THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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Advertisements

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AN ADDRESS TO THE WHIGS.

Be ready whigs, with heart and hand,
To choose a leader for your band;
Support the man whose honor'd name
Is high upon the list of fame;
Whose brow fair liberty divine
With laurel wreaths doth now entwine;
Your country calls! oh, do not fail her,
Support the hero, Zachary Taylor.

Proclaim him now with ev'ry voice,
Let ev'ry manly heart rejoice;
Hail him the champion of your cause,
Of Freedom's rights, of Freedom's laws;
Hail him with acclamations loud,
Round the warrior let us crowd;
Your country calls; oh, never fail her,
Support the hero, Zachary Taylor.

Let ev'ry one on him depend,
Let ev'ry one assistance lend,
Let ev'ry one now to him turn,
Let ev'ry bosom for him burn,
Let patriot prayers for him arise,
Let patriot cheers ascend the skies;
Your country bids you not to fail her,
For President choose Zachary Taylor.

THE MASSACRE in PARIS.

Description of thrilling Scenes!

SINGULAR FEMALE HEROISM!

DESOLATED APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.

Our foreign files are crowded with details of the late terrible scenes in Paris.—The Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, the commotions which took place during the revolutionary period from 1789 to 1795—the three days of 1830; or the last revolution four months ago, have all been surpassed by the present insurrection in horrible atrocity and devastating carnage. We make some further extracts from our foreign journals:—

Appearance of Paris.—The physiognomy of Paris during the last three days is extraordinary. The general aspect is that of an immense city, the whole of whose population has suddenly disappeared.

The quays, the boulevards, and the streets, are silent as the desert, save when this silence is broken by the tramp of troops, the beating the alarm drum, sinister rolling of musketry or the more awful thunder of the cannon. The only population are the military, and these devoted men watched and fought for a million of souls, who watted with a dread anxiety the issue of a struggle that might perchance consign them to the hand of the murderer and their property to pillage.

The issue of this awful conflict is in the hands of Providence. At present the population is employed in tending the wounded and in burying the dead. The troops from the country are returning to there homes. But still Paris is described as one vast camp.

The Women—Poisoning of the Troops. Three women, dressed as cantidieres, were arrested in the neighborhood of the Assembly, for having sold poisoned brandy and wine to the troops. Several of the soldiers have died from the effects of liquors thus given to them. The insurgents who were in possession of the Halle aux Vins poisoned the wines, with a view of destroying the troops and the national guards, in which they succeeded to a great extent.

At one of the barricades during the fighting, there remained only seven men and two women, who fought desperately. One of the men who carried a flag being shot a young female neatly dressed picked up the flag, and leaping over the barricade rushed towards the national guards, uttering language of provocation. Although the fire continued from the barricade, the national guards, fearing to injure the female, humanely abstained for some time from returning it, and exhorted her to withdraw. Their exhortations, however were vain, and at length self-preservation compelled them to fire, and she was killed The other female then advanced, took the flag, and began to throw stones at the national guards. The fire from the barricade had become feeble, but several shots were fired from the sides, and from the windows of houses, and the national guards, in returning the fire, killed the second female.

The women took a great part in the insurrection; many had been arrested on whom were found cartouches, which they carried to the insurgents; one hid them in her basket covered with meat, which she carried on her head, another in her milk cans and another had sewn them inside her clothes. At the corner of the Rue Chaussee d'Antin a carriage was stopped, in which a corpulent lady was found. On searching, her person was found to be swelled out with cartridges.

Prisoners were brought in from time to time to the building in which the National Assembly sits. Amongst one batch of twenty-five was a young girl dressed in male attire, who was most active in supplying ammunition to the insurgents. In the Faubourg St. Marceau the women threw boiling oil and water from the windows on the troops.

On Monday evening, June 26th, five hundred insurgents who were captured at the Clos St. Lazare were shot on the spot and four hundred more next morning.

The number of the dead and wounded to be still seen carried along the different streets was extraordinary All the women from the highest to the lowest, were busy preparing lint for the hospitals.

In every street women appeared in deep mourning, with all the signs of deep affliction. Vast numbers of the National Guards were missing, and the doubt as to their fate is almost more painful than the certainty of the worst.

A Bloody Engagement—The engagement was very bloody in the quarter of the Ecol de Medicine. It is said that M. Pascal, the Lieutenant Colonel of the 11th legion, and Mr. Avrial, banker, have been mortally wounded. M. Bonjeau, and M. Bixio, on learning at the Assembly the disorder in Paris, said that the members of the Assembly should be the first to expose themselves to the fire. "Our place (said M. Bixio) is at the head of the national guard, to stop, if possible, the effusion of blood; and borrowing the scarf of one of the members he immediately left the Chamber to carry out his declaration. M. Bixio has been shot in the breast and it is feared he cannot survive. M. Clement Thomas has received a ball in the thigh. General Bedeau has also been wounded in the thigh. M. Dornes, a representative and editor of the National, has been wounded.

M. Amadee Thayer has died of his wounds. He was the son-in-law of General Bertrand, the friend of Napoleon.

M. Pierre Bonaparte, son of Lucien, had his horse wounded by a ball by the side of Lamartine.

The number of dead and severely wounded is terrific. The following statement was given: Commander Mason, killed; General Francais, killed; Pascal, lieutenant colonel, 11th legion, killed; the Representatives Vavin and Quinet, killed.

Louis Blanc was passing along the boulevards on foot between two representatives, when he was recognized by the piquets of the National Guards who occupied that post. Hostile cries were soon uttered against him, as being the author of the unhappy occurrences which are now devastating the capital. But for the intervention of some National Guards, he would have been submitted to punishment on the spot. A carriage was obtained, and after he had mounted, the horse was flogged into a gallop to carry M. Louis Blanc from the imprecations of the bystanders.

Dreadful Encounters.—At the Porte St. Dennis by a fatal mistake two legions of the National Guards fired on each other. The cries among the populace were various.—"Vive Henri V!" "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive la Republique!" were severally heard. A member of the Assembly raised a flag at the Porte St. Dennis, bearing this inscription, "Du pain, ou la mort." (Bread or death)

The night of the 23d was a terrible one. Nothing could exceed the terror that prevailed. Cavalry and artillery passed at full gallop every moment along the boulevard. The "generale" continued to be beaten in all quarters till midnight. On the 24th Gen. Cavaignac was appointed Provisional President of the Republic, with powers of a dictatorship. He immediately issued the following notice: "If at noon the barricades are not removed, mortars and howitzers will be brought and by which shells will be thrown which will explode behind the barricades, and in the apartments of the houses occupied by the insurgents." At 2 o'clock P. M., the streets were swept by columns of the National Guards.

The contest near the Northern Railway was most desperate. Clos St. Lazure was fortified so as to be rendered almost impregnable. There was great slaughter there. The National Guards arrived from Poissy and Pontoise drew up before the barricade of Clos St. Lazure, and at the first fire 50 of them fell. The Pantheon the insurgents defended with four pieces of cannon. They had also seized the College Henry IV., behind it, and this church was the key of the position extending through the quarter St. Jacques to the church of St. Severin. According to the Siecle there were 1500 National Guards lying dead in the church of St. Severin, who fell in the slaughter at that spot. The Garde Mobile, to avenge the cowardly assassination of some of their prisoners, went into the house from which the shots were fired, and threw the persons they found there out of the windows, saying, "The wretches are not worthy a musket shot!"

On Sunday, June 25th, the quarter of the capital around the Chamber and the Tuilleries was literally covered with troops who bivoucked in the street and places.—The Place de la Concorde and Champs Elysees presented the aspect of a camp.—Members of the Assembly, distinguished by their tri-colored scarfs, were seen in groups of ten or twelve; patrolling the streets. Whenever they passed between the chamber and Hotel de Ville, they never failed to be fired upon by insurgents from the windows. Although the number of regular troops in Paris, with the accession of the arrivals, did not exceed 30,000, the number of National Guards was incalculable; altogether 300,000 troops were in the city.

The journals of Paris were not able to appear, except in single leaves, and even these in limited numbers. The line of telegraphs had been every where broken; this had seriously retarded the arrival of troops from the departments.

The insurrection of the left bank and in the Cite was not put down without great loss of life on both sides. So strongly were the insurgents posted, that the military after repeated attacks, found it impossible to dislodge them. They therefore had recourse to the stratagem of appearing to give way. They retired—the insurgents fell into the trap—they left their barricades and pursued their opponents. On plain ground they had no chance, and great numbers were immediately slaughtered. This was the first success on the part of the military. Others followed. The Hotel Dieu was soon taken on the one side.—The Pantheon was stormed on the other by M. Bouley, a member of the Assembly at the head of his regiment of national guards. The insurgents were driven from point to point till they lost the whole of their strong points.

Butcheries on Both Sides.—A dreadful act of butchery was committed on this day (Saturday) by the insurgents at one of the barricades in the Faubourg St. Germain. They had taken five of the garde mobile prisoners, and held them apart without injury. Hearing, however, that the troops of the line were coming down in force, they determined to abandon the barricade, but at the same time they came to another terrible determination, which they forthwith carried into execution—they cut the throats of the five prisoners! The lifeless bodies of the unfortunate lads for none of them had exceeded the age of eight en, were found still warm when the troops of the line and a party of the garde mobile came up.

This act had the effect of exciting the most intense exasperation; and particularly amongst the garde mobile. 1500 of the insurgents had surrendered on the Place du Pantheon. These men were being led across the garden of the Luxembourg, when a large body of the garde mobile, who were then guarding the palace and gardens being unable to restrain their desire of vengeance for their murdered comrades, sent a volley into the body thus passing, and killed upwards of 100.

GOLD MEDAL TO GEN. TAYLOR.

The New Orleans Crescent of the 4th inst., has the following particulars of the presentation of a splendid gold medal to Gen. Taylor:

Yesterday at 11 o'clock the committee appointed by the Governor to present to General Taylor the gold medal voted him by the Legislature in testimony of our admiration and gratitude for his great services in the battle of Buena Vista, attended in the parlor of the St. Charles, to perform the pleasing duty assigned to them. In a short time Gen. Taylor appeared in the parlor, accompanied by Gen. Patterson and staff, and several distinguished officers and citizens. The General had on his undress uniform and looked remarkably well.

Mr. Pierce, one of the committee, holding the medal and the Governor's letter of presentation in his hand, advanced to the General and made the following brief speech:

General—We were honored by his Excellency, the Governor of this State, with the agreeable commission of procuring a suitable gold medal to be presented to you in conformity to an act of the Legislature, as a memorial of the deep gratitude and fervent admiration entertained by the people of this State for your brilliant services in the battle of Buena Vista. We have performed that part of our duty, and it now devolves upon us to terminate our commission by presenting the medal to you with an accompanying letter from his Excellency, Gov. Isaac Johnson. In doing so, we have to assure you that this is but a feeble and imperfect mode of conveying the sense of profound respect and deep, heartfelt gratitude in which your illustrious services and virtues are held by your fellow-citizens of Louisiana.

Mr. Pierce then presented the medal and the Governor's letter.

Gen. Taylor replied in a short speech, which was delivered with more ease and facility than any of his public efforts we have ever heard. It was as follows:—

Gentlemen—These repeated acts of kindness and generosity on the part of the patriotic State of Louisiana excites in my breast feelings and emotions which defy all utterance. A few months have elapsed since I received from your patriotic Governor, acting in behalf of the enlightened and high minded citizens of this great State, a splendid sword voted to me for my poor services in the battles on the Rio Grande. And now you add to the debt of gratitude and thankfulness which I owe to my fellow citizens for that beautiful and highly prized memorial, by presenting me this splendid medal, which is intended to refer to my services in the battle of Buena Vista.

Gentlemen, whilst I highly appreciate the kindness and partiality which have prompted your State to bestow this high honor upon me, I must in justice to my brave companions in arms, assure you that the merit of that victory is due to the brave hearts and strong arms of the gallant men who so firmly withstood the onset of the greatly preponderating force of the enemy. I had the honor to be the leader of such men, four-fifths of whom were citizen soldiers, and that, though a distinction I highly appreciate, and I had long cherished as one of the greatest I have ever enjoyed, does not entitle me to more than a small share in the honor and merit of that great victory. I beg, gentlemen, to assure you that I receive with the liveliest emotions of pride and pleasure this truly splendid medal, and that I shall long preserve it as one of the most valuable memorials of the kindness of my fellow-citizens of Louisiana.

The General's very neat and beautiful speech was received with the most spirited applause from the persons assembled.—After shaking hands with the General, and exchanging compliments, the committee retired, and the General left the room with his friends. Altogether the ceremony was a highly impressive and pleasing one. The speeches were in admirable taste, and what is getting to be the crowning merit of all speeches—of most commendable brevity

EPISTOLARY BREVITY.

The ancients, especially the Grecians and Romans, prided themselves on the brevity of their epistolary correspondence. Julius Cæsar, after his invasion of Gaul, sent back the celebrated despatch, *veni, vidi, vici;* but we apprehend that neither the Grecians nor the Romans of ancient times excelled the Americans of the present day in brevity of correspondence.

As proof we submit the following letters which are as important as the letters which either the Greeks or Romans wrote:

DETROIT, May 17th.

DEAR SIR—I am much obliged to you for your kind attention in transmitting me an invitation to attend the convention on internal improvements, which will meet in July. Circumstances, however, will put it out of my power to be present at that time. I am, dear sir, respectfully yours, LEWIS CASS.

[Private and confidential.]
U. S. NAVY DEPARTMENT, May 13th. 1848

COM'DORE—If Santa Anna endeavors to enter the Mexican ports, *you will allow him to pass freely.* Respectfully yours.
G. O. BANCROFT.
Com. Connor, Com. Home Squadron.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION, Near Buena Vista, Feb. 22, 1847.

SIR—In reply to your note of this date, summoning me to surrender my forces at discretion, I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request. With high respect, I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR,
Major Gen. U. S. A. Comd'g.
Senor D. Anto. Lopez Santa Anna,
Commanding in Chief, Encantada.

Now if brevity, which, it is said, is the soul of wit, is in epistolary correspondence, to be made a test in the present presidential canvass, Gen. Taylor decidedly has the best chance Mr. Bancroft's letter to Commodore Conner, is certainly as brief as it could well be, but in proportion to the magnitude of the subject treated of, General Taylor is without rival, and therefore takes the palm.

The last epistle is not only short in the true *veni, vidi, vici* style—but it is comprehensive, and covers the whole ground, while Julius Cæsar's epistle did not. Indeed it is a Rough and Ready letter all over—back, belly, and ribs, and is perfectly committal, as the politicians say.

The fact is, that no matter how the pack is shuffled old Zack turns up trump, and invariably has the best hand.—*New York Herald.*

THE BARNBURNERS.—The Cincinnati Signal is publishing a series of very lively pen and ink portraits of the Barnburners. The last sketch was of the chief of the faction, John Van Buren, of whom it says:

John must be now nearly forty years of age. He graduated at Yale College, some twenty years ago, with a high reputation for genius, wit, idleness, and deviltry; he was loved by all the school girls, hated by all the orderly, and envied by all the mischievous spirits in New Haven. He was a worker of mischief, confusion and disorder, but he possessed too much ingenuity to be caught, and in great tribulation, we doubt not, at sending forth so unquiet a spirit, the Faculty granted him a degree.

We give a brief account the other day of the arrival of Mitchell at Bermuda.—The New Orleans papers of the 6th give us more full details, brought by the arrival at that place of the Great Western, from Bermuda.

Mitchell had been treated during the passage in every respect as a gentleman, dined with the captain of the ship, and was treated as a guest, by the express orders of the Admiralty Board. He had the entire range of the quarter deck during the passage, but a sergeant of marines always accompanied him. The day after he arrived he was sent on shore and soon afterwards conveyed on board the convict hulk Medway, which lies near Ireland Island in the harbor of Bermuda. Mitchel was not dressed as a convict, but wore the usual apparel of a gentleman. He appeared sad and low spirited, and looked pale and haggard. It was the impression among the officers at Bermuda that a private room would be fitted up for him on board the hulk, and that he would not be compelled to labor. On board the ship coming out he had a state room to himself, and messed with the wardroom officers of the steamer. He was to be accommodated with a separate state-room on board the convict ship, and will be otherwise treated with every civilty. The fact of the consideration observed towards him during his passage out, the harshness of his sentence and the directions given to the authorities of Bermuda regarding his future treatment, have caused a great sensation among the inhabitants of the Island.

POLITICAL.

GEN. TAYLOR—*An Interesting Scene.*—The New Orleans Picayune of the 2nd inst, relates the following interesting incident.

At an early hour yesterday morning, long before our city folks had got through their morning nap, Gen. Taylor might have been seen, by those astir so soon, wending his way quietly from the levee to the St. Charles Hotel. By time he visited the counting-house of his merchants, Messrs. Maunsel White & Co., read the morning papers, digested his breakfast and prepared himself for a general survey of the city. His visit was altogether unexpected, but his presence, wherever he went, was greeted by the warm congratulations of his friends—and who is not a friend to Old Zack. Just before dinner a very interesting group was collected on the portico of the hotel. Maj. Genls. Gaines, Butler, Twiggs, Patterson and Taylor were all together. They had met for the first time since the close of the war, and right hearty were the greetings of these men of deeds. A numerous company of gentlemen were around them, and amongst others were a number of the volunteers just returned from the wars. Many of these had not seen Gen. Taylor since the battle of Buena Vista. A hearty grasp of the hand attested the sympathy between the soldiers and their old commander. Meetings like these are more prolific of memories than words; but one old battle-bronzed soldier took Gen. Taylor by both his hands, and the words seemed to ooze out of his heart as he said: "General, I stood by you in the fight at Buena Vista, and — by I will stand by you in the one that's coming on."

That ZACHARY TAYLOR is an honest as well as a brave man might be safely inferred from his whole career.

A friend has just related to us an incident of the early life of General Taylor which puts in fine relief the high-toned morality and sterling integrity of our candidate:

General Taylor was a resident of Kentucky in the disastrous period of her Stop-laws—old court and new court—when the point at issue between the parties was the obligation of a debtor to discharge his debts at whatever sacrifice of his property.

The Stop-Law party were for postponing, for preventing executions, for appraisments of property according to the value of which process was to be enforced or defeated.

Gen. Taylor at that time was under heavy pecuniary obligations, contracted for the relief or accommodation of others; but he zealously opposed the adoption of the stop-laws. His opposition and that of other good men and true in the State was unavailing; the unjust and disorganizing law was adopted.

Having opposed them on principle, General Taylor, actuated by like principle, refused to avail himself of the indulgence they afforded to debtors; but, called upon to meet his engagements, he went down to New Orleans, disposed of his property for good money, returned to Kentucky, and discharged to the full, principal and interest, the debts he had incurred.

He who thus resists evil example, and scorns, even under color of law, any approach to dishonesty, may well be hailed as the champion and candidate of an honest people and an honest party.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

GEN. TAYLOR.—On six different occasions, the old veteran has been entrusted by his country with posts of immense responsibility and peril. His military prowess, indomitable bravery and unconquerable resolution, were first tested in his brilliant defence in 1812 of a small stockade post, called Fort Harrison, located on the left bank of the Wabash, a few miles above Terre Haute, Indiana.

The garrison consisted of some fifty men, of whom only sixteen were capable of doing duty, the residue being prostrated by sickness. The post was attacked by over 400 savages, led by the prophet, and after a conflict of six hours, the savages were repulsed. For his gallantry, good conduct, and success in repulsing the enemy, Captain Taylor was breveted to a majority, by James Madison, immediately after the receipt of the intelligence at Washington.

For his brilliant victory over the savages at Oko-cho-bee in Florida, President Van Buren conferred on Col. Taylor, the brevet rank of Brigadier General.

For his splendid victories obtained over the Mexican forces, at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, Brevet Brigadier General Taylor was promoted to the rank of Major General.

Of his matchless achievements at Monterey and Buena Vista, the world has spoken, and his countrymen in consideration of his gallantry, modesty, humanity, talents and irreproachable private character, have resolved to place him in the first office of the Republic. That demagogues will oppose his election we are aware, but the masses regarding Gen. Taylor as a patriot, will overwhelm them with disgrace.

TAYLOR AND THE VOLUNTEERS.—Every returned volunteer gives a vote for "old Zach," and the Locos cannot help it. Their enthusiasm cannot be restrained.—The New Orleans Bulletin states that on a recent occasion Gen. Taylor went to counting house of his factors, on Gravier street, and some volunteers who were passing, having got an inkling he was there, kept peeping about the building until their numbers increased to upwards of one hundred, and finally they caught a glimpse of him through one of the open windows of the office, which was on the upper floor; "*there he is!*" "*there's the old man!*" shouted 'out fifty voices at once, and taking time to give but one tremendous cheer, they all made a rush for the door, and went clattering and shouting up the stairs, like a parcel of wild Indians, surrounding him in an instant, and crowding up the whole spare space between the desks, counters and cotton sample tables, every one pushing forward to get a grip of his hand, and almost shook the arm from off his shoulder. After each and every one of them had obtained a look and a word, they came tumbling out of the house, with their mouths extended from ear to ear, and giving one more loud and hearty cheer, each wended on his way, in the best possible good humor. Are such men—fresh from the fields of victory—going to vote for Cass, the "hero of Hull's surrender?" Never! never!—*U. S. Gazette.*

CONSISTENCY!—When Gen. Cass thought it necessary to go home, and on his route to stay at Philadelphia, during the sitting of the Federal Convention, all the opposition Federal Presses talked about the bad taste of the movement, especially while this city was filled with "Whigs." But when Gen. Taylor, probably to take off some of the *eclat* of the reception of Major General Butler, by the Democrats of New Orleans, leaves his plantation in time to witness, if not to interfere with that act, Federalism sees nothing in it to condemn, but everything to praise.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The mean and sneaking inuendo contained in this "probably" of the Pennsylvanian—too transparently untrue to be directly asserted—is contradicted by all the facts. Gen. Taylor was on a visit of business to New Orleans, when Gen. Butler arrived. During the torch-light procession in honor of the latter, Gen. Taylor was sitting at one of the windows of the St. Charles Hotel, and being discovered, yielding at length to importunities, spoke as briefly as possible, and as follows:

"*Fellow Citizens,*—I am accidentally in this city, and would fain be an unobserved spectator of the proceedings of this night. The evening has been set apart to do honor to a friend, a brother soldier, and a gentleman whom I respect, and to whom the country owes a debt of gratitude. I had hoped that no friends of mine would notice my presence in a way to attract attention. But since you have seen fit to manifest your partiality in a manner which cannot escape notice, I can only thank you for the kindness of the compliment and wish you good night."

How does every vindictive attempt to impeach the honest integrity of this old soldier recoil upon his enemies and slanderers. Hear how nobly he speaks of Gen. Butler as a friend, a brother and an ornament to his country. How different from the disgusting party slang which Cass and his political pall bearers used in front of Jones' Hotel.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The Richmond Enquirer copies, with great *gusto*, the following from the Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE ORDINANCE OF '87.—A correspondent, over the signature of "Gunter," which means no mistake, tells a good 'un at the expense of "Old Zack." It shows the strong military bent of the General's mind, and his abstract manner when addressed on other subjects, not contained in his pocket edition of Æsop's Fables, from which the old General is so fond of quoting. A warm and enthusiastic friend called on him one day, and anxious to ascertain his opinion on the slave question, began to interrogate him on the subject.

"General," said he, "what is your opinion of the ordinance of '87?"

"Why," answered the General, "I don't know that I have ever seen any as old as that, but no doubt they were made of poor metal. The *ordinance* of this day is certainly the best in the world. Why, sir, there's Capt. Bragg's battery"—

Here are two papers, which a year ago, were lauding Gen. Taylor as he deserved to be, who are now engaged in detracting from his reputation a man of even common understanding. Where the puerility of one of the papers, and the party subserviency of the other are understood, these base inuendoes but add to the strength of General Taylor. The same sheets libelled Jackson and Harrison.—*North Amer.*

LORD BROUGHAM IN LUCK'S WAY.—Mr. Watt, Jr. of Birmingham, recently deceased, has bequeathed to Lord Brougham £50,000. The £25,000 left some time ago to his lordship by Mrs. Flaherty, of Hammersmith, he generously gave to his brother, Mr. W. Brougham.

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