

shady dells, and breezy prospects that encompass this most charming of the greater towns of Normandy. For around Lisieux are many thick woods with pretty walks through leafy glades, and over murmuring brooks; from the level of the river rise up great rolling hills covered with luxuriant verdure, and high up along the side of these noble hills there runs to the village of Pont l'Evêque, a broad highway that affords one many glorious peeps into the green valley of the glistening Touques. Above soar the wooded hills, and below stretch the rich pastures, dotted with cattle, and liberally shaded with trees, whilst out of the valley there comes cheery music from the military station, so far below that the sound of the bugle-blast is never anything but soft and mellow.

The Lisieux garden is certainly a very pretty place to stroll in when one is weary of exploring the quaint courts, and hunting for picturesque "bits" on the river, and when one feels *blasé* of old black-timbered house-fronts.

Fine, solid-looking pieces of workmanship are these Lisieux houses,

" — with frames of oak and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries."

Glorious opportunities do these old houses afford to the artist's pencil. Broken into a chaos are their sky-lines; quaint and grotesque to a vice are their carvings. Ends of beams are sculptured to represent human and animal monstrosities; great "cills" and "heads" are elaborately moulded, with "stops" of a most piquant description, the mouldings, perhaps, vanishing into the gaping jaws of grotesque.

The great charm of these buildings lies in their solidity of con-



SKY-LINE, LISIEUX.