

proper help from the wife, would have made a different home and life for these poor little girls. This may seem an extreme case of ignorance of domestic economy, but I am sure a very few women know the worth of their husbands hard earned money, especially those who have never earned their own living. Sometimes I think the poor are more profligate than the rich, at least in spending small sums for trifles, as laces, ribbons, and useless show.

Yesterday we passed a house where three generations live. The farm is about one hundred acres, well stocked and tilled. The house a common farm-house one and half story, but clean and painted white. The old grandparents, beloved and respected, own the real estate, and the only son and wife take the entire charge and care of farm and house. Their only son has a few weeks since brought home his new wife, and with the help of one or two hired servants, things seem prosperous and happy. At least, gossip can find nothing but good about them. Such persons seem to me to understand something of domestic economy. But I would love to see them build another house, and have a good large family of children. They all appear to be healthy and long lived. Their farm is about one mile from a large village where the cars stop several times daily, and in a few years must be divided some of it at least, into building lots at a good price. We stopped to ask for a drink of buttermilk and enjoyed a pleasant call. Another, a case of an intelligent, faithful girl, who became saleswoman in a store, has learned the business and conducts it well. Her employers have bought a country seat, and after several years, retired from business, leaving her in charge with the privilege of buying the entire store, and paying for it by small installments. She, too, has learned something of domestic economy. And although she may be one of whom good Paul said, "Better not to marry," she will be a mother to many a motherless one seeking bread through employment.

Women, allow me to advise you to study "domestic economy," "political economy," and above all, study the laws of life and health, both of body and mind. C. S. L.

STAND FROM UNDER.

The papers give account of the largest aerolite that has yet torn its terrible way down the spheres; reminding one of Congressman Boutwell's "hole in the sky" in good earnest. The following is a condensed description:

A very large and brilliant aerolite has recently fallen in Cheatham county, Tennessee. A party of men at work in the field, about 19 miles from Nashville, at about one o'clock on the 12th of August, were startled by a pale red glare that seemed to overspread the clouds just north of the zenith, the rest of the heavens being at that time darkly overcast. Suddenly they saw a white object fall obliquely from a brilliant funnel-like aperture, the sides of which seemed to be jagged clouds intensely luminous. The object descended and struck the earth near by with a terrific noise and such tremendous force as to shake all the surrounding country, and to loosen and throw down trees from the rocky hillsides adjacent. It struck upon a seamless ledge of limestone about three feet in thickness—rending it for a distance of fifty feet and throwing the fragments in every direction for many rods. At the point of contact, the rock when first visited was covered with a fine, white floury paste, and from the aperture steam ascended, and the place was so hot that no one could approach it for three days. At the end of that time, a gang of men were set to work to dig out the celestial missile. After working through the ledge, which had already been efficiently "blasted," they found the aerolite at the depth of 20 feet in blue clay. It was still hot, and covered with a film of oxide

(the floury paste was probably some of the oxide), and was of a conical shape, the point downward, with an altitude of about seven feet and a base circumference of ten feet. The Smithsonian institution has made a bid for it, and the Tennesseans are also moving to have it kept at their own state, capital. This body is one of the smallest of the great multitude of bodies that fill the interplanetary spaces, the comets being the largest. According to the latest astronomical theories, the sun is kept hot and luminous by the heat generated by collision with such bodies.

ROOM FOR THE ROUND TABLE

Whoso smoketh let him understand. The Round Table is right in what follows:

The street is not a private smoking-room. One man has no more right to void his tobacco-smoke into the face of another man than he has to void his saliva. If he has, why, in the name of sense? Because the smoke is less disagreeable? That is a matter for individual preference; and, besides, a man has no right to do the least disagreeable thing. Why may not a man appear on Broadway with a stick strapped horizontally across his back, or an open package of assafœtida in his pocket, or a polecat in his arms, or his clothes dripping with kerosene-oil, or a rattlesnake around his neck, with as much right as he may smoke there? Because it is not customary to carry assafœtida in the pocket, nobody thinks about it; if it only were the custom, we should bear a fearfulness even from the tobacco smokers themselves. If a man treads upon another's foot he apologizes; but he will carelessly void offensive smoke into his very throat, and never think that he does anything reprehensible. If a man dislikes smoking, he can keep out of the street. But the right of the tobacco-hater in the street is equal to that of the tobacco lover; to refrain from smoking in public places is not granting a concession, but not to refrain is violating a right. Upon actual right, without reference to the sanction of custom, a man would be perfectly justifiable in resenting the smoking of tobacco near him as a personal affront.

COUNTRY HOMES.

DEER PARK, LONG ISLAND, }
August 26, 1868. }

Editors of the Revolution:

You have, at page 110 of the current volume, No. 7, done me the honor to insert in your spicy publication, certain words of mine headed "My Cottage near the Pines," which, as there appears no specified locality, may, perhaps, somewhat bewilder your numerous readers. The paragraphs in question were written some time ago, and intended originally to preface some verses which you very properly declined, because otherwise you must have infringed your good rule not to accept any poetry whatsoever. The verses, however, which I allude to, and which endeavored to intensify what you have inserted from me in prose, appeared about five weeks ago in the columns of the New York Sun. I dated them from my residence, because we have found health and peace here at a cheap rate, and near to all the appliances of civilization.

I cannot help reiterating the idea that were population more diffused, and town and country more blended, there would be a better state of things generally. Mrs. Gates sings

"Oh, give me the life of the farmer's wife,"

and of the two, it certainly is preferable to the city sewing or washerwoman, but each would be bettered by combination, and as an advocate of Woman's Rights, I would like to see her have her share of health, strength and happiness in all of her vocations.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

BOWER WOOD.

PROGRESS.—Liberal newspapers are multiplying in France. Every important town, it is now said, will soon have its democratic organ.

"ATROCITY IN FASHION."

JENNIE JUNE, the very highest authority in America on styles and modes, rips open the parrier abomination after this sort:

But what of the latest atrocity in fashion, the abominable *panniers*? The only place as yet where they have flourished undigressed and without restraint is Saratoga. Are they to reappear in all their hideous deformity during the coming fashionable season in New York? For the honor of our sex we hope not. If women were really the mere puppets which society endeavors to make them, we should have no objection to see them rendered deformed, grotesque, or ridiculous, any more than we should to witness the vagaries of a Punch and Judy show.

But to see real women, women of flesh and blood and heart and brain, lend themselves to such aping of horrible deformity, is worse than saddening—it makes one fear for them a dreadful retribution—unnaturally born children, for instance, a nation in the future of wretched humpbacks and crooked monsters.

We have no disposition to speak of machinery by which this shameful apparent excrescence is produced. There are *pannier* hooped skirts complete in themselves, but, as a general rule, the *pannier* "bustle" is detached, and can be worn or removed at pleasure. Of course the form of the *pannier* must be perfected underneath the dress and other skirts, or the fullness in mere textile fabrics would collapse, and the stylish hump be entirely lost.

A more fitting accompaniment to the donkey *pannier* could not be found than the "Grecian bend," or the "colic stoop" as it is more properly called, and the mincing step, now affected by society young ladies. Such absolute silliness is not worth talking seriously about, and should not be considered as reflecting discredit upon women generally, any more than the drawl of the dandy should serve as conclusive evidence that the male sex are destitute of brains. Still, we must confess that we never see the fashionable hump, and bend, and step, without wishing that we could avail ourselves of an old-fashioned privilege, and give the exhibitor of these doubtful airs and graces a good spanking.

There are addle-headed young men, generally very young men, who, if it were fashionable for ladies to wear steeples on their heads, would delightedly follow in the train of the tallest steeple; but do not think from this girls, that men admire absurdities in women. There is not a man, with the smallest grain of common sense, who does not laugh at affectations and falsties, and set them down to general weakness and silliness on the part of the whole female sex.

RASCALITY OF A MORMON BISHOP.

THE Salt Lake Reporter says, a Mormon bishop and a party of men, from one of the wards of the city, took a sub-contract upon the joint stock plan, under the general contract of Brigham Young. They purchased the necessary tools upon time, and finally completed the work, the Bishop keeping all accounts and looking after things generally. The men are now informed that it will take more than will be received for their work to pay for the tools, which the Bishop says, will have to be sold to help pay the tool maker's bill. The Bishop will not exhibit or make a statement of any accounts, and the poor laboring men, after spending several weeks at the hardest kind of work, are in a fair way to be swindled out of their money. We bring this into "THE REVOLUTION" as a singular illustration of affairs between the government of the United States and the people who do the work, earn the money, pay the taxes, and thus are compelled multitudes of them to live and die miserably poor.

A BAD SIGN.—Wealthy men at the West are investing their money in immense farms. Commodore Wm. F. Davidson of St. Paul has just bought 17,000 acres of land in Redwood County, Minnesota, which he proposes to devote to the cultivation of wheat. It would be better that 1,700 men instead of one man had that amount