

And thanked her Heavenly Father for clothes for her baby to wear.

This cloth was the first in Utah, my child, that was ever made;

And the weary hands that made it, forever at rest are laid.

The babe today is a woman, grown old in this goodly land.
Their children and their grandchildren have become a mighty band,

And they love and bless the memory of their grandparents at rest,

Who struggled to help make Utah the Queen of the Golden West.

—DUP Files

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE PANGUITCH MILITIA, MARCH 21, 1865

(Written by John Lowder, Captain of the Militia)

An election was held; Captain George A. Smith was present. My name was proposed for captain, and I was elected—a position which I held until Panguitch was vacated.

I had been given orders to take in all stragglng Indians, and this led to William West getting shot. Some of us rode down to the stockade, and while there, we saw two Indians shooting ducks on the west side of the Sevier River. William West took my horses and rode with Collins Hakes across the river to intercept the Indians and bring them [the Indians] into the stockade. The Indians objected and said they were on an express from Chief Black Hawk's band, and they wanted to see Lowder. The men told them that I was over at the stockade.

The Indians tried to pass, and William West rode out in front of them. As he did so, one of the Indians caught his horse and held him while the other Indian fired at him, shooting him in the shoulder. Then there was a skirmish between Collins Hakes and one of the Indians, each one trying to shoot the other; but their guns failed to go off, so no damage was done. Hakes's gun was a cartridge type and the Indian's was a cap gun.

I got a horse and rode across the river and got a shot at the other Indian, wounding him in the left shoulder. I trailed him about four miles and left him in some large boulders. The next day my father, Jessie Lowder, and two or three others, found

that he had been taken away by some other Indians. They found his old gun that wouldn't go off when he and Collins Hakes were shooting at each other. One of the men decided to see if it would shoot, and it went off with a bang. The Indian that was killed was Santick, and the other one was Shegump. Shegump and William West became good friends.

During the Black Hawk Indian War, we had many skirmishes with the Indians and many hardships to endure in guarding, going on express (Pony Express), taking care of the stock, and moving houses into a fort. They had to answer to guard roll call every morning, and no man was allowed off alone.

[One day] I received orders from Major Silas S. Smith for me to take an escort and go up to the Indian camp above Panguitch and take the Indians in as prisoners and bring them to Panguitch and hold them until further orders. We decided to separate and to come into camp in different groups so as not to excite them. We found them camped pretty close together. Old Doctor Bill was with them. He soon got excited when I asked for their guns. He began to look for his gun, but it was stuck back in his brush shanty out of sight.

By this time, I saw another Indian with his gun in his hand. I asked him for it, and he came up like he was going to hand it to me, but he turned the muzzle on me. I caught it in my left hand and hung on. By this time, James Butler had been shot in the side with an arrow by Old Doctor Bill. Butler returned the fire with his double barrel gun. The men commenced firing at Old Doctor Bill and shot off three of his fingers.

As soon as James Butler saw me and the Red Lake Indian scuffling for the gun, he came to me with the arrow sticking in his side. He shot the Indian and killed him. I sent John Butler down to town for a wagon to take James, the wounded man, down to town where he could have his wounds dressed. The rest of the men guarded the prisoners and took care of them. We kept them for a considerable time until we got an order from Colonel Dame to liberate them, so we set them free. My father, Jessie Lowder, and three or four men buried the two Indians that were killed while being taken prisoner.

In June 1866, Panguitch was abandoned on account of Indian troubles.

(Written by Captain John Lowder when he was seventy-nine years old.)

—DUP Files, Leah Poulsen (owner of history)