



N<sup>o</sup> 87. Saturday, June 9.

— Nimiùm ne crede colori.

Virg.

IT has been the Purpose of several of my Speculations to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, with relation to their Persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the Secrets of the *Ugly Club* were exposed to the Publick, that Men might see there were some noble Spirits in the Age, who are not at all displeas'd with themselves upon Considerations which they had no Choice in; so the Discourse concerning *Idols* tended to lessen the Value People put upon themselves from personal Advantages and Gifts of Nature. As to the latter Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male or Female, they are generally the most untractable People of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at Ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such Creatures. They expect so great Allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a Man with a better Person than ordinary, and a beautiful Woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom Nature has been less liberal. The Handsom Fellow is usually so much a Gentleman, and the fine Woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my Choice to mix with chearful ugly Creatures, rather than Gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or Beauties who have Charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

DIFFIDENCE and Presumption, upon account of our Persons, are equally Faults; and both arise from the Want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, our selves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine these little Considerations and Coquetries could have the ill Consequence

as I find they have by the following Letters of my Correspondents, where it seems Beauty is thrown into the Accompt, in Matters of Sale, to those who receive no Favour from the Charmers.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

June 4.

AFTER I have assured you I am in every respect one of the handsomest young Girls about Town— I need be particular in nothing but the Make of my Face, which has the Misfortune to be exactly Oval. This I take to proceed from a Temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and to hear.

WITH this Account you may wonder how I can have the Vanity to offer my self as a Candidate, which I now do, to a Society, where the SPECTATOR and *Hecatissa* have been admitted with so much Applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very defective I am in every Thing that is ugly: I am too sensible of my own Unworthiness in this Particular, and therefore I only propose my self as a Foil to the Club.

YOU see how honest I have been to confess all my Imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a Woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the Favour of your Interest.

THERE can be no Objection made on the Side of the matchless *Hecatissa*, since it is certain I shall be in no Danger of giving her the least Occasion of Jealousy: And then a Joint-Stool in the very lowest Place at the Table, is all the Honour that is coveted by

Your most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

ROSALINDA.

P. S. I have sacrificed my Necklace to put into the Publick Lottery against the Common Enemy. And last Saturday, about Three o' Clock in the Afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both Sides of my Face.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

London, June 7, 1711.

UPON reading your late Dissertation concerning *Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven Places of this City, Coffee-houses kept by Persons of that Sisterhood. These *Idols* sit and receive all Day long the Adoration of the Youth within such and such Districts: I know in particular, Goods are not entered as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor Law-Reports perused at the Temple; by reason of one Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long near Change, and another Fair one who keeps the Students at her House when they should be at Study. It wou'd be worth your while to see how the Idolaters alternately offer Incense to their *Idols*, and what Heart-burning arise in those who wait for their Turn to receive kind Aspects from those little Thrones, which all the Company, but these Lovers, call the Bars. I saw a Gentleman turn as pale as Ashes, because an *Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Dish for his Rival, and carelessly called the Boy to serve him, with a *Sirrah!* *Why don't you give the Gentleman the Box to please himself?* Certain it is, that a very hopeful young Man was taken with Leads in his Pockets below Bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his *Idol* would wash the Dish in which she had but just drank Tea, before she would let him use it.

I am, Sir, a Person past being Amorous, and do not give this Information out of Envy or Jealousy, but I am a real Sufferer by it. These Lovers take any thing for Tea and Coffee; I saw one Yesterday surfeit to make his Court; and all his Rivals, at the same time, loud in the Commendation of Liquors that went against every Body in the Room that was not in Love. While these young Fellows resign their Stomachs with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this manner, we who come to do Business, or talk Politicks, are utterly poisoned: They have also Drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in Constitution to ogle the *Idol* upon the Strength of Tea, to fluster themselves with warmer Liquors: