

Side 14 Archer and Mrs Bountiful

Archer: [Wheeling in Aimwell in a wheelbarrow] Where is Mrs. Bountiful?

Mrs. Bountiful: Here I am.

Archer: O madam, the fame of your charity, goodness and skill in the healing arts makes me implore your help on behalf of my unfortunate master, who stands upon the precipice...of death!

Mrs. Bountiful: Your master! How did this happen?

Archer: Drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what, but down he fell, and there he lies.

Mrs. Bountiful: Ah, poor gentleman!—Come, friend, let's get a gander at him! Here, here, let's try the hartshorn drops.— Dorinda, get a glass of goat's urine with ground chicken teats to reduce his fever! Where did his illness take him first, pray?

Archer: To-day at church, madam.

Mrs. Bountiful: In what manner was he taken?

Archer: Very strangely, madam. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which, at the first, he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure. By soft degrees it grew and mounted to his brain, there his fancy caught it; there formed it so beautiful, and dressed it in such delightful colours, that his transported appetite seized the fair idea, and straight conveyed it to his heart.

Mrs. Bountiful: Poor gentleman! Flip him over and take his trousers down; I'll really need to go to town on this one—Oh—he recovers! he comes to himself! All thanks to my ministrations!