The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, Volume 8, June 10, 1806-September 26, 1806

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REVIEWED BY ROGER L. NICHOLS, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

This volume provides the last of the narrative journals compiled by Lewis and Clark on their famous expedition. It traces their actions from June 10, 1806, when they broke camp in Idaho until September 26 that year, when they returned to St. Louis. During those three and one-half months the Corps of Discovery faced many of the same difficulties they had encountered previously. However, new problems arose, too. On July 3 Lewis and Clark divided their party and headed off in different directions. Lewis headed east and north to explore the Marias River north toward Canada while Clark went southeast to explore the Yellowstone River. Of the two, Lewis experienced the most danger. First, he and several men met a Blackfoot hunting party that tried to steal their horses and guns. When shouting failed to stop them, a fight broke out, and soon one of the Indians lay dead. A few days later, one of the less than sharp-eyed hunters shot Lewis, thinking that he was an elk. Despite these difficulties, Lewis and his men overtook Clark’s party in North Dakota, and they continued downstream toward St. Louis. On September 26, 1806, they reached that city, and the expedition ended.

Gary Moulton and his editorial staff have continued their excellent work on this volume. They help the reader to focus on the journal content and intrude only enough to explain or to clarify obscure passages. Two simple but clear maps give the explorers’ locations and make their journey easy to follow. The annotations are clear and fill gaps in the narrative or in general knowledge. For Iowa readers, there are a few specific items of local interest. On September 4, 1806, for example, the explorers halted at the grave of Sgt. Charles Floyd near the mouth of the Big Sioux River. They made several other camps in western Iowa on their way down the Missouri, but had little to report there. For those interested in
American frontier and western history, this and the preceding volumes in the set offer exciting and interesting reading. One can only look forward to the volumes yet to come.


REVIEWED BY STEVEN OHRN, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

Joseph and Frank Bily were born and raised outside Spillville, Iowa. Their parents were recent immigrants from Czechoslovakia drawn to Iowa to make their livings farming. Joseph and Frank turned to carving and clock making rather than follow their father in farming family lands. It was as carvers that the Bily brothers made their mark in their own times and beyond. By donating their wonderful clocks, carvings, and miscellaneous personal collections of books and artifacts to the City of Spillville, they created a legacy for themselves and a popular tourist attraction for this small Czech town.

This book purports to be the story of Joseph and Frank as told by their mother, Mary Bily, who kept a diary beginning in 1865 and continuing through July 1945, when Frank took over as family chronicler until shortly before his death in 1965. The diary begins with Mary’s youthful entries, continues through the years of bearing and raising four children, and then increasingly focuses on the remarkable work of her sons. The diary is full of all the interesting details of daily life that a social historian could ever dream of finding. Daily events, family tragedies and celebrations, seasonal changes, and commentary on events near and far are all topics for Mary’s pen. And all of this is extremely well written.

It was the style of the writing that sent me back to the preface to discover that the diary form used by Hutchinson is merely a literary device; there is no diary of Mary Bily! The book records "those private conversations which we will never recover." Using words that Mary might have expressed had she kept a diary is a way of "revealing and not revealing." So as someone with a longtime curiosity about the Bily brothers, this book is not the one I have been waiting for. It is interesting and well written, but ultimately no more satisfying than fiction based partially on the historical record.