

“Indeed, my lady,” replied the nurse smiling, it would not be a very easy thing to obtain ; for beavers are not brought to our market ; it is only the Indians that know how to trap them, and these little creatures are not nearly so plentiful as they used to be formerly.” Mrs. Frazer would have told Lady Mary a great deal about these animals, but the little girl interrupted her, saying—

“Please nurse, tell me the name of your dear little pet. Ah, sweet thing, what bright eyes you have,” she added, caressing the soft velvet nose that peeped out from between the folds of the muslin handkerchief, to which it timidly nestled, casting furtive glances at the admiring child ; while the panting of its breast told the mortal terror that shook its frame, whenever the fair fingers of the little girl were advanced towards it to coax its soft head.



“It is a flying squirrel, Lady Mary,” whispered the Nurse ;  
 “one of my brothers caught it a month ago, while chopping in

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