“Cuckoo! cuckoo!” incessantly. “Get back again to your own country,” said a thrush; “what business have you in ours, sucking the eggs and taking the nests of any bird you meet with? Surely it might be sufficient that you have the privilege of building for yourself, as we do who are natives; but you have no right to seize upon our labours and devour our offspring.”

“The cuckoo deserves her fate,” said the hen red-breast: “though I am far from bearing enmity to foreign birds in general, I detest such characters as her. I wonder mankind do not drive cuckoos away; but I suppose it is on account of their being the harbingers of summer. How different is the character of the swallow! he comes here to enjoy the mildness of the climate, and confers a benefit on the land by destroying many noxious insects. I rejoice to see that race sporting in the air, and have had high pleasure in conversing with them; for, as they are great travellers, they have much to relate. But come, let us go on.”

They soon came to a hollow tree. “Peep into this hole,” said the cock bird to his young ones. They did so, and beheld a nest of young owls. “What a set of ugly creatures!” said Dicky; “surely you do not intend to show your frightful faces in the world!”