

T H E

Female Spectator.

V O L. I.

*Ill Customs, by Degrees, to Habits rise,
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice.*

DRYDEN.



L O N D O N:

Printed and published by T. GARDNER, at
Cowley's Head, opposite St. Clement's Church,
in the Strand, MDCCXLV.

Tempo-Amyarians,¹ (if I may venture to call them so, without offending the Criticks) and during the Zenith of her Fondness of me, had not a Moment I could call my own.—She came one of those Evenings we had set apart for the Entertainment of the Publick, and in spite of the Charge I had given, forced her Passage through my Servants, and flew directly to the Room where we were sitting.—As she enter'd without Ceremony, so she made no Apology for the Abruptness, tho' she found I had Company, and might easily have seen by my Countenance, how little I was pleas'd with her Visit, if she had not been too tenacious of a Welcome for the News she brought, which she told me, was of so much Consequence, that she could not have slept all Night, without making me Partaker of it.

As it was not from a Lady of her degree of Understanding, that I expected any Intelligence fit for my Purpose, and was very much out of Humour at her Presence, I return'd no Answer to the Compliment she made me; but she seem'd to take no Notice of my Indolence in this Point, and without waiting to see whether I should grow more inquisitive or not, began immediately to unlade herself of the Fardle she had brought with her.

~~X~~ SHE inform'd us she had been at Court that Day, had seen the fine Lady *Bloometta*, it being the first Time of her Appearance there since her Marriage,—describ'd every Article of her Dress,—told us how charming she look'd,—how all the young Peers envy'd the Happiness of old *Pompilius*, yet at the same Time sneer'd at the unequal Match, and seem'd to promise themselves some agreeable Consequences from it.—How some, as he led her to the Presence, cry'd out—*May and December!*—others, *Fire and Frost!* and a thousand such like petty Reflections, which the new-wedded Pair could not but expect, and any one might be assur'd would be made, without being an Ear-witness of.

AFTER having said all she could on this Affair, she started up, and with a Promise, neither wish'd nor requested by me, of calling upon me early the next Morning, took her Leave with as little Ceremony as she had come in, and left us the Liberty of pursuing our own Discourse.

HOWEVER, as Good springs sometimes out of Evil, this very Interruption occasion'd the Conversation to turn on a Subject, which never can be too much attended to, and the too great Neglect of which is the Source of almost all the Evils we either feel, or are witness of in private Life.

I BELIEVE I shall easily be understood to mean Marriage, since there is no one Thing, on which the Happiness of Mankind so much depends;

it is indeed the Fountain-Head of all the Comforts we can enjoy ourselves, and of those we transmit to our Posterity.—It is the Band which unites not only two Persons, but whole Families in one common inseparable Interest.—It is that which prevents those numberless Irregularities and Confusions, that would else overthrow all Order, and destroy Society; but then not to pervert the Intention of so necessary and glorious an Institution, and rob it of every Blessing it is full of, lies only in ourselves.—No violated Vows, before pledg'd to another,—no clandestine Agreements made up by hasty and ungovern'd Passion,—no sordid Bargains, where Wealth, not Merit, is the chief Inducement,—no notorious Disparity of Years, of Family, or Humours, can ever be productive of a lasting Concord, either between the Principals themselves, or those in Alliance with them. *Dirges*, rather than *Epithalamiums*, should be sung at Nuptials such as these, and their Friends pity, not congratulate their Lot.

POMPILIUS had lived in very good Harmony with his former Lady, and none would have condemned him for paying his Vows a second Time at the Altar of *Hymen*, provided he had made Choice of a Partner more agreeable to his present Years.—His Inclinations might not, indeed, have been gratify'd to so exquisite a Degree, but then his Judgment had not been arraigned, nor had he forfeited in Age, that Reputation of good Sense he had acquired in Youth. How great a Pity is it then, that he should give way to the Dictates of a Passion, the Gratifications of which can afford him but a short-liv'd Joy—must be injurious to his own Character, and doubly so to the Object of his Affections.

WHAT, if the charming *Bloometta* had been disappointed in her first Wishes—What if the too insensible *Palemon* had preferr'd a little sordid Dross to the Possession of the finest Woman upon Earth, and her Resentment at the Indignity offer'd to her Youth and Beauty, joined with the Ambition of her Parents, had set the Pretensions of *Pompilius* in an advantageous Light, a Moment's Reflection might have served to convince him of the Motives, and if he truly loved, have made him chuse to recommend some noble Youth of his own Family, whose Merits might have obliterated whatever Sentiments she had been possess'd of in Favour of *Palemon*: This indeed would have been a Proof of the most generous Affection, and at the same Time of that Command over himself, which is expected from Persons in his Station.

BUT how much soever the united Joys of Love and Wine, may be able to lull all Thoughts of Remorse in a Heart, which seems intent only on indulging its own Desires, be they ever so extravagant, that of the

sweet *Bloometta* must endure Pangs, which every Day will become more severe, by the Efforts of her Prudence to conceal them;—what Conflicts between Sincerity and Duty must rend her gentle Breast, when her doating Lord exacts from her a Return of his Endearments!—How must she regret the sad Necessity of being oblig'd to feign what Nature will not grant!—Those tender Languishments, which when mutual, afford mutual Transport, seem awkward and nauseous in the Man we do not love; and instead of more endearing him to us, turn the Indifference we before had to him, into Aversion and Contempt.—In fine, there are no Words to express the Miseries of a loath'd Embrace; and she who sacrifices to Pride or Pique the Pleasures of her Youth, by marrying with the Man she hates, will soon, tho' too late to repair the irremedable Mischief, repent in the utmost Bitterness of Soul what she has done.

METHINKS it is with great Injustice that the Generality of the World condemn *Aristobulus* of Ingratitude, Perfidiousness, and Cruelty; he is indeed an Instance, that Love is not in our Power, and tho' his Lady's Fate is much to be commiserated, his own is, in reality, no less deserving our Compassion. This Nobleman, who, for the Graces of his Person had few Equals, made many Conquests, without the Artillery of one single Sigh or Protestation:—*Celinda*, to his great Misfortune, was among the Number—*Celinda*, of illustrious Race, Heiress to vast Possessions, and endu'd with many Perfections of Mind and Body; yet *Celinda*, whose Love has been the Bane of all his Happiness—long did she conceal the Secret of her Passion from the whole World, as well as from him who was the Object of it; yet indulging the Pleasure of seeing him as much as possible, frequented all Places where there was a Probability of meeting him, 'till finding that he paid her no other Civilities, than what her Rank demanded, those soft Emotions, which in the Beginning afforded only delightful Images, now degenerated into Horrors, as they approached nearer to Despair.—She fell sick,—the Physicians soon perceiv'd her Disorder was of the Mind, and perswaded those about her, to use their utmost Endeavours for discovering the Cause.—In vain were all the Intreaties of her Friends, in vain the Commands of the most tender Father; her Modesty resisted all, and it was not 'till she was judg'd by every one that saw her, as well as by herself, to be at the Point of Death, that she was prevail'd upon to confess, that she desired Life only to behold *Aristobulus*.

HER Father, who had before suspected the Disease, tho' not the Person from whom the Infection came, was rejoiced to find, that her Inclinations had not disgraced his Dignity; and assured her, that if to see

Aristobulus was of so much Consequence, she should not only see, but live with him, 'till Death should put a Period to that Happiness.

HE made this Promise, in Confidence that the Father of *Aristobulus* would gladly accede to the Union of their Families; nor was he deceiv'd in his Conjecture; the Proposal he made was receiv'd with the utmost Satisfaction, and the Marriage Writings were drawn between them, before the young Lord, who happen'd at that Time to be on a Party of Pleasure in the Country, knew that any such Thing was in Agitation.

CELINDA was immediately made acquainted with this Agreement, and from that Moment the long absent Roses resumed their Places in her Cheeks, her wonted Strength and Vivacity return'd, and she was again the Joy of all who knew her.

BUT a far different Effect, alas! had the News of this Affair on him, who was with so much Vehemence beloved by her.—A special Messenger being dispatch'd to bring him up to *London*, he no sooner was inform'd of the Occasion, than he was seiz'd with the most mortal Anguish;—he threw himself at his Father's Feet, and with all the moving Rhetorick of dutiful Affection, conjur'd him by that paternal Tenderness he had ever treated him with, and which he had never been guilty of doing any thing to forfeit, not to insist on his fulfilling an Engagement, than which Death could not be more terrible.

NEVER was Surprize greater than that of the Father of *Aristobulus*, to hear him speak in this manner; but it yet received a considerable Increase, when on demanding the Reasons of his Refusal, and what Objections he had to make against becoming the Husband of so well descended, so rich, so virtuous, and so young a Lady, he had none to offer, but that he was not inclined to marry, or if he were, had something in his Nature, which oppos'd any Inclination in her Favour.

THE Match was too advantageous to their Family, for the old Peer to be put off with what seem'd to him so trifling a Motive, as mere want of Love; he therefore resolved, that his Son should comply with his Commands, and to that End enforced them by the most terrible Menaces of never seeing him more, and of cutting him off from all his Inheritance, excepting what was entail'd upon the Title, which was very small, and little able to support it.

THIS was a very great Shock to one, who had the highest Notions of Grandeur, and a Relish for all the expensive Pleasures of the Young and Gay.—He knew his Father rigid, and obstinate to be obey'd by all who had any Dependance on him; and doubted not, but his Resentment would sway him to do as he said: he therefore repented he had irritated him so

far, and began to feign a less Aversion to the Marriage;—he begg'd to be forgiven, and promised to visit *Celinda*, in the Hope, he said, that he should discover more Charms in her Conversation, than he yet had been sensible of. His Father seem'd somewhat pacify'd with this Assurance, and bid him go and offer her a Heart she well deserved, and he had too long delayed bestowing.

HE did not, it is certain, deceive his Father in this Point;—he went, but went with a View very different from what any one could have imagin'd he would ever have conceiv'd:—In the room of entertaining her with soft Professions, which, perhaps, are sometimes made by those, who mean them as little as himself could have done, he frankly confess'd, he had an Aversion to the married State; that it was not in his Power to make a Husband, such as she had Reason to expect; and entreated that she would order it so, that the Nuptials, which his Father seem'd so bent on compleating, might be broke off on her Side.

How alarming such a Request must be to one who loved as she did, any one may judge; but the Excess of her Tenderness over-ruled all that Pride and Spirit, which is so natural to Women on such Occasions;—she paus'd a while, probably to suppress the rising Sighs, but at length told him, that what he desired was the only thing she could refuse him;—that her Father was no less zealous than his own for an Alliance, and that she had been too much accusom'd to Obedience, to dare to dispute his Will in a Thing he seem'd so bent upon.

As nothing but his eternal Peace could have enforc'd him to have acted in this manner, with a Lady of her Birth and Fortune, and whose Accomplishments, in spite of the little Effect they had upon him, he could not but acknowledge, he was astonished at the Calmness with which she bore it; and judging by that, her Affection could not be less tender than he had been told, he left no Arguments untry'd to make that very Affection subservient to his Aim, of being freed from all Engagement with her;—but she still pleading the Duty she owed to him who gave her Being, he grew quite desperate, and throwing off that Complaisance he had hitherto behaved with, told her, that if for the Preservation of his Birthright he were compell'd to marry her, he neither could, nor would even endeavour to love her as a Wife;—that she must expect only uncomfortable Days, and lonely widow'd Nights;—and that it was not in the Power of the Ceremony, nor in either of their Fathers, to convert an utter Dislike into Inclination.

To this cruel Declaration she reply'd coldly, that as they were destin'd

for each other, by those who had the sole Power of disposing their Hands, it was a very great Misfortune their Hearts could not comply with the Injunction; but as for her Part, she was determined to follow Duty, tho' she fell a Martyr to it.

THO' under the Obedience of a Daughter, she had the Opportunity of veiling the Fondness of a Lover, the Honour of our Sex greatly suffered by such a Behaviour; but, poor Lady, the Excess of her Passion hinder'd her from seeing into the Meanness of it, and at the same Time flatter'd her with the Belief, that in spite of the Aversion he now expressed, her Treatment of him, and the Tenderness she should make no Scruple of revealing to him in all its Force, when she became his Wife, would make an entire Change in his Sentiments, and it would not be in his Power to avoid recompensing, with some degree of Affection, so pure, so constant, and so violent a Flame, as he would then be convinced she long had felt for him.

ARISTOBULUS, after he had left her, again essay'd to work upon his Father's Mind; but all he could urge being ineffectual, he yielded to be a *Husband*, rather than suffer himself to be cut off from being an *Heir*.—A Day was appointed for the Celebration of their Nuptials, and they were married with a Pomp more befitting their Quality, than the Condition of their Minds.—At Night they were put to Bed, with the usual Ceremonies; but the Moment the Company withdrew, he rose, and chose rather to pass the Hours 'till Morning on a Couch alone, than in the Embraces of a Woman, who had indeed Perfections sufficient to have made any Man happy, who had not that Antipathy in Nature, which there is no accounting for, nor getting rid of.

It is not to be doubted but *Celinda*, not only that Night, but for a long Time afterward, continued to put in Practice every tender Stratagem, and used every Argument that her Love, and the Circumstances they now were in, could inspire, but all were equally in vain, as the Poet says,

*Love scorns all Ties but those that are his own.*²

ARISTOBULUS remain'd inflexible, and obstinately bent, never to be more of a Husband than the Name:—Neither Time, nor her patient enduring the Indignity put upon her, have wrought the least Alteration in her Favour.—They live together in one House, but lie not in the same Bed; eat not at the same Table, rarely see each other, and their very Servants appear as if of different Families.—Years after Years have rolled

on in this Manner, yet she continues still a Virgin Bride; while he, regardless of her Love or Grief, endeavours to lose in the Arms of other Women, the Discontent which a forced Marriage has involved him in.

FEW Men, indeed, have acted with that early Sincerity, and openly declared their Hatred, like *Aristobulus*, before Marriage; but too many have done it afterwards, and prov'd by their Behaviour, that they look'd upon the sacred Ceremony but as a Thing necessary to be done, either for the sake of propagating their Families, or for clearing their Estates from Mortgages, or for the Payment of younger Children's Fortunes. These, and various other Motives might be assigned for the Alliances daily on Foot; but to hear of one that promises an Accomplishment of all the Ends proposed by the first Intention of this Institution, is a kind of Prodigy, and to say, there goes a truly happy Pair, after the first Month, would call the Speaker's Veracity in Question.

FAME either swells the Number beyond its just Extent, or there are now no less than Twenty-three Treaties of Marriage either concluded, or on the Carpet, between Persons of Condition, of which scarce the odd Three afford the least Prospect of Felicity to the Parties concern'd.

CAN Mrs. *Tulip*, in the Autumn of her Age, tho' in her Dress gaudy as the Flower whose Name she bears, imagine her antiquated Charms will be able to reclaim the wild, the roving Heart of young *Briskcommon*? Not but that Gentleman has Sense, Honour, and Good-nature, Qualities which could not fail of making him know what was due to the Merits of *Claribella*, had the Condition of his Fortune permitted him to marry her.—But his intended Bride must become more contemptible in his Eyes, than even her grey Hairs could make her, when he reflects on the Vanity which infatuates her so far, as to deprive her lovely Neice of what might have made the Happiness of her Life, only to purchase to herself the Name of Wife, to one young enough to be her Son.

WHO sees *Philimont* and *Daria* together, without perceiving that nothing can be more adored by *Philimont*, than *Daria*;—nothing more dear to *Daria* than *Philimont*?—Do not the equally enamour'd Pair seem to shoot their very Souls to each other at every Glance?—Is *Daria* ever at the Opera, the Park, the Play, without her *Philimont*?—Or does *Philimont* think any Company entertaining, if *Daria* is absent?—Yet *Philimont* is on the Point of Marriage with *Emilia*, and *Daria* has been long betroth'd to *Belmour*.—Strange Chequer-work of Love and Destiny!

WHAT Reason has *Sabina* to boast of Charms superior to the rest of her Sex, or flatter herself with being always the Object of *Theomenes's* Wishes?—Have not his Vows been prostituted to half the fine Women in

Town, and if he persisted in those he made to her so far as Marriage, is it not because her Fortune is larger than theirs, and more enables him to discharge those Debts his Extravagancies had contracted!

How bitterly does *Dalinda* repent her giving way to an inconsiderate Passion, which hurried her to throw herself into the Arms of the mean-born, but meaner-soul'd, ill-natur'd *Macro*.—She imagin'd, as she has since confess'd, that by marrying one so infinitely beneath her, she would have been sole Mistress of herself and Fortune; that he would never dare to take any Privileges with the one, without her Permission, nor pretend to have the least Command over the other; and that instead of being under the Authority of a Husband, she should have found in him an obsequious Slave:—But, poor mistaken Woman! *Macro* no sooner was possess'd of the Power, than he made her see a sad Reverse to all her Expectations:—He was so far from regulating the Affairs of her Estate and Family according to her Pleasure, or as she had been accustom'd to do, that he plainly shew'd he took a Pride in contradicting her;—he consulted her Inclinations in nothing, and even before her Face gave Commands, which he knew would be the most disagreeable to her, and which if she offer'd to oppose, told her in the rudest manner, that he was Master, and as such would be obey'd.—At first she rav'd, reproach'd him with Ingratitude, and vow'd Revenge;—but what, alas! could she do!—she had taken no Care that proper Settlements, in case of Accidents, should be made, and was asham'd to have recourse to any of her Kindred, whom she had disgraced and disobliged, by so unworthy a Match.—The Resentment she testify'd therefore only served to render her Condition worse, and add new Weight to the galling Yoke she had so precipitately put on;—he retrench'd her Equipage and Table; set Limits even to her Dress;—would suffer her neither to visit, nor be visited, but by those he approved, which were all Creatures or Relations of his own, and such as she had been little used to converse with;—deny'd her even Pocket-Money;—took every Measure he could invent to break her Spirit, and make her wholly subservient to his Will, 'till at last his Tyranny got the better, and has now reduced her to the most abject Slavery.

TREMBLE *Mariana*, lest your Father's Clerk should prove another *Macro*, and rather endure the short-liv'd Pangs of combating an unhappy Inclination, than by yielding to it, run the Hazard of Miseries, which Death alone can put a Period to.

A FEW Days hence, 'tis said, will crown the mutual Wishes of *Myrtano*, and the amiable *Cleora*.—The Friends on both Sides are consenting;—the Marriage Articles are sign'd;—the sumptuous Equipage

prepar'd;—the Country Seat new beautify'd;—the bridal Bed adorn'd, and every thing compleated, that industrious Ostentation can invent, to make the Ceremony, affected to be called private, as pompous and magnificent as possible:—Yet, how can *Cleora* assure herself of being always happy in the Constancy of her *Myrtano*, when she is not insensible a Lady equal to herself in Birth and Fortune, and no Way her Inferior in the Perfections either of Mind or Person, is a melancholly Instance of an unfortunate Mutability in his Nature. Did he not once pursue *Brillante* with all those dying Ardors he has lately done *Cleora*?—Was not the whole Town witness of the Adoration with which he treated her?—Nay, did he not for her Sake commit some Extravagancies, which as nothing but the most violent and real Passion could occasion, so could be excused by nothing less?—Yet did he not, without even a Pretence for it, all at once forsake, renounce, seem to forget he had ever lov'd this *Brillante*, and declare himself the Votary of *Cleora*?

AH *Cleora*! you triumph now, 'tis true, and may you ever triumph, since the divine Rites of Marriage make it criminal to wish otherwise;—yet much is to be fear'd, and very little to be hop'd.—Nothing is more uncertain than Inclination, and a Heart that once has varied, without being able to assign any Motive for its Change, may possibly do the like again; and a Time arrive, in which yourself may stand in need of that Commiseration, your Vanity and Joy now hinders you from bestowing on a luckless, tho' not undeserving Rival; while she, cured of her abused and ill-requited Tenderness, may fill the Arms of a more constant Man, and taste the Felicities of mutual Truth, with higher Relish, by having been once deceiv'd.

BELLAIR is a very accomplish'd Gentleman, has a large Estate, and lives up to his Income, without going beyond it;—is charitable to the Poor;—liberal to Merit, especially in Distress;—hospitable and generous to his Friends;—punctual in the Payment of his Tradesmen;—keeps a handsome Equipage, and a yet better Table;—is a Lover of Pleasure, but a Hater of Vice; and, in a Word, has nothing in his Character that might not make a prudent, and good-natur'd Woman happy in a Husband:—He had many oblique Hints given him to that Purpose, but he listen'd to none for a long Time, nor seem'd inclined to alter his Condition, 'till he saw *Miseria*. He had the Pleasure, I cannot say the Happiness, to meet this young Lady at a Ball; she was tall, well-shap'd, had something extremely graceful in her Air in Dancing: a Face, tho' not exquisitely beautiful, yet very agreeable, and the most winning Softness in her Conversation and Manner.—Such as she is, however, the Heart of *Bellair*

gave her the Preference to all he had ever seen before, and having made some slight Enquiry into her Character and Fortune, desired her Father's Permission to visit her in Quality of a Lover;—the Offer was too advantageous to be refused;—the old Gentleman hesitated not to give his Consent, and *Miseria* receiv'd her new Adorer with as much Complaisance, as the Modesty of her Sex admitted.

A FEW Weeks compleated the Courtship, *Bellair* married, and after some Days, carried her Home;—but, good God! what a Change did she immediately cause in his House! a Bill of Fare being by her Orders brought to her every Morning, she struck out three Parts in four of the Articles; and when *Bellair*, on finding his Table thus retrench'd, remonstrated gently to her, that there was not sufficient for the Servants, she told him, that she would therefore have the Number of them diminished;—that she thought it a Sin to keep so many idle Fellows, who might serve their Country either Abroad in the Wars, or in Husbandry at Home; and as for the Maid Servants, instead of Five, she was determin'd to keep no more than two.—She even took the Liberty to desire he would make less frequent Invitations to his Friends and Kindred; and as for the Poor, they were presently driven from the Gate, nor dare appear in Sight of it again, for fear of being sent to the House of Correction.

THIS kind of Behaviour makes him extremely uneasy; his Discontent increases every Day, as none pass over without affording him some fresh Occasion.—His Reason and his Love are continually at War; but the former has so much the Advantage, that tho' he is loth to do any thing which may give Offence to a Wife so dear to him, yet he is still more loth to become the Jest of his Acquaintance, for bearing farther with her Failings than becomes a Man of Sense and Spirit.—He begins of late to exert the Authority of a Husband, and in spite even of her Tears, has retaken some of those Servants she had displaced, and put many Things relating to the Oeconomy of his Family nearer to their former Footing.—As for *Miseria*, she frets incessantly;—all that Softness in her Eyes, which once was so enchanting, is now converted to a sullen Gloom;—her Voice, her Manner is quite changed; she either sits in his Company obstinately silent, or speaks in such a Fashion, as it would better become her to be mute.—The little Satisfaction he finds at Home, drives him to seek it Abroad, and every Thing between them seems drawing towards a mutual Dislike.—And if that should happen, what Consequences may possibly ensue—reciprocal Revilings on the sacred Ceremony which united them!—Every Act of Resentment against each other!—Remorse!—Hatred!—Separation!—Ruin, and eternal Loss of Peace to both!

A *SIMPATY* of *Humours* is therefore no less to be consulted, than a *Sympathy* of *Inclination*, and indeed I think more so; for I have known several married People, who have come together, without any thing of what we call the *Passion* of *Love*; who by happening to think the same *Way*, have afterwards become extremely dear to each other: whereas, on the contrary, some who have met all *Fire* and *Flame*, have afterwards, through an unhappy *Disagreement* even in very *Trifles*, become all *Frost* and *Snow*: There is a *Vanity* in human *Nature* which flatters us that we always judge right, and by *Consequence*, creates in us an *Esteem* for those, who are wise enough to be of the same *Opinion* we are: In a word, a *Parity* of *Sentiment* is the *Cement* of that lasting *Friendship*, as well as mutual *Confidence*, in which the *Comforts* of a married *State* chiefly consist.

BUT tho' daily *Experience* might convince us how necessary an *Ingredient* this is to *Happiness*, and that without it all the others are ineffectual, yet is it the least of any thing examin'd into; as if the *Attainment* of a present *Satisfaction* was the sole *Intent* of *Marriage*, and it matter'd not what *Consequences* ensu'd.

IT cannot indeed be in an *Acquaintance* of a *Week* or a *Month* that one can be able to judge of the *Disposition* of a *Person*;—*Parents*, therefore, are highly to blame when they condemn their *Children* to the *Arms* of those, whom perhaps they have never seen 'till a few *Days* before the *Ceremony* passes, which is to unite them for ever.

✕ WHAT I have said on this *Score*, may possibly be look'd upon as urg'd in *Defence* of a late *Wedding*, which gives just *Matter* for *Astonishment* to all the *World*; since it certainly could have been brought about by nothing (will they say) but a perfect *Knowledge* of that mutual *Sympathy* of *Humour*, which I have been recommending as so great an *Essential* to the *Felicity* of the *Marriage* *State*. It must be confess'd, the artful *Vulpone* prevail'd on the charming *Lindamira* to think as he did in one *Point*; but that is what no more than *Thousands* have done, or they could never have been united to the *Object* of their *Wishes*, and is the *Consequence* only of that *Passion* which arises from a *Liking* of the *Person*.

THIS, therefore, I am far from taking to be the *Case*; and I believe the *Reader* will be of my *Opinion*, when I relate the *Progress* of these mysterious *Nuptials*, as it was communicated to me by a *Sylph*, whose *Business* it is to attend every *Motion* of those, whom *Nature* has distinguish'd by superior *Beauty*.

LINDAMIRA from her very *Infancy* gave a *Promise* of *Charms*,