

Arrival

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After what seemed like forever, my parents and brother arrived in Boston in early September, 1718. There was a mixture of different feelings, but mostly people were very excited to see what this new world was like. It was much bigger and noisier than Londonderry.

About one hundred families landed in Boston.

Very quickly, it was clear that they were not as welcome in Boston as they thought they would be. The people living there saw the new arrivals as extra mouths to feed and food was very expensive. The families were not allocated the land they had been promised. This was disheartening after such a long journey. The great hopes everyone had for the

future were dashed. My parents felt deflated. They didn't want to stay where they weren't wanted.

About a week after arriving in Boston, the *Maccallum* set sail again, travelling north to a place called Casco Bay. From there the ship sailed up the Kennebec River. My parents came ashore at Merrymeeting Bay in Maine.

The families aboard the *Robert* also left Boston and journeyed north, spending the winter in Casco Bay. In the spring, they sailed up the Merrimack River, before moving inland to an area called Nutfield, which they renamed Londonderry. The Reverend McGregor, who had spent the winter preaching in Dracut, joined them there.



A south-east view of the city of Boston