

THE MODERN PIRATE.

AN EXACT RELATION OF THE LAST RAID OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

J. H. R. Pocock, of Victoria, British Columbia, make oath and say that the narrative hereunder of an adventure in Behring Sea is a true and accurate relation of facts witnessed by myself, save only as regards the names of other members of the crew of the schooner

H. R. Pocock

*Sworn before me at Victoria B.C.
this eleventh day of April, 1890*

W. H. Holcomb, J.P.

"CAPTAIN H—, I think?"

"Yes; that's me."

"You're off to Behring sea in the *Adela*, they say. I want to go with you."

"Who are you?"

"I'm a writer, and I want to go and study sealing."

"Come along, then, and I'll show you the stuff for the best novel ever written."

It was late in September, 1889; and as I walked about the streets of Victoria, and the time for sailing drew near, rumors, hints, whispers of something unusual about the voyage reached me from time to time. And then I learned that the enterprise was criminal and dangerous; that in his sober senses the captain was trying to get rid of his bargain; and that by all who were in the secret I was regarded as a detective, and the skipper as a fool for taking me. Many were the warnings of friends. What did a fifty-ton schooner want during the winter in Behring sea, with its awful ground swell, its uncharted, unlighted coasts, and almost arctic climate? What did I want in the fore-castle of her, with a rough crowd for company, bad food, long watches, and a dirty bunk? The skipper now assured me that he had given up the project, as there was too much talk and the newspapers had hold of the matter. What good could it be for me, he said, to merely cross to Yokohama and back? Then he could only take me as a stowaway, as my appearance at the custom house would be more than suspicious. Yet my insanity was such that on seeing an attempt was being made to prevent my joining the schooner, I threw myself on the little skipper's generosity by sending my baggage and camera on board, and giving him my little bundle of testimonials to take care of.

Now that there was opposition to face I would have gone had it cost me a leg. I watched night and day lest the *Adela* should sail without me. Such is the nature of the animal.

And so we weighed, all hands drunk, and put to sea on the night of the 24th of September, bound on the last raid of the "Yokohama Pirates," the which I now have the honor to bring to the light of day.

At midnight the captain pretended to discover me; and, after a very pretty demonstration after the manner laid down for use on the discovery of a stowaway, shipped me as an ordinary seaman at \$10 a month, and gave me a bunk in the fore-castle. To my surprise the berth was comfortable, dry and clean, the crowd as fine a lot of fellows as I have ever messed with, the food served in the cabin equal to that of any second rate hotel, discipline slack, fuel and light without restriction, and coffee always to be had during the night watches. The schooner could have been worked by three men, and with our complement of eleven was very easy to handle. When I consider mine own imbecility at work, and the fact that everyone on board firmly believed I was a spy, I wonder why it was that they were all so patient and tolerant of me and that I was never thrown overboard as a nuisance.

We called at a mission station on the west coast of Vancouver island and cut a number of heavy clubs. At the Shumagin islands we put in for water, and also two dories, or flat-bottomed boats, were purchased of white traders and paid for with gin and potatoes. There is no time to relate our jolly hunting trips or how we shot salmon with revolvers among the big turfs of the swamps, which is a most exciting pastime. Nor can we celebrate over again the skipper's birthday