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AGRICULTURAL.

From Bicknell's Reporter.

THE HOME AND THE FOREIGN MARKET.

The leading paper in a late number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, is on the production of wheat in the United States. It occupies too much space to give in detail in our columns; but a few of its facts and statements will be read with interest. We learn that the wheat-growing region of the United States now embraces 500,000 square miles, or 320,000,000 of acres of land. A few years since, the marketed supplies of wheat were entirely from the Atlantic States; but now, the greatest wheat-growing State is Ohio. The writer thinks it is not within the range of probabilities, that in any future year, the whole crop will be so far destroyed as not to leave abundant production for all home and foreign demand likely to exist. He says that fields of wheat of 200 and 300 acres are not uncommon, and frequently 500 or 800 acres are put under a single fence. He deprecates this system, however, & says, that foremost of the evils resulting from it, is the disappointment of the farmer in the average yield per acre. The capabilities of western soil may not be overrated—the production certainly is. A large section of wheat-growing country, with which the writer is familiarly acquainted, has not yielded an average for five years of more than fifteen bushels per acre; and the most successful experiment he has ever known, was the production of 6,000 bushels on 200 acres of land, or 30 bushels per acre. Fewer acres, better fenced, pulverized, and manured, all time has taught is better husbandry. Productions per acre, in many portions of the great West, could easily be doubled.

In England and France, it would generally be esteemed bad husbandry, to raise a wheat crop oftener than once in three or four years. Wheat is alternated with green crops, and every precaution is taken against exhaustion. A similar economy is recommended in this country. In 1839, the wheat crop of the United States amounted to 84,813,272 bushels; in 1843, to 100,310,856.

In regard to production, the States now stand in the following order: New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Indiana, Tennessee, Michigan, Illinois & Kentucky. The single state of Ohio must, hereafter, produce annually at least 20,000,000 bushels. According to the census of 1840, the whole production of Michigan was, 2,157,108 bushels; in 1843, her crop is estimated at 5,296,271 bushels. The first year her people fed themselves without importing was 1838. In five years she has nearly 3,000,000 bushels to dispose of abroad. The crops of Iowa and Wisconsin have trebled since 1840. For a few years to come the average per centage of one year's increase over another will not probably be much diminished.—The accessions of settlers have been constant.—A great mass of them, struggling through the first years of their residence to obtain a livelihood, are but just beginning to raise a surplus from the acres they have subdued. The energies heretofore exerted in ever-fresh encounters with forest life, subduing, fencing, improving, and rendering the soil fit for cultivation, is now employed in furnishing a surplus for export. In the meanwhile, the older States will sow and reap, and produce their accustomed quantities of grain, irrespective of the west. We repeat, in view of all these facts, that too much of the industry of the country is bestowed on wheat cultivation. Nothing but a pervading knowledge of these facts among producers, and a concert of action among them, will avert the evils of frequent over production.

The crop of wheat for 1843, exceeded in value the cotton crop of that year, by at least $10,000,000.

The annual export of flour and wheat (reduced to bushels) to all countries on the globe, from the year 1790 to the present time, has not amounted to 4,500,000 bushels; and for the last 25 years, has not amounted to 4,600,000; and tables are given to prove this statement.

Our annual export, then, continues the writer, to all the world, is equal to one-twenty second part of the crop of 1843. If we confine our calculations to Great Britain, the nation to which we sell the most flour, and with which we trade the most and of whom we purchase $50,000,000 worth of merchandise and manufactures annually, we shall find that our annual export to that empire has been less than 1,000,000 bushels, or less than one-hundredth part of the crop of 1843. Subjoined is a statement derived from the treasury reports of exports of wheat and flour to Great Britain, from 1834 to 1843, inclusive,—

	Flour. *Bbls.*	Wheat. *Bush.*
1834,	19,687	none.
1835,	5,376	none.
1836,	161	none.
1837,	none.	3
1838,	8,295	none.
1839,	167,582	6,033
1840,	620,728	615,972
1841,	208,984	119,854
1842,	208,031	143,330
1843, 9 months,	19,436	none.

Thus notwithstanding each inhabitant of that empire consumes of our wheat but about a quart annually, the demand for that quart is very fluctuating and uncertain.

If we look abroad for a market for other grains, the aspect is still more gloomy. While the annual production of other grains than wheat amounts to 600, or 700,000,000 bushels, the whole annual export of all grains, including wheat, and flour, and meal, reduced to bushels, and even oats, has never reached 2,000,000. This fact can be verified by examination of the annual treasury reports. Subjoined is a statement showing the amount exported, and the amount retained at home, of the crop of 1842:—

Wheat—Production, bushels,		102,317,340
Export,		6,591,167
Consumed at home,		95,723,173
Corn.—Production, bushels,		411,829,246
Export,		1,332,504
Consumed at home,		440,496,742
All other grains—Production,		181,390,268
Export,		411,168
Consumed at home,		180,978,900

Of other grains than wheat, therefore, the foreign demand is equal to less than one-three hundredth and fiftieth part.

Such has been the foreign demand during our whole existence as a nation, never sweeping off more than a mere fraction of our annual product; such has it been alike when our tariff laws were relaxed, and when they were stringent; such has it been when the whole carrying trade of the world was opened to us; such has it been when the South American republics, struggling for existence, gave us markets; such has it been while Europe was desolated by the wars of Napoleon; such has it been while starving millions abroad were crying for bread.

The writer says,—"Suppose the Corn Law is repealed. Is our chance for a marannually imports wheat to the average extent of 12,000,000 bushels, and her importation has amounted to double that quantity. We have shown that we have been permitted, heretofore, to supply from our bursting granaries one-twelfth of that amount. As soon as the British price becomes invitingly high, in rushes wheat costing less than ours, and at cheaper transportation, from the grain exporting countries of Europe. The year 1821, was one of great scarcity in England, and during that year her import was 27,000,000 bushels; yet our treasury records show that we supplied, in competition with the serf labor of Russia, Poland, and Germany, only 4,338,687 bushels, or less than one-sixth of that amount. Embracing a period of thirty years, according to McCulloch, the United States have supplyed but 4 per cent. of the British importation. Prince Esterhasy once answered an Englishman, who boasted that he owned 50,000 sheep, 'and I own 50,000 shepherds.' His brother princes, some of them own 50,000 wheat-growers. The labor and the wheat alike belong to the prince. It makes little difference to him whether his wheat brings a high or a low price—his income is still princely. If it suits his conscience, he starves his serf and gluts the foreign market. Repeal then the corn laws of England and the American farmer can supply her market when he can place himself on a level with the miserable and degraded serfs of Russia and Poland, and not till then. If he can survive as poorly fed and housed; if he can endure to go as meanly clad; if he can content himself to have his children grow up around him ignorant as his cattle, he can raise wheat and sell it in competition with a European serf.

He affirms that the avera e price of wheat in the markets of New York for the last thirty years, has been $1 30 per bushel, while the average price at the grain exporting marts of Europe has been less than $1. It is very manifest that wheat can be transported for much less than this difference in prices, and that the American markets might frequently be inundated with foreign wheat unless subjected to a duty.

Alluding to the home market he says:—"It appears, by the census of 1840, that in manufactures and trades, 791,739 acting, operating persons were employed. The same census shows, under the same general head, that in all branches of 4,800,000 only were grouped as the working people. These represented and supported all the rest of the population of the United States, be they children, relations, dependants, paupers, prisoners, or drones. The proportion of the whole 17,000,000 people, supported by the 791,739 manufacturers and mechanics, were more than 2,800,000. This whole population is entirely withdrawn from Agriculture, and employed at other labor. But the benefit does not end here, of such a diversion of labor. The manufacturer must have raw material. The wool grower, the miners for coal and iron, delving into the bowels of the earth for her hidden stores; the whalers, circumnavigating the earth, and drawing up from the depths of the ocean her rich resources; the long lines of transporters, are all, in a measure, supported by manufacturers; and, diverted from the production of grain, become consumers. It is not too high an estimate, to say that 4,000,000 people directly and indirectly derive subsistence from manufactures. If so, this large aggregate of mouths is supplied to consume the bread-stuffs of the American farmer. Allowing the common, but too low estimate of 5 bushels each, they will consume 20,000,000 bushels annually—more than four times as much as the annual average export to all the world, and more than twenty times the average export to Great Britain.

"It will probably be a matter of astonishment to many readers, to learn that the single State of Massachusetts, with a population of, perhaps 800,000 people, is a better market for flour than all the world besides; yet, such is the fact.

The annual import into the port of Boston, for the years 1842 and 1843, was	610,000 bbls.
Import via Western railroad,	105,000
Estimated amount distributed by Western railroad, between State line and Boston,	100,000
Estimated amount imported direct into the south shore ports of Massachusetts,	120,000
Total,	935,000 bbls.

"It appears, by the preceding proofs, that the average export to all the world, reduced to bushels, is less than 4,600,000 bushels; yet the import of Massachusetts, shows the above large aggregate of 4,600,000. It is assumed, that this single State affords a better market; because a steady, uniform, perpetual market for 4 bushels of wheat, is much better than an unstable, fickle, capricious market for 46 bushels. The United States Commissioner of Patents, charged with the duty, and supplied with clerks and funds to obtain all possible information relative to the production and disposal of crops, seems to have arrived at essentially the same conclusion in his report for 1843."

ELECTRICITY AND AGRICULTURE.—The element which now promises to be turned to the increased uses, of power, is the electric fluid. Of all the uses to which this marvellous agent has hitherto been applied, none promises such remarkable results as its application to agriculture. Though the principle had long been admitted, that electricity had a great effect on vegetation, it is not until of late that any practical application of such aid has been attempted; but from the results, as well as from the comparatively trifling cost of the experiments which have been lately made, we quite agree in the conclusion of a London journalist, that the new agent is likely, before long, to produce as great a revolution in agriculture as the steam engine or spinning jenay, have effected in manufactures. A very interesting experiment, on a somewhat considerable scale, has just been made in the North of Scotland—a portion of a field of barley to which electricity was applied, producing at the rate of thirteen quarters and a half to the acre, while the surrounding land, similarly treated in all other respects producing the usual quantity of five or six quarters to the acre,—the *electricised* barley weighing, moreover, two pounds to the bushel more than the other.

The mode in which the fluid is collected and applied to influence the land is very simple. The field is divided into oblong squares, 76 yards long, and 10 wide—containing, therefore, just one acre. At each of the angles of the square pegs are driven into the ground, and four strong iron wires are attached—communicating with each other—so as to form a square of wire, and sunk three inches below the surface; at two points, directly opposite, in the centre of the short sides of the oblong, poles are fixed in the ground 15 feet high, and a wire, communicating with the cross wire beneath the surface, is carried up one of the poles, and along the centre of the square to the other, down which it is conducted and attached to the cross wire beneath the surface at that point—the square being so formed as to run from north to south, so that this upper wire shall be at right lines with the equator. As a considerable body of electricity is generated in the atmosphere and travels constantly from east to west, with the motion of the earth, this electricity is attached by this upper wire, and communicated to those forming the square under the surface of the ground.

It is suggested, however, that any quantity of electricity can be generated by placing under the ground, at a point in the centre of one of the longer sides of the oblong, a bag of charcoal, and plates of zinc at the point directly opposite on the other side, connecting the two by a wire passing over two poles similar to those mentioned in the preceding account, and crossing the longitudinal wire passing from those poles.

The cost at which this application can be made is computed at *one pound* per acre, & it is reckoned to last ten or fifteen years—the wires being carefully taken up and replaced each year.

This discovery is certainly one of the most important of modern days, and would compensate fully for the giving out of Ichaboe, even were poudrette, and other methods of manuring the ground, also exhausted.—*N. Y. Eve. Gaz.*

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has again staid out late, Mrs. Caudle, at first injured and indignant, melts.

Perhaps Mr. Caudle, you'll tell me where this is to end! Though, goodness knows, I need't ask *that*. The end is plain enough. Out—out—out! Every night—every night! I'm sure, men who can't come home at reasonable hours have no business with wives; they have no right to destroy other people if they choose to go to destruction themselves. Ha, lord! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever marry—I hope they'll none of 'em ever be the slave their poor mother is: they shan't if I can help it. What do you say? *Nothing?* Well, I don't wonder at that, Mr. Caudle; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder than you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence. What do you say? *Nothing?* Ha! you are an aggravating creature, Caudle; lying there like the mummy of a man, & never as much as opening your lips to one. Just as if your own wife wasn't worth answering! It isn't so when you're out, I'm sure. Oh no! then you can talk fast enough; here, there's no getting a word out of you. But you treat your wife as no other man does—and you know it.

"Out every night! What? *You haven't been out this week before?* That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week as once—just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours. *Business?* Oh, yes—I dare say! Pretty business a married man and the father of a family must have out of doors at one o'clock in the morning. What! *I shall drive you mad?* Oh, no; you haven't feelings enough to go mad—you'd be a better man, Caudle, if you had. *Will I listen to you?* What's the use! Of course you've some story to put me off with—you can all do that, and laugh at us afterwards.

"No, Caudle, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault—not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion; and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world knows. *It's no use pretending now?* Oh, now I shan't believe a word of it. I'm not such a fool as other women are, I can tell you. There now—don't begin to swear—but go on ——

"——— And that's your story, is it?—That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your apology for undermining my health and ruining your family! What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up—going & throwing away your money upon good-for-nothing, pot-house acquaintance? *He's not a pot house acquaintance?* Who is he then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know—it's that Prettyman! Yes, to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to lie in the bed! I've wanted a silver teapot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as—what! *You haven't thrown it away?* Haven't you? Then my name's not Margaret, that's all I know!

"A man gets arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family, and locked up, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with nasty sheriff's officers—pah! I'm sure you're not fit to enter a decent house—& go running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it! A pretty settlement you'll make of it—mark my words! Yes—and to mend the matter, to finish it quite you must be one of the bail! That any man who isn't a born fool should do such a thing for another! Do you think anybody would do as much for you?—*Yes?* You say yes? Well, I only wish—just to show that I'm right—I only wish you were in a condition to try 'em. You'd find the difference—*that* you would.

"What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble—but I should only like to see what they'd say to you if you were in a sponging-house. Yes—I should enjoy that, just to show you that I'm always right. What do you say? *You think better of the world?* Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that. And of course they only laugh at you. 'Caudle's an easy fool,' they cry—I know it as well as if I heard 'em—'Caudle's an easy fool, anybody may lead him.' Yes; anybody but his own wife; and she—of course—is nobody.

"And now, everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll have your hands full now no doubt of it. You'll soon know every sponging-house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough to do to run from lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people. Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul—not a bit! No; and I shan't put it off till to morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I will speak now.

"I wish that Prettyman had been at the bottom of the sea before—what? *It isn't Prettyman?* Ha! Its very well for you to say so; but I know it is; it's just like him. He looks like a man that's always in debt—that's always in a sponging-house. Anybody might swear it. I knew it from the very first time you brought him here—from the very night he put his nasty dirty wet boots on my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in minute. Prettyman! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family!

"Why could'nt you let him stop in the sponging———Now don't call upon heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I wont. Why couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in; he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me awake, break my sleep, my health and for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. You can do all this while you're talking with a set of low bailiffs! A great deal you must think of your children, to go into a lawyer's office.

"And then you must be bail—you must be bound—for Mr. Prettyman! You may say bound! Yes you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you—and serve you right! Why, in another week he will be in the East Indies; of course he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes, your children may go in rags, so that Mr. Prettyman—what do you say? *It isn't Prettyman?* I know better. Well, if it isn't Prettyman that kept you out—if it isn't Prettyman you're bailed for—who is it then? What! *My Brother? Brother Tom!* Oh! Caudle, dear Caudle"—

"It was too much for the dear soul," says Caudle; "she sobbed as if her heart would break, and I"—and there the MS is blotted, as though Caudle himself had dropt tears as he wrote.—*Punch.*

WESTWARD HO!—From those far regions towards the Pacific over which the star of empire is throwing its first glimmering rays, the harbingers of its culminating brightness, we have from time to time some tidings of import—half random sounds which come like the murmuring of a great stir at a distance, portentous of an incipient movement in which mighty elements are at work.

For example, a Western paper, the Sangamo (Illinois) Journal, has a letter from one belonging to the Oregon expedition which left our frontier settlements in the beginning of the Spring;—it bears date, "Bank of the Nebraska, May 13." "The from the bosom of the prairies, consists of about five hundred wagons—one hundred and seven are in our company—thirty-five are a few miles ahead, and some seventy are a few days behind. But it is impossible to speak definitely as regards the number of teams. The number of souls is said to be between six & seven thousand. The number of cattle is immense—exceeding, in all probability, ten thousand head. Our teams, horses, mules, ponies, cattle and wagons, stretched out in procession, some three miles in length on the broad prairies, present a grand spectacle."

Is not this something like a renewal of the days of the patriarchs when a young nation went forth with their flocks and herds to occupy some goodly land!—The elders of the tribes, the young men, the women and children, with domestic household implements—a caravan community—journeying over mountain and through wilderness—seeking some fertile valley with its flowing river and rich pasturage where they shall pitch their tents and take up their abode;—how strikingly are those pictures of primitive times reproduced in our day! The restless Caucasian, at this hour, is true to the instincts which seem to have characterised the earliest known progenitors of the race. Ardent, enterprising, indomitable—the energies of his nature aroused by the dangers and hardships which would intimidate others—the man of the white complexion and the sanguine temperament has been in all ages in the world the foremost pioneer of civilization; nor is his destiny yet fulfilled. Chief of that great family, if not the eldest born, the Anglo Saxon is found, the HERCULES of adventure, of strength and of hardihood; ever in advance and always in strife until his sway is acknowledged, the genius of empire and of conquest is his, whether to overcome nature or to subdue men.

But let us return to our Oregon pilgrims. The three miles of teams, horses, mules, ponies, cattle & wagons, must of course create some sensation among the Indians of the prairies. A romantic fancy would probably depict these warriors of the prairies as looking mournfully upon the invading host and sighing at the thought that their race must soon disappear before the avalanche of the pale faces. But the truth of the case appears to be otherwise. The sons of the wigwam are delighted at the facilities for stealing which the occasion presents. "They meet you with an air of courtesy," says the traveller, "extend the hand of friendship in graceful waving circles to all, and shake hands most heartily with any one of the company who notices them most." They are thus ready to steal. It appears that they are most polite to those upon whom they intend to depredate—an evidence that they have learned some of the arts of civilization.

The soil and face of the country from Independence to the Nebraska are described as being eminent for beauty and fertility. Timber is scarce, but small groves of fine trees are found along the streams. Let us quote the traveller:

"The prairies are beautifully rolling—the soil rich and deep. The Nebraska river has shallow banks, and its bottom is quick-sand. The creeks which we have crossed, however, that empty into the Nebraska, have deep banks and muddy bottoms—on some the soil is more than fifteen feet in depth. These deep channels and muddy bottoms have given us much trouble. Quite a number of cattle in crossing them get mired, and sometimes we have had to haul from fifteen to twenty out by the ir horns.

Lime-stone is abundant on the prairies. A stratum of rock lies on a level, showing itself above ground in almost every declivity which passes its level.

Our road so far has been very good, although apparently not very direct in its course. I can say but little of the prospects of the Oregon emigration. I can now only give you a faint idea of its magnitude, and the character of the people who compose it. From the best information I can obtain, the number of emigrants will be five-fold to what it was last year; but you must bear in mind that it was then greatly exaggerated."

Of the people composing the expedition he speaks well, and adds that none but those possessing sterling qualities, genuine stuff, are wanted on such enterprizes. "No narrow-minded soul," says our adventurer, is fit for Oregon. If such embark, discord and confusion follow." No doubt of it. It is hard to tell what narrow-minded souls are fit for—yet they have their uses doubtless.

Over beautifully rolling prairies, then, rich in soil, watered by copious streams and variegated with groves—through verdant plains enamelled with flowers—these seekers after a mere abode travel on and on.—Why not stop in some of those delightful valleys and give over their pilgrimage? No; that would not do.—The songs of the prairie birds would bring no music to the ears of these people; they long to hear the roar of the Pacific. The waters of the Nebraska would taste insipid; because they do not flow towards the setting sun. No, they must go on; for the genius of the Republic goes with them and points to the Stars and the Stripes already waving on the banks of the Columbia. There can be no faltering by the way until these children of Freedom salute the beloved emblem in the new realm where their brethern have planted it.

It is a six months' journey that the emhave some glimpses of this romantic sort of journeying. One who went out in the expedition of 1843 has published a brief account of his travels and of the condition of things in the Oregon country. There were some three hundred of them, men, women and children, with their wagons, teams, horses, dogs, and a thousand head of cattle—They moved along slowly, obeying the injunction so repeatedly urged upon Miss Lucy Long. Some twelve, fifteen or twenty miles a day was the extent of their saunterings. When the company first bade adieu to the settlements and plunged into the wilderness there was some weeping, we are told, among the women, with a slight blubbering on the part of the boys—but they soon wiped their eyes and noses and entered joyfully into the spirit of the thing. The men with their rides on horseback, chased the deer and buffaloes; the women sat in the wagons and sewed and made the interiors of their vehicles as domestic and comfortable as a tent on wheels. Perhaps they exchanged morning visits—but we have not the particulars on that head.—After about three months' travel in this easy way the expedition reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains and beheld the long sought valley of the Oregon stretched out beneath. They halted to view the spectacle, it was grand and exhilerating. The event was worth a special holiday. So they had a grand ball on the green sward under the shade of the tall forest trees.

We have been drawn on to occupy so much space already that a future occasion must afford an opportunity for some allusions to the existing organization of Government and society in Oregon. This is a matter of special interest and significance.

Balt. American.

OREGON EMIGRANTS.

One of the editors of the Western Expositor, writing from the Kaw village, thus speaks of one of the companies now on the route to Oregon:

"A beautiful prairie, which the wild taste of the Kaw Indians have selected for their permanent village, one hundred miles from Independence, is the rendezvous of the Oregon emigrants, assembled here to complete their final organization. One hundred and four wagons arranged in an oval ring, and linked together with ox chains, form at once an immense caral to enclose the stock, and an impregnable fortress to protect them.—One hundred more wagons encamped in groups at small distances completes the troop here assembled; which, dotting the plain with their snow white covers, resounding with a busy multitude playing to and fro in business of preparation, or herding the cloud of stock engaged in devouring the luxuriant grass, combine to heighten in interest a scene full of animation sunshine and excitement. The emigrants have been engaged during the day in framing and adopting a system of regulation for their general government, and in the election of officers. Dr. Walsh, of Cooper county, Missouri, has been chosen captain, Stephen H. L. Meek, pilot,

"From the census which I have succeeded in taking, there were present, males, 421,

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