

## THE MARTYR STUDENT.

(By the Author of "*Dartmoor.*")

“ O what a noble heart was here undone,  
 When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!  
 Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,—  
 She sow'd the seeds, but *Death* has reap'd the fruit.”

BYRON.

LIST not Ambition's call, for she has lur'd  
 To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice,  
 Though sweet as the old syren's, is as false!  
 Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks  
 The battle-field where red Destruction waves  
 O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down  
 The dying and the dead;—on Ocean's wave  
 Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—  
 The seaman follows her, to fall—at last  
 In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons  
 She promises the proud degree—the praise

Of academic senates, and a name  
That Fame on her imperishable scroll  
Shall deeply 'grave. O, there was one who heard  
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn  
And Genius yet deplores! In studious cell  
Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,  
And morn, unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek  
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye  
Reluctant clos'd, and sleep around his couch  
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night  
Mingled—insensibly—and night with day;—  
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—  
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky  
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath  
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the streams  
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy  
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemm'd  
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seem  
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day  
The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by night  
The nightingale;—he heeded not the lay  
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—  
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky;—

Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer  
The aching brow—relume the drooping eye—  
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit—  
One master-passion master'd all—and Death  
Smil'd inly as Consumption at his nod  
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek  
With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;  
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,  
Kindled unnatural fires!

Yet hope sustain'd  
His sinking soul, and to the high reward  
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and scorn  
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,  
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves  
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,  
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss  
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance  
Mark'd the young victim, as with flutt'ring step  
And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous  
bloom  
Suffus'd, he press'd where Science op'd the gates  
Of her high temple.



There beneath the guise  
 Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd  
 The tyrant—DEATH:—and as around the brow  
 Of that ill-fated votary, he wreath'd  
 The crown of Victory—silently he twin'd  
 The cypress with the laurel;—at his foot  
 Perish'd the “MARTYR STUDENT!”

N. T. C.