EASTON GAZETTE.

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AN OFFICE-SEEKER "HARD UP."

The following is a substance of a story I recently heard related at Coleman' Hotel, in Washington city, from which it will be seen that the prospect of applicants for office is rather precarious than otherwise.

Mr. D——— said that a short time since a man arrived in this city from the State of Illinois (whom we'll call Simpson,) in search of an office. After making inquiries as to the best person to aid him in procuring a situation, he sought an introduction to Mr. S———, a staunch Democrat from New York, long and favorably known as the editor of a paper in that city. Mr. S. being somewhat of a wag, introduced him to an acquaintance of Coleman's, who was none other than the above named Mr. D., of New York, whom Mr. S. represented as a friend and adviser of the President, and as the very person to whom all applicants for office must apply.

The office-seeker from the Sucker state is a man about six feet three in height, and one of the Calvin Edson mould. His hair was red and cut short, and his coat what "Down East" would be called "muccle dum," with common metal buttons rather tarnished by age, the skirt pointing downwards like a swallow's tail—vest of the same material, some inches too short for his pants, which were made of common sheep's grey; his whole apparel rather the worse for wear. By the appearance of his arms and legs, which projected through his dress, one would suppose that he must have grown about six or eight inches since the tailor had made the suit. His head was protected by an old fashioned castor and his feet were clothed with thick white wool stockings, firmly set in a pair of thick brogan shoes.

As soon as the usual ceremonies of an introduction were over, Mr. S. left the room and Simpson says—

"Stranger, you look like a good old Democrat of the first water; I should have known you just as easy in a crowd of one thousand. My friend, Mr. S. of New York has told me all about you, and if you will do the clean thing by me, and get me an office right off, I will do the fair and clean thing with you. I have travelled all the way from Illinois—and two hundred and thirty-six miles on these ere legs—and have spent all the dust except seven dollars and a half, which you sees in this old stocking; and I want an office right off, and I know you can do it?"

"Well, Mr. Simpson, what office do you want?"

"I want one of them things across the waters they call *charge* of something; I want one of them, 'cause they pay beforehand."

"You mean charge d'Affaires?"

"Yes stranger, you have it, the first time; can't talk Latin, Greek, nor French, but when you come to the English, I tell you what it is, I cant be beat! I have been all the way clean through Dayboll's 'Rithmatic twice, way down to Finis.' As for parsing—why, I tell you what it is, and if you don't believe me go down to old Weathersfield, Connecticut, and ask the folks—I have taken the medal twice! Here, see that! Jist see 'em!"

"I regret, Mr. Simpson, to inform you that there are no vacancies at present."

"Well, then, stranger, I will take that are other thing across the water at Liverpool! I can't just now think on't."

"You mean Consulship, I suppose?"

"Yes, stranger, that's the thing—I arn't particular, I'll take that."

"Well, sir, I am also sorry to say, that Gen. Armstrong has been appointed to that office."

"Then, stranger, some other thing I must have right off. I have come all the way clean from Illinois, and if any critter is deserving, it's me. I'll tell you what it is, I have left a school where I got sixty-two dollars every quarter, clean cash, and fifty cents every Sunday for leadin' the koar in the meetin' house——made sixty-seven stump speeches, bossed the rais ng of seven hickory poles, and done other things—so if I arn't earnt one of them are offices, I don't know who has! If you want to know any more about me, jist go out to Illinois. They'll tell you all about this critter! Looksa-here, stranger—[pulling a greasy petition from his hat, tied with a tow string]—Look-yaw—here is my partition—see, here is Deacon Jarvis' name at the top! If you ar'nt satisfied, and want to know any more about him, look at these shoes, [at the same time hoisting one foot on to his knee.] The Deacon tapped these here shoes the day afore I left him, and they are now just 'zactly as good as new and a better mender of shoes there aint not in our diggins. He has been Deacon of our meetin' house eight years, and if you don't believe it, some time jist you go out there and ask 'em!"

"Mr. Simpson, I have no doubt but that you have rendered the party much service and I know of no one that I would like to see promoted more than your honor.—However, before I can report favorably of your case, I have a few questions to ask you."

"Now, stranger, you begin to talk like it—go ahead!"

"Are you healthy and sound?"

"*Healthy!* Well I'll tell you what it is, stranger—I am the youngest chick of ten, and mammy says that I am the only one that never cost her a cent for medisin stuff—and she says I am the neatest boy she ever had. She used to tell how she combed, and combed and never could ketch a poker"—

"But, Mr. Simpson, I am fearful your prospects are not very flattering; Mr. Polk has authorized me to say that he has resolved to pursue a different course from any of his predecessors—that is, he would not appoint any man to office who is able to get a living in a legitimate way! He will only appoint *men who are cripples!*—They must have lost a limb, or are so afflicted that they cannot gain a living by manuel labor, such as following the plough, swinging the sledge-hammer, and the like. He says that most of the old office holders, as soon as they got a taste of Government pap, were sound, and that as soon as he had issued this order, no less than six or eight had left for Baltimore and other cities, to have their limbs amputated, so anxious were they to be fed from the government crib!"

"Has the Colonel actilly told you so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I almost think he's a darned fool, and I was a darned sight bigger one for comin here—so good mornin'."

A few mornings after, when taking one of my usual strolls through the market, I herd a "hallo! hallo-a there mister!", and turning round I recognized my old visiter, Simpson, with his dress covered up by a clean linen frock, tied, or buttoned tight under his chin.

After giving me a hearty salute, he said, "I'm darned glad to see you! I ain't such a darned fool as some might suppose, for when I left you I came straight down to this place, and told that gentleman—(pointing to Mr. Walker, who by the way, keeps one of the best stalls in the District)—that I wanted something to do when we right off closed a bargain at twelve dollars & a half a month. Now I tell you stranger that I am again happy—all I've got to do is to drive and take care of that hoss and cart, and I have found myself a great deal better since I have eschewed politics and commenced chewing beef."—*N. Y. Times.*

Reported for the Philadelphia Sat. Courier.

VESUVIUS AND THE BURIED CITIES.

Professor Elton delivered the first Lecture of his interesting series on Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, to a very intelligent audience.

The able lecturer commenced by describing, in vivid but faithful language, the romantic senery which surrounds Vesuvius, and beneath which the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum are buried.—The climate and the coast of Naples are singularly delightful, and Naples had been described by one of her own poets, as

"Un piezo di Cielo, caduto in terra."
(A piece of Heaven fallen upon earth.)

Naples was founded, according to history, by an Argonaut, about 1300 B. C.—The view of the city, bay, mole, Vesuvius, mountains, and groves—from the Tomb of Virgil, about two miles from the city, was eloquently described—and it was remarked that Naples and that part of Italy was invested with a romantic interest, such as belonged to no other portion of Europe. The presence of St. Paul at Pozzuoli, while on his way to Rome—the remains of the Temple of Serapis at the same place, built 105 B. C.—the remains of Roman Villas and baths, were all depicted as prominent features. Cuni too founded by the Greeks 105 B. C., the scorched and scattered appearance of the country having been ascribed by the ancients to the battles of the Gods with the giants. Lake Avernus, that mysterious theme of Homer, Virgil, and the other classic and mythologic poets. The birds, as observed by Sir William Hamilton, (many years English Ambassador in Naples), avoid Lake Avernus, owing to the dangerous vapours which arise from it.—Near this lake is the Grotto del Cane—(Grotto of dogs)—the vapour from which will extinguish a candle and prevent a pistol from going off. It will also throw a dog into convulsions; and if not speedily removed, the animal would die. On the summit of a hill near is the famed Solfatara, being the crater of a volcano not yet extinguished—here native sulpher is found, sulphurous steams issue, and in the pits, the boiling & hissing of water are distinctly heard beneath. Some of Milton's sublimest descriptions, as regards the infernal world, were drawn from this region; and it had been a source from which other great poets had also drawn their most tremendous imagery.

Vesuvius was six miles N. W. of Naples. The ancient cone was not, as at present, in two peaks. Diodorus, Siculus, Strabo, and authors of the time of Cæsar, represented this volcano as being then quiescent. Its first revival was in A. D. 63, and the earthquakes and eruptions of Vesuvius—including those which overwhelmed Herculaneum, Pompeii and another city—and caused the death by suffocation of the elder Pliny, who went too near to observe an eruption—together with a vivid descriptions of the Pliny, the younger, were finally dwelt upon by the lecturer. According to Dion, the ashes of these ancient eruptions were carried to Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. The mountain slept for centuries, and eruptions were but little known from the 12th to the 16th century. In the great eruption of 1779, a stream of lava was projected to the height of 10,000 feet above the top of the mountain. (A superb painting of this terrific phenomenon was exhibited). Since the commencement of the 19th century, there had been several eruptions—a great one on the 24th of October, 1822, which produced a heavy and dense shower of ashes that darkened the air, and a stream of red hot lava rolled down the mountain, a mile broad, and very deep—destroying vineyards and everything that came in its way. The summit of Vesuvius is 3600 feet above the level of the Bay; and it is ascended by three roads. The crater of Vesuvius was 4 miles in circumference, nearly circular, more than a mile across, and of great depth—probably 300 feet. Herculaneum was situated at the foot of Vesuvius, under the villages of Portici and Resina—and about 70 feet beneath them. According to Dionysius Halicarnassus, it was founded about 1250 B. C.—The Alexandrian Chronicle was also quoted in relation to Herculaneum. It was destroyed August 24th, A. D. 79. Most of the people had time to escape—as but few skeletons had been found, and but few portable articles—most of which had probably been carried away.

The incident which led to the discovery of Herculaneum, occurred to a peasant early in the 17th century, who, in digging on the estate of the Prince d'Elbœuf, found a statue. The prince afterwards caused excavations to be made, and was soon rewarded by a statue of Hercules and another of Cleopatra. In 1736, Don Carlos, then Sovereign of Naples, purchased part of the estate. The King made excavations 80 feet deep, and very wide, and thus discovered embedded in the earth an entire city. The theatres, temples, houses, &c., so far as explored, were described by the lecturer. The streets were broad, straight paved with lava, and had raised footways on the sides. Bricks, three feet long, and six inches high, were chiefly used in building—and excellent plate glass had been found. The Forum had been discovered, with a portico 208 feet long, containing five arcades, and adorned with statues of marble, with bronze statues of Nero, Domitian, and other Emperors in niches. Near this there was an open theatre, capable of containing 10,000 spectators, extremely elegant, the decorations, in stucco colors, &c., being distinctly seen. In 1829, a magnificent mansion was excavated near the sea-shore adorned with mythological statues and paintings, bas reliefs, silver and bronze figures, especially of Apollo. There was a portico at the entrance of the garden, in which also there were other porticoes, all decorated with paintings and statuary: and used for promonading; while, in the centre of the garden, was a pond for fish. About the mansion were statues of Castor, Pollux, the household gods, Echo, Narcissus, Achilles, Mars, Venus, Ceres, Jupiter, Hospitalus. There were many pictures in a room supposed to have been a study. In one of the female apartments a casket was found, containing ornaments. The most precious remains of the antiquities and relics of Herculaneum and Pompeii were to be found in the Royal Neapolitan Museum—the finest and most interesting collection of antiquities in the world.—There were to be seen couches, curule chairs, glass vases, glass urns for preserving the ashes of the dead, each inclosed in another urn of terra-cotta, and that again in one of lead. There also could be seen colored glass, a lauthorn, a bronze mirror, a stylus (writing implement) in a case, inkstands, with ink in them, nails, screws, locks, keys, instruments of music, children's toys, and amongst them a little one-horse chaise, tickets for the theatre, steelyards, and scales similar to ours. There were bronze stoves, very convenient and superior; and an English gentleman, who was there with the lecturer, said he should get a stove made exactly on the same modle, on his return home, as he considered it better than the stoves of the present day. Candlesticks, articles of dress, silver cups and saucers, knives, silver spoons, but *no forks*. Peas, beans, eggs, fish, fruit, &c., were found. There were likewise sundials, and a glass ornament representing the revolutions of heavenly bodies—together with armour, fetters, and locks twenty feet long, numerous sacrificial instruments and knives with which the victim beasts had been slaughtered. The ancient pictures of Herculaneum were of varied and vivid colors; and there were a few rare medals and gold coins; and rolls of papyrus, or MSS, so charred, blackened, and matted together, that it was, except in a very few instances, impossible to unrol and decipher them. The scrolls written in Greek, were from 8 to 12 inches long; in Latin, 16 inches; some of these, unrolled by a monk named Antonio Fiagio, contained works on religion, morals, death, music, &c., and some of the works of Epicurus and Democritus. One papyrus, on the subject of mythology represented Agamemnon as Ether Achilles as the Sun, &c. These discoveries, and others which were in daily progress, would throw much light on the manners, customs, and social condition of the ancient Romans.

Professor E. concluded his interesting lecture with a description of the romantic Falls of Terni—the "Cascada degli Marmori"—about 45 miles north of Rome, and the waters of which, in their passage to the sea, wash the walls of the Eternal City. The waters fall from a height of 300 feet, amid ever-changing groves and rocks—and although it could not be compared with the mighty and thundering sublimity of Niagara, yet it was perhaps, unsurpassed in the world for romantic beauty and grandeur.

CROW LEGISLATION.

"The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
"When neither is attended."

The Portsmouth Journal, under the head of "Crow Legislation," reports the proceedings in the New Hampshire Legislature upon a bill giving a bounty on killing crows and foxes. The Bill grew out of a petition from certain citizens setting forth that said crows and foxes had committed most grievous depredations upon their crops, poultry, &c., and begging that a law giving a reward for killing them be passed. The bill was met at the threshold by a motion to declare it inexpedient to legislate on the subject—which motion was negatived, 116 to 123.

A considerable debate ensued, in which many speakers took part. There was as much diversity of opinion among the speakers as in the discussion of a "Farmers' Club." Some said the crow was not so bad as he was represented to be—that he did eat some corn, but that he saved more to the farmer than he ate by destroying worms and insects, which were themselves destructive to the corn. Others said he was a very destructive bird—that he saved very little to the farmer in the way intimated, and robbed him of a great deal. One gentleman said that in his section of the State, they had this year destroyed whole fields of corn; & another gentleman, in illustration of the ferocity of the animal & the entire absence of any emotion of pity from his breast, stated that they were known to *pick out young lamb's eyes!* This should have been enough to have determined the Legislature to have ordered the extermination of the whole crow family; but, strange to say, such was not the effect. "Jim Crow" had a staunch friend in a Mr. Preston, who very effective-

[illegible] journal:

Mr. Preston said he did not come up to the House with any particular instructions, on the subject. He hoped that the gentleman from Walpole did not urge the passage of the bill from any prejudices on account of color.

He was opposed to any bill of the kind. He believed that the crow was productive of more good than evil, and he believed that any legislation upon this subject was uncalled for. He said that the crow destroyed worms and insects, and in this way more than repaid the farmer for all he took from him. This fact was within the knowledge of farmers who had paid any attention to the subject.

But Mr. Preston said he was opposed to the bill on constitutional grounds; because he found clauses in the constitution which declared against such a bill.

He then read from the petition, which stated that certain foxes and crows had done much evil and had committed depredations, and then asked that a law might be passed granting a bounty on the heads of the *"above named."* Such a law would be an *"ex post facto"* law, [laughter,] and contrary to the spirit and intention of the constitution.

Another constitutional scruple was in relation to the power which this State had in such cases. It was provided in the constitution of the U. States that in cases of war with individuals and nations, that Congress only should have power to grant letters of marque and reprisal.—[Laughter.]

Another objection was, that it was declared in the United States constitution that no state shall "emit bills of credit." Now on every crow's head there will probably be a bill, and as we grant a bounty, they will bear a credit; it will therefore be issuing bils of credit. [Laughter.]

If any farmer looks out for these mischievous animals he can prevent their depredations. He knew a farmer who prepared his corn in alcohol previous to a planting. After the crows attacked the field and had taken a few kernals, they at first, began to be talkative, then warlike then flew a each other and waged fierce war, without any regard to the militia laws of New Hampshire or any other State & they finally cleared out pretty thoroughly *corned*. [Laughter.]

He would suggest one thing more—in case of on insurrection of the *blacks*, the N. Hampshire militia might be called out to put them down. [Laughter.]

Mr. Boylston thought the character of such a bill had some features of the dark ages. He did not believe that such a law would be tolerated in the present state of public feeling in relation to capital punishment. He hoped that if the bill did pass, that it might contain a feature so that the punishment of death might be commuted, and the offender sent to the state prison for life to be let out when good behaviour should be promised. [Laughter.]

Upon the question of indefinite postponement, the yeas and nays were taken, and resulted 116 to 116.

The speaker voted in the affirmative, and the whole subject was indefinitely postponed.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Mr. Caudle has not acted "like a husband," at the Wedding Dinner.

"Ah me! Its no use wishing—none at all: but I do wish that yesterday 14 years could come back again. Little did I think Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding dinner in the manner I have done to day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons and your white watered satin waiscoat, and a moss rosebud in your button hole, which you said was like me. What? *You never talked such nonsense?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and—What? No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that; I have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you above all men are not happy, you ought to be gracious knows!

"Yes, I will talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and—What do you talk about? *You could'nt sit beside me to-day?* That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made every body cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! *How have you used me?* Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. *How* have you used me.

Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! *How did you talk?* Why, shamefully. What did you say about your wedded happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing; just as if she was a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make *both the best?* If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. *You did'nt say it?* What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And every body could see that you did'nt care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here; that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What? *I made you invite 'em?* Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man your are!

"I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh yes, don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing that it. What! *Didn't I hear him say so?* Of course I did but do you suppose I'm quite a fool?—Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house? But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look about her *What do I mean?* Oh, the meaning's plain enough: She came to see how she should like the rooms—how she should like my seat at the fire place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so!—how she should like my dear children.

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about at—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows that there's something in it. Otherwise why should you disturb yourself? Do you think I didn't see her looking at the cyphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out and hers there? No, I shan't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do, it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in—What do you say? *You might as well have married a hedgehog?* Well, now its come to something. But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now, you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed and be called a hedgehog—do you, Mr. Caudle?

"Well I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. I had none!—You know I had none—how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought—And that of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say?—*Only twice?* Oh, you were so lost—fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated, that you didn't know what you did. However I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I shan't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in.

"I've lived to learn something to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? *She didn't turn up her nose?* I know she did; not but what its needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mincing with the spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? *She praised my plum-pudding?* Who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think!

"Yes a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this weeding day, I think! And as I say, a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time if was to live a hundred years, should never forget it. Never You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And—dear creatures! What have they done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. Its you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

"And you I suppose did'nt see how it was managed, that you and that Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? *How was it managed?* Why, plain enough. Of course, you packed the cards; and could cut what you liked. You'd settled that between you. Yes: and when she played a trick, instead of leading off a trump—she play whist, indeed! What did you say to her, when she found it was wrong? Oh—It was impossible that *her* heart should mistake. And this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your own wife in the room!

"And Miss Prettyman—I wont hold my tongue. I will talk of Miss Prettyman. who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her! I suppose you think she sings? What do you say!—*She sings like a mermaid?*—Yes, very—very like a mermaid: for she never sings, but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. *'I love somebody'* indeed; as if I did'nt know who was meant by that 'somebody;' and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else.

'However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to night, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

DISTINGUISHED MARYLANDERS.

WILLIAM PINKNEY, an eloquent lawyer and statesman, was born in Maryland [illegible] under the instruction of Judge Chase. He was admitted to practice in 178[illegible], and soon gave indications of possessing superior powers. He was a member of the Convention of Maryland which ratified the Federal Constitution. In 1775, he was appointed one of the Commissioners under the British treaty. The State of Maryland also employed him to procure a settlement of its claims on the Bank of England, & he recovered for it the sum of $800,000. This detained him in England till the year 1804, when he returned and resumed his professional labors. In 1806, he was sent as envoy extraordinary to London, and in 1808 received the authority of minister plenipotentiary. He returned to the United States in 1811, and soon after was appointed Attorney General. This office he held till 1814.—During the incursion of the British into Maryland, he commanded a battalion, and was wounded in the battle of Bladensburg, in August 1814. He was afterwards Representative in Congress, Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, Envoy to Naples, and in 1819 Senator in Congress. In the last office he continued till his death in '22.

GEORGE READ, signer, of the Declaration of American Independance, was born in Maryland, in 1734, and was educated, to the profession of the law. In 1775 he was appointed a delegate to Congress and after the adoption of the Federal constitution, he was chosen a member of the Senate of the United States from Delaware He was afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. He died in 1798.

THOMAS STONE, a signer of the Declartion of American Independence, was born in Charles County, Maryland, 1743, and was educated to the profession of the law. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress of 1776, and was again a member of that body when Washington resigned the office of Commander-in-chief. He died in 1787.

WILLIAM TILGHMAN, an eminent jurist was born, in 1756, in Talbot county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In 1772 he began the study of law in Philadelphia, but was not admitted to the practice of the profession till 1783. In 1788, and for some successive years, he was elected a Representative to the Legislature of Maryland. In 1703 he returned to Philadelphia and, pursued the practice of law in that city till 1801, when he was appointed Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the third circuit. After the abolition of this court he resumed his profession and continued it till 1805, when he was appointed President of the Courts of Common Pleas in the first district of Pennsylvania. In the following year he was commissioned as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. He died in 1827.

OTHO HOLLAND WILLIAMS, an officer in the American army, was born in Maryland in 1748, served in various capacities during the revolutionary war, and fought at the battles of Guilford, Hobkire's Hill and Eutaws. Before the disbanding of the army he was was made Brigadier General. For several years he was Collector at Baltimore. He died in 1794.

WILLIAM H. WINDER, an officer in the

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