Experience has so fully proved that without unity of purpose no community can expect to accomplish any great object, that it would seem a work of supererogation to dwell upon that topic.

From small beginnings, within the term of about twenty years, a partial and imperfect organization has indeed been going on in isolated situations within the Province; and although some local benefit has been derived, still it is evident, without a combination and centralization of our energies, no lasting good to the Province at large need be looked for.

The means for such an union have now been afforded by the Act passed for the Incorporation of the Provincial Association; and a grant of five thousand pounds per annum has been made to aid in the formation and extension of District, County, and Township Societies; but no money has, as yet, been appropriated for the support of this Institution.

It remains, therefore, for you, Gentlemen, and indeed the whole of the population (for *all* are interested,) to say whether you will apply part of your means, either public or private, to the support of this *your own* Agricultural Society, and thereby place it on a fair basis,—or whether, by withholding your aid at this critical juncture of its history, you will ruin the prospects now opening before you.

Such a result I cannot by possibility anticipate, and in the fullest confidence of your support, commit the interests of the Institution to your keeping.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Your very obedient servant,
ADAM FERGUSSON,
President of the Provincial Agricultural Association, C. W.

For the Newcastle Farmer.

GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

God speed the Plough! the toiling Plough,
O'er hill and valley fair;
A blessing on *his* sunburnt brow,
Who grinds its shining share;
A blessing on his fertile land,
And on his loaded wain;
And on the merry harvest band,
That reap the ripened grain.

God speed the Plough! the peaceful Plough;
Sword! rust within thy sheath,
A most remorseless thing art thou,
The chosen friend of death:
Go, moulder with the Helms and Shields,
Of days long since gone by:
For the Plough hath won o'er bloodless fields,
A Holier Victory.

God speed the Plough! the noble Plough,
The tiller's manly toil;
That bids the golden harvests glow,
O'er all the fruitful soil;
Not ours the Olive or the Vine,
Of sunny France and Spain:
Thou hast withheld the oil and wine,
But giv'st the blessed grain.

Now, Ploughman trace the furrow fair,
Along the cultured mead;
Then, Father; to thy fostering care,
We leave the precious seed;
Thou, who hast heard the Lion's cry,
And fed the Raven's brood;
Send down thy blessing from on high,
And give thy children food.

...burg, 17th March, 1848. R. A. P.

EXPERIMENTS WITH COMMON SALT.

(From Correspondents of Gardeners' Chronicle.)

...tried salt on a four-acre field, newly broken up, and ...oats, the plant very fine, but in March nearly destroyed ...wireworm, and when harvested, produced about ten or ...sacks only. I sent to the salt pans near us and got ...bushels of the best salt at 1s. per bushel, and sowed it ...broadcast. It was ploughed in for a seed-furrow, and sown to wheat: the produce, seven sacks to the acre. The wire worm was destroyed, save in one or two places where these destructive creatures seem to lie in a bed. It was in the next ploughing and marling totally destroyed. Where salt is sown, the wheat continues to look green longer, and is about ten days later for the sickle than those wheats sown at the same time, and where no salt was applied.

2. Experiment was in a field sown to turnips. The wireworm was thinning them so rapidly that my foreman said they would single my turnips for the man who was hoeing them. The weather was showery, and I had sown two to three bushels of salt per acre. On examining the roots, the wireworms were found stiff and dead, and the crops came away luxuriantly, and I had a fine piece of turnips.

3. Field of seven acres was sown with salt. The turnips and oats were good; but I did not get entirely rid of the wireworm till I had marled the land well. The wheat crop good and the grain heavy. As the climate here is very dry, I sowed salt, as it causes the soil to retain its moisture much longer. I have also found it very beneficial to grass seeds. I consider the benefits arising from salt used in mixens and dung-heaps to be these:—It destroys the eggs of insects and slugs harboured in them: also prevents the germination of seeds of noxious weeds, which are commonly conveyed to the field in the dung cart, and so propagated; prevents fire-fang, and causes the heap to retain its moisture. In addition to these effects, it is beneficial in like manner to the future crop.

In reference to the use of salt as a condiment, I had a cow attacked with jaundice, or the "yellows." It was ailing several months, and looked poor though fed upon turnip. I generally kept a lump of rock salt in the yard, but had none at this time. I got some blocks and gave her one, which she daily licked, and shortly became quite fat and sleek in her coat. I gave it to sheep, horses, and rarely are my animals ill.—*X. Y. Z.—Hants.*

Salt was tried here this year as an experiment of its action on roots—potatoes, Swedes, and mangold wurzel. Potatoes, no effect whatever visible; Swedes, beneficial; mangold wurzel, beneficial in a higher degree.—*Sigma.*

WHITE CARROTS.—My long practice in the cultivation of the soil, and a due regard to Nature's laws, embolden me to write to you for that information you are pleased to impart on such subjects. From my observation on causes affecting the growth of vegetable productions by electricity, I referred this subject, which is of great importance, to men who have taken out their degrees in the school of philosophy, and who have more time to display their theoretical reasoning; but the Ruler of all events, as in the case of the potato blight, has thought fit to confound their arts and reasoning; as said hitherto, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

In my observation on a former occasion, relative to the premature growth of the Belgian white carrot, I said they had been frequently complained of this year by those who sowed their seed in April and May. I sowed my main crop during the first week in May, on a moory, drained bottom, with farmyard manure trenched in early, and this sowing showed signs of premature growth, while the red Altringham, sown same time with the like preparation, showed no signs. I sowed the white Belgian carrot again on the 1st of June, on the same bottom, with lime and clay incorporated, and they showed no signs of starting for seed, and their roots are very little inferior to those sown in May. From these experiments, I conclude that the proper season for sowing this valuable root, the white Blegian carrot, is not known; and I further observe, as already hinted, that from the luxuriant top-growth of this biennial root, the application of too much manure, consistent with the preparation of the soil, should be guarded against.

TO MAKE BREAD WITH MURIATIC ACID.—Take 2lbs. of meal, add 2 drachms of bicarbonate of soda, and mix the soda and meal as well as possible. Take 2 ounces by measure of muriatic acid, and add 10 ounces of water; of this *strong* acid take 2 ounces, and add a *pint* and a half of water; make an opening in the centre of the meal, and add this diluted acid as *quickly* as possible, mixing it effectually with the meal, which is immediately to be put into a tin shape, and at once placed in the oven, or pot, previously heated and ready to bake.—*Farmers' Gazette.*