

THE BUBBLE.

NO. 5. Single Copies, 5 Cts.

LANSING, AUGUST 29, 1868.

Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.

THE BUBBLE is published by the STOICAL PEN YANKERS' SOCIETY, at the AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

— Issued on Saturday, June 20th; again on Saturday, July 18th, and at intervals of three weeks thereafter, until, in all, seven numbers have been published. Subscription price for the five last numbers, 25 cents. Correspondence solicited.

All Communications must be addressed to the SECRETARY OF THE S. P. Y. S., MICH. STATE AGR'L COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL.

To the world, which it is our duty to instruct, to correct, to reform, give we again greeting. We never for a moment forget our charge, or cease to exercise anxious thought for the welfare of men. We now send out our little messenger for the fifth time, and it is with renewed hope, for we gain every day fresh assurances that the efforts we have put forth and are still putting forth, will be crowned ultimately, with glorious success! We feel we are becoming a power in the land. Our early opposers, if not convinced and converted, are at least silenced, for indeed they cannot but know how useless it were to throw their puny weight in the way of TRUTH, marching forth in her majesty! Our friends are numerous and constantly increasing in number; and people have long since ceased to do so absurd a thing as to offer us their advice.

It does our heart good when we walk forth, to respond to the pleasant greetings with which we are met on all hands by our patrons; they all address us as "Dear Uncle Hez.," and it is exceedingly gratifying to witness with what appearance of confidence, people ask our advice upon all subjects. We cannot state as to whether our advice is always followed, but we presume it is, if not, we look forward hopefully to the time when such will be the case. We have noticed with much pleasure that it is considered a good thing in all circles to quote from our columns, and we believe that the *Bubble* is generally considered high authority in all matters of which it may treat. We conclude from the amount we have heard quoted in a single evening at a social party, that our readers are very attentive ones at least.

One only suggestion has been made to us lately, as to what it were best for us to do. It was thought that we ought to hoist the political flag and come out boldly for some party. Perhaps we should not have noticed this in an editorial, were it not that we have received several communications of a partisan character which we cannot publish, and we wish to warn persons against sending us such in the future. We once thought of doing something in the way of politics, believing as we did, that we might do much good in that way. But we have since changed our mind. The man we most wished to see the next President, failed to get the nomination, (see correspondence, *Bubble*, No. 1,) hence we have resolved to abstain entirely from meddling with party questions.

Graver matters than politics demand our energies. The intellectual and moral wellbeing of man has to be attended to, and who but us will attend to it? We are still resolved to continue our work until ignorance and prejudice are driven hence, and enlightenment has become general throughout all our broad field of labor!

EDITOR.

A FRAGMENT.

A BALL ROOM! swiftly moving forms all gay,
Are circling there in mazes of the dance;
And rapid go the feet; sweet music swells;
All eyes are brightly flashing; lips do smile,
And hand clasps hand with pressure soft and warm;
There beauty leans on manly arm; eye meets eye;
Eye; bosoms there do heave, instinct with life,
And love, and peace, and joy, and hope!
AMEN!
—The curtain rises—years have flown away—
Behold we now that ball-room once again;
And forms of youth and beauty, too, are there,
But not those we beheld in days gone by;
And should you ask where those we saw have fled,
You would be told that they have gone before,
Are in the silent grave and sleep in dust!
Fond lover, pause! that jewelled hand you hold

Anon, a loathsome thing decays in earth,
A food for worms, a horrid, hideous thing!
That beauteous face you view so ardent now,
Within the tomb shall lose its comeliness;
And that fair form, so perfect all, shall soon
Dissolve and decompose, with common clay
Shall mix and naught of her you love remain.
The great, the wise, the proud, the brave;
The good,
The bad; the high, the low, must all succumb,
Their bodies all, part sinks to dust, and part
To air returns,—as gas, returns,—unwholesome, foul!

Absurd and foolish they! who make this clod
Th' immortal part, and saved at that GREAT DAY;
For seest thou not that all these elements
In many bodies do participate?
And dissolution rapidly goes on,
And bodies new are formed from those decayed.

But yet not all decays; base skeptics lie,
And glory in their lies! O, wretched cheat!
Annihilation is a thing abhorred,
By man, by God! the SOUL triumphant still,
O'er flesh and death, the MIND immortal lives!

MY INTRODUCTION.

My father was a wealthy farmer in one of the eastern States, and I was his only daughter. My age was eighteen, and as all know, young men there are very scarce, while young ladies are very numerous; hence it was that my father was anxious lest I should be numbered in the list of old maids, and be left in the cold world alone, to elbow my way through life. He had a great horror of old maids' elbows.

Acting under such motives, he used often to invite young men to our house from the neighboring city, hoping that some one of them would take a fancy to poor me. One day, as he was about starting to the city, he came to me and said that he was going to invite a young gentleman home with him, on whom he was very desirous I should make a favorable impression. I promised to do my best, and my paternal departed, his mind occupied, alternately, with the prospects of his daughter, and the probable profits on certain fat cattle in his possession.

As the time drew near for him to return, I began to be in a great flutter, and as is generally the case with girls, was very desirous of seeing and scrutinizing the looks, dress, and manners of the visitor who was to return with him, before he should see me. I knew that on my father's return, he would drive at once to the barn, and as a matter of course, would have to show his fat cattle, before coming to the house. What a good opportunity? I would go to the barn and post myself over the stable, and through some hole or crack, make observations.

Acting on this happy thought, I went to the barn, climbed to the loft and found a favorable point from which to observe all that might hap-

pen below. At last they came, and, as I expected, the cattle must undergo inspection. Ox after ox was commented upon, until at last they came to the one beneath me. I leaned forward to get a better view of the young man's features, when, oh dear! the board gave way, and through I went, onto the back of the very ox they were inspecting. The poor, frightened animal commenced to jump and kick, which jumping and kicking, resulted in landing me at the feet of the astonished visitor and my worthy paternal. I would have jumped and run as I was unhurt, but before I could do so, the young man was assisting me to arise, and my father mumbled something about his daughter's gathering eggs, &c.

After such a romantic introduction, it is needless to say that there was a tragic termination. We were soon married.

MRS. TIMOTHY PESTRIC.

UGLINESS.

There are more ugly things in the world than are comprehended, under the various classes of snakes, bugs, spiders, and toads. Neither are they confined to the lower animals, or to animals at all; for mankind, both in themselves and the things belonging to them, contribute largely to the ugly things which do appear on this mundane sphere.

Taking first mankind:—

Men are not generally handsome. There are a goodly number whom we style pretty good looking, lacking an ugly nose or chin, bad eyes or teeth, an ugly forehead, horrid hair, or at least *some ugliness somewhere*. To all this men generally add an ugly mustache. Not yet satisfied they add ugly habits—they chew, snuff, and smoke tobacco, making their breath as odorous as a burning peat bog, and mouth as pleasant to look upon as the miasmatic swamps of Florida.

Sour beer, diluted whiskey, and worse wine are also swallowed in abundance, until the drinkers become walking distilleries, perambulating grog shops, or bipedal whiskey barrels.

Now all this is *ugly*—it is ugliness aggravated—aggravated and conglomerated. This ought not so to be. A man was not intended to be a monster in ugliness. Man has enough natural ugliness without deliberately making himself ten-fold more ugly.

BESS. C.

WE HAVE NOTICED that our friend Mr. Dawson drives out a great deal lately,—doubtless to show off his new "rig."

LANSING.

I've been through Lansing. 'Tis a "big thing," taken all in all, but poorly filled out.

The town is situate on one of the curves of beauty of the Ram's Horn R. R., and is three or four miles, more or less, westward from the Agricultural College. Derives much of its importance from its propinquity to the above named establishment. It is bounded on the north and west by the "Big Marsh," on the east by illimitable Mud, and on the south by infinite Swamp. It is also on the Grand River; Grand River is noted for polywogs and cranes, and mostly navigated by this sort of craft.

The houses are sown broadcast, among the shrubs, and grubs, and holes, and knolls of an Oak Opening. Big lots in Lansing, equal to those famous ones of Great Salt Lake City. Lots about twenty-five rods square. Every man apparently resigned to his lot, in Lansing, as not many are seen on the street; but with women it is far otherwise. Lansing is noted for beautiful women, ugly men and—the "Big Hotel." It also has many Soda Fountains, Saloons, and such a multitude of Churches, that every house you come to that is not a barn or a dwelling house, or a saloon, or the "Big Hotel," or something else, is a meeting house. Every possible, and *impossible*, religious denomination has a church. Dutch Reformed, and Dutch Unreformed; Baptist, Softshelled, as well as Hardshelled; Methodists and Universalists and Multilationists, all have their Churches.

The Lansingites think Lansing is a capital place for a Capitol. (Serious doubts!) Lansing is divided into Lower Town, Middle Town and Mackerel Point, the last named division lying at the junction of the Grand River with the classic Red Cedar, (made classic by running through the grounds of the AGRICULTURAL FARM, popularly so called.)

The standard of morals in Lansing is not so high as it might be, and it is made decidedly no better by the association of the people with biennial Legislators and occasional Constitutional Conventionists. There is, however, an oasis in the vast desert of Lansing; it is the Female College. A healthful, moral atmosphere pervades this place, (they take the *Bubble*), and I will ever defend it with all the vigor of my immortal pen.

The State buildings are *splendid*, and the grounds surrounding them are finely and artistically laid out, particularly the Croquet grounds.

Lansing possesses many fine things.

A new State House of sandstone; cost \$300,000 (in prospect). A system of street cars running in all directions; cost \$100,000 (in prospect). A population consisting mostly of honest men and modest women (in far prospect).

Lansing is a "Big Place."

TELEMECHUS TOOTHBOX.

THE DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

BY O. XERXES.

Paper No. 2.

Again we inquire how a happier state of affairs may be brought about, and reason restored to a distracted world. Can the clergy bring the mind of man to a peaceful development of affairs, and a quiet submission to the immutable laws of the Infinite, while constantly engaged themselves in a theological warfare?

Again, will politicians secure a peaceable and permanent adjustment between all controversies and contending factions, who are themselves the blind votaries of unworthy ambition? I answer most emphatically, No. How then, may it be asked, is this great revolution that is to change so materially the morals and character of the nation (and perhaps the world) be accomplished?

But listen, ah, be subscribers and patronizers of the *Bubble* and the arcana shall be revealed, the incomprehensible and intangible shall be made plain, and though clergy hurl their missiles of theological warfare, and politicians shake their learned heads in political rivalry, yet verily, verily, we say unto you, that neither these, the price of gold, or the next Presidential election, will change one iota the inflexible purposes of the Pen Yankers or the sentiments of the *Bubble*. Thither then the world seems to turn its anxious gaze, and thither with a voice of inspiration we respond. To lock forever in the archives of your State the disorganizing and revolutionary demon of party spirit and political hate, to become the universal friends and patronizers of the *Bubble*, for the youthful mind we will neither delude with the wild fancies of fiction, or drug with the sediments of political ambition.

When these results have taken effect you may expect to see the reign of Pericles and the age of heavy literature.

The Board of Agriculture held a regular meeting here on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the present week.

IRISH COURTSHIP.

1.
Twas Sunday eve, and Pat Mckay
Was courtin' Bid Mckarty;
Pat was an Irish lad so gay,
Bid was an Irish damsel, hearty.
2.
Bid was ensconced upon a stool,
The house cat leaned against her,
And Pat, as always is the rule,
Was in the corner just ferninst her.
3.
The wind was oarin' wild without,
Within a fire was roarin',
The old folks, though awake, no doubt,
Were off to bed and kindly snorin'.
4.
"Now is me time," solo, quoth Pat,
"An' I'll jist pop the question,
And aise me mind, manlike, of that
Which has so troubled me digestion!"
5.
So, itching up a little nigher,
With great determination,
And gazin' straight into the fire,
Began Pat, with some trepidation:
6.
"Bedad, Miss Biddy," Pat he said,
"What do ye think of me now?"
"Och! Pat," said Biddy, blushin' red,
"I hate ye, an' its aisy seen now."
7.
"Ye hate me, do ye?" Pat cried out,
Not dreamin' Bid was sportin',
"It's lyin', thin, ye've been about,
Since furst I come up here a-courtin'!"
8.
"A-courtin'! do ye call it, Pat?"
Cried Bid, for fun was in her,
"I never s'posed ye called it that,
Me Paddy, dear, as I'm a sinner."
9.
"Now, whin, young Tom O'Neil comes here,
To court me,—he's jist jolly,—
He hugs and kisses, calls me dear,
An' doesn't look so melancholly."
10.
"The spalpeen! Tom O'Neil! does he
Dare come up here a-courtin'?"
"I'll break his head!" "Nay, Pat," said she,
"He'd tar and feather you for sportin'!"
11.
"I'll murder him! but, Bid, good-bye,
I'm off to see Kate Ray, sure;
Kate is the gal what fills me eye;
To sport with you was all me pleasure."
12.
"Nay, Pat, me dear! me only dear!"
Cried Bid, in haste, "don't grave me,
Young Tom O'Neil has ne'er been here,
I was but foolin' now, belave me."
13.
"No one courts me but you, dear Pat,
An', sure I love no other,
So, Pat, don't go, 'tis truth I'm at,
An' if ye doubt it, ask my mother."
14.
"Begorra! Biddy, is it so?
Thin Pat's the b'y to thank ye!"
"An' Pat, me darlin', ye won't go
To lave your Bid, an' court that Yankee."
15.
"No, Bid, my gal, I'll stay wid you
Till end of time an' after."
The "old folks," who had listened through,
Now closed the scene with hearty laugh-
[ter.

BELOW we give a short extract from a friendly note we received from Lansing. We thank the unknown writer for her kind words, and we wish others of our lady readers would imitate the example set them by Miss L.

"To SEC'Y OF S. P. Y. S.

"**** yes, the *Bubble* is doing its work, though just in its infancy; who can tell what time may make out of this?

"**** how much of pleasure it has carried to homes throughout the State! With what interest does the mother and the sister wait for its coming, for they know that *Charlie* will have something to say; if the name is not there, they hunt it over and find that which they suppose is his *production* and it does just as well.

"**** perhaps you at the College think that we outside take but a passing glance at your paper, but not so. I assure you it is read and re-read with ever renewed pleasure. Hoping you rich success,

"I remain respectfully,

"MISS L."

BASE BALL FEVER.

BY A. B. CRUSTY.

Time was when a great consternation spread abroad among a certain class of individuals, and great was the result thereof. Base Ball had received a patent, a leather medal had been awarded for a great *feet* at the bat, and prospects were brightening up ahead, and

A good time is coming,
For it is almost here.

It came, the enterprise flourished, and it is almost *went*, whether any good or honor has resulted from the excitement, is not the province of our "Say."

You probably, already have discovered my sentiments—that I am heels over head in favor of base ball, before and after everything else, (yes, I am, over the left). I take up a paper for the purpose of glancing at the latest news. I read the headings: "Great Base Ball match, between the Athletics and the Atlantics—intense excitement prevailed. The Atlantics victorious." Below we read printed in small type: "Three or four of the players severely injured, and a number from the crowd accidentally struck by foul balls. Hopes are entertained that all will recover." Then this is the result of the popular game base ball, is it? I am glad I have not got the base ball fever. Well, it is all right, but how it looks! Broken limbs and deformed bodies when

resulting from war are honorable; but when resulting from an over-indulgence of amusement is objectionable.

The good resulting from these heavy bats may be considerable—I wish we could see it. Probably we are prejudiced against amusements of whatever cast they may be; if so go ahead, your day is nearly run, and we soon hope to see the time when the minds of men and newspaper columns, will be filled with something else besides bass ball notices and matches. I am happy to notice, that the editors of the *Bubble* have not fallen into the error of allowing their valuable paper to become an organ of the base ballites. Lastly, we would offer a word of advice to those suffering from the above malady, by recommending the use of a rag and leather pill about the size of a regulation ball, to be taken on the side of the head, caused by the lightning stroke of a *foul*.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

From our Special Correspondent.

AGR'L COLL., Aug. 26, 1868.

News was received here to-day of a terrific engagement along the line of the Lansing and Howell State Road, between the Agr'l College Cadets and an army of Mosquitoes, resulting in large loss of patience and some blood shed. The particulars as I heard them are as follows: On Tuesday last, Capt. Barker ordered his command to the front, and the whole division was making a forced march in the direction of farmer L's. green corn patch when the booming of artillery was heard upon the extreme right. Intelligence was soon received that an enormous detachment of Mosquitoes, led on by old *Culex*, himself, had flanked us, and thrown the line into disorder. The firing was repeated, and simultaneously the enemy appeared in sight. A good deal of excitement was manifest among our troops; the guns were all discharged except the ex-second Lieutenant, who "went off" without help. Orderly Sergeant Simons became disorderly, and the whole command exhibited signs of becoming demoralized. Our Captain, however, behaved in a manner highly creditable to himself, showing by his coolness and intrepidity that this was by no means his first *engagement*. He encouraged his men by word and example, but the enemy now poured down upon us in such overwhelming numbers that we were obliged to give way. Now followed a scene of the wildest confusion, and anon the "towering

form" of the commander himself was seen among the flying.

At the ditch the boys rallied and rushed forward a little distance, shouting and brandishing their arms; but again the foe comes on, and again we flee. Some pitching like true "Yankee Mudsills" into the mire, now brandished their lower extremities, which for the time were the higher. The captain wildly gives the order to "stack arms," but the soldiers stack themselves in the mud instead. Corporal S. falls across the ten foot ditch, forming a bridge by which others escape. Private Miller falls over a little Gulley into a big ditch but comes out uninjured and on Foote—Foote grumbling.

The Cadets leave the field with inglorious precipitancy, and immediately go into winter quarters (in the ice house).

LATER.

The official report of the killed, wounded and missing in this battle, is as follows:

One Kerr and Lamb butchered out right.

Slocum, wounded in the heart, but probably in some previous engagement.

Corliss, received a bayonet thrust in left vest pocket, from a Guerrilla.

Lillie and one Moore slightly missing.

LATER STILL.

"All quiet along the Potomac."

GERUNDEGOOT.

EXCURSION.

We have been down to Grand Ledge, yes; and we have seen the people and the rocks; and more, we camped out over night. This last circumstance, of course, contributed largely to the pleasure of the excursion. To give you an idea of what we saw, the amusements in which we participated, and the whole thing generally, we will commence with the village, the first thing or place we saw of any importance after leaving Lansing. This is situated on both sides of the Grand, and a pleasant, and pretty little village it is too. It contains mills, stores, groceries, shops and taverns; the whole being the requisite of a country town. The people, judging from their countenances, and business-like turn, could safely be ranked among the civilized. But the Ledge the object of our excursion, is situated on the banks of the river, about half a mile below the village. This outcrop in places, projects upward in a perpendicular, or in an overhanging position, from fifty to sixty feet, and on its walls are seen stalactites caused by the con-

stantly dripping waters, while below are stalagmites, pointing upward as if impressed by some magnetic power above. The whole would, probably, be more admired by an artist than by common us. We visited the coal mines, in the vicinity of the ledge, into which extended two shafts, one of which we entered, but owing to the hydrous state of the atmosphere and the opaque condition of the scenery, our examination was not very extensive. The coal we should judge would compare poorly with that of some of the eastern mines.

Our camp was situated in a pleasant little grove of hemlock and beech near the ledge, here SESSIONS, FELKER, and GUNN prepared and dealt out our dinner and supper, and judging from the rapid disappearance of bread, halbut, and coffee, these boys are hard to beat in this line of business. During our stay our base ballites gave the AWKWARDS of the village a try, which resulted in a small victory for the former. The evening entertainments at the camp were numerous and amusing. Speeches were made by BRUTUS, GUNN and many others, a number of songs were sung by our Grand Rapids student, while a number were engaged in composing poetry, probably to commemorate the events of the occasion. By midnight the songs, speeches, and boisterous exclamations had given way to quiet, with the exception of an occasional groan from some unconscious sleeper. The next morning and forenoon was occupied in making a more extensive observation of the rocks and the mines, and the conclusion arrived at was, that the whole must belong to the carboniferous formation.

R—.

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.—As all great events must do, has passed away, and all the excitement incident to it has now nearly subsided. The wheather was very fine, and the day was every way favorable for the exercise, but for some reason the audience was very thin. And just here permit us to say a word on this point: We can scarcely see why it is that an intellectual exercise of this kind is not better attended. Do the people of Lansing, and Okemos, and the surrounding country, care nothing for such things? Have they no wish to encourage them? We venture to assert that if it were a circus we had here, and one half the care taken to let people know it that was taken to apprise them of the Exhibition, a very respectable crowd, at least as regards size, would be collected. Do not say that our exhibitions are not

worth attending, for you know nothing about it, not many of you ever having seen one. It is to your shame that you do not exhibit more interest in, and seek more to give encouragement to intellectual improvement in your midst.

The exercises consisted of seven orations, a discussion in which four participated, and a poetical prophecy, making twelve productions in all. We should be glad to speak of the various pieces in detail, but space will not permit; so we shall content ourself with making a few general remarks. The orations for the most part were well written and well delivered; a little more *action*, however, on the part of the orators would have added greatly to the effect of many of the productions. The Discussion was well conducted, and the various arguments exhibited a good deal of thought. The "Prophecy" was a smoothly written "effusion," in the meter of *Hiawatha*, and was very amusing to those who were sufficiently acquainted with the different members of the class to understand the allusions. Music for the occasion was furnished by Prof. Young, of Lansing, and was very good.

The exercises were all very interesting, and very creditable to the Junior Class.

POETRY AND TRUTH.

Oh, leave your bed at break of day,
(I much rather not.)
And view the sun in splendor rise;
(I'd as soon see a red flannel shirt on
a clothes line.)
And list the warblers' matin lay;
(Yes, hens crating, geese gabbling,
turkeys gobbling, etc.)
'Tis sweet to breathe the balmy air,
(Redolent of pig-sty, smoke-houses,
etc.)

All nature glad, and fresh, and fair!
(Gnats and sketers bite, or else 'tis
cold as *charity*.)

Gay colors wrap the earth and skies;
(Humph! might as well be anything
else as *gay* when a fellow is too
sleepy to see anything. It's of no
use, old boy! Stop the machine.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED.—The piece sent us by "L. G.," of Saginaw, possesses much literary merit, but owing to its partisan nature we cannot give it insertion. Try again, "L. G.," but let party questions alone when writing for the *Bubble*.

"QUIRK."—We shall be obliged to decline your poem on "Old Bachelor." We are a little sensitive on that point, ourself."

"&."—We do not tell the names of anonymous correspondents.