

IN FAIR AUSTRALIA.

BY T. TALMAGE IMPRESSED BY ITS BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR.

History Nation, the Magnificent Gate to a Wonderful Country—A Beautiful Picture of the Breaching Day—Sweet Voices of the Postoffice Chimes.

[Copyright, St. Louis, Kluge, 1894.]

SYDNEY, Aug. 7.—Fetched, shken, twisted, hung, sickened, bruised, discolored, unrolled, are some of the words which describe our feelings while crossing the channel at Calais from France to England, but that, instead of the hour and a half, it would be four days and a half. It was worse than we expected and worse than usual. We had nearly six days of it. The only alleviation of the voyage was the captain, who was jolly at the time to be jolly, serious at the time to be serious and deeply religious at all times.

Converted in a Presbyterian church in New Zealand, he has become a flaming evangel, preaching on board his steamer once or twice every Sabbath. Our rough sea experience prepared us for full appreciation of one of the brightest panoramas of the land and sky that ever unrolled before mortal vision. Captain Neville said to us, "We will soon be in sight of the Australian coast, and when we approach the harbor of Sydney come up on my bridge, and I will point out to you the objects of interest."

"Thank you," was our reply to the unusual invitation, for sea captains do not ordinarily like to have company on the steamer's bridge. In a few moments we climbed to the side of the captain. Great walls of rock built by the eternal God reached along the coast and stopped only wide enough apart to allow ships to enter and to keep the boisterous ocean out.

"Yonder," said the captain, "is the retreat in the rocks which in the twilight deceived the captain of the Duncan Dunbar to mistake it for the harbor and to aim for it, crashing into destruction. All on board perished save one man, who was picked up after he had floated down onto the shelving."

Safely we rode in between the two great brown pillars of Hawkesbury sandstone, and then began the revelation of a harbor such as nowhere else in the world is to be found. The whole scene is an "Odyssey," a "Divina Commedia," an "Old Testament" and a New Testament of grandeur and loveliness. You cannot for a moment relax your energy of watching without missing something which you cannot see again. The white palaces of the merchant princes of Sydney shine through the foliage of the trees. Dipping to the bay are gardens abloom in winter and lawns with an emerald like tinge to the fourth layer of the wall of heaven. Tropical plants and tropical flowers stand side by side with the growths of more rigorous climates.

Vineyards and orange groves, pomegranates and guavas and pineapples growing in a revelry of luxuriance. Norfolk pines palm, Moreton bay fig and Eucalyptus trees, stretch their scepters over the scene. Complete bewitchment of landscape! "Steady!" cried the captain to the man at the wheel. "Steady!" But no observer can keep very steady while watching this ever changing, ever inspiring, ever enchanting scene. "Yonder is the monastery. Yonder, just coming in sight, is the admiral's house. Yonder is the university. Yonder are the old prisons. There is the governor's residence." Here, sweeping up close to our steamer, are launches with excursionists. Yonder are sailing boats so small they suggest fluttering sea gulls. While the area of the harbor is said to be nine square miles, the water line of it, if followed up and down all its inlets, would be 1,200 miles. The rippling waters kiss the beach, and the beach embraces the bay. At the next turn of our steamer's wheel more grandeur of island and harbor and inlet and promontory. Oh, how the marine loveliness played "hide and seek" amid the islands! Five grim batteries pointing their Armstrong guns at us, but only in play. "Yonder," says the captain, "is a French steamer, yonder an American and yonder an Englishman."

Sydney harbor is so broad and honest that no pilot was needed to come on board. Room here for all the navies of the earth to ride in and secrete themselves so that they could not be found without much search. Room for the Great Easterns of the past and the Companies of the present to wheel without peril. Room to welcome all the centuries and generations and ages which are yet to drop anchor in its clear depths. He only belittles and belittles and belittles Sydney harbor who compares it to the bay of Naples or the entrance to Rio Janeiro.

God works by no model, and this harbor was of divine origination. He works with rocks and waters and skies as easily as architects work with pencil and rule and compass, and he intended this harbor not to be a repetition of anything that had ever been done and to make it impossible for any human engineering or landscape gardening or horticulture to imitate. It is a winding meander, an unfolding glory, a transcendental illustration of what omnipotence can do in the architecture of a coast gate.

The day we entered it clouds of all hues were looking down into its mirror, hundreds of all styles were walking its rippling pavement; grandeur of all degrees were rolling across its crystalline highway. On the captain's bridge we stood until near enough to the wharf to see the deposition of olivines and prominent citizens who were waiting to come aboard to greet us, and when they dropped the cabin of the steamer and advanced us in welcoming words we were enveloped by our own feelings to reply. "Brothers and friends, after sailing against head winds and over very rough seas, it is most delightful to get

into this beautiful harbor of Sydney and into the still more beautiful harbor of Christian fellowship."

But I was up before daybreak next morning looking at the harbor. The window of my room in the Australia hotel takes in the enchantment, and I watched the coming of the day into the harbor. The whole sky first took on a pallor not sickly, but beautiful, as though there were white wings from the other side shining through. Then there came orations, and deep indignation, and irradations, and sad music of color, and unrolling scrolls prophetic of micro light, and somber and holy gleams, and rhapsodies of advancing day, and then banners of victory over the darkness. Then in this wall of heaven the gates began to swing open. It was no sudden swinging back of the panels of fire. There was no grinding of the gates on the amethystine hinges; there was no clang of bolts hurled back from the imperial portals, but a slow and gradual and overpowering movement that made me feel there was more to come, and I wondered if I could endure the expanding vision. As I looked into the gate I saw what I described to my son afterward as a scepter, a scepter of great length and brilliance, such a scepter as no earthly emperor ever had in his throne room. The handle of the scepter had all the colors of the prism. The edges of it were translucent. The point of it was tipped with a waving light all the time changing. Yet what a scepter! What king would dare to handle it? What monarch would dare to lift it? But while I wondered the question was answered. The king of day, the rising sun, took hold of it, and the scepter which I had seen a few seconds before lying on the shelf of heaven was first hoisted, as though to command the hidden glories of the skies to come down, and then it was pointed to the harbor as the place of their destination, and on that sapphire of the waves both the scepter that I had seen and the crown of the king who took it were put down, and from green island to green island, and from beach to beach, and all up and down the promontories, and from sky to water, and from water to sky, it was morning in Sydney harbor.

Have you ever realized that there is only one being in the universe who can scoop out and mold and buttress and fabricate a harbor? At Napier, New Zealand, where we sailed in and staid only long enough for an hour and a half's address, hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended in building a breakwater. And so at Gisborne and at different points on the Australian coast harbors have been constructed by human hands, but the storms looked at these defiant ramparts, and in the night tumbled the costly works into the Pacific. Harbor building is the reserved right of the heavens. Gates of palaces and gates of fortresses may be turned out from earthly foundries or pounded together by hammers of human mechanism, but an ocean gate like that near which I am now seated needs omnipotence and omniscience and infinity to plan and construct it.

No one but the Eternal knows where such a gate is needed. He sees the history of a continent before it is populated, and he only can decide where its front door ought to be hoisted and swung. Besides that the gate must correspond with the size and greatness of the main building. The door of the Madeleine church would be absurd at the front of a Quaker meeting house. Bronze and gold would make an inappropriate entrance to a rookery. Such an entrance to Australia as Sydney harbor would be something for all time and eternity to jeer at if the country thus entered were not something immeasurable for wealth, resource and grand opportunity. Had I known nothing of the history of Australia what I saw between the doorposts of this harbor and the wharf of our disembarkation would have convinced me of the present and coming opulence of this fifth continent of the world.

With such an ocean gate I am not surprised that Australia is 14 times as large as France and 33 times as large as England, Scotland and Wales. It has been estimated as capable of supporting 100,000,000 people. All wealth of mining and agriculture and commerce and art and scenery are here. Caves larger than the Mammoth cave of Kentucky; lakes like Como, Lucerne and Geneva; a botany so rich in flowers that Captain Cook called one of the entrances Botany bay; whole Pennsylvanias of coal mines, discovered by a shipwrecked sailor in 1797, but now defying the crowbars of the earth to take one-half of their treasures and having enough material to warm a continent and keep aglow the steamship furnaces of an ocean; enough sheep pasture in the vales and on the hills to clothe with their wool whole nations. These sheep, killed and frozen in refrigerators here, are transferred in carts which are refrigerators and carried across the seas to the refrigerators of Europe and Asia, so that while I write this letter, almost within sound of the bleating flocks of this sheep raising country, the legs of Australian mutton hang in London markets, and the inhabitants of India are breakfasting on lamb chops brought from the banks of Sydney harbor. One sheep paddock nearly 200 miles square!

So much of these colonies is in the tropics that they will have a capacity when fully developed to yield enough sugar to sweeten the beverages of the earth, and raise enough tea to soothe the nerves and stimulate the conversation of the social groups of all zones, and produce enough cotton to clothe hemispheres; enough iron to be brought up from the cellar of these colonies to rail track the planet; copper and lead, silver and gold waiting for resurrection; sapphires and rubies, topaz and chrysoberyls ready to flash and burn on the bosom of the world's beauty. Coppe's creek yielded in one year \$5,000 diamonds.

Do you say that vast regions are not arable, but a desert? Yes, but boring underneath the sand and rock discover-

ed water which is only waiting to be called up to irrigate the surface. What irrigation has done for Egypt and China and is doing for the American desert will be done for the idle acreage of Australia. It has been demonstrated again and again that better than the rainfall it is to have waters gathered into reservoirs, and so droughts and freshets are avoided, and when you want water you turn it on, and when you want it to stop you turn it off. If you say there are not enough hills in Australia to pour down the water upon the lands, I reply by asking, Where is the power of machinery? Science and enterprise will invent a pump that could spout up the subterranean and hidden rivers, lakes and oceans of Australia. Irrigation will yet abolish the American desert, the Arabian desert, the great Sahara desert and the Australian desert. All hail to the agriculture and mining and merchandize and manufacture and art and opulence and religion of the coming generations of Australia! After awhile America, the focus of emigration from all lands, will be occupied, and then, if not before, Australia will call the millions of the earth who want more room and better chance and easier livelihood to pass through the same ocean gate that opened for us a few days ago, and to feel the welcome blooming from the same skies, and reaching out from the same Hawkesbury sandstone, and breathing in the balsamic atmosphere, and flashing from the depths of the same matchless harbor.

While dictating this letter to a stenographer in Sydney and looking off upon its harbor I hear the chimes of the bells from the tower of the postoffice. It is the only postoffice that I have ever known to be graced by such a charm of harmonies. But how appropriate, for the postoffice of every city rings out more music or tolls more sadness than any other building. There are the piles of letters with joyful tidings and hilarious surprises and marriage announcements, and every postoffice ought to have a chime of wedding bells. But every postoffice has piles of letters with stories of sadness and bereavement and loss and death and burial, and therefore such a building ought to have bells to sound the knell and bells to toll the grief. Ring on, ye bells of Sydney postoffice, and sound over yonder harbor your merriment or sadness! Four times every hour that tower showers its chimes. At each quarter hour the air is stirred with its melodies, but at the close of each full hour the effect is very peculiar. Tinkle and clash and jingle and roll go the sweet metallic voices, as much as to say: "Be cheery while the moments go by. Move as briskly as you can and let the passing moments keep step with the sounding joy." But, while you are listening, suddenly there comes in the mighty stroke of the postoffice clock in deepest and most reverberating tone, letting you know that one more hour of time is forever past, and it sounds solemn and tremendous, as though at every stroke it said of the hour just departed: "Gone! Gone! Gone!"

The deep bass of that last sound overpowering the merry soprano that preceded it. So the gladness and solemnities commingle. But perhaps I may have misinterpreted the utterances of that heavy and mighty clock in the postoffice tower. It seemed like the death-knell of the hour and seemed to say, "Gone, gone!" But, now that I think it over, that bell might have been in a different mood from what I thought, for bells have moods, and they weep, and they laugh, and they dance, and they groan. It may be that the resounding and overpowering stroke in that tower might have been one of invitation, and that because this harbor is the ocean gate of an almost infinite of opportunity, and the mines are waiting for more crowbars, and the pastures are waiting for more flocks, and the hillsides are waiting for more cities, and the picturesque is waiting for more artists, and the fields are waiting for more plows, and the printing presses are waiting for more authors, and the flora is waiting for more botanists, and the skies are waiting for more astronomers, and the churches are waiting for more worshippers, and these lands are waiting for more occupants, and this harbor is waiting for more merchantmen, the bell of the postoffice tower is really sending forth a welcome word to the people of all lands and the voyagers of all seas, saying, "Come, come, come!"

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The Gold Fever. "I was a resident of San Francisco in 1848 when the gold fever struck that part of the country," said Matthew L. Farrell, one of the pioneers of California, "and it seemed as though all the people went wild with excitement. As soon as it became known that gold had been discovered men hastened to sell their real estate and merchandise that they might obtain means to journey to the gold diggings. Rowboats worth \$50 were sold for \$500 to those wishing to sail up the bay into the Sacramento river. The price of shovels and picks jumped from \$1 to \$10. Stores were run on credit for bottles, vials and brass tubes to hold the gold when found. "In less than two months San Francisco was as if swept by a pestilence. Three-fourths of the male population had gone to the mines. Real estate dropped fully one-half in value, and the same happened to all merchandise not used in the mines. Labor rose tenfold in price. Negro waiters received \$10 a day and cooks \$15, but even such wages as these could not induce the eager gold seekers to remain in the city. Nearly every one went to try his luck. Some made their fortunes, but many came back a good deal poorer than when they started."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dreamy Eyes. "Hast' she wonderful dreamy eyes?" "Y-a-a-a," replied Willie Whittier, "she has indeed. Least evening when I called on her she could hardly keep from going to sleep right in my presence."—Washington Star.

Hood's Saved

I Can Honestly Say This



Mr. W. B. Young, Potter's Mills, Pa. "For years I was in a serious condition with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and bladder. I suffered intensely from dyspepsia, in fact was a miserable wreck, merely a skeleton. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did more for me than all prescriptions. I have gradually regained perfect health, am entirely free from catarrh of the bowels, and pain in my back. My recovery is simply marvelous." W. B. Young, Potter's Mills, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Hood's Pills cure distress after eating.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for Burns, Caked & Inflamed Udders, Piles, Rheumatic Pains, Bruises and Strains, Running Sores, Inflammations, Stiff joints, Harness & Saddle Sores, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Blisters, Insect Bites, All Cattle Ailments, All Horse Ailments, All Sheep Ailments, Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy. Rub in Vigorously. Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man of Beast well again.

University of Oregon

EUGENE. Next session begins the 17th of September, 1894. Tuition, free. Board, \$2.50 a week. Five Courses: Classical, Scientific, Literary, English and Business. DORMITORY. The Boarding Hall for young ladies and the Boarding Hall for young gentlemen will be under the personal supervision of Mrs. Munra, a lady of refinement and large experience. For catalogue address J. J. WALTON, Secy. Eugene. 7-27-2m

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Willamette University The most complete and best equipped music school on the northwest coast. University standards. Latest methods and thorough work. Diplomas given on completion of course. First term begins September 15, 1894. Z. M. FARVIN, Mus. Doc., Director.

KINDERGARTEN

MRS. C. M. OGLE WILL OPEN A KINDERGARTEN IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH PARLOR ON OCTOBER 1, 1894.

EAST SALEM KINDERGARTEN

Central Chapel, State and 18th sts. MISS LULA COOVER will open the East Salem Kindergarten, Sept. 24, 1894. Pupils between 3 and 7 years of age will be received. 6-11-94

HOUSE PAINTING, DECORATING, HARD WOOD FINISHING.

Can give good references. Estimates furnished on application. Office in corner of 1st and 2nd Sts. Phone 11-42

SCHOOL TEXT-BOOK PETITION.

To the State Board of Education: Protest Against Changes in Text-Books or Any Contract Fixing Prices for the Next Six Years:

Governor Penoyer, Secretary of State McBride and State Superintendent of Public Instruction McElroy, acting as the State Board of Education of Oregon:

SIRS:—Your petitioners, patrons of the public schools, taxpayers and citizens of Oregon, respectfully petition you to take no action to bring about adoption of new series of public school text books under the law passed by the legislature, nor to enter into any contract at present publishers prices adopting the text books now in use, or those that might be authorized by your board at present prices, such prices to be fixed and maintained by the publishers for the next six years, as specified in that law.

In view of the fact that by state publication the people of California are obtaining public school text books at an average price of about thirty cents apiece for the entire series needed in the common schools, or about one-half what we pay in Oregon, we demand state publication at the earliest day possible.

Table with columns for NAMES and a blank space for signatures.

[Cut out the above form of petition, sign and address it to one of the state board of education, or mail it to THE JOURNAL and it will be published and forwarded to the board with others. Men and women should sign this petition in protest against perpetuating the present system of high-priced text books for six years to come.]

1894. WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.

Oldest, Highest and Most Extended Institution of Learning in Pacific Northwest.

Sixteen Courses of Instruction, through Academic and College to Theology, Law and Medicine. Splendid Courses for Training in Teaching, Business, Art, Education and Music. Several Post Graduate Courses. Stronger and better than ever! It's Woman's College affords an ideal home for young ladies with unsurpassed facilities for their care and training.

The School Year Opens September 13, 1894.

For Year Book, address President W. C. HAWLEY.

For financial information, address Rev. J. H. ROORK, Agent, Salem Oregon.

9-3-1m F. W. SETTLEMIER } ESTABLISHED 1863. { 225 Acres; 3,000,000 J. H. SETTLEMIER } Trees; 1,000,000 Plant

THE WOODBURN NURSERIES

Have the largest and most complete assortment of FRUIT and SHADE TREES, EVERGREENS, ROSES RUBS CLIMBING PLANTS, Etc

On the North Pacific Coast.

—We have—

145 different varieties of Apples, 167 of Roses and other stock in proportion. Send for Catalogue.

J. H. Settlemier & Son, Woodburn, Oregon.

GRAY BROS., Hardware, Wagons, Carts, Road Machinery AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Latest Improved Goods and Lowest Prices. SALEM OREGON, N. W. Cor. State and Liberty Sts.

Take the One Cent Daily

An Oregon Newspaper—California news does not suit you—Eastern papers will not answer—This is distinctively the Oregon Newspaper entirely covering Oregon interests.

O. R. & N. CO.

RECEIVER.

To THE EAST

GIVES THE CHOICE OF TWO TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTES

VIA DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, SPOKANE, MINNEAPOLIS, AND ST. PAUL.

Low Rates to all Eastern Cities.

Ocean steamers leave Portland every five days FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

For full details call on or address W. H. HURLBURT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Portland, Or.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

Pullman Sleeping Cars

Elegant Dining Cars

Tourist Sleeping Cars

ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS DULUTH FARGO GRAND FORKS CROOKSTON WINNIPEG HELENA and BUTTE

TO THROUGH TICKETS

CHICAGO WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK BOSTON and all Points East and South

For information, time cards, maps tickets call on or write H. A. THOMAS, Agent, Salem

Or A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Genl. Pass Agent, Portland, Oregon.

East and South THE SHASTA ROUTE

Southern Pacific Company.

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUR DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S. F.

Table with columns for South, Lv., Portland, Ar., and North, Lv., Portland, Ar.

Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also at Tangent, Shasta, Rainey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

HOBBARD MAIL DAILY.

Table with columns for Lv., Portland, Ar., and Lv., Portland, Ar.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

REVENUE TRAINS—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Table with columns for Lv., Portland, Ar., and Lv., Portland, Ar.

TO all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from W. W. BINKNER, Agent, Salem, Or.

Oregon Pacific Railroad Co.

CHAS. CLARK, Receiver.

Connecting with STEAMER "HOMER,"

YACQUINA AND SAN FRANCISCO

Steamer leaves San Francisco Aug. 19th and about every ten days.

Leave Yacquina Aug. 26th and about every ten days.

Subject reserved to change sailing dates without notice.

For freight and passenger rates apply to agent.

CHAS. J. HERVEY, 215 S. W. Cor. 1st & 2nd Sts. Portland, Ore.

CHAS. CLARK, Receiver, Corvallis, Oregon.