

Interesting Letter from Lt. Walter M. Fleming.

We have been furnished with a copy of a highly interesting letter from Lt. FLEMING of Capt. Lewis' company:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27, 1861.

DEAR PARENTS,—I hasten to write you that my brother WILLIAM is comparatively safe. He came to my boarding house last night, assisted by two of our company, Mr. GEO. MASSETH and one other young man. They had walked and ridden all day, and all the night before. Wounded, many falling upon him—dead and wounded. But he was fortunate enough to escape with I trust, slight injuries. I was out around the city yesterday in the rain as long as I dared to be, to ascertain the fate of our regiment. All I could learn was, that they were badly cut up. I returned to my rooms sad, sick, discouraged, and wet to the skin. I had been in but a few moments when the bell rang, and I heard the tramp of soldiers on the stair case. I felt that I was to learn the worst. Judge of my surprise and joy when in came my brother William, drenched with rain and covered with mud. He truly looked haggard and exhausted; but O, I could have died for that moment of joy. I could not speak, neither could he. We could but embrace each other, the big tears starting mutually from our eyes.

GEORGE MASSETH, God bless him, found the poor fellow beneath, and among the dead and dying, lying in mud and gore, with the blood flowing from his nose and mouth, almost unrecognizable, and with another noble young soldier helped him here. Although I am happy in such a restoration of my dear brother, I am sad, very sad, when I remember that many of our poor noble fellows are dead on the field of Bull's Run. My boarding mistress got supper for our suffering party, built fires, and they were fed, dried and slept here last night. WILLIAM is ill, bruised and completely worn out. He is still sleeping in the next room. I shall keep him here for a time, and he will, I trust, by rest and care, soon to be all right again. Poor PUTNAM, WILLSON—JOHN'S brother—was among the first to fall; he was shot through the heart.

Our regiment, as near as we can learn, has lost about two hundred men. Captain Lewis and Lieutenant PUTNAM are uninjured. Captain NOLTE'S company suffered severely. We shall have full particulars soon. Our regiment, with the New York Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth, made the most tremendous charge and fight of the day. ELLSWORTH'S Zouaves also fought with perfect desperation, losing many of their noble band.

I have had another bad hemorrhage, but am remarkably well for me. I have not seemed to suffer any injury from my great anxiety for poor brother WILLIAM, as I feared I should. I thank Heaven that he is with me, and I trust in no immediate danger. Wounded soldiers are arriving in Washington every moment, and are constantly passing here.

The Rochester Cavalry has arrived here.

William says when he left the field it was a perfect labor of climbing, for a long distance over the dead and dying, both soldiers and horses, with a perfect wreck of artillery wagons, camp equipage, &c. The rebel loss is immense.

The battle at Bull's Run will stand out in all future time, as one of the most desperate and bloody battles on record. Our regiment was in three distinct charges at the point of the bayonet, and but for Johnston's reinforcements to the rebels, at the moment when our men were worn out with fatigue, the day had been ours. As it is, the rebels have suffered a chastisement they will not forget. Notwithstanding their great advantage in numbers and position, their loss, compared with ours, is probably three to one.

Yours, in haste, WALTER.