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TOPOGRAPHICAL EMPHASES IN HUGH GLASS NARRATIVES, 1825-2015

Thomas E. Simmons

This paper was presented at the 47th Annual Dakota Conference: Where the West Begins? Geography, Identity and Promise at the Center for Western Studies, Augustana College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota on April 24, 2015 and was lightly updated in 2016. It summarizes the life of Hugh Glass and examines the evolving role of topography, landscape and environment in the fictional retellings of the Hugh Glass saga spanning the years 1825 to 2015.

The saga of Hugh Glass and his crawl across much of South Dakota has spoken -- and still speaks -- to both historians and poets.ⁱ The tellers of tales have found different ways of juxtaposing the western landscape of the early 19th century against the tenacity and strength of one man. One recent example, a short poem (by your author), titled *On First Looking into Neihardt's Hugh Glass*, reads:

Travelled Dakota, shelf of earth portrayed,
Of its expanse and breadth, old hills winding,
Lost battles, traders, rage-of-Rees fighting.
Digs of old fur forts into quadrants scraped.
Mid-life, my sentiment grabs hard of late.
Oft the tale of the grizzly related:
How Glass, carved 'way, crawled far, unabated.
Forgotten by friends who'd first dug his grave.
Then I heard that tale -- like a trout inside
When the water itself spills 'ore its banks.
Stout red-haired Clark with his wondering eyes
Gasping at the bright Missouri, all ranks;
Boots pressing grass of darkened soft prairie
Scratching the scalp of a straw-haired lady.ⁱⁱ

In 1823 in what is now Perkins County, South Dakota, Hugh Glass was mauled by a grizzly bear and abandoned by his companions. His crawl to Fort Kiowa some 250 miles distant has been examined in verse, prose, film and song

beginning in 1825 and continuing through today. The role and character of geography employed by the authors of Hugh Glass' ordeal reveal different aspects of the saga of Hugh Glass while partaking of the authors' own implied geographies. This paper reviews what Hugh Glass endured insofar as the historical record suggests, then briefly summarizes the major Hugh Glass narratives and teases at the role of topography and environment -- from irrelevant to consuming, from tortuous to bucolic -- that can be found within these tales.

Perhaps the most historically important account of Glass was not the first to see publication. In 1923, Charles Camp edited the memoirs of George Yount (a trapper and the first permanent white settler in the Napa Valley). Yount's reminiscences were not written by Yount; they were told by him to Reverend Orange Clark, an Episcopal priest and Harvard graduate who met Yount in California some thirty years after Hugh Glass' epic crawl. John Myers Myers, the author of *The Saga of Hugh Glass: Pirate, Pawnee, and Mountain Man*, describes Clark's flaws:

[Reverend Orange Clark] was an amateur, who skimmed over matters of intense interest and was fulsome about ones of less concern. ... The examiner of his works learns a great deal about how Orange ticked, and parlous little about the insides of the man whose native woodnotes wild he translated into Ivy League. Nevertheless, American literature owes the parson a vote of thanks for preserving information, not elsewhere pickled in print, about one of the nation's great legendary figures.ⁱⁱⁱ

From Charles Camp's editing and rewriting of Rev. Orange Clark's account of George Yount's recollections of what Hugh Glass once related to Yount,^{iv} the following sketch is largely drawn (along with conclusions drawn by Meyers' searching analysis).

Hugh Glass was probably born between 1780 and 1790 in Pennsylvania. His first occupation was that of a sailor. After several years on the seas, he was captured by pirates, pirates, in fact, under the command of Jean Lafitte, famed as a lynchpin in Andrew Jackson's success at the Battle of New Orleans. At the time of Glass' capture, Lafitte headquartered some 800 buccaneers on the eastern edge of the island of Galveston where the city of the same name is located today. With his stature, strength, and fortitude, Glass must have been selected by the pirates who overtook his ship as meriting diversion from the plank and conversion to their ranks and Glass must have agreed.

How long Glass was pirate Glass is unknown. His biographers paint him as a reluctant pirate, avoiding the most dastardly deeds, the slaughter of sailors; the execution of any passengers. Perhaps. Then again Glass may have had few scruples about piracy. But Glass' fierce independence and stubborn design proved mismatched to the task. Some chore or order made him bristle and his refusal -- along with that of a co-freebooter -- netted him and his friend the charge of mutiny. Given the value of hands on any ship, a kind of due process was in place. The captain lacked the authority to carry out the standard capital sentence for the offense absent approval from Lafitte. So the pair's doom was suspended until this could occur.

Knowing their days were limited and their options few, Glass and his partner in noncompliance decided to quietly jump overboard and swim for shore two miles distant, carrying some lightweight possibles, perhaps a pair of knives, flint and

steel, a bit of food and trade items. Their odds were not good. The littoral currents were strong, the geography of Texas was unmapped and roadless and Karankawa Indians populated Galveston Bay, famed for their extensive tattoos and hearty cannibalistic appetites. Myers pegs the time of Glass' escape from his life of piracy as late 1818 or early 1819.^v Glass and his friend reached the shores of the then Spanish Empire and waded into cane jungles and bayous stocked with alligators and snakes.

Sidestepping the various hazards, Glass and his unnamed companion trekked north. Though they would have known that they could have reached Louisiana by heading east, Myers speculates that the pair chose to make for the prairies to avoid the Karankawas.^{vi} Eventually they passed over the Santa Fe Trail, but they may not have noticed it, scratched out and dusted over by migrating buffalo. Unarmed and horseless, they must have made do by scavenging for rodents and snakes or fashioning primitive spears or projectiles for larger game. Somehow, they managed to pass through the lands held by the Karankawas, the Osages, the Comanches, and the Kiowas. But a thousand miles from the Texas coast, they met with the Loup Pawnees in present day western Kansas.

Glass and his friend were captured and readied for ritual sacrifice. Glass watched as resin-rich slivers of pine were thrust into various parts of his friend's naked body and kindling was readied at his feet. Alighting the combustibles, the man became a crackling flame.

Hugh Glass was next.

In his hand Glass held a packet of cinnabar, red mercury sulfide, a red war paint also known as vermillion. Desperate or inspired (or both), just as Glass was about to be readied for immolation, he bowed and generously extended the cinnabar to the chief. Somehow, the chief was so caught off guard that he interpreted the gesture as a signal to pardon Glass.^{vii} The chief announced that he was adopting the man as his son. For years after, Glass lived life as a Pawnee, learning the language, the ways of hunting and the ways of war against neighboring tribes. Importantly, he would have absorbed botanical knowledge as well, what plants heal, which plants are edible, and which to avoid. He would have learned that insects or grubs can supply calories in a fix.

Gradually, Americans were filtering into the Pawnees' territory. As contact increased, the desire to secure safe transit suggested to the government the merits of diplomacy. William Clark, the U.S. Superintendent of Indian Affairs headquartered in Saint Louis, invited the Pawnee chief to a meeting. Glass accompanied him as an interpreter and guide. The chief could not have been overly surprised when Glass took the opportunity to part ways. When the chief returned to his settlements, Glass stayed behind. The year was 1822.

Although most comfortable on the deck of an ocean-going vessel, Glass likely participated in pirate-esque atrocities and some witnesses may have survived. This would have given him pause if he had wanted to return to a life of sailing and perhaps explains why he decided instead to turn to the deck of a keelboat for his livelihood. Though he lacked experience in trapping or fur trading, the skills of a

hunter were essential in the fur trade as expeditions relied on harvesting meat on the go as a means of sustaining their members. In January of 1823, a Saint Louis newspaper ran an ad which caught Glass's literate ^{viii} eye:

For the Rocky Mountains

The subscribers wish to engage One Hundred MEN, to ascend the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, There to be employed as Hunters. As a compensation to each man fit for such business, \$200 Per Annum, will be given for his services, as aforesaid. For particulars, apply to J.V. Garmier, or W. Ashley, at St. Louis. The expedition will set out for this place on or before the first of March next.

Ashley and Henry. (Missouri Republican, 1/16/1823)

Glass joined as a hunter for the expedition with a hundred other men led by Ashley on two keel boats, the Yellowstone Packet and the Rocky Mountains, early in March. Before even the first day's journey was complete, one man fell overboard and was drowned. A week later, upriver at Saint Charles, three men were conveying a barrel of gunpowder while one of them smoked a pipe; a spark fell and the men were blown, according to a newspaper story, "several hundred feet" into the air. All three died.

By late May, the expedition was nearing the Grand River and encountered more trouble. General William Ashley received a message from Major Andrew Henry (encamped in Montana) that Henry needed horses to replace mounts stolen by the Blackfeet (and men to replace those killed). Ashley put ashore to trade with two walled villages of Arikara on the west bank near Cottonwood Creek, each with about seventy lodges. There, he exchanged goods (perhaps guns and ammunition) for some forty or fifty horses. A beach provided a spot for Glass and the other the

hunters to camp overnight. The trappers remained on board the keelboats. Some of the hunters, including one Aaron Stephens, left the beach to spend the night with Arikara women.

At about 3:00 a.m. on June 2, Ed Rose informed General Ashley that Stephens had been killed by the Indians. Rose also relayed his suspicions that the Arikara were readying for a surprise attack. Ashley wasn't concerned about the first bit of news and discounted the second.

A heavy downpour was falling as dawn broke and the Arikara opened fire on the tents on the beach. The keelboats immediately thrashed away from the firefight while the hunters dug in and returned fire until it was clear that they were caught in an untenable position. They jumped into the river and swam after the boats.

Eleven men died by drowning or gunshots; four more would die of their wounds. Hugh Glass took a ball in the leg. Others were wounded as well, some badly. Ashley retreated downstream to where the Cheyenne River joins the Missouri near present day Eagle Butte.

Ashley wrote the military garrison at present day Council Bluffs, Iowa about the attack and asked for help. Ashley's letter, and a condolences letterix from Hugh Glass to the father of John Gardner who had been killed in the firefight, were relayed on the Yellowstone Packet along with the more badly wounded and shaken of the surviving expedition members. Only thirty men remained behind. All of the just-purchased horses had been either captured or killed.

Ashley's letter describing the Arikara attack was received by Colonel Henry Leavenworth at Fort Atkinson. Guidance from his superior in Louisville, Kentucky could not be obtained without several weeks wait. So Leavenworth led six companies upriver. They arrived at the Arikara village on August 9, but not before one of Leavenworth's boats caught a tree snag and sank with the loss of seven men and fifty guns (the whisky was rescued) and the Yellowstone Packet was caught by the wind and tipped; a cannon, guns and powder sunk (but again, the men managed to save the whisky). When Leavenworth disembarked at the mouth of the Grand, he was outnumbered, despite having arrived with a number of Sioux allies. He faced defensive works of dry moats and cottonwood palisades surrounding the villages, and he was lighter on ammunition and guns than he had planned. This might explain his caution.

The first cannon shot Leavenworth fired decapitated the Arikara Chief Grey Eyes, whom Hugh Glass had known while living with the Pawnees.^x Leavenworth deployed artillery but held his infantry and his cavalry back. When the smoke cleared, two of his men were slightly wounded; two Sioux had been killed; perhaps thirty Arikara. Leavenworth entered into peace talks on August 11. The Sioux were disgusted, as were the Ashley men. The Sioux decamped (taking with them some of Ashley's horses and Leavenworth's mules). The Arikara quietly abandoned the battlefield, the empty villages were burned, and the army sailed back to Fort Atkinson. The news of Leavenworth's ineffectual show of force spread quickly

across the plains. It served to encourage greater Indian hostilities against the invading settlers and fur trappers.

Henry now led thirteen men on a shortcut heading straight west, following the Grand River towards their destination of Ashley's fort on the Yellowstone River. The rest continued upstream on the more circuitous route of the Missouri River in the Rocky Mountains keelboat. Hugh Glass was among the thirteen taking the overland route. They left the Missouri River on August 16.

Four days later, the small group was attacked by the typically peaceful Mandans during the night. Two men were killed, two wounded, two horses were taken. Henry tried to keep the survivors close, but Hugh "Glass, as usual, could not be kept, in obedience to orders, with the band, but persevered to thread his way alone through the bushes & chapparel"^{xi} as they approached the forks of the Grand.

Here, Glass came between a grizzly and her two cubs in a thicket of plums. He got off one shot before the bear was on him, standing on her hind legs. The bear raked his back with her claws as Glass stabbed away with his knife. She ripped open his throat, bit down on his head, held him aloft, and threw him to the ground. She tore a chunk of his buttocks and chewed into his leg and his shoulder before collapsing on top of him, dead. The date of Hugh Glass' maiming is best estimated as August 23, 1823. He was "tore nearly all to peases."^{xii} When the other men came upon him, they were astounded that he was alive. They assumed he would be dead within a few hours.

The next morning, Hugh Glass was unconscious but still breathing, a red bubble rising and then shrinking from a puncture wound in his trachea. His wounds were crudely stitched and the men attempted to give him water and food. Fearful of another Indian attack, Henry ordered a litter to be constructed and the group trudged on, still expecting that Glass would expire within a day's journey. But three (or perhaps as many as six) days later (accounts vary), Glass was still breathing, and the group's progress was being hampered by carrying him along.

Major Henry determined that Glass would have to be left behind but proposed that two men stay and tend him until he died. Extra pay was offered. John Fitzgerald and Jim Bridger (that Jim Bridger,^{xiii} age nineteen, the youngest in the group) agreed, dug a grave for Glass, set up camp next to a spring near the headwaters of the Grand, and waited. They held out for four days (or perhaps five or perhaps even six) before the fear of Indian attacks overcame them. Then they abandoned him, taking his rifle and possible bag with his flint and steel (for how else to claim to Henry that Glass had died since it would be unthinkable to bury such valuable items along with their owner).

Hugh Glass later claimed that he had been conscious enough to hear Bridger and Fitzgerald reaching their decision to abandon him. Days passed before Glass escaped his delirium sufficiently to begin to feed himself on berries within his reach. He lay there, drinking from the spring and chewing berries, with fall in the air.

After smashing a torpor-infused rattlesnake with a rock and gobbling up its flesh, Glass finally had enough nourishment to begin his crawl back towards

present day Chamberlain. His only implement for survival was a razor that Bridger and Fitzgerald had accidentally left behind and Glass had found in the dirt. What he missed most was his rifle. As Myers puts it: “[I]n wreaking the ewe-lamb injury of stealing the gun of Hugh’s bosom, his wrongers had put passion back in a broken man who had a moment since been without any driving gears.”^{xiv}

* * *

The earliest historical record of Hugh Glass is also arguably the first fictionalized—or at least creatively narrated—account.^{xv} Judge James Hall’s 1825 short narrative presented the “peculiar characteristics” of “American woodsmen” in the “trackless deserts” of the plains.^{xvi} He claimed that the narrative was relayed to him by Glass himself. In it, Hall pragmatically portrays the landscape of Hugh Glass’ story with scientific detachment as “prairie country, occasionally interspersed with thickets of brush-wood, dwarf-plumb trees, and other shrubs indigenous to a sandy, sterile soil.”^{xvii}

John Neihardt’s verse version of Hugh Glass’ story was first published in 1915 as *The Song of Hugh Glass*.^{xviii} Neihardt is best known today for transcribing the words of Oglala medicine man Black Elk in *Black Elk Speaks*.^{xix} *The Song of Hugh Glass* relies in some measure on Neihardt’s collection of the oral histories of Glass retold and retained by Native Americans. Neihardt introduces the dreamscape of Glass’ narrative which is repeated in every fictionalized account which follows.^{xx}

Neihardt's topography is a living thing, almost a character itself, where a butte can "soar" and the dawn can "creep."^{xxi}

A burning twist of valley grasses threw
Blear light about the region of the spring.
Then Jamie, torch aloft and shuddering,
Knelt there beside his friend, and moaned: "O Hugh"^{xxii}

And later:

Now kindled by the yet unrisen moon,
The East went pale; and like a naked thing
A little wind ran vexed and shivering
Along the dusk, till Jamie shivered too ^{xxiii}

The late great Frederick Manfred's *Lord Grizzly* ^{xxiv} is, alongside *The Golden Bowl*,^{xxv} Manfred's most enduring work. In *Lord Grizzly*, Glass invokes the bear as he crawls and finally stands as his injuries heal.^{xxvi} The reader looks out at the South Dakota landscape through Glass' eyes:

He watched the sun hit the horizon in a vast explosion of clear yellow light.
He watched the shadows race in from the bluffs across the South Fork.^{xxvii}

With Manfred, who drove and walked the route over which Hugh crawled to prepare himself for the writing of it,^{xxviii} the landscape is poetic and again anthropomorphic, but unsentimental:

Cottonwood leaves as yellow as buttercups fluttered high overhead. The morning sky was a deep gentian blue, was clean and serene. The stony bluffs to either side bulked up sharply. Here and there the bluff cheeks were bearded out with spine cactus. Far down the slowly twisting river valley perspective faded off into a hazy aven-blue.^{xxix}

The first film to be made out of the legend of Hugh Glass was Director Richard Sarafian's *Man in the Wilderness*.^{xxx} In it, John Huston plays the role of Major Henry, bizarrely leading an expedition across the plains as they tow an

enormous wooden boat on wheels. Huston portrays Henry as a kind of fur trading Captain Ahab. Richard Harris, in the role of Glass (renamed “Bass”), is believable right up to the point where he befriends a baby rabbit.

In 1994, science fiction writer ^{xxxi} Robert Zelanzy along with coauthor Gerald Hausman published *The Wilderness*.^{xxxii} Zelanzy’s work merges the landscape with Glass himself:

The butte was gone, though his body seemed to know its direction, hidden behind a wavering wall of white. Steam rose from the wet plain, clinging and swaying. He crawled amid its veils, keeping the growing light to his left.^{xxxiii}

Then:

Crawling onward, he saw the sky clear above him. The mist slowly subsided. No clouds marred the blue. The ground still oozed as he moved. The butte came into view once more, just where he’d felt it to be, and he held his soggy course toward its now gleaming brilliance.^{xxxiv}

The most recent fictionalized account of Hugh Glass is Michael Punke’s *The Revenant*.^{xxxv} A film based on the same and starring Leonardo DiCaprio has completed filming (in British Columbia) and is scheduled for release in January, 2016.^{xxxvi} In the book, Punke’s topography is a dark stage and the characters only occasionally interface with an aspect of the plains as a necessary component to the narrative; landscape elements only merit description when they advance the actors’ movements, like props upon the stage:

Twin buttes framed the valley in front of Glass, forcing the Grand River through a narrow channel between. Glass remembered the buttes from the trip upriver with Captain [sic] Henry. As he crawled further east along the Grand, distinctive features became increasingly rare. Even the cottonwoods seem to have been swallowed by the sea of prairie grass.^{xxxvii}

Finally, Hugh Glass appears in song. Of Monsters and Men is a five-member “indie” folk band from Iceland. Track six on Of Monsters and Men’s album “My Head is an Animal” is titled *Six Weeks*, referring to the temporal length of Hugh Glass’ crawl to Fort Kiowa:

Get up. Shake the rust.
We crawl. We crawl. We crawl.
We crawl on the ground.^{xxxviii}

The landscapes from these various authors over the last 190 years portray evolving (or at least changing) artistic perspectives of the land over which Glass crawled. If any trend can be discerned it is that the profile of the landscape seems to recede further and further from the narrative over the decades. Neihardt certainly took a more spiritual view of Hugh Glass’ path than Manfred.^{xxxix}

Professor Coleman’s 2012 nonfiction account of Glass, despite its environmental themes, ignores topography and elevates the physical shell; the body of Glass and that of the bear. “The West tore some bodies up,” Coleman asserts.^{xl} The landscape’s remaining function is as a challenge presented; an obstacle.

Thoreau walked into the freedom of the West; Glass crawled there. He achieved personal independence on all fours, which hinted at the drag his environment placed on his liberation.^{xli}

The wilderness scoured humans of nonessentials, freed them from the junk of everyday life. ... But not Hugh Glass... He crawled out of the void, undaunted and undented. He entered the bushes annoyed; he emerged fuming.^{xlii}

As Hugh Glass recedes further and further into history, the pathless wilderness fades and blurs around him, losing its former place in the narrative or becoming indivisible from Glass, collapsing into only “a void.” Glass meanwhile becomes more

tangible to us; he is now framed in greater detail; first crawling -- and then, finally, striding -- in sharper relief -- across the prairie, "annoyed" and "fuming" as he pursues the men who left him to die and snatched his rifle.

ENDNOTES

i. See James Bankes, *The Revenant: Hugh Glass, the Grizzly, and his Amazing Story of Survival* (Seattle: Amazon Digital Services LLC 2016); William Blevins, *The Authentic Story of Hugh Glass: True Courage and Survival in the West* (1857 rpt.; Seattle: Amazon Digital Services LLC 2015); Philip St. George Cooke, *Some True Adventures in the Life of Hugh Glass, a Hunter and Trapper on the Missouri River* (Amazon Digital Services LLC 2015) Robert Dwyer, *Hugh Glass, a Revenant: The "true" story of Hugh Glass and the Grizzly* (Seattle: Amazon Digital Services LLC 2015); Fergus Mason, *American Trapper: The Life and Death of American Frontiersman Hugh Glass* (New York: Create Space 2014); Jenny Tripp, *The Man Who Was Left for Dead* (St. Louis: Heinemann Library 1980).

ii. Thomas E. Simmons, "On First Looking into Neihardt's Hugh Glass," *Pasque Petals* (Fall 2014), 14.

iii. John Myers Myers, *Saga of Hugh Glass: Pirate, Pawnee and Mountain Man* (1963; repr., Lincoln, Neb.: University of Nebraska Press, 1976), 17.

iv. Charles L. Camp, ed. George C. Yount and his *Chronicles of the West* (1923; repr., Denver, Colo.: Old West Publishing Co. 1954).

v. Meyers, *Saga*, 47.

vi. *Ibid.*, 49.

vii. Of all the elements in the long violent and improbable life of Hugh Glass, this scene seems the least probable. Bruce Bradley's fictional account, in patching up the slim and unconvincing account from Yount, introduces the character of Little Feather, a Sioux woman who had been married to a white man and captured by the Pawnees. Little Feather coaches Glass on how to carry out a carefully orchestrated and symbolically significant demonstration that so surprises and impresses the Pawnee that Glass is released as a sacrifice and welcomed into the tribe. Bradley's account finds no support in the historical record, but succeeds in suggesting an

actor in the form of Little Feather who lends believability to the otherwise baffling episode. Bruce Bradley, *Hugh Glass* (Coral Springs, Fla.: Llumina Press 1999), 70-90.

viii. Hugh Glass is typically portrayed as literate on account of a surviving letter to the father of John S. Gardner from Glass following John's death in the May 1823 Arikara attack. The letter was turned over to the South Dakota Historical Society by a descendant of the addressee but later stolen; it is now rumored lost but reprinted in John G. Neihardt's *The Splendid Wayfaring* (1920). It could very well be, however, that a clerk transcribed the letter for Glass.

ix. *See ibid.*

x. Although separated geographically the Arikara and Pawnee speak different dialects of the same language.

xi. Camp, Yount, 198.

xii. Daniel T. Potts, *Early Yellowstone and Western Experiences: Yellowstone Nature Notes*, Vol. XXI (September-October, 1947), 6.

xiii. James Felix Bridger, celebrated mountain man, was the first European-American to see Great Salt Lake, constructed Fort Bridger on the Green River, and lends his name to Bridger Pass in Wyoming.

xiv. Myers, *Saga*, 133.

xv. The primary full length nonfiction accounts of Hugh Glass are Jon T. Coleman, *Here Lies Hugh Glass: A Mountain Man, a Bear, and the Rise of the American Nation* (New York: Hill and Wang, 2012); and Meyers, *Saga*. *See also supra*, note 1.

xvi. Hon. Judge Hall, *Letters from the West* (London: Henry Colburn, 1828) (originally published in the *Saint Louis Intelligencer* in June of 1825), 293.

xvii. *Ibid.*, 296.

xviii. John G. Neihardt, *The Song of Hugh Glass* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1915). *The Song of Hugh Glass* was the first third of Neihardt's trilogy titled *A Cycle of the West* (1949).

xix. John G. Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks: The Complete Edition* (1932; rpt.; Lincoln, Neb.: Bison Books, 2014).

xx. See Neihardt, *Song*, 46 ("Snatchy dreams of sick pools"); Manfred, *Lord Grizzly* (1954; repr., New York: Signet, 1964), 172 ("He dipped into sleep and dreamt again."); Robert M. McClung, *Hugh Glass, Mountain Man* (New York: Morrow Junior Books, 1990), 147 ("[T]he images kept coming, this time in the form of dreams."); Robert Zelanzy and Gerald Hausman, *Wilderness* (New York: Forge, 1994), 90 ("Dreaming, he lay in that hole"); Bradley, *Hugh Glass*, 179 ("Hugh lay in a sort of dream-paralysis"); Michael Punke, *The Revenant: A Novel of Revenge* (New York: Carroll & Graf, 2002), 64 ("[H]e realized the snake—or at least the snake bites -- were the imagined horror of a nightmare.").

xxi. Neihardt, *Song*, 52-53.

xxii. *Ibid.*, 13.

xxiii. *Ibid.*, 15.

xxiv. Manfred, *Lord Grizzly*.

xxv. Frederick Manfred, *The Golden Bowl* (1944; rpt.; Pierre, S.D.: South Dakota Humanities, 1992).

xxvi. "The grizzly is the lord of the animal world" wrote Manfred while "Hugh Glass, after his heroic crawl, was the lord of all mountain men. Using that title as a bull's-eye helped me keep my eye on the main thrust of the story." Frederick Feikema Manfred, "The Making of Lord Grizzly," 15 *South Dakota History* 200, 211 (1986).

xxvii. Manfred, *Lord Grizzly*, 167.

xxviii. Manfred explained that he hiked the route of Glass past Thunder Butte and Rattlesnake Butte:

All the way over those two heights of land I took notes. I also had with me a gunnysack and some one hundred small wax-paper bags. Every time I saw something interesting -- a flower, some grass, what a farmer would call a weed -- I would clip it, mark it on the map, and put it in the wax bag and then into the gunnysack. ... I thought, too, I should taste some of the things. So, when I came upon an ant or grasshopper, I pinched them in my fingers and tasted. I also spotted mice, but them I didn't taste.

Manfred, *The Making*, 204.

xxix. Manfred, *Lord Grizzly*, 217.

xxx. Man in the Wilderness, directed by Richard Sarafian (1971; Warner Home Video 2008), DVD.

xxxi. Coincidentally, John Myers Myers, the author of the single best study of Hugh Glass, was himself best known for authoring a science fiction/fantasy novel, Silverlock (1949).

xxxii. Zelanzy and Hausman, Wilderness.

xxxiii. *Ibid.*, 130.

xxxiv. *Ibid.*, 130-31.

xxxv. Punke, Revenant.

xxxvi. The Revenant, directed by Alejandro G. Iñárritu (2016; 20th Century Fox 2016), DVD.

xxxvii. Punke, Revenant, 98. Andrew Henry held the rank of major, not captain.

xxxviii. Of Monsters and Men, "Six Weeks," by Ragnar Þórhallsson and Arnar Rósenkranz Hilmarsson, on My Head is an Animal, United Republic, compact disc. Originally released in 2012.

xxxix. Manfred wrote that after days of walking Glass's path:

I next visited Will Robinson, director of the South Dakota State Historical Society in Pierre. Robinson became intrigued with my project. He hoped that I wouldn't go about it the way Neihardt did. He said he had gone along with Neihardt to work out Hugh's trail, and once, as they were driving along, Neihardt suddenly asked him to stop driving. Robinson did. "Ah," Neihardt had whispered, "Hugh went along here. On his hands and knees." Robinson asked, "How do you know?" "I can feel him having been here," Neihardt answered. Robinson shook his head depreciatingly. Robinson was a former army officer and an amateur historian, and to him that was a ridiculous way of doing research.

Manfred, The Making, 206.

xl. Coleman, Here Lies, 5.

xli. *Ibid.*, 131.

xlii. *Ibid.* 144.