

ferent parts of the globe. The short and squat figure of the Laplander presents a striking contrast with the tall and muscular form of the Caffre or Patagonian. But, by the consent of ages, the standard of beauty established by the Greeks, and to be found in the classic works of that great people which remain to us, has been adopted; for, in these works there is all that can realize ideal beauty to our mind: and, from analysis and measurement of the finest Greek statues, we find that when they wished to represent grace and youth, the proportions used were less than eight heads, but more than seven and a half.

Women, in general, are shorter than men, and the proportional width of each differ. The neck of the woman is a trifle longer and more upright; the shoulders not so square, and much narrower across; the hips much wider; the lower limbs larger; the hands and feet smaller, and the muscles not so marked; consequently the lines which form the *contour* of the body flow much more gently and smoothly into each other than in man, imparting grace, beauty and softness.

Now, would it not strike you as absurd, and perhaps provoke laughter, if you saw a young lady pluck a lily from its stem, and attempt to beautify it by adding some bright pigment to its delicate and pure colour? Yet this is no more absurd than trying to alter your shape to suit some ridiculous notion you may have formed of an ideal beauty. How careful we should be in our criticism of what we are pleased to term the fashionable follies of other nations; for, if we ask the question of ourselves, have we no follies among us?—do we not depart from the true standard of beauty and seek distinction in deformity? The tattooing of the New Zealander, the filing and dyeing the teeth black by the Malays, the bits of stone stuffed through a hole in the cheek of the Esquimaux, the crushing of the feet of the Chinese women till all graceful motion in walking is lost, are no greater absurdities than the infatuation of those Europeans and Americans who compress the waist until the ribs are distorted, and the functions of the vital organs are irreparably disordered.

The Venus di Medici is universally admitted to be the standard model of a perfect female figure. It has stood the test of criticism for ages: and there is no compression of the waist; but in all its lines there is a flowing grace which is the admiration of all beholders, standing as a monument of Grecian art, and shewing to what a high state of perfection the Greeks carried ideal beauty. The best cure for an advocate of tight lacing would be to go into a student's dissecting-room, and see the horrible deformity it causes in the skeleton. We are pleased to see this pernicious practice becoming distasteful, and hope it will soon be discontinued altogether. It is a fallacy, and the sooner it is discarded the better, not only in regard to beauty, but health and happiness.

There is another fallacy held by many, that a very small hand and foot are requisite to beauty; and we constantly meet men and women with distorted feet, caused by wearing small boots or shoes. Small hands or feet are certainly very pretty, but they should be in strict proportion to the rest of the body; and they cease to be beautiful, no matter how small they are, if distorted.