

[FOR THE BEE]

PUBLIC DANCING ASSEMBLIES.

It is acknowledged to be proper and needful, that young people should be indulged in some recreations agreeable to their age, and suitable to the condition in which Providence has placed them. But I would ask whether the great and only valuable end of recreation is to be expected from these Assemblies, namely, to relieve us from the fatigues of life and to exhilarate the spirits, so as thereby to fit us for the duties of life and religion. Now are these the proper means to fit us for the duties of either? Perhaps it will be said that dancing which is practised in these Assemblies, is an exercise conducive to health and therefore a means of fitting us for the duties of life. But may not the unseasonableness of the midnight hour, prevent and overbalance the benefit that might otherwise be supposed to arise from the exercise? Is it likely that natural health should be promoted or preserved, by changing the seasons and order of nature, and by allotting those hours to exercise, which God and nature have ordained for rest? Is the returning home after five or six hours dancing, through the cold and damp of the midnight air, a proper means of preserving health—or rather, is it not more likely to impair and destroy it? Have there not been sacrifices of human life offered to this midnight idol? Have there been no fair young martyrs to this unseasonable folly? Are there not some of its slaves who have become feeble, laboring under sore diseases, and some of them fallen asleep in death? Have not their music and their dancing, instead of natural rest in their beds, brought them to a long silence in the grave and an untimely rest in a bed of dust? Those amiable pieces of human nature, who were lately the joy and hope of their too indulgent parents, are now the bitterness of their hearts; and those very exercises from whence they hoped the continuance of their joy—as the supposed means of confirming their children's health—are become an everlasting spring of their mourning.

As those midnight recreations are badly suited to fit us for the duties of civil life, so they are worse suited to fit us for, or rather they are more apparently opposite to the duties of religion. The duties of the closet are neglected—the beautiful regularity and order of the family is broken up; and when the night has been turned into day, a good part of the next day is turned into night, while the duties of the morning, both to God and man, are unperformed. Those who have frequented these Assemblies know all this, and are my witnesses to the truth of it: Nay, the very practice itself, at those unseasonable hours, tells all the world how much they prefer these dangerous amusements to the evening and morning worship of God, and to all the conveniences and decorum of family government. Besides, if I speak to Christians, have you not found that indulgence in the diversions which are usually practised in those unseasonable Assemblies, leads the mind away insensibly from God and religion, gives a vanity to the spirit, and greatly abates the spiritual and heavenly temper which should belong to Christians? Hath it not taken away the savour of godliness and tincture of piety from some young minds—and do elder Christians never suffer by it? Let it be further considered, what sort of company you mingle with in those midnight Assemblies: Are they most frequented by the wise and pious, or by the more vain and vicious part of mankind? Do they tend to fill your mind with the most improving notions, and your ears and lips with the most proper conversation? Do you that frequent them never find your piety in danger there? Does strict religion and prayer relish well with you after those gaudy nights of mirth

and folly? and do you then when you join in those Assemblies, practice the command of God, to abstain from all appearance of evil, and to shun the paths of temptation? Can you pray for a blessing on those midnight meetings?—or can you hope to run into the midst of those sparks of living coals, and yet not be burned, nor so much as have your garments singed?

Parents are generally sensible that there are dangerous snares to youth in those gay diversions, and therefore the mother herself will go along with the young offspring, to protect and watch over them,—and perhaps there is scarcely any place or time which more wants the watchful eye of a superior. But let me ask, is this all the reason why the mother attends at those scenes of vanity? has she no relish for them herself? has she no gay humors of her own to be gratified, which she disguises and covers with the pretence of a parental solicitude for the virtue and honor of her offspring? are there no mothers who freely lead their children into those perilous places, where soul and body are in danger, and are really their tempters under a colour of their guardians?

You will perhaps plead that some of these things are proper for the improvement of young people in good breeding and politeness; they should be brought into company to see the world and to learn how to behave with becoming decency. Well, suppose these Assemblies to be academies of politeness, and that young people attend there upon lectures of good breeding, is there no other time so fit as midnight to polish the youth of both sexes? May not an hour or two be appointed at a more proper season, by select companies, for mutual conversation and innocent delight? Can there be no genteel recreations enjoyed, no lessons on behaviour taught by daylight, no method of improvement in good breeding, be contrived and appointed, which would be more secure from temptations and inconveniences? Are there none which are more harmless, more innocent, and of better reputation among persons of strict piety, and which would make less inroads on the duties of life, both solitary and social, civil and religious. T. F. M. B.

Mill Brook, May 6, 1837.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANECDOTE OF THE PARTRIDGE.—A gentleman one day riding over his farm, superintending his ploughmen, observed a partridge glide off so near the feet of one of the plough horses, that he thought the eggs must be crushed. This however, was not the case, but he found that the bird was about hatching, and that several of the eggs were beginning to crack. The bird returned to her nest the instant he left the spot. It was evident that the plough must turn the nest into the furrow; his astonishment was great when, with the returning plough, he came again to the spot and saw the nest, but found that the birds and all the eggs were gone. Under an impression that she must have removed her eggs, he made search, and before he left the field, he found her sitting under the hedge, upon twenty-one eggs, and she afterwards, from that hatching, brought up nineteen birds. The round of the plough had occupied about twenty minutes, in which time, (probably assisted by the cock bird) she had removed the twenty-one eggs a distance of about 40 yards.

RELIGION OF THE DOG.—The Rev. Henry Duncan, in his *Philosophy of the Seasons*, relates the following original anecdote of Burns:

"I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of

hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog.—Burns took up the question with all the ardor and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers; and, when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw a new light into my mind, I shall never forget. 'Man,' said he, 'is the God of the dog. He knows no other; he can understand no other; and see how he worships him! With what reverence he crouches at his feet; with what love he fawns upon him; with what dependence he looks up to him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapped up in his God; and the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. Divines tell us that it ought to be just so with the Christian; but the dogs put the Christians to shame!'"

AGRICULTURAL.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR OF THE BEE.

GRASS SEEDS.—We apprehend that our farmers will experience much difficulty this year in getting timothy seed to sow; should this be the case with any, we would advise them to save all the seed they can in the ripening season, and sow it in the fall on the stubble lands, giving it at the same time a harrowing in.

We must remind our farmers, that by far too little attention is paid to the production of grass seeds. At the prices they have commanded for some years past, we know nothing that would repay them so well; and we would beg to correct a mistaken notion on which many of them entertain on the subject,—namely, that the quality of the hay is injured by allowing it to remain until ripe. This has been proved by experiments made in the United States, to be wholly erroneous,—on the contrary, the quality of the hay is improved.

A friend of ours has just suggested a mode by which much good timothy seed might be saved which would otherwise be lost: This is by having in the mowed field, on a hot sunshine day, a canvas sheet on which a stool is placed, with a wooden brake fixed on the top. Two hands can stand at this, and switch out the best seed on the brake, while others are bringing the hay to them, and again removing it.

TURNIPS.—We hope the experience of last year has sufficiently opened the eyes of many, to the importance of cultivating this root.—They are at once an excellent food for man and beast—and their cultivation is the very best preparation of the soil for a wheat crop; but the land should now be in a state of preparation, and also the manure.

BOSTON PIGGERY.—About six miles from the city, in West Cambridge, is the Boston Piggery. At least 700 hogs are here constantly kept in pork condition, entirely on the offal from the dwelling houses in Boston, every one of which is visited in turn by the city carts. The offal increases, and the contractor calculates that it will be sufficient hereafter to fatten 1000 hogs.—He now receives four cartloads a day, and pays the city \$3,500 a year, or about \$2,75 a load. He receives \$3 a day for what the hogs leave. The city Treasurer loses \$1000 a year by the operation, and it is said the man makes three times that sum. The