EDITORIAL.

To the world, which it is our duty to instruct, to correct, to reform, give again greeting. We never for a moment forget our charge, or cease to exercise anxious thought for the welfare of man. We now send out our little messenger for the fifth time, and it is with renewed hope, for we gain every day fresh assurances that the efforts we have put forth and are still putting forth, will be crowned ultimately, with glorious success! We feel we are becoming a power in the land. Our early opposers, if not convinced and converted, are at least silenced, for indeed they cannot but know how useless it were to throw their puny weight in the way of truth, marching forth in our heart good when we see that we have received several communications of a partisan character which we cannot publish, and we wish to warn persons against sending us such in the future. We once thought of doing something in the way of politics, believing as we did, that we might do much good in that way. But we have since changed our mind. The man we most wished to see the next President, failed to get the nomination, (see correspondence, Bubble, No. 1,) hence we have resolved to abstain entirely from meddling with party questions.

Graver matters than politics demand our energies. The intellectual and moral wellbeing of man has to be attended to, and who but us will attend to it? We are still resolved to continue our work until ignorance and prejudice are driven hence, and enlightenment has become general throughout all our broad field of labor!

One only suggestion has been made to us lately, as to what it were best for us to do. It was thought that we ought to hoist the political flag and come out boldly for some party. Perhaps we should not have noticed this in an editorial, were it not that we have received several communications of a partisan character which we cannot publish, and we wish to warn persons against sending us such in the future. We once thought of doing something in the way of politics, believing as we did, that we might do much good in that way. But we have since changed our mind. The man we most wished to see the next President, failed to get the nomination, (see correspondence, Bubble, No. 1,) hence we have resolved to abstain entirely from meddling with party questions.

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A FRAGMENT.

A BALL ROOM! swiftly moving forms all gay,
Are circling there in mazes of the dance;
And rapid go the feet; sweet music swells;
All eyes are brightly flashing; lips do smile,
And hand clasps hand with pressure soft and warm;
There beauty leans on manly arm; eye meets eye;
Bosoms there do heave, instinct with life.
And love, and peace, and joy, and hope!

AMEN!

The curtain rises—years have flown away—
Behold we now that ball-room once again;
And forms of youth and beauty, too, are there;
But not those we beheld in days gone by;
And should you ask where those we saw have fled,
You would be told that they have gone before,
Are in the silent grave and sleep in dust!

Fond lover, peace! that jewelled hand you hold
Amon, a lostsome thing decays in earth,
A food for worms, a horrid, hideous thing!
That beauteous face you view so ardent now,
Within the tomb shall lose its colorless;
And that fair form, so perfect all, shall soon
Dissolve and decompose, with common clay
Shall mix and mingle with the dust you love remain.
The great, the wise, the proud, the brave:
The good,
The bad; the high, the low, must all succumb,
Their bodies all, part sinks to dust, and part
To air returns—as gas, returns—unwholesome, foul!
UGLINESS.

There are more ugly things in the world than are comprehended, under the various classes of snakes, bugs, spiders, and toads. Neither are they confined to the lower animals, or to animals at all; for mankind, both in themselves and the things belonging to them, contribute largely to the ugly things which do appear on this mundane sphere.

Taking first mankind:—

Men are not generally handsome. There are a goodly number whom we style pretty good looking, lacking an ugly nose or chin, bad eyes or teeth, an ugly forehead, horrid hair, or at least some uglier somewhere. To all these men generally add an ugly mustache. Not yet satisfied they add ugly habits—chew, snuff, and smoke tobacco, making their breath as odorous as a burning peat bog, and mouth as pleasant to look upon as the miasmatic swamps of Florida. Sour beer, diluted whiskey, and worse wine are also swallowed in abundance, until the drinkers become walking distilleries, perambulating grog shops, or bipedal whiskey barrels.

Now all this is ugly—it is ugliness aggravated—aggravated and conglomatered. This ought not so to be. A man was not intended to be a monster in ugliness. Man has enough natural ugliness without deliberately making himself ten-fold more ugly.

RESC. C.

WE HAVE NOTICED that our friend Mr. Dawson drives out a great deal lately,—doubtless to show off his new "rig."

LANGSING.

I've been through Lansing. 'Tis a "big thing," taken all in all, but poorly filled out.

The town is situated on one of the curves of beauty of the Ram's Horn R. R., and is three or four miles more or less, westward from the Agricultural College. Derives much of its importance from its propinquity to the above named establishment. It is bounded on the north and west by the "Big Marsh," on the east by illimitable Mud, and on the south by infi-nal Swamp. It is also on the Grand River; Grand River is noted for poly-wogs and cranes, and mostly navigated by this sort of craft.

The houses are sown broadcast among the shores, and grubs, and holes, and knolls of an Oak Opening. Big lots in Lansing, equal to those famous ones of Great Salt Lake City. Lots about twenty-five rods square. Every man apparently resigned to his lot, in Lansing, as not many are seen on the street; but with women it is far otherwise. Lansing is noted for beautiful women, ugly men and— the "Big Hotel." It also has many Soda Fountains, Saloons, and such a multitude of Churches, that every house you come to is not a barn or a dwelling house, or a saloon, or the "Big Hotel," or something else, is a meeting house. Every possible, and impossible, religious denomination has a church. Dutch Reformed, and Dutch Unreformed; Baptist, Softshelled, as well as Hardshelled; Methodists and Universalists and Multilatarians, all have their Churches.

The Lansingites think Lansing is a capital place for a Capitol. (Serious doubts!) Lansing is divided into Lower Town, Middle Town and Mackarel Point, the last named division lying at the junction of the Grand River with the classic Red Cedar, (made classic by running through the grounds of the Agricultural Farm, popularly so called.)

The standard of morals in Lansing is not so high as it might be, and it is made decidedly no better by the association of the people with bencial Legislators and occasional Constitutional Conventionists. There is, however, an oasis in the vast desert of Lansing; it is the Female College.

A healthful, moral atmosphere pervades this place, (they take the Bubble), and I will ever defend it with all the vigor of my immortal pen.

The State buildings are splendid; and the grounds surrounding them are finely and artistically laid out, particularly the Croquet grounds.

Lansing possesses many fine things.

A new State House of sandstone; cost $300,000 (in prospect). A system of street cars running in all directions; cost $100,000 (in prospect). A population consisting mostly of honest men and modest women (in far prospect). Lansing is a "Big Place."

THE DEGENERAcy of the TIMES.

BY 0. XERKES.

Paper No. 2.

Again we inquire how a happier state of affairs may be brought about, and reason restored to a distracted world. Can the clergy bring the mind of man to a peaceful development of affairs, and a quiet submission to the immutable laws of the Infinite, while constantly engaged themselves in a theological warfare? Again, will politicians secure a peaceable and permanent adjustment between all controversies and conten-ding factions, who are themselves the blind votaries of unworthy ambition? I answer most emphatically, No. How then, may it be asked, is this great revolution that is to change so materially the morals and character of the nation (and perhaps the world) to be accomplished?

But listen, ah, be subscribers and patrons of the Bubble and the arcanum shall be revealed, the incomprehensible and intangible shall be made plain, and though clergy hurl their missiles of theological warfare, and politicians shake their learned heads in political rivalry, yet verily, verily, we say unto you, that neither these, the price of gold, or the next Presidential election, will change one iota the inflexible purposes of the Pen Yankees or the sentiments of the Bubble. Thither then the world seems to turn its anxious gaze, and thither with a voice of inspiration we respond. To look forever in the archives of your State the disorganizing and revolutionary demon of party spirit and political hate, to become the universal friends and patrons of the Bubble; for the youthful mind we will neither delude with the wild fancies of fiction, or drug with the sediments of political ambition.

When these results have taken effect you may expect to see the reign of Pericles and the age of heavy literature.

The Board of Agriculture held a regular meeting here on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the present week.
**IRISH COURTSHIP.**

1. Twas Sunday eve, and Pat McKay Was courtin' Bid McKay; Pat was an Irish lad so gay, Bid was an Irish damsel, heartily.

2. Bid was ensconced upon a stool, The house cat leaned against her, And Pat, as always is the rule, Was in the corner just fishermen her.

3. The wind was roarin' wild without, Within a fire was roarin', The old folks, though awake, no doubt, Were off to bed and kindly snug.

4. "Now is me time," said Pat, "I'll just pop the question, And aye me mind, manlike, of that Which has so troubled me digestion!"

5. So, hitching up a little higher, With great determination And a gang straight into the fire, Began Pat, with some trepidation:

6. "Bethad, Miss Eddy," said Pat, "What do ye think of me now?"
7. "Och! Pat," said Eddy, blushin' red, "I hate ye, an' I've aye seen now.

8. "Ye hate me, do ye?" Pat cried out, Not dreamin' Bid was sportin', "It's lyin', thin', ye've been about, Since first I come up here a-courtin'!"

9. "A-courtin'? do ye call it, Pat?" cried Bid, for she in her, "I never supposed ye called it that, Me Paddy, dear, as I'm a-sinner.

10. "Now, whin', young Tom O'Neil comes here, To court me—he's just jolly,— He hugs and kisses, calls me dear, An' doesn't look so melancholy.

11. "The spalephant Tom O'Neil! does he Dare come up here a-courtin'? I'll break his head!" "Nay, Pat," said she, He'll tar and feather you for sportin';

12. "I'll murder him! but, Bid, good-bye, I'm off to see Kate Ray, sure; Kate is the gal what fills me eye; To sport with you was all me pleasure,"

13. "Nay, Pat, me dear! me only dear!" Cried Bid, in haste, "don't give me, Young Tom O'Neil has never been here, I was but foolin' ye, believe me.

14. "No one courts me but you, dear Pat, An' sure I love no other, So, Pat, don't go, 'tis truth I'm in, An' if ye don't, ask my mother.

15. "Begorra! Biddy, is it no?" Thin Pat's the b'ya to thank ye! "An' Pat, me darlin', ye won't go To love your Bid, an' court that Yankee.

16. "No, Bid, my gal, I'll stay with you Till end of time an' after." *The "old folks," who had listened through, Now closed the scene with hearty laugh-

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**BASE BALL FEVER.**

BY A. E. CRUSTY.

**BASE BALL FEVER.**

Time was when a great consterna
tion spread abroad among a certain class of individuals, and great was th
result thereof. Base Ball had recei
ved a patent; a leather medal had been awarded for a great foot at
the bat, and prospects were bright
ening up ahead, and

A good time is coming, For it is almost here.

It came, the enterprise flourished, and it is almost went, whether any good or honor has resulted from the excitement, is not the province of our "Say." You probably, already have dis
covered my sentiments—that I am heels over head in favor of base ball, before and after everything else, (yes, I am, over the left). I take up a paper for the purpose of glancing at the latest news. I read the headings: "Great Base Ball match, between the Athletics and the Atlantic—Intense excite
ment prevailed. The Artic mates vic
torious." Below we read printed in small type: "Three or four of the players severely injured, and a num
ber from the crowd accidentally struck by foul balls. Hopes are enter
tained that all will recover." Then this is the result of the popular game base ball, is it? I am glad I have not got the base ball fever. Well, it is all right, but how it looks! Bro
den limbs and deformed bodies when resulting from war are honorable; but when resulting from an over indulgence of amusement is objection
able.

The good resulting from these heavy bats may be considerable—I wish we could see it. Probably we are prejudiced against amusements of whatever cast they may be; if so go ahead, your day is nearly run, and we soon hope to see the time when the minds of men and newspaper columns, will be filled with something else besides ball bat notices and matches. I am happy to notice, that the editors of the Bubble have not fallen into the error of allowing their valuable paper to become an organ of the base ballites. Lastly, we would offer a word of advice to those suffer
ing from the above malady, by recom
mending the use of a rag and leather pill about the size of a regulation ball, to be taken on the side of the head, caused by the lightning stroke of a foul.

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**MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.**

*From our Special Correspondent.

AGRI. COL., Aug. 26, 1866.

News was received here to-day of a terrific engagement along the line of the Lansing and Howell State Road, between the Agr'l College Roads and an army of Mosquitoes, resulting in large loss of patience and some bloodshed. The particulars as I heard them are as follows: On Tuesday last, Capt. Barker ordered his com
mand to the front, and the whole di
vision was making a forced march in the direction of farmer L's green corn patch when the booming of arti
illery was heard upon the extreme right. Intelligence was soon receiv
ed that an enormous detachment of Mosquitoes, led on by old Culex, him-
self, had flanked us, and thrown the line into disorder. The firing was re
peated, and simultaneously the ene
my appeared in sight. A good deal of excitement was manifest among our troops; the guns were all discharg
ed except the ex-second Lieutenant, who "went off" without help. Or
derly Sergeant Simon was become disorderly, and the whole command ex
hibited signs of becoming demoral
ed. Our Captain, however, behaved in a manner highly creditable to him-
self, showing by his coolness and in	repidity that this was by no means his first engagement. He encouraged his men by word and example, but the enemy now poured down upon us in such overwhelming numbers that we were obliged to give way. Now followed a scene of the wildest confusion, and anon the "towering
form” of the commander himself was seen among the flying.
At the ditch the boys rallied and rushed forward a little distance, shouting and brandishing their arms; but again the foe comes on, and again we flee. Some pitching like true “Yankee Madsils” into the mire, now brandished their lower extremities, which for the time were the higher. The captain wildly gives the order to “stack arms,” but the soldiers attack themselves in the mud instead. Corporal S. falls across the ten foot ditch, forming a bridge by which others escape. Private Miller falls over a little Gulley into a big ditch but comes out uninjured and on Foote—Foote grumbling.

The Cadets leave the field with an ignoble precipitancy, and immediately go into winter quarters (in the ice house).

**LATER.**

The official report of the killed, wounded and missing in this battle, is as follows:
One Kerr and Lamb butchered out right.
Slocum, wounded in the heart, but probably in some previous engagement.
Corliss, received a bayonet thrust in left vest pocket, from a Guerrilla.
Little and one Moore slightly missing.

**LATER STILL.**

“All quiet along the Potomac.”

**GERINDEZOOT.**

**EXCURSION.**

We have been down to Grand Ledge, yes; and we have seen the people and the rocks; and more, we camped out over night. This last circumstance, of course, contributed largely to the pleasure of the excursion. To give you an idea of what we saw, the amusements in which we participated, and the whole thing generally, we will commence with the village, the first thing or place we saw of any importance after leaving Lansing. This is situated on both sides of the Grand, and a pleasant, and pretty little village it is too. It contains mills, stores, groceries, shops and taverns; the whole being the requisite of a country town. The people, judging from their countenances, and business-like turn, could safely be ranked among the civilized. But the Ledge the object of our excursion, is situated on the banks of the river, about half a mile below the village. This outcrop in places, projects upward in a perpendicular, or in an overhanging position, from fifty to sixty feet, and on its walls are seen stalactites caused by the constantly dripping waters, while below are stalagmites, pointing upward as if impressed by some magnetic power above. The whole would, probably, be more admired by an artist than by common us. We visited the coal mines, in the vicinity of the ledge, into which extended two shafts, one of which we entered, but owing to the hydrus state of the atmosphere and the opaque condition of the scenery, our examination was not very extensive. The coal we should judge would compare poorly with that of some of the eastern mines. Our camp was situated in a pleasant little grove of hemlock and beech near the ledge, here Sessions, Felker, and Gunn prepared and dealt out our dinner and supper, and judging from the rapid disappearance of bread, halut, and coffee, these boys are hard to beat in this line of business. During our stay our base ballites gave the awkwards of the village a try, which resulted in a small victory for the former. The evening entertainments at the camp were numerous and amusing. Speeches were made by Brutus, Gunn and many others, a number of songs were sung by our Grand Rapids student, while a number were engaged in composing poetry, probably to commemorate the events of the occasion. By midnight the songs, speeches, and boisterous exclaimations had given way to quiet, with the exception of an occasional groan from some unconscious sleeper. The next morning and forenoon was occupied in making an even more extensive observation of the rocks and the mines, and the conclusion arrived at was, that the whole must belong to the carboniferous formation.

**THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.**—As all great events must do, has passed away, and all the excitement incident to it has now nearly subsided. The weather was very fine, and the day was very way favorable for the exercise, but for some reason the audience was very thin. And just here permit us to say a word on this point: We can scarcely see why it is that an intellectual exercise of this kind is not better attended. Do the people of Lansing, and Okemos, and the surrounding country, care nothing for such things? Have they no wish to encourage them? We venture to assert that if it were a circus we had here, and one half the care taken to let people know it that was taken to apprise them of the Exhibition, a very respectable crowd, at least as regards size, would be collected. Do not say that our exhibitions are not worth attending, for you know nothing about it, not many of you ever having seen one. It is to your shame that you do not exhibit more interest in, and seek more to give encouragement to intellectual improvement in your midst.

The exercises consisted of seven orations, a discussion in which four participated, and a poetical prophecy, making twelve productions in all. We should be glad to speak of the various pieces in detail, but space will not permit; so we shall content ourselves with making a few general remarks. The orations for the most part were well written and well delivered; a little more action, however, on the part of the orators would have added greatly to the effect of many of the productions. The discussion was well conducted, and the various arguments exhibited a good deal of thought. The “Prophecy” was a smoothly written “effusion,” in the meter of Hiawatha, and was very amusing to those who were sufficiently acquainted with the different members of the class to understand the allusions. Music for the occasion was furnished by Prof. Young, of Lansing, and was very good.

The exercises were all very interesting, and very creditable to the Junior Class.

**POETRY AND TRUTH.**

Oh, leave your bed at break of day,
(I much rather not,)
And view the sun in splendor rise;
(’I’d as soon see a red flannel shirt on a clothes line.)
And list the warblers’ main lay;
(Yes, hens cackling, geese gabbling, turkeys gobbling, etc.)
’Tis sweet to breathe the balmy air,
(Reolent of pig-sty, smoke-houses, etc.)
All nature glad, and fresh, and fair!
(Grants and skaters bite, or else ‘tis cold as ebery.)
Gay colors wrap the earth and skies;
(Humph! might as well be anything else as gay when a fellow is too sleepy to see anything. It’s of no use, old boy! Stop the machine.)

**NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**DECLINED.**—The piece sent us by “L. G.,” of Saginaw, possesses much literary merit, but owing to its partisan nature we cannot give it insertion. Try again, “L. G.,” but let party questions alone when writing for the Bubble.

“QUIET.”—We shall be obliged to decline your poem on “Old Bachelor.” We are a little sensitive on that point, ourself.

“&.”—We do not tell the names of anonymous correspondents.