- Portry.

MAY.

Among the "Lays of the Minnesingers," is the followng hymn to May, by Godfrey of Nifen, written in the thirteenth century:

"Up, up, let us greet The season so sweet, For winter is gone; And the flowers are springing, And little birds singing, Their soft notes ringing, And bright is the sun! Where all was drest In a snowy vest, There grass is growing, With dew-drops glowing, And flowers are seen On beds so green.

"All down in the grove, Around, above, Sweet music floats; As now loudly vying, Now softly sighing, The nightingale's plying Her tuneful notes; And joyous at Spring. Her companions sing. Up, maidens, repair To the meadows so fair. And dance we away

From the New York Observer. BY REQUEST.

Some Passages in the Life of Deacon Goodman.

Wherein is shown the inconvenience of NOT having the "Musical Ear."

Most of our readers remember Deacon Goodman, some passages from whose life, taken from 'The Ploughman,' were published in the Observer several years since. We have often been requested to reproduce them, and do so now at the instance of a valued friend and correspondent. The sage dessons which are covered, but not concealed, under the abounding humor-of the piece, are too many and too good to be forgotten.

Deacon Goodman was extensively known, not merely in his own parish, but through several miles of the surrounding country, for his amiable disposition, active benevolence, and unquestioned piety. So thoroughly was the Deacon's character established, that when the people of the neighboring towns saw him passing by, they would say-That man was rightly mamed, for if there ever was a good man, he is one.' And from this there was no dissenting voice. Nay; I am wrong in saying that; for there are some who never hear anybody praised without an interposing and qualifying 'but;' 'He may be well enough on the whole,' they will say 'but' &c., &c.; and then they will go on and make him out anything but a clever fellow."

The qualifying 'but' must be interposed even in the case of Deacon Goodman. 'He had a fault: He would sing in meeting. 'Cull you that a fault? saith the reader. Well then, kind reader, call it a misfortune. But why a

I will tell theo. Nature has so formed us, 'musical ear,' and other not. Now this 'musical ear' has nothing to do with real character, moral or intellectual; but yet the persons who have not the 'musical ear' ought never to sing in meeting. If they do, they will be sure to annoy others, and make themsevles ridiculous. Deacon Goodman had not the 'musical ear.' Whether it was the 'Messiah,' or the 'Creation,' or Jim Crow and Zip Coon, it was all the same to him, so far as music was concerned; it was just so much singing. Whether the artist were Sivori, or Ole Bull, or poor old John Casco, it was just so much fiddling. He had not the 'musical ear,' and still less, if possible, the musical voice; but yet he would sing in meeting .-And the gentle and respectful remonstrances of the choir leader were met with the unvaried reply, Singing is praying; you might as well ask me not to pray; I shall sing in meeting.

It is now proper for the Biographer to hint at another trait in the good Deacon's character. He was rather 'set in his way;' or in other words, he was dreadful obstinate in what he thought a good cause; and he was generally correct in appreciating the merits of the

We all know that musical people are apt to be sensitive and sometimes a little capricious: and who has ever known a theatrical Orchestra, or even a village choir, that had not a regular 'blow up' at least once a year ? Beyoud all doubt, Deacon Goodman's singing was a very serious grievance to the choir, and no small annoyance to the congregation. Yet in consideration of his great merits he was indulged t and his regular Sunday performances, often drew forth the remark, that if music murder was a sin, Deacon Goodman would have much to answer for. But there is a I cint beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Great jams 'had' been taken by the ! Shoir in getting up a now Anthem, (schoited | But an incident occurred, which contributed to be Int said be delt comfortable. Now the der has I Board the nor deale on I gone

prettiest little girl in the village. All who atwith the solo as sung by 'little Mary.' It was ard. very difficult. It was marked from beginning to end 'Andantino,' 'Dolce,' 'Affetuoso" 'Cresunexpected places; but she had conquered it all. Three or four accomplished singers who had come from Boston, to pass Thanksgiving in the country, and who attended the last rehearsal, were in raptures with little Mary's singing. They had heard Tedesco, and Biscaceianti, and yet they say, for a country girlshe is a prodicy.'

In ducttime, Thankgiving day arrived; and 'while the 'second bell' was ringing news came to the village that a very serious accident had happened to the Universalist minister. His horse had thrown him, either his leg or neck was broken; the boy who brought the news had forgotten which .- I hope it is not his neck,' said the rich and charitable old church member. When Deacon Goodman heard that remark, he held up his hands and exclaimed, 'I never!'

Now the Deacon dearly loved good preach ing, and the meeting house to him was a 'house of feasting.' But his religion was of a practical kind, and although he thought but precious little of his good works, he took care to don'n good many of them, and was far from be lieving with Amsdorf, that 'good works are an impediment to salvation.' So, said he to Mrs. Goodman, 'do you go to the house of feasting, and get all the good you can, and I will go to the house of mourning and do all I can.' And away he went to see, and if possible, to relieve the Universalist minister.

In the mean time the congregation assembled, and the worship proceeded in the usual way. At length came the Authem. It even went beyond expectation. A long 'rest' immediately preceded the solo. It was no rest for poor 'little Mary.' It was the most aux ious minute she had ever passed. She arose blushing and trembling. Her agitation gave a tremer to her voice, which added to the pa thos of the music. It was beautiful.

Now, Deacon Goodman always made it a rule, when an accident had detained him until after worship had commenced to come in very softly. How different from the fashionable flourish! All were intent on the solo .- None heard, and but few saw Deacon Goodman enter his pew, and take up the sheet on which the words of the anthem were printed.

Unlike that of many singers, the articula tion of 'little Mary' was perfect .- The Descon soon found the place; and to the astonishment of the congregation, indignation of the choir, and the perfect horror of 'little Mary,' he 'struck in,' and accompanied her through the whole solo. Accompanied! 'Oft in the stilly night,' accompanied by Captain Bragg's Battery would give some notion of it. Poor little Mary was sick a fortnight. Why don't you cut that old fellow's tongue off?' said one of the Boston singers. 'What good would it do?' said the choir leader, the would howl through his nose.' They were all very cross. As for Deacon he looked around as innocent as a lamb, and thought he had sung as well as any

Immediately after meeting, the choir leader called on the minister. 'Sir,' said he,, 'this must stop. If Deacon Goodman sings again, I do not.'

'Oh I know it,' said the minister. 'I have long felt the. difficulty; but what can we do? Deacon Goodman is a most excellent man, and his only faults are that he is rather set in his way and will sing in meeting.'

'But Deacon Goodman is a reasonable man,' said the choir leader.

'On most occasions,' replied the minister. Do go and see him, sir, for my mind is

made up; if he sings in meeting, I do not.' 'Deacon Goodman,' said the minister, 'I have come on a delicate errand; I have come to present the respectful request of the choir

that you would not sing in meeting.' The Deacon was thunderstruck; but he soon recovered. 'Singing is praying,' said he. 'They might just as well ask me not to pray: I shall sing in meeting.' And on the next Sunday, sure enough he did: louder, and if possible, more inharmonious than ever. The men singers looked daggers at bim; the girls bid their smiles behind their music books .- Little

This shall stop,' said the choir leader. 'I will go and see him myself.'

Mary was not there.

'Deacon Goodman, we all most highly respect you, as you must well know; but you have not the musical car nor the musical voice, and it is the earnest wish of the choir, and many of the congregation, that you do not again sing in meeting,'

The Deacon was again thunderstruck, but soon recovered. 'Singing is praying,' said he, and they may as well tel me not to pray. I

shall sing in meeting.' The good Dencon was dreadful'y set in his way, and go it went on again week after week. On Saturday evening he scaked his feet in hot for it has blown you hither. We shall be most in the same old way.

been assigned to the sweetest voice, and the dwelling, there, there was a wretched hovel, you?' which imperfectly sheltered the wretched wife tended the rehearsals were perfectly delighted and children of a still more wretched drunk-

. On one of the most inclement evenings of a New England January, the Deacen and his cendo,' Piano,' Pianissimo,' with changing family were cheerfully and thankfully enjoykeys, and flats and sharps, springing out from ing a glorious hickory fire; Mrs. Goodman was sewing for the family, and her daughters for the Missic nary society. His son was reading the Massachusetts Ploughman, and the good man himself was finishing off a sermon by a distinguished divine of his own denomination when bang went the front door, and in came his good neighbor and own beloved and respected minister. 'Why! I never!' said the Dencon, 'what has brought you along such a night as this?' Now this minister had his peculiarities as well as the Deacon. Among others he was very close mouthed about his own good deeds; He merely answered, 'I have been about my duty I hope. The fact was he had been to visit, and to talk and pray with a poor dying negro. 'Seems to me you are rather crusty,' said the deacon, but I suppose you are half frozen, and so sit down and thaw yourself out.' 'I thank you,' said the minister, but I merely called to tell you that I have just left the scene of misery; and I want you to go there as early as you can in the morning. On my way here and home I passed that wretched hovel which all know so well. I felt it my duty to stop and learn the terrible uproar within. I found the wretch beating his wife; and her screams, and his horrid onths made my blood run cold. I knocked the rascal down; ('served him right,' said the Deacon,) and think he will be quiet until morning: but de go as early as you can. 'Od rabbit the varmint,' said Deacon Goodman. and od rabbit the eternal blasted rum shop. That was the nearest to swearing that the deacon was ever known to come.

> son. Deacon don't go to night said Mrs Goodman, 'Do wait till morning,' said his daughters. 'Let me go,' said his son. Mind your own business,' said the Deacon to all of them, I shall go to night. When it came to that, they knew there was no more to be said. He was dreadfully 'set in his way ' He took a bag and a basket, and went down into the cellar. He filled the hag with potatoes. He took a piece of pork from one barrel, and a piece of beef from another, and put them in the basket. He went to the closet, and took a brown loaf and a white one. He went to the wood pile, and took an armful of wood, and told his son to take another. All was put in the wagon; he not forgetting six candles and a paper of matches. Deacon Goodman needed no secondary motive to christian duty; yet no historical truth demands the concesson, that the wife of the poor drunkard was his first love. She jilted him, or as we Yankees say, 'gave him the mitten,' in favor of the abject wretch who was now become her tyrant. And this was the way he 'fed fat the ancient grudge' be owed her! The truth is. Deacon Goodman knew nothing about grudges ancient or modern. The Adam would occasionally flare up, but he always get him under before run-dawn.

'Put old Mag in the wagon,' said he to his

All was ready, and in five minutes the Deacon was 'exposed to the peltings of the pitistorm? 'I am going to visit the worse than widow and fatherless.' The next thing he said was, 'Oh get out.' That he meant for the promptings of his own proud heart. Misery, misery, indeed did he find in that

most miserable dwelling The poor wretch himself was dead drunk on the floor. The poor pale woman was sobbing her very heart out. The children were clamorous, and but few were the words of their clamor. 'I am cold I am hungry-and that was all. The Deacon I rought in the wood; made up a fire; light. ed a candle : and emptied the bag and basket. The poor pale woman went and sobbed her thanks. 'Oh you varmint,' said the Deacon, as he looked at the husband and father; and booke a piece of bread for each of the children. The general commotion arroused the noor wretch from his drunken stunor -He looked up and recognised the Deacon.

'Hallo, old music,' said he, 'are you here? give us a stave, old nightingale. Sing as you do in meeting. Sing and scare the rats away.' 'Why, what on earth does the critter mean?' said the Deacon. The poor, pale grateful woman smiled through her tears. She could not help it. She had been a singer in her better days; she had also heard the Deacon sing.

I do not record these incidents merely because they are honorable to Deacon Goodman, but because they are particularly connected with my story. In this errand of mercy the good Deacon caught a very serious very gem of the 1 see was a sole, which had Along the indice from Peacon's contourable full house it is an activities to nextow, will connected management of the 1 see was a sole, which had a long two miles from Peacon's contourable full house it is an activities to nextow, will connected management and the second contourable full house it is an activities to nextown, will connected management and the second contourable full house it is an activities to nextown.

'sing to morrow,' and it surpassed all that had gone before. 'This is the last of it,' said the choir leader, 'I have done.' In the afternoon the choir was vacant, some of the singers absent and others scattered about in the pews. The Minister read three verses of a psalm; and then observed, 'the choir being absent, singing must necessarily be omitted.' But Deacon Godman saw no such necessity. He arose, sung the three verses himself! He stopped six times to sneeze: and blew his nose between the verses by way of symphony!-The next day he was sick abed. A parish meeting was hastily called, and a resolution unanimously passed that, 'Whereas the solemnity and decorum of public worship depend much on the character of the music: resolved. that hereafter no person shall sing in meeting, in this parish without the approbation of the choir!' Rather a stringent measure : but what could they do? The minister called on Deacon Goodman, and handed him the resolution. He read it over three times. He then calmly folded up the paper, and handed it back to the minister. 'This is a free country yet I hope. I shall sing in in meeting.' He said those very words! He was dreadfully. set in his wav.

'Then Deacon, said the Minister, 'I have a most painful duty to perform: I an instructed to tell you, that your connection with the, society must cease.' The Deacon here started from his seat. Had the full moon split into four pieces, and danced a quadrille in the heavens; Orion singing; and the Northern Bear growling bass, he could not have been more astounded. He was silent. Emotion after emotion rolled over his heaving spirit .-'At length tears came to his relief,' as they say in Novels. He spoke, but almost inarticulately, 'I know I am a poor unworthy creature, but I hope they will take me in somewhere." The Minister wept himself. How could be help it? The Deacons cold was nearly cured: and about an hour after the interview, he was seen mounted on old Mag, heading due north. Four miles in that direction lived the worthy Minister of another parish. The Deacon found him in his study, where also was his daughter copying music. She was a proficient in the art, and played the organ in her father's church. She had heard of the Deacon's musical troubles, and had also heard him sing .-'Sir,' said he to the Minister, 'there has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw; and I have come to ask the privilege of uniting with yours.' (At this moment the young lady van-

ished from the rocm.) I much regret the difficulty in your parish,' said the minister, 'and hope it will be amicably settled. But if you finally conclude to withdraw, we shall be most happy to receive you; and when it shall please the Lord to a very few days must now give him his dismission,) we shall expect you to sit in his seat. Deacon arose to take his departure. At that moment a boy came in and handed a billet to the Minister. He glanced at the billet, and 'Deacon, sit down one moment,' said he. He read the billet, and after some hesitation, said. I have received a singular communication from our choir leader; he has somehow or other heard of your intention to join our society; and has heard of it with great pleasure. but, he adds that it is the earnest and unanimous wish of the choir that you will not sing in meeting.' The Deacon was again electrified, but had got used to the shock; 'Singing is praying; and I join no church where I cannot sing in meeting, -good day, sir.' He was very 'set in his way.'

Five miles West of his own dwelling, lived the good paster of another flock. The Deacon found him shelling corn in his crib. This Minister although emmently pious, thought it no harm to be a little waggish in a good cause and for a worthy object. He also had heard of the Deacons musical troubles, and shrowdly suspected the object of his visit 'Deacon Goodman I am glad to see you,' said he, 'this is not exactly ministerial labor, is it?' 'I am of a different opinion,' said the Deacon, 'any honest and useful labor is ministrial labor; I hate all Dandies-the Lord forgive me, I don't like them; and I like a dandy minister the least of any. You and I are agreed there,' said the Minister; 'come walk into the house and see my wife; she says she is in love with you for your honesty and your oddities.'

'I never; said the Deason but I thank you, I am in something of a hurry;' and have a ittle business which we can just as well settle

There has been a little difficulty in our Par ish, which makes me feel it my duty to withcold: it affected his throat, and his nose, and draw, and I have come to ask the privalege of even his lungs; and gave to his voice a tone joining yours.' At this the Reverend gentlenot unlike to that of the lowest note of a crack- man looked as if he was very much surprised. ed bass viol alternating with the shrick of a 'Is it possible,' said he; 'well Deacon, though clarionet powerfully but unskillfully blown .- an ill wind for them, it is a good one for us; water; drank copiously of hot La in ton; went happy to receive you, a post liv; as one obot roln Mozart) for Thanksgiving day, and the trugch to bring the singular case to a critical Dogon, said Mrs. Combina, you are droud- In the large Loca bed to a calculation

'Singing is praying-and-'-he are all young and diffident, and each one is dropped asleep And sure enough he did loth to take the lead. We hear that you sin, the most difficult music and--'

> 'Why, mercy upon you,' said the Deacon' I don't know one note from another I know that singing is praying; and I sing in meeting as I pray in meeting.'

> 'Excuse me, my friend,' replied the minister It is your modesty that now speaks; you do understand music, you must understand music; or you could never sing Mozart with proper expression; and did not you sing that most beautiful solo, which is worthy of an angels ear and voice?' Now this was all Greek to the Deacon, and like a sensible man as he was, he always said nothing when he had nothing to say. 'You say truly,' continued the Minister, 'that singing is praying.' But to those who know nothing of music, it is praying in an unknown tongue, and I am sure you are not Papist enough to approve of that; music is a language, and like other languages must be learned before it can be spoken .-When the deaf and dumb attempt to speak our common language they make strange noises, and still worse noises do we make when without the musical car or the musical voice, we attempt to sing

> Thus sensibly did that good Minister speak. The Dencon was a good deal 'struck up,' though set in his way, he was not a fool ; and only needed to be touched in the right place. 'It never appeared to me in that light before,' said the deacon thoughtfully.

'And yet, my friend, it is the true light,'s said the Minister. 'And now, do let me give you a word of advice; 'Go home, and take your seat on Sunday; and never again attempt to sing in meeting. For if your heart is right your ear is untuned, and your voice though kind, is any thing but, musical.' The Deacon 'said nothing but thought the more,' He mounted old Mag. The Angel of reflect'on came down, and sat upon her mane, and looked him full in the face. Reader, does that geem incongruous? Is the old mare's mane an improper seat for an Angel? I am afraid you are proud. Who once rode on an Ass?

The Deacon passed a point in the road where on one side was a sturdy oak that had been blown over by a recent whirlwind, and on the other, a flourishing willow, gracefully bending before the passing breeze. 'Od rabbit it.' said the Deacon to himself; it was the first word he had spoken, 'to think that I should be such an obstinate old fool.' He approached his own village. The rea-

son for his errand abroad had been strongly suspected, and they were all on the look out for his return. There stood the choir leader. 'Welcome home, Deacon,' said he, thope we have not lost you yet.' 'Get out,' said the Deacon, with a good natured but rather sheepish look; and on he went. There stood the minister, 'Welcome home' Deacon I hope we have not lost you yet.' Get-;' he was take good old Deacon Grimes to himself, (and just going to say get out, but habitual reverence for the Minister cut him short. He looked at the Minister, and the Minister looked at After half an hour's pleasant conversation, the him, and both burst into a fit of laughter .-The choir leader came up and took the Deacon's hand, and joined in the merriment. Od rabbit you all,' said he; and on he went. At the front door and windows of his own house were his wife and daughters, and two or three of the singing girls, "all of a titter." They had seen and heard his interview with the Minicter and knew that all was well. Od rabit the whole bunch of you;' said he, and went to put

old Mng in the stable. Deacon Goodman took his old seat on Sunday, but since that day's adventure, has never sung in meeting, Once, and but once, did he attempt to raise a psalm on his own agivate account. He was in his barn putting some hay in his cow's manger. Now, the neighbors were all ready to do a good turn for Deacon Goodman; and before he had finshed the first verse, two of them rushed in and asked him if his cow was choked ! He never sung a-

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