

ROYAL GOSSIP.

Grace Greenwood writes from London, July 10, to the *New York Times*: The Princess of Wales has happily got through with her two stupendous garden parties at Chiswick. On the occasion of the first we drove over from Hammersmith in a simple, unaristocratic vehicle, as became good Republicans, and saw a good part of the great company of the elect, said to have been 5,000 strong that day, drive into the long avenue leading to the extensive pleasure-grounds. At an early hour came the Prince and Princess in an open four-horse carriage, both looking happy and well, and wonderfully fresh considering what was before them of multitudinous recognitions and presentations, and all they have gone through this season, and the dust and heat of the day.

The Prince is far finer looking than his photographs. His face is not only more refined and genial, but brighter in expression than they lead one to expect. Whenever one of these younger Guelphs is brought to bay by that awful insatiable bore the photographer's camera, it seems that all the dullness and doggedness and much of the grossness of the old George comes out in the victimized royal countenance. The Princess of Wales faced the prospect of the afternoon's wearying demands on her strength and spirit with the unvarying, sweet, serene smile which at times must be the most tiresome of all her duties. If all be not lovely in her private life, if such a life she may be said to have, her lovely face betrays no hint of tears or trouble; if even storms visit that exalted domestic sphere, no faintest cloud lingers about her when she emerges into the common world. Opposite the august father and mother sat the young Prince, frank, healthy, joyous-looking little lad in sailor dress. In another carriage rode their sisters, five little girls, prettily and simply dressed—scarcely as happy in expression as the boys, having rather an air of constraint and self-consciousness. They have the open, Guelphic mouth, which gives them a somewhat vacant and listless look. We thought the little Tecks, who followed with their parents, handsomer, having nothing of the supercilious and *dease* expression of children to purplest purple born. Then came the Lornes, that blameless and bleached-out descendant of Ben Boy's unscrupulous old enemy, who has lately written a poem said to be dually dull, and the haughty young dame, who always writes herself down Princess before wife; and the Prince and Princess Christian, nice, home-like, not to say homely, people. These Royal couples go everywhere together, and take the children, when they have any. Never was there such a Court for constancy and conjugality, for the moralities, and proprieties, and all the family ties. It has raised honest respectability to an imperial dignity, and established the domestic virtues by royal letters-patent.

Among the foreign notabilities, we that day saw the Prince Imperial, if that interesting adopted exile can be called a foreigner. A gallant young fellow he is, with something of his beautiful mother about the brow and eyes,—that peculiar shadow of trouble which she had, even in her brightest days,—a sadness more prophetic than positive.

On passing round to the railway station, we found our way blocked up by a crowd, waiting to see the Queen drive out of the grounds, and were resigned to stop also and wait with them. It is not every day that one may encounter the sovereign on her own highway. We had seen the Queen of England before, but not the Empress of India. At last she came, the plain, little, Christian idol, whose worship circles the world,—gentle, unimposing representative of kindest authority; supreme, imperial woman of her time; Queen-mother of countless peoples. On this bright day the Queen was almost brightly dressed, in modified mourning, and looked exceedingly well and in the best of spirits, smiling pleasantly and bowing lightly right and left. They say that since her widowhood her heavy face has seldom put on so much of a holiday aspect; that these are days when all the Guelphic humors seem to gather in it, till it lowers on her loving subjects like a November sky. Beside her Majesty sat her youngest daughter, Beatrice, the fair and proud, all in white and delicatest manve; and opposite sat Prince Leopold, a nice looking, young gentleman, who is always in delicate health and most filially inclined.

Finding that we had lost our train, we turned back and went home by Hammersmith and the Underground, and so we chanced on a second sight of the rest of the Royal family returning from the Gardens. The children looked weary,—I hope with genuine play of some sort,—the Prince heartily tired. Doubtless he would prefer a tiger chase in the jungles to such dreary sport as this at Chiswick. It must be nicer to hunt than to be hunted. Only the Princess sat erect and alert, with her inflexible backbone and her inextinguishable graciousness—still lavish of that smile which has bewitched a kingdom. At her second garden party she had with her the King of Greece, her brother, whom a few mornings before she had met at the railway-station at 6 o'clock. It is her amiable and loving disposition which charms even more than the beauty of this pale "Denmark rose." The photograph which has had the largest sale represents her as carrying one of her babies pickaback. It is a pretty picture, but a little too consciously human and homelike.