

**THE SQUIRRELS AND OTHER
ANIMALS, OR, ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE HABITS AND INSTINCTS
OF MANY OF THE SMALLER
BRITISH QUADRUPEDS**

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The squirrels and other animals, or, Illustrations of the habits and instincts of many of the smaller British quadrupeds by George Waring

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GEORGE WARING

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THE FOX AND THE HEDGEHOG.

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THE SQUIRRELS

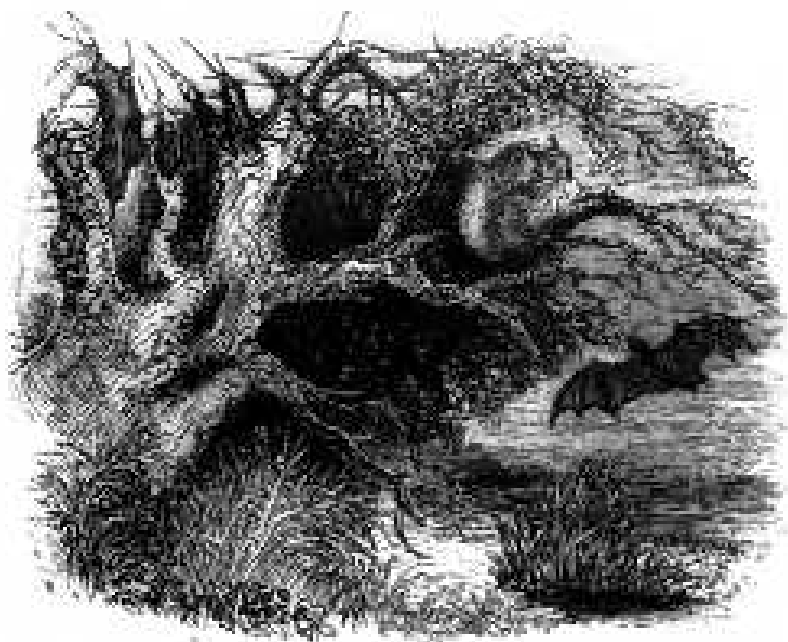
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THE SQUIRRELS

AND

OTHER ANIMALS.

CHAPTER I.

“BLESS me, I do believe I have been asleep!” said a squirrel, one fine morning in early spring, when the delicious warmth of the sun had reached him in his winter retreat, and roused the lazy little fellow from a two months’ nap. The truth is, that he and his family had

fallen asleep at the first setting in of the cold weather, and had passed the dismal winter in a state of profound repose, except, that, during a warm day or two in January, they had roused themselves for a short time, and eaten a few nuts and acorns from their winter store.

“ Yes, I have certainly been asleep,” said the squirrel, “ and I fancy I have had a pretty long nap too. Well, I declare, my lazy wife and children are lying there still, curled up like so many dead things ! Hallo, Mrs. Brush ! come, get up and eat some breakfast. Here is the sun shining in most gloriously at

the mouth of the hole, and I hear the blackbird's merry whistle in the grove below. Ah! they wont move, so I'll have a run this fine morning, and see how the world looks now. Perhaps when I come back they may be awake."

So Master Brush went to the entrance of his nest, which was situated at a great height from the ground, in a commodious hollow of a magnificent oak-tree.

"Oh joy!" he exclaimed, when he had looked around him for half a minute, "I see those delicious buds are beginning to sprout. Nobody can tell how I long for some fresh green food

again! Nuts and acorns are all very well, but then they are *terribly dry*. Here goes for a leap, then!"

So saying, the active little fellow sprang from his hole, and if you had seen him, you would have thought that no animal without wings could have ventured upon such a leap without being dashed to pieces upon the ground. But Brush had nothing to fear; for though he had no wings, he knew that his beautiful bushy tail, and his legs, stretched out straight from his body, would bear him up in the air, and prevent his falling too heavily. Then he had very



THE SQUIRREL.