

# THE BUBBLE.

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Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.

The BUBBLE is published by the "Pen Yanker's Society" of the Michigan State Agricultural College.

## VALEDICTORY.

Our editorial labors in this field are almost over. We promised and took subscriptions for seven numbers of our paper, and this is the seventh. All that we promised our patrons has been performed—how well we leave it to themselves to decide, and we are now "yanking" our "pen" for the last time, and for the purpose of saying a few words about what has been done, and of bidding them *personally* a final adieu.

We wish to thank our friends for the interest they have manifested in us and our labors, and for the noble manner in which they have sustained us, as well by kind words as by more *substantial* aid.

First and foremost, the students here have supported us with an extent of liberality which was hardly anticipated by us. With only one or two exceptions, they have been subscribers, and not content with taking one copy apiece, many of them have taken two, three, or even four, and one has taken regularly *six* copies, besides buying others occasionally, as they all have done, mostly because they wished to sustain a praiseworthy effort—partly, perhaps, because they liked the paper, and wished their friends to see it. The Society thanks you, dear boys. The members all feel that you have been true and noble toward them—not suffering jealousy or any ill-feeling to creep in between you and them.

What you have done has not been common or trival, and is not to be soon forgotten. You have borne with our shortcomings, and all that has been worthy in us, personally, or in our capacity as publishers of the paper, has met with your approbation and commendation. Speaking for ourselves, and remembering that we shall soon be with you no longer, using also the name you choose to call us most frequently, which has grown very dear from association, we would say that the heart of Uncle Hez shall cease to beat ere the remembrance of you and your usage of him shall fail

to stir up warmest feeling in its very depths.

Secondly, the people of Okemos and the surrounding country have taken a lively interest in the *Bubble*, and have not been niggardly in the use of their money or their praise. Whenever any of them have had occasion to speak with us concerning our charge, it has invariably been in terms of warmest sympathy and commendation, and we shall live to become very old indeed ere we shall be able to forget their kindness to us when we felt the need of friendly assistance.

Thirdly, many individuals in Lansing have rendered us assistance in our hour of need, and this aid coming as it did from strangers, and from such as wished to give us encouragement, entitles them to our gratitude. In this, as in most new enterprises, the need was for *moral* aid, rather than pecuniary, and for this from whatever source we are thankful. But we expected much more assistance from Lansing than we have received. Although we distributed many copies of the *Bubble* through the town, we obtained few subscriptions. Some expressed a doubt as to whether it would continue when a sufficient number of subscriptions had been received to render failure profitable. We are proud to show such persons that, although we can afford to lose considerable money in keeping the paper up, we cannot afford to break our promises with regard to it. As to the Female College, we are sorry to say that we have not received a single subscription from one who is connected with that institution. We did not think that we should have this tale to tell of our sister College.

But the *Bubble* has been kept going in spite of all extraneous obstructions or discouragements, and in spite of the inexperience of its publishers, and their necessary attention to other and pressing duties during its publication. The matter has been entirely original, whether good or otherwise our readers shall judge, and the paper has been full every issue. No low slang or abusive personalities have been allowed to encumber its columns, and no one will believe that its influence upon society has been anything but good. We have called our paper a reformer, and in one sense

the name has been significant of its use. We have cheated many a one out of the sin of gloomy thought or sad foreboding, and perhaps by laughing people into better humor, we have prevented even worse offenses. Another most important use we have had. Our paper has served as a record for the passing events in our college life, and many and many a paragraph we have published, which, had been lost else, will serve as a point about which will cluster fondest recollections of student-days when these shall have passed away forever. This will be felt more and more strongly as the years roll round. Who is there that will not say, that in the best use of the word the BUBBLE has been a *success*?

This is the last of the BUBBLE we have promised, and the last that will be issued the *present* year. Whether or not the paper will be continued another year, and so on, we cannot state; we hope it will. We believe a College paper is a thing every way desirable. Many of the highest institutions of learning in this country and in Europe have them—some of them with extensive influence and circulation. It seems as if, from the small beginning we have made, there might in process of time be created an organ here that would be of no small value to our College and to the State, and, is it all a dream? to education everywhere. It all depends upon those who are here after us. With them we leave it. We hope that there will be those among them who will be willing to make the necessary exertions and sacrifice.

The fast accumulating pages warn us that it is time our remarks should close, and so we say farewell!

EDITOR.

## Personal.

Our esteemed friend and fellow-student, C. W. Garfield, of Grand Rapids, has closed his connection with the College for the present term, and returned home for the purpose of conducting for five months the "Common School Gazette," of Kent county. Charles' experience in the art of teaching, and his superior scholarship, are sufficient requisites to warrant him success.

## Politics.

A bewildered and excited atmosphere prevails; all is excitement. People are rushing headlong through the country, sometimes in dense masses, and sometimes singly, exclaiming, "Politics!" The gray-haired mothers and the fair sirens of the land are heard, both in the kitchen and drawing-room, to exclaim, "P-o-l-i-t-i-c-s!" The little urchins on the street, and the babes in their mothers' arms, attempt to exclaim: "Politics!"

What means this great excitement? Is something of great interest at stake? Some revolutionizing power by which the world is to be made better? or a complete annihilation of its inmates?

Judging from appearances generally, we would say there is to be a complete extinction of both good and bad. But our extensive knowledge, (being a Pen Yanker), enables us to penetrate the seeming mysterious cloud, and beyond we see nothing frightful—nothing which is to involve you or yours in any catastrophe whatever. The passing current of the times is as harmless as the petty whirlwind by the roadside. Then let the patrons of the *Bubble* look upon it as but a passing breeze, that the whirlwind of excitement is but a revelation of the weakness of human nature.

Our modesty restrains us from giving reasons for our seeming selfishness in this respect. We hoped through the influence of one of our number to have received some lucrative situation in conducting the affairs of state. But the passing excitement caught up the weaker portion of our race in its whirligig of maneuvers and left us comparatively alone; hence we are able to discern the folly in political excitement.

### A PEN YANKER.

THE BOYS rather got the start of us when we were up among the pines. They threw away the editorial we had written, and substituted that execrable one of their own manufacture.

Several short items which we had prepared for publication in No. 6, were thrown out by them, because they wanted to "run the thing" that week. We had vague misgivings when we left, that everything would not go off as it should, and we are somewhat proud of the sagacity we displayed in taking the money with us.

With regard to that abominable item having reference to our business at Midland City, and which we

have been called upon to explain, all we have to say is "You can't prove anything by us!"

## A VERY DOLEFUL BALLAD.

ALL OF THE PRESENT TIME.

1.  
The clouds of sorrow dark do lower,  
My true love I no more shall see;  
Oh, woe the day! oh, woe the hour!  
That parted my true love and me!

2.  
Let others sing of sweet sixteen,  
Of laughing eyes and figures fine;  
To me are youth and beauty mean,  
My love was fifty years and nine!

3.  
Her hair was like the lilly, white,  
Her ear was like the raven's wing;  
Perchance you'd guess, and you'd be right  
That she could like the raven's sing!

4.  
And when she oped her pond'rous jaws  
Her face from ear to ear was elf;  
A pearly tooth was shown—alas!  
The only one that she had left.

5.  
Her eye was of an apple-green,  
Her nose was long and aquiline,  
It crossed her mouth and met her chin;  
Her age was fifty years and nine!

6.  
She's gone! naught can my anguish soothe!  
She's gone! and I in silence pine!  
The course of true love ne'er ran smooth,  
But others know not grief like mine!

7.  
I wander north, I wander south,  
I walk down by the sounding sea;  
The sea seems her enormous mouth,  
Which evermore is calling me!

8.  
Green foliage 'minds me of her eyes,  
The lilies, of her snow-white hair;  
Her image still before me flies—  
It haunts me—haunts me everywhere!

COMMENCEMENT.—The "beginning of the end" takes place at this College on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 11th. On that momentous occasion, ten mortal (perhaps the *in* may be added in the future,) Seniors deliver orations, and obtain each his diploma and degree of B. S. The exercises upon that day will undoubtedly be worth seeing and hearing. Just the order of things has not yet been decided upon, but it is expected that there will be a good address delivered by some great man, and all who love music may be sure of a rich treat if they come, for the services of Prof. Pixley and Mr. Grannis have been secured for the occasion. All are invited to come.

ALUMNI MEETING.—Efforts have been and are still being made to gather together a sufficient number of the graduates of the Agricultural College, upon the 11th of next month, to organize an Alumni Society. From what has been learned, it is believed that about twenty-two graduates, including those which will be made this year, will be present.

We are glad that this movement has been made, and hope the enterprise will prove a rich success.

## "SCHOOLMAMS."

During the course of our lives we often witness or hear about some great and new invention which is to materially lessen the labor of mankind, or in some way become a great public benefactor. The fact however is, that the world becomes crowded with these to be understood conveniences, and as a whole they serve as a hindrance rather than as an impetus to the world's progress. Now, among the late artificial contrivances introduced as public benefactors, the schoolmams are of the least intrinsic value, but because of their timid nature should receive the greatest pity. We admit that the schoolmams are pretty and attractive (for this is the essential quality required (?)), that their education pertaining to the necessary requisites is perfect. But the more potent portion of their education is neglected—the development of the intellect. And without a knowledge of that which is required to be taught, how can we expect a result different from what we every day witness. The attainments first mentioned may play an important part in teaching the young urchins how to shoot; but the truth of the assertion is yet to be demonstrated.

Who has read the reports of our county inspectors without a blush of shame in the schoolmams of our State. Such ludicrous and ridiculous answers given to some of the questions pertaining to the most simple and familiar branches, with their newly invented methods of spelling, and peculiar grammatical constructions, is serious to contemplate, and frightful to behold. There are exceptions and we wish there were more, but the exceptions are so few that we are compelled to class them together, separate from the more intellectual portion of creation.

How long will the present intellectual condition of our schoolmams continue? Will not a system soon be adopted, when more than the snowy white countenance and factitious smile will be required to procure the inspector's "aye?" we hope so. And we also hope to see the time when the professional teachers are those who have devoted a portion of their time to the education of their human understanding.

A. B. CRUSTY.

SCHOOLS.—The greater portion of the students intending to teach the coming winter, have engaged schools, with prices ranging from \$35 to \$45 per month. Our best wishes attend them in their labors.

## The Class of 1868.

I have never written for the BUBBLE, but have been urged to do so several times by the editors; and as this is the last paper, I came to the conclusion that it was "now or never" that I must write. Thinking that a few remarks on the class of 1868 might be interesting, I shall proceed to make them, and as I am a member of that unfortunate and much abused class, I think I am as capable as any one of making them. Taking the class alphabetically, the first on the list is:

George F.—The first impression that he makes on any one is that they are of very little importance compared with him; when they begin to know him, their feeling is just the same. His age is—well, I doubt if any one knows what it is, so hard it is to find out anything about him. He weighs about 140 pounds, and pretty solid for one as gassy as he.

No. 2 is Burton, very commonly known as "Uncle H—" ah! he does not want me to talk, so I will not. He is pretty old, I guess, and judging from his looks, should say 75. He is very weighty, too—especially in argument.

Next comes Davis, whose honesty has never been doubted. He is particularly noted for the part he took in several important expeditions. His great source of trouble is "The Girl he left Behind Him." His moustache would, from its color, make him pretty old, but from its quality, very young. He is one of your substantial chaps, of 150 pounds or upwards.

Fourth and least comes Gully, who, if others had as good opinion of him as he has of himself, would be quite a boy. He stands just four feet eleven inches high in his new shoes. He has been taken to be 16 years of age, but others say that is ten years too much. He is about as heavy as a good-sized pumpkin, and is about as substantial.

Now appears Harry, with his delicate form. Many think that he has the consumption, and I believe they are right. He has spent a good deal of time and trouble trying to find something that would keep his whiskers from growing so fast. From his thinness, it is easy to see that he is an admirer of "feather weights."

We have now arrived at W. D.—, well known as "Bill"—the one who is first in war and last in peace with the faculty and all others. He is a strong supporter of womens' rights,

and his oration will probably be on that, or something like it. He is great at joking, but the best part of the joke is his laugh at it. In short, nearly everything, good or bad, that applies to any of the others, does to him.

Sleeper is very appropriately named, as some of the class know by sad experience—also very justly celebrated for a fly-trap that he invented. He is not fond of getting into danger, or of having others do it. His whiskers and moustache are also a source of anxiety to him, as he fears that they will get too thick and black.

Eighth, Uncle John, was the strong advocate of a Seniors' ball (bawl) on commencement evening, but he was overruled. His great trait of character is that of being easily pacified. John is the infant of the class—being but little over six feet in height, and weighs but a little less than 180 lbs, avoirdupois. On the whole, he is quite a fellow.

Sam is the fellow who lost a post-office by bad management, and then it took three Seniors to get him another. He has the strongest will of any of the ten. His slight physical development is attributable to his weak constitution, and he is, as he says, still but little more than an infant.

Last on the list is "Friday," whose joking propensities are known to all. He is to cast his first vote this fall, and one would think it was to decide the fate of the nation, judging from the time it takes him to make up his mind whom to vote for. He is the fashion-plate of the class, as he is always out in the latest styles.

This completes the ten. If space had permitted, I would have gone into particulars; but I think this sketch will serve to give the readers of the BUBBLE some idea of the class; and I would suggest to those readers who intend to be present at the commencement exercises, that they preserve this article for reference on that afternoon. And fondly hoping that all of them may be present, I close.

### ONE OF THE DREADED TEN.

SERENADE.—We were honored with a serenade the other evening by the band that belongs to this institution. They have made rapid progress since their organization, and now, we guess, play remarkably well. The air with which they entertained us, and which we have since been informed was old "Greenville," was splendidly executed.

## The Lansing Fair.

BY M. E.

The most of the boys that went to the fair on their Wednesday's excuse waited till the next day, on account of the aqueous state of the atmosphere. I could see no reason for staying indoors on a fair day, so made a hasty preparation, which took me till near sunset. I started bright and early, with high hopes of an awful good time, nor was I disappointed.

In order not to be after dark, I took a short cut across the river on a log. When exactly half way over my feet slipped, and down I came, not in the water, but astride the log! Only the thought of my mission kept back the—bad words.

A few "horrid strides" brought me to the road again. On I went at a fearful rate, as it was now quite dark. I always had a peculiar sensation when alone after dark; so I kept up a tremendous whistling, and my eye on a light ahead. Suddenly several lights were visible, in the shape of stars. I was conscious of a fleshy precipitate at the same time, which appeared very muddy by lamp-light.

I did not wait to see if more than five lengths of picket fence were demolished, but turned back, resolved that at another time I would not take such a fair day to see my fair lady.

WE trust our readers will pardon us for making them wait so long for the present number of this paper. We have purposely delayed its publication, in order to bring it nearer the close of the College year.

IF any one owes us anything on subscription, we hope that they will send it on soon, as we have fulfilled our contract with them, and moreover shall soon change our address.

ON the evening of the 19th inst., there was quite a lively snow-squall at this place. We observe that several of the students have since been "making tracks" toward home.

SINCE the year of its creation—1857—the Mich. State Agricultural College has had 568 students, all told. 530 of them have been residents of this State, representing about forty different counties, 37 of them of various other States, and one of Canada.

## A Nuisance.

C. LEJEUNE.

Webster defines a nuisance as that "which is offensive or noxious—that which gives trouble or vexation."

Searching for a nuisance about which to write, I find I need not go far to obtain one which fills all the requirements of Webster's definition. In the halls of our College, the places where young men of common-sense are supposed to gather—the places where, if *anywhere* in all the earth, we should look for true manliness—we find what may be properly and emphatically called a "nuisance." Lest I be misunderstood, I will say that I refer to *tobacco smoke*. Like a thick cloud it hangs over all the civilized (?) portion of the earth. Old men and young men—old women and young women—and even boys of scarce a dozen years, puff away at "meerscham" pipes, clay pipes, cigars and cigarettes, continually adding to the noxious, sickening cloud, that hangs over what we are pleased to denominate the *enlightened* portion of the world.

But in our College halls, and particularly in one of the halls of the Agricultural College, this cloud is of greater density, of greater noxiousness, and of more sickening nature than almost anywhere else.

At any time of day, and during most of the hours of night, a visitor passing through the particular hall to which I refer, and which for convenience I will denominate "Smoky Hall," would be almost stifled with the choking odor of tobacco smoke, which issues from the "smoking room."

My olfactories have during their existence met with some rather disagreeable things; they have inhaled the noxious gasses arising from decaying carcasses; they have been in close proximity to cess-pools; they have come in contact with the odors which issue from dens and grog-shops of the city; they have been where chemicals have sent forth their deadly fumes—but worse than all are the stifling, sickening odors of "smoky hall."

For weeks and months I have run the gauntlet of smoke in passing to and from my room. I have tried getting used to it, but all to no account; my lungs, eyes and nose absolutely refuse to let me live in peace in the midst of the filthy, poisonous cloud. As well might I try to get used to the fumes of sulphuric acid. I intend giving up getting used to it, and will try to endure it till a better time shall come—when this nuisance

shall be abated—when students shall be more nearly *true men*—when shunning all that is filthy and ungentlemanly, they shall learn to smoke no more.

## Onto Matrimony.

Matrimony means gettin marrid. It iz a fine thing. It hez bin knone ever sence the da of Adim and Eve. wich were the furst fokes that ever got marrid that I hev enny noledge uv.

Everyboddi's father and muther youknites unto the holey bonds uv wedlock, ez a ginerel thing. Thair air a few excepshuns, howsumever, in wich mens fathers and muthers hev never bin marrid, but in such kaces it iz that thair must hav bin sum mistaik maid sumwhere.

Be4 a man marries a wuman, or a wumun marries a man, or in uther wurd, tu be koneise abouto the matter, thare insews a period called sparking. Sum sez that it is the best part uv matrimony, but i doant think it iz. This period generally lasts from 24 hours to 6 years. As soon as tha are marrid, a period en-sews wich is called the hunnimoon; in most kaces this period iz uv short duration, not lasting eny longer than eny other sort uv moonshine. This iz generally a purty soft period; it iz a period uv adjectivs. After this period goze off, things begin to assume a defferent aspecked. Thare begins tu be stern realities; quarrils en-sew, wich sumtimes often result in the brakein up uv the phamily. When this ockurs, thare iz generally a dividing uv the younguns, in wich kase the wife yousuelly klaims the biggest half.

In konclusion, i wud advize mi young frends knot to engage in sich things as separation with thare wives vary often.

## ARTEMAS WARD'S GOSTE.

PRESERVE YOUR "BUBBLES."—There will be a time, years hence, when these little papers will be much sought after; for persons occupying the places we now occupy will have great anxiety to know what their predecessors have thought and felt. Produce here a copy of the BUBBLE a dozen years hence, and how eagerly will it be perused! What would we of the present time not give to see, if such there were, a paper published here eight or ten years ago? The sentiments—the maxims—the jokes—the entire literature of those dark ages in our institution's history, are buried in oblivion.

In order that more than the mere

names of the present occupants of these halls may be known to their successors, let the BUBBLES be preserved!

## Our Alumni.

Thinking that it might be interesting to some of our friends and patrons—but more especially to the present and former students of the College—to know something of the whereabouts and occupations of our Alumni, we give below as full a list as possible:

### CLASS OF '61.

A. F. Allen, teaching, Harrisonville, Mo.  
Adams Bailey, occupation unknown, Birmingham, Mich.  
L. V. Beebe, insurance business, Utica, N. Y.  
H. D. Benham, died in the army.  
G. A. Dickey, " "  
C. E. Hollister, farmer, Laingsburg, Mich.  
A. N. Prentiss, Prof. of Botany and Horticulture, Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y.

### CLASS OF '62.

O. Clute, Pastor of Unitarian Church, Vineland, N. J.  
A. J. Cook, instructor in mathematics, Mich. Agricultural College, Lansing.  
F. Hodgeman, surveyor and civil engineer, Galesburg, Mich.  
C. A. Jewell, farmer, ———, Iowa.  
E. N. Preston, Supt. of Public Instruction, Nevada, Cal.

### CLASS OF '64.

W. W. Daniels, Prof. of Practical Agriculture and Supt. of the Farm, Wisconsin University, Madison.

Louis J. Gibson, teaching, East Saginaw, Mich.

W. A. Hardy, occupation and residence unknown.

S. M. Millard, lawyer, Chicago, Ill.

L. Vanderbilt, farmer, Okemos, Mich.

### CLASS OF '66.

G. W. Harrison, machinist, Lansing, Mich.

C. H. Watson, lawyer, Milwaukee, Wis.

### CLASS OF '67.

L. A. Hurlburt, law student, Mich. University, Ann Arbor.

H. H. Jennison, farmer, Eagle, Mich.

A. C. Prutzman, machinist, Fitchburgh, Mass.

D. Strange, teaching union school at Mason, Mich.

W. W. Tracy, foreman of the gardens, Mich. Agricultural College, Lansing.