# Jenson's Travels.

Written for the News.

Thursday, January 23rd, 1896. After giving the parting hand to Elders William Gardner, John Johnson and Leo Bird, I boarded the train bound Richmond, and sailed from Auckland, New Zealand, at 8:30 a.m. bound for Tahiti, Society Islands. The weather was good, and the long voyage was enjoyed amidst the most favorable circumstances. The course taken was a considerably east, across the Hauraki gulf, and we passed into the ocean proper with Cape Colville on our right, and the Great Barrier on our lee. Just as we were eating supper in the cabin an alarm was sounded on deck, and fearing that a man had fallen overboard, or that something serious had happened, we all rushed on deck, when it was discovered that one of the passengers had his hand entangled in the ropes connected with the ship's mainsail. The man was hastily operated and wounded, causing the block to be lowered, and the ropes were broken. I had a good night's rest, but felt somewhat lonesome.

Friday, January 24th. I spent my day out of sea reading, the weather being fine and the sea smooth. No sea sickness was experienced on any one on board. We passed Cape Reinga, 34° 27' north latitude, and 172° 41' east longitude; the distance from mainland was 75 and by Hokianga 105 geographical miles. The Germans, who sailed with the other passengers, of which there were only four, namely, three French girls (Marianne, Jeanne and Bernesse), who were accompanied by the mother of one, was decidedly social in waiting on the sailors, passing lemonade to them, and in return receiving from them the sailors' choicest tobacco. The sailors were composed of the captain (Robert G. Sutton, a personal friend of mine), two officers, one cook, three engineers, one fireman, two cooks and two stewards, making twenty-four men altogether. Adding the two passengers we are twenty-six souls on board, and not a woman among us. The ship is loaded with merchandise for different islands of the Cook and Society archipelagos. There are also on board twenty sheep, two cows and two young bulls on board. The cow, at which there are cows, were not counted. The ship registers 1,600 tons, is built in Dundee, Scotland, about ten years ago, and has the reputation of being an excellent sea boat.

Saturday, January 25th. The weather continues fair and the sea smooth.

Sunday, January 26th, 1896.

Monday, January 27th, 1896.

Tuesday, January 28th, 1896.

Wednesday, 29th, 1896, but the weather is getting warmer. I have spent the time as best I can by reading, writing and conversing with the captain, ship's officers and the ordinary sailors, cooks, and all on Cook the Mormon, topic varied by religion, the prospects of war, the prospects of peace, and many other subjects, but as it was not customary to have preaching or service given on board the ship, I did not apply for the privilege of speaking publicly. The weather has been somewhat warmer, but a cool breeze from the south prevails off Auckland. One of the most enjoyable sections of the trip has been the entering of the beautiful sunsets nearly every evening.

Thursday, January 30th. Last night we passed the line known as the Tropic of Capricorn, and since the 23rd we have spent our time watching the birds of the tropics. At noon we were at latitude 22° 40' south, longitude 164° 17' west. We crossed the 180th meridian several days ago, but the ship still keeps New Zealand time. We are now 1194 miles from Auckland, and it is 48 miles to Rarotonga. The thermometer stands at 76° in the shade. In the afternoon some of the sailors announced that they saw land ahead, and at 4 p. m. the mountains of Rarotonga, the Cook group, could be seen with the naked eye by the accurate mariner. The weather was hazy, and almost therefore, and the night set in before we could see up upon the broad expanse of the ocean in such perfect grandeur that words fail to express the thoughts that passed through my mind as I gazed on the beautiful scene of nature. The island rises majestic and stately, and its rugged mountain peaks, which are some 2,000 feet in height as nearly right angles, seemed to possess a peculiar charm and attraction for a bright light on the west shore of the island, until we could see and hear the breakers spend their fury upon the coral reef which encircles Rarotonga, and finally, after running a point we cast anchor off the town of Avarua, about half a mile from the shore, on the north side of the island, at 8 p. m. There is a little harbor at this place protected from the ocean by a coral reef, through which there is an opening allowing a boat to pass out, but at low tide the water in the harbor is only deep enough for very small vessels; the Richmond drew the much safer to go in, and she anchored in the middle, from after anchoring a boat manned by about a dozen sailors, came out, soon it was decided to unload the cargo, and we had on board for the island at once. A whistle, which was understood on shore, was blown, after which a number of boats were seen pipping from the shore and the work went on most of the night. I landed in one of the first boats, and spent about three hours on shore, where I found nearly the entire population of the town, both whites and natives, gathered around the post office, anxious to receive the mail which the Richmond had just brought. And this was not to be wondered at, for it was nearly two months since the previous mail had reached the island, for the steamer usually out make her semi trip in December last. I conversed with a number of people, among whom I met Elder J. K. Hanson, the British subject, John J. K. Hanson, the chief Protestant community in the Cook islands (Henry Nicholas, a New Zealand Maori, who is the chief and prophet of the Church of Christ, called "Te Toma" Mr. Hubert Clark, a hospitable missionary, and others. In addition to these I gained valuable information about the Cook islands, which I believe are very little known in the average American magazine or newspaper. It is about ten years ago that I first read in the Deseret News about the Cook islands, when I believe we were the first Mormons in the average American magazine or newspaper. It is about ten years ago that I first read in the Deseret News about the Cook islands, when I believe we were the first Mormons in the average American magazine or newspaper. The Cook islands are a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, between 8° and 22° south latitude, and between 157° and 167° west longitude. The islands are of volcanic formation with mountains rising in a height of nearly 2,000 feet, situated in twenty and upwards of twenty miles. The climate of the island is about twenty degrees in a good average of warmth. The climate of the island is about twenty degrees in a good average of warmth. The climate of the island is about twenty degrees in a good average of warmth