

**BLINDNESS; OR, THE SECOND
SENSE RESTORED AND LOST. A
POEM, IN THREE PARTS, WITH
DESCRIPTIVE AND
PHYSIOLOGICAL NOTES**

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Blindness; Or, the Second Sense Restored and Lost. A Poem, in Three Parts, with Descriptive and Physiological Notes by Andrew Park

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ANDREW PARK

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OR,

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A Poem,

IN THREE PARTS,

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BY ANDREW PARK.

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TO THE
PATRONS OF THE BLIND,

THIS

National Poem

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

POETRY is acknowledged by all commentators to be a more pure and universal expression of the tendencies of human nature than prose. When God first spake to man, it was in the language of Poetry he was pleased to make his unerring will known, and when the prophets of old revealed futurity, through holy inspiration, the same ennobling sentiment seemed alone sufficient to embody those revelations meant to enlighten posterity!—Indeed, the soul of man is never touched by the live-coal of sympathy, but Poetry is the medium through which the skilful operator effects his greatest design.

What are our early recollections:—what our highest hopes, our lowest fears:—what all the beauties of nature strewn around us? but Poetry! And yet there are those, who imagine they flatter their own vanity by affecting to deny all its influences.

Poetry is said, however, to be a drug in the market, while, at the same time, every one is annoying us with long quotations from its pages; and who would not consider himself insulted if he were told, that he was not deeply read in its master-spirits?

If Poetry then, be a drug—what shall we call Prose? The drug of drugs! My reason for saying so is, that the nearer poetry is related to prose, the greater drug it becomes, having fewer figures of speech, less condensation and originality of thought, and also being destitute of the necessary allusions to nature, from which alone the unfilming pearls are to be gathered that should brilliantly adorn its impassioned pages.

Thus Poetry has often suffered by the remarks of those who are generally pleased with prose, if they only discover volumes of snow-white paper blackened with diffuse typography, while the same persons, when they open a volume of poetry, expect to be immediately set on fire; forgetting that the want of electricity in themselves, may be the latent cause why they do not really kindle!

In speaking thus of Prose, these remarks are strictly confined to the incalculable number of gossa-