

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS ON THE RECOVERY OF SIGHT ;
ADDRESSED TO MR. B. GIBSON, SURGEON OF
MANCHESTER.

BY EDWARD RUSHTON, LIVERPOOL.

OH ! Gibson, ere those orbs of thine
Received the sun's resplendent light,
In far off regions these of mine,
With many a pang, were clos'd in night :
And in this soul-subduing plight,
Forlorn I reach'd my native shore,
When some, extoll'd for talent bright,
Believed my days of vision o'er.

From men of skill on Mersey's Strand,
Whose fam'd solution nought avail'd,
To men of skill throughout the land,
I pass'd ; but every effort fail'd.
Time paced along, and now assail'd
By ills that oft on blindness wait,
I felt, yet neither crouch'd nor wail'd,
But with firm silence bore my fate.

When first Creation's forms withdrew,
The tones of Hope were sweet and clear,
But soon they faint, and fainter grew,
Then gently died upon my ear.
And thus in rosy youth's career
Was I of light and hope bereft,
Thus doom'd to penury severe,
Thus to the world's hard buffets left.

Now more than thirty times the Globe,
Had round the Sun her progress made,
Since Nature in a dark grey robe,
To these sad eyes had been array'd ;
When lo ! by rigorous duty sway'd,
To thee, oh Gibson ! I applied,
And soon by thy transcendent aid,
The new-form'd opening light supplied.

Oh ! what a contrast !—thus to rise,
From dungeon darkness into day !
To view again yon azure skies,
And all the blooming flush of May ;
Through busy streets to wind my way,
And many a long lost form to mark,
Oh ! what a Heaven do these display,
Compar'd to ever-during dark !

To me the Seasons roll'd all gloom,
But now the vast Creation glows,
With bliss: the hawthorn's silvery bloom,
I view, and Summer's blushing rose.
With bliss when withering Autumn blows
The leaves slow falling I descry ;
And mark, amidst the Wintry snows,
The flakes in whirling eddies fly.

Before thy powers to me were known,
My steps some friendly arm would guide,
But now midst piping winds alone,
I range the country far and wide ;

And oft while towering vessels glide,
And skiffs athwart the white waves steer,
I mark them, as I skirt the tide,
And fearless walk the crowded pier.

What though the light bestow'd by thee,
Is not the light of former days ?
Though mists envelope all I see,
Yet take, oh ! take my heart-felt praise ;
For was not I from Heaven's blest rays,
Shut out through many a rolling year,
And oft remembering this I gaze,
Till feeling pours the grateful tear.

Oh ! thou hast wrought a wondrous change,
Hast usher'd me to light once more,
Hast given the mighty power to range
Through mental paths unknown before ;
Hast placed within my grasp the lore
Of ancient and of modern days,
And while I thus delighted pore,
Shall I forget a Gibson's praise ?

When the lov'd partner of my woe,
And all our young ones I survey,
Can I forget to whom I owe
Those joys that through my bosom play ?
No ! Gibson ! every passing day
Declares the debt I owe to thee ;
Declares, whatever Spleen may say,
The wonders thou hast done for me.

She who has long her Seaman mourn'd
As laid beneath the waves at rest,
Yet now beholds the bark return'd
And once more folds him to her breast ;
Oh ! she who thus has been distress'd,
And thus the highest bliss has known,
Oh ! she my woes can fancy best,
And judge my transports by her own.

MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

BY MRS. HAMILTON.

I HAVE seen many great ayes, and sat
in great ha's,
Many Lords, many Ladies a' cover'd wi'
braws,
At feasts made for Princes, wi' Princes
I've been,
Whar' the grand show of splendour has
dazzled my een,
But a sight sae delightful I trow I ne'er
spied.
As the bonny blythe blink o' my ain fire-
side !

*My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
Oh charming's the blink o' my ain fire-side.*

Ance mair guid-be-thanked, roun my
ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friens o' my youth I cordially
mingle,

Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, or sigh
when I'm sad;
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and frien'ship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever was tried,
There's nane half sae sure as ain's ain fire-side!

*My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
Oh charming's the blink o' my ain fire-side.*

When I draw in my stool, on my cozy hearth-stane,
My heart louns sae light I scarce ken it my ain,
Care's flown on the winds, it is quite out of sight,
Past troubles, they seem, but as dreams o' the night,
I hear but ken't voices, ken't faces I see,
And mark fond affection still glowing for me.

Nae flashings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at my ain fire-side,

O' there's nought to compare wi' my ain fire-side!

*My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
Oh charming's the blink o' my ain fire-side.*

THE XIX PSALM

PARAPHRASE: FROM BUCHANAN.

YE sons of vain philosophy and pride,
To folly prone and whelmed in error's tide,
Behold with sapient contemplation's eye,
Th' unnumbered glories of the vaulted sky,
And own what skilful architect divine,
Arched the wide vault, and bade those glories shine,
Who hung in ambient air this earthly ball,
And poured around the deeps encircling all.

As day the night, and night the day pursues,
Perpetual change! each hour the truth renews,
That Chance directs not, with such ordered haste,
The rolling wonders of th' ætherial waste,
From shore to shore they pour their beams abroad,
And through adoring worlds proclaim their God.
Lives there a race in earth's remote extreme,
So sunk in guilt, so hid from Reason's beam,

As not to see the fixed Divine controul,
Which guides the course of the revolving pole?

Who in the silence of the tranquil night,
Unmoved beholds the silvery orbs of light;
Or feels no transport through his bosom thrill,

When morn comes sporting on the fragrant bill;
Or sees, with godless thought, day's radiant guide,

His purple chariot from the eastern tide,
Like some young bridegroom glorious to behold,

Arrayed in gems, and bright with floating gold;

Till down the expanse he bids his coursers fly,

Hurling the day beneath the western sky,
High o'er the thundering steeds august he stands,

Like a tall giant with his hundred hands,
Of princely port, and majesty, and might,
Proud of his strength, and robed in dazzling light,

From east to west he whirls his burning car,

Through heaven oblique amid each glowing star,

And pours around the vital heat and soul,
Which warm, support, adorn, and fill the whole.

But all the glories of th' harmonious plan,

Ne'er so arrest the wondering thoughts of man,

As Conscience, inmate of celestial berth,
Child of the skies, but tenant of the earth,
With that celestial law in mercy given,
By secret reins, to guide the soul to Heaven.

Th' Almighty's promise, ever void of guile,

Can soothe the despair, and make affliction smile,

But when blind Passion prompts the guilty deed,

That man shall suffer, Justice has decreed,
That loving Justice, in an angel's dress,
Which wounds to cure, and punishes to bless.

Lo! fair Religion's venerated men,
For ever shines in majesty serene;

'Tis hers to pour upon the mental sight,
Truth's living ray, and wisdom's cheering light;

Guarded from age to age, with fear and awe,

On brazen tablets lives her precious law,
Than gems more rare, or gold's resplendent ore,

And sweeter than the bee's mellifluous store.