

Madeira (Madera)

1752 January 24 (Friday). Through the divine Goodness I enjoyed much comfort. O for grace to improve my Strength to divine Glory! for I find myself extremely prone to wax cool again though I have been deeply Concerned and very fervent. At Eve Lieutenant Tainter from Boston where he had marketed a poor calf for me -- brought me Madera for Bitters.

1759 April 13 (Friday). My Wife was expected to have a Well Day -- but it proved otherwise, for though She was got up, yet was She very ill. At 3 and ½ p.m. she is aguish and it holds her to half after 5, and then comes on a Fever which continues into Night, to my great Distressing. I visited and prayed with Mr. Nurse, who grows worse; and says he is almost out of Hope of any Cure. *Billy* has the Meazles full -- and keep[s] his Bed all Day. All Things work kindly with *him*. *Samme* also is so well as to run abroad. Deacon *Tainter* from *Boston* -- brought my Wife a Bottle of *Madera*.