BOOK REVIEWS


The history of our westward movement is rapidly being told but much remains to be done, for there are many chapters, especially in the history of Middle West, that have only been sketched in broad outlines. A personal reminiscence like this book by Mr. Stuart fills an important place because it gives full details and throws the vivid light of personal experience on this period. It is especially valuable since Mr. Stuart's career included an overland trip to California in 1852 where he saw the seamy side of the gold rush. He was a trader and packer and thus watched the road to the gold fields. As pioneer conditions began to recede in the mining camps, he went to the Great American Desert east of the mountains and there became one of the first cattle men of the frontier. In the meantime he had also gone into the mercantile business. It was in Montana that he and his brother, James Stuart, worked together and where they saw the passing of frontier life.

During these forty years of activity, Mr. Stuart kept a journal. He tried later to incorporate with it the accounts of other pioneers in Montana but the editor found it too bulky. The editor also excluded parts of his manuscript that had already been published. The two volumes contain, therefore, a chronological account of his forty years on the frontier, taken from his journal.

It makes interesting reading. Although the style is like that of most pioneer journals, Mr. Stuart was evidently a man of sympathy, humor, and understanding. He appreciated the small details of pioneer life and reflects upon these details. As he himself stated in his preface: “I have these recollections written that those who come after may know something of the hardships endured, perils encountered, and obstacles overcome by this warm-hearted, generous, self-sacrificing band of men and women who suffered so much to attain their ideals”.

It is rather fine to capture again the glory of a lost era, the era of the American frontier through the experience of one of the actors of that era.

Ebba Dahlin.

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