

THE BUBBLE.

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Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.

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EDITORIAL.

Whenever, in the course of events, a human being is seen to put forth stupendous exertions solely for the advancement of the race, persevering in his good work in spite of obstacles which appear to ordinary minds unsurmountable, daring the frowns of the world, defying the might of collected opposition, hoping for no reward but that sure one of an approving conscience, to win perhaps a dubious fame, with eyes fixed steadily upon the object to be gained, pursuing his undeviating way—wherever, we say, such a spectacle gladdens our earth, notwithstanding the utter perversity of human nature, there is inspired in the swelling breasts of men emotions of wonder and reverence. Such a figure, we imagine, as this we have described, do *we*, in the course we are traveling, present to our astonished and admiring cotemporaries. You have seen how, in the darkness that overshadowed human affairs, our torch, lighted by the spark of philanthropy, did first irradiate the general gloom. You know by what incredible effort the illumination has been sustained, and made to grow broader and brighter with each rolling month, until, after fogs of prejudice and black clouds of ignorance have been dispelled, it now lights up our whole field of labor with one brilliant blaze of glory! All this through us. Furthermore, we have renewed our promise that our efforts shall not be intermitted until a vast deal more of wholesome correction has been administered to needy man!

Assuming as a fact that whatever we do henceforth to advance our enterprise will be well taken, believing, also, that the serious tone of our paper will not be objectionable to our dear Public, after the chastening she

has received, and hoping that in everything she will endeavor to follow our advice, and to be like us, serious, solemn, the fourth number of our paper is graciously submitted by the

EDITOR.

SALTANDI.

Ego went to see a ball
In the Chapel—College hall;
Night was warm and room was hot,
Breath of stirring air was not.

En granite music made big noise,
Then saltabant girls and boys;
Primus nod, and bow, and serape,
Secundus swing round into shape.

Homo mounted rostrum next,
Gave out now and then a text;
Pueri et puellae, too,
Hear, and there, oh! how they do!

Across the floor, along the side,
Cum jumps, et hops, cum slip et slide,
Cum multum noise, confusion more,
They go it all around the floor.

Ego gazed on for a while—
Ego could not help but smile;
Smile to see how girls and boys
Think there's pleasure in such noise.

Balls, no doubt, have sense in them,
Wholly we do not condemn;
But quantum bonum sense is small
In modern fancy college ball.

SEPT.

THE UNTAUGHT HARMONY OF SPRING.

The world is full of harmony.

Whether it is seen in the beautiful symmetry and unity of Nature or Art, or heard in the rich blending of the notes of feathered songsters, the "gushing flood of glorious symphonies," the soul-stirring, the heart up-lifting influence of harmony is the same. In Nature man has found his models, his lessons of wisdom that have taught him the beautiful adaptation of part to part, which combines to make up the perfect whole. Is it possible, one might ask, to conceive of anything perfectly harmonious, when we are ourselves so frequently out of tune? God, the All Wise being who rules the universe, has made the seasons to roll their ceaseless rounds, and each to bring a rich return of fresh and varied music. The winter has passed and spring returns, driving away the piercing cold. The once shivering flocks go forth to crop the tender herbage. Who taught the grass to grow, the flowers to bloom? Side by

side the tender blade and the humble shrub, the slender shoot and the sturdy tree draw from the same great fountains all their food. Who taught the bird to build her nest? And does she spend the dreary winter learning the art which she displays so beautifully in spring?

To us the harmony of spring is not unlike the bird that builds her nest untaught, save by the Great Creator. The best are taught as though they were not taught.

The rose, its blushing petals opens, not as though compelled to act by rule; but without seeming to have learned the laws of its own being. The joyous woodland songsters fill the groves with bursts of music, all unskilled by art. How like the spring time of Nature is the spring time of man's life! Who taught the young aspiring soul to "look through Nature up to Nature's God?"

The trusting soul without one fear will dare
To approach the throne of God and lay its
burdens there.

CAUSES OF ACTION.

Thousands of years have rolled by since the advantages of society were first conceived of and felt by man in his primitive state. During all this vast period man has been continually stimulated to new action, and new acquisitions have been the result of his efforts. But what have been the causes at work to produce these obvious and highly important effects. Nothing more nor less than man's actual wants.

These wants, by their infinite variety, and by their natural and self-supporting influence, have furnished the means by which man has been able to reach the vast elevation upon which he now stands. But the question might be asked, can all the desires common to man, in all conditions and circumstances, be regarded as actual wants? It is reasonable to suppose that every desire we have, under any circumstances whatever, is an actual want. For unless we actually wanted a thing we would not be likely to put forth much effort to obtain it. We might perhaps get along without many things which it would be very pleasant to have, and yet our desires for them are actually as strong, and in many cases strong-

er, than they are for many of the most common necessities of life. The justice of these wants, that to many philosophers of the school of Diognes in its various modifications, would seem so exceedingly unnecessary, can be plainly shown by bringing to mind the common and universal fact that whatever contributes to our happiness, in any form, is as necessary as the clothes we wear and the food we consume.

The desire to minister to our bodily wants gives rise to our effort to procure the materials with which to supply them. These kinds are the most common and universal of all the wants of man, and exist in all stages of society, extend to all habitable regions of the globe, and are equally felt by the wandering savage and the enlightened European. A desire for wealth led men to put forth still greater efforts—effort on a more extensive scale than would be required to satisfy our bodily wants. These more active exertions stimulated by a desire for wealth, brought men into each other's society, built large and populous cities, and erected splendid edifices. A desire for learning soon filled the land with school-houses, colleges, and universities; and from these emanated useful and learned men, in whom were developed new wants which must be satisfied. A desire for renown prevails among the more gifted class of men, and in numerous cases this high desire has aroused men to great and noble deeds, whose influence in the civilization of the world have been felt and acknowledged by all. It is not difficult for us to see, then, that there exists in man an element that is constantly becoming more and more perfectly developed. This element is *Progress*, and is embodied in the natural wants of man to be developed as the wants themselves are developed. From this natural, fundamental source, we may safely conclude, spring those causes of action that urge men on towards perfection.

The Agr. College Cadets held their regular election on Friday, the 7th inst., which resulted as follows:

For Capt., F. L. Barker; 1st Lieut., S. A. Simons; 2nd Lieut., D. K. Gunn; Sergeant in order, W. H. Simpson, R. Lillie, G. Johnson. W. E. Fraser, R. M. Slocum. Corporals in order: J. Satterlee, F. Corliss, H. W. Coburn, H. G. Reynolds, W. L. Spalding, J. W. Porter, E. M. Shelton, A. G. Gulley.

Several communications crowded out.

THE ORIGIN OF FIDDLE-STRINGS.

INVOCATION.

WAKE! my muse, from thy deep slumber!
Thou 'st been silent long!
Seize thy harp, in tuneful number,
Pour melodious song!
Thou who first the silence broke
In the northern solitudes,
From their dreams the nymphs awoke,
In those grand old woods.
Wake! oh, wake! and once again,
Forth o'er hill, and stream, and plain,—
While all earth, and sea, and sky,
Are dissolved in ecstasy—
Pour thy strain!

STROPHE.

YE OWLS, who haunt our midnight groves!
Thou student, whom the spirit moves
To pour thy soul to Cynthia fair!
Ye insects, humming in the air!
Ye nighthawks, flitting to and fro!
Ye "cats, who will a courtin' go!
Besilent all! the poet sings
"The origin of fiddle strings!"

It happened upon one occasion
A feline of the male persuasion
Walked forth into the midnight air;
It was his custom thus to do,
His purpose sure concerns not you,
So ask not why he went, nor where,
Perchance he walked about o' nights
To meditate on "woman's rights!"
I know in cats there's something mystic,
And 'tis a feline characteristic
To love to roam hours out of season,
For which I s'pose there is good reason;
So let it go; suffice it quite
To know what happened on this night.

Our hero on in silence passed,
Till tired of solitude, at last
Resolved he company to call
By one tremendous caterwaul!

ANTISTROPHE.

His plan was a complete success,
As all who've seen it tried can guess—
As all in hearing would confess!
For from the south, and from the north,
An answering cry comes quickly forth;
And from the east, and from the west,
Each feline tries to do his best.
Not savages with rush to battle,—
Not clash of steel, nor cannon's rattle,—
Not woman when a snake appears,—
Not nurse and children by the ears,—
Not organ-grinder out of tune,—
Not village school let out for noon,—
Not all the bells of Moscow ringing,—
Not students in our chapel singing,—
Not roar of storm, nor stumpet's blare,
With such confusion could compare!

The very sky turns black with dread!
A hill in clouds quick wraps his head!
Each night-bird home in terror flies!
All nature shudders at the cries!

Our hero took up his position
Just by a little wood,
Near where the house of a musician
All solitary stood.

While now the devotee of Orpheus
Is locked fast in the arms of Morpheus,
Old *Felis* calls his friends around;
In concert now their voices sound.

Musician's head was filled with stuff—
Oh, very vile—he called it music;
Such wretched stuff! It was enough
To make or me or you sick!
He had been thrumming harp and singing,
Still his ears the chimes are ringing;
But even now a change 's before him,
Still sweeter sounds are in his ears;
Do angels singing hover o'er him?
Or is 't the music of the spheres?
He's half awake; with beaming features
He hears distinctly angels calling;
He wakes,—beholds the lovely creatures,—
The feline friends together squalling!
The wondering musician gazed,
Surprise depicted on every feature;

At length thus he, aghast; Amazed
Am I, this beats all nature!
Such harmony! what man not crazed
Would e'er expect from such a creature?
The din increased; musician heard
In ecstasy;
His own notes now seemed so absurd,
This music "categorical,"
To use term *metaphorical*,
So much surpassed his own
In matter, time, and tone,
That words would not express it half;
At their attempt you would but laugh,
So they'll not try!

CATASTROPHE.

But now a thought crossed the musician's
brain,
No sooner crossed that followed by a train;
Musician's whole demeanor changed; he
broke
Forth much excited, much excited spoke;
Delightful music! and delightful Cat!
Who would have thought that thou couldst
sing like that!
Such harmony must charm the very "gords;"
Oh, Cat! thy whole intestines must be chords!
Thrice fortunate would that musician be
Could make an instrument like unto thee!
Impossible! and yet perhaps e'en I
Am thus appointed by the "gords" to try;
By list'ning oft they can but know my skill,
My ear is good, and—yes I vow I will,
I'll build a box, I'll carve it very fine,
Fit out 'twill be in music so divine!
And Puss, that melody in thee contained
Can I transfer to this my end is gained!
And thou, who art all harmony within,
Oh, Cat! with thee, with thee will I begin!
He said, and soon with stealthy step he
passed
Outside the door, our hero's tail he grasped;
He caught poor *Felis*, carried out his plan,—
Entailed the CURSE OF FIDDLES upon man!

DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

BY O. XERXES.

Paper No. 1.

In the vast range of thought, there is not, perchance, a theme more worthy of the classic pen of an abler scholar, one more applicable to the present depraved condition of society, than is embodied in that antiquated apothem—human degeneracy. The world is looking towards the advent of a modern Persius that is to shake the angry scourges of his stern satire over a degenerate race—to unveil in his sportive sarcasm the frightful depth of crime and wickedness. Indeed like the Peloponnesian age, honesty and civil virtue has come to be less esteemed than wit and astideness. Sophists, fictitious wisdom and tricks of disputation are certainly not wanting, yet the art of putting lies in place of truth and converting truth into error has been greatly facilitated by the invention of a modern period (the Steam Press), the question then that would naturally suggest itself to our mind, and the one most difficult of solution is how, and through what rational expediences, can a higher state of virtue and morality be attained? We are aware that the sun of reason has long been obscured behind the smoky cloud of war.

That hatred and eviler passions have triumphed in a measure over the nobler aspirations of the soul. Crimes and deeds of shame that would once congeal the blood with horror, are now gazed upon with the mildest complacency.

A SOCIAL.

BY P. CORBETT, M. B.

I have of late been consulting various dictionaries to find if possible, a definition of the word "social" which should correspond with my understanding of it, after some experience at what are popularly called Socials, or Social gatherings. My search has proved futile. Worcester, Webster and Walker, although they give the word an attempt to define it, all curiously but signally fail, if my experience is worth anything, for the definition which they in common give, (we make a noun of their ad-noun) and that which I should give are just diametrically opposed to each other.

For the benefit of those of your readers who chance not to be rich in all sorts of experience, I will at this time give a description of a Social which was held in the good city of L. —, and which I in company with a young friend attended.

It was a pleasant evening in the latter part of September, 1867, (I like to be particular in dates) that, having received intelligence of the entertainment to be given, we set out to walk to the place of gathering. I, who am naturally of a sanguine disposition, was in high spirits, and indulged in anticipations of a "splendid time." My companion was more experienced than I, and occasionally he would shake his head, and say significantly: "Wait." I know not whether he had any premonitions of what was going to be the state of affairs, but I do know that his manner had great effect upon my feelings, and before our walk was completed I had relapsed into anxious silence. We walked several miles, and upon arriving at our destination we found the company assembled. One circumstance I must not omit; as we opened the hall door to enter, a draft of air, coming from the inner room, rushed against us. It was as cold as if it had traversed the Arctic regions, and it struck a chill to the very center of my body. I hesitated to enter the place, but my companion was already in, and I was forced to follow or remain alone on the outside.

While on the way I had been picturing to myself the scene which

would greet us at our entrance. I had fabricated a company all animation, with flashing eyes, etc., but how far was my image from the reality. No animation—not a flash!

All was still, and cold, and death-like! Possibly they may have been seventy-five persons present when we entered, and they were all arranged systematically around the room, some sitting some standing like statues of marble or ice—all calm and motionless. Silk and satins and broadcloths were in abundance, but they seemed to bring no iota of warmth.

My friend took up his position in a corner, and I deposited myself in a chair beside him, and resolved to wait till the spirit moved this inert mass. I gazed around the room and noted the various faces and the different expressions upon the same. Some countenances wore a look of resignation, as if their owners were determined to endure the infliction patiently. Other faces were contracted into frowns which had chrystalized there in the general frigidity of the place. Others, again, bore a sickly meaningless smile, the frozen fragments, happy, of a healthy one which had been "nipped in the bud" and congealed by the frosty atmosphere of this "Social." Still others exhibited no feeling whatever. A few, lastly, bore expression of impatience and anxiety which amounted almost to intolerable agony.

The only person in the room beside myself who appeared to take the slightest interest in what was going forward, was an old gentleman at the farther side, who was apparently as green in this sort of business as was I, and who was at present engaged in a frantic attempt to take in the whole thing at once, but whether through his eyes or his mouth I was unable to determine. I thought I saw something like a sigh escaping from the lips of a very nice young lady near me, but it froze before it reached my ears and I cannot state positively with regard to it. A gentleman a short distance off assayed a yawn but happening to thing that it would not appear well in that place he suppressed it.

My emotion when I first entered the room and beheld the forlorn spectacle had been of deep commiseration for the poor beings here entrapped; latterly I had taken a sort of grim pleasure in seeing the abject creatures suffer, knowing as I did that it was all voluntarily; finally I began to admire the heroism displayed by the curious animals.

The spirit moved at length, but feebly and with painful effort. A

gentleman, with the air of one willing to make sacrifice in the cause of suffering humanity, rose from his seat and stalked precisely three times around the room, and sat again. After a time two ladies arose, crossed the room, and sat again. There was no farther demonstrations for an hour or two excepting perhaps an occasional whisper or yawn, and then after a fashionable piece of music, "*Hark from the tombs that doleful sound,*" or something similar, the meeting broke up; and considering that the thermometer stood at 70 degrees, it was the most frigid evening I ever enjoyed. I verily believe a few such Socials would have squelched the late July weather. What is the use of all this? Is it at all necessary that when people come together for pleasure, they should behave themselves so rigidly and frigidly? Why can't they be lively and enjoy themselves—laugh and talk and romp—yes, romp—and have a good time with one another? That's what I understand by being sociable. How is it with you Mr. Editor?

BED BUGS.

How vulgar! I hear some of my learned friends exclaim. They would give you some long name that would dislocate the jaws of half the persons trying to pronounce it, and after having done this, they, with the broken jaw, would know no more what is the subject than before. Now every one knows what a bed bug is, or if they do not, it is an indication that their education has been sadly neglected. I will however attempt to give some of the more prominent characteristics of this interesting little creature.

Their form is that of an oval, being "like the dutchman, nearly as big one way as another." Their general outline is what would be termed the curve of beauty, and would answer very well as a class illustration of that line. The shape of the head, rightly indicates a very high degree of intelligence, and that this is so, is shown in the manner in which they attack their prey. They are of a beautiful rich wine color, giving to the admiring but ignorant beholder the idea that the delicious beverage is its natural food. In their habits they are nocturnal, seldom venturing forth in the day time, unless disturbed by wicked and cruel boys. I suppose that the sun hurts their eyes. They conceal themselves during the day in some secluded and retired spot, where they remain until darkness envelopes the earth, when they venture forth seeking whom they may devour. When very hungry they

prey alike on all; but their natural food, as far as my experience goes, is editors and persons of literary turn of mind. They generally attack their victim while it is a sleep; eating not the flesh, as some suppose, but drinking the blood, leaving it if not dead, weak and prostrate.

Some have attempted the extermination of the beautiful creature, but happily, they multiply with such exceeding great rapidity that it has been found quite impossible. If any of readers would like a few specimens for pets we shall be most happy to supply them. They are easily kept, as they thrive well on kerosine.

Lest some should think that these animals are very numerous where I live. I will say, that I never slept with more than fifty in bed at one time.

TIMOTHY PETRICK.

From our Traveling Correspondent.

Mr. Editor:—A few days since, my curiosity drew me to the hermitage of Cub and Friday, the locality of which is well known to a great portion of your readers. The excentricities of these two individuals, the latter of which is a student at the Agr. College, the former a kindred spirit picked up somewhere in this vicinity, sometimes assumes forms of the most grotesque and ludicrous character. Their appearance is unique, their conversation, couched in terms of a peculiar *naivete*, is fraught with an unlooked for originality; while their mode of life is marked with primitive simplicity. In a word they are perfect anomalies. On arriving at their hut my knocks were answered by a gruff tone, which although it granted admission, rather advised retreat. Entering the apartments, a scene of strange reality met my gaze. An aspect of culture and barbarity was curiously intermixed. The numerous books in one corner spoke a taste for information, while the promiscuous distribution of the many articles necessary in the economy of their mode of life revealed a devil-may-care-for-the-books disposition. When first I entered their abode, (it being in the morning) Friday was just rising from the night's repose while Cub was tilted back against the wall apparently absorbed in contemplating a butcher-knife of no mean dimensions, lying on a shelf opposite. Both were partly *endishabille* but being an old acquaintance I was welcomed immediately upon being recognized. Soon my attention was attracted by a moving about in the loft above, which, Cub explained, was a beast of prey which they kept up there. Soon

however the beast made its appearance on the ladder in the form of a brusque individual, who made his exit from the building after indulging a few minutes in a silent contemplation of the surroundings. These persons seem to regard their mode of living as the acme of domestic happiness, thinking with bears and panthers, that they are as happy under their present roof as tho' under that of the most palatial mansion in the land. Such personages are they, moving about clad in their rustic habiliments within their not less rustive walls. One thinks they are gnomes come to the surface for a look at the superficial world.

CL—.

THINGS WHICH IZ KNOT WIZE.

Felin desirus uv bennyfitin my feloes, I hoap the folin indicashuns of things which is knot wize will be apreshyatted.

It is knot wize tew stand long in a thunder shour, when it ranes much out dorec, unles you want tew git wet.

It iz knot wize tew ete two menny kewcumbres when tha air skarse.

It iz knot wize tew think that sum kinds uv "mewsick hez charms tew" dew evrything, at aul times uv day (Brassy Band pleez N. Bee).

It is knot wize to sleap two long dewrin ressytashuns or leckchers, as yeu mite bee kauled on, *sum way*.

I may right a S—A on sum uther subjack if this seams to prodeuce enny good rezults.

ALLICK ZANDER, N. T. G.

"The past and the future are nothing
In face of the sterner to-day."

And, why, when the present is, as it were, but a line dividing the mighty past from the dim but endless future, shall we say that they are *nothing* in comparison with it?

Because only to-day can we seize upon the lessons of the past, its successes and its failures, its varied revelations of truth, and so apply them as wisely to meet our present duties, and prepare ourselves for the events and responsibilities of the future. We can *act* only in the present, but it should ever be with wise reference to that future from which our to-days are being made.

T.

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION comes off upon the 26th of the present month. The class of Juniors is larger than ever before at this institution, and it is expected everybody will be present to hear them on the GREAT DAY.

SCIENTIFIC AND OTHER ITEMS.

NOTICE TO P. G.—The insect you send us is the *Elongatobillatus justodisgustus*, according to R. H. jr.

WILMOUTH, the famous naturalist, in his new classification divides all "Bugs" into "Insects" and "Outsects," or those that live indoors and those that live outdoors.

The old expression "Cuff him up to a peak and cuff the peak off," is now rendered: "Belabor him into the form of a pyramid and truncate the same."

Why is anyone vituperating the successive numbers of our paper as they come out, engaged in a childish pastime? Because he is simply "blowing up" bubbles.

THE following has been handed us for publication:

OH, OKEMOS! we're with you once again!
We use for you the pen we once did use,
To show it still is true; methinks we hear
A spirit in your forests ans'ring us
To bid the truants welcome to the town.
And oh, GREAT CENTER! gay indeed you look!
How high you lift your spires into the sky!
How proud you are! how cleanly, and how
pure!
You beings have that move,—that win,—
whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is withering, whose
forms
Do all the impress bear of nymphs serene!

Again, I received an invitation from the young ladies of Okemos to pay them a visit, this time for the purpose of assisting in organizing a "Young People's Social Society," the proceeds of which are to be applied to the purchase of church furniture. I went, with others, and we were well repaid for our pains. It was on the eve of Friday, July 24th. A nice party met at the residence of Mr. Walker, where they were cordially welcomed and entertained.

The following officers were elected by the Society: Pres., Miss L. Turner; Vice Pres., Miss White; Sec'y, Miss M. Lambden; Treas., Miss F. Potter. It was decided to hold the Socials once in two weeks, on Friday eve., ten cents being the initiation fee for those desiring to become members, and five cents the regular fortnightly dues. The evening passed off very pleasantly, and we believe all went home well satisfied.

AU REVOIR.

The members of the Social Society of Okemos, held their first regular meeting on Friday evening, Aug. 7th, and perfected their organization. They named themselves the PHILOMELA SOCIETY. We wish the Association all success in its praiseworthy efforts.