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Published at Glassville, N. B.

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For all he did he had a reason,
For all he said a word in season,
And ready ever was to quote
Authorities for what he wrote.—Butler.

HARVEST HOME.

The harvest is now over in this part of the world, and our farmers have cause to be thankful for a bountiful crop, and for exceptionally fine weather in which to harvest it. We have not seen or heard any of the rejoicings that usually characterize the end of the harvest in the part of 'Merrie England'. There, from time immemorial, the hauling home of the last load of grain has been the signal for great rejoicing, feasting, and merry making. This may be a relic of the old Druidical religion, or a ceremony taught our ancestors by pagan Rome; still, the custom is equally applicable in our times, as offering praise and thanksgiving to the Supreme Being, instead of offering libations to Ceres, and other pagan deities, as our forefathers did in olden times.

Whatever may have been the origin of the custom it has for centuries been religiously observed by our ancestors, and has continued to be so in various parts of England in our own days.

A traveller in England, in 1598, speaking of Windsor, relates: "As we were returning to our inn, we happened to meet some country people celebrating their Harvest Home: their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which, perhaps, they would signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn."

A writer in 1661 observes, "The frum-enty pot welcomes home the harvest cart, and the garland of flowers crowns the captain of the reapers; the battle of the field is now stoutly fought. The pipe and tabor are now busily set at work, and the lad and the lass will have no lead on their heels. O! 'tis a merry time, wherein honest neighbours make good cheer, and God is glorified in His blessings on the earth."

Many poets have sung the praises of Harvest Home. In Herrick's 'Hesperides' are the following verses on the "Hock Cart" (i. e., that which brings home the last load of corn to the barn.)

Come, sons of Summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil,
By whose rough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing Harvest Home:
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart,
Drest up with all the country art.
See here a Mawkin, there a sheet,
As spotless, pure, as it is sweet:
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies
(Clad all in linen, white as lilies),
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the Hock Cart crown'd.
About the cart, hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout:
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter,
Some bless the cart; some kiss the sheaves;
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some cross the till horse, some, with great
Devotion, strike the home-borne wheat,
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where for your mirth;
You shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanted here,
Here's that which drowns all care, stout beer.

Such was an old English Harvest Home in the "merrie" days of Charles II. Well may we sigh for the good old times!

Since our last issue was published the Province has lost one of the 'landmarks' in it's political history. The Hon. Wm. Lindsay, who for many years had been a prominent figure in the political world of Carleton county; having been it's representative in the Provincial House for a lengthy period. He was also a prominent figure in Woodstock, having been identified with it's rise and progress for a period of nearly sixty years. Born in the 'Ould country' proverbially known as 'The Birthplace of Wit' he inherited all the characteristics of his race, and his severely caustic wit was oftentimes more potent than his arguments. Ripe and full of years, he has gone down to the grave, leaving a family to inherit the fortune he acquired by prudence and industry.

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