little difficulty in trailing him through all the intricacies of
his canoe-routes—that wonderful system of waterways, the
like of which may be looked for rather in the myth of the
Dædalian labyrinth than in the geography of any country
but that which he traversed—over the limitless prairie of a
Dakota, even into the treacherous sphagnum of a muskeg.
Henry is not quite so easy to trail as Lewis and Clark are,
but he is easier by far to follow than Pike, for example;
and any knack of going by "sign" I may have acquired by
former experiences has stood me in good stead in the pres-
ent case.   Henry's routes may be recovered with almost
absolute precision, and he made few camps in all his journey-
ings that I cannot now set with hardly any probable error.

Few men who have ever put pen to ethnographical paper
have had more extensive, varied, and intimate personal ac-
quaintance than Henry acquired with Indians in the course
of his long experiences as a trader among many different
tribes of distinct linguistic stocks, from the Algonquians
and Siouans of his earlier experiences, through others of the
Saskatchewan and Missouri, to the many different Pacific
families he finally met.   Intimately connected with his cus-
tomers as he was, thoroughly versed in their characters, hab-
its, and manners as he became, he had no sympathy with
them whatever.   They were simply the necessary nuisances
of his business, against whom his antipathies were continu-
ally excited and not seldom betrayed in his narrative.   He
detested an Indian as much as he despised a Franco-Cana-
dian voyageur, or hated a rival of the H. B. or X. Y. Com-
pany.   How much of "sweetness and light" is likely to seep
and shine through the private pages of a man whose preju-
dices were invincible and sometimes violent, of one who was
quite out of touch with his own environment, the reader
may judge for himself; as he may also observe how chary
and wary I have been, as a rule, in expressing any opinion
of the moral of a story which shows up the seamy side of
things so persistently and sometimes so obtrusively.   That
is no métier of mine—who am I, that I should set up to