No. 17.
Dec. 11 1838
Jan 17. 1839
Bud.
Feb. 2. 1839

A. de Logan

Deborah ran out of Books so she used
this which was an old one of George Logan
Dec 11 1838

Fevers

℞ Rad Serp: Virg:
— Contrayer ad ℥ij
Aq: bullient: ℔ij —
Infuse for 5 hours — two ounces of which to be taken every 2 hours —

℞ Pulv: fort: Peruv: ℈ij Sal: Absinth:
Pulv: rad: Serp: Virg: ad gr. xij —
This medicine taken every hour was found by Mr. Parker to have the best effect in the common Putrid Fever at Gambroon in Persia. No Emetic in all cases was previously administred — Lind's Essays, Pg 8.

℞ Tinctura Cantharidum in small doses an excellent Medicine in a Pertussis.

℞ Decoct: Tamarind ℥j
Vin: Ant: gtt. x
Capiat utraque hora —

authors —

Roupe de Morb: Navigant:
Celius Aurelianus
Sanctorius de Medicina Statica
Bergman Opuscula Chemica —
Theophilus Bonetus Dissections of Human Bodies.

℞ Salis tartri gr. X succi limonium ℥iij vel q. s. ad saturationem aq. Mentha Pip. simplicis ℥X Tinctura Stomachica Syrupi è corticibus aurant. aa ℥j vini antimonialis gtt. XX —

Misceantur —

℞ Radicis serpentaria virginiana ℥iij infunde in aqua bullientis ℔j: colatura adde discis vitrioli ad gratam aciditatem; capiat cocht. ij utraque hora —

℞ Extracti Corticis Peruviani grana quatuor Extracti thebaici gr. j. fiat pilula —

℞ aq. alexiter simpl. ℥X
— — Spt.
Syr. e corticibus aurant. aa ℥j
Tart. Emetici granum dimid.
M. f. haustus —

℞ aqua font. ℥iss aqua alexiter. Spirit. Syrup. e mucilag. aa ℥ij tinct. Theb. gtt. XX
M. f. haust —

℞ Pulv. fort. Peruv. ℥ij coq. in aq. font. ℔ij cola ℔j add. Elix. Vitr. acid. ℥j
℞ Theb. ℥j. M. f. dos. cochl. ij omni hora —

℞

℞ Decoct. fort. Peruv. Mux. ℥iss
℞ fort. Peruv. Mux. ℥ij
Elix. Vitr. acid. gtt. XX
Ther. andromachi ℥j M. f. haust —

℞ Elix. Vitr. acid ℥ss
℞ Theb. gtt. ℥iij M. f.
capiat gtt. XXX ex cyatho aqua frigida frequenter durante febre —

℞ Aqua Hyssopi Spiritus Minderereri
Syrupi Scillitici aa ℥ij. misce.
dentur cochlearia ij ter in die —

℞ Tamarind ℥j Manna ℥ij Tart
Cremet ℈ij Aq: Bull: ℥x.
~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ — capiat cochlaria ij
utraque hora donec solvatur alvus —

℞ Pulp: Tamarind ℥j Manna ℥ij
Tart: Solub: ℈j Aq: bullientis ℥viij
cola & adde Aq: Mentth: Pip: Simp ℥iss
Conf: Cardiaca ℈j M.f: mixtura
cujus capiat cochlaria iv utraque
hora donec alvus solvatur —

℞ Sal: Glaub: ℥ij
Aq: Font: ℔j
capiat bol: ij ter: hora

℞ Sal: Glaub: ℥ij
Tart Solub: ℥j
Tart: Crocet: ℔ ij
Aq: bullient: ℔ij. Cola capiat cochlearia iij utcunque hora donec alvus solvatur —

℞ Tinct: Cort: Peruv: ℥ ℥iss
Elix: Paregor:
Syr: Balsam: aa ℥ss
Tinct: Cantharid: ℥j Dos: cochl: min: ex vehiculo quovis —

℞ Decoct: Sassafras ℥ij
Tinct: Theb:
Vin: Ant: aa Gtt: XX —

℞ Sem: Sinap: ℥ij allii ℥ij infund.
in vin: alb: opt: ℔ij M. f. infusum de
quo bibat haustum ad libitum —

℞ Aq: Cinnamomi ℥ijß
Oxymel: Scillit: ℥ij
Fiat Haust. q. h. ter M. capiat
coch: mag: sumda quaqua hora —

Diary
Began December
11th 1838

No 17.

The 11th of December 1838

All my Old Books and Papers are filled, and too much Time is left in the month, to go unrecorded; so I thought I might as well avail myself of this old Blank Book to write in, even if only continued for the present. for my Memory for the things of yesterday grows bad — They are easily obliterated, whilst the events of my childhood, the company, sentiments, and conversation of its companion: my dear Brother Isaac Norris is vividly recollected. — only 15 months, marked the difference in our age, and I was the stronger and stouter of the two, nursed by my own mother with a mothers care and, whilst the anxiety of the Family for him, an anxiously desired Heir to its Estate's and Character, made them adopt, what proved to be, the worst means, for his nurse persuaded them that she had plentiful supply of milk when she was sadly deficient, and from which starvation, the Poor fellow was delivered by Phebe Chandler, who weaned

him, sedulously attended to him, and soon brought him into better health and appearance: — He was a beautiful Boy with the most delicate complection, (too fair, but relieved with a fine bloom) and fine long, light brown Hair, and Blue eyes. I was a pretty Girl, but not so handsome, nor near so fair, but had elegant Auburn locks, curled by Nature own soft and Cunning hand.

It is now Third day Noon December 11th

I have had but an uneasy morning of it, my dear Albanie wants me to have Sarah Knox to live with me this winter, which I must positively but Respectfully decline.' —I don't want her, I cannot have her. I can do quite well without any one, It would vex and displease, far more than benefit me. If I should be sick and want a nurse it will be different. Oh Pray do not insist, my dear Children, upon my having any one — It will be imposing a grievous Penance upon me.'

Maria Logan came to dinner, my dear Albany also. We had a kind of odd day — my dear Son a good deal hurried, preparing to go to Loganville tomorrow,

my heart is sad and heavy, and upon looking over the accounts which have been presented, and are now paid, a firm conviction that I have been cheated exceedingly rests upon my mind, I am sure of it. and if I am hereafter a Prey, it will be my own fault. But let me hope for better things.

I am now preparing to go to town tomorrow morning, I mean to stay at my Cousins all night, in order to be at meeting early on Fifth day, Besides the pleasure and benefit of Spending the evening on Fourth day at my dear Brothers, ~~besides~~ and having a little Shopping to do. for which my opportunities are not now very frequent. Maria said nothing about Sarah Knox, which I was glad of, for I do not want her, nor any Body in that way. I have a worrying tooth ache, and pain in my face, and have sometimes borne such a thing a week without telling any one of it. Pup has got up into my lap and is laying very cosey. The attachment of animals, or Birds, ~~to me~~ was always a source of great pleasure to me. an article in the paper tells of an Elephant belonging to a Menagerie getting loose, and killing a beautiful Zebra, and a fine Horse, I did not think they had been so wicked.

I have mis-dated on the other Pages. To day is the 12 of December and a clear and beautiful morning and I am waiting for my Breakfast that I may get ready and go to town. I mean to stay untill 5th day Evening. I shall call for Maria — for I think she said, she would go with me. I hope it will refresh me a little, for I am sure at the present time I want it.

It is now 6th day the 14th of December. and I have been in town where I spent two days and a night, chiefly at my dear Sally's. I had it much on my mind to see my dear Brother and proffered them a visit on the evening of the day I went: for my dear Hannah and Sally, came round directly to see me, as soon as they knew I was in town. But the Girls had the candour to tell me They were to have a little Party in the Evening for the Beautiful Mary Wadsworth, at which, of course, I did not wish to be, so I did not get to see my Brother, who is however, in good health; But the Girls said, their

mother was very poorly and confined to the House, I am apprehensive, with that mental imbecillity chiefly, which must be so trying to her Husband & family:— But never was unfortunate, better shielded from observation than she has been by their affectionate solicitude. The case is known to each, but to one out of their own family ever sees it.

I was at Arch Street meeting on 5th day, and saw my dear Husbands Great Niece Hetty Smith, pass meeting with Doctor Casper Wister, a son of the amiable and good Physician of that name, who was a cotemporary of my own, being born in the same year. They performed quite well, But what a singular mistake I have made here! Instead of Passing meeting only — They were married! — and I, as one of the witnesses present, signed the Certificate, and as usual on such occasions, I wrote my name worse than my usual hand: Anxiety to fulfill, occasioning failure, and it is ever thus with me.

The rest of the day I staid at my Cousins, I did not go out. I am not well — my appetite is poor, and my digestion not good, and in addition, I have a sad pain in my face, so that I am more than usual sick and disheartened,

But the roads are very fine, and I had a pleasant ride home, altho a solitary one.

Sixth day is cloudy and threatens for rain — not cold. I was poorly and suffered much from a bad tooth ache, so that I was in great agony. I lay down after dinner and got to sleep, when I awoke the violent pain was gone, but an uncomfortable sensation and distressing soreness remained. I found a Letter left for me in one of the Dressing table drawers, but before I read it, a large company of Friends were admitted into the dining room. The English Friend Elizabeth Robson, and her Husband, and half a dozen, or more, attendants, had been at Germantown meeting in the morning, had dined at Samuel B. Morris's, and were now on their way to Town. The Letter would have informed me of their intention to call, but I had not then read it. I was accordingly unprepared of the visit, but welcomed them kindly, and withheld no courtesy. But it was a hurried time. They were cordially invited to stay and partake of Tea, but declined doing so. The husband of Friend Robson seemed apprised of James Logans valuable Character, and the important trusts which he discharged

with so much fidelity to William Penn, and they seemed gratified with seeing the mansion he had built, and in which he resided the last 20 years of his valuable and useful life.

Had I previously read, S. B. Morris's letter the visit and all the rest would have been more intelligable to me. But it was meant in true Gospel love and received in the same.

Seventh Day It seems cleared up, warmer no frost this morning, but something of a Fog, and that is now dispersing fine and clear.

~~[illegible]~~

I am now, (about noon) excessively fatigued, I have cleaned the Greenhouse out, very partially, to be sure, but so as it looks better, and is in train for a little watering, which some of the young Fry may do.

What a gradual weaning from the concerns of Life Old Age forces on us. We give up (often reluctantly) not only the Pastime, but the Employments to which we

have been used, but let me tell the Tyro, it is fair but not to give up too soon, and not to be discouraged at one failure, for it often happens that upon another occasion you perform better, and get in better humour with yourself.

The Book got out of the Library in town, did not please me much, so I did not bring it home, and have nothing to read but old Books of our own, and Frances Ann's Journal has been near me, and I have read it. — But dear Me! tho' I admire the Lady, and I might say, love her, for some of her Sterling good Qualities and good sense How is it possible she could have consented to the Publication? Truly it was a great mistake!

Surely she was brought to this country in defiance of her own Will — But even if that was the case, there is no forgiving wilful misrepresentations. yet she is sometimes forced to do my Justice witness Note to P. 169.

P. 185 is Excellent. The note to the preceding Page a false Estimate.

10 at Night Here have I been setting solitary by myself, with plenty of Womens work to do, and I have done it, made a Cap, and prepared my apparel for next week — and read the Papers, not much in them tho'. I had no body to tea, which proved a slight meal to me, for I am very social in my likings. [illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible]

I now date from First day morning the 16th of the month, The Weather yet quite moderate, tho' the day does not promise to be Bright. an accident with spilling the Ink has just now occurred, and my poor writing Board that covers the Stool that serves me for a table, and near which, I constantly sit, has been deluged by it. But after Breakfast, 'tho' it is First day, I believe I must try what can be done to restore it to its usual colour. I have no agreeable things to relate, [illegible]

~~is not here now.~~ We must get along to day as well as we can. Cecilia is invited to a Burial at two o'clock, and we must get Dinner for ourselves, well, if I cook the Things will be Better, that is all. Oh how I wish Maria and Mary may Come to me to day.

7 o'clock in the evening. They did come. and Tom Cook and Dickinson also dined here; They were at meeting, to which I could not go. I had a hurried, but not unsatisfactory day. and now I have a pain in my face, and am not in the humour to be contradicted and worried. and have not half done Justice to the agreeable company we had at Spenton to day.

It is second day morning, and I do not think it promises at all to be a pleasant day to me. In the outward It is cloudy and Damp, not very cold. Noon has nearly arrived — The Dining Room is but just cleared up (for I wanted it to look clean as I expected Mr Betton to tea). Cecilia too, has got home from town, where she went yesterday to a funeral. Rose Weaver did not come to day to wash; and I have as bad a Head-ache as I can. Well set up with it shall be compelled to lay for a little Sleep after dinner. I have been thirsty thro' this morning, and have drank water so plentifully that it has made me sick

The noise of old Jemmy breaking the Coal in the cellar, annoys me exceedingly — If I was Rich enough to Burn Hickory Wood, I would let coal alone — But so it is — and oh for a Pen that I could write with! Was there ever such as these?

It is now the Evening of December 17:

I have had company: — In the first place, Mr Betton sent me word she would come and take tea with me — I expected her, but yet was doubtful if the threatening Snow-Storm would not prevent the visit, But she Came and brought Mary C. Fisher along with her, we were snugly seated in the warm Dining Room when the Piazza door opened, and in walked Maria and Mary Logan — They made a pleasant addition to our company, who, however, did not make a very long visit, and all were gone by half after Seven; The Snow, by this time covering the Pavement, and seeming like for a continuance. — ~~[illegible]~~

[illegible]

I took up Fanny Butler's Journal — She seems to set herself roguedly to find fault. I imagine imperious circumstances made them come to this country to better their condition, and that she has done so, admits of no doubt, she should be Easy, as the Irish would say, and not sting the foster-Parent that has nourished her — I never did greatly admire the manners of those English who have come among us. my pens are so execrable that I cannot write why.

yesterday Maria and Mary were here, and met Mrs Betton and Mary Fisher, who came with her, They all drank tea here. Oh if I had but a Pen I could write with, what a Luxury it would be! I have no new, nor amusing Book to read, No Pen to write with, no friend, or companion to talk to. — verily I am badly suited, I never wielded such Detestable Pens. It is not often I complain, as I now am compelled to do.

I now find I said all this on the other Page. my Tea was taken solitarily. — No relish for it, or enjoyment, by myself — and yet I am conscious I do better than most Women would. It must be execrable Sleighing, from the small quantity and melting state of the Snow, and yet Guy is out with the Poor Old Horse Doctor, to my great discontent, for I fear he will urge the Poor Beast too much. — [illegible]

I never was worse off for some of the little Excesses of comfort to myself than I am at this very time, amongst others, Pen's to write with.

I am constantly up the first of any one in this house, I make my own fire, light my lamp, wash and dress generally, before any one is stirring. I have not wasted much of my Time in sleep, only, and except, my afternoon Siesta, which is a great Refreshment to me, and not in common to be dispensed with.

It is the 19th and a fine bright day. I heard that Dr Thomas Betton had arrived safe at the Cottage, to the no small Relief of his mother who made herself much more uneasy at his Absence than there was occasion for, and indeed than was made by Life herself. For my own part I feel exceedingly sick to day and not at all inclined to go abroad.

½ after 4 o'clock, I had to lie down after dinner and the short afternoon is rapidly drawing to its close. my Pet chicken has sought the shelter of its Basket, The Sun has set in clouds of a Ridiculous Purple and gold, The Greenhouse is shut and I seem preparing for as good Entertainment as I

can get by sending Peter for the Papers. Anne! do make him go. Chopping mince meat, and flying about to get lists of the Articles wanted for the Indispensible Mince pies. and to get neighbour Bibing to bring them. I took my Tea alone, and it was solitary Enough and not as if the viands which accompanied it were prepared with the care that designs them to be particularly Agreeable. Nothing very good to induce me to Eat. I am in a tolerably humble and kind state of Mind, willing to be pleased, and desirous to do good, But inert and sluggish and apt to let the Lion in the Way, furnish me with an excuse,

Billy Fisher was here a short time to day, He told me his wife was a good deal Indisposed, and going to be Leached, for the Rheumatism — Now I Reflect upon the mercy it is not to be subjected to its tormenting Pains. — my dear Dr Logan used to describe it as if a Dog was gnawing of the Bone.

I have had my solitary Tea. — Nothing very good tho'. and in the Kitchen they are chopping Mince Meat, and suet, and apples, for the Christmas Pies, which are now in preparation. I shall be glad when they are made and the work done up.

Gustavus brought home some Birds this Evening:
A Poor Thrush, and two little Stranger Birds to
me — in the Dirtiest Cages possible, but they must
be cleaned and taken Care of, and if they become
attached to me, there will be affection, and conse-
-quently pleasure, and all those little soothing emo-
tions which arise from Care and Protection afforded,
and if I could but feel any thing of the same attach-
ment I had to my sweet Reddy it will be well, &
I shall gain by the little Creatures.

On 6th day I went (I cannot write with
this abominable Pen and Ink).

It is now 7th day morning, and for want
of a written Record, all is obliterated in my Mem
-emberance, only that I think I drank tea at
Somerville on 5th day and that Maria and Mary,
and Mary's friend Matilda Hodgson, are to visit
me on Seventh day afternoon.

The morning of 7th day has now, cloudy, dull,
and dreary enough, but not very Cold. I feel
disconsolate, and as if I wanted Comfort and help,
Spiritual help, I am sure I do, and likewise the

kind and cordial help, which sometimes a fellow
Creature can bestow — which my dear Sarah
Walker has, not unfrequently effected for me, and
which I myself, have sometimes been so fortunate
as to effect for others, and it is truly a great
pleasure when one is conscious of really helping a
fellow Creature, in this, to some, troublesome, and
wayward world. But our fellow Creatures are only
the Instruments (and it is blessed to be made so) all
help is derived from God.

I should be thankful if I had a Pen to
write with

a cloudy dull morning, but now at a little
after 12 the Sun comes out, and it looks better. But
oh! here, is dinner time and all is still in confusi
-on, and myself, who used to be the Life and Soul of

things here, quite inefficient and incapable to help to much purpose.

Well, no company came, tho the expectation served to beguile the time 'till pretty late, for I thought many and her Guest would have liked to come. Yet suppose their Intention to come to meeting and dine here tomorrow operated as a a sedative. And now, Tomorrow, that is First day, is a most Bleak and stormy morning. Cloudy like for Rain or Snow, damp and the Wind roaring thro' the Trees in the beautiful Avenue of Hemlock, like an Enraged Bull. I shall not go out, and I Question, if my Grandson will go to meeting, altho' it may be fairly inferred, that Tommy McGargee, will not see much company to day. But I should like the Somervillians to come here. I wish I had a Pen to write with, it would be some Amusement to me, but I am quite sick, disappointed, and uncomfortable, no Somervillians have arrived. Gustavus has got home and I believe there will be nobody to dinner but ourselves. And I want no dinner, for I am sick at the Stomack.

Evening. I have passed neither a pleasant or a profitable day, unfulfilled expectations —— I don't know how, On Second day morning how I shall get along with any pleasure to myself for all its little Vexations seem to have withdrawn and I have not even the pleasure of a Pen and Ink worth a Button. How in the small as well as the great offices of Life do I miss my Dear Algernoon. Yet let me remember ever with deep affection and gratitude, the kindness, the efficiency, and attentions of my now only son, and bless God that he is yet spared to me. These abominable Pens and Ink, their work of writing will never do. It must be remedied.

This day before Christmas, this second day morning I was up before day long enough, for I could not sleep but it seemed to me, up to every kind of discomfort. I had sense a thing to my mind, and a bad Head-ache into the Bargain.

Here are all the little animals and Creatures, depending upon me for comfort, and it is a pleasure to impart it —— ~~[illegible]~~

Things improved somewhat as the day advanced, and after a little while got settled to some comfort. Maria and Mary and the young Girl (for so she seems to me,) who is staying at Somerville, drank tea with us, and, if I had things a little more to my mind, I should have enjoyed the visit much more than I did. I never seem to have things quite as I like them, or think they ought to be.

Well, Breakfast over, and the house a little righted, and the Greenhouse visited, I have come in and set down, under a pressure of fatigue and weakness, yet, if you do feel so, and there is a consciousness that things are not suffering from neglect, as you are at rest and quiet, you recover from the fatigue pretty soon, but the sweet and easiest way for me by far is sleep. I admire the Opening of the Night Thoughts,

"Sired Nature's sweet Restorer balmy Sleep"

and the truism that follows; which I have often experienced.

Christmas day, I was not well. Dickinson dined here, and Maria kindly came and staid the afternoon and evening with me. The Girls went to Mr Bottom and called for her to go home. I don't know when I have been so glad to have company.

~~[illegible]~~

My Grandson dined with me, but from that time to dark I have not seen a face but little Anne's. We have been employed, I fancy, something in the way that Mr Butler calls "handling about." in the afternoon I lay down a short time and then got up to the undefined employment of housing the Pek Chickens, and carrying Plants to the sunny place to catch the beams of the afternoon Sun; and now those beams are withdrawn, and it is dark — but the cold has greatly moderated. and it seems like to be a pleasant Evening.

Lizzy Fisher has a dinner tomorrow for the Bridal Party. — Poor Cousin Sally L. Fisher is so lame she cannot walk at all. Sarah Writer hourly looks for her confinement, and Bill enjoys the company of the young and Gay as much as ever. I am now going to look over the Papers which await me.

my endeavours to employ and entertain myself are not very successful this evening for I am in pain and feel Impatient and disagreeable, with that kind of Irritibility which is at War with comfort, in the midst of all this, Puss chooses to lay at her length in my lap between me and the Book and I can hardly make out to write in this position, I believe I had better put the Book away, for I am every how uncomfortable this evening

It is now the 27th of December, clear Dry Weather and moderate for the time of year. Oh that I had a Pen that I could write with, with any degree of freedom! — like those my sons used to make for me — they suited my hand, and it was a pleasure to write; I can get none such now — it seems to me. — The Ink too is abominable, and that too must be remedied, It is quite essential to my comfort to have good Pens and Black Ink, — and likewise to have the Chickens fed, for the poor fellow who was housed up in my room last night, and gave a Christmas Crow this morning, has been turned out of Doors, I am afraid without his Breakfast.

Oh Dear! I have a Head ache this morning. ½ after Twelve o'clock and nothing very agreeable has occurred. I am not well, and I am sensible I have too much fatigue, but know not, without abandoning things to ruin that have been hitherto taken care of, how to prevent the fatigue ~~[illegible]~~ Elizabeth Fisher has a Party this Evening. Lisa B. is going to it. She looked Beautiful yesterday. fair & gentle. "Thou art very fair my Love, thou hast Doves Eyes" might be applied to her truly. Her Portrait is in good Progress, The Painter wants to place it in his exhibition

I have not spent this day either pleasantly or profitably. It is very Cold, and Pinched by it, and my feet hurting me exceedingly, being sore and tender,

and hurting me as if my Shoes were filled with gravel. I have not much comfort or enjoyment. The men are busily employed in filling the Ice house to day, and a fine time it is, for that work. But oh the cold keeps me uneasy on many accounts, and I never suffered greater inconvenience than this morning (6th day 28) for the perpetual fire was gone out in the large Stove in the dining room, and I was sensible there would be trouble to rekindle it — All of which occurred.

I am up and have Breakfasted and have nearly cleared away my China, But Gustavus is still about his. The Sun shines out cheerily, otherwise it is pretty cold.

Now here, is an unexpected and provoking Bobble: Before I had put away the numerous China, and other ecetera's, which usually fall to my lot in the Dining room Sarah Wilkes two little Boys made their appearance to spend the day; presently Dickinson arrived, when Anne and myself held a Council of Enquiry into what we could get for dinner, when to my consternation I found that we were coming short of all I had expected for Deserts, Things were gone. Good things had disappeared: however we exerted ourselves, and a tolerable good dinner was forthcoming, which seemed to be received with satisfaction. It was very cold and a cloudy dreary, evening succeeded; which I spent industriously at my needle. — A great resource to women. Gustavus, some time ago, brought home 3 Birds in two Cages, and hung them up in the dining room (The Parrot occupies the Kitchen) One of the Parlour Birds makes a very singular noise, like the clicking of Glass together.

Yesterday afternoon Dickinson brought me home an Album ~~Splen~~didly Bound in Morocco Leather, of very fine Paper, handsomely ruled, in Quarto Size, Diary — too pretty by far to be spoiled and be made free with by my scrawls, for which this Book, at present seems quite good enough. Therefore, I believe, I shall continue, a while longer to make use of it. Besides it was my Dear Dr Logan's Book.

Seventh Day Morning, It snowed in the Night and a Pure White mantle is thrown over the face of Nature. — Beautiful!

A very moderate and agreeable day with occasional snatches of sunshine, has succeeded. Gup, soon after breakfast was off in the Sleigh, and I am alone, which is far from disagreeable. But I wish I had a pen that I could manage to write, fit to be seen with.

I am sick, a head ache and pain in my back, and I am disconsolate and ill at my ease, nothing pretty and agreeable, or as I like it ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

It has been an Up and down day — and with me more down than Up. In the afternoon a Sleigh Well loaded with Margaretta Morris and a Whole assemblage of Young Johnsons, were down here, and staid to tea, It was pretty deep wading to get along, however they soon went when they had finished, and then I had my Grandsons, and young Dr Cock. It is a bitter night, and I am afraid for my Greenhouse, which is already a little Injured. I am very uncomfortable this Evening.

I have a Letter from Poor Sarah Walker, giving me an account of the Illness and Death of their worthy and kind friend, Rachel Taylor, who had been to them a most kind and efficient friend in Infancy, after the death of their mother. She was greatly attached to the Children and raised them all — The Youngest was an Infant at the time of its mothers decease.

It is a very cold Blustering night, it is even severely cold — and I do not know when I have felt more uncomfortable than I do this evening, tho my dog is on the Carpet beside me, and Puff has made for herself a Bed of my Work, up on the Stool that is covered over like a little table for my use. — They both seem comfortable enough. I wish I were so myself,

28th

And anne Jay's First Day.

The morning dawned Beautifully, But the Grecian Aurora Was never Dressed in Hat's as ours at this season, ought to be. — and she might look very gracefully with her Fur Cap and mantle, to hunt, not with her little Boy, but with her Indian Lad. It is a shame I cannot get a Pen to write with. never were worse than those I now have —— and the Ink —— Detestable! —

It is vain to complain — and I feel it so. But apprehending from existing circumstances, that few flowers will gladden my Path to day, Maria and Mary, and Lizzie Betton, are all in town. and I am poorly and fatigued from the exertion I have already made, The 3 Young Gentlemen will be here to dinner, and I have a Turkey, and Chine of Pork and mince Pie for them — not much satisfaction in the anticipation myself, for I am sick at the Stomach, and I have from my teeth just now some discomfort, and I may extend the Circle to a good many things.

I felt too poorly to dine at table. But the Young ones enjoyed themselves, ~~perhaps better~~ ~~[illegible]~~

Thirty first of December, and last of 1838.

yesterday I had no company, but my Grandsons and their friend Tom Cock, who is a modest well behaved young gentleman. Vain seems the wish for a Pen that I can make any mark legible with, with the least degree of freedom. These are Four all equally unmanageable. The cold seems to continue unbroken. It is very hard upon my poor Greenhouse, which I have in vain attempted to secure from its ravages.

In the afternoon and evening of this day I had company —— a great deal — I scarcely knew how to get along with so very many however, they helped to entertain themselves in more sense than one, and myself, with some anxiety and some pleasure got along, pretty well. Alfred Cope was the first of my Guests who arrived — He walked from town on the Rail Road, but some of the Ladies gave him a seat in their carriage home. The cold is intense — I can hardly stir from the stove. It quite paralyzes me. I had the Carriage ordered up to go to Somer-

-ville when my Guests arrived and prevented it. I heard from Albanus, who has the Rheumatism and I must go to see him tomorrow.

Margarette Morris and Sally Campbell were two of my Guests yesterday. Now, on New Years Day the cold continues very intense, tho' the Sun is out brightly. I have just had morning visitors:— anne Morrison and a little Protoge of Annes, who, Poor Child! left both her gloves behind her, this cold day. Anne has two Children adopted, and I have no doubt will have good educations as to learning bestowed upon them — and they will have need of modesty and good sense to bear their faculties meekly and offend no one. I much question if this kind of culture is bestowed. People who are so circumstanced had need of a great deal of merit to bear them out.

Last time

I drank tea at Somerville and had a pleasant visit, the roads very fine and fairly to myself in returning home, for we met no One at all.

My Pen and Ink is so bad I really think I can do as well with a Pencil.

So far as near noon, on the Second day of January 1839 It is very pleasant for the Season — moderated consider-ably from yesterday, and rather cloudy. I am not very well and seem considerably oppressed, my Ancles too are swelled, so as to be much larger than their natural size the feeling extremely irksome to me, tho' not painful. Oh how I wish, I wish that I had good Ink and Pen's once more to write with. — Then it would be a pleasure to me, and beguile the tedium of many an half hour; Now it is a fretful task because of the Evil Instruments. They are killing more Hogs to day. Dreadful!

I went to lay down after dinner for I do not feel well — a little time only elapsed when I was called up to my dear Albanus — but he would not stay long, and he took his departure before tea. They now talk freely of coming up here to live, and of our making but one Family in the Spring; I feel remarkably free, (as Friends would say,) that it should be so. and satisfied, from the goodness of Maria's Principles, that there will be no difficulty on her part; and my dear Albanus appears much to approve it. For one good thing, it will be the means of having the old Mansion, and its grounds, put in beautiful order, and we shall have a Garden once more. and our united means to live

with

enable us to do so very comfortably — United, we shall only be a family of Six Persons without our Domestics.

It is now January 6. not near so cold as it has been, but cloudy and like for falling weather, as it seems Damp and thawing, I should expect rain instead of Snow. I was alone last evening and worked Industriously at my needle, tho' the Cap which I made did not please me at all. The needle is a great friend to Women.

Alfred Cope brought me out, the other day when he was here, an engraving of that worthy and eminent man George Dillwyn; It is a like ness that one must recognise, but not a pleasing one — and the person looks like a Characature. Yet, nevertheless, I was obliged by the attention.

Fourth of January 1839. I have never known the old Year depart, nor the New Year enter, with so little notice, (Firing off, and In,) as the Present one, and as they were senseless customs and produced no earthly good, they are better laid aside.

Third

~~Fourth~~ of January, and a Snow Storm.

[illegible]

I am not very well myself am now old and Infirm and want Kindness and comfort, not anxiety and Care, which however, seems to fall to my lot at present, but will be better when my dear Albanus comes. Then, there will be a renovation of matters and things and I confidently hope the aspect of all will be for the better.

I do not look forward to much longer life, but I sadly want to "set my House in order". I have Symptoms of decline, amongst which I reckon the Swelling of my Legs and ankles, but it is not painful — only a sense of weariness oppresses me.

Yet to day (that day the 4th) nothing looks cheering. Four Hogs are to be put up for Pork, Sausage made, and the feet cleaned &c. and I am totally inadequate to see after it. I must trust to others,

Exceedingly Poorly, and not able to undertake any part of the work, I have come in and seated in the dining room quite incapable of helping others or of being pleased myself.

Some how or another, I got along, I became better and cheerful, Lizzy Weaver is to come tomorrow and to help my inefficient ones thro' their greasy work which is not done to my mind at all. They suffer it to accumulate and then give out the cleaning. I do not live very comfortable just now. Caroline Martine and a young niece of hers, drank tea and spent the Evening with me. — They brought their work and we sat employed round the table. my swelled and blacked ancles are painful (somewhat) and disagreeable in the feeling, yet not so bad as might be expected.

my son sent me up a fine Pheasant, and a Request that I would eat it myself.

It is First day morning the 6th Jany. I have been up some time by Lamp-Light. The beams of the Sun, when he first rises at this season, come in, for a short time, and form to my Imagination the figure of a Pine Tree growing out of a Rock, But it is very evanescent,

Now, — It is gone. I am waiting for my Breakfast, as are the Pet chickens for theirs. I do not feel pleasant nor efficient at all, and it is not possible to get along with dowdy help, unless you seem smart and Capable yourself.

I had a nice little note from Maria yesterday, which I answered too much in a hurry to express half the pleasure which I received from its perusal. I am sick, and discontented, and uncomfortable myself. yet trying to make the best of it. I did not attempt to go to meeting — I knew I should have been too late by ½ an hour. Jane went to hers, methodist not so particular, in that respect as are Friends, and really the hour is too early for the Winter months with us. It is a most beautiful Winter day, only very wet walking and disagreeable pretty foot. I have done up my Greenhouse a little, and excused myself with the "Necessity" of the measure — and now I purpose, after dinner to go down to see my Children. ~~I do not feel either cheerful or good, and I am very [illegible] down hearted~~

[illegible]

I am disappointed of going abroad, by hearing from John that they were all seen on the wing themselves, (Except my dear Albanie) Now the next thing is to retire into my own Room and keep quiet — and hope not to be disturbed. Come, let me go!

It is now 5 o'clock, my Grandsons are off, I have seldom felt such a Reluctance to be alone as to day, I wanted company — But it was all one They would not stay — and now I am again alone. — If I had a good Pen or two, I would not care — But those I have are abominable! and I have no pleasant interesting Book. I ought to read good Books I know, but my mind is vacant

and unstable at this time, and I have a Bad head ach am sick and uncomfortable, and deprecate what I eat at tea, it does not agree with my Stomach, and I wish had not been received into it. I am out of humour with myself for this happening to me the second time. This is a confession I ought to be ashamed to make and indeed I am so, my sick Stomach and Swelled ancles being very much at varience with feeling of comfort. I did not seem to rest as well as usual, and was up soon but found to my vexation that the Fire was dead out in the Coal Stove; a disagreeable Interregnum has to succeed, before the billets of wood burn and the Coal catches, all of which must be waited on, and will be accomplished in time. Now I have a good fire. The anthracite is a great Discovery for Pennsylvania. I now, some times marvel how we did formerly, when large glowing Hickory Fires seemed quite inadequate to warm our Rooms or give us comfort, especially those whose situation at the Table was remote from the Fire; and I have actually seen, on a very cold morning a Halo round the Candle, like what is seen in high Northern Latitudes.

It is early on the morning of the 7th of January 1839. I could not sleep, and so got up — we had the trouble of renewing the fire, But I suspect I have already said this. I am very poorly and think myself declining fast. — may I take warning!

I am quite at a loss to know what day of the month it is. my little maid keeps better account than I do — she says it is the 8th of January. One thing I know — I am exceedingly unwell, my stomach is not good, and my ancles and feet are swelled very much. at present, it is disagreeable enough in the old dining room and seems very dirty to me — only the sunny picture of the tree growing out of the Rock on the Wall pleases me — Now that is fast vanishing away. It is gone! The bright sunlight makes the Lamp unnecessary. Blow it out.

In the afternoon I felt but poorly, and went to lie down, in the meantime company arrived: — Betsey Roberson, and her kind son in law, and the very pretty and pleasing, Ann Moore, with her Beau, to whom she is engaged to be married. But I have unaccountably forgotten his name which I must enquire of Maria. They were invited to stay tea, But declined on account of the Bad Roads, and absence of the moon. This morning I am a good deal unwell, and have a most disheartening tooth ache, which severely worries me. Elizabeth Betton has kindly come to spend the day here and we are waiting for dinner. ~~[illegible]~~

On 7th day morning I am up at a little after Eight oclock and in the dining Room — but most exceedingly unwell — I can scarce hold up my head, I seem to have a complication of complaints, and I look forward to going to Bed as soon as I can. yesterday we had no company, Maria was kindly attentive to me.

It is First day morning the 13th of January, I was considerably unwell yesterday, and am so this morning: A Heavy dull Pain in my head, and little Chills and creeps prevading my poor frame, make me sensible of my Invalidism. Mary Logan called as she went to meeting, but Gurkavor was not ready to go with her, and so she went by her self. It is a most beautiful day: — Sunshiny day, bright and pleasant and not very cold.

I kept very poorly thro' the day, having frequent Creeps and chills, and often laying on the Bed, Mary Logan and Elizabeth Betton both were here, and we got along pleasantly enough. To day (2d day the 14th It is dull and looks as if it would rain. To the many kind enquiries of How I am? I am uneasy dicontented, and restless, ~~[illegible]~~

It is the 17th of January and a very fine clear-cold day. It seems as if I had been up and down all night, I am very poorly, my teeth all give me pain and I have a fever in my mouth — Not comfortable at all, and as impatient and discontented as I well can be. Maria Logan is here and very kind, but has to put up with my Switching ways, which she does very Graciously — She has, of course, a better time with me than Mary would have.

She died 16 days later. &c.

Feb. 2nd 1839

have a fœtid smell, the Pulse small the Intestines may be judged to be affected with an incurable Gangreen —

All who die of Dysentery perish by a mortification of the Bowels —

Bleeding necessary in long continued Dysentery —

Opium dissolved in some gummous menstruum useful as an Injection —

Putrid Fevers

The accumulation of excrementitious matter in the Prima via supports the tendency to putrefaction in malignant Fevers. Thus in Dysentery the Rectum & large Intestines are universally found mortified —

May not the Proximate cause of these Fevers be sought for in a relaxation of the Fibres united with a dissolved state of the Fluids

As Aperients Tamarinds administered by intervals with the Tart: Emet: so as to produce & continue a moderate laxity of the Intestines is by far the most eligible in putrid Fevers —

It has been observed that persons under a Dysentery generally escape the Putrid fever.

In Dysentery If the pain & thirst cease at at once, the excrements voided involuntary

* One case which has the appearance of this disease sometimes occurs in Pregnant Women and is not to relieved by the comoron astringent Medicines but by rest & quiet. The coats containing the Colliquamentum are sometimes ruptured near the skirts of the Placenta; so that frequently on change of posture or exercise, an afflux of Serum is perceived which is limpid, but so glutenous as to offer the linen —

Fluor albus

Pulsus

Pulsus serratus ac durus semper indicat vitium in partibus membranosis.

Pulsus fiunt parvi & pene imperceptibiles, in doloribus capitis vehementibus

Most Distempers arise from the omission of Purging after Autumnal Disorders than from any other source — Sydenham —

When a violent pain is perceived near or above the Navel attended with an affection of the Bowels is there not a probability of a redundance of Bile in the Duodenum which might be relieved by a Vomit or Diluents combined with Tamarinds —

Delirium attended with Watchfulness has been frequently relieved by Elix: Vitr: taken in any aqueous Vehicle —

In the Suppurative Fever of the Small Pox and during the whole continuance of that Fever would it not be proper to keep the Belly open? Though by great attention we may be able to discover what nature does in fact & ye organs she employs in her operations, yet ye manner will always be a secret —

x might this be a useful Medicine in the Pertussis & in viscid defluxions of the Lungs —

aired Bile —

Pediluviums in cases of Fever is proper particularly in Delirium or where there is an affection of the Head or Lungs. The application of recent killed animals to ye Soles of the Feet to procure relief in Fevers is barbarous, insignificant & in no cases to be admitted —

Blisters should be used with caution in Warm climates — In all situations should be used with caution in the begining of Fevers. In cases where the Pulse droops attended with Torpor Lethargy and other symptoms of an inertia of the Nervous system Blisters are generally of advantage.

x Oxymel Squilitinum strongly recommended by Dr Gregory to be taken in Mustard Whey in cases of Peripneumony.

In the Phthisis Pulmonalis Sr John Pringle recommends repeated venæ all bleedings —

Intermittents Persons who have died of these Fevers have always accumulations of Blood in the Heart & Lungs —

Mortification in a case of Mortification Dr Gregory gave with success ℥iij of the Peruvian Bark every two hours —

Delirium in Children is frequently removed by an Antimonial Vomit —

Drastic Purges in the begining of all Fevers is dangerous. A Solution of the Emetic Tartar in a large quantity of Water is an excellent remedy in all these cases particularly in the Febricula — The proper cleansing of the Bowels is as necessary as Vomits, particularly in Hot climates where there is a great tendency to Putrifaction and much

* In Putrid Fevers may not relief be obtained by frequently washing the Body and Head with equal parts of Warm Vinegar & Spirit in some cases perhaps a small quantity of the Tinctura Thebaica might be added —

& Bleeding frequently but not in all cases proper. Dr. Lind as well as many other eminent Physicians being of opinion that the use of ye Lancet is dangerous in highly putrid Fevers.

Q. What advantage can the system receive from a surcharge of corrupted Blood?

Children in all cases bear Bleeding worse than any other evacuation —

Blisters appear to produce a good effect by affording a general stimulus to ye System & deposing the viscidity of ye fluids — or

On what principle can these Virtues depend —

* Fevers in general

At Haslar Hospital Dr. Lind informs us ye Vomits are universally made use of in the incipient stage of Fevers and that with so great success that eight persons in ten who were admitted to that Charity were quite recovered. Bleeding frequently & preceding the Vomit, and after it a Draft containing ℥ v. of S:C:C: with ℥ v. of Laudanum —

In low Putrid Fevers after the 3 first days life must be trusted to nature than in most other Diseases ~~In~~ this period of the disease no confidence is to be placed in Alexipharmic Medicines which in cases of eminent danger ought not to be used till after proper evacuations —

Blisters highly recommended —

*In the beginning violent Purges should be avoided and also astringents or Opiates — Diluents, Fomentations & frequently Cold Water itself has been of great advantage —

In Bilious Putrid Fevers would not a decoction of Tamarinds combined with an antimonial preparation be of great service given every hour in small doses —

Costiveness or in Diseases of the Intestines acid sharp Purges frequently induce dangerous inflammations

*Cholera Morbus weakens the Bowels greatly. After the violent symptoms of the Disease have disappeared Tonics & exercise are necessary —

Palsy a Fever coming on in a Palsy is the worst circumstance that can happen —

Bloated Face frequently arises from costiveness, as the Bowels distended by the excrements compress the large distended artery from which circumstance the blood directs its greater force upwards —

In great Laxity of the Solids Drastic Purges are preferable to milder ones. But in Diseases accompanied with a rigidity of Fibres frequent mild Laxatives are preferable —

A great part of the cure of Diseases consists in preventing any bad consequences after the principal complaints are removed.

The too free use of Stimulating Remedies or Regimen in Agues or common intermittents frequently converts them into continued Fevers —

Heat is very frequently the only cause of fainting or Fevers —

Death We know of no certain symptom of Death but putrefaction —

Gout may it not be considered as a high inflammatory Disease. Its accession during the Winter Months & disappearing in the Summer — Fomentations & the Warm bath —

* In the advanced state of the Disease might not an infusion of Bark with a small quantity of Opium be used as an injection: Also a tepid application to the Abdomen of a Decoction of the bitter herbs united with the Tinctura Thebaica

part a black dissolved Blood and always a dangerous affection of the Head —

* Dysentery Pringle, Sleghorn, and other authors in their observations on this Disease say that by dissections ~~they found~~ they found part of the Colon & the Rectum inflamed ulcerated and in many cases mortified The other Disease being sound — After the use of ℞ Lancet emetic tartar and a gentle evacuation M: de Sinac in his own case and many others found the greatest benefit from a solution of ℞ij of Emetic Tartar in ℔ij of Water of which three large spoonfuls to be taken every hour — The Diet should be particularly attended to in this Disease. Barley gruel Sago Panada —

* In low Putrid Fevers might not a cold infusion of the Bark & Snake root acidulated with Elixir of Vitriol be useful —

as Poisons in such a Putrid acrimonious state of the Blood — Huxam on F. P 115 —

The extraordinary largeness & flaccidity of the Heart which is commonly noted in Scorbutic & Pestilential Fevers are owing to the weakness & great relaxation of its muscular fibres —

X In Tertian Fevers the Spanish Physicians order cold water to be drank during the hot fit which is found to refresh and at the same time to strengthen the tone of the Vessels —

Baglivi by his experiments with Cantharides found where they were topically applied they produced a mortification of the

× Blisters and all other Stimulants may be improper during the first stage of inflammatory Fevers —

× Do not these cases as they are generally attended by vomiting or a great degree of sickness, indicate the use of a strong antimonial which after relieving the Stomach may procure a gentle discharge of the Intestines.

× The most pernicious method of raising Sweats in the ~~[illegible]~~ begining of Fevers is by the use of hot volatile alexipharmac Medicines stowing up the Patient in a hot air &c — Huxam on Fevers P 10.

Q What is the cause that Pustular eruptions of every kind are preceded by great anxiety and oppression of the Praecordia? —

× The Gall. bladder & biliary ducts are always found full of black or green Bile in those that die of Pestilential diseases, and so is the Stomach Duodenum &c — traité de la Peste &c —

In Putrid Fevers where it was necessary to preserve the Body cool & open. Dr. Huxam made use of Manna, cream of Tartar, Tamarinds in preference to Aloetic Scammonian & phlegmatic Purges, which he esteemed

X May not the use of Opium be proper in Putrid Fevers to promote a gentle sweat which in these Diseases is always salutary Nature appearing to discharge as great a proportion of the Morbific matter by the Pores of the Skin as by vomit or Stool; & Diarrhaea are found useful when attended by a breathing Sweat —

no food contributes more to the perfect recovery of health & to the prevention of the fatal consequences of Fevers in hot climates than rich nourishing Fish or Turtle soup warmed with Spices —

X Dr Lind has used Opium with the greatest success in low remitting or intermitting Fevers; in which cases he has constantly found the use of this Medicine more uniform & constant in its good effects than in any other Diseases — the Opiate is to be given during & soon after the commencement of the hot fit, which it will abate in a considerable manner, & that by a profuse sweat which is attended by an agreeable softness of the Skin — If taken at any other time than during the hot fit it was not attended with any success — Lind's Essays app: P 317

Interesting Facts

The Island of Sardinia is subject to an annual epidemic Disease which rages from June to September & is called by the Natives Intempiries. During these sickly Months persons of rank leave the Country the Peasants in some degree alleviate their situation by a constant use of an Emetic on the first appearance of the Fever: they prepare the medicine by quenching pieces of Glass in Weak Wine a small quantity of which acts as a Vomit and then as a Sweat.

× Women are not so subject as Men to the yellow Fever — Lind on ye diseases of ye W.I.

It has been found by experience that no

× Negroes are seldom subject to this Disease.

Bay
and River
of the
Cohocteau
bais