









## PREFACE.

"ALL ABOARD" was written to gratify the reasonable curiosity of the readers of "THE BOAT CLUB" to know what occurred at Wood Lake during the second season; and, though it is a sequel, it has no direct connection with its predecessor. The Introduction, in the first chapter, contains a brief synopsis of the principal events of the first season; so that those who have not read "The Boat Club," will labor under no disadvantage on that account.

The *story* of each book is entirely distinct from that of the other. As the interest of the first centers in Tony Weston, so that of the second does in Charles Hardy. I have tried to make the boys believe that the path of truth and rectitude is not only the safest, but the pleasantest path; and the experience of Charles with the "Rovers" illustrates and supports the position.

Perhaps some of the older readers of these books will think that, in providing the boys at Wood Lake with a whole fleet of boats, with bands of music, with club rooms, libraries, and apparatus, I have furnished them with very magnificent recreations; and that I might as well have told a "fairy tale" while I was about it. The only excuse I can offer for this extravagance is, that it would have been a pity to spoil a splendid ideal, when it could be actualized by a single stroke of the pen; besides, I believe that nothing is too good for good boys, especially when it is paid for out of the pocket of a *millionaire*.

The author, grateful to his young friends for the kind reception given to "The Boat Club," hopes that "All Aboard" will not only please them, but make them wiser and better.

**WILLIAM T. ADAMS.**

DORCHESTER, October 25, 1855.



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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

It can hardly be supposed that all the boys who take up this book have read the Boat Club; therefore it becomes necessary, before the old friends of the club are permitted to reunite with them, to introduce whatever new friends may be waiting to join them in the sports of the second season at Wood Lake. However wearisome such a presentation may be to those who are already acquainted, my young friends will all allow that it is nothing more than civility and good manners.

Frank Sedley is the only son of Captain Sedley, a retired shipmaster, of lofty and liberal views, and of the most estimable character. He is not what some people would call an "old fogey," and likes to have the boys enjoy themselves in everything that is reasonable and proper; but not to the detriment of their manners or morals, or to the neglect of their usual duties.

Having been a sailor all his life, he has none of that fear of boats and deep water which often haunts the minds of fond parents, and has purchased a beautiful club boat for the use of his son and other boys who live in the vicinity of Wood Lake.

Some fathers and mothers may think this was a very foolish act on the part of Captain Sedley, that the amusement he had chosen for his son was too dangerous in itself, and too likely to create in him a taste for aquatic pursuits that may one day lead him to be a sailor, which some tender mothers regard as "a dreadful thing," as, indeed, it is, under some circumstances.

But it must be remembered that Captain Sedley had been a sailor himself; that he had followed the seas from early youth; and that he had made his fortune and earned his reputation as a wise, good, and respectable man, on the sea. So, of course, he could not sympathize with the general opinion that a ship must necessarily be a

"sink of iniquity," a school of vice, and that nothing good can be expected of a boy who is sent to sea. He believes that the man will grow out of the boy; and to his parental duty he applies the apostolic maxim, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The club boat and the boat club, as means of instruction and discipline, as well as of amusement, were suggested by an accidental occurrence. The "Bunkers of Rippleton," a set of idle and dissolute boys, had constructed a rude raft, upon which they paddled about on the lake, and appeared to enjoy themselves very much. Captain Sedley, who had forbidden his son to venture upon the lake on the raft, or even in a boat, without permission, overheard Charles Hardy, the intimate friend of Frank, remark that the "Bunkers" had a much better time than they had, and that boys who did not obey their parents often enjoyed themselves more than those who did.

A few days after, the boys discovered the club boat, the light and graceful Zephyr, resting like a fairy shell upon the lake, and in its use the argument of Charles was effectually refuted. A club was formed of the boys in the neighborhood, and under the instruction of Uncle Ben, an old sailor who lived with Captain Sedley, soon became very expert in the management of the boat. A building was erected for the use of the association, in which, besides the boat-house, was a club room containing a library, and furnished with conveniences for holding meetings for mutual instruction and recreation. A constitution for the government of the club was adopted, in which the object of the association was declared to be "the instruction and amusement of the members, and the acquiring of good morals, good manners, and good habits in general." It defined and prohibited a great many vices and bad habits common among boys, so that the tendency of the organization was to make them better, wiser, and happier.

Their experience upon the lake, while the influence of the association stimulated them to the strict performance of their ordinary duties, was both varied and useful. Inasmuch as it reduced their recreation to a system, the laws of the club acting as a salutary check upon the waywardness of youth, it afforded an excellent discipline for the mind and heart, as well as for the muscles.

Among the members of the club was an honest, noble-hearted youth, the son of a poor widow, by the name of Tony Weston. In an affray upon Center Island, Tony had taken the part of Frank Sedley against Tim Bunker, and had thus obtained the ill will of the leader of the "Bunkers," and is accused of stealing a wallet, which is afterwards proved to have been taken by the "Bunker" himself. The theft is proved upon the graceless scamp, and he is sent to the house of correction, while Tony is borne in triumph by the club to his home.

Near the close of the story, Tony's brother, who has long been mourned as dead, returns home from California, with a large fortune in his possession. The brother, George Weston, builds a fine house for his mother, and, impelled by a warm admiration for Tony's noble character, purchases a splendid club boat for him, of the size and model of the Zephyr, which is named the Butterfly.

Tony is a boy whom all my readers will like, and though he is really no better boy than Frank Sedley, the humble circumstances of his mother before George returned required a great deal of sacrifice on his part, and called into action a great many noble traits of character. His life was a struggle, and his character a triumph over the perils to which poverty exposed him.

His experience seemed to exemplify the truths of Christianity. He could forgive his enemy, as when, at the risk of his own life, he plunged into the lake and rescued Tim Bunker from a watery grave, though Tim was even then laboring to ruin him. He loved to sacrifice his own comfort to that of others and found his greatest pleasure in making others happy. He and Frank are the unconscious exemplars of the boat club—the "men of character and influence" in their embryo world.

Charles Hardy is a boy of another stamp—one who does things "to be seen of men." He is sometimes selfish and ambitious; though the beneficent influence of the organization is working miracles in the transformation of his character.

The Butterfly was launched in the month of April. The liberality of George Weston had provided for her a boat-house, similar to that of the Zephyr, and, like that, furnished with a club room and library, and all

the means for promoting the objects of the organization.

And now, with my old friends refreshed in memory by this review of the first season, and my new ones put in possession of all that is necessary to a proper understanding of the situation of the boat club, we are ready to proceed with our story.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NEW MEMBER.

"Order!" said Frank Sedley, as he seated himself in the arm-chair, at the head of the table in the club room.

At a meeting the preceding week, Frank had again been chosen coxswain of the club for the first official term. This had been done, not only in compliment to the noble boy to whose father the members were indebted for the privileges they enjoyed, but in anticipation of an exciting time on the lake, in a proposed race with the Butterfly. Frank was acknowledged to be the most skilful boatman among them, and under his direction they expected to accomplish all that they and the Zephyr could possibly attain. They had already learned that mere muscle was not all that was required to insure their success. Skill, forethought, and the ability to take advantage of favoring circumstances, were discovered to be even more desirable than great power.

"Order!" repeated Frank, rapping smartly on the table.

The members suspended their conversation, and all eyes were fixed upon the president. The affairs of the club, in connection with the Butterfly, had been freely discussed for several weeks, and everything had been arranged for the opening of the "summer campaign," as Charles Hardy rather facetiously called it.

"There are two questions to be submitted for the action of the club at this meeting," continued Frank, with more than his usual gravity. "They are questions of momentous consequence, and I have felt the need of counsel from our director; but my father declines giving me any advice, and says he prefers that we should discuss the questions independently; though, as you all know, if our final action is wrong, he will — he will —"

"Veto it," added Fred Harper.

"Yes, he will not permit us to do a wrong, though he wants us to think for ourselves, and do the best we can."

"Precisely so; he wants—" Charles Hardy begun.

"Order!" said Frank, with gentle firmness. "The first question is this: Tim Bunker, who has recently been discharged from the house of correction, has applied to be admitted as a member of the club, in place of Tony Weston, resigned. Shall he be admitted?"

"Mr. President, I move that he be not admitted," said Charles.

"Is the motion seconded?"

There was no response. The members all felt that it was a very delicate matter, and that it required careful deliberation.

"The motion is not seconded, and, of course, cannot be entertained," continued the president.

"I move that he be admitted," said Fred Harper.

"Second the motion," added William Bright.

Charles Hardy felt a little nettled, and his first impulse was, to rise and express his astonishment, as Squire Flutter had done in the "March meeting," at the motion of his friend on the other side of the table: but the impulsive youth had learned quite recently that a second thought is oftentimes much better than a first, and he reserved the expression of his surprise till a later stage of the debate.

As no one seemed disposed to open the discussion, Frank requested Fred Harper to take the chair, while he temporarily assumed the position of one of the disputants.

"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I rise to offer a few remarks in favor of the motion which is now before the club. Perhaps I cannot better introduce my own views upon the subject than by relating the substance of the conversation that occurred when Tim applied to me for admission to the club. He said that he had had a hard time of it in the house of correction; but he hoped his long confinement had done him good. He had firmly resolved to be a good boy. 'But,' said he, 'what can I do? If I go with the fellows I used to associate with, how can I keep my resolution? I know I have been a very bad boy, and I want to do what is right.' I told him that our rules were very

strict; that no fellow was allowed to swear or to use bad language of any kind and that every member was required to keep straight himself, and help keep the others straight. He would agree to all this, would sign the constitution, and my father and the club would soon see that he meant all he said. I confess that I felt for him. What he said about keeping company with the 'Bunkers'—I suppose we must drop that name now—was true. He could not be a good fellow with such as they are. Now it won't do any harm to try him, and he may be saved from the error of his ways. As it is, he has got a hard name, and people will shun him: and, being discouraged, he may plunge deeper into vice than ever. This is about all I have to say."

Frank resumed the chair, and several of the members, perceiving the force of the president's reasoning, expressed themselves in favor of admitting Tim; when Charles Hardy rose and "plumed himself for a speech."

"Mr. President: I confess my surprise at the direction this debate has taken. There's a *destiny* that shapes our ends—"

"A what?" asked Fred Harper, with a roguish smile.

"I beg the member on the other side will not interrupt me," replied Charles, with offended dignity. "I quote the line as John Adams used it, in his celebrated speech, 'Sink or swim.'"

"Who?"

"John Adams."

"I beg the member's pardon, but John Adams never made any such speech," answered Fred who, it must be confessed, was rather too fond of tantalizing the ambitious youth.

"Really, Mr. President, I am surprised that the member should deny what we all know. Why, the piece is in our reading book."

"Daniel Webster put the speech into the mouth of Adams," added Frank; "and the patriot is only supposed to have made it."

"It amounts to the same thing," continued Charles, with a slight blush.

"But your quotation was not correct," said Fred.

"Perhaps the member will give me the correct reading of the passage."

"With pleasure; the lines are from Shakspeare:—

'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Roughhew them as we will.'

I fancy the lines will not suit the member now," continued Fred, as he cast a mischievous glance at the discomfited speech-maker.

"Go on, if you please," said Frank to Charles.

"As I was saying, Mr. President, 'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends'—"

"You were not saying so," interposed Fred.

"Order!" said the chairman. "Proceed."

But Charles Hardy could not proceed. Undoubtedly, when he rose to speak, he had an idea in his head; but it had fled, and he could not at once recall it. In vain he scratched his head, in vain he thrust his hands into his pockets, as if in search of the lost idea; it would not come.

"You were speaking of Tim Bunker," said Frank, suggestively.

"I was; and I was about to say that— that—"

Some of the boys could no longer suppress their mirth, and, in spite of the vigorous pounding which the chairman bestowed upon the innocent table, in his attempts to preserve order, they had their laugh out. But the pleasantry of the members, and a sense of the awkwardness of his position, roused Charles to a more vigorous effort, and as he was about to speak of another topic, the lost idea came like a flood of sunshine.

"'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.' Tim Bunker has chosen the path he will tread, and does anybody suppose he will ever abandon it? He will certainly die in the State Prison or on the gallows—my father says so. We all know what his habits are, and it is as easy for an Ethiopian to change his *spots*—"

"Skin," said Fred.

"To change his skin, as for such a fellow to be like us. He will lie, swear,—"

"The chair thinks the member's remarks are not strictly in order," interposed Frank, who was much pained to hear his friend use such violent language.

He saw that Charles was smarting under the effects of the ridicule which his companions had cast upon him, and that, in his struggle to make a speech, and thus redeem himself from the obloquy of a failure, he had permitted his impulses to override his judgment.

"I forbear, then," continued the speaker. "But I beg the club to consider the probable consequences of admitting such a fellow into the association. We have thus far enjoyed a good reputation, and we ought to be very careful how we tamper with our respectability."

"Ahem!" said Fred.

"Order!"

"A good name is rather to be chosen than—than *purple and fine linen*."

"Than what!" exclaimed Fred.

"Great riches," added Frank, with a smile, and even he was forced to admit "that the member was singularly unfortunate in his quotations."

"You have my opinion, gentlemen," said Charles, "and I don't know that I have any thing more to say at present;" and, much disconcerted, he sat down.

But though cast down, he was not destroyed; and in justice to his companions, it must be remarked that he had frequently annoyed the club by his attempts to make speeches more learned and ornate than his capacity would allow. Frank had reasoned with him on his propensity to "show off," but without effect, so that he did not feel so much sympathy for him at the present time as he would have felt under other circumstances.

"The question is still open for discussion," said the chairman.

No one, however, seemed disposed to speak.

"Question!" called Fred Harper.

"Question!" repeated several others.

"Are you ready for the question?" continued the chairman.

"Question!"

"All those in favor of admitting Tim Bunker as a member of the club will signify it in the usual way."

Ten hands were raised.

"Contrary minded."

Charles, feeling that he was on the wrong side, did not vote against the measure, and it was declared to be a unanimous vote.

"The other matter, requiring the action of the club, relates to the proposed race between the Butterfly and the Zephyr. Several gentlemen of Rippleton feel a deep interest in the two boat clubs, and have proposed to put up a prize to be awarded to the successful club. I understand that fifty dollars have been subscribed for this purpose. The question is, Shall we pull for this prize?"

"When?" asked Fred.

"The clubs may choose their own time."

"It wouldn't be fair till the Butterfly has had a chance to practise a while."

"Of course not; the Butterfly may accept the proposition or not, and the club can select their own time."

"I move you that the offer be accepted," said William Bright.

"Second the motion," added James Vincent.

"I make the motion, Mr. President, for the purpose of bringing the question properly before the club. I have not thought enough about the matter yet to decide whether I am in favor of it or not," continued William Bright.

"It is generally supposed that the one who makes a motion is in favor of it; but we won't mind that now," said Frank, with a smile.

"Mr. President, I must say, I think the proposition looks a little like gambling," suggested Charles Hardy.

"So I was thinking," added a little fellow, near the foot of the table.

"Suppose we take an informal vote," proposed Charles, who was determined to get on the right side this time, if possible.

So an informal vote *was* taken, and every member voted against the proposition.

Frank Sedley was surprised at this result. Probably he was the only one who had given any earnest thought to the subject, though the offer was known to all the boys.

Captain Sedley, who watched over the welfare of the club with paternal interest, had endeavored, during the winter that was now past, to render it effectual in developing the moral and mental capacities of the members. He had given such a direction to the exercises in Zephyr Hall as he thought would best attain this end. One of the greatest difficulties with which he had been obliged to contend was the want of individuality in the boys. Each was disposed to "pin his faith" upon others. They would not think for themselves, and exercise an independent judgment. Like thousands in the great world, they "went with the crowd;" thought, acted, voted, with the majority.

Frank saw the operation of this motive in the "informal vote" which had just been taken; and he was tolerably certain that he could bring them all over to the other side, by indicating his own preference.

Calling Fred Harper to the chair again, he opened the discussion by offering a simile, which, being a parallel case, certainly gave the question an entirely new aspect.

"At the Rippleton Academy three gold medals and three silver medals are awarded, every year, for the best scholarship and deportment. Is that gambling?"

"No," replied half a dozen voices.

"Well, we are to row, in like manner for a prize. We don't put up money as a stake; the party that gets beaten does not lose anything."

"That makes a difference," added Charles.

"But the prizes in the Academy are given to make the scholars get their lessons well – to stimulate them in doing their duty," said William Bright.

"Very true;" and Frank saw, in the faces of the members, that the current had again set in another direction. "But we only want to prove that rowing for the prize is not gambling."

"That's all," said Charles.

"The Agricultural Society offers premiums for the best horses, cows, oxen."

"That's to improve stock," answered William. "Boat racing can only be for amusement."

"The Horticultural Society gives premiums for the prettiest flowers," added Frank; "and my father got one of them last summer."

The boys were staggered again.

"Flowers are cultivated for amusement; at any rate, we don't eat them, or drink them, or sleep on them," continued Frank.

"Your bed shall be roses, besprinkled with dew."

added Fred, who never missed his joke. "Besides, we sleep on poppies. They are a sleepy plant, you know."

"But the real question," said Frank, "is, whether racing for a prize will not excite hard and envious feelings in the members of the two clubs. I hope we shall think well of it before we vote; and for that purpose, Mr. Chairman, I move a recess of half an hour."

The motion was carried, and the boys talked the matter over till the meeting was called to order again.

"Question!" called several voices.

The vote was immediately taken, and it stood nine in favor and two opposed to the proposition. And so, on the part of the Zephyr, the offer was accepted.

The club then adjourned for an excursion on the lake.