

What Virgins these?
That flow in tears,
And heavenward throw
Their snowy veils!
This answer yet
E'er thou repose.

xviii. *Volva.*

Vegtamm, thou art not
As I ween'd!
Odin, thou art
The sire of men!

xix. *Odin.*

Volva, thou art not:
Thou, wizard none!
The dam thou art
Of giant-cubs!

xx. *Volva.*

Ride home Odin,
And triumph now!
And thus fare he
Who breaks my sleep,
Till Lock redeemed
His fetters hurst!
And twilight blasts
The eve of gods!

The oracles had told that Balder might be redeemed from Hela, by what they knew could not happen, the unanimous intercession of the sex. Odin, after having received answers to every question that coincided with the decrees of fate, makes use of an artifice to come at the knowledge of Balder's final destiny, by inventing a vision of female lamentation, and betrays himself by this trick to the prophets, who saw only realities.

INGRATITUDE:

BY ANNA SEWARD.

[From the *Gentleman's Magazine*.]

INGRATITUDE how deadly is the smart
Thou giv'st, inhabiting the form we love
How light compar'd all other sorrows prove!
Thou shed'st a night of woe—from whence depart
The gentle beams of patience, that the heart
Midst lesser ills illumine. Thy victims rove,
Unquiet as the ghost that haunts the grove
Where murder spilt the life-blood. O! thy dart
Kills more than life,—even all that makes it dear;

Till we "the sensible of pain" would change
For phrenzy, that defies the bitter tear;
Or wish, in kindred callousness, to range
Where moon-eyed idiocy, with fallen lip,
Drags the loose knee, and intermitting
step.

A MAY EVENING:

By the same.

THE evening shines in May's luxu-
riant pride,
And all the sunny hills at distance glow,
And all the brooks, that through the
valley flow,
Seem liquid gold. O! had my fate
denied
Leisure, and power to taste the sweets,
that glide
Thro' waken'd minds, as the soft sea-
sons go
On their still varying progress—for the
woe
My heart has felt, what balm had been
supplied?
But where great Nature smiles, as here she
smiles,
'Midst verdant fields, and gently-swel-
ling hills,
And glassy lakes, and mazy, murmur-
ing rills,
And narrow wood-wild lanes, her spell
beguiles,
'Th' impatient sighs of grief, and recon-
ciles
Poetic hearts to life with all its ills.

JULIA'S TOMB.

[From the *Universal (Dublin) Magazine*.]

SLOW through the church-yard's mazy
paths I stray,
There seek the yew-tree's melancholy
gloom,
Where spirits beckoning seem to point the
way,
The lonely walk that leads to JULIA'S
TOMB.

And lo! the friendly epitaph display'd,
Adorns the bosom of the sculptor's urn,
Telling the shepherd and the rural maid
What Julia was—who never shall return.
Forgive a youth, although the effort's
vain,
Who dares to raise the sympathetic lay;
Though