

From the Polytechnic Review.  
A MUSICAL REVOLUTION.

The following translation from the French will show the great moral advantages derived from a cultivation of singing:

In the South-West of Switzerland, a musical revolution is rapidly taking effect. Its watchword is harmony: its object is to give a new direction to popular singing, and its means may be found wherever there are persons willing to take a little pains, and who can find a leader to give them a little instruction, and to guide their voices in singing the songs of their country and the praises of their God.

Long was it thought that French Switzerland could not march with the German cantons in vocal music. Long has the Lake of Geneva heard little along its shores but coarse, vulgar and obscene ballads. Lately the students of Geneva and Lausanne have labored to counteract this evil, by composing patriotic songs, and endeavouring to give them popular circulation.—The effect has been happily successful, but within a small circle. The religious awakening which is making daily progress in Switzerland, has had great effect in improving the national singing. New methods have been adopted in many schools to train the children to the execution of hymns with a fine and simple harmony, and the effects have been so far pleasing—but something was wanted to reach the mass of the people, and that has been supplied.

A few years ago M. Kaupert, a Saxon gentleman, who had long resided at Morges, proposed to teach gratuitously the whole population of young and willing persons in any village or small town to sing together. The rumour attracted considerable attention, and drew forth a variety of opinions. But soon his promises are realized, and all skepticism was silenced. At Morges and in the neighbouring villages, concerts of the voice alone were heard producing such a noble effect as no person in the whole country had before the least idea of. He was induced to extend his benevolent labors. He electrified as it were the whole side of the Lake of Geneva.—Everywhere the magician of song was followed by crowds. The moral effect of this is beyond calculation already; the result excites astonishment.

M. Kaupert commonly began in schools and other large rooms; persons of all ages and of every rank in society flocked to these meetings. It was soon necessary to ask for the use of churches; and sometimes large assemblies have been held in the open air. In the former places hymns are sung—and in the latter songs, patriotic and descriptive, but all free from any immoral taint.

These large assemblages followed his instruction and caught his method of execution with an enthusiasm perfectly astonishing. M. Kaupert's kind manner and untiring patience had a great share in producing the effects which so surprised them.

The city of Geneva invited the musical philanthropist to visit and charm its population.—Some of the higher classes became alarmed, but in the result, they are too willingly carried down the stream. Pastors, professors, magistrates, ladies of the first rank, persons the most distinguished for learning and science, were seen side by side with children, poor people, listening and learning. When the grand meeting took place, no church could receive the multitude, and they repaired to the Place du Palais, in number 4000 singers—the effect was sublime. M. Kaupert was loaded with expressions of admiration and thanks, and a medal was struck in honour of him, a mark of respect which in Switzerland is never conferred but upon those who possess the highest order of merit.

At Lausanne his instructions were sought with universal avidity. Many who have been accustomed to spend their evenings in dissipation began to employ them entirely in learning the new method. Children and their parents, all the schools, the professors and students of the college, servants and mistresses, workmen and masters, persons who had been the most opposed to each other in religion and politics the inhabitants of different villages distinguished by banners—all were attracted, all seemed of one heart and soul. When the previous training was complete, a day was fixed for the grand concert. More than 2,000 singers were arranged in the great church, the noblest Gothic building in Switzerland: the flags of villages and societies were tastefully disposed on an ivy-clad tower; the vast multitude who came to hear were crowded within and without; and then was sung a hymn, to an air of Luther's composing, simple, grave, noble, but oh! the effect!—no words can utter it; the impression will never be forgotten. Other hymns were sung, and a most touching patriotic song, the words of which we owe to M. Olivier, named *La Patrie, Our Country, Helvetia—Helvetia.*

A Lay Sermon.

THE GLOOM AND SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

TEXT—The deep blue sky hath turned to gray,  
And chilling is the wintry air;  
The earth seems sad and drear to day,  
But look within—'tis summer there!

My Hearers—Winter once more is upon us. The earth, strip of its gay garlands and lovely wreaths, now appears in robes of sadness and sorrow. The sky wears a cheerless aspect—the music of the wild birds has ceased—and the velvet-lined cradles of spring born flowers have become their sepulchres.

The variegated carpet of the landscape is soiled by the foot-steps of the frost-king, and looks as if it had been spit upon with tobacco juice by some spiteful spirit of air. Nature, too, looks as saturnine as a saint in a cloister, and as down in the mouth as a dying dogfish. Bores comes howling from his cold northern home, or whistles a melancholy dirge over the grave of the year, while matronly Earth—strip of her green gown—lies lifeless and inanimate, with her bosom bared to the freezing blast. The sun looks out from the hazy south with a sickly face, and a grayness overspreads the sky; but notwithstanding, my friends, the aspect without is cold and wintry, those of you who are blest with a comfortable home and blazing fires, can take a peep into your own bosoms, and find that summer is there! The heart hath all seasons for its own, but they don't always come in rotation like these of the year, any more than geese always march single file when they go to drink.

My friends—could I now look into the hearts of the multitude around me, I should find all sorts of seasons. With some it is *spring*—where the young buds of hope are just beginning to swell—where the plains of pleasure are fresh and green, and flourish beneath the warm sun of anticipation. With others it is *summer*—where each blossom of joy is full blown, where the climbing ivy of ambition finds a fostering for each tendril, and where the roses of love are blooming unblighted by the frosts of disappointment and untorn by the raging storm of jealousy. With others it is *autumn*—where melancholy gives a yellow tinge to every earthly enjoyment—where flowers or joy are fading—the leaves of hope are falling and where a solemn change is silently destroying the soul's summer beauties. With others too, it is *winter*; where the bosom is as destitute of happiness as a meadow of daisies in December—where the snow-drifts of discontentment obstruct the paths of peace—where the bitter winds of want and wretchedness continually pelt round a hope deserted heart—and where sorrows come borne upon storms like snow birds to the catagor's door.

My dear hearers—I want you now, at this inclement season of the year, to exercise philanthropy and pity; and show your generosity towards those who has a winter *within* as well as *without*—upon the hearth stones of whose heart not a coal of comfort can be found as big as the smallest of two pieces of chalk. I know, well that you all say you feel for these unhappy wretches whom Fortune sees fit to trown upon; but you don't feel in your pockets for them, as you ought to do. Sympathy accompanied with a sixpence, is of some value; but pity, bestowed without a penny, is of no more use than prayers without repentance. If many of you were but to cast only a single cent into the lamp of poverty for every sixpence you toss into the deep ocean of useless extravagance, multitudes might be made comfortable and happy, where now they stand just about as much chance of escaping pelted after pelted as a grasshopper in a hail storm. I know, my well-off friends, that you are inclined to look with compassion upon a fellow being in distress; but the threads of avarice and parsimony are so interwoven in your natures, that they will exhibit a roughness, in spite of all artificial brushing. When you see a silver-haired old man tottering along the street, with nought but a few filthy rags to protect his time bent back from the pitiless storm—and when you know that he would be thankful for the privilege of sharing even a bone with your dog—you naturally pity his condition, and wonder how the public can be so hard hearted as not contribute to his relief.—Then let the needy old mendicant approach you and extend his palsied hand of charity, and you instinctively turn upon your heels, as much as to say, A shattered miserable wreck of humanity like him isn't worth the trouble of repairing; he had better be out of the world than in it!

Oh, my friends!—this wealthy and wicked city has some awful sins of omission yet to answer for. A short time since, on a freezing cold night when hundreds and hundreds were enjoying themselves even beyond enjoyment—in the ball room, the theatre, and the pot house—and while the sounds of revelry echoed from the halls of dissipation—a poor fatherless beggar boy, after having begged in vain during the livelong day for a shilling to procure him a comfortable lodging, laid himself down in a lumber yard, tired, despairing and exhausted. He slept—and while he slept God, his Maker, and Protector, descended in mercy, and took the poor boy to the asylum above where pain, sickness and hunger are unknown. O shame! where is thy blush! O charity! where is thy benevolence! To think that the innocent and helpless young must perish for want of sneer in the very centre of wealth's golden circle, and surrounded by those who wear the garbs of christianity and philanthropy, is enough to make the blood of a beet boil, with the thermometer below zero.

My friends—when a needy suppliant begs a paltry pittance, think of the poor sacrificed beggar boy and withhold it not. Regard every virtue upon the decalogues of piety and morality—the first of which is charity; for that, as has been said of old, covereth a multitude of sins. Be forgiving to your enemies; for forgiveness, as the blind man beautifully remarked, is the fragrance which flowers emit, when trampled upon, and is grateful to the nostrils of heaven. If you avoid extravagance, prodigality, and also avarice, your hearts will naturally incline to benevolence, and prompt you to contribute an occasional crumb of comfort to those barren bosoms where perpetual winter reigns. You need not crop a solitary branch, nor pluck a single flower from your

own gardens of happiness to build up and adorn a power for poverty; but grant the destitute a few seeds of solace, in a charitable way—and they too, as well as yourselves, may soon be enabled to enjoy a *summer within*; while merciless storms of winter are raging without. So mote it be!

The Politician.

The British Press.

From the London Shipping Gazette.  
COLONIAL SHIPS.

Beyond the potent evils our Marine has sustained by the reciprocity treaties, over production is on all hands assigned as a weighty cause of the depression of shipping. We have sought cheap ships without caring sufficiently whether we have bought seaworthy vessels, and we have worked inferior craft in competition with our good ships. Cargoes have been damaged by low classed vessels; the reputation of the Marine has suffered, and we have lost occupation, where, with more prudence, we might have retained it. But we cannot go on at this rate. The whole Merchant Navy is laid prostrate by the insidious affliction that has been incurred by dealing—dealing thoughtlessly—with the bum-boat people. Truly, the North American vessels have introduced a vast deal of mischief amongst us; Mr Young and Mr Somes are aware that British shipping has suffered very considerably by the competition of cheap Colonial vessels—the class of craft termed "coffins." The gentlemen whose names we have mentioned, are, it is well known, first-rate judges of the value of tonnage, and the opinion we have cited they give for the information of a select committee of the House of Commons; but when these same gentlemen sit as the directors of *Lloyd's Register Book*, to determine the classification of tonnage, and to assign a character which shall truly denote to the commercial world what degree of dependence may be placed upon these North American ships, they call them good ships. The directors chalk them A 1, and certify them to be as safe and as eligible for the conveyance of goods and men as our boasted vessels of London manufacture, only that they will not last so long; are by no means double jointed; and that Her Majesty's Government will not patronize them even with a lading of old stores.

However, it is admitted that good ships are occasionally constructed at the colonies. It has been shown that our American cotton trade cannot be carried on without such vessels—sound vessels—but less costly than British ships; and we are too closely pressed for trade to lose a channel, though it affords us but a single facility.

The ways of a ship at sea are very perplexing; but the ways of a shipowner are frequently forbid investigation, and confound the inquirer. To day people desire to be the possessors of Colonial tonnage, in order to contend upon better terms with some foreign rival in trade, or to carry away a large slice of the Navy Estimates. To-morrow, having some other object in view, they buy better vessels, and then repudiate the craft they were enamoured with before, because so much inferior shipping has been sent into the United Kingdom and registered here. Only a few years ago a proposal to disqualify Colonial ships for British register would have been regarded as an insufferable wrong to commerce. Now some would give the world for a barrier which would prevent the future entry of North American vessels, which, our colonial policy considered, is a protection that the English shipowner and the English shipwright do not appear likely to attain. Means do exist, however, which, being applied, would effect all that the Marine should desire. The wanted safeguard against all the ills which the Marine is liable to from faulty vessels is to be gained by a revision of *Lloyd's Register* rules, by a new arrangement of the regulations as to timber, scantling, &c. By an amended classification, it is supposed that shipbuilders would be encouraged to make a better selection of their materials, and to bestow greater care on their workmanship.

It is mortifying that the registration ruler should be so defective as to justify the shipowners of Liverpool in asserting that the imperfections of the system pursued tend to increase rather to check the production of inferior tonnage; but it is grievous, while all concession is refused by the directors, and every proposition with a view to improvement is repulsed, to find a member of the direction asserting, for the information of a select committee, that there are on the Register vessels standing A 1 which were never worthy of the rating—mere "coffins." Why were these "sliding gutters" admitted? Most of the witnesses depose, that the employment of low-classed vessels is hurtful, since they reduce freights to a scale which will only yield a meagre remuneration for their own risky service; it is said that thereby make employment unprofitable for better ships, and thus diminish the value of ships which are really substantial and good. Amongst the methods suggested for the defence of British vessels against these evil consequences, one—taxation—we have already alluded to. Mr Chapman says the power to save exists in the hands of the Underwriters, and so, in fact, it does; but will they exercise it effectually? We do not believe they can; for so long as there are insurances to effect on such questionable bottoms, there will be adventurous individuals, or companies of adventurers, to undertake the risk with a due regard for average, but with very little for abandonment. Mr Chapman expects too much.

But let us refer to other authorities. It would not be advisable—(Thompson, 2, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

There is nothing volunteered about *Lloyd's Register*, except that it admits North American ships as A 1 for four years, and that they receive all the advantages of insurance and fire which are possessed by the best ships—(116). Nevertheless, it strikes us that it should be made subservient to the object in view; it can be made operative without aid of parliament, and it may be brought into action with much more certainty than any which may be resolved upon by Underwriters and at the same time the rules and provisions of the Register might be so remodelled as to satisfy the complaints which have been made from Liverpool and Glasgow, and are loudly iterated at Sunderland.

Communications.

Answer to J. S. P.'s Puzzle in the Gleaner of the 7th instant:

18 17 1 16 3 2  
9 12 11 6  
7 8 9 4 5 6  
13 14 15 2  
10 17 18 6 15 2

The name of the Periodical is the Gleaner's Magazine.  
18th December, 1844.

Editor's Department.

MIRAMICHI:  
CHATHAM, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th.

CANADA.—A Quebec paper of the 14th ult. thus speaks the season in that quarter.

"The last vessel for Europe, sailed the 24th instant, the John & Mary, being the only square rigged vessel left in port.

"The season of navigation has opened fully as long as usual; but gales which prevailed this month occasioned greater loss than usual to the homeward bound vessels in the port. It is feared that enough has not been done for the improvement of the navigation, and the assistance of shipwrecked seamen in the lower parts of the Gulf extending four or five hundred miles low Quebec. The natural consequence is an increased rate of insurance, which must ultimately fall on the trade and consumers of goods imported by the Province. Lawrence, to the encouragement of exports from the United States, probably a decrease of the Provincial revenue by smuggling."

Among our extracts under the *Colony* head, will be found accounts rich and deep with the melancholy loss of human life, which have recently occurred in Montreal. If government does not speedily interfere with prompt and determined measures, the Canadian seat of government will soon become as populous as the city of Philadelphia, for popular outbreaks. Owing to the violence of party, we find it very difficult if not impossible, to obtain a correction of the affair.

A very severe shock of an earthquake was felt in the city of Montreal on the 28th ult. Its duration was about three seconds.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.—The Montreal papers are filled with a lengthy debate which took place in the Assembly on the answer to the address of the Governor General, on opening the session. It was moved by the Attorney General, Mr. Smith, The Conservative party were gratified to perceive, carried on that day by a majority of six.

The Courier thus speaks of the probable future success of the Governor General, in carrying on the business of Government: