, Emory saw deer grazing with the family's cows, and on one occasion shot a basketful of black squirrels from a single cherry tree. By the outbreak of the war he was a married man and father. Emory wed Mary J. Holdridge on February 9, 1859, and the couple settled on a farm on the Bucktooth Road in Little Valley, about a mile south of the groom's father and brother. In time a daughter, Alice, blessed the family circle.²

The Sweetland brothers enlisted in the summer of 1862 in response to President Lincoln's call for 300,000 three-year volunteers. Emory signed up on August 11 in Little Valley. He was twenty-six years old, stood five feet, eleven inches tall, and had a fair complexion, blue eyes, and dark hair. Older brother Wesley (as the family called him) enlisted on September 2 in Little Valley, and later that month the brothers were mustered in at Jamestown, New York as privates of Company B of the newly-formed 154th New York Volunteer Infantry.³

Emory Sweetland described his Civil War service in a voluminous series of letters he sent home to Mary, many of which have been preserved by their descendants. In them we can chart his course from Little Valley to Gettysburg, and beyond.

Within a month after arriving at the front, from the 154th New York's camp near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, Emory wrote that Wesley was sick with fever and he was nursing his older brother, tending a fire burning overnight during a tempestuous rainstorm and keeping a cold, wet

towel on Wesley's head. "Camp is the poorest place that I have ever seen to be sick in," Emory declared, citing cramped tents, hard fare, and--most of all--the absence of wives and mothers to care for their loved ones. Wesley had nursed him when he was sick immediately after the 154th arrived in Virginia, Emory noted, and "nothing but the best of care & doctoring & the protecting care of God kept me from a runn of fever there. I am striving to repay that care to Wesley. And I trust that I am trying to repay the vast debt of love & gratitude that I owe to my Heavenly Father by loving and serving Him. I tell you it seems good to have a brother here, one to take an interest [in] ones welfare." In Emory Sweetland, the compassion of a brother was augmented by the charity of a devout Christian.⁴

About a week later Emory wrote that Wesley was better and gaining fast, and was walking around a bit. For his part, "I think I shall stay in the hospital, " Emory declared. "I dont have to stand guard here & that is the hardest part of soldiering. I have better fare here & a better place to sleep in. we have to be on duty here 12 hours & off 12."⁵ But Wesley's recovery was incomplete, and a month later he was gone, off on a journey through army general hospitals to the Veteran Reserve Corps to an 1865 muster-out at Washington. (The brothers apparently did not meet again until they returned home at the war's end.) And instead of doing duty in the 154th's hospital, Emory was back in the ranks of Company B, on picket in a grove of cedar and oak on a cold, snowy night made eerie by a total eclipse of the moon. He regretted to inform his wife that "this war is corrupting the morals of a majority of the Soldiers"--many were stealing, lying, telling obscene stories, singing lewd songs, and drinking. "By the assisting grace of God & by the remembrance of the sweet ones at home I think I have been kept from the contaminating influences around me. pray for me dear wife & I will still keep praying for myself." The Confederates weren't the only enemy Emory Sweetland was fighting.⁶

In the aftermath of the Battle of Fredericksburg--which the 154th New York was fortunate to miss--the Army of the Potomac was fighting a despondency bred in that disaster. Emory and the rest of Company B were detached in support of some artillery a couple of miles above Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock River when he noted, "The feeling in the army is verry

strongly in favor of making a compromise with the rebs & having peace in some way. God grant that we may have an honorable peace soon."⁷ A few weeks later he noted Confederate morale was low, too. "From the door of my tent where I am writing I can see the rebel pickets on the other side of the river walking back and forth....the river bottom here is filled with huge rocks & the rebs come across on them & talk to us. They say that they are sick of the war. Some of them when they get across give themselves up as prisoners."⁸ On Christmas Day, 1862, Sweetland had fried pork, fried hardtack, Indian pancakes and molasses for breakfast. "I dont think that I can beat you cooking yet (at least I long for the time that you shall cook for me again)," he informed Mary. "We get up some queer dishes some times."⁹

On New Year's Eve, Sweetland dreamed he was home with Mary. They went to church in the village, the melodeon played and the choir rose up to sing--and he woke up, to find it was midnight and a nearby band was playing the hymn "Old Hundred". After recounting his dream he denied he was homesick, but he told Mary "I often long to press you to my bosom & talk with you once more to once more sit with you around our own fireside & once more to sit & eat at my own table like *white folks*." He longed to worship with her, to go to church with her, and to enjoy the blessings of society. "But I will not repine my lot," he declared. God had been very merciful to him, had "raised up many friends" to him, and had granted him the respect of the officers.¹⁰

After the 154th New York engaged in some road building, preliminary to what became the Mud March, it began to appear the regiment might soon see combat. If the God of battles willed it, Emory wrote, "I should lay my life down in the defense of my country. his grace can be sufficient for both you & me. but I trust that through his goodness we both shall be spared to meet again on earth."¹¹ But Sweetland soon lost his status as a combatant. On January 23, 1863, he was assigned to duty as a nurse in the regimental hospital.¹²

A few days later he composed a midnight letter to Mary, describing his new tasks--overseeing and helping put up tents to house surgeons, supplies and patients, making beds of poles covered with cedar brush and blankets, and fetching drinks for his eight patients. Emory enumerated his reasons for returning to hospital work: he couldn't stand making the long marches

and carrying the heavy loads in the ranks, the hospital made fewer moves than the regiment did, he had better quality food and shelter, and he received "2 shillings per day extra wages"--"This is quite an object with me." He foresaw only one possible drawback. "I don't know as it is as healthy as it is in the Co."¹³ Succeeding months found him doing well. He got "whiskered & mouchtashed up", gained weight and was in excellent health.¹⁴ He tented with the 154th's chaplain, Henry D. Lowing, and they held services in their tent every night, converted several members of the regiment, and formed a Christian association with Sweetland as treasurer.¹⁵

Springtime brought the campaigning season, and a series of reviews of the 154th New York as part of the 11th Corps, including one by President Lincoln that caused much comment by members of the regiment.¹⁶ Reflecting on these spectacles, Emory wrote, "It was a painful thought connected with the pomp & pagentry of war, that in all probability before 6 months has passed away that probably fully one third of these men now in the flush & pride of manhood would either be under the sod or mangled."¹⁷ As far as his own regiment was concerned, it was a prescient prediction.

The 154th broke camp in mid-April and marched up the Rappahannock to Kelly's Ford, with Sweetland following at his own pace and visiting with the Virginians along the route.¹⁸ All was quiet along the Rappahannock at the ford, although Emory and the 154th's popular surgeon, Henry Van Aernam, spied some Confederates across the river with the aid of a field glass. Emory thought that a Northerner, meeting one of the poorly-clad Rebs in a northern town, would think he was a tramp and give him a quarter.¹⁹ The Confederates might have looked shabby, but as fighters they were exquisite. That the 154th New York found out at Chancellorsville, when it lost nearly half of the men it took into the battle in a foolhardy and forlorn attempt to cover the rout of its corps.

After the battle and the retreat, Emory made a trip to United States Ford to pick up wounded members of the 154th left behind when the Confederates occupied the field. "Our poor wounded soldiers laid on the field 2 days before they had anything to eat or drink or had any thing done for them," he wrote. Many had died in the interim, although the Confederates did as much for

the Yankees as they could do for their own wounded.²⁰ The Chancellorsville wounded were removed to an army general hospital at Brooks Station, and when Sweetland visited them there, the stench of their wounds made him sick.²¹ With the wounded being tended to elsewhere, the 154th's hospital consisted of two new tents on a plot shaded by large trees, and about ten patients, several of them suffering from typhoid fever. The idyllic site reminded Emory of a camp meeting.²²

Mary Sweetland received a few letters sent by her husband in June, during the hot, dusty march north through Maryland. Then, silence. Finally word came from Emory in July, after the 154th New York was decimated at the Battle of Gettysburg--most of the regiment was captured, and a third of them were fated to die as prisoners--and the tiny remnant of the regiment returned to Virginia.²³ He was still in Pennsylvania, left behind on detached duty to care for the wounded at the 11th Corps hospital, about a mile south of Gettysburg. Two weeks after the battle ended, he described his duties. He drew the rations and divided them among the nurses for the ward, drew clothing for the patients, supervised two men who did nothing but washing, and oversaw the nurses in tending the wounded and keeping them clean. A great many civilians were in Gettysburg, he noted, searching for wounded loved ones.²⁴

One Wednesday in late July, Emory resumed writing a letter to Mary after a grisly interruption. "It has been an hour since I stopped writing. The nurse cried out that a man was bleeding like a stuck hog. He had been wounded in the breast & was apparently doing well when some artery rotted off inside & the blood was spurting. Those around did not know what to do. I put my thumb on the artery & stopped it and the doctors are going to cut into him and take it up. Such things as this are of daily occurrence (it is the second one today). Some days I hold the legs or arms of 4 or 5 men to have them taken off."²⁵

Gradually the wounded in the corps hospitals were either sent to hospitals in northern cities or consolidated in the large general hospital in Gettysburg, Camp Letterman, located between the York and Hanover Roads east of the village. Sweetland also moved to Camp Letterman, where he had charge of a ward of sixty wounded patients and twenty nurses, occupying ten tents.²⁶ By September he was mustered as acting steward, and hoped to keep that

position in some regiment or hospital when Camp Letterman broke up. "My health still remains good for which I am truly thankful," he notified Mary. "I don't think that it is verry healthy being around old stinking wounds."²⁷ During his Gettysburg stay, Emory became good friends with a hospital steward named Knowles, and he posed for a portrait with his arm around his friend. He also received a furlough and made a welcome trip home to see Mary and Alice.²⁸

Unfortunately, no letter survives from Emory Sweetland relating the consecration of the Soldiers' National Cemetery in Gettysburg. The thread of his story is picked up in December, 1863, when a letter to Mary announced the breakup of the Gettysburg hospital and his arrival in Baltimore. He was with Hospital Steward Knowles and his wife--"They seem like brother & sister to me," Emory declared--but the friends soon parted when Knowles was assigned to Annapolis and Sweetland headed west to rejoin the 154th New York.²⁹ Subsequent letters mapped his course--to Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio by rail, to Louisville, Kentucky by steamship, and then to Stevenson, Alabama on the railroad again.³⁰ He rejoined the 154th on the evening of January 6, 1864, at the regiment's winter camp in Lookout Valley, Tennessee.³¹ A quiet period ensued, and Emory engaged in a profitable sideline, whittling and carving pipes out of laurel root and selling them to officers.³² When the president issued a new call for troops, Emory wrote, "It looks as though Uncle Abe calculated to finish up the war whilst he is in the chair," and shortly thereafter he optimistically predicted, "I think that we shall likely be at home to give Old Abe a vote" in the fall election. "The army are unanimous for him," Emory declared.³³

Late in April, Sweetland was ordered to perform a special mission--escorting Private Alvin Hitchcock of Company A to the insane asylum at Washington, D.C. Emory was "fully acquainted with the temper and humor" of the patient, recommended the 154th's colonel. While he was in the capital, Sweetland's orders were modified to allow him until May 22 to rejoin his regiment.³⁴

By the time he returned to the 154th, the regiment had fought at Rocky Face Ridge and Resaca, Georgia, and Emory resumed duty as orderly to the surgeons, dressing wounds, burying comrades, and carving their headstones.³⁵ In letters that summer, he detailed the 154th's losses at New Hope Church, Gilgal Church, Peachtree Creek, and the almost constant skirmishing in

between, becoming so used to the thunder of musketry and cannonading that he could sleep through heavy fighting.³⁶ In subsequent letters to Mary, Emory announced the fall of Atlanta, the fall of Savannah (he was steward in the 2nd Division, 20th Corps hospital by then), the fall of Raleigh and the end of the war, capped off by the triumphant Grand Review. Sweetland was mustered out with Company B of the 154th New York on June 11, 1865, near Bladensburg, Maryland, and returned to his family in Little Valley.³⁷

In the postwar years, he was active in his church--never missing services if his health permitted--and in veterans' affairs, a staunch member of the 154th New York Regimental Association and Little Valley's Grand Army of the Republic post. Henry V. Fuller Post, No. 246 was organized in 1881 and named after one of the town's martyred heroes, the late captain of the 64th New York, killed at Gettysburg (who in turn was named after his uncle--Henry Van Aernam, surgeon of the 154th).³⁸ At an unknown date, Emory Sweetland addressed his fellow G. A. R. veterans on his indelible memories of November 19, 1863, in Gettysburg.³⁹

Commander & Comrades of Fuller Post

You doubtless have seen accounts in the newspapers of the oration which President Lincoln delivered at the laying of the cornerstone of the national monument in Gettysburg,⁴⁰ in which it is said that those present did not think that it amounted to much, also that even the nation at large did not discover its beauty until the British papers began to praise it.

I was present and heard it. It made an impression on my mind that will never be effaced.

It was a beautiful November day and the distant hills that surround Gettysburg were covered with a purple haze. At an early hour the country people came flocking in to see the show. I went early that I might get a good chance to hear what was said. A large

platform had been erected which was seated with benches and chairs. The platform was back of and a little to the left of the line held by the 154th during the last two days of the fight.⁴¹

Some of the convalescent wounded from our general hospital were upon the ground, some with crutches and some with an arm in a sling. They were usually surrounded by a knot of eager listeners as they told their story of the awful conflict. I came up behind one of these veterans who had a large crowd about him and he was pointing out where the fight had been hottest. Said he, pointing with his crutch, "Down there in that peach orchard my regiment fought Longstreet's whole corps for more than an hour. The blood got to be over shoe deep." He paused and glanced around at the awestricken crowd and then began again, "That was an awful fight. My regiment lost 1400 men killed that day." Here he turned his head toward me. It was just as I expected. He had 64th N. Y. on his cap.⁴²

About this time we heard the 5th Marine band coming at the head of the procession.⁴³ Soon we could see them coming slowly up the hill, President Lincoln on horseback, Gov. Curtin and other war governors⁴⁴ and notables in carriages. While they were being seated some officers pointed out to Lincoln the places where the troops were stationed and where the fight was the hottest. I was so near that I could hear what was said.

All about us were the fresh graves of those who gave their lives for their country. The whole battle ground could be seen from the platform. The hill we were upon had been swept by the iron hail from 250 cannon. Over beyond Gettysburg in front of us was where the cavalry began the fight in the morning holding the enemy in check until the First and Eleventh corps came up at 11. Three fourth of a mile over across the valley stands the seminary on a lower ridge. How the battle raged around and beyond this point as hour after hour they fought without breastworks and against at least double their number until

divisions melted away to brigades and brigades to regiments. Stretching away to the left were the troops of Hancock and Doubleday and Sickles; the peach orchard and round top in the distance.

When all were seated a quartette of male voices sang "Here sleeps the brave";⁴⁵ a prayer by Dr. Mulkenburg;⁴⁶ an oration by Edward Everett and most I can remember about it is that it was very long.

I had been watching President Lincoln during this address; his hair which had been black when I first saw him a year and a half before was now mostly grey; his face was deeply wrinkled and seamed; he sat with an air of abstraction about him. There was a look of inexpressible sadness on his face as he gazed over the battlefield or studied a scrap of paper he held in his hand. I think it was an envelope torn open and written upon both sides. He began speaking in a slow and distinct voice but as he proceeded his voice grew tremulous and he would pause to choke down his emotions. When he came to where he said "we have come here to dedicate a portion of this battlefield as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live", tears were running down his face; he continued, "but in a larger sense, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here but it can never forget what they did here."⁴⁷ He continued to speak in the same eloquent manner a few minutes and sat down amid silence like death. Tears were upon many faces about me. There was a lump in my throat and my eyes grew dim as I thought of my dead and wounded comrades: 247 of the 154th dead, wounded and missing, three fourths of all that went into the fight;⁴⁸ 9500 dead and 34000 wounded on both sides on the field.⁴⁹ Just back a little way on the Taneytown road was where I parted with our own Captain Fuller and as he wrung my hand in parting he expressed the conviction that he was going to his death but said, "I shall do my duty." Rest noble soul! Year by year we will scatter flowers on thy grave and ever keep in memory thy virtues. The corner stone was laid with

the masonic ceremonies.⁵⁰ The procession reformed. As they started down the hill a rosy cheeked young mother stood near me upon the sidewalk holding a noble baby boy in her arms. As Pres. Lincoln rode up to where she stood she raised the baby aloft; the baby laughed and crowed and reached his chubby hands to be taken; Lincoln took off his hat and bowed low to mother and child while his face lit up with a rare smile that fairly transformed it; one touch of nature makes all the world akin. The procession moved on down the hill and this kingly man passed forever out of my sight--No, not forever; something in my inmost soul tells me we shall meet again where no foul assassin's arm can reach him. The grave can not hold this grand good man; he died to make men free; he loved his country and his God.

Comrades we are going to him one by one. As we fall may we have the assurance in our hearts that we have done our whole duty to each other, our country and our God.

Emory Sweetland carried the special remembrance of that memorable autumn afternoon in Gettysburg until the day he died, January 5, 1917. His passing was marked by a local newspaper with a typical headline for a long-lived Civil War veteran, "Answers the Last Roll Call."⁵¹ The few surviving members of Fuller Post took part in the funeral service, escorted the cortege to the Little Valley cemetery, and mourned the loss of another one of Mr. Lincoln's soldiers--one who had felt a unique bond to the martyred sixteenth president.

NOTES

1. Unidentified newspaper clipping, datelined Little Valley, March 31 (apparently 1910), courtesy of Sweetland's great-granddaughter, Phyllis Dye of South Dayton, New York. I am deeply grateful to descendants of Emory Sweetland for providing the primary source material for this article. Mrs. Dye also shared Emory's 1917 obituary (also an unidentified clipping) and his wartime portrait.

Emory's grandson, the late Lyle Sweetland of South Dayton, provided me with Sweetland's wartime letters, which I transcribed in the early 1970s. A few additional letters have been recently transcribed by Emory's great-granddaughter, Margaret Nyhart Smith of Palmetto, Florida. The original letters are currently in the possession of Sweetland's great-grandson, Robert S. Barnes of Fredonia, New York.

2. "Another Bunch of Colts" clipping; Emory Sweetland obituary; William Adams, editor, *Historical Gazetteer and Biographical Memorial of Cattaraugus County, N.Y.* Syracuse, N.Y.: Lyman, Horton and Co., 1893, pp. 785-86; *Atlas of Cattaraugus County, New York.* New York: D. G. Beers & Co., 1869 (1967 reprint), p. 28.
3. Microfilm of Company B Descriptive Book from the National Archives, Washington, D.C.
4. Emory Sweetland to My Dear Wife, October 26, 1862. (Letters are hereinafter cited by date alone.) For the operations of the 154th New York, see Mark H. Dunkelman and Michael J. Winey, *The Hardtack Regiment: An Illustrated History of the 154th Regiment, New York State Infantry Volunteers.* East Brunswick, N.J., Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 1981.
5. November 3, 1862.
6. December 7, 1862.
7. December 22, 1862.
8. December 27, 1862.
9. December 25, 1862.
10. January 1, 1863.
11. January 16, 1863.
12. Microfilm of Company B Muster Rolls from the National Archives.
13. January 26, 1863.
14. February 21, 1863.
15. March 2, April 2, April 12, 1863.

16. See "The Hardtack Regiment Meets Lincoln" by Mark H. Dunkelman and Michael J. Winey, *Lincoln Herald*, Vol. 85, No. 2, Summer 1983, pp. 95-99, which includes a postwar portrait of Emory Sweetland.
17. April 9, 1863.
18. April 16, 1863.
19. April 19, 1863.
20. May 15, 1863.
21. May 19, 1863.
22. June 1, 1863.
23. For the most detailed account to date of the 154th New York at Gettysburg, see "The Hardtack Regiment in the Brickyard Fight" by Mark H. Dunkelman and Michael J. Winey, *The Gettysburg Magazine*, Issue No. 8, January 1993, pp. 17-30.
24. July 17, 1863.
25. July 22, 1863.
26. August 8, 1863.
27. September 2, 1863.
28. April 18, 1864.
29. December 19, 1863.
30. December 27 and 30, 1863; January 3, 1864.
31. January 7, 1864.
32. March 13, 1864. Two examples of Sweetland's pipes are known to survive, formerly owned by Surgeon Van Aernam and Captain John C. Griswold of Company F.
33. March 20 and 24, 1864.
34. "Special Field Orders No. 120, Head-Quarters Department of the Cumberland", courtesy of the late Lyle Sweetland; Colonel Patrick H. Jones to Brigadier General William D. Whipple, April 16, 1864, courtesy of the Ellicottville (N.Y.) Historical Society.
35. May 26, 1864.

36. June 21, 1864.

37. Company B Muster Rolls, *op. cit.*

38. Captain Henry V. Fuller is one of a handful of Union line officers who has a marker on the Gettysburg battlefield identifying the spot where he was killed (in the Rose Woods).

39. Two versions of Sweetland's speech survive--a handwritten copy (courtesy of Margaret N. Smith) and a typescript (courtesy of the late Lyle Sweetland). They are virtually identical; the typescript is quoted here, and the sole noteworthy difference is cited in note 42 below.

40. The laying of the cornerstone of the Soldiers' National Monument took place in Gettysburg on July 4, 1865. Sweetland's reference to that ceremony is inexplicable--unless he also attended that event and confused the two in his memory. He refers to the cornerstone dedication again in his speech.

41. The position held by the 154th New York on July 2 and 3, 1863, on the Taneytown Road, was within several hundred feet of the speakers' platform.

42. Sweetland was engaging in some black humor at the expense of veterans of the 64th New York, six companies of which were raised in Cattaraugus County (Company F was recruited principally in Little Valley). The 64th reported 98 losses at Gettysburg. In a crossed-out line in Sweetland's handwritten version, the 64th veteran declares the 1400 men killed were "all shot through the heart"!

43. Sweetland is perhaps confusing two bands present that day--the Marine Band from the Washington Navy Yard, which led the procession, and the band of the 5th New York Heavy Artillery.

44. Governor Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania, Governor Horatio Seymour of New York and six other governors attended the dedication.

45. Two vocal selections were performed during the ceremony--the untitled hymn composed by Benjamin B. French, and a dirge sung by a choir.

46. The prayer was delivered by the Rev. Dr. T. H. Stockton, chaplain of the U.S. Senate.

47. Interestingly, Sweetland occasionally misquotes Lincoln's famous words.

48. By a close accounting, the 154th New York lost 212 out of 224 men engaged on the afternoon of July 1, 1863. See "The Hardtack Regiment in the Brickyard Fight", *op. cit.*, pp. 19, 20, 26.

49. While exact casualty figures are impossible to ascertain, Sweetland's figures for both killed and wounded appear high.

50. See note 40.

51. Obituary, *op. cit.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Emory Sweetland (left) with his friend, Hospital Steward Knowles, photographed in Gettysburg during the months after the battle. (*Courtesy of Phyllis Dye.*)

2. John Wesley Sweetland. (*Courtesy of the National Archives.*)



