

THE BUBBLE.

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Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.

REVISED HEADING.

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EDITORIAL.

It is a sign of the degeneracy of the times that people do not take our paper more extensively, and do not enter with enthusiasm into the spirit of our enterprise. Moreover, persons have on divers occasions expressed a lack of faith in ourself and the Society, and often they censure us because of the means we have taken for the attainment of our end. Many, we have understood, and among those, too, some toward whom we entertain the kindest feelings, numbering with them, we deeply regret to add, several very fine young ladies, who, for inexplicable reasons, do not sympathize with us in our undertaking, and refuse to justify us in all we do to its furtherance, have expressed an unqualified dislike for us and our paper, and (we were obliged to smile when we heard it) one even went so far as to hint that unless we were very careful in the future our peace would be seriously interfered with.

Now, when we set out on our crusade it was with the expectation of being often made the victim of misunderstanding and misrepresentation as far as regards the sterner sex, and we resolved to endure what we could not avoid, with patience and forbearance, believing that in the end all would be well. We were, we say, prepared for opposition, and even for persecution, from the male portion of mankind, but we did hope and believe that the ladies would be unanimously upon our side. Our emotions, when we witnessed defection in the very ranks whence we expected the strongest support, may possibly be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. But even these things we have not suffered to dishearten us; we are still firmly resolved to push

forward in the noble work we have begun.

We believe we are making progress, though perhaps slowly. We are daily in the receipt of letters from various parts of the country, which serve as indications of the gradually improving condition of public sentiment toward us. Below we give as a specimen, an extract from a friendly epistle we have lately received:

LANSING, July 14, 1868.

DEAR BUBBLE:

* * * We are trying to get up a club. Some held back, "for," said they, "the enterprise may fail; we will not trust the Pen Yaankers with our money."

* * * We answered thus: "You need not be frightened; the Pen Yaankers are sound! The enterprise will be pushed through. *It cannot fail; UNCLE HEZ. has got his shoulder against it!*"

And we would say unto all who have been afraid to trust us—afraid to subscribe lest our paper would soon cease—fearful lest we should soon grow weary of the part we have taken upon ourself to perform, and give it over,—to all such we would say: dismiss your fear,—set your doubts at rest,—the enterprise will not fail; we repeat: "*Uncle Hez. has got his shoulder against it!*"

EDITOR.

The other day, as I was riding in a railroad car, I glanced from the window, and saw a bird, which seemed putting forth its best efforts to fly in a line parallel with the course of the train. At first, he appeared to me to be making no progress—to be rather retrograding; but I soon found that my own motion had deceived me, in my attempt to judge of his, and concluded that he was doing very well for a bird.

My thought was that those who have great facilities for progress in the world, as talents, wealth, friends to help them on, should not despise others whose advantages and powers are less; nor imagine that such are making no progress, because perchance when view from their fast-moving standpoint, the motion cannot be at first perceived.

Nor should the plodder be discouraged. He may be doing as well in his place as the rapid driver in his; and, beside, if he move but slowly,

his ruin will be less probable, if he run upon obstructions, and there will be quite as great probability of his gathering his forces for renewed efforts. T.

My Schoolma'am of Two Hundred Pounds.

Awake! ye dwellers of the earth,
All ye that creep, and ye that soar!
Awake! and list the sudden birth
Of thrilling strains unheard before;
To highest key the harp is strung,
Give ear, while Heaven and earth resounds;
I sing as poet never sung,
A schoolma'am of two hundred pounds.

In Mason, Michigan, 'twas first
I saw this damsel fresh and fair;
She on my ravished sight did burst,
A heavenly vision rich and rare;
I gazed on her—she winked at me—
The did—she did—odds! zooks! and zounds!
And calm and cool through all was she,
This schoolma'am of two hundred pounds.

Red hair, and streaked with golden bars,
And curled, her beauty did enhance;
Her small blue eyes, like "twinkling stars,"
Did light a "face of vast expanse;"
Attempted feebly gingham dress
To give her gushing figure bounds;
She was embodied loveliness,
My schoolma'am of two hundred pounds.

Long, long she talked that Autumn day;
On magic wings the moments sped;
I would not tear myself away,
But eager listed all she said;
She told me of her teaching school,
Of all her many boarding 'rounds,
How with a birchen rod she'd rule,
My schoolma'am of two hundred pounds.

But, oh! that day too soon did close,
And we were forced to say "farewell!"
And—I—ahem! well, I suppose
I have the story all to tell;
I've heard she's wed another man,
Alas! my coffee all is grounds!
But, no! forget I never can
That schoolma'am of two hundred pounds.

Long months since then have rolled away,
And time moves swiftly onward still;
And I am getting old and gray,
Anon a humble grave I'll fill;
That form again I ne'er shall see
Till "time absolves his fated rounds,"
I'm naught to her, she's naught to me,
That schoolma'am of two hundred pounds!

MILTON H. CHAUCER.

OUR DUTY.

Our short vacation of two weeks is past, and we again find ourselves in our old places with numerous duties before us awaiting our action. The exceedingly warm weather somewhat lessens our ambition, or desire for study, but our better sense of duty and determined wills will override these natural and petty impediments. We nearly all have commenced new

branches of study, which for a short time may appear difficult, but by an improvement of those means which we enjoy, and a close application to them, the technicalities will all be overcome, and the whole appear simple and plain. Good and probably serious resolutions will be made, and the maintainance of them at times may seem impossible; but let them ever be kept in view. Remember that a little neglect at the beginning may retard our progress during the whole term. Let the object of our study be that of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the studies under consideration, rather than mere recitation marks. And when the term is closed we shall feel that it has been to us a season creditably and advantageously spent.

THOUGHTS.

It is a bright July morning. The green fields and forests are smiling as with gladness in the light of the sun that rides in a sky of purest blue. Birds are singing, gaily colored butterflies are winging their graceful flight from flower to flower, sharing the sweet spoils with the humming bees. Something in this pleasant season, I know not what it is, gives my mind a backward turn, and involuntarily I find myself looking through the vista of years that are past, and mentally comparing my present state with that which was mine in the days of my childhood. And while I think, it seems more wonderful than a dream of Fairyland. Am I the one I see in those scenes of years ago? Then all innocence, because untempted, full of hope, but scarcely possessing ambition, happy in the present, of the past I had experienced scarcely anything, thinking little and caring less for the future, my life resembled that of the feathered warblers around me. How different are childhood's, from maturer years!

Since the days of my childhood, years of toil and trial have passed. In the severe school of experience lessons have been learned which have caused the heart to grow hard, the sensibilities to become deadened, and life has discovered a new—a sterner phase. Selfishness has been found to be the true ruler of men's actions where love was once thought to be the moving spring; early dreams have in few instances been realized; and despair has taken the place of hope in the earth, and often almost of hope beyond the earth, but we will not—cannot yield that. Without that life has been indeed a failure. We

must cling to that though men of mighty intellect bid us give it up.

Often—often while I have gazed upon the fair sweet face of a young child and have thought upon what its future might be, as I reflected that years of darkness and gloom might cloud its life, that blasted hopes, unsatisfied desires, and disappointed ambition would mark that fair brow with wrinkles, that care would dim those sparkling eyes and compress those lips which smile so sweetly now, my heart has swelled with pain and bitter tears have started.

If this poor life is all, then well may we weep for that babe that smiles in unconscious innocence, for it must struggle, and toil, and finally die in vain! We may weep for ourselves, for our lives have been in vain. We have only one hope—the hope of the *HEREAFTER*.

The day has passed away since this paper was begun, and the last beams of the setting sun are falling upon the page over which my pencil wanders. Now they are gone and only a faint—faint streak of rosy light is visible on the western horizon. It is fading fast—it is swallowed up in those gloomy masses of dark rolling clouds. Is it an emblem of our hope to be engulfed in the black billows of despair? No! for, see! a rift is broken through, and a glorious blaze of sunlight wraps in splendor all that swelling mass of vapor, causing it to shine forth in transcendent beauty. *Our hope lives again! There is life beyond the River!*

THE SILENT FRIEND.

I.

A king of immortal greatness
Supremely reigns in every heart,
A friend ever near whose counsels
Alike to all he does impart.

II.

This vigilant friend is conscience,
Whose 'still small voice' each tho't attends
A king with a power unequaled,
On whom our hope of bliss depends.

III.

May we in our action be wise, then,
And heed that mute, though potent friend,
And yet we may leave works behind us
That will our evil deeds amend.

IV.

Shall we ere forget in our blindness
Our duties in our humbler spheres:
Not so! or we lose that solace—
The meed for faithful living here.

V.

Must man be a slave to passion?
The worst of slaves he then must be,
A slave in a fearful thralldom bound,
To which the humblest serf is free.

VI.

Let us never fail to listen
To counsel that's so kindly given;
For here, we know, doth rest our hope,
Of all our joy, our peace, our heaven.

SAGINAW, HO!

I've been on a trip to the Saginaw Valley, the great lumber, and salt, and ague and mosquito region of Michigan, and of America! And I did journey northward as far as Midland City, and farther yet to the mystic City of Pool, as put down on our maps, which was never seen yet, and is never to be seen of man. Have ye been in Chicago and seen the huge piles of pine boards and timber? Have ye been further south and west and beheld whole cities built of foreign pine, and asked "Whence comes it?" We make ye answer: *From Saginaw!* Whence comes the salt that supplieth and keepeth sweet the vast regions of country in the South and West, and in the East and North of Uncle Sam's Farm? *From Saginaw,* we make answer.

And thou mosquito! that tortures us, yea, unto swearing,—and thou ague! that doth shake us out of our very boots,—whence are ye; where is your native place? *Saginaw!*

Thus return they answer, Salt, and Lumber, and Ague and Mosquito: In the Saginaw Valley we are manufactured, in the mills, in the vats, in the streams and bayous, and mud and smoke of that string of cities—Pool, Midland, Saginaw, South Saginaw, East Saginaw, Carrolton, Zilwaukee, Wenona, Bay and Portsmouth, are we produced in untold abundance!

And it was very hot withal. Dust and smoke did like a halo surround the brow of each son and daughter of these modern "cities of the plain;" and mosquitoes did hum and keep time to the buzzing of saws and the chattering of teeth in ague chills. I accosted a man on the sidewalk, but he hurried past murmuring indistinctly "Pine." Another, of whom I inquired the way to the Bancroft, muttered "Ague," and passed by on the other side. A lady whom I met remarked "Smoke and mosquitoes" in answer to my salutation, and refused further to reply. A Dutchman on a dray yelled "Salt" until I took refuge in flight.

They have another thing in Saginaw, not a natural production; it is the *Poker*. Have you seen—have you felt it? 'Tis a little paper, larger than the *Bubble*, and handled with great effect by its mysterious editor. It is a saucy sheet and takes strange liberties with folks and things. Beware of it as you would of the ague.

Oh, Saginaw! ye are the salt of the earth. Ye are also the lumber, the ague and the mosquitoes.

Ho, ye, who wish to live in plenty, go to Saginaw, for there will ye find

plenty of salt, plenty of lumber, plenty of ague, and plenty of mosquitoes. Ho, ye who wish to die readily, and to be buried decently, go to Saginaw; for will not the ague and mosquitoes kill ye soon? Clear-stuff-pine coffins shall ye have, and your bodies shall be preserved in salt.

TELEMECHUS TOOTHBOX.

THE HUMAN SKULL.

Why do we start instinctively and draw our breath when we suddenly and by accident come upon a human skull? What is there in its appearance to shock or startle us? It is but a collection of bones—bones composed of phosphate of lime and gelatine, the ultimate elements of which are as common as the sunlight, and no more to be feared or revered! Nay, in an extremely short space these very substances will be distributed, and will, perhaps, enter into the composition of beautiful flowers which you will delight to see and handle!

Behold a human skull! What thoughts present themselves to your brain as you examine it! There, within your hand, you hold all that is left on earth of the head, the "palace of the soul," the crowning glory, the *all*, of a human being! Design is there; observe that wonderful cavity for containing and protecting the brain, the organ of the human soul; observe those rayless sockets, once the resting places of the "windows of the soul;" observe those other openings—for the ear—for the nostrils; curious and wonderful all! And yet it has lasted but a little while, a little while longer and it will have crumbled to dust. Perhaps less than a century will compass its whole existence! But stop; say you, within that shining dome have thoughts originated lofty as the very heavens, thoughts which have pierced beyond the stars, thoughts which have taken within their range things of vast—of boundless—moment! What aspiration, what desires, what purposes, have had their birth here! How has the brain throbbed and beat against those now hollow temples as it has planned enterprises great enough to startle nations! And how have the now absent orbs ached as they have labored in the service of that all-moving soul within, as it has devised schemes whose effects are to be felt throughout all the coming ages of man's history!

It is all true. But go to the halls of our national legislature; gaze upon those walls; words have been spoken there which perhaps will echo and re-echo through eternity! Pur-

poses have originated there that perhaps shall continue working good to the end of time! Shall we reverence the walls for what has been done within their inclosures?

But as we gaze upon this shattered remnant of proud man, many and varied are the emotions that swell our bosoms. One thought will perhaps strike some of us most forcibly at first as we behold this ghastly and horrible fragment. It is this: *physical beauty is indeed but skin deep!* How vain now appears the feeling which prompts us to glory in any excellence we possess, of form or feature. What age leaves undone the grave accomplishes.

The skull you contemplate is perhaps that of a once beautiful woman; one whose hand you would have joyed to hold; whose eyes you would have gazed into with a thrill of pleasure; whose lips you would have delighted to taste! Is there anything remaining that is fitted to excite a pleasurable emotion?

Look upon that brow; can you see any beauty there? Those empty sockets may be eminently adapted for the part which they performed in animal economy, but they are far from being fitted to produce an agreeable emotion now! And you would perhaps start with a cry of horror should that mouth with its grinning jaws be brought near your own. Those "pearly teeth" have no power of captivation now.

We realize from this that all man's worldly affairs, his joys, his sorrows, his hopes, his fears, and their several objects, are almost as fleeting as shadows. What matters it whether at this moment we are happy or unhappy, in pain or in the enjoyment of pleasure? A hundred years more or less and all will be one!

There is nothing which reminds me of my body's mortality as the sight of a human skull. One is shown me of a once strong man—a man of mighty intellect. He, with all his powers, is gone; and this is all that is left! Where are his manly strength and beauty? We know that their very elements are scattered and will never be joined again. The mind—the soul—alone, which we never saw, but which was the man, the whole man, is still the same. Its habitation only is changed; its old garments only have been cast aside, and, we believe, have been replaced with other and better garments.

Our exchanges will please notice that the *Bubble* is published at the Michigan State Agricultural College, and not at the Lansing Agricultural College.

REMINISCENCES.

Yes! all this school's a stage, and students all Are merely passengers, who do get on And ride a time—some long, and others short; Then off they jump while others take their seats,

And thus the College wags, Some stay a few days,

And then for boyish whim or idle trick, They're off, and seen no more, while others last

A longer space, but most do vanish soon Except a few old landmarks who remain Until the gen'ral Exodus, and tell strange tales

Of wonderful events in by-gone days.

The four long years just past have changes seen;

Events have witnessed here, which, fleeting tho'

They were, have left an impress on the minds Of some not easily to be effaced.

The first three-quarters of the period saw That learned class denominated "PREP" Full and o'erflowing; talent, too, was there, As was evinced by some who higher went.

But as all earthly things must have an end, This too has run its race, and Prep's no more!

The Class of FRESHMAN also was quite large, And Freshmen too were sometimes over-dry; And some went on to th' gen'ral Exodus, But more did quit the stage ere yet half done. The class of SOPH and SOPHIST was not large, Until quite late the numbers swelled; they grew

More numerous than was desirable.

And JUNIOR now waxed large, in eighteen sixty-seven

Did culminate; and SENIOR greater grew, Who until now was always "no great shakes."

In gazing backward o'er the lapse of time How many varied thoughts come up! How old

Familiar faces rise in long review

Before us! Old time voices greet our ears.

Name, muse, the brighter lights who have illumined

Our little sphere within the last four years.

Now first and chief, two STEBBINES appear Who in successive years did flourish! Dough-ty pair!

Then all th' inhabitants of No. 10

In sixty-five,—a cunning lot! but still possessed

Of hearts by no means altogether bad.

Now does appear a clique! from Marshall two; And from Three Rivers two or three; from Flint

Was one or two, Ohio one did add

To make it up, and 't was a precious mess!

And many more there were well known to fame

Who do deserve a line from th' poet's pen;

But space permits to mention only part,

We must, however, not pass over York!

The wit! of literature voluminous, but most Unwritten; and CHRIS. MALLENCRODT, and HOWE

Philosopher! who left in bad repute,

And said at present he should not return.

Anon the greater and the lesser DAD

Come up! e'en yet we almost hear the words; "Poor hand!" from one, from 't other echoed back.

And last we name the one who thrice did come

In three successive years, and thrice returned To see three girls who bade him sweet "good by"

When he left home. Poor youth! was sad! was sad!

Still, many—many more have come and gone,

Some good, some bad—fain would we name them all,

But 'tis impossible, so here we pause,

Full conscious of the little we have done.

BOOKS.

Since the discovery of the press, by which the labor of publishing and the cost of books have been rendered so much less, great have been the accessions to the field of literature. Books of all kinds, written by people of all classes of society, of all nations and of all beliefs have appeared in vast numbers till the civilized world is literally one huge book-case. Books are like pictures. Certain kinds of books suit certain kinds of people, as pictures that harmonize with their own peculiar tastes. Books often think for people. There are men whose early training has been such that they fear to question any notions that were impressed upon their minds in their youth, however erroneous they may be, but seek to feed and cherish them by searching out and reading those books that advocate the favored dogma. Many people read books to see how many they can read. They read when they ought to be thinking, and thus gorge themselves with other men's views, until their heads are crammed with miscellaneous and isolated facts without order or utility. Books constitute the vehicle by which a large amount of error has been brought into the world, and books, in a measure, must carry it out again. Still, it is only by the careful study of books that we can judge of books. Each doctrine is advocated by one set of authors and opposed by another, and their respective views of the subject will be found in their books. The candid inquirer will read both sides and reason must tell which is right. It is obvious that if their course was more generally taken the world would soon be cleared of many dangerous errors.

ANON.

"THE BEAUTIFUL" REVIEWED.

BY SALIX.

While it is undoubtedly true that "man was made to love the beautiful" as observed by Le Jeune, it is equally true that he shows a decided preference in his present fallen condition, for what is not in most cases of the highest order of beauty. Though there may be some marks here and there by which we may safely venture the assertion that by nature man was made a lover of the beautiful. We see many more and stronger marks pointing plainly to the disagreeable fact that he often—nay, generally chooses the deformed and hateful, in preference to the beautiful.

Man wars and fights, he indulges his passions and makes himself hideous, he turns away from nature's teachings and contents himself with

disorder and deformity; he leaves scenes of beauty and dwells with dreariness for the sake of obtaining wealth, in short, let anything stand in the way, he cares not for beauty.

If man was yet a sinless being he would undoubtedly be a true lover of beauty, but with his mind perverted by wrong ideas, and his vision blinded by wickedness, it is not to be wondered at that he so often chooses amiss. This would be a happy world indeed if all truly loved the beautiful, for, since the truly beautiful is always good, man would then love the good, which would make our world a very paradise.

THIS.

BY ABSURDUM.

The best poets always write sonnets. In the composition of them it is a rule to employ many figures, particularly *similes* and *metaphors*. Comparisons are always best when we use as objects, natural features or phenomena, as: the ocean, trees, &c. The grander the objects used in comparison the more sublime the sonnet. Considering the above as *unimpeachable*, I submit the following:

SONNET TO DULCINEA.

Except the Bow of Promise in the sky,
Naught with thy form in nature will compare,
The rolling cloud, a symbol of thine eyes;
The waving prairie grass, when parched and dry,
And red with autumn's sun, is like thy hair:
Thy brow is lofty as an Appennine;
Thy teeth are much like gravestones, set in rows;
The Andes' range is not unlike thy nose;
The Caspian sea, or Gulf of Mexico,
Thy mouth resemble, while they fall below;
Thy ears are like two palm leaves waving fine;
Thy feet two flat-boats are of vast design;
But, altogether, ne'er was seen 'mong men
Aught comparable to thee, my own, my hen!

OLD MAIDS.

Although this subject presents few attractions, stern duty compels me to treat of it in the present paper.

This class of persons, at present unendurably large, is, I have beheld with horror, all the time growing larger, until fears are beginning to be entertained that, unless the PEN YANKERS do something to avert the impending catastrophe, the race of man will be entirely exterminated. We are called upon, then, as in the case of other existing abuses, to arouse to effort for the good of our species—to warn, to exhort, to chide mankind, and if possible to snatch from the threshold of ruin the remnants of poor humanity!

First, I address myself to Old Maid, herself: Why, oh thou quintessence of all acidity! why wilt thou torture

us with thy unkindly presence? Thou who in our babyhood didst pinch and worry us—in our youth didst scold us, and wipe our noses the wrong way—and in our manhood didst frigidly frown upon us; desist, I conjure thee, from further disturbing the peace of poor mortals!

Why, oh though Ancient Maiden! whose every thought is wickedness toward us, whose every purpose with regard to us is diabolism, why wilt thou not seek out some old bachelor, as thoroughly miserable and malevolent as thyself, and content thyself to marry him, and thus inflicting enduring penance upon one wretched man, permit the rest to live in peace?

Rouse, son of Adam? show old maids "men have souls and dare be free," if they *can't*!

ONE OF THE PEN YANKERS.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

The present is the year for the periodical visit of the *Cicada Septendecim*, or seventeen year Cicada, or locust, as it is often but improperly called, and accordingly we hear of them in various portions of the country, particularly in the parts south of us. A few days since we saw two specimens of these interesting little creatures, which were taken in this county.

Ofullwretchedcreeters,
Worstremoskeeters.—Shak.

The wheat crop in this State is unusually heavy.

The thermometer here at the College, which stands lower than almost any other in the State, has indicated 100 Fah. on several days since the beginning of July.

All persons, not subscribers, receiving the present number of the *Bubble* are cordially invited to send along 20 cents for the four numbers remaining to be published. *It will pay!*

OUR EXCHANGES.

They do not flatter us much, but still seem disposed to treat us with civility. There is one thing, however, that we wish they would attend to: the *Bubble* is not published at the Michigan Agricultural College, but at the Michigan State Agricultural College; will they please bear in mind.

One paper says: "The *Bubble* has exploded in our midst," &c. We simply desire to inform the conductors of said paper that the *Bubble* has not exploded at all as yet.

The *Ionia Student* states that ours is a paper of light literature. Now, in the name of all the *Literati*, oh, ye corps of able editors! if ours is *light*, where will ye go to find *heavy* literature!