

FAIRYLAND.

The Fairyland of our correspondent is not orthodox. His description differs from all received accounts of the country—but our readers will pardon the extravagance for the vigor of the delineation.

DIM vales—and shadowy floods—
 And cloudy-looking woods,
 Whose forms we can't discover
 For the tears that drip all over.
 Huge moons there wax and wane—
 Again—again—again—
 Ev'ry moment of the night—
 Forever changing places—
 And they put out the star-light
 With the breath from their pale faces ;
 About twelve by the moon-dial
 One, more *filmy* than the rest
 (A sort which, upon trial,
 They have found to be the best)
 Comes down—still down—and down
 With its centre on the crown
 Of a mountain's eminence,
 While its wide circumference
 In easy drapery falls
 Over hamlets, and rich halls,
 Wherever they may be—
 O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
 Over spirits on the wing—

Over every drowsy thing—
 And buries them up quite
 In a labyrinth of light—
 And then, how deep! O! deep!
 Is the passion of their sleep!
 In the morning they arise,
 And their moony covering
 Is soaring in the skies,
 With the tempests as they toss,
 Like — almost any thing—
 Or a yellow Albatross.
 They use that moon no more
 For the same end as before—
 Videlicet a tent—
 Which I think extravagant:
 Its atomies, however,
 Into a shower disaveer,
 Of which those butterflies
 Of Earth, who seek the skies,
 And so came down again,
 (The unbelieving things!)
 Have brought a specimen
 Upon their quivering wings.