

THE FOUR GEORGES.

We commence the publication to-day of the... Some of our readers may remember when they were delivered in our city by the author. They were then received with unbounded popularity, and although familiar to the English public, have not, until very recently, been published in America.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

A very few years since I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole; who had been taken up by the great George I. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Whig society of the reign of George III; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the court of Queen Anne.

Among the German princes sat under Luther at Wittenberg was Duke Ernest of Celle, whose younger son, William of Luneburg, was the progenitor of the illustrious Hanoverian Duke William IV. His court at Celle, a little town of ten thousand people that lies on the highway between Hanover and the river Aller.

William the Pious had fifteen children, eight daughters and seven sons, and property left among them was small, drew lots to determine which one of them should marry and continue the stout race of the Guelphs. The lot fell on Duke George, the sixth brother. The others remained single, or contracted marriages after the princely fashion of those days.

Dr. Yehse gives a pleasant glimpse of the way of life of our Dukes in Zell. "When the trumpeter on the tower has blown, 'Duke Christian orders—viz., at 9 o'clock in the morning and 4 in the evening, every one must be present at meals, and those who are not much without. None of the servants, unless it be a knave, shall eat or drink in the kitchen or cellar; or, without special leave, fodder his horse at the prince's cost.

Duke George, the marrying duke, did not stop at home to partake of the beer and wine, and the sermons. He went about fighting wherever there was profit to be had. He served as general in the army of the circle of Lower Saxony; the Protestant army; then he went over to the Emperor and fought in his armies in Germany and Italy; and when Gustavus Adolphus appeared in Germany, George took service as a Swedish General, and seized the Abbey of Hildesheim as his share of the plunder.

Under those children of Duke George, the old, God-fearing, simple ways of Zell appear to have gone out of mode. The second brother was constantly visiting Venice, and leading a jolly, wicked life there. It was the most jovial of all places at the end of the seventeenth century; and military men, after a campaign, rushed thither as the warriors of the Allies rushed to Paris in 1814, to gamble and rejoice, and partake of all sorts of godless delights.

It is too long to tell how the four sons of Duke George divided his territories among them, and how, finally, they came in possession of the son of the youngest of the four. In this generation the Protestant faith was very nearly extinguished in the family; and then where should we in England have gone for a king? The third brother also took delight in Italy, where the priests converted him and his Protestant chaplain too. Mass was said in Hanover once more, and Hilaria soprano piped their Latin rhymes in place of the hymns which William the Pious and Dr. Luther sang.

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As one views Europe through contemporary books of travel in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awful: wretched wastes, heath and bog, and half-burned villages, and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cut-of-nine-tails to fog them to barracks. By these passages, my lord's carriage, bounding through the ruts as he crosses the positions, and tolls on to the Residenz. Hard by, and away from the noise and awing of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmshof, or Ludwigsruh, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which—the city shut out by woods from the beggarly country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the prince is, and the court, and the trim gardens, and huge fountains, and the forest where the enraged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to touch a feather); and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold; and the prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn; and his lords and mistresses ride after him; and the stag is pulled down, and the huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of huzzas, and in time the court goes home to dinner; and our noble traveller—it may be the Baron of Pollnitz or the Count de Knigsmark, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingault—sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble man to the court.

The two first royal Georges and their father, Ernest Augustus, of quiet royal notions regarding marriage; and Louis XIV. of France, who scarce distinguished themselves more at Versailles or St. James than these German Sultans in their little city on the banks of the Leine. You may see at Herrenhausen the very rustic theatre in which the prince and his court performed masques, and sang before the Electress and his sons. There are the very fountains and dryads of stone still glistening through the branches, still grinning and piping their ditties no longer, as in the days when painted nymphs and satyrs were seen appearing under their leafy arches with gilt crooks, guiding rains with gilt horns; descended from "machines" in the guise of Diana or Minerva, and delivered immense allegorical compliments to the prince returned home from the campaign.

Put clumsy, high Dutch statues in place of the marbles of Versailles; fancy Herrenhausen waterworks in the place of those of Mary; spread the tables with Schweinkopf, Specksupp, Leber kuchen, and the like delicacies, in place of the French cuisine; and fancy Frau Kietmansegg dancing with Count Kammaker, Quirin, or singing French songs with the most elegant German court, and you have a coarse Versailles, and we have Hanover before us. "I am now got into the region of beauty," writes Mary Wortley, from Hanover, in 1716; "the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and necks, jet eyebrows, and which may be generally added, making away by these perfects never leave them to the day of their death, and have a very fine effect by candle light; but I could wish they were handsome in the little variety. They resemble one another as Mrs. Stanly's Court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of being made away by too nearly approaching the fire." The sly Mary Wortley saw this painted seraglio of the first George at Hanover the year after his accession to the British throne. There were great doings and feasts there. There were great doings and feasts there. There were great doings and feasts there.

The electoral court at Hanover was numerous—there were, as times went; above all, paid with a princely bounty few other European courts could boast of. Perhaps you will be amused to know how the electoral court was composed. There were the princes of the house in the first class; the second, the single field-marshal of the army (the contingent was 16,000 Pollnitz was, and the Elector had 12,000 troops in his pay). Then follow, in due order, the authorities civil and military, the working privy councillors, the high chamberlain, high marshal of the court, high masters of the horse, and the major-general, the high chamberlain, the fourth class, down to the majors, the hof-junkers or pages, the secretaries or assessors, of the tenth class, all of whom were noble.

Ernest Augustus had seven children in all, some of whom were scapegraves, and rebelled against the parental scepter, and some were obedient, and division of property was wisely ordained. "Gustichen," the electress writes about her second son—"poor Gus is thrown out, and his father will give him no more keep. I am a fool with my children." Three of the six

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