

six hours through five successive days. There was no respite. The succeeding week commenced the actual term. We had asked the appointment of one man among the many teachers, on to whose shoulders could be shifted the heaviest burdens, if desired.

I commenced on Monday with a hoarse, tired voice, something I had never known. In spite of all palliatives, utterance grew weaker and more difficult, and finally ceased. The other teachers, and my own splendid pupils came tenderly to my aid relieving me of every duty possible to be done. To assure the proper arrangements and management of the school in its beginning, I hopefully remained for some weeks at my voiceless post, but it was a vain effort. I began to realize that the weakening was not entirely confined to the voice. The labors of the past months had not been a pastime for either myself or my invaluable helpmeet, and in the midst of protests, loyal and loving, our resignations were given. We could scarcely say they were accepted.

I have selected one letter from among my Grand Aunts papers to show with what affection and joy she look^{ed} back on the old school days in Bordentown.

I have searched through the earliest diaries we have and find this little entry on the fly leaf:-

Oct. 13/51 Left home for Htn. (Hightstown)

Oct. 23 Thursday. Commenced school. Attended a weekly at Mrs. Tailors in the evening.

And in the back of the same little diary I find May 27/ 52. Arrived in Bordentown.

Immediately following this little entry is a list of "Poets from Chaucer to the present day," which fill up some ten or twelve pages of the little book.