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WHOLE NO. 130.

SELECT POETRY.

THE FIRST HOME.

Amid the city's idle, haunting train,
I stand, with drooping head and aching breast;
Men call me dreamer, and I strive in vain
To render smiles and give the light-toned jest.
But some touch stirs the chord of memory,
And I am wandering with the years gone by.

The years gone by—the guileless and the good!
When a wild troop of careless children played
Around a white-walled cottage home, which stood
In a lone valley, 'neath the elm tree's shade;
In that green vale arose life's morning star
On us, whom time has scattered wide and far.

No hand of art had fashioned these fair bowers,
To give us shelter from noon's fervid beam;
But sweet elements, with its pebbly floors,
Hung from the eaves, by the gentle stream;
And to that quiet arbor we would stray,
And leave our childhood's task for childhood's day.

In the moist meadow, 'neath the apple tree,
The clustering strawberries were red in June;
The robins chirped, thanksgiving, and the bees
Rooled in the clover tops, and hummed a tune
That filled my brain with fancies sweet and wild,
And made me dream, even when a child.

And still the blue mist o'er that valley now
Floats in the summer time, as when we stray
Through the old path, although upon our brow
The world, the ungentle world, her hand hath
laid;

And still the flowers we loved, spring fresh and
fair,
And stars o'erwatch, as when our home was there,
Year after year I visit it in dreams!

I sit beneath the elm tree, as of yore,
And catch the music of the mountain stream,
Or walk the deep-wood foot-paths, as before,
Stringing red berries from the wild rose tree,
The simple coral of my infancy.

No matter where kind heaven may cast my lot,
If o'er the mountains or the seas I roam,
My heart never can forget one sacred spot,
That northern valley, with our childhood's
home;

And my weak heart will swell more bold and
strong,
Ort as I weave its name within my song!

JANE GAY.

SELECTED STORY.

WAT ROBINSON; OR, THE WINDEMERE GHOST.

“Ah! dost thou think I fear the spectral crew
Of ghosts and demons? All the host of them
With thee to back them, and as thou art,
Shall never scare me from my bonnet path.
The boy of Judah was a very dwarf,
Match'd with Philistia's giant; but the strength
Of mind, made perfect in the fear of God,
Gave to the shepherd boy the victory
O'er him who trusted in the arm of flesh.”

The story I am about to tell I had from an old
aunt of mine, who has long been gathered to her
kindred dust. She was a woman of singular
talent, and in her youth had possessed great
singular beauty. At eighty years of age, her
bright black eyes were undimmed, she had not
lost one of her fine teeth, and her cheeks retained
the bloom of the rose. What she had seen in
her early days might be gathered from the
noble remains that time had touched so lightly,
that her elastic mind seemed to bid defiance to
decay. In the glory of her prime, duels had
been fought for her, and wise men had vied with
each other, to win from her an approving
smile.

If the term beautiful could be applied to an
old woman, my aunt was a beauty still. The
old lady was perfectly aware of the fact, and
would recount with great glee, the conquests
and triumphs of her girlhood. These reminis-
cences of by-gone vanity, which it would have
been wise at her time of life to have buried
in oblivion, I listened to her with little or
no interest; but her ghost stories and tradition-
ary lore, her legends of the wild and wonderful,
her long catalogue of extraordinary dreams and
mysterious warnings, always afforded me the
keenest delight.

Naturally of a strong and vigorous mind, my
aunt did not herself believe in supernatural
agencies; but they amused her, and she told
these stories so well, that she never tired her
auditors. It is one of these tales that I am
about to relate. She had the facts from my
grandfather, who was himself personally acquaint-
ed with Mr. Lethwaite, one of the actors in the
drama.

About a hundred years ago, there lived in
the town of Kendal, Westmoreland, a man of
gigantic stature and great strength, who followed
the trade of a butcher. This person, who was
called Wat Robinson, was noted for his quarrel-
some, ruffianly disposition, which won for him
the name of Bully Robinson, the big butcher of
Kendal. Foremost in all scenes of riot and dis-
sipation, he was universally feared and truly
hated.

This man was very fond of practical jokes,
but his jokes were like himself, and originated
in the cruelty and malice of his mind. The
pain he inflicted upon others afforded him the
greatest pleasure. The grating tones of his
coarse, brutal laugh, inflicted a deeper wound
than the most bitter of his biting jests.

It is impossible for a benevolent minded person
to give any countenance to this species of amuse-
ment, for, though the joke may be harmless in
itself, a kindly person will derive no entertain-
ment from anything that calls forth angry feel-
ings in another.

There was a very lonely cross country road in
the vicinity of Kendal, which formed a short
cut to the beautiful lake of Windemere. The
path was rocky and narrow and seldom frequented
by any but pedestrian or equestrian travelers.—
For some months previous to the period of which
I am now writing, this road had got the charac-
ter of being haunted. A hideous apparition
in the form of a hairy monster, with horns and
hoofs, obstructed the passage of travelers through
the lane, chasing them back with dreadful bel-
lowings and other diabolical noises.

Many persons had been frightened into fits
by the spectre; and one feeble old man had lost
his reason by unexpectedly encountering the de-
mon in one of the most lonely turnings on the
rocky road.

This frightful phantom had been seen by so
many respectable persons in the town and its vic-
inity, whose veracity, from the well known in-
tegrity of their characters, the most skeptical
could scarcely doubt, that the public mind be-
came greatly agitated by the nightly recurrence
of such startling facts. People were no longer
laughed at for their credulity, in believing that
which so many respectable witnesses declared to
be true.

The Windemere ghost became the general
theme of conversation, and the road was aban-
doned by all who were acquainted with the tale
and could reach the lake by a more public thor-
oughfare.

One night a large party had assembled in a
small public house, in the suburbs of Kendal, to
drink their ale, and discuss the news of the day.
These were chiefly farmers and sheep-graziers,
from the moors and fens, who had dispersed of
the fittings of their flocks at the market, and
were returning in a body to their lonely homes
among the hills. The centre of this group, and
a man of no small importance among them was
the big butcher of Kendal. He had been a
large purchaser, and the jolly yeoman had hung
back a few shillings from the money they had
received, to furnish a general treat, big Wat
himself being placed in the chair, as the great
man of the company.

This was an honor the burly butcher never
failed to abuse. As the fumes of the ale began
to ascend into his head, he grew loud and quar-
relsome, engrossing all the conversation to him-
self, while his blustering manner and ill-natured
jokes so disgusted his companions, that one by
one they all rose to depart, dreading, by word or
action, to rouse into active operation, the mis-
chievous disposition of the man.

The guests at the “Holly Tree” had all drop-
ped away, until the butcher and one young man,
who had been a silent spectator of the scene,
alone occupied the chimney corner. This person,
who was vastly superior in his appearance, to
the men who had so lately filled the table, was
dressed in the gray homespun cloth of the coun-
try, and looked like a wealthy yeoman of the
middle class. To Robinson he was a stranger,
and that worthy continued to eye him with a
sister glance of curiosity and inquiry.

The landlord entered to throw on a fresh billet
of wood, for it was winter, and the night was
very cold.

“Is the moon up, Lowther?” said the yeoman,
rising to his feet, and buttoning his great coat
up to his chin. “It is time I was on the road.”

“Yes, Mr. Lethwaite, she has been up some
time, but sir, if I were in your place, I would
never travel that road at midnight.”

“Why, what the deuce is the matter with the
road? Are you troubled with robbers in these
parts?”

“No, sir, the road is haunted.”

“Haunted!” exclaimed the yeoman, bursting
into a merry laugh.

“Yes, sir, haunted, and by the devil, sir!” I
saw him with my own eyes; and you know, sir,
the old saying, seeing is believing.”

“Humph! and what was the devil like?”

“Like, sir? why nothing human. He was as
hairy as a buffalo, with huge white horns, a long
whisking tail, and cloven feet.”

“Oh, ho! the old story. I never saw the
devil, and have no great wish to make his
acquaintance to-night; but it is not an idle wo-
man's tale that will prevent me from taking the
nearest road home. Pray order your man to
saddle my horse quickly, for I have overstayed
my time already.”

The landlord hastened to give the necessary
orders, and Robinson, who had been listening to
the yeoman, with a half sneer, now turning ha-
stily round, addressed him abruptly, and without
ceremony.

“You wish us to think you a very brave man,
Mr. Lethwaite, if that is your name.”

“That is to me a matter of perfect indiffer-
ence,” returned Lethwaite, haughtily, and sur-
veying the burly butcher with a stern glance; “the
man who has faith in himself cares little for
the opinion of others.”

“No offence,” said Robinson, who did not
like the fiery glance of his companion's eye; “but
if you are determined upon returning to
Windemere by the cross road, it is the duty of a
friend to warn you of your danger.”

“I am sorry to think that the descendants of
the bold Kendal archers can have degenerated
into such a flock of geese,” said the yeoman. “I
have lived too long among the hills to be fright-
ened by shadows. My horse is at the door—
good night, sir.”

“You are stark, staring mad,” cried the but-
cher, placing his huge person in the door-way, “to
attempt that road to-night; you will return to
the ‘Holly-Tree’ before morning, half dead with
fright.”

Lethwaite, who never expected to behold a
real edition of the Windemere ghost, felt his
hair stiffen, and his teeth slightly chatter, as he
suddenly reined in his horse, and forced him-
self to look steadily upon the ghastly phantom.—
The horse, possessing self-reliance than his
master, plunged, snorted and reared, as with a
hideous yell the apparition advanced, brandish-
ing his fiery weapon in a very threatening man-
ner.

“Steady boy, steady,” cried his master, in a
soothing tone, shamed out of his fears by the
terror of his steed. “If this be the devil,
stand still, and let my master face him like a
man.”

Reassured by the well-known voice and the
caress of the well-known hand, the noble animal
did as he was commanded; but he shook and
shivered in every limb.

Lethwaite had by this time drawn a pistol
from his belt, and riding towards the spectre, he
cried out in a stern voice,

“Miserable impostor, throw off your disguise,
or you are a dead man; for, by the God that
made me, I will see if your body is proof against
a leaden ball!”

A wild unearthly yell was the only answer
he got to his threat; and the demon was now
within ten paces of his horse. The sharp re-
coil of Lethwaite's pistol woke up all the lonely
echoes of the place, and the huge, hairy mon-
ster fell heavily to the earth with a smothered
curse; and the yeoman, yielding for a moment
to uncontrollable fear, turned the head of his
terrified steed, and never slackened his speed
till he reached the door of the public house.

After a few moments of breathless suspense,
his loud, hurried knock was answered by the
landlord, who thrusting his head out of the gar-
ret window, demanded, in no very gentle tone,
the cause of such an unseasonable attack upon
his door.

“It is I, Lowther; it is Richard Lethwaite;
get up and let me in directly.”

“Ah! ah! I thought how it would end,”
said the landlord, as he descended to unbar the
door; and he called to the groom to relieve
his guest of his tired horse.

“The ghost has driven you back faster ‘than
you went. This is to disbelieve the word of
honest folks. Why, man what have you seen?
You look like one just risen from the dead.”

“I fear I have sent one to dwell with the
dead a little before his time,” said Lethwaite,
drinking off the glass of brandy proffered to him
by his host at a draught. “I have shot the
ghost; whether man or devil, it was not proof
against powder and ball. I am more distress-
ed at this event than if I had encountered all
the hosts of hell, with satan himself to back
them. Call up your people, for I can no longer
go alone to that infernal spot, and let us
examine and identify the corpse.”

It was daylight before Lowther could per-
suade any of his servants or neighbors to ac-
company him and Mr. Lethwaite to the lane.
They believed the latter had seen the ghost;
but as to killing it, that was a sort of waking
night-mare, something too incredible even for
the supernatural wonders of a dream.

Many were the questions put to Lethwaite
by the little band of men; but he walked on
silently and thoughtfully, without speaking a
word to any.

“Way did you not call up the big butcher,
Lowther?” said one of the party. “In any
case of danger that man is a host in himself.”

“I have great doubts as to his courage,” said
Lowther dryly. “He is a great bully, and
these worthy men are all froth; they make a
great noise but are very slow in action. If Mr.
Lethwaite has killed the ghost, big Wat would
be of small service to us, as the danger is al-
ready past.”

“Killed the ghost?” said the first speaker
with a sneer; who ever heard of mortal man
killing a ghost; it is not in flesh and blood to
do that.”

“But suppose the ghost was a man,” said
Lethwaite; “suppose it was the big butcher of
Kendal himself?”

“Now, God forbid!” said several voices at
once; “the man is a devil but not bad enough
to turn ghost.”

“We shall soon know,” said Lethwaite, “at
the bottom of this hill the riddle will be solved.”

They had now reached the brow of the steep
hill. The sun was just rising above the distant
mountains; and his first beams glanced upon
the hill tops, without penetrating the gloomy
recess which still lay buried in dense shadow.

Slowly, and with evident signs of fear, the
little party wound down the hill. One man
tried to hum a tune, another to whistle, while
a third talked very loudly about his own cour-
age, in reality, possessing very little; but all en-
deavored to dissipate the fear to which they in-
voluntarily became the prey, as they approach-
ed the dreaded spot.

Lethwaite, who had lingered behind, now
walked briskly forward and headed the party.
A dark, indistinct mass lay huddled up in
the centre of the narrow road. All drew back.—
Lethwaite stepped up to it and remained sta-

tionary, beckoned with his hand for the others
to advance. They did so; but what was the
surprise and astonishment of all, to find in the
supposed spectre the dead and bleeding form of
Wat Robinson, wrapped up in the hide of a bull,
his naked arms bare, and a club smeared with
phosphorus still grasped in his stiffened hand.
“He deserved his death,” said Lowther look-
ing down upon his ghastly corpse. It was a
cruel thing of him to adopt this hideous disguise,
in order to frighten his friends and neighbors.”

“It was just like the man,” said another; “he
was so full of spite and malice, he could not bear
to see others happy.”

“He has paid a heavy price for his folly,”
said Lethwaite. “His melancholy fate should be
a solemn warning to all persons who engage
in such wicked jokes. Come, my friends, let
us carry him hence; I am sorry that he got his
death by my hand.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

PREACHING FOR THE TIMES.

We copy the following extract from a letter
written by a gentleman at Bullard's Bar to the
editors of the *Sierra (California) Citizen*. It
contains sentiments which, though intended for
the Pacific section of the Union, are applicable
to every quarter:

California wants preachers—preachers of the
Gospel of Jesus Christ, preachers whose hearts
are big and brave, full of the warmth of Christ's
love for men, who are willing to work and preach
and pray out of a genuine Christian zeal. Are
there any such? California wants preachers who
can withstand something, who can take hold of
men's hearts here, and fill them with early mem-
ories, and kindle the hopes of godless well-
nigh dead, and renew the longings of by-gone
times, when the heavens seemed full of good
spirits, wooing them to purity—preachers who
can not only reprove in a loving spirit the sins
which all acknowledge, but give a chance to us
poor devils to grow better. We don't want, when
now and then we get into a church, to be made
to feel that we are utter devils—fairly shocking
to the tender sensibilities of the amiable minister,
who thinks his best plan of drawing us to a better
life is by painting, in the highest coloring the
iniquities for which we are already sorry, and
perhaps ashamed.”

“I know I am a great sinner; I never go
to church to learn that. But when I am edified
by half an hour's pointing of all my worst faults,
and many which are neither mine nor any
body's else, it would be pleasant to have some-
thing said which would appeal to what little
good there may be crowded down into the bot-
tom of a soul by the weary burden which has
somehow gathered over it during a hard life.
How often a man is forced to wonder at the
ignorance of very smart preachers! How little
they know about men! Is it because their
religion separates them so far from us? May it
not be that they intrude themselves so closely
within professional walls, that they know nothing
beyond them? Do we not [put it to sinners
like myself] unconsciously treat the few
preachers we meet, as if, as a matter of course,
they know nothing of the world? Are we not
utterly surprised, and inexpressibly pleased, when
we happen upon a man who can be talked to
just like other men, although he is a preacher?”

How eagerly we listen to such a man; how
gratefully we listen to his counsel, though, alas,
we may not follow it; how our hearts warm to-
ward his goodness; how we wish we were Chris-
tians like him; and how we tell our ungodly
cronies about him—always remembering to say
the has got common sense.”

THIRILLING INCIDENT.—At a temperance
meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned
clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink, de-
monstrating it to his own satisfaction to be spiri-
tually, gentlemanly and healthful. When the
clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man arose
and asked the liberty of saying a few words.—
Permission being granted, he spoke as follows:

“A young friend of mine (said he) had
long been temperate, was prevailed on to the
joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire
abstinence from all that could intoxicate, he kept
his pledge faithfully for some time, though the
struggle with his habit was fearful, till one even-
ing, in a social party, glasses of wine were pre-
sented round. They came to a clergyman hand,
who took a glass, saying a few words in vindi-
cation of the practice. “Well,” thought the young
man, “if a clergyman can take wine and justify
it so well, why not I?” So he took a glass. It
instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering ap-
petite; and after a rapid downward course, he
died of delirium tremens—a raving madman!”

The old man paused for utterance and was just
about to add—“That young man was my only
son, and the clergyman was the Reverend Doc-
tor who has just addressed this assembly.”

ALWAYS UPPERMOST.—The subject of dollars
and cents is the only theme that keeps up its
interest. Just as if, by becoming a millionaire,
you could get more than three meals a day with
a relish, or wear more than one suit of clothes
at a time. What good, then, is it to have heaps
of the dirty stuff laid up to terrify you with
the failure of bands, and the bursting of all kinds
of dollar and cent bubbles that spring up—
Enough is enough, and all else is vanity and
vexation of spirit.

CONSCIENCE is the best friend we have; with-
out it all other friends are of no use to us.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

THE BAR CONVENTION.

A Convention of Delegates from different Coun-
ties of the State, to consider the improvement of
the Cape Fear Bar and Harbor, met at the Court
House in the town of Wilmington, on Thursday,
May 25th, at 11 o'clock.

On motion of Col. James T. Miller, of Wilming-
ton, the Convention was temporarily organized by
calling Major Owen R. Kenan, of Duplin to the
Chair, and by the appointment of Almond A. Mc-
Kay as Secretary. The Secretary proceeded to
call the roll of counties, when the following dele-
gates appeared and took seats in the Convention:

(We omit the names of the delegates for want of
space, and give the number from each county.)
Wake 29; Warren 10; Sampson 22; Wayne 4;
Cumberland 6; [a large number of delegates from
Cumberland were prevented from being present on
account of the accident to the Steamboat Ferry.]
Duplin 23; Mecklenburg 3; Moore 1; Guilford 3;
Alamance 1; Brunswick 12; Halifax 4; Johnston
8; New Hanover 60; Chatham 3; Orange 4;
Northampton 6; Bladen 4; Columbus 8; Lenoir
8—in all 219 delegates.

On motion of George Davis, Esq., the President
appointed a Committee of three, consisting of Geo
Davis, Robert Strange and David Reid, Esq., to
wait upon His Excellency, DAVID S. REID, Govern-
or of this State, and to request him to take a seat
in the Convention.

On motion of Robert Strange, a Committee of
one from each of the counties represented, was
appointed by the President to recommend perman-
ent officers for the Convention.

On motion, by Capt. S. L. Fremont of Brun-
swick, the Editors of the Wilmington Press were
requested to take seats, and participate in the delib-
erations of the Convention.

On motion of Maj. John A. Richardson, of Bladen,
all persons present from the counties which
had sent delegates, were invited to take seats in
the Convention.

The Committee on nominating permanent offi-
cers for the Convention, through their chairman,
Dr. C. J. Fox, of Mecklenburg, made the following
report.

For President—His Excellency, David S. Reid,
Governor of the State of North Carolina.
John C. Washington, Lenoir, }
Stephen W. Davis, Mecklenburg, }
Dr. Wm. McKoy, Sampson, }
John Berrivin, Northampton, }
Henry Harris, Warren, }
Dr. A. J. DeRosset, Jr., N. Han. }
David Reid, Duplin, }
A. H. VanBokkelen, N. Hanover, }
S. L. Fremont, Brunswick, }
Almond A. McKay, Sampson, }
John C. Blocker, Cumberland, }
Secretaries.

Governor Reid was conducted to the Chair, and
on taking his seat as President, addressed the Con-
vention in a very happy manner, expressing him-
self fully alive to the necessity of the work now
under consideration, and giving the same his ap-
probation.

On motion of Robert Strange, Esq., the Report
of a committee appointed at a previous meeting of
the citizens of Wilmington, to report to this Con-
vention was read by their Chairman, George Dav-
is, Esq., of Wilmington.

REPORT

Of the Committee upon the past and present
condition of the Cape Fear Bar; the duty of
the Government to improve it, &c., &c.

The Committee to whom it was referred by a meet-
ing of the Citizens of New Hanover county, to make a
Report to this Convention, embodying such facts and
statements as are best calculated to show the proprie-
ty and importance of the improvement of the Cape Fear Bar
by the General Government, have had the same under
careful consideration, and ask leave to submit the following
Report—

In order to present the subject more clearly, we have
thought it necessary and proper to enter into a brief his-
tory of the Cape Fear River and Bar, to show as far as
we can, their past and present conditions, the changes
which have taken place, and the causes which have oper-
ated to produce, hasten, or modify those changes.

The earliest information which we have in our posses-
sion is furnished by the Chart of a Hydrographic survey
made and published in the year 1782 by Edward Moseley,
at which time the main bar of the River afforded a depth
of nineteen (19) feet of water.

In the year 1788, as appears from a chart published by
James Wimble, the depth of water upon the main bar
had increased to twenty-one (21) feet.

In the year 1797, as appears from a chart published by
John Potts, the depth of water upon the main bar had
decreased to twenty (20) feet. Upon this chart for the
first time as far as we can ascertain, is shown a second
opening in the River at a point about nine miles above
the main outlet, and forming what is now known as the
New Inlet. The date of the opening of this Inlet has
been fixed at about the year 1780; and its depth of water
at the date of this survey, at about seven (7) feet at high
water.

In 1820, as is shown by a survey made under the direc-
tion of Col. Kearney, Top Engineer, the depth of water
upon the main bar had decreased to fifteen and a half (15
1/2) feet; and that upon the New Inlet bar had increased
to eleven and a half (11 1/2) feet.

In 1829, according to a survey made by Capt. Glynn,
U. S. N., the main bar had decreased to fourteen feet,
and the New Inlet bar had increased to fifteen (15) feet.

In the year 1830, according to Reports of Pilots to the
Commissioners of Navigation, for the Town of Wilming-
ton, they had both decreased to eleven and a half (11 1/2)
feet.

In 1834, in a letter from the Sup't Coast Survey to
Hon. Geo. E. Badger, printed by order of the U. S. Sen-
ate, Feb. 15th, it is stated that the depth of water upon
the main bar had decreased to nine (9) feet.

It also appears to remark that, from the earliest period
of which we have any information, there have existed two
channels to the original outlet of the River—one crossing
the main bar, of which we have given the changes above,
and another running close along the Oak Island shore,
and designated upon all the Maps as the Western
Channel. As early as 1783, this channel is shown upon
Moseley's Map with a depth of fourteen feet of water upon
the bar. One hundred and six years afterwards, in 1839,
it is shown by Capt. Glynn's survey with precisely the
same depth upon the bar, and in 1852 by Lt. Maffitt's
survey with a depth of only twelve feet. Since
that time, according to the Reports of Pilots it has
gradually increased, and affords now a depth of fourteen
feet. It will be seen from this statement, that this
channel has for the last three or four years been the only
channel at the original entrance, which could be used by
the larger class of vessels trading at our port, the water
being comparatively useless to us; and (2d) that although
the depth of water which is afforded to our com-
merce has been frequent and slight, and have not tended
in any one way as the case with the Main and New Inlet

Bars. The conclusion which we arrive at, therefore, is,
that these variations have been caused by the shifting of
sands, and have had no material effect to the injury of the
main bar.

In pursuing this investigation, it must be constantly
borne in mind that the main bar is the natural, original
outlet to the River; and that the injury done to our Com-
merce by the shoaling of this bar cannot be repaired to us,
until this bar is restored to its former state, or until
some other bar is opened which will afford the same
depth of water as that which the reference we have re-
ferred to. For the convenience of reference we have re-
duced the facts above stated, which comprise all the in-
formation in possession of your Committee, to the follow-
ing table—marking that the figures all refer to high
water.

A careful examination of these facts have led us to the
following conclusions, 1st. That the main bar, if left to
itself, would have exhibited no material decrease of depth
from the date of Wimble's survey. It would have been
subject to variations, as was the Western Bar; but these
variations would have been temporary and slight, caused
by shifting sands, and would not have injuriously affected
the Commerce of the Port. It might even have contin-
ued to increase, as has been shown by the action of the
time of Moseley's survey, and that of Wimble. 2d. That
the opening of New Inlet, and the consequent diminu-
tion of the volume of water which passed out at
the main entrance had a tendency necessarily to diminish
the depth of water upon the main bar; and that the
main bar continued to decrease with some slight varia-
tions, according to the increase of the New Inlet. 3d.
That this continued to be the state of things up to the
period of Capt. Glynn's survey in 1829, at which time the
New Inlet had attained its greatest depth, having reached
a formation of rock which prevented any further increase.
Since the year 1829, the main bar has not increased in
depth, but has been subject only to temporary varia-
tions caused by the prevailing winds. A gale from the
north-east, for instance, washes the sand from the rap-
e, and deposits it about and upon the rock of which its bot-
tom is formed, while a gale from the south-west is equal-
ly certain to wash it from the rock, and carry it out again
to the ocean. These facts have been established by ac-
curate soundings made by the Pilots, and by the opera-
tions of the U. S. Coast Survey; and render it certain
that, subsequent to that period, the New Inlet has exerted
no influence towards the shoaling of the main bar. It
has also been shown that the variations in the depth of
the Western channel have been no light, never increasing
in depth over one half foot, and that the shoaling of
Glynn's survey, as to be unable to cause any material in-
jury since that date, whatever its effects may have been
previously. But still the shoaling of the main bar con-
tinued; and lately has increased the rapidity of its ac-
tion to such an extent, as to render this channel useless
for the larger class of vessels; thus indicating the opera-
tion of some new and powerful cause to produce the re-