

## **Bells' Life in Sydney and Sporting Reviewer, 20 March 1858**

### **PYRMONT ANNUAL REGATTA.**

The sun arose in magnificent brightness, on St. Patrick's day. About seven o'clock a fresh breeze set in and continued during the remainder of the day. It was just sufficiently powerful to add interest to the amusements, especially to the sailing matches, yet not so violent as to imperil the great crowd of adventurers who indulged in amateur aquatics.

Captain Christie, the Postmaster General, was the officiating president, and a large amount of credit is due to him. To the members of the committee, to the honorary secretary, Mr. Warburton, and to Mr. A.D. Murphy, of the Edinburgh Castle, great praise is due for their untiring and successful efforts to render the Pyrmont annual regatta of 1858 something worth seeing and recording.

Throughout the whole day great crowds of persons in holiday attire, of every age and of every sex, studded every available point whence a view of the sport could be obtained. The St. Patrick's bridge from this side to Pyrmont, was thrown open by the contractors free of toll for the public benefit, and at no hour could, there have been less than two thousand persons upon it, gazing at the race boats, or passing to and fro. There were many booths at the waterside of Pyrmont, and they reaped a goodly harvest, being eagerly patronised by those droughty souls who love to drink the health of Hibernia's patron saint.

The Hunter steamer was fitted out and appropriately decorated as the Flag ship, and the Royal Artillery band contributed in great measure to the general enjoyment. The Flag ship was crowded, and a very recherche repast was laid out in the saloon by Mr Foster, confectioner, of George-street. The spectacle was very interesting, especially from the Sydney side, whence the 'immense clusters of people congregated on the various opposite points, and pouring along the bridge, presented a singular appearance. The banners, flags, and streamers, waved abundantly from every vessel, and from the booths on the Pyrmont side.

There were a few shindies towards the close of the sports amongst the most uproarious of the Saint-revering Celts who had partaken too freely of the whiskey, but they were timely terminated by the kindly interference of the bystanders, so that St. Patrick's day appears to have passed off without a single instance of a regular jolly good Irish row. After the races a lot of the most jovially disposed took their seats in the saloon to pay their devoirs to Bacchus.

Major Christie presided and gave the word of command -The Queen; Prince Albert;

the royal family; the army and navy, with various other appropriate toasts, and, as the gallant President insisted on "bumpers", the affair pretty tolerably resembled a spree. They then drank "Pyrmont", (mirabile dictu) and then they toasted the ladies, after which those competent were skulled ashore, and those who were incompetent, were, by the liberality of the new Hunter river steam navigation company, permitted to lie on the cushions, or the table, or under the table, according to their several tastes. But now to business.

Twelve races reported in detail.