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EUROPEAN GOSSIP.

Queen Victoria, Her Children and Grandchildren.

Scan. Mag. in Rome--A Grand Wedding and Its Consequences.

The Duke of Abercorn and His Family--Well-Behaved Parisian Bears.

BRITISH ROYALTY.

In a recent letter from London to the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, Mr. Hayden gives an interesting sketch of the "Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind," situated at Norwood, London, a few minutes' walk from Sydenham Crystal Palace. "Not long since," he says, "by an arrangement brought about through the good offices of the Duke of Westminster, the whole school went down to Windsor, and gave the Queen a private concert at her residence. On arriving at the Castle, Mr. Campbell was informed by the Queen's Secretary that her Majesty would listen to any kind of performance more than twenty minutes; and that he must have some one employed to keep watch, and keep him advised of her motions; and if it was observed that she became restless and twisted about in her chair, he must bring his concert to an end, no matter what part of the programme he had reached. So he commenced his performances in circumstances calculated to render him a little nervous or disconcerted. But he proceeded with good courage. At the end of twenty minutes the Queen did not show any signs of weariness, but, on the other hand, appeared much interested as the exercises went on. At the end of an hour and a quarter Mr. Campbell, thinking they had detained her long enough, came forward and expressed the gratification they felt in being allowed to entertain her with their performances, and that now, with her permission they would finish the concert by singing 'God Save the Queen.' Mr. Campbell also saying that, as none of his pupils could see her Majesty, who had so graciously listened to them, he hoped she would give them the pleasure of hearing her speak before they left her presence. The Queen seemed highly pleased with the suggestion, and in the last piece rose from her seat and joined with them in singing it. As she recline, coming forward to them, she said she was very much pleased with their concert, there were so many of them, and if the little children would come up, of whom there were sixteen, she should be glad to shake the hand of each one. This they accordingly did, much to their gratification. The Queen then retired to the sofa in the couch of their concert, while they family entertain the boys, for which there is some ground, that they may one day have the Queen down to visit them at Norwood.

"Of the Queen herself, the San Francisco Chronicle: "The Queen's last—no, I lost, anything but last, therefore I will say last for the present—grandchild has been christened Victoria Melita, the second name being in honor of baby's Maltese birthplace. The wits here—shouts say there should have been a trimmer—have made a little joke on the occasion of the christening—that, in consideration of the sensibility of her Majesty's descendants, the name should rather have been Victoria Mitera. The Kilmarnoers are, by the by, much to be commiserated, not only because of the loss of their one baby, but because of the hostile feeling which exists between England and Russia. The Duchess, too, is not comfortably placed in her husband's family, and does not get on with her royal sister-in-law, who, perhaps, is not in a very happy position. When the Duke of Edinburg was in England last, alone, while his wife and children were in Russia, he and Louise went about together perpetually, and seemed to be mutually pleased with the company and their lot. The one quarter of the royal family with whom the Grand Duchess gets on worst is said to be Beatrice. There too, says rumor, hate each other with that lively intensity of detestation which generally exists between sisters-in-law, the chief cause of hatred being the fact that the latter is married and the former is also said that the Queen is desirous that Beatrice should marry the Marquis of Stafford, grandson of her Majesty's warmly-attached old friend, the dead Duchess of Sutherland. One day last week, the Princess Louise, walking with a lot of her friends, was asked by one of them when he was going to marry that fair Princess. 'Never,' he answered, laughing; 'I don't choose to walk behind my wife, as my grandfather walked behind his wife.' 'But, if you please, sir,' if it is not true, it is well told;' for it is a fact that no state ceremonies Louise is generally paired off with some Princeling, such as one of her brothers or brothers-in-law, and he walks behind her, behind, perhaps, with a lady of honor. And yet in every respect, the question of descent included, he is, save for ranking neither as royal nor as serene highness, immeasurably the superior of her partner. Lord Lorne's grandfather, the good Christian, Lord Lorne's grandmother, the good Duchess of Sutherland, already mentioned, was so beautiful and regal looking that when she and the Queen used in years past appear together in public, people used to, as it was always looked as if she should have been the Queen. Lord Lorne's father, the Duke of Argyle, at least it is, perhaps, the duty of no Britisher to consider it—but ordinarily it is anything rather than aristocratic-looking, sadly lacking that dignity which would, but seldom does, lodge a kilt well.

"Of all the members of that house the Prince of Wales is decidedly the most popular. His tastes may not be very elevated, but he is decidedly kindly and strange. A pleasant little story is told of his Royal Highness. He and his suite travels he met with a queer old gentleman who, notwithstanding the disadvantage of being deaf and dumb, was much given to wandering about the world, and in Egypt or elsewhere the Prince had made the acquaintance. On his return to his native England on the part of the venerable traveler he received an invitation to one of the Prince's parties. Now, it is a well known fact that Albert Edward always makes it a point to shake hands heartily with all his guests, something pleasant to which not all the Princes of Europe never delighting any one one or showing favorites; but as it would have been useless to make a pretty speech to a man who could not have heard a word of it, the Royal host, to make up for the disappointment, shook the old gentleman's hands in both his own, and afterwards in dumb show introduced him to the Princess, who, being also endowed to speechlessness, gave him one of her sweetest smiles. The old man, on his return home, said to do every morning after rising is to give audience to the pair of royal pickers I told you about some while ago. These two come hobbling into the room in uproarious fashion, and generally make a fuss, and I have to sit down upon pope's breakfast-table. If both pickles take a fancy to one particular delicacy, a scramble, ending perhaps in a fight, ensues, and sometimes half poor pape's statistical meal is upset. Yet, I hear, the Royal Duke of the Queen's Journal in the Highlands takes all things good-temperedly, and, I dare say, is cannot help thinking how much he really issues enjoy these morning romps, in which also his three little daughters joins are making to the dreary round of his daily public life. The best of the joke is that the Prince is fond of his mother, and the Queen's Journal in the Highlands