

My Arrival.



OW I am not going to tell you of my life in China. Indeed, I have become so thoroughly Americanized the subject is rather distasteful to me; and the exact date of my long voyage has slipped my recollection. I cannot even remember the port from which we sailed, nor where we landed, nor even the name of the good ship which brought me so safely over. But I do remember very distinctly the captain, Captain Church; and we very soon learned that our jolly captain, whose loud, rough voice made us rattle in terror, was carrying us as a wedding present to his niece, Huldah Lothrop, who had just married a young man in Bridgewater, Edmund Alger by name.

Seventeen eighty-six was the year, as I have often heard the family say. But it is all indistinct to me. Perhaps my long voyage and the strangeness of my new surroundings somewhat benumbed me.

One thing I do remember very distinctly, however, and that is, the joy and pride with which our young mistress received us; with what loving care we were washed and arranged in what she called the "beaufat," a kind of cupboard with glass doors through which we were viewed by many an admiring, and sometimes I fear, envious neighbor.

