

an ugly woman of genius to that of a great and matchless beauty of less intellectual acquirements. All women know that it is *beauty*, rather than *genius*, which all generations of men have worshipped in our sex. Can it be wondered at, then, that so much of our attention should be directed to the means of developing and preserving our charms? When men speak of the *intellect* of woman, they speak critically, tamely, coldly; but when they come to speak of the *charms of a beautiful woman*, both their language and their eyes kindle with the glow of an enthusiasm, which shows them to be profoundly, if not, indeed, ridiculously in earnest. It is a part of our natural sagacity to perceive all this, and we should be enemies to ourselves if we did not employ every allowable art to become the goddesses of that adoration. Preach to the contrary as you may, there still stands the eternal fact, that the world has yet adored no higher "mission" to woman, than to be *beautiful*. Taken in the best meaning of that word, it may be fairly questioned if there is any higher mission for woman on earth. But, whether there *is*, or *is not*, there is no such thing as making *female beauty* play a less part than it already does, in the *admiration of man* and in the *ambition of woman*. With great propriety, if it did not spoil the poetry, might we alter Mr. Pope's famous line on happiness, so as to make it read—

"O beauty! our being's end and aim."

My design in this volume is to discuss the various Arts employed by my sex in the pursuit of this paramount object of woman's life. I have aimed to make a *useful* as well as an *entertaining* and *amusing* book. The fortunes of life have given to my own experience, or observation, nearly all the materials of which it is composed. So, if the volume is of less importance