

him a favorable opportunity, if he have the inclination at all, of partaking in social conversation, listening to instructive reading, or hearing the delights of music. In short, I know of no class of people more capable of enjoying a winter's evening in a rational manner, than the family of the country gentleman or the farmer.

Viewing winter in a higher and more serious light—in the repose of nature, as emblematical of the mortality of man—in the exquisite pleasures which man in winter, as being of sensation, enjoys over the lower creation—and in the eminence in which man, in the temperate regions, stands, with respect to the development of his mental faculties, above his fellow-creatures in the tropics: in these respects, winter must be healed by the dweller in the country, as the purifier of the mental as well as of the physical atmosphere.

On this subject, I cannot refrain from copying these beautiful reflections by a modern writer, whose great and versatile talents, enabling him to write well on almost any subject, have long been known to me. "Winter," says he, "is the season of Nature's annual repose—the time when the working structures are reduced to the minimum of their extent, and the energies of growth and life to the minimum of their activity, and when the phenomena of nature are fewer, and address themselves less pleasingly to our senses than they do in any other of the three seasons. There is hope in the bud of Spring, pleasure in the bloom of Summer, and enjoyment in the fruit of Autumn; but, if we make our senses our chief resource, there is something both blank and gloomy in the aspect of Winter.

"And if we were of and for this world alone, there is no doubt that this would be the correct view of the winter, as compared with the other seasons; and the partial death of the year would point as a most mournful index to the death and final close of our existence. But we are beings otherwise destined and endowed—the world is to us only what the lodge is to the wayfaring man; and while we enjoy its rest, our thoughts can be directed back to the past part of our journey, and our hopes forward to its end, when we shall reach our proper home, and dwell there securely and forever. This is our sure consolation—the anchor of hope to our minds during all storms, whether they be of physical nature, or social adversity. * * *

"We are beings of sensation certainly; many and exquisite are the pleasures which we are fitted for enjoying in this way, and much ought we to be grateful for their capacity of giving pleasure, and our capacity of receiving it: for this refined pleasure of the senses is special and peculiar to us out of all the countless variety of living creatures which tenant the earth around us. They eat, they drink, they sleep, they secure the succession of their race, and they die; but not one of them has a secondary pleasure of sense beyond the accomplishment of these very humble ends.

We stand far higher in the mere gratifications of sense; and in the mental ones there is no comparison, as the other creatures have not an atom of the element to bring to the estimate.

"The winter is, therefore, the especial season of man—*our own season*, by way of eminence; and men who have no winter in the year of the region in which they are placed, never of themselves display those traits of mental development which are the true characteristics of rational men, as contracted with the irrational part of the living creation. It is true there must be the contrast of a summer, in order to give this winter its proper effect, but still the winter is the intellectual season of the year—the season during which the intellectual and immortal spirit in man enables him most triumphantly to display his superiority over 'the beasts that perish.'"—*Highland Society's Farm Journal*.

EARLY MATURITY OF SUSSEX STOCK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUSSEX AGRICULTURAL EXPRESS.

SIR,—Having always noticed how ably and strenuously you advocate the excellence of the Sussex breed of beasts, and seeing in your paper of last week, that bringing the Sussex stock to early maturity is exciting some attention in the east, and as the short-horn breeders sincerely tell us, "Your cross breed may be all very well when you keep them for six or seven years, but you cannot bring them out so early as we are able;" I will place in your hands the weight of two two-year old steers bred and fattened by myself, of the breed of Mr. Selmes, Beckley:—

One weighed 140 stones 8lbs., and carried 18st. 4lbs. of loose fat; the other weighed 129st. 3lbs., and carried 18st. 3lbs. of loose fat—which plainly shows, if you give them any chance, they can be made ripe at that age.

And remain in haste, yours obediently,
Hurst, Dec. 28, 1846. W. MARSHALL.

In the "Rural Cyclopædia" the following is given as the Suffolk mode of curing, the hams and bacon of that county being of fine quality:—"The best pickle for the fitches consists of 3lbs. of white and 2lbs. of bay salt, 3lbs. of coarse brown sugar, 4 oz. of saltpetre, 2 oz. of saltprunella, a few grains of black pepper, a few grains of whole Jamaica ginger, and a quart of very stale strong ale; the whole purified by heat and skimming, boiled till nearly dry, and rubbed into the hams in as hot a state as the hand can bear. Both fitches and hams are prepared for the pickle by salting, and twenty-four hours' digorgement, and are wiped very dry before the pickle is applied: the fitches are rubbed, basted and turned every day during five weeks; and both are eventually smoked either in chimneys where wood fuel is consumed, or elsewhere, with leaves, brushwood, and branches of trees mixed with litter."