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Treasures.

Let me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain!

Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith to me she brought.

Sorrow (that I wearied
Should remain so long,)
Wretched my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song!

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past;
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last!

Household Words.

Toads and Frogs.

These reptiles have acquired some additional interest of late. Last summer a French philosopher devoted himself to solving the much agitated question, whether the toad was poisonous: and he arrived at an affirmative conclusion. Not that the toad *spits* poison as the tale goes; but the animal carries a poison in those wart-like protubearances which project on his mottled skin—out of these a fluid can be obtained by puncture or squeezing; and with these a sparrow and a mouse being inoculated, the creatures died: thus is set at rest the question as the poison of the toad.

More recently, frogs and toads have again come under the notice of some naturalists—not in regard to the question of poison this time, but a question having reference to a multiplication of the species. Most of our readers have observed we doubt not, those curious, thick-headed looking fellows, something like a codfish in a minature, to which the term *tadpoles* is given. These tadpoles have, until very lately, been thought a necessary preliminary to the state of frog or toad.—This notion is confuted by three naturalists, Mr. Lowe, F. G. S.. F. R. A. S., Mr. Josebotham, of Manchester, and Mr. Higginbotham, all agree in the statement, that if a mamma toad or frog lay eggs in places where there is no water, then the real four-footed reptile comes forth at once, and not the tadpole.—This is a very beneficient contrivance of nature, for what could a tadpole do on dry land? The little fellow would be completely out of his element. Those of our readers who want to know more about this, are refered to vol. ii, no. 64, of the *The Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for April, 1853.

Money, like beauty, is greatly disparing and eagerly sought, while poverty is highly praised and carefully avoided. Its like a case which often happens in society—that of eulogizing people whom we wouldn't associate with, and sneering at others whom we don't care to "cut."

A SKETCH OF MACAO.

Editorial Correspondence of the N. York Tribune.

MACAO, China, Saturday Aug. 27, 1853.

It is more than five months since I first saw Macao, but my visit in March last was too hurried to justify my attempting a description of the place. Now that I am domiciled here—an inmate of the United States Naval Hospital, though not an invalid—I will endeavor to fill up the missing link in my record of travel. If there should be somewhat too much languor in the picture, remember that the heat of the Chinese dog-days, (thermometer at 90 deg. in the shade,) it is not favorable to exertion. It is ten of the clock, on a breathless, blazing morning, and a broad white glare lies over the hill to the south, with the deserted convent on its summit—over the tiled roofs of the Portuguese houses below, the inner harbor, with its scanty fleet of junks, lorchas and tanka boats, and the bare, stony hills of the island beyond. The Chinese beggar woman who drives us to desperation with her piercing, monotonous wail, has taken her station in the shade of the house and no amount of "cash" (the cheapest alms in the world) will drive her away. She will only howl the more pertinaciously for more. What can be more trying to the nerves than her eternal: "Chin-chin—a—a! poor man—a—a! how kin do—a—a—!"—But praised be Fo and Confucius! Our band the Susquehanna's band, the brazen throats of whose instruments have been lazily groaning for the last ten minutes, as if harmony were an impossible effort—gradually coalesces into the ringing chant of the Pertuguese National Hymn. The old beggar retires from the field in confusion. A few tawny Portuguese, with close-cropped, blue-black hair, pause to listen, as they pass through the almost deserted streets. The music awakes no chord of patriotism or pride in their breasts; Macao has out-lived even that. The strain ceases, and now the rich, lyrical throb of "Hail Columbia" rises exultingly into the still blue air. The stars and stripes hang motionless from the peak of the flag-staff, at the American Consulate, below us. Though I hear our country's anthem every day, my heart beats more quick under all this summer languor, and my thoughts turn for a moment to that dear land on the other side of the world.

I prefer Macao to any other place in China, partly on account of the picturesque beauty of its position and partly because it is less Chinese. It is a history of our race: it has human associations with which we can sympathize. The annals of the Ming, and the Ho and Hang dynasties are no more to me (with the exception of the reign of that splendid invader, Kublai Khan,) than those of the Man in the Moon; but the memories of Camoens, the Poet, and St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle, embalm Macao forever in the eyes of the European race. It was the first beacon whence the light of Christianity and the liberalizing influences of commerce went forth into the dark places of the East. And now, useless and worn out as it seems, with its commerce destroyed, its palaces vacant, its grandees beggared, and its importance as a foothold of civilization totally gone, there is a mournful charm in the silence of its grass-grown streets, and the memory of its former power and opulence still clothes it with a shadowy dignity. Here, at least, there are traces of Art and Taste, and all those monstrosities of Chinese *Un*taste, which would make China a living purgatory to any one with a keen appreciation of the Beautiful, are thrust into the background, and do not spoil the harmony of the picture.

The Portuguese settlement of Macao, comprises a ridgy peninsula about four miles long, attached to the Southern end of a large Chinese island, by a narrow, sandy neck, across which a wall was thrown in the early days of the colony.—The city is built in a dip of hills, near the extremity of the peninsula, and to east faces the Roads, the usual anchorage of foreign shipping. It has another face on the west, looking upon the Inner Harbor, a narrow strait shut in by lofty islands. Another channel called the Typa, between two barren islands, about one mile and a half to the southward, is the usual anchorage of vessels during the typhoon season, on account of its sheltered situation. The view of the city from the Roads is very imposing, and with the island-mountains in the back-ground, has been compared with that of Naples from the bay, but I could see scarcely a single point of resemblance. A cresent shaped bay, nearly a mile in length, fronts the water, and behind the massive stone pier, or Praya, rises a row of stately buildings of a pale yellow or pink color. The foliage of tropical gardens peep out behind them, and the ridge is crowned with the square-towered Cathedral and several churches. At the northern point is an Almeda, or public square, planted with trees, above which rises a fortress.—Further to the north, on the top of a lofty hill, is the Fort of Guia, or Del Monte, and a larger but somewhat dismantled fortification looms behind, on the middle ridge of the peninsula.

Even before landing, one notes the deserted aspect of the place. There are no crowds on the Praya; the houses have a decaying, moldy appearance, and you listen in vain for that hum of life which float about the centers of trade or industry. The solitary sentry at the foot of the Portuguese flag-staff seems to be dozing at his post. Now and then some Chinese portors pass, or four servants carrying a sedan chair with all the blinds down. As it is now summer, when most of the foreign merchants in Canton, send their families here, on account of the temperate sea air, many of the spacious old mansions are inhabited, and servants with impudent faces lounge about the open gateways. Were it not for the scanty revenue which they derive from the lease of their ancestral palaces, many of the old Portuguese families would be entirely destitute. Indeed it is already a mystery how same of them contrive to exist. Piece by piece the old plate, and diamond by diamond the old jewels are sold, while the parsimony of the household belies the appearance of wealth which still lingers about the massive buildings, and the luxuriant gardens.

These fine old gardens are the greatest ornament of the city, hiding its dilapidation, and recalling, in the care and taste which they have not wholly outgrown, those which adorn the cities of Southern Spain. Although the winters are wet and cold, all the hardier varieties of tropical fruits thrive well, and even the mango, the papaya and the guava are found in the markets. On the garden terraces, in the upper part of the city, whence you have a charming panorama of the island-studed gulph, the spiry cypress and the orange of Portugal mingle their foliage with the palm, the bamboo and the Indian banyan. At present the high walls which enclose them are festooned with enormous masses of the night-blooming cereus, whose milky blossoms, a foot in diameter, diffuse a sweet and powerful odor. Around the fountains, the sacred lotus opens its sunny cup, tipped with as pure a rose as summer day-break can show. The *lagistræmina*, with its soft, crape-like raucemes of white or crimson, and the burning scarlet of the pomegranate flower star the deep green masses of foliage. Nature is always luxurious within the Tropics.

Two gates in the northern wall of the city lead to what is called the Campo—an open, cultivated track of country, separated by a bleak ridge from the sandy flat which divides the Portuguese territory from the Chinese. The Campo is traversed by an excellent road, uniting with a new one which has been cut along the face of the bluffs on the eastern side of the island. The two combined form an agreeable drive, and every evening toward sunset, all who possess or are rich enough to hire a horse or equipage may be seen taking their way along the Praya to the Almeda, and thence striking out on the course of the Campo. This drive of three or four miles, with a gallop over the sands to the Chinese barrier, is a grateful release to the Canton merchant, and in comparison with the confinement of his hongs, the Campo appears as boundless and as free as an Illinois prairie. The fort of Guia, with a steep zig-zag path leading up to its battlements, towers high over it, on the east; on the opposite side the Chinese village of Wang-Hya lies imbedded in Bamboo and Indian fig trees, over a level covered with rice fields and vegetable gardens, stretches a wide, blue arm of the bay, and mountains of the western island lean away to the south disclosing other channels and other islands beyond.

I paid a visit to Wang-Hya, (or, in the Macao dialect, Mong-ha,) which gives its name to the treaty concluded between the United States and China, under the auspices of our great mandarin, Cushing, (Coo-Shing, a genuine Chinese name,) and the Commissioner, Keying. The signing of this treaty, and the festivities consequent thereupon, took place in the great temple of Wang-Hya—a large building of grey granite, rather more simple and tasteful in its architecture than Chinese temples usually are. In fact, but for the enormous, misshapen goods, glaring all over with vermillion and gilping, those massive courts and heavy, overhanging roofs, shaded by the broad arms of several giant Indian fig trees, would afford a very pleasing picture. There is a Macao legend to the effect that, when Cushing went out in state to meet Key-ing, he was attended by the Portuguese band belonging to the Governor, and that the drum-major of the band made such an impression upon the Chinese authorities by his portly size and the glitter of his full dress uniform, that they imagined him to be the American mandarin, and wasted several profound salutations upon him before the mistake was discovered.

As for amusements here, there are none except the daily stroll on the Praya and ride in the Campo, with an occasional dinner or dance. The Governor, Senhor Guimaraes, is an urbane and polished gentleman, and entertains frequently, and there are a few Portuguese families who still keep up something of the old state. The theater, a reminiscence of the palmy days of Macao, has long been closed, but will soon open for a concert to be given by our band, (at this moment giving utterance to the divine melancholy of "Wenn die "Schwalben heimwærts ziehn") who have made Macao ring with such music as has not been heard for years. The bugle-players belonging to the Portuguese garrison are very fine, but the Governor's band would scarcely be tolerated anywhere else. By the Commondore's permission, our band performs on the Alameda every Thursday evening, and all Macao sits there in the moonlight, looking upon the sparkling bay and drinking with thirsty ears the sweet strains.

The Chinese residents have just been celebrating their great religious festival—a sort of All Soul's Day, or worship paid collectively to all the gods and saints in their mythology, their own ancestors included. It is a convenient day of lumping together a number of minor worships and wiping out with one grand stroke the delinquencies of the year; and the essence of the Chinese religion not being love of God, but fear of the Devil, they manage to propitiate their neglected Satans by a terrific thumping of tom-toms, and a fizzle and splutter of fire-works, which lasts three days. On the present occasion, they constructed a large framework on the Praya, which was covered with muslins, sliks and spangled paper, so as to represent the shrine of a temple. It was about 15 feet high, by 30 in length, and hung with lamps of every guality and fashion, from Bohemian crystal to horn and mica. A variety of hideous divinities, with black or copper-colored faces, squatted on shrines or stood stiffly erect in inches; and in a recess at one end, three or four *noiscians* made an infernal din with gongs, tom-toms and long, hollow bamboos, which emitted shrieks that made your nerves quiver.—I doubt if the word "harmony" is to be found in the Chinese language. Not even a sense of rhythn could be extracted from the dreadful discord, but each instrument of torture raved in its own way, regardless of the other. What must be the nature of those who take delight in such sounds?

The loveliest spot in Macao is the garden and grotto of Camoens, and thither the stranger first turns his steps.—During my first visit here, in March last, it was the only thing I saw. The Susquehanna was to leave for Shanghsi early in the morning, and as there was a chance that I might not return, I succeeded with much difficulty in making the swarthy landlord of the "National Hotel" comprehend what it was I wanted to see. He called me before daybreak, and gave me an old Chinaman as guide to the place. We threaded a number of crooked streets in the duck, passed the facade of an ancient Jesuit church, which was destroyed by fire, and at length reached a little grassy square on the hill, in the north western corner of the city. By dint of knocking and calling, my guide aroused a sleepy servant, who opened a gate and admitted me into a trim parterre, redolent of rose and jessamine, and opening into a deep garden, wherein the shadows still lingered thick and dark under the trees. A large and stately mansion now occupies the site of the Franciscan Convent in which Camoens lived. The property belongs to Count Salvi, who offers it for sale for the sum of $5,000, without finding a purchaser.

I took my way at random through the garden, seeking in the gray morning twilight for the grotto whose shelter gave birth to the "Lusiad." It was a wilderness of large trees, made still more intricate in some places by a thick undergrowth, and the rank parasitic vines which clung from bough to bough. It followed the slope of the hill, terraced here and there, while the highest part was overhung by immense granite boulders, heaped one upon the other, till the top most masses towered above the trees. I found an aviary with a dead tree in it, showing that birds had once been there; a fountain, dry and cracking to pieces: and finally, noticing a small chapel reared upon a rock in the thickest part of the wood, was led to the object of my search. The grotto is simply a natural portal, formed by three great boulders of gray granite within whose arch the poet found shade and coolness and privacy. It is not a cavern of Jeremiah, to feed austere tho'ts and gloomy prophecies, but a grotto just too stern not to be Arcadian and idyllic. The portal is now closed at each end by an iron grating, and within it stands a bronze bust of the poet, elevated on a lofty pedestal, containing three stanzes from the Lusiad, in bronze letters. The dawn gradually brightened, as I stood beside the grating; the darkness under the trees faded into twilight, but the features of the poet were not discernible in the gloom which filled the recess. Fit monument to him who turned into glory the shame of banishment and the sorrow of exile—who made the power and the injustice of the land that gave him birth alike immortal!

I have been there since by daylight, but the *genus loci* was less distinct and impressive than in that silent morning hour. The Chevalier di Rienzi, a Frenchman who styles himsel "yoete exile," has had a tablet cut upon the rock beside the grotto, and a poem of his own in praise of Camoens inscribed upon it. The poem is good, considering that it is French, and if the Chevalier di Rienzi had a name in literature, we might pardon, and even approve, his desire to couple it with the illustrious Camoens. To me, who never heard of him before, the need is presumptuous and profane; though a thousand times less so than some French doggrel upon Camoens written in the visitor's book. From the terrace on the western side of the garden there are lovely views of the inner harbor, especially toward sunset; and the "Casa Gardens," as they are called, are a frequent resort of the foreign residents at that hour.

But the band, after in vain attempting to conjure up a little animation by one of Lanner's waltzes, is breathless. The sun hangs directly overhead and pours down a flood of white heat. Sounds in the streets have ceased, and the city is more deserted than ever. Looking out into the glare, in search of some unforgotten characteristic of the place, I find that eyes and mind are alike drowsy and confused, and I infer that I have exhausted what little material Macao affords.

B. T.

The Miner's Ten Commandments.

We received yesterday from an old and valued friend in California, a beautifully illustrated letter sheet containing the "Miner's Ten Commandments." They are quaintly written, and while they raise the risibles, it will be seen that pure sentiment, like pure gold, lies at the bottom. Each "Commandment" has a proper illustration, which forms a border around the whole. The engraving is very fine, equal to the London Pictorials:

A man spake these words and said: I am a miner, who wandered "from away down East," and came to sojourn in a strange land and "see the elephant." And behold I saw him, and bear witness, that from the key of his trunk to the end of his tail, his whole body has passed before me; and I followed him until his huge feet stood still before the clapboard shanty; then with his trunk extended he pointed to a candle card tacked upon a shingle, as though he would say read, and I read the

MINER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

I.—Thou shalt have no other claim than one.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thyself any false claim, nor any likeness to a mean man, by jumping one; whatever thou findest on the top above, or on the rock beneath, or in a crevice underneath the rock—for I will visit the miners around to invite them on my side; and when they decide against thee, thou shalt take thy pick and thy pan, thy shovel and thy blankets, with all that thou hast, and "go prospecting," to seek good diggings; but thou shalt find none.—Then, when thou hast returned, in sorrow shalt thou find that thine old claim is worked out, and yet no pile made thee, to hide in the ground, or in an old boot beneath thy bunk, or in a buckskin or bottle underneath thy cabin, but hast paid all that was in thy purse away, worn out thy boots and thy garments, so that there is nothing good about them but thy pockets, and thy patience is likened unto thy garments; and at last thou shalt hire thy body out to make thy board and save thy bacon.

III.—Thou shalt not go prospecting before thy claim gives out. Neither shalt thou take thy money, nor thy gold dust, nor thy good name, to the gaming table in vain; for monte, twenty-one, roulette, faro, lansquenet, and poker, will prove to thee that the more thou puttest down the less thou shalt take up; and when thou thinkest of thy wife and children, thou shalt not hold thyself guiltless, but—insane.

IV.—Thou shalt not remember what thy friends do at home on the Sabbath day, lest the remembrance may not compare favorably with what thou doest here. Six days thou mayest dig or pick all that thy body can stand under; but the other day is Sunday; yet thou washest all thy dirty shirts, darnest all thy stockings, tap thy boots, mend thy clothing, chop thy whole week's firewood, make up and bake thy bread and boil thy pork and beans, that thou wait not when thou returnest from thy longtom, weary.—For in six days labor only thou canst work enough to wear out thy body in two years; but if thou workest hard on Sunday also thou canst do it in six months; and thou and thy son, and thy daughter, thy male friend and thy female friend, thy morals and thy conscience, be none the better for it but reproach thee, shouldst thou ever return with thy wornout body to thy mother's fireside; and thou strive to justify thyself, because the trader and the blacksmith, the carpenter and the merchant, the tailors, Jews, and buccaneers, defy God and civilization, by keeping the Sabbath day, nor wish for a day of rest, such as memory, youth and home, make hallowed.

V.—Thou shalt not think more of all thy gold, and how thou canst make it fastest, than how thou wilt enjoy it, after thou hast ridden rough shod, over thy good old parents precepts and examples, that thou mayest have nothing to reproach and sting thee, when thou art left alone in the land where thy father's blessing and thy mother's love hath sent thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill thy body by working in the rain, even though thou shalt make enough to buy physic and attendance with. Neither shalt thou kill thy neighbors body in a duel; for by "keeping cool," thou canst save his life and thy conscience. Neither shalt thou destroy thyself by getting "tight," nor "slewed," nor "high," nor "corned," nor "half seas over," nor "three sheets in the wind," by drinking smoothly down—"gin cocktails," "whiskey punches," "rum-toddies" nor "egg nogs." Neither shalt thou suck "mint julips," nor "sherry-coblers," through a straw, nor gurgle from a bottle the "raw material," nor "take it neat," from a decanter; while thou art swallowing down thy purse, and thy coat from off thy back, thou art burning the coat from thy stomach; and if thou couldst see the house and lands, and dust, and home comforts already lying there—"a huge pile"—thou shouldst feel a choking in thy throat; and when to that thou addest thy crooked walkings and hiccuping talkings, of lodgings in the gutter, of broilings in the sun, of prospect holes half full of water, and of shafts and ditches, from which thou hast emerged like a drowning rat, thou wilt feel disgusted with thyself, and inquire, "Is thy servant a dog, that he doeth these things?" verily I will say farewell, old bottle, I will kiss thy gurgling lips no more. And thou, slings, cocktails, punches, smashes, cobblers, nogs, toddies, sangarees and julips, forever farewell. Thy remembrance shames me, henceforth, I "cut thy acquaintance," and headaches, tremblings, heart-burnings, blue devils, and all the unholy catalouge of evils that follow in thy train. My wife's smiles and my children's merry-hearted laugh, shall charm and reward me for having the manly firmness and courage to say no. I wish thee an eternal farewell.

VII.—Thou shalt not grow discouraged, nor think of going home before thou hast made thy "pile," because thou hast not "struck a lead," nor found a "rich crevice," nor sunk a hole upon a "pocket," lest in going home thou shalt leave four dollars a day and go to work, ashamed, at fifty cents, and serve thee right; for thou knowest by staying here, thou mightest strike a lead fifty dollars a day, and keep thy manly self-respect, and then go home with enough to make thyself and others happy.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal a pick, or a shovel, or a pan, from thy fellow miner, nor take away his tools without his leave; nor borrow those he cannot spare; nor return them broken, nor trouble him to fetch them back again; nor talk with him while his water rent is running on; nor remove his stake to enlarge thy claim, nor undermine his bank in following a lead, nor pan out gold from his "rifle box," nor wash the "tailings" from his sluice's mouth. Neither shalt thou pick out specimens from the company's pan to put them in thy mouth, or in thy purse; nor cheat thy partner of his share; nor steal from thy cabin mate his gold dust, to add to thine, for he will be sure to discover what thou hast done, and will straightway call his fellow miners together, and if the law hinder them not, they will hang thee, or give thee fifty lashes, or shave thy head and brand thee, like a horse thief, with R upon thy cheek, to be known and read of all men, Californians in particular.

IX.—Thou shalt not tell any false tales about "good diggings in the mountains" to thy neighbor, that thou mayest benefit a friend who hath mules and provisions, and tools and blankets, he cannot sell—lest in deceiving thy neighbor, when he returneth through the snow with naught save his rifle, he present thee with the contents thereof, and like a dog, thou shalt fall down and die.

X.—Thou shalt not commit unsuitable matrimony, nor covet "single blessedness;" nor forget absent maidens; nor neglect thy "first love"—but thou shalt consider how faithfully and patiently she awaiteth thy return; yea, and covereth each epistle that thou sendest with kisses of kindly welcome—until she hath thyself. Neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife, nor trifle with the affections of his daughter; yet if thy heart be free, and thou love and covet each other, thou shalt "pop the question" like a man, lest another more manly than thou art, should step in before thee, and thou love her in vain, and in the anguish of thy heart's disappointment, thou shalt quote the language of the great, and say, "sich is life;" and thy future lot be that of a poor, lonely, despised and comfortless bachelor.

A new Commandment give I unto thee—if thou hast a wife and little ones, that thou lovest dearer than thy life—that thou keep them continually before thee, to cheer and urge thee onward until thou canst say, "I have enough—God bless them—I will return." Then as thou journeyest toward thy much loved home with open arms shall they come forth to welcome thee, and falling upon thy neck, weep tears of unutterable joy that thou art come; when in the fulness of thy heart's gratitude thou shalt kneel before thy Heavenly Father together, to thank Him for thy safe return. AMEN—So mote it be!

FORTY-NINE.

The Artesian Well at Frederick (Md.) has been completed. The shaft has been carried down 585 feet, and now, the *Examiner* says, the water runs out at the rate of one hundred and fifty gallons a minute.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief demonstration was a strong handle.

"Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends much upon what you call the operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerably easy, but if you're shaving, it goes rather hard."