THE COLUMBIAN.


Yh! that for one more summer, In
Where the brook hid in the meadees played in the long ago,
Colled forth until the midnight deep, their medley melody,
Ind the sleeny autumn cricket sang to the rising moon,
While oft the plashing water wheel was heard beside the mill, nd often rose the plaintive voice of the lone whippoorwill,
Vhere too, the no:sy Katydids sent forth their batle cry, And Katy did and Katy didn't came back in sharp reply. Jntil broke on the listening arnking owards the twinkling light, I sought the homeward way Th! that for one more summer, 1 might be allowed to go,
Nhere all these sights and sounds were sweet, in the dear long ago!
Jon $G$ G. YRERZP.

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