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THE BILLIARD TABLE.

On one of those clear nights in December, when the cloudless, blue sky is studded with millions of brilliant luminaries, shining with more than ordinary lustre, a young gentleman was seen rapidly pacing one of the principal streets of Pittsburg. Had he been a lover of nature, the beauty of the heavens must have attracted his observation; but he was too much too much wrapped up in his thoughts—or in his cloak—to throw a single glance towards the silent orbs, that glowed so beautifully in the firmament. A piercing wind swept through the streets, moaning and sighing, as if it felt the pain that it inflicted. The intense coldness of the weather had driven the usual literers of the night from their accustomed haunts. Every door and shutter was closed against the common enemy, save where the

Blue spirits and red,
Black spirits and gray,
which adorn the shelves of the druggist, mingled their hues with the shadows of the night; or where the windows of the confectioner, redolent of light, and fruit, and sugar plums, shed its effluence upon the half petrified wanderer. The streets were forsaken, except by a few, or occasional few, who glided rapidly and silently along, as the spectres of the night. Aught else than love or murder would scarcely have ventured to stalk abroad on such a night; and yet it would be hardly fair to set down the few, unfortunate strugglers, who faced the blast on this eventful evening, as lovers or assassins. Pleasure sends forth her thousands, and necessity her millions, into all the dangers and troubles of this boisterous world.

On reaching the outlet of an obscure alley, the young gentleman paused, cast a suspicious glance around him, as if fearful of observation, and then darted into the gloomy passage. A few rapid steps brought him to the front of a wretched frame building, apparently untenanted, or occupied only as a warehouse, through whose broken panes the wind whistled, while the locked doors seemed to bid defiance to any ingress, but that of the piercing element. It was in truth a lonely back building, in the heart of the town; but so concealed by the surrounding houses, that it might as well have been in the silent bosom of the forest. A narrow flight of stairs, ascending the outside of the edifice, led to an upper story. Ascending these, the youth, opening the door with the familiarity of an accustomed visitor, emerged from the gloom of the night, into the light and life of the Billiard Room.

It was a large apartment, indifferently lighted, and neatly furnished. In the centre stood the billiard table, whose allurement had enticed so many on this evening to forsake the quiet and virtuous comforts of social life, and to brave the biting blast, and the not less spell-binding peltings of parental or conjugal admonition. Its polished mahogany frame, and neatly brushed cover of green cloth, its silken pockets, and party colored ivory balls, presenting a striking contrast to the rude negligence of the rest of the furniture; while a large canopy suspended over the table, and several well trimmed lamps, which hung within the circumference, shed an intense brilliance over that little spot, and threw a corresponding glow upon the surrounding scene. Indeed, if that gay alter of dissipation had been with us, the temple of pleasure would have presented rather the desolate appearance of the house of mourning.

The stained and dirty floor was strewn with fragments of cigars, pipe-stems and nut-shells; the walls blackened with smoke, seemed to have witnessed the orgies of many a midnight revel. A few candles, destined to illumine the distant recess of the room, hung neglected against the wall—bowing their long necks, and marking their stations by streams of tallow, which had been suffered to accumulate through many a long winter night. The ceiling was hung with cobwebs, curiously intermingled with dense clouds of tobacco smoke, and tinged by the straggling rays of light, which occasionally shot from the sickly lamps. A set of benches, attached to the walls, and raised sufficiently high to overlook the table, accommodated the loungers, who were not engaged at play, and who sat or reclined—solely puffing their cigars, idly sipping their brandy and water—or industriously counting the chances of the game; but all observing a profound silence, which would have done honor to a turbid divan, and was well suited to the important subjects of their contemplation. Little cohorts of zany spirits laughed and chatted aside, or made their criticisms on the players in subdued accents;—any remarks on that subject being forbidden to all but the parties engaged; while the marker announced the state of the game, trimmed the lamps, and supplied refreshments to the guests.

Mr. St. Clair, the gentleman whom we have taken the liberty of tracing to this varied scene, was cordially greeted on his entrance by the party at the table, who had been denouncing the adverse elements which had caused absence of several of their choicest spirits. The game at which they were then playing being one which admitted of an indefinite number of players, St. Clair was readily permitted to take ball; and engaging with an ardor in the fascinating amusement, was soon lost to all that occurred beyond the little circle of his wretched.

The intense coldness of the night was so severely felt in the badly warmed apartment which we have attempted to describe, that the party broke up earlier than usual. One by one they dropped off, until St. Clair and another of the players were left alone.—These, being both skillful, engaged each other single handed, and became so deeply interested, as scarcely to observe the defection of their companions, until they found the room entirely deserted. The night was far spent. The marker, whose services were no longer required, was nodding over the grate; the candles were wasting in their sockets, and although a steady brilliance still fell upon the table, the back ground was as dark as it was solitary.

The most careless observer might have remarked the great disparity of character exhibited in the two players, who now matched their skill in this graceful and fascinating game. St. Clair was a genteel young man, of about live and twenty. His manners had all the ease of one accustomed to the best society; his countenance was open and prepossessing; his whole demeanor frank and manly. There was a careless ease in his air, happily blended with an habitual politeness and dignity of carriage, which added much to the ordinary graces of youth and amiability. His features displayed no trace of thought or genius; for Mr. St. Clair was one of that large class, who please without design and without talent, and by who, by dint of light heart and graceful exterior, thrive better in this world, than those who think and feel more acutely. Feeling he had, out it was rather amiable than deep; and his understanding, though solid, was of that plain and practical kind, which, though adapted to the ordinary business life, seldom expands itself to grasp at any object beyond the narrow sphere. It was very evident that he had known neither guile nor sorrow. In his brief journey through life, he had as yet trod only in flowery paths; and having passed joyously along, was not aware that the snares which catch the feet of the unwary, lie ambushed in the sunniest spots of our existence. He was a man of small fortune, and was happily married to a lovely young woman, to whom he was devotedly attached; and the entire possession of a warm and spotless heart. They had lately arrived at Pittsburg, and being

about to settle in some part of the western country, had determined to spend the ensuing spring and summer in this city, where Mrs. St. Clair might enjoy the comforts of good society until her husband prepared their future residence for her reception.

His opponent was some ten years older than himself, a short, thin, straight man—with a keen eye and sallow complexion. He was one of those persons who may be seen in shoals at the taverns and gambling houses of a large town, and who mingle with better people in stage coaches and steamboats. He had knoeked about the world, as his own expression was, until, like an old coin whose original impression had been worn off, he had few marks left by which his birth or country could be traced. But like that same coin, the surface was only altered, the base metal was unchanged. Heaped the gentility which he did not possess, and was ambitious of shinning both in dress and manners; but nature, when she placed him in a low condition, had never intended he should rise above it.

It is unfortunate for such people, that like hypocrites in religion, demagogues in politics, and empirics of all sorts, they always overact their parts, and by an excessive zeal betray their ignorance or knavery. Thus the person in question, by misapplying the language of his superiors in education betrayed his ignorance, and by going to the extreme of every fashion was always too well dressed for a gentleman. In short, he was a gambler, and old debauchee; and employing as much ingenuity in his vocation, as would set up half a dozen lawyers, and as much industry, as would make the fortunes of half a dozen mechanics.

Such were the players who were left together like the last champions of a tournament—who, after vanquishing all their competitors, now turned their arms against each other. For a while they displayed a courtesy, which seemed to be the effect of a respect for each other's skill. It was natural to St. Clair; in the gambling it was assumed. The latter having found the opportunity he had long eagerly sought, soon began to practice the arts of his profession. The game of billiards, requiring great precision of eye, and steadiness of hand, can only be played well by one who is completely master of his temper; and the experienced opponent of St. Clair essayed to touch a string, on which he had often worked with success.

"You are a married man, I believe?" said he.
"Yes sir."
"That was bad play—you had nearly missed the ball."

"You spoke to me just as I was striking," said St. Clair good humouredly.
"Oh! I beg pardon. Where did you learn to play billiards?"

"In Philadelphia."
"Do they understand the game?"
"I have seen some fine players there."

"Very likely. But I doubt whether they play the scientific game. New Orleans is the only place.—There they go it in style. See here now! That was a very bad play of yours. You played on the wrong ball."

"No, sir, I was right."
"Pardon me, sir. I profess to understand this game. There was an easy cannon on the table, when you aimed to pocket the white ball."

"You are mistaken," said St. Clair.
"Oh, very well! I meant no offence. Now mark how I shall count of these balls. Do you see that? There's play for you! You say you are a married man?"

"I said so. What then?"
"I thought as much by your play."
"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, you married men are accustomed to curly hours, and get sleepy earlier than we do."
"I did not think I had shown any symptoms of drowsiness."

"On no! I meant no allusion. There's another bad play of yours."
"You will find, I play sufficiently well, before we are done."

"Oh no doubt. I meant nothing, you play an elegant game. But then, you married men get scared, when it grows late. No man can play billiards, when he is in a hurry to go home. A married gentleman can't help thinking of the sour looks, and cross answers he is like to get, when he goes home after midnight."

"I will thank you to make no such allusions to me," said St. Clair, "I am neither scared nor sleepy, but able to beat you as long as you please."

"Oh very well! I don't value myself on my playing. Shall we double the bet? and have another bottle of wine?"

"If you please."
"Agreed. Now do your best—or I shall beat you."

Pestered by this impertinence, St. Clair lost several games. His want of success added to his impatience; and his tormenter continued to vex him with taunting remarks until his agitation became uncontrollable. He drank to steady his nerves, but drink only inflamed his passion. He doubted, trembled and quavered the bet to change his luck; but in vain. Every desperate attempt urged him towards his ruin; and it was happy for him, that his natural good sense enabled him to stop, before his fate was consummated—though not until he had lost a large sum.

Vexed with his bad fortune, St. Clair left the house of dissipation, and turned his reluctant steps towards his own dwelling. His slow and thoughtful pace was now far different, from the usual lightness of his graceful carriage. It was not, that he feared the frown of his lovely wife; for to him her brow had always been unclouded, and her lips had only breathed affection. She was one of those gentle beings, whose sweetness withers not with the hour or the season; but endures through all vicissitudes.

It was the recollection of that fervent and forbearing love, that now pressed like a leaden weight upon the conscience of the gambler, when he reflected upon the many little luxuries, and innocent enjoyments of which that lovely woman had deprived herself, while he had squandered vast sums in selfish dissipation. Having never before lost so much at play, this view of the case had not occurred to him; and it now came home to his bosom with full force—bringing pangs of keenest self-reproach. He recalled the many projects of domestic comfort they had planned together, some of which must now be delayed by his imprudence. That very evening they had spoken of the rural dwelling they intended to inhabit; and Louisa's taste had suggested a variety of improvements, with which it should be embellished. When he left her he promised to return soon; and now, after a long absence, he came, the messenger—if not of ruin—at least of disappointment. The influence of wine, and the agitation of his mind, had wrought up the usually placid feelings of St. Clair, into a state of high excitement. His imagination wandered to the past and to the future; and every picture, that he contemplated, added to his pain.

"I will go to Louisa," said he, "I will confess all. Late as it is, she is still watching for me. Poor girl! She little thinks, that while she has been counting the heavy hours of my absence, I have been madly courting wretchedness for myself, and preparing the bitter cup of affliction for her."

In this frame of mind, he reached his own door, and tapped gently for admittance. He was surprised that

his summons was not immediately answered; for the watchful solicitude of his wife had always kept her from retiring in his absence. He knocked again and again—and at last, when his patience had nearly exhausted, a slipshod house maid came shivering to the door. He snatched the candle from her hand, and ascended to his chamber. It was deserted!

"Where is Mrs. St. Clair?" said he to the maid who had followed him.
"Gone!—Gone! Where?"
"Why, sir, she went away with a gentleman."

"Away with a gentleman! Impossible?"
"Yes, sir, indeed she went off with a gentleman in a carriage."

"When?—Where did she go?"
"I don't know where she went, sir. She never intimated a word to me. She started just after you left home."

"Did she leave no message?"
"No, sir, not any. She was in a great hurry."

St. Clair motioned the girl to retire, and sunk into a chair.
"She has left me?" he exclaimed, "cruel faithless Louisa! Never did I believe you would have forsaken me!—No, no,—it cannot be, Louisa eloped! The kindest sincerest of human beings? Impossible!"

He rose, and paced the room—tortured with pangs of unutterable anguish. He gazed round the apartment, and his dwelling once so happy, seemed desolate as a tomb.—He murmured the name of Louisa, and a thousand joys rose to his recollection. All—were blasted! For she, in whose love he had confided, that pure, angelic being, whose very existence seemed to be entwined with his own, had never loved him! She preferred another! He endeavored to calm his passions and to reason deliberately;—but in vain. Who could have reasoned at such a moment? He mechanically drew out his watch—it was past two o'clock. Where could Louisa be at such an hour? she had had no intimates, and few acquaintances, in the city. Could any one have carried her away by force? No, no,—the truth was too plain! Louisa was a faithless woman—and he a forsaken, wretched, broken hearted man!

In an agony of grief, he left his house, and wandered distractedly through the streets, until chance directed, he reached the confluence of the rivers. To this spot he had strolled with his Louisa in their last walk. There they had stood, gazing at the Monongahela and the Alleghany uniting their streams and losing their own names in that of the Ohio; and Louisa had compared this "meeting of the waters" to the mingling of two kindred souls, joining to part no more—until both shall be plunged in the vast ocean of eternity. To the lover—and St. Clair was still a fervent lover—there is no remembrance so dear, as the recollection of a tender and poetic sentiment; breathed from the eloquent lips of affection; and the afflicted husband, when he recalled the deep and animated tone of feeling, with which this natural image was uttered by his wife, could not doubt but that it was the language of the heart. All his tenderness and confidence revived; and he turned mournfully, with a full but softened heart determined to seek his dwelling, and wait as patiently as he could until the return of day should bring some explanation of Louisa's conduct.

At this moment a light appeared, passing rapidly from the bank of the Alleghany towards the town, in an instant it was lost—and again it glimmered among the ramparts of Fort du Queone—and then disappeared. He advanced cautiously towards the ruined forte, and clambering over the remains of the breast work, entered the area—carefully examining the whole ground by the clear moonlight. But no amiable object was to be seen. A confused mass of mis-shapen ridges, and broken rocks were alone to be discovered—the vestiges of a powerful bulwark, which had once breasted the stream.

"It is deserted," said the bereaved husband, "like my once happy dwelling. The flag is gone—the music is silent—the strong towers have fallen and all is desolate!"
Perplexed by the sudden disappearance of the light, and indulging a vague suspicion that it was in some way connected with his misfortune, he continued to explore the ruins. A faint ray of light now caught by his eye, and he silently approached it. He soon reached the entrance of an arched vault formerly a powder magazine, from which the light emanated. The doorway was closed by a few loose boards, leaned carefully against it, and evidently intended only to afford a brief concealment; but a crevice, which had been inadvertently left permitted the escape of that straggling beam of light which had attracted his attention, and which proceeded from a small taper placed in a dark lantern. Two persons sat before it, one of whom the astonished St. Clair recognized his late companion, the gambler! The other was a coarse ill-dressed ruffian, with a frolicious and sinister expression of countenance, which, at once bespoke his character. They were busily examining a number of large keys, which seemed newly made.

"Bad, awkward, clumsy work," said the gambler; "but no odds about that, if they do but fit."
"It's ill working in the night, and with bad tools," rejoined the other. "Me and Dick has been at 'em for a week, steady—and if them keys won't do I'll be hanged if I can make any better."
"Hav'n't I been working in the night too, my boy?" said the gambler. "I have made more money for us since dark, than a clumsy rascal like you could earn in a month."

"Clumsy or no, you put us into the danger always, and play gentleman yourself."
"Well that's right. Don't I always plan every thing? and don't I always give you a full share? Come, don't get out of heart. That key will do—and so will that—"

St. Clair could listen no longer. Under any other circumstances, the scene before him would have excited his curiosity;—but the discovery, that he had been duped by a sharper—a mere grovelling fellow—added to the sorrows that already filled his bosom, stung him so keenly, that he had not patience nor spirit to push his discoveries any further.

"It was for the company of such a wretch," said he, as he gazed mournfully bent his steps homeward, "that I left my Louisa! Perhaps she may have guessed the truth. Some eaves dropper may have whispered to her, that I was the associate of gamblers and house-breakers! Shocked at my duplicity and guilt, she has fled from contamination!—No, no!—She would not have believed it. She would have told me. She would have heard my explanation.—Her kind heart would have pitied and forgiven me. Perhaps my neglect has alienated her affections. I have left her too often alone, and in doubt. She has suffered what I have felt to-night, the pangs of suspense and jealousy. She could bear it no longer, my cruelty has driven her forever from me. No, again entered his habitation. How changed! He had been extended to receive him; no smile to welcome him. All was cheerless, cold and silent.—A candle, nearly exhausted to the socket, was burning in the parlor, shedding a pale light over the gloom of the apartment; but that bright, peculiar orb, that had given warmth and lustre to his little world, was extinguished! St. Clair shuddered, as he looked around. Every object reminded him of the happiness he had destroyed; and he felt himself a moral suicide. Half dead with cold, fatigue, and distress, he approached the fire—when a note,

which had fallen from the card-rack to the floor, caught his eye. The address was to himself, and in Louisa's hand writing. He tore it open and read as follows—
"That agreeable woman, Mrs. B., who has paid us so many kind attentions, has just sent for me. She is very ill, and fancies that no one can nurse her so well as myself. Of course, I cannot refuse, and only regret, that I must part with my dear Charles for a few hours. Good night. Your devoted,
LOUISA."

The feelings of St. Clair can be better imagined than described, as he thus suddenly passed from a state of doubt and despair, to the full tide of joy. He kissed the charming billet, and enacted several other extravagancies, which our readers will excuse us from relating. He retired, at length, to his couch—where his exhausted frame soon sought to repose.

He rose early the next morning. Louisa was already in the parlor to welcome him with smiles. He frankly related to her all that had happened on the preceding night. Louisa's affectionate heart sympathized in the pain he had suffered, and tears stole down her cheek which was pale with watching.
"Do not tell me," said St. Clair, "that I have only suffered that which you have often endured. No, you will not reproach me—but I know it, I feel it;—and here I renounce gaming for ever! Never again shall you have cause to complain of my dissipation or neglect."
He kept his word; and acknowledged that the peace and joy of his after days were cheaply purchased with the miseries of that eventful night.

[BY AUTHORITY.]

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES, PASSED AT THE SECOND SESSION OF THE TWENTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

AN ACT to establish a town at St. Marks, in Florida.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United be, and he is hereby authorized States to cause so much of the public lands at or near St. Marks, in the Territory of Florida, as he may deem to be had off in town lots, not to contain more than one quarter of an acre each, and into streets, avenues, and out lots and public squares for the use of the town and, whenever the survey of the same shall be completed, it shall be the duty of the surveyor for the Territory of Florida to cause two plots thereof to be made out, on which the town and out lots shall be respectively designated by progressive numbers; one of which shall be transmitted, with a copy of the field notes, to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, and the other to the Register of the Land Office for the proper district. Provided, That the President may adopt, if he shall approve, such plan as may have been already reported to the General Land Office.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the aforesaid town and out lots at said site, with the exception of such of them as the President may reserve for fortifications, shall be offered for sale to the highest bidder, under the direction of the Register and Receiver of the proper land office at such times and places as the President shall by public proclamation, designate for that purpose, and all lots remaining unsold at the closing of the public sales shall be subject to entry at private sale at the proper land office. Provided, That no lot shall be sold for less than twenty-five dollars, nor any out lot for less than at the rate of twenty-five dollars per acre; and they shall, in every other respect, be sold on the same terms and conditions as are provided for the disposal of the other public lands of the United States.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That previous to offering the aforesaid town and out lots at public sale, the President of the United States shall cause the value of any improvements which may have been made thereon to be ascertained in such manner as he may prescribe for that purpose; and the purchase at public sale of any lot upon which there are such improvements, other than the owner thereof, shall, in addition to the sum he paid to the United States be, and hereby is, required to pay to the owner of the improvements, the value of them as thus ascertained; and, if payment therefor shall not be made upon the day on which the same was purchased, the lot shall be again offered at public sale on the next day of sale, and such person shall not be capable of becoming the purchaser of that or of any other lot offered at that public sale: Provided, That, if any lot so offered and bid off on the last day of the public sale shall not be thus paid for, the same may be entered at private sale upon paying to the United States the sum at which it was bid off, and to the owner of the improvements the previously ascertained value thereof; and provided further, That the President be not authorized to offer any part of said town lots for said, till he shall be satisfied that the site proposed for said town is not included within the limits of any conflicting Spanish title, which may not be released, or decided to be invalid.

A. STEVENSON,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
HU. L. WHITE,
President of the Senate pro tempore.

Approved, March 1, 1833.

ANDREW JACKSON.

AN ACT granting an additional quantity of land for the location of Revolutionary bounty land warrants.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the further quantity of two hundred thousand acres of land be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, in addition to the quantity heretofore appropriated, by the act, entitled "An act for the relief of certain officers and soldiers of the Virginia line and navy, and of the Continental army during the Revolutionary war," approved the thirtieth May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and the act, entitled "An act to extend the time of issuing military land warrants to officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary war," approved the thirteenth July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty two; which said appropriations shall be applied in the manner provided by the said acts, to the unsatisfied warrants, whether original or duplicate, which have been or may be, issued, as described in the said acts, and others as described in the said acts: Provided, That the said certificates of scrip shall be receivable in payment of any of the public lands liable to sale at private entry.

Approved, March 2, 1833.

AN ACT to extend the provisions of the act of the 2d of March, one thousand eight hundred and seven, entitled "An act to prevent settlements being made on lands ceded to the United States, until authorized by law."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all offences prescribed in the act, entitled "An Act to prevent

settlements being made on lands ceded to the United States until authorized by law," approved the third March, one thousand eight hundred and seven, when committed upon public lands not situated within any State, or organized Territorial Government, shall be cognizable in the District Court of the United States held in the State nearest where the said offence may have been committed; and the offenders, upon conviction, shall be punished accordingly. And the said Court shall also have jurisdiction to hear and determine all suits or prosecutions, instituted for the recovery of all fines and penalties imposed by the said act.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, to direct the Indian Agents at Prairie Du Chien, and Rock Island, or either of them, when offences against the said act shall be committed on lands recently acquired by treaty from the Sac and Fox Indians, to execute and perform all the duties required by the said act to be performed by the Marshals in such mode as to give full effect to the said act, in and over the lands acquired as aforesaid.

Approved, March 2, 1833.

AN ACT to authorize the Governor of the Territory of Arkansas to sell the land granted to said Territory by an act of Congress approved the fifteenth of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, whenever the Governor of the Territory of Arkansas shall furnish to the Secretary of the Treasury a sufficient description of the boundaries of the thousand acres of land granted by an act of Congress of the fifteenth of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, to the Territory of Arkansas, for the erection of a Court-House and Jail in the town of Little Rock, in the Territory aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to cause a patent to be issued for said thousand acres of land, to the Governor of Arkansas, and his successors in office, in trust, for the benefit of the Territory of Arkansas, for the purpose of creating a court-house and jail at Little Rock.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the Governor of the said Territory of Arkansas be, and he is hereby, fully empowered and authorized to lay off into town lots, conforming, as near as practicable, to the present plan of the town of Little Rock; so much of said grant of a thousand acres of land as he may deem advisable so to be appropriated; and that he be further authorized to sell the same, from time to time, as the public interest may require; and the residue of said grant, which may not be laid off into town lots corresponding with the plan of the said town of Little Rock, he shall be authorized to dispose of, in such lots or parcels as he may deem advisable; but, in no case shall he be authorized to sell, unless he shall give public notice of such sale, by an advertisement in one or more newspapers printed in the Territory of Arkansas, and said sale shall be public at the court-house in the town of Little Rock.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That in case suitable situations cannot be had, free of cost to the Territory, for the location of the State house, as well as for the Court-house and jail in the town of Little Rock, the Governor aforesaid shall be, and he is hereby fully authorized to select and lay off suitable squares for each of those buildings, within the addition heretofore authorized to be added to the town of Little Rock; and that the squares so selected and laid off shall be appropriated to the use of the respective buildings for which they may be designated, and for no other purpose whatsoever, forever.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That the Governor shall execute deeds for the lots he may sell under the provisions of this act, to purchasers, as soon as the purchasers shall pay off entirely the amount they may have bid for any lot or lots, and at sales shall be for cash.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That so soon as the Governor aforesaid shall dispose of lots, he shall apply the proceeds of said sales to the erection of a good and substantial Court-house and jail; and, after these shall have been completed, should there be any funds remaining, it shall be the duty of said Governor, to apply the surplus thus remaining to the erection of a suitable and permanent house for the residence of the present and future Governors of Arkansas, during their continuance in office.

Approved, March 2, 1833.

RESOLUTION for the relief of sundry owners of vessels sunk for the defence of Baltimore.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the memorial of John S. Stiles, and the memorial of the other owners of vessels, taken and sunk for the defence of Baltimore during the late war, with the papers and documents referred to the Committee on Claims of the House of Representatives in the cases aforesaid, be referred to the Third Auditor for his decision, under the act of May twenty-nine, eighteen hundred and thirty, "for the relief of sundry owners of vessels sunk for the defence of Baltimore;" which decision shall be subject to the supervision of the Secretary of the Navy.

Approved, March 2, 1833.

A RESOLUTION authorizing the Secretary of War to correct certain mistakes.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That if it shall be made satisfactorily to appear to the Secretary of War, that in the treaties concluded in one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, with the Potawatamie Indians, in the State of Indiana, that in the proper schedule accompanying the same, mistakes were made in writing the names of persons to whom payments were to be made, such mistakes may be corrected, and the payments made accordingly.

Approved, March 2, 1833.

A RESOLUTION providing for the continuation of Gales and Seaton's Compilation of State Papers.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the provision of the act of the second March, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, authorizing a subscription to a compilation of Congressional Documents, be and the same are hereby extended to the continuation of said Gales and Seaton; and that the copies of the said continuation when completed, shall be distributed to the members of the twenty-second Congress, and in such other manner as Congress shall hereafter direct: Provided, That the said continuation shall be limited to eight volumes.

Approved, March 2, 1833.