

## Fennel

1726 July 17 (Sunday). My Wife rose out of Bed but exceeding ill, bound together with her Excessive pains; came down; I'm afraid took Some Air at the Door; grew much worse. I got her up Stairs in order to go to Bed again, but she almost swoon'd away. Recovering a little from her faintings, She demonstrated to us that she was in grievous agonies. She undress'd and with the Tenderest Help [of] her Mother and myself She was assisted to Bed. But Every maladie was Enraged, by Every weakness and discouragement left almost Lifeless. I walked a little in the Room, her mother holding in one hand her hand, her other laid upon her Head. I cast my Eyes now and then upon her and Concluded she was drowsing, but I went to her to look upon her, and Spoke to her. Receiving no kind of Return Her Mother put her hand to her mouth. I urg'd Some Testification or sign, but none being given; but she lay in a profound stillness when as though had hitherto been vigorously struggling Her Teeth were set, her Limbs Cold, her Eyes Distorted, and very Little Life any where perceptible, when her Mother gave me the word that She was Dying. How I felt outgoes Description. I hastened the Maid to Mrs. Forbush. My Wife Lay for the space of 3 quarters of or altogether an hour I suppose in such a Condition. O Dismal Hour, wherein the Struggle with my heart for her Division was like the Rending the Soul from the Body! It was truly a most gloomy Time! Mrs. Forbush came just when She spoke, a Galbunum Plaister was taken off which was too strong for her. Something was given her and She Revid'd a little but Continued in the Last Extremitys. It was a Reprieve but it Seem'd a Short one. We Expected we must be Rent asunder this Day! It grew more and more Intollerable! I was full of prayers and anon I had Some Hope. I grew more Confirmed in Hope. It brought fresh to my Mind all the Bitter Sufferings of her Dark friday, Ever long, about nine Months before, wherein I had the Same prospects. The Salvations of God then, strengthened my Trust in him. She became more sensible. We Encouraged ourselves in the Lord and He show'd us his Mercy. While We have any being let us praise the Lord! It grew very Late, but Leaving her under the Divine Protection, and to the care of Mrs. Forbush and Madame Maynard I repair'd to the House of God. Our Devotions, if they were fervent, they were short. Mrs. Peterson came and by various Applications she grew more Easy. I was full of Thankfullness and went again to the public worship, Mrs. Bayles tarrying with her. Our Text a.m. and p.m. was Jer. 4.14. She continued extream bad. I sent Daniel Hardy<sup>1</sup> to Mr. Barrett. Mrs. Peterson watch'd. I have almost utterly forgot what became of me that night. (Now I recollect.) Mr. Barrett came. He said and did very little. He gave us an account of what Mrs. Whitcomb had sent. He gave us better Balsom of Fennel for her violent Fever, gave her some Tent wine.<sup>2</sup>

1739 February 13 (Tuesday). Dr. Convers, by Dr. Gotts message to him as he was at Sudbury, came up to visit my wife. Afterwards came Dr. Gott. They find her very low, her Blood exceeding Weak, her swelling in her Legg increased and advanc'd into her Body, her Urine has been to a great Degree Suppress'd ever since this Second Legg was Seiz'd with the Pain. Her medicines are Chalbiats<sup>3</sup> mix'd with Castor, and Ocul. Cancror with Sal. Nitr. Her bathing with

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<sup>1</sup>Of Westborough.

<sup>2</sup>A deep red wine of low alcoholic content obtained chiefly from Spain.

<sup>3</sup>A chalybeate medicine was impregnated with or flavored with iron.

spirits of wine continued but her Pultis ceases, her Teas of Horse Radish, Fennel and Parseley Roots, and we now lay on a Blister.