

Now, I never have seen a native who has any idea of scale in delineating topographical features on a map. He may represent several days' journey by two or three inches, and follow it by filling in four or five with the details of a few miles. As an instance of this, I have a sketch of the East Branch river from Fort Nelson to its head, in which a distance which takes three days to come down in canoes is represented by $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and immediately above it, a part of the river is drawn on a scale five times as great: or, a distance which takes a day and a half to come down in a canoe was made six inches long: but there were many details in the latter distance, that required room for their clear representation.

The Professor did not understand this, nor did the Indian understand how to show the features of about 300 miles of country on a sheet of foolscap, even if he possessed an intimate knowledge of it, which in this case he did not, his only knowledge being hearsay. So it was not long until the limits of the paper were passed, and the surface of the table bore the impress of the cartographer's pencil. Soon the table's verge was passed, and the map was continued on the floor to the wall of the house, still unfinished, as was shown by the Indian tracing a sinuous line through the air to represent the meanderings of the streams on the other side of the wall, all the time his face glowing with enthusiasm. This was more than the Professor had bargained for, and to say that he was amazed is not using exaggerated terms: he was dumfounded.

As soon as he could do so, he asked the distance to the confluence with another stream, marked on the map as only a short distance from the fort, and when told it took three days to come down in canoes, "Three days!" he exclaimed: "Great Scotland!! Why this must be down in the Gulf of Mexico!" Putting his hand on the wall of the house, when the Indian was

compelled to stop, "And he carried it outside, too! Why, dog-gone his picter! He has us down in South America, and he ain't finished. Say, ask him if he knows about Peace river, about the two Saskatchewan, the Missouri, and other big rivers down south. He's across the Amazon sure!" Unable to find suitable terms of indignation, he strode out, leaving the Indian in surprise, and the interpreter in convulsions of laughter.

Mr. Christie, the clerk, told me the story, and it was arranged between us that he would approach me in the morning in the Professor's presence, and present an account from the Indian for ten dollars for making a map. I was to feign ignorance of the transaction, and express vexation at such an unfounded claim. All of this was duly acted. Christie insisted that the account be paid. I asked him to get the Indian to identify the man who got the map made. This was more than the Professor could stand, and he admitted responsibility for it, but declared in very forcible language that it was not worth ten cents, much less ten dollars: that he would never pay for it: and that the Indian was an old fraud, which he proceeded to demonstrate in such strong terms that Christie and I retired in uncontrollable laughter. Fortunately, the Indian did not come around camp that day.

I may say here that when a native is making a map for you, it is not wise to interrupt him, no matter how strange you may think his representations. When he is done, ask him any questions you may wish, and no matter how seemingly inconsistent his answers may be, do not even smile. If you contradict him, or laugh at him, you will probably get no more information from him.

To get an idea of the various distances you wish to know, ask him how many days he took to travel over them: if by water, whether it was with or against the current: whether the current was strong or not;