

LAMENT OF THE LAST TASMANIAN ABORIGINE.

THE chapter which relates the fate of the aboriginal inhabitants of Tasmania is one of the most melancholy in history. That island was first settled in 1803. The number of the aborigines at the time is unknown. In 1815, however, after more than a dozen years of unceasing butchery, they were believed to amount to about 5000. It is stated in the *Herald* of February 2nd, 1859, that in five years from that time they were reduced to 340 souls. Three years ago only 16 were left; and it is added, "It is therefore more than probable that in a few years the race will be utterly extinct."

"Cain, where is thy brother? . . . The voice of
thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."
"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord."

Land of my birth—my childhood's home!
Land where my free-born sires did roam!
Land of a blighted race!
Adieu—adieu, each well-known scene—
Each wood and hill—that valley green,
My tribe's last resting-place.

There oft, beneath the forest shade,
By murmuring stream, in grassy glade,
We've joined in mimic war;
Or danced the wild corroboree,
Or speared the bounding wallaby,
Or led the chase afar.

Changed by the stranger's axe and plough,
My home! I scarcely know it now!
The fall of every tree
Is but another link destroyed—
A widening of that gaping void
Between the past and me.

Each forest haunt—each tangled dell—
The spots where friends or kindred fell—
Before the ruthless white—
The place where mother, child, and sire
Were murdered round their camping fire—
All fading from my sight.

My fathers' shades, with outstretched arms,
Bend from the clouds their dusky forms,
And beckon me away.
And voices from the forest deep,
I hear when wild winds wailing sweep,
Which urge me not to stay.

My sight grows dim—my senses swim—
I come! I yield my breath to Him,
That great Almighty Power.
Last of my race—not one is left
To close my eyes—of all bereft,
In this my dying hour.

The white man's God, who reigns on high,
Looks down, with his all-seeing eye,
On all who dwell below.
Vengeance, they say, to him belongs—
Then may he right the black man's wrongs—
To him I leave the blow.

Newtown, February 5, 1859.

BETA.

—*Sydney Herald*.

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EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.—The recently married editor of the *Rutland Herald* says that a pair of sweet lips, a pressure or two of delicate hands, and a pink waist ribbon will do as much to unhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill.

CORONER'S INQUEST AT CAMBRIDGE.—An inquest was held yesterday at Mr. McKay's farm, Upland, Cambridge, before William Tarterton, Esq., Coroner, and a respectable jury, on view of the body of Annie McKay, aged 3 years and 8 months. The evidence of Dr. Coverdale showed that a piece of meat had lodged in the windpipe, and, covering the entrance to the bronchial tubes, had caused instant suffocation and death. A verdict was returned accordingly.

A MILITARY FAMILY.—We notice by the late papers, says the *Cornwall Chronicle*, that Captain H. N. Welman, son of our old fellow-citizen, Major Welman, has been promoted to the rank of Major in the Army. Major Welman, *senior*, has two sons Majors, and one a Captain in the British service, and if the three Majors were seated at a table they could each wear medals for distinguished bravery in the field.

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE.—The attention of the trade is requested to the sale of a small library of books at the mart of W. A. Guesdon & Co., to-morrow, Friday, 18th inst., at 12 o'clock, the whole of which are now on view at the mart.

WE HAVE BEEN REQUESTED BY W. A. GUESDON AND CO. to direct attention to their general merchandise sale, at the mart, Collins-street, on Friday next, the 18th inst., commencing at 11 o'clock prompt, particulars of which may be found in our advertising sheets.