

tempt their lives of low debauchery and flagitious crime.

Our extracts from this volume are necessarily short as we have only room for a brief notice of one of the most distinguished Bucaniers and an anecdote which illustrates the daring strategy, for which the order was remarkable.

Montbar was a gentleman of Languedoc, who, from reading in his youth of the horrible cruelties practised by the Spaniards upon the Mexicans and Caribs, imbibed a hatred of the whole Spanish nation, which possessed him like a phrensy. It is however somewhat strange that the impulse which led this singular person to join the ranks of the Bucaniers urged him to the commission of worse cruelties than those which he reprobated. His comrades were often merciles from the lust of gold; but Spanish blood was the sole passion of Montbar. It is related by Raynal, that while at college, in acting the part of a Frenchman who quarrels with a Spaniard, he assaulted the youth who personated an individual of that hated nation with such fury that he had wellnigh strangled him. His imagination was perpetually haunted by the shapes of multitudes of persons butchered by monsters from Spain, who called upon him to revenge them. While on his passage outward to league himself with the brethren of the coast, the inveterate enemies of Spain, the vessel in which he sailed fell in with a Spanish ship, and captured it. No sooner had the Frenchmen boarded the vessel, than Montbar, with his sabre drawn, twice rushed along the deck, cutting his frantic way through the ranks of Spaniards, whom he swept down. While his comrades divided the booty acquired by his prowess, Montbar gloated over the mangled limbs of the detested people against whom he had avowed everlasting and deadly hate. From this and similar actions he acquired the name of the *Exterminator*.

From the Cape de Verd Isles the *Revenge* intended to keep a direct course to the Straits of Magellan; but by adverse weather was compelled to steer for the Guinea coast, which was made in November, near Sierra Leone. They anchored in the mouth of the river Sherborough, near a large Danish ship, which they afterward took by stratagem. While in sight of the Dane, which felt no alarm at the appearance of a ship of the size of the *Revenge*, most of the Bucanier crew remained under deck, no more of the hands appearing above than were necessary to manage the sails. Their bold design was to board the ship without discovering any sign of their intention; and the *Revenge* advanced closely, still wearing the resemblance of a weakly manned merchant vessel. When quite close, Capt. Cook in a loud voice commanded the helm to be put one way, while by previous orders and a preconcerted plan the steersman shifted into a quite opposite direction; and the *Revenge*, as if by accident, suddenly fell on board the Dane, which by this dexterous manœuvre was captured with only the loss of five men, though a ship of double their whole force. She carried thirty six guns and was equipped and victualled for a long voyage.

This fine vessel was, by the exulting Bucaniers, named the *Bachelor's Delight*; and they immediately burnt the *Revenge* that she "might tell no tales, sent the prisoners on shore, and steered for Magellan's Straits;

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. LXXV.—This number has been lying on our table for some time; but though we intended a week since to have noticed its contents, yet, as the pressure of more important matter compels us to make the Weekly Review much shorter than usual to-day, we can give but a word in passing to it now. The only articles that we have read are, "Authorship of Junius,"—the writer of which leaves the question where he found it;—"Bryan's Poems," a well written article by a competent hand, which does justice to the great powers of that finished poet, without injudiciously ranking him with loftier bards; a charming paper upon "Audubon's Biography of Birds," and an eloquent essay upon "Indian Biography." The remaining articles we may take another opportunity to notice; but we cannot resist the occasion to call attention here to some passages of the one last mentioned. Tecumseh and his brother, "the Prophet," are the chief subjects of it; and the writer deserves well from every

friend of truth for rescuing so triumphantly, as he does, the noble character of the first from the obloquy that has been heaped upon it by those who contemned him for his wild attempt to create an Indian league for the overthrow of the Union.—The whole character of this man is worthy the best days of Roman patriotism, integrity, and honest pride of country. He was valiant, disinterested, generous, and true to his word; and with intelligence far beyond that of those with whom his lot was cast, he was equally removed from them in affecdom from their prevailing vices. In the language of the Reviewer he seems a feudal Baron among hools. Even in his intercourse with his British allies, in whose army he held from the King of England the commission of a Brigadier General, he was too proud for a subordinate part. His confederates might do as they chose, but for himself, he would maintain the dignity of a free and brave man, and a warrior. He abandoned his plan of visiting the President, because he could not be received as the head of the deputation. It is said, that, in the last conference at Vincennes, he found himself at the end of a long and animated speech, unprovided with a seat. Observing the neglect, Governor Harrison directed a chair to be placed for him, and requested him to accept it. "Your Father," said the interpreter, "requests you to take a chair." "My Father!" replied the chief, "the Sun is my father, and the Earth is my mother; I will repose upon her bosom." And he adjusted himself on the ground in the Indian manner.

A qualified remark has been made upon his courage—but the manner in which he conducted himself during the war, is sufficient to establish the point beyond controversy. The same may be said of the fearlessness shown in his visits to Vincennes; and especially, in his exposure of himself on that occasion, though he must have perceived that he was feared, suspected, and even guarded by large bodies of troops, drawn out for that express purpose. It is very illustrative of the apparent diversity in the character of Elskawatawa and his own in this respect, that when the Delawares sent a deputation of chiefs to break up the Prophet's settlement at Tippecanoe, the latter would not *deign*, as Mr. Dawson expresses it, to give them an interview, but *despatched his brother to them*, whose threats or persuasions were sufficient to drive back the chiefs, with strong indications of apprehension and terror. When General Proctor began to prepare for retreating from Malden, Tecumseh, having learned his intention, demanded an interview, and, in the name of all the Indians, delivered an animated speech. If the spirit which it manifests could have had its intended effect in inducing the General to fight before he retreated, the result must at least have been more glorious, if not more favorable to his cause.

"Father!" he began, "Listen to your children!—You have them now all before you.* The war before this, our British Father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans, and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge. We are afraid he will do so again this time.

"Listen! When war (the last war) was declared, our Father stood up and gave us the Tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans, that he wanted our assistance, that he would certainly get us our land back; which the Americans had taken from us.

"Listen! When we were last at the rapids, it is true we gave you little assistance—it is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs. (Alluding to the American fortifications.)

"Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out. We know they have fought. We have heard the great guns;—(Perry's victory,)—but we know not what has become of our father with one arm,—(Commodore Barclay.) Our ships have gone one way, and we are astonished to see our father tying up every thing and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know of his intentions. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground. But now, father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to that of a fat dog, that carries its tail upon its back; but when frightened drops it between its legs and runs off.

"Father, listen! The Americans have not yet beaten us by land, we are not sure that they have by

water; we wish, therefore, to remain here and fight. If they defeat us, we will *then* retreat with our father.

"Father! You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit,—we are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

This celebrated speech is probably as good a specimen as any on record, of the *eloquence* of Tecumseh. It was a natural eloquence, characteristic, as all natural eloquence must be, of the qualities of the man. As Charlevoix says of the Canadian savages, it was "such as the Greeks admired in the barbarians," strong, stern, sententious, pointed, perfectly undigested. It abounded with figures and with graphic touches, imprinted by a single effort of memory or imagination, but answering all the purposes of detailed description, without its tediousness or weakness. The President was "drinking his wine in his town," while Tecumseh and Harrison were fighting it out over the mountains. The Indians were hallooed upon the Americans; like a pack of starved hounds. The British nation was our great Father, and our great Father was laid flat on his back. So the policy of the United States, in extending their settlements, was a *mighty water*, and the scheme of common property in the tribes, was a *dam* to resist it. Tecumseh belonged to a nation noted, as Hecke-welder describes them, "for much talk;" and he was himself never at a loss for words. He was a countryman of Logan, too, and he reasoned and felt like him. His whole time and talents were devoted to the cause of Indian independence, and when he spoke upon this theme, as he generally did in public, his fine countenance lighted up, his firm and erect frame swelled with a deep emotion, which scarcely his own stern dignity could suppress; every posture and gesture had its meaning; and language flowed burning and swift from the passion-fountain of the soul.

This cutting speech is highly characteristic of the man, and shows better than the words of a biographer, the acuteness of his mind in the first part, and his elevation of soul in the last. It is one of those efforts of uneducated genius which "will live on the pages of civilized history long after barbarous tradition has forgotten them." Tecumseh, to conclude with the closing observations of the Review, "will be named with Philip and Pontiac, the 'agitators' of the two centuries which preceded his own.—The schemes of these men were,—fortunately for the interest which they lived and labored to resist,—alike unsuccessful in their issue; but none the less credit should, for that reason, be allowed to their motives or their efforts. They were still statesmen, though the communities over which their influence was exerted, were composed of red men instead of white. They were still patriots, though they fought only for wild lands and for wild liberty. Indeed, it is these very circumstances that make these very efforts,—and especially the extraordinary degrees of success which attended them,—the more honorable and the more signal; while they clearly show the necessity of their ultimate failure, which existed in the nature of things. They are the best proofs, at once, of genius and of principle."

BRIDGMAN'S GARDENER'S ASSISTANT, is the title of a work for the use of young florists and those engaged in horticulture. It contains a catalogue of garden and flower seeds, with the practical directions for the cultivation of culinary vegetables, the production of fruit trees, training of grape vines, &c. &c. The volume, which is printed by Geo. Robertson, may be had at Thorburn's Bridgman's, and the other florists in town.

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.—The last London Quarterly contains a paper under this title, much in the style of the delectable articles upon this country, for which that liberal and unprejudiced journal has always been so remarkable. It is a review of a piece of book-making by a woman possessed of some cleverness, who rejoices in the name of Mrs. T'rollop. The work, which is not badly written, is, withal, a complete Grub-street, catch penny concern, got up with caricatures, and prepared for the press by a regular manufacturer of travels, who