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NUMBER I.

## Poet's Corner.

### THE PALACE OF IMAGINATION.

BY FRANCIS FULLER BARRITT.

Full of beauty, full of art and treasure,  
Is the Palace where my soul was bound;  
Filled harmoniously with every pleasure  
Sweet to sense, or exquisite of sound.

Light whose softness rival summer shadows—  
Shadows only softer than the light,  
Like those clouds that dapple the June meadows,  
Make its chambers rarely dark and bright

Nightingales are nested in its bowers;  
Usen singers' the fragrant air;  
Fountains drop their musical, cool shadows  
Into basins alabaster fair.

Ancient myths are stored here in marble,  
Basis of poets' people every nook—  
Forms so like the living, that the warble  
Of their voices thrills you as you look.

Rate of allusions of times and ages,  
Wrought by inspiration of high art,  
Live in sculptural, speak from guided pages,  
Through which the soul is everlastingly

In the Palace did my soul awaken,  
From what Past it thirated not to know,  
With the bright existence it had taken,  
Wandering, tranceed—like Cherubim  
aglow.

Till, from dreaming, rose unquiet fancies—  
Frightful phantoms glided in and out:  
Gnomes and ghouls read of in old romances,  
Haunted all its shadowy halls about!

Then my soul sat with avorted vision,  
Cold and pallid in a nameless fear,  
Seeing with inward eyes a new elysian  
Dream of pleasure, inaccessible here.

And she uttered, slinking deep and sadly,  
"Here, tho' all is fair, yet all is cold;  
I would change my matchless Palace gladly  
For one hour of life in Love's warm fold."

This she said, and straight the sapphire air  
In the Palace, rosy grew, and gold;  
Statues pale, and pictures heavenly fair,  
Dashed and breathed like forms of earthly  
mold.

Happy laughter with the spherics mingled,  
Sweet young voice murmured Love's soft  
words;

Lightning rays along my soul's nerves (tingled  
Till it fluttered like its young broad birds

Now my soul no longer pale or pining,  
With sweet mirth makes its rare Palace  
sound;  
Golden light thro' every shadow shining,  
Shows the beauty lying waste around.

### TRAINING CHILDREN.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"Train up a child in the way he should go,  
and when he is old he will never  
depart from it."

In looking through this corner of the  
world, and measuring children and poe-

ple generally, (by my own standard of  
perfection, of course,) I often meet with  
those who seem not to have been "trained  
up in the way they should go," or, if they  
have, the old proverb is untrue, for they  
certainly have "departed" from behavior.  
Therefore, for the benefit of anybody who  
can profit therefrom, I make the follow-  
ing remarks relative to the proper "train-  
ing" of children.

First, *Crying* is one of the most im-  
portant points in the discipline. It ex-  
pands the lungs, strengthens the abdomi-  
nal muscles, gives force to the vocal or-  
gans, sweetens the temper, and imparts a  
most beautiful expression to the counte-  
nance, especially while the child is giving  
his undivided attention to the matter in  
hand. Then, by all means, teach your  
child to *cry lustily* on all occasions. This  
can be done at an early period and in  
the following manner. Whenever he  
makes a request, affect not to hear it un-  
til he has repeated it a dozen times, more  
or less, at or before which time his pa-  
tience will become exhausted—he will be  
somewhat angry at your want of atten-  
tion, and in nine cases out of ten he will

repeat it a sufficient length of time, you can with  
propriety grant his request. Another  
mode of producing the same result. When  
your child asks for anything, say, "Yes,  
dear, in a minute," but don't be so stupid  
as to go and get him what he wanted  
until he has asked again and again, and  
you have tormented him for at least half  
an hour, with "Yes, darling, mother will  
in a minute." By this time the child  
will so get his voice as to make it com-  
mand attention. Teach him that he can  
have *anything*, even his father's razor or  
the looking-glass, by crying the required  
length of time for it. When he asks for  
something that you do not wish him to  
have, say, "No, sonny can't have it." Then  
if his previous training has been  
proper he will scream bewitchingly, and  
stamp his pretty feet in sublime rage till  
the whole house, from cellar to garret,  
vibrates with his music. Then, to pre-  
vent your cranium from being exploded  
by the multiplicity of ornamental notes,  
you must grant his request, whatever it  
may be.

Second, *Whip him*. "Spare the rod  
and spoil the child." Give him a good,  
sound thrashing periodically—say once a  
week—but be sure that you *threaten* to  
whip him at least a dozen times every day.  
Box his ears occasionally. It makes his  
brain active; that is, it makes him think,  
(if he don't say it.) "Old woman, when  
I'm big enough, I'll pay you for this." Whipping  
him when he offends you teaches him a very important lesson, viz.,  
to strike his little sister when she offends  
him, for his young mind reasons upon the  
matter thus:—"If father and mother  
whip me when they think I'm naughty, I  
have a right to whip sister and my play-

mates when I know they are naughty." Children  
have a great desire to do as "big  
folks" do. "The spirit of imitation is  
contagious." So by all means whip your  
child. Another very good way of teach-  
ing him the beauty of being revenged on  
whenever offends him is this,—(which can  
be taught him at an earlier age than the  
foregoing)—when he happens to hurt  
himself with any of his playthings, take a  
whip and chastise said offending toy,  
severely, for being so naughty as to hurt  
"muzzy's precious darlin'." This has a  
very beautifying effect upon the mind of  
the child, and is also extremely soothing  
to his bodily pain.

Third, *Scold him*—scold him unmercifully  
at least once an hour. Call him "a  
dirty little pig"—"a vagabond"—"a tor-  
ment"—and all the little hard names you  
can think of. It gives him a very exalted  
opinion of your true dignity of char-  
acter, elevates his mind above the low  
vulgarity of the world, and makes him  
feel that his mother sets her heart upon  
him. Be sure that you scold and whip  
him for his smallest misdeed, letting  
the larger ones go unnoticed, or reminding  
him of them only in a general way. This  
course inspires him with lofty ideas of  
justice and equity.

Fourth, *Teach him obedience*, i. e.,  
"make him mind" once in a while, say  
once in four or five weeks. That is often  
enough. It is injurious to conquer a  
child too often.

Finally, *Keep him eating*—every hour  
in the day have him gormandizing some-  
thing.—This will keep his stomach and  
other digestive organs in a continual com-  
motion, which will greatly facilitate his  
crying, lubricate the joints of his defen-  
sive apparatus, and make him amiably  
disagreeable in general.

A. MOTHER.

Out West, July, 1858.

### THE ART OF THINKING.

To think clearly is among the first re-  
quirements of a public teacher. The fac-  
ulty may be improved, like other facul-  
ties of the mind and body. One of the  
best modes of improving in the art of  
thinking, is to think over some subject be-  
fore you read upon it, and then to observe  
after what manner it has occurred to the  
mind of some great master; you will then  
observe whether you have been too rash or  
too timid, in what you have exceeded,  
and by this process you will insensibly  
catch a great manner of viewing questions.  
It is right to study, not only, to think,  
but from time to time to review what has  
passed; to dwell upon it, and to see what  
trains of thought voluntarily present them-  
selves to your mind. It is a most super-  
ior habit of some minds, to refer all the  
particular truths that strike them to other  
truths more general; so that their knowl-  
edge is beautifully methodized, and that