Literaturo, &c.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

Duaine the latter part of 1838, by reason of trouble existing between the two governments, alarge equadron of French ships was stationed along the Mexican coast, for the purpose of enforcing the blockade declared by France. In consequence of this measure, provisions, and such articles as has hitherto been imported into the Mexican seasonts, became very scarce, and the high prices which were demanded of fered strong inducements to our enterprising, money-loving countrymen, to out wit the keen eyed Frenchman, and, in defiance of their blockade, to supply the interdicted ports.

One of these adventurous exploits came im-One of these adventurous exploits came immediately under my own observation, and anticipating the reader's permission, I will reel off the yarn for his edification. It occurred while I was cruising in the sloop of war Boston, under the gallant old Captain Babbitt, who was one of the officers of the old Philadelphia, when she was captured by the Algerines. Apropos of my revered commander, there comes up always when I recall him, his standing toast, the only one he ever give after him. comes up always when I recall him, his standing toast, the only one he ever gave after his release from imprisonment, "the downfall of the barbarous Moors," On all occasions, whenever he was called upon for a centiment, this was given. We were once diving with the celebrated Espeleta, governor general of Cuba, who did not understand a word of English. As the wine passed round, Captain Babbit was called upon for a sentiment. He gave as usual "the downfall of the Barbarous Moors," which creating unusual merriment among all who creating unusual merriment among all who understood him, caused the governor to require its translation. To judge from the governor's appearance, it must have touched him nearly, for his complexion clearly betrayed his Arabic descent.

But I am yawing off my course. After a cruise of four or five months in the more on terra firms, and to fill our water tanks. On coming to anchor in the roadstead, we found the French corvette Creole, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, and a brig of the same nation, moored in front of the river. The same nation, moored in front of the river. The bar of Tampico is too shallow to admit vessels of heavy draft, which are obliged to anchor in the open roads outside, and on the approach of a gale, are forced to get under weigh and give the shore a wide berth. The blockading craft were anchored barely out of reach of the gans mounted on the castle of San Marco, in a situation to intercept any vessel attempting to eater the harbor. After we came too and furled our sails, the usual salutes were exchanged, visits of etiquette paid, and the launch hoisted out, preparatory to watering the ship. Having nothing with which to occupy myself, and not intending to visit the town before the next day, I took my sketch book and pencil, and ascended to the maintop, designing to

the next day, I took my sketch book and pencil, and ascended to the maintop, designing to sketch the entrance of the river. I stowed myself away on a spare studding sait, and commenced drawing the outline of the beautiful landscape; but I was interrupted by old Martine, the captain of the top, with—

"Them Johnny Crapeaus have got an eye out to windward, lieutenant. That there Grey Owl as they call her, is talking bunting (signativing) to the brig; and there go her hands aloft to loose her canvass, sir."

I oast my eyes towards the brig, and at once perceived that she was lieaving up her anchor. A second look to seaward explained the cause of this maneavire. On the extreme verge of

A second look to seaward explained the cause of this manusarie. On the extreme verge of the windward horizon, a small white speck appeared, seeming but a floating cloudlet resting between the light blue of the clear sky and the deep azure of the ocean,

The brig was soon under way; and piling the canvass on her tall spars, she hauled on a taut bowline, in the direction of the strange sail. Sending Marline below for my spy glass I was now enabled with its aid to make the tranger out. She appeared to be of brigantine size; and by the way she rose in the horizon, I judged her to be a fast sailing clipper. There was a light sky-sail breeze ruffling gently over the water from seaward, but not blowing hard exough to make the anchored vessels tend head to wind against ebb tide, therefore we lay bows

in towards the harbour.

The brigantine rapidly neared the French brig; and while my eye was fixed on her rakish rig, and the beautiful cut of her square sails, her colors rose to the gaff. I at once distinguished the flag of "the lone star republic." The Frenchman had got within had of the stranger, and apparently satisfied with his ap-pearance, had squared away; and under a cloud of snow-white canvass the two vessels came in aide by side. How beautiful is a ship, dressed in her snowy robes and flaunting streamers, ocuding gracefully over the gently-undulating bosom of the ocean, as she parfs the blue waves, and throws the foam in silvery sheeks in her wake! The outline of her tapering spars, her dark thread-like rigging, and broad sails her wake! The outline of her tapering spars, her dark thread-like rigging, and broad sails thrown out in bold relief against the sky, the variety of colors, each softened down into the other, are, in my mind, "beautiful exceeding-ly."

The two vessels neared the anchorage: Suddealy the Frenchman clewed up vistore and mainsails, the Textan banner fluttered from her mast head, and her guns opened a salute to the brigantine. As the brigantine swept smooth-ly on, an involuntary buzz of admiration tose from our crew, as they gazed on her sylph like beauty. She was evidently Baltimore built, wer spars very taunt and rakish, her hull losy and low in the water, with bows that seemed to pass through the waves without a ripple. Apparently she had but a small crew, some tea or afteen seamen only being actively engaged in working her, and a few red-coated marines leaning, with professional suffices, against the masts and bulwarks. Three or four officers also appeared at their usual stations; and as we knew the difficulties of shipping men in that non-paying service, we were not surprised that non-paying service, we were not surprised to see her so poorly manned. A long brass firty two pounder, working on a pivot, amid-ships, and unmasked port holes, along her sides, were symptoms of a sharp set of teeth which gave her the cut of a dangerous custom-

As soon as the Frenchman fired the last gun of his salute, he clewed up everything and came to in the berth he had left. The brigantine kept on close under our lee, without shortthe kept on close under our fee, without short-ening sail; and passed answering our hail, as the "Texas brig of war Brazos, Commander Charles E. Hawkins" She had also hoisted the French flag forward, and we were expect-ing to see her come too and answer the salute of the Frenchman, when suddenly altering her course, she luffed across the bows of the Cre-ole, and headed in for the fort, intending appa-rently to cross the bar. While we were won-dering at her temerity in thus venturing under the guns of an enemy's fort, the Texian flag

the guns of an enemy's fort, the Texnan flag was hauled down, the star-spangled banner floated in its place, and at the foremast head the Mexican flag was hoisted above the French. This was more than the Frenchman could bear. To be thus tricked out of a salute, their blockade broken under their very noses, and their half-worshipped tri colored hoisted beneath the Mexican flag, was too gallingly insulting for their fiery natures. The brigantine had hauled up so as to bring their masts in had hauled up so as to bring their masts in range, and as they awang to the tide, not a gua could be brought to bear from their decka gun could be brought to bear from their decks upon her, while she stretched boldly across the bar. The confusion of Babel must have been great if it exceeded that which uprose from the angry Frenchmen. First one and then another slipped their cables and made sail, so as to bring their broadsides to bear on the daring stranger; but they were too late, and in their hurry and foul of each other only throwtheir hurry got foul of each other, only throwing a few harmless shot over and around the brigatine, which soon rounded the high bluffs of Punta Tanupeco, leaving them to get clear of each other, and seek their old anchorage

The excitement of the scene had thrown all The excitement of the scene had intrown an idea of sketching out of my head; and having an old acquaintance on board the Creole, I determined to pay him a visit, having a middy-like desire to witness the workings of the bitter pill they had swallowed. After getting on the product of the productions and applications and the productions are productions. board and exchanging the usual salutations and inquiries, we adjourned to the mess room, where a bottle of claret was introduced, as well as the subject of "running the blockade." To do justice to my French friend, I must give the conversation to my readers as it occurred, verbatim et literatim.

"My ver goot fren, you see dat dam rasca-lity Yankee doodale fellow laff de grande prince, de grande nation, de whole blockade, all in de ver face.'

"Yes, Serrice, I saw it all; but why did you

let him pass 3"
"Let him pass, by gar !-- LET him pass, you say, ch! Vy, sacre-mil-tonnere! he say ne one-fourtree!-- val you call him !-- dat leetle republique, vat fight all Mexique?"
"Texas."

"Ah, yes, Texas—Texasman o'war, he say himself Ou, by gar, de grand prince he mad ver moosh! Mil tonnere! how he swear Anglice, ven he sae de coortain of glory, la belle tri-color hang up all same like one deesh clout under de dirty flag de Mexique! He say he watch for dat same Yankee doodale can-neille all eternice, till he catch him! He no nevare come to dees port ' gain, vi dont ve catch him.

This I found out to be the actual determi-nation of the blockading equadron; not to move from the port till they succeeded in dapturing the American.

I returned on board, and the next morning started for the city, feeling a strong desire to see and make the acquain ance of one so much after my own heart as the man who had planned and executed this bold manœuvre. Tam-pico is situated on a river of the same name, about seven miles from its mouth. With its narrow unpaved streets, strong prison-like houses closely planned together, it stands as a fair specimen of the old style of Spanish cities. It from the river side, and every knoll in the vici-sity is fortified and garrisoned. We entered the river at the moment that the sun arose, dispelling the fog mantle that enveloped the banks of the clear stream. The row lightfully pleasant, and we parsued our way up the winding stream, the fresh air bearing us the grateful perfume of fruit and flowers on its cooling wings After rowing about an hour, we turned round a point, and before us lay the town. Anchored in the stream lay our friend the Baltimorean surrounded by boats filled with bartering natives. As we came lougside of her I beheld beneath the shady rim of an enormous Panama hat, a face weather bronzed yet ruddy, with a good humoured expression that seemed familiar with me. As I drew near a smile of recognition settled upon it, that at once illuminated the dimness of memory. It was my schoolmate and friend, Will, list hat you?"

'Thundering tritons! Will, is that you?"

was my exclamation as I sprang over the low bulwarks, and landed in the triendly embrace of

his brawny arms. "Well, Allen, you are the last fellow that expected to meet in those cruising grounds," said I, as soon as I could regain my breath and power of utterance, which he had squeezed out

I suppose you are astonished to see me on salt water, Ned, but I knew you were a-board the old Bos'on, and of course expected to cross your hawse somewhere in these latitudes. I owe you an apology for not paying my respects to you last night, but I had no time to stop. By the way, speaking of that, what did the Frenchmen say at my not answering their cashe 2" ing their salute ?"

Why, they are going to eatch and keel haul you, if you try to come out; so you had better stay in port till they break up and clear

out."
"Well, now don't I wish they may do it, all but the catching part. Why, conlound the soup drinking lubbers, I haven't shown them half what my little "Nella" can do yet. I'll bet my syes to a backet of tar, that I go out as I came in, with my colours flying, looking them right in the teeth."

"You had better be careful, Will; they are on the look out for you; but where is your long tom that you had mounted on a pivot yesterday?" said I looking in vain for the

gun.
"There it lies on the forecastle, alongside the heel of the bowsprit; it's only a pine log shaped like a gun and painted yellow. I thought American officers had better eyes that to take a log of wood for a bona fide

barker."

"You made a good imitatation, Will; but where are your marines?"

"Oh! the sojers? I threw them everboard on the bar for the benefit of the Frenchmen."

"Threw them overboard! Why what do you

mean 4".

"Why, I mean just what I say—that I threw a dozen bundles of straw, dressed up in red, yellow, and white flamel, overboard on the bar yesterday for the special benefit of the Johnny's."

"I understand you now, Will; your guns soldiers, and all, were quakers?"

"Precisely so, Ned. The Nella was stowed too full of dry goods, flour, and the like to have room for arms; and I trust prore to her speed than my own valor. I have got my cargo in safe, and have sold it for a juvenile fortune—enough to enable me to get spliced to my old sweetheart, pretty Kate S———, and settle down in the iron city, for life-And, I have finished here, I am going out as soon as St. Antonia will send me a breeze—so look out for the homeward bound the first norther that blows; as sure as it comes, I'll run by the Frenchmen in spite of their threats."

After spending a happy day and evening with my friend, in overhauling joint recollections of old times, I returned on board ship.

During several ensuing days we were occu-

ied in procuring wood and water, preparatoeady for sea, when the visits of the skipper to his barometer became frequent; and most knowing of our forecastle oracles, their shoulders coldly as they turned their eyes toward the mountain tops in the interior. The clerk of the weather was evidently brewing mischief. One of the most certain omens of an approaching gale on that coast is a singular clear atmosphere! Distant hills, seen at no other time, show their blue peaka plainly, thus forewarning the mariner to be ready to cut and run. We as well as our French neighbours, commenced preparing by sending down our light spars, housing top-gallage maste, close reefing top sails and courses, and refurling them snugly to the yards, intending if possible to "lay it out" at anchor.

Night came on, and as the sun gradually descended behind a gathering bank of black clouds in the West, the wind increased, beginning to pipe the sailor's warning in its loudest key. The ground swell ross very high, causing us to labor heavily, and to pites bows under into it

The distant thunder began to echo the hoars The distant thunder began to echo the hoarse mouning gale, and lightning played fitfully through the flying clouds "This is the very night for such a dare devil as Will Allen," said I, as I kurried on deck, enveloped in the folds of my storm jacket, with my sou-wester lashed on my head. The thought had barely passed through my mind, when the look out on the night heads sung out." Sail ho?"
"Where away is she?" said I, straining my eve sight in the gloom.

eye sight in the gloom.
"Right ahead sir. and believe it other olipper

that tricked the Johnny's the other day, trying to come over the bar."
"Great G., she'll be lost!" said I, as I

caught a glimpse of her, struggling through the heavy range of breakers that ran mountain high entirely across the bar one moment hid-den in their tumultous boilings, the next seeming to leap high above their showy crests. it was beautiful, grandly, sublimely, terri beautiful! As the lightning flash the scene, the eye is one hurried glance would cover the high rolling breakers, tinged with he prismatic hues of the rainbow, that seemed to leap madly up from the quicksand bar; the gallant and beautiful vessel rushing swildy through the flashing waters, her spars bowing to the full strength of the storm king? breath, her sails white us the cloud spot whence the lightning burst forth; her crew hurriedly flying from one post to another, as their varied dutie required, in the dread time of danger.

Again the lightning cloud closes, and the imagination is left to picture the scene from the wild uproar of watring elements. Once more the jagged rays of lurid light flash forth—the vessel has passed the bar in safety; here she comes right down in our midst! The gale had increased to a height that tendered our anchorage unsafe; and altogether, French and Americans, were obliged to slip and addd.

The ire of the Frenchmen was aroused—It

was galling to their pride to see a little Yankee clipper pass into a blockaded port, in fair weather, under their very port holes, but doub ly galling to see the audacious craft again laugh at them, and defy their power in the teeth of a As the Mella came on, the Frerch

ships beat to quarters, determined, as a their officers afterwards told me, to

We were now all in a haddle, driving sea before the gale. As the treacherous ning betrayed the position of the gallant the French opened a rapid fire upon him they were too nervous to do any harm flew wide, the quick flash of light shot flew wide, the quick flash of light of enabling them to take an aim, which the ceeding darkness would set entirely at 0n, on we sped before the whisting amid the roar of the hurricane, the loud being cannen, the lightning's glare, and the flashing of the guns; but the Nella had heels of us. Soon even the far reaching light failed to discover her situation; shr run the blockade, in and out, in perfect to.

From Marston; or, the the Memoire Statesman, in Blackwood's Magazine

Statesman, in Blackwood's Magaziae and difficult November.

A S C E N E

DURING THE SIEGE OF VALENCIENTS

While I was meditating on the hidden in inga of this letter, in which my Jewish in seemed to have imbibed something of dreamy spirit of Germany itself, I was suby a tremendous uproar outside the hospin the drum beat to arms, the garrison him mustered, the population poured intestreets, and a strong and startling light in the casements, showed that some great flagration had just begun.—The intellige was soon apread that the Hotel de Vills noblest building is the city, a fine specime I saw—Clo noblest building in the city, a fine specime Italian architecture of the seventeenth cent and containing some incomparable picture and containing some incomparable picture the Italian masters, had been set on fire bomb, and was now in a blaze from barnent to ground. The next intelligence still more painful. The principal conversate city, which was close in its rear, had in fire, and the unfortunate nums were seen a windows in the most imminent danger of ishing. Feeble as I was, I immediately rishing. Feeble as I was, I immediately rishing are hands and uttering the wildest critical terror at the probable destruction of all unhappy women. I volunteered my serve which were accepted, and I hurried out which were accepted, and I hurried out sist it asving them if possible. The special was overwhelming.

The Hotel de Ville was a large and sinsulated building, with a sort of garder round three of its sides, which was now with the populace. The garrison exhibite the activity of the national character in efforts to extinguish the flames. Scaling are ever red them, thick as bees; fire-buckets were officient I ficient I

efforts to extinguish the flames. Scales an ever reders were applied to the windows, men monthieve that ed them thick as bees; fire-buckets were inficient, I sed from hand to hand, for the fire engines into of tas been long since destroyed by the cannot ings undo and there seemed to be some hope of all sublimity the structure, when a succession of agons piled on screams fixed every eye upon the confer heart a where the fire had found its way to the simissippi of wood and oil, and shot up like the explosul, and it of gunpowder. The efforts of the troops aims so is of gunpowder. The efforts of the troops now turned to save the convent, but the interest of gunpowder. The efforts of the troops aims so lat now turned to save the convent, but the subset. It is fury of the flame defeated every attempt, ad miles, scaling ladders no sconer touched the che globe, ments than they took fire; the very me its wawere so hot that none could approach the me from and every new gust swept down a sheel at, where flame, which put the multitude to flight is been plicated in the could be a subset of the country of the country was now brought of vaster, the cach the walls; but while there remains gos their. 150 human beings within, it was impossible illmate himake use of the guns. All efforts at less onely an ceased; and the horror was deepened, if setrated, could be, by seeing now and then a distract hoary for figure rush to a casement, toss up her arms heaven, and then rush back with a how where sta

I proposed to the French officers that the sugh part should dig under the foundations, and thus of a way of escape through the vaulta. The tempt was made, but it had the ill-success all the rest. The walls were too massive our strength, and the pickaxe and spade who which now seemed to reign within, and volumes of smoke which poured from casements, it began to be the general impression that the fate of the nuns was already cided; and the officers were about to limit to this for make one trial more, and fire at a british to make one trial more, and fire at a british door which closed a lefty archway lead to the Hotel de Ville. He complied; a pennd ball was sent against the door, and few offits hinges. To the boundless exultant ay be promoted to the Hotel de Ville. He complied; a pennd sell was sent against the door, and few offits hinges. To the boundless exultant ay be presented to the Hotel de Ville. He complied; a pennd set of the sell was sent against the door, and few offits hinges. To the boundless exultant ay be presented to the first through the sell of this fortunate shot, in the emergence of its tube whole body of the nuns from the smoking at one gle shattered building. They had been driven, stresses its by step, from the interior of the smoking at the smoking by step, from the interior to the long stons passage which is old times had formed a constitution munication with the town, and which is 1888 of probably not been used for a century. The 1888 of probably not been used for a century. While it woops and populate now rushed into the Book waters de Ville, to meet and convoy them to place safety. I followed with the same object, with some unaccountable feeling that I had personal interest in the rescue. The half apartments were on the large and heavy so a spring of spring that I had a partments were on the large and heavy so of ancient times, and I was more than bewildered in ranges of corridors filled bewildered in ranges of corrinors into the grim reliques of civic magnificence, field portraits of forgotten men of city fame, porter and mailed captains of training of the captains of training the captains of th tous burghers, and mailed captains of tra-bands. The unhappy women were at length gathered from the different galleries to white they had scattered in their fright, and at whose foot the escort was drawn up for their protection.

But the terrors of that fearful night were as ery ple yet at an end. The light of the confinguities and another than eye of the besievers, and

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