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INV. 1898. 

THE PILOT:

A Tale of the Sea.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

"List! ye Landmen, all to me."

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

NEW EDITION.

NEW YORK:
STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

1857.

THE PILOT.

Southern District of New York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-ninth day of December, in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, CHARLES WILEY, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“THE PILOT: a Tale of the Sea. By the Author of *The Pioneers*, &c., &c.
‘List! ye Landsmen, all to me.’ In two volumes.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the time therein mentioned;” and also to an Act, entitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical and other Prints.”

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

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TO

WILLIAM BRANFORD SHUBRICK,
ESQUIRE,

MASTER COM. U. S. NAVY.



MY DEAR SHUBRICK,

Each year causes some new and melancholy chasm in what is now the brief list of my naval friends and former associates.— War, disease, and the casualties of a hazardous profession, have made fearful inroads in the limited number; while the places of the dead are supplied by names that to me are strangers. With the consequences of these sad changes before me, I cherish the recollection of those with whom

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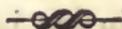
I once lived in close familiarity with peculiar interest, and feel a triumph in their growing reputations, that is but little short of their own honest pride.

But neither time nor separation have shaken our intimacy: and I know that in dedicating to you these volumes, I tell you nothing new, when I add, that it is a tribute paid to an enduring friendship, by

Your old messmate,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.



The privileges of the Historian and of the writer of Romances are very different, and it behooves them equally to respect each other's rights. The latter is permitted to garnish a probable fiction; while he is sternly prohibited from dwelling on improbable truths; but it is the duty of the former to record facts as they have occurred, without a reference to consequences, resting his reputation on a firm foundation of realities, and vindicating his integrity by his authorities. How far and how well the Author has adhered to this distinction between the prerogatives of truth and fiction, his readers must decide; but he cannot forbear desiring the curious inquirers into our annals to persevere, until they shall find good poetical authority for every material incident in this veritable legend.

As to the Critics, he has the advantage of including them all in that extensive class, which is known by the sweeping appellation of "Lubbers." If they have common discretion, they will beware of exposing their ignorance.

If, however, some old seaman should happen to detect any trifling anachronisms in marine usages, or mechanical improvements, the Author begs leave to say to him, with a proper deference for his experience, that it was not so much his intention to describe the customs of a particular age, as to paint those scenes which belong only to the ocean, and to exhibit, in his imperfect manner, a few traits of a people, who, from the nature of things, can never be much known.

He will probably be told, that Smollet has done all this before him, and in a much better manner. It will be seen, however, that, though he has navigated the same sea as Smollet, he has steered a different course; or, in other words, that he has considered what Smollet has painted as a picture which is finished, and which is not to be daubed over by every one who may choose to handle a pencil on marine subjects.

The Author wishes to express his regret, that the daring and useful services of a great portion of our marine in the old war should be suffered to remain in the obscurity under which it is now buried. Every one has heard of the victory of the *Bon-Homme Richard*, but how little is known of the rest of the life, and of the important services of the remarkable man who commanded in our behalf, in that memorable combat. How little is known of his actions with the *Milford* and the *Solebay*; of his captures of the *Drake* and *Tri-*

umph ; and of his repeated and desperate projects to carry the war into the ' island home ' of our powerful enemy. Very many of the officers who served in that contest were to be found, afterwards, in the navy of the confederation ; and it is fair to presume that it owes no small part of its present character to the spirit that descended from the heroes of the revolution.

One of the last officers reared in that school, died, not long since, at the head of his profession ; and now, that nothing but the recollection of their deeds remains, we should become more tenacious of their glory.

If his book has the least tendency to excite some attention to this interesting portion of our history, one of the objects of the writer will be accomplished.

The Author now takes his leave of his readers, wishing them all happiness.

THE PILOT.



CHAPTER I.

"Sullen waves, incessant rolling
Rudely dash against her sides."

Song.

A SINGLE glance at the map will make the reader acquainted with the position of the eastern coast of the Island of Great Britain, as connected with the shores of the opposite continent. Together they form the boundaries of the small sea that has for ages been known to the world as the scene of maritime exploits, and as the great avenue through which commerce and war have conducted the fleets of the northern nations of Europe. Over this sea the islanders long asserted a jurisdiction, exceeding that which reason concedes to any power on the highway of nations, and which frequently led to conflicts that caused an expenditure of blood and treasure, utterly disproportioned to the advantages that can ever arise from the maintenance of a useless and abstract right. It is across the waters of this disputed ocean that we shall attempt to conduct our readers, selecting a period for our incidents that has peculiar interests for every American, not only because it was the birth-

day of his nation, but because it was also the era when reason and common sense began to take place of custom and feudal practices in the management of the affairs of nations.

Soon after the events of the revolution had involved the kingdoms of France and Spain, and the republics of Holland, in our quarrel, a group of labourers was collected in a field that lay exposed to the winds of the ocean, on the north-eastern coast of England. These men were lightening their toil, and cheering the gloom of a day in December, by uttering their crude opinions on the political aspects of the times. The fact that England was engaged in a war with some of her dependencies on the other side of the Atlantic, had long been known to them, after the manner that faint rumours of distant and uninteresting events gain on the ear; but now that nations, with whom she had been used to battle, were armed against her in the quarrel, the din of war had disturbed the quiet even of these secluded and illiterate rustics. The principal speakers, on the occasion, were a Scotch drover, who was waiting the leisure of the occupant of the fields, and an Irish labourer, who had found his way across the channel, and thus far over the island, in quest of employment.

“The Nagurs would’nt have been a job at all for ould England, letting alone Ireland,” said the latter, “if these French and Spanishers hadn’t been troubling themselves in the matter. I’m sure it’s but little reason I have for thanking them, if a man is to kape as sober as a praist at mass, for fear he should find himself a souldier, and he knowing nothing about the same.”

“Hoot! mon! ye ken but little of raising an army in Ireland, if ye mak’ a drum o’ a whiskey

keg," said the drover, winking to the listeners. "Noo, in the north, they ca' a gathering of the folk, and follow the pipes as graciously as ye wad journey kirkward o' a Sabbath morn. I've seen a' the names o' a Heeland raj'ment on a sma' bi paper, that ye might cover wi' a leddy's hand. They war' a' Camerons and M'Donalds, though they paraded sax hundred men ! But what ha' ye gotten here ! That chield has an ow'r liking to the land for a seafaring body ; an' if the bottom o' the sea be ony thing like the top o't, he's in gr'at danger o' a shipwrack !"

This unexpected change in the discourse drew all eyes on the object towards which the staff of the observant drover was pointed. To the utter amazement of every individual present, a small vessel was seen moving slowly round a point of land that formed one of the sides of the little bay, to which the field the labourers were in composed the other. There was something very peculiar in the externals of this unusual visiter, which added in no small degree to the surprise created by her appearance in that retired place. None but the smallest vessels, and those rarely, or, at long intervals, a desperate smuggler, were ever known to venture so close to the land, amid the sand-bars and sunken rocks with which that immediate coast abounded. The adventurous mariners who now attempted this dangerous navigation in so wanton, and, apparently, so heedless a manner, were in a low, black schooner, whose hull seemed utterly disproportioned to the raking masts it upheld, which, in their turn, supported a lighter set of spars, that tapered away until their upper extremities appeared no larger than the lazy pennant, that in vain endeavoured to display its length in the light breeze.

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