"Let it be admitted," wrote G. Eliot in 1879, "that it is a calamity to the English, as to any other great historic people, to undergo a premature fusion with immigrants of alien blood; that its distinctive national characteristics should be in danger of obliteration by the predominating quality of foreign settlers. I not only admit this, I am ready to unite in groaning over the threatened danger." This passage is a striking testimony to a fact which others might be disposed to view differently. Thus in another way the life of Disraeli marks a change in the life of England. In regard to his individual character, it is generally admitted that, if not a great statesman, he was as remarkable a man of genius as this century has produced in England. His life was a romance, the tones of which Disraeli himself was not slow to heighten. Thus he is believed upon very good authority, like the great Napoleon in a different way, to have made his age more than a year less than it really was. The elements of his character that will be best remembered were his courage and patience, his good humour and magnanimity. With a curious faculty of broad historical conception, he seems to have felt a repugnance for details and for minute organization. The chief service to his party for which he claimed the merit was that of having educated it, and not the least of his services to his country was his having thrown all his weight along with those who succeeded in maintaining neutrality during the American War. As an orator he was only equalled in the House of Commons by Bright and Gladstone—his peculiar excellence lying in occasional speeches (such as obituary tributes to genius), in epigrammatic description of character, and in sarcastic invective. In this last, he has perhaps never had a superior; he had certainly no living rival. As a writer his fame will rest in his political novels, which are the best of their kind and, like his speeches, are full of clever epigrams. In his descriptions of social life he delights in a Virgilian exuberance of colour.

The discussion over Carlyle's grave has not yet ceased. Perhaps the cleverest article was one contributed by Mrs. Oliphant to *Macmillan*. The most interesting part was that devoted to Mrs. Carlyle, from which we quote the following passage:—"She, for her part—let us not be misunderstood in saying so—contemplated him, her great companion in life, with a certain humorous curiosity not untinged with affectionate contempt and wonder that a creature so big should be at the same time so little, such a giant and commanding genius with all the same so many babyish weaknesses for which she liked him all the better! . . . To see what he will do next, the big blundering male creature, unconscious entirely of that fine scrutiny, *calm* but tender, which sees through and through him, is a constant suppressed interest which gives piquancy to life, and this Carlyle's wife took her full enjoyment of. He was never in the least conscious of it. I believe few of its subjects are." Besides this and numerous other articles, two lives of Carlyle have already appeared.

Burnand's "Colonel," noticed in our April number, has been followed on the same subject by a comic opera from the pens of Messrs. Gilbert and Sulli-