

coarse mortar as to fine? Aye, better! If it will bind fine sand particles together, why not coarse stones? Especially, coarse stones imbedded in fine mortar? Lime sticks to anything hard, and sticks together any two or more hard substances, coated with it and laid side by side, whether large or small. It fastens stones and brick together, as now usually laid up by the mason, then why not if thrown together promiscuously? Fact and philosophy both answer affirmatively.

In 1850, near Jaynesville, Wisc., I saw houses built wholly of lime, mixed with that coarse gravel and sand found in banks on the western prairies, and underlying all prairie soil. I visited Milton, to examine the house put up by Mr. Goodrich, the original discoverer of this mode of building, and found his walls as hard as stone itself, and harder than brick walls. I pounded them with the hammer, and examined them thoroughly, till fully satisfied as to their solidity and strength. Mr. Goodrich offered to allow me to strike with a sledge, as hard as I pleased, upon the inside of his parlor walls for six cents per blow, which he said would repair all damages. He said, in making this discovery, he reasoned thus: Has nature not provided some other building material on these prairies but wood, which is scarce? Can we find nothing in our midst? Let me see what we have. Fine Lime abounds everywhere. So does coarse gravel. Will they not do? I will try. He first built an academy not larger than a school-house. Part way up, a severe storm washed it, so that a portion fell. His neighbors wrote on it with chalk by night, "Goodrich's folly." But, after it was up, he wrote in answer, "Goodrich's wisdom." It stood; it hardened with age. He erected a blacksmith's shop, and finally a block of stores and dwellings; and his plan was copied extensively. And he deserves to be immortalized, for the superiority of this plan must certainly revolutionize building, and especially enable poor men to build their own homes.

All the credit I claim is that of appreciating its superiority, applying it on a large scale, and greatly improving the mode of putting up this kind of wall.

MAJOR.—Of course touching the virtues of gravel as a building material, I can say nothing; most emphatically, however, do I reprobate the octagon style of dwelling. When I was in the West Indies I saw a structure of this kind, a sketch of which appeared in the *London Illustrated News*. Being slightly acquainted with the owner of the affair, he insisted upon showing me through the same.

DOCTOR.—And to what conclusion did the inspection lead you?

MAJOR.—Simply this, that if a man be determined to make his family uncomfortable for life, he will indubitably house them in an octagon shaped dwelling.

DOCTOR.—Wherein did the inconvenience mainly consist?

MAJOR.—That question it is not easy to answer.

Everything was out of joint and out of place. The most ingenious cabinet-maker could not contrive furniture which might gracefully harmonize with the distortions of the rooms; and in fact had the greatest misanthrope desired a habitation devoid of one redeeming feature of comfort, there was such a mansion ready fashioned to his hand.

LAIRD.—Ye hae effectually scunnered me against octagons, but there may be something in the gravel part o' the theory. By your leave, Doctor, I'll put Fowler's book in my pocket, and consult my friend Mr. Hay upon the matter. Guid stane is scarce at Bonny Braes, as plain dealing under a lawyer's wig, but we can ding a' the world for gravel! Dinna put your tumbler, Major, upon that parcel, for it contains a work I would ill like to see stained.

MAJOR.—What is the gem whose purity you so jealously conserve?

LAIRD.—It is the January number o' the *Art Journal*, to which my friend Hugh Rodgers has seduced me to become a subscriber. The tax is something upon a bit farmer bodie, but when wheat brings—

DOCTOR.—"No more o' that, Hal, an you love me!"

MAJOR.—You will never regret having enrolled yourself as one of Mr. Hugo's clients. The *Art Journal* is, beyond all controversy, at once the cheapest and the most beautiful periodical of our era.

DOCTOR.—I say ditto to that most emphatically, and congratulate our rustic *socius* upon the glimmering of taste which he has evinced in the transaction.

MAJOR.—What an invigorating and refreshing print in this number before us, is that of "Raising the May Pole?" Ten years ago such an engraving would have been thought low priced at half a guinea.

LAIRD.—It was that very picture which induced me to patronize the magazine. There is a balmy, auld country aroma about it, which is worth a hundred sermons against the unnatural sin o' annexation! I sat looking upon it wi' moistened een for the better o' half an hour, and when I laid it down, I felt the first qualm o' hame sickness I hae experienced for the last quarter o' a century!

MAJOR.—When upon the subject of the fine arts, let me commend to your attention the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*, the February part of which Maclear sent out to the Shanty this evening. At the low rate of fifteen shillings currency per annum it presents you with an almost bewil-