

rough, fuzzy wool, known in trade as *nan*. The wool received through Mogadore—under 100,000 lbs.—is deficient in lustre, kempy, and of a brownish colour; but, by judicious mixing with English blood, it could be brought to resemble our breeds, and find a large and remunerative market.

In the East Indian and Persian wools, of which considerable supplies are now coming forward (wards of 20,000,000 lbs. per annum) improvement has already commenced, and a large field awaits further development. Each year's ports are collected from a wider range, and we penetrate into a more temperate region to find wool of a longer and sounder staple, assimilating more closely to our English descriptions than the short hair wool that is usually grown near the tropics. East Indian wool has tendency to be burry and scurfy, with a slight mixture of gray hairs. The staple is generally short.

Our supply of wool from China has been on the decline, as it found little favor here. The exports have dropped from 300,000 lbs. to about one-fifth of that quantity. It is unusually soft, short-stapled wool, looking neither like fleece nor lamb, and is very cotted, kempy, and yellow. Attention seems to be bestowed upon it by the growers, but when a regular demand arises, the Chinese will, no doubt, give more attention to and effect desirable changes. From the extraordinary fecundity of the sheep, large quantities might be produced.

It is gratifying to see that the Central Farnham Club has the growth of lustre wool on the order for this year; while the correspondent of local paper thus refers to the home growth; "The lustre wool is not much in request, and I would be especially glad of a well-reasoned and authoritative opinion as to whether or no its regular production could be depended on upon the best farms of Hants and Wilts? My own opinion is that a flock of Lincolns would, if the same were always brought from Lincolnshire, and the flock regularly fed on turnips, &c., retain the lustrous character of their fleece."

Changes of the Atmosphere.

(From the Mark Lane Express.)

The mutual dependence of the various phenomena exhibited within the limits of that vast aerial ocean, the atmosphere, and the modifications that each meteorological process undergoes through the agency of all the rest, has tended to retard, and render extremely difficult, its practical application to the wants of every day. The complexity of the causes which disturb our atmosphere is so intricate, that it becomes a nice and delicate task to determine what cause and what effect, so completely does the one seem to take the place of the other, according to the point of view from which we make

our observation. For this cause meteorology seemed rather to belong to the region of speculative philosophy than to rank as one of the exact sciences; and the only persons by whom it was much followed seem to have placed their faith in the very problematic power of empirical predictions, rather than attempt to trace causes from observed effects. As an example of the many and different modifying processes through which nature works, let us spend a few minutes in considering the causes which operate on some of the currents of air, so regular within certain limits, yet so varied in our own latitude. Sufficient attention has not been paid to the subject of the winds, either by the agriculturist or the philosopher; a fact in a great measure owing probably to the want, till late years, of self-recording anemometers. A good trustworthy wind vane is a very useful thing in any case, and should be often consulted; but we can hardly hope for any very concise results, unless we have the means of tracing, through a long period of time, every movement and change in the direction. It is only from an uninterrupted series of such records that we can expect to establish, finally, the periods of so apparently erratic an element as the wind. One can scarcely realize the fact that the gentle air as it fans the bronzed cheek of southern Europe, and with a soft persuasion wafts the tiny skiff over the unruffled waters of some placid lake, is the same element that, when acted upon by certain forces, unseen, yet not the less powerful, hurls destruction over land and sea, turning the calm waters, where the ship like "a painted thing upon a painted sea" rides at anchor, into a raging and furious flood—a remorseless and quick destruction alike for ship and human life. The fiery simoon and sirocco of the Indies, the pestilence-bearing winds of western Africa, the tempestuous gales that crush and tear to atoms the floating homes of hundreds, filling the coasts of more northern climes with death and horror, are all of one family with the soft breeze that wakes with gentle murmur a summer morning, or the cooler airs that, as the shades of night draw on, seem to sigh for the departing day. Truly we cannot tell "whence it cometh or whither it goeth," and can only trace its course over a limited space by the marks of its iron foot-step, or by the more refined appliances of science. But who can tell the place of its birth? The human mind can hardly conceive by what Titanic forces the light and buoyant air is acted upon, that in its headlong course it overturns the strongest monuments of human art, as well as the giant inhabitants of forests, whose seeds, perchance, had germinated under the same sun that cheered our Saxon forefathers.

We shall better understand the various disturbing causes which exert their influence on the atmospheric pressure, if we commence by examining what would be its state if but few of the causes existed. Let us suppose our earth