

Private Lars Halvorson

Private Lars Halvorson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 17 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 23 years old and single; had blue eyes, dark hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 9" tall; and was a farmer.

He died of chronic diarrhea in the hospital in Farmington, Mississippi on 28 July 1862 and was moved to the cemetery in Corinth, Mississippi.

Private Jens Hanson

Private and Brevet Captain Jens Hanson of Calumet County enlisted under Colonel Heg on 16 November 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 35 years old and married.

He was sick in Nashville in December 1862 and in Manchester in July 1863; was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 20 September 1864; died of diarrhea in Andersonville on 20 September 1864; and is buried there in grave number 2,384. He was named brevet captain on 7 June 1867 with rank from 19 September 1863 in recognition of the bravery and courage he displayed in the Battle of Chickamauga under the following circumstances: The Rebels launched a strong attack and the brigade to which the 15th belonged had to fall back a little bit. During this maneuver the standard-bearer was seriously wounded, and the flag fell. When Jens Hanson saw this, he exposed himself to murderous fire and went forward, grabbed the flag, and rescued it from the hands of the Rebels. But later he himself was taken prisoner and he died in Andersonville, as the records show.

Private M. Hanson

Private Mathias Hanson of Mower, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 3 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 46 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness and is listed as a deserter, with the cautionary note that he is said to have been discharged.

Private Ole Hanson

Private Ole Hanson of East Troy, Walworth County, enlisted under J. H. Johnson on 15 January 1864 and was mustered in on 17 February in Madison. He was 26 years old and married.

He joined the company at McDonald's Station on 26 April 1864; was taken prisoner at New Hope Church on 27 May that year; was transferred to Company H on 10 February 1865, and from there to the 24th Infantry; and finally was transferred to Company I in the 13th on 10 June 1865.

Private John F. Hauff

Private John F. Hauff of Windsor, Dane County, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 31 December 1863 and was mustered in on 11 January 1864 in Madison. He was 19 years old.

He joined the company at Strawberry Plains on 31 March 1864; was sick in Atlanta on 29 September that year; became unfit for service; and pursuant to orders from General Thomas was discharged on 22 November that year.

He and Captain Henry Hauff were brothers. John was younger, born on 24 December 1844, and he came to America in the spring of 1860, when he was too young to go to war. But he enlisted again in the 45th Wisconsin, in which he served as sergeant major until the end of the war. Since then he has lived in Chicago and has held several responsible posts as foreman in the machine department in several larger bridge and railroad car factories. In 1894 he was still living in Chicago.

Private G. Helgeson

Private Gulbrand Helgeson of Worth County, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 1 March 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 22 years old and single.

He died in the general hospital on Island Number 10 on 30 April 1862 and is buried in the Mississippi River Cemetery near Memphis.

[photo of Private John F. Hauff] [page 626]

Private Hans J. Helgeson

Private Hans J. Helgeson of Mitchell County, Iowa, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 23 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 33 years old and married.

He was sick in Union City in June 1862; was on military police duty in October that year; was sick in Nashville in December; and died of disease in the hospital there on 19 March 1863. He is buried in the cemetery there, section E, grave number 500.

Private Nils Helgeson

Private Nils Helgeson of Worth, Iowa, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 21 years old and single.

He was sick in Bowling Green in November 1862, became unfit for service, and was discharged in Camp Dennison, Ohio, on 22 June 1863.

Private Peter Helgeson

Private Peter Helgeson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 18 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 44 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness; deserted on 31 March 1863, but was back again on 14 November 1864; became unfit for service; and was discharged in Columbus, Kentucky, on the following 16 October.

Sergeant H. H. Hofland

Sergeant Halvor H. Hofland of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 25 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 March in Madison. He was 28 years old and married; had blue eyes and dark hair; stood 5' 9-1/2" tall; and was a farmer.

He was named sergeant on 1 February 1862; was sick in Nashville in December that year; was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 19 September 1863; and died of anasarka [dropsy] in Andersonville on 2 July 1864. He is buried there in grave number 1,655.

Sergeant T. K. Hundebly

Sergeant Theodor K. Hundebly of Worth County, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 11 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 19 years old and single.

He was named wagon master on 18 February 1862; was on military police duty in July that year; suffered minor wounds at Stones River on 31 December that year and was sent to the hospital in Nashville; was an orderly there on 13 February 1863; was on recruiting duty in November 1863; suffered minor wounds in the head at Bald Knob on 20 June 1864 and was sent to the hospital; was named sergeant on 1 September that year; and was mustered out with the company. In 1892 he was a merchant in Northwood, Iowa.

Private Iver Jacobson

Private Iver Jacobson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 24 November 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 26 years old and married.

He suffered minor wounds at Stones River on 31 December 1862 and was sent to the hospital in Nashville, became unfit for service, and was discharged in Louisville on 13 May 1863.

Sergeant J. Jacobson

Sergeant Jens Jacobson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 25 November 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 38 years old and married; had blue eyes, dark hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 11" tall; and was a farmer.

He was named sergeant on 1 February 1862, was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 19 September 1863, and died of scurvy in Richmond on 16 February 1864. He was transported to the cemetery in Danville, Virginia, and is entered on the Roll of Honor for the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 20th Army Corps.

Private Halvor Jenson

Private Halvor Jenson of Fillmore County, Minnesota, enlisted under M. Jenson on 11 February 1862 and was mustered in on the same day in Madison. He was 32 years old and single.

He was sick in Nashville in December 1862, became unfit for service, and was discharged in Murfreesboro on 9 April 1863.

Wagon Master J. Jenson

Wagon master Jens Jenson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 20 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 24 years old and single.

He was detached and with the ambulance corps on 24 February 1863, and was mustered out with the company.

Private M. Jenson

Private Morten Jenson of Fillmore County, Minnesota, enlisted under O. Solberg on 25 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 28 years old and single.

He was sick in Nashville in December 1862, became unfit for service, and was discharged from there on 3 February 1863.

[photo of Private Morten Jenson] [page 629]

Private Ole Jenson

Private Ole Jenson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 26 years old and single; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 9" tall; and was a farmer.

He was sick in the hospital in Chattanooga in November 1863 and died there of chronic diarrhea on 2 January 1864.

Private Ole T. Jenson

Private Ole Tvinge Jenson (it should certainly be O. J. Tvinge) of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 7 February 1862 and was mustered in on the 11th in Madison. He was 28 years old and single.

He was sick in the hospital in Bowling Green on 17 September 1862, was wounded at Chickamauga on 19 September 1863, and was reported as a prisoner of war up until June 1864. He was mustered out with the company.

Private I. Johaneson

Private Iver Johaneson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 21 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 47 years old and married.

He became unfit for service and was discharged in Nashville on 24 December 1862.

Private Christopher Johnson

Private Christopher Johnson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 26 November 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 40 years old and married.

He was sick in Bardstown in July, in Nashville in December 1862, and in Knoxville in February 1864; was wounded at New Hope Church on 27 May [1864]; was sick in July that year; and was mustered out with the company.

Private J. Johnson

Private John Johnson of Worth County, Iowa, enlisted under C. L. Clausen on 23 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 25 years old and single; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 8" tall; and was a farmer.

He was with the transport from Stevenson in October 1863 and was killed at New Hope Church on 27 May 1864.

Private O. Johnson

Private Osmund Johnson of Fillmore County, Minnesota, enlisted under M. Jenson on 11 February 1862 and was mustered in on the same day in Madison. He was 34 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness and was sick in Bardstown on 7 October 1862. He was then taken prisoner at Stones River on the following 31 December, was on parole in St. Louis in 1863, was taken prisoner again at Chickamauga on 19 September that year; and was a prisoner of war after that. He was mustered out in Madison, Wisconsin, on 30 May 1865, pursuant to general order 77, A.G.O.C.S.#

Private L. Jørgenson

Private Lars Jørgenson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 20 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 40 years old and married.

Translator's note: It is not clear what this abbreviation stands for.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness, ran away on 31 March 1863, and is listed as a deserter with the cautionary note that he is said to have been discharged.

Private C. Knudson

Private Christian Knudson of Fillmore County, Minnesota, enlisted under M. Jenson on 11 February 1862 and was mustered in on the same day in Madison. He was 17 years old and single.

He was sick in Libanon [sic] and in the hospital in Danville in October 1862, was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 19 September 1863, and died of anasarka in Andersonville on 28 July 1864. He is buried there in grave number 2,498. He is entered on the Andersonville lists as J. Knudson.

Private G. Larson

Private Gunder Larson of La Fayette County enlisted under Captain Grinager on 22 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 19 years old and single.

He died of disease in the Regimental Hospital, Island Number 10, on 22 May 1862 and is buried in the Mississippi River Cemetery near Memphis.

Sergeant L. A. Larson

Sergeant and Brevet 2nd Lieutenant Lars A. Larson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 12 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 29 years old and single.

He was named corporal on 1 February 1862; was named sergeant on the following 1 July; was sick in the hospital in Iuka in October that year; was wounded and taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 19 September 1863; was sick in St. Louis in October 1864 (he was probably

there for exchange); and was mustered out in Madison, Wisconsin, on 20 February 1865. He was named brevet 2nd lieutenant on 25 February 1867 with rank from 10 November 1864.

He came to America in 1852, lived in Rock County, Wisconsin, for a year, and then moved to Freeborn County, Minnesota, where he returned after the war. He was seriously wounded in the Battle of Chickamauga. He was close to Colonel Heg when the colonel fell off his horse, and helped him away from the battlefield.

Private Sever Larson

Private Sever Larson of Emmet, Iowa, enlisted under C. L. Clausen on 3 February 1862 and was mustered in on the 11th in Madison. He was 18 years old and single.

He was sick in the hospital in Iuka in August 1862; was on military police duty on 27 October that year; was wounded at Stones River on the following 31 December and was sent to the hospital in Nashville; was sick in Winchester, Tennessee, in August 1863 and in Loudon on 13 April 1864; and was mustered out with the company.

Private T. Larson

Private Tosten Larson of La Fayette County enlisted under T. H. Johnson on 22 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 21 years old and single.

He was sick in Columbus in June and in Danville for a while after that, died on an unknown date, and is buried in the cemetery in Libanon [sic] in Marion County, Kentucky.

Private Lars Leusson

Private Lars Leusson (Leisson?) of Deerfield, Dane County, enlisted under J. H. Johnson on 10 February 1864 and was mustered in on the 16th in Madison. He was 40 years old; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 7-3/4" tall; and was a farmer.

He joined the company at Strawberry Plains on 31 March 1864 and was killed at New Hope Church on 27 May that year.

Sergeant Peder E. Lemo

Sergeant Peder E. Lemo of Pierce County enlisted under ——— and was mustered in, in Madison. He was 43 years old.

He was promoted to sergeant on 1 February 1862; was sick in Bardstown in October, in Nashville in December 1862, and in Stevenson in August 1863; and was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on the following 1 September. However, this was only supposed to go into effect on 15 February 1864.

Private I. Lundegaard

Private Isak Lundegaard of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 6 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 21 years old and single.

He was sick in the hospital in Farmington, Mississippi, in July 1862 and later that year in Corinth, became unfit for service, and was discharged in St. Louis on 15 November 1862.

Private A. Madson

Private Andreas Madson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 23 years old and single.

He was sick in the hospital in Libanon [sic] in July and in Danville in October 1862; was sick in Stevenson in August 1863; was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on the following 1 September; was mustered out from the U.S. Army Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, on 11 February 1865; and was in the 79th Company, 2nd Battery, in that corps.

Private J. Martinson

Private Johannes Martinson of Mower, Iowa, enlisted under C. L. Clausen on 3 February 1862 and was mustered in on the 11th in Madison. He was 21 years old and single; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 10" tall; and was a farmer.

He was on military police duty in October 1862 and was killed at Stones River on 30 December that year.

Private Ole Mikkelson

Private Ole Mikkelson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under K. R. Olson on 15 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 20 years old and single.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness, became unfit for service, and was discharged in Corinth on the following 22 July.

Private Ole T. Mork

Private Ole T. Mork of Mitchell, Iowa, enlisted under C. L. Clausen on 3 February 1862 and was mustered in on the 11th in Madison. He was 18 years old and single.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness; was sick in Nashville on the following 26 December; was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 20 September 1863; and was heard from as a prisoner of war on 14 February 1864. That is the last that is known of him—officially, at any rate.

Sergeant R. Nelson

Sergeant Rasmus Nilson of East Troy enlisted under Captain Grinager on 23 January 1864 and was mustered in on 16 February in Madison. He was 20 years old.

He joined the company at Strawberry Plains on 31 March 1864; was named sergeant on 1 January 1865; was transferred to Company H; was transferred from there to the 24th Infantry; and finally was transferred to Company I in the 13th on 10 June 1865.

Private Erick Nilson

Private Erick Nilson of Green County enlisted under Captain Grinager on 24 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 29 years old and single.

He was sick at various times and in various places, and died of disease in Louisville, Kentucky, on 9 April 1864. He is buried in Cave Hill Cemetery there, section B, grave number 50.

Private Iver Nilson

Private Iver Nilson of Fillmore County, Minnesota, enlisted under M. Jenson on 11 February 1862 and was mustered in on the same day in Madison. He was 24 years old and married.

He was sick on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862; was on military police duty on 27 October that year; was taken prisoner at Stones River on the following 31 December; was in St. Louis to be exchanged at some point in 1863; and died at his home in Freeborn County, Minnesota, on 16 September that year.

Private L. Nilson

Private Lauris Nilson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 21 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 24 years old and single.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June because of illness; was sick in the general hospital in Farmington in July 1862; was then sick in Corinth; became unfit for service; and was discharged on the following 2 October.

Private N. Nilson

Private Nils Nilson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 19 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 36 years old and married.

He died of disease in the hospital at Edgefield Junction on 15 November 1862 and was transported to the cemetery in Nashville.

Private Charles Olson

Private Charles (Karilius) Olson of Verona, Dane County, enlisted under Wm. Charley on 11 January 1864 and was mustered in on the 28th in Madison. He was 26 years old.

He joined the company at Strawberry Plains on 31 March 1864; was wounded in the left leg at New Hope Church on 27 May that year and was sent to the hospital; was later sent to Madison, Wisconsin, where he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on 20 December that year; and was mustered out from the 2nd Battalion of that corps in Davenport, Iowa, on 18 September 1865. In 1894 he was living in Madison, Wisconsin. (See also the anecdotes to follow.)

[photo of Private Charles Olson] [page 636]

Corporal C. Olson

Corporal Christian Olson of Avoca, Iowa County, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 9 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 27 years old and married; had blue eyes and red hair; stood 5' 10-1/2" tall; and was a farmer.

He was sick in Chattanooga in October 1863 and died there of chronic diarrhea on the following 12 November. He is buried there in the national cemetery, section A, grave number

369
368.

Private G. Olson

Private Gulbrand Olson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 35 years old and single.

He was sick in Murfreesboro on 21 May 1863; suffered minor wounds in the arm at New Hope Church on 27 May 1864; became unfit for service; and was discharged in Madison, Wisconsin, on the following 28 November.

Private H. Olson

Private Helge Olson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 23 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 31 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness, was sick in the hospital in Farmington in July, became unfit for service, and was discharged from there on 16 August 1862.

Private J. Olson

Private Jacob Olson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 10 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 31 years old and married.

He was sick on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862, became unfit for service, and was discharged from there on 16 August 1862.

Private Knud Olson

Private Knud Olson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 18 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 39 years old and single.

He was sick on Island Number 10 on 11 June, in the hospital in Farmington on 21 July, and later in Corinth; became unfit for service; and was discharged in Cincinnati on 12 November 1862.

Sergeant K. R. Olson

Sergeant Knud R. Olson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 25 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 32 years old and married.

He was named sergeant on 1 February 1862; was on military police duty on the following 10 June; was seriously wounded at Stones River on 31 December that year and was sent to the hospital at Murfreesboro; and died of his wounds on 9 January 1863.

Private Kittel Olson

Private Kittel Olson of Worth, Iowa, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 49 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June because of illness; was sick in the general hospital in July; became unfit for service; and was discharged in Jacinto on 22 July 1862.

Private Lars Olson

Private Lars Olson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 25 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 44 years old and married.

He became unfit for service and was discharged on Island Number 10 on 22 July 1862.

Private Ole Olson

Private Ole Olson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 20 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 49 years old and single.

He was sick in the hospital in Farmington, Mississippi, and died of disease on 24 August 1862. He is buried in the cemetery in Corinth, section B, grave number 462; he was moved there from where he died.

Private P. M. Paulson

Private Paul M. Paulson of Worth, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 10 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 19 years old and single; had blue eyes, red hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 6" tall; and was a farmer.

He was on military police duty in October 1862, was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 19 September 1863, and died in Richmond sometime in March 1864. He is entered on the Roll of Honor for the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 20th Army Corps.

Corporal Axel Pederson

Corporal Axel Pederson of Worth, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 30 November 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 19 years old and single.

He was on military police duty in October; was sick in Nashville in December 1862; was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 20 September 1863; and died of chronic diarrhea in Andersonville on 3 July 1864. He is buried there in grave number 2,847.

Private H. Pederson

Private Haagen Pederson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 20 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 22 years old and single.

He was seriously wounded at Chickamauga on 19 September 1863 and was sent to the hospital in Louisville; was in St. Louis in October and December 1864; and was said to have been transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, but there is nothing more about this in the reports.

Corporal Narve Pederson

Corporal Narve Pederson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 24 years old and single.

He was named corporal on 1 February 1862; was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June because of illness; was sick in the hospital in Farmington in July, and in Corinth in October; died of disease in Edgefield Junction on 19 November 1862; and was transported to the cemetery in Nashville.

Private Sever Pederson

Private and Brevet Captain Sever Pederson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under Ole Pederson on 25 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 16 years old and single.

He was on military police duty in October 1862; was taken prisoner at Chickamauga on 20 September 1863; died of scurvy in Andersonville on 5 September 1864; and is buried there in grave number 7893. He is entered on the Roll of Honor for the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 20th Army Corps, and was named brevet captain on 7 June 1867, with rank from 31 December 1862, in recognition of the bravery he displayed in the Battle of Stones River. The right flank, including the 15th, had to fall back. During this maneuver the men were scattered and the Rebel cavalry followed up on its advantage and took many prisoners. Pederson was ordered by a Rebel cavalryman to surrender, but when he saw that his own cavalry was coming out of the woods he did not obey. Instead, he killed the Rebel and thereby saved both himself and several of his comrades who were nearby. At Chickamauga he did have to surrender unconditionally, and he then died in the terrible prisoner-of-war camp at Andersonville.

Private S. Pederson

Private Søren Pederson of East Troy enlisted under J. H. Johnson on 23 January 1864 and was mustered in on 16 February in Madison. He was 29 years old.

He joined the company at Strawberry Plains on 31 March 1864; was taken prisoner at New Hope Church on 27 May 1864; and died in Andersonville on 5 September that year. He was also temporarily transferred to Company H.

Private A. Rasmuson

Private Aslak Rasmuson of Fillmore County, Minnesota, enlisted under M. Jenson on 11 February 1862 and was mustered in on the same day in Madison. He was 29 years old; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 10" tall; and was a farmer.

He was sick on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862, was sick in the hospital in Farmington in July, and died of chronic diarrhea in the Jefferson Barracks on 6 August 1862. He is buried there in section 10, grave number 8; he was moved there from Wesleyan Cemetery in St. Louis.

Private A. E.. Rice

Private Albert E. Rice of East Troy enlisted under Captain Grinager on 12 January 1864 and was mustered in on 17 February in Madison. He was 18 years old.

He joined the company at Strawberry Plains on 31 March 1864, was wounded in the left hand at New Hope Church on the following 27 May, and was transferred to Company H (in the 13th?) on 10 June 1865.

Private Lars E. Saim

Private Lars E. Saim of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 6 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 18 years old and single.

He was sick in the general hospital in Farmington, Mississippi, in July 1862; became unfit for service; and was discharged on a surgeon's certificate on 2 December that year.

Corporal B. Sander

Corporal Bernt Sander of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 6 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 35 years old and single.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness, died in the hospital in Jacinto on the following 31 July, and is buried in the cemetery in Corinth.

Private K. Sanderson

Private Kittel Sanderson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 27 February 1862 and was mustered in on 1 March in Madison. He was 40 years old and married.

He was sick in Bowling Green in November 1862, was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on 15 January 1864, and was mustered out in Louisville on 27 February 1865.

Private Lars Sebjørnson

Private Lars Sebjørnson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 29 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness, became unfit for service, and was discharged in Cincinnati on 11 March 1863.

[photo of Private Kittel Sanderson] [page 642]

Private J. Severson

Private Johannes Severson of Worth, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 10 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 49 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness and is listed as a deserter from 30 April 1863, but he is said to have been discharged.

Private L. L. Slateem

Private Lars L. Slateem of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 25 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 19 years old and single.

He was left behind in Iuka on 20 August 1862 because of illness, became unfit for service, and was discharged in Jackson on 9 October that year.

[photo of Sergeant Otto Steen] [page 643]

Sergeant Otto Steen

Sergeant Otto Steen of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 21 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 16 years old and single.

He was named corporal on 1 July 1862; was with the transport from Stevenson in October 1863; was on recruiting duty in December that year; was taken prisoner at New Hope Church on 27 May 1864; had been named sergeant on the previous 1 April; and was mustered out in Madison, Wisconsin, pursuant to general order number 77, A.G.O.C.S., on 14 April 1865.

Otto Steen was born in Norway on 21 January 1846, came to America with his parents in 1853, and settled about nine miles east of Decorah. There were eight brothers and six of them went to war. In 1893 he was a merchant in Wahoo, Nebraska. (See also the anecdotes to follow.)

[photo of Private Andreas Thompson] [page 644]

Private A. Thompson

Private Andreas Thompson of Fillmore County, Minnesota, enlisted under M. Jenson on 11 February 1862 and was mustered in on the same day in Madison. He was 24 years old and single.

He was sick in the general hospital in Farmington in July 1862 and in Nashville in February 1863, became unfit for service, and was discharged on the following 22 April.

Private Charley Thompson

Private Charley Thompson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 23 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 19 years old and single; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 8" tall; and was a farmer.

He was sick in Iuka in August and died in the hospital in Jackson on 7 October 1862. He was transported to the cemetery in Corinth.

Corporal Ole Thompson

Corporal Ole Thompson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 17 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 21 years old and single.

He was with the Pioneer Corps in November 1862; was sick in Chattanooga in September 1864; was named corporal on 1 October that year; and was mustered out with the company. In 1892 he was living in Fossum, Norman County, Minnesota.

Private Ole G. Thompson

Private Ole G. Thompson of Green County enlisted under Captain Grinager on 22 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 26 years old and single.

He was sick in Bardstown in July and in Nashville in December 1862; was on special guard duty at the prison hospital there on 12 June 1863; was with the transport from Stevenson in October that year; was sick in Chattanooga the following November; was sick in the camp hospital on 30 June 1864; and was mustered out with the company. In 1893 he was living in Highland, Minnesota.

Private Peder Thompson

Private Peder Thompson of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 23 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 24 years old and single.

He was sick in Bowling Green in November 1862 and died there on 8 January 1863. He was transported to the cemetery in Nashville, section N, grave number ~~453~~¹⁰⁶⁶².

Corporal A. Tobiason

Corporal Anders Tobiason of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under O. Solberg on 18 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 27 years old and single.

[photo of Private Ole V. Wingaard] [page 646]

He was named corporal on 1 February 1862, was sick in Bardstown the following July, and went missing at the Battle of Stones River on the following 31 December. He had returned by 7 January 1863, but was then wounded; he became unfit for service and was therefore discharged on 2 May that year.

Private Rollef Tykeson

Private Rollef Tykeson of Freeborn County, Minnesota, enlisted under Ole Peterson on 20 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 25 years old and single.

He was with the Pioneer Corps in November 1862, was sick in Murfreesboro on 1 April 1863, and was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps on 1 September that year.

Private Ole H. Uhlen

Private Ole H. Uhlen of Mitchell, Iowa, enlisted under Captain Grinager on 7 December 1861 and was mustered in on 11 February 1862 in Madison. He was 49 years old and married.

He was left behind on Island Number 10 on 11 June 1862 because of illness, became unfit for service, and was discharged there on a surgeon's certificate on the following 3 August.

Private Ole V. Wingard

Private Ole V. Wingard of Winnesheik County, Iowa, enlisted under K. R. Olson on 23 January 1862 and was mustered in on 11 February in Madison. He was 26 years old and married.

He was on military police duty in October 1862; was seriously wounded at Stones River on 31 December 1862 and was sent to the hospital in Nashville; became unfit for service; and was discharged on 27 April 1863. The reports do not completely agree with his own statements. In 1893 he was living in Decorah, Iowa. (See also the anecdotes to follow.)

This company was mustered out in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on 10 February 1865.

Unassigned Recruits Who Did Not Enter The Company[#]

Stephen Evenson

Stephen Evenson of Racine enlisted under Darling on 30 August 1862. He was 23 years old; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 6-1/2" tall; and was a farmer.

He was reported dead in Louisville, Kentucky.

C. Mussett

C. Mussett of La Crosse enlisted under Neumeister on 28 August 1862. He was 25 years old; had grey eyes, brown hair, and fair skin; stood 5' tall; and was a farmer.

He died on 30 September 1862 and is buried in Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville, Kentucky, section A, grave number 4.

Ole Oleson

Ole Oleson of Tomah enlisted under B. F. Cooper on 17 August 1864. He was 24 years old; had black eyes, black hair, and a reddish complexion; stood 5' 9" tall; and was a farmer.

He became unfit for service and was discharged from Harvey Hospital in Madison on 10 February 1865.

Ole E. Limberg

Ole E. Limberg enlisted in Montrose under T. D. Coryell on 5 September 1862. He was 21 years old; had blue eyes, blond hair, and fair skin; stood 5' 4" tall; and was a farmer.

He died of nervous fever in Camp Randall, Wisconsin. The date is not given.

[#] Translator's note: "Unassigned recruits" appear to be men who enlisted in the 15th, but who died or deserted before they actually joined the Regiment in the field; therefore, they were never assigned to a specific company.

Aslak Torgerson

Aslak Torgerson ——— was 44 years old; had grey eyes and blond hair; stood 5' 11" tall; and was a farmer.

He died of pneumonia in Camp Randall, Wisconsin, on 17 March 1864 and is buried in the cemetery in Madison.

[photo of Hospital Steward Anthon Odin Øien] [page 649]

(see page 230)

During the war several members of the Regiment went missing without this being recorded. In order to avoid keeping the names on the Rolls, they were written off as deserters. Captain Brown of Company H, with help from Colonel Johnson, has provided proof that the following missing men in his company were not deserters. These are: Ole Helgeson, Christian Knudson, Nils A. Johnson, Erik Evenson, Sylfest Thompson, and Ole O. Nerjord.

Various Excerpts and Anecdotes

The current corruption of names in this country is also evident to a significant degree among the 15th's officers and men. Many—especially in the old country—will scarcely be recognized by their friends and relatives for just this reason. Andreas Tommesen has thus become Andrew Thompson, Gulbrand Larson has become Gilbert Lewis, Lars Løken has become Louis Locken, Knut Andersen has become Newton Andrews, Karl Amundson has become Chas. Emmons, and so on. But these and other similar names are not left in peace after the change, either. Since that time many have added another name to the first one, so it has been a continuous burden for the Pension Bureau, and it would not be strange if some have not received their proper pension because of a name change.

Whatever spelling mistakes were made in these names have not been corrected. They are listed here just as they are in the government's books. The reports here are just as complete as they are in the government's collections, but with the difference that here they are given in chronological order. These are clearly not reading for a general public, but are of great interest to those who took part and to their relatives, and there are many of these in the third and fourth degree.

List of the Battlefields

The 15th Wisconsin Regiment played an active role in the following battles and skirmishes:

On Island Number 10, Tennessee, from 5 to 30 March 1862, in a less exposed position.

At Union City, Tennessee, 30 March 1862

Chapelin Hills or Perryville, Kentucky, 8 October 1862

Lancaster, Kentucky, 10 October 1862

Island Number 10, Tennessee, 17 October 1862, Companies G and I.

Knob Gap, Tennessee, 26 December 1862

Nolensville, Tennessee, 26 December 1862

Stones River, Tennessee, 30 and 31 December 1862, 1, 2, and 3 January 1863

Shelbyville Pike, Tennessee, 4 June 1863

Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, 25 November 1863

Chickamauga, Georgia, 19, 20, and 21 September 1863

Chattanooga, Tennessee, 23, 24, and 25 November 1863

Charleston, Tennessee, 28 December 1863

Dandridge, Tennessee, 16 and 17 January 1864

Tunnell Hill, Georgia, 7 May 1864

Rocky Face Ridge, Georgia, 8, 9, 10, and 11 May 1864

Resaca, Georgia, 13, 14, and 15 May 1864

Adairsville, Georgia, 17 May 1864

Cassville, Georgia, 19 May 1864

Dallas, Georgia, 25 May 1864

New Hope Church (near Dallas), 27 May 1864. (The battles at Dallas and New Hope Church lasted from 25 May until 5 June.)

Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, from 10 June to 2 July 1864

Chattahoochee River, Georgia, from 3 to 12 July 1864

Peach Tree Creek, Georgia, 19 and 20 July 1864

Atlanta, Georgia, from 21 July to 26 August 1864

Jonesboro, Georgia, 31 August and 1 September 1864

Lovejoy's Station, Georgia, from 2 to 6 September 1864.

In all there were 27 battles, and many of these were very bloody.

Andersonville

No Union soldier, no friend of the Union, utters this name without associating it with something gruesome. A similar meaning lies in the word "Hell," but there is also a difference here. "Hell" refers to agony of the soul, but Andersonville involved both agony of the soul and inexpressible physical suffering: starvation, pestilence, rotting skeletons that were still alive lying in a swamp so full of filth that the pigs would have shrunk from sticking their snouts in it.

The history of the 15th Wisconsin Regiment would not be complete without a description of this prison because many men from the 15th were sent to Andersonville as prisoners and died there.

The Rebel government had this prison built in Georgia's swamp because it would be more difficult for the Union troops to attack it here than in other places. Besides that it seems that this place was also chosen for other reasons. It was easier to starve the prisoners to death well inside Georgia's swamps and forests than in other places, and the people from the North also were not used to ice-cold nights and scorching hot days. In these low-lying areas, in such a climate, the prisoners were certain to become lethargic very quickly. And when their clothes were taken from them and they only received a little cornmeal once a day, then Nature would naturally do the rest! Such was the policy that stood behind Andersonville.

It has been shown by the Confederates themselves that there were many good places in the vicinity where such a stockade could have been built—other places with higher ground and good water. But the stockade was to be built right in this swamp, and neither Davis nor his people has had any excuse for why he allowed this swamp of death to be used as a prison for prisoners of war.

The dense fir forest was cut down in lengths of 25 feet. These logs were cut in the shape of a square. A five foot deep ditch was dug around 17 acres of land, then the logs were set on end in the ditch, side by side as close together as they could stand, and on the outside, three feet from the top, a row of crossbeams was nailed on. This tied all the logs together into a strong wall. The stockade was shaped like a long oval, but pinched in in the middle. It lay with the ends running north-south, and it had two gates on the west side. On the inside, 20 feet from the wall, three-foot high posts had been erected in the ground. A row of planks was nailed to these. This was the "death line." Any prisoner who put his hand on this or came too close to it in any way was dead in an instant, because outside, near the top of the wall and spaced at regular intervals, were the guard posts for 44 Rebel soldiers; they had been ordered to shoot every Yankee who touched or came inside the death line. Earthworks had been built up at regular intervals around the stockade. These were high enough that the artillery could shoot shells and chain shot inside. On a small rise some three hundred feet from the southern gate stood a large timber building. This was the headquarters for the Rebel officers, and here flew

the flag that the prisoners hated so much. Near the flagpole stood two cannon to warn the Rebel forces if the Yankees attempted to raise an uproar and break out. At various spots between this building and the southern gate were a variety of instruments of torture: stocks, thumbscrews, spiked neck rings, chains with balls or stone slabs, etc. There were stocks in which the prisoner had to stand on tiptoe while his hands were tied fast over a board; his head was pressed forward under this board at the same time as the small of the back was pressed forward by another piece of wood. There were stocks in which the prisoner sat on the ground with his hands and feet in the air, and he was tied fast to a grill in front of him in that position. There were stocks in which the prisoner lay on his back, bound with his hands, feet and head fast to one end that stuck out; this was then pulled out until all his limbs hung in a painful tension. These tools of torture were clearly brought from the slave owner's plantations, where they had been used to punish the slaves, because the prison guards handled them with great cunning and familiarity. About a half mile from the stockade was a field of sand. This was where the dead prisoners were packed into ditches, without clothing or coffins, and had only a little earth as a covering. This burial place can truthfully be called the paupers' graveyard. Between this potter's field and the stockade was a building where some 30 or 40 bloodhounds were kept. No runaway, slave or Yankee, could escape these dogs. A small stream, some four feet wide and five inches deep, ran through the prison from west to east. It came from various springs near where the Rebels and a good number of slaves had their camp, and all the filth that flowed from the camp and from the kitchen and the hospital immediately outside the stockade ran through the prison grounds, so the water was thick, slow and stinking, and the stream and the whole swamp inside the walls was completely filled with vile soil and various kinds of vermin. But this was the only water the prisoners had. Outside and around the stockade lay numerous torches of pine resin that were lit in the dark and foggy nights to illuminate the surroundings. There were over 35,000 prisoners behind these walls at one time. Thirty-five thousand on 12 acres of land! (Part of the ground, about five acres, was actually so wet that no one could stay on top of it.) Here more than 14,000 young men

from the Northern states died in one year, and were buried in the potter's field! More than 4,000 of these men died in less than a month.

Among these sacrifices to the brutality of Jefferson Davis and his henchmen, Wirtz and Winder, were several men from the 15th Wisconsin.

The daily rations for each prisoner consisted of one pint (half a pot) coarse simple cornmeal and one teaspoon of peas, or instead of peas one ounce of meat or an eight ounce bone—a skimpy bone, to be sure. But there were no cooking utensils, no cups or containers of any kind. The prisoner who had managed to keep an empty fruit can or something similar and smuggle it into the prison could consider himself lucky. The prisoners were organized in companies of 90 men, and the rations were doled out to the leader of each company. A pair of trousers or underwear was tied together at the feet and had to serve as a sack. The rations were then measured out to the men from these, and the men ate everything at one time and wanted more. Many, who had nothing at all to cook in, ate it raw. Many died of scurvy. But there were many who died simply of hunger. Their clothing wore out on their bodies, so many walked around in just a tattered shirt, and many still had their soldier's caps on their heads and absolutely no other clothing. One hears talk of only skin and bone, but in many cases there was no skin on the bone. They swelled up from scurvy so their skin split and every bone in their bodies stood out sharply.

But even in this Hell hole, where suffering was common to everybody, there were thieves who stole from and murdered their comrades. The robbers organized themselves in three different units, each under a leader, and in the end they became so dangerous that the other prisoners also had to organize themselves and get the robbers punished. Six of the robbers were actually hanged in the prison.

Although as a rule the prisoners were robbed by the Rebel officers before they entered the stockade, some managed slyly to hide their money, and with its help they could buy a little soft lye soap, a biscuit, or some other very necessary article. The Freemasons were mostly quiet because they got medicine and other "luxuries" from their brothers among the Rebels. But

for other Rebels, who might feel sympathy for their fellow beings sitting within these walls, it was impossible to get anything smuggled in.

Many prisoners were shot because they inadvertently came too close to the death line. But others crossed their hands over their chests and walked inside the line to end their suffering. The guards fired away and shot them. Often the bullet passed through the victim and into an innocent man. Many were killed and wounded in this way. The prisoners were often just as exposed to the Rebels' bullets here as they had been on the battlefield. Death became so common that the prisoners themselves lost sympathy for the dying. Many of them lost their sight, hearing, and powers of speech. A number of the sick crawled down into the wet swamp to find water there and satisfy their terrible thirst, and usually they remained lying there until they died. Many were punished by the Rebels' instruments of torture and were sent back into the stockade covered with large wounds. The blow flies laid their eggs in these wounds, and in a few days these poor creatures were a living mass of maggots.

All sorts of disgusting animals developed in that soggy swamp. These animals jumped and swarmed over the whole stockade and fell down into everything so conditions were abominable everywhere.

Once, when things were at their worst, a doctor was sent for, one of the Rebels' men. He suggested a different diet: vegetables instead of cornmeal, because there was an abundance of vegetables in the area, he said, and the large number of men in the prison also ought to be reduced. But he was told that their treatment was good enough. It had the desired effect and, if it continued, there would soon be enough room. The doctor appealed to Davis himself, but he responded by making Winder, who had answered the doctor in that way, commander over all the prisoners of war in the South.

In connection with this, and to know more exactly how high the mortality was in these prisons, the following statistics are provided:

There were 2,216 battles to defend the Union. In these battles 44,238, soldiers were killed; 49,205 died of their wounds; 186,216 died of disease; 24,184 of unknown causes; and 526 of

suicide, murder and execution. Total: 304,369. Of this number 188,353 died in hospitals. There were 16 Rebel prisons for prisoners of war, and by counting the graves that have a sign or a marker, we find that there are 36,401 graves for Union soldiers who died while imprisoned. In addition, 11,599 prisoners died before they reached home, and 12,000 of the prisoners died immediately after they reached home. In all, 60,000 men from the North died as a result of their imprisonment. But this isn't all, because exact records were not kept of how many died, and many died at the teeth of the bloodhounds.

The Confederate records show that they took 188,145 prisoners. Of these, 94,073 were freed on parole or exchanged. So they have 94,072 they must account for. Let us now assume that at most 10,000 escaped or joined the Rebel army, and we have 84,072 left. What happened to them? Over 84,000 Union soldiers died; that is 24,000 more than the records account for. An entire army of 24,000 men from the Northern army disappeared without a trace in the woods, swamps, and bogs of the South. The suffering these men endured cannot be imagined, and their history can never be written.

With these numbers in mind we can now take another look at Andersonville Prison, where so many boys from the 15th sat imprisoned.

It is evening; the day has been hot, and the tattered—sometime even naked—men with brown, dirty, and shriveled skin over their sharp joints have staggered around among their fellow sufferers, watched or taken part in such betting games as letting a couple of large lice race over a hot piece of a tin plate from an old fruit can. The louse who reached the edge of the plate first won, and the owner of the winner also won part of the loser's cornmeal. This was a favorite sport; it was horse racing in prison. Or they had lain in the sun and told anecdotes they had already told a hundred times before, or had just walked around looking vacantly at the dead and dying and listened to the fury and curses of the men who had been driven crazy; so many lost their minds there. But now it is dark, the night chill has set in, a dense fog lies over everything and clings fast; outside the piles of pine resin burn and cast their light within. The black smoke drifts into the fog and sprinkles soot and sparks into the rags. Those who still

have some remnants of their tents seek shelter inside them. The others, who have dug holes for themselves in the ground, crawl inside them. But often the earth starts to fall in and cover the living, and sometimes at night they die inside their holes. Others with no roof over their heads, lie or sit as well as they can, waiting for the sun and the swarm of mosquitoes. When daylight comes, they help to carry away the dead—or the "stiffs," as they are known in prison slang—and there are many. The days and nights pass in this way, week, month and year out. The ones who came first are carried out as "stiffs" by the ones who arrived later.

In truth, this black mark that has been put on the history of the world is a shame for the South, and if the North had not offered to supply these prisoners with clothing and rations, the shame would also be theirs. Commentaries do not actually belong here in this overview of prison life, which should keep only to the facts and the data. The historian may want to praise or blame, or to spare, but history will not. History judges. When time has passed, history will shed a clearer light on the actions of both the South and the North. But it will never shine a cleansing beam over Andersonville.

Sever A. Lee of Company H reports among other things, which have been reported in the history and therefore can not be repeated here, about his imprisonment. An excerpt is repeated here:

It was in that bloody affair at Dallas or New Hope Church, as it is now generally called, that I was taken prisoner. Some of us lay on our stomachs and fired because then it wouldn't be easy for the Rebels to hit us, but soon we had nothing more to shoot with, and at about 12 o'clock at night the Rebels attacked us—until now they had kept behind their defenses—so we decided to leg it. I tripped and dropped my rifle, and by the time I had found it again I was alone. I went in what I thought was the right direction and stopped for a moment by a tree to get my bearings, and then I was surrounded by boys in grey, and now no prayer could help. I just had to go with them, and soon I met several others from the Regiment.

When we got to Atlanta, I was asked by some Irishmen where we were going. They wanted to pull our legs now, you understand, and we answered that we were Sherman's advance force. At one station many people came to look at us, and an old woman looked at us with great seriousness and then said: "I thought the damned beasts had horns, I did." She was answered that we had shed our horns, but farther north the men still had them.

So one morning we arrived at Andersonville and were locked in the stockade. It was a sight without equal. Some of the men walked around almost naked, others had so many lice in their tattered clothing that one couldn't put a finger between them. And the stench was horrific—so many thousands of people and no sewers!

The ones who had tents were lucky, even if the tents were miserable. Knut Haarvei and I were lucky enough to come in with Nils Einarson, one of the Chickamauga boys. The provisions could kill you. The first food I received was cornbread without salt, and it was one and a half inches thick and wide and four inches long; that was a day's ration. Later we received half a pot of flour so we could boil it, fry it, or eat it raw. Once we got rice boiled in water—a whole pot for the day; another time we got beans and dirt—also a pot for the day, but without salt or meat, and—worth noticing—only one portion for a day's rations. Usually there was cornmeal of the simplest kind, ground cob and all; the farmer's pigs would scarcely eat this today.

In connection with the bands of robbers that ruled in Andersonville mentioned above, Lee tells that the last victim was a Norwegian who was stabbed through the chest with a dagger, so he died immediately. He was, in fact, the owner of a valuable watch that he had wanted to keep for himself. The stabbing happened in the middle of the day and the guards noticed it so it came to the commander's attention. Thirty-six men were now arrested, a jury was seated, and six were sentenced to be hanged.

It is best that Lee himself describes the incident:

It was in September, I'm sure, that an order came that some of the prisoners were to be moved. I was among the first who were sent to Florence. We traveled with 80 men in each railroad car (baggage cars), so it was anything but comfortable, the way we were packed together on the floor. At midnight on the second night after we left Hell—or Andersonville—we arrived in Charleston, where we were marched into the city's biggest streets and were held there. Then a girl came with a bucket of water so we could slake our thirst, but the officers would not tolerate this. She had to trot over to the guard house. We had to leave the city again and camp. We were as good as naked, and the ground was cold to sleep on without tents or blankets. When we had lain there for a while, we had to get up and move around so we wouldn't become stiff with cold. In the morning we got the same kind of ride again. When we got to Florence there was no stockade, but one was built immediately, and the tops of timber that was used for this were left lying in the stockade. From these we built small huts for ourselves, and one man was lucky enough to borrow a spade. But he decided to keep it because it could be useful for many things. But a demand was made to return the spade and, when it did not appear, we were all severely punished: we got nothing to eat for three days. Then the spade was returned. We were given the opportunity to join the Rebel army, and there were several who went, mostly the strongest and the ones with the best clothing. When they walked out through the gate there were several men who would rather have died than become traitors, who made sure to grab the cloaks, blankets and other clothing from the traitors. They thought that it was only right that Uncle Sam's blue clothing should not accompany them on their way.

I was sick from scurvy and diarrhea, and attempted to get into the hospital because it was cold now, and I thought it would be better there. But it wasn't much better after all because there were only three walls in the hospital and a slanted roof. It was just a shed that was used in the summer as shelter for animals and it lay right up next to the death line. The second day I was there I saw a cloak belonging to a dead prisoner. It lay on the

other side of the death line, but I had to get that coat. It might cost me my life, but In the evening it became quite dark and I crept over the line separating me from death to get my hands on that old coat, and I got it. But if I had been seen, I wouldn't be talking about how good it was to put it on. It kept me warm for the rest of the time I was there. Finally we were sent away to be exchanged, and when we had come on board a Union steamship and put on new clothes, and had seen all the lice drown, and had eaten something besides Rebel porridge, and had washed all the filth off us, then we were happy. In Annapolis we had good quarters, and after another bath and another change of clothes we were in white clothing for the first time. We were then given one month's home leave. Later I reported to the Benton Barracks, where I stayed for seven weeks. I was then transferred to the 24th, and then to the 13th, from which I was mustered out.

"Now, Karilius Olson, do you remember anything from the War?"

Oh, yes, we fought the whole time. At New Hope Church I was terribly wounded in the leg. So I was left lying in the field hospital for four days. There they were busy cutting off limbs, as if they were butchering animals. The enemy's bullets flew into the tent so we thought that everything would be lost. But then General Hooker came and killed 1600 men and drove the enemy back. We were now 25 miles from Atlanta. Later I came to Hospital Number 18 in Nashville, where I stayed for six weeks. Then I was sent to Louisville; the care wasn't too bad there, but it was so full of wounded men that I was put on board an old steamship, along with several others. We had it pretty good there; there was fresh air. I stayed in the Jefferson Barracks for a couple of months. I got my discharge in Davenport.

"Is that everything?"

Oh, no. It was a dangerous time—especially in the hospitals. It was hopeless to try to treat everybody, and so it happened that many men who were only slightly wounded kicked the bucket. The suffering was indescribable.

When we left the field hospital, there were about three thousand Rebels after us who wanted to capture us, they said. We had to march 36 miles over the mountains to Chattanooga. It is so mountainous down there in Georgia. When we got to Chattanooga, the houses were shot to pieces and the people were gone. I saw two or three women at Dallas, and a man and woman somewhere, too; and also a woman who had a child on each side of her. They held onto her legs and she held the smallest one in her arms. They were there in the middle of the cannon fire, and her house, which lay down there in the valley, was shot to bits. Her husband was one of the Rebels. — What? That's right, I can't hear with my left ear—I also got that from the war. Yes, I now have a pension for the leg, and also for the ear.

Good heavens! How scarce the food was sometimes! I know that we cut meat from the cow's body after we skinned it; we didn't even take out the entrails. Yes, I saw many get shot. My tent mate John Johnson from Iowa was shot there at Dallas, near New Hope Church, and he just waved once and then it was over.

Some of the worst things I saw were in the hospitals after the battles. All the limbs that were cut off were then thrown out on a heap by the wall outside, and the horses carried many loads of feet, hands, and congealed blood. The limbs immediately turned blue, green, and black from blow flies as thick as a cloud over the piles.... Yes, yes, heavens above!

There at Dallas or New Hope Church the 15th had a terrible time. In an hour and a half five thousand men were shot down, and there were also other regiments who were under fire. The last one who joined ours was Andreas Urnæs. He was a flag-bearer and a smart man; even though he lay hidden among the Rebels, he managed to sneak away. Yes, now it got terribly dark, and it rained as if someone was dumping buckets of water on

us, and such a cannonade there was that I thought we were at the end. The ambulances were working the whole time, but they couldn't help a fifth of us cripples. I pulled myself forward with the help of a fence rail until I managed to leave the battlefield. But then I was absolutely exhausted. I then managed to cut up my shirt and somehow bind my wound, but the next day there were maggots in it anyway.

My word! I have seen many nights—I was 55 years old on 17 May—but I have never experienced anything to match that night. Yes, it was indescribable.

Well, now! Oh yes, I was born in Norway on 17 May 1837 on the Sæta farm in Grue parish. My father was in the Swedish War in 1814. I came to America in 1862, and was in the war from 1863 until it was over. Since then I have lived here in Madison. I have been a janitor at the Capitol for seven years. I own my own home and have 12 children. I am in good health, have never been sick. Yes, I don't count the pain from my wounds as sickness. Oh yes, I was a brave lad, and often had to go ahead and wrestle with others when we had a march of 20 or 30 miles. I couldn't even contain myself for Major Wilson. Yes, he was a good fellow, Major Wilson; he was respected more than the others by everyone and I'm sure that there isn't one of the boys from the 15th who wouldn't say the same thing.

When I think about it I think it's strange that we got through it as we did, the way we had to sleep at night on the bare ground and in swamps so the creeks ran over us. Oh yes, it is very strange.

No, I don't regret that I was in the war and was wounded. Even if I had never received a pension for it I still wouldn't regret it—although with a leg like this I don't know how it would have been for me with such a big family—and so I thank Uncle Sam.

John Wrolstad of Company I says:

Yes, I was there the whole time. I was sick for a while the first year, but I was never in the hospital. After we joined the Regiment from the Expedition[#], I was there every day and was never sick. Oh yes, there is plenty to tell, but it can't be done quickly. I was a gunnery officer on Island Number 10, and I was the one who shot at that steamship that the history talks about, and also on a U.S. Mail steamship. It happened like this: that steamship was supposed to bring the mail over to the Island, but it passed by and delivered the mail in New Madrid. The mail then came two or three days later than it should have. On its way back up the river the mail boat was noticed, and the major, a man from Illinois, ordered me to fire some blank rounds and then, if it didn't stop, to use live ammunition. The blanks didn't work because many of these boat captains were Rebel sympathizers. So I fired the live ammunition. Then it didn't take long before the good boat pulled in!

"I have heard from many that in the Battle of New Hope Church the officers are supposed to have made a mistake, so that there was no order to retreat even though it was obvious that nothing could be won in that terrible blood bath. They were sergeants, of course, and maybe they know what they're talking about."

Yes, it was the highest commanders that were guilty in that disaster. Everyone else had orders to retreat, but not us. If the order was given, it certainly didn't get through. But as far as I know it simply wasn't given. Everyone can make mistakes, and no one was blamed for it. We lay there of no earthly use to anything and were murdered en masse. When it finally got dark, and we had no ammunition left, we stood and heard the Rebels coming. I said to Hans Gunderson, who was next to me: "Now the Rebels are coming." "Yes, then I'm sure as hell not going to stand here any longer," he said, and he went off into the dark. But as misfortune would have it, he walked straight in among the

[#] Translator's note: Which expedition he is referring to is unclear.

enemy. He was a great fellow, but he had to succumb in Andersonville. A Rebel came right up to me and yelled, "Surrender!" I took two or three long steps to the side and fell over the edge and down into some loose sand. I lay there unconscious for a while, but when I came to again and had carefully tested my limbs, I found them all in one piece, along with my belongings. Was it high up? Yes, high enough to kill all the Rebels. I went and looked the next day, and it was incredible that I was in one piece. But I was in a bad way for a long time after that. Near where I lay were a lot of those sharp stones that look like wedges, and if I had fallen on them it would have been the end.

The Regiment suffered the most after the Battle at Missionary Ridge. That suffering was greater than any other. There was such a shortage of clothing that we froze horribly, and when it comes to food, then it must be said that when one could steal a corncob from the horses, one could consider oneself lucky. For a while there was a herd of cattle with us, and when the cattle got so thin that they couldn't walk, then they were slaughtered. After that there was hunger, hunger, and more hunger, so the soldiers got thinner than the scrawny cattle that were being slaughtered, and the salt was doled out in a teaspoon to each man. Our rations consisted of cornmeal, ground with the cob, moldy and rotten. But it made no difference. This lasted for a long time, and the whole time we marched, marched, marched in the winter that was unusually cold for East Tennessee. There was six inches of snow and it was very cold. There were long periods of time when we couldn't lie down to rest because of the frost, but we sat with our blankets around us inside our tents and didn't dare sleep. It was so easy to fall asleep and die.

When we got back from the field, we were supposed to do military police duty for a while in Chattanooga, but we simply weren't fit for it, because we let the soldiers come and go without passes as long as they didn't make any trouble.

At the bridge at Whiteside we had things pretty good; these were our best days in the whole war. There was nothing to do and plenty of food. Cattle meant for slaughter were driven past. These were supposed to go to the Army, but the oxen were tired after

the march, and we boys saw our chance to drive several of them into a small wood, and when the herd had passed we slaughtered them and we laughed out loud. These good days we had while we guarded the bridge—they were like a reward for long and faithful service.

No, I haven't applied for a pension, and therefore I don't have one, because when I came home from the war I was as healthy as ever. But since then I have had numerous attacks of that disease that is most prevalent among the veterans. I also had scurvy to a lesser degree while I was in the war. But it passed, and I can't say whether the causes of my later physical frailties lie in the suffering of those days. By the way, I didn't go to war for pay or a pension. But it is good that those who suffered injuries while defending their country get some compensation for it.

Hans A. Lageson of Company B writes:

... I was with the Regiment when it captured the Rebel camp at Union City and Island Number 10, but then I was left behind sick at Madrid Bend for a couple of weeks after it left. Together with a man from Company K, I was sent on a reconnaissance mission through the area. We had a couple of horses that belonged to O. Johnson and C. L. Clausen. They had "bought" them from the government. They were among the horses we took from the Rebels at Union City. It was very difficult to find food and lodging because the people supported the Rebels, and we had about two hundred miles to cover. We had to use force to get the necessities, although we had only a couple of revolvers as weapons. The greatest danger was running across the bushwhackers, but we survived with our skin intact. When we returned we were received with wonder that we had fared so well. After a while I did military police duty at General Carlin's headquarters, and I stayed there until the Battle of Stone River. I was with the company there, and also at Perryville. At the Battle of Chickamauga I was wounded in the left ankle, taken prisoner, and sent to Atlanta. There we just starved, froze, and were sick and full of lice, so it was

terrible. Maggots actually got into our wounds. On 16 February 1864 we came back—18 people out of a thousand. Most of them had to go to Andersonville or Belle Island. I got my discharge in Madison, Wisconsin, in April 1864. Then I went back to Iowa and took up my old trade again and later worked at a wool factory. In 1866 I got married and settled as a farmer in Pope County, Minnesota, and I have been busy with that ever since. I was born on the Engen farm in Hønefos, Norway, on 18 March 1837 and came to America in 1855.

J. O. Myhre of Company G writes:

I was born on the Myhre farm in Vang, Valdres, Norway, in 1830. I came to America in 1857. ... I was wounded at New Hope Church. The bullet went through my left arm and shoulder. Twice before that my rifle had been hit twice by Rebel bullets. The first night after we were wounded several hundred of us lay in an open field. The night was cold and those who were strong enough started to light some fires. Then the Rebels started to shoot at us, and the atmosphere among us was depressed. Some of the men asked politely that the fires be put out, others used foul language. Finally all the fires were extinguished and everything was quiet again. In the morning we got to the hospital and then went by train to Chattanooga, etc. In 1865 I got married, moved to Emmet County, Iowa, and took a homestead on the farm where I now live. I was one of the first settlers.

A soldier of only 16 years of age was no rarity in the Civil War. There were many that young in the 15th, too. Among these was Otto Steen of Decorah, Iowa. He was in Grinager's company and went through all the suffering of the war. So this is a good opportunity to give a nice sketch about many historical things from that time, even if it makes this one a little longer than the others—not because this person is favored over all the other boys in the 15th, but

because he was a young boy at that time who gave a grown man's service, and to honor the other young boys who did the same.

Sergeant Otto Steen, born in Norway on 21 January 1846, came to America with his parents in 1853—as mentioned in the reports about him.

In the summer of 1861 Captain Willett began to recruit Company D, 3rd Iowa Regiment. One day Otto was in Decorah with his father, and he watched the drilling with great interest. On the way home he sat quietly, felt dispirited, and began to cry. His father wanted to know why. Yes, the boy wanted to enlist! That "idea" was naturally made into a joke by the elder Steen, who said that it would be best to wait a few years. But the wait was only seven months long before Otto was a "fully trained American soldier."

In the fall of that year Captain Tupper of Company G, 12th Iowa Regiment, was recruiting and three of Otto's brothers enlisted, and he himself was about to do the same, but his brothers refused to let him because of his age. He then apprenticed himself to Hans Hegg [sic] in order to learn how to make saddles. In January 1862 Captain Grinager was recruiting Company K of the 15th Wisconsin. On his birthday, the 21st of that month, while he was working as usual at his workplace, he said to Lewis Nelsen—they had started talking about the war then—"if you enlist under Mons Grinager, then so will I." It was no sooner said than done. They found the recruiting officer in less time that it takes to tell about it. They started on the way to Camp Randall and were present when the officers were elected for the company. He was present at Bird's Point, Island Number 10, Union City; became a corporal; was there for the march through Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky, in the Battle of Perryville and on the march back to Nashville—in all, 1700 miles that summer. He put down his rifle together with the company every night and was ready in the morning as soon as the signal was given. At Stones River the company got orders to put down their backpacks, and Jens Schøien was left to guard them. On the evening after the battle—30 December—the Regiment was on picket duty, and the next morning, before the boys had time to get back their respective backpacks, the Rebels charged and flanked them. Otto, along with the rest of the company,

lost his backpack with his blanket, etc. The night was very cold, and his friend Schøien let Otto roll up in the only blanket that was left in the company. The next day the Regiment charged over Stones River and drove the Rebels into the woods. Otto found a fine "fat" backpack and slung it around his neck, but just then the Regiment got orders to "set their bayonets!" This meant a bayonet charge. The boy realized quickly that the "fat" backpack would be too heavy on a fast march, and threw it away again. They marched for some distance (rods), but then they were ordered to halt (for reasons unknown to the high Mr. Private in the line). He ran back to find what he needed most of all then—a good wool blanket. But it was gone. A cold rain began and poured down the entire night, and kept up for two nights and a day. And a thin shirt was not much protection in that kind of weather and in such terrible nights. They had no tents, no fires, and very little to eat. That was a Christmas time to experience.

In Winchester, Tennessee, he got a large boil under his right arm. (At that time the Regiment had to live by foraging in the area, so there wasn't much organization with regard to food.) Otto went to the doctor every day then, and got some cracker crumbs for a poultice. But instead of putting these on the outside, he ate them and lived pretty well, thanks to the boil. One beautiful morning his pet was gone: a hole had grown into it on the inside, where the cracker crumbs had also gone, but its pus had the opposite effect, and poisoned his whole system. He became very sick, and the Regiment marched on toward Chickamauga. Captain Grinager now wanted to send him back to the hospital, but Otto asked to stay with the army, and he finally got permission to follow along with the baggage train. One evening, when they camped on Pigeon Mountain and the Regiment was down in the valley, he decided to join them, and so he got his things together and started down the hill, which was a hard mile long. His friends were glad to see him, and he thought he would rest a little, but the order came immediately that the Regiment was to march up the same hill he had just marched down. It was a difficult task, but he reached the top again. Completely exhausted, he threw himself down on the ground and slept until morning. He made up his mind to join the company, although the captain advised him to stay with the baggage train. That day the march continued up

toward Chickamauga, and the next morning the thunder of the cannon could be heard. The ranks were now closed up very tightly, and at a double-quick march the Regiment came under the heaviest fire. When the banner fell Otto was ready to grab it, but Hans Hanson of Company K got there first. When the Regiment had to retreat, Otto was so busy shooting that he didn't notice he was alone. He started for the rear then, but hadn't got very far before a cannon ball plowed up the ground right next to him and buried him in a shower of earth. The terrible excitement of this, along with his illness, resulted in him losing consciousness for a while.

He was in the battle on Sunday and emerged intact from a heavy rain of bullets and shells. He survived the siege in Chattanooga on two crackers a day, with just the ground for a bed and suffering from the boil, while at the same time carrying out all a soldier's duties. He was there at Orchard Knob and Missionary Ridge. At Orchard Knob on the afternoon of 25 November 1863 he heard General Grant give General Thomas the order that the army was to Missionary Ridge. The signal was supposed to be six shots fired quickly one after another from Bridge's Battery, and when the last cannon had "spoken" the army was supposed to advance. He was with Sherman at Knoxville, and endured all the suffering and hardships during the winter campaign in East Tennessee, from where he was sent home on detached service. When he got to Madison he was given an eight-day leave. At that time it took three days to travel from there to Decorah, and three days to return, so he had only two days to spend in the town. When he returned to Madison, he was sent to Vicksburg with prisoners. He was then given another eight-day leave, and now his three brothers from the 12th Iowa Regiment were also home on veteran's leave; under these circumstances two days wasn't long enough and he stayed home for a whole week. But the time came when he had to break up the games, the company and the celebration. On the trip back to Madison he was arrested in Prairie du Chien by a stubborn Democratic detective. Two older gentlemen took the young soldier's part. They interceded for him, but it didn't help when they explained he was on his way back because the detective had in mind the thirty dollars compensation for the arrest of any soldier who was

absent without leave, and young Otto had no choice but to accompany him to headquarters as a prisoner. But here he took the opportunity to whisper a few words to the commander and explain to him the reasons and circumstances behind his being away too long, and about how he had been arrested on his way back. The commander turned a pair of angry eyes on the detective, gave him a proper reprimand, and let him go with the observation that it was a terrible little affair for a big, strong fellow like him to be sneaking around arresting veteran soldiers who had just had themselves a little enjoyment—"You incompetent lout, why don't you enlist and go to the front!" Otto could go to his quarters, he said.

The next day he started back to the Regiment, which he joined in Cleveland, Tennessee. Captain Grinager then sent him off with a letter to Colonel Heg, and that afternoon he was promoted to sergeant. He was also there for the Atlanta campaign, at Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face, Dalton and Resaca. On 27 May 1864 near Picket Mills (New Hope Church), Georgia, he was taken prisoner around midnight and was sent to Andersonville. He found two friends from his company in the prison; they had been taken at Chickamauga. They were almost naked, and he shared with them so they got two of the three shirts he had smuggled into the stockade. He remained there until sometime in November, and by then that one shirt had sat on his body for nine months without a break. Then twelve thousand prisoners were packed into twenty animal cars and sent to Savannah. About five miles from Andersonville, while he was in the process of doling out the rations to his squadron in the car, the train jumped the tracks while it was going down a slope and around a curve at a frightful speed. People and cars were literally torn to pieces. Two hundred and fifty men were killed, but even though he was in the first car he escaped unharmed.

In Savannah they were camped on an open field, without sufficient shelter and almost without food. He lay down with the others on the cold ground. In the morning the man next to him was dead. They were then sent to Millan, where he got scurvy to the degree that his teeth loosened and legs became as black as a polished stovepipe. He was lucky enough to have a valuable wallet. He got five dollars for it in Confederate money, so for a while he could buy

some sweet potatoes every day. This diet helped a great deal. Then they were taken to Florence, a prison that could well match Andersonville in misery. The commander was a red-haired devil with a heart and soul that delighted in torturing prisoners in every conceivable way. Food and clothing are not even worth mentioning because there was so little of either. The boy was now in lamentable circumstances: starving to death and without clothing in the cold winter rain, he and his comrades endured unspeakable suffering. But then these poor human creatures were sent to Welmington, North Carolina. The Union troops were now advancing on Goldsboro, and they were also near Welmington. The Rebels loaded the prisoners on the train and kept it going back and forth between the two places, and the only thing the prisoners got to eat was half a pot of the kind of cornmeal that is ground together with the cob, and it was quite impossible to boil it. There were a hundred men on board in each car, so they were packed tighter and treated worse than pigs on their way to the slaughterhouse. Many of the men sank down and lay down to die. Finally, on 26 February 1865, he was given parole near Welmington, but in the last two weeks he had been very sick and for the first time in his life as a soldier he was close to giving up. He was almost the last man to come on board the ship that was to carry them to Annapolis, Maryland, and had to be satisfied with a spot in the stern near the vent. Here he was rocked to sleep, but the sea was running high and the water poured through the vent, so he was drenched. The weather got cold and the suffering was intense. He finally came home, reduced to a skeleton in which there was still a small spark of life.

You see, such are the blessings of war.

G. J. Hovden recounts:

I was with the expedition that left Island Number 10 and drove the Rebels to flight in Hickman. Their breakfast was left for us, and their boots, too; they didn't have time to put them on. The area was plagued by guerrillas—that is, bushwhackers—and we were often out after them. Once I forced a farmer from his horse; it was shot through the withers while running at full speed. It didn't fall down, though. The Rebels surprised us on the Island one night; it was so dark that everything was grey—like the Rebels—and it was

inevitable that we would shoot a little at each other, even us blue boys. It wasn't possible to see who was enemy and who was friend.

Another one continues:

That was something for us to see (yes, some of us were Norwegian newcomers direct from Norway, and greenhorns as well) down there in the South. The first thing was the huge ditches there at Island Number 10. The cannon balls plowed them up something terrible, and both the Negroes and their masters were taken. I found a Negro, the first I had seen in my life, and you should have seen how his eyes burned when he stood in front of the point of my rifle and tried to explain something to me that I didn't understand—I couldn't speak a word of English, because I had come straight from a steamer and enlisted. You should just have seen how that black devil danced when he was told he could join the Regiment!

Oh, it was terrible the way the Mississippi went over its banks at that time—everything lay so flat, and many houses floated away so easily. One morning I saw a hen on one of these who sat and crowed with a vengeance on the peak of the house. It had been freed from slavery as well. When the Rebels on the Island had capitulated, all the people in the area had left except for some who had profited from rum and rebellion. They were so bloody when we captured them that it was clear they had been fighting among themselves.

We set out into the region and marched from place to place. Those were hard days, but we had fun, too. Once a man and his wife came over to our camp with something to sell us—something to eat—but they didn't want our paper money. So one day the old witch of a woman came again with her wagon; we took the wagon and turned everything upside down and helped ourselves, which we had to do if she was going to get her horse and valuables back. That she did, and after that we never saw her again.

Once we came to an apple orchard, but we couldn't help ourselves right away. When we came back later, all the apples were gone. We sure found out where they were. They were in barrels in a building, and the Rebel who was standing guard outside didn't want to let us in. So he was dumped on his head in a barrel, the door was forced open, and the apples disappeared quickly.

The longer the war went on, the worse our rations got. For a while we got only a little flour and a small piece of rotten meat each, and when we got to the bottom of the flour barrels, the flour moved it was so full of maggots. So we poured water on it and stirred it around, and everyone took a little.

One day after the Battle of Perryville I saw the worst thing I have ever seen. There was a hiding place where some Rebels were lying. While I stood there another Rebel came along; he had been a prisoner of war and had been freed on parole. That is, they weren't supposed to bear arms against us anymore. Some men came and took him into the hiding place and immediately shot him to death in the head. In one place there were six or seven Rebels who lay in a pile, hacked to pieces. They had no clothes on; these had been burned off them, except for the hand of an officer, which still had a glove on it. This is surely the most horrible sight I have ever seen.

Another man reports:

When the Rebels had left the Island, there were some devils left behind who lay in the bushes and crawled around and shot at us. Once the Negroes told us that one of these greys, who was home on leave, was going to get married. We were on the lookout for him, and just when the minister had pronounced them man and wife we grabbed the groom and took him with us, and the next day he was a prisoner of war on the way to Cairo. It was sure too bad that the bride had to sleep alone, but nothing is sacred in war. Yes, we thirsted for blood, but we thirsted even more for water—oh yes, when the bullets start to fly, they seem to go by themselves! You aren't afraid after the shooting begins.

Then you learn that the only thing to do is fire away as fast as you can and not think about anything else.

One morning a sutler drove across the field with his wagon, without realizing the danger. But the Rebels came, took the horse and wagon, and drove it around a hill into such rugged country that we had to use a rope to get that poor wagon on its wheels again. We were also shot at from the hill. Only one of us was wounded, but we put seven Rebels on the ground.

At Stone River things got hot right away! I was shot in both the thigh and the leg and was lying on the ground, like many others, until Colonel Heg and some men with him came and picked us up. It was painful to lie there wounded, but the next day we were taken prisoner; that was worse.

Once on a march in terrible weather it started to get dark and the officers went into a church, but naturally there was no shelter for the rest of us. It was Ivar Brandt who lay outside there in the rain and the wet and froze. The soldiers were lying between the graves. Then he picked up a wide marble gravestone, set it at an angle to the grave mound and the ground, and then crawled in under it and let it rain. As I said, nothing is sacred in war. When you are shooting such young people to death, as we were, and are shot at the way we were shot at, then piety and such things become less important.

Edlen Seime was shot right through the chest on the second day of the Battle of Stones River and was left lying there. While he lay there, the Rebels swarmed over the wounded like a pack of wolves. One of them tore a watch and chain from his neck and asked where he was wounded. When the Rebel found out, he said, "We shoot pretty well, don't we?" Seime and Corporal Thompson lay there side by side, and when the first part of the army had passed someone came and took their canteens from them; their pleas were in vain.

But there were also men among the Rebels who gave them water. When evening came some Rebels built a fire for them. The wounded were lying there the whole night and through the next day before they were taken to the field hospital. That night he had to sleep in a field tent and the next night in a cotton shed, and then he finally was treated. To be shot through the chest and lungs and lie there without any attention for two days and three nights, and as good as outside the whole time, and to survive in spite of it, he considers to be a miracle from God.

He also says that the soldiers on military police duty didn't always do their duty according to their orders—they found it more humane to be kindhearted once in a while. There was the time when he and Andreas Fosse arrested some of the boys from the 21st Illinois who had come over the border to forage. There was nothing the boys could do but go with them, and they went down the road to headquarters. They stopped a piece down the road where they all (both prisoners and military police) ate the delicious apples that the prisoners had with them. This made Seime and Fosse become as soft as the apples, and they said that the boys could go back now. They could naturally have paid dearly for this; it is dangerous to be disobedient when one is at war, you know.

Nils J. Gilbert has the following anecdote:

The trials and hardships of the battlefield were never as hard for me as being a boat captain or a steamboat pilot. The day we captured Island Number 10, I got command over a Rebel hospital ship that lay on the Tennessee bank. I had twelve men with me to look after the boat, which was full of Rebels—96 sick, drunken, noisy pigs. My first task after having taken over the boat was to disarm all the prisoners and to confiscate all the ammunition. These drunken men weren't very easy for my boys to handle, but they were brave and stood by me through everything. With loaded weapons and bayonets set, and with pistols, we forced the Rebels to disarm. While we were doing that, some of the

prisoners had set the boat free and before we knew it we were floating far out in the river, going with the current, and quickly. Now good advice was valuable and there was no time to spare. I shouted to my people and asked if someone could fire up the boiler and get the steam going. Someone from Company A (the sailor company we called it), said he could "steam up", but he couldn't handle the machine. A Rebel yelled, "We fooled you after all! We'll soon be out of your claws and go down to Memphis; I can "engineer" the boat." "Good," I said, "so get the engine running or you'll get a bullet." He evidently thought then that it would be best for him to get the engine running, and two of my boys stood next to him with bayonets pointed at him while Corporal Brown took the wheel and got the boat turned against the current. Soon we were on our way upstream. Our people on land saw us and came to help. While I was acting as a boat captain I forgot everything else, and meanwhile the Rebels had broken open a whole barrel of liquor and drank like ——. Some of my men also got drunk so they had to be sent ashore, and those of us who were sober had to fight like tigers with the drunken Rebels—we had to send two of them off into the long hereafter, and they were easily buried in the Mississippi.

Since then I have often chuckled when I remember my 'steamer affair.'

Hans Myhre has the following anecdote:

McFegan was a real Irishman. In the beginning he was as lazy as can be. He had deserted once, but that was before he joined the 15th. But once he had to learn some respect. It happened like this: every morning he reported to the doctor and said he was sick, really sick. But, in fact, he wasn't. The doctor understood that damn well and he tied him with his back to a tree in which we had carved out a shelf where we used to put our wash basins, and McFegan had to stand on that shelf. Mike took it easy, however painful it was for him, while he stood there and sunned himself. He certainly couldn't scratch himself as usual because his hands were tied fast, but at least he got out of

working. Then Caspar Hanson came along, drunk as a skunk, and hacked at the ropes until he bloodied his fists. Then the doctor took our dear Fegan and hung him up by his hands in the doctor's own quarters. After that Mike was a pretty good soldier.

Were there many Irishmen there? No, you can count on one hand the ones that were in the 15th. There were some Swedes and Danes, but they were also a small minority.

One of the staff officers relates the following:

Lieutenant Strømer was a strange one. That he even got into the Regiment is due to one or more Yankees in Washington, where Strømer went—I believe straight from the country of Karl XII. And he came with recommendations from Washington to the governor of Wisconsin, and the governor probably thought that since the man was a Scandinavian and a soldier from home, he would necessarily be looked on with favor in our Regiment. But Heg, who knew something about people, saw immediately that the man was, as said, a strange one and a real ninny. But the governor had named him a second lieutenant, and so he got to stay.

When Clausen resigned, Strømer wanted to take his place as field chaplain. But now we knew for sure that we couldn't even think of doing this—but this confounded human nature drove us to pull this fellow's leg. Then he found out that he couldn't be the chaplain because people had heard such bad rumors about him. "Bad! about me?" It was really disgusting—and imagine a chaplain with that!

"Should I—a man like me—be infested? No, seven thousand times no ..." Well, now he had to prove it with something besides denials. Colonel Johnson—he was a major then—put on a very serious face, and the rest of us as well. Some curious jokers were standing around the tent, listening and watching. Oh yes, the investigation committee had found signs ... "The devil ...," exclaimed Strømer, "You should just watch me when I get up tomorrow!" He spoke a blend of Norwegian and Swedish because he heard mostly Norwegian at that time. No, naturally he wouldn't become the field chaplain. He was a

lazy bum. When we went into Battle of Stone River, he got a Negro to carry his things for him. When the shooting started, the Negro ran off and our wonderful Strømer had no food. Of course we had to share with him. Then there was one evening on the battlefield when he went around whining that he couldn't find a place to lie down. I said then that he could lie down between me and Rice. I nudged Rice a little, and he could take a hint. Strømer lay down between us. Soon Rice began to scratch himself and complain wretchedly, and I did, too, something terrible. Strømer asked, "What's wrong with you two?" "Oh," I answered, "it's nothing; it's just that both of us have a few lice." "You have lice? Then I'll . . .," and with that he sprang up as fast as he could. Yes, our Lieutenant Strømer was too clean. It was also for the sake of cleanliness that he left his post once and took a bath. He was standing on the picket line, in fact, and had told a superior that he was going to stray from his post a little. But Colonel Heg came on an inspection tour, right to his post, which was near a river. The colonel saw a bundle of clothing on the bank, and then a head poked up out of the water. The head came up quickly, followed by Strømer's naked body. He immediately grabbed his saber and presented arms to Colonel Heg—without so much as a fig leaf on. Now, there must be discipline in an army. That evening he was called in to stand before the court, and the colonel became very serious—he was, by the way, a serious person—and said, "You are a careless person; you certainly ought to know better than to leave your post without permission, since you were a soldier at home..."

"You're lying, Colonel!" exclaimed 2nd Lieutenant Strømer. He had grabbed the colonel, who had gone too far when he said that Strømer had left his post without notice; in fact, he had said he was going. This "You're lying, Colonel" Heg heard from us faithful ones more than once. As soon as there was something that could be twisted, somebody said immediately, "You're lying, Colonel." Naturally it was all right when we pulled his leg like that, but if anyone besides Strømer had said such a thing to him he would have punished the person for the sake of discipline.

We wanted to be rid of him. So some of us decided to write a "promotion" from headquarters in Louisville and send it to him (you understand that no one could know who had written it). So he was promoted to colonel. Then he got straight as a poker! I saluted him and then asked, as if it were a foregone conclusion, if he would resign and leave us now. "You are a colonel now, I hear." "Yes, I have waited for this for a long time," said Strømer, as if he were one crown richer than even Karl XII. He sent in his resignation immediately, and it was immediately accepted.

When Strømer got to headquarters in Louisville, no one knew anything about him. I admit it wasn't very nice of us, but he was intolerable. He also liked his dram very much, and I scared him pretty badly once when he had a flask under his shirt. I slapped him on the chest so the liquor poured out. But then he begged me humbly not to say anything about it. Now, it wasn't my intention to report him for that. There were several others who took the liberty of smuggling liquor into their quarters one way or another. But it was dangerous—without permission, you understand. He is dead now.

Field Chaplain Clausen was no scared rabbit. We were on Island Number 10. One dark night there was a storm, and the alarm was sounded. There was confusion: the calls of the officers could not be heard above the noise of the wind and the heavy rain. They tried to organize their men, but in that kind of weather and darkness there was plenty of opportunity to sneak away, and there were always some who were afraid. Clausen met one of them behind a shed and tried to persuade the man to stay, but it didn't do any good. So then he shamed him, but that didn't help either. "So go with your rifle," said the chaplain, and he immediately joined the ranks, determined to fight to the death in this man's place.

That time it was a false alarm, but no one knew that at the time.

At Union City it became apparent that it was a sin to play cards, because when the green soldiers came under fire, the cards began to fall out of their pockets "double quick." The cards flew in every direction. Later, when consciences were hardened in the blood bath, the cards remained in their pockets instead of flying about. There was a lot of card playing among the men, and among the officers as well. There were many exceptions, but card-playing was a favorite game in the whole army.

Cold-bloodedness also became a habit. Major McIlvani [sic] sat near Atlanta and wrote a letter to his wife. While he sat there on a log with the letter finished and addressed, a bullet came and went right through him. He opened the letter again and added that his fate was upon him; he sent the letter and died within the hour.

On the Louisville-Buell campaign the army suffered terribly from hunger, and it was always march, march, march. One day Quartermaster Mathews had gotten his hands on a sweet potato. Naturally he had to be with the baggage train. In the evening it was often late before the baggage train came in, and so it was on this evening. Colonel Heg was still awake and he heard Mathews go around calling in a low voice, "Beauregard! Beauregard!" Beauregard was a Negro waiter at headquarters, but he was mostly kept on because of his ugliness and his comic behavior. "Beauregard! where is my potato?" The Negro had to get up and rub his eyes; then he answered cold-bloodedly, "I stowed it." With a thundering oath the quartermaster interrupted his whisper. "The devil take you! I understand well enough how you stowed it!" And with that he wished all Negroes in general, and Beauregard in particular, into the innermost, hottest regions.

In the morning it came out what had happened. The Negro had carried that sweet potato of Mathews' the whole day, until it got all squished together; but in the evening he had eaten it. Tired and hungry as he was, the temptation had become too strong and had robbed the quartermaster of his special dinner. He excused himself by saying it had gotten so squished and

dirty that no white man would have eaten it. But if Mathews is still alive, he still has not forgiven poor Beauregard.

Major Rise commanded the post on Island Number 10 while the seven companies were down there. Captain Brown was the second-in-command. There was a rumor that the Rebels were coming. Brown was very emotional, but was a respected man anyway. Now that there was a hint of danger he began to get prepared. Among other things, he ordered that the four siege cannon that were placed at various forts be loaded; he was going to sweep away the Rebels with them.

In the rush he forgot the matches, so the Rebels could have walked right up to the mouths of the cannon without the least danger. There was nothing to fire them with.

The Rebels didn't come. The next evening the captain decided to fire the cannon to get the ammunition out of them, and that was the first that he discovered that there weren't any matches.

Major Rise heard about the captain's intention and quickly managed to stop the firing. "Don't fire! We will have all the cannon in Cairo firing down on us because the people there will think that the Rebels have captured our post."

The charges were taken out and the captain heard more about this incident as long as he was in the Regiment.

It is easy to make a mistake when one is new to a field, and he made one more. "Taps" are some drum beats that signal that all lights should be extinguished, and everyone should go to bed. When the three companies joined the Regiment at Bird's Point after the capture of Island Number 10, and when taps were played the first evening, the captain dashed out of his tent and said, "Fall in! Load your weapons! Load!" He had mistaken the beats on the large bass drum for cannon shots and thought that the enemy's bullets were raining down over the camp.

At Bird's Point there were a lot of prisoners to watch, among these Bird himself, the man this tongue of land was named after.

Lieutenant Thompson of Company A had the watch one night and received some information indicating that the prisoners were going to try to escape. It was a dark night, heavy with rain, really nasty weather. The lieutenant had the prisoners form up in line outside the guardhouse for roll call every half hour through the entire night. In that way he put a stop to their escape, and instead they got to have a stroll in the cold rain twice every hour. Towards morning they started to turn on the ones who had come up with the plan to escape and had therefore been the cause of all these wet clothes—with nothing in return.

When the officers were in active service, they weren't so fussy about their finery. They might even leave their epaulettes behind in their quarters, and therefore their rank wasn't so easy to know. One day 1st Lieutenant Simonson of Company F had guard duty at a picket station together with another officer from another regiment, and he didn't know this man's rank. So he called him "Captain," very politely, and asked him for instructions regarding the various aspects of the duty. Simonson soon found out that the man wasn't a captain, and with a grim face he went right up to him and asked, "My friend, what is your rank?" "Second lieutenant," came the answer in a timid voice. "Really?" said Simonson with contempt and loathing in his face. "So go to hell then with your rank!" And with that he took over command.

There is actually that big a difference in rank between 1st and 2nd lieutenants. If that man had happened to be a captain, then Simonson might have gotten the order to seek out that warm spot with his rank.

After the Battle of Chattanooga the 15th was transferred to Willich's Brigade. When Brigadier General Carlin met his colleague, the German Willich, he asked him how he liked this regiment. "I don't know," said Willich, "it's up the river cutting timber; I haven't seen it yet."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Carlin. "You can have the biggest regiment in my brigade, and I'll take the 'little 15th' back, even though it has now been reduced in size by a couple hundred men."

There was no trade, and Willich never regretted that he didn't get several hundred more men in his brigade; the "little 15th," as he called it, became his "pet" but also his vanguard when he was going into battle. After the capture of Rocky Face he believed that his "little 15th" could work wonders. But once, and only once, he became angry with them; it wasn't because there wasn't enough blood flowing, but because some of his "pets" had gotten hungry for fresh meat. The general had a big, white milk cow with him, which he made a big fuss about. The 15th had been on active field duty for so long at this point that there was no lack of butchers, and one suitable night the Regiment ate that splendid cow of General Willich's. But then he swore, "God damn the 15th!" There couldn't be any other regiment that would have had the courage to commit such an act of plunder, he thought. However, he also probably thought that the cow had fallen into good hands, because he said no more about it. The Regiment didn't look askance at him either, because he was often very kind, and further examples can be provided:

Near the river at Knoxville Ivar Brandt was "laid up with a terribly infected leg," so he couldn't come with them on the march. He didn't have any food and there wasn't any to be had. So he asked the brigade commissary if he might have a little, but this dignitary became angry. Then Willich came and ordered the commissary to give Brandt a dram. Brandt then explained the situation and said that he would prefer a little food. Then the general became terribly angry with the commissary and swore, "My God, you must hand out the last bit, and not let my boys [sic] lie there and starve. My God, we have to eat!"

This big German also had a good sense of humor and knew how to use it. On the march to Knoxville it more than usually hot, and he halted for fifteen minutes now and then so the soldiers could lie down. Once when they had halted the general sat on his horse, lifted his canteen to his mouth (it is worth noting that there was liquor in the flask), and said:

"Poys! I am like that Catholic priest, I am drinking for all of you!. But poys, if I had enough liquor I would treat all of you; I would give you whisky, poys, you can count on that. But I have only a drop, and so I am drinking for all of you!"

There was, accordingly, no jealousy.

On the same trip, farther up in East Tennessee, the boys had gotten hold of a beehive full of honey. Willich stopped, watched the soldiers with the hive, then took his knife, stuck it into the honey, and said, "Poys, come here with your cups. I will give you honey." Then he cut a piece for each man. When there was only a little left, he peeked into the hive and said to the man who was holding it, "I will give that to you. But never steal anything and never sell to my poys, but give them their full share; if you don't it will go very hard for you."

It is understandable that such a general could get his "poys" to fight the Rebels. Colonel Heg also had a winning personality like that towards the enlisted men. And for the enlisted man it makes a big difference for whom he is going into battle.

A song, composed by one of the men in Company H:

Come now, friends, we won't wait any longer;
 We love freedom, how lovely it is;
 And in a magnificent Norwegian regiment
 We fight for that freedom we hold so dear.

We are Norwegian, and that name we will carry,
 As brave soldiers on land and sea.
 Now we will try, for the honor of the Norwegians,
 As long as there is still courage in the Norwegian man.

We bid farewell to friends and loved ones,
 Parents and siblings and beloved friends.
 Our time with you was glorious,
 And we hope to meet again.

And last we bid farewell to the girls,
 Who have to stay behind here in Wisconsin.
 Remember the boy who is fighting for his country,
 He will certainly come home to his dearest friend.

Here is another song, which was written by one of the officers while the Regiment was stationed on Island Number 10:

Beautiful meadows and fields,
 Surrounded by the river grey,
 Where the lazy Norwegian lads
 Can wander about idly,
 Where they eat, drink, shit,
 They can't even bring themselves to do anything,
 There's still one thing lacking:
 Schnapps is not to be had.

In order to live here,
 heartily and gallantly
 One day a meeting was held,
 Where we found a way out.
 May 17th was at hand!
 The spirit of freedom should be celebrated,
 And how could that happen
 With dry mouths?

Up to Cairo went the policeman,
 To get a little something wet,
 Got a clever one on the line,
 Had a good time.
 He brought home fourteen barrels,
 Beer for our Norwegian farmers,
 Which they were to drink up
 Without getting drunk.

Very early the next morning
 Sounded the crash of the cannon,
 The rays of the sun were a guarantee for us
 For a beautiful day.
 Everything went well, until the evening,
 The devil came in the shape of the juice
 That one only enjoys without sugar
 Out of large jugs.

But then fights broke out among us,
 The devil was there, without a doubt,
 Threatening the beautiful words of peace
 Of the shepherd of our souls;
 The battle went on as well as it could,
 The ecstasy of freedom made its rounds;
 The day after the May celebration
 Ended in arrest.

Since the war the 15th has had reunions just like other regiments. *Fædrelandet og Emigranten* for 28 July 1870 included the following announcement:

To the Scandinavian soldier in the northwest!

I have received the invitation below to all Scandinavian soldiers to come to the reunion in La Crosse on 19 and 20 September this year, which it has now been decided to hold.

At the meeting of the Scandinavian Society on the 13th of this month it was unanimously agreed:

That the Society requests you, Colonel, to invite all the Scandinavians (also those outside the 15th Wisconsin) who contributed to upholding the Union, freedom and independence by serving in the United States Army during the last war, to participate in the planned reunion on 19 and 20 September, and to help themselves to the hospitality that the Society will offer its guests on such an occasion.

With respect, truly yours,

F. Fleischer
 Chas. B. Solberg
 H. Heyerdahl

It is a great pleasure for me to make public the above invitation, and I hope that a great many of our brothers-in-arms will be able to come to the party we have planned.

Certainly there was hardly a regiment from the northwestern states that didn't have Norwegians, Swedes or Danes in its ranks. Let us forget our daily grind and relax for a couple of days, and relive our years as soldiers. Now, when all of Europe is threatened with a destructive war, let us come together and celebrate a small Peace Jubilee.

It would be desirable if all those intending to come would let the undersigned know as soon as possible.

Beloit, 20 July 1870

O. C. Johnson

After this "most successful and animated reunion" the same newspaper printed on the following 29 September four columns with "animated" reading about the party. Here I will just include a letter from Major General W. P. Carlin:

Buffalo, N.Y., 12 September 1870

Colonel O. C. Johnson and the 15th Wisconsin!

Dear Colonel! I thank you heartily for your kind invitation to meet the officers and men of the 15th Wisconsin and other Scandinavian regiments in La Crosse on the 20th. There is no group of people for whom I entertain greater respect than the Scandinavians. As citizens they are industrious, diligent, tireless and faithful. As soldiers they are brave and willing to maintain discipline.

I will never cease to be proud of having had the 15th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry under my command. I never saw a better regiment in battle. The brave Colonel H. C. Heg, Lieutenant Colonel David McKee, Major O. C. Johnson and every officer, whom I knew personally, were men whom I personally honored and loved. I always like to see this regiment's blond hair and handsome faces, and I always think of the 15th Wisconsin as a fair-skinned one; but they were as brave as they were handsome.

I am sorry that I am not able to meet you on the appointed day. But be assured that I wish you all a very happy and lively reunion, and I pray that each of you will be as happy in your private lives as you were brave and loyal during the war. I will never forget the Scandinavians, and would be very sad if the brave 15th Wisconsin were to forget me.

Your loyal friend,

W. P. Carlin

Since then reunions have been held in Milwaukee and in St. Paul. The last one was organized by Kristian Jerde in connection with his suggestion to raise a monument in honor of the Regiment, to organize a monument committee, etc.

As many as sixty of the surviving soldiers attended. They were now old and grey, and many still suffered from the ills they were never able to overcome after those difficult days when the cannon thundered and the rifles cracked, when the bullets whistled and struck, and the shells exploded, not to mention the slashing of saber and sword.

As could be expected, these men agreed to raising a monument to themselves. Therefore a committee of prominent men was formed, men who had not belonged to the Regiment. It decided to raise a monument for all the Scandinavian soldiers in America. This committee has since been incorporated under Minnesota state law. This corporation is still active and energetic. But if the funds are to be raised, then it almost comes down to each individual's desire to sacrifice his time and his energy. The corporation will be a strong support for such a desire.

And now the history of the 15th ends. Naturally, there are many things that have not been included. But no one can do the impossible. There are certainly many who have not been done justice, when one considers the attention some others have received. However, the chronicler must keep to the information and the facts that exist, not to those that could have been.

And so it is finished.

Corrections: On page 12 [original], ninth line from the top, it says: "Lovbrud" [violation of the law]; it should say "Lovbud" [provision].

On page 44 [original], twelfth line from the top, it says: "den Side Floden" [that side of the river]; it should say "den anden Side Floden" [the other side of the river].