THE BUBBLE.


LANSING, JUNE 20, 1868.

Hezekiah Z. Solomon, Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We will insert a few advertisements, of ten lines or less, at three cents per line for each insertion.

EDITORIAL.

Once more we make our appearance among you, our dear readers, hoping we are a welcome visitor, but altering our course not an iota, be it ever so much otherwise.

When we sent out our first Bubble we were but experimenting. We scarce knew how great was the turpitude of the age, hence we were not prepared to estimate aright the amount of counsel the world stood in need of,—nor indeed could we tell how much good advice she could patiently bear. We have been disappointed in but two particulars: First, the enormity of the world's transgressions is much beyond our anticipation; and, secondly, she accepts our wholesome corrections with infinitely better grace than we had indulged any hope for; so that, instead of coming among you occasionally and at long intervals as we at first intended, we not only promise to appear many times, at stated periods, but assure you that our times of visiting shall not be far assurer.

Since the issue of No. 1 we have talked with many persons, and have received communications from many others relative to our great enterprise of reforming society. We have been much amused oftentimes as we have listened to the strictures of our friends upon ourselvers, and the Bubble, and frequently have we been obliged to turn aside to conceal a smile as sage advice has been given to us, as to what in our paper it was best to alter or amend, or in our manner were best or so.

Some have complained that the

tone of our paper was too grave. We were rather pleased than otherwise to hear this objection urged, as we feared somewhat lest, in spite of all our vigilance, the younger members of the Society, whose lightness has been elsewhere alluded to, might introduce something into the paper inconsistent both with our dignity and the best interests of the cause we advocate. That tone of sober earnestness, amounting in some places almost to sadness, that runs through our two papers, is much as we wished it to be.

But some one came up and objected that we were not grave enough! When we first heard this proposition advanced, we ran hurriedly to our sanctuary and read the Bubble carefully through again, to ascertain whether or not such an objection had grounds which before escaped our notice. But we could discover none even then, and at last we came to the conclusion that people would grumble anyhow. We have been confirmed in this belief as we have since listened to the many minor complaints made against us. One advises us to put advertisements in our paper in order to be up with the times; another asserts that if we put in a single line of advertisement he will have nothing whatever to do with us. One complains because we have no motto, and suggests for our use "Bubble or burst," to let people know what we intend to do; another says we let the people know altogether too much of our affairs now, and advises us to dispense with editorials. One decries all personalities and localisms of whatever sort; another urges us to make the Bubble strictly a local newspaper.

Our very dear friends, spare your words; we came not to hear advice but to give it. We propose to correct the world, and not to be ourselves corrected. Complaint is useless. We are not to be turned aside by entreaties, discouraged by opposition, nor intimidated by threats of violence. The course we marked out at first is still the one we are resolved to pursue, and nothing shall prevent us from doing our duty.

If you should ask us, "What's the use Of these four lines?" here's our excuse: (Don't laugh, it is a matter solemn!) It needed 'em to fill this column.
Nature teaches him to love the beautiful by surrounding him with things of beauty. Flowers approach perfection in beauty. The foliage of a plant, whether it be a moss or a giant cedar, combines all the elements of beauty in its structure. The sky, with its various shades of blue, and its vast hemispherical dome—the clouds with ever-changing colors, from the inky blackness of the coming storm, and the flaming crimson of the dawn, to the intense brightness of the summer's cumulus—the mighty array of bright, sparkling stars—are scenes of almost unrivaled beauty. Amidst these scenes man was made to dwell. They seem to point him to higher things—to lift him up from low thoughts and actions to be a man, such as God intended him to be.

JILTED.

1. His face temperament rage did beat, 
   He ground his teeth and tore his hair, 
   And answered some big swear, 
   But thus burst forth:—
   "Oh, God's of love! can it be thus? 
   That vile jilt has made this nause? 
   Too true! alas! 'tis so. Oh goosh! 
   Then fell to muttering, he 

2. Long mused he thus, while wrath and ire 
   Burnt in his eyes like pent up fire, 
   As if inspired by evil lyre 
   On hell notes pitched.

Outrageous knots his brow did knot; 
He stamped and cursed, he gnashed and spit, 
'Till a new thought his countenance hit, 
And thus he swore:—

By Rip Van Winkle's lasting sleep! 
By great Sam Patch's awful leap! 
And by the fires in Pluto's keep, 
I'll do't by dad.

3. His plan was thus: he'd wed the first 
That on his maddened vision burst 
Of Eve's frail race—if best or worst— 
He'd be revenged, he would.

Then went he forth with strides most long, 
Through evening shades just coming on, 
Till far ahead discerned, anon, 
A female form.

Revenge its strength his pedals lent, 
In her overstock and straightway sent 
His question; she, without relent, 
Said yes! but looked most queer.

Then to the parson's he her led; 
The parson from the words he had, 
That made them one, 'till one was dead, 
All in half a jiff.

The parson then his light did get 
To make out the certificate; 
But when I saw her, now you just be 
Surprised: agast, I was! 

Oh, shades of night! Othello's sin! 
Hades, Oread, Tartarus and sin! 
A trench, by thunder! I'll owe in! 
He up and eat and got out.

The Monthly Exercises of the Senior Class.

Mr. Editor: As the Bubble comes out upon the 20th, and the Rhetorical Exercise of the Senior Class for this month does not come off until the 24th, it is, of course, impossible for me to give any description of the affair, or to criticize the various productions in the present number; but being somewhat acquainted with the different members of the class, I can give your readers something of an idea of what the exercise will probably be like.

A, whose subject most likely is "Woman's Rights," walks with precise steps to the rostrum, bows stilly, and with ministerial tones and air, accompanied with looks of defiance at all around, hurls his thunderbolts down upon the heads of those who oppose his dogmas, that suffrage should be made universal. He resumes silence and his seat, amidst faint applause and some laughter.

B takes the stand, and, in feeble voice, proclaims abroad the beauties of the vegetable world as exemplified in the Sycamorus fistida. He pursues his subject earnestly, only pausing occasionally to allude to certain animals that are continually breaking down, etc., and winds up in a blaze of enthusiasm for equal rights and the American Eagle.

C tumbls awkwardly upon the stage, then rearing aloft his manly form, proceeds to give utterance to his spirit-stirring thoughts upon the "Big Ox," leading out with that exquisitely poetical verse:

"I wonder if it hurts you much to be so big?"

Notwithstanding the size of his subject, he handles it excellently, and seems to carry the hearts of his hearers with him.

It is expected that D will hurry to the stage, beginning to speak with immense volubility long ere he reaches the stand; enforcing by precept what so long he has enforced by frightful example, the necessity and benefits of Industry. He concludes before the audience are prepared to listen to his oration.

E is called, and "comes fast with horrid sidereal." He plants himself upon the dias, but ever and anon he changes his position, and finally launches out. His subject, it is presumed, will be either "Matrimony" or the "Immutability of the Soul;" whichever it is be sure it will be ably treated. He takes his seat, while the company cheer heartily, and we are relieved with music by the "brassy band."

X.

KEEP COOL! I. e. if you can.

OKEMOS, June 18, 1868.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR OF BUBBLE:

Sir: Perhaps some account of the Metropolis would not be uninteresting to many of your readers who have not had the pleasure of a stroll through their streets and parks, or who have never enjoyed a ramble in the delightful groves that cover her suburbs.

Leaving the Agricultural College and going toward the rising sun,—passing by farm and through woodland,—passing a cemetery so beautifully situated and so exquisitely ornamented, both by nature and art, as to make one almost long to die that he may be laid there,—on across a bridge which spans the dark water of Crawling Creek, and you are fairly within limits of the Crry. You would not suspect the fact from what beholds around you, at so it is. You proceed onward—pass down Grand street, turn to the right and walk through Implicated avenue, cross the Bridge of Size, (small size), above which you view the Thompsonian Falls, and even yet it will never once occur to you, "from things that do appear," that you are trudging the streets of a populous city. Strange paradox! here in her very hearts of hearts,—where trade (liquor) flourishes, and streams of nectar (?) flow where men and women come and go (quickly); even here it is very probable you will turn to ask, as many have done before you:—"Where's Okemos?" And why is this? By what unexplained necromancy are these things brought about? How can it be that while walking these broad thoroughfres, I seem to behold the wildnesses of "forests primeval," I seem to see the delectable effluvia from dozens of nature's most original frog-ponds?

Nature is worshipped here! Ah, ye Okemossers! Careful have ye been of nature's works! Appreciative are ye of nature's beauties thus to preserve them all, marred only here and there by the hand of so-called Improvement! In preserving your town from the appearance of having been visited by the disturbing spirit of modern civilization, your success has indeed been perfect! Thou Okemos! Trees of gigantic stature and luxuriant foliage stand in the very center of thy principal streets; the agreeable diversities of hill and valley are seen and felt in all thy walks and drives; clouds of mosquites rise like incense from thy various ponds and sloughs, and the croaking of millions of frogs are heard in thy commons!

SIR:

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Happy Okemossers! in thy native wilds live on in security and bliss! 

In my next letter I shall give you some account of the inhabitants of this wonderful city, of the state of society, of education, of trade, &c., &c.

Hoping you will not be offended at the rhetorical flights into which my subject naturally leads me,

I remain, ever,

PEDESTRIAN.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PILGRIMS.

'Twas morn on Britain's lonely isle, 
The sun in a golden smile, 
And smiling Hope went fitting by; 
His lamp shone bright in every eye.

A few strong hearts and hands were there, 
And knees accustomed bowed in prayer. 
A few aged locks as white as snow. 
Hung o'er the noble pilgrim's brow.

On proud old Albion's shore they stood, 
A band of patriotic brave and good, 
Sighing for more congenial spheres, 
To live through life's declining years.

The past remembered full of woe; 
The future, God knew, could know. 
Even death in a far western wild, 
Where Joyce's Freedom laughed and smiled.

Would be a fate less hard to bear, 
Than foul Injustice's chains to wear. 
Such were their reflections of our sires; 
Such when they lit their patriot fires.

But scarce the hissing morn began, 
Orlark was up too meet the sun, 
Before a bird of passage gay. 
Eclipsed its gray wings and flew away.

The joyous bird from sin set free, 
Laughed as she bounded o'er the sea. 
And, like a convulsed heart at home, 
Begged when he's free to roam.

Full many a prayer arose to save 
The good ship from an ocean grave. 
For miller more, she kept her course, 
Await the return once more.

Full long had Britain's noblest steel, 
Bowed to the justice tyrant's deal. 
So long oppressed, so long confin'd. 
Now burst the chains which curb the mind.

No sighing after pleasures fled. 
No yearning after long dead. 
But for a land on earth's wide plain, 
Where freemen worship without pain.

Day after day the ship sailed on, 
Braving the wind and sun. 
Tossed in the angry ocean's foam, 
They journey'd toward their unknown home.

The music of the sea bird's note, 
Cheers them as o'er the waves they float, 
With eager eyes that chosen band, 
Watch for some certain sign of land.

Not theirs the joy to hail at sea. 
Some friends of former places to be 
In fear of some foul pirate's prow, 
Where mmn had never been 'til now.

The ocean demon dared not cross. 
Their mustering all high aloft. 
Those hearts gave little heed to fears. 
Where prayer has made its home for years.

And I should wrong them not to say: 
Our Pilgrim Father's care. 
But to return: a cloud appeared 
Just as the sun the morning cleared.

From out its folds it seemed to say: 
"Courage, brave hearts! bring today 
Joy to your souls; a new delight, 
For land is now within your sight.

Go, take that land! and live to be 
Forever more unfettered, free."

The cloud passed on; they then descried, 
A forest dense spread far and wide. 
And as they neared the rock-bound coast, 
Their's was the slant hopeful bend.

Of a free land; their earthly home, 
With freedom everywhere to roam, 
With throbbing heart and careworn face 
They mounted again.

But one appeared—a stern old rock; 

Uprose upon the wave washed shore, 
Which white man scarce had trod before. 
They neared the ship rejoiced to see 
Such friend in their calamity.

Fourth from the bow a man fair 
Came with elastic step and gait. 
Behind her leaving all the rest, 
And with her dainty foot she pressed 
The rock which everywhere will be 
Sung as the rock of Liberty.

She seemed a faithful goddess—hien 
To guide the pilgrims home to heaven. 
And, as she led, her way 
They followed up the steep to pray.

O what a covenant with God! 
There in their wilderness abode. 
With God's hand upon their head. 
And hearts made tender with his love;

Insuaded to hardship, toll, and pain, 
Long subject to oppression's reign, 
They came not like the quarry slave, 
To crouch and curry; but to brave 
The life of liberty, steadfast and sure; 
And thus the goal of life secure.

Oglorious hand! sweet scheme. 
Or wild fanatic's midnight dream 
Impelled thee from thy native home, 
Over a wild trackless sea to roam. 
Rest Pilgrims! may thy children be 
Forever more unfettered, free. 
And may the star which led thee on, 
The trackless ocean be the sun! 
May the whole world 
How grateful children honor thee.

BUGS AND HUMBUGS.

BY OUR BUGOLOGIST.

Among the productions of nature in the animal kingdom, the most numerous, as well as the most abhorant, are bugs and humbugs. The former, though small and insignificant, seldom fail to attract; the latter, which are equally insignificant, though gigantic in stature, when compared with the former, never fail to detract. In treating of these lowly creatures of nature, (perhaps, more properly speaking, one is of art,) we will give each a separate and just consideration.

We commence with the less important and destructive, namely, bugs. These we find widely and profusely scattered over nature's broad domain; the soil beneath our feet, and the portion of the trees over our heads, are literally swarming with them; the herbage of the fields, and the foliage of the forest, when subject to their violent attacks, and they taunt us during the day and night with their incessant humming and biting. How exciting the scene just at this time of year, the flash of lightning is seen in the west, the thunders peal over our heads, and the bugs humming about us, which dart over and anon at our unprotected heads! We cannot but exclaim, oh, yo Lachnosternus fuscus, ceased be your existence! Their period of existence, however, is short, and when they are done, "the nation again breathes freely."

Humbugs, on the other hand, are far different creatures. These do not present as many differences in their forms, character, habits, &c., as the above, but are more uniform, and usually soar on the same level, or about the same height. Humbugs are numerous; beware of them! We encounter them in every walk of life. They may be likened to wolves dressed in sheep's clothing. They strive to please, only that they may more easily humbug you. To detect the humbugs which are so profusely scattered among us, we need only to trace humbug productions to their originators. We hear it exclaimed that "the Babble is a humbug." Let us see. We first look to the object for which our little paper is printed. What is it? The diffusion of ideas, morals, and a little pleasant fun. Is this a humbug object? methinks I hear it asked. No! Again: who are these exclamationites? There is A,—E,—and S,—who all say "the Babble is a humbug." What is their standing in society, or any other place? Humbug standing. What are the inevitable productions of their effeminate geniuses? Humbug productions. "Like produces like," and for this reason we anticipate such explications from these personages. "How the triangle stands.

To conclude with, we will say a word about the natural classification of these animals. The first have been found to belong to the great or, (the word is to large to give), and they serve as typical species of the same. Of the second, much time in study and toil has been spent in their examination; the last reports that we have received, is, all has been to no purpose. They have been compared with the highest, down to the lowest and most microscopic orders of creation. No resemblance has as yet been discovered, and the same is still a subject of inquiry and study.

ADDRESS TO THE OWL.

Conspicuous and predominant among the noctivigant feathered verterbrates that perambulate cerulean blue, creeping through the ethereal infinitude of circumambient atmosphere, expanding thine unblushing pubescent members in exuberant fecility, while scintillate afar thy noctilucous incandescent optical organs in resplendent luminosity, thou maintainest a preponderating ascendency in the enlightened imaginations of astronomy—investigating philosophers, seriously interfering with erudite lucubrations, oh, thou emblem and personification of unexpressed and inexpressible wisdom!

Solemnly hast thine inarticulate ejaculations reverberated with sonorous replications in cavernous recesses from extremity to extremity of some enormous contiguity of overshadow-
ing vegetation, lacerating the auricular appendages of the presiding mythological divinity of that somniferous period in which they flourish, and inconceivably frightening and incommoding the occupants of each particular horizontal hen-roost in the vicinity.

Peradventure thou descendest with precipitant velocity upon those bipedal organisms, situated in vainly fancied security, and impinging violently in a perpendicular direction upon the devoted cranium of some unfortunate individual, thou deprivest the corporeity of vitality through the instrumentality of thy sanguinary semi-prehensile posterior extremities, which perform repeated excruciating mutilations upon it, and then thou conveyest it away in triumphant ecstasy and self-gratulation.

Such appearest thou when Nature is opaque. But when the enlightening principle emanating from the effulgent luminary that holds undisputed sovereignty over the diurnal interval has exterminated the nocturnal obscurity how art thou descended from the sublime to the ridiculous! Goggle-eyed, winking, blinking, awkward, unctuous, despicable, thou art nothing on earth but an owl!

GOING HOME.

Four months have passed away since the beginning of the College year, and we are now on the eve of our short summer recess. Most of our students are looking forward to the spending of a happy two-weeks at home. The hours have sped on swift wings since the opening of the present term. Plenty to do has prevented loneliness; we have not lived without sport either, and few students will leave this institution the coming vacation who cannot say that while here their time has been pleasantly as well as profitably spent. If any do go away feeling dissatisfied with what they have done or enjoyed, they are particularly unfortunate, or else they are not themselves entirely blameless.

Yes, we shall go home, and our dear friends will greet us with kind words and smiles of welcome, and we shall feel amply repaid for all our toil and trial over incorrigible algebra, blind geometry, or abstruse philosophy, when we know how deeply interested they are in our work, and how much pleased they are that we have gone on so successfully. How we will entertain our friends, telling them of our college life, stories which never grow old to them, of our walks, of our readings, of our various sports, and, not least, though named last, of the Bubble, which they have nearly all seen before this; oh, will not the time pass gaily away!

Our fair cousins, of the neighboring college, are looking forward with the same pleasing anticipations that we are, and we may heartily sympathize with them. Many of them have been separated from their friends at home for a much longer period than we, and their eagerness to go is therefore greater than ours. We hope that every one of the young ladies will lay down their books with deep satisfaction, feeling that their College year has been well spent.

And now, fellow students, good-by for a time. May you all enjoy to the very uttermost the hours you pass at home, and if you return to College once more, may it be with mind and body refreshed and invigorated, and with a purpose to persevere nobly in the glorious work of improvement.

May God bless and keep every one of you.

THE SLEEPER.

PARODY.

O the bright and cheerful lamplight!
O the dear and precious lamplight!
Seeming brighter, brighter, brighter,
As thecov'ring of the twilight.
Comes on darker, darker, darker,
And in rooms all o'er the College
Night it is heard from waking sleeper,
Birched in drowsy slumber,
Scarcely from the savage shade
Does the learner's mind now wander.
With his book, and slate, and pencil,
Vainly told to be in the daylight:
'Lo! for truth, or explanation:
Found no sense or use in the work,
In the dark and blind Legendre,
In the moments of sunshine:
Only eve and early morning:
Show him clearly all the beauty.

O the loser and the idle,
O the folly of the sleeper,
O the lessons of the idle,
O the thing for November;
O the muddled brain of dreamer!
All the night seems long and dreary,
Horrid are the spectres they found,
Horrid are the terrors that burn them;
While the veiy teeth do chatter,
Telling plainly dreams distress them.

"Help!" they cry, the wretched sleepers,
"Help!" we feel the touch of Chess,
Hear the hum of savage Calculus,
Feel the tread of Lachnosterna,
If there's one there must be fifty,
See a fire-light just above us,
Glaring wildly in the window,
Can it be he gods do child us as
For this dreamy, drowsy idling.
For this wasting precious time from Morning, and from evening twilights.
Give us, Morphius, give us slumber.
Till the bells are three in number,
Drive those horrors from out our house,
Banish all the shapes about us,
All we ask is peace and slumber,
That we may learn and labor,
Not for man or nearly neighbor,
All our mind is bent up with us,
Live Gothic, and the most Gothic—
Useless care we never borrow.

THE LECTURE.—The lecture delivered by Rev. John Patchin, of Owosso, on Friday eve of June 5th, was well attended, not only by the students, but by the Faculty and the people of the surrounding country.

Mr. Patchin speaks as one experienced in the field, and his lecture was listened to with the greatest attention. All seemed to be well pleased, and they returned to their rooms and homes with the impression that public lectures are not always humbugs.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. T. D." Lansing.—We should suppose that twenty children would be a fair sized family.

"Miss L.," Okemos, wishes to know what we should desire in a wife. Well. h'm, we hardly know, or like to tell. However, were we young again, and a damsel of sixteen or twenty, or even older, smart, and fair to look upon, and worth $40,000, were to propose we should be tempted—to consider the matter.

"X.," who writes a beautiful lady-like hand, wants to know whether or not all the young Pen Yankers are engaged. Oh, X! what are your designs? Why did you not ask about uncle Hez too?

The young lady in Saginaw who wishes to correspond with the Bubble is cordially invited to write. If found suitable, her articles will be published.

"Wretched!" says:—Rich or poor, small or great is the same. I want not the wealth of nations; I do not want glory, I do not want fame, but I do want regular rations.

THE HON. J. E. TENNEY, of Lansing, read a lecture upon Geological History before the Agricultural College Lyceum, on Friday evening, June 19th. It was a very superior production, was well delivered, and being upon a subject of such vast interest as the formation of the world, it could not fail to command the most earnest attention of the audience. Mr. Tenney very decidedly is not a believer in the Darwinian Development Hypothesis, as he took occasion to impress upon his hearers in the course of his remarks. Many very fine reflective passages, coming naturally from his subject, were scattered throughout his lecture, which closed with a beautiful and feeling tribute to woman. The lecture was well attended, and everything passed off in the pleasantest manner.

ELECTION.—The election of officers for the Agr'l College Lyceum, which took place at the regular meeting, June 6th, resulted as follows: President—Charles E. Bossey; Vice President—Henry O. Reynolds; Secretary—Ros. Lillie; Treasurer—Frank A. Sessions; Janitor—Benj. E. Benedict.