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Military men in England, as in other parts of the world, look round them the instant they are in a new station for female beauty. Captain Townsend expresses his amazement at the number of dowers in which American ladies indulge, and regards the "Grecian bend" as "a mere parody on the Parisian fashion." In choice of color he pronounces the taste of the American ladies unexceptionable, and their figures, "though generally wanting in fullness of bust," are extremely pretty and graceful. In dancing they surpass their English cousins, and American ladies, "it must be acknowledged, are much more highly educated than those usually met with in English society." In this opinion the gallant officer agrees with nearly all our English visitors whose opinion is worth anything. He adds, however, that the young married ladies have much the best of it in England, for in America they are to a certain extent *shelved*. In English society young married ladies—despite Mr. Mill—certainly are not shelved. The complaint of the unmarried is often very bitter, that the newly made matrons monopolize everybody. American beauty, the captain says,—fearing the consequences of his previous flattering,—fades earlier than the English, and as a rule, the English lady of thirty looks nearly ten years younger than an American lady of the same age.

St. Pierre, alluded to in our dispatch concerning the French cable, is a rocky island lying off the south coast of Newfoundland, and forms, with the Miquelon Islands immediately northwest of it, a colony belonging to France. Not many of our readers, perhaps, were aware we had a French colony so near our own coast. The recollection that it is the last remnant of extensive territorial possessions on this continent invests the fact with additional interest.

THE LAST OF THE TASMANIANS.—A few days ago our columns contained a brief account of the death of the last native Tasmanian, and the motion in which, "in the interests of science," his unfortunate body was subjected. With "King Billy," as he was called, expired the last of one more dusky race which has unsuccessfully contended with the fair-skinned Saxon. There are many historical illustrations of the fact that the Anglo-Saxon is the extermin-ator of the races whose territory he seizes; but nowhere can an example of this be found more striking and complete, or in which the processes have been more rapid, than that of the Tasmanians.

Forty-six years since the English made their appearance in Van Diemen's Land. A short time previously the English Government had learned that it was an island, and resolved to turn it into a great colony. A number of years passed away in the prosecution of this work, and with the exception of some little native butchering at the start, by way of inaugurating the new movement, without any serious outbreak of hostilities; but, in course of time, the natives began to take ground against the intruders, while each side accused the other of depredations on person and property. Whenever they got a fair or an unfair chance (says an English writer) the settlers let the black man feel the weight of their hands, and made very free with the black women. Then, a bloody internecine war was waged between the blacks and whites of the island; the whites raised the cry of extermination, and the most shocking barbarities were perpetrated. After years of this work the aborigines were pretty well thinned out. In 1820, a man, either a Quaker or a Quixote, offered to go out peaceably among the natives and secure the submission of the tribes; and in five years he had led every Tasmanian tribe to peaceful submission,—after which they were placed by themselves in an island off the east of Van Diemen's Land. But still they rapidly dwindled away,—so that in 1857 but 200 were left; in 1860 but 14; and now comes the account of the death of the last of the Tasmanians. Nearly a hundred thousand white people inhabit Tasmania at this time, and think nothing of the aboriginal race that they have utterly exterminated in less than half a century. Such are some of the incidents that mark the progress of Anglo-Saxon civilization round the world.

☞ The New York *World*, in commenting upon Mr. Sumner's remark that England swept our commerce from the sea, says: "Nor has England alone made harvest of our folly. France and Germany have gained quite as much relatively as England of the world's carrying trade since we began to drift out of the competition. Germany, in particular, is making really tremendous strides towards the van of commercial enterprise; and so far as concerns our own intercourse with the Continent, she has already distanced England in the 'sweeping' of our ships from the sea. In a single recent list of vessels 'up' at the port of Hamburg for America, we find ten sailing ships and four steamers, *not one of them American*, and all, with the exception of one English bark, carrying the North German flag. No wonder Bismarck sends telegrams congratulatory to 'President-General Grant.'"

THE LAST NORTHERN DUEL.—The rencontre which took place last Sunday morning between Senor Jose de Cuzto, editor of the *N. Y. El Cronista*, and Senor Francisco Porto, a Cuban gentleman of wealth and station, was fought at the historical locality of Lundy's Lane. A newspaper attack was the *causa belli*. Mr. De Cuzto's second was Senor Gutierrez de la Vega, ex-Civil Governor of Havana. Mr. Porto's second was Col. Antonio Rivas, of New Granada. The surgeons are said to have been engaged at Buffalo. But very few knew that the affair had been finally arranged, and it is claimed that had it been so, powerful influence would have been exercised for its outpoment. A part of the agreement was that the affair should not come off on United States territory, but no spot was selected until a day before the meeting. The families of both combatants were kept in profound ignorance of the affair. On Friday afternoon the combatants left New York city, in the afternoon express train, for Buffalo. On Sunday morning the ground was selected, and all the preparations of the leading of weapons and display of surgical instruments were made, and at five o'clock the latest battle of Lundy's Lane was fought. The combating forces paced the field to the proper distance, awaited the signal, and fired. Senor de Cuzto was uninjured, but Senor Porto was shot through both legs. Both gentlemen were said to have acted with perfect coolness and deliberation. Porto was immediately conveyed to the International Hotel at Niagara Falls, where he lies in a critical condition. Senor de Cuzto was arrested, and gave bail.

NEW ORNAMENTS FOR CENTRAL PARK.—Miss Anne Brewster writes from Rome to the Philadelphia *Bulletin* that Miss Stebbin's fountain for the Central Park in New York is approaching completion. Part of it is now at Munich, nearly finished, and the support or base has just left Rome to be cut and cast in America. The design of this beautiful fountain is taken from the Scripture story of the Pool of Bethseda. Miss Brewster adds:

The treatment of the idea is this: the chief figure—an angel, eight feet in height—alights upon or almost seems to hover over a mass of rock which occupies the centre of the upper basin. This angel has a forward and slightly inclined movement; in the left hand is the lily, emblem of purity; the right hand is extended in the act of blessing the troubled waters. The water will play in natural jets or falls from every part of the rock, and be broken into mist or spray as it pours over the lip of the upper basin. This upper basin is ten feet in diameter, and is shaped like those in the Piazza of St. Peter, here in Rome—the most beautiful fountain basin ever designed.

The support of the upper basin is a column, with a mass of rocks and water plants at its base; around these stand in various actions four smaller figures, which represent the qualities of water—temperance, purity, health and contentment.

This group stands in the centre of a large lower basin, octagonal in shape, eighteen feet seven inches in diameter, and is the part that has gone lately to America; it is to be made of granite or blue stone, with bronze ornaments, or entirely of bronze, according to the decision of those who have charge of the erection of the fountain.

The whole height of the fountain will be thirty feet from the wall level, and it is to stand in the space which lies between the terrace of the New York Central Park and the lake where the ground basin is already.

The other day when I was in Miss Stebbin's studio with some friends I noticed with admiration some studies made by Miss Stebbins for the Central Park at the request of the managers; four statues of the Seasons, which the managers hoped some time to place on the pedestals designed for them in front of the terrace. Also, studies for the gateways of the Croton Reservoir. The one for the receiving gate represents the Nymph of the River, with her attendant spirits of wood and water, putting aside the rushes in order to give the water freely to the city. The one on the distributing gate at the opposite side represents the city, crowned and bearing the emblems of commercial sovereignty, seated between her two rivers, the North and East.

AN EGYPTIAN TOURIST.—"The most singular being I ever met with," said a Swiss guide, "was an Englishman. He might have learned somewhere that I had killed many a chamois, and had robbed various eagles' nests above there on the Tyrolese mountains. At any rate, he suddenly engaged me, through the landlord of the Victoria Hotel, at Interlaken, for fourteen days; and one morning, with the first rays of the sun, we proceeded into the mountains, without saying a word, and without having answered my English morning salutation. But after an hours wandering he suddenly stopped. Pointing with his Alpine staff to the snow-covered summit of the Silberhorn, and thence describing a circle, as if he would intimate that the whole mountain chain was to be traversed, he pointed to me, and to himself, and then, with the greatest clearness only these two words—'Three eagles!' Then he went on. From this time not a syllable passed his lips during the entire journey. For fourteen days we wandered through wind and storm, snow and ice—searched all the passes, peaks and glaciers but not an eagle did we see, yet I did not hear a mortal word more from the lips of this man—not a complaint, not an exclamation of joy. When he returned, fourteen days afterward, late at evening, to Interlaken he silently counted out, in fine gold pieces, the wages agreed upon, nodded his head, and went into his chamber. We never saw each other again."

MALAYAN FEROCITIES.—The men are exceedingly jealous and very strict with their wives. A married woman may not accept a cigar or a betel leaf from a stranger, under pain of death! I have known that some years ago one of the English traders had a Chinese woman of good family living with him, which connection was considered quite honorable by the natives. During some festival this girl offended against the law by accepting a flower or some such trifle from another man. This was reported to the Rajah (in some of whose wives the girl was related), he immediately sent to the Englishman, desiring him to give the woman up, as she must be "krissed." In vain he begged and prayed, and offered to pay any fine the rajah might impose, and finally refused to give her up unless he was forced to do so. This the rajah did not wish to resort to, as he no doubt thought he was acting as much for the Englishman's honor as for his own; so he appeared to let the matter drop. But some time afterward he sent one of his followers to the house, and beckoned the girl to the door, and then replied, "The Rajah sends you this," stabbed her to the heart. More serious infidelity is punished more cruelly, the woman and her paramour being tied back to back and thrown into the sea, where some large crocodiles are on the watch to devour their bodies. One such execution took place while I was at Amptuan, but I took a long walk into the country to be out of the way till it was all over, thus missing the opportunity of having a horrible narrative to enliven my somewhat tedious story.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The representative from the fourth (Maine) congressional district, used to be very pronounced at the Piscataquis bar before he took his seat in Congress; in fact he had nearly a monopoly of business. One day, during the early years of the practice of Mr. Peters, a rising young lawyer from Bangor, named Phinney, made the grievous, genial, kindly ways, irrepressible humor and remarkable courtesy, said: "I should think you Piscataquis lawyers would miss Mr. Peters at the bar very much." "By Jove," said the other, very emphatically, "*I hope we shall!*"

JOHN PHOENIX AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.—When Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War he issued orders to all army officers, asking of them specifications for a new uniform. Phoenix, who was an excellent draftsman, set to work and produced a design. He made no great change in the uniform, but he proposed revolutionizing the entire system of modern tactics by an iron hook. This hook was to be attached to the seat of every soldier's pants. It applied to every arm of the service—cavalry, infantry and artillery. He illustrated its use by a series of well executed designs. He quoted high medical authority, proving its advantages in a sanitary point of view. The heavy knapsack, he argued, induced a stooping position and a very great contraction of the chest; but hung on the hook by a strap connecting with the shoulder, it would brace the body back and expand the chest. The cavalry thus were to be rendered more secure in their seats, hooked to a ring in the saddle. All the commissioned officers were to carry a light twenty-foot pole, with a ring attached to the end, to be used during an engagement in drawing the struggling back into the ranks. He illustrated a terrific battle, the Generals and Colonels being thus occupied, ranging about hauling stragglers back to the ranks. Of course other duties were left out, to concentrate on the value of his hook. Jefferson Davis was enraged. His dignity was wounded and the service insulted. He instantly made out an order directing Phoenix to be court-martialled for contempt. Mercy was made aware of Phoenix's transaction, as well as the cloud hanging over him. He looked over the plates. He saw a regiment, their backs towards him, drawn up in line, knapsacks, blankets, hams, and all manner of camp equipage, pending from each soldier on the hook. Mercy broke down. Said he to Davis: "It's no use to court-martial this man. The matter will be made public; the laugh will settle entirely on us, and besides, a man who has the inventive ingenuity here displayed, as well as this faculty of design, fly-directed though it be, is too valuable to the service to be trifled with." John Phoenix was not brought to grief, and Davis' anger was at length sufficiently mollified for him to enjoy the joke. It does not appear, however, that they adopted Phoenix's plan.

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