

Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.
Francis Sylvester Barton, '68.

THE BUBBLE.

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Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.

THE BUBBLE will be published occasionally, at present, by the Stoical Pen Yankers' Society, at the Agricultural College. Correspondence solicited. All Communications must be addressed to the SECRETARY OF THE S. P. Y. S., MICH. STATE AGR'L COLLEGE.

SALUTATORY.

We suppose it to be a fact, that no great enterprise was ever started without a occasioning multitude of questions, and rendering necessary a long account of the whys, the wherefores, and the probabilities of the undertaking.

Such being the case, we find it our duty, unpleasant though it may be, in the event of sending out this, our little paper, to begin it by writing an editorial, setting forth the designs of the publishers.

Our dear Public need not be frightened at our sudden advent. We mean her no harm; but, on the contrary, hope to do her much good; at least, we are going to try. "Another newspaper!" some one may exclaim; "and pray, have we not a sufficient number, nay, too many in circulation already?" Pause a moment, friend. This is an unusual one. It is different from any you have ever seen! It may be humorous, like *Punch*; or, wise, like the *Atlantic Monthly*; or, moral, like the *Spectator* or *Salmagundi* of old; but, we repeat it, it is different from all these, and in that difference it possesses an excellence which renders it superior to all! *This paper is published by, and is the organ of, the S. P. Y. Society!*

This Society is, as all should know, a mystic association, consisting of five individuals, banded together for the purposes of good, and differing from all other clubs, whose professed object is the welfare of mankind, in its manner of attaining its end. The point is here: Instead of proposing this measure or that, and leaving the people who are but slow and "inexpert folk," to make their own choice, we undertake both to propose and to choose for them, and thus we save them all trouble in the matter.

Of the individuals who compose the Society, we might, perhaps, inform you somewhat. Four of them are young men, handsome, and talented. If they possess any fault, it is that of being a little vain and conceited.

They are also at times light and frivolous in their conversation, and when mildly reproved by their venerable and sedate coadjutor, they are sometimes petulant. They also have in common an uncontrollable desire to say and write things which have no recommendation but that of being witty, and this circumstance is, to their elder and more experienced companion, a cause of continual uneasiness, as it is from this source, if at all, he apprehends difficulty in conduct-

ing this sheet so as to benefit the nation.

The fifth member, of whom I have said nothing as yet, is a benign gentleman, of something less than seventy years. He is exceedingly modest and unassuming in his bearing, and although every way qualified to give his opinion on any subject, he is seldom known to express his views unless requested to do so. He is an avowed enemy to all levity, and rarely indulges in a smile. His meekness has become proverbial among his acquaintances, it being very common to hear such expressions as the following used, to wit: as meek, as modest, or as mild as "Uncle Hez." If any good is found to flow from the Society and their paper, it will be the result, in great part, of the efforts made by this fifth member.

The objects for which we labor in this, our little adventure, are, we feel assured, among the noblest for which man can strive. The Age is in a sad state. Its opinions, its habits of thought and of life, its theology and its morals are strangely out of joint. Men have long been suffering for the want of good advice. Our Society felt this need of the world—we felt it strongly—hence the resolution was made to answer it in this manner.

Another important end was subserved: Many a good thing had been lost to the world, simply because no medium was available through which it might be transmitted. Much talent, both in side and outside the Society, was running to waste. Now we have devised a plan by which all these evils may be done away. The world shall grow wiser and better, and we shall rest with a calm conviction of having done our duty.

As regards our time and manner of appearing, and our field of labor, we will simply state, as follows: we shall probably be seen again if the world continues in its sin, thus rendering our presence necessary; for we are, as you will find eventually, your true philanthropists, and shall never cease our efforts to reform the world as long as it can be done by the simple giving of advice.

Our special field of labor will be the Agricultural College, the cities of Okemos and Lansing, and the circumjacent country, but we shall make many excursions into the other half of the world, clearing away error and delusion, and re-enthroning truth.

As to whether you shall buy our paper or not, why, we most earnestly advise you to secure it all hazards,—not that we shall profit anything by it at all, but for your own sakes! You, however, are to run all risks. We shall pay no bills on account of broken laces, lost buttons, &c., &c., notwithstanding you may claim that we are responsible, inasmuch as the damage sustained was in consequence of perusing our paper.

As for our matter, just look our paper over, and judge of that for yourselves.

EDITOR.

My Eye Was on the Money Bags.

Oh, Nell, my dear! farewell, my dear!
I'm going off to leave you, sure;
Your father, dear, my Nell, I hear,
Has failed, and now, alas! is poor!
What though you sigh and wildly cry;
"Of wondrous love you've made your
brags!"
Sure you're no seer, my Nell, my dear,
My eye was on the money bags!
And yet, I trow, I hate to go,
Since you have been so kind to me!
I ne'er shall find in womankind
One that will to my mind so be;
Alas! I fear, my Nell, my dear,
I'll have to pick from bony bags!
But come what will, remember, still
My eye is on the money bags!
Again, my Nell, a long farewell!
I never can forget you quite;
Those teeth like pearls, those silky curls;
Those laughing eyes, that form so light!
Those dimpled arms—but, ah! those charms
Were all obscured, if clothed, in rags!
And so farewell, my dearest Nell,
My eye is on the money-bags!

AN OLD BACHELOR'S THOUGHTS AND TRIALS.

Glad I'm not married! Oh, I guess I am! Let me see; I am thirty-five, and FREE! If I want to go, I can, and not be pestered with forty questions when I get home, such as "Where have you been so late? What has become of that ring you wore on your little finger? and, — Thunderation! what a racket! Youngsters make twice the noise now that they did ten years ago! but then, I just believe their mother puts them up to it on purpose to pester me. There, now, she's talking to them. What's that she says? Oh! it's, don't make so much noise, my dears, you will disturb your uncle; just a plan to smoothe things over, an-d—listen! — oh! I'm getting old, am I? Can't stand noise as I used! Perhaps she'll get that new dress for a Christmas present that I intended for her; yes, perhaps she will, and perhaps she won't!

Poor Sam! I pity him! I told him before we graduated not to be too fast about getting married, but there was no use in talking—off he went and married the first little chick of a girl that would have him, and now—(oh! it fairly makes my hair stand on end to think of it)—he has got,—let me see,—how many children. Susan's (if my first should be a girl, I should feel like wringing its little neck, I know I should! I wonder how Sam felt, one; John is two; Story (named after that Story who helped him get a certain Post-office once; great way to pay a debt of gratitude) is three; Kate is four; and yes, as true as I live, five young-ones in twelve years! How thankful I ought to be, when I think what a deplorable condition I might be in now had I married when he did; nothing like having forethought. There's them young ones whanging 'round again! Time my paper come, I should think! I'll bet it has come, and they are looking it over down stairs before sending it up; they have done it before now, and I know it.

I'll just go down into the hall and look through the key hole and see—I won't be imposed upon. (*Scene in the setting room.*—"Nell, the ink, quick! while mother's gone out, I'll just fill my squirt gun and see if I can shoot through the key hole and hit the front door. Hurry! the old lady 'll be back in a minute.") Seems to me it's wonderfully still in there; she is probably reading, and the brats are up to some mischief. Well, I will look, anyway. Oh, my! what is it! r-right into my eyes! them blasted youngones up to some of their tricks. They are coming. I must hurry to my room or they will see me, and know that I have been looking through the key hole. (*Goes to his room and looks into the glass.*) Oh, the imps! the little wretches! I'll skin them alive! Ink—black ink—all over my face! my best shirt, and—there's Jones knocking at the door! What shall I do? There, he's coming in! TIMOTHY PESTRIC.

IDEAS AND THOUGHTS.

BY OUR PHILOSOPHER.

In our intercourse with society we constantly hear people talking about the multiplicity of ideas. Now, are ideas really so numerous, or are people laboring under a misconception of terms? It may, I think, be said with safety, that hundreds of thousands of human being live and enjoy the sweets of life, then die, without having had a single idea during the entire period of their existence, though perhaps their thoughts may have been exceedingly valuable to their fellow-beings. Ideas and thoughts are very different in their respective natures, as can be very easily shown. Ideas are essentially nothing more nor less than axioms, which constitute the foundation that supports the superstructure of all knowledge. Ideas are eternal, and when the human mind once grasps and comprehends them, they become elements of the soul itself. The world is full of thoughts, but the catalogue of ideas is woefully meager. Were ideas as numerous as thoughts, the mysteries of creation would be well nigh solved; men would be as angels, and perfection, though perhaps never to be reached by mortals, would yet make its celestial joys more profoundly felt by the Creator's noblest creatures! Thus we see that the man who confers upon his fellows the benefit of a single grand idea, is a benefactor indeed, and deserves the richest reward that mortals can bestow—the gratitude of a world!

HOME.

What a multitude of emotions are awakened in the mind at the thought of that hallowed place which we call home! To him who has been reared in a pleasant home, surrounded by kind friends, the remembrance of that place is always pleasant; he loves to think of that dear spot. To him "there is no place like home." But to one who has been deprived of these blessings, in part or entirely, the thoughts of home produce emotions of a far different kind, sometimes of an unpleasant nature.

The influences of home and its sur-

roundings are important agents in the formation of our mental character. The experience of every individual confirms this statement.

We see from this that if parents wish their children to love their home and form good characters, they should make it as pleasant and attractive as possible. B. E. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, May 20, 1868.

UNCLE HEZ.: In accordance with your very urgent request and liberal promise, I am at last set down in the great divorce metropolis of the world, for the purpose of procuring a nomination for you as President. The prospects at present look rather dubious. To see so many well dressed folks around me, makes me feel a little humble, and I almost wish I had bought that suit that the Squire offered me for fifteen dollars. The Conventionites, I should judge, are all here, and to-morrow we are going to nominate some one for President. I have spoken to several about you as the man who would like to run; but they did not take but little notice of me. I shall, however, do my biggest to-morrow.

You never have been here, have you, Uncle? Why, there are more things here than you can see in a week! Such large houses, and so many of them! I should say there is no end to them. I walked about the city nearly four hours, and as far as I went, or could see, there was nothing but houses, houses. The folks here, too, are not at all like the folks down home. Everybody walks as if they were on a retreat, or after the doctor. Every little boy that I passed seemed to have something to say. One says, "Holo! does your mother know you are out?" And another, "Do you see anything green?" and all such questions; but I paid no attention to them, and kept up my slow and steady pace, for I recollected my position as being a delegate, elected by Uncle Hez., and that I must preserve my dignity. The approach of night reminded me that I must find a place for supper and lodging, and I accordingly stepped into a large building where they kept stoves, plows, machines, and many other things, and asked the man if I could remain over night. He began to laugh, but when I told him that I was a delegate, he told me they kept folks just across the street. I was soon there; and, with hat in hand, walked up to the man behind the desk and made known my business. After I told him I had some money he said he could keep me. What a queer way they have here for eating! The table was cleared no less than half a dozen times. I made out,

however, by watching how the rest performed, to get along very well. After supper we all went into the parlor, and I picked up the New York Ledger to see what was the news. I soon became interested, and the first thing I knew, a young darkey came around and said he would show me to my room. And here I am. My good luck encourages me, and to-morrow I shall put you up for President. JACOBUS SLOW.

CHICAGO, May 21, 1868.

UNCLE HEZ.: I have failed. In spite of all my influence, Grant was the choice of the delegates. To show you that I worked hard, I will give you an account of the proceedings of the day. I was awakened in the morning by a terrible, thundering noise, but soon learned it was only the darkey in the hall, drumming for breakfast. As soon as it was over I proceeded to the place where the conventionites were to meet. It seemed as if the whole world of people were there. I tried to get on the seat with the rest of the delegates, but when they asked me to show my papers, I could not, for you had forgot to give me any. I told them that Uncle Hez. had elected me, but this did not have any effect. No, I was compelled to remain where I could. Speeches were made by the delegates, and all hurraed for Gen. Grant, except myself, who hurraed for Uncle Hez. When the time came around for nominating, I rose up and nominated Uncle Hez., and was going to make a speech about you, and what you would do; but there was so much noise no one appeared to notice me, so I sat down, mad and discouraged. It was then I fully made up my mind I would never go a delegating for another person again.

And now, Uncle Hez., as I have so sadly disappointed you in your great undertaking, I hope you will not give vent to your sorrowful feelings, but continue on in the way you have heretofore done; and if you should again be tempted to engage in such an enterprise, do not call upon your very affectionate Nephew.

JACOBUS SLOW.

TRANSGRESSIONS OF THE MICHIGAN STATE AGR'L SOCIETY.—Those who have not given these volumes a careful examination know little of the immense amount of information which they contain. They are in fact vast reservoirs of knowledge, and learning of various kinds. They are to the editor of the *Bubble* what the ponderous tomes of Linkum Fidelius were to the publishers of *Salmagundi*. Were it not for the circumstance that we possess a set of these books we should hardly consider ourselves prepared to edit such a paper as this. If anything particularly good is to be found in our writings, it is due, at least in part, to the fact that we have given to this work a careful and long-continued study.

FASHIONABLE MUSIC.

BY P. CORBETT, M. B.

I desire, at this time, to speak a word concerning fashionable music. Wherever we go, at church, at socials, at concerts, and at private parties, we are sure to be entertained (?) by this lamentable result of a too high state of civilization in the Nineteenth Century. Often has the question crossed my mind whether there does exist a person in so abnormal a condition as to relish this sort of thing. To me it has always been the refinement of torture to listen to it, and seeing with what a calm and cool air persons at assemblages have requested to have the music brought out, my mind has been filled with amazement, that they would so deliberately inflict upon themselves and the company this pittance.

Ah! well I recall the first time I ever heard a piece of this sort of music performed. I was young then and inexperienced, and had just set out in life in the city. I was well to do in the world, I possessed accomplishments, and was admitted at once to the most select circles there. One evening I attended a *sobree* given by the Hon. Mrs. S—— or somebody else, and while there, for the first time in my existence (would it were also the last), I heard and saw the abominable thing. A young woman seventeen or eighteen years of age, in whose personal appearance there was nothing remarkable, was led to the piano, and then and there ensued a scene which beggars all description, and which, had I not since become familiar with the like, would even now cause my every hair to assume an upright position.

The young person drummed once or twice upon the keys and the company relapsed into silence; then a sudden change came over her; she seemed to gasp for breath; she caught spasmodically with both hands at the instrument, opened her mouth to its utmost capacity, and suddenly jerking her head backward and to one side gave utterance to a succession of screams of such an unearthly character that it brought me to my feet and sent the blood back to my heart with convulsive force. I would have sprung forward to her assistance but was detained by a gentleman who sat beside me. The remainder of the company had not noticed me, but they appeared totally indifferent as to the condition of the young lady who was apparently suffering such horrible agony. Her contortions had now become frightful to behold! Her eyes rolled wildly; she grew pale and flushed by turns. Now she would lean forward over her in-

strument, upon which her hands were nervously working; anon she would straighten herself backward, and again all the room would be filled by those terrible shrieks and cries. But I wish not to prolong the scene. The affair ended, at length, and as the company dispersed the friend who had prevented me from displaying my ignorance in public, explained matters to me. You may perhaps imagine what my feeling must have been as soon as I was made to comprehend the situation of affairs. I went home and retired to my couch, but the remembrance of the scene at the party haunted my slumbers for many succeeding nights. And ever, as I think upon the circumstances of that memorable evening, and of the many other like scenes I have witnessed, I feel to exclaim, in the words of that illustrious poet, Milton H. Chaucer:

"With pleasure I can hear the hooting
Of midnight owlets through the gloom;
With patience I have heard disputing
Full fourteen women in one room;
With calmness I can bear the bawling
Of children in the nursery;
And to disturb me, caterwauling
Most horrible indeed must be!
I've stood where cannon loud did rattle,
Where shells did burst and bullets hiss;
I've heard fierce fierce elemental battle,
The road and rush of herds of cattle,
But never hear I aught like this!
With joy I'd list the dismal calling
Of fierce wolves howling in the wood,
But to my very soul appalling
Are sounds like these—they freeze the
blood!"

BURGLARY.

On the night of the 21st inst. a room occupied by peaceful, law-abiding citizens was broken into by burglars.

It is supposed that they were in search of plunder. Their noise aroused the occupants of the room, who attacked the villains with such right good will that they were soon forced to flee. They rushed for the door, stumbling over tables, chairs, etc., but at length succeeded in getting away. No property was missed, but upon examination after their departure it was found that in their violent efforts to escape the burglars had shaken from their person millions of vermin which now literally covered the floor of the room.

It is to be hoped that in such a community as ours such flagrant outrages against the peace of society will not go unwhipped of justice. X.

HITCHCOCK lives in Lansing; deals in stationery, books, &c., &c., which he sells *orful cheap*. He is withal a very obliging gentleman, and we recommend him to students and others who wish anything in his line.

THE State Board of Agriculture held a meeting at the College, on the 27th ult.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

BY CARL LE JEUNE, pseud.
Chas. B. Bessey, '69.

It is customary now, in the higher circles of society, to use big language at the table. See to it then that you do not fail in this particular. Much depends upon your language. Use the biggest words you can find, for if they do not express your meaning, nobody else will know the difference. It may seem funny and foolish to talk in this manner if you have never talked so heretofore, but you will soon get used to it, and besides it is *fashionable*.

When at the table never use such an old fashioned expression as "pass the bread, please;" but say, "cause the staff of life to have a motion hitherward."

Instead of saying, "Waiter, another cup of tea," say "menial attendant, convey hither an additional measure of the infusion of Young Hyson."

If in need of a glass of water, say, "precipitate into the vitreous vessel a quantity of the protoxide of hydrogen."

If, unfortunately, you have dropped your knife, use language like the following: "My cutting instrument being unsupported, gravitation caused it to descend."

If you talk of other subjects, still preserve the fashionable table-talk. If you inquire after the health of your friend's family, do it in this wise: "What is the hygienic condition of your conjugal partner and youthful offspring?"

And in speaking on the weather: "The meteorological phenomena of the present hebdomadal period are exceedingly propitious for the rapid development of vegetation."

After this style you must learn to talk at table if you have the least desire to enter the upper (?) circle.

LECTURE.

A lecture will be given before the Agricultural College Lyceum, on Friday evening, June 5th, by the Rev. John Patchen, of Okemos.

Mr. Patchen's talents as a lecturer being well known, a rich treat is expected. All are invited to attend and share it.

SOCIAL.—The social affair at the Female Seminary, last Friday evening, was of a character well calculated to inspire pleasure and satisfaction in the hearts of those in attendance. As an expression of our approbation of the entertainment, we vote our thanks. "*Cum multis aliis.*"

APPLES.

apples is a frute that grous onto trees. tha is yousually about as big as a hole into the side of a barrel, tho tha is sumtimes bigger and sumtimes tha is littler.

the tree that tha grow onto is ornamental as well as youseful. the little Burds cum and lite onto the limbs and worbull forth their songs to their creator and other folks in most butiful strainses.

apples dos fiurst rate in sum places but tha dont hear. tha dont hang onto the tree till tha ripens, becos tha likes to ripen in the genial climate of a trunk or ha mow.

apples aint thot mutch of by the moral folks becos tha seduced Mother eve, and they have seduced lots of smal boys since.

apples is youseful for lots of things. tha is good to ete and the seeds is very youseful to bring foks to parties. ces by the ma purson can tel who he licks best. tha is sumtimes ground up and squeezed before tha is et. Good templars dont ete um in this wa, but it ante so that tha wont ete a chicken that has roosted onto a sour apple Tree.

this is A composishun by a
senyur.

The Monthly Exercises of the Senior Class.

The Faculty have recently fallen into the practice of permitting the Seniors to indulge in the puerile pastime of original declamations once a month. Last Wednesday a programme of such exercises was filled by a division of this class. No. 1 ascended the rostrum, wrinkled his vest in an excruciating manner by way of obeisance, when he appeared ready for action. He proceeded first to discuss in general the state of society, and then dropped down to a regular cussin' of it in detail. Men were degraded for wearing plug-hats and anathemas against women who adorned themselves with habiliments of modern cut, were uttered without reserve. In connection with the speaker's views, a man taking such a creature as the sole partner of his joys and sorrows, evinces moral degeneracy, intellectual decay and corporeal rot. We hope when No. 1 bows to Hymen, it will be with a full blown shaker, fully bebannetted and bebagged.

No. 2 deviated somewhat from his usual bent. Although he naturally appears melancholy and given to the contemplation of serious subjects, we know of many racy squibs that have emanated from his quill. He seemed to regard New England as a big sub-

ject for the display of oratorical power, but his solemn tones, with our drowsiness, suggested the idea of funeral solemnities, and we roused up and expecting to see the corpse brought in. Undoubtedly he had been reading *Il Pensaroso* and Baxter's *Saints' Everlasting Rest*. We were particularly pleased with the mental evolutions of No. 3, whose physical structure, cast in a liliputian mould, made his ability all the more apparent. He was "multum in parvo." He spoke of newspapers, and we opine his fore-knowledge of the *Bubble* made his subject much more attractive, inasmuch as the appearance of the *Bubble* would occasion such an expansion in the interests of the literary world. The discourse of No. 4 was exceedingly dry for such a wet subject. In explaining the phenomena of the Gulf Stream, his tones were too melodious. It is our brotherly advice that he provide himself with a mallet and an old pair of pants, retire to some secluded spot, and have a mock auction, for the benefit of his voice. The historical discussion No. last, places Herodotus and Thucydides in unnoticable insignificance. The nonchalance with which he rallied his substantial form up before the audience, was indeed surprising. But he, in common with most the others, failed in giving a due amount of gesticulatory expression to their well written orations. Each stood up there like a protuberance on the epidermis of a prostrated arboreal structure. These exercises were enlivened with instrumental music by the College Band, which is best criticised by quoting from the remarks of one of the small boys of the College, who inquired if it was usual to play the *Doxology* on such occasions. A—

THE fiend in human form who perpetrated the following, deserves to be held up to the universal execration of mankind. EDITOR.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

The shades of night are vanished,
The east is flaming red,
Like J. S. S.'s whiskers,
Or Ecttu Brute's head.

The milky zone that girts the sky,
Which ever seems to me
Like th' moustache of F. P. D., I
Can now no longer see.

And shining fair o'er hill and vale,
The morning star appeared,
Proclaims the morn is dawning pale,
Like F. S. S.'s beard.

AGR'L COLLEGE LYCEUM.—This Society meets on Friday evening, in the Lecture Room. Its exercises consist of debates, orations, essays, music, &c. The services of good lecturers are occasionally secured by the Society. All the exercises are public

PERSONAL.

"F. P. D." is pulling wires to secure the office of eight Corporal in Ag. Coll. Cadets, at the next election.

"Capt. B.'s" towering form no haunts the classic grounds of Okemos, with the fair L— by his side. He seeks consolation for a troubled spirit and broken heart, by destroying immense quantities of the dedectable Virginia weed. His friends say that he is not long for this world.

"Farmer H." has lately procured a ferocious animal of the canine species. Students who take a moonlight walk on dark nights should make a note of this.

"W. L. S." is becoming quite proficient in the art of music, under the careful teaching of Miss G.

"G. F. B." frequents the Okemos lodge. Miss B. also attends the same lodge.

"W. A. W." has changed his residence to farmer W.'s. Miss J., who lives next door, has nothing to do with the change.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is not a man injured when he falls asleep? Because he is caught in the arms of Morpheus.—GUNN & EATON.

Why is a person about to visit a city on the Tigris like a boy putting his father into a sack? Because he is going to Bagdad.—CRITIC & JANITOR.

Why are an elephant and a teapot alike? Because both have longsnouts and neither can whistle a tune.

—HIGHCOCKALORUM.

A considerable number of copies of this our first, and trial issue, will be distributed gratuitously, both in Lansing and Okemos; but it is expected that after this number, people will like us so much as to invest their money in us. The *Bubble* can be obtained at HITCHCOCK'S, Lansing, (Middle Town), and at the Postoffice at Okemos.

NOTICE.—We are requested, by the managers, to inform the public that the series of dances which they proposed to give will, after this date, be discontinued, on account of reasons which it is deemed proper not to give for the present.

Private lessons in dancing will continue to be given, as heretofore,

WANTED!—More letters, by the students of this institution. Our correspondents will please notice.