

Parowan, April 24, 1914

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

Written by John Lowder in his 79th year

An election was held, Colonel George A. Smith was present, my name was proposed for Captain and I was elected, a position, which I held, until Panguitch was vacated. Previous to this time, about 1846, I had raised an independent company of 25 men, called Minute Men, and of which I was captain. Now there was a stockade built about 8 miles below Panguitch on the east side of the Sevier River, opposite to what is and was known as Lowder's Springs. It was at this place, that the trouble with the Indians commenced. I had gone up to the Stockade on a visit and while there we noticed two Indians came up on the west side of the river and fire at some ducks.

We had orders to take in all the straggling Indians in this vicinity and our so doing was the cause which led up to the shooting of William West. Mr. West took my horse and Collins Hakes took another and both rode across the river to intercept the Indians and to bring them into the stockade. The Indians objected and said they were on express from Black Hawks' Band, said they wanted to see Lowder. The men told them that I was over at the Stockade, then they undertook to pass and West rode in front of them, as he did so one of the Indians caught the horse which West was riding by the bit and held him, while the other Indian fired at West shooting him in the shoulder, Then a skirmish ensued between Collins Hakes and one of the Indians, each aiming at the other, but their guns failed to respond and so no damage resulted, there from. Hales gun was a cartridge style but the Indian had a common cal gun. Later in a contest Hakes got the best of the Indian and made a good Indian of him. By this time I had procured another horse and made my way across to the scene of the trouble, shooting at the other Indian and wounding him in the shoulder; in this condition and escaping from me, I followed him from about four miles, leaving him in some large boulders, here dusk settled down upon us and as the animal I was riding was a bronco I decided to tie up and take it a foot as I came back.

The next day my father and two or three other men trailed the same Indian to the place where some other Indians had come across the river to the wounded

Indian and help him away. Here, however, they found the gun with which he had kept up a constant firing at me during the previous day, which gave evidence that he had fired as many as fifty caps at me, but without avail. Therefore, the men who had been with me in this hot pursuit thought there must be some defect in the make-up of the gun, and one of them began testing it, when, to his astonishment and to that of the rest of us as well, the gun went off alright.

The Indian killed at Lowder's Spring was called Santick, the other name was hegump, and both were express from Black Hawk's Band. Now on the next day after the shooting at Lowder's Spring, Major S.S. Smith sent an order to me to go up above Panguitch to the Indian Camp and take the prisoners, bring them back to Panguitch and hold them prisoners until further orders were given. In pursuance to order the call was made, myself and 7 or 8 others going on to Panguitch; on approaching their camp we thought it best to divide so as not to excite them Indians too much, this we did all coming in upon their camp about the same time where we found former old doctor Bill with them, who became very excited when I asked for their guns, and commenced looking about for his, which was afterwards found stuck back in the brush of the shanty. In the meantime another Indian came in with his gun in his hand, I ask him for the gun and he came up to me pretending to hand the gun, but in so doing, so held the gun (weapon) in such a manner that he was able to turn the muzzle on me, but I caught it in my left hand and hurried off on my horse. By this time James Buttler had been shot by Old Doctor Bill in the side with an arrow. Buttler returned the fire with a shot from his double barreled gun. With singlar barreled guns the rest of the possee of men commenced firing on old Bill and shot off three of the fingers of the hand in which he held his arrow, as soon as Butler saw me and the Red Lake Indian scuffling he came to me with the arrow sticking in his side and shot the Indian, killing him. I then sent John Buttler down to town for a vehicle to take James the wounded man down to town where he could have his wound dressed.

During the absence of these men the rest of the men guarded the prisoners

took care of them. We kept them for a considerable time, until we received orders from Colonel Dame to liberate them, whereupon they were set at liberty.

Now, the next day after the Indians were killed, myself and three or four went and buried the two Indians that were killed while taking the Indians prisoners.