Perhaps you will think this quite enough about the politics of the war, and I quite agree with you. But all the chit-chat of to-day turns upon such trifles, when it does not turn upon the war – upon the heat and gas at the State Ball and upon the crush at the state Concert, for instance, upon the Manual of *Confession* or upon the Bradlaugh and Besant trail, or General Grant --- that one is glad even to chat about the war. This is not exhilarating season; and I expect when it is over to hear of a fresh group of bankruptcies, for all the shopkeepers are complaining---- houses do not let ---- pictures do not sell ---- all speculations collapse ---- none of our golden youth cheat at cards or run away with their neighbours wives to vary the monotony of life ---- the Queen lives in closer retirement than ever, and the Prince of Wales is economizing. It is said that there are more French cooks out of engagement this year than there have been for twenty years, and I suppose it is from motives of economy that fashionable people have this year given up wearing jewellery and gems ---- most of it being, I suspect, in Mr. Attenborough’s back shop or in the strong boxes of Bankers to cover advance upon credit.