

LITERATURE.

GENIUS.

A friend some time since handed us the following Lines. The author's name was not furnished.

Who hath not bowed beneath the master power
Of Heaven born Genius—that immortal dower,
Investing thought with all enduring birth,
And as a mighty lever, moving Earth;
Moving those myriad energies of mind—
That circle through the mass of human kind,
Swaying their actions like a mighty soul,
And ruling millions with unseen control.
Who has not knelt before the Heaven-lit shrine,
And marvelled at its ruling mastery—
Soared on the lightning wing of thoughts sublime,
Or trembled neath its magic potency?
Been spell-bound 'neath a gush of sorcery sounds,
When tides of eloquence in music flow,
'Till every fibre of our bosom bounds,
And moved to ecstasy the spirit glows.
By Genius' hand the cloudy veil is riven,
That Heaven's starry burning glories hide;
By it we track the wilderness of Heaven,
Where circling worlds, round worlds circling glide.
'Tis her's to scan by Science Argus eyes,
The mystic glories of each wandering star,
And charm the viewless planets from the skies
That shine in Empyrean depths afar.
'Tis by the Alchemy of master minds,
The gold of thought is seven times refined,
Smelted and analyzed by Genius' flame,
In the laboratory of the brain,
Which, in that crucible of earthen mould,
Trans forms the very dust to gems and gold.
The existing forms of matter she deforms,
The chain that binds the elements dissolves,
And from the wreck a new feature forms;
Where Science mighty principles evolves;
By these unveiling, that we clearly trace
The hidden lineaments of Nature's face.
Have you not traced the God-like in the creature,
When the eye flashes out the spirit's ray,
And in the ample brow and lofty feature,
The expressive thoughts of Genius richly play?
Imagination in her silver can.
Then rolls amidst the fiery spheres from star to star,
Soars high upon her richly-color'd wings,
Searching the depths of ocean, earth and sky,
Gathering the substance of all glorious things,
Where'er the elements of beauty lie,
'To decorate sublime imaginings.
'Tis then the arm of intellect on high
Is raised to grasp impalpable thought,
And drag the floating phantoms from the skies,
Then master'd and condensed to earth is brought
The flitting etherous concussions of the mind,
And language fetters down the lightning glance,
Bestows it as a gift on human kind,
A permanent—a rich inheritance.

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

JACK MOONLIGHT.

Some time ago, on the way from Glasgow to Liverpool, amongst the confusion and bustle in the railway terminus at Greenock, I was interested by seeing what struck me more by contrast with the rest of the scene, but from old associations, would have drawn my attention at any time. Passengers, porters, and trucks were meeting from both directions; ladies and gentlemen anxious about their handboxes and portmanteaus; one engine puffing off its steam, and another screaming as it departed. Through the midst of all, a group of six seamen, from a third class carriage, were lugging along their bags and hammocks, dingy and odorous with genuine tar in all its modifications. Five of the party, of different heights, ages, and sizes, were as dark brown mahogany colour, in face, throat and hands, as some long sea-voyage had made them, evidently through latitude's where the wind blows the sun, if the sun does not burn the wind. One was a fine, stout, middle-aged man, with immense whiskers, and a cap of Manila grass, a large blue jacket, with a gorgeous India handkerchief stuffed in its capacious outside pocket, and brown trousers, with boots, whom I at once set down for the boatswain of some good East-Indiaman. The sixth was a woolly-pated negro lad, about nineteen or twenty, dressed in sailor's clothes with the rest, but with his characteristically shapeless feet cramped up in a pair of Wellingtons, in which he stumped along, while his companions had the usual easy roll of their calling. The tallow was black as a coal, thick-lipped and flat-nosed; but if, like most negroes, he had only kept grinning, it would not have seemed so ridiculous as the gravity of his whole air. Some young ladies standing near, with parasols spread to save their fair complexions from the sun, said to each other, "Oh, do look at the foreign sailors!" I knew, however, without requiring to hear a single word from them, that they were nothing else but the regular true-blue English tars; such, indeed, as you seldom find belonging to even the sister Kingdoms. A Scotchman or an Irishman may make a good sailor, and, for the theory of the thing, why they are probably "six and half a dozen;" but, somehow, there appears to be in the English sea-dog a peculiar capacity for developing the appropriate ideal character—that frank, bluff, hearty abandon, and mixture of practical skill with worldly simplicity, which mark the oceanic man. All dogs can swim, but only water-dogs have the foot webbed and the hair shaggy. The Englishman is the only one you can

thoroughly salt, and make all his bread biscuit, so that he can both be a boy at fifty, and yet chew all the hardships of experience without getting conscious of his wisdom.

So I reflected, at any rate, half joke, half earnest, while hastening to the Liverpool steamer, which lay broadside to the quay, and, betwixt letting off steam and getting it up, was blowing like a mighty whale come up to breathe. The passengers were streaming up the plank, across by her paddle-boxes, as it were so many Jonah's going into its belly; amongst whom I was glad to see my nautical friends taking a shorter cut to the steerage; and establishing themselves with a sort of half-at-home expression in their sunburnt weatherly faces. In a little while the "City of Glasgow" was swimming out of the frith, with short quick blows of her huge fins, that grew into longer and longer strokes as they revolved in the swells of the sea; the jib was set out over her sharp nose to steady her, and the column of smoke from her funnel, blown out by the wind, was left, in her speed, upon the larboard quarter, to compare its dark brown shadow with the white furrow behind. At the beginning of the long summer evening the round moon rose, white and beautiful, opposite the blue peaks of Arran, shining with sunset.—By that time the steamer's crowded and lumbered decks had got somewhat settled into order; the splash of the paddles, and the clank of the engine, leaping up and down at the window of its house, kept up a kind of quiet, by contrast, in spite of the different noises going on around. Amongst such, a nuisance apparently inseparable from and peculiar to steamboats, is a blind fiddler, whose everlasting infernal scrape, squeaking away on the foredeck, one cannot help blending with the thump and shudder of those emetic machines on a large scale, and considering it not the least element in producing the disagreeable phenomena so well known on board of them. One of these said floating musicians, who thus wander probably in imitation of Arion, and in revenge for his fate, was now performing to the groups near the paddle-boxes. Beyond them, however, by the steamer's patent iron windlass, there was a quiet space at the bow, where, in a short time, I perceived the figures of the sailors relieved against the brisk sea-view above the insignificant bowsprit. I went forward out of the privileged regions to smoke a cigar, and found the two elder ones sitting over the windlass in conversation with another seafaring passenger, evidently less thorough-bred, however. The rest were walking backwards and forwards to a side, with a quick, rolling walk, limited in extent, so characteristic of the genius *nauta*—the negro turning his head now and then to grin as he heard the music, but otherwise above mixing in the rabble of already disconsolate looking people behind. He was plainly considered by his shipmates and considered himself, on a footing of perfect equality; his skin was no odium to the men of the sea, whose lot he had no doubt shared, whatever it might have been in the cabin. Their bedding was already spread under shelter of the half-top-gallant fore-castle at the heel of the bowsprit, amongst spars and coils of rope. Although sailors are understood to go half-fare in steamers, they no doubt preferred the accommodation thus chosen. It was amusing to notice how the regular, long-sea, wind-and-canvas men seemed to look down upon the hermaphrodites of the "funnel-boat," and were evidently regarded by them as superior beings; nor did they hold much communication together.

While standing near, I made a remark to two of the eldest of the seamen, whom I had marked down for the leader of the little nautical band: and it was not difficult to break ice with the frank tar. He was more intelligent and polished than is usual even with the superior class of his vocation, having seen more countries of the globe, and their peculiarities, than would have set up a dozen writers of travels. They had all sailed together in the same vessels for several voyages: had been last to Calcutta, Singapore, and Canton, in a large Liverpool Indiaman, to which they were returning, after a trip, during the interval, on some affair of the boatswain's at Glasgow; and, curiously enough, they had made a trip up Loch Lomond, none of them having seen a fresh water lake of any size before. In the meantime, while the negro passed up and down with his companions before me, I had been remarking that his naked breast, seen through the half-open check shirt, was tattooed over with a singular device, in conspicuous red and blue colours: indeed, without something or other of the sort he could scarcely have been a sailor, for the barbarians of the sea and those of the American forest have a good deal in common. This peculiar ornament of the sable young mariner I at length observed upon to the boatswain. "Jack Moonlight!" said the seaman, turning round, "come here, my son; show the gentleman your papers, will ye?"

The black grinned, looked flattered, as I thought, and, opening his shirt, revealed to me the whole of his insignia. In the middle was what appeared meant for a broken ring-bolt; above that a crown; below an anchor; on one side the broad arrow of the dock-yard, and on the other, the figures of 1838.

"My sartifcates, sar, is dat!" said the negro, showing his white teeth.

"That's his figure-head, sir," said one of the younger sailors, "but he's got a different mark abaft, ye know, Mr. Wilson!"

"Never mind, Dick," said the boatswain; "the one scores out the other, my lad."

The black looked grave again, and they resumed their walk.

"What's his name, did you say?" I inquired—"Moonlight?"

"Yes, sir; Jack Moonlight it is."

"*Ut lucus a non lucendo*, thought I; rather a pretentious moonlight—a sort of *dark* lantern! Why who christened him that?" I asked.

"Well, sir," replied the boatswain, "the whole ship's company, I think; the second mate threw a ship's bucket of gulf stream water over his head, too, for a blessing;

and the black cook, being skilled that way, gave him the marks. Jack is his christen name, sir—Moonlight is what we call his onchristen one."

"There's a entire yarn about it, sir," remarked the other sailor.

"I wish you would tell me!" said I to the boatswain, seating myself on the windlass, while his two companions looked to him with an expression of the same desire.

"Why, sir," said the bluff foremast officer, hitching up his trousers, and looking first at one boat and then at the other, "I'm not the best hand myself at laying up the strands of a matter; but however, as I was first whistle in the concern, why, you shall have the rights of it.—You see, sir," continued he, "we were laying at that time inside the Havannah, opposite the Mole—the Mary Jane of Bristol, Captain Drew, a ship o' seven hundred tons. 'Twas in the year '38, I think, Tom?"

"Ay, ay, Mr. Wilson," replied the other sailor, "tis logged correct enough on Jack Moonlight's breast."

"She was round from Jamaica for some little matter to fill up," continued the boatswain, "so we didn't leave the cable long betwixt wind and water; but, two nights before the Mary Jane sailed, a large Portuguese schooner came in, and brought up within thirty fathoms of our starboard quarter, slam on to us, so as we looked into her cabin windows, but nothing else. She'd got the American flag flying, and a Yankee mate that answered sometimes, 'twas said, for the skipper; but by the looks of her, and a large barracoon being a'most right in a line with her bowsprit, we had'n't no doubt what she was after. The first night, by the lights and the noise, we considered they landed a pretty few score of blacks, fresh from the Guinea coast, and a stiew in the middle passage. And all the time there was the Spanish guard boats, and the Court sitting every few days to look after such tricks, and saying they kept a watch the devil himself couldn't shirk. There was a British cruiser off the Floridas, too, but we reckoned she'd been blown up the Gulf by a hurricane the morning before. Next night was bright moonlight, so they were all quiet till two bells of the third watch; then they began to ship off their bales again, as they call 'em, the moon being on the set, and the schooner in a shadow from the warehouses. 'Twas all of a sort o' smothered bustle aboard of her, for the sailmaker and I was keeping our hour of the anchor watch. I was only rated able seaman at that time in the Mary Jane. Well, the shadow of the schooner came almost as far as the currents about our rudder, and I was looking over the quarter, when I thought I saw a trail shining in it, as if something was swimming towards us. 'Sailmaker,' says I, 'is that the shark, d'ye think, what they say is fed along side of one o' them slavers here for a sentry?'"

"Where?" said the sailmaker, and "Look," says I. "Just that moment what did I see but the woolly black head of a nigger come out into the stroak of white waier, 'twixt our counter and the schooner's shadow, swimming as quiet as possible to get round into ours! 'Keep quiet, mate,' I said; 'don't frighten the poor fellow! He's contrived to sink off, I'll bet you, in the row!'" Next we heard him scrambling up into the mizen chains, then his head peeps over the bulwarks, but neither of us turned about, so he crept along to the fore-castle, where the scuttle was off, and the men all fast in their hammocks. Down he dives in a moment. The sailmaker and I slipped along to see what he'd do. Right under the fork's ladder was the trap of the cook's coal-hole, with a ring-bolt in it for lifting; and just when we looked over, there was the nigger, as naked as you please, a heaving of it up to stow himself away, without asking where. As soon as he was gone, and the trap closed, 'Why,' said the sailmaker, 'he's but a boy.' 'He's a smart chap, though, sure enough, sailmaker!' says I. 'But what palls me, is how quick he picked out the fittest berth in the ship.—Why, old Dido won't know but what it's his wife Nancy's son, all blacked over with the coals!' 'Well, bo,' says the sailmaker, laughing, 'we musn't let the black doctor get down amongst his gear, on no account, till the ship's clear away to sea!' 'Doctor, you know, sir—that's what we call the cook at sea. 'Never fear, mate,' says I, 'I'll manage old Dido myself, else he'd blow the whole concern amongst them confounded planters in the cabin.' This Dido, you must understand, sir, was the black cook of the Mary Jane: his name, by rights, was Di'dorus Thomson; but he'd been cook's mate of the Dido frigate for two or three years before, and always called himself Dido—though I've heard 'twas a woman's name instead of a man's. He was a Yankee nigger, as black as his own coals, and had married a Bristol woman. She had one son, but he was as white as herself; so 'twas a joke in the ship against old Dido, how he'd contrived to wash his youngster so clean, and take all the dirt on himself. We run the rig on him about his horns, too, and the white skin under his paint, till the poor fellow was afraid to look in a glass for fear of seeing the devil."

"Next morning, before we began to get up anchor, the cook turns out of his hammock to light the galley fire, and down he comes again to the fore-castle to get coals out of his hold. 'Twas just alongside of my hammock, so I looked over, and says I 'Hullo, doctor! hold on a minute till I give you a bit of advice.' 'Mine yar own bus'ness, Jack Wilson,' says the cross-grained old beggar, as he was. 'Dido,' says I 'who d'ye think I see goin' down your trap last night?' 'Golly!' says he, 'don't know; who was dat, Jack—eh?' and he lets go of the trap lid. 'Why, Dido,' I told him, 'twas the devil himself!' 'O Lard!' says the nigger, giving a jump, 'what dat gentleman want dere? Steal coal for bad place!' 'Lard!—Hush!' says he, whispering into my hammock 'tell me, Jack Wilson, he black or white—eh?' 'O black!' I said; 'as black as the slaver astarn.' 'O Lard! black man's own dibble!' says old Dido 'what's I to do for cap'en's breakfast, Jack?' 'Why, if you haven't a few chips o' wood, doctor,' says I, 'we get out o' this infernal port. Don't they know to lay the old un among your folks in the States, Did,