

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. XXXIV.

Wednesday, October 26d, 1895. I spent the day at Fagali, Samoa, busily engaged in historical labors, assisted by Elder William G. Sears.

Thursday, October 3rd. We spent the forenoon writing at Fagali, and in the afternoon Elders Beck, Sears, Kippen and myself went to Apia and sat down in a photographer's gallery while a picture of our dear selves were being taken. In company with Elder Beck I also visited Malietoa, the king of Samoa, who lives in a neat little frame cottage standing near the beach immediately west of Apia. He is an ordinary looking man possessing only average intelligence, and he appears to be very guarded and slow in his conversation. His clothing consisted of a plain shirt and the ordinary lava lava (breech cloth) worn by the natives. He could not tell us how old he was; but we noticed that his hair was quite grey. His best room, in which he receives visitors, is kept tidy and neat. The floor is covered with fine mats and the walls ornamented with pictures; among them we noticed a good portrait of Queen Victoria, of England, and a ditto of Emperor Wilhelm I of Germany. The king was very reluctant in expressing his opinion in regard to "Mormonism," but he showed us a neat copy of the large type edition of the Book of Mormon in English which he received some years ago as a present from the First Presidency in Zion.

On our return to Fagali we called on Mr. Mulliner, the American consul to Samoa, who was about to return to his country. He had no great love for either Samoa nor its people. I spent the remainder of the day and evening at Fagali finishing up my historical notes, packing a small box to send home and conversing with the brethren. About midnight we sighted the mail steamer Monowai steaming into Apia harbor.

Friday, October 4th. I arose at daylight and roused up the other Elders. We had early prayer and breakfast, after which Elder John W. Beck and myself boarded a little boat which belonged to a European brother (Christopher Pike) who together with a Mr. Fischer, both from Tutuila, had stopped at the mission house over night. Exposed to the drenching rain against which our umbrellas afforded us but little protection, we rowed three miles to the Apia barbor, where the steamship Monowai was anchored, and after securing passage and berth I landed once more in Apia to finish up my labors in connection with Elder Beck, of whom I took leave at 12 o'clock at noon to be rowed a quarter of a mile (while exposed to another drenching rain) to the Manonai, which about an hour later lifted her anchor and steamed off for New Zealand. We rounded the east end of Upolu at 3 p. m., and before nightfall we had enjoyed the last glimpse of the Upolu mountains far away to the north. Seasickness has peculiar freaks, at least so far as its dealings with me are concerned. After having been jotted pitched and tossed about on board a

little schooner for several days without hardly getting seasick, I had no anticipation of being made the victim of that most unpleasant malady on board a steady-going ocean steamer in fair weather. But fate would have it otherwise; and after this, whenever I start on a voyage I shall frankly admit that I don't know whether I am to get seasick or not.

Saturday, October 5th. The sea was rough and the wind blowing hard. Seasickness was king and kept nearly all the passengers in humble submission below.

Sunday, October 6th. I had an interesting morning conversation with the commander of the ship, Captain Michael Carey, who accepted with thanks my offer to give a lecture in the evening in the ship's social hall. At 8 o'clock p. m., as duly announced by a neat little notice written and posted up by the purser, most of the saloon passengers and quite a number also from the fore cabin, as well as some of the officers and men belonging to the ship, assembled in the beautiful hall and listened very attentively while I addressed them over an hour on "Utah and her people," taking particular pains to tell them what the Mormons believed in. In answer to earnest prayer the Lord strengthened His servant, who spoke with considerable freedom and plainness. After I was through, one of my fellow-passengers who expressed himself as being much pleased with what he had heard made a neat little speech, in which he in his way bore testimony to the truth of what I had said; and a hearty vote of thanks was next in order. A Swedish clergyman, (Methodist) who was making a tour around the world, and who had never heard a Mormon Elder speak before, was very much surprised to learn that, notwithstanding all he had heard to the contrary, the Mormon's believed in Christ and the Bible, and were actually Christians. He insisted upon treating me to something to drink, as he believed me dry after speaking so long. I accepted of lemonade. During the day I had several conversations with another Swede, Olson by name, who was returning to New Zealand with his family, from a visit to his relatives in Box Elder Co., Utah. He did not find his relatives to be as good as he had expected. If he had, he would have remained in Utah. In the evening we crossed the tropic of Capricorn (latitude 2, 3° 30' South) into the South Temperate Zone.

Monday, October 7th. I had a number of interesting conversations with officers and passengers, on Utah and religion, my lecture the previous evening having created a desire within many to learn more. At noon the daily bulletin read. Latitude 27° 7' south; longitude 178° 1' west; 902 miles from Apia, and 688 miles to Auckland. I spent much of the day and evening writing in the saloon, and retired at a late hour. When I arose the next morning, I was informed by Captain Carey that Wednesday October 9th, had dawned upon this part of the world. What had become of Tuesday, October 8th? At 4 o'clock that morning we had crossed the imaginary line known as the 180th meridian. That explained all. I had crossed that line twice before; first between Hawaii

and Fiji which robbed me of a Sunday; and second between Tonga and Samoa, which gave me two Wednesday's in one week. The day was quite cold and windy.

Thursday, October 10th. The cold and cloudy day made my extra under-clothing which I had not worn during my sojourn in the tropics, feel quite comfortable, when I put it on this morning. At 11 o'clock a. m., land was seen ahead with the naked eye, and those of the passengers who had never been in New Zealand before were informed by those who had that this particular land was the mountainous island known as the "Great Barrier," which is distant from Auckland about sixty miles. Soon after this a heavy gale struck the ship which made her rigging groan and crackle and the hull shake and tremble. One of the furled sails became undone and flapped with great violence against the cross spar and mast. One of the most experienced sailors was sent up to fasten it, and after much exertion he succeeded in doing so, but it looked very dangerous; and many of the passengers who watched him trembled with fear lest he should be knocked overboard. At noon we were 1531 miles from Apia and fifty-nine miles from Auckland. As we proceeded we were shown the spot off the rocky coast of the Great Barrier where the steamer Wairarapa was wrecked a few months ago, causing the loss of several hundred lives. Near this place, (also off the Great Barrier,) a number of strange looking rocks are seen rising out of the ocean independent of each other, some of them attaining a height of nearly a hundred feet—perhaps more. It was very interesting to watch the breakers spend their fury upon those majestic rocks which are known to navigators as "The Needles." At 1 p. m., we were sailing close to a mountainous island on our right, and soon afterwards the shores of the main land or the North island of New Zealand were visible. In the meantime the wind continued to blow hard, and though somewhat shielded by land the good Monowai sped on her course in a somewhat shaky manner, which made some of the passengers shaky too. At 4:30 p. m., we entered the beautiful harbor of Auckland, and at 6 o'clock we lay along side of the wharf. In looking over the big crowd of people which had gathered on the wharf to watch the steamer come in and to meet friends and relatives, I noticed a man with a long sandy beard who distinguished himself from all the rest of that smiling and pleasant countenance characteristic of a true Mormon Elder. Nor was I mistaken, for he turned out to be Elder William Gardner, president of the Australasian mission, who together with Elders John Johnson, of Elsinore, and Thomas S. Browning, of Ogden, Utah, had come down to meet me, as they had reason to expect me in by the Monowai. They had looked for my arrival at an earlier date, my visits to the other islands having occupied more time than at first anticipated. The meeting with these Elders was very pleasant to me, and so was also the mail from home which awaited me here. For three months I had not heard a word from my family or any one else in Zion, my route of travel having been such that no letters could reach me.

The Australasian mission has no permanent headquarters, though Auckland