

THE Projector having thus settled Matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himself before the Fire, where I had unluckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of over-hearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a Minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a Button of my Coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner: Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Musick that lives in *Switzerland*, who has so strong a Spring in his Fingers, that he can make the Board of an Organ found like a Drum, and if I could but procure a Subscription of about Ten thousand Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the *English* Stage. After this he looked full in my Face, expecting I would make an Answer; when by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiss* Compositions, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh, Is our Musick then to receive farther Improvements from *Switzerland*! This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my Button, and turned about to answer him. I took the Opportunity of the Diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with some Precipitation. C



N<sup>o</sup> 32. *Friday, April 6.*

*Nil illi larvâ aut tragicis opus esse Cothurnis.* Hor.

THE late Discourse concerning the Statutes of the *Ugly Club*, having been so well received at *Oxford*, that, contrary to the strict Rules of the Society, they have been so partial as to take my own Testimonial, and admit me into that select Body; I could not restrain  
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the Vanity of publishing to the World the Honour which is done me. It is no small Satisfaction, that I have given Occasion for the President's shewing both his Invention and Reading to such Advantage as my Correspondent reports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper Hums and Pauses in his Harangue, which lose their Uglinefs in the Narration, and which my Correspondent (begging his Pardon) has no very good Talent at representing. I very much approve of the Contentment the Society has of Beauty: Nothing ought to be laudable in a Man, in which his Will is not concerned; therefore our Society can follow Nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock her self, we can do so too, and be merry upon the Occasion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR making publick the late Trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the Occasion of this: Who should I meet at the Coffee-house Door t'other Night, but my old Friend Mr. President? I saw something had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his Eye upon me, "Oho, Doctor, rare News from London," (says he); the SPECTATOR, has made honourable Mention of the Club (Man) and published to the World his sincere Desire to be a Member, with a recommendatory Description of his Phiz: And tho' our Constitution has made no particular Provision for short Faces, yet, his being an extraordinary Case, I believe we shall find an Hole for him to creep in at; for I assure you he is not against the Canon; and if his Sides are as compact as his Joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us." "I presently called for the Paper, to see how you looked in Print; and after we had regaled ourselves a while upon the pleasant Image of our Profelyte, Mr. President told me I should be his Stranger at the next Night's Club: where we were no sooner come, and Pipes brought, but Mr. President began an Harangue upon your Introduction to my Epistle, setting forth with no less Volubility of Speech than Strength of Reason, "That a Speculation of this Nature was what had been long and much wanted; and that he doubted not but it would

“ be of inestimable Value to the Publick, in reconciling  
 “ even of Bodies and Souls; in composing and quiet-  
 “ ing the Minds of Men under all corporal Redundan-  
 “ cies, Deficiencies, and Irregularities whatsoever; and  
 “ making every one sit down content in his own Car-  
 “ case, though it were not perhaps so mathematically  
 “ put together as he could wish”. And again, “ How  
 “ that for want of a due Consideration of what you first  
 “ advance, *viz.* that our Faces are not of our own choos-  
 “ ing, People had been transported beyond all Good-  
 “ Breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable  
 “ and fatal Extravagances: As, how many impartial  
 “ Looking-Glasses had been censured and calumniated,  
 “ nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand Splin-  
 “ ters, only for a fair Representation of the Truth?  
 “ how many Headstrings and Garters had been made  
 “ accessary, and actually forfeited, only because Folks  
 “ must needs quarrel with their own Shadows? And  
 “ who (continues he) but is deeply sensible, that one  
 “ great Source of the Uneasiness and Misery of humane  
 “ Life, especially amongst those of Distinction, arises  
 “ from nothing in the world else, but too severe a Con-  
 “ templation of an indefeasible Contexture of our ex-  
 “ ternal Parts, or certain natural and invincible Dispo-  
 “ sitions to be fat or lean? When a little more of  
 “ Mr. SPECTATOR’s Philosophy would take off all  
 “ this; and in the mean time let them observe, that  
 “ there’s not one of their Grievances of this Sort, but  
 “ perhaps in some Ages of the World, has been highly in  
 “ vogue; and may be so again; nay, in some Country  
 “ or other ten to one is so at this Day. My Lady *Ample*  
 “ is the most miserable Woman in the World, purely of  
 “ her own making: She even grudges her self Meat and  
 “ Drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is con-  
 “ stantly crying out, In a Quarter of a Year more I shall  
 “ be quite out of all manner of Shape! Now the Lady’s  
 “ Misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in  
 “ a wrong Soil; for, go but t’other Side of the Water,  
 “ it’s a Jest at *Harlem* to talk of a Shape under eighteen  
 “ Stone. These wise Traders regulate their Beauties as  
 “ they do their Butter, by the Pound; and Miss *Cross*,  
 “ when she first arrived in the *Low-Countries*, was not  
 “ computed

“ computed to be so handsom as Madam *Van Brisket*  
 “ by near half a Tun. On the other hand, there’s  
 “ Squire *Lath*, a proper Gentleman of Fifteen hundred  
 “ Pound *per Annum*, as well as of an unblameable  
 “ Life and Conversation; yet would not I be the Esquire  
 “ for half his Estate; for if it was as much more he’d  
 “ freely part with it all for a pair of Legs to his Mind:  
 “ whereas in the Reign of our first King *Edward* of  
 “ glorious Memory, nothing more modish than a Brace  
 “ of your fine taper Supporters; and his Majesty, without  
 “ an Inch of Calf, managed Affairs in Peace and War  
 “ as laudably as the bravest and most politick of his  
 “ Ancestors; and was as terrible to his Neighbours un-  
 “ der the Royal Name of *Long-shanks*, as *Cœur de Lion*  
 “ to the *Saracens* before him. If we look farther back  
 “ into History, we shall find that *Alexander* the Great  
 “ wore his Head a little over the left Shoulder; and  
 “ then not a Soul stirred out ’till he had adjusted his  
 “ Neck-bone; the whole Nobility address’d the Prince  
 “ and each other obliquely, and all Matters of Impor-  
 “ tance were concerted and carried on in the *Macedonian*  
 “ Court with their Polls on one Side. For about the  
 “ first Century nothing made more Noise in the World  
 “ than *Roman* Noses, and then not a Word of them  
 “ ’till they reviv’d again in Eighty eight. Nor is it so  
 “ very long since *Richard* the Third set up half the  
 “ Backs of the Nation; and high Shoulders, as well as  
 “ high Noses, were the Top of the Fashion. But to  
 “ come to our selves, Gentlemen, tho’ I find by my  
 “ quinquennial Observations, that we shall never get  
 “ Ladies enough to make a Party in our own Country,  
 “ yet might we meet with better Success among some  
 “ of our Allies. And what think you if our Board sat  
 “ for a *Dutch* Piece? Truly I am of Opinion, that as  
 “ odd as we appear in Flesh and Blood, we should be  
 “ no such strange things in *Metzo-Tinto*. But this  
 “ Project may rest ’till our Number is complete; and  
 “ this being our Election Night, give me leave to pro-  
 “ pose Mr. SPECTATOR. You see his Inclina-  
 “ tions, and perhaps we may not have his Fellow.

“ I found most of them (as is usual in all such Cases)  
 “ were prepared; but one of the Seniors (whom by the

‘ by Mr. President had taken all this Pains to bring  
 ‘ over) sat still, and cocking his Chin, which seem’d  
 ‘ only to be levelled at his Nose, very gravely declared,  
 ‘ That in case he had had sufficient Knowledge of you,  
 ‘ no Man should have been more willing to have serv’d  
 ‘ you; but that he, for his Part, had always had  
 ‘ regard to his own Conscience, as well as other Peo-  
 ‘ ples Merit; and he did not know but that you might  
 ‘ be a handsom Fellow; for as for your own Certi-  
 ‘ ficate, it was every Body’s Business to speak for  
 ‘ themselves.” ‘ Mr. President immediately retorted,  
 ‘ A handsom Fellow! why he is a Wit (Sir) and you  
 ‘ know the Proverb:” and to ease the old Gentleman  
 ‘ of his Scruples, cried, “ That for Matter of Merit it  
 ‘ was all one, you might wear a Mask.” ‘ This threw  
 ‘ him into a Pause, and he look’d desirous of three  
 ‘ Days to consider on it; but Mr. President improv’d  
 ‘ the Thought, and follow’d him up with an old Story,  
 ‘ That Wits were privileg’d to wear what Masks they  
 ‘ pleas’d in all Ages; and that a Vizard had been the  
 ‘ constant Crown of their Labours, which was gene-  
 ‘ rally present’d them by the Hand of some Satyr,  
 ‘ and sometimes of *Apollo* himself:” ‘ For the Truth of  
 ‘ which he appeal’d to the Frontispiece of several  
 ‘ Books, and particularly to the *English Juvenal*, to  
 ‘ which he refer’d him; and only added;” ‘ That such  
 ‘ Authors were the *Larvati*, or *Larvâ donati* of the  
 ‘ Ancients.” ‘ This clear’d up all, and in the Conclu-  
 ‘ sion you were cho’se Probationer; and Mr. President  
 ‘ put round your Health as such, protesting, “ That  
 ‘ though indeed he talk’d of a Vizard, he did not be-  
 ‘ lieve all the while you had any more Occasion for it  
 ‘ than the Cat-a-mountain;” ‘ so that all you have to  
 ‘ do now is to pay your Fees, which here are very rea-  
 ‘ sonable, if you are not impos’d upon; and you may  
 ‘ stile your self *Informis Societatis Socius*: Which I am  
 ‘ desir’d to acquaint you with; and upon the same I beg  
 ‘ you to accept of the Congratulation of,

S I R,

Oxford,

Your obliged humble Servant,

March 21.

A. C.

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Saturday,