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NOTES ON GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE.

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“Those who only knew her books will deplore an irreparable loss to English letters, while those who also knew the writer will feel that a great and noble spirit, supreme in intellect as in culture, as tender as it was strong, has passed away from the world.”

THE twenty-ninth of last December, the remains of George Eliot were laid in her grave in Highgate Cemetery. Men of foremost eminence in literature, art, and science were among the mourners who followed the hearse—Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Tyndall and Huxley, Mr. Fred-eric Harrison, Mr. Robert Browning, and a crowd of the known and unknown, distinguished and undistinguished admirers of her genius assembled in and around the Unitarian chapel in which the funeral service was performed. Many ladies were among them, thus paying a tribute of gratitude justly due to a woman who by the simple might of her intellect and genius has contributed so much to

raise the intellectual status of her sex. The coffin was completely covered with flowers, beneath which was the inscription,—her married name, her pen-name, the dates of her birth and death, and a line and a-half from Dante

quella fonte  
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume.\*

Widely as George Eliot was known as a writer, the circumstances of her life, as well as her own quiet tastes, made her live in comparative retirement. Almost the only thing generally known about her tastes and habits was, that she had a deep love for music, was a fine performer on the piano-forte, and regularly attended the Monday Popular Concerts. Even if seen in public, strangers had no opportunity of recognizing the face of the great writer, as her portrait has

\* That fountain which pours abroad so rich a stream of speech.