WILMINGTON.

Continued from First Page.

I have the gratification of announcing, that Fort Fisher has been compelled to succumb, with all outlying batteries, and that the flag of the Union now floats from this Rebel stronghold.

Our victory is complete.

The bombardment was commenced by the navy on Friday morning, and was continued night and day until 9 o'clock on Sunday night, a period of sixty hours, with little or no cessation.

The storming of the fort by the military and naval brigade was a most bloody affair, and it may be doubted whether there has ever been anything equal to it for persistent assault and stubborn resistance.

The assault was made on the fort at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and a lodgment effected on the west angle by the military.

The assault on the north side by the naval brigade was repulsed with fearful slaughter, but it served as an important diversion, enabling the military to obtain a foothold.

The fight lasted six hours, being a desperate hand to hand struggle.

Each of the seventeen mounds and entrenchments were taken in succession, after the most fierce encounters, in which hecatombs of dead and wounded were added to those that already lined the fort.

Suffice it to say, by way of preface to a detailed account, that notwithstanding the fort had been strengthened and reinforced to treble the garrison it had when Gen. Butler decided that it could not be taken, it is now in our possession with 24 cannon, 2,000 living prisoners and 200 dead, and that our gunboats have to-day sailed up the Cape Fear River, driving before them the pirates Chickamauga and Tallahassee, effectually closing it to blockade-running, and stopping the only channel the Rebels had left for the importation of munitions of war.

The elements seemed to favor us in the grand and glorious undertaking. For seven days the wind has blown from the west giving us a calm and quiet sea. We have had as unintrupted clear sky, mild weather, and bright and beautiful moonlight nights.

THIRD DAY—THE GRAND ASSAULT.

SUNDAY, Jan. 15.—A clear and brilliant moonlight night is succeeded this morning by a cloudless sky and a bright and warm sun, while the ocean is almost as calm as a millpond.

A combined effort is to be made on the part of Admiral Porter and Gen. Terry to plant our flag on the walls of Fort Fisher at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The monitors and [illegible] with the Brooklyn and several smaller gunboats have been steadily at work since daybreak shelling the fort.

They throw a shell into it every five minutes during the night, and will continue their present task until the balance of the fleet joins them.

There has not been a shot fired from the fort since 5 o'clock last evening, although the wooden vessels have been lying under its guns all night.

There has been no fog visible on the rampants for two days, though there is one hanging from the round battery, which is a mile south of Fort Fisher.

They may possibly be husbanding their energies to resist the assault we are about to make.

Heavy firing on the river this morning that Gen. Terry's artillerists have had some narrow work during the night with the Chickamauga and Tallahassee Rebel gunboats.

Our batteries have been alerted to command a wharf to which we have moored a Rebel steamer captured by us.

The Rebel gunboats run up and shell the steamer occasionally, when our artillerists open upon them. Both of them are been struck several times and seriously injured, so that they are compelled to run up to Wilmington when the fort falls will be repaired.

We have ten thirty-pounder rifles in our batteries.

Our morning party, 400 strong, are now in the woods within a mile of Fort Fisher. They report that the fort was reinforced last night by 500 men from Fort Caswell.

The officers and marines from the fleet, 2,000 strong, are ready to join in the assault and over to scale the wall of the fort. They are in high glee this morning and bristling on their arms with the alacrity of veterans.

GRAND BOMBARDMENT AND ASSAULT.

At 10 o'clock the frigates Wabash, Minnesota, Powhatan and Colorado, took positions in line and joined in the bombardment, which may be regarded as the grand final attempt to take the fort.

10 a.m.—The boats from the ships, with marines and sailors to join in the assault, were called away to the flagship—about 1000 men, with twenty men in each. They started in high spirits, all contending for the opportunity. The fleet gunboat Montauk, commanded by Lieut. Cushing, is close to the fort, has sent out a boat to take soundings. He is getting in position to protect the assaulting party, and has succeeded in shelling the Rebel gunboats in Cape Fear River.

10:30 a.m.—The Rebel gunboats Chickamauga and Wallaba can be seen from the mast-head coming down Cape Fear River, and shelling the woods where our soldiers are assembled, preparatory to the assault. Our army battery on the river is engaging the Rebel boats, but with what success cannot be ascertained.

11:30 a.m.—The fire of the ironclads, frigates and gunboats is getting quite brisk. The fort remains silent, except some rifle shots fired at the daring Cushing, who seems brute to recklessness. The only shots fired by the Rebels are from the mound and water batteries south of the fort. It is believed that the seventeen pounder guns on the north wall of Fisher are dismounted.

11 a.m.—The boats crews are landing on the beach, about a mile from the fort, numbering about 2,000 sailors and marines. Shells are exploding in and around the fort at the rate of 60 per minute, although not more than half of the vessels are yet in position. The firing is deliberate and the aim is most accurate.

11:15 a.m.—The Admiral signals to Capt. Gibson to take his division of gunboats into action, and take position in front of the water batteries and Mound battery south of Fort Fisher. The view of the throngs of boats going to the beach with sailors is most inspiriting. About one half of the men are already landed and are forming in four divisions on the beach their bright clothing in the sun. The bombardment is increasing in volume and the bursting of shells over Fort Fisher keeps it almost enveloped in smoke and flying sand. It would seem impossible for mortals to exist in it, though its bomb proofs are said to be most capacious. The Admiral's flagship is moving rapidly from one point to another, in the thickest of the fight, brilliant with flags, giving orders to the various divisions as to their movements.

11:30 a.m.—The sailors and marines have all landed and are marching down the beach in regular military style. A number of our gunboats are arranged along the beach, throwing shells across the peninsula at the Rebel gunboats in Cape Fear River. The men are on the commodores' decks and turrets watching the course of their shells.

11:35 a.m.—The naval assaulting party formed in eight lines on the beach, about 250 men in each, move forward, each boat's crew carrying its flag. Their advance skirmish line is throwing up light rifle pits about half a mile from the fort. Firing of musketry can be distinctly heard in the woods toward the river, where the military assaulting party are undercover, waiting the signal for the attack.

12 m.—The bombardment progresses. Capt. Gibson's division of gunboats have just reached the point assigned them, south of Fisher. While getting into position, the Mound and Water batteries opened a furious cannonade on the Santiago and gunboat Fort Jackson. Several large shells came ricocheting towards us, and the two first bounded over us, one of them passing just over the head of Capt. Gibson and his staff, a scale of one slightly injuring Acting Master Wilkes in the eye. The third shell entered the hull just in advance of the wheel-house, and exploded on the other side of the vessel, slightly bruising and cutting two of the gunners on the lower deck. The fourth shell passed through the wheel-house within a few feet of where your correspondent was standing. For about half an hour the heavy guns on Mound battery continued to rain shells over and around us, until the Fort Jackson got into position, when she divided the honors with us. The double-ender "Sassacus," which was moving along behind us, caught one of the shells passing over us, which carried away the skylight of the cabin. The other vessels of the division are now in position, and all of them are under the fire of the Rebel batteries.

1:30 p.m.—The cannonading during the past forty minutes has been most furious, the only response being from the water batteries on Capt. Gibson's Division. The Mound continues to pay special attention to the Sassacus, doubtless recognizing her as the captor of so many blockade-runners.

2:30 p.m.—The line of the naval brigade can be seen about half a mile from the fort, lying down, and awaiting the order for the assault. The cannonading by the fleet is still going on quite furiously on Fisher, while our division is attending to the Mound and water batteries. We can now see that the Mound and water batteries are changing the positions of their guns, so as to sweep the beach and Fort Fisher.

ANTICIPATED ASSAULT.

2:50 p.m.—There has no change in the operations during the past half hour. Some of the vessels are moving from the north to the south of Fisher, so as to assist the attack on the Mound, which can take the enemone parties. In a few minutes the hour for the assault will arrive. God grant that it may be successful, and that the lives of our gallant men may not be sacrificed.

THREE P. M.—A signal from the Admiral directed the vessels to change their fire from Fort Fisher to the water batteries, and in an instant the naval brigade on the beach were observed moving forward toward the fort. They had about a mile to go to reach the abattis. They had scarcely got in motion, before shells from the mound and water batteries were poured upon them. Numbers of them were seen to fall, and scores of others to start back, limping or crawling on their hands and knees. Onward, however, the main body pressed, at a double-quick, the fire momentarily increasing in its fatal effects, until the whole line of beach over which they had travelled was strewn with dead and wounded. Some had fallen so near the rolling surf that their bodies could be seen tossing up and down the beach with the advancing tide. The ditch and abattis was about one hundred yards from the ramparts, and into this they poured until it was filled to overflowing, when two guns were opened upon them, with grape and canister, from the ramparts leaving the abbatis in front of them, and adding largely to their casualties. The Rebel gunboats Chickamauga and Tallahassee came down Cape Fear River, and opened upon our left flank, while the Fort Jackson and other vessels of the enemy in the river poured in a terrible fire of shot and shell. The Rebel sharpshooters in the woods on our left flank also opened upon our men with their rifles, taking up and handing them back to be reloaded. Their whole advance could be noticed from the fort, and it was evident that the greater portion of the garrison had rushed to that side to resist them. We hoped that in resisting the sailors they left the west end of the fort more easy of access to the soldiers. To get through the abbatis under the heavy fire was next to impossible, and they were seen to retreat in order, leaving the dead and some of the wounded on the ground, but carrying most of the latter off with them. Those slightly wounded limped or crawled along on the beach out of range, and one gallant fellow was seen to fall dead while struggling along after the main body had got out of range, with a wounded officer on his back.

3:30 p.m.—At this moment three American flags greeted our anxious vision, on the rear walls of Fisher, showing that the assault by Gen. Terry on that side had been at least partially successful. We could hear the rattle of artillery on the west side of the fort, and the cannonading of our troops by the Rebel gunboats; but the whole movement of the men was invisible from the ocean, and the first evidence we had of the character of the struggle going on there was the appearance of "our flag" over the ramparts, with the blue flag of Gen. Terry.

It was a glorious and inspiriting sight, though it was evident that we only held one portion of the fort, and that a severe struggle was in progress inside. Rebel reinforcements from the Mound and water batteries to the number of 600 or 700 could be observed rushing down to Fort Fisher and climbing over the ramparts, while the Mound and water batteries poured shell into one side of the fort, and the Ironsides and the monitors poured their ponderous shells in on the other side.

5 p.m.—For the last hour and a half there has been every evidence of a tremendous struggle progressing in Fort Fisher, during which our flags entirely disappeared from the ramparts, and firing could be seen and heard on all sides of the fort. It was a time of intense anxiety in the fleet. We could do nothing but fire on the mound and the Rebel batteries to the south, which were pouring shell into the west side of the fort, which it was evident was still held by our troops.

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8 p.m.—For the past hour and a half there has been cessation in the musketry firing, but the Rebel batteries are silent.

9:30 p.m.—Our ears were greeted a few moments ago by long and enthusiastic cheering from Fort Fisher. In a few moments we were in doubt as to whether they were Rebel cheers or loyal rejoicings, though we imagined they were too hearty and free to come from Rebel throats. But doubts were soon removed by the appearance on the open of the company of one of Gen. Terry's aide-de-camps with six flaming torches commencing with Admiral Porter's flag-ship. In a few moments lights blazed all around the fort, and the cheers were repeated with a heartiness that left no doubt in our minds that it had changed owners.

10 p.m.—The Admiral commenced to throw up rockets from the flagship, which was instantly responded to, in evidence of the character of the glorious news that had been communicated to him. Every vessel in the fleet immediately responded by the burning of Roman candles, flashing of Coston's signals, and throwing up of rockets—a regular Fourth of July scene on the ocean. The hearty cheers of the sailors on the ships were responded to by the soldiers in the captured fort.

11 p.m.—All is now silent on land and sea. The signal officers are communicating on the beach.

MONDAY, Jan. 16.—We retired last night overjoyed with the glad tidings of the success of our gallant soldiers.

At the break of day this morning we were gratified with the sight of Union troops, white and colored, scrolling the ramparts of Fort Fisher, examining the guns in the water battery, and even exploring the mysteries of the mound, evidently examining the new possession with "more to redeem or make them afraid." Up and down the beach the inevitable Yankee could be seen, and all was peace and quietness where the storm of war was so lately raging.

AWFUL EXPLOSION.

While looking at Fort Fisher under the Union flag and rejoicing over its downfall, a tremendous explosion took place in its very center, sounding louder than the boom of fifteen inch guns. A volume of smoke and sand rose 50 feet in the air, enveloping and hiding from view the whole of the immense work for four or five minutes. It was at once apparent that the magazine had exploded, and that it must have been accompanied with great loss of life.

We soon after learned that the destruction of life was not less than 200, including many sailors from the fleet, who had not yet returned to their ships. It was occasioned by the carelessness of some of the colored troops. Various rumors are afloat as to this terrible catastrophe, some attributing it to the work of a traitor; but on inquiry I learn that it was undoubtedly the work of carelessness. The loss of life by the explosion, I learn, is about 200, beside quite a number wounded.

The magazine that exploded was in the very center of the parade, and it has scooped out the earth to a great depth for fifty feet around, and added to the desolation that reigns in this fort monument of engineering ability. Quite a number of sailors from the fleet, and some of the officers also, suffered from this explosion. They had gone ashore to examine the work, and fell victims to their excusable curiosity.

The Paymaster of the Contoocook and the Tioga, Geroga and an ensign from the Colorado are reported among the victims.

THE NAVAL ASSAULT.

From Lieut. Farquhar of the Santiago de Cuba, who accompanied the landing party from the Navy, I have some interesting particulars of the repulse of these gallant men. Flag-Captain Breese, accompanying the expedition with Lieut. Preston, Assistant Flag-Captain, Lieut. Benjamin H. Porter, commander of the flag ship Malvern, Lieut.-Col. Sampson of the Gettysburg, Lieut. Farquhar, Lieut. Cushing, and a large number of Acting-Masters, Ensigns and Masters' Mates.

The sailors were in three divisions, under command of Lieut.-Commander Cushman, Lieut. Selfridge and Lieut. Parker, while the marines were commanded by Capt. Dawson, of the Marine Corps. The sailors and marines, on reaching a point three-quarters of a mile from the fort, were opened upon with grape and canister from two of the embrasures, while the main portion of the garrison appeared on the parapets with muskets and rifles, and mowed down on our men. The First Division coming up first, could not get into the ditch, and consequently had no cover or protection.

They were thus compelled to order a retreat, and a large portion of the other divisions obeyed the order, leaving only about 300 under cover. They were still under the tremendous fire as they retreated, and their bodies were left strewn along the beach, together with many of the wounded—the Rebel sharpshooters interrupting themselves by firing at these unfortunate creatures. They also killed a number of the wounded in this way who fell near the ditch. Those who remained under cover behind the palisades, about 200 in number, burrowed into the sand, and there protecting themselves from the volleys that were constantly poured into them.

Among these were Flag Captain Breese, Lieut. Farquhar, of the Santiago de Cuba, and others who made their escape after dark. Ensign Dayton, of the Nereus, who had been for eleven months a prisoner along with Lieut. Preston and Lieut. Porter at Charleston, observing his two commanders fall, seized a rifle and devoted himself to revenge for the outrages inflicted him and them. When Col. Lamb, the Rebel commander of the fort was observed standing on one of the ramparts with his sword drawn and cheering on his men to resist the assault of the military, he levelled at him and saw him fall apparently dead, but he was found to be mortally wounded and is now in our hands.

Thus the naval storming party failed, not, however, through any want of bravery on the part of the gallant fellows, but owing to the fact that they had to march over a level unobstructed beach without the slightest shelter, and had thus concentrated upon them the whole power of the garrison. The moment the signal was given by Admiral Porter to the fleet to change their fire from Fort Fisher to the water batteries, the whole garrison rushed to the northern ramparts to repel the assaulting party.

They knew there were soldiers under cover in the woods, but they thought they were to follow in support of the naval brigade. They evidently had no idea that while they were repelling the assault on the north side, the army was approaching on the west side. The losses of the naval brigade were not less than 250 in killed and wounded. Flag-Lieut. Samuel W. Preston and Lieut. Benjamin H. Porter, commander of the Malvern, were both shot dead—the former by a ball through the groin, and the latter by a ball entering his right breast. Both died in the trench, and their bodies were not recovered until after the fort fell, when they were brought to the flagship.

Assistant Surgeon William Longshaw, jr., of Minnesota, who volunteered to accompany the assaulting party, persisted in exposing himself to relieve the necessities of his wounded comrades, who were shot down and died in the trenches. He is the Surgeon who volunteered to carry a hawser to the Weehawken when she was aground under the walls of Moultrie, and was subjected to a severe fire.

The number of officers wounded is unprecedented. Lieut. Wallace, of the Marine Corps, from on board the Lieut. Wallace, of the Marine Corps, from on board the Susquehannah, received a shot in the thigh, causing a compound fracture; Lieut. Cushman, of the Wabash, was wounded in the leg; Lieut.-Com. Allen, of the Tuscarora, in the arm; Lieut. Barker, of the Powhatan, in the arm; Ensign Harris, do., in the leg; Ensign Evans, do., in both legs; Lieut.-Com. Lamsden of the Gettysburg, slightly in the arm; Capt. Dawson of the Marines, slightly; Arthur F. Aldrich, Master's Mate of the Tuscarora, in the arm. Monaghan and Tallahassee were also shelling them from Cape Fear River, and altogether it was a movement of frightful interest. It soon became evident that these gallant men must retire or all be sacrificed. The abbatis and ditch formed a slight protection, but the raising of a head or the slightest exposure was sure to bring a shot from the unerring rifles of sharpshooters, who were seen standing on the parapets with piles of loaded rifles, taking up and handing them back to be reloaded. Their whole advance could be noticed from the fort, and it was evident that the greater portion of the garrison had rushed to that side to resist them. We hoped that in resisting the sailors they left the west end of the fort more easy of access to the soldiers. To get through the abbatis under the heavy fire was next to impossible, and they were seen to retreat in order, leaving the dead and some of the wounded on the ground, but carrying most of the latter off with them. Those slightly wounded limped or crawled along on the beach out of range, and one gallant fellow was seen to fall dead while struggling along after the main body had got out of range, with a wounded officer on his back.

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We could see from the fleet out little of what was going on west of the fort further than occasional glimpses of the prolonged contest, which had not closed when darkness set in, when nothing could be seen but flashes of musketry on the ramparts and in the interior of the fort.

Acting Master's Mate S. W. Kempton, of the Santiago, was sent on shore with a boat placed at the service of Gen. Terry, and being invited by one of the staff to join them in the assault, actually entered the fort with with Gen. Curtis, acting as his aid.

He represents that the assaulting party advanced while the garrison were repelling the Naval assault, and had succeeded by suddenly capturing the guard of thirty men at the sally port, manning two howitzers loaded with grape and shooting down and driving back the sharpshooters on the ramparts, in gaining an entrance and a footing on three of the mounds before the general attention of the garrison was directed to those gallant fellows engaged in this bold and hazardous work, snatched the flag from the ramparts under Butler, and have now secured the fort itself. Their supports rushed on as soon as the flag was raised, and then commenced one of the severest contests that the war has furnished, for the possession of the fort.

It appeared to have been constructed for such a contest now progressing, and each of the seventeen mounds were successfully fought for and struggled over with desperate perseverance and bravery, both by the assaulting party and the garrison.

Mound after mound was captured, until nine of the seventeen were in our postession at nine o'clock at night, when General Curtis, who led the assaulting party, determined to make one more charge on the enemy, and if that failed, to hold on to the half that was in his possession until morning. Just as he was about to make the charge the white flag was raised by the garrison, and possession given of the entire work.

The prisoners were at once placed in the bomb-proofs, and kept under guard until morning, when they were marched out, and numbered with those who escaped and were subsequently recaptured over 1,500 prisoners and 100 officers, including Maj. Gen. Whiting, commander of all the works on the coast, and Brig.-Gen. Lamb, commander of Fort Fisher, both of whom are wounded, the latter, it is thought, mortally.

The loss of the army in this assault and the subsequent contest for the possession of the work is 750 killed and wounded. The gallant Gen. Curtis who accompanied Gen. Butler, but who disagreed with him in the opinion that the fort could not be taken, led the assault, and has a painful wound over the eye. The number of guns captured in the fort and in the adjacent works, including the batteries on Zeke's Island and Mound is 22. They were all in good condition, none of them being spiked, though fourteen of the seventeen on the north front were dismounted.

The variety of guns is remarkable, embracing all the most famed varieties of English manufacture, including a 100-pounder Armstrong gun erected on a solid mahogany carriage. When it is remembered that the assault was commenced at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and that full possession of the fort was not obtained until after 9 o'clock in the evening, a period of six hours, some idea of the fierceness of the encounter may be imagined. They fought as men never before fought. The shot and shell from the mound and water batteries were pouring into the side of the fort that they they had obtained possession of, and fought with a garrison of 2,000 men familiar with every nook and corner of this vast work. The fleet could do nothing further to assist them.

The Rebels having been driven from one mound to another, finally surrendered at half past nine o'clock, the time at which we heard the first cheer from the gallant victors.

This (Monday) morning Admiral Porter, on ascertaining that Zeke's Island Battery was abandoned, sent five double-under gunboats into Cape Fear River, following the little tugboat Wilderness, from which grapples were hung to search for torpedoes. They had rounded the island, and disappeared behind the woods on their way up the river, before the Santiago sailed.

Their first object will be to establish a base in the river for the landing of supplies for the army on the peninsula. A small pier is already there, and an extensive wharf will be immediately built. The supplies now here will be carried into the Run and landed today. At present everything has to be landed in small boats through a rough surf.

The Coast Survey are also relaying all the buoys of the channel, and all the vessels of the fleet that do not draw too much water will go into the safe and secure harbor inside.

The following is a list of seamen and marines killed and wounded on the Santiago and in the naval assault. She was taken into the thickest of the fight by Capt. Gibson, and was struck four times by shells:

Wm. H. Cross, seaman killed; James Sherry, marine, wounded in the neck and thigh (reported dead); Alvin S. Warren, coxswain, wounded through the lungs; Charles McCarty, marine, wounded in the hand; John Maher, marine, wounded in the hand; Patrick McCarty, captain of the after guard, wounded in the thigh and leg; John Rether, captain of the after guard, wounded in the abdomen; Francis Monshel, landsman, wounded in the leg; Geo. S. Fisher, seaman, contusion in the thigh; Thomas Redell, landsman, wounded in the eye.

Admiral Porter's Official Report.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1865.

The following was received at the Navy Department this morning:

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP MALVERN, OFF FORT FISHER, Jan. 15, 1865.

To the Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that we have possession of Fort Fisher, and that the fall of the surrounding works will soon follow.

As I informed you in my last, we had commenced operations with the iron vessels, which bombarded while we landed the troops. On the 13th, I ordered all the vessels carrying 15-inch guns to bombard with the Ironsides, the Brooklyn taking the lead. By sunset, the fort was reduced to a pulp. Every gun was silenced by being injured or covered up with earth, so that they would not work.

On the 15th Gen. Terry and myself arranged for the assault, and I ordered 1,400 sailors and marines to participate. At daylight the iron vessels, the Brooklyn and the 11-inch gunboats commenced battering the works, while the troops made a lodgment within 150 yards of the fort. At 10 o'clock all the vessels steamed and took their stations, opening a heavy fire, which was kept up until 3 p. m., when the signal was made to assault, the soldiers taking the land side, the sailors the sea face, and the ships changing fire not stopping their fire to other works.

The Rebels met us with a courage worthy of a better cause and fought desperately. About thirty of the sailors and officers succeeded in getting to the top of the parapet amid a murderous fire of grape, canister and musketry. They had planted the flag there, but were swept away in a moment. Others tried to get up the steep parapet.

The marines could have cleared the parapet by keeping up a steady fire, but they failed to do so, and the sailors were repulsed. Many a gallant fellow fell trying to emulate their brothers-in-arms who were fighting to obtain an entrance on the north-east angle, as it appears on our charts. The enemy mistook the seamen's attack for that of the main body of troops, and opposed a most vigorous resistance there. But I witnessed it all, and I think the marines could have made the assault successful.

In the meantime our gallant soldiers had gained a foothold on the north-east corner of the fort, fighting like hons, and contesting every inch of the ground. The Ironsides and monitors kept storming their shells into the traverses not occupied by our men, but still held by the Rebels.

In this way our troops fought from traverse to traverse from three o'clock in the afternoon until ten at night, when the joyful tidings were signaled to the fleet. We stopped our fire and gave them three of the heartiest cheers I ever heard.

It has been the most terrific struggle I ever saw, and there was very much hard labor. The troops have covered themselves with glory, and Gen. Terry is my *beau ideal* of a soldier and a General. Our co-operation has been most harmonious, and I think the General will do the navy the credit to say that this time, at least, we substantially injured the fort as a defensive work.

Gen. Terry had only a few more troops than we had on the last occasion, when the enemy had only 150 men in the works. This time the works were fully manned, and contained about 800 men at the time of the assault.

It is a matter of great regret to me to see my gallant officers and men so cut up; but I was unwilling to let the troops undertake the capture of the works without the navy sharing with them the peril all were anxious to undergo, and we should have had the honor of meeting our brothers-in-arms in the works had the sailors been properly supported.

We have lost about two hundred in killed and wounded, and among them some gallant officers. I regret to announce the death of Lieut. T. W. Preston and Lieut. B. H. Porter. They were both captured together in the attack on Fort Sumter, and died together in endeavoring to pull down the flag that has so long taunted in our faces.

Lieut. R. H. Lamson was severely wounded. He was lately associated with Lieut. Preston, in his perilous adventure on the powder boat. Lieut. George M. Bache and a number of others were wounded, the former not dangerously.

The assault only took place a few hours ago, and I am unable to inform you of our casualties. They were quite severe from the assault, but we had no casualties from the enemy's cannon.

Knowing the impatience of the Department to receive news from Fort Fisher, I have written these few hurried lines. No one can conceive what the army and navy have gone through to achieve this victory, which should have been ours on Christmas day, without the loss of a dozen men.

This has been a day of terrible struggle, and is not surpassed by any event of the war.

We are all worn out nearly, and you must excuse this brief and unsatisfactory account. I will write fully by the Santiago de Cuba, which goes North to-morrow to carry the wounded.

Besides the men in Fort Fisher there were about 500 in the upper forts, and a relief of about 1,500 men was brought down by steamers this morning. So far, I believe, we have only captured the garrison of Fort Fisher.

I do not suppose there ever was a work subjected to such a terrific bombardment, or where the approach of a fort was more altered. There is not a spot of earth about the fort that has not been torn up by our shells.

I don't know yet the number of killed and wounded by our fire; but one fifteen-inch shell pierced a bomb-proof and killed sixteen and severely wounded twenty-five.

I presume we are in possession of all the forts, as Fort Fisher commands them all. It is so late now that I can learn nothing more until morning.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DAVID D. PORTER, Rear-Admiral.

Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

MORE NEWS EXPECTED.

The Government in Hourly Anticipation of Important News of Victory.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Jan. 18, 10 p. m.

The Government expects news of more and most important successes hourly.

From Mexico.

By the Havana steamer to-day we have advices from Vera Cruz to the 31st, and from the City of Mexico to the 27th of December.

The Emperor Maximilian has written a letter to his minister, Escudero, re-affirming his views as to the Church question, and announcing that though there is to be full and free toleration of religious opinion, yet the State Religion of Mexico will be that of the Roman Catholic Church.

Over one thousand soldiers and seventy musicians have landed at Vera Cruz, being the first detachment of the Austrian forces intended for Mexico.

The Count Thun has arrived, duly accredited as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Austria.

It is stated in Mexico that the Imperial Government will be recognized by the United States in March next, and this report finds credence in diplomatic circles at the capital.

The present whereabout of Juarez is uncertain; but it is supposed that he is with Gen. Patoni at Alamos, a town of Sonora.

More Juarist chiefs have, according to the Government journals, given in their adhesion to the Imperialist party.

[Advertisement.]

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[Advertisement.]

TO CURE CATARRH.—What is the Catarrh? It is a defluxion or increased secretion of mucus from the membranes of the nose, fauces and bronchiæ, with fever, sneezing, cough, thirst, lassitude, and loss of appetite, and sometimes an entire loss of taste—called also a cold. An Epidemic Catarrh is called Influenza, a chronic affection of the mucous membrane of the nostrils and fauces. To cure above, add to half a pint of cold water ten drops of DR. T. R. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER; take some of the mixture in your hand and sniff it up your nose until it comes out of your mou