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OCEANICA—WALTER M. GIBSON—HIS
EXPULSION FROM THE CHURCH.

The Saints will be much gratified to learn of the safe return of Elders Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow, of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, from a brief but interesting mission to the Sandwich Islands. They left here on the 21 of March, and returned on Sunday forenoon, having made a speedy journey there and back, and accomplished the task assigned them by the First Presidency of the Church, in a manner we should think satisfactory to all acquainted with the circumstances.

In the afternoon of Sunday, both were at the Tabernacle, and related in interesting narrative—their journey and travels by land and sea, meeting with the Saints on the island of Palawai, Lanai, their interviews with Walter M. Gibson and what they had learned of his course, and of their action thereon, which was listened to with attention throughout.

It is not our purpose to give a summary of the narrative in this article; but the many rumors in circulation in this city touching the proceedings of Gibson prior to the departure of these brethren, seem to call for confirmation or repudiation, and it would have afforded us much pleasure to have repudiated the charges against him; but we regret that the worst of the rumors was too true, and we are forced to avow, like the Queen of Sheba, that "the half had not been told."

Walter M. Gibson furnishes another item for the page of experience, in this intensely interesting work. He came to this Territory, on his way to the Malay Islands, in the fall of '49. He was accompanied by "his daughter," two sons and a few other persons, whom he had met somewhere west of the Missouri river. The latter we understood to have been delighted with "Capt." Gibson's picture of the Islands of Oceanica, joined in the adventure he had proposed and had come thus far on their journey together. We never enquired of the relations formed among them and how they terminated; but some time after "the Captain" arrived here, and began to get acquainted, the persons, about four or five in number, if we mistake not, sold their outfit and returned east again—dissatisfied with the interruption to their dream by the tarrying of the Captain in this city.

Every facility was afforded him here to lecture in our public places and in the Tabernacle; and personally, some of our most distinguished citizens, showed him marked attention, which we were pleased to see. He is an educated man of extensive travel and observation, and somewhat known in the eastern States, more particularly in Washington, where he spent a large portion of his time in seeking reparation from Holland, through this government, for his incarceration in prison, on one of the Malay Islands, by some Representative of the "Dutch Government." He was always polite, affable and told the best story, and made the most out of a small thing of any man we ever listened to.

His lectures were very interesting and captivating to that class who see with tickled ears and understand with their digestive organs. Perhaps it would be difficult to-day, to hear the avowal; but many who will read this—which seems growing into a sketch—will recall to memory how "interesting a gentleman" was "Captain Gibson," and how many would have been ready, on half a word from the proper quarter, to have forsaken their irrigation fields and adobe dwellings, to march for the orange groves, the rice and the spice fields, where the richest odors known to the senses of mortals and gods were wafted on every breeze. Some listened and wondered, and one, now no more, but bolder than the rest, ventured to whisper "humbug," "adven-

turer," and to question "the fourteen feet tigers"—not including therein the cadle appendage, and to otherwise doubt the intensely interesting tales of perfect deers with horns and hoofs complete, only large enough for ornamenting the lid of a snuff box, and convenient enough for a vest pocket.

In course of time, he sought baptism, was soon Elder Gibson; and not long after was wending his way to the States "to see his friends." He made a rapid tour through some northern and southern States, met with the Saints in New York, and managed, by the same course, as more recently exhibited on the Sandwich Islands, to represent his importance here and a call made for his immediate return, and so rode back to us again comfortably by stage, while the poor Saints had to labor and fast to repay what was borrowed on his false representation that he was "wanted immediately." Had he been smitten with the hopes of an early return to Congress, he could not have been more urgent in his hastening back to Our Mountain Home, just previous to the election!

We admired the gentlemanly courtesy that gave the stranger the fullest scope for his talents; but we breathed freer when we saw him let severely alone. He soon returned to his dream, woe again the favors of "Manifest Destiny," and looked westward. Well do we remember a voice whispering in our ears. "If he is honest, all will be well, the Lord will use him; if he is not, he takes with him enough to damn him." And fearfully real have the words been fulfilled.

He moves on to the Pacific coast, lectures in San Francisco and speaks double to his hearers. He is accused of Mormon tendencies, and denies it; finally, he reaches the Sandwich Islands and soon makes his presence felt among the natives. His short residence here and the usual letters of commendation, were his passports to the confidence of those who had embraced the everlasting gospel from the teachings of our faithful elders many years ago. Time rolls on, and letters reach this place that the bland, the courteous, the devoted, the disinterested humanitarian, was writing a new page of history, and fixing to "Mormonism" an addenda not in the programme of salvation. Immediate attention was given to the cries of the poor and the oppressed in the Islands, and without delay Elders Benson and Snow were sent to enquire into matters there, to learn what Gibson was doing, and to adopt such measures as circumstances demanded. They were accompanied thither by Elders Joseph F. Smith, W. W. Cluff, recently from the Danish mission, and Alma L. Smith, of this city, who had all been on missions before time to those islands.

On arriving at the Island where Gibson had purchased his plantation, they found there was neither misrepresentation nor romance in the charges against him. The Captain had made "a good thing" out of the believing natives in a remarkably short space of time, and had prostituted the influence, which his standing with the people of Utah gave him to his own aggrandizement. Walter M. Gibson, who, a little more than three years ago had to slowly travel through our settlements, lecturing by the way, for assistance, and, by the by, leaving behind him some terrible surmises, is now a very wealthy man, possessing his acres of land by thousands, his sheep by the same high figures, and his horses and cattle, geese and turkeys in droves. To obtain them, he has claimed the possession of an authority which neither God or man ever conferred upon him, and the holy and sacred priesthood, that he professed to revere, he dispenses its offices and titles as he would groceries in a country store. He has ordained men Apostles, High Priests, and Seventies, Elders and everything else, and even the women received from his hands the honors of "Priestesses," and everything else that his cunning could suggest to touch their veneration while in return he touched their property, and the only justification he has the impudence, and the hardihood to set up is, if anything, more damnably black than the crime itself—"the natives were ignorant, says he, and ordaining them to the priesthood was merely a stimulant to unite them, and make them more tractable and useful." To whom? To Walter M. Gibson. Shame on the man who could play with the credulity of the simple and use the sacred name of the Lord for the vilest purposes of deception.

Elders Benson and Snow went to him with

the utmost kindness in their hearts, and tried to make him realize his position, but he was "wed to his idol," and after doing more in the way of long suffering and forbearance than we would have shown him, they cut him off from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. On Sunday afternoon, after they had made a public report of their mission, President Young stated briefly that the charge against Walter M. Gibson was not for owning property, or for claiming it, for no one cared how much he had, if he only did good with it to the poor who had given it, but the charge was his persistent refusal to be dictated by the Priesthood, and, on the motion of the President, the action of Elders Benson and Snow in cutting Gibson off from the Church was sustained by the whole congregation.

We have extended this article far beyond the limits we at first proposed, and far beyond what the man himself is worth; but this exposure of his course has a moral, that will not be lost on a portion of our readers.

It is not the first time in the history of this movement that we have known of dark days in distant missions; but we need not tell the Saints that those days have gone past forever. It is with much satisfaction that we can look back upon the past and contemplate through what the Church has passed and see to-day the certain overthrow of evil. Men in their weakness, their folly and their pride might ten, fifteen, twenty, or more years ago travel in forbidden paths, and for a while with comparative impunity cover up their tracks; but, to-day, a tithe of such nonsense or villainy would find them out and send them to their legitimate place quicker than they ever dreamed of, and all rejoice that it is so now and cannot be repeated.

The same spirit that watches over this work now was with it from the beginning, but the people had not the experience to profit by it, understand its admonitions and instructions, but patent is now the fact to us all, that swift judgment overtakes the hypocrite and the transgressor, and nothing can shelter the one or the other. Well could we point to persons once prominent among us, and say here and there are the rocks and shoals on which they shipwrecked, and now, they are either buried in almost utter oblivion, lying stranded and bleaching on the track of the noble ship, or are working out the destiny which fulfils—"The wrath of man shall praise him."

Elders Joseph F. Smith, W. W. Cluff, Alma L. Smith and the others now on their way to those islands are men of tried integrity, faithful and true, men enjoying the confidence and prayers of the Priesthood and of all good Saints. If the natives in the islands give heed to their teachings and follow them, they will soon witness the power of God, and see crumble before it, the superstructure of Walter M. Gibson. It is a consolation to the Saints that the Lord has promised the honest and pure in heart will be sought out and delivered—wherever they may be. For a time, the wicked may flourish, and traitors to God and to His kingdom will find the world ready to praise them, and hoist them on to the pinnacle of popularity and fame; but that path is soon trodden and the end thereof is contempt, death and eternal disgrace.

THE INSPECTION.—Favored with a little leisure on Saturday last, we reached the Military Parade Ground, near the Jordan, about noon, and had the gratification of witnessing something of the parade and inspection of the Second Brigade of the Nauvoo Legion. We were pleased to see so favorable a turn out, and from what we observed, we judged that General Richards, his staff, and the Colonel inspecting, were very well satisfied with the rank and file present. We are not much on the military ourselves; but we have considerable admiration for well drilled citizen soldiery. The frequent changing of locality makes it difficult for Captains to keep up their companies, but we are glad to see the effort made, and we think the present pride of the citizens to be efficient in what they undertake will be encouraging to all concerned.

THE BOWERY ROOF.—We understand that the next three days claim the attention of the Bishops to a new roof for the Bowery. The sisters in the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon voted heartily for the change of the seat for the green leaf. We expect to see it on Sunday, weather permitting, all right.

PERSONAL.

Isaac L. Gibbs, Esq., U. S. Marshal, returned from his visit to Nebraska on Sunday morning. The Marshal looks somewhat fatigued—debilitated, and needing a little rest. The labor of a U. S. Marshal in this Territory has never been very onerous; but with even that to favor it, it is not an over pleasant and enviable position at anytime, and a little less so now than ever. Intrigue seeks its own puppet, and the man who has the daring to be honest and conscientious, and to know no distinction between citizens is very apt to come under the ban of the leaders of plotting cliques who see only their great little selves. The official course of Marshal Gibbs in this Territory, has, we believe, met the approval of the administration.

David Street, Esq., Paymaster of the Overland Stage Line, accompanied by Mr. A. T. Beach, of Nebraska City, arrived also on Sunday morning.

C. A. Perry, Esq., formerly of this city arrived here on Monday, a-head of his train of seventy wagons loaded with groceries and general merchandize. Mr Perry calculates disposing of his goods here and in Idaho. He reports a very heavy immigration by the Cheyenne and Bridger passes.

It affords us much pleasure to acknowledge the courtesies and attentions of gentlemen in San Francisco and on the Islands to Elders Benson and Snow. They furnish us names of gentlemen whom we are gratified to know are the disinterested friends of the people of Utah.

THEATRICAL.—We were present on Saturday evening and witnessed the representation of the Jacobite and the Irish Tutor. Dunbar, in the latter character, was full of fun, frolic and Donnybrook; he made all that could be made of it, and was a host. The Jacobite is a very light Drama, excellent for summer weather, but considerably like some ice creams—cool and sweet enough but not much of it. It went off well, but was better played than written. The author seemed to have neither begun or ended his story. Jacobite sounds like something historical; but all we got on Saturday evening in that line was purely inferential in the finishing. McKenzie pleased us well, and was as much at home as we ever saw him. Margetts was "the character" of the play and pleased everybody. Simmons had little to say or do, but is always the gentleman. Mrs. Gibson looked well, and Mrs. Bowring lost nothing in filling the role of Widow Pottle. It is dangerous to commend young ladies too early; but the acknowledgement of Miss Alexander's services on the stage is merited. With careful study and good reading, that lady has no very serious obstacle between her and an elevated rank among artists.

We noticed one lady bobbing too much, a nice enough change of posture occasionally, but all the time is carrying the g-o-a-k too far.

The Patriotic Song—"Just before the battle Mother," by Mr. McAllister, with a chorus and instrumental accompaniment, merited and received a hearty encore.

On Saturday evening Raffaele and the Siamese Twins will be a great treat.

A HEAVY FRESHET.—A gentleman from Denver, Col., reports a very unlooked for and heavy disaster to Denver city, about ten or twelve days ago, resulting in a great loss of property. At his departure it had not been ascertained where the water came from, but the dry bed of the Cherry creek, leading into that city, became suddenly filled with water and rushed down with fearful impetuosity, carrying everything before it in the valley. Some 4500 sheep had been washed away from their corrals and drowned, and between 40 and 50 buildings and shanties had been swept off; among the number of the former, some five or six substantial brick buildings and a Methodist meeting house. There are some small lakes at the head of Cherry creek, on the divide separating the Arkansas and the Platte, but whether these had suddenly broken down their usual barriers, or some water-spout had burst, was not definitely ascertained as the cause of the disaster. The Rocky Mountain News building had been inundated, and every thing was in confusion. The telegraph poles having been washed down and the stages having temporarily ceased connection with the city, the extent of outside damage was, at the time of our informant's departure, unascertained.