

The gentleman-apothecary: being a late and true story / turned out of French [by Sir Roger L'Estrange. Anon].

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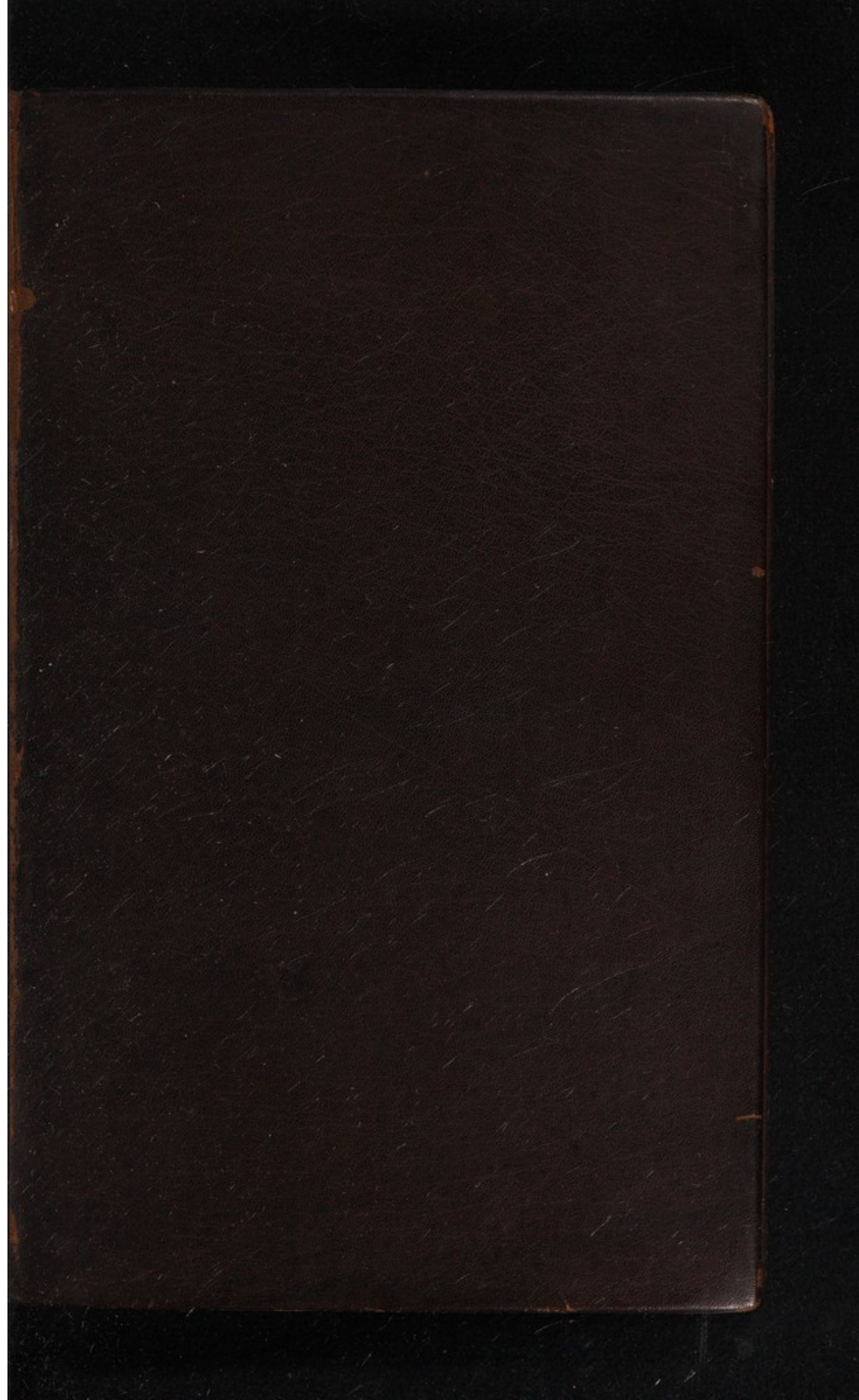
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APOTHECARY

GENTLEMAN





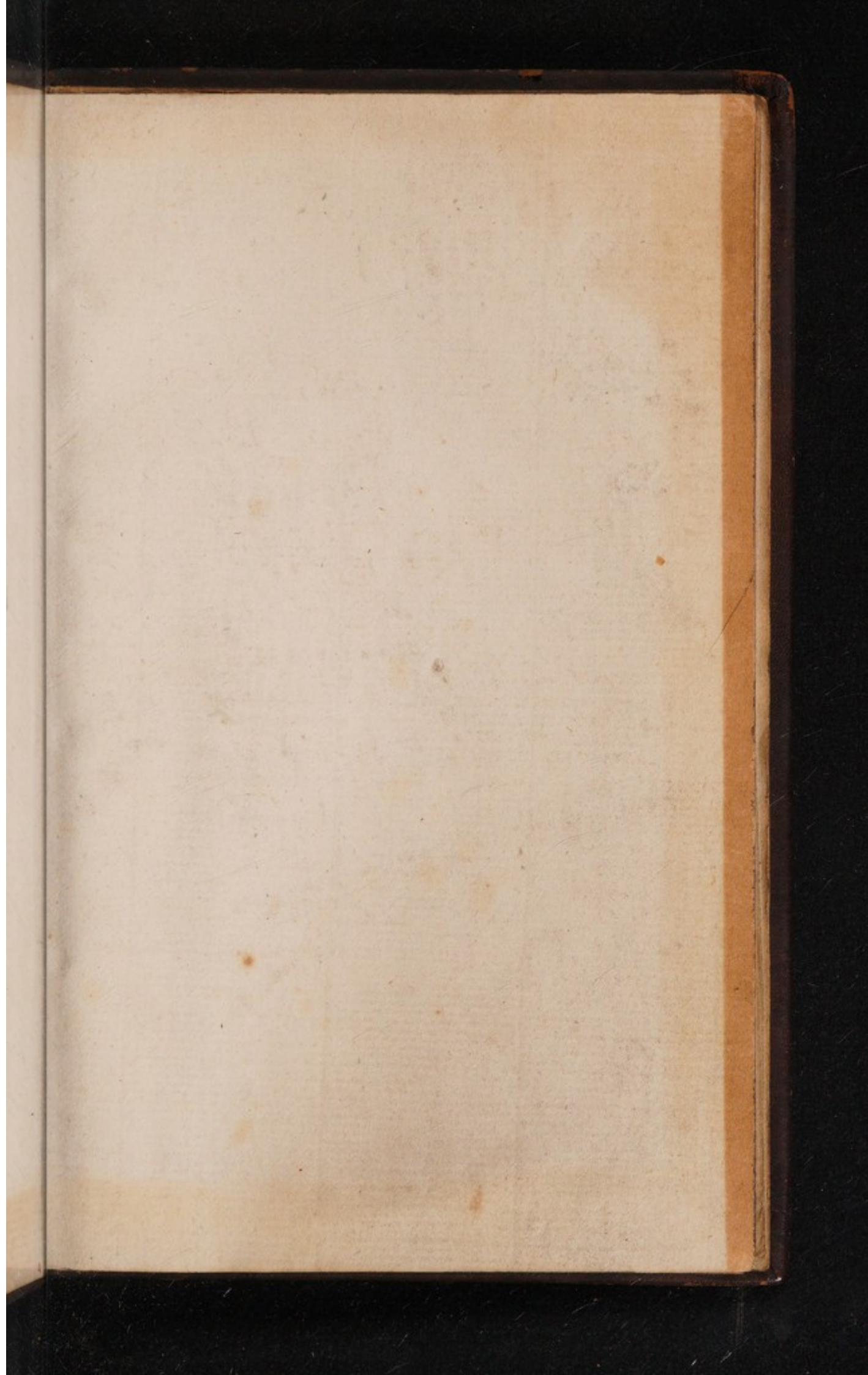


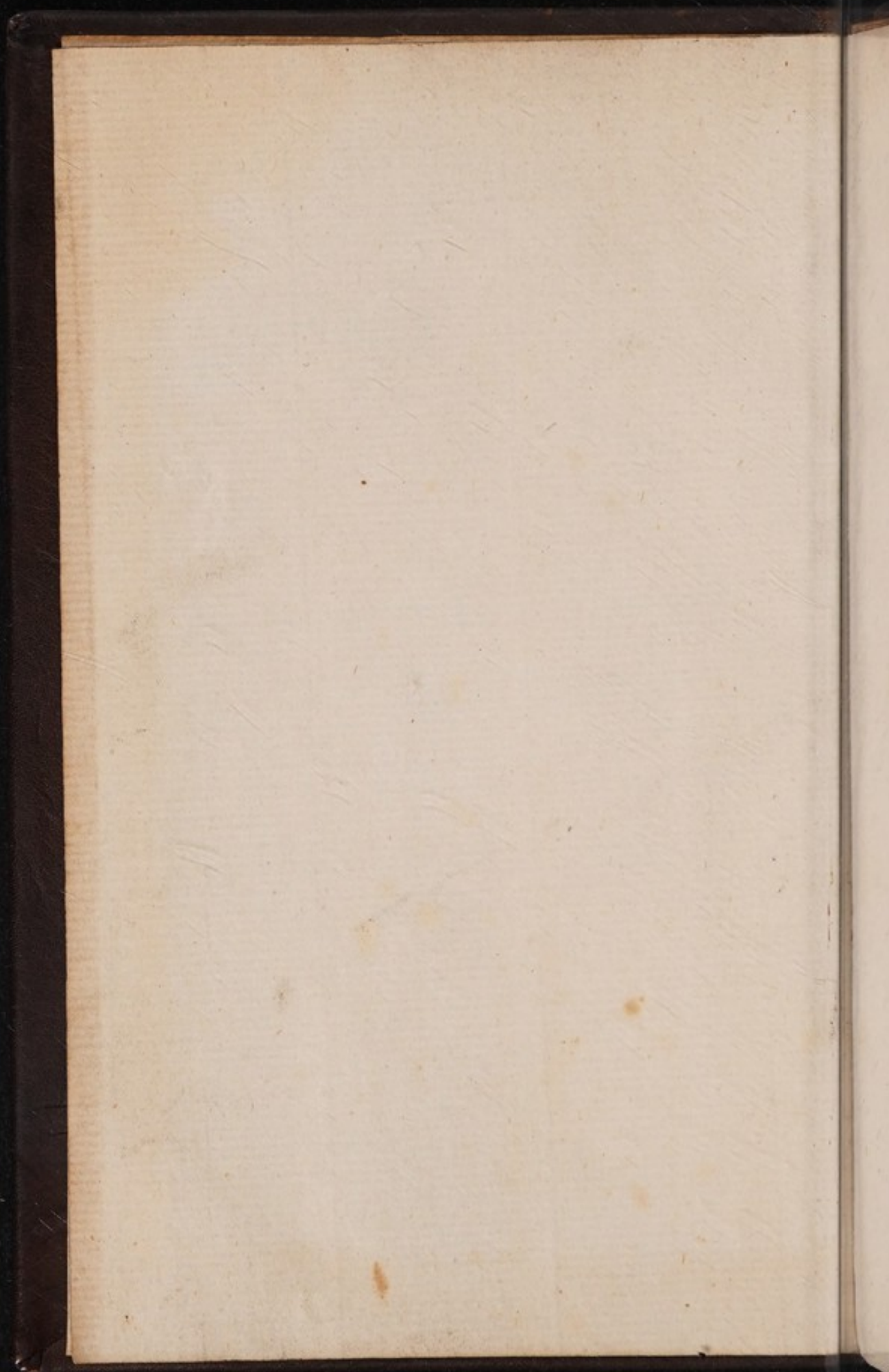
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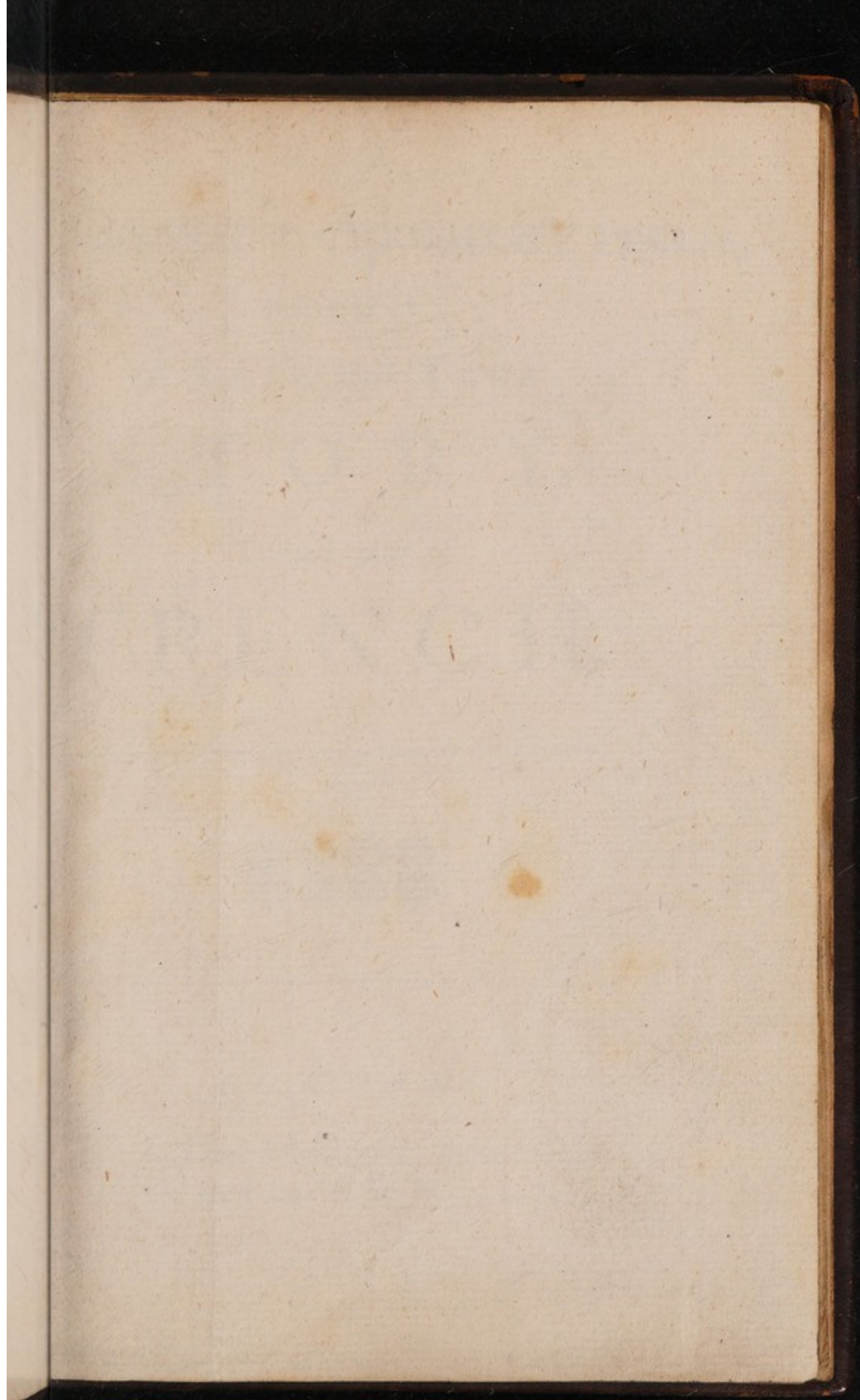
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By J. de Villiers. Translated
by Sir Roger L'Estrange.







VILHERS J. DE

THE
Gentleman-Apothecary :

BEING
A LATE and TRUE
STORY,

Turned out of
FRENCH.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *H. Brome*, at the Gun
at the *West-End* of *St. Pauls*, 1670.

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dy, as I told you, (in no very good condition to take notice of what pass in the Chamber) away runs the maid (leaving the door open) for a napkin: And, just in the Interim, while she was hunting for a cloth, gently up the stairs comes *Timante*, (a familiar friend of the Ladies) and seeing the passage free, into the Chamber he goes, without discovery.

The first spectacle he encountred, was a pair of incomparable Hanches; which put him, for a while, to a stand; partly out of reverence, and partly out of surprize: But in a short time, coming a little to himself, and looking round about him, to see if any body were in the Room, he casts his eye upon a certain Instrument which the maid had left on a Chair by the Bed-side. The Gentleman, very Innocently takes it up, and finding it laden, and his Mark fair, for want of an *Apothecary*, resolves to do the work himself, and so he did; and that so dexterously too, that the best Master of his trade in *Paris* could not have mended it.

Imme-

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Immediately upon the discharge, out slips *Timante* again, as privately as he came in, and no mortal the wiser. *Araminte*, in the mean while, draws up her self within the Curtains, covers all for fear of the worst, and so disposes her self to her Repose.

Timante was no sooner out of the House, but down comes the Maid, post-hast, with twenty excuses in her mouth all the way she came, for making her Mistris wait so long. Well Madam, saies she, I am glad however to see your Ladiship keep your self warm; But now, when you please, I am ready for you, and to say the truth, the Glyster was somewhat with the hottest before.

What means this Wench! (cries *Araminte*) wouldst thou have me take two at a bout? *Two*, Madam? I beg your Ladiships pardon (says the Maid) you have had none at all yet. Prethee no more fooling (cries the Mistris) and let me get this out, before I take another in; didst not thou thy self give me one just now? Not I, Madam,

A 3 as

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as I hope hope to be saved, (says the Wench) I have been ail this while above in the Garret for a Napkin; but now I perceive your Ladiship has been your own Apothecary, for I see the Bagg is empty. Upon my soul not I, says *Araminte*; but most assuredly I have a Glyster in my Guts, and whoever put it there, was his Crafts-master. The Maid, she swore over and over, that, for her part, she knew nothing on't.

Upon this, they fell to gazing one upon the other in the greatest confusion imaginable, and, without a word speaking, betray'd in the disorder of their Looks the distraction of their Thoughts. At last, recollecting themselves, a strict search was made in the Chamber for this Invisible Operator, but no creature to be found: Whereupon, they joyntly concluded that it must needs be the Devil, and with one voice cried out by consent that the House was haunted.

This Outcry brought all the Neighbourhood in a trice, into *Araminte's* Chamber.

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Chamber, to learn what was the matter; The Maid told them, they had been troubled with a Spirit. *Jesu Maria* (cried the company, crossing themselves) but *what has he done? what has he done?* To this, they could get nothing more out of them than that the Devil was turn'd Apothecary.

By this time, *Aramintes* Physick began to grow troublesome, and the company more so: But she kept all her Gripes and Grumblings to her self, till Flesh and Bloud could hold no longer, and then in plain terms desired she might be left a little to her privacy. So soon as ever the Room was cleared, *Araminte* gave the Devil his Clyster again, and found great ease upon't.

This was a Terrible Bout, but yet not so Terrible, as to fright a Lady from minding her Beauty, and her Pleasure; nor could the Devil himself hinder *Araminte* from dressing, and going abroad that Evening, according to her custom.

While these things past, *Timante* was upon a visit at the House of a

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great Lady ; whither he went directly from *Araminte*. The phanſie of the encounter would not out of his head ; and ſtill as he thought upon it , he could not for his blood but blurt out a laughing, till it diſtaſted the company , as if it had been at ſome of them : And then, in his own defence, he was fain to diſcover what it was that made him ſo merry, that they might not any longer take him for a Perſon either unmannerly, or ridiculous.

In the ſtory of his Adventure he gave them to underſtand , how that Providence had made him *Apothecary* to one of the fineſt women in *France* ; and ſo told them all the Particulars, bating only the name of his Patient. This ſet the Company a laughing , to break their hearts ; and in fine, there never was an Afternoon of pleaſanter Converſation. *This muſt be ſuch a one,* ſays one ; *or ſuch a one, or ſuch a one,* ſays t'other ; and among the reſt, *Araminte* came in for her part ; whom they pitched upon the rather, both becauſe they knew her to be a great dealer in
that

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that kind of Physick, and also that *Timante* came often to the house.

Araminte, you must know, was not of a humour to converse with *Goblins*, and being possessed that her Apartment was haunted, she made all the haste she could to get ready, and abroad; And so out she goes, upon a visit to *Cephise* (the Lady of the House where *Timante* then was, and where the Question, I told you of, was still afoot.) Upon her coming into the Chamber *Timante* was observed to smile, and change colour; which fortified the Company in their conjecture, that *Araminte* was the concealed Party. *Cephise* received her with great Complement, and Civility; and being a Person that was Priviledged by her Birth, and Quality, to talk her Pleasure, (after several pretty things spoken in favour of *Araminte's* Dress, and Person) I'll lay my Life, Madam, (says *Cephise*, slyly enough) that you have taken Physick to day, for methinks I read it in your Complexion. *Araminte*, with a blush, dissembled the matter

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matter as well as she could: and *Timante* answered that blush with another, and a smile into the bargain, which he could not forbear, though he bit his Lip heartily to suppress it; so that he was forc'd to turn off to the Window, for fear *Araminte* should take notice, and imagine the cause of it. These circumstances, being laid together; confirmed the Company more and more; and when they had chatted away the Evening till 'twas time to break up, they went every one their way, abundantly satisfied, that they knew the *Patient* now, as well as the *Apothecary*.

Not long after this, there was a report all over the Town, that the Devil had given *Araminte* a Glyster; and this was long of her own Woman, that first told it in confidence to a friend of hers, and thence it past from hand to hand, till it came to *Araminte* her self at last: And it was so publick, that she could not go abroad for being pointed at in the streets. But this Rumour lasted not long, before *Timante* supplied the Devils

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Devils place in the Story, as the more probable, and credible Relation of the two.

Timante was now upon a ticklish point; if he should give over visiting as he was wont, it might be taken for granted that the Report was true: And on the other side, if he should go, and be charg'd upon it, he had no way to come off, but by a flat denial of the Fact, in which case, evidence would be given against him out of his own mouth. Upon this deliberation he resolved however to go; but upon the very instant of setting his foot within the door, he fell into so strange an apprehension of her displeasure, such an irresolution of mind, and so wonderful a trembling of the heart, as made him suspect himself to have a greater kindness for her than he was aware of; which troubled him the more, because he knew she had a Servant already, one *Licandre*, who was then in the Country.

In this disorder, up he goes to *Araminte's* Chamber, in whom he found

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found a thousand Graces and Advantages which he had never taken the least notice of before. (for let but a man believe that he loves a Woman, or that he ought to love her, and it is enough to make him hang himself in his Garters for her.) This surprize kept him for a while in silence, and at gaze: and *Araminte* on the other side stood stone-still, with her eyes fixt on the ground, in the greater confusion perchance of the two.

Timante durst not look his *Mistris* in the face, nor *Araminte* her *Apothecary*, and for some half a quarter of an hour there past not a word; no not so much as a look between them, to signifie what they would have been at, if they could have spoken. In the conclusion, *Araminte* brake the Ice, and with a side-look; *Timante* (says she) *There is something that I take very ill at your hands. And* — But there she stopt; which *Timante* observing, Madam, says he, I cannot imagine what you should take ill from me, who (I solemnly swear) never had any other intention

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attention than to serve you. But *there are Services*, she replied, *which I should be loth to receive from Timante; and I need not tell you neither of what Quality they are.* I would I had ever been so happy, Madam, as to have served you to your satisfaction, says *Timante*, that I might distinguish betwixt the services you like, and those that displease you. *The services I like* (says *Araminte*) *are not of the nature of those you have render'd me.* (These words brought the blood into her Cheeks; but *Timante* went on, as if nothing had been:) Alas Madam! says he, *The services that I have rendered you!* It has been the design, I must confess, of my whole life to serve you, but I was never yet blest with any opportunity of doing it. *For that*, says *Araminte*, *you'l make hard shift rather than want an opportunity.* He that never found it, says *Timante*, must needs want it; neither do I desire it, but in order to your service: And——Here *Araminte* interrupting him, 'Tis possible, says she, *that opportunity may put it*
into

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into your power to do me a service that I should hardly thank you for ; and it may be that has been the very case already. If it has, Madam, (says Timante) 'tis however more than I know. Come, come (says Araminte, raising her voice) let's have no more juggling ; I know well enough what you have done, and that you have done enough to make me abhor you. If I have served you, Madam, as you suppose, why, says Timante, should you abhor me, or take it amiss that I have served you ? And yet, says Araminte, I do take it ill, exceedingly ill. I cannot think (says he) that this comes from your heart ; if I have done you a service, methinks you should rather give me a Reward than a Rebuke. Do not you know, says Araminte, (after a little pause, finding that she could not make him speak home) that there are some services which are never to be presented without asking leave ? For my own part, says he, I reckon those to be the Noblest services which are performed without talking of them. To ask

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ask leave, favours too much of vanity, and ostentation, in publishing the matter before-hand; and it proves many times but a vain pretence to what we are never able to compass. Nay, further, says he, It is still more generous for a man to conceal himself, not only in the doing of a service, but, if it may be, even for ever after the service is done. *That's no more, says Araminte, than I looked for; and you shall do very well to make your self one of the concealed number: For the service here in question is of a quality that better deserves a Reprehension than a Recompence.* The service, Madam, which I have done you (says Timante) is doubtless a very extravagant kind of service, if it be as you render it; and that he who has done it is a stranger to it himself. Be so good, I beseech you, as to mind me of it; give me but some hint that I may understand it, and I do assure you, when I come once to know it, I shall not be so mealy-mouth'd as to disown it. (This, he foresaw, would put her to a puzzle; and finding her at a loss.)

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loss.) But, Madam, says he, the service you reflect upon, is as little known to your self, I perceive, as to me; and you that received it, can give no better account of it, than I that did it. Go to, go to, says *Araminte*, we understand one another: and since the service is so dishonourable, that you are resolved not to own it, I shall not give my self the trouble to tell you it. Let it suffice, such a service it was, as will blast your Character among all honest men, and which I shall for ever remember as it deserves. But we were better talk of something else. As *Timante* was about to reply, she took the word out of his mouth, and said:

Have not you heard lately of a certain Cavalier that gave a Lady a Glyster? Yes, says *Timante*, (not a little surprized at the Question) I have heard as much, but I can hardly believe it. That's not the point, says *Araminte*, for true or false, 'tis the same thing to me: but answer me directly, If you had been in that Cavaliers place, what would you have done? Being I was not there, says *Timante*,

mante, I cannot say precisely what I would have done, if I had been there, for I do not know in what humour I might have been. *Well*, says *Araminte*, *but in the humour you are in at present, what would you do, if such an accident should offer it self, this very instant?* Shew me the accident, Madam, says he, and I'll shew you the *humour*; we have other thoughts upon the view of Objects, than we have upon the *Phansies* of them. *If you cannot tell me what you would have done your self, tell me only*, says *Araminte*, *what another ought to have done?* That, says he, is the greater difficulty of the two; for, Madam, if I know not what I would have done my *self*, how should I divine what *another* would have done? *I do not ask you* (says the lovely *Araminte*, a little in heat) *what you would have done, or what another would have done in the Case, but what you or another ought to have done?* I am of opinion, Madam, says he (to speak freely) that the respect which becomes us to the Face of a Woman, would be an affront to her Back-side;

B

and

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and to quit the place for fear of putting a Bum out of Countenance, would appear a very ridiculous thing, and imply a most unmanly want, both of Courage, and Respect. It is not *thereabouts*, Madam, that we are to stand upon Ceremonies, and I should look upon him as a lost man to both Sexes, that should shut his eyes upon so remarkable an occasion. Not but that I could allow the Lady that should be surprized, to be a little peevish, and out of humour; and if she should call a man insolent and brutal for his pains, I should not much blame her for't. But yet let me tell your Ladiship, she that understands her self, and knows how the World wags, would never make a serious Bustle about such a Trifle; but begin the Raillery her self, to prevent others. What are men made for, but to serve women? And provided they do their duties, no matter upon what occasion. Alas! Madam, the *Paris* is nice and tender: who knows but once minute more in the cold Air might have cost her her life? and the Glisten would have

have been quite spoiled too, for 'twas with the coolest already. You may observe too, that so soon as ever he had done his work, he went his way with all the gentleness imaginable. Now where's the crime of all this I beseech you? unless a man shall be condemn'd for good Nature; or for the discretion of improving the opportunity of serving a fair Lady, when 'tis offer'd him? This is my sense, Madam, and what I should have done in the place of this Gallant; and what I conceive any other man ought to have done, upon the like occasion.

This discourse put *Araminte* several times to the blush, which by twenty little shifts, of looking another way, and the like, she kept from *Timante* as much as possible. And when he had done, well, says she, *If this be your sense, I can assure you, 'tis none of hers that's concern'd in the Story; she abominates the man, and knowing you to be one of the dearest Friends he has in the world, I am to charge you, in her name, that you never look her in the face*

again, nor come where she is to be seen. This I have in commission to tell you, and that it will be your best course to do that of your self, which you will be otherwise forced to. This menace (says Timante) signifies nothing to me, but for your sake I submit; provided only that you tell me who this charming Creature may be. I have not the gift of divination, Madam: How shall I be able to avoid I know not whom? By this order of yours, I am never again to look upon any Woman that's handsome, for fear it should prove that excellent Person whose sight I am forbidden. No, no, Madam, you have too much goodness and justice (I am confident) to impose any thing so severe, and unreasonable.

If the renouncing of the whole Sex, in exchange for the blessing of your particular favour, and conversation, may content you, I will frankly oblige myself, never to see the face of any Woman besides your self, and reckon myself a gainer too by quitting all the scatter'd Graces that are to be found
in

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in womankind, for the concurrence of them all, in one and the same person. You ask a thing not to be admitted (says *Araminte*) for the injur'd Lady and my self, have so much one Interest, and one soul, that it is impossible to please the one, with what displeases the other: wherefore I do absolutely require it of you, that from this moment, you never see me, nor speak to me again, to your lives end. This is barbarous (cries *Timante*, a little disturb'd) to punish a man so bloodily, for a fault he never committed, and for a persons sake too that he never disobliged. Tell her she's unjust. And——Enough, enough of this, (says *Araminte*) and too much too, unless 'twere better. You have done more then you'l confess, and the Lady you call unjust, knows well enough who was the doer of it. No matter for particulars; you understand them better then we can tell you. All I have more to say on my Friends behalf, is to advise you to govern your Tongue, or there will be ways found to govern it for you: ways, which my Friend hath hitherto forborn, for

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reasons best known to her self. Never think to put off the matter, and cry, 'Twas none of you. I tell you the contrary. You were seen when you went out of the house: Or, say nobody had seen you, How could you imagine, that what you your self had talked of so publickly, should not come to the Ladies own ear at last? Come, come (says she, with a sigh, consider what you have done: Think on't, and so fare you well to all eternity. With these words in her mouth, out she goes into the next room, and locks her self up in her Closet.

Timante was now at leasure to reflect upon what had past, and concluding within himself; either that all was discovered already, or would be very suddenly; he resolved to make the best of a bad game, and rather to put it off with Merriment, and good Humour, than either to excuse or deny it. When he had a little bethought himself, and finding Ink and Paper upon the Table, so pat to his purpose, he drew over a Letter which he left upon the Table, against the Hangings, so
much

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much in sight, that there was no coming into the Room, without seeing it, and so went his way, not doubting but it would fall into the right hand; and that so soon as ever he was gone, *Araminte* would come out of her Closet again into the Chamber. He was scarce out of the door, but in comes *Neophile*, a jolly Lass, and one of *Timante's* intimate acquaintance: the first thing she cast her eye upon, was *Timante's* Letter, which without any scruple she presently took up, and read it from one end to t'other. (for these frolick wenches, you must know, are priviledged to do any thing) This Letter put *Neophile* into so violent a fit of laughing, that the noise of it fetch'd *Araminte* out of her Closet, to know the business: And upon that, *Neophile* read it over again, and laughed more and more. *Prethee, what's the meaning of all this?* (says *Araminte*) Only a Paper that I found here upon the Table, (says *Neophile*) which I suppose you are able to give a very good account of, if you please. *Not I upon my*

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life (says *Araminte*) I never so much as saw it. Go to, go to, (says *Neophile*, with a roguish smile) let's have none of these disguises among Friends. 'Tis true, here's none of *Araminte's* name to this Paper, but here's the History of a certain Adventure of hers, deny it if you can. Come, come, prethee do not pretend to make that a secret to me, that the whole world is ready to make oath of. This made *Araminte* change colour, and yet she could have been as free with *Neophile* as with any body: but still she protested over and over, that she knew nothing at all of the paper; and she had neither read it, nor seen it. — Why then says *Neophile*, it is but reason you should have the reading of it: There 'tis. And *Araminte* read as follows.

THE

THE
APOTHECARY
TO HIS
Fair PATIENT.

Madam,

BY the manner of your Discourse about the Glisten, I perceive you are not willing to tell me all you know; and I must be put to conjure for the rest: which for your sake I am content to do, and to spare you the trouble of speaking, what you are afraid to make me understand. But after this, I beseech you, Madam, let us hear no more of Complaints, and Reproaches,

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proaches, as if I wanted either Kindness, or respect. And yet now I am coming to the point, I am a little doubtful, whether you would rather have me entertain you, under the name of a Third Person, as you did Me, or Address my self to a Third Person, when I speak to You. For my own part, I am clearly for plain dealing among Friends; and for treating You (now the vizar is off) as if I were He, that did the good Office you wot of, and your self she that received it. Yes, yes, Madam; This is the naked truth of the Case; and I my self am the happy man who had the Honour to do that service to the most delicious piece of Women

mans Flesh in Nature. A service, that was both seasonable, and expected : A service that was both given , and taken, with all the Civility imaginable : A service , I say , presented upon the Knee , with Reverence, and with Silence ; and managed with so generous a Moderation , that notwithstanding the utmost force of Charms, and Appetite, I gave my eye alone the benefit of the Accident. You are too just , Madam, and too wise , to take a Service for an Offence ; and the first undoubtedly , of the Sex, that ever quarrell'd any man for ministring an advantage to her Beauty.

This

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This Letter, though pleasant enough to any body else, could not draw so much as one smile from *Araminte*. All she said upon't, was (coldly to *Neophile*) that she believed the Letter belonged to *Neophile*, and was not found, as she pretended, upon the Table (not but that she knew well enough by the Contents, that it came from *Timante*; only she was loth to own what had befallen her.) *Neophile* on the other side, kept her ground, and shew'd *Araminte* that the Ink was not yet dry; and that the Letter was of the same Paper with that on the Table; and followed her so close, that at last *Araminte* had nothing left to say, but that it was all one to her, if it were written on that very Table, and with her Ink and Paper, so long as she never saw the Letter, nor knew in the least, to whom it was intended, or any Creature that had been engaged in such an adventure. *Neophile*, perceiving that *Araminte* was a little gravell'd, and taking for granted that the Story was true, in
pure

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pure pity to her Friend, chang'd her Discourse; but yet so ordered the matter, (as she was notably good at Fishing) that she got all out of her before they parted, and made her self of her particular confidence. And now was the time to reason her Friend out of that insociable melancholy that possess'd her, into a better temper.

Prethee *Araminte* (says *Neophile*) leave tormenting of thy self, (for a pittiful business of I know not what) to make sport for other people: Dost thou not think we should have a comfortable world on't, if every Woman that has had her Back-side turn'd up, should be of this humour? I would not advise thee neither, directly to confess the thing; nor would I have thee so positively to deny it; but e'ne fairly pass it over, betwixt jest and earnest.

Araminte found this to be wholsom Counsel, and within two days, received from *Timante*, (who durst not come himself) this following Letter.

Timante

T I M A N T E
T O T H E
Cruel A R A M I N T E.

I Do not know what you may think of the Letter I left you the other day upon the Table; but you are much to blame, if you do not take me to be a very honest civil Fellow for my pains: First, in going to the Devil upon your Errand, to learn that which you would have me know, and yet durst not tell me your self. And Then, to plead guilty, of my own accord, to a Charge which you could never have

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have proved: And all this for your satisfaction.

The last time I had the honour to see you, you were extremely angry with me for my Curiosity; but let me tell you now, for your Consolation, that you are abundantly revenged upon me, in my Love. To tell you the plain troth, I am neither better nor worse, than stark mad, for a certain Woman, that within these eight and forty hours, bad me never look her in the face again. If you be the person, it is not my part to mind you of it, but on the contrary, to try if I can make you forget it. I am perpetually beating my brains, which way to make my peace with you, and

and my passion acceptable to you: But then, methinks, for a Lady of your quality to cast her eyes upon a wretched Apothecary, were a most unreasonable thing: And yet you are to consider, Madam, that I am an Apothecary that chuses his Patients, and ministers only to fair Ladies: Witnesse the Incomparable Araminte, who knows this to be a truth, past dispute, or contradiction. And where's the Cavalier now, that does not wish himself an Apothecary in my place? Tell me for goodness sake, Madam, how I am with you, and when I may see you, that I may tell you again, when you your self shall see, at your feet, the most faithful

ful, and passionate of all Mortals.

Timante.

This way of fooling pleased *Araminte* well enough, and set *Timante*, by little and little, upon better terms with his Mistress, (who you must know, was too much a Christian, to carry malice in her heart against any man that had Wit in him, and good Humour. But as to the answering either of this, or of any other Letter, for the future, she was utterly against it, till all should be gone and past, for fear of reviving the story.

But this would not serve *Timante's* turn; for his business was to possess *Araminte* with a sense of his passion, and to shew her that it was above all discouragements. So that let her reply, or not, his resolution was to write on at a venture, which he did a while after, as follows.

C

Timante

T I M A N T E

To the Fair and Speechless

A R A M I N T E.

W^Hat? not one poor word
left to cast at a dog?
Never, never to see Araminte
again? nor so much as to hear
from her? ten thousand Ca-
tharrs and Gouts, upon the
Eyes and Fingers that were the
causes of it. And all this, for-
sooth, for having my eyes in my
head; and for seeing those De-
licacies which you your self set
before me: for doing the very
thing which you your self call'd
for, and waited for; only it
was

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was done (as it appears) by a wrong hand. Is not this a goodly cause of Banishment, think you? A very worthy ground of ruining a poor Devil, Body and Soul, that loves you, as if Heaven and Earth would come together. Pray let the party offended speak for it self, and do not you complain at one end, for a kindness done to the other.

But this is all a man gets for his good will. Well, well! go on if you please, and make me turn Apothecary in good earnest. I shall not want fair Customers, never doubt it, when the world shall understand, that my first Trial of skill was upon your sweet Ladiship. Do not pro-

voke me, but be kind, and wise in time. For in my whole practice, if ever I meet with the fellow of the sight you shewed me, I shall most certainly revolt. Till then you are to expect the Persecution of my Letters, and after that day, not a syllable more, from Timante, while your eyes are open.

Araminte found this Raillery, not amiss; but still she kept to her Resolution of making no return, which put *Timante* upon this other Letter.

TIMAN-

T I M A N T E
TO THE
Fair *A R A M I N T E*,
If she be above-ground.

T Hough you have plagu'd me
most damnably, yet I can
have the Charity to forgive you,
if you be dead; but look for
no quarter at my hands, if it
shall be your lot to be found
among the living. To make
such a pudder about a Glister?
As if it had been Gun-shot. I
must see You no more, it seems,
because I saw That, which nei-
ther saw me, nor knows me,

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nor ever took any thing ill from me; not indeed, any thing at all from me, but as the lawful Deputy of the Chamber-Maid. It is not well, to trouble your self so much with what's done below-stairs; and by your own fretting, and fuming, to make that so hot in the mouth, that was so cool and comfortable in the belly. I could say somewhat more then you are aware of, perchance, in a business of which I was an eye-witness; and revenge my self that way upon you, if I would give my mind to it. But Basta.

If you be really dead, I do not see why any thing of this should trouble you; but if you be alive, faith, recal your commands,

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mands, and let me live too; for
there is nothing surer, then that
your Kindness, or Cruelty, is
the Life or Death of

Timante.

This letter wrought no more upon
Araminte than the rest; and *Timante*
quickly found that writing would ne-
ver do his business; so that some other
course was now to be thought up-
on, for the making of his Peace with
his Mistress: and no way better, then
by engaging *Neophile*; (which was
his next work) who he knew could
do any thing she pleased, with *Ara-
minte*. Upon the opening of his
heart to her, she promised him fair,
and you shall now see how she pro-
ceeded.

She got *Timante* to her house, up-
on a certain time when *Araminte*
was to make her a Visit; and there
she placed him behind the Hanging,

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within hearing. *Araminte*, says she, *I have a request to make you, and you must promise me before-hand not to deny me.* *Araminte* pass her word, that she would not; and immediately upon that, *Neophile* presents *Timante* to her, for her pardon, and begs of her, that for the time to come, she would allow him the honour of waiting upon her as formerly he had done. *No body loves you Madam, better then I do,* says *Neophile*, and you shall never repent the entertainment of so chearful and ingenious a Conversation. *Timante* seconded this mediation of *Neophile*, upon his knees, with all expressions of Tenderneſs, Paſſion, and Humility imaginable. It was a pretty while before *Araminte* could recover her self from the Confuſion this ſurprize had given her, and juſt as ſhe was about to reply, ſhe was ſtruck dumb again; for ſhe could not look *Timante* in the Face, without reflecting that he had looked upon her, *elſewhere*: upon which thought, ſhe ſtood, for a good while, with her eyes fix'd upon the ground,

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ground, and without one syllable speaking. But upon farther consideration, she resolv'd to break through all these fantastical scruples, and to say something to *Timante*, who was all this while upon his knees, in expectation of her Answer.

Timante, (says she) *Neophile* is my friend, and for her sake I am content to pardon all that's past; for 'tis not possible I should hate any thing that appears under her protection. Wherefore I do once again assure you, that whatever is past, shall be forgotten as if it had never been. But I must now conjure you on the other side, that you never see me again; and this I am sure you will not refuse me, at least if you love me, as you say you do; or if you have any respect for my Peace, and Credit; for I perceive I shall never be able to look upon you, but with shame, and trouble. It is upon this condition, that I pardon you the Affront you have done me, and I shall judge of your Affection, by your Obedience.

Ah Madam, says *Timante*, would
you

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you have me promise you an impossibility? To bid a man shew his *Love* by his *Indifference*, is to bid him *Love* and not *Love* at the same time.

The very soul of *Love* is the presence of the beloved Object: take away That, and *Love* is rather a *Disease*, then a *Comfort*. But how many are there, says *Araminte*, that gratifie their *Passions*, at all distances, with the very contemplation, and desire of what they love? By your fair leave, Madam, says *Timante*, he that lives in *Desire*, lives in *Torment*: But however, be it as you please, whether my life shall be happy, or miserable; I shall not want strength, and obedience, to carry this *Passion* with me to my Grave. Do as you say then, said *Araminte*, and you will oblige me, in suffering for me. It shall be so, Madam, (says *Timante*) with a passionate sadness in his Countenance. But is it not possible, that time——No more Questions, says *Araminte*, but let it suffice, that you will please me, if you obey me: And let me tell you, that he that comes once to
please

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please his *Mistris*, is in a fair way to gain her. *Timante*, finding that matters went better then he expected, prest the business no further; but passing his word for his obedience, left the rest to *Time*, and *Good Nature*. On the other side, the lovely *Araminte* was so well satisfied with *Timante's* manner of proceeding, both upon the point of *Affection*, and *Respect*, that she told him, So soon as the talk was over, he might visit her again; and that for her part, when the world should have forgotten his Fault, she would not be the last should remember it. Upon this they parted; and *Timante* took his leave. *Araminte* staid not long after; but not a word this bout to *Neophile*, of any disposition she found in her self to favour the person, whom but just now, she so violently hated.

It seems by the discourse, that the *Apothecary* and his *Patient* began now to understand one another; which *Neophile* took notice of too; and within a few days, brought her friend to confess as much. At which time, *Licandre*

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Licandre, (a profest Servant, though no great Favourite of *Araminte's*) came out of the Country, where he had been upon some earnest business. At his Return, he was welcom'd with the story of the Glister; which, instead of diverting him, put him (being extremely jealous, and hot-headed) into the most extravagant rage imaginable. Nothing would serve him, but he must be reveng'd upon *Timante*; and that too, not without reproaching *Araminte*; (how innocent soever) which he did sufficiently, the first Visit he made her.

You are in good health, I hope, Madam, says *Licandre*. In very good health Sir, I thank you, replies *Araminte*. Yes, Madam, says he, I make no question of it; for I understand you are in a course of Physick to keep you so. *Araminte*, that knew his humour perfectly well, and saw what he would be at, made him this careless answer, *I do not know how you come to be so well informed in my Affairs; but this I assure you, Sir, that*
what-

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whatever I do, it is not to please you. And yet Madam, says the brutish *Licandre*, though you have no design to please *Me*, there are a thousand others that you would be glad with all your heart to please: you would never have taken a Glister of the first comer else. *You may be sure however for your part* (says she, with a modest indignation) *that 'tis an office I'll never receive from you.* And truly Madam, says he, I am not at all ambitious of the honour; my Rivals it may be, will be glad on't; but for my self I was never cut out for an Apothecary. *At a venture*, says *Araminte*, *I shall not put that to the tryal.* You'll do the better, Madam, says he, for I'm not half so good at it as *Timante*. *I cannot imagine*, says she, *what it is you drive at.* But 'tis enough, says he, that I can. They entertain'd one another at this rate a good while; and *Araminte* was so quick upon him at every turn, that *Licandre* had little joy of that Visit, and so away he went.

This business ran in his head all that night,

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night, and early in the morning, up he gets, and away, towards *Timante's* Lodgings, to watch his going abroad, and demand satisfaction, with his Sword in his hand, which he resolved to do, in such a manner however, that it should appear rather a *Casual Encounter*, than a *Formal Duel*. After a matter of an hours waiting, out comes *Timante*; and *Licandre*, at a petty distance follows him, till they came into a little, blind, unfrequented Alley; and there *Licandre* draws, and runs in upon him, bidding him defend himself. One word was as good as a thousand to *Timante* in such a case, who so behaved himself, that *Licandre* found he was like to have his belly-full before they parted. They exchanged several Passes, upon equal terms; but at last, *Timante* drew blood of his enemy; and it had gone worse with him too, if company had not come in, and parted them.

There was no body took this engagement for any other then a *Ren-counter*, and yet the Combatants durst
not

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not trust themselves to the severity of the Law, but thought it their wisest course to shift for themselves, and ly close, till either their peace should be made, or they might fight it out.

You may imagine the different reflections these two Gentlemen past upon the fortune of that day; and that while *Timante* on the one side was transported with Joy, for the advantage he had gain'd upon his *Adversary*, and *Rival*, (both in one.) *Licandre*, on the other side was ready to hang himself for the contrary. But the thing that most stuck in his stomach, was, the ridiculous occasion of the Quarrel. If the Devil had not possess'd me, (says he) I should never have brought my *Life*, and *Honour* to the stake, for a *Glyster-pipe*, with a great deal to this effect: And while *Licandre* was in this chafe, and stewing himself in his own grease, *Timante's* employment was to write to his Mistris, which he did the same day in these terms.

To

TO THE
Invisible FAIR ONE.

I am under so absolute a Resolution,
and Necessity of conforming my
Opinions and Affections to yours,
and of loving, or disliking just
as you do; that I cannot say
whether I am the better, or the
worse for my late Success; till I
know how you understand it. If
you take nothing amiss in it, I
shall reckon it a Blessing; if
otherwise, it will turn to my
Ruine. I have been thinking to
make you the Present of a little
Gallantry, for your Diversion:
the fruit of an Idle Hour or two;
but

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But I have check'd my self
again, for fear you should from
that Freedom, measure the Re-
verence, and Respects of

Timante.

Araminte took this Letter very
kindly, but could not yet be pre-
vail'd upon to put pen to paper :
only by word of mouth she gave *Ti-*
vante to understand, that she should
be glad to have a sight of what he
mentioned in his Letter. Which *Ti-*
vante sent her immediately, in com-
pany with this which follows.

D TO

TO THE
Most Charming Creatures
In the whole W O R L D.

IF the Foolery I now send you, should happen to displease you, blame your self, Madam, for commanding it : You will find upon your perusal, that it is a piece written in praise of ———— some what that shall be nameless. The Child is not yet Christened. What if we should call it a P^{re}negyrique ? Or give it what other name you please. If it makes you merry, I have my end ; and for matter of privacy be assured, that I shall be ever as tender of shewing it,

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you your self would be, of shew-
ing the subject of it. Rest up-
on it, Madam, that it shall ne-
ver go further, for my part,
unless you shew it your self. If
there be any thing in it that of-
fends you, I am sorry for't, and
ready to ask you forgiveness.
After all this, I do not believe
you can be so severe, as to make
a Quarrel on't, at worst. I have
your Commission for what I have
done, and if I have done amiss,
what would you have more then
the Repentance, and submission
of

Timante?

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Araminte could not but smile upon the reading of this Letter, which she ran over with great Impatience to be at That which follows.

I Never was so taken with any thing since I was born, Madam, as I was a little while ago, with——you know what.. Indeed, take it altogether, for Beauty, and good Qualities, I do not believe there is the fellow of it upon the face of the Earth: so plump, so smooth, so well proportion'd. And then for a Complexion, that is to say, for a pure Red and White: All the Roses and Lillies, the Snow and Vermilion

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lion that ever were bestow'd
upon Ladies Cheeks in Sonnets
and Romances, from the be-
ginning of the world to the date
hereof, are nothing to't: And
all this without the expence of
Pocket-Glasses, Powders,
Paint, or Patches; only an
innocent wash now and then,
and that's all. It's true, the
Pretty Creature is as blind as
Cupid, but then 'tis as sure
too: and if it has no eyes,
neither does it want any; be-
cause it has nothing to do, but
what may be done in the Dark,
as well as in the Light: And
then the discretion of it is ad-
mirable. It is very sparing of
speech: It has the wit never
to refuse a good thing when

D 3

'tis

'tis offer'd, and tells no tales
out of School when't has
done. It is the Common Re-
conciler, and Rendezvous of
both Fools and Philosophers;
and in one word, the Support,
the Comfort, and the Business
of Humane Nature.

More might be said Pro
and Con, in the case; but this
shall suffice. My humble Ser-
vice, I beseech you, Madam,
when you see my noble friend
next. I know you may do me a
good Office there, if you please;
and I am sure you will, if you
have that kindness for me,
which I wish you may have;
especially, when you shall find,
that this gayety of humour has
in the bottom of it, the highest
degree

degree of Passion, and Respect,
that can enter into the Soul
of

Timante.

Araminte did not well know what to make of the medley of this Letter, for there was somewhat in it, to laugh at, and somewhat again to be angry at: for *Timante's* Raillery went too far, when it came to make sport with her Reputation; and that, she took great offence at. But upon consideration of the Circumstances, and the general heedlessness of those that give up themselves to this drolling humour, she concluded to pass it over, without any more ado.

By this, (as time and friends will do any thing) the King was pacified about the quarrel, upon assurance, that there was nothing of appointment, or premeditation in it: and

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a place of meeting was agreed upon at the house of one that wished well to both, for the reconciling of the two Combatants; where they were brought together; but with the greatest difficulty in the world, to get *Licandre* thither. When they thought all was well, one of the Company was asking how they came to fall out. *Timante* protested, he knew nothing at all on't, and that *Licandre* who assaulted him, was able to give the best accompt. *Licandre* on the other side, reply'd, that *Timante* was not so ignorant as he made himself: which *Timante* deny'd again, with so many Oaths, and Imprecations, that they all fell upon *Licandre* to tell them what it was. He shifted it off as well as he could, but it would not pass upon the company, that he should set upon *Timante*, and not know a reason for't. It was a long time before they could prevail; but at last, after much earnestness, and importunity, *Licandre* told them in plain terms, that

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that he was jealous of *Timante*, and that he drew his Sword, in vindication of a Lady for whom he had a great honour; which Lady *Timante* had affronted, by giving her a Glister, upon a mistake. This set the whole Company a laughing, and one of them especially, so much louder then the rest, that *Licandre* in a Rage, and Distraction, to see himself made sport of, gave him a box o'th' ear, that made the Hall ring again, as well with the blow, as with the laughter. This accident divided the Company presently into parties, some for the *Plaintiffe*, others for the *Defendant*; and a great many Swords were drawn upon't in a moment. There were some wiser then others, that with much ado parted them; but two or three of the forwardest were wounded first; of which, *Licandre* was one (as a just punishment of his rashness.) The hurt he had received, was very dangerous, and yet the least part of his trouble; for nothing

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thing gall'd him so much as to be brought upon the stage, for so silly a business. Oh how he curst himself; This comes of Caterwalling, with a pox! (says he) the Devil take her, and all that belongs to her, and my self too, when-ever I so much as think of her again. Two wounds have I now received for one Glyster.

Araminte was told every syllable that past, and too well acquainted with the Jealousie and Brutality of *Licandre*, to doubt the truth of it. Well, says she; since hee's in a vain of swearing, I'll make one Oath too; which is, never to see the eyes of him again, if I can avoid it.

Just as *Araminte* had taken up this Resolution, in comes *Neophile*, on the behalf of *Timante* to treat of Marriage, wherein she was not only free, as to the disposing of her self, but by obligations of Honour, Reason, and Inclination, induc'd to a
Com-

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Compliance. Beside, that *Licandre* was now lost with her to all intents and purposes.

This accident of the *Glyster* struck a great stroke in the Match; for *Araminte* look'd upon that familiarity with a Womans Back-side, to be a kind of Conjugal Prerogative; and reckon'd upon it (effectually) as so much in hand, in part of Matrimony: which follow'd not long after; without any regard to the unfortunate *Licandre*, who lay bed-rid all this while; and in torments both of Body and Mind, not to be conceiv'd. It was a wonderful thing, the operation of this *Glyster*, for it wrought upon the very *Heart* of *Araminte*, and brought two persons together, that had before seen one another, a thousand, and a thousand times, the ordinary way, without ever dreaming of any such matter. This story of the *Pothecary* and his *Patient*, serv'd for Raillery, and Entertainment to the *Wits*, a long time after;

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after; but without any thing of Scandal, or Reproach; for they were both of them very Excellent Persons; and all that could be made on't was this, that *Timante* had done his work so well, he deserv'd his wages.

F I N I S.

There is lately Printed for *H. Brome* at
the Gun at the West-End of *St. Pauls*,

*The History of the Life of the Duke of
Espernon, the Great Favourite of France.*
Englised by *Charles Cotton*, Esq. In
Three Parts, containing twelve Books.
Wherein the History of *France* is conti-
nued down from the Year 1598. where
D'Avila leaves off, down to our own
Times, 1642.

There is lately Printed for H. Dineen at
the Gun at the West-End of St. Pauls
The History of the Life of Sir John
Egerton, the Great Favourite of France
Englisht by Charles Cotton Esq. In
Three Parts, containing twelve Books.
Wherein the History of France is con-
tinued down from the Year 1598. where
D'Alel leaves off, down to our own
Times 1642.

