

Above its palaces of cloud and sky—
A death upon whose brow a radiant life
Sits crowned, — the white-winged messenger of hope,
Whose path is flashing with a sheen of gold.

BERTRAM.

I am ashamed to think you've caught me thus.
You're an accomplished trapper.

LORENZO.

When I please.

But not a word upon the subject now ;
The secret shall be kept. We will return ;
There is a merry-making at the village,
At which I must be present ; and to-morrow,
You will commence your schooling, and become
My fellow-student. Nature for our guide,
Depend upon it we will learn far more
Than any pair of bearding adepts did
In those cold, formal universities,
Where young men's heads are crammed like Christmas
turkeys,
Making them passive as a sweating group
Of listless Dutchmen o'er their meerschaum pipes
That deaden all their faculties of mind.