THE FOUR GEORGES.

We commence the publication to-day of the inimitable lectures of the late William Makepeace Thackeray on the "Four Georges." 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. Carrying us as they do back to the time when England had kings, when the Dutch line of succession first began, and the people of Great Britain cared rather for a great than a patriotic king, they are both amusing and instructive. The instruction is conveyed with all that genial pleasantry so characteristic of the author, who, though incurned for as dead, yet speaks to us through the telling sentences of his works. We shall continue the publication until the four lectures are completed. In the summer days we know of no other reading which is as light and as valuable as the serio-comic papers on the rival heirs of the House of Brunswick. These lectures are published in full in the uniform edition of Thackeray's works, issued by Harper & Brothers, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co. of this city.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

A very few years since 1 knew familiarly a
dy who had been asked in marriage by Hornee Walpole; who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgiana of Devoushire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III; had 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. I often thought, as I took my old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummell, Selwyn, Chesterfield, and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Neweastle; of the fair maids of honor of George IPs eastle; of the fair maids of honor of George Il's court; of the German retainers of George Ps; where Addison was Secretary of State; where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse; when Pope, and Switt, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote. Of a society so vast, busy, brilliant, it is impossible in four brief chapters to give a complete potion; but we may need here and complete notion; but we may peep here and there into that bygone world of the Georges, see what they and their courts were like; glance at the people round them; look at past manners, fashions, pleasures, and contrast them with our own. I have to say thus much by way of pre-face, because the subject of these lectures has been misunderstood, and I have been taken to task for not having given grave historical treatises, which it never was my intention to attempt, Not about battles, about politics, about states-men and measures of state, did I ever think to lecture you; but to sketch the manners and life of the Old World; to amuse for a few honrs with talk about the old society; and with the result of many a day's and night's pleasant reading, to

Among the German princes who sat under Luther at Wittenberg was Duke Ernest of Celle, whose younger son, William of Luneberg, was the progenitor of the illustrious Handyer an house at present reigning in Great Eritain. Duke William Leid his court at Celle, a little town of ten thousand people that lies on the Tallway line between Hamburg and Hanover. in the midst of great plains of sand, upon the river Alier. When Duke William had it, it was a very humble wood-built place, with a great brick church, which he sedulously frequented, and in which he and others of his house lie buried. He was a very religious lord, and called William the Pious by his small circle of subjects, over whom he ruled till fate deprived him both of sight and reason. Sometimes in his latter days, the good Duke had glimpses of mental light, when he would bid his musicians play the psalm tunes which he loved. One thinks of a descendant of his, two hundred years afterwards, blind, old, and lost of wits, singing Handel in Windsor Tower.

try and while away a few winter evenings for

my hearers.

William the Pious had fifteen children, eight daughters and seven sons, who, as the property left among them was small, drew lots to determine which one of them should marry and con-tinue the stout race of the Guelphs. The lot fell on Duke George, the sixth brother. The others remained single, or contracted lefthanded mar-riages after the princely fashion of those days. It is a queer picture—that of the old prince dying in his wood-built capital, and his seven sons tossing up which should inherit and transmit the crown of Brentford. Duke George, the lucky prizeman, made the tour of Europe, during which he visited the court of Queen Elizabeth; and in the year 1617 came back and settled at Zell, with a wife out of Darmstadt. His remaining brothers all kept their house at Zell, for economy's sake. And, presently, in due course, they all died—all the honest dukes; Ernest, and Augustus, and Magnus, and George. and John—and they are buried in the brick church of Brentford yonder, by the sandy banks of the Aller.

Dr. Vehse 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 must go with-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. When the meal is served in the court-room, a page shall go round and bid one be quiet and orderly, forbidding all oursing, swearng, and rudeness; all throwing about of bread, bones, or roast, or pocketing of the same. Every morning at 7, the squires shall have their morning soup, and along with which, and din-mer, they shall be served with their under-drunk every morning except Friday morning, when there was no sermon and no drink. Every evening they shall have their beer, ann at night their sleep-drink. The butler is especially warned not to allow a noble or simple to go in the cellar: wine shall only be served at the prince's or councillor's table; and every Monday the honest old Duke Christian ordains the ac-counts shall be ready, and the expenses in the kitchen, the wine and beer cellar, the bakehouse and stable, made out.

Duke George, the marrying duke, did not stop at home to partake of the beer and wine, and the sermons. He went about nighting wherever there was profit to be had. He served as gene-ral 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 ap peared in Germany, George took service as Swedish General, and seized the Abbey of Hil-desheim as his share of the plunder. Here, in the year 1641, Duke George died, leaving four sons behind him, from the youngest of whom descended our royal Georges

Under these 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 par-take of all sorts of godless delights. This prince, then, loving Venice and its pleasures, brought Italian singers and dancers back with him to quiet old Zell, and worse still, demeaned himself by marrying a French lady of birth quite inferior to his own-Eleanor d'Olbreuse, from whom our Queen is descended. Eleanor had a

sion 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 flair, where the priests converted him and his Protestant chapiain too. Mass was said in Hanover once more; and Italian soprami piped their Latin rhymes in place of the hymns which William the Pious and Dr. Luther sang. Louis XIV gave this and other converts a splendid sion of the son of the youngest of the four. In XIV gave this and other converts a splendid pension. Crowds of Frenchmen and brilliant French fashions came into his court. It is inreflect fashions came into his court. It is in-calculable how much that royal bigwig cost Germany. Every prince imitated the French King, and had his Versailles, his Withelmshohe or Lodwigslust; his court and its splendors; his gardens laid out with statues; his fountains, and waterworks, and Tritons; his actors, and dancers, and singers, and fiddlers; his harem, with its inhabitants; his diamonds and duchles for these latter; his enormous festivities, his for these latter; his enormous festivities, his gaming tables, tournaments, masquerades, and banquets lasting a week long, for which the people paid with their money, when the poor wretches had it, with their body and very blood when they had none; being sold by thousands by their lords and masters, who gayly dealt in soldiers, staked a regiment upon the red at the gambling table, swapped a battalion against a dancing garl's dismond necklace, and, as it were, pocketed their people.

were, pocketed their people.
As one views Europe through contemporary books of travel in the early part of the last cenbooks of travel in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awiul: wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered; half burned cottages, and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cat-o'-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage, floundering through the ruts as he swears at the postilions, and tolls on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citiaway from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmslust, or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which—near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared 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 ragged 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 bugles, and in time the court go home to dinner; and our noble traveller-it may be the Baron of Polluitz or the Count de Konigs-mark, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingaltsees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the court. Tuen our noble arrays himself in green and gold or pink and silver, in the richest Parls mode, and is introduced by the Chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly prince and the gracious princess; is presented to the chief lords and ladies; and then comes supper, and a bank at faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add not a little drunkenness to this picture of high life; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you see out of your palace windows beyond trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly tollowing precarious husbandry, plowing stony fields with starved cattle, or fearfully taking in scanty harvests. Augustus is fat and and cat the almost; his mistress, Aurora von Konig marck, is the lovellest, the wittlest creations. brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versaules. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eyeing Madame de ontanges, or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars and Vendome, and Berwick, and Bossuet, and Massillon are waiting. Can court be more splendid? nobles and knights more gallant and superb? ladies more lovely? A grander monarch, or a more miserable, starved wretch than the peasant his subject you can not look on. Let us bear both of these types in mind, it we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry? Yes! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendor and lofty politeness; the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy, where the French line bids the gentlemen of the English guard to fire first; the noble constancy of the old King, and Villars, his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown piece from the treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendor lies a nation enslaved and ruined; there are people robbed of their rights; communities laid waste; faith, justice, commerce trampled upon, and well nigh destroyed; nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame! It is but to a stilly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen and some of the proudest women in the world are bowing down; it is the price of a miserable province that the King ties in diamonds round his mistress' white neck. In the first half of the last century, I say, this is going on all Europe over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois, and Versailles is only larger and not

worse than Herrenhausen. It was the first Elector of Hanover who made the fortunate match which bestowed the race of Hanoverian sovereigns upon us Britons. years after Charles Stuart lost his head, his niece Sophia, one of many children of another luckless, dethroned sovereign, the Elector Palatine, married Ernest Augustus of Berwick, and brought the reversion to the crown of the three kingdoms in her scanty trousseau. One of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible shrewd, accomplished of women was Sophia, daughter of poor Frederick, the winter King of Bohemia. The other daughters of lovely, unhappy Elizabeth Stuart went off into the Catholic Church; this one, luckily for her family, remained, I cannot say inithful, to the Reformed religion, but, at least, she adopted no other. An agent of the French King's, Gourville, a convert himself, strove to bring her and her husband to a sense of the truth, and tells us that be one day asked Madame the Duchess of Hanover of what religion her daughter was, then a pretty girl of thirteen years old. The Duchess replied that the princess was of no religion as yet. They were wilting to know of what religion her husband would be, Protestant or Catholic, before instructing her! And the Duke of Hanover, having heard of Gourville's proposal, said that a change would be advan-tageous to his house, but that he himself was old to change.

This shrewd woman had such keen eyes that she knew how to shut them upon occasion, and was blind to many faults which it appeared her husband, the Bishop of Osnaburg and Duke of Hanover, committed. He loved to take his pleasure like other sovereigns—was a merry prince, fond of dinuer and the bottle; liked to prince, fond of dinuer and the bottle; liked to go to Italy, as his brothers had done before him: snd we read how be jovially sold 6700 of his Hanoverians to the seigniory of Venice. They went bravely off to the Morea, under command of Ernest's son, Prince Max, and only 1400 of them ever came home again. The German princes sold a good deal of this kind of stock. You remember how George III's dovernment purchased Hessians, and the use we made of them during the War of Independence, The ducats Duke Ernest got for his soldiers

The ducats Duke Ernest got for his soldiers he spent in a series of the most brilliant enter-tainments. Nevertheless, the jovial prince was economical, and kept a steady eye upon his own interests. He achieved the electoral dig-nity for himself; he married his eldest son, George, to his beautiful cousin of Zell; and sending his sons out in command of armies to fight—now on this side, now on that—he lived on, taking his pleasure, and scheming his schemes, a merry, wise prince enough; not, I fear, a moral prince, of which kind we shall have but very few specimens in the course of he spent in a series of the most brilliant enterbut very few specimens in the course of

these lectures. Ernest Augustus had seven children in all whom our Queen is descended. Eleanor had a pretty daughter, who inherited a great fortune, which inflamed her cousin, George Louis of Hanover, with a desire to marry her; and so, with her beauty and her riches, she came to a sad and.

It is too long to tell how the four sons of Duke George divided his territories among them, and how, finally, they came in possess them, and how, finally, they came in possess.

died fighting against the Turks, Tartars, Frenchmen. One of them conspired, revolted, fied to Rome, leaving an azent behind, whose head was taken off. The daughter, whose early education we have made mention, was married to the Elector of Brandenburg, and so her religion settled finally on the Protestant side.

Aniece of the Electress Sophia, who had been made to change her religion and marry the Duke of Orleans, brother of the French King—a woman whose honest heart was always with her friends and dear old Deuctohland though her fat little body was confined at Paris, or Marly, or Versailles—has left us, in her enormous correspondence (part of which has been printed in German and French), recollections of the Electress, and of George her son. Elizabeth Chariotte was at Osnaburg when George was born (1660). She narrowly escaped a whipping for being in the way on that auspicious day. She seems not to have tiked little George, nor George grown up; and represented him as ediously hard, cold, and silent. Silent he may have been: not a jolly prince, like his father before him; but a prudent, quiet, selfish potentate, going his own way, managing his own affairs, and understanding his own interests remarkably well.

In his father's lifetime, and at the head of the remarkably well.

In his father's lifetime, and at the head of the Hanover forces of 5000 or 10,000 men, George served the Emperor on the Danube, against Turks, at the siege of Vienna, in Italy, and on the Ehine. When he succeeded to the electorate he handled his affairs with great prudence and deviative. He was very much liked by his and dexterity. He was very much liked by his people of Hanover. He did not show his feetings much, but he cried heartly on leaving them, as they used for joy when he came back.

He sho wed an uncommon prudence and cool-

ness of behavior when he came into his kingdom; exhibiting no elation; reasonably doubtfal whether he should not be turned out some day; looking upon himself only as a looger, and making the most of his brief tenure at St. James' and Hampton Court; plundering, it is true, somewhat, and dividing among his German followers; but what could be expected of a sovereign who at home could sell his subjects at so many ducats per head, and made no scruple in so disposing to them? I fancy a considerable shrewdness produces and one wedgestim. shrewdness, prudence, and even moderation in his ways. The German Protestant was a cheaper, and better, and kinder King than the Catholic Stuart in whose chair he sat, and so far loyal to England that he let England govern herself. Having these lectures in view, I made it my business to visit that ugly cradle in which our Georges were nursed. The old town of Hanover must look still pretty much as in the time when George Louis left it. The gardens and pavilions of Herrenhausen are scarce changed since the day when the stout old Electress Sophia fell down in her last walk there, preceding but a few weeks to the tomb James II's daughter, whose death made way for the Brunswick Stuarts in

The two first royal Georges and their father. Ernest Augustus, had quite royal notions re-garding marriage; and Louis XIV and Charles II 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 Herrenbausen the very rustic theatre in which the Platens danced and per-formed masques, and sang before the Elector and his sons. There are the very fauns and dryads of stone still glimmering through the branches, still grinning and piping their ditties of no tone, as in the days when painted nymphs hung garlands round them; appearing under their lealy arcades with gilt crooks, guiding rams with gilt horns; descended from "machines" in the guise of Diana of Minerva, and delivered immense allegorical compliments to the princes returned home from the campaign.

That was a curious state of morals and politics in Europe; a queer consequence of the triumph of the monarchical principle. Feudalism was of the monarchical principle. Feudalism was beaten down. The nobility, in its quariels with the crown, had pretty well succumbed, and the monarch was all in all. He became almost divine: the proudest and most ancient gentry of the land did menial service for him. Who should carry Louis XIV's candle when he went to bed? what prince of the plood should hold the King's shirt when his most Christian Majesty changed that garment?—the French memoirs changed that garment?--the French memoirs of the seventeenth century are full of such details and squabbles. The tradition is not yet extinct in Europe. Any of you who were present, as myriads were, at that splendid pageant, the opening of our Crystal Palace in London, must have seen two noble lords, great officers of the household, with ancient pedigrees, with embroidered coats, and stars on their breasts, and wands in their hands, walking backwards for near the space of a mile, while the royal procession made its progress. Shall we wonder—shall we be angry—shall we laugh at these Old World ceremonies? View them as you will, according to your mood; and with scorn or with respect, or with anger and sorrow, as your temper leads you. Up goes Gesler's hat upon the pole. Salute that symbol of sovereignty with heartfelt awe, or with a sulky shrug of acqui-escence, or with a grinning obeisance; or with a stout rebellious No! clap your own beaver down on your pate, and refuse to doff it to that spangled velvet and daunting feather. I make no comment upon the spectator's behavior; all I say is that Gesler's cap is still up in the mar-

ket place of Europe, and not a few folks are still kneeling to it.

Put clumsy, high Dutch statues in place of the marbles of Versailes; fancy Herrenhausen waterworks in the place of those of Mariy; spread the tables with Schweinskopf, Specksupper Leber kneeling and the specific and the s suppe, Leber kuchen, and the like delicacies in place of the French cuisine; and fancy Frau yon Kielmansegge dancing with Count Kammerjunker Quirini, or singing French songs with the most awful German accent; imagine a coarse Versailles, and we have a Hanover before us. "I am now got into the region of beauty," writes Mary Wortley, from Hanover, in 1716; "all the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy torcheads and necks, jet eyebrows, to which may be generally added coal black hair. These perfections never leave them to the day of the death, and have a very fine effect by in place of the French cuisine; and fancy Frau of their death, and have a very fine effect by candie light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little variety. They resemble one another as Mrs. Salmon's Court of Great Britain, and are in as much danger of melting 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. Here Lady Mary saw George II too. "Lean tell your mitheut fattery or par-Il too. "I can tell you, without flattery or par-tiality," she says, "that our young prince has all accomplishments that is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and under-standing and standing, and a something so very engaging in his behavior that needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming." I find elsewhere wales, George II's son; and upon George III, of course, and upon George IV in an eminent degree. It was the rule to be dazzled by princes, and people's eyes winked quite nonestly at that

The electoral court at Hanover was numerous -pretty well paid, as times went; above all, paid with a regularity which 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 composed. There were the princes of the house in the first class; the second, the single field-marshal of the army (the contingent was 18,000. Polinitz says, and the Elector had other 14,000 troops in his pay). Then follow, in due order, the authorities civil and military, the working privy councillors, the high chamberiain, high marshals of the court, high masters of the horse, the major-generals of cavaler and infantry, in the major-generals of cavalry and infantry, in the lourth class, down to the majors, the hof-

junkers or pages, the secretaries or assessors, of the tenth class, all of whom were noble. We find the master of the horse had 1090 thalers of pay, the high chamberlain 2000—a thaler being about three shillings of our money. There were two chamberlains, and one for the princess; five gentlemen of the chamber; and five princess; nve gentlemen of the chamber; and aver gentlemen ushers; eleven pages and personages to educate these young noblemen—such as a governor, a preceptor, a feeth-meister, or fencing master, and a dancing ditto, this latter with a bandsome salary of 400 thalers. There were three body and court physicians, with 800 and 500 thalers; a court barber, 600 thalers; a court organist, two musikanten, four French fiddlers, twelve trumpeters, and a bugler: so that there twelve trumpeters, and a bugler; so that there was plenty of music, profane and pious, in Hanover. There were ten chamber waiters,

and twenty-four lackers in livery; maitre d'hotel and attendants of the kitchen; a French cook; a body cook; ten cooks; six cooks' assistants; two braten masters, or masters of the roast (one fancies enormons spits turning slowly, and the honest tendadling the dripping); a passity baker; a de baker; and and the honest . Unster of the roast beladling the dripping); a past ty baker; a rice baker; and, finally, three scoilis, us, at the modest remuneration of eleven thale. In the sugar chamber there were four pastry clocks (for the ladies, no doubt); seven officers in the wine and beer cellars; four bread bakers; and five men in the plateroom. There were six hundred horses in the screne stables—no less than Iwenty teams of princely earliage horses, eight to a team; sixteen coachmen; fourteen position "; nineteen ostlers; thirteen helps, besides smiths, Carriage masters, horse doctors, and other attendants were no so numerous; I grieve to find but a dozen or for teen of them about the electoral premises, and teen of them about the electoral premises, and only two washerwomen for all the court. These functionaries had not so much to do as in the present age. I own to find a pleasure in these small beer chronicles, I like to people the Old World with its every day forms and intelligent. World with its every-day figures and inhabitants— —not so much with heroes fighting immense battles and inspiring repulsed battalions to en-gage, or statesmen locked up in darkling cabi-nets and meditating ponderous laws or dire con-nets and meditating ponderous laws or dire con-parative as with couple occupied with their spiracies, as with people occupied with their every-day work of pleasure—my lord and lady hunting in the forest, or dancing in the court, or bowing to their screne highnesses as they pass in to dinner; John Cook and his proces sion bringing the meal from the kitchen; the jolly butlers bearing in the flagons from the cellar; the stout coachman driving the ponderous gilt wagon, with eight cream colored borses in housings of scarlet velvet and morocco leather; a postition on the leaders, and a pair, or half-a-dozen of running footmen scudding along by the side of the vehicle, with conical caps, long silver-headed maces, which they poised as they ran, and splendid jackets laced all over with silver and gold. I fancy the citiall over with silver and gold. I fancy the citizens' wives and their daughters looking out from the balconies; and the burghers, over their beer and mum, rising up, cap in hand, as the cavalcade passes through the town with torch-bearers, trumpeters blowing their lusty cheeks out, and squadrons of jack-booted life guardsmen, girt with shining cuirasses, and bestriding thundering chargers, escorting his highness' coach from Hanover to Herrenhausen; or halting, maybap, at Madame Plater's country. or halting, mayhap, at Madame Platen's country house of Monplaistr, which lies half way be-tween the summer palace and the Residenz. In the good old times of which I am treating, while common men were driven off by herds, and sold to fight the Emperor's enemies

on the Danube, or to bayonet King Louis' troops of common men on the Rhine, noblemen passed from court to court, seeking service with one prince or the other, and naturally taking command of the ignoble vulgar soldiery which batters and died almost without horse of promotion. tled and died almost without hope of promotion. Noble adventurers travelled from court to court in search of employment; not merely noble males, but noble females too; and if these latter were beauties, and obtained the favorable notice of princes, they stopped in the courts, became the favorites of their serene or royal highnesses, and received great sums of money and splendid diamonds, and were promoted to be duchesses, marchionesses, and the like, and did not fall much in public esteem for the manner in which they won their advancement. In this way Mademoiselle de Querouailles, a beautiful French lady, came to London on a special mission of Louis XIV, and was adopted by our grateful country and sovereign, and figured as Duchess of Portsmouth, In this way the beautiful Aurora of Konlgsmarck, travelling about found force in the second country. about, found favor in the eyes of Augustus of Saxony, and became the mother of Marshal who gave us a beating at Fontenoy; and in this manner the lovely sisters Elizabeth and Melusina of Meissenbach (who bad actually been driven out of Paris, whither they had travelled on a like errand, by the wise jealousy of the female favorite there in possession) journeyed to Hanover, and became favorites of the serene house there reigning.

[To be continued in our next issue.]

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AWNINGS, WAGON COVERS, BAGS, ETC. If you want an extra Awning very cheap, let our awning makers take the measure, and make it from a lot of 1600 hospital tents, lately purchased by us, many of which are entirely new, and of the best II ounce duck. Also, Government Saddles and Harness of sil kinds, etc.

8 8 mm Nos. SS7 and ES North FRONT Street.

PATENT WIRE WORK FOR RAILINGS, STORE FRONTS,

GUARDS, PARTITIONS, ET

COAL SCREENS, FOURDRINIER WIRES, ET

Manufactured by

M. WALMER & SONS,

No. 11 N. SIXTH Street

W L L I A M S. G R AN T COMMISSION MERCHANT, as S. DELAWARE Avenue, Philadelphia, Dapont's Gunpawder, Refined Nitre, Charcoal, Etc. W, Baker & Co.'s Chocolate, Cocoe, and Broma. Crocker Bros. & Co.'s Yellow Metal Sheathing, Boile, and Nalls. FINANCIAL

NOTICE

TO THE HOLDERS

OF THE

OF THE COMMONWEALTH

OF PENNSYLVANIA

DUE AFTER JULY 1, 1856, AND BEFORE JULY 2, 1860.

Holders of the following LOANS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA are requested to present them for payment (Principal and Interest) at

The Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia.

Loan of March 30, 1830, due March 4, 1858. February 16, 1883, due July 1, 1858.

March 27, 1882, due July 1, 1858.

January 26, 1839, due July 1, 1859. June 7, 1839, due August 1, 1859.

March 30, 1832, due July 1, 1860. April 5, 1832, due July 1, 1860,

interest after August 15, 1867.

Also, all BANK CHARTER LOANS due prior to July 2, 1860. All of the above LOANS will cease to Graw

> JOHN W. GEARY. GOVERNOR,

JOHN F. HARTBANFT, AUDITOR-GENERAL.

WILLIAM H. HEMBLE, 6 15 stuth t8 15 STATE TREASURER,

HARRISBURG, JUNE 29, 1867.

TO THE HOLDERS

OF THE

LOANS

OF THE

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

DUE JULY 1, 1868.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE SINKING FUND WILL RECEIVE PROPOSALS UNTIL SEPTEMBER 3, 1867, FOR THE REDEMP-

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS

OF THE

Loans of this Commonwealth DUE JULY 1, 1868.

Holders will address their proposals to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, Harris-

burg, Pennsylvania, and endorsed "PROPO-SALS FOR THE REDEMPTION OF LOANS OF 1868,"

FRANCIS JORDAN. SECRETARY OF STATE.

JOHN F. MARTRANET.

AUDITOR-GENERAL

WILLIAM H. KEMBLE,

72 tuthst93 STATE TREASURER.

7 3'108---SEVEN - THIRTY NOTES CONVERTED WITHOUT CHARGE INTO THE NEW

5 - 2 0 s.

BONDS DELIVERED AT ONCE.

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES WANTED at

WM. PAINTER & CO., NO. 26 SOUTH THIBD STREET.

SEVENTH NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA,

NORTHWEST CORNER OF FOURTH AND MARKET STREETS

GEORGE W. BILL, PRESIDENT, E. B MALL, CASHIER, OFFERS EVERY ADVANTAGE TO DEPOSITORS

splicited

Pankers', Merchants', and Manufacturers' Accounts 4 18 thstuam

FINANCIAL.

BANKING HOUS

JAY COOKE & Co.,

OF

NON. 113 AND 114 S. THIRD ST., PHILA

Dealers in all Government Securities

OLD 5-20s WANTED

IN EXCHANGE FOR NEW,

A LIBERAL DIFFERENCE ALLOWED,

Compound Interest Notes Wanted

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

Collections made. Stocks bought and sold on Special business accommodations reserved for ladies. [6.24 3m]

3-10s,

ALL SERIES, CONVERTED INTO

Five-Twenties of 1865.

JANUARY AND JULY, WITHOUT CHARGE.

BONDS DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY. DE HAVEN & BROTHER,

NO. 40 S, THI D STREET.

S. SECURITIES

A SPECIALTY.

SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO., BANKERS AND BROKERS,

NO.16 S THIRD ST., NO. 3 NASSAU ST., PHILADELPHIA. NEW YORK

ORDERS FOR STOCKS AND GOLD EXE CUTED IN PHILADELPHIA AND NEW

WATCHES JEWELRY, ETC. LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.

Diamond Dealers and Jewellers,

NO. 862 CHESNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA Would invite the attention of purchasers to their large and handsome assortment of DIAMONDS.

WATCHES,

JEWELBY. SILVER-WARE,

ICE PITCHERS in great variety." ETC. ETC.

A large assortment of small STUDS, for eyelet holes, just received. WATCHES repaired in the best manner, and guaranteed.

WATCHES, JEWELRY.

W. W. CASSIDY, NO. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET, Offers an entirely new and most carefully selected

AMERICAN AND GENEVA WATCHES, SILVER-WARE, AND FANCY ARTICLES OF

EVERY DESCRIPTION, suitable FOR BRIDAL OR HOLIDAY PRESENTS An examination will show my stock to be unsur-passed in quality and cheapness.

Particular attention paid to repairing.

8 162

G. RUSSELL & CO.,

NO. 22 NORTH SIXTH STREET. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FINE WATCHEN,

> FRENCH CLOCKS. GOLD JEWELBY, AND SOLID SILVER WARE.

HENRY HARPER, C

5 262

No. 520 ARCH Street, Manufacturer and Dealer in WATCHES,

FINE JEWELRY, SILVER-PLATED WARE, AND SOLID SILVER-WARE,

C. & A. PEQUIGNOT, Manufacturers of Gold and Silver Watch Cases,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN WATCHES. Office-No. 13 South SIXTH Street, Manufactory-No. 22 Eouth FIFTH Street,

LEGAL NOTICES.

PHILADELPHIA

ETIERS OF ADMINISTRATION UPON THE Estate of JAMES D. WOOD, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make payment; and those having claims against the same to present them.

SAMUEL H. WOOD, Administrator,
No. 128 GREENWICH Street,
HENRY M. DECHERT,
No. 208 South FIFTH Street, Or his Attorney 6 is tuet*

O B N E X C H A N G B JOHN T. BAILEY & CO., N. E. Corner of MARKET and WATER Streets,

DEALERS IN BAGS AND BAGGING
Grain, Flour, Eall, Super-Phosphate of Lime, Box
Dust, Etc.
Large and small GUNNY BAGS constantly on ham
2 224 | Also, WOOL BACKS.
JOHN T BAILEY.

JAMES CASCADES.