

Another ship is seen with company also on board: on the first is observed the name "Chebucto," and on the last "Packet." A rope stretched from the Halifax to the Chebucto appears to be intended as the starting line.—Soft music is now heard coming from the King's wharf, it floats soothingly over the water, and the buzz of human beings is hushed—"silence was pleased." Attracted by the soft strains several gaily painted boats loiter about the wharf, their athletic crews lie on their oars, while coloured silk caps and ball flags declare them to be candidates for the prizes of the day. The music ceases, the human hum again revives, when lo! a flash, a volume of smoke, and the thunder of the signal gun is heard! All are now active, the spectators crowd to the shore, and the competitors fly to their place of starting. What a motley throng—fishermen from the coves and bays of the harbour, citizens from the streets and alleys, soldiers from the barracks, and sailors from their tall ships, have descended to view the Regatta; and they now animate every variety of boat and barge, from the juddling cobbler of Barney Shark to the beautiful yacht of Sir Rupert George;—the one bobbing up and down among the ripples like a duckling just from the egg, the other under easy sail bending to the breeze graceful as a water nymph.—Three whalers are now at the line, like greyhounds in the slips; Red, white and green—with small distinguishing flags at the stern of each. Another gun! and away the racers have flown, stimulated by acclamations from a thousand tongues. Well done *Red*, they already have the confidence of winners—bravo *White*, Ferguson's Cove may be beaten but not disgraced; the veteran steersman springs forward at every stroke like a Jockey running his antagonist neck and neck; if energy and spirit always won, that fellow's little flag should be in the van to day. Away they stretch to Dartmouth, round a flag-boat moored there, toil back again along the opposite shore, double a boat off George's Island, and in for the prize! *Red* has it; *White*, brave as ever toiling in the victor's wake, and *Green* out of sight and out of mind. The winning post reached, and another gun proclaims that the beautiful whaler, "Edward Cunard" is the conqueror: thanks to her builder, who was well backed by a cool determined crew.—Again music arises from the wharf, and is responded to from the Chebucto—and again a gun, starts three flats with a jolly fisher boy in each. The "*May Flower*" soon touched the winning line, and bore the palm from her antagonists who allowed no bubbles to collect in her wake. Hot and hard comes on the sport now, and five gigs pulled by amateurs shoot forward. Beautiful and unsullied as the name she bears the *Pucelle* leads the others—the facings of the 52d are successful—and a straw hat waved from the stern of the buff boat, distinguishes the victorious pilot.—Again a sharp race run by seven flats, and the "*Britannia*" rules the waves and takes the prize; and then comes the remains of a noble tribe from the Indians' encampment. Seven canoes paddle to the