

tem of long-wooled sheep-husbandry: it should, however, be stated, that it more accurately describes the course pursued by the large than the small farmer.

#### A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR OLD TROUT

*Editors.*—Can any onetell how long a trout fish will live. Twenty-five years the past summer, I came on the farm where I now am. Almost the first work that I did after getting in my spring crops, was to drain a bog swamp, the outlet of which leads into the Croton River. I had an old Scotchman to do the ditching. One day he brought up a trout fish about the size of a man's little finger, in his whiskey jug, (by the by we used a little on the farm then, and *not since then*.) I put it in the well near the house, and it is there now, grown to a goodly size—say about a foot long, and large in proportion. It has been fed but very little: once in a while some one throws in a grasshopper or cricket to see him catch it. The well is thirty feet deep, and water hard, and settles down nearly to the bottom and then again rises to near the top. He has been taken out a few times to clean the well, but not the last five years.

Friday last I got a grasshopper, the last one I expect to see this fall, and gave it to him. The water is now twenty-five feet deep but it hardly touched the surface before he had it. If any one has a fish older than mine I would like to know it. F. HOTT. *South East, Nov. 19th, 1855.*

And so should we also; and if any one has any curious facts of this kind, we should be much obliged if he would follow Mr. HOTT's example, and communicate them.—EDS

#### TO MAKE GOOD BREAD.

I am a farmer's wife, and have been a housekeeper for more than twenty years: raised a family of children, and the greater part of that time have personally presided over my household affairs. I have therefore not much time for publication, but seeing in your excellent paper several articles on bread making, and believing I am pretty well posted in that department, I will give you and the readers of the Cultivator the benefit of my experience; truth will bear twice telling.

In order to have good bread, a necessary ingredient is good yeast. My mode of making yeast is as follows: To three pints of water, add one handful of hops, boil well together, strain and put the liquor into the pot again, then take three large-sized potatoes, wash, pare and grate them, and stir into the liquor while boiling, then add one table-spoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar or molasses, and thicken with a spoonful of flour; pour it out, and when cool add sufficient yeast to rise it; when light set it in a cool place for use. To make bread, pare and cut two quarts of potatoes, boil them in water enough to mix one gallon of sponge; when well boiled wash and strain through a cullender, stir in flour while hot, when cool enough, stir in a teaspoonful of yeast, then set to rise, and the next morning make up your bread in the usual way; when it is light, mould into loaves and let stand until fit to be put in the oven.

This is my way of making good bread, and I know of none better.—"Aunt Debby" in Ohio Cultivator."

#### THE MORAL QUALITIES OF THE DOG.

It is truly said of the dog that he possesses

"Many a good  
And useful quality, and virtue too,  
Attachment never to be weaned or changed  
By any change of fortune; proof alike  
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;  
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
Can move or warp; and gratitude, for small  
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,  
And glistening even in the dying eye."

It may here be noticed that, among the inferior animals with large nerves and more medullary substance, there are acuter senses; but man, excelling them in the general bulk of his brain, and more particularly in the cortical portion of it, has far superior powers of mind. These are circumstances that deserve the deepest consideration. In their wild state the brutes have no concern—no idea beyond their food and their reproduction. In their domesticated state, they are doomed to be the servants of man. Their power of mind is sufficient to qualify them for this service: but were proportionate intellectual capacity added to this—were they made conscious of their strength, and of the objects that could be effected by it—they would burst their bonds, and man would in his turn be the victim and the slave.

There is an important faculty, termed *attention*. It is that which distinguishes the promising pupil from him of whom no good hope could be formed, and the scientific man from the superficial and ignorant one. The power of keeping the mind steadily bent upon one purpose, is the great secret of individual and moral improvement. We see the habit of attention carried in the dog to a very considerable extent. The terrier eagerly watching for vermin—the sporting dog standing staunch to his point, however he may be annoyed by the blunders of his companion or the unskillfulness of his master—the foxhound, insensible to a thousand scents, and deaf to every other sound, while he anxiously and perseveringly searches out the track of his prey—these are striking illustrations of the power of attention.

Then the impression having been received, and the mind having been employed in its examination, it is treasured up in the storehouse of the mind for future use.

This is the faculty of memory; and a most important one it is. Of the *memory* of the dog, and the recollection of kindness received, there are a thousand stories, from the return of Ulysses to the present day, and we have seen enough of that faithful animal to believe most of them. An officer was abroad with his regiment, during the American war. He had a fine Newfoundland dog, his constant companion, whom he left with his family. After the lapse of several years he returned. His dog met him at the door, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and died.

Of the accuracy and retentiveness of memory in the dog, as respects the instruction he has received from his master, we have abundant proof in the pointer and the bound, and it may perhaps be with some of them, as with men, that the lessons must sometimes be repeated, and even impressed on the memory in a way not altogether pleasant.

[We knew an imported Irish setter, formerly in possession of a gentleman of this city, who on many occasions, while hunting, displayed an extraordinary instinct, even sufficiently remarkable to make us believe that he possessed not only the most acute powers of observation, but that he also enjoyed the faculty of "inductive reasoning," independent of any mechanical training, many of his performances being entirely voluntary, and the result of causes dependent upon accidental circumstances alone: for instance, when lost from observation he would noiselessly withdraw from his point, hunt up his master and induce him, by peculiar signs, to follow him to the spot where he had previously observed the birds.

In his old days, "Smoke" was much opposed to hunting with an indifferent shot, and would leave the field perfectly disgusted, after a succession of bad shooting; seeming to argue that he no longer sought after game for amusement, but that he expected his efforts to be repaid by the death of the birds.

The dog was of a morose and dignified disposition, surly with strangers, and inclined to quarrel with any one who carried a stick or whip in their hands, never forgetting an injury, and growling whenever any person who had offended him made their appearance. He was also particularly irritable and tenacious of his rights when hunting, slunning all puppies or heedless dogs, and exhibiting a very irascible disposition if superseded in a point by another dog; and on one occasion attacked a young pointer in the field, who, in opposition to all his growling and show of irony, would persist in crawling before him, when on a point.—L.]

#### BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

This variety of Cabbage is supposed to have originated from Savoy. It is a celebrated vegetable in Europe, especially near Bruxelles and other large towns in Flanders, where, from October to April, it is an everyday dish on the table of both the rich and the poor. Till recently very little attention has been given to it in this country.

*Culture.*—Sow the seed in April, and transplant in June, or July, in the same manner as Broccoli. The leaves of the plant are similar to Savoy, crowning a stem about two feet high, from which grows out numerous little cabbages of from one to two inches in diameter. After the sprouts have been frosted (which is necessary to their perfection) they may be gathered. Immerse them