

**JACOB  
ABBOTT**

**ROLLO  
ON THE ATLANTIC**

**Jacob Abbott**

# **Rollo on the Atlantic**

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Contact: [DigiCat@okpublishing.info](mailto:DigiCat@okpublishing.info)



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OUR SUMMER-HOUSE, AND WHAT WAS SAID AND DONE IN  
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## **PREFACE.**

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In the series of narratives to which this volume pertains, we offer to the readers of the Rollo Books a continuation of the history of our little hero, by giving them an account of the adventures which such a boy may be supposed to meet with in making a tour in Europe. The books are intended to be books of instruction rather than of mere amusement; and in perusing them, the reader may feel assured that all the information which they contain, not only in respect to the countries visited, and to the customs, usages, and modes of life that are described, but also in regard to the general character of the incidents and adventures that the young travellers meet with, is in most strict accordance with fact.

The main design of the narratives is, thus, the communication of useful knowledge; and every thing which they contain, except what is strictly personal, in relation to the actors in the story, may be depended upon as exactly and scrupulously true.

New York, *September*, 1853.

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## **ENGRAVINGS.**

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# **ROLLO'S TOUR IN EUROPE.**

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## **PRINCIPAL PERSONS OF THE STORY.**

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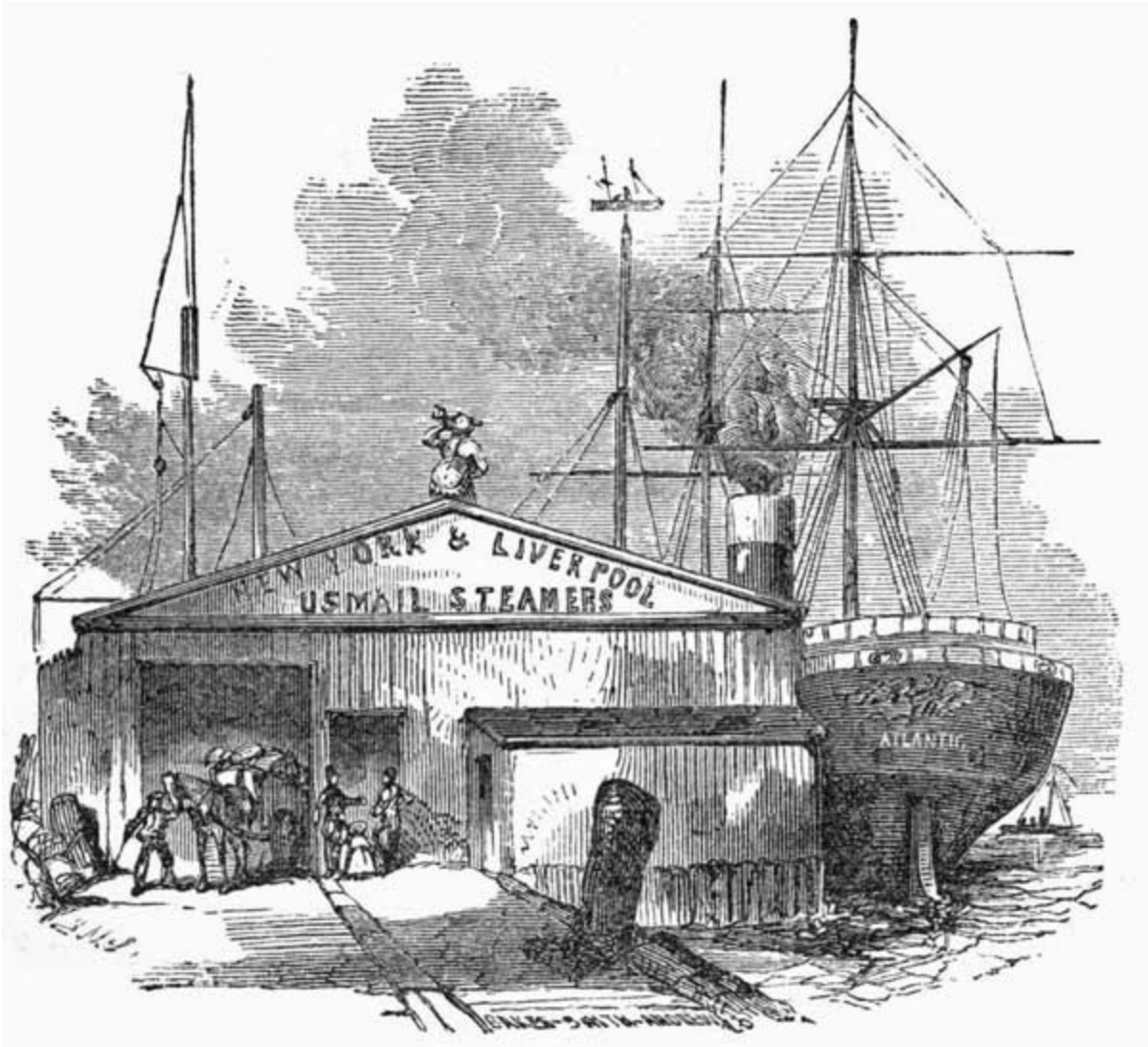
ROLLO; twelve years of age.

MR. and MRS. HOLIDAY; Rollo's father and mother, travelling in Europe.

THANNY; Rollo's younger brother.

JANE; Rollo's cousin, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Holiday.

MR. GEORGE; a young gentleman, Rollo's uncle.



THE STEAMER AT THE WHARF.

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# ROLLO ON THE ATLANTIC.

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# CHAPTER I.

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## TAKING PASSAGE.

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When Rollo was about twelve years of age, he made a voyage to Europe under rather extraordinary circumstances. He went alone; that is to say, he had no one to take care of him. In fact, in addition to being obliged to take care of himself, he had also his little sister Jane to take care of; for she went with him.<sup>[A]</sup> The way it happened that two such children were sent to sea on such a long voyage, without any one to have them in charge, was this.

Rollo's father and mother had gone to Europe to make a tour, a year before this time, and had taken Rollo's brother Nathan, or *Thanny*, as Rollo used most frequently to call him, with them. They had gone partly for pleasure, but more especially on account of Mr. Holiday's health, which was not good. It was thought that the voyage, and the recreation and pleasure of travelling in Europe, would be a benefit to him. In certain cases where a person's health is impaired, especially when one is slowly recovering from past sickness, nothing is found to have a more beneficial effect upon the patient than for him to go away somewhere and have a good time. It was determined to try the effect of this remedy upon Mr. Holiday, and so he went to Europe. Mrs. Holiday went with him. They took Thanny too, to be company for them on the way. Thanny was at this time about seven years old.

A child of that age, for a travelling companion, is sometimes a source of great pleasure, and sometimes, on the other hand, he is the means of great annoyance and vexation. This depends upon whether he is obedient, patient, quiet, and gentle in his manners and demeanor, or noisy, inconsiderate, wilful, and intractable. A great many children act in such a manner, whenever they take a journey or go out to ride with their parents, that their parents, in self-defence, are obliged to adopt the plan of almost always contriving to leave them behind.

It was not so, however, with Nathan. He was an excellent boy in travelling, and always made the ride or the journey more pleasant for those who took him with them. This was the reason why, when it was determined that Mr. and Mrs. Holiday should go to England, that Mrs. Holiday was very desirous that Nathan should go too. And so far as Nathan was concerned, the voyage and the tour proved to be all that Mr. and Mrs. Holiday expected or desired. In regard to other points, however, it was less successful. Mr. Holiday did not improve in health, and he did not have a good time. Mrs. Holiday was anxious about her husband's health, and she was uneasy too at being separated so long from her other two children,—Rollo and little Jane, especially little Jane,—whom she had learned to love as if she were really her daughter. So, before the year was ended, they both heartily wished themselves back in America again.

But now Mr. Holiday's health grew worse, and he seemed too ill to return. This was in the month of May. It was decided by the physician, that it would not be best for him to attempt to return until September, and perhaps not until

the following spring. Mrs. Holiday was herself very much disappointed at this result. She, however, submitted to it very cheerfully. "I must be as good as Thanny," said she. "He submits patiently to his disappointments, and why should not I submit to mine. His are as great, I suppose, for him to bear as mine are for me."

When Mrs. Holiday found that she could not go to her children, she began to be very desirous that her children should come to her. She was at first almost afraid to propose such a thing to her husband, as she did not see how any possible plan could be formed for bringing Rollo and Jane across the wide and boisterous Atlantic alone. She, however, at length one day asked Mr. Holiday whether it would not be possible in some way to accomplish it.

Mr. Holiday seemed half surprised and half pleased when he heard this proposal. At first he did not appear to know exactly what to say, or even to think. He sat looking into the fire, which was blazing in the grate before him, lost apparently in a sort of pleasing abstraction. There was a faint smile upon his countenance, but he did not speak a word.

"That is an idea!" he said, at length, in a tone of satisfaction. "That is really an idea!"

Mrs. Holiday did not speak. She awaited in silence, and with no little anxiety, the result of her husband's meditations.

"That is really quite an idea!" he said at length. "Let us get Rollo and Jane here, and then we shall feel entirely easy, and can return to America whenever we get ready, be it sooner or later. We shall be at home at once where we are."

"I suppose it will cost something to have them come over," said Mrs. Holiday. She was not so anxious to have the children come as to desire that the question should be decided without having all the objections fully considered. Besides, she was afraid that if the question were to be decided hastily, without proper regard to the difficulties that were in the way, there would be danger that it would be reconsidered after more mature reflection, and the decision reversed. So she wished that every thing that could be brought against the project should be fully taken into the account at the outset.

"I suppose," said she, "that their expenses in coming out, and in returning, and in remaining here with us, in the interim, would amount to a considerable sum."

"Yes," said Mr. Holiday; "but that is of no consequence."

"I don't know what we should do about having them taken care of on the passage," added Mrs. Holiday.

"O, there would be no difficulty about that," said Mr. Holiday. "George could easily find some passenger coming out in the ship, who would look after them while at sea, I have no doubt. And if he should not find any one, it would be of no consequence. Rollo could take care of himself."

"And of Jane, too?" asked Mrs. Holiday.

"Yes," replied Mr. Holiday, "and of Jane, too; that is, with the help of the chambermaids. They have excellent chambermaids on board the Atlantic steamers."

So it was concluded to send for Rollo and Jane to embark on board the steamer at New York, and sail for Europe. Mr. Holiday wrote to Rollo's uncle George, requesting him to make the necessary arrangements for the voyage, and then

to take the children to New York, and put them on board. He was to commit them, if possible, to the charge of some one of the passengers on board the ship. If, for any reason, he should not succeed in finding any passenger to take care of them, he was to state the case to the captain of the ship, that he might see to them a little from time to time; and, in addition to this, he was to put them under the special charge of one of the chambermaids, promising her that she should be well rewarded for her services, on the arrival of the ship in Liverpool.

The important tidings of the determination which had been made, that Rollo and Jane should actually cross the Atlantic, were first announced to the children one evening near the end of May. They were eating their supper at the time, seated on a stone seat at the bottom of the garden, where there was a brook. Their supper, as it consisted of a bowl of bread and milk for each, was very portable; and they had accordingly gone down to their stone seat to eat it, as they often did on pleasant summer evenings. The stone seat was in such a position that the setting sun shone very cheerily upon it. On this occasion, Rollo had finished his milk, and was just going down to the brook by a little path which led that way, in order to see if there were any fishes in the water; while Jane was giving the last spoonful of her milk to their kitten. On the stone near where Jane was sitting was a small birdcage. This cage was one which Jane used to put her kitten in. The kitten was of a mottled color, which gave to its fur somewhat the appearance of spots; and so Jane called the little puss her *tiger*. As it was obviously proper that a tiger should be kept in a cage, Jane

had taken a canary birdcage, which she found one day in the garret, and had used it to put the kitten in. As she took the precaution never to keep the prisoner shut up long at a time, and as she almost always fed it in the cage, the kitten generally made no objections to going in whenever Jane desired it.

"Here comes uncle George," said Rollo.

Jane was so busy pouring the spoonful of milk through the bars of the cage into a little shallow basin, which she kept for the purpose within, that she could not look up.

"He is coming down through the garden," added Rollo; "and he has got a letter in his hand. It's from mother, I know."

So saying, Rollo began to caper about with delight, and then ran off to meet his uncle. Jane finished the work of pouring out the milk as soon as possible, and then followed him. They soon came back again, however, accompanying their uncle, and conducting him to the stone seat, where the children sat down to hear the letter.

"Rollo," said Mr. George, "how should you like to go to England?"

"To go to England?" said Rollo, in a tone of exultation; "*very much indeed.*"

"Should you dare to go alone?" said Mr. George; "that is, with nobody to take care of you?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Rollo, emphatically. "I should not need any body to take care of me."

"I don't know but you will have to go," said Mr. George; "and not only take care of yourself, but of Jane besides."

"Why, am I to go too?" asked Jane. As she said this, she began to look quite alarmed.

"How should you like the plan?" said Mr. George.

"O, I should not *dare* to go," said Jane, shaking her head with a very serious air. "I should not dare to go at all, unless I had somebody to take care of me bigger than Rollo."

"Ha!" exclaimed Rollo, "I could take care of you perfectly well. I could buy the tickets and show you down to supper, and help you over the plank at the landings, and every thing else."

Rollo's experience of steamer life had been confined to trips on Long Island Sound, or up and down the Hudson River.

"I suppose you would be dreadfully sick on the way," said Mr. George.

"O, no," said Rollo, "I should not be sick. What's the use of being sick? Besides, I never *am* sick in a steamboat."

"No," said Jane, shaking her head and looking quite anxious; "I should not dare to go with you at all. I should not *dare* to go unless my mother were here to go with me; or my father, at least."

"I am afraid you will have to go," said Mr. George, "whether you are afraid to or not."

"That I shall have to go?" repeated Jane.

"Yes," replied Mr. George. "Your father has written me that he is not well enough to come home, and I am to send you and Rollo out in the next steamer. So that you see you have nothing to say or to do about it. All you have to do is to submit to destiny."



Jane did not know very precisely what was meant by the phrase, *submitting to destiny*; but she understood very well that, in this case, it meant that she must go to England to join her father and mother, whether she liked the plan or not. She was silent a moment, and looked very thoughtful. She then put forth her hand to her kitten, which was just at that moment coming out of the cage, having finished drinking the milk which she had put there for it, and took it into her lap, saying at the same time,—

"Well, then I will go; only you must let me take my Tiger with me."

"That you can do," said Mr. George. "I am very willing to compromise the matter with you in that way. You can take Tiger with you, if you choose."

"And the cage too?" said Jane, putting her hand upon the ring at the top of it.

"Yes," said Mr. George, "and the cage too."

"Well!" said Jane, speaking in a tone of great satisfaction and joyousness, "then I will go. Get into the cage, Tiger, and we'll go and get ready."

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The steamer was to sail in about a week from this time. So Mr. George proceeded immediately to New York to engage passage. When Rollo's aunt, who had had the care of him and Jane during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Holiday, heard how soon the steamer would sail, she said that she did not think that that would afford time enough to get the children ready.

"O, it takes no time," said Mr. George, "to get people ready to go to Europe. Put into a trunk plenty of plain

common clothing for the voyage, and the work is done. As for the rest, people can generally find pretty much every thing they want on the other side."

Mr. George went to New York to engage the passage for the children. And inasmuch as many of the readers of this book who reside in the country may never have had the opportunity of witnessing the arrangements connected with Atlantic steamers, they may perhaps like to know how this was done. In the first place, it was necessary to get a *permit* to go on board the ship. The crowds of people in New York, who are always going to and fro, are so great, and the interest felt in these great steamships is so strong, that if every body were allowed free access and egress to them, the decks and cabins of the vessels would be always in confusion. So they build a barricade across the great pier at which the ships lie, with ponderous gates, one large one for carts and carriages, and another smaller one for people on foot, opening through it, and no one is admitted without a ticket. Mr. George went to the office in Wall Street and procured such a ticket, which one of the clerks in attendance there gave him, on his saying that he wished to go on board to select a state room for some passengers.

Provided with this ticket, Mr. George took an omnibus at Wall Street and rode up to Canal Street. At Canal Street he took another omnibus, which carried him nearly to the East River. There he left the omnibus, and proceeded the rest of the way on foot. The crowd of people on the sidewalks going and coming, and of carts, drays, wagons, and coaches in the street, was immense. There was one crossing where, for some time, Mr. George could not get over, so innumerable

and closely wedged together were the vehicles of all descriptions that occupied the way. There were many people that were stopped with him on the sidewalk. Among them was a servant girl, with a little boy under her charge, whom she was leading by the hand. The girl looked very anxious, not knowing how to get across the street.

"Let me carry the child across for you," said Mr. George.

So saying he took the child up gently, but quickly, in his arms, and watching a momentary opening in the stream of carriages, he pressed through, the servant girl following him. He set the boy down upon the sidewalk. The girl said that she was very much obliged to him, *indeed*; and then Mr. George went on.

Just then a small and ragged boy held out his hand, and with a most woe-begone expression of countenance and a piteous tone of voice, begged Mr. George to give him a few pennies, to keep him from starving. Mr. George took no notice of him, but passed on. A moment afterward he turned round to look at the boy again. He saw him take a top out of his pocket, and go to spinning it upon the sidewalk, and then, suddenly seeing some other boys, the young rogue caught up his top and ran after them with shouts of great hilarity and glee. He was an impostor; Mr. George knew this when he refused to give him any money.