

Merchant Coy

Rushworth Chronicle

10 April, 1891

DEATH OF MR M. COY.

On Saturday morning last the town of Rushworth was startled by the news of the death of Mr Coy, the partner in the firm of Coy and Anderson, blacksmiths and wheelwrights in the township.

The suddenness of his decease was a matter of surprise to all, Mr Coy, with the exception of a slight cold, being apparently in the best of health and spirits. He retired to rest on the Friday evening as usual, about 11 o'clock, but awoke shortly afterwards and complained to his wife of feeling unwell. He procured a drink, and again lay down, but feeling indisposed a second time, got up and dressed, and sat in an arm chair, remarking to his wife that he "felt he was a dead man," and experienced a suffocating feeling.

Mrs Coy immediately sent for a doctor, and applied what remedies lay in her power, but all to no purpose, the deceased passing away after about 20 minutes illness.

The cause of death, according to the testimony of Dr. Heily, who arrived just at the last moment, was failure of the heart, but neither Mrs Coy nor Mr Anderson had the slightest knowledge of anything being wrong with his heart, and the calamity was all the more unexpected and severe.

Deceased, who was well known and respected throughout the district, came to this colony in 1860, in company with Mr Anderson, with whom he had been brought up from a boy, and in whose friendship and company he always held a foremost place, they being in reality partners for life.

He was born in the town of March, in Cambridgeshire, England, and was slightly under 60 years of age at the time of his death.

In addition to following his trade, he at times indulged in mining pursuits, and it was in company with his partner Anderson and J. O'Brien that he discovered what is now known as Coy's Diggings, in September 1864, the three discoverers being awarded £400 for their efforts by the Government.

The business in Rushworth, which was started in March, 1857, was still carried on up to this time, and everything went well until the night of the 3rd inst.

Mr Anderson, who was in town at the time of the occurrence, was immediately telegraphed for, and arrived by mid-day train on the following day, only to see the dead body of him who had proved a fast friend through life.

The absent members of the family were also telegraphed for, and arrived by a later train on Saturday evening. The funeral took place on the Sunday afternoon, the coffin, which was beautifully decked with flowers, being taken to St Paul's Church of England, where the Rev. Mr Swindells read the funeral service, the choir rendering that beautiful but solemn hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe." A large number of Foresters, of which lodge

deceased was a member, and representatives of other lodges, followed the remains to the grave, the burial service there being read by Mr J. Holden in an impressive manner.

The cortege was one of the longest that has been seen in the district for years, and proved the respect and esteem in which the deceased was held.

The deceased was essentially a family man, the majority of his leisure time being expended in the bosom of his family, where a gap has been made which can never be replaced. His kindness of nature, especially where children were concerned, was a marked trait in his character, and called forth a remark from the Rev. Mr Swindells in his sermon on Sunday evening, when he dwelt on the instability of human existence, and the necessity there was for being prepared to meet the uncertainties of life.

A fairly large family have been left, the majority being grown up, and his loss will be felt by them in no small degree, the whole of the district being a loser also, his long connection with it having made him known to all.