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The Shenandoah Valley
In History and Literature
The Shenandoah Valley in History and Literature

Compiled by John W. Wayland, Ph.D.

Published at the request of

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THE NORMAL BULLETIN

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INTRODUCTION

At the request of the Co-operative Education Association of Virginia, this bulletin is published as a contribution from the State Normal School for Women, at Harrisonburg, to the "Know Virginia Series" to be used in the Citizen's Reading Course conducted by the Association. The school is glad to have this opportunity to co-operate in the excellent work which the Association is doing.

The compilation of the bulletin has been done by Dr. John W. Wayland, Professor of History and Social Sciences in this institution and author of "The German Element of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia" and "A History of Rockingham County, Virginia."

The several selections, in both prose and verse, relate to subjects that are typical and interesting. They not only present facts of historical or literary value, but they also indicate fairly, though inadequately it must be admitted, what attention this section of Virginia has received at the hands of various writers in different parts of the country. For example, among the authors quoted, Dr. Francis Orrery Ticknor was a Georgian, Thomas Buchanan Read was a Pennsylvanian and a citizen of the world, and the book by Henry Howe was published at Charleston, South Carolina.

The Shenandoah Valley is so rich in history and literature, as well as in beautiful scenery and more material wealth, that it would of course be easy to find other selections from other writers as well as from those here represented. It is believed, however, that those chosen for this purpose are representative; and the limits of the bulletin do not permit that others be used. The several selections are arranged in historical order as far as possible.

It is hoped that readers of this little pamphlet will be tempted to go to the sources for a deeper draught of the beauty, history and romance which this most blessed section of Virginia has provided.

JULIAN A. BURRUS, President
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CONTENTS</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sir Fontaine’s Ride</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Pioneers of the Massanutten Country</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Pioneers of Augusta</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington at Winchester</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pioneer Sports</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rising</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boating on the Shenandoah River</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“Gabriel” and Others</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Battle of Harrisonburg</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Virginians of the Valley</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kagey—“The Good Man”</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sir Fontaine's Ride
Or, The Knight of the Golden Horse-shoe

A New Year's Story

I.

In those dim days so long gone by,
When old Virginia lay
A sylvan wilderness between
The Blue Ridge and the Bay,
Sir Spotswood fresh from Blenheim came,
With knightly scars and well-earned fame.

He builded near Germanna Ford
A little house of prayer;
A village, and a fortress, too,
Sir Spotswood founded there;
In good King George's name, the land
He ruled with firm, but knightly hand.

He gathered round him noble men,
Brave, daring, kind and true;
He dubbed them knight, and gave to each
A badge—a gold horse-shoe;
And bound them with a mighty oath
Liegemen to King and country both.

No one upon his scarlet coat
Might wear the golden shoe
Till he could prove that he had crossed
The Apalachian blue,
And drank, upon some rugged height,
King George's health on New Year's night.

And one John Fontaine, bless his name!
When he was made a knight
Swore he would climb some mountain peak
Each coming New Year's night,
And through the tangled forest ride
Seven days, each year, from Christmas-tide.

"So let it be!" Sir Spotswood said,—
"A fearful vow is thine;
Two golden shoes to thee I'll give,—
One hath a charm divine;
The very dead will own its sway
When once pinned fast to blue and gray."

(4)
These noble Knights Tramontane rode
On many a wild foray,
Did battle with the Indian tribes
In fierce and bloody fray,
And year by year they slowly pressed
The savage hordes toward the West.

Near twice a hundred years have fled
Since their wild deeds were done,
And they have passed with all the dead
Beyond life's setting sun;—
No chronicle is left to tell
The fate unknown that each befell.

"Tis said that ere Sir Fontaine died
His charmed horse-shoe was lost,
And that upon his dying bed
Uneasily he tossed
And moaned aloud: "I dread the day
When that shoe rests on blue and gray!"

But what he meant none ever knew,
And so Sir Fontaine died—
But it was held in after years
That on the Christmas-tide
His spirit on his coal-black steed
Rode through the land with fearful speed.

II.
Long years went by, and near Mine Run
Stern Stonewall's legions lay,
In that wild time when battle's tide
Rolled o'er the Blue and Gray;
And filled our sunny land, in vain,
With tears and blood, and heaps of slain.

His weary legion lay and slept
Upon the frozen ground,
Whilst round the camp the sentries kept
Their silent, watchful round,
While winter winds sang shrill and clear
A requiem o'er the dying year.

Upon the morn of that strange day
A trooper Gray had found
A little casket made of steel,
With copper linkets bound;
Safe in his cartridge-box he placed
The trinket with foreboding haste.

Upon the outposts of that camp,
Beside a dying fire,
The trooper broke that casket strange,
Impatient with desire:—
And lo! within a small horse-shoe
Pinned to a silken ribbon blue.
He turned it round—behold his prize,
   With precious gems inwrought;
A three-month's furlough scarcely then
   That trinket would have bought;
Upon his breast he pinned it fast,—
Then heard a fearful bugle blast.

   It smote his ear but not with fear
   For he was bold and brave,
And scarcely would have paled to see
   A dead man from his grave;
Yet once again upon the blast
   That bugle call went rushing past.

Then like a Northern streamer shone
   That horse-shoe on his breast,
Each spearate gem a glory threw
   In lines towards the West;—
And near him now, with eyes aglare,
   Two chargers snuffed the wintry air.

The one was black as death's dark plume,
   On whose broad back there sat
An olden knight in scarlet clad,
   With spur and plume and hat;—
The other steed was white as snow
   That gleams beside the rivers' flow.

"I am Sir Fontaine," spoke the knight,
   "Now mount in haste," said he,
"For thou shalt ride this New Year-tide
   Across the land with me,
And drink on yonder mountain height
   King George's health this New Year night."

Impatient neighed the white steed then;—
   The neigh prophetic rang,—
Into the saddle with a leap
   The startled trooper sprang,—
And then the chargers quick as light
   Flashed through the chambers of the night.

On, on they sped o'er hill and vale,
   Through flood and tangled fell,
But Sir John Fontaine seemed to know
   His way most wondrous well;
Whilst now and then a meteor cast
   A glamour on the scenes they passed.

Once by a ruined church they rode,
   Round which a churchyard lay:
Strange spectres stood among the graves
   In judgment-like array;
But not a word Sir Fontaine said
   As wilder, faster on they sped.
On, on they swept past Stanardsville,
Along the turnpike way
That leads through stony Swift Run Gap
Since good King George's day,—
And soon they gained the mountain's height,
And paused them in their maddened flight.

"Now right well ridden!" Fontaine said,
"A royal, knightly thing!
Dismount thee here and drink with me
Of this old mountain spring;
Drink the King's health and there shall be'
A sight this world no more shall see."

They drank the draught,—around them rose
A cloud of roseate light;
Then Fontaine grasped the trooper's hand
And cried, "Thou art a knight!
A royal knight for one brief day,
Yon charm is pinned to Blue and Gray!"

Then, like the summer's noonday sun,
That golden horse-shoe shone:
And over mountain, tow'r and cliff
A flood of light was thrown;—
And, ringing on the wintry tide,
Strange bugle blasts rang wild and wide.

Old knights from graves of long ago
Now gathered near the spring,
And drank as spirits only may
A health to George the King;
And turning on the trooper, cried:
'This is a merry New Year's ride!"

But when Sir Fontaine raised his hand
He broke the mystic spell,
And forth from heaven's blue, starry vault,
An awful meteor fell;
It smote the spring—then far and wide
Deep silence filled the midnight tide.

Next morn, 'tis said, a mountaineer
In chasing game that way,
Chanced by the ebbing spring to find
The dying trooper Gray,
Who told his tale—then closed his eyes
And passed beyond earth's wintry skies.

And now Sir Fontaine rides no more,
His soul at ease doth rest,
Or, in the distant Aiden rides
Upon some nobler quest;—
And with him passed, beyond the blue,
The long-lost charm—his gold horse-shoe,
The Pioneers of the Massanutten Country

[From the first edition of "The German Element of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia", by John W. Wayland, published in 1907.]

From the erection of Spottsylvania County in 1720, the whole country west of the Blue Ridge was considered as embraced within its limits, until the formation of Orange County, in 1734. From this date the valley sections and adjacent regions to the west continued a part of Orange till 1738, when the country west of the Blue Ridge was divided into Frederick and Augusta. The establishment of these two counties was provided for by an Act of Assembly of November, 1738; but the two districts were to remain parts of Orange County until the Governor and Council should decide that the number of inhabitants was sufficient to warrant the establishment of courts and the appointment of justices. It will be recalled, however, that as early as 1734 Jost Hite and others had been appointed magistrates for the regulation of local questions west of the mountains. In 1739 a petition was presented to Governor Gooch from the lower Valley, setting forth the hardships of going all the way, in some cases as far as a hundred miles, to Orange Court House to transact legal business, and praying that "ye sd: County of Frederica may immediately take place." To this petition was appended a list of fifty-two names. But it was not until 1743 that the request of the petitioners was complied with: the first session of court being held in Frederick County on November 11, 1743. Courts were established in Augusta County in 1745.

In September, 1744, an Act was passed providing for the surveying of the line between Frederick and Augusta, and for dividing the cost of the work between the citizens of the two districts. Frederick embraced all that is now Shenandoah, with a part of Page, Warren, Clarke, Frederick, and the West Virginia counties of Jefferson, Berkeley, Hampshire, and a part of Hardy. Augusta embraced Rockingham, with parts of Hardy, Pendleton, and Page, as well as the counties of Rockbridge, Botetourt, and the great country west, as far as anyone cared to venture. In November, 1753, an Act of Assembly provided, for the erection of Hampshire County from Frederick and Augusta. In February, 1772, Frederick County was further divided, and from it were erected the new counties of Berkeley and Dunmore, both of which were to be organized from May 15, 1772. Owing to the disfavor that Lord Dunmore brought upon himself early in the Revolutionary struggle, the people of Dunmore County would no longer endure the name. By an Act of Assembly of October, 1777, the name was to be changed to "Shanando" from and after February 1, 1778. "Shanando" came in time to be "Shenandoah." In October, 1777, Rockingham County and Parish were formed from Augusta.

It has already been observed that the large land grants obtained west of the lower Shenandoah River in 1729 and thereabout by Robert Carter, Mann Page, and other Englishmen from eastern Virginia kept the Germans out of what is now Clarke County, as well as from ad-
jacent sections, to a greater or less degree. Moreover, the immigrants were urged on still further south and west, in many cases, by the dispute between Lord Fairfax and Jost Hite. So they went in largest numbers beyond the English colonies on the lower Shenandoah, and beyond the debatable ground below the Massanutten Mountain, and thronged into what are now the counties of Shenandoah, Page, and Rockingham. They were checked before they reached the hills of Staunton by the strong lines of Scotch-Irish, rapidly forming and taking position in those quarters, in and after the year 1732. At a much later date many of the Germans out-flanked the defenders of Augusta and Rockbridge, and took advanced positions in what are now the counties of Botetourt, Roanoke, and Franklin; but with them we have not to do in this study.

Some of the earliest German settlements in the Valley were, as we have seen, in what are now Jefferson and Berkeley counties, West Virginia; but, upon the whole, the Germans have always been in the minority in the districts between Winchester and the Potomac. It is between Winchester and Staunton, therefore, in upper Frederick, western Warren, in Page, Shenandoah, Rockingham, and lower Augusta that we find the German strongholds. Woodstock, in early times, was doubtless very near the heart of the German communities; but in later times the center of population would likely be found further southwest, considerably nearer Harrisonburg. For, as time went on, the tide of immigration continued to roll slowly up the Valley. Many of the Scotch-Irish went further south and west; and the Germans steadily followed them.

From the Valley counties of Frederick, Shenandoah, and Rockingham, the German pioneers soon spread across the mountains westward into the valleys of the South Branch of the Potomac, and helped to build up the counties of Hampshire, Hardy, and Pendleton, in West Virginia. Some of the family names borne by this contingent were: Strader, Bowman, Hite, Minear, Stump, Snyder, Woolford, and Brake. On the eastern side of the Blue Ridge home-seekers from Germanna and adjacent colonies came up along the Robinson River in Madison County, and took positions very near to their kinsmen just beyond the mountain range. Sometimes they must have reminded one another that they were neighbors; and occasionally the religious leaders of the eastern side crossed the rugged barrier of nature and ministered to the shepherdless flocks along both branches of the Shenandoah. Among these early neighborly neighbors of Madison County were Yeagers, Utzs, Wielands, Huffmans, Zieglers, Zimmermans, Clores, Fleishmans, Kochs, Schmlts, and Blanchenbuchters.

At the present, one would be safe in saying that in the Valley counties of Frederick, Warren, and Augusta, about one-half of the people are of direct German descent, and bear German names; and that in the counties of Shenandoah, Rockingham, and Page from two-thirds to three-fourths are German. This does not mean, of course, that any considerable number of the people still use the German language, or that all of the German family names would at once be rec-
The Pioneers of Augusta

[From John Lewis Peyton's History of Augusta County, Virginia; published at Staunton in 1882 by Samuel M. Yost & Son.]

Among those whose attention was now directed to our Valley was John Lewis, who had been for some time in Pennsylvania, quietly awaiting the arrival from Europe of his wife and children. He had married Margaret Lynn, daughter of the Laird of Loch Lynn, who was a descendant of the chieftains of a once powerful clan in the Scottish Highlands. By this marriage he had four sons, three of them, Thomas, Andrew, and William, born in Ireland, and Charles, the child of his old age, born a few months after their settlement in their mountain home.

This remarkable man [John Lewis] was born in the north of Ireland, descended from a French-Protestant family, and was educated in Scotland. In Ulster, where he resided until fifty years of age, he commanded the confidence, respect, and esteem of the people, and occupied that position of influence, and took that leading part in society and county affairs, which had been traditionally the role of the O'Donnells, Chichesters and O'Doghertys. In youth he was of impetuous temper, but the varied experience of an active life had taught him to control his spirit. He was endowed with a high order of intellect, a valorous soul, and soon became noted for his virtuous principles. A deplorable affair, but one alike honorable to his spirit and manhood, terminated his career in Ireland.

He had been some time in America, when, in 1732, Joist Hite and a party of pioneers set out to settle upon a grant of forty thousand acres of land in the Valley, which had been obtained in 1730 by Isaac Vanmeter and his brother, by warrant from the Governor of Virginia [William Gooch]. Lewis joined this party, came to the Valley, and was the first white settler of Augusta.

The first settlers of Augusta were, for the most part, the descendants of the ancient Caledonians, who boasted that they had never been subjected to the law of any conqueror. They belonged to various Highland clans, and were strongly imbued with the prejudices, feelings, sentiments, etc., of their peculiar clans.

One of the circumstances connected with their condition as followers of a chieftain was, that every clan bore the name of their hereditary chief, and were supposed to be allied to him, in different degrees, by the ties of blood. This kindred band, or admitted claim of a common relationship, led to a freedom of intercourse highly flat-
tering to human pride, and communicated to the vassal Highlanders a sentiment of conscious dignity and a sense of natural equality. And every individual sought to show his attachment to his leader as the head of his family.

This feeling strongly exhibited itself in the Augusta colony, which, from intermarriages, soon assumed something of the character of a numerous and increasing family. The poorest preserved with pride the facts of this consanguinity, and whatever the distinctions of rank that may have arisen from the unequal acquisition of wealth, they mutually respected themselves and each other. The haughty back-woodsmen yielded a cheerful obedience to the head of the clan or colony, whom they regarded somewhat as a father, and who may be supposed to have exercised among them the authority of a judge in peace and of a leader in time of war.

Lewis, who had entered the wilderness alone, or at most with a single companion, and whose family afterwards joined him, must be presumed to have given law to those who subsequently assembled around him. When the number increased, these freemen, no doubt, joined together and framed a society as best pleased themselves, in which, we are sure, while they may have recognized the founder as head, they took care that such rules as they adopted were for the good of the governed and not the governor.

That the founder [John Lewis] was thus constituted the leader of the community until 1745 cannot be doubted. In 1745 he was placed at the head of the court, and continued in this position until he went down, nearly twenty years later, in peace to the grave.

From a motion made by the sheriff [in 1745], it appears that up to this time there had been no prison in the settlement or county—that for a period of nearly fifteen years this pious little community of Scotch and Irish Presbyterians had lived without bolts and bars.

Washington at Winchester

[From “Virginia, Its History and Antiquities,” by Henry Howe. This book, which is now rare, is highly prized for the detailed accounts it contains of the 118 counties of Virginia as they existed in the earlier half of last century. The following selection is taken from the division of the book that relates to Frederick County.]

Tradition informs us that the ground on the edge of the present site of Winchester was occupied by a large and powerful tribe of Indians, called the Shawnees, or Shawanees; and some springs at that point are called the Shawnee Springs at this day. The earliest accounts of the settlement of Winchester state that there were two houses on its present location as early as 1738, situated near the town run; but its establishment as a town commenced in February, 1752, in the 25th year of the reign of George II, when the General Assembly passed an “act for the establishment of the town of Winchester.” In 1758 it was enlarged in consideration of an additional quantity of
land being laid off in lots by Col. James Wood, now called in the plot of the town Wood’s addition. Trustees were then appointed, consisting of Lord Fairfax, Col. Martin, and others (vide Henning’s Statutes at Large, vol. 7 p. 135). Additions to the town were also made by Lord Fairfax. Col. Wood is therefore entitled to the honor of being the founder. Winchester is mentioned by General Washington as being one of the points in his route, in his celebrated mission, by order of Governor Dinwiddie, to the French authorities on the Ohio. He came from Alexandria to Winchester, where he procured baggage horses, etc. This was in November, 1753.

In the French and Indian warfare that succeeded, Washington fixed his headquarters at Winchester, which was then a frontier settlement, the North mountain, a few miles west of Winchester, being the boundary. From the fear occasioned by the attacks of the French and Indians, this place was almost the only settlement west of the Blue Ridge which range of mountains was, as late as 1756, the northwestern frontier. At that period, public stores, to a large amount, were deposited at Winchester for the frontier settlement. After the distinguished action at Great Meadows, July 4, 1754, Washington returned with his regiment to Winchester to recruit; soon after which he was joined by a few companies from Maryland and North Carolina; after which reinforcement they were ordered, by the lieutenant-governor, to march immediately over the Alleghany to drive the French from Fort Duquesne, or build one in its vicinity. After the disastrous defeat of Braddock, Washington, with the remains of the brave Virginia troops, retreated to Winchester. Upon the invasion of the frontiers by the French and Indians, Washington, then on his way to Williamsburg, the seat of government, was overtaken by an express, below Fredericksburg, with the intelligence that the French and Indians had broken in upon the frontier settlements, and were murdering and capturing women and children, burning houses, destroying crops, etc., and that the troops stationed among them were insufficient for their protection. He immediately hastened back to Winchester, where the utmost confusion and alarm prevailed. His attempts to raise the militia were unsuccessful. He sent urgent orders to the county lieutenants, east of the Blue Ridge, to hasten their militia to Winchester; but before these orders could be executed, the enemy, which had done so much injury and caused so much alarm, had re-crossed the Alleghany mountain. Col. Washington, after repeated ineffectual efforts to arouse the government to act on the offensive, and adopt a more efficient system of warfare, by sending a force sufficient to destroy Fort Duquesne, at length prevailed, and Gen. Forbes was ordered to undertake the campaign for its reduction. On the 24th of May, 1758, orders were issued to Washington’s regiment to rendezvous at Winchester, and be in readiness to march in 15 days. June 24, the Virginia troops, in pursuance to the orders they had received, moved in detachments from Winchester to Fort Cumberland, where they assembled early in July. Upon the reduction of Fort Duquesne—when its name was changed to Pitt, in honor of the then
British Minister—Col. Washington, after furnishing 200 men from his regiment to garrison the fort, marched the rest back to Winchester, whence he soon proceeded to Williamsburg to take his seat in the House of Delegates, of which he had been elected a member by the county of Frederick, while at Fort Cumberland.

During these contests a fort was built at Winchester, the remains of which are still visible at the north end of the principal street. In Henning's Statutes, vol. 7, page 33, we find the 16th clause of a law passed March, 1756, which refers to this fort, and the appropriation for its erection, in these words: "And whereas, it is now judged necessary that a fort should be immediately erected in the town of Winchester, county of Frederick, for the protection of the adjacent inhabitants against the barbarities daily committed by the French and their Indian allies; be it therefore enacted, that the governor, or commander-in-chief of the colony for the time being, is hereby empowered and desired to order a fort to be built with all possible dispatch, in the aforesaid town of Winchester; and that his honor give such orders and instructions for the immediate effecting and garrisoning the same, as he shall think necessary for the purpose aforesaid." The act also appropriates the sum of 1,000 pounds for carrying the above provision into effect. This fort was called Fort Loudoun, in honor of the British general, Lord Loudoun, who had been appointed to the command of the British troops in America.

It is stated in the History of the Valley, upon authority entitled to the highest respect, the gentleman furnishing the information referred to having been informed by Washington's officers, that Washington marked out the site of this fort and superintended its erection; that he bought a lot in Winchester, had a blacksmith shop erected on it, and brought from Mount Vernon his own blacksmith to make the necessary iron-work for the fort. The very spot is pointed out where Washington's own residence was situated. It is stated that his chamber was above the gateway of the fort, in a situation commanding a view of the principal street of the town. This fort covered an area of half an acre, and there is still much of its embankments and mounds remaining. There is also a well, from which water now rises to the surface, sunk through the solid rock 103 feet. The labor of throwing up this fort and sinking this well was said to have been performed by Washington's regiment. The fort contained a strong garrison; and it is stated, by one of the oldest inhabitants of Winchester, to have mounted six 18 pounders, six 12 pounders, six 6 pounders, 4 swivels, and 2 howitzers; and to this day grape-shot and cannon-balls are found there. These cannon were removed from Winchester early in the war of the revolution. This fort was said to have been once reconnoitred by a French officer, but never was attacked by the enemy.
Pioneer Sports

[From Doddridge's Notes, as printed in Kercheval's History of the Valley of Virginia.]

Many of the sports of the early settlers were imitative of the exercises and stratagems of hunting and war. Boys were taught the use of the bow and arrow at an early age; but although they acquired considerable adroitness in the use of them, so as to kill a bird or squirrel sometimes, yet it appears that in the hands of the white people, the bow and arrow could never be depended upon for warfare or hunting, unless made and managed in a different manner from any specimens of them which I ever saw.

In ancient times, the bow and arrow must have been deadly instruments in the hands of the barbarians of our country; but I much doubt whether any of the present tribes of Indians could make much use of the flint arrow heads, which must have been so generally used by their forefathers.

Firearms, whenever they can be obtained, soon put an end to the use of the bow and arrow; but independently of this circumstance, military, as well as other arts, sometimes grow out of date and vanish from the world. Many centuries have elapsed since the world has witnessed the destructive accuracy of the Benjaminites in their use of the sling and stone; nor does it appear to me that a diminution, in the size and strength of the aboriginals of this country, has occasioned a decrease of accuracy and effect in their use of the bow and arrow. From all the ancient skeletons which have come under my notice, it does not appear that this section of the globe was ever inhabited by a larger race of human beings than that which possessed it at the time of its discovery by the Europeans.

One important pastime of our boys was that of imitating the noise of every bird and beast in the woods. This faculty was not merely a pastime, but a very necessary part of education, on account of its utility in certain circumstances. The imitations of the gobbling and other sounds of wild turkeys often brought those keen-eyed and ever watchful tenants of the forest within reach of the rifle. The bleating of the fawn brought its dam to her death in the same way. The hunter often collected a company of mopish owls to the trees about his camp; and while he amused himself with their hoarse screaming, his howl would raise and obtain responses from a pack of wolves, so as to inform him of their neighborhood, as well as guard him against their depredations.

This imitative faculty was sometimes requisite as a measure of precaution in war. The Indians, when scattered about in a neighborhood, often collected together by imitating the turkeys by day and wolves or owls by night. In similar situations our people did the same. I have often witnessed the consternation of a whole neighborhood in consequence of a few screeches of owls. An early and correct use of this imitative faculty was considered as an indication that
its possessor would become in due time a good hunter and a valiant warrior.

Throwing the tomahawk was another boyish sport, in which many acquired considerable skill. The tomahawk, with its handle of a certain length, will make a given number of turns in a given distance. Say at five steps, it will strike with the edge, the handle downwards; at the distance of seven and-a-half steps, it will strike with the edge, the handle upwards; and so on. A little experience enabled the boy to measure the distance with his eye, when walking through the woods, and strike a tree with his tomahawk in any way he chose.

The athletic sports of running, jumping, and wrestling were the pastime of boys, in common with men.

A well-grown boy, at the age of twelve or thirteen years, was furnished with a small rifle and shot pouch. He then became a fort soldier, and had his port-hole assigned him. Hunting squirrels, turkeys, and raccoons soon made him expert in the use of his gun.

Dancing was the principal amusement of our young people of both sexes. Their dances, to be sure, were of the simplest forms—three and four handed reels and jigs. Contra-dances, cotillions, and minuets, were unknown. I remember to have seen, once or twice, a dance which was called “The Irish Trot;” but I have long since forgotten the figure.

Shooting at marks was a common diversion among the men, when their stock of ammunition would allow it, which, however, was far from being always the case. The present mode of shooting off-hand was not then in practice; it was not considered as any trial of the value of the gun, nor indeed as much a test of the skill of a marksman. Their shooting was from a rest, and at as great a distance as the length and weight of the barrel of the gun would throw a ball on a horizontal level. Such was their regard to accuracy, in those sportive trials of their rifles, and of their own skill in the use of them, that they often put moss or some other soft substance on a log or stump from which they shot, for fear of having the bullet thrown from the mark by the spring of the barrel. When the rifle was held to the side of a tree for a rest, it was pressed against it as lightly as possible for the same reason.

Rifles of former times were different from those of modern date; few of them carried more than forty-five bullets to the pound, and bullets of a less size were not thought sufficiently heavy for hunting or war.

Dramatic narrations, chiefly concerning Jack and the Giant, furnished our young people with another source of amusement during their leisure hours. Many of those tales were lengthy, and embraced a considerable range of incident. Jack, always the hero of the story, after encountering many difficulties, and performing many great achievements, came off conqueror of the Giant. Most of those stories were tales of knight-errantry, in which some captive virgin was released from captivity and restored to her lover.

These dramatic narrations concerning Jack and the Giant bore
a strong resemblance to the poems of Ossian, the story of the Cyclops and Ulysses in the Odyssey of Homer, and the tale of the Giant and Great-heart in the Pilgrim's Progress, and were so arranged as to the different incidents of the narration that they were easily committed to memory. They certainly have been handed down from generation to generation from time immemorial. Civilization has indeed banished the use of these ancient tales of romantic heroism; but what then? It has substituted in their place the novel and romance.

It is thus that in every state of society the imagination of man is eternally at war with reason and truth. That fiction should be acceptable to an unenlightened people is not to be wondered at, as the treasures of truth have never been unfolded to their mind; but that a civilized people themselves should, in so many instances, like barbarians, prefer the fairy regions of fiction to the august treasures of truth, developed in the sciences of theology, history, natural and moral philosophy, is truly a sarcasm on human nature. It is as much as to say, that it is essential to our amusement, that, for the time being, we must suspend the exercises of reason, and submit to a voluntary deception.

Singing was another but not very common amusement among our first settlers. The tunes were rude enough, to be sure. Robin Hood furnished a number of our songs; the balance were mostly tragical, and were denominated "love songs about murder." As to cards, dice, backgammon and other games of chance, we knew nothing about them. These are among the blessed gifts of civilization.

The Rising

[From the "Wagoner of the Alleghanies" by Thomas Buchanan Read (1822-1872). The place of the incident described in this selection was the staid old German village of Woodstock, in Shenandoah County; and the warlike preacher was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, who later became a general under Washington. The regiment of which Muhlenberg at first had command, and of which the Woodstock company formed a part, was known as the German Regiment. After Muhlenberg's promotion this regiment was commanded by Colonel Abraham Bowman of Frederick, a grandson of Jost Hite. It is possible that the martial scene herein described was re-enacted at Rude's Hill, New Market, and other places, where Muhlenberg was accustomed to hold religious services.]

Out of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame.  
Swift as the boreal light which flies  
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,  
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,  
And through the wild land everywhere  
The answering tread of hurrying feet,  
While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swell'd the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteem'd of gentle blood.
Pass'd mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came,
The stirring sentences he spake
Compell'd the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant King.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seem'd, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
The warrior priest had order'd so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seem'd the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! war! war!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answer'd, "I!"

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Boating on the Shenandoah River


All of us have heard or known of the days of "wagoning," when the farmer or his son would load the flour, bacon, or other products of his labor into the great wagon, and set out for Fredericksburg, Scottsville, Alexandria, or some other important market. It may not be generally known, however, that for many years hundreds of tons of flour, lumber, iron, and other articles of trade were taken down the Valley in boats on the main streams of the Shenandoah River. Concerning this river trade Mr. Richard Mauzy, a venerable citizen of McGaheysville, writes as follows:

Between 1830 and 1840 Zack Raines as leader, or "boss," with the sobriquet "Commodore," and a number of others made their living by boating to Harper's Ferry. There—the flour having been disposed of—the boats were sold for the lumber in their construction, and the boatmen would walk back to their homes.

The flatboats used were made of heavy undressed lumber, and were guided by rudders at each end. At the dams in the river, next to the shore, chutes were placed, constructed of strong timber, for the passage of the boats. When the rise in the river was sufficient, the boats would go over the dams.

An idea of the magnitude of this river trade from Port Republic and other points in the eastern part of the county [Rockingham] may be obtained from the following advertisement, which appeared in the Rockingham Register of January 16, 1841:

NOTICE.
The subscriber takes this method of informing his customers and the public, that he still continues the business of Boating Flour and other produce of this country to market; and, owing to the failure of crops, his terms hereafter will be—

(18)
For Flour taken from the neighborhood of Mt. Crawford to George-
town, $l.-25.
From Port Republic and his own neighborhood, fl.20.
And an additional charge of 12 1-2 cents per barrel when taken to
Baltimore. He will also deliver Flour at Harper's Ferry, on the Canal or
Rail-road, at $1.00 per barrel.

Having a saw-mill of his own, to enable him to build his own boats,
and having hands of his own to go with the water,—he will take Flour
from his own yard at $l.12 1-2 per barrel. All barrels delivered in good order
—no cooperage to be charged. Last season he and his hands took through
the Shenandoah locks 5,623 barrels. He was not forgotten when there was
a great deal of business to do, and he flatters himself that his customers
will not forsake him when there is a little to do. He avails himself of this
opportunity to return his thank to those who have heretofore encouraged
him in his business, and flatters himself that his long experience and suc-
cess in his business will enable him to give general satisfaction. He leaves
as security for his returns, 1,492 acres of real property, and between
and $4,000 worth of personal property. The public's humble servent,

JACOB SIPE.

This notice makes the fact obvious that Mr. Raines was not the
only man in the river trade worthy to be called "Commodore."
About twelve years ago a gentleman who signed himself "Gabriel" wrote an exceedingly interesting article on the subject before us for
the Page Courier, published at Luray, Va. We give herewith his ac-
count of old boating days on the Shenandoah.

The Shenandoah River used to be the great commercial highway of
this valley, and boating in those days gave employment to many men. My
first recollections of the river date back to the day that my father moved
on its banks near the old Columbia Bridge. The second day after we moved
my father and three uncles went up the river to the Furnace (now Shenan-
doh City) and in a few days we heard that the fleet was in Kite's dam;
so my grandmother took me to the High Rock to see the boats come
close to the bottom. Each boat was manned by six men, and when the boat broke
those on it were carried to such deep water that they had to swim. There
were eighteen boats in this fleet, and soon the men began to wade in and
gather the iron together in a pile. The broken boat was then taken to the
head and repaired, reloaded, and started on its way again. This was in
March, I think, so you can see that a river sailor had his perils and hard-
ships. William Lowry was, I think, the steersman on the broken boat.

Nearly all the boats were provided with tin horns about eight feet long,
and when they would start from stations on the river, all would blow. War
songs were the favorite tunes, and the music they made would make your
hair stand on end. These horns could be heard for five miles.

These boats were 8 1-2 by 76 feet. In low water they carried eight tons
and in flush water twelve tons of iron. Eight to twelve thousand feet of
lumber or 110 barrels of flour made a load. Iron was then worth $60 a
ton; lumber $1.80 to $2.25 per hundred; flour $8 a barrel. A great deal of
bark, hoop-poles, palls, shingles, posts, apples, brandy, potatoes and corn
were boated off also. Iron, flour, and lumber were the principal exports in
those days.

Boats sold at the Journey's end for from $18 to $25. Boatsmen got
from $14 to $15 for the trip. It generally took from five to seven days to
make the trip—three or four to take the boat down, and two or three to
walk back.

The stations along the river had names just like our railroad stations.
Here are some of them: Starting at Shenandoah, we came first to Welfley's
Mill, then William Kite's Mill, Roland Kite's Mill, and so on, each of which
all the way down the river old boatsmen and residents along the river will
remember.

The deepest water in the river those days between Port Republic and
Harper's Ferry was at Gray Horse Eddies, below Castleman's Ferry. [Cas-
tleman's Ferry is in Clarke county.]

The last three boats that ever went down the river were built for
The Battle of Harrisonburg

[From “Surry of Eagle’s-Nest,” by John Esten Cooke. The author of this and so many other historical romances was born near Winchester in 1830, and died near the same city in 1886.

The following selection is deemed appropriate here for several reasons. The author was a native and long resident of the Shenandoah Valley; the exploits of Ashby and Surry centered largely in the valley; and the battle of Harrisonburg, memorable from the death of Ashby, was fought almost upon the grounds of the institution by which this booklet is published.]

The Fifty-eighth Virginia was to charge the enemy in front, while the First Maryland, formed upon its left, was to turn the Federal right, pour a cross-fire upon them, and then charge with the bayonet.

In three minutes line of battle was formed, and everything ready for the attack.

Ashby placed himself, still on horseback, at the head of the Fifty-eighth Virginia, which resembled a small battalion rather than a regiment, and Colonel Johnson gallantly advanced at the head of the Marylanders on the left.

I shall never forget the appearance of the landscape at this moment. In front was a wheat field waving with ripe grain, over which rippled long shadows as the wind swept it; and beyond extended the heavy foliage of the woodland, mellowed by the golden light of the calm June evening. The sun was slowly sinking behind a bank of orange clouds; the serene canopy of soft azure, touched with gold, stretched overhead. It was hard to believe that this beautiful landscape, where seemed to reign the very genius of repose, was about to become the theatre of a fierce and sanguinary conflict.

That conflict was not delayed. Ashby found his plan of flanking and surprising the enemy completely thwarted; but there they were before him—they had thrown down the challenge—and he was not the man to refuse it.

Stern, obstinate “fight” was in his bronze face and sparkling eyes, as he rapidly threw forward his line toward the fringe of bushes on the edge of the woods, where the enemy were concealed; and, in an instant, the action commenced.

It speedily began to rage with extraordinary fury. The Fifty-eighth Virginia poured volley after volley into the undergrowth, where, lying behind a fence, the Federal line awaited their attack; and from the left was heard the hot fire of the Marylanders, rapidly advancing to turn the Federal flank.

They now saw their danger, and opened a rapid and destructive fire both upon the Virginians and Marylanders, in front and flank.
The undergrowth blazed with musketry; a continuous roar reverberated through the woods; and the enemy—the Pennsylvania “Bucktails,” Colonel Kane—met the attack upon them with a gallantry which proved that they were picked troops.

Ashby continued to advance on horseback at the head of the Virginians, waving his sword and cheering them on; and Colonel Johnson pressed forward, pouring a hot fire into the enemy’s flank. The latter had now gotten so close, and was in so favorable a position for a final charge, that Ashby saw the moment had come for the bayonet.

At that instant his appearance was superb. He was riding a bay horse—the same ridden by Jackson at the first battle of Manassas—and as he reined in the excited animal with one hand, and pointed with the sword in his other to the enemy, his dark face was full of the fire of battle, his eyes blazed, and in his voice, as clear and sonorous as the ring of a clarion, spoke, as it were, the very genius of battle.

I think of him often as I saw him at that moment, charging, with unconquerable spirit, at the head of his men.

The Marylanders were almost in contact with the enemy when Ashby ordered the men of the Fifty-eighth to cease their fire, and close upon the enemy with the bayonet.

“Virginians, charge!” came ringing from his lips, when a bullet suddenly pierced his horse’s chest, and, advancing a few yards, the animal reeled and fell.

Ashby was upon his feet in a moment, and, pointing with his sword to the Federal line, now not more than fifty yards distant, continued to cheer on the men—when all at once I saw him stagger. A bullet had penetrated his breast, and I caught him in my arms, just as he was falling.

“You are wounded!” I exclaimed.

“I am done for, Surry,” he replied, faintly; then extending his arm, while I saw the pallor of death overspread his features, he murmured:

“Tell my Virginians to press them with the bayonet!”

His head fell back as he spoke, and I laid him on the ground, supporting his shoulders upon my breast.

“I told you—last night—but it is a good death!” he murmured. At that instant the shouts of the Southerners told that they had driven the enemy before them, and were hotly pursuing them through the woods.

“What is that?” exclaimed Ashby, half rising, with a flush upon his face.

“The enemy are flying.”

A sudden light flashed from his eyes, he tried to rise, but fell back in my arms.

“Tell them I died in harness, fighting to the last!” he exclaimed—and, as the words left his lips, he expired.

Such was the death of Ashby, “the Knight of the Valley.”
The Virginians of the Valley

[By Francis Orrery Ticknor (1832-1874), author of “Little Giffen of Tennessee,” who seems to have caught the intoxicating charm of this Valley Beautiful, for not only in the main selection herewith presented does he admit the spell—in other pieces also he gives fine acknowledgment. For example we may cite the following, the first of his three stanzas on General Lee:

“'This wondrous valley! hath it' spells
And golden alchemies—
That so its chalice splendor dwells
In these imperial eyes?'”]

The Knightliest of the Knightly race,
That since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
The kindliest of the kindly band
That rarely hated ease!
That rode with Raleigh round the land,
With Smith around the seas.

Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The Lily and the Rose!
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth;
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth!

We thought they slept; the men who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered, while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires!
But aye! the golden horse-shoe Knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
But not a Knight asleep.

Kagey—“The Good Man”

[From “Idothea, or The Divine Image,” by Joseph Salyards. Salyards was born near Front Royal, Warren County, Virginia, in 1808, and died at New Market, Shenandoah County, in 1874. From poverty and obscurity he rose, by patient toil and phenomenal intellect, to eminence and honor. For many years he was a renowned teacher in the Shenandoah Valley, especially at New Market. Here, in 1874, from the press of Henkel, Calvert & Company, he published his collected poems, which won attention in both England and America.]

Come, meekest virgins of the vale,
With silent step and votive tear,
With cypress boughs and pansies pale—
Your Abdil is sleeping here.  

(22)
From Pennsylvania's epic shades,
Where first the paths of life he trod,
Sweet Ephratah, thy vestal maids,
Bedew this consecrated sod:—
What Ephrah that the prophets knew,
On holier ground its shadow threw?

Come see where now the mantling snow,
One spot with whitest swell invests;
Here with his children deep below,
In silent happiness he rests.
Ay, purer than the snow that heart,
Which meekly lies unthrobbing here;
More undefiled the god-like part
He bore in our precarious sphere,
And deathless in our souls shall be
The fragrance of his memory.

The breezes of suspriing Spring
From Massanutten's side shall blow,
Around this spot their incense fling,
And sigh in holy whispers low;
For while with joyful haste he trod
Yon deepening dale and arduous hill,
The conscious, all-pervading God
Engrossed his soul-felt whispers still,
And still the airs of hill and plain
Effusions from his lips retain.

In yonder lane the widow lorn,—
Naomi of our heartless years,—
Leans o'er her orphans every morn,
And yields to unavailing tears;
For he whose voice had soothed so long
Sad memory's unobtrusive sigh,
Whose hand secured from reckless wrong,
Whose bosom bled at sorrow's cry,
He too has left our wintry shore,—
He hears the sufferer plead no more.

Ah, never down the rocky vale
She hastes to meet her orphans more;
Shares the warm kiss and lifts the pall,
White-wreathed with sweetness from his store.
No more the fatherless from play
Shall run with lisping joy to tell,—
"The good man brings his gifts today;
Come see his white locks in the dell."
Deep Death hath wrapped in darkness now
The honors of that reverend brow.

Long years through flood and beating storm,
The messenger of life divine,
We saw his worn and wasting form
Expanding still his blest design;
Age came with mortal omens sere,
Keen Pain, and Blindness, and Decay;
Though clouded in his high career,
The glorious watchman spurned delay;
Through dark'ning years, wrapt echo rung
The dictates of his fervent tongue.

And when from each familiar aisle,
Inveterate Time his feet withdrew,
E'en strangers paused to share his smile,
And learn submission sweet and true.
As ling'ring years subdued his frame,
Still warmer grew the whispered prayer;
Till silence o'er his chamber came;
The shadow of White Death was there;
Wan daughters ceased their watch to keep,
And strangers turned away to weep.

Cease, meekest virgins of the vale!
Dim not with tears your Abdiel's tomb;
Fond spirit of the choral gale,
Thy starlit wing of Faith resume!
He has rejoined the countless throng,
That glow in unapparent space;
Sweet on his lips triumphant song,
Ethereal beauty on his face,
And radiant with immortal youth,
He wings the realms of love and truth.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

All who read this pamphlet as a part of the Citizen's Reading Course of the Co-operative Education Association of Virginia, are requested to fill in the blank below, tear out the same, and mail it to Mr. J. H. Binford, Executive Secretary, Richmond, Virginia. The object is to have some way of checking up the reading course.

Mr. J. H. Binford, Executive Secretary,
Co-operative Education Association of Virginia,
Richmond, Virginia.

Dear Sir:

I have read the pamphlet entitled "The Shenandoah Valley in History and Literature", and desire a copy of the next bulletin in the Reading Course series.

(Signed) ............................................

(Post-office) ........................................
The school year is divided into four quarters of about twelve weeks each, any three of these, whether consecutive or not, counting as one full year. Students are admitted at any time during the quarter, but it is best to begin at the opening, March 22. The arrangement for spring and summer work enables a teacher to attend the school three, four-and-a-half, or six months, consecutively, between her school terms. Full credit is allowed on courses for certificates and diplomas for satisfactory work completed in the spring and summer. An excellent opportunity is offered for thorough preparation for the State Examinations, more time can be devoted to the work than in the ordinary short term summer school, the classes are smaller, the equipment is better, and regular Normal School methods are followed.

Instruction will be offered in the Spring Quarter in all of the subjects required in the State Examinations, and in numerous other branches. A number of special classes will be formed for students entering at this time. Students will be allowed to enter any classes in which they may profit by the instruction, no entrance examination being required. A special effort will be made to meet the needs of rural school teachers and of those who need a better knowledge of the fundamentals in the various branches of public school work, with a view to taking the State Examinations or preparing for better work in the schoolroom.

State Examinations

In preparing for the examinations the best plan is to attend the full Spring Quarter and then the summer term, as this gives about four-and-a-half months preparation. In view of the fact that it is usually advisable to divide the examinations, taking a part in the Spring and the remainder in the Summer, special provision will be made this year to prepare for the Spring Examinations, which may be taken in Harrisonburg, April 21, 22 and 23.
Special Five-weeks Term

March 22 to April 23. No Tuition Fee. Registration Fee, $1.00.
Board for term, including completely furnished room, lights, heat, food, laundry, etc., $20.00.
Drills will be given in subjects required on the State Examinations. No special preparation required for entrance.
Students may continue their work through the remaining six weeks of the Spring Quarter, securing further preparation for the Summer Examinations, by paying the remainder of the charge for registration and board for the quarter. (Registration Fee, $1.00, and Board, $25.00).

Expenses For Full Quarter

March 22 to June 8. No Tuition Fee. Registration Fee, $2.00.
Board, including completely furnished room, lights, heat, food, laundry, etc., at the rate of $1.5 per month, three school months being counted in the quarter, making $45.00 for the entire time.
Textbooks may be brought by students or purchased at low rates at the school supply-room.

Living Arrangements

On account of the large number of students already in attendance, no places are available in the dormitories on the school grounds, but the school has rented a considerable number of rooms in private homes in the immediate neighborhood, where students may lodge and take their meals in the school dining-room. All rooms are completely furnished, and the rate for board is the same as for students rooming on the grounds. In some cases rooms and meals may be obtained in the same home. Prospective students are advised to write for room reservations at once, in order that we may know beforehand how many to expect.

Lectures and Entertainments

A number of interesting and profitable lectures and entertainments will be given during the quarter, entirely without cost to the students. Among these will be a recital by the celebrated violinist, Jules Falk, and a series of three Shakespearian plays in the open-air auditorium by the Ben Greet Woodland Players, a company of great renown. The exercises of Commencement come at the end of this quarter.
Courses Offered

In addition to the drill classes given during the special five-weeks term as stated above, the following courses will be given, each continuing throughout the quarter. Each course is a unit in itself and may be taken by students entering at this time. No entrance examinations or high school units are required unless the student registers for a regular normal school course leading to a diploma. Courses marked thus, * are especially adapted to prepare for the State Examination.

*School Management and Hygiene; *Methods in Reading; Principles of Teaching; Methods in History and Number; Rural School Problems; Child Psychology; Songs, Games and Plays for Primary Grades. *Spelling; *Grammar and Composition; American Literature. *Physical Geography.

*American History; *English History; Ethics; Rural Sociology. Beginners’ Sewing; Beginners’ Cooking; Home Nursing. *Elementary Drawing; Primary Handwork; Grammar Grade Handwork.


*Physiology and Hygiene; Geology; Elementary Science Methods. General Course in Physical Education for Beginners (no uniform suit being required); Athletics; Games and Plays. School Gardening; Poultry-raising and Bee-culture.

In addition to the above the following courses of a more advanced character are open to students with the requisite amount of preparation in the respective subjects:

Philosophy of Education; Observation of Teaching; Practice Teaching. Advanced English Literature; Methods of Teaching Language. Methods of Teaching Geography. Advanced Civil Government. Advanced Sewing and Textiles; Dressmaking; Millinery; Costume Design; Advanced Cooking; Food Production and Manufacture; Theory and Practice of Teaching Household Arts; Practice Teaching in Household Arts. Elementary Woodworking; Furniture Construction; Advanced Drawing; Practice Teaching in Manual Arts. Advanced Algebra; Geometry; Methods of Teaching Arithmetic. Methods in School Music; Advanced School Music. Chemistry; Household Chemistry; Physics.
Summer Quarter

The Summer Session begins June 14, 1915. It is divided into two terms of thirty working days each. First Term, June 14 to July 23. Second Term, July 26 to August 30.

Courses are offered in all subjects for:
1. Professional Elementary Certificate—Primary Grades.
3. First, Second and Third Grade Certificates.

Work done during the summer is given full credit toward the regular diplomas and certificates of the Normal School. Opportunity is also offered students to remove deficiencies in their regular courses at the school or in preparation for entrance to such courses. Special attention is called to the fact that those desiring to do so may remain for a second term and secure a full quarter's credit.

The cost of attendance is comparatively low.

A large array of courses, in addition to the required subjects for certificates, is offered.

The special Summer Session Catalog will be ready in March and a copy will be sent upon request.

For further information concerning the school, address

JULIAN A. BURRUSS, President,
Normal Station, Harrisonburg, Virginia.