

A century after, a curious generation appointed a commission which broke these seals; and now anyone may read therein,—if he be skilled in paleography,—and patient. The ink is faded, and the straggling writing and frequent blots tell their own tale of the good ship labouring in the heavy seas, as the painful quill of the sailor scribe slowly traced these pages. As one deciphers the meagre entries, an obscure and forgotten chapter in our history is opened to his view; but though obscure and forgotten, it is both significant and typical. Up to the present time, privateering, though a large part of naval warfare and a legitimate form of mercantile speculation, has remained unrecorded. Logs and other sources of information were not given to the public; it was to the interest of all concerned to keep them strictly private. These tattered pages can tell a remote and peaceful generation what privateering really was. The old log-book has another interest. It carries the mind back to the great struggle of the Seven Years War,—the struggle that gave scope to the genius of Pitt, of Wolfe, of Carlyle's Frederick,—the struggle which grew from a skirmish on the borders of the American wilderness into a conflict

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