

# THE BUBBLE.

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Hezekiah Z. Solemnstyle, Editor.

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## Editorial.

Again we come to give the world greeting, or to reform it, as Uncle Hez would say, were he writing this editorial. But he is not writing it—he has gone away on important business, of which we will speak in another place, hence it is that you see great instead of reform.

It was with much hesitation, and after long exhortations, that Uncle came to the conclusion to trust to us, the younger Pen Yankers, the editing of this number of the BUBBLE. Tears were in his eyes when he left, and he said, "Boys, I am afraid that you will make a botch of the thing." But he has gone, and now we can print what we are a mind to.

Our motto—not Uncle's, he says it is not refined enough, and therefore would not print it—is "Bubble or bust," and we will do it.

As soon as the old gent had gone we called a special meeting of the society to consider the question, as to whether we should act on the "bubble or bust" part of our motto. The majority (all but me,) were in favor of acting on the last mentioned; but when we went to the bank to draw the money necessary to do the thing up in good style—behold there was not a cent there! The old miser had taken all the money with him; so, as we could get no money to buy the necessary "sustenance," we very carefully, and with much hesitation, took up the "bubble" end of the motto, and after once more going to the bank, to see if there was not some mistake in regard to the money, came to the conclusion to bubble.

And this, dear readers, have we done. Is the paper lacks in interest, or should it contain too many flights of a boyish nature, remember that the boys are to blame, and not Uncle Hez.

## SENIOR'S SONG.

Long, long I've toiled while doubts and fears,  
Have hindered oft th' pursuit of knowledge,  
At common schools for many years,  
And last at th' Agricultural College:  
Ah, yes! my path ere now has been  
In many places rough and stormy,  
And many a gloomy day I've seen,  
But now I'll soon try MATRIMONY!

Oh! I've worked hard since I set out  
To gain a lib'ral education;  
But now the time has come about,  
And I am near to graduation;  
A few days only yet I stay,  
To study, or to use the poney,  
And then, oh Schools! farewell for aye,  
For I am bound for MATRIMONY!

My College friends, who here remain  
Another year or so to plod on,  
I hope in time, like me, you'll gain  
"The promised land beyond the Jordan;"  
Farewell, farewell, I'm off to seek  
That land which "flows with milk and honey!"

Tell all my friends you chance to speak  
That I am trying MATRIMONY!

## Why Not?

Many strange things I find in this (as some choose to term it,) "hard world," but which world appears to me the best one I have any knowledge of; yet among them all, none seems more strange and unaccountable than the different views people take of the same thing. Indeed, so striking this appears, that I am almost constrained to think that man's happiness lies wholly in his own power, and that outside influences, whether for good or evil, have nothing to do with his enjoyment. How often we find those surrounded with wealth, ease, and all that is calculated to promote pleasure, yet they are peevish or fretful, and when good luck comes, they worry for fear it will be followed by bad, and if bad comes, they fear worse—never knowing what a happy moment is. On the contrary, we find those who are compelled to labor to-day for to-morrow's bread—having nothing but a clear conscience to cheer them—yet when misfortunes come they are not despondent, but happy in the hope that there will come a brighter day—even when the clouds of affliction seem darkest.

Why not, then, act the wiser part, looking on the bright side of all things, and thus live happily in the present—thinking not that but the future will be well if we seek true

enjoyment while the present is with us?

Why not let each shining dew-drop seem as costly pearls?—not thinking it the charming eye of some hidden reptile, ever ready to spring upon you unawares?

Why not hope that to-day is the worst, and that to-morrow will be better?

Surely, it will be as easy to do, and and better for all, and then this beautiful world will be a paradise here below. TRY IT.

## "Things are Workin'"

DEAR UNCLE HEZ:—Wishing to gain a reputation as a Pen Yanker, I shall take as my subject, this quotation from the celebrated Locke, and proceed to show the readers of the BUBBLE, that "things are workin'," though it may be in a wrong direction.

As it is nearly time to think about winter schools, I shall take up the subject of schoolma'ams, etc., and endeavor to prove my point.

Now, I always did esteem a schoolma'am as being a little better than other folks, and do yet; but facts recently developed show conclusively that there are many of this calling who had better be at home helping their mothers. I had the misfortune, a short time since, to get caught out in a storm; a school-house near by presented its friendly appearance, and thither I repaired on double-quick for shelter. I was met at the door by the teacher, who was a lady about twenty-five years of age, tall and straight, with long, black hair, which hung in curls somewhat resembling a rope partially unraveled. She referred me to the only chair the school-house afforded; it was an old rush-bottom chair, with the bottom nearly all *rushed out*. I experienced a feeling of dread as I accepted the proffered seat, a dread of something to follow—no less than a horizontal position upon the floor. My forebodings proved true. I had no sooner settled myself into the chair than down I went, to the amusement of the whole school. I got up, made a few long strides, and sat down upon a back seat. Now for a description of the school—I will give it *verbatim*:



"You may read, Johny. Toe this mark and read loud." The lad began: "T-h-e-r-e-w-a-s an old—ape." He had got thus far when a little girl presented her book. "What word is that!"

"Beeswax."

"Take your seat. Read, Johny."

"By—the name—of—Sim—"

"May I go out?" said a small boy sitting on the front seat.

"No; come and stand upon the floor."

By this time there was a half dozen waiting by the teacher to have words pronounced, presenting a scene easier to be imagined than described. Amidst the general hub-bub, a voice called out:

"May I go after a pail of water?"

"Yes—go quick. Read again, Johnny—begin the piece anew."

"There—was—an—old—a-p-e—"

[Voice:] "Joe Sykes keeps all the time a-throwing plaster!"

"Joseph, come here. Johnny, go out and cut a whip."

At this juncture, I cast my eyes out of the window. At a short distance from the school-house, there sat a pail of water; a pig stood quietly sipping of its contents. After the animal had slaked its thirst, it gave a satisfied grunt and walked off, after which the boy, who had been at play hard by, picked up the pail and brought it in. After all had partaken of the beverage, including the teacher, who drank two cupfuls, the class in fractions was called out.

"Joseph, what are fractions?"

"I—don't—know. Was—that—the lesson?"

"Next: What are fractions?"

"That—wasn't—in—my—book."

"What a splendid set! Stand up on the floor and study."

By this time the whole school, with the exception of one who was out after a whip, were standing upon the floor. Johnny soon appeared, bringing a huge blue-beech. I saw plainly that the crisis had come, and it occurred to me that I had better "give" for the squalling of children does not agree with my bachelor proclivities.

I accordingly made my exit to the tune by which I made my entrance—keeping my hands to my ears to shut off, in part, the shrieks and yells which soon began in good earnest.

In conclusion, I would say to those intending to teach: Never keep more than six or eight standing upon the floor at once. I might suggest a few capital modes of punishment, but have not the time nor space. Those who wish private advice will please address CARL MONDOZO.

N. B. Don't forget to send stamp to prepay postage.

## The Gaim Crokay.

This gaim was interdoosed by Mis Sary Blogit, hense it is of femail oragin.

To pla Crokay it wants fore mauls, and fore pieces of woud maid round, and some nalekag hups stuck in the ground.

The Crokay grounds are uzely by the side of the rode. The rezon of this I never cud tel, unles it iz becauz the fokes can se the gurls when tha pla.

Gurls pla crokay cauze it iz a gurls gaim. Bois sumtimes du when tha kan, but tha moast alwais get beet.

I noe of sum bois who like too pla Crokay so wel, that tha sta awa frome resitashun, and then tha get a blak-marck. I allso noe sum bois who plade so lait at nite at Professor's, that he caim oute and gaiv them a lantern to se bi. I woud advize the bois not to sta awa from clas, becauz tha wil get gode for, which iz not vara plezent.

This was rote by a SOFEMORE.

## A BALLAD.

### ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There was a sound of decilthy  
At th' inn of Otis Fall;  
The Okemosic chivalry  
Had gathered for a ball.

The fairest ladies of the land,  
(Some five or six or more),  
Assembled there upon that night,  
As oft they'd done before.

"Sure something strange must have occurred,"  
Was Otis heard to say,

"I never had so small a crowd  
As this that's here to-day."

Long did he gaze with wistful eye,  
And wished that he might see  
Some other jolly souls draw nigh  
To join the companie.

'Twas all for naught; his wish was vain;  
Alas, for Otis Fall!  
He half determined ne'er again  
To have another ball.

But Otis soon became absorbed  
In a deep reverie,  
To see if he could only think  
What might the matter be.

He thought with all his might and main,  
He pondered long and well,  
But the conclusion that he made  
I scarcely dare to tell.

But why should I have fear at all  
To let the matter out?  
For ev'ry one knows Otis Fall  
That lives along this route.

I'll tell it, then, and here begin  
By explanation small,  
'Twas lack of prev'ous discipline  
And that's completely all.

For well he knew that times before  
His management was ill;  
He'd never close his bar-room door,  
But after this he will.

Then Otis made a solemn vow  
To sell no grog at all,

For fear that there would be a row,  
And thus disgrace his ball.

"For who," said he, "with common sense,  
Would ever dare suppose  
That ladies e'er would condescend  
To dance with drunken beaux?"

And now I do declare with force,  
Before three other men,  
In time of balls, I'll change my course  
And sell no grog again!"

We hope that others now will make  
This resolution strong,  
Resolve at once to never take  
A course that is so wrong.

And, oh! ye men of Williamston,  
Of Delhi, Mason, all,  
You better each and ev'ry one  
Be wise, like Otis Fall.

A PENYANKER.

## How they do It.

BY JUDAS.

"And 'tis a lovely sight  
To see those boys go boldly forth  
On every Friday night!"

Yes, the season of "wet fruit" has arrived and many consultations are held by certain aspiring youths, how best to catch the birds. But it is admitted by the wise that when "night throws her sable mantle o'er the fair face of nature;" when the lights are darkened in the hall; when the tread of feet have ceased, except as now and then some poor gormandizer, who forced to leave his bed, flits like a spectre through the hall; when the weary sentinels have fallen asleep; when the felines do begin to caterwaul, then is the time to go forth to catch them.

So, at such a time, with slow and measured tread, equipped from head to foot, and a mysterious pair of pants worn curiously around the neck, instead of where nature intended that they should be placed, they go forth. Over lawns and through lanes, in the wood and over ditches, across meadows and bogs, against stumps and over logs, past barking dogs and sleeping cows—in fact, through, over and under whatever may impede their way, to the haunt of the wet fruit they take their course.

At last their destination is reached; they mount the enclosure; they jump to the other side, but disturbing a flock of geese, which set up a most awful squalling, they subside into the corner of the fence. The sleepy sentinels yawn, and say guess it's nothing but the calf got loose, or the cat walking with her beau, that makes the geese act so.

Soon all becomes quiet; the bipeds stretch up their necks and peer cautiously around, even as mud-turtles put forth their heads when recovering from a fright. The way is clear; they make a break; the desired tree, where roosts the birds, is found; one



climbs it, and one stands sentinel on the ground. One vigorous shake, and down comes the animals. A silence like unto death ensues; they listen; all is well; operations are again resumed, and now those mysterious pants are brought into use; they are quickly filled, placed straddle of the neck, and—

Now I suppose the reader is expecting to see some one pounce out and catch the hunters, or make them run and lose the fruits of their labors; but being caught is not a part of "the way they do it." They return even more quietly than they came, deposit their birds in some secluded nook in their room, and retire to rest. The next morning they appear fresh and vigorous at the breakfast table, a heavenly smile illuminating their countenances—the result of a night's quiet rest.

[When I told Uncle Hez what I was going to write about, he said that I must give it a moral tone; but I do not know how to do it, so Uncle Hez and the rest will have to excuse me.]

## A PARODY.

BY JINKS.

Thou Brassy Band! thou Brassy Band!  
How sad at sunset 'tis to stand  
Afar, and list those notes of thine,  
Which sound like those of famished swine.  
Thou Brassy Band! thy music swells,  
And many a doleful tale it tells,  
Of long, black marks which ne'er shall fade,  
For books neglected, failures made!  
No doubt at all when I am gone  
Those tuneless blasts will still ring on—  
When other poets here shall stand,  
And hear thy discords, Brassy Band!

## The Social.

DEAR UNCLE HEZ:—It occurs to me that a brief but truthful account of the social held in Okemos, on Saturday evening, Sept. 12th, at the house of Mrs. W——, would not be out of place in this number of the BUBBLE. The evening of the meeting was very pleasant for visiting, and several members of the Society arrived at the scene of action quite early. The visiting commenced at once. Some laughed and talked a little, others assumed a comfortable attitude, and while silently contemplating their pleasant surroundings, seemed to be engaged in mentally fabricating something to say.

While silence was brooding like a gentle spirit o'er this quiet little group, the wild notes of the "Brassy Band" rent the air. The group fell into confusion; some sprang to their feet and stared wildly into space,

while others, of a quicker apprehension, succeeded after a little in comprehending the new state of affairs, and said, in an excited manner: "Let's go into the hall and cheer 'em."

We did so. The 'band boys,' after seeing to their horns properly, marched into the drawing-room in munda-fing numbers. Penyankers and musicians predominated. Things soon got lively. Several young ladies "pounded the forty" with vigor proportional to their respective dimensions. Visiting became quite an item, but was disturbed some on account of the relation in respect to number that existed between the gentleman and the ladies—the ratio of the former to the latter being about three to one. We had refreshments at mid-evening; two kinds of "I scream" were produced; a very edible species of cake was distributed among the company, and was thoroughly relished. The items of the last meeting were read by one of the young ladies, and adopted with considerable satisfaction and some laughter, for it contained some very funny things. After this, songs occurred frequently, and an occasional blast from the "Brassy Band" grated (greeted) our ears.

The next important matter was the requesting of Mr. S. to make a speech. Audience gave ear. Mr. S. struck a menacing attitude, and exalted his voice. After many violent gesticulations, diabolical imprecations, considerable display of "talons," and elucidation of "pints," he succeeded in portraying the "infernal cussedness" of secessionism, and establishing an exceptional fallibility of the rule of 'short division.

A collection of lucre took place, of course. Each one, it is believed, contributed an amount being a fair proportion to his ready funds, and after some hesitation the company decamped.

In conclusion, I feel myself under obligation to say, on behalf of the Society, that we had a very pleasant time indeed. All who would have a happy, as well as attractive place of refuge, ought certainly to become a member of the Philomela Society.

Miss—

Uncle Hez has gone north to Midland City. He pretended that he was going to look after the educational interests of that place, but we have good reasons for thinking that he has gone to try and get a wife. He told us, not long since, that he once came very near to marrying a certain lady up there—he was willing, but she wasn't!

## Popping the Question.

Believe me, fair persons, there is, in my excited imagination, more included in this one short phrase, "Popping the Question," than in all the teeming volumes that give to us the history of Confucius. It is the insurmountable barrier which exists between the incorrigible bachelor and the happier benedict; the impassable gulf intervening between the hopeless, forlorn spinster and the blooming matron. Indeed, could only some linguist, or some law-giver of social science, discover an easier approach to the nuptial felicity, what a blessing would be conferred upon society and the world forever; for there is nothing towards which my mind reverts with such feelings of nervous horror as towards "Popping the Question."

Having arrived at that period in life when a young man is apt to settle the perfection of his amenities in the bonds of wedlock, and being firmly decided as to the object of my unbended ardor, I experienced the greatest difficulty even in bringing myself within the latitude of Popping the Question. I have no talent in the direction of dramatical performances—fancy I have not the effusion of flowery diction to breathe in subdued emotions my long pent up passions on the ravished ear of my swooning fair one. To me the posture of cubit, the soft sigh and soul-telling eyes, are things inimitable. Add to all this the chances, though small, of a refusal, and the measure of my distance has culminated. Alas! my love, y Malinda! must it ever be thus?

Excessive diffidence and stern necessity are as incompatible in this case, as the union of oil with the production of hydrogen; and the more I attempt to dissipate my fears by the force of logical reason, the farther I am intricated within the labyrinth of irresolution. Though great with the quill, and prolific in lofty flights of imagination, yet, within thy presence, my intrepidity vanishes, my circumlocution is changed to difficult articulations, and my mouth, alas, so far from performing the desired office, may as well have a safety valve. At least so thought Malinda at the terminal of our last evening's courtship, when, after nine consecutive hours had whiled away, which to me seemed freighted with the very agony of bliss, I was compelled, at least by the rapid approach of dawn, to depart with all my emotions unexpressed and unreciprocated. How long, alas! shall this intolerable state of affairs

continue! Neither being able to change the center of my attractions, the angle of my reflections, or overcome the point of my resistance.

I am, truly yours,

X. Y. ZANA.

### A Model Letter.

[The following sublime piece of composition, which we find "floating on the breezes"—being probably an unmailed epistle lost out of some one's window—will we doubt not be fully appreciated by our student friends. We hope it will produce a good effect upon such hard-hearted fathers as allow their promising sons to suffer for the "needful" while at College. The letter explains itself.—[ED. BUBBLE.]

AGRE' L COLLEGE, Sept. 1st, '68.

Oh! Dear Father:—Send me some more "filthy lucre"—more of "dross and stuff," for I am sadly in need thereof. The knees and other portions of my pantaloons do yawn, the toes of my boots do gape a horrid abyss, my hat is a 'shocking bad one,' and lo! I possess not the wherewithal to purchase other, or to have the old garments mended. Verily, my pocket-book doth resemble that celebrated one upon which the elephant did plant his feet—so that I may safely say with Shakspeare, "Who steals my purse steals trash;" and if I do not get some of the 'ready' soon, I may continue to quote, and say: "But he who robs me of my character" robs me of that which not enriches him—or any one besides; for I shall be driven soon to desperation, and after that the—etc.

Of a verity do I resemble the peacock at the period of his moulting. I am fain to hide myself away in the dens and caves of the earth, lest man shall look upon my disgrace.

Oh, Pa! gaze in pity upon my distress! Let me not cry in vain! Behold there is no alleviation here! Borrowing is 'played out'; stealing is 'no go,' for all my fellow-students are also my fellow-sufferers.

Oh, Father, dear Father!

Come down with the stamps!

In other words, send me a small decoction of the 'root of all evil,' and save from matrimony—for I might be driven even to that for relief—and ruin, besides everlastingly obliging,

YOUR VERY DEAR SON.

SERIOUS, BUT NOT FATAL.—Dawson, while out exhibiting his "new rig," the other day, met with quite a serious accident—his colt running away.

### Rats.

BY OUR ZOOLOGIST.

Rats are a very indispensable part of the animals of every well regulated habitation. These creatures are very useful to every person who owns a farm, or a house and barn. They are so well adapted for the place they occupy, that it would be difficult to find any other known creature to fill their place. Among their various uses, we might name the following: Their frugal habits and disposition; they are always ready to keep bread from moulding or souring, and cheese from spoiling. They are always ready to lend the farmer a helping hand in harvesting and thrashing his grain; they have been known to make a bee and thrash out the grain of a farmer who was friendly to them. They are also great order-loving characters; they are always ready to gather up loose clothes and papers, or breadstuffs left around loose by some careless person, and save them to appropriate to a better use.

Another very important benefit that rats are to housekeepers is that they will make holes for ventilation through cellar walls or house floors, granary doors, or in fact any place that contains articles of value. They thereby save us much work and worry in the care of property.

There is much to admire in the character of the rat. First, his industrious habits; he will work for nothing and find himself, and if you are his friend he will give you the full benefits of his labors.

Second, his shrewdness and wit. This has been marked from earliest time, so that the proverb, "As wise as an old rat," has come into common use. He is never known to help a lunatic who will permit those noxious pests, the dog or cat, to run at large over his domains.

Third, his power of increase—he will rear up several large families during a lifetime. He practices the scriptural injunction to "increase, multiply and replenish the earth."

It was formerly supposed by many that the rat was a useless and worthless animal; persecutions and crusades were instituted for the purpose of exterminating him. But these have all signally failed. The rat has come off triumphant in every case—thus proving his right to be the sharer of man's estate. The breeding of rats has been much neglected in the past, but we may confidently expect many improvements in this as well as in other industrial pursuits.

### The Future.

Who is there but thinks he would like to look beyond the present hour into the mystic future and see what may be his fate? The man just starting in business thinks to reap the golden coin in the future. The young lawyer looks to the future as the time when all his demands on Fame shall be met and promptly paid. The scholar, as the time when books and perplexing problems shall cease to vex him; the tired mother expects the future to expand and make noble and pure hearted men and women of the little minds she is now caring for, and the man of three score and ten sees just beyond him the rest which he has so long and vainly sought.

So do persons of all ages look to the future for better things than to-day offers; but who will find his future as he expects it? The man of business knows not that the one chance in the hundred of reaping the golden harvest will be his. The aspiring lawyer will find others of an equally aspiring mind to contend with; he may win the laurel—wreath of fame, but who but he dare hope of his attainments being crowned with perfect success. The scholar can surely lay aside his books with all their troublesome problems, but the student of activity will find more perplexing problems in life's journey, than print or mathematical skill can invent; happy may he be can he solve them to his satisfaction. The mother who so fondly hoped the Future contained the bliss she desired, will find many hindrances to the consummation of her plans. The old man who has so long been looking after rest, may again be disappointed!

Alas! what do the wisest of human beings know as regards their future? Do they know any more what will be their fate to-morrow than that happy bird who sits singing on yonder shrub knows that this is his last song, as puss who has been watching him for the last few moments, steals upon him and anon has him in her grasp, and his life of song, of sunshine, or storm is at its end forever? Seeing, then, we cannot lift the veil that covers the future, shall we sit waiting for the glorious time we wish, or shall we take a surer way of success, and, living active, useful lives to-day leave the Future in the hands of One whose love and kindness we cannot doubt, and reap, if time is spared us, that which is most conducive to the happiness of all!

NERIA.

Only one more number.