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The Experiment, October 24, 1845

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THE EXPERIMENT

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“No Effort Is Lost.”

Volume I

Linden Wood, October 24th, 1845

Number 1

Prospectus

Several years have elapsed since the establishment of Linden Wood School and there has never existed any public document which can now be referred to, as a precedent for the benefit of the scholars now in attendance is a matter of regret that such is the case, for had a journal of events been kept, to which we could have referred to in any doubt, now instead of our feeling, a great responsibility resting upon us in making any charge, it would be the height of our ambition to take up some former rule and hand it down to those who might hereafter be so fortunate as to occupy a place at Linden Wood.

Being fully persuaded that some such document might not only be rendered interesting but useful to those who have the least desire to improve, and also tend to encourage a spirit of enterprise and eradicate everything which is in any way calculated to retard the progress of our education, we introduce to our hearer, “The Experiment.”

In contributing to its columns let our object be general and individual improvement and in order to gain our object let us never attempt anything higher than our own experience and attainments will warrant; but let us willingly keep the narrow limits of our own imagination and endeavor to realize how much is expressed in our Motto “No effort is lost.” The sentiment there expressed is a sufficient stimulant to urge us “onward and upward” in accomplishing our humble but not unimportant end.

We, the pupils of Linden Wood School, after due deliberation have associated ourselves with the advice of our patrons to endeavor to sustain and publish once a month “The Experiment,” for the benefit of our school exclusively, and having for our object, improvement as well as amusement, we trust that each succeeding number will be better than the last, and then will all who may think this not a very feasible scheme, be bound to admit that it repays the efforts of its proprietors.

To the Public and Pupils in particular:

A lecture “On the rights of Scholars” will be delivered at the court house in this city by Philo Society A. B. tomorrow evening 7 o’clock.

Woman & Fame

Selected from Mrs. Herman

Thou hast a charmed cup O Fame
A draught that mantles high
And seems to light this earthly frame

Above mortality.
Away: to me a woman bring
Sweet water from affection's spring.

Thou hast given laurel leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath
For that resplendent gift of thine
Heroes have smiled in death
Give me from some kind hand a flower
The record of one happy hour.

The broken Vow

I was once passing through a neat little village of Caswell situated on the Ohio river. My attention was particularly arrested by a small house rather alone in the suburbs surrounded by tall trees and a pretty yard in front. Everything around was the picture of neatness, and happiness. I entered and saw a very aged but pleasant looking lady seated in her arm chair and her daughter as I supposed sitting opposite her, the picture of despair. She appeared tall, slender and very beautiful, with jet black eyes and hair. On my entrance she seemed very much agitated and rising left the room. I felt very sorry indeed to see one so young as she appeared to be and also so beautiful so melancholy. After I became a little acquainted (for I was a stranger in the village having passed through some years before on business but not stopping to examine the place through great haste) – I insisted on knowing the reason why she looked so downcast? Her mother, after some hesitation told me the following melancholy story. Said she,

“Some years since a young man came to this village by the name of Charles Stanton in the capacity of a lawyer. My daughter, Ella, having just returned from school was like most other girls of her age fond of company and was therefore soon introduced to the young man and became very familiarly acquainted to him. He seemed to take great pleasure in her society and they were often together. I frequently noticed this growing attachment and not knowing his circumstances I insisted on knowing where he was from. He told me he was a native of Virginia and that his relations were highly respected by all who knew them, also that he having heard much of the West became desirous of visiting it and that he had now started business in this village as a lawyer where he had become acquainted with Ella. Well! as I thought they were so familiar and the people beginning to suspicion it, I asked him if he loved my daughter and if he intended to marry her? He replied, yes! with my consent, but as he has some business to settle in the East, he would be obliged to be absent a short time, before he returned to claim her as his bride. Ella at this moment entered the room. I informed her of his proposal and asked her if she loved him well enough to have him for her future husband. She replied yes! that she loved him adoration. He then left, my daughter accompanying him to the door. Here he promised over and over again to return on the sixth of the next month to claim her as his happy bride. Ella returned weeping but I consoled her by telling her that he would return. After this, things went along happily. Ella looking forward to

his return with great pleasure. From that time we heard nothing more from him until yesterday, when Ella was sitting in the parlor, she heard a rap at the door. She arose with pleasure, expecting to see him, but what was her surprise when a servant handed her a letter. She opened it and one line was sufficient to explain to her forlorn state. He was married to another and she was forgotten.

I was passing by the door and saw her and rushing to her, read the letter which I instantly tore in pieces. Ever since she has been very melancholy." So ended the old ladies story.

Chapter 2d

Some years after I was passing through the city Cincinnati, when an old lady who was passing opposite me, beckoned for me to approach her. I went, and recognized the old lady, I had seen in Caswell some years previous. After the first salutation, she informed me that her daughter had married a rich merchant of that city and was then residing there. She asked me to accompany her, to her dwelling, which I did. It was a very costly mansion on one of the principal streets. I spent a few hours with the happy family and left.

But never shall I forget the story of Ella!

Mimosa

WANTS

Wanted 30 portions of the spirit of Study for which if delivered immediately the highest price given at Linden School.

Wanted- also at the same place bottles of the extract of order ready for immediate use.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN

The Indians, the aborigines of our country, are a savage and warlike people. Three centuries ago they were the only inhabitants of this extensive continent. Where our thriving villages now stand, were then their hunting grounds, and their council fires sprang up on every hill, where now stand our halls of justice. What a change they have experienced, since that period! Now there is scarcely a vestige to be seen of those once powerful tribes, who trod in their native dignity, the broad prairie and fertile woodlands of the United States.

Near and beyond the Rocky Mountains there are still many tribes, but they have lost their noblest features, and are no longer to be feared. Soon, most likely, they will be extinct, and the banner of the American will wave on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic, over a civilized people.

The religion of the Indian is very singular. He believes in a Good & Evil Spirit. To the former, they look for protection, and of him they ask blessings on themselves and friends and curses on their enemies. They also believe that if they have lived a virtuous and honorable life, they will go to a new country where they shall enjoy

their hunting grounds unmolested. Therefore they bury with their dead, their implements of war, that they may be prepared to commence their life anew, without trouble. We should not revile them, but think that it is the grace of God that makes us a favored people.

-Mimoser

Sunk- the steamboat Blanch half past the great grecian bend in the Dardenne. Great losses were sustained by all on board.

The celebrated swift running craft will leave this city for Halifax on Tuesday nest 30th. Lionel Burney Capt., For freight or passage apply at the Steam Mill. Admission all hours.

To let- A small house 3 miles west of St. Charles, with small grove in front. Rent very low and possession given immediately.

FOR SALE

10,000 bushels of apples just received at the Spanish fort Depot.

Mr. Harry Bush wishes to inform the public that he has on hand a large assortment of fancy goods just received from Texas, which he will sell at low prices.