

the past year. Permit me, in thus referring to the honored name of Franklin, to couple with it that of a personal friend, Mr. Henry Goodsir, formerly Curator of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, who volunteered his services as Naturalist of the Franklin Expedition, and has doubtless perished, like his chief, though we lack the poor consolation of even learning his fate. I have watched with liveliest interest each detailed account of the relics of that ill-fated expedition, in the hope of recognising traces of one, not the least gifted or worthy among those whom Britain justly mourns. A young, enthusiastic, and highly gifted student of science: Henry Goodsir has fallen on a field more honorable, and striving in a nobler cause than most of those which furnish the laurels of heroes. Yet it is impossible not to revert with mournful regret to the ardent, sanguine votary of science, thus perishing before one desire had been accomplished, or one hope realized; going forth with the accumulated knowledge that constituted his weapons for that dread field, like the young soldier ardent for the strife:

"And lost to life, and use, and name, and fame."

It is a duty which generally devolves on the President of a Society like this, to commemorate on such occasions, those whose loss we have to lament during the past year; for, alas, no year passes over us, in which we have not to mourn some blank which death has made in our own numbers, or in that great Commonwealth of Science and Letters in which we claim to take our humble part. Among the ranks of our own members death has removed some who were wont to take a lively interest in our proceedings; and all of us, I doubt not, have deeply sympathised in the very painful circumstances which attended the loss of one of our number, the only son of His Excellency, Sir Edmund Head: a youth of great promise, and of rare enthusiasm in his early devotion to science. And when we look abroad on that wider circle which our sympathies embrace, we see that the Old World and the New have shared with an impartial equality in death's irrevocable bereavements. Hallam and Prescott, Brunel and Stephenson, De Quincy and Washington Irving, have, during the past year, followed one another to the grave; and it will not, I trust, be deemed an intrusion on the special duties of this occasion, if I turn aside for a moment to refer to another loss which science has recently sustained, but in which I claim a larger personal share. Death has been busy of late among Edinburgh men whom I counted my personal