

Boule, roulant," and "Alhouette," and the men whistle blithely to the buzz of wood saw and the ring of hammer on anvil.

There is a forge near here which I never can pass without looking in. This morning a big roan, sixteen hands if she was an inch, stood to be shod. A nervous creature, who champed uneasily at the bit and fidgeted till the rope halter nearly snapped. The forge itself is a sort of barn and workshop combined—a confusion of vices and bradawls and bits; ugly-looking knives with buckthorn handles; bunches of nails and scrap iron; pincers of varying size and the great ringing anvil. A grindstone stands in one corner, and a carpenter's bench littered with a heterogeneous collection of shavings and waggon spokes. Stores of rusty iron rods are stacked away between the rafters, from which hang harness and reins, blinkers and hames. In the other corner is the fire, built on a square of roughly plastered stones about three feet high by four square, with a curious brick chimney, or hood, the down draught of which is regulated by a primitive bellows, worked by hand with a long wooden lever. This fans the flame and makes the tremendously hot fire which is built on top, close to the chimney support.

The roan had come to be shod. One shoe