

The name of Wilson was given to this son in memory of Judge Wilson of Richmond Hill, Canadaigua County, New York, who married my sister Electa, who was the mother of Marcus Wilson, author of the series of school books known as the 'Wilson series.' Mary Jane Cutcliffe was also married to me, by whom I had three daughters, Lydia, Alyra, Arelia, and one son, Samuel G.

"On February 7th, 1849, I was appointed President of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion. At the general conference September 6th, 1850 I was appointed with Edward Hunter and Willard Snow as a committee, 'to take care of and transact the business of the fund of gathering the poor.' In 1852 I was appointed a mission to Europe, arriving there December 20th. On the 14th of May 1853, I was appointed first counselor to the president of the British mission. March 15th, 1856, I left Europe to act as agent in the United States to forward the through emigration of Saints to Utah. The outfitting points were Iowa City, Iowa and Florence, Nebraska, from whence I arrived home in Salt Lake City, October 4th, 1856, to resume the duties of my calling as President of the Stake.

"I have served as member of the Legislature of Utah, in the House 1851-2, 1856-7; and in the Council, 1861-2, 1862-3 and 1864-5.

"In reply to the oft repeated question of what were my motives or expectations in coming to Utah, I can only answer they were about the same as those of my pilgrim forefathers, to found a commonwealth where I could worship God unmolested, and to aid in the fulfillment of a prophecy made by Joseph Smith before his death 'that the Saints should become a numerous people in the Rocky Mountains.'

"We outfitted for this great journey with oxen, cows and a wagon in which we had hard tack, bacon, bean, potato chips, potato starch, dried pumpkins, all in small amount, crossing over the Mississippi river on the ice in the winter of 1846. All that I had from then till landing in Utah, September, 1847, I had to haul on wagons—food, bedding, tools, goods, all kinds of hardware, seed grain, seed chickens and seed cats, everything save our clothing which we carried easily on our persons and were not heavy weighted; and when we came to live six months on a ration of two ounces of flour a day from which to draw physical strength to carry the burdens incident to carving out a home in the desert, we found lack of weight on our bodies a blessing rather than otherwise.

"I wish at the close of this memoir to bear record of a most interesting incident. When our first sowing of wheat headed out, herds of crickets assailed it with such destructiveness that forty eight hours would have seen the entire settlement left without a vestige of grain sustenance. What would have been our fate here, left wholly destitute, over 800 miles from any supplies, in the fall of the year, can easily be conjectured, especially as we had no faster transportation than ox teams. Under these conditions thousands of gulls came to our rescue. Sarcastic, infidelic statements have been made that the gulls were here before we came, and that they came to the destruction of the crickets by instinct. I ask how that instinct brought them in just the forty-eight

hours that saved the settlement? And I will venture the assertion that an honest person cannot be found who witnessed that occurrence, and has lived to the present, but what will testify that there was a ratio of a thousand gulls then to one hundred that were ever seen here by us before, or have been seen here since.

"I foresee a future when the conditions of this people will be largely changed, when the culture of the world will seek to measure arms with the simplicity and inspiration of the Gospel. If these voicings of the pen should ever reach the Saints of the Salt Lake Stake, over which God honored me to preside for some nineteen years, it will be years after my natural voice will be hushed. But I desire to emphasize a great truth, once uttered by an ancient worthy: 'God revealeth His secrets to His servants and Prophets,' and there is safety for the individual and the people in the channels they pilot."

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. XXI.

Thursday July 18th. Together with Elder Edwin C. Dibble I spent the day at the Honolulu library, perusing files of newspapers and other periodicals which were published at Honolulu at an early day. I was successful in finding several items of historical importance connected with our missionary labors upon the islands, and particularly correct data in regard to the arrival and departure of Elders which have generally been noted in the newspapers, though not always. From the time the American Elders left in 1858 and till the arrival of Apostles Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow and other Elders in 1864, but little is known of the progress or status of missionary work on the Hawaiian Islands; hence I made a special effort to find if the papers contained anything about the Mormons during that period. By this means I learned that Captain Walter M. Gibson arrived at Honolulu June 30th 1861, accompanied by his daughter, and in The Pacific Commercial Advertiser of October 17th, 1861, a weekly paper published at Honolulu, I found the following editorial which Elder Dibble copied in the interest of history.

REVIVAL OF MORMONISM.

A modern knight-errant in the field; While stopping for a day or two last week at Makawae, East Maui, rumors reached us that a grand filibustering, privateering, or some other mysterious scheme, was on foot at Wailuku, which lies in full view on the opposite side of the valley, some sixteen miles distant. Soon other reports came in that a secession flag was flying there, that meetings were daily held with closed doors, or rather that the building in which the meetings were held was guarded against interlopers, that persons were being enlisted for secret service, etc. These reports were hardly credible, yet hearing them reiterated, we hastened over to Wailuku to learn their truth or falsity. Reaching Kalulu, we found they were generally believed, and we were assured by persons who had seen it, that a strange ensign, supposed to be a secession flag, had been displayed at Wailuku. This flag part of the story rather stirred up our loyal blood, and McClellan's soldiers never longed for a shot at the

rebels more than did we for a glimpse of the supposed secession bunting. In company with J. D. Havekost, Esq., the worthy tax collector of Wailuku, we remounted our horses and spurred them up in double quick time. On arriving in the village, we found that a Mormon meeting was in session, and that no less important personage than Walter M. Gibson was presiding over it.—"The Captain Gibson" whom most of our Honolulu readers will remember. In company with Mr. Charles Gray of Honolulu, we immediately proceeded to the Mormon meeting house, which is located a few hundred yards south of the Protestant church. As soon as our approach was observed, there was a busy stir among the natives lounging about, and a general stampede for the entrance; but with the salutation aloha, we pushed our way through the door, which had become filled with natives, though we met with no resistance from them in our entry.

Walking up to the table, which was at the farther end of the building, we found Captain Gibson and Mr. H. B. Eddy seated behind it, whom we accosted and took a seat beside them. This building holds perhaps 250 persons, and immediately after our entry, the natives crowded in till it was densely filled, mostly with men, there being but three or four women present. On expressing our surprise to Captain Gibson at finding him here, he replied that he was equally surprised with his present position. We then asked if there was any foundation for the report that we had heard that he was a Mormon. Without directly answering the question asked, he answered that he had come here as the friend of a poor and despised class of our population, that his sympathies were with them, that this was a Mormon gathering, and that the audience consisted of delegates from the Mormon churches throughout the group—some having come from each of the islands, Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Laval, Maui and Hawaii, and we may here say that during a residence of twelve years on these islands, we have never met in any assemblage so many intelligent natives, whose appearance and faces bespoke a superiority over the masses. We were not aware there were a hundred Mormons on the group.

We stated to Captain Gibson that we were surprised that he did not, during his stay of two months in Honolulu, divulge the fact that he came here as a Mormon, and not as we had supposed simply as a traveler on his way to China and the East Indies, as he had, in conversations, given us to understand. He replied that he had not purposely made any concealment, that there were gentlemen in Honolulu who knew the fact, naming Mr. Bates, Mr. Damou and Mr. Wylie. We said that we did not believe that either of them or any one else knew it. He then went on to give us a chapter in his history, how in crossing the continent he arrived in Salt Lake, and was there taken seriously ill, that during his sickness Brigham Young sent for him, received him into his house, nursed him and paid him the kindest attention during his stay of six months in Utah. The result of his sojourn there was a change of views regarding the Mormons, and their religion as a system of social polity, on which latter point he had much to say, and expressed his belief that no other system was