

Their doleful Cries; for three days more I grop'd
About among their cold Remains (for then
Hunger had reft my Eye-sight) often calling
On their dear Names, that heard me now no more:
The fourth, what Sorrow could not, Hunger did.

He finish'd: Then with unrelenting Eye
Askance he turn'd him, hasty to renew
The hellish Feast, and rent his trembling Prey.

In the three remaining prose volumes of this edition several new letters appear. The edition has this advantage over all that have preceded it, of presenting the first complete collection of Gray's works and letters, and of publishing the letters and essays in consecutive order. Three volumes of the collection are embellished with interesting portraits of the poet.

...The Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son have their *imprimatur* on the new and superior English edition of *The Works of Thomas Gray in Prose and Verse*, in four volumes, 16mo, edited by Edmund Gosse, of the University of Cambridge, England. Since Mitford's edition various reports have gotten afloat of unpublished poems by the author of "Gray's Elegy." We opened these volumes with some hope that these reports might prove true. We find that they do, but to a very limited extent. Professor Gosse, after applying his scrutiny to every literary reserve and corner in the United Kingdom, has been able to recover a few humorous pieces, an "Epitaph on a Child," a copy of rather inferior youthful Latinity, and some translations from Propertius and from Dante, of which last the editor justly speaks in admiring terms. It is a translation from that portion of the 33d Canto of Dante's "Inferno," which contains the soliloquy of Ugolino, and is rendered into a vigorous Miltonic verse which it is hard to connect with the polished verses of the "Elegy," or even to trace to the same authorship. We observe that Signor Luigi Monti publishes, in the *Evening Post*, his preference for the translation of Mr. T. W. Parsons, on grounds which appeal to him as a native Italian, but which do not affect the soundness of Professor Gosse's judgment. Our readers can judge, as we publish the translation in full, premising that its freedom from what Mr. Gosse calls the "polished insipidity and conventional smoothness of the eighteenth century paraphrase," is a link of connection with Dante's robust muse.

From his dire Food the griesly Fellow raised
His gore-dyed Lips, which on the clotted Locks
Of th' half devoured Head he wiped, and thus
Began. Wouldst thou revive the deep Despair,
The Anguish, that unutter'd nathless wrings
My Inmost Heart? Yet if the telling may
Beget the Traitor's Infamy, whom thus
I ceaseless gnaw insatiate; thou shalt see me
At once give loose to Utterance, and to Tears.
I know not who thou art; nor on what Errand
Sent hither; but a Florentine my Ear,
Won by thy Tongue, declares thee. Know, thou
seest

In me Count Ugolino, and Ruggieri,
Pisa's perfidious Prelate this: now hear
My wrongs, and from them judge of my Revenge.

That I did trust him, that I was betray'd
By trusting, and by Treachery slain, it rekes not
That I advise thee. That which yet remains
To thee and all unknown (a horrid Tale),
The Bitterness of Death, I shall unfold.
Attend, and say if he have injured me.

Thro' a small crevice opening, what scant Light
That grim and antique Tower admitted (since
Of me the Tower of Famine hight, and known
To many a wretch) already 'gan the Dawn
To send: the whilst I slumb'ring lay, and Sleep
Prophetic of my Woes with dreadful Hand
Oped the dark Veil of Fate. I saw methought
Towards Pisa's Mount, that intercepts the View
Of Lucca, chas'd by Hell-hounds gaunt and bloody
A Wolf full-grown; with fleet and equal speed;
His young cubs ran beside him. Laufranc there
And Sigismundo, and Gualandi rode
Amain, my deadly Foes! Headed by this
The deadliest. He their Chief, the foremost He
Push'd to pursue, and cheer the eager Cry:
Nor long endur'd the Chase: the panting Sire
Of strength bereft, his helpless offspring soon
O'er'taken beheld, and in their trembling Flanks
The hungry Pack their sharp-set Fangs embued.

The morn had scarce commenc'd, when I awoke:
My Children (they were with me) sleep as yet
Gave not to know their Sum of Misery,
But yet in low and uncompleted Sound-,
I heard 'em wail for Bread. Oh! Thou art cruel!
Or Thou dost mourn to think what my poor Heart
Foresaw, foreknew: Oh! If thou weep not now,
Where are thy Tears? Too soon they had aroused
'em

Bad with the Fears of Sleep, and now the Hour
Of timely Food approach'd; when at the Gate
Below I heard the dreadful Clash of Bars,
And fastning Bolts; then on my Children's Eyes
Speechless my Sight I fixed, nor wept, for all
Within was Stone; they wept, unhappy Boys!
They wept, and first my little dear Anselmo
Cried, Father, why, why do you gaze so sternly?
What would you have? Yet wept I not, or answer'd

All that Whole Day, or the succeeding night
Till a new Sun arose with weakly Gleam,
And wan, such as mought entrance find within
That House of Woe. But, oh! when I beheld
My Sons, and in four faces saw my own
Despair Reflected, either Hand I gnaw'd
For Anguish, which they construed Hunger;
straight

Arising all they cried, far less shall be
Our Suffering, Sir, if you resume your Gift;
These miserable Limbs with Flesh you cloth'd;
Take back what once was yours. I swallow'd
down

My struggling Sorrow, not to lighten theirs:
That Day and yet another, mute we sat,
And motionless; oh! Earth! couldst thou not gape
Quick to devour me? yet a fourth Day came
When Gaddo, at my Feet out-stretch'd implor-

ing
In vain my Help, expir'd: o'er the sixth Morn
Had dawn'd, my other three before my Eyes
Died one by one; I saw 'em fall; I heard