overcome with bitter reflections, he resigned himself a prey to silent sorrow.

"This dove is not happy, however," said the hen redbreast to her mate, "and no wonder; but let us attend to the notes of that lark." His eyes were turned up towards the sky, he fluttered his wings, he strained his throat, and would, to a human eye, have appeared in raptures of joy; but the redbreasts perceived that he was inflamed with rage. "And am I to be constantly confined in this horrid place?" sang he. "Is my upward flight to be impeded by bars and wires? Must I no longer soar towards that bright luminary, and make the arch of heaven resound with my singing? Shall I cease to be the herald of the morn, or must I be so in this contracted sphere? No, ye partners of my captivity, henceforth sleep on and take ignoble rest, and may you lose in slumber the remembrance of past pleasures! Oh, cruel and unjust man! was it not enough that I proclaimed the approach of day, that I soothed your sultry hours, that I heightened the delights of evening; but must I, to gratify your unfeeling wantonness, be secluded from every joy my heart holds dear, and condemned to a situation I detest? Take your delicious dainties, reserve your flowing stream, for those who can relish them, bu