

in one night; the horses and mules dying in about an equal ratio. Before reaching Bridger, the dragoons were compelled to leave their saddles, which they buried in the snow, the horses being unable to carry them. The animals were compelled to subsist on sage-brush, for two-thirds of the time, and then, to obtain this fibrous shrub, they were compelled to remove snow several feet deep. The men had no other fuel; no water only as they melted snow, for three weeks before reaching Bridger.

"When the news arrived at the camp that the trains were destroyed, the troops immediately began to forage for anything that was palatable, well knowing that no supplies could reach them before late in the spring. The snow was then, on an average, from six to seven feet deep, and the game had mostly left the hills. The rations were immediately reduced one-half, but even this pittance failed on the 28th day of February, when one-quarter ration per man was issued, being the last of all their stores. Two 100-pound sacks of flour were secured by Major E. R. S. Canby, who gave for them \$300 in gold. They were placed in his tent, which stood where the old flag-staff now stands, and he supposed his treasure secure.

"But that night a party of men belonging to Company I, 10th Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Marshall, made a *coup d'etat* on the tent, pulling out the pins and throwing the tent over the astonished Major, but securing the flour, with which they escaped in the darkness, and succeeded in hiding it about a mile from camp, in the sage-brush. All was confusion. The long-roll was beaten; the troops turned out and answered to their names, no one being absent. So the matter ended for the time. The next day, at guard mount, the Major commenced a personal search among the tents for his flour. He found—what? In one tent, two men were cooking a piece of mule meat; in another, he found five men cutting up the frozen skin of an ox, preparatory to making soup of it, the only other ingredient to the savory mess being a little flour. Overcome by the sight of so much wretchedness, the Major sat down and cried at his inability to assist them. He asked the men if they could obtain nothing better to eat, and was answered in the negative.

"The severity of the suffering endured by the men nearly demoralized them, still they went out foraging, dragging their wasted forms through the snow with great difficulty. Some would meet with success in their hunts at times; others would not. The mules and horses were either killed and eaten by the men, or died of cold and hunger, which left them without the means of supplying their camp with wood, only as they hauled it themselves. But the men did not murmur. Twenty or thirty would take a wagon and haul it five or six miles to the timber, and after loading it with wood, haul it to camp. Each regiment hauled its own wood, thus securing a daily supply. Some days a stray creature would be slain by the hunters, and there would be rejoicing in the camp once more.

"Early in the spring of 1858 most of the men departed for Salt Lake City, leaving companies B, D and K, of the 10th Infantry, and company F, 7th Infantry. Twenty-seven men from each company were detailed to go to the pineries, 25 miles away, to cut timber with which to erect quarters. On arriving in the pinery, they found an old saw mill and race, which had been used by the Mormons, and everything convenient but the necessary machinery. Luckily the quarter-master's department had the required machinery, and soon they had a saw mill in good running order. By the 15th of

of September, 1858, the quarters were up and ready for use. They were large enough for five companies, including a chapel, hospital, sutler's store, guard house, etc.

"The Fourth of July, 1858, was duly observed and honored. The flag-staff was raised in the center of the parade ground, the flag hoisted by Major Canby, and prayers said by Major Gatlin.

"On the 23d of September, 1858, a large train of supplies arrived, causing great joy among the troops. Two days later three long trains of supplies filed through the place on the way to Salt Lake City.

**No. 18 ANNEX. Hanging Rock, Utah.**  
—See description on page 131 of this book.

**No. 19 ANNEX. Steamboat Rock**—The large illustration, No. 6, is one of many beautiful views to be seen while passing through Echo and Weber canyons, Utah. From our point of view the appearance of Steamboat Rock is exceedingly perfect. The lines (seams in the rocks) run gracefully up for 300 or 400 feet, and in the sheen of the moon the sage-brush, dwarf cedars, and other bushes, growing along its upper crevices can easily be conjectured into a load of passengers worthy of the mighty vessel; but she stands in stone, and the ship carpenters—the elements—are steadily taking her timbers apart.

**No. 20 ANNEX. Paddy Miles' Ride**—Mr. Miles, or "Paddy," as he was familiarly called, was foreman to the Casement Brothers, who laid the track of the Union Pacific railroad. One morning, Paddy started down Echo Canyon with a long train of flat cars, sixteen in number, loaded with ties and iron rails for the road below Echo City, where were then, as now, the station, switches, etc. The reader will remember that from the divide to the mouth of Echo Canyon is heavy grade, no level place on which cars would slack their speed.

The train had proceeded but a few miles down the canyon, going at a lively rate, when the engineer discovered that the train had parted, and four loaded cars had been left behind. Where the train parted the grade was easy, hence that portion attached to the locomotive had gained about half-a-mile on the stray cars. But when discovered they were on heavy grade and coming down on the train with lightning speed. What was to be done? The leading train could not stop to pick them up, for at the rate of speed at which they were approaching, a collision would shiver both trains, destroying them and the lives of those on board.

There were two men, Dutchmen, on the loose cars, who might put on the brakes, and stop the runaway. The whistle was sounded, but they heard it not; they were fast asleep behind the pile of ties. On came the cars, fairly bounding from the track in their unguided speed, and away shot the locomotive and train. Away they flew, on, around curves and over bridges, past rocky points and bold headlands; on with the speed of the wind, but no faster than came the cars behind them.

"Let on the steam," cried Paddy, and with the throttle chock open, with wild, terrible screams of the whistle, the locomotive plunged through the gorge, the mighty rocks sending back the screams in a thousand ringing echoes.

"Off with the ties," shouted Paddy, once more, as the whistle shouted its warning to the station-men ahead to keep the track straight and free, for there was no time to pause—that terrible train was close on to them, and if they collided,