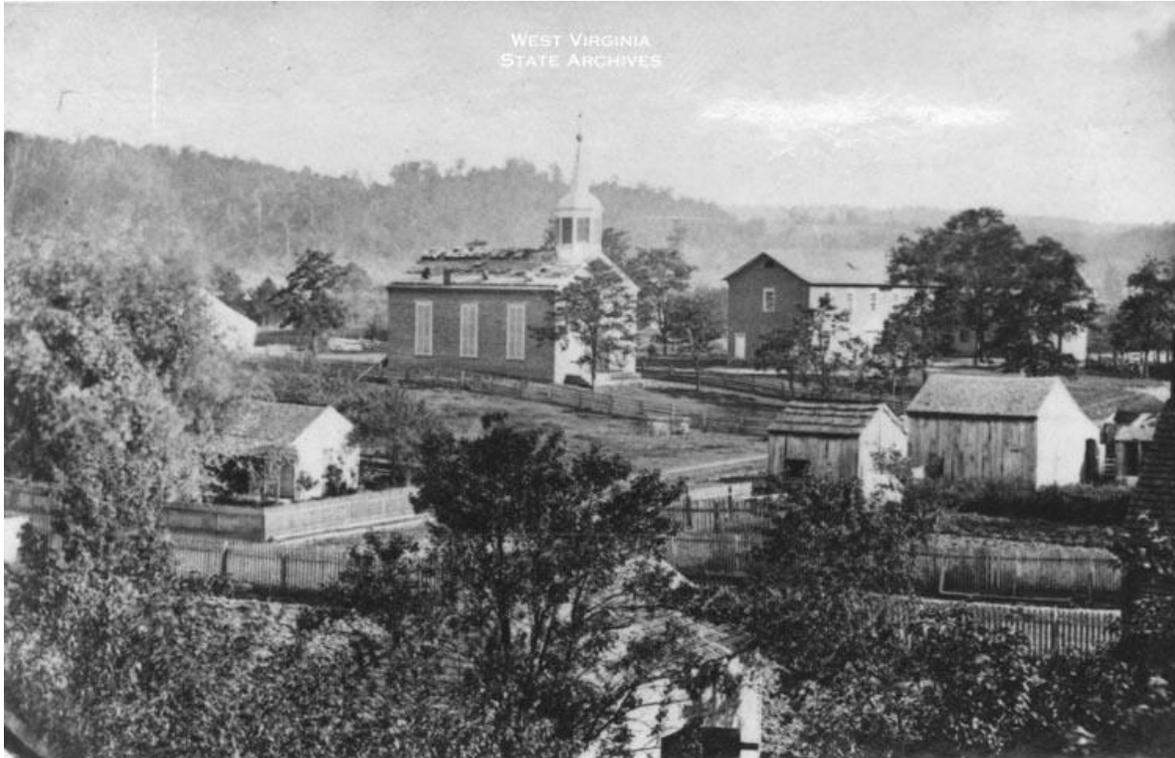


ON THIS DAY IN WEST VIRGINIA HISTORY APRIL 2



The Virginia General Assembly passed an act incorporating the town of Buffalo on April 2, 1839.

CSO: SS.8.20, SS.8.13, SS.8.14, ELA.8.1

Investigate the Document: (Flyer, Buffalo High School Play, 1929, Sc83-20; Advertisement, Buffalo Academy and Seminary, Sc91-39; *Wreath of the Kanawha Valley*, 1858, Sc91-39)

1. The Acts of the General Assembly of Virginia (1839) state that Buffalo was to be incorporated into what county? What county is it located in presently?
2. What river runs parallel to the town of Buffalo?

Think Critically: Why do you think the site of present-day Buffalo was home to Paleo-American Indians? What do you think they had at their disposal as an abundant food source?

**THE
JUNIOR CLASS
OF
Buffalo High School
PRESENTS
"CYCLONE SALLY"**

A Comedy In 3 Acts

**Saturday Night, May 4 at
8 P. M., and
Monday Night, May 6, 1929,
At 7:30 P. M.**

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ADMISSION:

ADULTS,	-	-	-	35c
STUDENTS	-	-	-	25c

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUFFALO ACADEMY AND SEMINARY.

W. R. BOYERS, A. M., PRINCIPAL.
Miss C. STARK, ASSISTANT.
MRS. M. PITRAT, TEACHER OF
MUSIC AND PAINTING.

THE Summer Session of this Institution commences April 21st, and the Winter Session October 6th. Students are admitted at any time during the Session. The Course of Instruction is thorough, and embraces all the branches necessary for qualifying Young Men to enter the Junior Class in College, and Young Ladies, all the branches a Seminary Course requires.

To place all the good qualities of Buffalo, and neighborhood, before the public, would require too much space. Suffice it to say, there are few places which possess more and better qualities, as the home of a Student, than Buffalo. A more generous, moral, and intelligent people do not live in America, or any where else. They have the cause of education at heart, and manifest it by their actions.

TERMS PER SESSION OF 20 WEEKS.

Tuition, Primary Department,	- - -	\$5 00
“ Intermediate “	- - -	10 00
“ Advanced “	- - -	15 00
Instruction on Piano (\$10 per 24 lessons),		
Per Session,	- - - - -	20 00
Use of Instrument (\$2 per qr.) Session,		4 00
French and German, (each)	- - -	10 00
Incidental Tax,	- - - - -	25

Grecian Oil Painting and Drawing, will be taught, at the usual Seminary prices.

Boarding can be had in the Village, and Country, at prices ranging from \$2 to \$2.50 per week, including Lights, Fuel, Washing, &c.

One-half of the bill must be paid when the Student enters, the remainder before removed.

No deduction for absence, except in cases of protracted illness.

No Student admitted, until the rules and regulations are complied with.

For further information, address any one of the Teachers, or Trustees, at BUFFALO, Putnam County, Virginia.

The Wreath of Kanawha Valley.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE STUDENTS OF BUFFALO ACADEMY AND SEMINARY.

DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

Oti monos a sophos plousios—Greek. *Quod honestum sit, id solum bonum esse*—Lat. *Nous brûlons de continuer nos études*—Fren. *Wir suchen nur das Wahre, Gute, Rechte*—German.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1858.

NO. II.

THE WREATH OF KANAWHA VALLEY.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

At Buffalo Academy and Seminary,
Buffalo, Putnam County, Virginia.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, 50 cents, payable strictly in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Business Cards, of not more than five lines, will be inserted one year, for \$5,—the number is limited.

Postage Stamps taken as subscription fee, for the Wreath.

All communications must be addressed to one of the Teachers of the Institution, at Buffalo, Putnam County, Va.

Poetry.

For the Wreath.

LINES.

I mean to go to Buffalo,
That sweet and healthy town,
There learning, in its purest form;
Is freely handed round;
My heart is vexed with me so,
To think I know no more,
I've now resolved to strike this blow,
Upon Kanawha's shore.
I've heard these elderly people say
If we would all forsake
Our native state of ignorance,
And with them all partake,
That they were standing on the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home,
At their own firesides.
I heard an old man say last night,
And this, he said to me,
"That education would some time
Dismiss all poverty."
So I from ignorance would escape,
And flee the wrath to come;
If there's a fiend in ghastly shape,
Then, Ignorance must be one.
A School we have in our midst,
Where numbers now do flock,
And learn to lip their A, B, C,
As well as *Hic, Hæc, Hoc*.
Now all young friends, who wish to learn,
A word to you I'll say:
Come on to school, and then subscribe
For the "Wreath of Kanawha Valley."
A NEW COMER.

Miscellany.

For the Wreath.

CHILDHOOD.

If there is any thing that can warm the chilled feelings and send the blood bounding through the veins of a sober person, that has reached the years of maturity, it must be sympathy with the joyous spirit of childhood. We can look back to the happy time when we were children, when

we were nursed so tenderly by a fond mother, who loved us with a never-dying affection. We knew no sorrow then; life was to us as a day of sunshine; our hearts were free from sin; the sense of enjoyment, which ever utters its voice in mirthfulness, is so strong within all children—there is such a fountain of pure unmingled joy, ever flowing from the heart to the lips—such a frank, honest manifestation of delight in the days of their childhood. We look on a group of merry children, with a feeling that would almost approach to envy, if benevolence, a sort of pity for their unconsciousness of a chequered future, did not awaken our tenderness. Then comes memory, with her wand of power. The wheels of time roll back; we are once more children, once more dwelling in the green nooks or gamboling in the flowery paths of that fairy land of life. It is the happiest part of our life; it is the picture rises before our imagination. When we meet with the friends of our childhood, our hearts bound with gladness at meeting with those friends, whom, perhaps, we have not seen before for years; they may be the playmates of our childhood, with whom we have spent so many happy hours rambling through the shady groves and plucking the beautiful wild flowers from their stems, and singing our childish songs of gladness. When all these things present themselves to our view, we are lost in dreams of by-gone days; yes, in the sweet hour of retrospection, we can call them to view, and contemplate over them.—And, when at last the spell is broken, we feel that by such recollections; even when enshrouded in tears, the heart is made better. Blessed indeed, are the influences of a happy childhood, to him who can call up such visions. Sorrow may cloud the present day, and fear may haunt the future, guilt may have stained the hand, and will blacken the heart, but from the depths of degradation, and sorrow, and crime, will a person look back to the scenes of his earlier youth, with a yearning tenderness. And if those scenes are clad in the sunshine of joy;

if they can behold the good, the beautiful and the true, who can tell, with what redeeming power, such reminiscences may come to the world-weary and sin-stained soul.

M. C.

For the Wreath.
FLOWERS.

What beautiful things flowers are. They appear to be the ornaments of the earth, as the stars are the ornaments of the heavens, at night; and how striking is the contrast. What is a more beautiful sight, than to see a garden covered with blooming flowers? What is pleasanter, than to inhale the sweets they give out, at any time, but more especially after a refreshing rain? If God has adorned the earth, his footstool, with flowers, and God is perfect, these flowers must be perfect, and the earth is properly adorned. "How beautiful are thy works, O Lord," and how well adapted for man's comfort.

I think we might have a splendid flower yard in front of the Academy, if all the Students would take part in this undertaking; and how much would it add to the beauty of our Academy. Come, girls, let us make the effort, and by adopting industry and perseverance as our motto, a beautiful yard will be the result.—But, flowers being beautiful things, they should have a beautiful essay, which I cannot give, hence, I will close.

MINNIE S.

For the Wreath.
A GOOD RULE.

A man, who, at one time, was very rich, was, during his boyhood, very poor. When asked, how he obtained his wealth, he replied: "My father taught me never to spend my money until my work was finished, or in other words, never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I engaged to work one hour during the day, then, to complete that labor, should be my first thought; and after my labor, then I should play; for I could play with much more pleasure, than if I had the thought of an unfinished task upon my mind."

MARY S. F.