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## Documents Online

**Title:** Letter from Benjamin Rush to Julia Stockton Rush

**Date:** August 26, 1787

**Location:** I-ButterfieldL-1971-1

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my dear Julia /

Philad<sup>a</sup> 26 August 1787

I feel myself insensibly led by  
by the law of association, to devote this evening, as  
I did the two last Sunday evenings to writing to you, &  
if your mind continues to vibrate with mine, I  
am sure you will feel an expectation & a desire  
of a letter from me, <sup>tomorrow</sup> exactly at the same hour  
you received one from me on the two ~~last~~ Mondays  
you have spent at Moscow.

I dined this day with Mr O Bryan and  
went with Mrs O Bryan & Mr Blackwell to St  
Peter's Church in the afternoon. I drank tea  
~~with~~ Mrs Blackwell who is indisposed, and  
finished the day by ~~being~~ attending divine service  
at St Paul's Church. Mrs Blackwell read to me  
several pieces of her poetry which were truly  
elegant - and far above mediocrity. I think  
her not inferior to your drama in poetical  
taste as well as invention. She begged me to  
present her love to you. —

I yesterday received a bill of £50-0-0, <sup>Stul<sup>d</sup></sup>  
part of <sup>as</sup> an apprentice fee with a young gentleman  
from North Carolina. It will help to wipe

off a good deal of debt. "The Lord hath made  
provision for the whole way" said good Dr Finley  
on his death bed. we have hitherto found it so.  
- nor is this only instance of divine goodness which  
it becomes us to commemorate. In dividing the  
lands I held in ~~company~~ company with Mr.  
McClay, <sup>& others</sup> I drew one tract of 500 acres, which  
he told me ~~surely~~ the next day would of itself  
be an handsome fortune for a child. Every foot  
of it <sup>(he says)</sup> is the richest meadow ground - & is now  
covered with natural grass. Besides this I drew  
a tract of 1000 acres on the river Musquahannah  
which Mr McClay says must sooner or later be  
the seat of a County town. - I drew a third tract  
of 500 acres of which as yet, I do not know  
the character.

Sam Caldwell has at last called his creditors  
together. Poor Mrs Caldwell may perhaps live  
to repent of her <sup>unsuccessful</sup> attempts to deprive me <sup>my</sup> ~~my~~  
family of bread. Dr King's reverse of fortune  
only sleeps. How truly wise is it, to leave the  
avenging of our injuries to him who claims it  
as one of his prerogatives!

When shall I send Andrew with the horses?  
- Altho' my books have supplied in some degree

the pleasure of your company, yet they begin  
to loose their relish without you. I daily hear &  
see many things which perish in my bosom  
from not being communicated.

— "Shots shut up - want air,  
" and Spoil like bales, reopened to the sun.

My volume of medical essays go to the press to-  
morrow. They contain more new opinions in  
medicine, than ever I have published in  
morals or metaphysics. I have dedicated them  
to Dr Cullen. —

My love to the children, and to every  
-ber of your mame's family. The girls have  
not waited for  
~~forgetten and~~ my death to forget me. Still  
I have a cell in my brain full of new  
arguments in favor of our beloved system of religion,  
but she shall not have them till I receive an-  
-swers to all my former letters from her.

Adieu - Think <sup>of</sup> me often, and be  
assured of the steady affection of yours

May 18

Mrs Julia Bush

at

Mrs Jackson's

Morven

Princeton.

27  
APR

only sleeps. How  
avenging of our injury  
as one of his people  
When shall  
- altho' my book

My dear Julia,

Philadelphia, 26 August 1787

I feel myself insensibly led by the law of association to devote this evening, as I did the two last Sunday evenings, to writing to you, and if your mind continues to vibrate with mine I am sure you will feel an expectation and a desire of a letter from me tomorrow *exactly* at the same hour you received one from me on the two Mondays you have spent at Morven.

I dined this day with Mr. O'Bryan and went with Mrs. O'Bryan and Mr. Blackwell to St. Peter's Church in the afternoon. I drank tea with Mrs. Blackwell, who is indisposed, and finished the day by attending divine service at St. Paul's Church. Mrs. Blackwell read to me several pieces of her poetry, which were truly elegant and far above mediocrity. I think her not inferior to your Mama in poetical taste as well as invention. She begged me to present her love to you.

I yesterday received a bill of £50-0-0 sterling as part of an apprentice fee with a *young gentleman* from North Carolina. It will help to wipe off a good deal of debt. "The lord hath made provision for the whole way," said good Dr. Finley on his deathbed. We have hitherto found it so. Nor is this the only instance of divine goodness which it becomes us to commemorate. In dividing the lands I hold in company with Mr. McClay and others, I drew one tract of 500 acres which he told me the next day would of itself be an handsome fortune for a child. Every foot of it (he says) is the richest meadow ground and is now covered with natural grass. Besides this I drew a tract of 1000 acres *on* the river Susquehannah which Mr. McClay says must sooner or later be the seat of a county town. I drew a third tract of 500 acres of which as yet I do not know the character.

Saml. Caldwell has at last called his creditors together. Poor Mrs. Caldwell may perhaps live to repent of her unsuccessful attempts to deprive me and my family of bread. Dr. Ewing's reverse of fortune *only* sleeps. How truly wise is it to leave the avenging of our injuries to him who claims it as one of his prerogatives!

When shall I send Andrew with the horses? Although my books have supplied in some degree the pleasure of your company, yet they begin to lose their relish without you. I daily hear and see many things which perish in my bosom from not being communicated.

"Thoughts shut up, want air,  
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun."

My volume of medical essays go to the press tomorrow. *!hey* contain more new opinions in medicine than ever I have published in morals or metaphysics. I have dedicated them to Dr. Cullen.

My love to the children and to every member of your Mama's family. The girls have not waited for my death to forget me. Tell Polly I have a cell in my brain full of new arguments in favor of our beloved system of religion, but she shall not have them till I receive answers to all my former letters to her.

Adieu. Think of me often, and be assured of the steady affection of yours [ .... ]