

Lindenwood University

Digital Commons@Lindenwood University

---

The Experiment (1845-1846)

Student Newspapers

---

6-26-1846

## The Experiment, June 26, 1846

Lindenwood College

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.lindenwood.edu/sn\\_experiement](https://digitalcommons.lindenwood.edu/sn_experiement)



Part of the [History Commons](#)

---

## THE EXPERIMENT

-0-

“No Effort Is Lost.”

Volume 1st

Linden Wood, June 26th, 1846

Number 9th

---

### Time

How slowly time passes occasionally in the school room. Seconds are as minutes, and minutes as hours. The clock is watched intently by many idlers in the room but it works no faster when watched. In school, time moves as an old plough horse, but out of school, flies with great rapidity.

We should use time as the precious gift of heaven, ever bearing in mind every hour that passes we are so much nearer eternity. We should often pause and solemnly ask ourselves. Have those precious moments been rightly improved? Persons who live in splendor and have nothing to do, but waste time never take into consideration how many of their fellow creatures are lying in despair, whom they might benefit, but paying no attention to the value of time they only wish to fly faster that they may be relieved of the trouble of killing it. When if those aristocratic persons would try and relieve the misery and desire the good others as well as our own, how many more would enjoy this life.

It is sad to think how many of our fellow creatures in heathen lands know not how to value this precious gift, but Oh! sadder to think that many who are native of a civilized country spend their time worse than the most degraded heathen.

To us that are wishing for time to pass hastily one moment of reflection will elucidate the fact, that it is entirely wrong for us to wish contrary to God's will. Though it seems natural for a school girl, when far from home to wish for time to pass rapidly so she can be happy once more among her friends. The weeks are watched with great care although she now lives unhappily there is anticipation of pleasure when the time come for her to part no more from her own home.

Those poor, laborers who are working hard daily for our welfare and never reap the benefit of their work for themselves, do we suppose time is precious to them? No! their design is for it to pass as rapidly as possible to alleviate their hardships. It is the true Christian that improves his time and he wishes as far as he is concerned, that he time would soon come for him to occupy a happier home above. But the poor sinner never once thinks of time; he knows not how to value it. Day after day is spent in idleness & he never looks back to think & repent of the uses he has made of his time, but rather daily proceeds to his ruin unconcerned for the many dangers that follow. One word to all and that is value time as the miser does his gold and made each moment a witness of some good.

Undine.

Wanted – A supply of principle for those who profess but whose works indicate a lack of possession.

---

Anyone having ripe fruit and knowing of no way to dispose of it will please leave it on the Linden Wood stiles, directed to the young ladies. We dare not ask for green & undoubtedly you know the penalty if we eat it, so we have presumed to solicit that which is ripe.

---

Wanted immediately a fashionable milliner, mantua-maker and common seamstress. The customary prices will be given. Call at 101 St. Charles street.

---

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE – Selected

There is a gem more purely bright,  
More dear to mercy's eyes,  
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow lights  
First cheers the evening sky.  
A liquid pearl that glitters where  
No sorrows now intrude  
A richer gem than monarch's wear  
The Tear of Gratitude!

But ne'er shall narrow love of self,  
Invite this tribute forth;  
Nor can the sordid slave of pelf  
Appreciate its worth;  
But ye who soothe the widow's woe  
And give the orphan food  
For you this liquid pearl shall flow  
The Tear of Gratitude!

Ye who but slake the infants thirst  
In heavenly mercy's name,  
Or proffer penury a crust,  
The sweet reward may claim.  
Then while you rove life's sunny land  
With sweetest flowers strewed  
Still may you claim the widow's thanks  
The Orphans Gratitude."

-0-

We are happy to announce to our friends that there is no lack of volunteers in the L.W. Garden, the first call of spring they sprung up in all directions each representing his respective family with remarkable fidelity.

---

It has been said by persons who fancied themselves wise that visionary spirits were of no account and if this statement be true my late adventures will be of no avail to the public; however we are at liberty to speak our thoughts, I hope I shall not be considered too assuming if I relate some of my adventures in a vision land.

One afternoon last May I received unpleasant intelligence from my friends and being fond of solitude I stole away to an adjoining grove to meditate on what I had heard. While I was rambling along I beheld a fallen tree by the side of a small branch which formed an excellent seat & I availed myself of the opportunity it afforded and sat to rest and think.

While I was meditating on the evils of this world and wondering why we were made to suffer so many trials I fell asleep and my mind left its tenement of clay & wandered afar off. I thought I had assumed some ethereal form & soared far away among the clouds. I left this comparatively little world this point in the universe out of sight as I went on surmounting the awful clouds and rising far above the hurricane, I was astonished that I ever could have been contented with my earthly form. I visited the sun, the moon and far beyond what man with all his imaginary powers had ever before penetrated, and rested still my weary foot on a distant world. Here I beheld the work of man alone for no God dwelt there. My feeling on knowing that I was in a place where no God existed you will have to imagine. This I soon found was a place where those in this world refused to acknowledge the existence were taken after death. All there was of the art of man & Oh! how miserable everything appeared. One man would waste all his efforts in making something to please himself but e'er he could enjoy his work some other person would destroy it because it was not pleasing to his sight. In one village all the houses were made alike because man though regularity was the best. No trees, grass, flowers, or nothing of the kind were to be seen because man's powers could not make them. The ground was scorching hot and no rain fell to relieve the disagreeable atmosphere because man could not make it rain. When one formed anything some one else would destroy it, so they kept up a continual contest between themselves.

I now left this place and went to a world where riches was the God that all worshipped & for which they committed the most horrid acts. Each moment they were in danger of losing their life & that perhaps from the hand of a brother for so great was the mania for money that they would ever destroy their lives & all around them to obtain it. I saw one person fire a city to obtain a few small pieces of money & I saw another murder his own parent for the same object.

I next stopped at chance world. This I thought must be a delightful place & I was impatient to examine all its curiosities. I went into a beautiful house & while I was admiring it the roof by chance turned into an eagle and flew away & soon the house fell down & it was from mere chance that I escaped the falling timbers. I went into the fields & while I was looking at the fruit & grain that I saw in abundance around me an earthquake by chance destroyed them all. I next went into a village & everyone I saw by chance walked on their head & while it was noonday the moon appeared and shed her mellow rays but in an instant utter darkness reigned when suddenly the whole earth seemed immersed in water upon which I awoke and found that I was indeed in water for I had fallen from the tree into the branch from which I cleared myself as soon as possible & I trust that my visionary voyage had made me so much wiser than I was.

Sister Sally.

---

Wanted – Recruits in the harvest field “the harvest is fully ripe” but the laborers “where are they.”

Echo answers gone or going to Texas.

---

## EDITORIAL

I have inquired of my school mates often during this month as to what happened worthy of notice in the columns of our paper as it has fallen to my lot to be editress & consequentially the editorial is expected from me, but the only answers I would obtain was, "What difference does it make what kind of editorial you write for this number there will not be any person present to hear it read, just say anything you please, but I don't care if any person won't be here, it is my duty to write an editorial & of course the best one I can compose must be presented to my teacher, otherwise she will not accept it no other eye but hers should examine it. An editorial should be good, now, by that I do not mean whether it is generally considered good or not by the public or whether I myself think it beautiful' no gentle reader or hearer, it is no such thing quite the contrary. When I hand this editorial to Miss Eliza, she inspects it & if she considers it worthy of a place in our paper it is placed there without saying a word, but to proceed to other things & I will not say it will be useless to mention everything that has occurred this month but I will not omit some things. On Wednesday morning last after having arrived at school & getting tired of sitting on my seat until school commenced I proposed to one of my school-mates to accompany me up to the dining room & from there thence to the garden, but what was my astonishment when arriving there to see Miss Rosseter standing on a platform very busily engaged in pulling the paper off the walls & Aunt Mary walking about attending to the things that were being carried out. The floor was littered with pieces of dirt that fell I suppose after Miss. R. had disturbed the paper. Tables, chair, sages, boxes & the old piano occupied a place in the entry and adjoining. I turned to my school mate & said "They are repairing the dining room I suppose." She answered, "Yes, I believe they are." It took them some days to complete their work & when it was done it really looked well with new paper on its venerable walls & a fresh coat of paris green.

We have had some preaching at the First Presbyterian church regularly every Sabbath until last as their Mr. Smith the minister was absent & the meetings were generally well attended. I hope with all the rest of my friends that Mr. S. will not be long absent. He is very much liked here & expects to remain 1 year. The weather has been fins this month only being favored with rain on every Wednesday (our prayer meeting evening) & has done so for so long that when we wish to go any where & Wednesday is the day selected, our remark will be met with, you cannot go on Wednesday because it will rain & such prediction has been generally founded on fact until last Wednesday which was really a beautiful day. Our prayer meeting was much more enjoyed though our minister was absent,

My dear friends and hearers were you ever agreeably surprised & if you were, you have felt the quick palpitation of your heart as it bounded with joy on meeting with some dear familiar relative, especially is it has been a considerable length of time since you parted; then you can form some idea of how I felt when I was surprised at an unexpected visit from my Father, whom I had not seen for 2 years. I can assure you a more agreeable surprise I never experienced. When he came in the room I thought it was surely a vision for I thought him safe in Texas. He was in perfect health & looked very well, & now I imagine I hear you say, "Surely she will give us some Texas news." Yes,

my friends, I could but my editorial is I think sufficiently long to require me to make a pause but indeed before doing so I'll not forget to say that old Tom the buggy horse is quite sick so much that he cannot be used at all. His sickness I suppose is cause principally by the extreme difficulty & toil he had in pulling us back from our Strawberry excursion. It was too much for his feeble frame. I hope however as well as the other two occupants of buggy on that day that his sickness will not be of long duration; for his services are too often required to have him sick. But now in good earnest I will close, hoping I have not imposed on your patience too much & will try the next time I have to write the editorial to present before you on much more interesting. - - Nina.

---

Lynchburg, Va., June 5, 1846.

Misses Editress:

Dear Ladies – Having visited the Natural Bridge a few days since & presuming a description of that & our company would be interesting to you, I will attempt a description to the best of my ability. There were ten couples & I assure you they could not have been more happy, all seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly. We started at eight in the morning on horseback the most pleasant way of traveling, we could have chosen & arrived there at eleven. About 1 mile east of the bridge is a house of entertainment kept up by Uncle Billy & Aunt Sally. We dined there with fine appetites which were at no loss at Uncle Billy's table which is always abundant. We then went to view Nature's works & first ascended the Bridge & there beheld a most magnificent sight in the scenery around. The Bridge is sheltered with many beautiful trees & more abundantly the cedar tree. I presume Cedar creek derives its name from the many cedar trees that encompass this stream also afforded delightful water to drink.

After we had become tired walking, climbing & looking at the many beauties around us we were anxious for rest & some amusements less exciting & fatiguing & concluded the most pleasant way of employing the evening would be to go to Uncle Billy's once more and have some whortle berries & there eat & be merry & so we did. We were merry truly; then night came & we were fully prepared for a sweet repose; morning came & the sun shone beautifully, we all felt very much refreshed after resting.

At 7 we visited the Bridge again and were agreeably surprised in finding a great quantity of fine berries were near it, we dismounted & left our horses grazing while we satisfied our own appetites with the delicious fruit. We walked about sometime admiring the beauties which we had overlooked & which were indeed interesting to an investigating mind. I gathered some of the cedar and other plants for my herbarium & intend sending you a share soon. We had our names inscribed on the stone among the many others, & started home and I arrived at Lynchburg about twilight. We had quite a pleasant ride home & I found our friends looking anxiously for us & we were happy to arrive in safety & fine spirits. We immediately eat our supper & spent the rest of the evening at the museum.

Respectfully yours,

Undine.

---

A gentleman arrived from Texas last Sunday evening who said he had left Fort Brown on the Rio Grande the 1<sup>st</sup> of June & from whom we gathered the following items. The American & Mexicans have had an engagement & the former were completely victorious & having taken a large amount of ammunition & all Gen. Arista's private papers & silver plate with his name engraved in full on it. The enemy encountered Gen. Taylor on his way from Fort Polk to Point Isabel where he had been to procure provisions for his army. The two brilliant achievements gained on the 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup> of May soon reached New Orleans & many were the congratulations heaped upon our brave little army on the reception of such glorious tidings. The gentlemen further stated that he though they had driven the enemy a great distance from there & there would be no more hard fighting. Matamoras he said was taken without firing a gun. One of the Mexican officers dispatched with a flag of truce, By Gen. Arista (his commanding general) to Gen. Taylor requesting an Armistice between two country's for a certain length of time. But our cautious Gen. refused saying that he had asked for that once himself but Arista chose to reject his proposal & he would take that opportunity to reciprocate; the officer left saying that Arista would return an answer by 3 o'clock, for Gen. Taylor had told him that he would take possession of Matamoras & with it the public or private papers there left. Three o'clock arrived but no Arista & our brave Gen. immediately marched in to Matamoras expecting every moment to be attacked, but no, instead of that he learned that Gen. Arista had fled 90 miles into the interior until the 1<sup>st</sup> of October. There were a number of sick & wounded in Matamoras in consequence of the battle through the climate was generally healthy though exceedingly warm. The enemy when they met our troops were 7,000 in number while our army was only 1,000 strong. It was indeed strange that our victory was so complete but Providence watched over them, many fine officer fell. Gen. Taylor's conduct has been very creditable both to himself & the public. His praise resounds throughout the United States. The person from whom we obtained this intelligence is one in whom we place great confidence.

The Louisiana volunteers he said had already arrived at Fort Brown & occupied that side of the Rio Grande while the regulars of the army was on the Mexican side. The gentleman met the volunteers from St. Louis at Brazos Santiago, he said they looked very well & were in fine spirits, they also I believe were to occupy Fort Brown. Volunteers are flocking to Point Isabel by the thousands.

-Nina.

---

#### TO THE NATIVE AMERICANS – Selected

Raise the flag to freedom high!  
Spread its streamers to the sky!  
Broad unfurl it to the view!  
Americans we call on you!

Let no rude invader dare,  
Soils its stripes and stars fare,  
Sons of freemen! Sound it stand  
Guard oh! guard your native land.

Should the proud & haughty foe,  
Dare to give the insulting blow,  
Bring to mind the days gone by,  
When the patriot dared to die!

Freedom's sons shall never yield,  
In the contest of the field,  
Let the memory of your sires,  
Be the torch to light your fires.

Let the braggart loudly boast  
And proclaim himself a host;  
Onward, onward be the word,  
Which throughout your ranks is heard.

We, the daughters of this land,  
Freely lend a helping hand;  
If our smiles can cheer you through,  
Sons of Freedom they're for you.

---

It is never too late to learn

Never did man fall into a more mistaken notion than when he concluded that he was too late for him to gain knowledge. This is the opinion of multitudes yet, even now when advantages can be & are afforded, for their improvement in almost any art or science they may choose, if they are only willing to exert themselves a little, but still the plea is It is too late for me to study now, even to begin, I am too old & have neglected it too long. O foolish man! try, be assured nothing can be accomplished without trying, & with proper effort nothing will be withheld from you.

The ancients had a very different manner of acquiring knowledge from what we enjoy at the present day. They did not learn from books but traveled from one country to another & gathered all their information they could by this slow means, & many of them became very distinguished men. Not only among their contemporaries that are not excelled.

Look at Demosthenes; did he think it was ever too late to improve. No. He even shut himself up in a cave that he might not be disturbed & his mind drawn from his work. And the result was he became one of the greatest orators who ever lived. But there are instances when it may be too late to learn some particular things, at times when our business prevents us from studying as much as we otherwise would, but by conducting and arranging all household affairs or whatever employment in which we may be engaged with dexterity we can have much time to devote to perusal. But there are but few who do this. The time they can spare from their work is generally spent in reading some trifle or other. Nor is this all. When persons are very old, they cannot study, their minds become weakened & cannot endure close confinement. But if they have once been well



educated they can still take great pleasure in reviewing what they have learned, in thinking over the past & adding to it by observation. There are but few instances in which old persons can study to an advantage, but I will mention one for the sake of variety. I know an old German lady who emigrated to America after she was 40 years old; here she commenced studying our language & now she reads & understands well & enjoys many a pleasant hour that would otherwise have been lost.

Then I say come to school even if you are on the wrong side of 31; it makes no difference & in fact there is the greatest necessity, if you desire to be useful & happy. But perhaps you are, I would like to go very much, but I am so old & large they will laugh at me. Well let them laugh, if they will, but they will not gain much by it in the end, by permitting such a trifle & the scorn of \_\_\_\_\_ prevent you from becoming intelligent.

Now as you have had an invitation to return to school, we hope you will accept & I must bid you adieu for the present, hoping myself to meet you at the appointed time in our old familiar seats at Linden Wood. – Deborah.

---

Anyone desirous of doing good will find a favorable opportunity in the reformation of the birds who visit Aunt Mary's raspberry bushes. A little moral suasion would not be lost upon them in setting forth the evils of petit larceny. Azile.

---

Married – On the 25<sup>th</sup> of May by the Rev. Mr. Ebert, Mr. N. C. Orear to Miss Lucinda Remon. As an editor we most heartily congratulate Mr. Orear for we have experienced the value of a partner in that responsible station & hope he likewise may find his joys doubled & his care divided. We thank the fair bride for the large share of cake she was so kind as to present & hope she may enjoy herself much during her absence from the City of St. Charles & find that as much as she has added to her name so she has added to her happiness now and forever.

---

### Man is designed for activity

Everything about man tends to prove that he is designed for a life of activity. How could he exist under his present organization if he was not constantly & actively employed, does it not require exertion for him to obtain sustenance. It requires action for him even to breathe & indeed his whole body must be constantly in motion during his working hours, or he is soon miserable, & if it should cease immediate death would ensue. It requires action for him to gain nourishment to sustain life, for he cannot without some effort receive his food much less prepare it & experience proves that in the exercise of his organs & talents lies the means of his happiness. He cannot remain as does that immovable stone without action; he has a mind given him to be cultivated & it requires exertion to accomplish this important end. In observing this law of his nature he receives a rich reward in the increasing strength of his body & expansions of the powers of his mind. Time is given him in which to improve his situation, & it is designed that he should be active & energetic & let each day bring some new proof of his activity & that it has been rightly employed. Where would be the arts & sciences if man was not

industrious? What would each succeeding generation have to improve upon if those who passed before it lay dormant & barely exercised enough to sustain life.

Actions is the habitual state of nature. If the winds did not blow how could commerce be carried on; the ships would remain motionless & we would be perfectly ignorant of all except in our own immediate neighborhood. Nature too could not carry on some of her most important operations if it did not blow & everything around us which appears so beautiful would be without existence, for activity is what causes daily progress.

If the waters of the ocean were not in motion what would be the effect, would they not become stagnant & the many fish & other animals to which it furnishes a home would cease to live and it by becoming inactive would destroy the whole earth, for it is its motion & activity which keeps it in its proper bed and its exaltations refreshes and purifies the earth.