

to the present age, the Chinese are still celebrated for the abundance, variety, and beauty of their silk fabrics, equalling in the richness of their colours, and the beauty of their embroidery any thing that can be manufactured in France or England, while the crapes of China still surpass the products of this western world. But they are not only skilled in making, they are also attached to the wearing of gay apparel; the Chinese are confessedly a well-clothed nation, and except where poverty prevents, the people are seen attired in silks and crapes, as commonly as we appear in cloth and leather. Their fashions differ indeed from ours, but the dress of a Chinese gentleman or lady is as elegant in its way, as the external appearance of a modern belle or beau in Europe—*Medhurst.*

FAMILY AND SCHOOL MINERALOGICAL CABINETS.—We learn from an address of the Pennsylvania Lyceum to the citizens of that State, that by an arrangement with a large number of schools in Philadelphia, and several other places in Pennsylvania and other states, ten or twelve hundred sets of elementary specimens in geology and mineralogy are in a state of forwardness, for the use of County Lyceums, in any or all the states, as they may be requested in behalf of such institutions. Each set will contain from fifty to one hundred specimens, embracing nearly all the minerals which are elementary in the structure of mountains, rocks, and soils, or are used as materials of the arts, viz. the elements of rocks, and the rocks themselves, ores of the most useful metals, the varieties of coal and marble, and the materials for manufacturing chrome yellow, epsom salts, coppers, and other paints and salts, glass, china, &c. These sets will be delivered by the Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Lyceum to the order or request of any County Lyceum, which is or may be formed, or to individuals who may wish to use them as an occasion or aid in organizing such societies. By these and such specimens as may be collected by those who should meet on such occasions, good beginnings of county cabinets throughout the Union may be made, with provisions for aiding all the neighbouring schools and families which may wish for these sources of practical and entertaining knowledge.

POETRY.

"Earth to Earth and Dust to dust."

A FUNERAL DIRGE, BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, L. L. D.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold,
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid;
 Here the vassal and the King,
 Side by side, lie withering;
 Here the sword and sceptre rust;
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Age on age shall roll along
 O'er this pale and mighty throng;
 Those that wept them, those that weep,
 All shall with these sleepers sleep,
 Brothers, sisters of the worm!
 Summer's sun, and winter's storm,
 Song of peace, or battles' roar,
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
 Death's shall keep his silent trust,
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

But a day is coming fast,—
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
 It shall come in fear and wonder,
 Heralded by trump and thunder;
 It shall come in strife and toil,
 It shall come in blood and spoil,
 It shall come in empires' groans,
 Burning temples, trampled thrones;
 Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."
 Then shall come the judgement sign;
 In the east the King shall shine,
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
 Thousands, thousands, round his state,
 Spirits with the crown and plume:
 Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb,
 Heaven shall open on our sight
 Earth be burned to living light,
 Kingdoms of the ransomed just;—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust."
 Then shall gorgeous as a gem,
 Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than paradise;
 Earth by angel-feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God;
 Till are dried the martyr's tears
 Through a glorious thousand years,
 Now in hope of him we trust,
 "Earth to earth and dust to dust."

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

I look'd upon the righteous man—
 And saw his parting breath,
 Without a struggle or a sigh,
 Yield peacefully to death,
 There was no anguish on his brow,
 No terror in his eye;—
 The spoiler lunched a fatal dart,
 But—LOST THE VICTORY!
 I look'd upon the righteous man—
 And heard the holy prayer,
 Which 'rose above that breathless form,
 To soothe the mourners' care;
 And felt how precious was the gift
 He to his dear ones gave,—
 The stainless memory of the just—
 "The wealth BEYOND THE GRAVE."
 I look'd upon the righteous man—
 And all our earthly trust,
 Of pleasure, vanity, or pride,
 Seem'd lighter than the dust,
 Compared with his celestial gain—
 A home above the sky.
 Oh, grant US, Lord, HIS life to live,
 That we like him may die!

L. H. S.