

Orlando S. Turner
Civil War Letters, 1861
Misc. File 248

transcribed by Robert M. Murphy, March 2004

Envelope addressed to: Mr Joseph Turner
 Moretown
 Vt

Washington July 4 1861

dear father and mother

I now take my pen in hand to let you know how I git along I am well and hope that these few lines will finde you the same thare is grate doings hear to day thare is a bout 80 thousand men with in ten milds of hear that belong to the union we hade fine times coming out hear in Troy we got super thare in New York the folks gave us a splended Flag thare in Baltimore the folke thought that we was to tuf for them you would think it tuf to sit on the ground and have a smol box to write on tell Mr Mury that John and Jin is well and in good spirits we should like to be in Vermont to day but but seing we cant we are satisfied to stay in camp when I was in Burlington I sent ten dollars to you and I want to know if you resieved it I cant think of any more now so write as son as you git this direct your leters to Washington D C

from your son
Orlando S Turner

July 26 1861 Alexander

dear father and mother

I was not kild in the fite at Bulls run we marched fifteen miles to fite and we was tired you beter be lieve as quick as [wee] went write into the fite with out stoping to wrest we fot fifty minits whare the canon wraked us and the infantry wraked us voly after voly [&] our regiment stood and did not flinch one inch they fired seven rounds after they was orderd off the field it was ahard fite you beter believe the enemy was conseled in the woods and they could see us but we could not see them our canon shot all of ther aninishon out and they we could not do nothing with them with out them they was up on [&] a high hill whare the sojers could not git up thare with out loosing half of our men we had to retreat to Alexandry our march to the batle and to Alexandry was made in thurty six ours sixty miles we was all tierd you beter believe the sheles burst over our heads the men was as cool as if they was shooting at a mark

there was not one that flinched one inch our Genrals and Cornels was afrade to go whare the men would our men cut up thee hundred of ther horse cavlry the emamy lost three men whare we lost one [Bagard] hade his horse shot out from under him we hade fore men taken prisners one was John Mury he come off the field of acion it makes the boyes feel bad to loos John for they liked him they are all fast to go up thare again they think that they did not have fare play for they wood not let us go to the charge you beter believe that the canon balls whised all around us thare is six balls holes in the flag thare was two of our coler gards kild and one wounded our regiment lost twelve or fifteen kild and thurty wounded and prisners our regiment has got a good name fore fiting so well we was the last regiment in the fite the mane thurd forth and fifth is in our brigade and the thre regiments poot together did not stay as long as we did Edwin is well and tuf write as quick as you get this let me now how you get along with your haying how the crops look I want you to write to Judeth and Susan for I do not have time to write much and no place to write I am writing on a bord on the ground I got a leter from Orson to day write if I do not write i canot think of any more direct your leters to the same plase that you did the other this is from your son

Orlando S Turner