

## BLINDNESS.

While turning over the columns of the *Literary World* we were much interested in a poem which appears there, taken from the New Orleans *Delta*.

The imagery of this poem on *Blindness* is very graphic, and its mournful passionate numbers reveal the sorrow of a great mind, while struggling with desolation, and buffeting the rolling surges on an ocean of despair. We transcribe the editorial note, together with the author's explanation and the poem, which will give the subject complete to our readers:—

"From the New Orleans *Delta* we select this noble poem, by one of its editors, Joseph Brennan, Esq., with the introductory note which explains its origin. Mr. Brennan is one of "the escaped" from the late painful calamity in that great metropolis of the South; and has many friends, literary and personal, who will be pleased to learn that the light of day still shines for one who knows how to use it so well."

[NOTE PRELIMINARY.—The following poem is an attempt to give the first impressions and restless feelings of a man of ordinary intelligence, who has been suddenly struck blind by sickness or accident. I know not how successful I may have been in the treatment of the theme, but I did not take it up without some very bitter experience—as I have been little better than blind myself for over three long months. In fact, I was utterly without sight for some weeks. I attribute my blindness entirely to the vigorous skill of the physician who attended me in yellow fever, and who by the judicious use of medicine, enabled me to produce the following stanzas; which, if not good, are, at all events, the best I can write—though my Helicon is nothing less than unadulterated quinine!]

As I have alluded to my loss of sight, which resulted from over-doses of a subtle and powerful poison, I may be allowed to mention how I regained it. I am indebted for my recovery—which, though not yet complete, is, in my estimation, almost a miracle of medicine—to Dr. Hunt, of this city, whose name is too high and bright upon the roll of science to gain additional lustre from any praise of mine. To him, under God, I owe that I can now hold a pen; to him I dedicate these lines, as it may afford him some pleasure to know how deep was the gloom which darkened all the prison from which his wonderful skill released me.]

## 1.

The golden shores of sunshine round me spreading,  
 Refuse a boon of light;  
 And fast my shattered soul is death-ward heading,  
 Wrecked on a sea of night!  
 There is no angry tempest flapping sun-ward  
 Its black wings through the air;  
 The ruin, in a calm, is hurried onward  
 Through channels of despair!