

*The Chiefs.* The sea? The ships? The heads of the English? The horrible liar! We will call him Liar from henceforth. Kill him, or make him say who was with him, what lakes and rivers he went by!

*De Vignau* (with effrontery). I forget the name of the Indian.

*Champlain.* He has told me the name twenty times, once no later than yesterday, and here is the map he gave me in which the particulars of the route are given. Thomas, translate this for the Indians.

The Indians cross-questioned the man about the map, etc., but he did not reply, "showing his wickedness by his silence." So Champlain retired for quiet thought. He reflected on the accounts given of Hudson's voyage, with which the account of this liar seemed to agree pretty fairly. That it was unlikely such a lad could have imagined the whole thing; that it was almost incredible he would have undertaken this journey had he not seen what he recounted; that it was perhaps ignorance which prevented him from replying to the Indians; that if the English account were true, the Northern Ocean could not be more than three hundred miles away, since we were in lat. 47 and long. 280 from Ferrol (not quite exact); that the difficulty of passing the rapids and the steepness of the mountains, full of snow, might be the reason these people knew nothing of the ocean; that they had always said, and repeated this every year, that it was but thirty-five or forty days' journey from the Hurons' country to the ocean, which they could visit by three routes, but that none had seen it except this liar, whose saying the road was so short had caused him much to rejoice.

Meanwhile they were getting ready the canoe and time was pressing, so Champlain called his man again.

*Champlain.* The time for dissimulation has passed. I am going to take the opportunity which is given me. Tell me truly, then, if you have seen what you report or not. I will forgive all the past and forget it, if you speak truly now. But if I go on and find it false, I will have you hanged, sure, without mercy, when I return.

*De Vignau* (throwing himself upon his knees). Pardon, pardon, then! All I said, whether in France or here, is false. I never saw the sea. I was never up beyond this village of Tessoüat's. I only told these lies so as to get back to Canada.

*Champlain* (beside himself with anger). I can't bear the sight of you. Get away! Thomas, finish questioning the man, and report to me.

*Thomas* (after a time). I think you should not go farther. The man thought you would be deterred by the difficulties, postpone the journey, and that he would none the less have his reward. He wishes to be left here, and will go and find the sea or die in the attempt.