

I was at the ball given to the Belgian volunteers, some ten years ago, in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. When we were all waiting for our carriages, (my carriage being a modest "hansom,") I noticed Mr. Disraeli who wore a slouched hat and an Inverness cape, with a wing of which he was shielding "his perfect wife" from the draught. The time went slowly by and we had to wait. I observed Mr. Disraeli talking the whole time to his wife who was laughing heartily. I confess I thought this very noble. She was ten years his senior, and she could not supply any new stimulus to his wit. Moreover, for their wives, wits are often very dull. But he clearly set himself to relieve the tediousness of waiting, and he did it effectually.

"Lord Hardwicke's carriage" was called, and Lord Hardwicke came hurrying out, and not knowing Mr. Disraeli in his slouched hat and Inverness cape, pushed him rudely on one side. Lord Hardwicke was a member of the Tory party. Mr. Disraeli took off his hat, and bowing low said, "*I beg your Lordship's pardon.*" It was the best cut I ever heard. Lord Hardwicke's knees knocked together, and he stammered out some excuses Mr. Disraeli affected not to hear.

Mr. Delahunty, an Irish member, was a very rough person, and why he was ever sent across the Channel to disgrace traditions of eloquence, which have never been surpassed, I do not know. But Irishmen like other people sometimes presents insoluble problems. Mr. Delahunty went to one of Mr. Disraeli's receptions, and Mr. Disraeli sought to do the agreeable to him.

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