

## Fowl

1736 January 28 (Wednesday). I can't but be of Opinion that my Wife's Fever has regular Intermissions, for now it comes on again, and with considerable *Force*, but relying upon the Doctor's Judgment I sent to him for Drugs and sent her Water; but did not Send for him to come up, tho' I repented Afterwards that I did not; for her Fever increased extreemly as the Day got up. I Sent by Brother *Hicks*, whose Daughter *Ruth* lies also very ill yet. Capt. *Forbush* very neighbourly and kind, and his wife here p.m. The Doctor Sends word that he can't but hope the worst is over, *but it was far other wise* -- indeed whilst she Saw the Light of the Day, She Said it helped her to bear up under her Distresses; but O when the *Dark* of Night Should come -- how terrible it would be! In Truth, She had reason to fear it, for her Fever increased yet *more* and *more upon* her. *Jotham* Maynard came to assist me ~~<word crossed out>~~-- and to go for Mrs. *Forbush* (Mr. *Jonathan's* wife). No sooner did the Evening come on, but my Dear spouse grew worse and I ran down to Mrs. (*Hephzibah*) *Maynard* -- though it was stormy -- she came up with me and Mrs. *Forb.* was come -- my wife very low indeed! Said she to me, *My Dear, You Are bereaved!* About 9 o'Clock we applyed a Young Fowl to her Feet -- but about 1/2 after Ten were obliged to take it off -- and Death seemed after a while to be making advances. She could not Swallow, but Spurted out whatever was given her. I asked her whether She was wholly free from those *Terrors* she had on Saturday Night? She answered *not wholly* free from them but She various ways expressed her *Hopes* -- For upon my Saying that I trusted She was rejoicing in *Hope* of the Glory of God; She Replyed, *she hoped So*. And when Brother *Hicks* came to see her (about midnight) and her Mouth was ever now and then in a Sort of Convulsive Shaking and quivering, she said to him, I am in the *Jaws* of Death. I asked her whether she said the *Joys* of Death? She told me she hoped *so* likewise. At one Time, after great Stillness, she very solemnly said, *Dust thou art* -- At another Time upon giving her Some Drops and Water to lay her parching Thirst, and my wishing that *she might Drink of the River of the Water* of Life; She answered presently, *I long to be at it* -- She grew a little better again Sometime after midnight took her Medicines, Cordial etc. etc. Swallowed 'em, and fell into a pleasant Nap, in which she slept for a Considerable Time. But when she awaked again her Fever rose exceedingly, insomuch as she burnt inexpressibly. (I had asked her whether she could give her Testimony to the Truth of the Christian Religion and to the Expediency and usefulness of waiting upon Ordinances. Her answer was, that *we could do no better*. And as I was at another time looking upon her in her dying Distresses and Saying "who would not be moved by this to improve *Every Day and Every Hour*" -- She answered *Every Moment*. At another Time I asked her to pray for me and the Children *with this dying Breath*. She replyed *I do -- God be Mercifull to you, and to them, and to you all*. Several Times She said earnestly -- *Come, Lord Jesus, Come quickly; Why So long a coming?* Some of the last Things I heard her Say I think were -- *My Dear!* -- *My Dear Lucy!*)

1739 November 21 (Wednesday). Brother Hicks kill'd a Pigg for me of about 48 pounds to Send to Boston, and Fowls kill'd at Eve, that Mr. [Benjamin] Winchester going down for me upon the errand of a Maid there, might not go empty.

1747 November 28 (Saturday). I Sent Martha Ward a Fowl by Daniel Cook, Mr. Nurse's Boy.

1747 December 12 (Saturday). A dozen Fowls kill'd to send to Boston by Neighbour Richard Barns next Monday morning.

1747 December 14 (Monday). A Very Cold Storm of Snow. Mr. Barns does not go to Boston.

1749 April 28 (Friday). Daniel finish'd ploughing the Field a.m. and plough'd the Yards by the House. The Beds of the Garden, by the Drought and by the Fowl, chiefly destroy'd.

1749 November 27 (Monday). Sent 1/2 Dozen Fowls to Boston by Neighbour Ebenezer Maynard: being oblig'd to Sell and kill off every Thing that I can Spare, in order to preserve what live Stock may remain.

1752 October 12 (Thursday). Billy goes with my Team to Mr. Tainters for a Load of Cyder, and brings home a pair of Guinea Fowls from Mr. Daniel Forbush's and 30 Rails from Mr. James Millers junior.

1752 October 27 (Friday). N.B. one of our Guinea Fowls carry'd off in the Night by Some Animal of Prey.

1758 December 20 (Wednesday). Deacon Tainter goes to Boston and carries divers sorts of Edibles for my Wife to Markett. Butter, Fowls.....

1759 February 9 (Friday). Deacon Tainter goes to Boston: and carries a few Fowls for my Wife and 3 L from me to Mrs. *Ward*, heretofore *Barns*.

1759 December 27 (Thursday). Five geese and some Fowls by Mr. Joseph Baker to Boston for us.

1764 November 28 (Wednesday). Received two extraordinary large Dunghil Fowls from Mr. Samuel Allen.

1764 December 7 (Friday). John Went to Mill and Paid Mr. Allen 18/ for a pair of his large Fowls.

1765 March 28 (Thursday). *John* went to Mr. Allens and bought another large Fowl 10/.

1765 December 31 (Tuesday). Mr. Zech. Hick and his Brother Samuel here. They carry to market for my son John six Fowls.

1766 January 17 (Friday). Sent to Boston by Deacon Tainter. I wrote to Brother Parkman. John sent 8 or 9 fowls, and 1 Partridge.

1766 January 20 (Monday). Deacon Tainter returns from his Marketing and pays John for his Fowls etc.

1766 June 28 (Saturday). John takes Care of the Hay at Home, and shutts up the Mischievous Fowls, of which we have many, and they have greatly pickd and destroys the Cabbages etc.

1766 December 17 (Wednesday). Deacon Tainter carrys to Boston Six large Fowls for us.

1769 November 15 (Wednesday). The [Near?] Neighbours, or persons with them, disturb me with their shooting at Fowls, Some time in the Evening, to my great Grief, to think how poorly their Minds are prepared. [Thursday was Thanksgiving.]

1776 December 19 (Thursday). Neighbour *Caleb Harrington* carrys to market for Mrs. P\_\_\_\_\_ 6 Fowls.

1778 December 21 (Monday). Mrs. P. kills 5 Geese, and 6 dunghill Fowls for market with the Pork. For it appears necessary to make some money of what we raise that we may be able to purchase what is wanting in other respects.

1778 December 23 (Wednesday). Mr. Joseph Harrington goes with his Team for Marblehead, and takes my Pork, Geese and Fowls, to the care of Mr. Elisha Forbes for Marketing.