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The Experiment, April 25, 1846

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THE EXPERIMENT

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“No Effort Is Lost.”

Volume I

Linden Wood, April 25th, 1846

(2nd)Number 6

Man is a dependant being

How very dependant is man; and yet how unconscious he appears of his dependence, not only upon his Creator, but upon his fellow man for every thing however small it may be. I will attempt some illustration that may convey a clearer view of our situation in this life to our minds.

The king in all his majesty, power and wealth, is as dependent as the beggar that lies at his gate, or goes from door to door to solicit the grudging morsel to sustain his life. Where does the king get his magnificent and costly crown; is it not by the sweat of the miner's brows. Could he wear it if the poor laborer who works day and night without scarcely taking time to eat, and that too almost under the earth, endangering his life in many ways; were taken from his lowly station. The diamond digger, too, suffers intensely searching for this precious stone. And they are not all, who are engaged in the preparation of even a single emblem of regal power; next comes those who make it, who toil not less steadily. The pearl divers are generally very short lived, they dive under the water which is very injurious and no one but those who have experienced it can imagine how much persons suffer getting those precious jewels. 'Tis true that they are very beautiful to look at, but I do not think that they are worth the trouble and the precious lives that are lost in seeking them. Not one half of those who have the pleasure of wearing them ever consider how many hands have toiled to procure them on whom they were dependant. Yet the king is crowned with gold, diamonds and pearl and does not remember his dependence, and strive to alleviate, their labors. I fear not. There too does he get his robe; Alas! amid all his assumption of power he is positively dependent on the little silk worm. It works busily all day making silk for his robe; and then it requires some one to wind and weave it. It passes many hands before he can use it. And where does the fur come from in which he is so bountifully invested. We must follow the track of the hunter who travels in the coldest countries. The most valuable furs are brought from Siberia. The hunters traverse this cold and dreary region enduring great hardships. In this uncertain enterprise many are frozen, and starved to death. It is too, difficult for them to find their way through the thick woods and barren wildernesses. Indeed they have to mark their way for if they did not the consequence would be to lose their way and perish forever; their resting place unknown to any human being. And these are ornaments only. There is a great deal of trouble necessary in carrying food from other places to supply his table and great labor expended to erect his palace, thus at every step we see how very dependent the king is, in fact he is more so than the beggar, who has but few wants and they are easily supplied and mostly by himself. The king possesses great wealth and is dependent on thousand of his subjects, and so with us, the more we have the more dependent we are. 'Tis true the beggar is dependent on God for all things but the king is equally dependent on God and more so on man.

Knowing that we are such dependent creatures we should feel interested in every body, and for everything however unimportant they may be in society, as we may imagine it to be in life. Surely there is utility in everything God has made. Mans disposition most generally is to tread the poor with contempt but this is inconsistent with our state; we should remember that we are just as liable to be placed under such circumstances as is the poorest, and it is our duty to sympathize with and be grateful to those who labor that we may enjoy. We should ever remember that we are dependent on God and give him our first love and show our gratitude by acting upon this “golden rule” towards all his creatures. - - Undine.

The day was mild and pleasant; the sun shone with unusual brilliance in the cloudless heavens; the birds nestled in the groves; the leaves were wafted by spicy breezed and all nature seemed refreshed and invigorated. At this hour our hero left his apartment with peace and goodwill towards all men stamped on his intellectual brow and benevolence in his heart. He strolled for hours among the beauties of nature enjoying the admirable scene when his ear caught the sound of distress, and the spirit of charity filling his generous & softened heart, he turned and bestowed upon the lowly beggar – a picanne.

Ella.

Found a large and beautiful bag containing 4 pints of corn. It is supposed to be of the kind which was brought from Joseph by his Brethren in Egypt.

-Deborah.

APRIL HAS COME

-Selected from Mrs. B. H. Thomas

April has come. And in the silent wood
The light rain patters, as if fairy feet
Upon the crisp leaves gamboled. There's a scent
Of blowing flowers on the soft south air
Coming in fitful puffs, then dying out;
And on the ear a sound of many streams;
And on the eye a sight of azure skies
Nottled with vapors; while along the rills
The grass springs green and balmy, and the earth
Is fragrant with a thousand spring seeds.
Oh! April hath a sweetness; when the wind
Comes singing o'er the hills, and shaking down
From tree and blade the dew-drops, lifting up
The modest violet, and along the wood
Ringing its clear, sharp music like the voice
Of children loosed from school; when the birds
At morning carol as they watch for May;
And when to hill-top creeping day by day

The fine eye sees the grass. There is a spell
In watching nature at her hidden works,
Which, to mysterious ministry the while
She carries on, the quick ear rapturing
And ever could listen to her tone
Hearing in it the audible voice of God.

Wanted – at this place a quantity of the extract of concentrativeness for the benefit of people who do not mind their own business but are given to noticing the affairs of their neighbors. –

Ella

EDITORIAL

Gentle spring is once more with us, with its garlands of flowers and running streams, old winter left us reluctantly, as if angry at the more cordial reception of his successor but as he will soon return and we doubt not but with the same appearance we will not grieve for his departure, but devote ourselves to the more essential duties of rational beings. We are sorry to say that we have followed some of our friends to their long home, which should serve to make us more thoughtful, and careful to mark times flight and ravages, and so to order our households and hearts that need not fear our call.

The month of showers whose first day is called “All fools day” and whose variable weather has tried to cheat us dozens of times, is nearly past and we again appear before our audience. We fear that it will be with less success than formerly but we have asked indulgence so long with the promise of doing better next time that we fear we have already tried your patience by such apologies and forbear any further illusion to our deficiencies than we have the past month commenced several new studies in which we are not yet sufficiently advanced to find them interesting and therefore we have not brought them before you this month but hope to be sufficiently conversant to do so on the next.

We understand that a light remark in our last “Editorial” has caused painful feelings, but we desire to say that it was perfectly unintentional though we are obliged to confess that it was very rude but as it was through thoughtlessness we hope to still occupy a place in their esteem.

We are happy to announce the gradual recovery of our “Aunt Mary,” who has long been absent from our social circles and we hope that we shall now be permitted to enjoy her society unmolested by the mandates of stern disease.

We feel grateful to the audience for their kindness and attention on future occasions as well as on this and hope that we shall long have the pleasure of welcoming them at our monthly reviews.

Correspondence of “The Experiment,”
Orange Point, Florida,
April 3rd, 1846

Missess Editresses

Dear Ladies

To receive a letter from a friend ever awakens the purest emotions of delight in the heart, such was the joy I experienced at the reception of your kind letter and in answer to it, at your closing request, I will again inflict upon you one of my uninteresting epistles and try to describe my place of residence.

Orange Point is one of the most beautiful spots imaginable; it derives its name from the numerous orange groves that surround it. The traveler who should visit this lovely place would at once imagine himself in Paradise. The first thing that will attract your attention will be a large monument erected to the memory of the Great and Good Washington. This has a room in it which is entered by a door attached to it, large enough to permit the entrance of any person who would wish to examine the articles within. In the center of this place may be seen neatly folded a red sock said to have been used by Washington during the battle of Lexington; it looks ancient but I can assure you that it is nevertheless prized by the inhabitants of Orange Point. By the side of this lies a sword, also used by Washington. After having closed the door of this sacred place you will next view a large stone edifice. A spacious yard is directly in front of it and a flower garden which contains every variety of plants of the most choice and beautiful kinds is adjoining it. Also a long wide porch winds around the house which is well shaded by trees of uncommon beauty. I have never myself been inside the mansion but have been told by persons that had visited there that its apartments were spacious and most richly furnished. The interior of one room has however never been entered but by one person and he has made a law prohibiting any person from going into it under penalty of death, so of course the contents of that room are as yet unknown. This mansion is inhabited by only one person who leads a most retired life and has never been seen by any human being but an old servant who resides not far from his master's mansion. This strange being does not speak but makes himself understood to his waiter by sighs & gestures. I am not acquainted with the name of this edifice or its mysterious occupant & consequently can say no more about him. After leaving here you will see a number of neat looking houses before whose doors in a regular row are many orange trees the flowers of which when in bloom give a sweet odor to the air. The next thing that will present itself is a thick glass mound of a round shape about the side of a small room. The glass is so compact that nothing can be seen through it. You will find on opening the glass door and entering it, that a ruby as large as a good sized table occupies a place in it. This is said to be pure ruby. The piece is perfectly square and on the top is engraved 1618. It was found, I understand, in the Gulf of Mexico by a Mr. Stump who was traveling for his health. I do not know the particulars of the discovery but it is a splendid thing and much valued here. By the side of this lies a Diamond which is equally as large as a small inkstand and shines brilliantly as to illuminate the whole place. It was once in possession of Queen Victoria but in consequence of a contest that happened she sold it to the occupants of "Orange Point," who have now had it for 15 years. It is shaped like a heart, and I have never beheld a more beautiful thing in my life.

On the right hand side of this mound you will see the village church which is distinguished for its venerability.

An organ generally accompanies the voices of the congregation who assemble there every Sunday to hear the gospel preached.

After quitting this nothing else of importance will greet your gaze, but a clump of palm-trees which extent together in a circle and which are always noticed for their straight trunks and the beauty of their appearance. This clump is called the Palm Knot. And now I must complete my letter leaving the many things which I have omitted to describe for your imagination to picture.

Yours with true affection,

Nina.

DISAPPOINTMENTS

Who are not liable to meet with disappointments? I think all are more or less, but those who are so unfortunate as to meet them frequently, should endeavor to bear patiently heir misfortunes for fear that they may not be the worst they will have to endure should they show a repining spirit. We may say they are divided into two principle classes. Those of fortune & those of pleasure. These last are in general experienced by young persons. Perhaps I can give you an illustration, a striking instance of disappointment experienced by a young gentleman that came under my observation not long since.

Two young ladies were taking a ride and during their rambles they called on an acquaintance, and there unexpectedly found a young gentleman. After remaining a few minutes a short ride was proposed in order to see a curiosity and he as a gallant gentleman, has his horse brought and with two ladies of the family accompanied them. After a pleasant hour they concluded to return and take dinner before proceeding home. After dinner they rose to leave. Our friend went out with the intention of seeing them safe home, but Alas he found his horse gone, and the saddle on the fence. He assisted them in mounting their horses, and was so much confused and so badly plagued that I was afraid he would mount his saddle thinking it was on the horse. His horse had been ordered to be turned out by one of young ladies of the house; for the purpose of playing a joke upon him. The consequence was that he was sunk into a rather melancholy mood, but we hope this will be a lesson to him not to allow himself to be so easily outwitted. Query. Why did he not assume his courage and ask the young ladies to wait until his horse could be brought our and explain to them his dilemma and turn the jest where it should have fallen, on the jester.

Tina.

Another Month is Gone

How swiftly time flies with us who are at school. Morning dawns and all rise and go to their labor. In a few hours a day is passed and night comes again. Such is its progress until a week has flown almost unnoticed and then the cry will be from one; Oh! girls another week is gone, did you ever see days go so fast. It seems but yesterday that Monday was here; thus the hours speed by. But ah! does it return in this manner. No, we are carried that much nearer the grave, we are that much farther in years, and we can say that so much time is past that we will never have to live through again.

The complaint is now: Oh! girls another month is gone and tomorrow we will have to be examined. And then follows the questions. Do you all feel prepared to stand it. The reply is no; do you; no, I don't know what we will do; we will make an entire failure I greatly fear. My heart throbs at the thought of it. Just in the midst of this conversation the Teacher comes along and perceiving just from our countenances that we are in trouble inquires what is the matter. The answer is. We are arguing about the swiftness of time. The examination has approached and we do not feel competent to stand it. We have not had time to write our compositions. If time had have waited for me last week, says one, I would have had another one to have been read; but as it is I have nothing but a few sentences to read, indeed I am ashamed to say it but the truth must be told if we do disgrace ourselves. Now as the day is past and gone I feel relieved and hope to do better another time; but soon another, another and another month will fly around and then our session will be ended. This is why we dislike to have things then go so fast. We dread the time of parting. Time flies and the moments will soon come, when we must leave each other perhaps forever.

To the child time moves slowly. You will see it in its mothers lap helpless. Bye and bye you will see it again, and the days are long to it. It longs to be a man and a month is like a year. When it has reached the age of twenty, and youth has passed with its youthful happiness gone, and with it youth and beauty. At this age its heart was young and tender and he stood as innocent as a lamb. But we will contemplate him at forty. He then had lion-like strength and stands with an arm defending himself. Now times move swiftly to him, and will so ever. Fifty is coming and his knee begins to bend. He exclaims fifty years have gone and I am bowing to them, but man was made to bow. Soon up to a hundred will he travel and then if you see him again he is pale and his hair is white and re returns again to childhood though of a larger form, yet the same in feeling both of body and mind.

Times go slowly to the sick, and afflicted. One hour will be as a day and weeks drag along like months. But how does it go with those who are enjoying themselves. It rides on with undesirable rapidity. Perhaps some of you could answer from experience. When you have been seated by the side whose company was enjoyable and the clock reminded you that eleven or twelve hours had rolled by you would look up with astonishment and be on the point of contradicting the faithful monitor. You will continue to sit in appearance only a minute and again the clock will strike one. Amazed! again you will say I must bid you good night for that time piece will remind me that it is late in spite of myself. In a few more minutes two comes. Then it will I must go it will be day soon and you bid the lady good-bye, but you stand to say a work or two more and comes three and you start exclaiming, "Mother and Father will call me to build fires soon and I will not be there. So part we must. Good-evening." and you go home scolding yourself for staying so long, without accomplishing your object. Then the next cry is another evening spent and I have not said what I went to say, for the last three of four visits I have made. Oh! how swiftly time flies in the presence of those we love.

We should not trifle away our time if it does go pleasantly. We should do the most good that is possible in our lives and always arrange our pleasant moments in such ways as to do good while we are enjoying ourselves, and in this way we can perform our duty in the most agreeable manner, both to ourselves and to those with whom we are associated. – Edith.

We feel it our pleasure as well as duty to notice the improvement that have taken place at Linden Wood during the last month. We have had our school-room repaired as you will see by entering it and our yard enlarged considerably, and a wing. Our Aunt Mary is also regulator of the household affairs once more, and we hope that hereafter things in this latitude will progress rapidly. Our garden is beginning to look somewhat better for the strenuous effort of "Out Benjamin" with the aid and suggestion of Miss R.

A resident of the city of St. Charles has lately lost a valuable cap. It was made of black silk with a border of red. He desires that any one who shall find it, will bring it to his office No. 21 Water Street., St. Charles.

Forty loads of dead leaves and corn stalks ready for the exportation to the isle of Ethelingay from "Sibley place."

We are sorry to announce the fact, that the last voyager to the Moon has since lost the use of his tongue. Therefore we shall have no more of his travels to publish.

Wanted at Lindenwood a preparation to relieve the pain occasioned by the long seasons of silence.

The declining age of "Old Trudge" has been to us a source of great sorrow for some time.

Any person that has time and money to spend, is at liberty to do so in establishing a rail road between Linden Wood and St. Charles for the benefit of some of its lazy inhabitants. We trust the spirit of generosity which is abroad will see in this a proper object and that e'er the warm weather is here we shall be able to visit St. Charles without the least effort.

We are glad to see the fruit trees blooming so abundantly as it causes us to hope there will follow a bountiful supply of fruit, which will satisfy our appetites though we fear it will tempt us to break the rules.

We are grieved to mention the departure of two important and much loved schoolmaster. They were taken from our number last Sabbath morning. We expected they would leave us soon, but hoped not before the examinations at least. We have some hope that one of them will return but if she does not, we sincerely trust her place will be fully supplied, as we miss her exceedingly for she was a star among us, and her cheerful voice and willing heart or hand endeared her to all. If it is not to be our privilege to have her with us, we sincerely wish she may be as useful and happy, as her amiability and skill indicated.

The Rev. Mr. Scoville, agent of the Domestic Mission, will preach in the 1st Presbyterian Church St. Charles on the next Sabbath morning & evening.

The latest fashion which interests us and which we fear from late indiscretion may be adopted is the “No talking” system in school and “The keeping in at night” of any unfortunate who is minus un his, or her lessons. This may be beneficial and receive the approbation of parents, but we had rather be excused from such severe regimen for seven hours of the day.

We are constrained to notice the fact that our “Uncle George” has lately become quite a traveler, having visited St. Louis three times in as many weeks. We miss him much, but must not complain as he was so kind as to bring us a splendid rope for a swing the last time he came up and has had it put us securely for our special enjoyment. May he have the pleasure of seeing it used many years by numbers of rosy-girls who come to this “Home School” to learn what the wise and good have prepared for the young and ignorant.

The next Monthly Review at Linden Wood school will be held at their rooms on Friday the 29th of May from 9 to 10 A.M. and 2 to 5 P.M. Our friends and all who are interested in the progress of education in this interesting region are invited to attend.