

potatoes will not cost over fifteen cents a bushel, while the average will not, even when a good dressing of manure is applied, be over twenty-five cents per bushel. In some places, as at the west, where they grow from 300 to 400 bushels per acre, the cost is not over five cents per bushel.

VARIETIES TO PLANT, MANURE, ETC.

I think that the best variety now grown is the Snowflake. It is a variety that matures in September in New Jersey—being neither early nor late. Then there is the Early Rose, Late Rose, Peerless, Blownell's Beauty, and Compton's Surprise,—all very fine.

In regard to fertilisers, stable dung is good enough, but when commercial fertilizers are used, potash should predominate. A dealer in such fertilizers, who undoubtedly has done his best to ascertain what formula produces the best crops, gives the following for one acre:

Ground Bone, 250 lb.....	\$ 5 00
Oil Vitriol, 100 lb.....	2 00
Muriate of Potash, 275 lb.....	6 37
Sulphate of Ammonia, 200 lb.....	11 00
Sulphate of Soda, 100 lb.....	2 50
Land Plaster, 100 lb.....	1 00
	\$27 87

Here the actual potash (137½ lbs.) is the largest constituent in pounds but not in cost. Another dealer gives the following formula for 1,000 lbs:

Sulphate of Ammonia, 180 lb.....	\$ 9 00
Superphosphate, 550 lb.....	11 00
Muriate of Potash, 270 lb.....	6 37

Probably the second formula is designed for an acre of land, but both are enough for two acres each, and I give these formulas only to show what commercial fertilizers are recommended for potatoes, which is of interest to farmers if they ever expect to buy any.—*Colonial Farmer.*

ECHO FARM.

We have this week paid our annual visit to Echo Farm, and find everything in as perfect order as ever, apparently no relaxing of the stringent and admirable rules which govern that establishment. The cattle are in splendid condition, and neatness prevails everywhere. Mr. Starr has disposed of nearly all of his grade animals, and hopes soon to part with the few that remain, as it is his determination to have none but such as are full-blooded and registered in the American Jersey Cattle Club Herd Book. His famous bull, "Litchfield," looks as well to-day as when he was awarded the Centennial Special Prize at Philadelphia. His new two-year-old bull, "John Rex," has won first honors at every fair at which he has been exhibited, and we do not wonder that a Hartford paper spoke of him as the most perfect animal of his kind ever exhibited.

It is needless for us to sound the praises of the Echo Farm Herd, for it has spoken for itself, having this fall taken the following First Prizes, viz:—

AT THE CONNECTICUT STATE FAIR AT HARTFORD.—The only two Sweepstake prizes. The Herd Prizes, and four other First Prizes.

AT TORRINGTON FAIR.—Nine First Prizes, being all that were offered.

AT WATERTOWN FAIR.—Eight First Prizes being all that were offered.

AT DANBURY FAIR.—Nine First Prizes, being all but one that were offered.

It also carried off numerous Second Prizes at the above fairs.

Mr. Starr is frequently receiving highly satisfactory letters from those who have purchased some of his stock. From one of those letters from Wisconsin, we extract the following:—"One of the cows I had of you will probably beat any you now have, She is giving forty to forty-two pounds of milk every twenty-four hours, of the richest kind; and is making two and a half pounds of butter a day. One other is nearly her equal. They scoop the premiums at all fairs. 'Scotia,' (a son of Litchfield) is doing finely."

Another purchaser, who owns "Controller," (also a son of Litchfield), reports that he headed the herd which won the Gold Medal (First Prize) at the last New York State Fair, where he likewise won the First Prize for best bull of his age.

The illustrated article upon this farm, in Harper's Magazine has already brought many persons from distant parts to see it.

Several gentlemen belonging to the Chinese Embassy visited the farm last Friday, and to use their own expression, "were hugely delighted" with all they saw. The farming implements were new to them, and attracted much attention. A mowing machine was put in motion in an adjacent field, that the working of it might be better understood. A thrasher and cleaner, also a Foust's hay loader were minutely inspected and explained, as were also the horse power machines, &c.

To the astonishment and delight of all present, Mr. Starr stated that he had just received an order through his New York agents, for forty pounds (twenty pounds) of butter to be sent at once by express to China. It was a remarkable coincidence that this order should have arrived just at that time, and that so many members of the Embassy should be present to see the churning of the first fresh butter ever sent by express from this part of the world (and perhaps from any other quarter of the globe) to China.

Another coincidence was that the same train which brought the Chinese gentlemen from Hartford, also brought two other gentlemen who had unexpectedly come to see Echo Farm, one of whom is

an extensive stock breeder from California, thus forming as it were a link connecting New England and China.—*Litchfield Enquirer.*

KATY O'CONNOR'S LAMENT.

[EDS. COUNTRY GENTLEMAN: T. L. H. says he "believes a Short-horn cross will improve anything." Such a cross as crossing the Channel to Ireland Katy O'Connor did not believe in; and if Katy is unjust to the great S. H., remember her great provocation!

The following Lament was repeated from memory by a friend, who could not recollect where he had seen or heard it. This phonographic version is, therefore, probably full of errors; but even thus it is too good to be lost. *Dhrimindhoo* is the Irish for "beautiful cow," or "beautiful little cow."—T. J. H.]

I had a cow, me Dhrimindhoo!
Whin Pat and I came first together;
And I may say that for a day
She scarce was iver off the tither.
Och! wirra-sthrew! me Dhrimindhoo!
Yure glossy coat all did admire;
Me shoining stoe, yure like, I know,
Will never stand in shed or byre.

But just upon last Hallowmas,
Me Pat arose one frosty morn;
And—wirra-sthrew!—me Dhrimindhoo
He sould—and bought a great Short-horn.
And whin the Short-horn, calved, in May,
Of corn and cake she got a skin-full;
But may I niver sin if she
Gave at a milking half a tin-full!

Och! wirra-sthrew! me Dhrimindhoo!
Yez niver tasted cake nor corn:
On wisp of hay, thraa toimes a day,
Yez gave a can-full iver morn!
And as I journey on me way,
I fale me chakes with hot shame burning,
Whin neighbors say to me each day,
"Arrah! Katy, is there no more churning?"

Oh! wirra-sthrew! me Dhrimindhoo!
It chokes me so I cannot utter;
On wisp of hay, thraa toimes a day,
'Twas yez that gave galore of butther!
Me curse upon thim ivermore,
And may their grief be great as moine is,
Who first brought o'er, to Erin's shore,
Thim Short-horn cows and Cochlin Chinies.
—Country Gentleman, May, 1868.

An interesting fact in the life of the late Mr. Thomas Belt is the alleged discovery of which a short account was given by a correspondent of the *Times* in a letter entitled "Colorado: its Scenery and Soil," which appeared on the 25 of last month. It is there said that Mr. Belt had taken a human skull, in good preservation, out of a cutting on the Colorado Central Railway, in a formation belonging to the glacial era. It was Mr. Belt's intention to submit this relic to the trained and critical scrutiny of Prof. Marsh in the United States, and of Prof. Huxley in this country. We fear that his untimely death prevented him from fulfilling his purpose. We hope, however, that the skull is now in safe