

sons. When the potatoes begin to shoot, cross-harrow the beds until they are nearly reduced to a level; if a roller is necessary let it not be neglected. When the plants appear, plough the earth from them, work the intervals well with plough and harrow, gather up all the prepared earth with the plough and hoe, as high as possible to the stalks: all the earth of the six feet beds will be then employed in assisting the growth of the potato, and a great depth will be gained in the intervals. When the crop is fit for taking up, cut off the stalks, and cast them in a heap to rot: with a strong harrow cross the drills or banks, until the great body of the potatoes appears: plough the earth from each bank to within a few inches of the centre: harrow and lay smooth the intermediate beds, carefully gathering up all potatoes that have appeared; (if a crop of wheat be intended, now is the time to sow it: heave out with two men, one on each side, the entire bank; the shaking out of the potatoes will divide the earth and cover the seed wheat; give a light harrowing; two men to each acre will clear the remaining earth and dung out of the original furrows, and spread them over the beds when required. This work should be performed only when the ground is dry: the treading will do no injury; the crop, stalks, &c. are to be removed behind the fork-men as they move, and the seed to be sown only as wanting to be covered in.

From the success of the last mode of culture, I recommend it in all situations, where the land has been much neglected, is over-run with couch-grass and weeds, and is much impoverished: for this land, the repeated ploughings and harrowings, the gaining a greater depth, and the mixing the under soil with the upper, which has been much exhausted, must conduce much to clean and to bring any land into heart; if with the wheat

crop, red clover be sown the ensuing April, covered in by second shovelling, and thereby top-dressing the wheat, to feed off such clover with ewes and lambs will complete the recruiting of it.

In both modes, much of the aerial potatoes, noticed by Darwin have appeared above my highest landing; I remarked, where a stalk was cracked by the wind or any accident, and that it was afterwards covered with clay, a great number of good potatoes were produced.

Potato-stalks, as at present treated, become useless: if they are cut, when on the turn from green, put in a heap (with or without quick lime) and covered with earth, they will produce as much dung for a subsequent crop, as was used to produce them in the bank mode. *Razson's Survey of Kildare.*

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CORSO THE PERSIAN.....AN EASTERN
TALE.

THE shades of the night had just begun to retire, and the first dawning of morning gleamed in the east, when Corso retired from the company of his friends, with whom he had passed the preceding evening. Satisfied, but not cloyed with pleasure, he wished to enjoy those sensations which arise in the mind from the reflection of past gratifications. In this frame of mind he wandered through the fields, regardless whether he went, and totally absorbed in his own pleasing meditations.

On every side the birds were heard pouring forth the first effusions of their throats, to salute the approaching day. The opening flowers diffused their perfumes, which were borne through the valleys by the silent gale; the dews of night rolled from the hills, and the beauties of the creation displayed themselves successively, as if arising in slow and gradual succession from beneath its shadowy mantle.

The heart of Corso expanded within him. His heart was involved in a confused maze of varied pleasures. At intervals the strains of harmony, interrupted by bursts of joy from the pavilions he had just quitted, were borne, mellowed by distance, along the wind. His soul caught the transport... "Surely," says he, "man is born for pleasure. The days I have passed recall none but joyful recollections, and the feelings, now swelling in my breast, hold forth a new and ever-growing prospect of enjoyments in continual succession. Nature lays all her treasures at my feet, and spreads a feast for my gratification. None but fools would refuse to taste it." Wrapt in such meditations, he wandered silently along, regardless whither the path conducted him, till a sudden turn brought him to a projecting rock, at the foot of which was the mouth of a large cavern. Curiosity prompted him to enter. After advancing a few paces he was struck with the sight of a venerable old man, who seemed so intent on a book which lay before him, that he paid no attention to the entrance of the stranger. Corso stood some time in mute veneration, at length breaking silence, he thus addressed him. "Reverend father, why pass the little time still allotted thee in solitude and study, and not rather partake of the blessings which nature permits you to enjoy?" The old man made no answer: but, having fixed his eyes steadfastly for a few moments on the youth, he rolled up the volume he was reading, and rising, retired into the cell, beckoning to the other to follow: Corso obeyed the signal: After having penetrated so far that the glimmering of light, which proceeded from the entrance was almost dissipated, his guide stopped, and turning to Corso... "Mark," says he, "what thou now seest, look, but speak not." Corso lifted up his eyes and beheld a mighty ocean, to which his sight could set no bounds. Its

waves were agitated as if after a violent tempest. On looking more attentively he perceived in the middle a rock, in form of an island; its shore was strewn with oars, broken masts, cordage, planks, and other remains of a vessel that had been shattered by the fury of the winds. He also perceived two men whose appearance showed that they had just escaped from shipwreck. These, though united in misfortune, were very differently occupied. After dividing between them the provisions which had been thrown on shore, one of them was busily employed in collecting the fragments of the wreck, and constructing a raft, while the other appeared totally occupied in enjoying what chance had thrown in his way, and seemed to have no further thought, than the indulgence of his appetites. Often did the other go to him, and by his signs endeavour to prevail upon him to join in his task; at one time directing his view to the shore, on which the rising tide was every moment making fresh encroachments, and at another, pointing with the most emphatic gestures to a distant part of the horizon.

The eyes of Corso were naturally turned hither, and upon looking steadfastly at that part of the scene, he could discern something, but whether it was land or a cloud resting on the sea, the greatness of the distance prevented him from discovering. At length the raft was completed, and the maker of it, having put on board the little stock of necessaries which had fallen to his share, boldly ventured out and steered his course towards that quarter which had attracted his attention. But before his departure he returned once more to his companion, and by the most significant gestures, seemed to endeavour to persuade him to join with him in this experiment. But it was now too late; bloated with excess, and stupified with intoxication, he was nearly lost to a sense of his situation. By degrees the waves rose

higher. At length roused by the nearer approach of danger, he looked around him, but in vain. As the waters advanced he retreated, wringing his hands in all the agonies of despair, and at length hung clinging to the summit of the rock, expecting every moment the approach of that wave which was to cover him for ever, and gazing with fixed and haggard eyes, on his friend who was now at a distance, steering his course in safety through the ocean.

Corso could no longer restrain himself. And while his eyes were still fixed on the wondrous scene before him. "Thanks, venerable sage," he exclaimed, "for this, thy lesson; but say will that provident mariner reach the country to which he now directs his course, or are his senses mocked by a vain delusion?" He paused for an answer, and on receiving none, turned round to repeat his question, but the old man was gone; and on recurring to the scene he had just now quitted, it had vanished, and he found himself again standing at the entrance of the cave. He remained a few moments wrapt in speechless meditation: then turning to the sun, which now began to beam in full splendor above the horizon, poured forth his tribute of thankful gratitude to that Being who had deigned to illuminate his soul, and thoughtfully bent his steps homewards, fully convinced that the only business of man in this life is to prepare for another.

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ON COMBUSTION.

COMBUSTION signifies a burning, or in other words, the decomposition of certain substances called combustibles, accompanied with light and heat. The process of combustion, like various other operations of nature, although subject to our daily

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examination, yet very few are able to give a rational explanation of it.

The various phenomena it exhibits, its astonishing effects, its infinite uses, and its devastations, have rendered it in all ages a principal object of human attention. The whole extent of civil economy, as well as of almost all the articles of necessity and of luxury, most of the arts of more essential service to mankind, such as the manufacturing of metals, of glass, pharmacy, &c. depend almost entirely on combustion. By means of it the inclemencies of the seasons, and the dismal darkness of night are in a great measure removed. The most active instruments of destruction, the greatest scenes of wonder, admiration, and terror, such as the conflagration of towns, the discharge of artillery, the eruptions of volcanoes, are those in which combustion is the sole actor.

Whilst the wants and economy of mankind, have at all times called forth their industry in devising easy methods of lighting and warming their apartments, of preparing their victuals, &c. the calm contemplations of the philosopher have endeavoured to investigate the cause or causes of this wonderful phenomenon. It is natural to suppose that their first ideas must have been extremely incoherent and fanciful; since the present theory, which rests upon the foundation of innumerable experiments and strict reasoning, is vastly different from any sort of hypothesis, that even the wisest philosopher would have been led to form without the light of those experiments.

The first plausible theory was formed by STAHL, an eminent writer. The striking difference between bodies combustible and incombustible, induced him to suppose that the combustibles were endowed with a peculiar principle of inflammability, which the incombustibles had not, and to this supposed principle he gave the name of *phlogiston*. According to this suppo-

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