

g.g.g.g.g.g.g.d.—by Mayflower, 425.  
g.g.g.g.g.g.g.d.—by a bull of Mr. Nicholson's, descended from the stock of Mr. J. Brown, of Aldborough.

SIRE OF THE DAM OF CAWOOD'S ROSE.

GOLDEN ECLIPSE, 1425, white, calved March 10th, 1855. Bred by Sir C. R. Tempest, Bart., Broughton Hall. Sire—Fair Eclipse, 11456. Dam—Rosette, by California, 11238. g. d.—Roseberry, by Chance, 6846. g. g. d.—Strawberry, by Belvedere, 2nd, 3127—by Bellerophon, 3119—by Kitt, 2179.

Mr. JACK has kindly allowed us to peruse a letter from Mr. Archibald, of Sheet Harbour, containing some additional facts of interest in connection with the discovery of *Rhododendron maximum*, and from which we extract the following:—"My knowledge of these bushes goes back as far as thirty-five years. When a boy at my grandfather's house in Upper Musquodoboit, old Peter Cope and his squaw Molly came to our house one night for lodgings. Having just come through the woods from Sheet Harbor, they brought with them some very fine branches of these green bushes, and it being winter the green leaves were new to us. They said that they had found them on their way, that quite a number of the bushes were growing in one place only, but appeared averse to describing the locality. They remained at my grandfather's over night, got two pork hams, and left before daylight, leaving us the green branches. Shortly after that I moved to Halifax, and by degrees forgot the ham and bush story. Coming to Sheet Harbor about eighteen years ago, and finding the descendants of the old Copes here, the pork and green bushes vision of my youth was revived. I found that most of the Indians knew the whereabouts of the bushes, but no white man that I could find had ever seen them, and but few had even heard of their existence, though I think that some old white hunters from Musquodoboit had been to them. I determined to see them, and induced Joe Paul and Peter Francis, (Indians who still live here), to guide me to them in the winter, 1858. At that time there were some twelve or fifteen bushes visible above about a foot of snow, the largest being about four feet high; they pointed out dead stalks of what they said had been green bushes. Some of these were about seven or eight feet high, and of four inches diameter at the ground. These, they said, had, when green, borne white flowers in summer, but did not speak of the small ones bearing flowers. At that time I brought several specimens to the Harbor, and showed the locality of them to many of our loggers. The Indians took Capt. Chearnley to the ground

about ten years ago, and told me that the Capt. had taken some to Halifax to plant in his garden. More recently some gold hunters, supposing that the bushes indicated gold, dug a few small holes upon the ground, but without success. Fire passed over one corner of the ground a few years ago, previous to which they had about disappeared, and I have thought that the Indians destroyed them, or might it be that the seed comes from the white flower, and that whites and moose destroyed them before getting large enough to bear flowers? I will get my friend Balcom (Dep. Surveyor) to draw me a rough sketch of the locality, and take it to you when I go to Halifax this week.

"Yours very truly,  
"D. W. ARCHIBALD."

SEVENTEENTH DUKE OF OXFORD, the sire of the Cornwallis Bull, Gwynne of the Forest, is advertised at Rosehill, Lancashire, England, to serve cows this season at a fee of ten guineas each. There are many farmers in Nova Scotia who would think ten guineas a great price to pay for a bull altogether, instead of for a single service. But the number of such farmers is fortunately growing less every year.

#### WHEAT CULTURE.

TRURO, JANUARY 18TH, 1876.

To the Editor of the Journal of Agriculture:

SIR,—Having for some time entertained a strong conviction that wheat should be more extensively cultivated in Nova Scotia than at present, and that the people of the Province are sufferers financially and physically in consequence of the comparatively small acreage given to this cereal, I have wondered,—not being a wheat grower,—how I could best present so important a subject to your readers. At the late October Term of the Supreme Court at Amherst, His Honor Mr. Justice McCully, feeling deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, in his address to the Grand Jury stated that "The bread of any country is a matter of serious importance, the amount sent abroad for this article is very considerable, and he would strongly recommend the old plan of every farmer raising his own bread, thus securing quite as healthy an article as is procured from abroad, and conferring at the same time immense advantages on the country." While I can readily imagine, at this time of continued depression in every interest, how comfortable our farmers would feel if they had the money in their pockets that is sent abroad for the superfine extra flour brought into the country in hundreds of thousands of barrels, if not millions, it requires a knowledge of chemistry, to instruct me how much more comfortable they would feel if they only lived upon

the dark, wholesome home article. If I am not a wheat grower I am much less a chemist, wherefore, Mr. Editor, if you will not demonstrate the proposition I have enunciated with your own professional views upon it, will you be good enough to publish those of the American Doctor E. Cutter, embodied in a very able leading article that appeared a short time ago in *The Boston Journal of Chemistry*, entitled, "*Does the use of flour promote affections of the nervous system?*" It is suggestive of the great importance of the subject under consideration, and its perusal, I think, cannot fail to interest our farmers, and furnish them with many valuable hints, applicable to their calling.

Yours, &c,  
I. L.

"The Roman soldier, in the time of Julius Caesar especially, was the type of the most vigorous manhood, probably, that the world ever saw. For fortitude and endurance in warfare, labour and suffering in campaigns, and perseverance under hardship, his reputation has not upon the whole been surpassed. In his day there were no railroads for transport, not many bridges for passing rivers, no Goodyear to supply india-rubber for protection to feet, head, or body. He had no pontoons, or telegraph, or balloons. No powder, nor gun, nor rifle, nor cannon aided him in destroying his enemies. His was a hand-to-hand conflict, with javelins, swords, and battering-rams. He interviewed his foe in person, and such was his individual physical power and development that his opponents almost invariably succumbed, and Caesar was master of the known world.

How did the Roman soldier come to possess such a wonderful strength of physical and mental organization that he could accomplish feats of prowess which fill so large a space in the history of the world?"

We know that he lived out-of-doors, inhaling plenty of pure oxygen, and exhaling carbonic acid, which was immediately borne off and its place supplied with fresh air. If he had lived in one of our modern houses, heated with base-burners and laboriously shut up air-tight, with no ventilation except an occasional opening of a door, breathing an atmosphere tainted with carbonic oxide and carbonic acid gases, besides the animal exhalations, with window-blinds and sashes closed, and curtains drawn, (which is the general average condition of the houses of to-day), we think that his animal (*anima* means breath) powers would not have allowed him to accomplish his historic achievements.

But the Roman soldier besides breathing had to eat. No matter how much fresh air and exercise he had, his physique would have failed with imperfect food. He could not have developed muscle