

Iturbide, son of the first Emperor of Mexico; Prince Frederick Albert of Germany; King Kamahameha of the Sandwich Islands, Archduchess Sophia of Austria, and the Dowager Empress Amelia of Brazil.

Biographical Sketches.

DEAN RAMSAY.

The Very Rev. Edward Bannerman Ramsay, LL. D., F. R. S. E., Dean of Edinburgh, who died on the 26th Dec., 1872, was a very distinguished and conspicuous member of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Scotland. He was born on January 31, 1793, the fourth son of Alexander Burnet, Esq., (second son of Leys), who assumed the surname of Ramsay on succeeding to the estates of his maternal ancestors, the Ramsays of Balmain, in the county of Kincardine, and was created a Baronet in 1806. The Dean's mother was Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Sir Alexander Bannerman, Bart. In 1815 Ramsay graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; in 1830 he was appointed minister of St. John's, Edinburgh; in 1841 he became Dean of the Diocese; and in 1859 was granted the degree of LL. D. The Dean's principal works were "A Memoir of Sir J. E. Smith," "A Memoir of Dr. Chalmers," "Advent Sermons," "Diversities of Christian Character," and his very popular "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." He married Miss Isabella Cochrane, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, deceased.

MR. ARCHIBALD SMITH.

The death of Mr. Archibald Smith, LL. D., F. R. S., Barrister-at-Law, took place on the 26 Dec., 1872. Mr. Smith who was born in 1814, devoted his leisure to mathematical studies, and his contributions to science were of high value. Upon the recommendation of a joint committee of the Royal Society he was employed by the Government to execute a magnetic survey of the Antarctic regions. In connection with these enquiries, he made a series of researches relative to compass deviations, which were published in 1862, under the title of the "Admiralty Manual for the Deviation of the Compass," which was republished and translated into various languages. As a recognition of scientific labours, Mr. Smith received from the Royal Society one of its gold medals, and from the Emperor of Russia a compass set with diamonds.

Her Majesty's Government still more recently requested his acceptance of a gift of \$10,000, not as a reward, but as a mark of their appreciation of the value of his researches and of the influence they were exercising on the maritime interests of England and of the world at large.

LORD LYTTON.

The Right Hon. Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, Baron Lytton of Knebworth, in the county of Hertford, and a Baronet, P. C., D. C. L., novelist, poet, dramatist, orator, and statesman, died at Argyle Lodge, Torquay on the 18th January, 1873. He was born, May, 1805, the third and youngest son of William Earle Bulwer, Esq., of Wood Dalling and Heydon Hall, Norfolk, Brigadier-General, by Elizabeth Barbara, his wife, only daughter and heiress of Richard Warburton-Lytton, Esq., of Knebworth. He was consequently brother of the present William Earle Lytton Bulwer, Esq., of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and of the late Henry Lytton, Lord Dalling and Bulwer, whose death occurred last May. Lord Lytton was created a Baronet July 18, 1838, and was raised to the peerage July 14, 1866. Previously to the latter year he sat in Parliament for Hertfordshire, and held for a brief period (1858 to 59) the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. On two occasions, in 1856 and 1858, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. His Lordship married, August 29, 1827, Rosina, daughter of the late Francis Massey Wheeler, Esq., of Lizard Connell, in the county of Limerick, by whom he had a daughter, Emily Elizabeth, who died April 29, 1848, and one son, Edward Robert, now second Lord Lytton, known in literature under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, born November 8, 1831, who married October 4, 1864, Edith, second daughter of the Hon. Edward Villiers, by whom he has one surviving son, and two daughters. The present Peer is Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris.

We take the following from the *London Times* of Jan. 20:—

To those who are passing into middle age, and still more to those who are further advanced in years, the news of the death of Lord Lytton will come as an announcement that another spring of pleasure, often tasted in the past, is closed. A younger generation may have favourites of its own whose gifts are awaited with eagerness and devoured with impatience, but the great mass of English readers have grown up under the influence of "Bulwer's" genius, and have delighted in each successive manifestation of his many-sided intellect. His novels fascinated their earlier years, and the remarkable fecundity of his powers only seemed to furnish them with fresh gratification every time they were exercised. They may have got to know the tricks of his style and the turn of his mind; but knowledge like this did but serve to heighten the pleasure they felt in recognising the personality that could never be disguised, however various the forms in which it was clothed. It is not inconsistent with the energy of his career that even now that he is dead he has left a new book passing through the press, to be within a few days in our hands. He died as he lived, working to the end. He had revised the last proof sheets of his last novel just before the sudden attack which has taken him from us. On Friday morning he appeared to be in his usual health, though wintering, as has been of late his custom, at Torquay, but in the afternoon an attack of ear-ache passed into violent inflammation, and on Saturday morning he died. . . .

It is five-and-forty years since his first novel was published, and his intellectual activity never ceased from the day of his first appearance as an author. All Englishmen know his books. Their popularity in the Colonies is relatively even greater than at home. In America they have been republished in Boston, in New York, and in Philadelphia, and rival publishers in these, and we believe in other cities, have competed which should be the first to reproduce them for American readers. Some have been translated into the principal European languages. If any one will reflect on the number of readers these books have had in all parts of the world, he may be startled to see how hours pass into days, days into weeks, and weeks into years of pleasure. Yet it would be a mistake to dwell merely on the amusement they have given, or to think of Lord Lytton only as a novelist. One of the earliest of his associates, who has remained through life his friend and admirer while rising himself to a post of the greatest honour in his country's service, and to honour even greater than the post he fills—the Lord Chief Justice of England—recalled to our memory not long since the varied distinctions of Lord Lytton. It was at the parting dinner given to Dickens, before his last visit to the United States that the Lord Chief Justice touched on the manifold honours the chairman of the night had gained since the days when they were undergraduates together at Trinity Hall. Poet, essayist, orator, statesman, dramatist, scholar, novelist—he had been all these, and this not like the fickle prodigal satirized by Pope, who tried all things and never finished any; for, whatever the character Lord Lytton essayed to fill, he worked at the object he put before himself with conscious thoroughness until he had completed his design; and if he did not in every walk achieve equal distinction, he failed in none. His first efforts in poetry are now but little known, and are scarcely referred to, except as curious illustrations of Lord Lytton's influence over his generation; nor is it likely that King Arthur will be long remembered in his Epic; but in latter years Lord Lytton discovered the true limits of his poetic power. The vigour, wit, and polish of "St. Stephen's" entitle him to high rank in the masculine school of Dryden and Pope; the "Lost Tales of Miletus" have charmed scholars with their playful fancy, and the translations from Schiller have been vouched by Mr. Carlyle as the versions an English reader should consult who wishes to know the lyrics of the great German author. Those who are most familiar with Lord Lytton's essays are most fond of them, and are most persuaded that they have never received fit recognition. Certain it is that among the earliest collected of his writings of this kind—'The Student'—are some papers of singular power and beauty which have never been adequately appreciated. The author of the "Lady of Lyons" was flattered by the preference of every actress on the stage for the part of Pauline; and the audience in the most fastidious of our theatres have welcomed "Money" every night for more than six months past. The whole world knows his fame as an orator and novelist, and remembers the singular range of knowledge and experience upon which he built his success. We are not