

esting to many readers of the NEWS. We include ourselves among those who are much interested in them. As the Louisiana conference has not been heard from for a long time, and as we believe that not many less than thirty anxious mothers (at this writing we number thirty here) are watching your columns for news of it, we now have pleasure in writing your estimable sheet. We will begin by stating that their sons are all O. K. in very deed.

Since our last writing we, until now, have been laboring in what may be termed "French America." It is possible to travel among people in Southern Louisiana for days and not find one person who can speak the English language. It is only a dialect of the long forgotten French. The people here are wont to call it a "Creole gumbo." You might know without our statement that such a field is not the most desirable. While this field has not been very prolific in its yield, it has afforded great opportunities for work; and the experience that has been rolled up here by us, we are sure will redound, when justice reigns supreme, to our credit. Had we been hunting discouragement, this would have been a splendid field in which to search; for it followed close upon our every effort, and very frequently plead for admission into our beings. The breastwork of fortitude, behind which the Elders fought, however, was almost impassable, and each time, as the designing thing presented itself to the fire of indomitable will it was repulsed. Hope was the brightest thing upon which our gaze could rest, so we looked steadfastly upon it. It promised great rewards. At the time, we were quite sanguine, but we were unable to see wherein we were to be benefitted. We are about through with them for a season, and as some of the Elders have already reached fairer fields, we know by their weekly reports that their almost futile efforts among the French, is as bread cast upon the waters, and is returning to them after many days. A man of speed wears weights upon his feet until such time as he desires, a maximum of momentum when he discards them, and he indeed runs the faster. The weight of past experience no longer hangs heavily upon us, and we hope for an increase of speed with which we will be enabled to "Run with patience the race that is before us," and we hope to run it with marked success.

Elders Cornwall, Joseph A. and John Wood have just completed a canvass of Baton Rouge. We travel without purse or scrip here. At first the privilege of canvassing the city was denied them until a license of \$5 would be forthcoming. They didn't have a cent, but they "believed God" put works with their faith, and after persistent effort and the seventh call upon the heretofore unmoved mayor and aldermen, succeeded in gaining consent to canvass the city, which they did. Thus does the Lord bless the humble efforts of His servants.

Last month (March 24th) we lost one of our number—Elder C. A. Matthews, of Pima, Arizona. He returned home rejoicing in the knowledge of having done a good work in the harvest field of Christ. On the 23rd of this month we will part with three more of our chosen band. Elder William Martin will return to his Colorado home; Axel Nelson's presence will soon be had in Elsinore,

Utah, and Grover, Wyoming, will be proud of the return of J. F. Astle. They all leave feeling well and in splendid spirits.

The people here are very much concerned over high water. It is still rising.

The corn and cane crops have been planted and much of it is up and looking green. Cotton will be planted soon.

Spring is out in her best new gown and nature smiles.

S. L. SWENSON,
R. E. CALDWELL.

PROVO INDIAN WAR.

HOLLIDAY, Salt Lake County, Utah,
July 7, 1897.

I was to the Hall of Relics yesterday for the purpose of depositing a collection of a few articles of pioneer relics. On looking around I recognized the old cannon called the "Long range" which I drove during the entire campaign of the "Provo Indian War," in the winter of 1849, and which brought many incidents fresh to my mind in relation to those early pioneer times.

There were only a very few families that had settled at Provo at that time. The Indians had become very troublesome and defiant. They would enter the settlers' houses make their demands and take whatever they wanted. Governor Young was notified of the critical condition of the settlers and directed the officers of the Nauvoo Legion (Territorial militia) to muster a sufficient force with supplies and march at once to their relief, and to press into service men, teams and wagons.

That morning I was on my way to the canyon for a load of wood, and had gone as far as the DESERET NEWS corner when I was requested to return home and get provisions and blankets and report as soon as possible. By noon the company was organized with General Daniel H. Wells in command, and it made a good half day's march. There was no road around the point or over the mountain and it was with much difficulty that we made our way through the deep snow. The second day we arrived at Provo in time to make preparations to attack the Indians early the next morning. I was assigned the duty of driving the cannon with an assistant to aid me in time of need.

The Indians were located in a large, dense body of timber on the river bottom in the bed of a creek. Its banks afforded them good protection so that their heads could only be seen when they would raise up to take aim. With the Provo river on the other side of them and the heavy growth of underbrush in the timber, they had every advantage. I drove the cannon out on the bench, as directed, and placed it in position as near where the Indians were located as could be ascertained, and then drove the team off about one hundred yards further up on the hill.

The first volley fired by the Indians went clear over and struck the ground above the horses. It was so cold and clear that I could see the blue streak of the balls as they passed over. The next volley wounded one of the artillery men, and in about ten minutes three more were wounded. I was called to move the cannon. I wanted my assistant to take the leaders by the

bits, keeping the horses between us and the fire and I would lead the others, but he would not do it. In this extreme moment there was no time to hesitate or argue the point, so I jumped on the front axle, popped the whip to the horses and drove around double quick and took the cannon off without being hit or one of my horses hurt. The cannon was then placed beyond the range of the rifle. The firing of the cannon was kept up all day, the balls cutting large limbs from the trees but availed nothing and the Indians laughed heartily at the "harmless big gun."

The attack was resumed on the third day and the firing from the cannon was kept up without any particular results but a number of white braves, among them Bishop H. B. Clawson, Col. R. T. Burton, Edwin Walker, Eph. Hanks and Lot Smith, made a charge and took possession of a log house which was nearly surrounded by the reds and so situated that the chargers could not enter the door but rode up to one end of it and dismounted quickly and crawled in. Using the cracks for port holes they almost silenced the Indians but could not route them. The riders had scarcely dismounted when nearly every horse was shot down; only three that stood in the center and close to the house escaped the cross fire. The same day a company was sent around to come in upon the Indian's rear. Bishop Higbee's son, being rather venturesome, went ahead, and in crawling up through the brush was shot and killed.

The fourth day the cannon was in the field but was not used much for tactics were changed. Two moving batteries were constructed. Two inch planks were placed on a long sled, forming a sharp point in front, like a letter V, and high enough to afford a good protection for ten men in each one. Hanging blankets on the outside made it safe in case any bullets should come through the plank. When the Indians saw these batteries gliding over the snow so nicely and moving toward them, and that they could not be checked in their onward course by firing rapidly on them, their laughing was turned into howling, as much as to say they were whipped.

All was over then. As the day drew to a close the batteries were withdrawn and the Indians lost no time in packing up their traps and moving as best they could. Their trail was strewn with articles they could not pack any further, including a number of papposes, which were wrapped up as best they could and left on the snow. They were picked up and cared for by the whites.

The detachment pursued them into the mountains (at that time there were no roads) but did not overtake them, so returned to camp at night. The fifth day we started in search of another hostile band around the head of Utah lake. We could not make much headway as there was no road and the snow was deep. We camped on Hobbie creek. It was thought best to leave the cannon, wagons and supplies there in camp under guard. The sixth day a company of mounted men started in search of the band, taking nothing but a little lunch in their pockets, expecting to return at night.

But sometime after dark a messenger