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FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

(FROM LADY CHRYSTENE'S TO MISS CRATON.)

QUEEN STREET, Mayfair.

Of course, my dear Maud, you will not expect this? I could write about anything but the "crisis." That is I believe, the correct word for the state of fuss, flurry and excitement into which we have been plunged by Mr. Gladstone's unexpected manifesto, hence so inconsiderately into the midst of the curiosity and the gossip about the Imperial Royal wedding, and utterly depriving that event of fair play as the event of the day. One always thinks one will remember one particular day in one's life, either for public or for private reasons, and then one forgets for ever the date, and believes one's self forgot last Saturday and Sunday. Our Chester friends were raising in and out all day, so I scarcely remember what and in which order I saw anything. Of course, the wedding was the grand event of the week, and we all were in our best feathers and our best spirits for it. The Princess looked very well, and I fancy she was very happy, and I hope she will be happy with her husband, poor fellow, who looks so ill and so sad, and who, I fear, has a very, very, sad future before him. The Prince looked very well, and very happy, and very good-tempered, and I hope he will be happy with his wife, and I hope he will be a good husband to her, and I hope he will be a good, good, good,