

More than 160,000 soldiers from both the North and the South met on the fields of Gettysburg on July 1-3, 1863. In those three days of engagement, more than 50,000 soldiers became casualties. Approximately 10,000 bodies lay on the bloody fields of battle on July 4. Another 21,000 lay wounded in make-shift hospitals in and around the small Pennsylvania town of 2,500 souls.^[1] There were three regiments of infantry plus one of cavalry from Vermont engaged in this greatest clash between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Sixteenth Vermont Infantry under General George J. Stannard were present on the field along with the First Vermont Cavalry. All of them would see action in those three days of fighting. The Fourteenth, to which Wesley Charles Sturtevant belonged, would be a crucial factor in the Union's victory at this engagement, the first of its kind so far north of the Mason-Dixon Line. The Fourteenth went into the Battle of Gettysburg with 647 men in its ranks. It would lose 19 killed and 76 wounded.^[2] One of the KIA's was Corporal Wesley C. Sturtevant. In Wesley's case, he did not remain an unknown somewhere on the field of Gettysburg nor did the family remain uninformed about the details of his death. Wesley was fortunate enough to have had a relative, a cousin named Ralph Sturtevant, in the Thirteenth Vermont, who, although not right at Wesley's side when he died, was able to relate to Wesley's family the story surrounding his death.

Wesley Charles Sturtevant was the first born child of Charles Sturtevant (1817-1893) and Mary Ann Mitchell (1820-1901). He was born in Addison County, Vermont, most likely in the town of Weybridge.^[3] Young Sturtevant ended up with a total of five siblings: Wealthy Loraine (1844-1923); Watson Clark (1847-1913); Elsie L. (1853-1881); and Alice Jemima and Albert W., twins, born in 1856. Albert died in 1917 and Alice in 1936.^[4] In 1850, eleven-year-old Wesley lived in Weybridge on a \$1,000 farm with his parents, sister, Wealthy and brother, Watson.^[5] The next ten years made a tremendous difference in the Sturtevant family's size and economic status. Charles and Mary Ann added four more children to the household during those intervening years including a set of twins. The farm, too, had prospered and increased in value with the aid of Wesley and younger brother, Watson. Charles' estate was seven times more valuable in 1860 than it was ten years earlier, rising to an estimated \$8,000.^[6] Charles had been a busy man between 1860 and 1870.

Charles' star would continue to ascend in the future. He would, by 1880, have amassed an estate worth over \$14,000, and had become a community leader whose talents and abilities were recognized by his peers when he was sent to the General Assembly in 1880 to represent Weybridge's interests. The family remained tight-knit as the children grew to adulthood, became successful and married. Watson, for example, married and established a farm next door to his father and mother by 1880. Albert W., at twenty-four, still lived in his parent's home and helped his father run the family business.^[7]

At twenty-one in 1860, Wesley, too, remained at home on the family farm, assisting his father in building up a very successful agricultural operation in Weybridge.^[8] In fact, Wesley was so pre-occupied in helping his father grow his business, that he found no time to seek out a wife of his own. When Fort Sumter was fired on in April of 1861, he was still an unmarried man. He would remain so the rest of his life.

When President Lincoln sent out a call for 300,000 additional troops after the Union debacle at First Bull Run in July, 1861, Wesley was among the enthusiastic volunteers who rushed into town to find the nearest army recruiter who was enlisting young patriots by the score. Standing five feet eight and one half inches tall, the twenty-three year old farmer from Weybridge with a dark complexion, light eyes and dark hair, stood before Captain E. Rich on August 30, 1862 in Middlebury, Vermont and pledged to defend his country and obey his superior officers for the next nine months at least.^[9] When he reported for mustering-in on October 21, 1862, it was at Brattleboro, Vermont. He went in as a Corporal of Company E, Fourteenth Vermont Infantry.^[10] His being promoted to Corporal right from the start without any prior military service or combat experience was probably due to his age (twenty-three versus the average age of a recruit which was around eighteen) and the extra education in his background.

From October 21 to the Special Muster taken April 11, 1863, Corporal Sturtevant was present and accounted for. He and the Fourteenth in general had spent most of that time helping to build various fortifications around Washington, manning those defensive works and guarding the important Occoquan River crossings in the vicinity of Wolf Run Shoals. Most importantly, Corporal Sturtevant had managed to avoid spending any time sick or injured in the Regimental Hospital. Considering the living and working conditions, diet, personal hygiene practices and camp sanitation, that was no small feat by itself. Late in June, 1863, the Second Vermont Brigade, which consisted of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Regiments, were given orders to pack up and follow as rear-guard of the Army of the Potomac as it marched towards Gettysburg, Pennsylvania and a meeting with General Robert E. Lee's invading forces. Starting after the main body of the Union Army had already passed through at Wolf Run Shoals ford, The Vermonters were going to have to march at quick time just to catch up. From the beginning of the march, it was rough on the men in the ranks. Every day, day after day, they had to cover twenty or more miles at a time. Even hardy Vermont farm boys familiar with heavy toil and physical exertion, broke down from the strain of the forced march. Those who could not keep up were left in the road or along side of it. Under orders from Stannard, no one was to stop to assist them. Hundreds were left behind. Stannard drove the Vermonters relentlessly. His brigade covered the 120 miles from Wolf Run Shoals, Virginia to Emmitsburg, Maryland in six days. He would not even let the men stop to relieve their thirst from their hot and dusty marching. Captain Stephen Brown of the Thirteenth Vermont wrote after the march was over: "Day after day, having already marching as far as seemed possible for us, we marched miles and miles further. Without food for days in that climate, in the hot summertime, clad in thick wool clothing, weighted with guns and 60 rounds of ammunition, upon blistered and bleeding feet, we shortened the distance between our brigade and the veteran First Corps...."^[11] As the columns pressed onward towards Gettysburg, men fainted and fell into the dusty road

with ghastly faces turned upwards as though dead. Others twitched convulsively in the dust and dirt of the roads. No one stopped to help the poor unfortunates as orders had been issued that no one was to break ranks for any reason. Finally, Captain Brown had seen enough of his men suffering and gave orders to some of them to fill empty canteens in a nearby stream and bring back water to alleviate the parched throats of the men. When Stannard heard of this breach of his orders, he placed the good Captain under arrest, symbolically taking his sword, belt and side arm from him as a display of his punishment for disobeying a direct order. Since they were on the march, there was no place to confine Captain Brown, so he was allowed, for the moment, to remain with his men. Later, the Captain would earn the Medal of Honor for his bravery at Gettysburg using the only weapon he could find which was a camp hatchet!^[12]

Around Emmitsburg, the Second Vermont Brigade was ordered to leave two regiments behind to guard the supply wagons, take the remaining three regiments and hurry to Gettysburg where the fight had already begun. The Twelfth and Fifteenth were chosen to stay and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Sixteenth tramped towards the small Pennsylvania cross-roads town leaving Emmitsburg at about six in the morning of July 1, 1863. By noon on that hot, sultry day a courier reached the command and informed General John Sedgwick that General Reynolds had been killed in the fighting at Gettysburg and that his troops were desperately needed on the field of battle. It was at this time that General Sedgwick issued his now famous order: "Put the Vermonters in the lead and keep the column well closed." It was imperative that the last thirty miles to Gettysburg be covered as quickly as possible, and Sedgwick knew from his experience with the Vermonters that they were the best marchers in the army and would set the fastest pace for his 15,000-man Corps. In darkness, the First Corps, with the Vermont Brigade in front, marched on towards their destiny. Through the morning dawn of July 2, the long columns of blue, dirty, dusty and parched soldiers, pushed on without a halt. They stopped only briefly at noon as the sounds of heavy guns reached their ears. Ten miles from Gettysburg, at a place called Littleton, the columns of the First Corps began meeting wagons and carriages conveying wounded to the rear. Smoke, grey and thick, could now be seen on the horizon like giant thunderheads. No stops were made even though civilians offered buckets and pitchers of cool, wet water. By six in the evening, the Vermonters crossed Rock Creek just outside of Gettysburg having covered twenty-eight miles in twenty-four hours!^[13]

The first day's fight on the fields of Gettysburg was over. Lee's forces had pushed the Federals from west of the village center, through the town to Cemetery Ridge just south of Gettysburg proper where the Union forces stopped to defend the high ground offered by the Cemetery Hill. All was chaos and confusion as the Confederates kept up a snipping fire while the Union brass tried to figure out the best deployment of their available troops. Stannard was busy trying to find a Union corps commander who could give him instructions on where and how to align his exhausted Vermont Brigade in the long line of defensive positions being developed along the ridge. After being shuffled first here then there in the mayhem, his spent regiments were ordered to take up a position just north of a copse of trees where a low stone wall formed a ninety degree turn to the east between the Taneytown Road and the Baltimore Pike. At this spot the three regiments of the Second Vermont Brigade (the 12th, 13th and 14th) lay upon their arms uncovered on the ground for the first sleep they had had in over twenty-four hours.^[14]

Meanwhile, off to the west on another hill called Seminary Ridge which ran parallel to the Union's Cemetery Ridge, screened from the eyes of Union commanders, Lee had his Confederates moving into position for an assault on and around what was locally called Little and Big Round Tops. These two large, rocky mounds of ledge and boulders provided the highest elevation in the valley around Gettysburg and would be a great advantage to whomever occupied them as observation stations and artillery positions. These two prominences became landmarks for Lee's next push against the Federals, not knowing that the Yankees had also recognized the potential value of that real estate and had set in motion actions to occupy it for their own self-preservation. Little Round Top would achieve everlasting fame as part of the Battle of Gettysburg when Joshua Chamberlain's Maine regiment made its heroic stand on its slope to beat back Longstreet's assault on the second day of fighting. It was also in this area at the base of the Round Tops in the Devil's Den, the Peach Orchard and the Wheatfield that further vicious and bloody fighting occurred that made Gettysburg one of the most famous battles of the Civil War.

Dawn of July 2 illuminated the anxious faces of 84,000 Yankees and approximately 75,000 Rebels cautiously eyeing each other across three quarters of a mile of open space separating the two ridges.^[15] Everyone knew all hell was about to break loose; no one knew exactly when it was going to happen. The waiting was worse than the inevitable action. Men tensely waited and sweated in the hot July sun as it rose higher and higher in the blue sky. The lull was caused by poor communication and even poorer planning on the part of Lee and his subordinate officers. Unfamiliarity with the terrain resulted in delays getting troops into position for an assault on those two Round Tops south of the village of Gettysburg. At about three o'clock in the afternoon of July 2, the Confederate artillery opened the ball with a well-directed cannonade of the Union extreme left. The first shell sent towards the Federals exploded over the Thirteenth Vermont causing two or three men to be wounded. Early in the bombardment, General Stannard sent five companies – D, E, F, H and K of the Thirteenth to support a battery near the crest of Cemetery Ridge, just to the right of where the Taneytown Road crossed the top of the hill. The rest of the Second Vermont Brigade was ordered further south towards the famous salient in the Union line created by General Sickles when he moved his command west towards the Confederates in order to take advantage of higher ground near the Wheatfield/Peach Orchard portion of the "fish hook" alignment of Union defensive works. Beginning at Little Round Top, where Joshua Chamberlain's Maine Regiment earned everlasting fame for its desperate charge with their bayonets and empty muskets to prevent Longstreet's Confederates from rolling up the left flank of the Union line, the fighting rolled north through Devil's Den, up the Plum Run valley at the base the Round Tops, and on through the Wheatfield and the Peach Orchard where Sickles and his command took and gave a terrible pounding. Union Major General Hancock ordered the First Minnesota to the relief of Sickles hard pressed men. So vicious was the action in this sector of the engagement that in ten minutes, that regiment of 262 men sustained 215 casualties!^[16] The Rebs continued rolling up the Federals left, finally breaking the Union lines just south of the soon-to-be famous copse of trees. It was then that General Meade called on the nearby Vermont Brigade to plug the gap created by the Confederate's breakthrough. The five companies from the Thirteenth could only watch from the crest of Cemetery Ridge where they supported a battery of artillery as their comrades of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Sixteenth Vermont went into action.

The Vermonters, mostly men of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Regiments, stopped the Confederate's advance and pushed them back through the Plum Run valley, the Wheatfield and the Peach Orchard and through the Devil's Den area all the way to the Emmitsburg Road. That night, the exhausted Vermonters stayed where they had filled the gap on the slope of Cemetery Ridge. They were not alone on the field the night of July 2, 1863. As spent as they were, it was difficult for the men to sleep among the wounded and dying all about them. The constant commotion caused by candle-carrying ministers of mercy and caring as they sought to aid those who were not already beyond help on both sides, plus the constant moaning of human voices in intense agony, made it nearly impossible to slumber. Along Cemetery Ridge, James Hartwell of the Thirteenth said, "The firing had ceased for the day and nothing was heard save the groans and prayers of the wounded and dying. I espied a short distance from where I was standing four women on their bended knees with bandages and cooling drinks, doing all in their power to lessen pain and prolong the lives of those who had fallen. God bless for they passed none by, not knowing or caring where they were born, at what alter they knelt, or whether they were clad in blue or gray. Upon inquiring I learned that they were called Sisters of Mercy".^[17] That night, the Thirteenth was made whole again by the return of the five companies that had been detached as support for a union battery. Tomorrow, Corporal Sturtevant would meet his own destiny.

The morning of July 3, before dawn, began ominously with canon fire. The heavy guns were very active for an hour or so, then suddenly stopped. The booming was replaced with clouds of gunsmoke and the rattle of volleys from thousands of muskets about a mile north around Culp's Hill on the Vermonter's extreme right. The morning was already extremely hot and men were fainting from the heat. After six hours of the sounds of battle to the north of them, absolute silence descended all along the Union lines. It was during this lull in action that Corporal Sturtevant sought out his cousin, Ralph Sturtevant of the Thirteenth Vermont, in order to request a favor of him. According to what Ralph reported, Wesley, about mid-day, unexpectedly and quite suddenly appeared at his cousin's elbow along the rear ridge of Cemetery Ridge. Wesley had come to his boyhood friend with a special request. Wesley said to him: "I shall never see home and dear friends again, something tells me I shall be slain in this battle, and I can not drive away the awful thought. I have come to tell you and request that you tell father and mother, brothers and sisters and dear friends for me good-bye." Wesley further asked his cousin to be sure he was buried in his hometown of Weybridge saying, "I am sure that my life will end on this field. I have done my duty thus far and have not flinched or been much frightened so far in this battle; that when awakened this morning by the roar of canon and the noise of bursting shells that passed over me, I was dreaming of the consummation of long anticipated joys, and in it I read 'death' and it so impressed me that it is impossible to think of anything else. I have not felt so until today though under fire all day yesterday and many fell dead and wounded about me. I have asked off my Father in Heaven forgiveness for all, and am at peace and all is well, but how I long to live and return home to walk in the path that my desire, hope and ambition had marked out. I am so sure that my life will end on this field that I have come to ask that you explain all to father and mother, take these letters and return them and tell her not to weep for me, that my heart almost breaks to think I must give up all my cherished plans of life. I could not tell these matters or speak of them to my company comrades, so come to you." Ralph made every effort to dissuade Wesley of the inevitability of his premonition. But Wesley, thanks to his mother who was an ardent believer in the power of prophesy also, remained unshaken in his belief that

Gettysburg was going to be the last place on earth he would see. Even though Wesley was an intelligent young man and highly educated, Ralph could not persuade him that his vision was not a given certainty. Looking forlorn, Wesley again grasped his cousin's hands in his and bid him good-bye. He then turned and calmly walked the two hundred yards back to his regiment to prepare for battle.^[18]

At ten minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon of July 3, 1863, the terrible silence that had hovered over the battlefield for the last hour, was broken by two signal guns fired in rapid succession. So began the greatest cannonading to ever occur on the North American continent. An estimated 150 Confederate canon simultaneously pummeled the center of the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge. A moment later, more than 100 Union guns joined in the cacophony of explosions. The earth literally shook with every detonation. The air vibrated with the concussions of muzzle blasts from the heavy guns. If each Confederate gun fired at the rate of twice per minute, they would have fired some four thousand five hundred individual projectiles at the Yankees in the two and one half hour long barrage that preceded the 17,000 man Pickett's Charge. The air was filled with every possible type of shot and shell imaginable. As Lieutenant George Benedict said: "It was converging fire which came upon the Union lines at every angle, from direct point-blank at which [canister] was served with effect, to enfilading fire from a battery of Whitworth guns far to the right, which sent their six-sided bolts screaming by, parallel to the lines, from a distance of over two miles. Shells whizzed and popped and fluttered on every side; spherical case shot exploded overhead, and rained showers of iron bullets; solid shot tore the ground into furrows..."^[19] Fortunately for the boys in blue, the majority of those screaming shells went over the heads of the infantry hugging the ground for cover. Unknown to the Confederate artillerists, they were shooting over their intended target. Even so, enough of the errant projectiles fell among the Federals to cause considerable damage. Then the shelling stopped just as suddenly as it had begun. Knuckles turned white as fists clenched muskets with a death-like grip. Everyone knew what was going to happen next. That space between Seminary Ridge and Cemetery Ridge was about to be flooded with yelling, screaming Rebs determined to crush the center of the Union fish hook. And the Vermonters of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Sixteenth Regiments, who huddled on the front line facing their enemy, knew they were right in the way.

Three divisions, fourteen brigades, at least forty-two regiments, around 17,000 armed men stretched out in a line nearly a mile long stepped out of the woods, around the guns that had attempted to lay down a softening fire for the attack and dressed their lines as if on a parade ground. One Vermonter, Private Sturtevant of the 13th VT, was impressed by the sight they presented: "We saw them first as they reached the crest of Seminary Ridge a full half mile away, at first horse and rider, Then glistening bayonets and then flags and banners waving and fluttering in the sultry air..."^[20] The 1,000 yard long double line of infantry was most eloquently described by Lieutenant Frank Haskell, Sixth Wisconsin Infantry – "The enemy is advancing. Every eye could see his legions, an overwhelming resistless tide of an ocean of armed men sweeping upon us! Regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade...the red flags wave, their horsemen gallop up and down; the arms of 18,000 men, barrel and bayonet, gleam in the sun, a slopping forest of flashing steel. Right on they move, as with one soul, in perfect order, without

impediment of ditch, or wall or stream, over ridge and slope, through orchard, and meadow, and cornfield, magnificent, grim, irresistible.”^[21] The entire right side (Kemper’s division) of the Confederate battle line was coming right at the Vermonters positioned just south of the now famous Copse of Trees or the “Highwater Mark of the Confederacy”. Like at Bunker Hill, the Vermonters were under orders not to fire until the command to do so was given. Anxiously they waited as the Rebs came closer and closer. What happened next was almost providential for the Vermont troops. As the enemy closed on the Second Brigade’s position, at a distance of under 100 yards, the Fourteenth rose from their cover. At almost the same precise moment, the Confederate attacking columns did a left oblique movement which sent them directly across the front of the Fourteenth instead of right at them. Now the whole attacking unprotected flank of the men in gray was exposed to the Fourteenth’s fire. The order was given and the Fourteenth let loose with a tremendous volley at unsuspecting targets. Quickly, the Thirteenth, on the Fourteenth’s right, also rose and added their fire power to that of their comrades. As soon as the Sixteenth Vermont, which was to the left of the Fourteenth and slightly behind it, could move around the Fourteenth and get a clear field of fire, they, too, unleashed yet another devastating volley into the rear of the attacking grey columns. By now there were in the vicinity of 1, 400 muskets being discharged into the backs of the Rebels as fast as every man could load and fire. Every volley had terrible effect. So close were the Vermonters to the attacking Rebels that careful aiming was not required in order to send a Minnie ball into the easy marks. Since the Confederates were moving away from the Vermonters and towards the Copse of Trees to the north of their position, the Second Vermont Brigade had to wheel to the right and move up on the enemy in order to close the ever- increasing distance between themselves and their assailants. Within minutes Rebels were throwing away their arms and surrendering to the Vermonters who had so effectively decimated their ranks. Meanwhile, the Confederate attack which had concentrated on the Copse of Trees along the Union line was being stymied by Federal troops there. Only a few hundred of the 17,000 attackers who had started Pickett’s Charge ever made it to, and through, the Union lines at “The Angle”. Only about one half of the 17,000 Confederates were able to make it back to the safety of Seminary Ridge after Pickett’s Charge had completely failed to achieve its objective of severing the Union lines at the Copse of Trees on Cemetery Ridge. Those who were not killed outright in the attack were escorted to the rear as POWs. The after-action reports written by Union commanders on the field July 3, all gave high praises to the Vermonters for the part the Vermont Brigade played in thwarting the action history labeled as Pickett’s Charge. Unfortunately, Corporal Sturtevant of the Fourteenth never got to see or participate in any of it. His story ended the moment his Regiment rose to deliver their first volley into the attacking Rebel columns.

When darkness fell after the failed charge of Lee’s forces on Meade’s defenses that July 3, 1863, the battle of Gettysburg was essentially over. In the darkness that protected the living from sniper fire, the job of finding the wounded and burying the dead began immediately. Private Sturtevant of the Thirteenth Vermont survived the third day’s carnage. Once his mind was not pre-occupied by other matters, it returned to the visit Wesley had made to him before the futile charge by the Confederates was made. “I wondered now if the premonitions of death had proven a reality. I could not wait and hastened to the 14th to ascertain if dead or alive. Just before reaching his company I met some of his tentmates that were on their way to find me. They took me only a few steps further and there on the ground as he fell was the mangled body of my cousin W.C.

Sturtevant having been shot through the breast by a solid shot or shell. His comrades told me that he fell just as the regiment rose to take part in the advance against General Pickett's Charge".^[22] Nothing more could be done for Corporal Sturtevant that night, so he remained where he had fallen until daylight brought the opportunity to bury the body.

In the daylight hours of July 4, burial details were assigned. Private Sturtevant was chosen to be one of those given the task of finding and burying the dead of the Vermont Brigade. Ralph described what he saw while on this duty: "The dead lay scattered over the field where they fell and the black and bloated condition of the corpses made it difficult to recognize in all cases an intimate comrade, and no one was removed until fully identified. We buried them as they were, without removing their clothing, covering them over with their blankets, for shrouds and coffins, and then sacredly and carefully filling the graves with mother earth [most graves were only dug to a depth of eighteen inches or so because all were dug in haste and sometimes under fire]. Each grave was rudely marked with inscription of name, company and regiment and date of death [often done in pencil or charcoal which ran and blurred as soon as the first rains came]. I was with the squad that brought from the field and buried Cpl. Wesley C. Sturtevant of Company E, 14th regiment. The temporary monument that marked his grave was a cartridge box cover on which I carefully cut with my jackknife, name, company, regiment and date of death...."^[23] Burying his cousin in Pennsylvania soil was not the last thing Ralph had promised he would do for Wesley. The reason Ralph carved the identifying information into his headboard rather than writing it on with pencil or charcoal was so he could come back at a later time and be able to find Wesley's grave and bring him home to Weybridge to be reburied permanently. Time and money on July 4, 1863 did not permit him to ship the body right then. The war was not over yet and Lee had to be pursued by the available troops among which was the Second Vermont Brigade (12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th) whose nine month enlistments were about to expire. There was also the expense of shipping the body home which could be as high as \$75, the equivalent of about \$1320 in today's currency. The railroad insisted that the bodies they shipped were not only properly embalmed, but also were contained in a special metal box inside of which the wooden casket was placed. Someone also had to attend the deceased en route. All this extra expense was beyond what most families could afford and so many requests from soldiers to be buried at home went unfulfilled for practical reasons. So Private Sturtevant carefully marked his cousin's grave with the full intent of returning at a later time, exhuming the body and bringing Wesley home to Vermont as he had requested. The headboard he had carved on July 4, 1863 accompanied Wesley's remains when he was finally brought back to Weybridge. It became his mother's most cherished possession for the remainder of her life. It was then given to Ralph who had carved it and it remained his most precious war-time souvenir for his lifetime.^[24]

NOTES

1. The Battle of Gettysburg by W.C. Storrick, 2nd edition, 1935, J. Horace McFarland Co., Mount Pleasant Press, Harrisburg, PA, p. 51.

2. www.civilwarintheeast.com/us-regiments-batteries/vermont/14th_vermont
3. www.ancestry.com, My Most Complete Tree Search Family Tree for Wesley Charles Sturtevant.
4. Ibid., Sue Sturtevant Family Tree for Charles Sturtevant.
5. Ibid., 1850 U.S. Federal Census for Chas W. Sturtevant.
6. Ibid., 1860 U.S. Federal Census for Wesley Sturtevant (sic).
7. Ibid., 1880 U.S. Federal Census for Charles Sturtevant.
8. Ibid., 1860 U.S. Federal Census for Wesley Sturtevant.
9. www.fold3.com, Compiled Service Records Of Union Soldiers Who Served in Organizations ¹From the State of Vermont, p. 2, image 312309362. Hereinafter referred to as Compiled Service Record.
10. Ibid., Compiled Service Record, p. 3, image 312309369.
11. Full Duty: Vermonters in the Civil War, by Howard Coffin, Countryman Press, Woodstock, Vermont, 1993, pp. 182.
12. Ibid., pp. 180-183.
13. Ibid.
14. Nine Months To Gettysburg by Howard Coffin, Countryman Press, Woodstock, Vermont, 1997, p. 191.
15. The Battle of Gettysburg by W.C. Storrick, 2nd edition, 1935, J. Horace McFarland Co., Mount Pleasant Press, Harrisburg, PA, p. 51.
16. Nine Months To Gettysburg by Howard Coffin, Countryman Press, Woodstock, Vermont, 1997, p. 199-200.
17. Ibid., p. 208.
18. Killed In Action by Gregory A. Coco, Thomas Publications, Gettysburg, PA, pp. 107-108.
19. Nine Months To Gettysburg by Howard Coffin, Countryman Press, Woodstock, Vermont, 1997, p. 218.
20. Ibid., p. 222.
21. Ibid., p. 223.
22. Ibid., p. 243.
23. Ibid., p. 249.
24. Killed In Action by Gregory A. Coco, Thomas Publications, Gettysburg, PA, p. 109.