

The ship now proceeded on her way rapidly, the wind having become favorable.

The great Bank was passed, and she was quickly nearing her destination.

The agent, after three days' confinement, was set at liberty; but he kept pretty much to his stateroom, where he pored assiduously over his law books.

He avoided the captain when he had occasion to go on deck, and did not seem desirous of having much to say to his fellow-passengers.

At length land hove in sight. First the Island of Newfoundland was passed, and then Cape Breton. Passing through the Straits of Canso, the low, level coast-line of Prince Edward Island soon appeared, the trees looking as if they sprang from the water and were reaching the clouds. After a few hours' sail the Polly was abreast of Cape Bear, and shortly afterwards entered the Straits of Northumberland. That afternoon our emigrant ship and her living freight rounded Point Prim, and casting anchor at Pinette, successfully ended the voyage.

As soon as possible after the Polly arrived at Pinette, the agent landed and made his way through the woods to Charlottetown by a blazed path that existed from the time of the French occupation. Charlottetown was then a town of small extent; but it was the seat of government, and here the agent expected to get balm for his wounded feelings.

His first care after arriving was to find a magistrate, before whom he laid a complaint against the captain for false imprisonment and cruel treatment on the high seas. He then sought out the post office which at that time was kept by Mr. Benjamin Chappell, and deposited a letter addressed to the Earl of Selkirk, which represented the captain's conduct to the passengers on the voyage in the most atrocious light.

A warrant was issued by the justice before whom the complaint was laid, and a strong body of constables were sworn in and dispatched in a boat to where the ship was anchored to arrest the captain.

He, suspecting nothing, allowed the officers of the law to board the ship. As soon as they got on deck they produced their warrant, and the captain found himself a prisoner in their hands almost before he had time to comprehend the situation. He was then conveyed to Charlottetown and lodged in jail. Being a stranger, and the charges against him being of so serious a nature, he could not get bail; for so artfully had the agent told his story, that the townspeople regarded