

times to go out in the snow in Scotland, but we were in the carriage, and had no bells."

"No, Lady Mary, the snow seldom lies long enough in the old country to make it worth while to have sleighs there; but in Russia and Sweden, and some other cold countries, they use sleighs and bells."

Lady Mary ran to the little book case, where she had a collection of children's books, and very soon found in one of Peter Parley's books, the picture of Laplanders and Russians wrapped in furs in sledges.

"How long will the winter last, nurse," said the child, after she had tired herself turning up the prints, "a long, long time—a great many weeks? a great many months?"

"Yes, five months, sometimes six."

"O, that is nice—nearly half-a-year of white snow, and sleigh-drives every day, and bells ringing all the time. I tried to make out a tune, but they only seemed to say, 'Up-hill—up-hill,' 'Down-hill,—down-hill!' all the way. Nurse, please tell me what are the sleigh-ropes made of?"

"Some of the sleigh-ropes that you see, Lady Mary, are made of bears'-skins, lined with red or blue flannel; some are of wolf-skins, lined with bright scarlet; and some of raccoon. The commonest are buffalo. I have seen some of deer, but these are not so good, as the hair comes off, and they are not so warm as the skins of the furred or woolly-coated animals."

"I sometimes see long tails hanging down over the backs of the sleighs and cutters—they look very pretty, like tassels, like the end of Mamma's boa."

"The wolf and raccoon-skin robes are generally made up with the tails; and sometimes the heads of the animals are also left. I noticed the head of a wolf, with its sharp ears, and long white teeth, looking very grim and fierce, at the back of a cutter, the other day."

"Nurse, that must have looked very droll. Do you know that I saw a gentleman, the other day, walking with Papa, who had a fox-skin cap on his head, and the fox's nose was just peeping over his shoulder, and the tail hung down his back, and I saw his bright black eyes looking so cunning, I thought it must be alive, and tame, and that it had curled itself