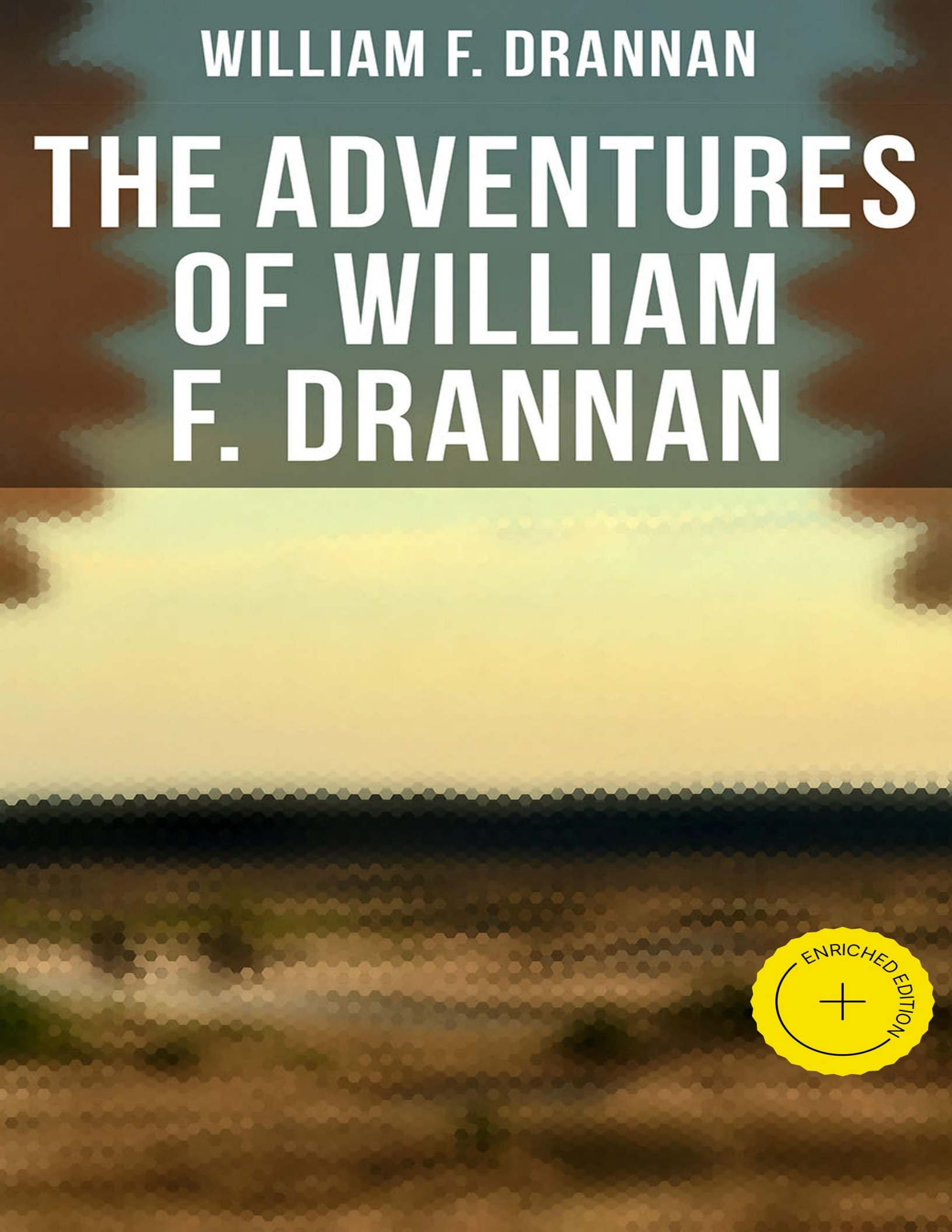
WILLIAM F. DRANNAN

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM F. DRANNAN



William F. Drannan

The Adventures of William F. Drannan

Enriched edition. The Life in the Far West: 31 Years on the Plains and in the Mountains & Chief of Scouts

Introduction, Studies and Commentaries by Shawn Barrett

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PREFACE.

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In writing this preface I do so with the full knowledge that the preface of a book is rarely read, comparatively speaking, but I shall write this one just the same.

In writing this work the author has made no attempt at romance, or a great literary production, but has narrated in his own plain, blunt way, the incidents of his life as they actually occurred.

There have been so many books put upon the market, purporting to be the lives of noted frontiersmen which are only fiction, that I am moved to ask the reader to consider well before condemning this book as such.

The author starts out with the most notable events of his boyhood days, among them his troubles with an old negro virago, wherein he gets his revenge by throwing a nest of lively hornets under her feet. Then come his flight and a trip, to St. Louis, hundreds of miles on foot, his accidental meeting with that most eminent man of his class, Kit Carson, who takes the lad into his care and treats him as a kind father would a son. He then proceeds to give a minute description of his first trip on the plains, where he meets and associates with such noted plainsmen as Gen. John Charles Fremont, James Beckwith, Jim Bridger and others, and gives incidents of his association with them in scouting, trapping, hunting big game, Indian fighting, etc.

The author also gives brief sketches of the springing into existence of many of the noted cities of the West, and the incidents connected therewith that have never been written

before. There is also a faithful recital of his many years of scouting for such famous Indian fighters as Gen. Crook, Gen. Connor, Col. Elliott, Gen. Wheaton and others, all of which will be of more than passing interest to those who can be entertained by the early history of the western part of our great republic.

This work also gives an insight into the lives of the hardy pioneers of the far West, and the many trials and hardships they had to undergo in blazing the trail and hewing the way to one of the grandest and most healthful regions of the United States. W. F. D.

CHICAGO, August 1st, 1899.

CHAPTER I.

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A BOY ESCAPES A TYRANT AND PAYS A DEBT WITH A HORNET'S NEST—MEETS KIT CARSON AND BECOMES THE OWNER OF A PONY AND A GUN.

The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction is emphasized in the life of every man whose career has been one of adventure and danger in the pursuit of a livelihood. Knowing nothing of the art of fiction and but little of any sort of literature; having been brought up in the severe school of nature, which is all truth, and having had as instructor in my calling a man who was singularly and famously truthful, truth has been my inheritance and in this book I bequeath it to my readers.

My name is William F. Drannan, and I was born on the Atlantic ocean January 30, 1832, while my parents were emigrating from France to the United States.

They settled in Tennessee, near Nashville, and lived upon a farm until I was about four years old. An epidemic of cholera prevailed in that region for some months during that time and my parents died of the dread disease, leaving myself and a little sister, seven months old, orphans.

I have never known what became of my sister, nor do I know how I came to fall into the hands of a man named Drake, having been too young at that time to remember now the causes of happenings then. However, I remained with this man, Drake, on his plantation near The

Hermitage[1], the home of Gen. Andrew Jackson, until I was fifteen.

Drake was a bachelor who owned a large number of negro slaves, and I was brought up to the age mentioned among the negro children of the place, without schooling, but cuffed and knocked about more like a worthless puppy than as if I were a human child. I never saw the inside of a school-house, nor was I taught at home anything of value. Drake never even undertook to teach me the difference between good and evil, and my only associates were the little negro boys that belonged to Drake, or the neighbors. The only person who offered to control or correct me was an old negro woman, who so far from being the revered and beloved "Black Mammy," remembered with deep affection by many southern men and women, was simply a hideous black tyrant. She abused me shamefully, and I was punished by her not only for my own performances that displeased her, but for all the meanness done by the negro boys under her jurisdiction.

Naturally these negro boys quickly learned that they could escape punishment by falsely imputing to me all of their mischief and I was their scape-goat.

Often Drake's negro boys went over to General Jackson's plantation to play with the negro boys over there and I frequently accompanied them. One day the old General asked me why I did not go to school. But I could not tell him. I did not know why. I have known since that I was not told to go and anyone knows that a boy just growing up loose, as I was, is not likely to go to school of his own accord.

I do not propose to convey to the reader the idea that I was naturally better than other boys, on the contrary, I frequently deserved the rod when I did not get it, but more frequently received a cruel drubbing when I did not deserve it, that, too, at the hands of the old negro crone who was exceedingly violent as well as unjust. This, of course, cultivated in me a hatred against the vile creature which was little short of murderous.

However, I stayed on and bore up under my troubles as there was nothing else to do, so far as I knew then, but "grin and bear it." This until I was fifteen years old.

At this time, however ignorant, illiterate, wild as I was, a faint idea of the need of education dawned upon me. I saw other white boys going to school; I saw the difference between them and myself that education was rapidly making and I realized that I was growing up as ignorant and uncultured as the slave boys who were my only attainable companions.

Somehow I had heard of a great city called St. Louis, and little by little the determination grew upon me to reach that wonderful place in some way.

I got a few odd jobs of work, now and then, from the neighbors and in a little while I had accumulated four dollars, which seemed a great deal of money to me, and I thought I would buy about half of St. Louis, if I could only get there. And yet I decided that it would be just as well to have a few more dollars and would not leave my present home, which, bad it was, was the only one I had, until I had acquired a little more money. But coming home from work one evening I found the old negress in an unusually bad

humor, even for her. She gave me a cruel thrashing just to give vent to her feelings, and that decided me to leave at once, without waiting to further improve my financial condition. I was getting to be too big a boy to be beaten around by that old wretch, and having no ties of friendship, and no one being at all interested in me, I was determined to get away before my tormentor could get another chance at me.

I would go to St. Louis, but I must get even with the old hag before starting. I did not wish to leave in debt to anyone in the neighborhood and so I cudgeled my brain to devise a means for settling old scores with my self-constituted governess.

Toward evening I wandered into a small pasture, doing my best to think how I could best pay off the black termagant with safety to myself, when with great good luck I suddenly beheld a huge hornet's nest, hanging in a bunch of shrubbery. My plan instantly and fully developed. Quickly I returned to the house and hastily gathered what little clothing I owned into a bundle, done up in my one handkerchief, an imitation of bandanna, of very loud pattern. This bundle I secreted in the barn and then hied me to the hornet's nest. Approaching the swinging home of the hornets very softly, so as not to disturb the inmates, I stuffed the entrance to the hornet castle with sassafras leaves, and taking the great sphere in my arms I bore it to a back window of the kitchen where the black beldame was vigorously at work within and contentedly droning a negro hymn.

Dark was coming on and a drizzly rain was falling. It was the spring of the year, the day had been warm and the kitchen window was open. I stole up to the open window. The woman's back was toward me. I removed the plug of sassafras leaves and hurled the hornet's nest so that it landed under the hag's skirts.

I watched the proceedings for one short moment, and then, as it was getting late, I concluded I had better be off for St. Louis. So I went away from there at the best gait I could command.

I could hear my arch-enemy screaming, and it was music to my ears that even thrills me yet, sometimes. It was a better supper than she would have given me.

I saw the negroes running from the quarters, and elsewhere, toward the kitchen, and I must beg the reader to endeavor to imagine the scene in that culinary department, as I am unable to describe it, not having waited to see it out.

But I slid for the barn, secured my bundle and started for the ancient city far away.

All night, on foot and alone, I trudged the turnpike that ran through Nashville. I arrived in that city about daylight, tired and hungry, but was too timid to stop for something to eat, notwithstanding I had my four dollars safe in my pocket, and had not eaten since noon, the day before.

I plodded along through the town and crossed the Cumberland river on a ferry-boat, and then pulled out in a northerly direction for about an hour, when I came to a farm-house. In the road in front of the house I met the

proprietor who was going from his garden, opposite the house, to his breakfast.

He waited until I came up, and as I was about to pass on, he said:

"Hello! my boy, where are you going so early this morning?"

I told him I was on my way to St. Louis.

"St. Louis?" he said. "I never heard of that place before. Where is it?"

I told him I thought it was in Missouri, but was not certain.

"Are you going all the way on foot, and alone?"

I answered that I was, and that I had no other way to go. With that I started on.

"Hold on," he said. "If you are going to walk that long way you had better come in and have some breakfast."

You may rest assured that I did not wait for a second invitation, for about that time I was as hungry as I had ever been in my life.

While we were eating breakfast the farmer turned to his oldest daughter and said:

"Martha, where is St. Louis?"

She told him it was in Missouri, and one of the largest towns in the South or West. "Our geography tells lots about it," she said.

I thought this was about the best meal I had ever eaten in my life, and after it was over I offered to pay for it, but the kind- hearted old man refused to take anything, saying: "Keep your money, my boy. You may need it before you get back. And on your return, stop and stay with me all night, and tell us all about St. Louis."

After thanking them, I took my little bundle, bade them good-bye, and was on my journey again. I have always regretted that I did not learn this good man's name, but I was in something of a hurry just then, for I feared that Mr. Drake might get on my trail and follow me and take me back, and I had no pressing inclination to meet old Hulda again.

I plodded along for many days, now and then looking back for Mr.
Drake, but not anxious to see him; rather the reverse.

It is not necessary to lumber up this story with my trip to St. Louis. I was about six weeks on the road, the greater part of the time in Kentucky, and I had no use for my money. I could stay at almost any farm-house all night, wherever I stopped, and have a good bed and be well fed, but no one would take pay for these accommodations. When I got to Owensboro, Ky., I became acquainted by accident with the mate of a steamboat that was going to St. Louis and he allowed me to go on the boat and work my way.

The first person that I met in St. Louis, that I dared to speak with, was a boy somewhat younger than myself. I asked him his name, and in broken English he replied that his name was Henry Becket.

Seeing that he was French, I began to talk to him in his own language, which was my mother tongue, and so we were quickly friends. I told him that my parents were both dead and that I had no home, and he being of a kind-hearted, sympathetic nature, invited me to go home with him, which invitation I immediately accepted.

Henry Becket's mother was a widow and they were very poor, but they were lovingly kind to me.

I told Mrs. Becket of my troubles with Mr. Drake's old negro woman; how much abuse I had suffered at her hands and the widow sympathized with me deeply. She also told me that I was welcome to stay with them until such time as I was able to get employment. So I remained with the Beckets three days, during all of which time I tried hard to get work, but without success.

On the morning of the fourth day she asked me if I had tried any of the hotels for work. I told her that I had not, so she advised me to go to some of them in my rounds.

It had not occurred to me that a boy could find anything to do about a hotel, but I took Mrs. Becket's advice, and that morning called at the American hotel, which was the first one I came to.

Quite boldly, for a green boy, I approached the person whom I was told was the proprietor and asked him if he had any work for a boy, whereupon he looked at me in what seemed a most scornful way and said very tartly:

"What kind of work do you think you could do?"

I told him I could do most anything in the way of common labor.

He gave me another half-scornful smile and said:

"I think you had better go home to your parents and go to school.
That's the best place for you."

This was discouraging, but instead of explaining my position, I turned to go, and in spite of all that I could do the tears came to my eyes. Not that I cared so much for being

refused employment, but for the manner in which the hotel man had spoken to me. I did not propose to give up at that, but started away, more than ever determined to find employment. I did not want to impose on the Beckets, notwithstanding that they still assured me of welcome, and moreover I wished to do something to help them, even more than myself.

I had nearly reached the door when a man who had been reading a newspaper, but was now observing me, called out:

"My boy! come here."

I went over to the corner where he was sitting and I was trying at the same time to dry away my tears.

This man asked my name, which I gave him. He then asked where my parents lived, and I told him that they died when I was four years old.

Other questions from him brought out the story of my boy-life; Drake, Gen. Jackson, the negro boys and the brutal negress; then my trip to St. Louis—but I omitted the hornet's-nest incident. I also told this kindly stranger that I had started out to make a living for myself and intended to succeed.

Then he asked me where I was staying, and I told him of the
Beckets.

Seeing that this man was taking quite an interest in me, gave me courage to ask his name. He told me that his name was Kit Carson[2], and that by calling he was a hunter and trapper, and asked me how I would like to learn his trade.

I assured him that I was willing to do anything honorable for a living and that I thought I would very much like to be a hunter and trapper. He said he would take me with him and I was entirely delighted. Often I had wished to own a gun, but had never thought of shooting anything larger than a squirrel or rabbit. I was ready to start at once, and asked him when he would go.

Smilingly he told me not to be in a hurry, and asked me where Mrs. Becket lived. I told him as nearly as I could, and again asked when he thought we would leave St. Louis. I was fearful that he would change his mind about taking me with him. I didn't know him then so well as afterward. I came to learn that his slightest word was his bond.

But visions of Mr. Drake, an old negro woman and a hornet's nest, still haunted me and made me overanxious. I wanted to get as far out of their reach as possible and still remain on the earth.

Mr. Carson laughed in a quiet and yet much amused way and said:

"You must learn to not do anything until you are good and ready, and there are heaps of things to do before we can start out. Now let's go and see Mrs. Becket."

So I piloted him to the widow's home, which, as near as I can remember, was about four blocks from the hotel. Mr. Carson being able to speak French first-rate, had a talk with Mrs. Becket concerning me. The story she told him, corresponding with that which I had told him, he concluded that I had given him nothing but truth, and then he asked Mrs. Becket what my bill was. She replied that she had just taken me in because I was a poor boy, until such time as I

could find employment, and that her charges were nothing. He then asked her how long I had been with her, and being told that it was four days, he begged her to take five dollars, which she finally accepted.

I took my little budget of clothes and tearfully bidding Mrs. Becket and Henry good-bye, started back to the hotel with my new guardian, and I was the happiest boy in the world, from that on, so long as I was a boy.

On the way back to the hotel Mr. Carson stopped with me at a store and he bought me a new suit of clothes, a hat and a pair of boots, for I was barefooted and almost bareheaded. Thus dressed I could hardly realize that I was the Will Drannan of a few hours before.

That was the first pair of boots I had ever owned. Perhaps, dear reader, you do not know what that means to a healthy boy of fifteen.

It means more than has ever been written, or ever will be.

I was now very ready to start out hunting, and on our way to the hotel I asked Mr. Carson if he did not think we could get away by morning, but he told me that to hunt I would probably need a gun, and we must wait until he could have one made for me, of proper size for a boy.

The next day we went to a gun factory and Mr. Carson gave orders concerning the weapon, after which we returned to the hotel. We remained in St. Louis about three weeks and every day seemed like an age to me. At our room in the hotel Mr. Carson would tell me stories about hunting and trapping, and notwithstanding the intense interest of the stories the days were longer, because I so much wished

to be among the scenes he talked of, and my dreams at night were filled with all sorts of wonderful animals, my fancy's creation from what Mr. Carson talked about. I had never fired a gun in my life and I was unbearably impatient to get my hands on the one that was being made for me.

During the wait at St. Louis, Henry Becket was with me nearly all the time, and when we were not haunting the gun factory, we were, as much as possible, in Mr. Carson's room at the hotel, listening to stories of adventure on the plains and among the mountains.

I became, at once, very much attached to Mr. Carson and I thought there was not another man in the United States equal to him—and there never has been, in his line. Besides, since the death of my mother he was the only one who had taken the slightest interest in me, or treated me like a human being, barring, of course, the Beckets and those persons who had helped me on my long walk from Nashville to St. Louis.

Finally Mr. Carson—whom I had now learned to address as Uncle Kit—said to me, one morning, that as my gun was about completed we would make preparations to start West. So we went out to a farm, about two miles from St. Louis, to get the horses from where Uncle Kit had left them to be cared for during the winter.

We went on foot, taking a rope, or riatta, as it is called by frontiersmen, and on the way to the farm I could think or talk of nothing but my new rifle, and the buffalo, deer, antelope and other game that I would kill when I reached the plains. Uncle Kit remarked that he had forgotten to get me a saddle, but that we would not have to wait to get one

made, as there were plenty of saddles that would fit me already made, and that he would buy me one when he got back to town.

When we reached the farm where the horses were, Uncle Kit pointed out a little bay pony that had both his ears cropped off at the tips, and he said:

"Now Willie, there is your pony. Catch him and climb on," at the same time handing me the riatta.

The pony being gentle I caught and mounted him at once, and by the time we had got back to town money could not have bought that little crop-eared horse from me. As will be seen, later on, I kept that pony and he was a faithful friend and servant until his tragic death, years afterward.

In two days we had a pack-train of twenty horses rigged for the trip. The cargo was mostly tobacco, blankets and beads, which Carson was taking out to trade to the Indians for robes and furs. Of course all this was novel to me as I had never seen a pack- saddle or anything associated with one.

A man named Hughes, of whom you will see much in this narrative, accompanied and assisted Uncle Kit on this trip, as he had done the season before, for besides his experience as a packer, he was a good trapper, and Uncle Kit employed him.

CHAPTER II.

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BEGINNING OF AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE.—FIRST WILD TURKEY.—FIRST BUFFALO.—FIRST FEAST AS AN HONORED GUEST OF INDIANS.—DOG MEAT.

It was on the morning of May 3, 1847, that we rounded up the horses and Uncle Kit and Mr. Hughes began packing them.

It being the first trip of the season some of the pack-ponies were a little frisky and would try to lie down when the packs were put on them. So it became my business to look after them and keep them on their feet until all were packed.

Everything being in readiness, I shook hands, good-bye, with my much-esteemed friend, Henry Becket, who had been helping me with the pack-horses, and who also coveted my crop-eared pony, very naturally for a boy. Then we were off for a country unknown to me, except for what Uncle Kit had told me of it.

My happiness seemed to increase, if that were possible. I was unspeakably glad to get away from St. Louis before Mr. Drake had learned of my whereabouts, and up to the time of this writing I have never been back to St. Louis, or Tennessee, nor have I heard anything of Mr. Drake or my ancient enemy, the angel of Erebus.

From St. Louis we struck out westward, heading for Ft. Scott, which place is now a thriving little city in

southeastern Kansas, but then the extreme out-edge of settlement.

The first day out we traveled until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when we came to a fine camping place with abundance of grass, wood and water.

Uncle Kit, thinking we had traveled far enough for the first day, said:

"I reckon the lad is gittin' tired, Hughes, 's well as the horses, an' I think we'd better pull up for the day."

I was glad to hear this, for I had done more riding chat day than in any one day in my life, before.

Uncle Kit told me it would be my job, on the trip as soon as my horse was unsaddled, to gather wood and start a fire, while he and Mr. Hughes unpacked the animals. So I unsaddled my horse, and by the time they had the horses unpacked I had a good fire going and plenty of water at hand for all purposes. Mr. Hughes, meantime, got out the coffee-pot and frying-pan, and soon we had a meal that I greatly enjoyed and which was the first one for me by a camp- fire.

After we had eaten, and smoked and lounged for a while, Uncle Kit asked me if I did not wish to try my rifle.

Of course I did.

So taking a piece of wood and sharpening one end that it might be driven into the ground, he took a piece of charcoal and made on the flat side of the wood a mark for me to shoot at.

"Now Willie," said Uncle Kit, "if you ever expect to be a good hunter you must learn to be a good shot, and you can't begin practicin' too soon."

I had never fired a gun, but I had made up my mind to be a mighty
hunter and so started in for shooting practice with much zeal.
Uncle Kit gave me few instructions about How to hold the gun, and
I raised the rifle to my face and fired the first shot of my life.

I do not know how close my bullet came to that mark, nor how far it missed, for the wood was untouched. But I tried it again and with much better success, for this time I struck the stick about eight inches below the mark. This was great encouragement and from that on I could scarcely take time to eat meals in camp, in my anxiety to practice, and I was further encouraged by Uncle Kit's approval of my desire to practice.

One evening I overheard Uncle Kit say to Mr. Hughes, "That boy is going to make a dead shot afterwhile."

This gave me great faith in my future as a hunter and Uncle Kit and Mr. Hughes seemed to take great delight in teaching me all the tricks of rifle marksmanship.

After we had traveled about two days we came to a belt of country where there were wild turkeys in great numbers, and on the morning of the third day out, Uncle Kit called me early, saying:

"Come Willie, jump up now, an' le's go an' see if we can't git a wild turkey for breakfast." He had heard the turkeys that morning and knew which direction to go to find them.

I rolled out and was quickly dressed and ready.

When near the turkey haunt Uncle Kit took a quill from his pocket and by a peculiar noise on the quill called the

turkeys up near to him, then took aim at one, fired and killed it.

"Now Willie," he said, "do you think you can do that to-morrow morning?"

I told him that I thought if I could get close enough, and the turkeys would stand right still, I believed I could fetch one. And I desired to know if it was certain that there would be turkeys where we were to camp that night.

"Oh, yes;" said he, "thar'll be plenty of 'em for some days yit."

Early the next morning Uncle Kit called me as usual, and said,

"Git up now, an' see what you can do for a turkey breakfast."

Instantly I was on my feet, Uncle Kit showed me the direction to go, loaned me his turkey-call quill, which, by the way, he had been teaching me how to use as we rode the day before.

I shouldered my rifle and had not gone far when I heard the turkeys, up the river. Then I took the quill and started my turkey tune. Directly a big old gobbler came strutting towards me and I called him up as near to me as he would come, for I wanted to make sure of him.

Uncle Kit had told me about the "buck-ague" and I knew I had it when I tried to draw a bead on that big gobbler. I had never shot at a living thing, and when I leveled my rifle it was impossible to control my nerves.

The turkey seemed to jump up and down, and appeared to me to be as big as a pony, when I looked at him along the rifle. Two or three times I tried to hold the bead on him, but

as rainbow or cutthroat trout, though the text does not specify which species.

116 Honey Lake is a basin and lake in northeastern California, near present-day Susanville; it was a landmark on overland emigrant routes in the 19th century.

117 The Ute are Indigenous peoples native to parts of the Great Basin and central Rocky Mountains (today mainly Utah and Colorado); nineteenth-century travel narratives commonly reference Ute bands encountered in that region.

118 A "war bonnet" denotes a feathered headdress—often made with eagle feathers—worn as a ceremonial or status item by some Plains Indian leaders; such headdresses are culturally significant and were not used universally by all Indigenous peoples.

119 This phrase is a 19th-century settler rendering of certain Indigenous concepts of an afterlife where hunters dwell with spirits; the specific beliefs and terms differ among tribes, so the English phrase is a generalized description rather than a precise Indigenous term.

120 Truckee Meadows is the broad valley around the Truckee River in western Nevada (the area where present-day Reno developed); in the 19th century it was a sagebrush-grassland known for wildlife and forage.

121 Reno is the city in western Nevada that later grew along the Truckee River; the narrator is noting that an area once remote would, in later decades, become the modern city of Reno.

122 Refers to Jim Bridger (1804–1881), a prominent mountain man, trapper, scout, and guide who was active in the Rocky Mountain and Plains regions.

123 A surname here referring to a frontier trader or partner associated with Bent's Fort; members of the Roubidoux family were active in western trade in the 19th century (exact individual not identified in the text).

124 The captain in charge of the government escort for the wagon train in this episode; the text does not give a full given name, so this identifies him by rank and surname only.

125 Colonel John M. Chivington (1821–1894) was a U.S. Army officer and territorial military commander in New Mexico and Colorado; he later became historically notable for leading the 1864 Sand Creek actions (often referenced in historical accounts).

126 A ford (shallow crossing) of the Arkansas River used on the Santa Fe Trail; Rocky Ford later became the name of a town in southeastern Colorado near that crossing.

127 A Native American people of the Southern Plains historically based in parts of present-day Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico, known for horse culture and buffalo hunting in the 19th century.

128 An 19th-century place name in the text; it likely refers to territory associated with the Kiowa people (often spelled Kiowa or Kiawah in period sources), a Plains tribe — this identification is probable but not certain from the text alone.

129 A 19th-century English phrase used here for an Indigenous conception of an afterlife or paradise for hunters; it is a Euro-American rendering of Indigenous spiritual ideas rather than a single precise Indigenous term.

130 A type of Indigenous dwelling mentioned in the chapter, typically a rounded or domed structure made from

a wooden frame covered with bark, mats or hides; not the same as the conical Plains tipi used by some other tribes.

131 A historical term for Native American infants or small children; derived from Algonquian languages and regarded today as archaic in common usage.

132 A major 19th-century commercial and migration route running from Missouri to Santa Fe (present-day New Mexico), used for trade, military movements, and westward migration roughly from the 1820s through the 1860s.

133 Refers to the Texas Panhandle, the northern rectangular 'handle' portion of Texas; in 19th-century usage it denoted that frontier region where settlers and conflicts with Plains tribes, such as the Apache, occurred.

134 In 19th-century frontier contexts, 'packers' were men who loaded, secured and guided goods packed on pack animals (horses or mules) for overland transport, often as part of a pack train.

135 Refers to Colonel William Bent, a prominent 19th-century trader and Indian agent associated with Bent's Fort and trade on the Santa Fe Trail.

136 A ceremonial smoking of a pipe (often called a 'peace pipe' or calumet) used by many Plains Indigenous peoples as part of rituals to establish goodwill, treaties, or guesthood; practices and meanings varied by nation.

137 The Kiawah were a historic Native American group associated with the Carolina coast; the author’s reference may mean that coastal Kiawah were visited or could reflect another local band with a similar name, so the exact identification is uncertain.

138 A city and trading center in present-day New Mexico that, in the 19th century, was a major terminus of the Santa Fe Trail and a focal point for commerce between the U.S. and the Southwest.

139 Fort Worth is a city in north-central Texas that began as a U.S. Army fort in the mid-19th century (established 1849) and served in that era as a regional military and supply center for settlers and frontier operations.

140 In this context, 'staked out' means horses were tied to individual stakes driven into the ground so they could graze without wandering, a common frontier method of controlling loose animals.

141 The phrase 'broke to the harness' means the horses had been trained to pull a wagon, carriage, or other harnessed implements, indicating they were accustomed to draft or harness work rather than being untrained or wild.

142 'Happy hunting grounds' is a 19th-century English expression used as a euphemism for an afterlife where hunters continue to hunt; it appears frequently in period literature and draws on generalized Indigenous imagery rather than a single specific tribal belief.

143 A collective name for several culturally related Native American groups native to the Southwestern United States and northern Mexico; 19th-century frontier accounts commonly refer to Apaches in the context of raids and conflicts with settlers and U.S. forces.

144 A resinous sap from fir (and related conifer) trees historically collected from bark cracks and used by frontiersmen as a topical liniment or antiseptic for wounds and sores.