

## *From Early Boyhood to Old Age.*

*When a boy on my Father's farm,  
All things connected had its charm;  
Every change brought something new,  
Pleasing to both the mind and view.  
Every season brought its share  
Of blessings plentiful and fair.  
The cow, the pig, the hen and goose  
Each brought its blessing to the house.  
At Christmas time Church bells were rung,  
Carols and anthems sweetly sung.  
To celebrate that glorious Birth  
That brought goodwill and peace on earth.  
This custom kept, that was not all,  
It cheer'd and blest the inmost soul.  
The subject of this festive time  
Now blest in ev'ry land and clime,  
Not only so at Christmas time,  
But daily held and felt sublime.  
When I grow up to be a man,  
I still maintain'd my early plan;  
To get a farm was my ambition,  
It so well suited my condition  
Then, blest with health and strength at will,  
Could all due faming work fulfil;  
Could plow and sow, both reap and mow,  
Was always foremost in the field;  
And taught, when very young, to know  
The average crops the soil would yield.  
Now thought it wise to get a wife,  
Which added comfort to the life.  
She proved a useful helping hand,  
And in her house had good command.  
I got a farm, the terms rack rent,  
To make a living fully bent;  
We set to work with heart and will,  
Grew splendid crops our barns to fill.  
All things went well for twenty years;  
Times changing then caus'd doubts and fears;  
Rents keeping high, with produce falling,  
Caus'd renting land a risky calling;  
Two or three sons, now almost men,  
Fit to begin the world again;  
What's to be done with stock on hand;  
Must either sell or keep on land.  
To emigrate was then propos'd,  
If all the folks would be dispos'd;  
A consultation then ensued,  
Objections all were soon subdued.  
Good news from foreign just to hand,  
Australia seemed the promised land.  
A berth for all can now be found  
To sail in June from Plymouth Sound;  
This time will suit us all exact,  
Time to prepare and get things pack'd;  
Our friends will lend a helping hand,  
Tho' loath to see us leave England.  
Many a mournful tear was shed,  
The long sea voyage the greatest dread.  
All things went well; we push'd away,  
Sail'd from Plymouth th' appointed day.*

Soon after leaving sight of land  
We form'd a precious musical band;  
Instruments both of brass and wood,  
A few musicians very good,  
Soon drove away all melancholy,  
Dejected spirits soon were jolly;  
Aroused some dull ones from their berth,  
Turn'd gloom and sadness into mirth.  
So pleas'd the captain and his crew  
That music soon was nothing new,  
Call'd us to play just every night  
On the ship's poop, by the ship's light;  
This kept up life throughout the ship,  
Pleasing to all through the long trip.  
Our passage slow, but safe and sure,  
It took three months and something more.  
When this new land appear'd in sight,  
Rejoicing soon rose at great height;  
All hands on board were very tired,  
To be released was much desired,  
The day far spent was nearly night,  
Anchor'd outside, lights all in sight;  
The fearful rolling of the ship  
The worst we had for all the trip.  
Next day we anchored safe in port,  
Our music here was all new sport;  
From every ship that anchored near,  
Our music got a ringing cheer  
I came with wife and family eight  
From the good ship to Geelong straight.  
When we left home some sons were young,  
Out here they soon get stout and strong;  
The daughters two were both well grown,  
Their services here were soon well known;  
Demand for boys was also great,  
With wages good and board complete.  
Gold digging then was all the rage,  
Many new chums did thus engage.  
And those who mining understood,  
Some of the did well and good;  
But those not used to spade and pick,  
Found it hard work, and soon fell sick,  
And wished they'd took some other track,  
Where cash and food would be no lack;  
For every kind of labour then  
The pay was good, for boys and men.  
Gold in the earth, a hidden treasure,  
It is not got by lazy leisure;  
And those who got it are but few,  
It might not be for me nor you  
My boys went digging for a while,  
Came on some gold, which made them smile;  
Purchas'd horses at high figures  
To cart provisions to the diggers.  
The roads were then fearfully bad,  
Make jolly drivers' hearts feel sad;  
The price for cartage, then so good,  
Made drivers careless of the mud;  
But if teams were not strong and good  
Were sure to stick up in the mud;  
To make a trip safe from mishap  
Would turn in cash to stop a gap  
Bullock teams were then the best,

*They took the lead from all the rest.  
This state of things did not last long,  
When railways came clear'd all the throng.  
We lived in Geelong several years,  
Some time in business free from fears;  
At length, shop rents got up so high,  
Turn'd business people rather shy,  
Unless they had a shop their own  
Profits would soon in rent be gone.*

*I never fancied life in town,  
To pay such high, excessive rent;  
Much rather live on land my own -  
For this my mind was always bent.  
With sons' consent, I bought a block  
To keep and rear a few live stock  
With this in view, we took possession  
To resume again our first profession.  
To clear the ground, and put a fence,  
The wood will help pay the expense;  
Then, when we had sufficient stock,  
Purchas'd a near adjoining block;  
Began growing wheat, which then would pay,  
Eight shillings was the price that day;  
But prices soon fell down so low,  
Wheat would not pay to plough and sow;  
We turned our hands to orchard rearing,  
In a few years got full in bearing;  
This industry has paid us well,  
Plenty for use, and some to sell.  
Four purchas'd lots comprise the estate,  
Three of them join as one complete.  
By industry and persevering,  
Cattle, sheep, and orchard rearing,  
The family now all settled down,  
Chiefly on freehold land, their own.*

*William Lugg  
Rosevale, June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1888.*