

cal, I shall willingly eat them without swearing. Come, come, let us call a truce, and "teem a cur' o' kindness," in ratification thereof.

LAIRD.—Here's a speedy reformation to you. As matters stand at present, the hangman has every prospect of spanning your craig.

DOCTOR.—Is it the case, Laird, that you contemplate erecting a new villa, on the manor of Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—Maybe yes, and maybe no! but wha' has been giving you an inkling o' my plans I should like to ken?

DOCTOR.—That is not the question.

LAIRD.—But it is the question—craving your pardon, Sangrado! Oh! this is the queerest world for gossip, that ever was created! I verily believe that if I took treacle instead o' kirk milk to my parritch, the fact would be patent in Toronto before sunset! However, na' to mak' a mystery about naething, I hae been thinking o' speculating a thoct in stane and lime. The sonsie price that I got for my kneeve fu' o' wheat.

DOCTOR.—Confound your "kneeve fu' o' wheat!" Are we never to hear an end of the usurious rate at which you have vendid a few miserable bushels of breadstuffs?

LAIRD.—Hech sirs, but the creature's snell the night! Its sheer envy that's stirring up the auld Adam in the bodie. He is like to eat his fingers off, because eauts and castor oil hae na' risen in the market in consequence o' the rumours o' wars.

MAJOR.—Let there be an end to this peppery episode, I intreat of you. Have you any suggestion to offer the Laird, good medico, in the architectural line?

DOCTOR.—The fellow does not deserve to have any gentleman take an interest in his affairs. However, to demonstrate that I scorn to cherish malice, I would call his attention to a little volume, which I picked up in Maclear's this morning, entitled, "*A Home for All, or the Gravel Wall, and Octagon mode of building.*"

LAIRD.—Mony thanks, Doctor, for your kindness. Your bite is no near sae vicious as your bark, and that I hae often mainteened abint your back. It was a considerate thing for you to think upon me, and my bit plans when I was meditating a voyage upon the sea o' mortar.

MAJOR.—Pray who is the advocate for gravel and octagon walls?

DOCTOR.—O. S. Fowler, of the firm of Fowler, and Wells, New York.

MAJOR.—One of the most flatulent quacks, which this empirical age has produced. Upon the substratum of Phrenology he has erected more crazy structures than I can reckon up, the

majority of them redolent of materialism and infidelity.

LAIRD.—Sinn' encouragement, I opine, to be guided by him in the planning of a house!

DOCTOR.—Nay, do not mistake me, neighbours. I admire Fowler as little as you can possibly do, but, to me at least, the theory of building which he propounds, savours of novelty, and I judged it a simple act of courtesy to bring it under the notice of our rustic associate.

LAIRD.—Ye were richt, Doctor. Wha kens but that the bump-hunting land louser, may hae stumbled by accident upon some grand discovery, destined to effect a signal revolution in the mason-trade?

MAJOR.—What is meant by "gravel walls?"

DOCTOR.—I shall let the man tell his own story (*Reads.*)

Simplicity and efficiency characterize every work of nature. Her building material will therefore be simple, durable, easily applied, everywhere abundant, easily rendered beautiful, comfortable, and every way complete. All this is true of the GRAVEL WALL. It is made wholly out of lime and stones, sand included, which is, of course, fine stone. And pray what is lime but stone? Made from stone, the burning, by expelling its carbonic acid gas, separates its particles, which, slacked and mixed with sand and stone, coats them, and adheres both to them and to itself, and, re-absorbing its carbonic acid gas, again returns to stone, becoming more and still more solid with age, till, in the lapse of years, it becomes real stone. By this provision of nature, we are enabled to mould mortar into whatever form we like, and it becomes veritable stone, and ultimately as hard as stone, growing harder and still harder from age to age, and century to century. Even frost and wet do not destroy its adhesive quality, after it is once fairly dry. The walls of my house stood one severe winter entirely unprotected, even by a coat of mortar, *without a roof*, yet neither peeled, nor cracked, nor crumbled, one iota. Does frost crumble or injure a brick wall? Yet what but lime forms its bond principle? Nothing? Then why should frost injure any wall having lime for its bond principle?

Reader, reflect a moment on the value of this lime principle. What would man do without it? How useful to be able to cast or spread mortar into any shape, and have it harden into stone. Without lime, of what use brick? How could we make inside walls, or hard finish them? Let us, while enjoying the luxuries secured by this law, thankfully acknowledge their source.

Obviously, this hardening property of lime, adapts it admirably to building purposes. Mixed with sand, formed with brick or stone into any shape we please, it petrifies and remains forever. How simple! How effectual! How infinitely useful! Like air or water, its very commonness, and necessity, makes us forget its value.

And cannot this hardening principle be applied to other things as well as to mortar? Especially, can it not be applied as effectually to