

THE LOG OF A HALIFAX PRIVATEER.

It lies before me as I write,—the old log-book of a forgotten eighteenth century privateer. Before Poland disappeared from the map of Europe, before the Thirteen Colonies became the United States of America, before Quebec fell, and with it the power of France in the new world, this venerable sea document had been drawn up and laid away. It is curious to look at; its very appearance suggests the sea. The half-quire or so, of blank leaves are stitched into a bit of old sail-cloth, coarse in grain, and of a very "precious" dusty brown colour. Bits of red official wax stick here and there; for in the presence of one of His Majesty George II's Justices of the Peace, the keeper of the log made oath that he had kept a true record; and the log-book was duly sealed and stored up in the archives of Halifax.