

There, now, Charon, you look decent, neither eyes nor nose afflict,  
Have a soda, then we'll toddle over and find Benedict,  
After that we'll have some dinner, then I'll show you through the town,  
And then once more we'll go aloft and do some looking down.

You are civil, Hermes—very; you give orders, I'll obey,  
All these modern improvements suit me nicely, I must say.  
But now, tell me—what's a "drummer?"—I have never understood,  
Yes, and by the bye, this also you must tell me—what's a "dude?"  
For one day I ferried over shade with such outlandish tongue,  
That it swept across his shoulder, and right o'er the gunwale hung,  
Then his cheeks were just prodigious, and of quite a brassy hue,  
He said he'd been a "drummer" and had carried oil and glue,  
He asked me if I'd ever seen the latest thing in boats,  
Which a friend of his had patented, one Jeremiah Oates;  
It had th' electric motor, was a lovely kind of goods,  
And had lockers, where, if needful, I could pack away the "dudes."  
Now what's electric motor? What's a drummer? What are dudes?  
At your leisure you can tell me if you've seen that kind of goods.

Certainly! with pleasure, Charon; not just now, though; later on.  
We've enough on hand at present; come away; we must be gone.

There! that's over; as I told you Ben'dict's tickled all to bits,  
This thing's bound to be the biggest of my manifold big hits.  
So in headlines will the *Hustler* blazon forth my Charon's name,  
Immortality conferring, deathless honour, fadeless fame.  
How would this sound, for example—HERE FROM HADES—in bold type?  
Then, below, of somewhat smaller, less uncompromising stripe,  
—Great Pluto's Famous Ferryman, Old Charon, Of The Styx,  
Has Come Earthward On A Jaunt From Tartarean Bailiwicks?—  
And now this tricycle we'll mount; touch this button; there we go—  
Driven by electric motor—sixty miles an hour is slow.  
Wait until we've cleared the city, then I'll let her out a bit,  
As a substitute for sandals, not so very bad, is it?  
Electricity! my Charon, that gives wings to modern feet,  
Viewless as winds, than chariot steeds of Helios\* more fleet.  
Here we are, jump out and help me to inflate this small balloon,  
No need of mountains nowadays, nor of incantations' croon,  
There, all's ready, wait a minute, this machine of ours I'll hide,  
Now, step in, I let her go—thus upward, birdlike, slow we glide.  
And now we're high enough, I think, what do you say? will it do?  
If you can't see just quite clearly, try these glasses—how's the view?

Why, my Hermes, this is splendid, all I could expect and more,  
This is ever so much nicer than the way we did before,  
I do so admire the motion, something quite unique; although,  
If I wasn't used to boating, I'd feel sickish, don't you know;  
What a panorama, Hermes! what a grand, thrice glorious show!  
I don't wonder that the shadows hate just awfully to go.  
Mighty mountains! noble rivers! lakes!—like oceans *infra dig*,  
Really, friend, I had no notion that the world was half so big.  
But it's all so novel, Hermes, all quite new to me, I vow,  
I have never, I'm quite certain, seen this landscape until now.

No, you never have, dear Charon; you ne'er said a thing more true,  
This, if wholly fresh no longer, is yet new enough to you,  
This is that great America, whereof you've doubtless heard  
From obliging, shades some rumours in the regions which you guard.  
Look there where broad St. Lawrence rolls his burdens to the deep,  
Past the Royal Mount's proud glory and Quebec's historic steep,  
There the mighty Mississippi labours southward to the sea,  
And northward there Mackenzie's undisturbed sublimity,  
While in the sunlight glinting there, like a band of burnished gold,  
You may see, far south, the Amazon's vast lineaments unfold,  
Then the lakes!—those giant mirrors, where the gods themselves might scan,  
Ontario—Superior—Huron—Erie—Michigan.  
Yes! on that landscape feast your eyes, thou boatman of the Styx,  
For Demosthenes of Athens ne'er saw nobler from the Pnyx. †  
Down yonder stately Hudson flows between pictorial shores,  
And there's far-famed Niagara; just listen, how he roars!

#### L'ENVOI.

The Ferryman's impressions of "the Falls" will ne'er be known,  
By the context what they "might have been" has possibly been shown—  
For something must have happened in those regions of the air,  
Mysteriously tragic—such things happen everywhere.  
The omniscient reporter was found dead on the sea shore,  
But of Charon to the *Hustler* cometh tidings nevermore.

Toronto.

GEO. INGLIS.

### THE BETRAYER OF LA SALLE.

THE fate of the men who, in 1687, conspired against Robert Cavalier de la Salle, and finally murdered him, has been told by Mr. Francis Parkman, as far as the murderers proper, Duhaut and Liotot, are concerned. Of their main accomplice, L'Archevêque, only so much was known (as Mr. Parkman has had the kindness to inform me), viz., that he and another companion in crime, the sailor Grollet, were captured by Alonzo de Leon in Texas two years after La Salle's death, and probably sent to Spain. What afterwards became of them had not been ascertained.

Two months ago, while searching the archives of the Pueblo of Ka-Po or Santa Clara (New Mexico) for documents of historical import, in behalf of the Hemenway Southwestern Archaeological Expedition, my attention was drawn, among others, to the great number of manuscripts called in Spanish *Diligencias matrimoniales*. They are investigations made on the petition of parties applying for license to marry, and consist in the main of the application of him or her and of the examination of witnesses in regard to the standing of the applicants, their relations to each other, etc. Among these I found at Santa Clara one headed: "Ynformacion de Pedro Meusnier, francés.—1699." The fact that a Frenchman should be found in New Mexico at such an early date, and in face of the stringent laws of Spain against the admittance of foreigners into the colonies, appeared interesting. My interest soon increased upon discovering that Meusnier had come over to America in the fleet commanded by "Monsieur de La Sala" in 1684. This is testified to by two witnesses, one of whom signs himself Juan de Archeueque, while the other, rather

illiterate, has not signed, but states in his deposition that he is a native of La Rochelle, and his name is given as "Santiago Groslee." Both these witnesses claim to have come over with Meusnier in the same fleet, and in the year 1684 also. Both Meusnier and Archeueque were in 1699 soldiers of the garrison of Santa Fé; Groslee was a resident of that town.

There was only one L'Archevêque in La Salle's ill-fated expedition, and the evidence seemed quite conclusive that this was the one whose signature I had before me at Santa Clara. Mr. Parkman, to whom I communicated the fact, also inclined to the belief that he was the fellow who enticed La Salle into the fatal snare, while Groslee seemed to be Grollet the sailor. I have since found the latter as Grolle and Grolin in two official documents now in my possession. As late as 1705 he was a resident of the little town of Bernalillo, on the Rio Grande. Of Meusnier I have not been able to find any further trace as yet.

But the chief interest to me rested in the person of L'Archevêque, the more so since there is to-day in New Mexico a family calling themselves Archibeque, and of whom it is surmised, at least, that they are of French descent. Furthermore, I had met, in documents antedating 1720, the name and declarations of a Capt. Juan de Archibeque. It was but natural to suspect that the Captain of the War Councils of 1715 and of 1720 was the same man as the private soldier of 1699; the more so since at the latter council, where the project of the ill-fated reconnaissance to the Arkansas River was discussed, the said Capt. Archibeque strongly recommended it, alleging in its favour, among other reasons that it would procure definite information in regard to "his countrymen the French."

Researches at the archives of the United States Surveyor-General's office at Santa Fé brought to light documents which impart valuable information. There is in the first place a transfer to Juan de Archibeque, "a soldier," of certain real estate in Santa Fé, in the year 1701. Lastly, there is "the Inventory of the goods and chattels of the Captain Juan de Archibeque, a Frenchman," bearing date 1720. From this manuscript we gather that our man accompanied the expedition to the Arkansas which he had so strongly advocated, and that he, with some forty-three other Spaniards, was killed there by the Pawnee Indians on the 17th of August of the same year. This, by the way, is the expedition to which Mr. Shea refers in his "Peñalosa." The official investigation held at Mexico in regard to it is also in my possession.

We further gather that Archibeque was twice married, and left two legitimate and two illegitimate children; that after leaving the military service he became a successful trader, extending his trading tours into Sonora, and sometimes buying directly at the City of Mexico. His estate, after settlement, yielded 6,118 pesos to the heirs, an amount quite respectable for the time. Upon a second visit to Santa Clara I found there at last the *Diligencia matrimonial* of L'Archeueque *alias* Archibeque. It bears date 1697, and his (first) wife was the widow of Thomas de Ytta, murdered in 1694 near Zacatecas by a mulatto. She herself was a native of Tezcuco, in the valley of Mexico.

The life of him who served as decoy to the murderers of the great French pioneer becomes thus sketched almost in full: Jean L'Archevêque was born at Bayonne in France in 1671 or '72, and came over to America when only twelve or thirteen years of age. When he played the odious rôle on the bank of the little creek in Texas, he was a boy of sixteen. This indicates precocious depravity, or, perhaps, to be charitable, boyish ignorance. He was picked up by the Spaniards among Indians in 1689. Of the eight years following I have as yet no information, but I have no doubt of finding documents which will shed light on that period. In 1696 he appears as a soldier of the "Presidio" of Santa Fé, and claims the hand of the widow of a murdered man. One year later, when sufficient proof is at least furnished that Thomas de Ytta is really dead, he gets married. In 1701 he becomes a property-holder at Santa Fé, afterwards a successful trader and a respected and experienced "captain." As such he foments an expedition whose indirect purpose is against his own countrymen, and in the course of that expedition he is killed—a strange and wild career, worthy of its beginnings upon American soil. His son, Miguel de Archibeque, was, as far as I can determine, the ancestor of the present family of that name.

It is noteworthy that L'Archevêque was the youngest of the three Frenchmen implicated in La Salle's murder who turned up in New Mexico. Grollet was his senior by at least seven years, and Meusnier was one year older than L'Archevêque. The former was, as already stated, a native of La Rochelle, and Meusnier a Parisian. Cor. *New York Nation*.

POETRY is always a personal interpretation of life; an interpretation, that is, which reveals truth through a personality. For purposes of literature there is no such thing as impersonal or abstract truth; that which makes the expression or embodiment of truth, through the medium of language, literature is always the presence of the personal element. The same truths in the hands of Spencer and of Tennyson will take on widely different forms; the scientist will give his statement clearness, precision, definite relation to kindred facts; the poet will suffuse his verse with imagination, suggest the universal relationship of his truth, and stamp his expression with the indefinable something which we call literature. If we define this intangible something as style, we have really added nothing to our knowledge; for in the last analysis style, as Buffon long ago said, is the man. Turn the thought of the greatest poets—Sophocles, Dante, or Shakespeare—into your own prose, and you will have a valuable residuum of truth, but the quality which made that truth literature has somewhat escaped. You have kept the thought, but Sophocles, Dante, and Shakespeare have slipped through your fingers.

\* The God of the Sun.  
† An Athenian place of popular assembly, from which a splendid view of Grecian landscape and architecture could be had. Demosthenes, in his orations against Philip, took advantage of this to make strong appeals to the patriotism of the people.