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## THE PILGRIM CHILD.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A stranger child, one winter eve,  
Knocked at a cottage window;  
"A pilgrim child at your hearth receive—  
Hark! how the mountain torrents roar!"  
But when the latch was raised, "Farbear!"  
Cried the pale parent from above,  
"The Pilgrim Child that's weeping there,  
Is Love!"

The Spring, tide came, and once again,  
With golden crown'd, a laughing child  
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,  
And whisper'd, "let me in," and smiled.  
The countenance was radiant with  
The stars that bright the lower above;  
And lo! the maiden's couch beside  
Stood Love!

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,  
Brought to the summer's eve hours;  
And Autumn, Labor's sons to greet,  
Came forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers.  
But why, great pale cheek with grief?  
Why watch'd she the bright stars above?  
Some one had stole her heart—the thief  
Was Love!

And Winter came, and hopes and fears  
Alternate fill'd her virgin breast;  
But none were there to dry her tears,  
To hush her anxious cares to rest,  
And often as she open'd the door,  
Roared the wild torrent from above;  
But never to her cottage more  
Came Love!

## FARMER'S HYMN.

God of the hills and verdant plains,  
I bless thy ruling hand—  
For dawning snows and gentle rains  
Are sent by thy command.  
The opening Spring is deck'd by thee,  
With each delightful flower,  
And each leaf and bud I see,  
Bears impress of thy power.

The ripening summer's burning sun—  
The winter's piercing cold—  
The changing seasons as they run,  
Thy wisdom, Lord, unfold.  
The joy that centres in my lot,  
Not in the wisdom of men—  
With calm happiness my lot,  
I cannot envy thine.

Love dwells within my peaceful breast,  
At every morning's dawn—  
And when the sun sinks in the West,  
My cares are all withdrawn.  
Although excluded from the mart  
Where crowd the thoughtless gay—  
Where in the scenes that vex the heart,  
Men waste their life away.

Beside the hill, the quiet brook—  
Glad nature's food to me—  
With gratitude to thee I look,  
And songs of joy repeat.  
For let me, blest, my voice I raise,  
Almighty God to thee—  
Thou hearest not an angel's praise,  
Much less such praise from me.

But I will bless thy bounteous hand  
For all thy gifts bestowed—  
Before my heart can understand,  
Ten thousand thanks I owe.

## THE CHARM OF WOMAN.

"There are many defects in her character, but  
beauty and gentle manners in the great estimate of  
woman, go far towards supplying their want of  
energy, and even their want of heart."

"It is in a wife that these defects appear to  
grow upon the disappointed husband, like the flight-  
ful geese exhibited by a magic lantern, increasing  
in hideousness as they increase in magnitude and  
distinctness. It is when the dancing horse begins  
to suspect that the silent calm he had hitherto mis-  
taken for maiden shyness, is in reality the silence  
of the soul—the calm of imperturbable stagnation;  
when he discovers that his first and best affections  
have been deceived by a beautiful but marble statue;  
when he returns to his home, which ought to be  
"an ever sunny place," and finds nothing but the  
yawning vacancy of a cold cheerless void; when he  
pours his fresh warm feelings, that burst in un-  
studied language from his burning lips, upon the  
stony surface of an insensible heart—and that heart  
a woman's!—it is then that he shrinks back re-  
pelled and blasted, as if the lightning charms  
he once adored, were exchanged for deformity and  
horror."

"Oh, it is by secret fountain of never changing  
love—the well of inexhaustible refreshment in the  
desert—the rose that blooms forever beneath the  
sunshine of one beloved eye—the voice that rises  
in one continued strain of melody above all the  
discord of the world—the bird of beauty, whose  
faithful wing is never folded save in its own sheltered  
nest—the pure unalloyed stream, offering its  
sweetness and balm to every bosom it meets, but  
reserving the full tide of its gladness for one: it is  
by such mystical symbols as these, that we would  
describe the natural, the distinctive, the holy charm  
of woman; not by her perfect form, her ruby lips,  
her sparkling eyes, her perfect tresses, whether  
they fall in raven masses over a marble brow, or  
glitter in the sun-beam like threads of waving gold."

## RESISTING MEDIUM.

[The author of the late Bridgewater  
Treatise on "Astronomy and General Phy-  
sics, considered with reference to Natural  
Theology, devotes his eighth chapter to  
"the existence of a resisting medium in the  
solar system"—or in the space in which  
the solar system moves. The author thinks  
reasons might be offered, founded on the  
universal diffusion of light and other  
grounds, for believing that the planetary  
spaces cannot be entirely free from mat-  
ter of some kind—but astronomers are  
now supposed to be convinced that such  
a resisting medium really exists from ob-  
servations on Encke's comet, whose peri-  
odical revolution (though but apparently a  
mass of fog, the stars being seen through

it) has been retarded by the resistance of  
the ethereal medium (losing a portion of its  
velocity) and so performing its revolutions  
more rapidly, being drawn towards the  
centre.]

It will appear perhaps remarkable that a  
body so light and loose as we have de-  
scribed this comet to be, should revolve  
about the sun by laws as fixed and certain  
as those which regulate the motions of  
those great and solid masses, the Earth  
and Jupiter. It is however certain from  
observation, that the comet is acted upon  
by exactly the same force of solar attrac-  
tion as the other bodies of the system, and  
not only so, but that it also experiences  
the same kind of disturbing force from the  
action of the other planets, which they  
exercise upon each other."

Thus Encke's comet, according to the  
results of the observations already made,  
will lose in ten revolutions, or thirty three  
years, less than one thousandth of its ve-  
locity; and if this law were to continue,  
the velocity would not be reduced to one  
half its present value in less than seven  
thousand revolutions or twenty three thou-  
sand years. If Jupiter were to lose one  
millionth of its velocity in a million of years,  
which, as has been seen, is far more than  
can be considered in any way probable, he  
would require seventy millions of years to  
lose one thousandth of the velocity; and a  
period seven hundred times as long to re-  
duce the velocity to one half. These are  
periods of time which quite overwhelm the  
imagination; and it is not pretended that  
the calculations are made with any pretensions  
to accuracy. But at the same time it is  
beyond doubt that though the intervals of  
time thus assigned to these changes are  
highly vague and uncertain, the changes  
themselves must sooner or later take  
place in consequence of the existence of  
the resisting medium. Since there is such  
a retarding force perpetually acting, how-  
ever slight it be, it must in the end destroy  
all the celestial motions. It may be mil-  
lions of millions of years before the earth's  
retardation may perceptibly affect the ap-  
parent motion of the sun; but still the day  
will come, if the same Creator which formed  
this system should permit it to continue  
so long, when this cause will entirely  
change the length of our year and the  
course of our seasons and finally stop the  
earth's motion round the sun altogether.

The smallness of the resistance, however  
small we choose to suppose it, does not  
allow us to escape this certainty. There is  
a resisting medium; and therefore the  
motions of the solar system cannot  
go on forever. The moment such a fluid  
is ascertained to exist, the eternity of  
the movements of the planets becomes as  
impossible as a perpetual motion on the  
earth.

The contemplative person may well be  
astonished by this universal law of crea-  
tion. The forest tree endures for its  
centuries, and then decays; the mountains  
crumble and change, and perhaps subside  
in some convulsions of nature; the sea  
retires and the shore ceases to surround  
the "everlasting" voice of the ocean; such  
reflections have already crowded the mind  
of the geologist; and it now appears that  
the courses of the heavens themselves are  
not exempt from this universal law of de-  
cay; that not only the rocks and the  
mountains, but the sun and the moon have  
the sentence "to the end" stamped upon  
them. They enjoy no privilege beyond  
man except a longer respite. The ephe-  
meral period in an hour; man endures for  
his three score years and ten; an empire,  
a nation, numbers its centuries; it may be  
thousands of years; the continents and  
islands have perhaps their date, as those  
which preceded them have had; and the  
very revolutions of our sphere by which  
centuries are numbered, will at last lan-  
guish and stand still.

To dwell on the moral and religious  
reflections suggested by this train of thought,  
is not our present purpose; but we may  
observe that it introduces a homogeneity  
to the system, in the government of the  
universe. Perpetual change, perpetual  
progression, increase and diminution, ap-  
pear to be the rules of the material world,  
and to prevail without exception."

It may appear to some that this acknow-  
ledgement of the tendency of the system  
to derangement through the action of a  
resisting medium is inconsistent with the  
arguments which we have drawn in a pre-  
vious chapter from the provisions of its  
stability. In reality, however, the two  
views are in perfect agreement, so far as  
our present purpose is concerned.

But it may be objected, the effect of the  
medium must be ultimately to affect the  
duration of the earth's revolution round  
the sun, and thus to derange those adapta-  
tions which depend on the length of the  
year. And without question, if we permit  
ourselves to look forward to that incon-  
ceivably distant period, at which the effect  
of the medium will become sensible, this  
must be allowed to be true, as has been  
already stated. Millions, and probably  
millions of millions of years, express in-  
deed the distance of time at which this  
cause would produce a serious effect.—  
That the machine of the universe is so  
constructed that it may answer its pur-  
poses for such a period, is sufficient proof  
of the skill of its workmanship, and of the  
reality of its purpose; and those persons,  
probably who are best convinced that it is  
the work of a wise and good Creator, will  
be least disposed to consider the system as  
imperfect, because in its present condition,  
it is not fitted for eternity.

The doctrine of a resisting medium leads  
us toward a point which the Nebular Hy-  
pothesis assumes;—a beginning of the pre-  
sent order of things. There must have been  
a commencement of the motions now going  
on in the solar system. Since these mo-  
tions when once begun, would be deranged  
and destroyed in a period which, however  
large is yet finite, it is obvious we cannot

carry their origin indefinitely backward in  
a range of past duration. There is a pre-  
determined point in these revolutions, when-  
ever they had begun, would have brought the  
revolving bodies into contact with the cen-  
tral mass and this period law in our system  
not yet elapsed. The watch is still going  
and therefore it must have been wound up  
within a limited time.

This solar system, at this its beginning,  
must have been arranged and put in motion  
by some cause. If we suppose this cause  
to operate by means of the configurations  
and the properties of previously existing  
matter, these configurations must have re-  
sulted from some still previous cause, these  
properties must have produced some  
previous effect etc. We are thus led to a  
condition still earlier than the assumed  
beginning—to an origin of the original  
state of the universe; and in this manner  
we are carried perpetually further and  
further back, through a labyrinth of me-  
chanical causation, without any possibility  
of finding any thing in which the mind can  
acquiesce or rest, till we admit "a First  
Cause which is not mechanical."

## THE CAPTURE OF THE GARRIERE.

From Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

"Fire in the main top,  
Fire in the bow,  
Fire on the gun deck,  
Fire down below!"

Once more in motion on her favorite ele-  
ment—i. e. salt water—and under com-  
mand of her former commander the gallant  
Hull, Old Ironsides, on the 23d of August,  
1812, bade good night to the highlands  
of Massachusetts bay, and proceeded  
on a cruise. Hugging the land of her  
birth, she stood northward until the bay of  
Fundy spread out its ample bosom to re-  
ceive her; but finding nothing there to  
cope with, she stood boldly out to seaward  
and waved her striped banner along the  
shores of the Isle of Sables, and before the  
mouth of the St. Lawrence. Having burnt  
two insignificant prizes there, she continued  
on her course, and on the morning of the  
13th, made five sail, one of which was a  
ship of war.

"Crack on sail," said Captain Hull to the  
first lieutenant, as he stood on the wind-  
ward horse-block, scanning the stranger  
with his glass.

"Aye, eye, sir!" replied the gallant Morris,  
and soon the old ship spread on her  
fair-winded sails to the favorable wind,  
and howled along in chase.

"She has set one of her prizes on fire!"  
said Captain Hull, stamping his foot on the  
horse-block.

"Then she will have the less prize money  
and be d—d to her!" said the old sig-  
nal-quadron-master, in a gruff tone to the  
signal midshipman as he took another  
sight at his Britannic majesty's cruiser.

"I say, Jack!" said a tall, thin, old man  
who leaned over the head rail, "that fellow  
would make a good whaleman, if you could  
only get his lubberly top-mast fiddled, and  
tip his old iron overboard. A lick of cold  
rain, wouldn't hurt the bender, and a bright  
streak might add a little to her appearance  
on a Sunday morning."

"Silence, forward!" thundered the first  
lieutenant. "Master's mate of the fore-  
castle, this is a ship of war, sir!"

"Down with you, forward!" said the mas-  
ter's mate, jumping down as though he had  
put his foot in a bucket of hot water.

"Lie close you land-lubbers, this is no  
whaleman!"

"Old Swallowtail is at it again!" whis-  
pered one of the quarter-masters to his neighbor.  
"I wonder why he don't swallow  
a breaker of molasses and then hoist in  
water at his leisure; that infernal steward  
of his has kept his trepanning going since  
seven bells, and burnt me if it hasn't put me  
in mind of spicing the manbruce with a  
real norwester!"

"I say, John Wilson, let me kiss your  
monkey, you close-fisted son of a cat gut  
scraper!" said the Captain of the head to  
an old tar who generally kept a wee drop  
in his locker for sore eyes and the rheu-  
matism, as he often termed it.

"You be biased!" replied the indignant  
Mr. Wilson. "Kiss the purser's bull, if you  
like, or take a pull at the ballards with old  
Switchell—molasses and water is good  
enough for a gentleman's son!" A smothered  
laugh, and a fresh pling of pigtail ended  
the colloquy. The next moment a  
round shot cut the captain of the head in  
two, and produced from the aforesaid Mr.  
Wilson the pious exclamation—

"Hallo! No! I have stopped his mess! My  
eyes! that was a close shave!"

The body was immediately how into the  
sea, and a bucket or two of water washed  
all traces of the unfortunate captain of the  
head from the upper world.

The ship of war being to windward, the  
Constitution changed her course, and over-  
hauled an English merchantman, already a  
prize to an American privateer. A brig  
was next chased to leeward, which proved  
to be an American with a prize crew on  
board. She was re-captured and sent in.  
The remainder of the vessels escaped. Hav-  
ing run up as far as his instructions per-  
mitted him, Captain Hull came about, and  
proceeded to the southward. On the 19th,  
at two P. M. the cry of "Sail! O!" roused  
the officers from the mess-table, and as-  
sembled all hands on the spar deck. The sail  
was soon dimly seen to leeward bearing  
E. S. E., but her character could not be  
discovered. The Constitution immediately  
made sail chase, and at six bells the  
stranger was ascertained to be a ship. In  
a short half hour her rows of teeth were  
discovered, and no doubt was entertained  
of her being an enemy's frigate. The  
Constitution still kept on her course, until  
she was within a league of the frigate to  
leeward, and she began to shorten sail.  
The enemy had now laid his main-top-sail  
aback and appeared to be waiting for the  
frigate to come down, with every thing  
ready to engage. Perceiving that there  
was a chance for a fight at last, upon some-  
thing like even terms, Captain Hull pro-  
ceeded to make his preparation with the

greatest coolness and deliberation. The  
Constitution therefore, furled her light  
sails, doubled reefed her top-sails, hauled up  
the courses, sent down her royal yards, and  
prepared her decks for action. At the first  
blast of the drum, the crew came pouring up  
for action, and ere the drummers had beat-  
ten the call, they stood in silence at their  
guns.

At 5 P. M., the chase hoisted three En-  
glish ensigns, and opened her fire at long  
shot, wearing several times to rake and to  
avoid a raking return. The Constitu-  
tion still came down in death-like silence,  
waiting occasionally to balk the English  
commander in his rash intentions, and  
heaving ahead like her immovable self  
alone. At six, the enemy, who seemed to  
be a very gentlemanly fellow, bore up, and  
ran up under his three top-sails and jib, with  
a wind on his quarter, which in plain En-  
glish meant, as one of the captains of the  
guns whispered to the first sponger—"Come  
along, you are quick as you please, and take it  
yard-arm and yard-arm, and be d—d to you!"

At a little after six, the bows of Old  
Ironsides began to double on the quarter of  
the English ship, and as she came full upon  
her, at pistol shot distance, Captain Hull,  
who had stood, trumpet in hand, upon the  
horse-block, waiting for the favorable mo-  
ment, sprang upon deck and gave the long  
expected order, "Fire!"

At the word, the entire broadside went  
off as one gun, and careered the Constitu-  
tion to her bearing. It was a broadside  
of destruction—its shot pierced the enemy  
through and through, and carried away his  
muzzlemast, while Captain Hull roared  
through his trumpet—

"Well done, my lands, you have made a  
brag of her!"

"You have carried away a streak of cop-  
per, sir," said an old tar, pointing to an  
enormous rent in the Captain's muzzlemast  
which with one hand, and touching his hat  
with the other.

"Ha!" said Hull, examining his damaged  
muzzlemast, "is true the stuff has given  
away, but never mind, burnt powder will  
soon cure every thing. Give them another  
salute, my boys!"

For thirty minutes, one incessant roar  
of artillery filled the ears of the combatants.  
A vast field of white smoke spread upon  
the face of the waters to leeward, and the  
hollow waves echoed mournfully to the  
thunder speaking gun.

The frigate now passed slowly ahead,  
keeping up an unintermitted fire, and buffed  
shot round the Englishman's bows, to  
prevent being raked. In performing this  
manoeuvre, the ship shot into wind, got  
strewed upon her back, and backed on to her  
antagonist. The cabin of the Constitution  
now caught fire from the close explosion of  
the forward guns of the enemy. The ex-  
cursions of lieutenant V. B. Hoffman, who  
was ordered to the gun of the enemy that  
had caused the injury and threatened to do  
still greater damage, was disabled and se-  
verely wounded. As the vessels tumbled, the  
sound of bagpipes and the cry of "First division  
of boarders away!" issued from the smoke  
that covered each vessel, and the heavy  
cannon had an opportunity to cool awhile.

The English mastered at the bows, while  
the Americans assembled at the tail. The  
muzzlemast was now dreadfully  
Lieutenant Morris was shot through the body  
and maintained his post; the bullet having  
fortunately missed his vitals. Sailing mas-  
ter Alay was wounded in the shoulder;  
and lieutenant Bush, the marine officer,  
having received a bullet in the head, fell  
upon his face and died with the cry of en-  
couragement upon his lips. The English  
suffered the most by the fire.

It being found impossible for either party  
to board in the presence of such a fire  
and during the continuance of the heavy  
sea, the sails were furl'd. As the frigate  
shot ahead, the forecast of the enemy fell  
by the board.

"Huzza!" said Captain Hull, "we have  
made a ship of her, my boys!"

At this moment, down came the main-  
mast of the Garrigue with a tremendous  
crash, and she lay a helpless wreck wal-  
lowing in the trough of the encircled sea.  
A crack that had been knocked out  
of his com by a shot, now flew into the  
muzzlemast, and crowded like a bantam  
on his dunghill. It was the cry of victory,  
and was followed by three loud huzzas  
from the Constitution's crew.

The conqueror now ran off a short dis-  
tance, secured her mast, wore new rigging  
and wiped her bloody decks. At seven,  
she wore round and took a favorable po-  
sition for raking. The enemy having had  
sufficient amusement for one afternoon,  
lowered a jack that had been kept flying  
on the stump of the muzzlemast; and Iron-  
sides's victory was complete.

An officer was now sent on board the  
prize, who returned immediately & reported  
her to be His Britannic Majesty's ship Gar-  
riquer, of thirty-eight guns, Capt. Dacres.  
The Constitution, having put a prize mas-  
ter and crew on board, hovered around dur-  
ing the night. The next morning, the  
prize officer having declared the Garrigue  
to be in a sinking condition, the prisoners  
were removed and the prize crew recalled.

At three P. M. Captain Hull ordered the  
wreck of the beautiful frigate to be set on  
fire, and in a quarter of an hour, a bright  
flash lit up the heavens—an awful roar  
rang along the billows—a mighty cloud of  
impenetrable smoke slowly moved along the  
ocean, and when the evening sun looked  
down upon the clear waters, nothing was  
to be seen of the noble cruiser but black  
and bubbling fragments dancing upon their  
waves.

The Constitution, having her decks lum-  
bered with wounded prisoners, shaped her  
course for the southward; and on the 30th  
of August stood up Boston harbor, with  
the cross of England trailing beneath the  
stars and stripes, and anchored off Long  
Wharf, amid the ring of bells, the firing  
of cannon, and the wild huzzas of assembled  
thousands.

Such was the battle that told to the ad-  
mired world that the lion was no longer  
master of the ocean. The nation was elated  
trilled at the result—the old doubters  
doubted no longer—torres hung their heads  
in shame, & a glorious people arose like one  
man to do honor to the brave of their native  
land. Captain Hull and his brave officers  
were feted and toasted—services of plate  
and freedoms of cities in gold boxes, were  
showered upon the captors from all quarters  
—the name of Old Ironsides became the  
watchword of the nation, and a passport to  
every society; and while the brave tars,  
from the lofty yards raised the loud huzzas  
in honor of the victorious Hull, they for-  
got not to add another to the memory of  
the absent and wounded Morris.

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## SLEIGHING TIME.

AMERICAN COURTESY.—This must be  
an everlasting fine country, beyond all  
doubt, for the folks have nothing to do but  
to ride about and talk politics. In the  
winter, when the ground is covered with  
snow, what grand times they have a sleigh  
over these here marshes with the gals, or  
play ball on the ice, or go in to quilting  
trades of new long winter evenings, and then  
sleigh home like mad by moonlight.  
Nater made that season on purpose of  
courting. A little lady scrooping look-  
ing, a real clipper of a horse, a string of  
bells as long as a string of mince round his  
neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin for  
all the world like a bunch of apples broke  
off at a gathering time, and a sweetheart  
a'ginside all nuffed up but her eyes and  
lips—the one lookin right into you, and the  
other talkin right at you—a'een almost  
enough to drive one ravin farin, distracted  
mad with pleasure, and it? And then the  
dear critters say the bells make such a din  
there's no hearin one's self speak; so they  
put their pretty little mugs up close to  
your face, and talk, talk, talk till one can't  
help lookin right at them instead of the  
horses, and then whap you both go cap-  
sized into a snow drift together, skins cas-  
hed, and all. And then to see the little  
critter shake herself when she gets up,  
like a duck landin from a pond, chattering  
away all the time like a canary bird, and  
you haw-haw with pleasure, is fun alive,  
you may depend. In this way a feller gets  
led on to offer himself as a lover before he  
knows where he bees.—Sam Slick.

## THE OPIUM TRADE.

Among the important events that have  
conspired during the past year to derange  
the course of mercantile affairs, the de-  
clared position assumed by the Chinese Gov-  
ernment in regard to the opium, is likely  
to have the most enduring influence on the  
future course of business. The difficulties  
likely to grow out of the destruction of so  
large an amount of property by the Chi-  
nese Government are of doubtful issue.  
They may result in a more liberal com-  
mercial system or the restrictions may increase;  
but, as in times past, the prohibition of the  
trade in opium in one port has led to the  
establishment of a larger depot in another,  
we may expect that some means will be  
found by which the trade will resume its  
accustomed course. Since the prohibition  
of the import of the drug by the Chinese  
Government in 1839, and the repeated in-  
terdictions of it since under the highest  
penalties, the expulsion of the opium ships  
from Whampoa, in 1821, and the subse-  
quent formation of the depot at Lintin, the  
trade has continued to increase in impor-  
tance, and the consumption of the drug  
vastly to extend in the empire, yearly in-  
creasing in its bulk, the influence of a  
larger circle of persons, by the lucrative-  
ness of the traffic of which it forms the key-  
stone.

The American trade with China, com-  
menced about the year 1804, has grad-  
ually increased in importance until it now  
reveals that of the East India company.

The following is a table of the imports  
from and exports to China from the United  
States, from 1820 to the last report from  
the Treasury returns:

American trade with China, including the imports  
and exports to and from that country,  
from 1820 to the present time.

Imports. Exp. to, Excess imp. Excess exp.  
1820 2,186,739 1,479,701 707,038  
1821 3,111,951 2,290,500 821,451  
1822 5,412,556 5,935,368 522,812  
1823 6,511,425 4,635,091 1,876,334  
1824 5,618,503 5,201,171 417,332  
1825 7,533,115 5,570,515 1,962,600  
1826 7,422,186 2,565,614 4,856,572  
1827 3,617,113 3,851,405 234,292  
1828 5,239,161 1,492,892 3,746,269  
1829 4,650,817 1,354,862 3,295,955  
1830 3,570,341 742,193 2,828,148  
1831 3,615,205 1,299,531 2,315,674  
1832 5,444,907 1,200,322 4,244,585  
1833 7,541,570 1,433,759 6,107,811  
1834 7,892,327 1,010,412 6,881,915  
1835 5,957,167 1,568,530 4,388,637  
1836 7,343,616 1,194,264 6,149,352  
1837 8,965,337 630,591 8,334,746  
1838 4,764,336 1,516,602 3,247,734

In this table the imports gradually in-  
crease in amount, while the exports for the  
last ten years have fallen off annually, as  
by deducting the amount of the excess of  
exports over the imports from the excess of  
imports, we find a cash balance against  
this country, and in favor of China, for 18  
years, of \$3,714,351. This return is  
however, only for the goods imported into  
this country. Many cargoes are bought  
on American account and sent to Europe,  
the Sandwich Islands, and elsewhere, all of  
which would increase the balance in her  
favor.

The trade between England and China  
is equally impropitious, the balance in  
favor of China averaging nearly \$4,000,000  
annually. The trade of China would  
therefore yield her upwards of \$7,000,000  
of a specie balance yearly, and create a  
ruinous drain of the precious metals from  
the commerce of Europe, without an  
offsetting counter current by which it could return  
were it not that British India furnishes an  
opium and cotton the means not only of  
settling this difference, but of creating a  
small balance in favor of Europe. To bring  
the operation of this trade more clearly  
before us, we have constructed the follow-  
ing table from parliamentary returns and  
from our treasury reports for the year  
1831, which is an average year:

Exp. from China 1831. Imp. into China  
To U. States, 3,083,205 1,290,000  
To England, 8,590,000 6,000,000  
To B. India, 4,652,334 640,055

\$16,325,539 \$7,930,055  
These imports and exports are the value  
of merchandise, exclusive of opium and  
cotton, and leave a balance of 8,395,004 in  
favor of China. The amount of imports of  
opium and cotton from B. India into China  
for the same year, were as follows:

Cotton, 3,014,000  
Opium, 12,222,526

\$15,236,525  
Deduct bal. trade due China 8,395,004  
\$6,841,521

These imports and exports are the value  
of merchandise, exclusive of opium and  
cotton, and leave a balance of 8,395,004 in  
favor of China. The amount of imports of  
opium and cotton from B. India into China  
for the same year, were as follows: