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Job Printing.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ARGUS IS HAPPY to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of JOB TYPE and other new printing material, and will be in the speedy receipt of additions suited to all the requirements of the locality. HANDBILLS, POSTERS, BLANKS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLET-WORK and other kinds, done to order, on short notice.

How the Law Works.

During the past week, we believe that little, if any, liquor has been sold as a beverage in the village of Medina. Drunkenness, of which we have had such frequent occasion to complain, seems to have disappeared entirely from our streets. So far, then, so good. One week of sobriety and good order in Medina, is a wonder—and has made many a heart feel more of thankfulness than words can utter.

Indeed, it may be safely calculated, that there has been less drunkenness in the State of New York during the last week, than within any previous week within half a century. This argument is enough in favor of the utility and moral tendency of the new law, whatever may be said in regard to its constitutionality. We trust the law may lose none of its utility and power by any neglect on the part of the friends of temperance.—Medina Tribune.

The new liquor law, now in force, is generally observed throughout the State by retail dealers, and with very marked beneficial effects. Scarcely any business is done at our police office. Nine tenths of the cases heretofore, arose directly or indirectly, from drunkenness, and all these are now obviated by the law. Two complaints have been made under the law, to one of which the dealer plead guilty and was fined, and the other resulted in a fine imposed upon the purchaser for having obtained liquor from an agency by false pretences.—Rural New Yorker, Rochester.

In this village, we believe, the law is obeyed, but the saloon keepers complain bitterly of the falling off in their custom; for while they formerly took from twelve to fifteen dollars of a Saturday night, they now take but from three to five. Thus while it leaves a deficiency in the pockets of the sellers, it creates a surplus in the pockets of those who have been in the habit of buying liquor, and to the latter class this certainly cannot be a disagreeable state of things.—Jordan Transcript.

The sheriff, as we have heard, says that last year on the fourth day of July the jail was filled with persons committed for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. This year there was not one! We enquire what causes the difference? The year before the last there were more than last year. This difference between the present and past years must be attributable to some cause. We ask the doubting, in the efficacy of the Maine law, to search it out, and if it is other than the law, the people would like to know it.—Reformer, Watertown, N. Y.

So far as we have been able to learn there is a general acquiescence in the requirements of the prohibitory law in this village; especially is it said to be the case in all our first class hotels. The proprietors have set a commendable example, which it is hoped will be followed by those keeping less imposing structures. The law-abiding in other respects will be found so in this. If violations occur, it will be from those who break all laws human and divine, when they interfere with their passions and interests.—Id.

Binghamton, we believe, may be set down as a law abiding town. So far as known, no liquor has been sold since the fourth July. It is possible that liquor may be sold to some extent on the sly, but if so it will leak out eventually. We hear it intimated that one of our hotel keepers intends to commence selling in a day or two, what will be designated foreign liquors in the original packages. We think, however, that no one will be found simple enough to be caught trying such a dodge. Our liquor dealers have been selling their wares according to law for a long while, and now the law having been changed so as to protect community instead of the dealers, they must obey it, and stop selling.

There has not a day passed for months, until last week, but what drunken men have been staggering through our village. Two men were found intoxicated at the celebration on Thursday, on liquor purchased previously. With these exceptions no case of drunkenness in town since the fourth. The friends of the law are vigilant, and determined that it shall be respected.—Binghamton Standard.

We are glad to learn that the practical operations of the Maine law have so far been productive of good. In our village, as indeed is the case in all country places, the sale of liquor has been relinquished, the low groggeries have closed their bars, and their frequenters ask in vain for their accustomed beverage. We are pleased to note this change, and so far as the Maine law does good, so far we can and will uphold it.—Republican, Albion, N. Y.

As far as all appearances go, the success of the success of the Maine law in Penn Yan has thus far been almost perfect. Scarcely a solitary case of drunkenness has occurred, and the old haunts of tipplers are mostly deserted. The former dealers in liquor have apparently all acquiesced quietly in the operation of the law, and allow it to meet with no obstruction. They are entitled to the credit of having behaved exceedingly well; and every body is delighted with the quiet that reigns. For one week Penn Yan has been emphatically a sober town. Thus the law vindicates itself, and grows strong in public confidence. Every day of the

The Oregon Argus.

W. L. ADAMS, Editor and Proprietor.

AMERICA—Knows naught of golden promises of Miss; Knows naught of Coronets, and Stars, and Strings.

SUBSCRIPTION, Five Dollars a Year.

VOL. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855. NO. 20.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The Allies Yet Before Sebastopol!

Death of Lord Raglan.

Details of the Defeat of the Allies on the 18th of June.

present state of things adds to its strength and renders its repeal still more impracticable. None but the most hardened and indifferent to the welfare of the community could wish to hinder the success of this beneficial law.—Yates Co. Whig.

The Bath (Me.) Tribune gives the following testimony for the Maine Law:

"In conversation with the Marshal and others of our police, we were informed that the utmost tranquility reigns throughout the city. The midnight brawl and drunken row is scarcely known. An intemperate person has become a rare event, and beneath the benign influences of the Maine Law and a faithful police, our lock-up lacks tenants, and the police court, business. Compared with the corresponding month last year, the proportion of disturbances calling for the interference of authorities during the month last past, is said to have been wonderfully small. Our Marshal is sanguine, that, from having an unenviable name in this particular, among our sister cities and towns, we shall, ere long, come to be a model for them.

The Indiana prohibitory law works well. The press of that State speaks encouragingly of its good effects already, in suppressing rowdiness, etc. etc.—Cuyuga Chief.

Andrew Marshall, the Negro Preacher.

A correspondent of the New York Recorder, writing from Savannah, says:

"On Sabbath morning I attended divine service at the Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Dr. Preston is pastor. He was absent, and his place was supplied by a New England minister. The building is very fine, of granite brought from Maine, and the interior is a noble temple. In the afternoon I determined to hear the renowned Andrew Marshall, the veteran pastor of the African Baptist church. This soldier of the cross has a world wide fame, and a very interesting notice of his pulpit service may be found in Sir Charles Lyell's travels. Mr. Marshall's church is a fair old building, and in its interior much resembles a New England old country meeting house.

"I looked round upon the congregation, and noticed that the audience, without exception, was well dressed; the women chiefly wore head-dresses of Malra's handkerchiefs, though many had bonnets, and most of the men wore gloves. Mr. Marshall, I should observe, is in his 100th year; his hair is as white as snow, his countenance mild, without any wrinkles to mark decrepitude or decay. His voice is one of great sweetness and power; he read his hymn without spectacles—and such reading! In sober truth, I know no northern Doctor who can read as well. It was read as Staughton used to read, and those who remember that style of giving out psalmody, will long to hear Andrew Marshall. I came to church expecting to hear a wreck of a preacher—a negro preacher. I found in the pulpit a master in Israel. Age has not touched his faculties; his mind is as vigorous, and his workings are as true and faithful as are the intellects of men of 30 or 40 years of age.—He preached for an hour an expository sermon on the man out of whom Christ expelled the devils who were permitted to go into the herd of swine.

"Mr. Marshall's sermon will remain in my memory associated with the discourses of great men.—The exposition was scriptural, argumentative, full of imagination and abounding in wit, yet all in keeping with the place. I was reminded all through the sermon of three great preachers in the old country, each eminent in his peculiar way. I refer to Rowland Hill, Christmas Evans and Wm. Jay. Marshall has much of the wit which characterized the dean of Surrey chapel, while the graphic sketching of the Welch Demosthenes, and the admirable colloquial style of Jay are all found throughout his sermon. The noble preacher made more points of power in that hour than I have heard in any sermon for five years. I regard him as the most astonishing preacher I have ever listened to, when his age, his social position, and his illiteracy are all considered. No pulpit in New York or Boston but would have been honored by such a sermon.

The limits of a letter will not permit me to give an outline of the sermon, but it will live in my memory, and its illustration would have been a stock in trade for a tyro in theology, and many a spig in divinity. Mr. Marshall's voice is euphonious, his manner dignified. Nothing but his white hair indicates his age, and I should never have supposed him more than sixty-five, had I not been informed. I must not forget his prayer; it was man talking with God, reverently wrestling with God. He saw the portals of the city—he had been often at its gates, and it seemed as if he knew the holy ones. Among the hearers were several white ladies and gentlemen, and I was glad to meet there with the Hon. Francis Granger and his daughter. They both unite with me in my appreciation of the preacher, and Mr. Granger told me that he thought the reading of the hymn was one of the most impressive exhibitions of sacred oratory he had ever witnessed.

Mr. Marshall drove General Washington from Virginia to Savannah, and he observed that during the entire journey he never saw him smile.

A paragraph from the Good Samaritan, published at Galveston, Texas:

"We are informed by one of our citizens, who has just returned from a tour through Middle and Eastern Texas, as far as San Augustine, that he saw but one intoxicated man during his whole journey; and that the prohibitory liquor law question was paramount, and seemed to have absorbed all others among the people. That nearly every candidate for the Legislature, thus far announced, had declared in favor of this question. This statement is in accordance with all the information we receive from all parts of the State. The truth is, that the people have deliberately determined to carry out this question, and there are but few men who dare venture their success of an election in opposition to it."

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Mr. Stow, the commissioner sent by the London Times to the Crimea, to administer the balance of the Hospital Fund, fell sick from over exertion, and routine excluded him from the very hospitals he was visiting. He was carried in a scorching sun to the church at Balaklava, where he died a victim of official inhumanity.

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On the 5th July the bulk of the Allied squadron was off Cronstadt.

Details of the Great Assault.

[Correspondence of The London News.] BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, JUNE 18, 1855.

Ten days or more before this reaches you the electric telegraph will have given you the news that Sebastopol has been again bombarded and stormed—unsuccessfully. Soften down the humiliating fact as that obedient messenger may, I have to report the naked truth, and apprise you that we have received an unredeemed and undeniable check, which not inadequately balances accounts between the enemy and ourselves for at least one of our three general actions fought and won since we set foot in the Crimea. If to smooth away the unpleasant results of a defeat by concealing losses on our own side and underrating brave deeds performed and substantial benefits gained by the enemy, were in any way compatible with the duty of one on whom some, at least, of the home public are dependent for their knowledge of what occurs here, I might attempt to give a softening coloring to the affair which would be more "official" than straightforward in the element of naked truth. Baste us have been, however, as the following unvarnished narrative of the whole matter from first to last will establish—in the face of every statement to the contrary, from those whom either official or other unwillingness to own the fact may induce to represent otherwise.

In one of the closing paragraphs of my last letter I mentioned that camp rumor and significant movement of troops toward the front, justified the expectation of early and decisive action against the town; and the mail that bore my dispatch was not half way across the Black Sea before the guns along the whole line of attack opened fire for a third general bombardment. This took place about dawn yesterday morning, when a shower of heavy shot and shell began to be poured down upon the devoted works of the Malakoff and Redan, which seemed to render it impossible for any men who ever breathed to work replying guns for an hour. Work them, however, the Russians did; and till well on the forenoon they gave us a "Roland for an Oliver" from every embrasure from which they could point a gun. About noon their fire slackened, and from the Malakoff especially—on which the French were keeping up a perfect flood of shot and shell from the adjacent Mamelon—only an odd discharge from a solitary couple of guns replied to the storm that burst from along the line of the Allies' batteries; the Redan was rather bricker, but before sundown it too seemed to have received its *quies* from the well-directed fire of our own batteries on its front, and the belief was general that its guns were deprived of further power for harm. The Russian shipping still lay out in the harbor, in a position of very tempting exposure; but a request having been made to Lord Raglan, early in the day, to spare them on the ground of their being sick on board, his lordship, with his usual and characteristic readiness to comply with the wishes of the hostile general, gave orders to that effect, and the six liners, and eight or ten steamers and smaller craft, floated safely through the storm that raged around. Five hundred rounds a gun had been served round to the batteries, and from this ample store was poured out an incessant shower of shot and shell—mainly against the Malakoff and Redan—which fell as thickly within the enemy's enclosures as any anti-Muscovite spectator from the heights in front of our division could desire. In fact the reverberating thunders of the discharges broke upon the ear not in single sounds, but in one long deafening rumble in which it was difficult to distinguish the separate peals. The Victoria (French) rocket battery kept sending its terribly messengers meanwhile into the town and occasionally among the shipping, but with what result in the latter direction I was unable to ascertain. The plan of the allied Generals being to effectually silence the two main works of the enemy before storming, the fire was vigorously kept up with both shot and shell till sunset,

When the practice was confined to the mortars by which, however, the enemy received a sufficiently warm continuation of explosive compliments from both ourselves and the French.

Such, in brief, was the character of the bombardment throughout the day—unrelenting, and apparently in every way satisfactory in its results. So far as I can ascertain at this early hour after the unfortunate affair, the original design of the allied generals was to make a joint attack upon the Malakoff—which taken, the Redan could be no longer held by the enemy. The English were to assault it on the southwest side, while the French stormed on the northeast, another column simultaneously making a feint against the Redan, to keep those of its flanking guns which might be still unsilenced from annoying the assailants of the Malakoff. Our force to be engaged was to consist of three attacking parties of 400 each, and the same number of working parties of 800 each. Such was the arrangement so far as anything was known of it among the *guidances* of the camp till late last evening. It then, however, became rumored that the whole plan had been altered, and that the French were to have the Malakoff to themselves, while we made a threefold attack on the Redan at its salient and two re-entrant angles. This was the case. Our force was to consist of four columns, one for each of the points of attack, composed of an engineer officer and ten sappers, a covering party of one hundred rifles, fifty men with wool bags, 100 (sailors) with scaling-ladders, 400 main stormers, a supporting force of 800, and a working party of 400, with a fourth to advance and threaten the enemy's works at the head of the Dock-yard Creek and, if possible, effect a lodgment in the ruined buildings on that side of the town. Accordingly about midnight the troops told off for these services paraded and marched down from the camp by the ravines which lead from the front to the several directions above mentioned. I should remark that the 23d Regiment had been chosen to lead the storming; but shortly after 2 o'clock—an hour before the affair began—Gen. Airey succeeded in having his honor transferred to the 34th, his own old regiment, with what result will be seen.

About 3 o'clock the French advanced to the attack of the Malakoff, and a few minutes after the signal was made for our own rush on the Redan. By some unaccountable blundering the covering party got ahead of the stormers, to whom report attributes no great haste in advancing, and immediate confusion was the result. Equally unaccountable is the fact that, instead of making for their assigned points of attack at the three angles above specified, the parties jumbled into one, and in this state moved on into fire. Fearful then was the reception that awaited them. From out every embrasure—whose guns we had ironed thought silenced during the day—an iron shower of grape and canister was vomited forth with desolating effect, knocking down dozens for every gun, and adding panic to the previously existing confusion. I may mention in partial explanation, that many of the men present were raw recruits, recently drafted from the depots in England; but even had they been veterans of many a hard-fought campaign, they could have not advanced under so terrific and annihilating a storm as met them along the whole front. Seeing the sad plight of the stormers and their coverers, the supporting party then dashed on to join them; but they too were compelled, with sadly shattered ranks, to seek shelter behind the broken breastworks of the old Russian trenches before the Redan, where they lay for several hours interchanging rifle shots with the enemy's musketeers, who swarmed within and along the parapets of the work. Seeing everything lost, the commanders of the several parties gave the order to retire early in the morning, but that was found impracticable till our guns, by a terrific fire had drawn off the enemy's pieces from their grape and canister practice, when our men were gradually enabled to escape back out of fire, and so off the field altogether—mauled and cut up more than they would have been after an ordinary general action, and this without having done a single injury of importance to the enemy. The fourth column, under Gen. Eyre, had in the meantime effected the proposed lodgment so completely that they got in and could not get out, except at the cost of running the gauntlet of a similar fusillade of grape to that which had swept down so many of their comrades.—They remain there at this moment, I believe, and can only hope to escape during the night.

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Death of Lord Raglan.

Lord Raglan expired at the headquarters of the army, on the 28th June. For some days previously his Lordship had been suffering from indigestion, but until 4 p. m. on the 28th he progressed to the satisfaction of his medical attendants. Afterwards alarming symptoms developed themselves, attended with difficulty of breathing, which gradually increased. From 5 p. m. he was unconscious, and from that period he gradually sunk until 25 minutes before 9, at which hour he died. The event has plunged the whole army into the most profound grief. Maj. Gen. Simpson had succeeded to the temporary command.

Lord Raglan had been the commander in chief of the English forces ever since they arrived in the East. He was an old Waterloo soldier, was attached to Lord Wellington's staff, and a man of up-to-date bravery and great discretion. Such duty as he has been called upon to perform for a year past, and such complaints and disappointments as he has been compelled to endure, were quite enough to destroy any man but the "Iron Duke."

Miscellaneous News.

There are rumors that Pelissier is about to be superseded.

Pelissier's latest despatch, of July 4, says his works are progressing satisfactorily. Russian deserters report that the Malakoff tower is mined.

French letters of June 22 say that the army was full of confidence. The approaches were pushing forward to the Malakoff Tower.

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On the 5th July the bulk of the Allied squadron was off Cronstadt.

Details of the Great Assault.

[Correspondence of The London News.] BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, JUNE 18, 1855.

Ten days or more before this reaches you the electric telegraph will have given you the news that Sebastopol has been again bombarded and stormed—unsuccessfully. Soften down the humiliating fact as that obedient messenger may, I have to report the naked truth, and apprise you that we have received an unredeemed and undeniable check, which not inadequately balances accounts between the enemy and ourselves for at least one of our three general actions fought and won since we set foot in the Crimea. If to smooth away the unpleasant results of a defeat by concealing losses on our own side and underrating brave deeds performed and substantial benefits gained by the enemy, were in any way compatible with the duty of one on whom some, at least, of the home public are dependent for their knowledge of what occurs here, I might attempt to give a softening coloring to the affair which would be more "official" than straightforward in the element of naked truth. Baste us have been, however, as the following unvarnished narrative of the whole matter from first to last will establish—in the face of every statement to the contrary, from those whom either official or other unwillingness to own the fact may induce to represent otherwise.

In one of the closing paragraphs of my last letter I mentioned that camp rumor and significant movement of troops toward the front, justified the expectation of early and decisive action against the town; and the mail that bore my dispatch was not half way across the Black Sea before the guns along the whole line of attack opened fire for a third general bombardment. This took place about dawn yesterday morning, when a shower of heavy shot and shell began to be poured down upon the devoted works of the Malakoff and Redan, which seemed to render it impossible for any men who ever breathed to work replying guns for an hour. Work them, however, the Russians did; and till well on the forenoon they gave us a "Roland for an Oliver" from every embrasure from which they could point a gun. About noon their fire slackened, and from the Malakoff especially—on which the French were keeping up a perfect flood of shot and shell from the adjacent Mamelon—only an odd discharge from a solitary couple of guns replied to the storm that burst from along the line of the Allies' batteries; the Redan was rather bricker, but before sundown it too seemed to have received its *quies* from the well-directed fire of our own batteries on its front, and the belief was general that its guns were deprived of further power for harm. The Russian shipping still lay out in the harbor, in a position of very tempting exposure; but a request having been made to Lord Raglan, early in the day, to spare them on the ground of their being sick on board, his lordship, with his usual and characteristic readiness to comply with the wishes of the hostile general, gave orders to that effect, and the six liners, and eight or ten steamers and smaller craft, floated safely through the storm that raged around. Five hundred rounds a gun had been served round to the batteries, and from this ample store was poured out an incessant shower of shot and shell—mainly against the Malakoff and Redan—which fell as thickly within the enemy's enclosures as any anti-Muscovite spectator from the heights in front of our division could desire. In fact the reverberating thunders of the discharges broke upon the ear not in single sounds, but in one long deafening rumble in which it was difficult to distinguish the separate peals. The Victoria (French) rocket battery kept sending its terribly messengers meanwhile into the town and occasionally among the shipping, but with what result in the latter direction I was unable to ascertain. The plan of the allied Generals being to effectually silence the two main works of the enemy before storming, the fire was vigorously kept up with both shot and shell till sunset,

When the practice was confined to the mortars by which, however, the enemy received a sufficiently warm continuation of explosive compliments from both ourselves and the French.

Such, in brief, was the character of the bombardment throughout the day—unrelenting, and apparently in every way satisfactory in its results. So far as I can ascertain at this early hour after the unfortunate affair, the original design of the allied generals was to make a joint attack upon the Malakoff—which taken, the Redan could be no longer held by the enemy. The English were to assault it on the southwest side, while the French stormed on the northeast, another column simultaneously making a feint against the Redan, to keep those of its flanking guns which might be still unsilenced from annoying the assailants of the Malakoff. Our force to be engaged was to consist of three attacking parties of 400 each, and the same number of working parties of 800 each. Such was the arrangement so far as anything was known of it among the *guidances* of the camp till late last evening. It then, however, became rumored that the whole plan had been altered, and that the French were to have the Malakoff to themselves, while we made a threefold attack on the Redan at its salient and two re-entrant angles. This was the case. Our force was to consist of four columns, one for each of the points of attack, composed of an engineer officer and ten sappers, a covering party of one hundred rifles, fifty men with wool bags, 100 (sailors) with scaling-ladders, 400 main stormers, a supporting force of 800, and a working party of 400, with a fourth to advance and threaten the enemy's works at the head of the Dock-yard Creek and, if possible, effect a lodgment in the ruined buildings on that side of the town. Accordingly about midnight the troops told off for these services paraded and marched down from the camp by the ravines which lead from the front to the several directions above mentioned. I should remark