

short nose, high cheeks, and feet which are not longer than a man's finger. In the Labrador Islands no woman is beautiful who has not black teeth and white hair. In Greenland and some other northern countries, the women paint their faces blue, and some yellow. Some nations squeeze the heads of children between boards to make them *square*, while others prefer the shape of a *sugar-loaf* as the highest type of beauty for that important top-piece to the "human form divine." So there is nothing truer than the old proverb, that "there is no accounting for tastes." This difference of opinion with respect to beauty in various countries, is, however, principally confined to *color* and *form*, and may, undoubtedly, be traced to national habits and customs. Nor is it fair, perhaps, to oppose the tastes of uncivilized people to the opinions of civilized nations. But then it must not be overlooked that the standard of beauty in civilized countries is by no means agreed upon. Neither the *buona roba* of the Italians, nor the *linda* of the Spaniards, nor the *embonpoint* of the French, can fully reach the mystical standard of *beauty* to the eye of American taste. And if I were to say that it consists of an indescribable combination of all these, still you would go beyond even that before you would