

Have trod in many paths, which only
 Can be hid, when reason is dethroned.
 I have acted a part in three scenes in
 The great drama of life. A loved child,
 Parent, and grandparent. Have trod the paths
 Of youth in its variety. Have drank from
 That fount of Education, to which all
 Look back from manhood, even from old age,
 With that mournful pleasure, that no one
 But a participator in that boon
 Can ever know.

For who can speak the joys
 Of New England's school-days, but her scholars?
 The happiness, that has been confined
 Within the walls of some old school-room,
 Where both sexes, from the child of four years
 To him who stood forth in all his manhood,
 Were subject to him, whose eye was their law,
 Never can be painted by mortals.

Oh happy days!

Do you not love to dwell upon the past,
 And review those scenes, in which Nature
 Was drawn in all its brilliant colors?
 Methinks I can now almost hear the rap, rap,
 For silence, from our honored master, which
 Has been broken by some well known truant,
 Who had longed for, and now must receive
 The ferule of those good old days.
 I have acted a part in the next scene.
 A fond parent has been doubly blest*
 With that charge, which has been so little studied,
 The responsibility of training
 Children in the way of life.

I once smiled upon a loved son,†
 And saw death touch his beauteous form,
 Which was a passport for his pure spirit

*Twins now thirty-seven years old.

†Edward Everett died aged 17 months