mother, but all in vain; to have attempted feeding them at this time would have been inevitable destruc-
tion to myself; but I resolved to follow the barbarians, that I might at least see to what place my darlings were consigned.

“In a short time the party arrived at a house, and he who before held the nest now committed it to the care of another, but soon returned with a kind of victuals I was totally unacquainted with, and with this my young ones, when they gaped for food, were fed; hunger induced them to swallow it, but soon after, missing the warmth of their mother, they set up a general cry, which pierced my very heart. Immediately after this the nest was carried away, and what became of my nestlings afterwards I never could discover, though I frequently hovered about the fatal spot of their imprisonment with the hope of seeing them.”

“Pray,” said the hen redbreast, “what became of your mate?” “Why, my dear,” said he, “when I found there was no chance of assisting my little ones, I pursued my course, and sought her in every place of our usual resort, but to no purpose; at length I returned to the bush, where I beheld an afflicting sight indeed—my beloved companion lying on the ground, just expiring! I flew to her instantly, and