

Andrew Houison - The Cox Family, being transcriptions by Houison, ca. 1912, of 3 documents including reminiscences by Jane Maria Cox  
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Mrs. Edward Cox's Journal (written about 1877) [in pencil: 1880]

As God in his mercy and loving kindness, has given me a long life, and, thanks unto Him, gives me still my memory, I will try and relate of all I can of what I remember. I was born near London the Year Mr. Pitt died, 1806. I was my Parent's third daughter and fourth child. They were good people and there were seven of us children in the Family, the Eldest a boy, all the others girls, and my mother never lost a child. We were all alive when our Parents died: how highly were they blest in never having lost a child.

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My paternal grandfather's name was Brooks: he was a clergyman, a very poor one, I think. He had several sons and they were all sent to sea. My father was born at Topsham, Devon. Exe., England. He had two sisters, Honoria and Judith. My father was put on a Man of War, when he was only 10 Years old, so of course, in the century before this he did not get much book learning, but he got a good education for all that: he became a sailor and navigator and knew every part of the world better than most men.

My Maternal grandfather's name was Passmore. He was Captain of an "East Indiaman" for many Years and my father, when he ~~left~~ married my

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Mother, had left the Navy, and was his Second officer. When the first Napoleon was trying to stop our trading with India, my father found that it was not so lucrative, he determined to sail a ship for himself and traded to Oporto and in the Mediterranean, also in the Baltic, he at that time had the honour of carrying a "Letter of Marque", and I have heard him say that he did a little damage to "Boney", and I do not think he was a boaster. After a time he found that Napoleon was too much for him, and he made up his mind to try and bring his ship with a line of cargo the New South Wales, and it was chartered by the English

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Government to bring Prisoners out, I think about the Year 1804. She was called the "Alexandra" and in 1808 he came out commanding the fine ship "Rose". He had a valuable cargo on board as well as the live cargo, but the vessel was not all his own. He took the "Rose" twice to Calcutta, and returned to Port Jackson, and made a great deal of money. He could not leave until he sent the ship up to India to be disposed of in 1812, and he then having bought the largest quantity of cattle that had ever been brought to

these shores, determined to go to England and bring my Mother and his children out to this Colony.

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He was wrecked on the Falkland Islands. A man named Holt was on board, who wrote some account of the Early times here. My father arrived in England (having sailed a boat as far as Buenos Ayres) in 1813. He found us all well and most comfortable in a good house and garden, one of a "Crescent" at Greenwich. I have never forgotten that nice compact house, or my dear Mother's flowers, but it was all to be given up and we were to come to a strange Country. We sailed in a Convoy from Plymouth, and after we had been out a few nights the Commanders Ship the "Acban" ran our little vessel of 200 tons down.

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It was supposed that the Brig would sink, so a boat was sent to take all the Family on board, so we all went and were kindly treated, put into the Captain's Stern Cabin, My Mother, Governess, Housekeeper and five girls. My brother enjoyed himself among the Middies, but my father sent for us the next morning, much to our sorrow, and I remember thinking the going back much worse, although by daylight than it was going on board the Frigate by Starlight, indeed our poor little Brig had a most woeful appearance, nothing but a piece of one mast left, my Eldest sister had heard the Man-of-War men saying before we left "Cast away those sticks."

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We were towed by the "Acban" into Madeira, but before we reached there there was a jury mast put up, and we were soon rigged up quite nicely. We had plenty of grapes brought on board, and we sailed again after a short sojourn. How much we longed to go on Shore, but we could not, not even our dear Mother. I can now fancy what my dear Father's feelings were with such a voyage before him. Rio was the next port we entered and we were all delighted at going on Shore although we were surrounded by negroes and odd-looking Portuguese Soldiers: we were taken to the Gardens and saw Coffee growing and many other plants we had never seen before,

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We also went to the Roman Catholic Churches, and thought the people looked very devout, falling on their knees on the stone floors. We sailed again and parted company with all the Ships, even with the two large Ships, the "Winshaw" and "Harriet", that were carrying the 46<sup>th</sup> Regiment out to Sydney. I remember feeling very lonely, although we had a companion sent from the "Winsham", the Colonel's daughter (as he considered she would be better with us and our governess, as she was a very discreet person and a good French Scholar.) After much sailing we arrived one morning at Hobart Town, a sweetly pretty place. The old Governor, Colonel Davey

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with two or three other gentlemen came off in a boat laden with Potatoes, Mutton and Bronzewing Pigeons. They were delighted to see us and hear the news from England, and they appeared to enjoy some of the Hollands out of Case Bottles that the old Black Steward brought on deck with Cabin Biscuits, and then my Father and Mother were invited to visit Mrs and Miss Davey next day at Government House, which not being quite finished another kind friend invited us Young people to go to his house. Oh! how we enjoyed ourselves, and when the time came for our leaving for Sydney we all declared that we thought Hobart Town

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would make us a good home and we did not wish to go further, but on we went. We arrived at Port Jackson on the 8<sup>th</sup> March 1814. It was a fine lovely warm morning and Boats with Fruit came alongside also boats containing Black men and Women, all talking to Captain Brooks whom they appeared to know very well, my father also calling them by their names. Maroot and Mrs. Maroot were among the number, the latter a lady with a very large mouth.

My father went on Shore to see the Governor (MacQuarie) who informed him that he had been obliged to take my Father's land at Farm Cove and put into the Government Domain.

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My Father was greatly taken aback by this and informed him that ~~when~~ he had come to these Shores to make a Fortune, by supplying the Shipping, with stores for their return voyage and that he had purchased the cove that the boats might come to get their supplies. The Governor then said " Captain Brooks, I will give you the same quantity of land at Cockle Bay, (now called Darling Harbour) it will be just as valuable to you, being in the town of Sydney, and having water frontage". So my dear Father was obliged to be content. That land was sold twenty years after his death for the sum of £14,000 and was divided

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among his six daughters.

My dear Mother did not leave the vessel for some days, as our Governess had gone on Shore to visit her Brother's family, Mr. Edward Smith Hall, a good man who had come out a free settler the year before, and was at that time a Merchant in Sydney and lived in a pretty stone cottage. The Troopships "Harriet" and "Winsham", which had left England in the same Convoy as ourselves were the only two ships in harbour. They had brought to these shores the 46<sup>th</sup> Regiment, and were waiting to take the 73<sup>rd</sup>. Regiment to India. Many of our acquaintances from these Ships came to visit in our only house, the little Brig, and I believe many had

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expected never to have seen us again, but there we were, all safe and sound, Jury mast and all.

My dear Father exchanged our little Brig for a Cottage of Stone, Garden, and five Stores and Counting House, a large piece of land at the corner of Pitt and Hunter Streets. We lived there 10 years. My Father made a great deal of money by supplying the Shipping with Meat and provisions of all Sorts. He had bought cattle from Mr. Robert Campbell, who has had the great credit of importing them. I think great credit was due also to the man that purchased them, and found a run for them. In 1811 or 1812 he saw plainly

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that New South Wales, or rather Australia, could never go ahead if Shipping could not be sustained in the way of Food.

When we landed, my Mother found the Society small but agreeable, Mrs. MacQuarie was a fine sensible woman about my Mother's age, not long married; she had a son born shortly after our arrival, her only child.

Ellis Bent, (our Judge (Advocate) of the Supreme and only Court) was a most delightful and good man, benevolent and wise; sad to say he died in 1816 or 19, and was buried in the ground on which the Town Hall now stands, but his remains were afterwards removed to Garden Island.

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My father lamented him much.

After getting settled in our Cottage and getting a Pew in St. Phillip's, my Father and Mother thought after our Studies were over, we should walk; round Benalong's Point, (named after a Native Chief,) was our favourite. It was by the water side, a raised terrace walk under the Government Domain Wall, a Seat at the end, then a steep flight of steps to go up to the higher ground. I remember the Natives used to sleep there in little Gunyahs made of Bushes, but our Governess did not like to go too near them as she thought the fish they were eating for supper did not smell well. In our early morning walks we could see very tiny Canoes

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with a gin fishing in them, quite alone, sometimes a streak of smoke from it, and we supposed she was cooking. Another walk we took across the "Race Course", which is now Hyde Park. It was exactly the same dimensions, but no road through the centre. It had been cleared from large wood as there were still a few stumps of the trees left, but they were soon cut up and cleared away. The only house we visited at out of town was Woolloomooloo House; it was situated a pleasant distance from a stark white sandy

beach quite white and sparkling. We used to see shoals of Blue-backed crabs running on it.

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The native Shrubs grew down to the water's Edge. The natives used to make their fires on the hill side at night, but never came by the front of the house; This House and pretty garden was built and laid out by Assistant Commissary General Palmer, a gentleman of great taste and a kind heart. There were iron gates supported by Stone walls and a Stone Palisading up to the House, within which grew Norfolk Island pines and the large blossomed Currajong. On the right was a small enclosed grove of Native Pine or Cypress, Two of Mrs. Palmer's children had been buried there in a pretty tomb. (When we arrived Mr. Palmer had

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retired to "Wadden Cottage" on the River near Parramatta) Acting Commissary General Allen who had a large family was residing there.

One evening all the Townspeople were much alarmed. A Ship "The Three Bees" that had just landed her Cargo of Prisoners, took fire and as she had her guns loaded, the Town surrounding Sydney Cove was in danger. I remember going down with my Father and Mother out of the way of these guns, and when we returned at night meeting Pickets of Soldiers marching through the Town to keep order, but everything was quiet and danger from the Ship's guns over, as she was

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burned to the water's edge. The Naval Officer's House was struck and his writing desk smashed. The great dangers was that it might have opened the Jail: it was then the only place where any prisoners were confined and situated facing the Cove in George Street. The Soldiers Barracks were then in Wynyard Square, but there was a large Guard House at both sides of the jail, as well as one at Government House, an Officer's Guard at each. It was not until 1820 that there were any Barracks for prisoners, but they were sending out a great many and the inhabitants could not

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take all as servants, and the Lumber yard that was situated also in George Street was given up, where the well-behaved, who had homes of their own, used to work from Sunrise until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. My Father did not at all think it was a safe plan to confine these men in a Penitentiary and when Sir Thomas Brisbane arrived he dispersed them through the County of Cumberland in Clearing parties for the Settlers, and it was of great service. It was only men in Chain gangs that could be employed on the distant roads, not well-behaved men.

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We had but few Clergy at that time. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, Cartwright, Cowper, & Fulton were the only four in 1814. Afterwards a Mr. Vaile and a Mr. Terry; the latter was the first Roman Catholic Clergyman I ever heard of in this Country.

The Rev. Mr. Vaile was a wonderfully clever little man: he brought out a fine young Farmer's wife daughter as his wife, who was not clever at learning, and this I suppose troubled him, for he was very unsettled. My father and Mother were delighted when it was his Sunday for preaching at Divine Service, I remember although very young, being delighted also,

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I fear not so much with the subjects as with the Elocution – it was certainly very beautiful. I used to try and imitate it to her. I was reading “Barbauld's Hymns” to my youngest sister.

At this time William Charles Wentworth was a young man residing with his father (who was then Police Magistrate of Sydney) he was then without employment, except waiting for his Father and keeping up his studies. He did not like Country life. He had been entrusted to my Father on his voyage to England for School, and he had also returned with him to this Colony, so that he was much thought of by my

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parents, and they advised him with ~~my~~ his Father's consent to study with Mr. Vaile, not for the Church, but the Law. He then went to England in the Early part of 1818. It appears from a letter of my Mother's that he had been obliged to go for his health to Paris, the winter of that year, but that he was progressing with his studies, at which she was much pleased.

My Mother in October 1819 speaks in the letters of Commissioner Bigge having arrived from England, to look into the affairs of the Colony. Governor MacQuarie was at the time taking muster of the inhabitants of Cumberland, and Mr. Bigge went and joined him at Windsor,

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they then came round to Liverpool, and my Mother says His Excellency, accompanied by the Commissioner of Enquiry, Major Taylor and the A.D.C. M. Macquarie rode up to this Settlement and favoured Denham Court with a visit which place, of course, they admired very much. Sydney was at this time a very pleasant place. The Colonel of the Regt. 48<sup>th</sup>. was a polished man, drove a pair of good horses in a Curricule, a most elegant carriage (driven in those days). He visited at my Father's house, and one or two others, but not many. The Officers were a very gentlemanly set, just come from the Peninsular War.

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My Brother was one of them, (good indeed he was.) We had also two pleasant, clever lawyers, Moore & Gosling, besides Navy Doctors, that had been sent from England in charge of the health of the prisoners. At this time Governor and Mrs. MacQuarie would take their little son to Parramatta in a barge. It was a long pull or sail up the River, but I remember thinking it very pleasant when I once went with other friends. There were (at least) also at that time two Judges and their wives; they used both to live in large houses (in MacQuarie Place,) and used occasionally to give Balls and Dinner Parties, very grand they were – plenty of servants in livery. I

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I remember meeting Commissioner Bigge and his Secretary Mr. Scott, who afterwards went to New Zealand, with the Rev. Mr. Marsden, and I have read his printed Journal of the trip. I fear it is out of print in this day. Ships were now coming very frequently from England bringing Prisoners, and each Captain each brought a few tons of merchandise, which they sold at a very good profit; every thing was sadly dear. No merchant vessel was allowed to land goods. At last my Father with some other persons in business petitioned the Home Government to allow vessels of 360 tons to trade to this port, and it was eventually granted.

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I must not forget to mention a Doctor Harris who made one of the pleasant Society in Sydney. In the first place all Ultimo belonged to him, and there was a good house on it in 1814, when he returned to this Colony from England where he had been summoned as a witness in the “Bligh” business, and where he had married. He was a merry man and sang very pleasant songs. He had been in the Army from his Youth. He had suffered from a paralytic fit before we knew him, but he used to walk to Old St. Phillips from Ultimo House very frequently. He kept no carriage (indeed my Father was the only private

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gentleman at that time that kept a carriage in those days.) He had bought it with a good well-broken pair of horses called “Hidan” and “Sprightly”, from Colonel O’Connell of the 73<sup>rd</sup>. Regiment who were leaving the Colony [pencil annotation a bottom of page: a line omitted here. See A1603, p.17] in the same Convoy with us from England,) Mrs. Harris was a fine busy woman. She had no family but a young nephew named John Harris used to reside with them and she like to have young people of his own age out in large parties; there were two large Lily pillly trees that used to bear a sort of pink berry that we liked to eat although they were sour, and under these Trees we used to have our picnics.

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We thought they were most delightful, then we would walk out to the Point where there was a windmill which had belonged in former times to Mr. MacArthur. That point is called Pyrmont. Dr. Harris although lame, took it into his head that he would go out with Mr. Oxley and other Gentlemen to explore to the North of Bathurst; they travelled a long way meeting with flooded country. They had boats with them and they were glad to meet with "Mount Harris" which was named after him. He returned to Sydney in good health before the rest of the party and found that his wife had added very extensively

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to Ultimo House and as he did not like living in so large a house he let it and retired to "Shane Park" a lovely spot on the South Creek where they both ended their days. Doctor Harris was my sister Mrs. Zouch's Godfather – he was a great reader and a gentleman. I must not forget to speak of another dear friend of my family, a Captain Piper. He had also sailed in the same fleet with us from England. He had gone to England on the same business with Dr. Harris and from his urbanity of manners he received from the English government the very good appointment of what was called Naval

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Officer, or rather Port Officer. He had given him on his arrival a weatherboard house which looked immediately down the harbour, and is the site on which the Mariners Chapel now stands. He brought out with him a very fine horse called "Willington". He was the colour of "Tattendon". He used to ride him sometimes but not often. About the year 1819 he began to build a handsome Stone Cottage or rather Pavilion. There were two very beautiful domes, and the banqueting room in the shape of St. Andrew's Cross, was lighted by one, the other dome lighted another room with a fine wide verandah, and French windows. It was a most charming residence.

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Mrs. MacQuarie named the point of land running into the Harbour "Point Piper". I do not think there has been so hospitable a house, since that was shut up, in Sydney. His Dinner Parties were very agreeable, all the New Free Settlers who had brought orders for Grants of Land, all the Military, Navy, all the Judges. One of the Judges' wives while walking through the grounds, after being most kindly received by the good Host and Hostess said it was too good for New South Wales. My sister and I were greatly offended at this; we thought it was setting a good example to others; it was showing others that had to seek a house what might be made of this far away Country

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I will give now the names of one Dinner Party I remember – Colonels Balfour and Bell, Major Ovens, Brigade Major, Commodore Count Bouganville, Captain de Campien, and several Officers of a French Squadron, Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Bannister, Attorney General, and his two Sisters, Major Bishop 40<sup>th</sup>. Regt., and several Young Ladies, (such a dinner Party.) a Band outside the window, plenty of servants who knew how to wait all in good neat Livery, an excellent well-cooked Dinner, good French Wines, Peaches, Bananas, Apricots, Greengages, Melons, Grapes, - all from his own Garden, with wine Coolers and Finger Glasses with scented Geraniums leaves in them, (the same

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kind grow there still.) 1877.

I wish I could say that I met a Bishop and his wife and Daughters there, but our Bishop lived in Calcutta then, and dear Rev. Mr. Marsden had enough to do in the Bush. I remember his coming with his Daughter Mary, one Sunday to preach at Denham Court, in the Barn; it was before we went to reside there, that day is not forgotten by his Daughter Mrs. Mary Betts and myself. I must not forget to speak of the very curious coins we used in those days. A great many Spanish Dollars had been received in the Colony (I suppose had come from “Rio Janeiro” as most English Ships touched there coming out) so as we had

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not many Shillings or Sixpences in Silver the Government thought they would make some coins instead, and they stamped out of the Dollar, Fifteen Pence worth of Silver. It was round from the middle, and had the King’s Crown on one side and Fifteen pence on the other & they were called Dumps and I remember seeing much more frequently than shillings; the dollars that had been so treated were still passed at Five Shillings, and I remember seeing them tied together with a string. I think this coinage was given up about the year 1822 on the arrival of our Governor Sir Thomas Brisbane. My Father went at this time to reside at his our purchased estate of

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Denham Court, 27 miles from Sydney. He sold his House in Sydney and paid all his large debt in India, but his land in Darling Harbour, his place of business was not sold till 20 years after his death, and then brought £13,000 which was divided among his six daughters.

I spent five or six happy years there, and was then married to my dear Husband and then went to live at Mulgoa Cottage. It was a very pretty place and I had a very dear old friend, a Miss Norton living about 3 miles off and my two Brothers-in-law about 2 miles on either side, so that my dear parents were not alarmed for my

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safety, besides which we had a grand neighbour in Sir John Jamison, about four miles from the Cottage. It was a fine residence, a large Stone house: he entertained in a liberal manner. My husband and I used to meet many pleasant people there among which I remember Sir Francis Forbes, Sir Richard Bourke, W. Charles Wentworth, Esq., Wallace, the Composer of Maritana, Mr. Manning, the Father of Sir W. Manning, Commissary General and Mrs. Laidley and many other Military Men. It was there I first met Lady Deas-Thompson, whose singing enchanted me. He was at last persuaded to give a Grand Fancy Ball,

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but it was like a great many other foolish things of this world – a failure. Perhaps I say so because neither my sisters nor myself were able to attend, our dear Mother being very ill. After arrangements had been made there came on very wet weather. People went through the mud from Sydney for there were no trains, and it was a fine day, but Rain came on in the evening and the supper was spoiled from being prepared under an open Balcony.

I was obliged to give up visiting at this gay place, for I had so many young children. All my children were born at the Cottage my dear Husband first took me to: there were

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eight in number and I nursed them all – no nasty Bottles were used in those days, and we used most Springs to go to Rawdon, so we got change of Air in that way. I lost my seventh child when she was ten months old, and that grieved (and I am ashamed now to say) hurt my pride very much – my Mother never lost a child. When my youngest Child, Charlotte, was Four Years old we went to live at Fernhill, my two eldest daughters had just left school, so I had my good helpmates but they never went into the Kitchen until they were past 20 Years. Our three dear sons were still going to the Rev. Mr. Makinson

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for their Education. We were greatly blessed at that time in having been able in the neighbourhood to build a stone church. My husband gave the land for it, which had been left to him by Mr. King, who had been Paymaster to Mr. Cox Senr. and had been employed by him for many years. He had obtained a grant of land from having been one of the first soldiers that came to the Colony.

We were at this time all very happy, not very rich, and there were some heavy clouds hanging about, we had got into a large Stone House, after having sent to Ireland for Twenty Stone Masons to

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build it. The Stone was all quarried out of Fernhill which is very good. As soon as possible we had a House warming. We had a very pleasant housefull, a Captain and Mrs. Appesley from Calcutta and a Mr. Parry were among our favourite guests. I was glad when we had accomplished that piece of business and I felt that we could now go out with our children and introduce them.

Sir Charles and the Lady Mary Fitzroy had just arrived in the Colony. They had passed through Penrith and I had driven down with a lady friend and my Sons and Daughters to welcome

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them on their first tour to Bathurst. We had not been in time to go into the Courthouse, but sat in the Carriage (a very pretty one) and good horses, when Sir Charles came out and mounted his Box, he gave us a bow and looked at our Horses. We followed them down to the Hotel, and I sent in a lovely Basket of Apricots for them – they had just been gathered before we left home. It was a lovely day in January, everything was bright and blooming. The Governor was driving a High Yellow Carriage I think four horses. His son George was in another Carriage. There were two Orderlys. I did not again see the Lady Mary Fitzroy until I was returning

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with my husband from Sydney a few months after, when I called on her at the Government House at Parramatta, (Young George Fitzroy had had an accident there and his leg was broken, which had kept the Family from visiting, but was almost restored). Her Ladyship came into the room looking so cheerful with her Apron full of Cards of invitation for the approaching Birthright Ball. She asked me if I had any daughters that could attend her first Ball, and we told her we had one who we wished to be introduced to her. She asked if the young lady was Miss Christina Cox, for she had heard of her from Captain

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and Mrs. Appesley, I said Yes. We had invitations and her father and I took her down. We had once more the pleasure of seeing this dear Lady, but sad to day, only once. We had gone to Sydney taking our two eldest daughters, and as she was giving a small evening party at which the young ladies were to take it in turns to play for the Dancers, would I bring any of my family. While sitting by me she asked why I had not brought my Son, but I told her that my Eldest Son was a College with the Rev. Mr. Allwood and she seemed to think it better not to disturb him.

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I never saw this Good Lady again, after the gay season in Sydney, they had again retired to Parramatta, but on leaving one morning for a short time in Sydney, the Governor driving four horses in a large Carriage down the rather steep slope from the front of the house the horses ran away and they were all thrown out, Lady Mary and the A.D.C. Mr. Masters were killed. The Lady Mary Fitzroy breathed her last under one of the Oak trees in her husband's arms, and her grave and the young Man's are both in the Old Church Yard at Parramatta. My three Eldest children and myself were driving out

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and our Post boy overtook us and gave us the sad news which had travelled quickly, - it was very sad. After this dreadful bereavement the Governor was not seen for three months, where as if in mercy to rouse him, The People of Sydney tried to prevent Prisoners that had just arrived from England from landing in this Colony. Queensland was part of us then. Sir Charles Fitzroy was determined in obeying the Orders from Her Majesty. He had double guards put on his house, and at last the people came and begged that they might be landed at Brisbane, Queensland, instead of Sydney, to which he gave

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his consent. After this came mysterious information to Sydney that a large nugget of gold had been discovered at or near Bathurst, as large as a man's hand, by a Blackfellow. It made us all tremble a little. My Husband set off for his sheep farm to see and keep order if possible, leaving my Eldest son and me at Fernhill. His Coachman in driving into Penrith to meet the Coach gave his notice to quit. He wanted to see about the gold, so I thought we had better use the horses as much as we could. A few days afterwards myself and my daughters drove into Penrith and on looking towards the River

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we saw a Company of Soldiers hopping across. They were on the march to Sofala where hundreds of diggers had gone, as gold had been found in the Creeks there. (Who would not go.) We were glad our Coachman saw the Redcoats. He would see the diggers could not do just as they liked. There was to be some order. Shortly after this were to be some races at Homebush, so my Son and daughters and myself went to them, a horse of Mr. Allister Maclean's was to run and we were interested in "Springbock", and we were determined to see the gold, so going down George Street around Flavell's Shop we saw a crowd.

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We jumped out and pushed through and were shown pieces quite as large as the palm of the hand, that had been dug up at Sofala. I must say I thanked God in my head.

The last few years we had here in low circumstances from the failure of the Bank of Australia and I had lamented much as my boys and girls were just coming out into the world and money was greatly wanted for them. We went to the races. Sir Charles Fitzroy looked grave and important, as well he might, but he did not appear the least alarmed at the great responsibility. After this we had the great pleasure of receiving himself

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and his daughter, Mrs. Stewart, and one of his little grand daughters at Fernhill, and during the next Winter Captain Augustus Fitzroy R.A. and Mr. George Fitzroy brought their pack of hounds and hunted with a large party of gentlemen from our house for two days. This was the only time I ever heard the English hunter's horn. I thought it just what Broomfield in his poetry described. My boys and girls were delighted. Young George rode a beautiful hunter. I had all my four daughters at home, and we were all in good health, and as I look back now, cannot but think how God has greatly blessed us.

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A year or two after this Sir Charles Fitzroy left the Colony, and Sir William Denison with a large family arrived. Two daughters just grown up, pretty young girls, the Eldest delicate. Lady Denison gave pleasant musical evening parties in her private drawing room for young people, and the Governor got up lawn parties for archery. He presented my third daughter Jane, with a very fine bow and arrows. They also gave large public balls, but not many of them. Sir William had for his A.D.C.s Captain Scott of the .....Regt., Lieutenant Pitt of the Royal Artillery. Captain Ward of the Royal Artillery was at that time Master of the Mint,

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and that was a great deal better than our dumps. That was a great improvement in our Country. We took all of our family to see the sovereigns stamped and poured out.

Oh how I wished my dear parents had seen it in their day -- wise people to have brought their children to such a country. Since this time we have had to govern us four other Governors, Young, Belrose, Robinson and now at this present time 1880 – Lord Loftus.

God has been merciful to me through all these years, but I must leave it to others to relate further.

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Mr. Wm. Cox was a full faced man, about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, dark sandy hair, always clean shaved, except side whiskers, blue eyes, a fat man with prominent abdomen, short tempered easily put out by contradiction, but spoke his mind freely when irritated – Mrs. Cox (Rebecca Upjohn) was a tall thin woman.

*Andrew Houison - The Cox Family, being transcriptions by Houison, ca. 1912, of 3 documents including reminiscences by Jane  
Maria Cox*

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