

circling shores, and, as we approach them, we see rivers without number offering their aid to conduct us, by roads not less easy, into the very heart of the distant lands in which our brethren dwell. These liquid paths God makes, and man imitates; and canals extend the blessings, while they testify to the value, of those rivers which hurry seawards, to lend their assistance in completing the work of love which the ocean has begun. Was the sea designed to separate us then? Ignorance only can imagine it. It joins the remotest races of the human family, as no other expedient that we can think of could have joined them.

But what shall we say of the rocky barriers that separate land from land—of the 'mountains interposed, that make enemies of nations, which had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one?' Are not they, at least, meant to divide us from each other—to portion us off into distant regions, holding little or no communion? I doubt it much. The sublimities of nature serve rather to attract than to repel—the curiosity of the traveller is excited, his admiration is kindled, his energies are called forth by them, and many a mountain ridge is climbed with painful steps and slow, for the sake of the feelings which the traveller experiences when he dives into its deep dells, wanders by its lonely tarns, looks upward to its towering cliffs, or down upon the wide-spreading prospect which its heights command,—where a mere lowland district, even though rich and beautiful, would have been left untraversed. Do the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Apennines, serve only for division? To say nothing of their physical uses, amongst which let us not forget that they are the needful sources of those very rivers of whose uniting power we have spoken, have they not an attractive power upon minds? Does not the stranger often turn his longing eyes to them from afar, and for their sake has he not frequently been known to make his first acquaintance with men of strange aspect and of unknown tongue, whom yet, he has soon learned to love, because he has found that they have human hearts, and minds, formed like his own, in the image of the Deity? It is by no means an unknown, or even uncommon case, that to see mountains has been the first object, and the last result to find friends and brethren in men.

Talk not then of barriers—the sublimities of nature are meant to draw us to each other. In accents that echo from one mountain summit to another, the Alps invite us to trace the steps of Carthaginian Hannibal and French Napoleon, and acquaint ourselves with the mighty nations that spread wide at their base, and the simple people that dwell in their verdant valleys, or on their rocky sides. With the voice of many waters, Niagara calls us to hold communion with our Transatlantic brethren; and, in sounds more familiar, Snowdon invites us to converse with the simple-minded descendants of the first dwellers of our land; Ben Lomond would fain persuade us to confer with Scotia's hardy sons and lively daughters; and Mangerton, to learn by our experience that Irish hearts are warm.

No, my friends; mountains interposed are no more designed to estrange the human family from each other, than seas or rivers. On the contrary, if the earth were a dead flat, or a smooth ball, we should want many powerful inducements, which we now have, to traverse its beautifully varied surface: and, in gratifying our curiosity respecting its grand physical phenomena, to make ourselves acquainted, at the same time, with the mental and moral characteristics of its inhabitants.

Again, from the surface of our globe turn your attention to its productions. Does the consideration of these supply us with any reason for believing that the universal Father meant to make each particular district sufficient for itself? Has He cooped up his children like tame cattle, in their separate fields, and spread out before them an unvaried but satisfying repast, and bade them to feed there in happy, but selfish and unsocial, ignorance of their brethren in neighbouring enclosures? Has He not, on the contrary, given them wants without number that they cannot supply, and tastes that they cannot gratify, without ranging far and wide, and imparting of their own that they may receive of others' wealth? Instead of forming them, as an ancient author expresses it, 'prone and obedient to the belly,' with downward looks and minds that cannot range, any more than their eyes, beyond the spot of ground immediately beneath and around them, has He not given them an erect posture, and far-darting vision, and large desires for distant good, and minds that overleap all obstacles, and prompt and assist the body to do so too, in the pursuit of those objects on which their hearts are fully set?

And are these the beings whom we would limit to the produce of the spot on which, for the time being, they chance to dwell? They will not be so limited. In the state of barbarism they will seize, like uninstructed children, upon what they have not but desire to have. As civilization advances, and the ungovernable cupidity of the child yields to the reason-regulated wishes of the man, commerce will succeed to war, exchange to robbery, and they will learn to barter what they want not, or less highly value, of their own, for those coveted possessions which others can be induced, by the price they offer, to impart. Free Trade is the expedient which reason suggests, and God approves, for gratifying honestly the various and strong natural desires which He has implanted in the breasts of His children, for superseding that spirit

of aggression, violence, and plunder, to which, in the savage state, or childhood, of the species, those desires lead; and for introducing to each other, in the character of mutual benefactors, men who, in less enlightened days, were known as envious witnesses of each other's prosperity, or lawless invaders of each other's rights."—*League.*

"LES CONTRABANDIERS."

THE SMUGGLERS.

(Translated from the French of Beranger, by Thomas Doubleday, Esquire, Newcastle.)

CHORUS.

"The devil take the Commissaire!
As we grow rich may he grow poor,
A fellow that seems only made
To watch a road or shut a door!
To watch a road or shut a door!
Let that for ever be his care.
What reck!—the people are our friends—
The devil take the Commissaire."

'Tis midnight now,—so let us lie,
All ready we, whate'er befall;
Our pistols clean, our powder dry,—
Be sure we shan't forget the ball!
Hark!—'Tis the watchers' stealthy tread:
Their numbers let the recreants bring;
Our pistol balls are made of lead,
Our eyeballs are another thing!

Up! Comrades of a noble strain!
Let dastard laws ne'er shame the bold.
Our girls shall smile when we shall rain
Upon their laps the ruddy gold.
In hall, in castle, and in cot,
Shall welcome still our steps attend;
Who cares what Government may plot,
The while the people is our friend?

'Mid snowy cliffs, whence torrents leap,
Our very slumbers have a charm;
Though keen the wind that seeks the steep,
What then? our courage still is warm!
Our palaces yon summits proud,
We share them with the chamois fleet;
Our home is in the mountain cloud,
And Fate is far beneath our feet!

Oh! man was born to traffic free,
But law still stops the paths he made:
We reck not! In our right hands we
Still clutch the balance of our trade.
In Providence we place our hold,
And worship that diviner will,
That snows down wealth upon the bold!
And riches—riches scatters still.

The wise on earth must madmen be;
The very gifts of Heaven they spoil;
They nip the fruit upon the tree,
The paralyze the arm of toil.
Mad as they are, what! know they not
Wherever it is placed below,
The power, who placed him, ne'er forgot
To bid the fount of plenty flow?

Comrades! against such laws we war.
Away such fond allegiance goes!
They who twixt nations place the bar,
Can only be of both the foes,
But us such wiles shall not deceive,
Their chains we scorn, their laws detest;
We weave the woof we list to weave,
And drain the wine that likes us best!

Yon freeborn bird, he laughs at all!
Where'er he listeth, there he'll go!
He heeds no paltry frontier wall,
Nor stops to hear if kings say "no!"
So let us to our tyrants say,
"Our kingdom is where'er there's ground,
Free blood, by blood, shall make its way,
And clear your frontiers at a bound!"

Come! 'mid the champaigns let us sing:
Still ready let the musket be;
And when the mountain echoes ring,
May they awake thee, Liberty!
And oh! if e'er our country fall,
By civil strife or foreign war,
Let "death or freedom" be the call!
And comrades, we shall not be far!

—*League.*