

# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.--We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, no Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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## "Woodman Spare that Tree."

The most beautiful and affecting song of the present day, is "Woodman Spare that Tree," as sung by Mr. Russell. It was written by Col. George P. Morris, the editor of the *New York Mirror*, and is founded upon the following interesting occurrence. When a person hears Mr. Russell tell the story, and then listens to his enchanting strains as he sings the song, he must possess a heart of adamant if he does not feel his bosom swell, and the generous tear of holy sympathy moistening his eye.

There was a family of opulence residing in the country, not a great distance from New York. It consisted of the parents and a large number of sons and daughters, all united together by those golden ties which no one but a parent, a brother, a sister, or a daughter can feel. They possessed every thing requisite to ensure happiness—their home was an earthly paradise—their hearts the seat of ardent love for one another, and of generous, noble friendship for others.—There seemed nothing wanting to perfect this little community. The pecuniary circumstances were such, that they could indulge freely in the luxury of administering comfort and happiness to the poverty stricken and miserable. The naked were clothed, and the hungry were fed; not with that ostentation which exacts the admiration of the world, but with that kindness and satisfaction, which are the characteristics of a noble soul.—Their acts of generosity were performed for the satisfaction of doing good. And when they had alleviated the distress of one who was almost crushed by the heavy hand of poverty, they experienced that jubilee within the heart which none but the truly generous can feel. Their intercourse with one another was also of the happiest kind. It was the desire of each member of the family to contribute to the happiness of all the others in preference to their own. Sisterly, brotherly, and parental affection, filled up their bosoms to overflowing.

But this little paradise was not long to last. The generosity of the old gentleman impelled him to assist his friends by way of endorsements, and their failures swept away every farthing of his earthly riches. The depriving him of his noble farm, his lovely cottage, and the beautiful verdure and lofty trees that surrounded it, was the ill reward of his disinterested friendship. And to be compelled to give all these—to surrender those majestic trees under whose shade he had passed so many pleasant hours with his excellent family—and under whose protection, as it were, his children had endeared every tree, and indeed every shrub to his heart. But they must be all abandoned; and this happy community, which was linked together by the strongest ties of the human heart, must be torn asunder, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

This misfortune dispersed them in different directions. Some went to reside with friends, and others to seek their fortunes in distant climes. But the destroyer of life soon swept away, one by one, the whole family but the youngest

son. He went to the south, and by industry and perseverance gained a fortune. He then turned to his old home, determined to possess himself of the "home of his childhood." but it was so situated that he could not. He gazed longingly upon the venerable trees that were planted and nurtured by the kind hand of his father. He lounged upon the green grass beneath their shades as he was wont to do in boyhood; but there were no brothers there indulging in their boyish sports, nor sisters to sweeten the scene with their pure feelings, gushing forth in innocent, rapturous laughter; no mother to watch them with a tear of pleasure in her eye, no father whose

"Knee they climbed, the envied kiss to share."

And he turned with a melancholy heart and left the spot. And though his visit can hardly be said to have given him pleasure, he determined to make a periodical pilgrimage to this hallowed place.

He took lodgings in New York, and visited the sacred grounds periodically. At one time when he was on his way, he called upon Col. Morris to accompany him. The Col. complied with his request; and when they arrived within sight of the trees that surrounded the old cottage, they saw a woodman standing near the roots of the noblest and most venerable one, sharpening his axe. The strangers put spurs to their horses, rode swiftly up to the woodman, and accosted him thus:

"What are you going to do?"

"I intend to cut down this tree," replied the woodman.

"What for?"

"I want it for fire-wood."

"If you want fire-wood," said the stranger, "why do you not go to yonder forest, and let this old oak stand?"

"You see I am an old man," replied the woodman, "and I have not strength to bring my wood so far."

"If I give you money enough to hire as much wood brought to your door as this tree will make, will you forever let it stand?"

The woodman answered "yes." They executed a bond that the tree should remain; and the stranger turned to Col. Morris, and with a generous tear sparkling in his eye, said:

"In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now."

It affected Col. M. deeply, as it would any man who had a heart capable of feeling, and he returned home and wrote the following exquisite lines:—

Woodman spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough:  
In youth it sheltered me;  
And I'll protect it now.  
It was my father's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
Then, Woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown,