THE BUBBLE.


LANSING, MAY 30, 1868.

THE BUBBLE will be published occasionally, at our sudden advent. It means her no harm; but, on the contrary, we are going to publish a second number of the paper! some one may exclaim; 'and pray, have we not a sufficient number, or too many in circulation already?" This is an unusual one. It is different from any you have ever seen! It may be humorous, like Punch; or, wise, like the Atlantic Monthly; or, moral, like the Spectator or Salmagundi; or of old; but, we repeat it, it is different from all these, and in that difference it possesses an excellence which renders it superior to all! This paper is a little beautified by, and is the organ of, the N.Y.P.C.S.

SALUTATORY.

We suppose it to be a fact, that no great enterprize was ever started without an occasioning multitude of questions, and rendering necessary a long account of the whys, the wherefores, and the probabilities of the undertaking.

Such being the case, we find it our duty, unpleasant though it may be, in the event of sending out this, our little paper, to begin it by writing an editorial, setting forth the designs of the publishers.

Our dear Pulse need not be frightened at our sudden advent. We mean her no harm; but, on the contrary, hope to do her much good; at least, we are going to publish a second number of the paper! some one may exclaim; 'and pray, have we not a sufficient number, or too many in circulation already?" This is an unusual one. It is different from any you have ever seen! It may be humorous, like Punch; or, wise, like the Atlantic Monthly; or, moral, like the Spectator or Salmagundi; or of old; but, we repeat it, it is different from all these, and in that difference it possesses an excellence which renders it superior to all! This paper is a little beautified by, and is the organ of, the N.Y.P.C.S.

This Society is, as all should know, a mystic association consisting of five individuals, having a purpose of good and wise, to make their own laws, and be their own judges, when mildly repulsed but slow and unassuming in his bearing, and although every word qualified to give his opinion on any subject, he is so mild and unassuming that he is known to express his views unless requested to do so. He is an avowed enemy to all levity, and rarely indulges in a smile. His meekness has become proverbial among his acquaintances, it being very common to hear such expressions as the following: used, to give him or, as modest, or as mild as "Uncle Hez." If any good is to flow from the Society and their paper, it will be the result, in great part, of the efforts made by this fifth member.

The objects for which we labor in this, our little undertaking, are, we feel assured, among the noblest for which man can strive. The Age is in a sad state. Its opinions, its habits of thought and conduct, its theology and its morals are strangely out of joint. Men have long been suffering for the loss of that delicate sense of right which our Society feels this need of the world,—we felt it strongly,—hence the resolution was made to answer it in this manner.

Another point that was assured: Many a good thing had been lost to the world, simply because for want of an accurate report, it might be transmitted. Much talent, both in side and outside the Society, was running to waste. Now we have devised a plan by which all these evils may be done away. The world shall grow wiser and better, and we shall rest with a calm conviction of having done good. It shall be a pleasant task to us.

As regards our time and manner of appearing, and our field of labor, we will simply state, as follows: we shall probably begin again if the world continues in its sin, thus rendering our presence necessary; for as the world is, so is our Society, and eventually, your true philanthropists, and shall never cease our efforts to reform the world, as long as it can be done by the simplest and purest means of advices.

Our special field of labor will be the Agricultural College, the cities of St. Louis and Chicago, and the circumference of the entire country, but we shall make many excursions into the other half of the world, clearing away error and delusion, and promoting truths.

As to whether you shall buy our paper or not, we must earnestly advise you to secure it at all hazards,—not that we shall profit anything by it at all, but for your own sakes! You, however, are to run all risks. We shall pay no bills on account of broken links, &c., &c., notwithstanding you may claim that we are responsible, insomuch as the change shall be in consequence of perusing our paper.

As for our matter, just look our paper over, and judge of that for yourselves.

THE BUBBLE.

My Eye Was on the Money Bags.

Glad I'm not married! Oh, I guess I am! Let me see; I'm thirty-five, and free! If I want to go, I can, and not be pestered with forty questions. I've got a plan for a paper, called 'The Money Bag.' Where have you been so late? What has become of that ring you wore on your little finger? and, Thum's, what a man! I must talk it over. The poor gentlewomen make twice the noise now that they did ten years ago! but then, I just believe their mothers put them up to it on purpose to pester me. There, now, she's talking to them. What's that she says? Oh! It's, don't make so much noise, my dear, you will disturb your uncle; just look our paper over, and——listen! oh! I'm getting old, am I? Can't I stand noise for my duty. I'll get that new dress for a Christmas present that I intended for her; yes, perhaps she will, and perhaps she won't!

Poor Sam! I pity him! I told him before we graduated not to be too full of ambition, he was marrying, but there was no use in talking—off he went and married the first little chieft of a girl that would have him, and now—oh! it fairly makes my hair stand on end to think of it—he has got,—let me see,—how many so much noise, my dear, you will disturb your uncle; just look our paper over, and——listen! oh! I'm getting old, am I? Can't I stand noise for my duty. I'll get that new dress for a Christmas present that I intended for her; yes, perhaps she will, and perhaps she won't!

AN OLD BACHELOR'S THOUGHTS AND TRIALS.

Post Office once; great way to pay a debt of gratitude) is three; Kate is four; and yes, as true as I live, are younger ones in twelve years! How thankful I ought to be, when I think what a stability of affection I might have now had I married Sam, I did; nothing like having forethought. There's them young ones whanging round you, asking when you are going to marry, and I should think! I'll bet it has come, and they are looking it over down stairs before sending it up; they have done it before now, and I know it.
I'll just go down into the hall and look through the key hole and see—
I was supposed to do so. (Scene in the setting room.) "Nell, the ink's
quick! While mother's gone out, I'll just fill my squir gun and see if I can
what the key hole is! Hurry! The old lady
'll be back in a minute." Seem to
it's wonderfully still in there; she is probably reading, and the brats
are up to some mischief. Well, I will look, anyway. Oh, my! what
is it? It—right into my eyes! Then blue hazy up to some of their
tricks. They are coming. I must hurry to my room or they will see me,
and know that I have been looking
them with the key hole. Goes to
his room and looks into the glass.) Oh, the images! Little wretches! I'll
skin them all! Ink—black ink—all over my face! my best shirt,
—there's Jones knocking at the door!
What shall I do? There, he's coming in!

TIMOTHY PESTRICH.

IDEAS AND THOUGHTS.

BY OUR PHILOSOPHER.

In our intercourse with society we contemplate people talking about the multiplicity of ideas. Now, are ideas really so numerous, or are people laboring under a misconception of learning? It may, I think, be said with
safety, that hundreds of thousands of human beings are alive and enjoy the sweets of life, then die, without having an
idea during the entire period of their existence, though perhaps their thoughts may have been capable for the
fellow-beings. Ideas and thoughts are very different in their respective natures, as can be very easily shown. Ideas are essentially nothing more
nor less than axioms, which constitute the foundation that supports the superstructure of all knowledge. Ideas are
real, and when the human mind once grasps and comprehends them, they become elements of the
soul itself. The world is full of thoughts, but the catalogue of ideas is woefully meager. Were ideas as numerous as thoughts, the mysteries of
creation would be well solved, for they must be as angels, and perfection, though perhaps never to be reached by mortals, would yet make its
celestial joys more profoundly felt by the Creator's noblest creatures! Thus we see that the man who
confers upon his fellows the benefit of a single grand idea, is a benefactor indeed, and deserves the richest reward
that mortals can bestow—the gratitude of a world.

HOME.

What a multitude of emotions are awakened in the mind at the thought of that hallowed place which we call
home. What we have been sojourned
in a pleasant home, surrounded by
kind friends, the remembrance of
that place is always pleasant; I
love to think of that dear spot. To
him "there is no place like home."
But to one who has been deprived of that blessed spot, it is entirely,
the thoughts of home produce emotions of a far different kind, some-
times of an unpleasant nature.

The influences of home and its sur-
roundings are important agents in the
formation of our mental character. The experience of every individual
confirms this statement.

We see from this that if parents
wish their children to love their
home and form good characters, they
should make it as pleasant and
attractive as possible.

B. E. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, May 29, 1868.

UNCLE HEZ.: In accordance with your very urgent and liberal promise, I was at last set down in
the great divorce metropolis of the world, for the purpose of procuring a
nomination for you as President.

The prospects at present look rather dubious. To see so many well-dressed
folks around me, makes me feel a little humble, and I almost wish I
had bought that suit that the Square
offered me for fifteen dollars. The
Conventionites, I should judge, are
all here, and we are going to
nominate some one for President.

I have spoken to several about you as the man who would like to run;
but they did not take but little notice of me. I shall, however, do my
biggest to-morrow.

You never have been here, have you, Uncle? Why, there are more
things here than you can see in a week! Such large houses, and so many of them. I should say there
is no end to them. I walked about
the city nearly four hours, and as far as I went, or could see, there was
nothing but houses, houses. The
folks here, too, are not at all like the
folks down home. Everybody walks as if they were on a retreat, or after
the doctor. Every little boy that I
passed seemed to have something to say. One says, "Hello! does your
mother know you are out?"

Another, "Do you see anything
green?" and all such questions; but I paid no attention to them, and kept
up my slow and steady pace, for I
recollected my position as being a
delegate, elected by Uncle Hez., and
that I must preserve my dignity. The
approach of night reminded me that
I must find a place for supper and
lodging, and I accordingly stepped
into a large building where they kept
stoves, plows, wagons, and many
other things, and asked the man if
I could remain over night. He began
to laugh, but when I told him that I
was a delegate, he told me they kept
folks just across the street. I was
soon there; and, with hat in hand,
walked up to the man behind the
desk and made known my business.

After I told him I had some money
he said he could keep me. What a
 queer way they have here for eating!
The table was cleared no less than
half a dozen times. I made out,
however, by watching how the rest
performed, to get along very well.

After supper we all went into the
parlor, and I picked up the New York
Ledger to see what was the news. I
soon became interested, and the first thing I knew, a young darkey came
around and said he would show me
to my room. And here I am. My
good luck encourages me, and to
morrow I shall put you up for Presi-
dent.

JACOBUS SLOW.

CHICAGO, May 21, 1868.

UNCLE HEZ.: I have failed. In spite of all my influence, Grant was the choice of the delegates. To show
you that I worked hard, I will give you an account of the proceedings of the
day. I was awakened in the
morning by a terrible, thundering
noise, but soon learned it was only
the darkey in the hall, drumming for
breakfast. As soon as it was over I
proceeded to the place where the con-
tentionites were to meet. It seemed
as if the whole world of people were
there. I tried to get on the seat with
the rest of the delegates, but when
they asked me to show my papers, I
could not, for you had forgot to give
me any. I told them that Uncle Hez. had elected me, but this did not
have any effect. No, I was compelled
to remain where I could. Speeches
were made by the delegates, and all
hurried for Gen. Grant, except
myself, who hurrahed for Uncle Hez.
When the time came around for nomi-
inating, I rose up and nominated
Uncle Hez., and was going to make a
speech about you, and what you were doing in the State... a speech. But
the noise no one appeared to notice me,
so I sat down, mad and discouraged.
It was then I fully made up my mind
I would never go a delegating for
another just from now on.

And now, Uncle Hez., as I have so
sadly disappointed you in your great
undertaking, I hope you will not give
up. I know little of the immense amount of information which
they contain. They are in
fact vast reservoirs of knowledge, and
learning of various sorts are to the editor of the Bubble what the
ponderous tomes of Linckum Fidellus
were to the publishers of Salamagundi.

Wear it not for that reason, but for the
reason that we possess a set of these
books which we should hardly consider ourselves
prepared to edit such a paper as this.
If other things are lacking, I mean to
be found in our writings, it is due,
I assure you, to the fact that we have
given to this work a careful and
long-continued study.

TRANSECTIONS OF THE MICHIGAN STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. — Those who have not given these volumes a careful examination,
know little of the immense amount of information which
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I desire, at this time, to speak a word concerning fashionable music. Wherever we go, at church, at socials, at concerts, and at private parties, we are sure to be entertained (7) by this lamentable result of a too high state of civilization in the Nineteenth Century. Often has the question crossed my mind whether there does exist a person in so abnormal a condition as to relish this sort of thing. To me it has always been the refinement of torture to listen to it, and seeing with what a calm and cool air persons at assemblages have requested to have the music brought out, my mind has been filled with amazement, that they would so deliberately inflict upon themselves and the company this penance.

Ah! I well recall the first time I ever heard a piece of this sort of music performed. I was young then and inexperienced, and had just set out in life in the city. I was well to do in the world. I possessed accomplishments, and was admitted at once to the most select circles there. One evening I attended a soiree given by the Hon. Mrs. S—— or somebody else, and while there, for the first time in my existence (would it were also the last), I heard and saw the abominable thing. A young woman, seventeen or eighteen years of age, in whose personal appearance there was nothing remarkable, was led to the piano, and then and there ensued a scene which beggars all description, and which, had I not since become familiar with the like, would even now cause my every hair to assume an upright position.

The young person drummed once or twice upon the keys and the company relaxed into silence; then a sudden change came over her; she seemed to gasp for breath; she sought spasmodically with both hands at the instrument, opened her mouth to its utmost capacity, and suddenly jerking her head backward and to one side gave utterance to a succession of screams of such an unearthly character that it brought me to my feet and sent the blood back to my heart with convulsive force. I would have sprung forward to her assistance, but was detained by a gentleman who sat beside me. The remainder of the company had not noticed me, but they appeared totally indifferent as to the condition of the young lady who was apparently suffering such horrible agony. Her convolutions had become support to behold! Her eyes rolled wildly; her face grew pale and flushed by turns. Now she would lean forward over her instrument, upon which her hands were nervously working; anon she would straighten herself backward, and again all the room would be filled by those terrible shrieks and cries.

But I wish not to prolong the scene. The affair ended, at length, and as the company dispersed the friend who had prevented me from displaying my ignorance in public, explained matters to me. You must perhaps imagine what my feeling must have been as soon as I was made to comprehend the situation of affairs. I went home and retired to my couch, but the remembrance of the scene at the party haunted my slumber for many succeeding nights. And ever, as I think upon the circumstances of that memorable evening, and of the many other like scenes I have witnessed, I feel to exclaim in the words of that illustrious poet, Milton H. Chaucer:

"With pleasure I can hear the howling
Of midnight owlets through the gloom;
With patience I have heard dispising
Full fourteen women in one room;
With calmness I can hear the bawling
Of children in the nursery,
And to disturb me, easterning.

Most horrible indeed must be!
I've stood where cannon loud did rattle,
Where shells did burst and bullets hiss;
I've heard fierce, fierce elemental battle,
The roar and rush of herds of cattle,
But never heard Iught like this!
With joy I'd list the diurnal calling
Of fierce wolves hewing in the wood,
But to my very soul appealing
Are sounds like these—they freeze the blood!"

BURGLARY.

On the night of the 21st inst. a room occupied by peaceful, law-abiding citizens was broken into by burglars.

It is supposed that they were in search of plunder. Their noise aroused the occupants of the room, who attacked the intruders with such right good will that they were soon forced to flee. They rushed for the door, stumbling over tables, chairs, etc., but at length succeeded in getting away. No property was missed, but upon examination after their departure it was found that in their violent efforts to escape the burglars had shaken from their person millions of vermin which now literally covered the floor of the room.

It is to be hoped that in such a community as ours such flagrant outrages against the peace of society will not go unwhipped of justice.

HITCHCOCK lives in Lansing; deals in stationery, books, &c., &c., which he sells oft the cheap. He is withal a very obliging gentleman, and we recommend him to students and others who wish anything in his line.

The State Board of Agriculture held a meeting at the College, on the 27th ult.
APPLIES.

Apples is a fruit that grows onto trees, this is usually about as big as a hole into the side of a barrel, this is sometimes bigger and sometimes this is better.

The tree that the apple grows on is ornamental as well as useful. The little Bums cum and lite onto the limbs and wobble forth their songs to their creator and other folk in most butiful manner.

Apples dos flourish in sum places but this dont hear, they dont hang onto the tree till the apples, because the like to ripen in the genial climate of a trunk or ha mow.

Apples are that much of by the moral folk becos this seduced Mother eve, and they have seduced lots of small boys since.

Apples is yuseful for lots of things. This is good to ete and the seeds is very yuseful to bring folks to parities, as the mm person can tel who he like best. This is sumtimes ground up and squeezed before this et.

Good tempers dont ete um in this wa, but this ante so that the wont ete a chicken that has roosted onto a sour apple tree.

This is a composishun by a senyr.

The Monthly Exercises of the Senior Class.

The Faculty have recently fallen into the practice of permitting the Seniors to indulge in the puzzle pastime of original declamations once a month. Last Wednesday a programme of such exercises was filled by a division of this class. No. 1 ascended the rostrum, wrinkled his vest in an excruciating manner by way of obelance, when he appeared ready for action. He proceeded first to discuss in general the state of society, and then dropped down to a regular cuasin' of it in detail. Men were degraded for wearing plug-hats and anathemas against women who adorned themselves with habiliments of modern cut, were uttered without reserve. In connection with the speaker's views, a man taking such a creature as the sole partner of his joys and sorrow, evinces moral degeneracy, intellectual decay and corporeal rot. We hope when No. 1 bows to Hymen, it will be with a full blown shaker, fully beambated and bebigged.

No. 2 deviated somewhat from his usual bent. Although he naturally appears melancholy and given to the contemplation of serious subjects, we know of many racy squibs that have emanated from his quill. He seemed to regard New England as a big subiect for the display of orontorial power, but his solemn tones, with our drowsiness, suggested the idea of funeral solemnities, and we roused up and expecting to see the corpse brought in. Undoubtedly he had been reading H. Pemberoso and Bax- tier's Saints, Everlasting Rest. There were particularly pleased with the mental evolutions of No. 3, whose physical structure, cast in a liliputian mould, made his ability all the more apparent. He was "mutim in parvo." He spoke of newspapers, and we opine his fore-knowledge of the Bubble made his subject much more attractive, inasmuch as the appearance of the Bubble would occasion such an expansion in the interests of the literary world. The discourse of No. 4 was connectedly dry for such a wet subject. In explaining the phenomena of the Gulf Stream, his tones were too melodious. It is our brotherly advice that he provide himself with a mallet and an old pair of pants, retire to some secluded spot, and have a mock auction, for the benefit of his voice. The historical discussion No. 5 last, places Herodotus to indulge in the privilege of the Socractic form.

Why is not a man injured when he falls asleep? Because he is caught in the arms of Morpheus —GOW. & EARS.

Why is a person about to visit a city on the Tigris like a boy putting his father into a sack? Because he is going to Bagdad. —CRITIC & JONI.

Why are an elephant and a teapot alike? Because both have long moustum and neither can whistle a tune.

HIGHCOCKALORUM.

A considerable number of copies of this our first, and trial issue, will be distributed gratuitously, both in Lansing and Okemos; but it is expected that after this number, people will like us so much as to invest their money in us. The Bubble can be obtained at Hitchcock's, Lansing, (Middle Town), and at the Postoffice at Okemos.

NOTICE.—We are requested by the managers, to inform the public that the series of dances which they proposed to give will, after this date, be discontinued, on account of reasons which it is deemed proper not to give for the present.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN DANCING will continue to be given as hereofore.

WANTED.—More letters by the students of this institution. Our correspondents will please notice.