

Anodyne

OED: A medicine or drug which alleviates pain.

1739 February 8 (Thursday). My wife very Weak and low last Night, but by the help of her **Anodyne** slept better than for several Nights. Nurse went to bed about one. Dr. Gott here and left various new prescriptions and Encouragements.

1739 February 12 (Monday). My Wife remains in much the Same State, except the very great Extreameity of Pain which is mitigated by her **Anodyne**.

1756 July 13 (Tuesday). Dr. *Wilson* came. He judges a vomit (of Panacea Antimony) best -- and persuades me to take it. He stays to See the Operation. N.B. I went down below to dinner and sat at Table (part of the Time). Took my vomit about 4 p.m. It worked Slowly, but according to Expectation, both up and down. And I took an **Anodyne** before I went to sleep, committing all to God!

1769 August 11 (Friday). My Daughter *Sarah*, who is So much my Comfort, and Guide of the House now her Mother is gone, grows ill; goes to bed before Dark. She is Worse. After I was got to Bed, She wants to see me. She has been so sick as to Vomit some Number of Times. I call *John* to go to the Doctor. Temple readily offers to go -- and the Doctor Came, leaves various Things, besides an **Anodyne**. It is nigh 11 in the Night when he leaves us.

1772 November 12 (Thursday). *Suse* has various turns -- sometimes Somewhat revived but distressing Load at her stomach and feverish, fluttering pulse -- that her Case is exceeding doubtful. We are in the Hands of God! An **Anodyne** is given towards night -- and She sleeps composedly when night comes on. Rev. Mr. *Thomas West* came kindly to visit us at Evening.

1772 November 13 (Friday). A great storm of Rain. In the morning *Suse* seems refreshed with her **Anodyne**. But she is very weak and low. P.M. 4 o'Clock she is very bad. She tells her Mother, she thinks she shall soon leave us: and she looks as if Death was nigh. She desires me to go aside and pray for her. We are in Distress and our Hearts wounded.

1775 March 24 (Friday). Received another Letter from Mr. *Forbes*, dated the 20th (the Day before the last, which was the 21st) that "moment" whilst She was actually "under the painfull Operation of the 2d *hard Plaister*, and is as full of pain as She can well bear, though She endures (he writes) with more patience and fortitude than I feared. The Doctor says all Things work very kindly, and he doubts not with the Blessing of God he shall be able to effect a Cure: but will require some time, at least two Months. At present she is extremely agitated. Last Night she had no sleep, and this Night (Sabbath 2 o'Clock) She has been much worse -- but by the help of an **Anodyne** she gets a little sleep -- hope She will be supported and carryed through -- I am encouraged, but verily Sir, it is hard Work -- and we hope in God." "Six o'Clock in the Morning. We have got through the Night. It has been pritty distressing, though through the great

Goodness of God mine and your dear *Molly* has had several refreshing Naps of Sleep, and is now Comfortable -- and does not expect to have any more of these hard Plaisters for a Week or ten Days, and I hope the worst is past. However, Sufficient to the Day is the Evil thereof."