

THE LEGEND OF KING LUTHBERT.

Will you hear an old legend I wish to relate ?
 It may serve as a warning to some of the great ;
 And many a purse-proud and hard-hearted man
 May trace his own likeness, and mend if he can.

Once there reign'd, in old times, over people and land,
 A monarch, named Luthbert, whose nod was command.
 On a fine summer morning, o'erpower'd with heat,
 He abandon'd his pomp for a country retreat—
 'Twas a garden, where sometimes, when furiously hot,
 He could bathe in a spring which ooz'd out from a grot ;
 He dismiss'd all his courtiers ; the rest of his train
 Had their orders to wait till he call'd them again.

After flouncing and splashing away like a trout,
 He felt highly refresh'd, and resolv'd to come out—
 So he jump'd from his cold-bath, as fresh as a rose,
 But he could not tell what had become of his clothes ;
 They had vanish'd—coat, waistcoat, sword, turban, and all,
 And instead of his dress, in a niche of the wall,
 Was a beggarly coat with some breeches to match,
 And in neither a handbreadth was free from a patch—
 A hat, with a brim all depending in jags,
 With a pair of old shoes, and one stocking in rags.

Now, when Luthbert observ'd such choice morsels of dress,
 His surprise and his rage were not easy to guess ;
 While bewilder'd in thought, he bawled out for his train,
 But he halloo'd, and bellow'd, and clamour'd in vain ;
 So he stood there stark naked, till, fearing to chill,
 He put on the old clothes with a very bad will,
 And shuffling along, to discover his train,
 Made his way to the gate of his city again.

“ Back ! back ! dirty wretch ! ” said the guard at the gate,
 And he held up his halbert and threaten'd his pate.—
 “ Why, you fool ! I'm the King,” cried our beggarly friend—
 But the centinel laughed as he never would end.
 “ Here's rags at a premium attempting to pass ;
 “ Do you think, worthy friend, that the sentry's an ass ?
 “ Ten minutes ago, did his Majesty ride
 “ Thro' this very same gate, with his court by his side ;
 “ And, 'tis well for your ears, in avoiding the row,
 “ That you didn't say then what you've told me just now.”—
 “ Dogs ! wretches ! and slaves ! ” cried the King in a rage,
 “ All your heads will but serve my just wrath to assuage.
 “ I'm your King ! and you know it—then what's all this rout ?
 “ Don't you see I'm disguis'd ? and you won't find it out.”

But the the guards were no further convinc'd than before,
 So they grinn'd in his face, as they looked through the door,
 Till a crowd gather'd round his anointed old bones,
 And kept pelting his kingship with plenty of stones.
 A page, at this moment, came running to learn
 What the meaning might be of this pelting concern,
 Which the monarch had seen from his window at court,
 And was burning to learn what had caused all the sport ;
 So had order'd, it seems, for his royal diversion,
 That the ragged old chap should attend him in person

Now, Luthbert had looked on the whole as a dream,
 But he thought it most prudent to swim with the stream,

So he gave himself up, and was dragg'd through the gate,
 Half dead, to the royal apartments of state—
 To that golden saloon, where, but two hours since,
 He had sat, like a demi-god, acting the prince;
 And there, to his horror, in state on the throne,
 Bedizen'd with purple, and sceptre, and crown,
 A duplicate form of himself did he see,
 To whom his own courtiers were bending the knee.

“Who are you!” cried the form, with a grim angry smile,
 “Laying claim to my sceptre and crown in this style?”
 “I'm your king!” replied Luthbert, “and you're a rank cheat.—
 “Vile impostor! come down then, and crouch at my feet!”
 The man on the throne said, while laughing outright,
 “Of a stretch in your neck you appear to make light;
 “But I think you're a madman, and pardon these fits
 “As a matter of grace, since you're out of your wits;
 “And I wish you to know, that unless you abscond
 “From the walls of this city, to ten miles beyond,
 “And you ever return as a nuisance to me,
 “You shall hang on a gallows as high as a tree.”

Poor Luthbert, who now lost possession, we own,
 Of his small stock of senses, rush'd up to the throne,
 And while all the great courtiers were pulling him down,
 Made a snatch at the sceptre, and tugg'd at the crown.
 But, surrounded by numbers, he struggled in vain,
 And was soon rendered *hors de combat* by the train;
 While the dandies, tho' forward their zeal to express,
 Held their noses and shudder'd when handling his dress.
 As his tongue was his only free member in use,
 He displayed its effects in most awful abuse,
 Till, finding the bent of his Majesty's gift,
 He was presently gagg'd, and they turn'd him adrift.

In this wretched condition, it grieves me to say it,
 He was burning with thirst, and no means to allay it;
 And this man, to whom vintages ever so fine
 Were unable to furnish one glass of good wine;
 And who often blamed Nature, that couldn't produce
 Any cluster of grapes really fit for his use—
 Was contented his thirst very humbly to slake,
 From the palm of his hand, at a clear little lake;
 Where, while musing abstractedly, stretch'd on the bank
 Of the calm glassy pool from which lately he drank,
 He espied his own form in the mirror below him,
 And he wonder'd no more that his court didn't know him;
 For he saw himself twenty years older and more,
 And as bent as a ram's-horn, though upright before—
 So it struck him at once that the change was too plain
 To admit of his claiming his kingdom again.

How dear to him now good advice seemed to be,
 Who had pass'd all his manhood in revel and glee—
 Had done nothing but riot, eat, gamble, and drink,
 Making love, making war, doing all things but think;
 And no sort of business or trade could contrive
 To maintain his own carcass and keep him alive;
 So must wander about in his own very state,
 Without sixpence of cash or a place where to bait.

In this critical plight, almost ready to die,
 He remember'd a cunning old hermit hard by,

Who could see, in a manner that no one else could,
 Further into a mill-stone, wherever it stood—
 Who told people's fortunes, and after a parley,
 Drew their horoscopes much in the manner of Varley—
 To this rustic oracular Luthbert repaired,
 Bent on telling as much of the truth as he dared,
 Hoping thus to extract from the conjurer's lore
 Some solution of all that had happen'd before.

At his hut, buried deep in a wood dark as night,
 And all smother'd with moss, lived the star-gazing wight—
 Whom he found in his cell, a rude building of stones,
 With the paraphernalia of death's head and bones;
 Where his own contemplations, with little to vary 'em,
 Were directed, all day, to an old planetarium.

Said the suppliant—"I come Sir, a wretch of a man
 "Who has suffered as much as humanity can—
 "From the top of the tree I've been suddenly thrown,
 "To be houseless, a beggar, and wander alone;
 "And, in short, from the greatest that mortal could be,
 "I'm degraded, despis'd, and the thing that you see."

"Friend King," said the hermit, "you need not proceed,
 "For I know your whole history fully indeed—
 "And I guess your intention, to learn from my lore
 "Some reason for all that has happen'd before.
 "Now, take a review of your own former life—
 "Of the blood that you've spilt in contention and strife—
 "Your madness of conquest, the ills you have done,
 "Tearing husband from wife, snatching father from son—
 "Bending, riving, and splitting connexions asunder—
 "Robbing churches, and giving whole towns up to plunder—
 "Grasping wealth where, like Ahab, injustice you wrought,
 "Setting God at defiance, and mankind at naught—
 "Driving subjects, who otherwise wished your state well,
 "To a desp'rate condition, till forc'd to rebel—
 "While you, in your glory, misus'd every blessing,
 "And were mad, blind, and stupid, tho' all things possessing—
 "So Heav'n has most justly thought fit to ordain
 "That your downfall should happen, nor happen in vain,
 "Who, the anger of Providence could not foresee,
 "Yourself your own idol determined to be—
 "That from power, of the highest that man could attain,
 "You are beggar'd, and brought to your senses again,
 "That you fully might learn this great lesson from thence,
 "'How to value those blessings you would not dispense';
 "So you went to the bath as a ruler and king,
 "And you came out from thence just this beggarly thing;
 "While a phantom supplies your late place on the throne,
 "Nor will the delusion be vanished and gone
 "Till, absolved from your sins, and repentant of crime,
 "You sincerely intend to redeem your past time."

Then Luthbert cried bitterly—"Oh! my sad fate!
 "I most fully confess my transgressions are great;
 "How much have I suffer'd, how earnestly wept,
 "And my vows of amendment have faithfully kept.
 "A parent henceforth to the poor will I prove,
 "And will study to gain from my subjects their love;
 "Thro' and thro' am I smitten, and hope I shall be
 "A true servant of God, led to reason by thee!"

"Go, my child!" said the hermit, "go now to my door,
 "And, if pardon await you for what's gone before,
 "You will find there a token by which you will see
 "If you really were earnest in coming to me."

Poor Luthbert, by hope and uncertainty toss'd,
 Felt his bosom beat high as the threshold he cross'd;
 And his mingled sensations he scarcely could tell,
 As he reached the outside of the holy man's cell.
 But there, to his utter amazement, he found
 His steed full caparisoned, pawing the ground;
 While fastened in front, near the neck of the beast,
 And new, fresh, and handsome, not soil'd in the least,
 To his further surprise, were the habits he wore
 When he came from the bath, at least two months before.

"Now away!" cried the hermit, "your pardon is said,
 "And your youth is restor'd, and the phantom is fled.
 "Cloth'd in purple and crown'd will you very soon be,
 "But I beg you'll not lose the remembrance of me—
 "Nor consider God's providence shewn you in vain,
 "And forbear to incur his displeasure again."

THE LOVELY YOUNG WIDOW OF ADELAIDE.

All thy words of adoration fall heedless on my ear,
 And each look of admiration I mark but through a tear.
 I cannot wed another soon—I will not be thy bride—
 The counsels of the early lost shall ever be my guide.

'Twere vain to say the orange-wreath would well adorn my brow,
 That orient pearls should deck my neck of alabaster now;
 My sable garb becomes me best—fit emblem of a heart
 So lately pierced to agony by sorrow's keenest dart.

Thou sayest I have no little ones to bear his honored name—
 That strangers, at my own demise, his substance then will claim;
 Methinks 'twere easy now to solve the cause of all thy haste—
 Thou lovest well my broad fair lands—thou fear'st they'll run to waste.

IANTHE.

THE SONG OF THE PURITANS.

No more, my brethren, need you grieve, your tears may flow no more,
 For all your anxious days of fear, of doubts and woes, are o'er;
 The shadows which o'erhung your path have swiftly flown away—
 The dismal night of woe is past; then hail the coming day.

A sudden burst of brilliant light hath o'er our prospects shone—
 And days of joy, and hope, and peace, at length are coming on.
 Then let a stream of gratitude from every bosom flow—
 Of gratitude for hopes and joys that all and each may know.

That Providence that has been near in many a trying day,
 That through perplexing stormy paths has gently cleared the way;
 That Providence, divine and sure, to us will still be nigh,
 And in our hours of doubt and woe will aid us from on high.

W. K. C.

COLONIAL SOCIETY.

As it is our lot to break up the happy circles we once formed a part of, and tearing asunder the ties which bound us to our friends and the land of our fathers, to spend the remainder of our days in a strange country and among strange people, we ought strictly to cherish the useful customs we adhered to in the land of our birth, that, in this our new home, the pain of separation may be confined to place and persons, and not extend to our very ideas. Society here is in a very disjointed state. There are some who wish to adopt the line of conduct I have recommended above, but are willing to concede the point of rank in favor of those who deserve it; and, amongst this class, there are some who would, in any state of society, stand preeminent for every quality which excites our respect and admiration as acquaintances, and binds us to them by affection's strongest ties as friends. These persons shine with no borrowed light—their purity and goodness is peculiarly their own; and, while those who are so happy as to enjoy their society, and are deemed worthy to be called their friends, feel towards them a daily increasing esteem and affection, the designing and worthless find themselves abashed by their superiority, and give vent to their vexation in impotent malice. Others, not contented with modestly taking the place thus given to them, must needs try and force on us a state of things every just and virtuous feeling of our minds must reject; and, unabashed by reproof, parade their conduct before the public with unblushing effrontery.

There are some who are half inclined to side with the first class, and preserve the good old notions of respectability and morality untouched, but who, won by Pleasure's syren song, make at first a little struggle for virtue, and then, yielding to honied words and artful conduct, give a triumph to the advocates of lax principles, and throw a degree of odium on those whose good sense repels the cunning enemy.

There is a large class of men, whose constant cry is, "Let us be colonial"—meaning thereby, "Let us shake off every refined feeling, and because we *must* labor, make it our only study." These persons are in the habit of calling the least expression of feeling or freedom of idea, "romance;" and, proud of their "common sense," prove what they consider such to be of a very *common* order indeed. But, while they so strongly oppose any attempt at gentlemanly habits or intellectual pursuits, should any luckless wight endeavour to look in imagination for a brighter landscape than reality presents, righteous is their indignation, and unsparing are the vials of their wrath poured out on that devoted head. But, indeed, this is no country for imagination—everything is too real; nor is that reality in the least guided over to hide its deformity—but is ever before us, gaunt and naked, and of a most threatening aspect.

In this desert of feeling—this wilderness of bare facts—imagination finds no genial soil where it may take root, and, blasted by

the inhospitable clime, stands a miserable remnant of better things. It is difficult (I have found it so) to clean shoes and fancy oneself an emperor—or to perform the duties of a scrivener, and imagine yourself an author of celebrity. Imagination is, however, a good steed, and, although somewhat inclined to “bolt,” if curbed by Reason, she will bear her rider in safety through the journey of life. In this colony (and, I believe, in most others also) the unlucky possessor of “two ideas” is proscribed as a moral plague—an infectious disease—which it behoves all prudent mothers to prevent their daughters catching, and brick-and-mortar fathers to bring up Clodpole junior to eschew. The lesson constantly impressed on our minds (when I say “our,” I don’t mean “*we* Clodpoles”) is to dig and plant, to sow and reap, to set up mammon as our golden calf, nor even to rise from our besotted worship until the message is at our door—“This night shall thy soul be required of thee.” In fact (to use a simile adapted to this age of science), while we weary ourselves to prepare a plentiful supply of steam to work the engine, we suffer the most delicate and important parts of its machinery to fall into irrevocable ruin. Which part of our being is the “man?”—decidedly the least perishable portion—the soul. Our bodies, then, are but mere cases, in which to hold our nobler selves; and shall we devote the energies of that soul to cater to our pampered bodies—shall we exalt the servant above the master, and whiten our sepulchres when all is rottenness within? In this colony we are often obliged to engage in pursuits foreign to our station and tastes; and I think those whose fate compels them to this mode of life should perform the task which is before them with cheerfulness and energy. But I do not see the necessity of debasing ourselves to our temporary situation; I would rather raise it to our own level. Surely our minds need not wear the yoke as well as our bodies—our feelings need not for ever march behind the plough. But there are many who would fain carry out the curse, “Thou shalt eat of thy bread by the sweat of thy brow,” in its fullest sense. These persons would have us centre our whole being in the occupation we may be engaged in. The “hewer of wood and the drawer of water” should endeavour to make that element and substance enter into his own composition as much as possible, and float like a log down the Lethe-like stream of ignorance.

Not contented with endeavouring to make us slaves of a day, there are some anti-intellectualists who would fain have us bondsmen for ever; our very tastes should lie in an agricultural grave—our most sanguine desires never soar above the shingles. Bitter indeed is the cup which many of us have to drink; how churlish, then, are they, who would force us to throw away any sweetening ingredient, and drain it, in all its unpalatable sourness, to the dregs; but the wretches would have more—they urge us to *smack our lips upon the draft*. In plain, homely language, why will not these men, who are “wiser in their generation than the children of light,” allow us to use the *salt* of intellectual pursuits

with the *porridge* of hard labor? But, it may be said, all this in nowise relates to society. I maintain, however, that it does most essentially; for, should those nicer points of good breeding and etiquette fall into disuse, vulgarity would soon "clip" the wings of refined knowledge, and "sweet voices" might then indeed warble, "Ah! woe is me." Besides, it is not right to give our children's minds a bias they might never naturally take—we should train them up in the most refined manner possible; and should they, in after life, have a yearning towards pigsties; we may rest assured that their fancies will be more easily indulged in, than if they had been brought up as swineherds, and craved to become gentlemen. I have known incipient "Vandals" who might, but for their worthy parents, have been Chesterfields in elegance, and Newtons in sound learning; but, unfortunately, their prudent papas (I acquit mothers, generally), in their over anxiety to "put their shoulders to the wheel," forgot to instil into their minds that knowledge and refinement which would enable them to enjoy, as they ought, the independence thus toiled for. In England, our aristocracy aim at being as like coachmen as they can; here, the personifications of bullock-drivers are innumerable—and very correct representations they are too.

As for rank, that will always find its own level. I am sure no person of birth would despise low-born merit and refinement; but it is the want of this last that too frequently betrays the cloven foot—and I quite think that they who are without this necessary quality, should seek a lower and more congenial sphere, nor need they trouble themselves to "come into town" before or "after the next clip." Wealth should, in my opinion, be sought after by those who want it; but they, or rather *we*, ought never to forget that it is but a mean agent in the business of life, the cause from which good effects are to spring, and that "to whom much is given, from them much will be required."

If we devote *all* our energies to building fine houses, purchasing splendid equipages, and surrounding ourselves with all the world's pomp we can command, do not we serve a servant?—nay, a *servant's* servant? Our wealth to our bodies, our bodies to our souls, and our souls to God—each subservient to another in its proper place; and let us not venture to exalt the meaner above the greater, or in any way derange the plan laid down by Infinite Wisdom.

To those whose hard fate it is to spend the morning of their lives in ceaseless labor, to provide enjoyments for its evening, that they may surround themselves with luxury, and shutting out poverty from themselves and the cry of the poor from their ears, may exclaim in the fulness of their satisfaction, "Ha! ha! I am warm, I am warm"—to these men, if compelled by others to this course of life, I would say, "Be even more worldly-wise than your masters would have you, and lest you know no to-morrow, strive to catch too-fleeting happiness to-day; do not shut out from your souls the light of wisdom and pure philosophy, as you would exclude a prying sunbeam from the murky dens in which your

business-hours are passed. The voice of birds, the music of falling waters, the gladness of the skies, the gorgeousness of sunset mocking the brightness of the gold ye worship, and the holy calmness of every summer's sabbath evening, when every living thing seems hymning silent praise to its Creator—all these were made for you as well as for your fellow-men; turn, then, on this great universal book an attentive eye, and read in its glorious pages wisdom, love, and mercy.

R.

 SOLAR SYSTEM.

"Let there be light," th'Almighty said;
 His hand the Sun with light arrayed—
 Its beams extended far away,
 To every planet gave the day.
 Eleven planets round the Sun
 In curves elliptic circling run.
 First, Mercury, with swiftest pace
 Nearest the Sun pursues his race.
 Next, Venus with her silver rays
 The Phases of the Moon displays—
 And now a morning star she shines,
 And now an evening star declines.
 Next, with one satellite the Earth,
 Where mortals, sinful from their birth,
 Strive that decree in vain to fly,
 Which dooms to toil, and dooms to die.
 Then Mars his melancholy way
 Lonely betakes with fiery ray.
 Th' Asteroids next, no human eye
 Unarmed can their disks descrie;
 While other planets, as they shine,
 Near the Elliptic still incline,
 Th' Asteroids from the Zodiac fly,
 Now to the north, now southward lie—
 The star of Pallas, virgin fair,
 Juno and Ceres sparkle there;
 Yet Vesta scarcely quits the place
 In which the Zodiac signs we trace.
 Next, Jupiter, with belted waist
 And four satellites is graced;
 From them the traveller, where'er he goes,
 The longitude unerring knows.
 Then Saturn shines, seven moons appear
 To shed their light around his sphere—
 Two Rings concentric, work divine!
 And glittering belts his disk enshrine.
 Next, to the telescope appears
 Uranus, who wheels his lengthened years;
 Six moons his distant course attend,
 And retrograde their radiance blend.
 Eleven Planets! round the sun
 How many more may circling run?
 Man's finite skill but vainly strives
 To search the work which God contrives—
 Man's eager search no end can find,
 New wonders pressing on his mind—
 Fill'd with awe and love sublime
 Of the Almighty's power divine.

S.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

At length the day of glory comes—
 Ye bands of patriot heroes, rise!
 For, o'er your cherished hearts and homes,
 The tyrant's blood-stained banner flies.
 Amidst our fields even now ye hear
 The clashing sounds of martial fray;
 Even circled in your arms they dare
 Your friends—your sons—your wives, to slay!
 Rise, Frenchmen! to arms!
 Let the streaming blood
 Gush in a flood,
 That coward hearts and traitor bosoms warm!
 Of traitors base and federate kings,
 O say what means this bondsman throng?
 This despot host that, scornful, brings
 The chains and fetters forged so long!
 Rise, Frenchmen, rise! oh can ye bear
 The deep—the everlasting stain?
 For, know, 'tis us they thus prepare
 To render crouching slaves again!
 Rise, Frenchmen! &c.

What! shall presuming strangers boast
 Fierce o'er our dearest hearths to rush?
 What! shall a gold-bought, recreant host
 Our brave—our veteran warriors crush?
 Great God! that foil'd and fetter'd hands
 Should bow our humbled necks in shame!
 That alien swords and traitor bands
 To fix our wretched fate should claim!
 Rise, Frenchmen! &c.

Fly, tyrants—traitors, haste to fly!
 The shunn'd—the scorn'd—the curs'd of all!
 On your debased iniquity
 The due reward shall quickly fall.
 Each man of peace a soldier turns—
 Each heart to menaced freedom true—
 With ardour's noblest breathing burns
 To meet in mingling arms with you!
 Rise, Frenchmen! &c.

Frenchmen! like warriors just and brave,
 Strike fiercely, or withhold your blows—
 The helpless, hapless victims save
 That blush and weep to be your foes;
 But let no melting pity spare
 The hearts that no soft pity blest—
 The demon bands that reckless tear
 Their gentle mother's bleeding breast!
 Rise, Frenchmen! &c.

Oh, high and holy love of home,
 Our arms to glorious vengeance bear!
 Freedom, bright Freedom, haste to come—
 March with thy burning sons to war!
 As wide thy sacred banner flows
 Let Victory bring her wreaths to thee;
 And let, with dying eyes, thy foes
 Thy triumph and thy glory see!
 Rise, Frenchmen! &c.

L. L.

THE MONTHLY RECORD, SEPTEMBER, 1842.

THE INSTITUTE.

At a meeting of the Council appointed for scientific correspondence, &c. held on the 16th September—

Dr Kent in the chair—

The following Members were elected, viz.:—Messrs Flaxman, Macdougall, and Stephens.

The following gentlemen were appointed Corresponding Members:—

Messrs Harvey, Port Lincoln.

Ellis, Port Gawler.

Newland, Encounter Bay.

Eyre, Murray.

Williams, Little Para.

Hewett, Onkapingara.

Hawker, Hutt River.

Bagot, Castle Bagot.

Field, Mount Barker.

Rowland Hill, London.

Colonel Torrens, London.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Members in the country districts be requested to procure samples of the best farm produce grown in each district during the present year, accompanied by a description of the mode of culture, an estimate of the quantity per acre, and specimens and description of the soil and subsoil of the spots from which the samples may have been procured.

That the Secretary be directed to write to the Secretaries of the several British Scientific Societies, soliciting copies of their transactions, and offering to endeavour to procure for them any information they may be desirous to obtain from this colony.

That the future meetings of the Council be held on the first Friday in each month, at half-past seven o'clock precisely.

LECTURES FOR OCTOBER.

Oct. 4, Comparative Anatomy, Mr Moorhouse.

Oct. 18th, Genius of Shakspeare, Mr Lazar.

The average attendance on the Lectures exceeds one thousand.

T. Y. COTTER, Sec.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 27th of August, the lady of Mr J. W. DeHorne, North Adelaide, of a son.

On the 3rd of September, in Grenfell-street, the lady of T. Y. Cotter, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 7th of September, at Kensington, Mrs Rodwell, of a daughter.

On the 10th September, at the Mission House, Gawler-place, Adelaide, the lady of the Rev. John C. Weatherston, Wesleyan Minister, of a son.

On the 12th of September, Mrs T. S. Stacey, Hindley-street, Adelaide, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 31st of August, at Castle Bagot, the residence of her father, by the Rev. James Farrell, A.M., Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles Hervey Bagot, Esq., formerly of Ennis, Co. Clare, Ireland, to William Jacobs, of Mooroo, Esq.

By special licence, on the 9th of August, by the Rev. C. B. Howard, Colonial Chaplain, Captain Robert W. Long, to Miss Elizabeth Burgess, second daughter of Captain Burgess, of the port of London.

By special licence, at Viewbank, Heidelberg, on the 31st August, by the Rev. James Forbes, Alexander John Keene, Esq., Surveyor, Geelong, to Catherine, daughter of the late Jas. Williamson, Esq., Viewbank, Midlothian.

DEATHS.

January 14th, at Hanbury Hall, Co. Stafford, Mrs Chawner, the mother of Mrs Williams, widow of the late Rev. J. Williams, Missionary, who was martyred at Eromanga, one of the South Sea Islands.

On Wednesday, the 7th September, at the house of the Rev. T. Q. Stow, John Davis, Esq., M.D.

On the 10th September, Mr Geo. Edward Husey, late of Hindley-st., and formerly of Poole, Co. Dorset, leaving a wife and four children.