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RELATING TO

## THE YELLOW FEVER.

[By Benjamin Rush]

Miseris succurrere disco.

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MAY 21 1907

J. W. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

# OLD FAMILY LETTERS

RELATING TO

## THE YELLOW FEVER.

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PHILAD<sup>A</sup>: Aug: 21. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—To prevent your being deceived by reports respecting the sickliness of our city, I sit down at a late hour, and much fatigued, to inform you that a malignant fever has broken out in Water Street between Arch and Race Streets which has already carried off twelve persons within the space which has been mentioned. It is supposed to have been produced by some damaged coffee which had putrified on one of the wharves near the middle of the above district. The disease is violent and of short duration. In one case it killed in twelve hours, and in no case has it lasted more than four days. Among its victims is Mrs. LeMaigre. I have attended three of the persons who have died with it, and seven or eight who have survived, or who are I hope recovering from it.

As yet it has not spread thro' any parts of the city which are beyond the reach of the putrid exhalation which first produced it. If it should, I shall give you notice, that you may remain where you are till you receive further advice and information from me. The

influenza continues to spread, and with more violent symptoms than when it made its first appearance. I did more business in 1780 than I do at present, but with much less anxiety, for few of the diseases of that year were attended with any danger, whereas *now*, most of the cases I attend are acute and alarming, and require an uncommon degree of vigilance and attention.

Aug: 22.

Marcus has been ill with the influenza, but is now better. Rich'd: Ben, and all the rest of the family are in good health.

I have just rec'd: a letter from Dr. \* \* \* in which he has the following paragraph: "I have just seen Mr. Woolstonecraft. He does not like your lands, and that for the most childish reasons. He says that he saw but *one* flight of pheasants, *three* fishy ducks and *not one* woodcock on the whole creek, and that he will never settle anywhere where he cannot support himself by his *gun*."

So much the better! I have received since you left town conveyances for nearly all the lands I sold to the New Eng'd. men. They *adjoin* the lands sold by Rob't. Morris to the French Company who are about to improve them in the most extensive manner next Spring. *All* is for the best and *all will end well*.

A son of Dr. Priestley has just arrived in this city from France. He gives a most distressing account of the affairs of that country. But let us not despair. Chaos existed before the order and beauty of the universe. The devil who is the present tenant of our world, will not quit his hold of it till he has done the



premises all the mischief that lies in his power, but go he must sooner or later, with all his family of nobles and kings.

Adieu : with love as usual I am my dear Julia,

Yours affect'y,

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—John should come home as soon as his vacation expires.

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PHILADELPHIA, Aug: 25. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Since my letter to you of Friday, the fever has assumed a most alarming appearance. It not only mocks in most instances the power of medicine, but it has spread thro' several parts of the city remote from the spot where it originated. Water Street between Arch and Race Streets is nearly desolated by it. This morning I witnessed a scene there, which reminded me of the histories I had read of the plague. In one house I lost two patients last night, a respectable young merchant and his only child. His wife is frantic this evening with grief. Five other persons died in the neighbourhood yesterday afternoon and four more last night at Kensington. The College of Physicians met this afternoon to consult upon the means of checking the progress of this dreadful disease. They appointed a Committee to draw up directions for that purpose. The Committee imposed this business upon me, and I have just finished them. They will be handed to the Mayor when adopted by

the College and published by him in a day or two. I hope, and believe that they will be useful.

After this detail of the state of the fever, I need hardly request you to remain for a while with all the children where you are. Many people are flying from the city, and some by my advice. Continue to commit me by your prayers to the protection of that Being who has so often manifested his goodness to our family by the preservation of my life, and I hope I shall do well. I endeavour to have no will of my own. I enjoy good health and uncommon tranquility of mind. While I depend upon divine protection, and feel that at present I live, move, and have my being in a more especial manner in God alone, I do not neglect to use every precaution that experience has discovered, to prevent taking the infection. I even strive to subdue my sympathy for my patients, otherwise I should sink under the accumulated loads of misery I am obliged to contemplate. You can recollect how much the loss of a single patient once in a month used to affect me. Judge then how I must feel, in hearing every morning of the death of three or four!

I shall confine John and Richard to the house, and oblige them to use precautions against the disorder. My mother and sister are so kind and attentive as to prevent all our wants and wishes.

My love to your uncle and aunt and all the children. I am afraid you will burden our good relations, No—this cannot be. They love you, and they love to do offices of kindness and humanity.

Adieu ; from your  
sincere and affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—“Seeking thou great things? Seek them not, for behold I bring evil on all flesh.” What powerful antidotes are war and pestilence to pride, vanity and ambition!

Aug : 26 : I am still preserved, and in good health. What a blessing!

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PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Aug : 26<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—The boys have discovered so much apprehension of being infected by my clothes, and I think so justly, that I have concluded to send them to Trenton. If our uncles house is too crowded already to receive them, perhaps they may be accommodated at Mr. Armstrong's. Do attend to their reading something useful every day, during their absence from town. I dread very much their contracting habits of idleness. All the schools in town are either broken up by design, or mouldering away by the daily desertion of scholars into the country. It is indeed a serious time. Dejection sits upon every countenance. Tomorrow the directions of the College of Physicians will be published. I hope they will do good, but I fear no efforts will totally subdue the fever before the heavy rains or frosts of October.

Five persons died this morning in Water Street, and five more are expected to die tonight among whom is Mrs. Duncan's son, the merchant. He lies in 2nd. Street near the corner of Walnut Street.

After a busy day, I continue to enjoy good health. Help me to thank the divine Preserver of Men for it. Adieu. From my dear Julia

yours sincerely,

BENJ<sup>N</sup> RUSH.



P.S.—August 27th. *Still* in good health, tho' called out of bed at  $\frac{1}{2}$  after five o'clock. Keep the boys from exposing themselves to heat, cold, dampness and fatigue. Again adieu. The boys will give many anecdotes of Ben. He is in fine health, and every body says has grown handsome. He is as much devoted to Aunty Wallace, as he used to be to his Mame Teen. I enclose you a half Joe for contingent expenses.

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Aug: 27, 93.

Tuesday night, 10 o'clock.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I feel very much for the safety of both the boys. They are both indisposed with the headache, and by no means in a condition to travel in the night, but of two dangers I believe they have chosen the least. I have advised them to go to bed as soon as they reach Trenton, and by no means to expose themselves to cold, heat or fatigue during their absence from town.

The disease spreads, and a most alarming apathy as to exertion prevails among our citizens. Our neighbourhood will be desolate in a day or two. Dr. \* \* \*, Mr. Chew and Mr. Lewis's families are all on the wing. Young Mr. Duncan died this afternoon, much beloved and lamented by all who knew him.

Adieu. In mercy to my fellow citizens and family, my life so long and so often forfeited to divine justice, is *still* preserved. My love to each of the children. For some days past, my mind has been so occupied with the immense objects now before me, that I had almost forgotten them. Tell them all that the best

proof they can give of their affection for their Papa is to pray for his health and life, and to be dutiful to their Mama and kind to each other.

From your affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Aug: 29<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Your letter dated yesterday came safe to hand.

I am pleased with your situation at your good aunts. Be assured that I will send for you, if I should be seized with the disorder, for I conceive that it would be as much your duty not to desert me in that situation, as it is now mine not to desert my patients. I have sent Becky with Ben to Mr. Bradford's farm this afternoon. They were most affectionately received by Betsey Johnson. Mrs. Wallace furnished them with tea, coffee, sugar and sundry other things to render them less burdensome to our good friends. The disease has raged with great virulence this day. Among the dead are Woodruf Sims, and Mr. Stiles the stone cutter. The last exhibited signs of the plague before he died. I have seen the same symptoms in the hospital fever during the late war. They have however greatly increased the terror of our citizens, and have excited an apprehension that it is in reality the Plague, but this I am sure is not the case, altho' it comes nearer to it in violence and mortality than any disease we have ever before had in this country. Its symptoms are very different in different people. Sometimes it comes on with a chilly fit, and a high fever, but more frequently

it steals on with headache, languor and sick stomach. These symptoms are followed by stupor, delirium, vomiting, a dry skin, cool or cold hands and feet, a feeble slow pulse, sometimes below in frequency the pulse of health. The eyes are at first suffused with blood, they afterwards become yellow, and in most cases a yellowness covers the whole skin on the 3rd. or 4th. day. Few survive the 5th. day, but more die on the 2nd. and 3rd. days. In some cases the patients possess their reason to the last, and discover much less weakness than in the last stage of common fevers. One of my patients stood up and shaved himself on the morning of the day he died. Livid spots on the body, a bleeding at the nose, from the gums and from the bowels, and a vomiting of black matter in some instances close the scenes of life. The common remedies for malignant fevers have all failed. Bark, wine and blisters make no impression upon it. Baths of hot vinegar applied by means of blankets, and the cold bath have relieved and saved some. Mrs. Chalmer owes her life to the former remedy. She caught it from her husband, who caught it in Water Street near the place where it originated. He too is upon the recovery. This day I have given mercury, and I think with some advantage. Dr. \* \* \* and myself consult much together, and I derive great support and assistance from him in all my attempts to stop the progress of this terrible malady. He is an excellent man, and rises in his humanity and activity with the danger and distress of his fellow citizens. I have advised all the families that I attend, that can move, to quit the city. There is but one preventative of it that is certain, and that is "to fly from it."



Johnny Stall sleeps and eats with us, and thereby relieves me very much. My mother and sister are a part of the means that providence employs to preserve me from the infection. They are very kind. Mrs. Wallace has contrived a small mattress on some chairs on which I rest myself by lying down every time I come into the house. Adieu, with love to your Mama, your aunts, the children, and all friends, I am my Dear Julia

Your faithful and affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

Aug: 30th. Another night and morning have been added to my life. I am preparing to set off for my daily round of duty, and feel heartily disposed to say with Jabez, "O that the hand of the Lord may be with me" not only to preserve my life, but to heal my poor patients. Betsey's relations are all well.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Septem: 1. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—In the language of good old Dr. Sproats prayer I am enabled yet to thank God "that I am alive, while others are dead." Two persons have died at Mrs. Lewis', next door to Peter Bayntons with the malignant fever, viz: Two of the Misses Miffins. A woman has died with the same disorder in Dock Street near                      and her husband will probably follow her before tomorrow morning. Thirty eight persons have died in eleven families in nine days in Water Street, and many more in different parts of the city. Funerals are conducted agreeably to the advice of the College of Physicians. It is indeed truly affect-

ing to see a solitary corpse, on the shafts and wheels of a chair, conducted thro' our streets without a single attendant in some cases, and with only 8 or 10 in any instance, and they at a small distance from it on the foot pavement.

This evening I fear I shall lose a son of Joseph Stansbury, a sweet youth, a little older than our Richard. It has been peculiarly fatal to young people. I rejoice that our boys escaped from the city. I hope they avoid fatigue, heat and cold, for if they carried the smallest portion of the infection out of town with them, it may be excited into action by either of the above mentioned means.

I have rec'd. a kind letter from Miss Rachel Bradford, full of inquiries after the state of the disease, and of solicitude for my preservation. May her unmerited goodness return fourfold into her own bosom! It is painful to look back upon what we have seen, but more distressing to look forward. I fear we have seen only the beginning of the awful visitation. I find in a small record which I kept when an apprentice of the yellow fever in the year 1761, the following paragraph which I read with anticipating horror, "It began in August and prevailed in September, October, November and December, carrying off for some time twenty persons in a day." In confirmation of this note, Mr. Duche tells me, that he frequently at that time buried twelve persons in a day in Christs and St. Peter's Church yards. But I fear I shall tire you with tales of woe. I cannot help it. "Of comfort *now* let no man speak, Let's talk of graves—of tombs—of epitaphs, Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes, write SORROW on the bosom of the earth."

No part of your last letter pleased me more than your determination to be more thankful for the mercies of God hereafter, and more faithful in improving them to the purposes of his glory, and your eternal happiness. O the littleness of greatness! Thrones—titles—splendid and even commodious houses—wealth—friends—what are they all when viewed thro' the medium of a relentless and desolating fever? Help me my dear Julia by your prayers to "be always ready." I have cut out much work for my divine master to be performed in months or years to come, but if he means to have it completed by other hands, "His will be done." I can truly say I am more anxious to be pardoned, and to be delivered from the guilt, dominion and punishment of my sins, than to be preserved from the present pestilential fever. If I survive the present dangers to which I am exposed, what offering of gratitude will ever equal the infinite weight of my obligations to my gracious deliverer? You must help me to be more humble, more patient, more devout, and more self-denied in everything. Adieu: with love as usual I am

my Dr. Julia

yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

Sep. 2. I have just received your letter and am satisfied with all your arrangements. I enclose you 20 dollars. Do write to the boys to take care of themselves, and to avoid the worst of all infections—the vices of the College. I have been four times interrupted by different calls since I sat down to write this postscript. Adieu. Love to dear Mrs. Cox and all your uncles family.



PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Sep. 3. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Another day thro' divine goodness has been added to my life, and I feel as if I had survived a battle. I have had five new cases today, all to patients in the yellow fever. Of the twelve to whom I was called yesterday, eight are out of danger, from the powerful operation of the medicine I mentioned in my letter of yesterday. I have sent an account of it to Dr. \* \* \*. Mr. Lewis is in a safe way, but our neighbour Mr. Hawkins is infected. His boy, who yesterday and last night was in the delirium of a fever, today is down stairs, and entirely free of danger. But this success has been checkered, for I have lost two patients whom I attended in consultation, one of them Stevens the sadler, who makes the 6th. of his family that has fallen a victim to this disease.

Sept. 4th. I am still alive and in health. "Thy mercies are new unto me O Lord every morning," great is thy goodness to me and to my dear family. I am now waiting with great anxiety for my breakfast, having had a call from my bed. I was too much fatigued to fill my paper last night, and too much hurried this morning. I lose not a moment. The bed my kind sister provided for me in the back room lies unoccupied all day. Adieu. Love to all. "Brethren pray for us." Hark! a knock at the door! Alas, it is called to Mrs. Boggs at Bishop White. Again adieu. The delay of a minute seems a year to a patient after a physician is sent for.

From yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>N</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Keep the boys out of the College and impose a system of reading on them.



Wed. Sept. 4. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—The post is on the wing. I can only inform you that I put a letter into the post office for you directed to Princeton—this morning. I shall, if well, write to you again this evening. After a busy morning, I am, thank God, still in good health. Dr. \* \* \* is not dead, but in great danger. The disease spreads, but its mortality is much less in proportion to the number who are affected. The jalap and mercury cures 9 out of 10, of all who take it on the day of the attack. Adieu.

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Septem. 5: 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—*Still alive* and in *good health*, after having visited and prescribed for nearly one hundred patients. The disease continues to spread, but with no more mortality than a common bilious fever in the hands of those physicians who use the mercurial antidote. I now save 29 out of 30 of all to whom I am called on the first day, and many to whom I am called after it. Fewer deaths have occurred I believe this day than on several days last week, and yet many hundred people more have the fever now than had it last week. Some of my brethren rail at my new remedy, but they have seen little of the disease, and some of them not a single patient. Most of the publications in the papers come from those gentlemen. They abound in absurdities and falsehoods. This night will probably end the busy life of Dr. \* \* \*. He continued to object to taking my medicine and was supported in his obstinacy by two young Doctors who had obtruded themselves

upon him. Dr. \* \* \* is better. Dr. \* \* \* is well, and my invaluable friend \* \* \* is out of danger. Poor Bill Bache was almost heart broken during his masters indisposition. Pet. Baynton is infected, Mrs. Baynton, Kitty and Mrs. Bullock are all in a safe way. I have had 12 new calls today, and have not lost a single patient since the night before last. I have found lately I hope a preventative of the disease, as well as a cure. It consists [not in drenching the stomach with wine, bark and bitters] but in keeping the bowels gently open, for in them the disease first fixes its poison. I owe these discoveries, as well as my preservation, to the prayers of my friends.

Septem. 6th.—6 o'clock in the morning. Blessed be God, my life, health and reason are still preserved to me. I forgot to mention that one of my pupils Washington has got the disease. He lies at Mrs. a mile from town, where he is so much ashamed of being visited by me, that I heard of his illness by accident only from Johnny Stall. I shall try to see him, tho' I fear from the violence of his symptoms, and the progress of the disease that he will not recover. John Cox has become active and useful to me. He is very intelligent on the subject of the disorder, and knows no fear. Dr. \* \* \* has taken charge of all Dr. \* \* \* public patients, and is to divide the profits of attending them equally. If the Dr. survives, the partnership is to be perpetual. But this is improbable, for tho' I have just heard that he is still alive, yet I hear that he has a symptom which none [at least of my patients] have survived. Adieu. The box of clothes, with a letter from my sister were sent this morning by the stage committed to the care of Mr. Sayre. I paid the freight of the

box here. Adieu ; my love to all the family at Morven. Do oblige the boys to read systematically, and to avoid cold, fatigue and heat, also intemperance in eating, for each of those existing causes has produced the disease when the body has been infected. There is no certainty that they did not carry the infection from town. It lies from 1 to 16 days in the body, and the fever may be excited at any time within those days.

Adieu, again ; yours, yrs—yrs

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Septem. 6. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—This day my new calls have been only six or seven. I hope the disease is not pausing to take breath. The new medicine bears down nearly all opposition. Out of 100 persons who have taken it from me *on the first day*, not one has died. The deaths which now occur are chiefly of poor people who have no Doctor, or of respectable people who are in the hands of quacks, or of the enemies of mercury. Your letter of today would have alarmed me more did I not know you were in possession of the new and successful mode of treating the disorder. Should it spread among you I shall send John Cox to carry into execution my mode of treating it. He is master of the symptoms of the disorder, as well as of the remedy, and has cured several persons whom I have never seen. Still however keep out of the way of it. The contagion affects across a street, and perhaps much further. This evening Dr. \* \* \* breathed his last. It is remarkable that he denied the existence of a contagious fever in our city for above a week after it appeared among us,



and even treated the report of it with contempt and ridicule. The reason I fear was, the first acct. of it came *from me*.

I shall write a few lines to Emily this evening.

My friend \* \* \* is not so well tonight as last night. Upon my mentioning my surviving the present epidemic as a conditional event, he kindly said last evening, "You cannot die now, Dr., the pleasure of your discovery must like a cordial keep you alive." Indeed it has infused a vigor into my body and mind, which has contributed very much to support me under my present great exertions. Dr. \* \* \* has adopted mercury in his practice, and is popular and successful. We consult together every day. Dr. \* \* \* is appointed one of the Inspectors of sickly vessels in the room of Dr. \* \* \*. He thinks his fortune made for life.

Several of our physicians are said to lie by under various excuses to avoid infection. But I hope it is not true. Dr. \* \* \* is certainly indisposed. Dr. \* \* \* attends him. Dr. \* \* \* in Pear Street is ill. A Mr. Hayes died opposite to him this afternoon.

I have found hundreds to be infected who have used bark, wine, vinegar, etc. as preventatives. I rely chiefly upon cleanliness, a temperate and chiefly vegetable diet, and a very small portion of porter, and I have observed people who live most simply, and who avoid fatigue, heat and cold to escape more generally than others who pursue a contrary mode of living. I have been called to many in whom the disorder was bro't on after a full meal. This was the case in Dr. \* \* \* after dining with Mr. Jefferson in the open air on the Banks of

For the first week of the prevalence of the disease I advised my patients and friends to fly from the city. I

now advise them to remain where they are, to avoid going out of their houses, and to send for a *mercurial physician* as soon as they are affected: no other metal in a physician's head will do any good now, not even gold any more than lead. My medicine has got the name of an *inoculating powder*, for it as certainly and as universally deprives the yellow fever of its mortality, as inoculation does the smallpox.

Septem. 7th. Still a debtor to divine goodness for another day of health and life. I have offered you all up to God this morning in my prayers, before 6 o'clock. The psalm I read in order was the 52nd. I could not help connecting it with the melancholly event of Dr. \* \* \* death. Poor fellow! He died as well as lived my enemy. But this between ourselves. Adieu. Love to all friends. Dr. \* \* \* must not be forgotten.

Your ever affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Let me know how your influenza is. The yellow fever has chased it and nearly all other diseases from our city. It is a monarchical disorder. You will see by this days paper what my African brethren have done for the city. No one of them has died with it, and I suspect none have been infected. They furnish nurses to most of my patients. I enclose you 20 dollars.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Sep. 8th. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—It is indeed as I expected. The disease has awakened like a giant refreshed by wine. I have this day been called to more new cases than I

have time to count. Two more of our Doctors are sick, and Dr. \* \* \* is numbered among the dead. I entered his room this morning just as he expired. His excellent mother rushed from his bed into my arms, fell upon my neck, and in this position gave vent to the most pathetic and eloquent exclamations of grief that I have ever heard. I was dumb, and finding myself sinking into sympathy, tore myself from her arms, and ran to other scenes of distress. Among my new patients are Mrs. Seargeant, Mr. Ed: and Mrs. Fox, and two women in Mr. Hammond's family, one of the two last is highly infected. My chair was arrested in Arch and 3rd. Streets and I was dragged in the two places to six different and new applications.

Meredith I suspect has a spice of the infection, but she is not confined. The blessings and good wishes that I received from the whole family last evening were very acceptable. Hamilton is ill. A Dr. \* \* \* of St. Croix is his physician. Dr. \* \* \* continues by his advice to oppose mercury, and jalap, but he stands now nearly alone, for its most bitter enemy and calumniator has this day adopted it. 99 out of an 100 who take it on the *first* day recover, and all would recover probably had I time to attend closely to them after the expulsion or extinction of the poison by the mercury.

I find I am remembered by more than my Princeton friends in their addresses to the throne of grace. Mr. Connelly the                    master took me by the hand this day in the street, and with a faltering voice and eyes overflowing with tears told me that he carried me on his heart to the footstool of his maker. It was a cordial to my soul. Thro' infinite goodness I am preserved not only in health, but in uncommon tranquility of mind,



never elevated, and never but twice depressed, and each time by a sudden paroxysm of sympathy with the distressed. The fear of death from the disease has been taken from me, and I possess perfect composure in the rooms of my patients. Help me to praise God for this, and all his other inestimable blessings to me. Let it be the business of our future lives [if we should be reunited here] to record and to celebrate the goodness of our God.

Septem. 9th. Still alive and in good health after five hours comfortable sleep. "Be merciful unto me O God! be merciful unto me, for my soul trusteth in thee, yea in the shadow of thy wings do I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." Psalm 57th. Adieu, my dear Julia. I almost forget in the distresses of my fellow citizens, my dear children and friends.

The colds taken at the great fire on Saturday has helped very much to increase the number of sick. It is remarkable that those who have it mildly rarely infect others, and this is the case with all who take mercury. Since the cool weather, the disease has put on in some cases an inflammatory appearance. I yesterday bled two patients, but not till they had been thoroughly purged. The medicine does not cure unless it produces *large, black or dark* coloured evacuations from the bowels. *Sweating* generally follows these evacuations. Communicate this to Dr. \* \* \*.

and Becky are well. Our whole family has been preserved in the very heart of infection. Washington is well. Fisher complains, and I fear Jno. Cox will by this day, but they have seen so much of the efficacy of mercury in the disorder, that they treat their complaints with as much indifference as a common cold. When I

am called on the first day, I endeavour to compose the fears of my patients, by telling them that they have "nothing but a yellow fever," and that mercury and jalap are as certain a cure for it, as bark is for an inter-mittent. I have this moment been called to Thos. Willing, who believes himself to be infected.

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PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Septem. 10th. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Hereafter my name should be Shadrach, Meshach or Abednego, for I am sure the preservation of those men from death by fire was not a greater miracle than my preservation from infection of the prevailing disorder. I have lived to see the close of another day, more awful than any I have yet seen. Forty persons it is said have been buried this day, and I have visited and prescribed for more than 100 patients. Mr. Willing is better, and Jno. Barclay is out of danger. Amidst my numerous calls to the wealthy and powerful, I do not forget the poor, well remembering my dream in the Autumn of 1780. Dr. \* \* \* Dr. \* \* \*, the two \* \* \* and Dr. \* \* \* have all adopted my mode of treating the disorder, and are all alike successful with me. Dr. \* \* \* has set his face against it, and many follow him, and hence the continuance and mortality of the disorder. You will easily believe this, when you recollect that my mode of treating the Locked Jaw has not to this day been adopted by many of the practitioners in this city. But all will be right bye and bye. Septem. 10th. O! that it were October or November 10th.! for I despair under present cir-

cumstances of the disease being checked till we have *frost* or *heavy rains*. Thank God, I am still in good health. "I will sing of thy power, O Lord, yea I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the *morning*, for thou hast been and thou art still my defence and refuge in the day of trouble." Psalm 59th. 16. It is now a little after 6 o'clock, and the knocker is in motion. My African brethren are extremely useful in attending the sick. I met a good woman of their society a few days ago at the foot of a pair of stairs. "Hah! Mama said *we black folks* have come into demand at last." She squeezed my hand, and we parted. Billy Grey and Ab. Jones have been very active and useful in procuring nurses. It is remarkable that none of the French exiles have taken the disorder. Adieu. Continue to love and pray for your affectionate friend

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—I have found bleeding very useful since the weather has become cool, after the bowels are well cleansed, provided the pulse be *full* and *tense*.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup> 11. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—The pleasure of the Lord continues to prosper in my hands. I have this day visited and prescribed for upwards of 100 patients, and have not had a single death among them. Four persons in the British minister's family will swell the triumphs of mercury, jalap and blood letting. This evening I have been called to Mr. Genet's. Dr. \* \* \* continues to op-



pose my method of treating the disorder, but it will not do. The increasing number of my patients every hour refutes his objections to it. My health improves, and I endure labor with less fatigue now than I did three weeks ago. This is the more extraordinary, as I am unable to drink wine or malt liquors or to eat meat, and now live wholly upon milk and vegetables, and drink nothing but water. Sep. 11—Alive, and in good health, after a most comfortable nights rest. "O! bless our God ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard, which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." Psalm 66, 8, 9.

It is not yet five o'clock, and I have had seven calls already. This day my directions for curing and preventing the disease will be published in the newspapers. They will save me much trouble in writing to country practitioners, and will moreover help the people to cure themselves not only without, but in spite of physicians who know nothing of the disorder. Adieu. My letters I fear will be shorter hereafter than they have been. Where are the children? I almost forget in public duties all my private ones. Again adieu. From my dear Julia, your

ever affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Write to me often. Dont mind postage. What pleasure can money give hereafter equal to that which arises from hearing from friends under present circumstances.

Sep<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 1793. 6 o'clock in the morn<sup>g</sup>.

MY DEAR JULIA,—After a restless night I am still alive, and preparing for the awful duties of the day. Yesterday exceeded any of the days I have seen, for distress, and death in our city. Two more of our physicians are laid up. Poor Washington is no more. I send you these few lines only to let you know that I am still wonderfully supported in mind and body, but that I stand in greater need than ever of the prayers of all good people. Adieu. Adieu.

Yours affectionately

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Septem<sup>r</sup> 13. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—*Alive!* and tho' I slept but three or four hours last night am still thro' divine goodness in perfect health. Yesterday was a day of triumph to mercury, jalap and bleeding. I am satisfied that they saved in my hands only nearly one hundred lives. The disease has been said to have become more mild, but this is not true, for where the above medicines are not used, death follows more certainly than in the beginning of the disease, on the 3rd, 5th, or 7th, days. Besides combatting with the yellow fever, I have been obliged to contend with the prejudices, fears, and falsehoods of several of my brethren, all of which retard the progress of truth and daily cost our city many lives.

You had better go on to your uncle Elisha's. I do not believe it will be prudent for you to come to town for a month or six weeks to come. Every room in our

house is infected, and my body is full of it. My breath and perspiration smell so strongly of it that a lady with more truth than delicacy complained to me of it a few days ago. My eyes are tinged of a yellow color. This is not peculiar to myself. It is universal in the city. Even the negroes who do not take the disease discover that mark of infection in their eyes. On one day my face had for a few hours a yellow hue. Yet under all these circumstances, and upon a diet consisting wholly of milk and vegetables I enjoy as to my feelings, and activity, a perfect state of health.

“Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. He that is our God is the God of salvation, and unto the God the Lord belong *the issues from death.*”

Adieu. With love as usual I am my dear Julia  
yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—I had forty or fifty new calls yesterday and the day before. Dr. Mease is ill. Griffiths, Gibbons, Wistar and Leib are well or mending. Scarcely a family now escapes the disease.

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PHILADELPHIA Septem<sup>r</sup> 15. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Life and health become every day more and more a miracle in persons who are constantly exposed to it. The disease spreads. Scarcely a family escapes it. I have this day visited above twenty families which have all from two to six persons in it confined to their beds, and many which have one. Poor



Mr.           ! After dismissing me and sending for a French physician, sent for me again this morning ; but alas ! it was too late to help him. He was yellow, cold and puking blood. "O Doctor" said he wringing his hands, "I was persuaded by my friends to employ the French physician. But help me, help me." I told him I would do my utmost for him, and with a heart wrung with anguish I hurried from his room. Many, many such scenes do I witness daily. For several days past I have sent 50 and 60 patients to other doctors. My old patients are constantly preferred by me.

publication has done immense mischief. Many doctors still follow him, and scores are daily sacrificed to bark and wine. My method is too simple for them. They forget that a stone from the sling of David effected what the whole armoury of Saul could not do. Many hundreds of my patients now walk the streets and follow their ordinary business. Could our physicians be persuaded to adopt the new mode of treating the disorder, the contagion might be eradicated from our city in a few weeks. But they not only refuse to adopt it but they persecute and slander the author of it. Sep. 16. Since writing the above I have had an attack of the disorder, but in consequence of losing blood and taking one of my purges I am now perfectly well—so much so that I rested better last night than I have done for a week past. Thus you see that I have proved upon my own body that the yellow fever when treated in the new way, is no more than a common cold. I tho't it proper to give you this information to prevent your being alarmed by reports concerning me. Dont think of coming to see me. Our city is a great mass of contagion. The very air in it is now offensive to the smell.

If I should relapse you shall hear from me. Mr. Stall and Mr. Cox are doing wonders in our city. They visit and cure all my patients. Adieu. Continue not only to pray for, but to give thanks for my dear Julia your

ever affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—I have sent to hire a hack with wh. I expect in a day or two to visit my patients. Converse with nobody now who comes from Philada. Everything is infected in our city. Love as usual.

P.S.—I have just received your letter. By all means go to Mr. Boudinots.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup> 17. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Thro' divine goodness I passed a most comfortable night, and was the first white person that rose in the family this morning. My young men are out among my patients, and like old General Harke-mar I am fighting the disease thro' them, upon my stumps. Tomorrow I expect to go out in a close carriage to visit such as are in most danger. Having past thro' the disorder, I shall be less liable to take it hereafter than before, for tho' some have relapsed, none have taken it twice. By all means hasten to your uncle Elisha's with all the children. Our city, and above all our house, will not be pure till after frost or heavy rains. Bear up my dear child under the pain of our long sepa-

ration, and be thankful that we are not separated forever. O! the dismal tales of dissolved unions of husbands and wives, and parents and children you will hear when you come to town!—nay more—you will hear of *whole* families being swept away by the present disorder, and the West India remedies which have been used to cure it. Wigton and his wife, Thos. Anthony and young Mr. Walker all in our neighbourhood are no more. Mr. and Mrs. Boulay, Dr. \* \* \*, a son of Robt. Bridges, Jos. Coates and many hundred others, owe their lives to the new remedies. Mr. Stall is just now gone out to see Mrs. Meredith who is now certainly infected. Forty and fifty now die every day. Adieu; my love to the dear boys. I rejoice to hear that they behave so well. My love, my tenderest love to your mama, sisters, and brother. My room is full.

Yours, yours, yours,

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Betsey Stern's cloathes were sent by Betsy Currie to Saml. Stockton's. Her sister at Mr. F has had the fever violently, but is now perfectly recovered.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I began this letter in the back parlour, with a patient sitting by my side waiting for advice. You cannot doubt therefore of my perfect recovery from my late indisposition. A worthy friend of mine is now gone for a chariot for me in which I ex-



pect to visit a few of my patients in the middle of the day. Dont be uneasy about me. I shall run no unnecessary risks by undertaking too much business before I have regained my former strength. Poor Johnny Stall gave way last night, and he is now under the operation of the physic in our house. Fisher and Cox are faithful and attentive. The former attends Mr. Jos: Swift's family ten miles from town, where the infection was carried to them by one of his sons. Mr. Meredith is well after three bleedings. Thinking people submit to my method of treating the disorder, but many, very many follow that which was *dictated* by Dr. \* \* \* 's learned and sagacious friend Dr. \* \* \*. A son of Saml. Morris in 2nd. Street has died under it. Two other of his sons have recovered under my care by bleeding and purging.

Last nights *cold*, I hope will give a check to the disorder. The heat of Sunday and Monday was very fatal to the sick. It aided the disease and the Doctors in destroying not less than 100 people.

Dr. \* \* \* is fled to Bethlehem, Dr. \* \* \* to New York, and Dr. \* \* \* is nobody knows where. None of the Doctors who have been ill are so far recovered as to be able to attend the sick, except your husband. I am thankful for this great priviledge. It is meat and drink to me to do my Master's will. He loved human life, and among other errands into our world, he came "not to destroy men's lives but to save them." Adieu. Love as usual.

Yours very affectionately

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILADELPHIA, Sep<sup>r</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I have this day visited one family in the neighbourhood on foot, and four at a distance in a carriage, and feel so well after it, that to-morrow I expect to visit a dozen or twenty. My pupils have been very busy for me, and have in general been successful. One or two have dropped off from the want of sufficient bleeding. Our house continues to be crowded at all hours. For some days before my confinement, I refused from 50 to 60 patients a day. This was a most painful task. Many of them left me in tears. One man a sailor offered me £20 to visit his wife, but I declined it. In riding thro' town I was often stopped by half a dozen people all imploring me to visit a wife—a husband—a brother or a child. Judge how I must have felt in tearing myself from them! for I could only visit a certain number, and by undertaking more than I could attend, some I knew would die from neglect. So great is the apprehension of death from the disorder, that I have seldom visited a patient the *first* time without being met at the head of the stairs by some member of the family in tears. Good Mrs. Meare took me by the hand the first time I visited her son, and was dumb for some time with fear and distress. Another lady whom you do not know, fell upon my neck, and wept aloud for several minutes before she would let me enter her husband's room. They were patients of \* \* \*. They proposed a consultation, but I objected to it. I said I had a confidence in my remedies, and that I must attend him alone or not at all. They consented to my proposal and after three bleedings he recovered. On Sunday last, while I was under the first attack of

my fever, Miss Morris, daughter of Saml. Morris, came weeping to me. She could not speak for some time. At last said she "O Dr. come and see my brother Casper, my brother \_\_\_\_\_ is dying in the next room to him under Dr. \* \* \* direction." I endeavoured to comfort her by smiling in her face, "You see me here just taking the disorder, and yet I have no fear as to its issue. I hope I shall be able to cure your brother." I sent Mr. Stall to see him and he cured him in two days. But this is only the background of the distress which pervades our city. Many die without nurses. Some perish from the want of a draught of water. Parents desert their children as soon as they are infected, and in every room you enter, you see no person but a solitary black man or woman near the sick. Many people thrust their parents into the streets, as soon as they complain of a headache. Two such exiles have taken sanctuary for half a day in our kitchen and shop. These scenes now cease to move me, but—the last *dying look* of good Mr. Menin threw me back to more sympathizing times. I shall never forget the motion of his hands, and his pathetic cries for "help—help!" To support me under these awful events which hourly pass before me, I hear from all quarters that the new remedies begin to force themselves into use. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ called upon me this morning, and informed me that he had found in visiting his congregation many people cured by following my printed directions without the advice of a physician. Mr. Helmuth called upon me soon afterwards, and told me nearly the same thing. So universal is the contagion in our city, that you meet no one in the street who has not a yellow eye, and a dilated pupil. Nay more, there is scarcely any person in town



who has not a preternaturally quick pulse. I have counted many this day in our back room in the wrists of persons who appeared to be in good health, and found them all except one to beat above 80 instead of about 66 strokes in a minute. My mother's pulse [tho' in good health] is 96. I ascribe my freedom from fatigue, and my sleepless nights wholly to the stimulus of the contagion on my system, for I am so full of it, that it is now become part of myself. It is not dangerous unless excited into action by heat, cold, fatigue or high living. It takes 16 days to discharge it from the body after being removed from its action. I have kept faithful notes of every symptom and change in the disorder, which [if it should please God to preserve me thro' my present scenes of danger] I shall give to the world, together with the history of the rise, progress, persecution, and final efficacy of the new remedies. Such is my opinion of them, that I think properly managed, they might be directed to cure the plague as certainly as the yellow fever.

Thus have I given you a long letter, which I hope will make up for my late short ones. Tomorrow my hurry will begin again, after which my letters will be shorter. I recd. a most affectionate letter from Polly this morning, and sent her a short answer to it. Do copy the facts relative to the contagion, and send them to her, but *by no means* to be made public, or even *copied* by anybody.

I have not heard of the death of Mr. Hare. Among the late dead, are our neighbour Thos. Anthony, Mr. Walker, Mr. Ketland's friend, all Ross the blacksmith's family, Corn: Barnes, Henry Pratt's wife, Mrs. Wigton, and Emily Bullock. Near twenty persons have died

in Pear Street alone. Mr. Helmuth told me that 22 persons were buried yesterday in the Lutheran grave yard alone. It is said there are 191 new graves in the Roman Catholic grave yard.

Sep. 19th. In good health—blessed be God! Upon second thought you had better take Richd. with you to Newark. He will be out of the line of hearing from any of us at Bordentown and exposed to the contagion from our city. If he reads history at his uncle's his time will not be misspent.

We lead a camp or wilderness life in our family. Mr. Cox slept with us last night as well as Mr. Fisher. I have had many new calls already this morning, but I now decline all except my *old* patients, to whom I consider myself as under a contract not to leave, in the day of their adversity. It is the only line I have drawn in my duties to my fellow citizens.

Provisions have risen very much and many people begin to dread the calamity of famine, in addition to that of the pestilence.

I have hired Frederick to attend me every day with a chariot. This will protect me from the sun and night air both of which are strong exciting causes of the disease.

Adieu, my dearest and kindest friend. You lie near my heart, and I shall never forget your great solicitude for me. Continue to "pray without ceasing" not only for me, but for a distressed and desolating city. Some of the rich suffer, but the weight of the distress and mortality falls upon the poor. May God recompense to them double hereafter for their unparalleled sufferings here. Adieu. Love as usual.

Yours most affectionately

P.S.—I enclose you 30 doll<sup>rs</sup>.

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Sep. 20<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—The distress of our city increases, and the shafts of death fly closer and closer to us every day. Poor Dr.                    is no more. His death was occasioned by his going out too soon after his recovery. Mr. Strawbridge likewise our old neighbour is dead. Mrs. Mervin has followed her husband to the grave. Johnny Stall continues ill, and Fisher is poorly, and confined in our house. Johnny Alston is abed at Mrs. Wilson, and Jno. Cox is drooping. Thro' the prayers of my friends, purified and accepted thro' the mediation of a gracious Redeemer, I am again in good health, and possess my usual tone of mind. Be thankful that you are alive and out of town. Be thankful that you are in health. Be thankful that death has as yet made no break in our little flock—nay, be thankful that you are not called to witness the distress which passes between 8 and 9 o'clock in our entry every morning, exclusive of the still more accumulated distress from pain, fear, grief, poverty, solitude, famine, despair, and death, which pervades nearly every house in the city. Adieu. Fly to Newark with all the children. There patiently and humbly wait for the deliverance of our city, and the life and health of your affectionate husband,

BENJ<sup>N</sup> RUSH.

PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Septem<sup>r</sup> 21 : 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I continue thro' divine goodness perfectly well of the fever, but I suffer a little from a sore throat brought on by the mercury I took to cure



the fever. I yesterday paid 25 visits in Frederick's chariot, and was rather invigorated than fatigued by the ride. I prescribed besides for above 25 more patients chiefly poor people in my back room, and I am sorry to add was forced to decline 38 fresh applications. I sent them all to Drs. \* \* \*, \* \* \*, and \* \* \* [my old pupils] who are the only physicians [Dr. \* \* \* and perhaps one more excepted], who have adopted the new mode of practice. The rest continue to murder by rule,—nor is this all, they have confederated against me in the most cruel manner, and are propagating calumnies against me in every part of the city. Dr. \* \* \* [my old friend] is now the weak instrument of their malice and prejudices. If I outlive the present calamity, I know not when I shall be safe from their persecutions. Never did I before witness such a mass of ignorance and wickedness as our profession has exhibited in the course of the present calamity. I almost wish to renounce the name of physician. Even the nod of Dr. \* \* \* in his lurking hole at Bethlehem, commands more respect and credit from my brethren than nearly 1000 persons in different parts of the city who ascribe their lives to the new remedies. Our neighbour Davidson died yesterday under the use of bark, laud and the cold bath, administered by the hands of Dr. \* \* \*. Indeed the principal mortality of the disease now is from the doctors. Our house continues to be a hospital. Jno. Stall is stationary after 5 bleedings. Fisher was so ill as to require a 3rd. bleeding in the middle of the night. My sister is drooping. Cox is better and does duty with a spirit that he never showed before. Marcus has not like Briareus a hundred hands, but he can turn his two hands to a hundred different things. He puts up pow-

ders, spreads blisters and gives clysters equal to any apothecary in town. Adieu. Take care of yourself, and continue to pray for our poor devoted and desolating city. Indeed I have thought that all good Christians should *sit, walk, eat* and even *sleep* with one hand constantly lifted up in a praying attitude to the Father of mercies to avert his judgements from us. O! that for his elect's sake he would cause the time of our sufferings to be shortened. Tell the whole village of Princeton to pray fervently and constantly for us. I have just now been sent for to visit a woman who has lost a husband, two children, and three apprentices with the fever. Adieu.

Yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

Love as usual. Ben and Betsy are well.

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PHILADELPHIA, Septem<sup>r</sup> 22. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Hitherto I have suffered by sympathy only with the distresses of my fellow citizens. But sickness and distress have at last reached our family. Jny. Stall is almost below hope. From the beginning of his disorder he has objected to taking medicine, and has deceived all around him in his accounts of its operation. Fisher who lies in the front room is I hope a little better, but he has been in extreme danger. But our afflictions do not cease here. This morning Marcus yielded to the disease. He has been twice bled and

well purged. The disease altho' it occurs frequently among the blacks has not proved fatal in a single instance under my care. Marcus lies in the shop. Jno. Alston is very ill at Mrs. Wilson's. My mother and sister both complain. We have two black nurses in the house who attend the apprentices. Peter is to us now a little host. He is not only useful to us in the family, but has this evening visited two patients for me. I predicted this two weeks ago to Mr. Meade when he called upon me to consult with two other physicians, I told him that one doctor was eno' for one patient now, for "that the time I feared would come, when the people would be glad to receive a visit from my little black boy Peter." I expected this evening to have made my own bed, but my mother has relieved me from that trouble. In this afflicting situation I hope I have not sinned, nor charged God foolishly.—

"If to correct me, be his will,  
"I'll bear it, with submission still,  
"A tender father, sure he proves,  
"And but corrects, because he loves,"

Two of Mrs. Hamilton's maids are dead next door. Two persons will probably die at Jno. Hawkin's to-night. His wife is one of them. Mr. Lea Mr. Shippen's son in law, and Major James Moore my universal friend died this day. Dr. Johnson of the Dispensary died two days ago. Three and thirty were buried in the Potters Field before 3 o'clock this afternoon. Thus you see that the striking passage of the funeral service of the Episcopal Church is reversed in me. In the midst of death, I am in life. But O! by how tender a thread do I now hold it. I feel as if I were in a storm at sea in an open boat



without helm or compass. My only hope and refuge thou knowest O God is in thee! Miss Sprout the younger is said to be dying. Mrs. Hutchinson and child are both living. She recovered under my care, deserted by all her husbands political and medical friends. Her expressions of gratitude to me for attending her, indicated a strong and delicate mind.

I have this day kept the house owing to the extreme heat of the weather, for I have no complaint but weakness, and a little sore mouth from the mercury. But I have not been idle, having prescribed in the back parlour for crowds of sick people. Tomorrow I expect if the weather be cool, to visit a few patients. Betsey Steen's sister was very ill but is now well. I have heard nothing of Isaac Wihoff's son lately. Hundreds die that we do not hear of for days afterwards. Sep. 23. Johnny Stall is still alive and Mr. Fisher and Marcus are better. Alston is very ill at his lodgings. Deaths since yesterday. Miss Hartley, sister to Mrs. Burdeaux; B. Poultney; Mrs. Heatley, and Mrs. Young the booksellers wife. The two last killed by bark and laudanum. All my old medical friends, except \* \* \*, have deserted me in my practice. \* \* \*, \* \* \*, \* \* \*, and even \* \* \* and \* \* \* [of the Dispensary] are disciples of Dr. \* \* \*.

Adieu. I am in perfect health thro' unmerited divine goodness, and am preparing to visit Alston and one or two more patients in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Clymer has been confined but is better. Love as usual.

Yours—yours—

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILADELPHIA, Sep<sup>r</sup> 23. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—This day at half after 12 o'clock my dear, and amiable pupil Johnny Stall breathed his last. His mind for weeks before he died seemed to be prepared and composed for his fate. Upon my telling him at breakfast a few days before he was taken sick, that I did not forget him in my prayers, he modestly said, "nor do I you sir in mine." He died in the highest acts of benevolence to his fellow creatures, doing his Master's work—healing the sick, and relieving the distressed. Thousands who witnessed his zeal and boldness in rushing into danger, lament his death. You may conceive of my opinion of his and Coxe's judgment in the present disease, when I add, that as soon as I was seized with the fever, I committed myself wholly to their care, and charged them if I should be unable to prescribe for myself, to prescribe exclusively for me. Dr. Griffitts was at this time confined, for he is *fully* in the new opinions and practice in the prevailing epidemic. Mr. Fisher is I hope out of danger. He is as patient in sickness, as he is pleasant and kind in health. Marcus is well. I have this day visited about a dozen patients in Frederick's carriage, two of them were Mr. B. and Mrs. Sims in the country, who are infected by a maid that went out to them from their town house. They both met me in tears. Mr. Sims fell on my neck and cried aloud like a child. I soon composed their fears, by assuring them that they were in no danger, and by concealing from them as far as was prudent, that they were tainted with the disorder. Another scene of much more tenderness passed between me and a respectable quaker family this afternoon. I

passed thro' from the front door up stairs to the bed room of the master of this family thro' a train of children weeping, and blessing me as I went along. I found him on the 4th. day of the disease and in great danger. He had been bled by Dr. \* \* \* only three times, and purged but once or twice. I ordered a 4th. bleeding, and gave him some strong mercurial purging pills which I carry with me in my pocket. I left the family with a *hope* only of his recovery. This at that time was eno'. They seized the word, as if it conveyed a kingdom to them.

Septem. 24th. Thank God not only for my life and health this morning, but for the appearances of the weather. An equinoctial gale with rain would do more for our city than a thousand physicians. The disease spreads. Tho' all our citizens are not ill, yet no one *now* is well, for they all breathe an air nearly alike charged with the contagion. A giddiness in the head, sickness at stomach once or twice a day, pain in the back or sides are almost universal complaints in people who walk the streets, or follow their usual work. O! that the time of our calamity might be shortened! The poor—the poor are everywhere the principal sufferers. I dare not complain, for all I suffer from weakness, labour, sympathy, persecution, etc. is trifling compared with what others suffer, and with what I have merited. In all things, at all times and in all places, I endeavour to give thanks. Miss Sprout is no more. Jos. Tatem died in the Jerseys a few days ago. He carried the infection with him from town. Mrs. Hawkins has revived and may recover. Jno. Alston is in great danger.

Dr. \* \* \* has come forward with a long publication on the prevailing disorder, reprobating my practice, and



thereby weakening the confidence of the public in the new remedies that are *generally* successful, for no more die who use them, than die of pleurasis who use bleeding, or of the smallpox who submit to inoculation. It is strange that the essays upon our disorder should have come chiefly from itinerant and fugitive doctors, or from a dull and profligate usurer who has not seen a sick man these seven years.

Adieu. Love as usual. I am my dear Julia

Yours affectionately

BENJ<sup>N</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—I have just heard that my dear friend Dr. Griffiths is again confined. Alas! our devoted city! The followers of \* \* \* still live to administer poison to our citizens. Dr. \* \* \* was a Joab in the present disease.

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PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Septem<sup>r</sup> 24. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—The post which bro't your letter left town too soon after I received it to admit of my answering it by him. Since I have heard of the precautions taken at Trenton to cut off an intercourse with our city, I feel less anxious to have you at Newark. Take lodgings at Princeton or Trenton or where you please for yourself and the children. I can advise you no further, but be assured I shall be satisfied with whatever you do. To direct your conduct, situated as we both are, would be like \* \* \*, \* \* \*, and \* \* \* writing treatises on the yellow fever in their closets for the instruction of men who have gained a knowledge

of it at the hourly risk of their lives for four or five weeks.

This day at 2 o'clock my dear boy Alston expired. I saw him but three times in a disease which required three and thirty visits. He refused to be bled for nearly a whole day, because I was unable to visit him, and life and death often turn upon the application of a remedy at an hour or a moment in this ferocious disease. He caught it at his lodgings, chiefly in attending Miss Wilson to whom he was attached. He had visited but four or five patients for me in the whole course of the prevalence of the disease.

Sep. 25. Thro' divine goodness I slept more last night than I have slept any one night for six weeks, and am in as good health as is compatible with the weakness of the most extreme old age. Alas! our hopes of an equinoctial storm are blasted. The sun shines and the weather has again become warm. But God's will is done on earth as much by pestilential contagion, and ignorant physicians as it is by the songs and praises of saints and angels in heaven.

Richd. must go to Mr. Frazier's, and submit to all the rules of his house and school. The disease increases, but as the help of man is now at an end, it is to be hoped that the hour is not distant when God will make bare his arm for our deliverance. Many die now from the want of bleeders as well as doctors. Even the apothecaries begin to shut up their shops, and many are unable to procure the mercurial purges when they are prescribed as soon as is necessary. I visited a few patients yesterday, and expect to visit a few this day, but O! you cannot conceive with what difficulty I climb a pair of stairs. I carry a vial of Lisbon wine with me

in my pocket, and when I am faint wash my mouth with a spoonful of it. It acts as powerfully on my whole system in that way as a pint of wine in my stomach would have done at any other time. Adieu. With love as usual I am yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

*Deaths.*

Dr. \* \* \* 's widow.

Mrs. Clow.

Mr. Ehe, our neighbour.

Mr. Jno. Smith, and two children in Chestnut Street next to Saml. Howells.

Mr. Christ. Kucher and son.

Dr. \* \* \* is supposed to be dying. Upwards of 100 it is now believed are buried every day. *Despair*, now as well as the want of doctors, bleeders, nurses, and necessaries, carry off many.

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PHILADELPHIA, Septem. 25. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Another day has been added to my life, for which I desire to be thankful. I have tottered up about a dozen pairs of stairs, and prescribed for a great number of people in our back parlour. After answering letters and emptying my memorandums into my diary or journal of the disorder, I have sat down for two evenings past, and employed an hour or two before bedtime in putting up medicines for the poor. This is a new and humble employment for me, considering how many more important duties I am called to perform, but I take great delight in it. “The poor [said Dr. Boerhaave] are my best patients, because God is



their paymaster." I wish at all times to be under the influence of this heavenly and benevolent sentiment.

Septem. 26th. The day lowers. O! that the windows of heaven might be opened, and floods of rain be poured upon our city. It would at least *weaken* the contagion of the fever which now fills every street in the city. Perhaps nothing but frost [without an extraordinary interposition of divine power] will finally and totally *destroy* it. I received a most comfortable letter from our uncle Elias Boudinot yesterday, to which I have written an answer to be sent to this days post. One praying and believing friend at the present juncture is worth a city full of friends who know not God, and obey not the gospel. I am just preparing to set off for Mr. Meredith's who is alarmed with the fear of a relapse. I shall take Mr. Vanbuhle in on my way, who is very ill. He neglected himself till the 5th. day believing from \* \* \* and \* \* \* 's publications that he had nothing but a common fever. Hundreds have been sacrificed by this mistake. We have but *one*, we cannot have but *one* fever in town. The contagion of the yellow fever like Aaron's rod swallows up the seeds of all other diseases. We might as well talk of two suns or two moons shining upon our globe, as of two different kinds of fevers now in our city. Young Cattle from the Jersey college is very ill at Mrs. McCall's. It is unfortunate for him that he left the Jersey college to come into one of the most infected streets in town. Good Dr. White stands to his post, as does Dr. Blackwell. Mr. Pilmore is everywhere, where there is sickness or distress. Old Mr. Cottringer died this morning. Few old people survive the disease even with the best attendance from nurses and physicians. Dr. \* \* \* died

yesterday, under the care of bark and wine doctors. James' master Mr. Chandler who lived in the house with him is infected. I prescribed for him last night in my back parlour, but if the first remedies do not cure him, I fear he will be very ill, and I cannot attend him at his lodgings. Mr. Fisher continues to mend. He was five days in the maw of the lion. Five copious bleedings, and large doses of the purging medicine saved him. I have heard since the death of Alston that the puking which terminated his life, was occasioned by his drinking a pint of cold water immediately after taking a dose of medicine. Before this Mr. Coxe says he was in little danger. Such accidents must often happen where the sick are nursed by blacks ignorant of their business, and frequently asleep or out of the room. Marcus continues to mend. I have just seen the sexton of the quaker meeting, who assures me that he thinks upwards of an 100 have been buried daily for some time past throughout the city and that the mortality increases.

O! that God would rend the heavens and come down, and save our guilty city from utter desolation! for vain—vain now is the help of man. The negroes are every where submitting to the disorder. Richd. Allen who has led their van is very ill. If the disorder should continue to spread among them, then will the measure of our sufferings be full. Adieu. Continue to pray for us, and for none more earnestly than

your ever faithful friend

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Love—love—love as usual to friends, relations and the dear children.

PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Septem<sup>r</sup> 26. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—This day at 12 o'clock my last apprentice Jno. Coxe went home with the prevailing fever, and at 2 my poor dear sister overcome with fatigue and anxiety retreated to her bed where she is very ill. My mother cannot long keep up. She left me early in the evening, to pass three or four gloomy hours in the back parlour by myself. Marcus is now sitting dull and silent with me. I take up my pen to chase away melancholy, but O! a thousand distressing scenes crowd upon me, and offer themselves as subjects for my letter. O my!— But I will not infect you with any portion of the gloom which now oppresses every power of my soul. It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth him right. Shall *a living* man complain for the punishment of his sins.

Dr. \* \* \* this day yielded to the disorder. He had adopted the new remedies, and used them with success in one of his old families. I paid him a visit this morning, and think him in great danger.

Mr. Powel is ill over Skuilkill. I visited him this afternoon. Mrs. Powel is at her brother Richard's from whence she sends expresses twice a day to inquire after her husband. This is but one of many, many instances in which this savage disease has separated man and wife. Mr. Vanbuhle is I hope better.

Sep. 27. The sky again lowers, and a few drops of rain have fallen. Thousands revive at the sight. I have been much comforted by reading the 121 psalm this morning, and hope I shall be strengthened by it for the labors of the day. My poor dear sister continues very ill. I now see clearly the reason why providence has confined me so



much by sickness and weakness to my house. Hundreds more especially of the poor, have been relieved by my advice at home whom I could not have visited, and who would otherwise probably have died. Dr. \* \* \* has published a history of his recovery. It is [if not designed] yet certainly *calculated* to injure me and to create doubts as to the efficacy of the new remedies. You see I am in the situation of the French Republic surrounded and invaded by new as well as old enemies, without any other allies than a few of my old pupils, who are too little known to give credit to any innovation in medicine. But I am unmoved by the dull and wicked confederacy, having resolved to stick to my principles, my practice, and my patients, thro' divine support, to the last extremity. It is possible they may drive me from the city, if I survive the present calamity, but I hope I can now be happy anywhere, or in any employment, wielding the plough with as much composure of mind as I now wield the lancet, or teaching a country school with as much pleasure as I have formerly taught medicine. Love as usual. I am my dear Julia

Yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup> 29. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I fear you have suffered some anxiety in consequence of not hearing from me by yesterdays post. It was occasioned by my being hurried over Skuilkill to see poor Mr. Powel early in the morning—the *time* I had allotted to write to you. I found him very ill. The neglect of a 4th. bleeding by the young

Dr. who attended him, had produced delirium, and a train of alarming symptoms. Yesterday was spent in trying to recover him by Dr. \* \* \* and myself—but alas, to no purpose. This morning at 6 o'clock he expired, in a small room, in a small farm house with nobody with him but Dr. \* \* \*, the young Dr. who staid constantly with him, and an old negro coachman of Mr. Hills. Mrs. Powel is at her brother Richard's.

My poor dear sister continues in extreme danger. She had the disease three days before she would take a dose of medicine, or submit to be bled. This infatuation with respect to the existence or danger of the disorder seems to be one of its most characteristic symptoms. I fear the issue of this night. She is perfectly composed, and prepared for her dissolution. O! the pain which attends under all circumstances the rupture of the ties of nature! I hope I shall be supported under this heavy affliction, if it should please God to try me with it. My mother I fear would not survive it.

I have this day paid one and thirty visits, and feel myself no ways weakened by them. On the contrary, the exercise of my body and mind in the duties of my profession adds daily to the vigor and activity of both. Never was the healing art so truly delightful to me, and never had I more reason to be thankful than I now have, for the honor God has done me in giving me health eno' to renew my intercourse with my patients.

Dr. \* \* \* is better. He has been cured by the new remedies. John Cox after two bleedings and two purges, this day visited several patients for me. Ed. Fisher has taken his seat at our table, and in a day or two expects to enter upon duty. He is perfectly well,

and in good spirits. Dr. \* \* \* is still in danger, but with some favourable symptoms. Dr. \* \* \* and Dr. \* \* \* are confined. The former uses the new, the latter Dr. \* \* \* 's remedies.

Mr. Vanbuhle I hope is in a safe way, after seven bleedings. Young Cattle is still ill, but has no bad symptoms. I have bled him twice this day.

The mortality on friday and saturday last was less by one half than it had been for ten days before, owing I believe partly to the more general use of the new remedies. The people rule here in medicine as well as government. They have by their clamors forced even \* \* \* to adopt them. This man has spent whole weeks in abusing those remedies and their advocates in every part of the town. He is Dr. \* \* \* 's principal train bearer. Dr. \* \* \* has adopted the new remedies, and has since saved many lives. The most unkind attacks I have had from my brethren however have come from Dr. \* \* \* and Dr. \* \* \*, formerly my most cordial friends.

Sep. 30th. My poor sister is still alive, and I hope with some symptoms which are favourable. The disease is indeed a most formidable one in all its forms. No wonder it requires medicines that possess the strength of Hercules to subdue it. I continue to mend, and thro' divine goodness, even to thrive upon labor, care, persecution, and a milk and vegetable diet. The sky again lowers. O! that that God who created winds, rain, and hoar frost would send them among us to chase away or destroy the pestilential contagion. Adieu. Love as usual.

Yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.



PHILADELPHIA Septem<sup>r</sup> 30. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—You write like a spectator only of the distresses of our city. What is a little furniture—a few cloathes—a whole city—or even the globe itself, compared with one human life? Had I believed that certain death would have been the consequence to myself and the whole family, of taking Johnny Stall and Ed. Fisher into the house, it would have been my duty to have done it. Neither of them had any other home, for Mr. Stall [where Fisher lodged] had fled into the country, and had I shut my doors upon them, they must have perished in the streets. Remember my dear creature the difference between the law and the gospel. The former only commands us “to love our neighbours as ourselves,” but the latter bids us love them *better* than ourselves, “A *new* commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, even as *I have loved* you.” Had I not believed in the full import of that divine and sublime text of Scripture, I could not have exposed myself with so little concern, nay with so much pleasure for five weeks past to the contagion of the prevailing fever. I did not dare to desert my post, and I believed even *fear* for a moment to be an act of disobedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ.

My poor dear sister, after having hung over the grave by the single thread of a cobweb for twenty four hours, is I hope this evening a little better, but far, very far from being out of danger. My mother still complains, but will not be bled or take the mercurial purges. John Cox is well and has visited several patients for me this day. Ed. Fisher expects to take

the field again in two or three days. Dr. \* \* \* is out of danger, and my much beloved and *tried* friend Dr. \* \* \*, after lying for two days nearly as low as my sister, this day has exhibited very hopeful signs of recovery. Wm. Hall's only son has escaped death by six, and Master Jno. Adams at Mr. Ketland's by *seven* bleedings. The latter asked politely two days ago for you, and John and Richard, and concluded by saying that "he should always love me like a father." Four of our neighbour Crepon's family owe their lives under God to the free use of the new remedies. They are full of affection and gratitude to our family. In short to tell you of all the people who have been bled and purged out of the grave in our city, would require a book nearly as large as the Philada. directory. Two of Thos. Bradford's sons are ill, and will to use a Scotch phrase swim for life. His father in law Mr. Fisher is no more. Jno. Hawkins died this evening suffocated with the noxious effluvia of a small room in which four persons besides himself were ill with the fever at the same time with himself. His wife who was ill under more favourable circumstances of air and nursing, recovered.

I have this day paid three and thirty visits, one of them was to Ed. Hazard, who is very ill, but I hope in no immediate danger. I gain strength every day, but I use it with caution. I walk to no patients but to those who are in the neighbourhood. October 1st. My dear sister is still alive. Her recovery is barely possible. The sky again lowers, but alas, I fear we shall have no rain. The mortality yesterday was very great. O that God would arise, and for his great, great names sake shorten the days of our calamity.

What a bitter thing must *sin* be, to deserve even such a punishment as a destroying pestilence! But how many more awful punishments have been inflicted upon, and await it. Adieu. Love as usual.

Yours affectionately

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 1. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—This day at 3 o'clock my dear sister breathed her last. She spoke yesterday with great joy of the love and goodness of God, and repeated several passages from the psalms suitable to her situation. Her last words to me last night at 10 o'clock were "a thousand and a thousand thanks to you my dear brother." Soon after this she became delirious, and said little that could be connected or heard. She has died a martyr to the cause of humanity. Hundreds will remember her zeal, her sympathy and her tears who have come to me for relief. A few weeks ago it was proposed to her to leave town. "No [said she] my life is of no consequence to me or the public. I will stay here and take care of my brother. His life may be useful to many." Never did kindness, affection or friendship rise higher than hers have done to me during the whole of our late connection with each other. She invigorated me by her conversation, and rendered my evenings a contrast to the gloomy labors of the day. The separation was indeed a most painful one. But it has pleased God to support me under it. In half an hour after she died, I got into my carriage, and visited several patients, for



the King's business requires fidelity as well as haste. She was buried this evening in Dr. Sproat's church yard near her two children. Marcus and Peter, with I believe Billy Grey, followed the hearse to the grave. The coffin was a very plain one, for we had all agreed in case of our deaths to be buried without expense, and to give the difference between a plain and a mahogany coffin to the poor.

Hereafter [if I survive the present calamity] when we have less distress from poverty in our city and I have the command of more cash, I will preserve her name and her virtues by a handsome tombstone. In mentioning the name of cash, I cannot help adding that great distress pervades our city from the want of it. Provisions are high, and no service can be procured for the sick, but at an immense expense. The price of bleeding is 7/6 and of nursing three dollars, and three and a half a day. A man of an handsome income whom I advised a few days ago to send to the apothecaries for a dose of the mercurial medicine, told me that he could not do it, from the want of money, and begged I would send him a dose of it from my shop. Friendship is nearly banished from our city. A few [quakers chiefly] act upon a forlorn hope as Committee men to provide for the poor at Bushkill. They have performed wonderful exploits of fortitude and humanity, and hitherto, none of them that I have heard of, have submitted to the disease.

My mother droops, but not so much as she did yesterday. She bears the death of my dear, dear sister with great resignation and fortitude. Ah! why did I mention her name again? My heart has flown into the coffin with her.

October 2nd. 1793. Thro' divine mercy, I am in good health, after a comfortable and refreshing nights sleep. The sky lowers, and the wind blows. My heart revives at the prospect of a change in the weather. Yesterday was a very mortal day. Pray now my dear Julia not only for my life, but that I may be firm, unshaken, immoveable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord. I enjoy uncommon peace and composure of mind, for which I desire to be very thankful. Adieu. God reigns, let the earth rejoice  
 is an administration of love and mercy  
 for it and died for all the in

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—From the derangement of the post office, I do not receive your letters now until two or three days after they are written. Yours of the 27th. comforted me very much, as it discovered a mind resigned to the divine will, and faith in God's promises. Your account of my dear John gave me great pleasure. Give my love to him and tell him to continue to merit the character you have given of him. I dare not think much of the children; hence I seldom mention their names. At present they have no property in me, and I scarcely dare to call them mine. Ah! will the time ever come? But I am done. To me belongs now nothing but the present moment. Nor do I repine at it. On the contrary I wish to rejoice in the honor God has conferred upon me in making me in any degree useful to my fellow creatures. My acct. of the efficacy of the new remedies is strictly true, where patients are

well attended, nursed, and accomodated, but this alas! is *now* seldom the case. The declaration has done good. It begat confidence, and has saved many thousand lives. Dr. \* \* \* has recanted in this evening's paper, and gives full credit to bleeding and purging in the *yellow fever*. His and \* \* \*'s mistakes have cost our city many hundred lives.

My dear Mother has passed a tolerable day, more composed than I expected. In riding upon Arch Street this morning, I cast a look at the grave of my dear, dear sister. If I survive the present calamity, I will adorn it with healing plants and water them with my tears. She died in the highest acts of kindness and benevolence to her fellow creatures.

October 3rd. Here will I erect my Ebenezer. Hitherto hath the Lord preserved me. The last six weeks of my life include the mercies and miracles of a century in other times. My health improves daily, and I now walk up a pair of stairs without halting to rest, or without the aid of a banister. I have had no merit in any of my exertions, for I serve a Master whom I am afraid of offending, and who has claims upon me infinitely beyond ten thousand lives. After this declaration I need not tell you how much I startle at the proposition of retiring from the present scenes of danger and distress. I have given you full credit for having never advised it. It would have lessened my respect for you for ever. I yesterday received a kind letter from Susan, which I have answered. The sympathy and prayers of my relations have been very comfortable to me. Adieu. With love as usual I am my dear—  
—dear Julia yours very affectionately

BENJ<sup>N</sup> RUSH.



PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—In addition to my public duties, I have large and frequent demands from country practitioners, for information respecting the prevailing fever. To *read* their letters alone would be burdensome at *any time*, but it is much more so at present. To save the trouble of writing answers to each of them, I have this evening composed a short account of the origin, symptoms, and treatment of the disease which I shall address to Dr. Rogers of New York in the form of a letter, and publish in Mr. Brown's paper. My postage for letters frequently amounts to  $\frac{7}{6}$  a day. I have this day paid between 40 and 50 visits. Mrs. McCall's grandson Cattle is out of danger; so is Master Adams at Mr. Ketland's. The three Roman Clergy have all been ill. Two of them I hope are in a safe way. Mr. Hazard left me from an antipathy to bleeding as a remedy in his disorder. Dr. \* \* \* is now his physician. This man has seen a great deal of the disorder, but he is no more the wiser for it than the black nurses who attend the sick. He is, if possible, duller than Dr. \* \* \*. Both Mr. Bradford's sons are well; so is Mr. Vanbuhle, the latter after seven bleedings. He met Col: Hamilton on his way to town, who advised him if he caught the fever, to use Dr. \* \* \* is remedies, and that Mr. Walcott would furnish him with the directions how to use them. Mr. Vanbuhle had heard so much of the credit of the new remedies before he was taken sick as to prefer them. But had he sent to Mr. Walcott he would not have found him. He and his wife have fled, and I am now attending a servant in his family in consequence of an order from him before he

left town. I think it probable that if the new remedies had been introduced by any other person than a decided Democrat, and a friend of Madison and Jefferson, they would have met with less opposition from Col: Hamilton.

Octobr. 4th. The sky lowers, but alas ! I fear we shall have no rain. My brother informs me that the grass is burnt up in the neighbourhood of Reading. He expresses in a letter to me uncommon solicitude for my health and life. My mother is better, and Ed. Fisher has again taken the field. He yesterday rode five miles in the country to see a son of Thos. Morris, an old patient of \* \* \*, and who had lost a son by following \* \* \*'s mode of treating the disease. Yesterday there was great mortality in the city. Townsend Speakman, Mr. Kay, Clow's partner, and Jno. Todd the school-master are among the dead. Our cousin Parry Hall is ill. Wm. Hall's *only* son is upon the recovery after six bleedings. This event has healed the wound which death made in his family last winter. Mrs. Hall is truly thankful: you know her character. I am often oppressed and even distressed with the kindness of my patients, and by few more than by Mr. Hall's excellent family. I observe with great pleasure an evident sense of the divine goodness to pervade all those families who have been delivered from death. Men now talk of God and of his providence who appeared scarcely to believe in either two months ago.

Adieu my dear Julia. Not a ray of alleviation of the present calamity breaks in our city from any quarter. All is a thick and melancholy gloom. But God is not slack in fulfilling his promises. Continue to wrestle with him in your prayers. It is all right, and hereafter

we shall behold our sufferings as the emanations not only of justice, but of love. Again adieu. I am, blessed be the God of my life, in good health, and acquire strength daily. Love as usual.

Yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 4. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I concluded my letter this morning by informing you that I daily improved in my strength. I ought rather to have said with St. Paul in a physical as well as a spiritual sense, “when I am weak, then am I strong.” After paying a few visits in the neighbourhood, I returned with a slight attack of my fever. It went off in an hour or two with a gentle sweat, and I have passed the day at home in as much health and spirits as usual, prescribing constantly for such persons as I was unable to visit, particularly for the poor. This little indisposition was brought on by the fatigue of yesterday, for I was *forced* by the entreaties and tears of persons who stopped my carriage in the streets, to visit many more people than I had intended when I left my own house. Mr. Coxe and Mr. Fisher have visited all my patients for me this day and I hope to their entire satisfaction. I fear I shall lose good Mr. Fleming the Roman priest in consequence of my inability to visit him at the usual hour. The delay of a day, nay of a single hour, in administering the remedies proper in this disorder, is often attended with irretrievable consequences.



I informed you this morning that yesterday the disease was uncommonly mortal. Thirty two were buried in the Potters Field alone. The disease affects as generally as the Plague, and were it not for the new remedies, I have no doubt but it would have proved equally fatal to our citizens. Scarcely a family in town has escaped it, and in many families scarcely a child or a servant misses it.

Octobr. 5th. I rose at my usual hour this morning, after a comfortable night's rest for which I desire to be thankful. How precious is sound sleep, in a city where thousands now pass wearisome and sleepless nights! How great is the gift of life in a place where upwards of an hundred fellow creatures die every day! Poor Peter yielded to the disorder last night. He, and a child of two years old whom I saw at Jon. Meredith's store a few days ago, were the only two gay things I have seen in Philada. for near seven weeks. The sight of the child smiling and crowing in my face, reminded me of the Arab's child mentioned by Bruce smiling in the arms of its half starved mother in the deserts of Nubia. It affected me in a manner which I cannot describe. We were last night flattered with the hopes of rain—but alas! the heavens are still as brass overhead. The *coolness* of the weather is however favourable to the sick, tho' I fear it increases their number by exposing people to take cold, and thereby exciting the contagion into action. Since I sat down to conclude this letter, I have been interrupted not less than half a dozen times. Adieu. I shall visit only a few patients this day. My letter to Dr. \* \* \* will not be published before Monday. The wages for nursing now are 4 dollars  $\text{p}$  day. The distress of our city

from the want of money alone is very great. Adieu, once more.

From your affectionate

P.S.—My mother joins in much love to you and the children. Josey informed me three days ago in the street that Ben and Betsy were well.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 6. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—All your letters except the one sent by Mr. Webb, have come safe to hand. It is not in my power to answer them regularly, for they are often detained in the post office two or three days before I can get them. Confusion and distress pervade every branch of business at the present time in Philada. You need not return the 20 dollars. I have, or I can command eno' for all my exigencies. You will probably soon require more, for alas! I know not when you will be able to come to Philada.—all is as yet a gloom before us. I shall be gratified with your and the children wearing mourning for my dear sister. I deplore her loss every hour of the day. So deep a rent was never made by death in my heart before.

Mrs. Harris's family is still in town. I was this day sent for to visit one of her grandchildren, but was obliged to decline going, owing to my extreme weakness. I am unable now to attend even my old patients, so very weak handed am I, and so multiplied is the sickness. My dear friend Dr. \* \* \* is again ill. I have visited him twice today, and have this evening ordered

him to be bled a fourth time. Old Mr. Guest died at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Jos. Harrison, and Dr. \* \* \* are likewise dead. Dr. \* \* \* 's coachman is very ill, and from the want of proper attendance will I fear sink under the disease. The zealous and the indefatigable Mr. Fleming died last night. My mother was much affected and gratified by your letter. She wept over it. You may depend upon her care of every thing in the house. She has sent Ben his winter clothes long ago.

Octobr. 7th. Thro' divine goodness I passed a comfortable night after 1 o'clock, before which hour I was disturbed by successive knockings at the door. I expect to visit Mr. Saml. Meredith this forenoon who is again indisposed. It is painful to do duty with a weak, tottering body, but I am kept from repining by recollecting that my divine Master performed many, or perhaps most of his laborious acts of love to mankind with a much weaker body than mine. This is evident from several passages in the history of his life. They know but little of the extent of the obligations of Christianity who give such a worthless reptile as I am the least credit for any one exertion in the cause of humanity, for I profess to believe in, and to imitate a Saviour who did not *risk*, but who *gave* his life, not for his friends, but his enemies. I enclose you a sweet little psalm by Dr. Watts which I cut out of a newspaper. Tho' I have a most imperfect claim to the promises contained in it, yet it has pleased God to make it a cordial to my soul. My dear mother sends a great deal of love to you and the children. Peter after two bleedings is better. He has been very much terrified with the fear of dying, and I have endeavoured to improve upon



his fears by setting before him his wicked life. Adieu  
my dear Julia. Love to all friends.

Yours very affectionately

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—I desired Jno. Coxe last night to visit Mrs. Harris's grandchild. But I fear he has not done so, for he is full of business, and not very well.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 7. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Among the dead of this day are Mrs. Coltman and Maj. D. Franks, the former died without a physician, not believing herself to be infected. The latter died at Mr. Kean's under the care of a French physician—deserted by all his former friends—so much so that he was buried in the Potters Field. Upwards of an 100 persons more it is said have this day been conveyed to the grave. My publication of this evening has met with a kind reception from my fellow citizens. I have only *named* the mistakes of my brethren. The public has been very liberal in applying harsh epithets to them.

Mr. Hazard *survived* the remedies of Dr. \* \* \* and is now out of danger. The mercurial purges and two plentiful bleedings which I gave him, laid the foundation of his cure. Mr.                    is very ill. He wished for me as his physician, but heard that I was indisposed. I lament exceedingly that this was the case, for I take as much pleasure in going to old enemies as to old friends.

He is attended by two French physicians, so that there are three chances against him to one in his favor—viz, a violent disease and two doctors. Mrs. Kepple and Mrs. Math. Clarkson are ill. They are bad subjects for the disease, and unfortunately both my patients. Mrs. Bludget is well and a most zealous advocate for the new remedies.

Octobr. 8th. "Thy mercies are indeed new unto me, O Lord, every morning," great, very great are thy faithfulness and goodness to the most unworthy of all thy creatures. Seldom have I at any time enjoyed a more perfect nights rest. I even had dreams unmixed with wringing of hands—weeping eyes—coffins—biers, and all the other marks of distress and death. The respite even in a dream has revived me. A sudden call to a child of Col. Pickering's obliges me to conclude my letter sooner than I intended. Mrs. Bett in our neighbourhood is ill under my care, and my dear, dear friend Dr. \* \* \* is not yet out of danger. O! what tugs are daily and hourly made upon my poor threadbare heart-strings! But hush! It becomes me at all times, and in all places only to "GIVE THANKS." Adieu. Love to all the family.

Yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Jno. Coxe called at Mrs. Harris's but she had sent for another doctor.

PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I had almost written that I *rejoiced* in the addition that our sister has made to your brother's family, but alas! I have nothing to do with *joy*, and I sometimes feel as if I never should smile, or indulge a moment of gaiety again as long as I lived. This morning at 8 o'clock Mr. Seargeant breathed his last. I was mistaken in the account I gave you this morning, that he wished for me to attend him. Before his illness he told one of his neighbours that in case of an attack of the disorder, he wd. employ none but a French physician. The mortality of the disease has been worse this day than ever. Doctors Parke, Currie, Physic, James, Mease, and Griffiths are all confined, the last is still in great danger. Mr. Meredith is again ill. Fisher has gone out in a close carriage to see him. Danl. Offley, the quaker preacher is below hope: so is Mr. Baldwin the apothecary, Mr. Delany's son in law. Miss N. Redman is in danger. She has been bled twice this day. Dr. Redman whom I saw in visiting Nancy is perfectly recovered. His every breath is full of praises to God, and love to the whole human race. He begged to be remembered to you, and your mama and the whole family at Morven in the most affectionate manner.

There is not a single overseer of the poor nor a magistrate, but Mr. Clarkson, now in town. Judge of the distress of our city from those circumstances! Mr. Fisher is just returned from Mr. Meredith's, and I am comforted in adding, left him much better.

I do not think it will be safe for you now to receive any article of dress out of our house. It is perhaps at



present one of the most infected houses in town; nearly an hundred people discharge their infected breath in it every day, for many people in the first stage of the disorder are able to walk about, and to call upon a physician. Peter is mending tho' very slowly after three bleedings.

Octobr. 9th. I wept last evening in reading the 102<sup>nd</sup> psalm, but blessed be God, my sorrow was indeed of a nights continuance only. This morning my mind is composed. "Not my will, but thine be done." The calls have been numerous this morning, but I have declined them all. Mr. Fisher is indisposed from the fatigue of yesterday. The 100 dollars will be very acceptable from your father. The carriage drains me of 6 dollars every day. I could *now* command any sum I pleased from *either* of the Banks, but I had rather be under obligations to your brother, than to any citizen of Philada. Adieu. My love to all the family. Kiss your little new born namesake for me. Again adieu.

Yours very affectionately

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—I heard from Ben again two days ago, by a line from Mr. Bradford. He says he has no Papa. All Betsey Steen's friends are well.

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PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—It turned out as I expected. Mrs. Kepple's gross habit, and her delay in sending for me till the 3rd. day of her disorder, afforded a most unfavourable prospect of her recovery from the moment I

saw her. She died this day at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Clarkson is still ill, but I do not despair of her. Mrs. Bett is below hope. Her habit was a bad one, and she too soothed herself for several days before I saw her, with a belief that her complaints were the effects of an old chronic disorder to wch. she had been subject for many years. My invaluable friend Dr. \* \* \* is I hope a little better. He has been bled seven times.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup>. After a comfortable nights rest I rose this morning at 7 o'clock, and have ever since been in the midst of sickness and distress. All my meals are public. Frequently eight or ten people witness the simplicity of my diet—for I am still obliged to live wholly on bread and milk and coffee with bread and butter. Tea has become insipid and almost offensive to my stomach. *Where* and *when* this will end I know not, but I leave all to the disposal of my faithful Creator and Redeemer, in whose will I am enabled frequently to rejoice.

The new remedies prevail universally in *name*, but many of our doctors offer incense to the public mind by one or two bleedings or purgings and then pour in their poisonous doses of bark and laudanum. I shall this day publish some extracts from Dr. Moseley which will cover them with confusion, and shew that they have been as deficient in *reading*, as they are in *reasoning* and *observation*.

Excuse the shortness of this letter. My love as usual to all friends. Ed. Fisher is better. He is a most affectionate and pleasant companion, and what is more, full of compassion for the sick. My mother keeps up wonderfully. Adieu. From my dear Julia yours

sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Maj. Franks was *not* buried in the Potters field. Honest Jno. Thompson, the blacksmith with the wooden leg, who lives opposite to Mr. Kean's, prevented it, and obtained a grave for him in Christ Church burying ground.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 10. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—My letters contain such a dull repetition of melancholy events that I fear you will tire in reading them. The mortality this day has been very great. It still falls chiefly upon the poor, and particularly upon servants. Mr. Clarkson informed me this day that he had documents to shew that nearly 2000 persons had died in our city since the first appearance of the disease, and *most* of them with the prevailing fever. Mrs. Betts died this morning; also another of the Catholic priests. He was my patient till the late return of my fever, and I fear suffered from my being obliged to desert him. Nancy Redman is in a hopeful way, and Dr. \* \* \* nearly out of danger.

Octobr. 11th. A return of my fever last evening will confine me this day to the house. It belongs to the disease to end in an intermittent in many people. Mr. Meredith, Mrs. Clymer and Mr. Willing have been much afflicted in that way, and what is unfortunate, it will not bear the bark.

Adieu. With love to each of the family and the dear children, I am my dear Julia your

ever affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

Love to Dr. Smith.



PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 11. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I have this day confined myself to the house, and prescribed from the reports of the young gentlemen. I cannot say too much in favor of Mr. Fisher. He is an enthusiast in humanity, and he has discovered uncommon talents in his profession. Dr. \* \* \* has been very useful to me in visiting a number of patients for me this day. Dr. \* \* \* is out of danger, and I hope Mrs. Clarkson is in a fair way of doing well.

I received a most elegant letter from Susan Baynton two days ago—full of solicitude for her relations. I was happy in being able to inform her that death had made no break among them, except in Mr. Bullock's family.

Octobr. 12th. Blessed be God I passed a quiet and comfortable night, and have not a single complaint this morning but extreme weakness. I shall not go out to-day, nor perhaps for some days to come. My fellow citizens I hope will excuse, especially when they recollect how often my premature exertions have brought back my fever.

I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Dr. McIlvaine yesterday containing an offer of his house for 10,000. dollars, or a lease of it for seven years at £250 a year. I received a letter from Dr. \* \* \* likewise [from Abington] proposing to me to advertise the lectures to commence on the 5 of Decem<sup>r</sup> or Jan<sup>r</sup>.

Strange men! to propose contracts or undertakings to a man who is a "poor pensioner upon the bounties of an hour." Dr. Young was once asked in a bookseller's shop in London by a gentleman who met him

there by accident, to dine with him the next day. "Tomorrow sir, [said he] I expect to meet my God. Today is my own." The same spirit which dictated this speech should influence every man in my situation.

Adieu my dear Julia. I have thought more of you and the dear children within these two days, than I have done for six weeks, owing to my greater retirement from the hurry of business. Again adieu. I view you all at a distance on a safe and pleasant shore, with your eyestrings pained in looking at me, paddling towards you in a boat shattered and leaky by many successive storms. But in every situation, let us praise the Lord for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men. With love as usual, I am my dear Julia

Your ever affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I informed you in the close of my last letter that you and the dear children had occupied an unusual share of my thoughts within the last few days. The effects of this new train of thinking discovered themselves last night. I dreamed that I saw you at a distance at a window in a house in Coates Alley up town, with a countenance healthy and pleasant, without the least tincture of that sallow gloom which pervades the face of every Philadelphian. I made signs to you that I would first go home, and prescribe for my patients, and that I would come up to you in the evening. But ah! I awoke soon afterwards, and that evening did not come.

I recollect now that we had an infant called by your name. She was pleasant, and smiled in my face the morning we parted. How does she do? How many teeth has she got? Does she yet articulate any words? John and James you say are with you. I hope they behave well. I have heard of Richd. and Emily by letters from each of them. Mary you say is at Mr. Armstrong's. Many—many thanks to him for affording her a shelter in our storm. I owe more gratitude to your dear mama than I shall ever be able to pay for her frequent remembrances of me, more especially in her addresses to the great Arbiter of life in my favor. Your brother and sister have been friends indeed. May their goodness to you return an hundred fold into their own bosoms! You say nothing of Abbey. I hope she is well. My love, my sincere, my increasing love to them all.

I have this day according to promise confined myself to the house, and prescribed thro' the reports of my pupils. I have consented further to the advice of some of my most solid friends not to go into an infected room again, until I am much better able to bear the action of the contagion on my system, than I have been for some weeks past. I shall ride out, if I am spared, but it shall be into the country, and only for the restoration of my own strength and health. I hope this conduct will not be offensive to my divine Master. He requires nothing unreasonable from his creatures, and to go further than I have done, would be I fear to "tempt the Lord" to preserve me, out of the ordinary means of his holy and wise providence. The first sick room I entered on the 4th. of this month affected me so much that I was seized with a giddiness and sunk down upon a bed. I nar-



rowly escaped a chilly fit after it. Such attacks are to be expected every day by a person in my weak state.

Octobr. 14th. Thro' divine goodness I passed a comfortable night without pain or fever and feel stronger today than yesterday. I am again able to relish tea and chicken broth. I cannot describe Mr. Fisher's kindness and attention to me. He seldom asks me how I am but his eyes seem to fill with tears. Our old neighbour Mr. Franks died last night. Mr. Adgate and Mr. Orton died some time ago. Meyer Fisher is ill under the care of \* \* \* the new French Dr. His treatment of him shows him to be equally a stranger to the disease, and to the principles of medicine. Nancy Redman is on the recovery. Dr. \* \* \* is again ill. Dr. \* \* \* has hopes of him. Young Maur: Rodgers has been ill, but is now well. He was attended by Dr. Woodhouse.

Adieu my dear Julia. From your  
ever affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 14. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I have this day sent twice to the post-office for letters from you, but could obtain none, owing to the crowd of applicants on the same business. The disappointment was the more painful, as I received only one letter from you last week.

The disease continues to rage, with I fear unabating mortality. Mrs. Dr. Smith is ill and attended under my direction by Dr. \* \* \* and Ed. Fisher. The poor Dr. alone remains with her. Mrs. Blodgett [who is

well] and Billy are fled to Norristown. Wm. Hall and Mrs. Clarkson are out of danger. Dr. Mease is very low but not despaired of.

Octobr. 15th. Thro' divine goodness I continue to gain strength every day. My sleep last night was truly refreshing. Marcus has slept in the room with me for some time past, chiefly of late to hand me a little food in the middle of the night, for I have become so much a child, or an old man, in constitution, that I am obliged to eat often, or I become weak and fainty. My patients know this so well now, that many of them hand me a glass of milk and a crust of bread as soon as I enter their houses, just as they hand other people a glass of wine. I cannot tell you how much we all owe to Marcus. His integrity, industry and fidelity deserve great praise. I told you formerly how universal his talents were; I am sure with a little instruction he would exceed many of our bark and wine doctors in the treatment of the present fever. It has been a great alleviation of our distress that he has remained with us. Half the servants in the city have deserted their masters, and no wonder, for they were much exposed from the nature of their duty to taking the disorder, and when sick suffered and died by neglect, or were sent to the hospital at Bushkill. You know I have always pitied this humble class of people, and I am happy in reflecting now that I never added by a bill to the distresses of any of them.

My mother is uncommonly well, and more active than ever. We shall owe her much for her care of the house, since the death of my dear, dear sister. Peter is well, but very cross. He is so reduced that you would hardly know him. My mother complains much

of the expenses of house-keeping. As a sample of the advanced prices I shall only mention that she pays 7/6  $\text{p}$  dozen for washing, and 2/6 a half peck for apples. The diet of the family consists chiefly of milk, and our faithful Brindle has kindly supplied us with all we want.

The sky is over cast. O! that the great Jehovah would descend in mercy upon our city in showers of rain! All hearts now are faint, and all hope is now in God alone. Adieu my dear Julia. Continue to pray for your ever affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Love as usual. I fear I have been deficient in not including good Dr. Smith among the friends at Princeton to whom I wished to be remembered.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Satisfactory accounts still arrive from all quarters that the disease evidently declines, but many have died this day, and many are yet very ill. Among the dead is a son of John Donaldson's, and among those who are in danger is good old Dr. \* \* \*. I informed you formerly of the death of his daughter. His son followed her a few days afterwards. Two of the old ladies at Mrs. Hodge's it is said are no more. Janey Riddle's husband and his brother followed Janey to the grave a few days ago. Two of Col. Marsh's sons [Mrs. Josiah's brothers] are dead, with many other valuable persons on the hill. None



of the above persons were my patients. Geo. Bullock is ill at Mrs. Bartram's on Front Street. Dr. Woodhouse attends him for me. He was indisposed three days before Dr. \* \* \* saw him.

I have this day received a kind letter from Mrs. Fergusson. She refers me for comfort and support to the 5th. chapter of Job from the 18th. verse to the end.

Octobr. 18th. Not better, but perfectly well. Blessed be God for his goodness! Marcus proposes to feed me today with beef soup. I cannot tell you how much I owe to the fidelity and affection of our humble black friend. He has been a treasure to us in all our difficulties.

I have this morning received from Mr. Fergusson of Dublin a large impression on *red* wax of that beautiful seal which he described in his letter of last year. It is admirably executed, and has not suffered by crossing the sea. I have recd. many European letters within these few weeks, which at any other time would have afforded me great pleasure. One of them was from Granville Sharp authorizing me to draw for £14—14—0 Sterling of contributions in London to the African Church of Philadelphia. Among the contributors I find the name of the Duke of Grafton for five guineas.

No one physician except Dr. \* \* \*, and Dr. \* \* \* has sent to inquire after my health since my last confinement. The confederacy now is stronger than ever against me. \* \* \* is, or will be at the head of it. He knows that he has injured me, and therefore he cannot forgive me. Many, many persons I fear are killed now by bark, wine and laudanum to spite me. Their rancour has no bounds. They watch my patients with great solicitude and console themselves under my

numerous cures, by declaring that my patients had nothing but the common fall fever. The few whom I lose, they say die of the yellow fever, and are all killed by mercury and bleeding.

Adieu. With much love as usual to all friends, I am  
my dear Julia

your sincere

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 18. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Good Dr. \* \* \* finished his course this morning, and was carried to his grave by eight of the members of the African Church this afternoon. His son in law Mr. Spencer is ill. Dr. \* \* \* is, I suppose his physician. It is truly distressing to think of the desolation which has followed the footsteps of this man, and of all the doctors who use bark, wine, laudanum, and hot or cold baths in this disorder. It is much more inflammatory than a common pleurasy, and who ever thought of using those remedies in that disease? This morning I received a note from Mrs. Blackwell written under great agitation of mind, informing me that the good Doctor is ill with the fever at Gloucester. John Coxe flew to his relief. He bled him and gave him the mercurial purge. He expects to visit him every day, and from present appearances he entertains great hopes of his speedy recovery.

Dr. \* \* \* with his whole family left the city this day. Dr. \* \* \* mends, but very slowly. His head has been much affected by the disorder. Mrs. Miller his grandmother is indisposed. Dr. \* \* \* attends her.

I am again employed in Mr. Hammond's family. After curing four of his servants, a French physician was sent for a few weeks afterwards to his steward, and to one of his maids. They both died. Mr. Fisher is now attending his groom. It is probable that Mr. Hammond was persuaded that my four cures in his family were only of the fall fever, because I did not put the yellow color of the disorder in their faces. I put it in a more suitable place by means of the strong, but safe mercurial purges.

Good old James Craig died a few days ago.

Octobr. 19th. Blessed be God I continue to improve not only in health, but in strength. I recd. a letter from Dr. \* \* \*, and another from your kind sister Polly yesterday urging me to leave the city. I have written to Polly and I hope shall satisfy her, that such a step would be unwise, and perhaps sinful. I am still useful. I prescribe with success in my house, and my pupils under my direction save many, many lives every day. Three or four more rainy, or *very* cold days would destroy all the contagion in the city, and such weather must come soon. In the mean while be assured that I will not go into an infected room to see a patient, until I am as strong as I was before my confinement. I have already resisted two very pressing calls from old friends.

Adieu, my dear friend. My best love to all friends.  
From your sincere and

affectionate friend

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—The disorder revived yesterday a good deal in consequence of the warmth of the weather.



PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—This day poor dear Mrs. Smith breathed her last. She appeared, and Mr. Fisher says, was out of danger for two days, but sunk under the want of good nursing [being attended only by a black child of 14 years of age] and under deep depression of mind, brought on by the loss of her old friends in sickness, Mrs. Rodgers and Mrs. Kepple, and perhaps too by hearing the sound of the bier at every hour of the night and day, passing by her door to the grave yards above her. Many have died from the above circumstances in spite of the most effectual medical aid. Danl. Offly's death has been ascribed wholly to his black nurse having fallen asleep, and to having passed a whole night without drinks or food in the weak but convalescent state of his disorder. He was a patient of Dr. \* \* \*. The Dr. is out of danger. Dr. \* \* \* died yesterday morning. Major Sprout's widow is no more. Mr. Pilmore is better. Dr. \* \* \* [a bold practitioner] was one of his physicians. Dr. \* \* \* was bled twice this day. Dr. \* \* \* is to visit him tomorrow with John Coxe. Geo. Bullock is still in great danger: none of his family visit him, altho' Mrs. Bullock's solicitude for his recovery is very great. The Revd. Mr. Turner is ill. He preceeded Dr. \* \* \*'s corpse, and exhorted at his grave, for contrary to the late custom of our city 100 people, chiefly women, attended the good old man's funeral.

Dr. \* \* \* and his whole family did not leave town till yesterday. He sent me a parting note containing kind expressions of friendship, and prayers for my preservation. An extract from it in favor of plentiful bleed-

ing, will I expect appear in Mr. Brown's paper of tomorrow.

Marcus has just now returned from Rosehill upon a visit to Becky and Ben. They are both in good health. Ben's cheeks were like a rose. He thinks he has grown quite handsome. He was shy as to conversing with Marcus, but said he loved him. Marcus carried Becky sundry articles of diet.

Dr. \* \* \*'s brother has been recovered under the care of the Doctor, and of Dr. \* \* \*, from extreme danger, by *three* bleedings in *one* day, and by a strong dose of the mercurial medicine. This cure has transpired by accident, for pains have been taken to prevent its being known, especially to me!!!

Octobr. 21. A *cold* morning and a good nights rest call upon me with equal force to offer up my grateful praises to the author of every public and private blessing. If the weather continues to increase in coldness, and above all if we should have a few days heavy rain joined with it, the disease will be driven from the city in a few weeks. A few scattered cases may perhaps exist from carelessness or accident during the winter. I find by my notes of the disorder taken in the year 1762 during my apprenticeship that it continued [probably in that way only] during the months of Nov<sup>r</sup> and Decem<sup>r</sup>. From the contents or charges in Dr. Redman's day book, it visably and almost wholly declined about the 15 of Octob<sup>r</sup>. Thus you see the most malignant and deadly contagion has its laws, and its bounds, as well as fire and water.

Adieu.

Yours most affec<sup>t</sup>

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 21. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—The nearer falling bodies approach the earth, the greater the attraction they have to each other. The same may be said of husbands and wives that love each other, when they lessen the distance that parts them. I feel more united to you at Trenton than at Princeton. The time of our meeting is, I hope, not very far distant. The disease declines evidently every day. Should the weather be as cold as in former years, I think it probable, that you will be able to come to town about the middle of November.

I rode out this forenoon, the first time since the 10th. of this month. I found more people in the streets than before my confinement, and their countenances wore a more cheerful aspect. I observed a tent in the Potter's field in riding by it. It was erected for the accomodation of the grave diggers, who worked there, day and night. Upwards of 1000 persons have been buried in that grave yard alone since the 1st. day of August.

Dr. \* \* \* has been in great danger, but has some hopeful symptoms this evening. Dr. \* \* \* has visited him twice this day—once with John Coxe, and once alone, owing to Mr. Coxe being a little indisposed.

Geo. Bullock will hardly live till tomorrow morning. Dr. \* \* \* did not see him till the 3rd. day of his disorder. His father sent him into the country for safety. He came into town, without the knowledge of any of his family, and concealed his illness till it was too late to do him any service,

Your nurse Barry visited us this afternoon. She and her sister have recovered from the fever under my directions without a visit from any of us. She and her



mother and children were in great distress from the want of everything. We did not send her empty away. She begged to be remembered to you in the most affectionate manner.

Emily and Richard's letters came safe to hand. Richard falls off in his hand-writing. I am glad to hear such good accounts of John and Julia.

Octobr. 22nd. I have only to add that I continue thro' divine goodness to gain strength by every night's rest, and that I am with much love to Mr. Armstrong and Uncle Saml. families, and to each of the children your  
sincere and affectionate

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Mr. Fisher sends his most respectful comp<sup>ts</sup> to you. He is a most amiable young man. The late distresses in our city have awakened uncommon talents and virtues in him. Betsy Steen's letter did not come to my care. All her friends I believe are well. I cured her sister at Mr. Fisher's.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 23. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I am sorry to inform you that the late moderate weather has so far revived the disease, that the mortality is nearly as great as before the late rain and cold weather. 700 have died since the 11 of October. 3400 have died since the first of August. O! that God would hear the cries and groans of the many hundred, and perhaps thousand sick which still ascend to his throne every hour of the day and night, from our

desolating city! I feel the distresses of my fellow citizens the more from my being unable to assist them, and from my hearing constantly of some of them being murdered by large and ill-timed doses of bark and wine. But I must not arraign the conduct of divine providence,

“When obedient nature knows his will,  
A doctor or disease alike can kill.”

Dr. \* \* \* is out of danger, much to the honor of Mr. Coxe. Geo. Bullock is still alive, and had he been properly attended by his nurse for two days past Dr. says, might have recovered.

I received an affectionate letter from my sister Montgomery a few days ago. She sympathizes tenderly with us in the death of our dear sister. All her letters to her since the commencement of the disorder she says were very pious, and full of solicitude for my life. One expression in Mrs. Montgomery's letter to my mother pierced my heart. I cannot copy it, but it contained another proof, that she willingly and cheerfully exposed and gave her life, to save mine.

I have given you great credit everywhere for having never once advised me to leave the city. You will perceive by the paper of this evening, that in my infirm and confined situation, I have not been useless to my fellow citizens. Many hundred people will subscribe similar certificates of being cured by my advice, or by my publications alone, without a visit from any physician. I am however best satisfied that the detail of those cures should be a secret till that great day, when envy and calumny shall be able to detract nothing from them.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 24. A clear and moderate day. But it is all

just as it should be, wise, just, and good. "There is more sin [Dr. Priestly says] in complaining of the weather, than most people are aware of."

Adieu. With love to all surrounding friends, I am my dear Julia yours

sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—My mother sent her cloak to Betsey Steen by mistake. She begs Betsey to take good care of it. All Betsey's relations are out of town, or well in town.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I move at present in so small a sphere, and see and hear so little of what goes forward in our city, that my letters will contain nothing hereafter that can interest you. I have not been out of the house this day, and have prescribed to not more than half a dozen people. This sudden diminution of business, is occasioned in part by the disease having left the heart of the city, in which I have generally practised, and by its being generally known that I am too weak to visit patients. My pupils are still busy, but it is chiefly in attending poor people.

My excellent friend Saml. Coates who has been an Anthony Beneset in every stage of our late distresses, called upon me this evening, and kindly offered to lend me £50—0—0. I shall probably require it, for I have only a few dollars in the house, and this is not a time to ask for money from my patients. I have expended



since the commencement of the disorder nearly £200 in cash and have contracted some debts. In what manner a part of it has been spent, I shall not mention. I regret only that it was not £2000. This, only between ourselves.

I receive every day polite and friendly letters from the country. Some of them contain expressions which indicate a great degree of ignorance of the state of the public mind in our city. I am supposed to have created a great many friends, and a large fund of gratitude among my fellow citizens. This is far from being true. The relations and patients of the physicians whose practice I have opposed, have taken part with them in their resentments and I am now publicly accused at every corner of having murdered the greatest part of the citizens who have died of the present disorder. These slanders must increase, for ignorance and error when detected and exposed can *never forgive*. Dr. \* \* \*, Dr. \* \* \* and my old pupils are the only friends I have left among my medical brethren. After what has passed between me and the rest of them, we can never consult, or even associate together hereafter. Did New York offer a retreat to me and with it, a chair in their University, I should prefer ending my days there [if I survive the present calamity] to continuing in Philada. where I see nothing before me but strife and misery. One consolation I derive from the persecutions which have followed my late exertions in behalf of my fellow citizens, and that is, they nourish a humble hope that my labors have been accepted in heaven, and that they will be owned hereafter by the impartial Judge of the universe.

John Todd the lawyer died this afternoon. Tho<sup>s</sup> Hale

the carp<sup>r</sup> and Ger<sup>d</sup> Vogles died a few days ago, the last in jail, and it is said with hunger.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 25<sup>th</sup>. We are all well. My good mother has recovered her health and spirits, and is more active than she has been for several years. Adieu.

Yours affectionately

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—This morning at 1 o'clock Geo. Bullock breathed his last. I paid a short visit to Peter Buynton's family this afternoon who informed me that Mr. & Mrs. Bullock bear his death with composure. It was expected for several days, and nothing that could be done was omitted on the part of Dr. \* \* \* to save his life. The mortality has been less this day than usual. Only one person has been buried in the Quakers grave yard. From five to fourteen have been buried there every day for many weeks.

Dr. \* \* \* is not so well as he has been. He has been attended and even nursed under great disadvantages compared with what he would have had in town, and in his own house. The French physicians are every where getting into disrepute. They have in conjunction with our bark, wine and cold bath Doctors, destroyed at least two thirds of all who have perished by the disorder. The principal remedies of the French physicians are hot baths, glysters, nitre, camphor and cream tartar. They seldom bleed and all of them reprobate the mercurial purges. One of them [a Jew] does not even feel the pulse of his patients. Upon

being offered a hand for that purpose by a Mr. Morrison, he said, "no—no. I never feel the pulse; that is the way the Philadelphia physicians catch the disorder." This man died on the 3rd. day.

My situation for some time past has been in some respects like that of the children of Israel in the wilderness, but it has differed from it in one particular very materially, and that is my clothes have not waxed old. On the contrary I have become so ragged, that I am hardly fit to be seen in my own house. This evil at present is without a remedy, for there is scarcely a Taylor or Shoemaker who carries on business in town, their apprentices and journeymen being dead, or turned grave diggers, or having left the city.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>. A warm and cloudy morning—God send a plentiful rain! We are all thro' divine goodness in good health. Our whole neighbourhood has become pure, there being at present not a single sick person within a square of us. Adieu. My best love to all our dear and invaluable friends at Trenton. I begin to count the weeks and days that interpose between our meeting, for I now begin to think that it will please God to bless us again as an unbroken family, my dear sister alone excepted from our number. Adieu.

From yours affectionately

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 27. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Yours of the 24th. of this month came safe to hand yesterday morning enclosing a letter to Betsey Steen's mother, which shall be sent to her sister at Mr. Fisher's. I have hitherto been silent



upon the subject of another house, because I considered myself as treading upon the brink of the grave. Since it has pleased God to check in a great measure the ravages of the fever, and to restore my health, I have contemplated moving out of the house I now occupy *before* you come to town. Besides the reasons you mention for it, I have another. Mr. \* \* \* sent me a note on the 11th. of September [a day of uncommon distress and darkness in our city] and raised my rent to £140 a year, and yesterday he sent another note demanding the rent of the last quarter. Such acts of insensibility to a man labouring and broken down as I was, have affected me so much that I wish all connection between us as landlord and tenant to be dissolved for ever as soon as possible. This information must not be made public. I shall part with him in peace, and without a complaint. I wish landlords would consider the wickedness of *rack rents*. They have been one of the procuring causes in my opinion of the late judgment of God upon our city. I have thought of taking the house in which Mr. Lea lived in 4th. Street. I prefer it to Mr. Mead's as being more retired. It will moreover be convenient to the lot we once viewed together, if God in his providence should enable us to purchase and improve it.

I cannot promise to visit and escort you to town. I still keep up a considerable share of business by means of my pupils, and what is more, I have reason to believe that I keep ignorance and error [in the present disease] in *constant awe* by continued extracts from the authors from which I have derived my principles and practice and which are published in the newspapers. The envy and hatred of my brethren have lately risen

to rage. They blush at their mistakes—they feel for their murders—and instead of asking forgiveness of the public for them, vent all their guilty shame and madness in execrations upon the man who has convicted them of both.

My good friend Sammy Coates called to see me this <sup>ing,</sup> and informed me that there had not been a grave opened in the Friends burying ground, nor an admission or death *this day* in the hospital at Bushkill. Dr. \* \* \* is still in danger.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 28. Blessed be God for the change in the weather. We are all well. Adieu. With love to all our Princeton friends, and to each of the children, I am my dear Julia your ever faithful friend

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 28. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I have great pleasure in informing you that Dr. \* \* \* is much better. He was bled five times. After the 3<sup>rd</sup> bleeding an old patient of Dr. \* \* \*'s went down to Gloucester and begged Mrs. \* \* \* in the most pathetic terms not to consent to his being bled again. Mrs. \* \* \* acted with firmness and propriety, and submitted to the subsequent bleedings with full confidence of their being proper, tho' advised only by Mr. Coxe. In this way have I been opposed and frequently defeated, from the commencement of the disorder, by the interference of the friends and followers of Dr. \* \* \*.

The disease visibly and universally declines. But

some worthy people still have it, among whom is our cousin Parry Hall who is in great danger. Dr. \* \* \* and Mr. Fisher attend him.

Tomorrow we expect to move into the front parlour. Our little back parlour has resembled for two months past the cabin of a ship. It has been shop, library, council chamber, dining room, and at night a bed chamber for one of the servants. My mother has hired Betsey Correy at 7/6 a week to take charge of the kitchen, which will enable Marcus to clean and white-wash the house, and to purify all the infected articles of furniture in it.

A new clamor has been excited against me in which many citizens take a part. I have asserted that the yellow fever was generated in our city. This assertion they say will destroy the character of Philad. for healthiness, and drive Congress from it. Truth in science as in morals never did any harm. If I prove my assertion, which I can most easily do, I shall at the same time point out the means of preventing its ever being generated among us again. I am urged to bring forward my proofs immediately. To this I have objected, until I am able to call upon a number of persons for the privilege of using their names. To a gentleman who pressed the matter upon me this day, I said that the good opinion of the citizens of Philad. was now of little consequence to me, for that I thought it probable from present appearances, that I should begin to seek a retreat and subsistence in some other part of the United States.

“Do all the good you can [said Mr. Westly to Mr. Pilmore when he entered into the ministry], expect to be persecuted for doing good, and learn to *rejoice* in



persecution,"—a hard lesson to flesh and blood! but I hope it will please my divine Master to teach it to me.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 29<sup>th</sup>. We are all well—thank God! Adieu from yours with usual love and sincerity.

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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Octob<sup>r</sup> 29. 1793.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Your affectionate letters drew tears from our eyes. Never did a brother feel more for the loss of a sister than I felt for ours. She was my friend and councillor in the difficult and distressing duties I was called upon to perform to my fellow citizens. She was my nurse in sickness. In short she gave her life to save mine, for when she was advised to go out of town to escape the fever, she calmly said "no, I will stay and take care of my brother, though I were sure I should die with the disorder, for my life is of no consequence to anybody compared with his." During the prevalence of the fever she was active, intelligent and useful among the patients who crowded my house at every hour of the day, and at most of the hours of the night. No person ever wept in our parlour or entry [and many, many tears were shed in both] with whom she did not weep. Her whole soul was made up of sympathy and kindness. In her last illness she was composed, and patient as an angel. She repeated several passages from the psalms expressive of the love and goodness of God, the day before she died. Her last words to me were "A thousand and a thousand thanks to you my dear brother for all your kindness to me." She was buried

near her two children. My whole heart descended into the grave with her. But it is time to quit a subject with which I could fill many pages. Our dear mother has had a light attack of the fever, but is now in her usual health. On the 10<sup>th</sup> of this month I was a second time attacked by the disorder, and for a day or two was in great danger, but it has pleased God to restore me again to life and health. I am still very weak and unable to do any business. My wife and children are in the Jerseys, where they have been for several months. The disease visibly and universally declines in every part of the town. It is expected that in two or three weeks we shall not have any more of it in the city.

With love to Mr. Montgomery, Miss Betsey, Mr. and Mrs. Forster, and John, in which our dear mother joins, I am my dear and alas! now my only sister, your affectionate brother

BENJ<sup>N</sup> RUSH.

PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Octob<sup>r</sup> 29. 1793.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 29. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—My letters of late have become so very uninteresting, that I fear you will not think them worth their postage.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon I received a visit from Rich. Allen, and Absalom Jones. They informed me that after most of the physicians of the city were confined, they procured the printed directions for curing the fever, went among the poor who were sick, gave them

the mercurial purges, bled them freely, and by those means saved the lives of between two and three hundred persons. This information gave me great pleasure, as it shews the safety of the medicines I had recommended, and that with good attendance, the disease is as certainly under the management of Art, as the measles or influenza.

Dr. Blackwell continues to mend. I wrote a note to Mrs. \* \* \* this morning, congratulating her upon the Doctor's recovery under the care of two young physicians, and upon the triumph in his case, of youthful reason and experience, over grey headed ignorance and error.

Our kinsman Mr. Hall is still in danger. His wife's sister is nearly gone. The disease in her fixed upon her brain, and has induced a true mania which will probably prove fatal before morning.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup>. In a former letter I mentioned to you that I had wept one evening over the 102<sup>nd</sup> psalm. Last night I felt great satisfaction in reading the 103<sup>rd</sup> psalm. I beg of you to read it over and over, and to join with me in praising God for the wonderful deliverance he has wrought for me. You know as yet but *one quarter* of the dangers to which I have been exposed. "I have said [almost literally] to corruption thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister." The history of the circumstances under which life was preserved in me will form an interesting memoir in the account of the disease which I expect to publish as soon as I have strength and time eno' for that purpose. I sometimes contemplate a ride to Princeton a week or two hence, but I can determine nothing positively as yet, for my presence in town is necessary to beget confidence



in my pupils, and they have constantly from 20 to 30 patients under their care. I expect to take charge of the hospital on Saturday. Adieu, my faithful and sympathizing friend. I am grateful for all the distress you have felt on my account. With love as usual I am  
ever yours

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

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PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 30. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—The post master having at last provided a letter carrier, your letter of yesterday came to hand this day. It gave me great pleasure. John's letter which accompanied it was equally satisfactory. The stile and sentiments contained in it do him credit. Dr. \* \* \*, Mr. Fisher, and his grand mama were charmed with it.

I am much obliged to Dr. \* \* \* for an interest in his prayers. I have done him ample justice whenever I have heard his conduct blamed for leaving the city, and have openly declared that I advised him not to come to town at the time he proposed it. Dr. \* \* \* and Dr. \* \* \* receive no quarter from the public. The latter I have lately heard was indisposed in the country. I hope this is true. He is a good man, and I think would not have left his flock had his health permitted him to remain with them. Mr. Pilmore preached last Sunday, and this afternoon in walking by St. Paul's Church I saw him in the reading desk. Prayers have been offered up in that church twice a week, ever since the commencement of the judgment of God upon our city.

Dr. \* \* \* continues to mend. I received a most affectionate note from Mrs. \* \* \* this evening by Mr. Coxe in which you and the children are not forgotten. P. Hall is still in very great danger.

I have as yet visited no patient since my last confinement. I pass my time chiefly in reading, and in adding to my notes of the late epidemic. Sometimes seated in your easy chair by the fire, I lose myself in looking back upon the ocean which I have passed, and now and then find myself surprised by a tear in reflecting upon the friends I have lost, and the scenes of distress that I have witnessed, and which I was unable to relieve. This evening I viewed a corner of the front room in which I sat in silence and darkness for half an hour, at a time when the disease baffled the power of medicine. I felt over again all the horror and distress wch. the prospect of the almost, or perhaps total desolation of our city at that time excited in my mind. I cast a look [I then thought, most probably a final one] towards my dear family, for I had resolved to perish with my fellow citizens rather than dishonor my profession or religion by abandoning the city. I never can forget the anguish of soul with which in this awful situation I wrung my hands, and I believe wept aloud. Soon afterwards— But why this painful retrospect of past troubles? “The winter is gone: the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is again heard in our land.”

Octob<sup>r</sup> 31. I am sorry to hear of your mama's indisposition. Give my love to her, and to all friends.

Adieu, my dear friend.

From yours sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILADELPHIA Octob<sup>r</sup> 31. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—In dating my letter, I am led to reflect that it is the last day of the month in which my dear sister died. I feel disposed to wish to arrest time at its present point, that I might still be within a month of the distressing day on which we parted. The nearer I can keep to that day, the nearer I feel my union to be to her, and the less disposed I feel to consider her as gone forever. Excuse this introduction to my letter. I shall never be able to review the melancholy scenes I have passed through, nor my sufferings from sickness and other causes, without feeling a revival of gratitude and affection to that dear woman which I never shall be able to express.

Our worthy kinsman Mr. Hall Mr. Fisher thinks is below hope. His wife's sister died this morning. The disease you see from these two cases is not deprived of its mortality. Many, I fear will die with it in the course of the next month from ignorance or carelessness. The citizens are crowding into town every day. I wish they may not repent their coming in so soon. I have been called to two persons this day who came to town a day or two ago. Mr. Fisher hopes the complaints of the one we consented to attend, are not from the contagion of the yellow fever. I ought to have mentioned above, that Mr. Hall is dying of a relapse of the disorder brought on by extreme fatigue in sitting up three nights successively with his sister in law. How few people recover from fevers of any kind which are brought on by such strong predisposing causes! I shall lose a sincere friend in him. He visited me in my sickness, and I had great comfort in his pious conversation.



Envy and malice begin to be hoarse from their loud and long complaints against me. Dr. \* \* \* 's friends alone are clamorous and unforgiving. He deserted me in the hour of danger and persecution. He *had given* the mercurial purges, with success before he was sick. He had heard from his pupil Mr. Bache and from myself daily accounts of their wonderful efficacy,—he had even *assented* to their success in curing the disorder by a very delicate, but unmerited compliment which he paid me in his sickness for having introduced them into practice,—and yet after all this,—in his publication after his recovery he says “He had not made up his mind” as to their efficacy. At this time the mercurial purges and myself were blasted in every part of the town for killing our citizens, and it was no longer safe or prudent to be *our* friend. Upon reading the Dr.'s publication I threw the paper from me, and repeated the following lines from Shakespear.

“This was the most unkindly cut of all.  
 Thro' this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed,  
 And as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,  
 As rushing out of doors to be resolved,  
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no—  
*For Brutus as you know was Cæsar's angel.*”

Dr. \* \* \* has heard of my having applied the above lines to him, and says I called him an assassin. I owned to the truth of the charge, but added that I had said much worse things of him, than all that he had heard. That he had concealed the truth—that he had passed by a friend who was assassinating by a set of ruffians without offering to assist him, and that by withholding

his testimony in favor of mercury and jalap he had added to the mortality of the disorder.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup>. We are all well. Blessed be God for it and for the rain of yesterday and last night. Love as usual.

Yours—yours—yours,

BENJ<sup>n</sup>. RUSH.

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PHILAD<sup>a</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 1. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I concluded my letter last evening with an account of Dr. \* \* \*'s desertion of his friend, and with him, of truth and humanity to his fellow citizens. I shall begin this letter by informing you that this day has produced a discovery of a letter from Dr. \* \* \* to Dr. \* \* \* in which he has abused me in the most intemperate manner. Copies of this letter are circulating among the physicians, and no doubt affords them much consolation under the load of disgrace which their ignorance, and blunders have brought upon them. One charge among many others brought against me is, that I meanly introduced the mercurial purges to make money by the sale of them. The fact is as false, of my making money by them, as the motive is unkind, to which he ascribes it. Nine tenths of all the purges which went out of my shop before the apothecaries began to sell them, were *given* away. My dear sister once offered me a dollar and an half, which she received during my absence from home, for some of them. I refused to take it, and she gave it to the first poor patient that came into the house afterwards. You may easily conceive of the number of those purges which I gave

away, when I add, that I used three pounds of jalap and two and an half of calomel in the course of a few weeks, for after the 19<sup>th</sup> of September, I sent every body to the apothecaries for medicines of all kinds, except those poor people who had no money to buy them. You may conceive further of the demand for those powders and for advice, when I assure you that my parlour and entry for several weeks were as crowded at all hours, as ever you saw Holland's or any other cheap shop in our city.

I expect to procure a copy of this letter, thro' the influence of Dr. \* \* \*, which I shall immediately publish. It will shew that I had a more formidable monster than the disease, to contend with, during the late calamity.

My dear kinsman P. Hall died last night. I have no doubt of his having entered into the joy of his Lord, and I have more than once this day fancied that I saw my dear sister running towards him to congratulate him upon his arrival on the coasts of bliss, and to inquire of him after the health and comfort of her beloved brother. I received a most friendly visit this day from Mr. Fitzsimons. He and his whole family have escaped the disorder.

Novem<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup>. Adieu, my dear Julia. I shall begin this day to make inquiries after Mr. Shippen's house. I hope to be in a condition to receive you all in two or three weeks, either in that house, or in Mr. Mead's. With love as usual, I am

Yours most affectionately

BENJ<sup>s</sup> RUSH.



PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—This afternoon Mr. Fisher drove me in the chair as far as Rosehill, where I had the pleasure of seeing our son Ben in good health. My emotions upon his being brought near me [for I did not get out of the chair] may more easily be conceived than described. He has grown tall, and handsome, but still retains his sour countenance. Josey bid him laugh, which he did with great glee. His voice is as coarse as ever, but he speaks much plainer than he did when he left town. He says he wants to see you very much. Becky is impatient to bring him home, but I objected to it, till we get into a larger and purer house. She sends a great deal of love to you.

After parting with Ben, we rode up to Capt. Barry's. The whole family came to the door, and received us with a degree of joy, that rose almost to acclamations. Suspected as we were of being infected, they would have dragged us from the chair into the house had we permitted them. They regaled us with sweet meats and biscuit, and offered us wine, but my stomach will not yet bear it. They inquired for you, and gave you great credit for the fortitude and even heroism with which you had conducted yourself in my late perilous and distressing situation. Col. Hamilton is indisposed, and has sent to New York for Dr. Stevens. He still defends bark and the cold bath in the yellow fever, and reprobates my practice as obsolete in the West Indies. A fact will soon come to light, which will cover him and his physicians with confusion. It will appear in a few days, that *two fifths* of all the sick that were sent to Bushkill have died, under the most

favourable circumstances of accommodation and attendance.

\* \* \* and a Frenchman were their physicians. The new remedies were never used to any of them. Under the most unfavourable circumstances of attendance from my own sickness, the sickness of my pupils, etc., I seldom lost more than one in twenty of all who passed thro' my hands.

Dr. \* \* \* came to town last Friday. A man died on Saturday night who returned from the country a week ago.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>. Adieu. Love as usual.

Yours sincerely and affec<sup>y</sup>

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILADELPHIA Nov<sup>r</sup> 4. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Your letter of the 2<sup>nd</sup> of this instant gave me great pleasure. I have the deepest sense of your fervent, and unabated affection for me, and in the midst of my dangers and distresses, at all times derived consolation from reflecting, that I lived every moment in your remembrance, and was constantly carried by you to the throne of heaven for my preservation. I derived comfort in the near prospects of death likewise, from reflecting upon your extraordinary prudence, your good sense, and pious dispositions, all of which qualified you in an eminent degree to educate our children in a proper manner in case I had been taken from you. This idea, connected with an unshaken faith in God's promises to widows and fatherless children, sometimes suspended for a while my ardent and

natural attachment to you and the children, and made me at times willing to part with you provided my death would have advanced the great objects to which I had directed myself. Life was most desirable at one time, only when I thought of the unfinished works I should leave behind me, and particularly a long and exact detail of my opinions, and practice in the yellow fever. To render this detail in some degree useful in case I had died, I wrote all my notes in a fair, legible hand, and committed the arrangement and publication of them to my dear pupil Dr. \* \* \*.

I do not give up my hopes of being able to pay you a short visit. Can you provide me with a separate bed and room? and will you consent to receive me without the usual modes of salutation among long absent, and affectionate friends? This must be stipulated, before I can consent to comply with your invitation.

Mr. Fisher drove me out to Mr. Meredith's this forenoon. We were received with great kindness, and pressed to stay to dinner. I declined it, but with a promise to spend part of a day with them some time in the course of this week.

I received a visit this day from Dr. \* \* \*. He is a mere skeleton, but retains his usual fine spirits.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 5<sup>th</sup>. Marcus, Betsey, and Peter send their duty and love to you. I have this morning made Marcus very happy, by giving him the suit of cloathes I wore during the prevalence of the fever. I have in the stead of it, put on my suit of black. My mother joins in much love to you and the children and all friends.



PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—Your letter of yesterday came to hand in the evening. You cannot be more impatient for our meeting than I am, but I dread the thoughts of seeing you in town, till the city is more thoroughly purified from the contagion of the yellow fever. Many have sickened, and some have died, of the citizens who have come into town within these ten days. I will give you the earliest notice of the time when it will be proper to return, but a day of the month must not govern you, while we are unable to foretell, or to govern the changes in the weather.

I shall attend to your advice respecting my brethren. Indeed I never intended to begin a controversy with them. I have hitherto calmly contradicted their falsehoods. Dr. \* \* \* [stimulated by the \* \* \* family] leads the van of my calumniators. I gave him no other offence than declining to consult him, as I did latterly with all the wine and bark Doctors. A Jew and a Christian attempting to worship in the same temple, and by means of the same ceremonies, is not a more absurd sight than two physicians meeting to consult about a disease on the cause and cure of which they differed as widely as light differs from darkness. I did not take this decisive step with my brethren till I made myself hoarse in trying to persuade them to adopt the new remedies, and until they had accused me in the news papers of murdering my patients by blood letting. The dye with them is cast. I feel as if I were more than able thro' divine support to meet the gathering storm. Since it has been convenient and safe for the citizens to visit each other, and to meet at corners, I have heard eno' to satisfy me that I shall not be driven

from the city. My old patients cannot desert me, for I did not desert them in the day of their adversity, and some of \* \* \* 's patients whom I cured, have already declared that they intend to employ me. I was sent for to one of the wealthiest of them this morning.

Well might David prefer the scourge of a pestilence, to that of the evil dispositions of his fellow men. I hope God will forgive my want of faith. I am now sure that he that hath in abundant mercy, delivered me from the rage of the late pestilence, will likewise deliver me from the scourge of tongues, and the wrath of man.

Your mama's letter was balm to my heart. She gives you great credit for your proper and dignified behaviour during the whole time of my sickness and dangers, but she has not added to my opinion of you. I have often said, that you were an uncommon woman. I can now truly say that you are a GREAT woman, and it will always be my consolation and pleasure [for we should have *pride* in nothing] that in all the letters I have received from my wife and three of my children, not one of them contained a single request, or even hint to me to leave the city, during the prevalence of the late fatal epidemic. For such a wife, and such children, I desire to be thankful.

I shall not write again until Saturday. My tenderest love to your mama, and to each of the family. Mr. Fisher sends his respects to you. He rises daily in my opinion for every quality that can adorn a gentleman, or constitute a physician.

From your sincere friend

BENJ<sup>x</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Dr. \* \* \* 's family is come to town, but they keep close house.

PHILADELPHIA Nov<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I have this day received by Capt. Josiah from London, a letter to you from Dr. \* \* \* accompanied with your silk gown which you committed to his care to be dyed. I have sent the letter by the post. I received a long and interesting letter from him at the same time, also a valuable medical book from Dr. Proudfit.

The disease has declined again since the last rain. I have had no calls to patients in the yellow fever for two days past, but several to patients indisposed with other diseases. My applications for advice in my house have been considerable likewise, but from no person affected with our late epidemic.

That my letters may contain a faithful narrative of all that related to myself during the late calamities of our city, I may now venture to inform you that in the morning of Octob<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> at one o'clock, I was attacked in a most violent manner with all the symptoms of the fever. Seldom have I endured more pain. My mind sympathized with my body. You, and my seven dear children rushed upon my imagination, and tore my heart strings in a manner I had not experienced in my former illness. A recovery in my weak and exhausted state, seemed hardly probable. At 2 o'clock I called up Marcus and Mr. Fisher who slept in the adjoining room. Mr. Fisher bled me which instantly removed my pains, and then gave me a dose and an half of the mercurial medicine. It puked me several times during the night, and brought off a good deal of bile from my stomach. The next morning it operated downwards, and relieved me so much, that I was able to sit up long eno' to finish my letter to you. In the after-



noon, my fever returned, attended with a sleepiness, which is always considered as an alarming symptom. Mr. Fisher bled me again, which immediately removed it. I slept pretty well, the next night, was very weak, but free of pain the next day; but the night following, I fell into just such a fainty fit, as I had about the crisis of my pleurasy in the year 1788. I called upon Marcus who slept in the room with me for something to drink, and afterwards for some nourishment, which revived me in a few minutes, so that I slept well the remaining part of the night. One or two nights afterwards he gave me something to eat, which prevented a return of the fainty fits. It was not till the 15<sup>th</sup> of the month I was able to sit up, nor did I leave my room for many days afterwards. Mr. Fisher says he has seen no person more violently seized than I was. My recovery was under God owing to the *speedy* use of the new remedies.

This second attack of the fever, I now see was sent in mercy to me and my family. Had I not been arrested by it in my labors, my poor frame would probably have sunk before this time, under nothing but weakness, and fatigue.

I used to wish when called to more patients than I could attend, that I had an hundred hands, and an hundred feet. I now wish that I had an hundred hearts and an hundred tongues to praise the power, goodness and mercy of my gracious Deliverer, to whom alone belong the issues from sickness, and the grave.

Strike out from the list of deaths in your letters Jos. Harrison, and Jon<sup>th</sup> Penrose. Many people walk the streets now, who were said to be dead, during the prevalence of the disorder. Adieu. Love as usual.

Yrs. sincerely

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

P.S.—Marcus is constantly employed in preparing and purifying the house for your reception. I hope to be able to give you notice, next week, on what day you may return. I accord with all your propositions, for I expect to be more of your boarder hereafter than ever. I have much unfinished business to complete, and “Brethren I say the time is short.”

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PHILADELPHIA Nov<sup>r</sup> 11. 1793.

MY DEAR JULIA,—My business has increased so much with my strength, within these few days, that I am forced unwillingly, to relinquish the hope I had cherished, of paying you a short visit at Princeton. My time of attending the hospital moreover has commenced, and you know I am not accustomed to neglecting my duty to that institution. The lectures are to begin on the 9<sup>th</sup> of next month. Some preparation will be necessary for my course, for the late busy season which I have passed thro', has prevented my making myself master of several subjects on which I must decide in the course of the winter. I endeavour to console myself under my constant labors by recollecting a speech of Dr. \* \* \*'s on his death bed. “I have [said he] led a busy and laborious life. I was ashamed to take rest here. Eternity will be long eno' to rest in.”

We had yesterday four deaths with the yellow fever, and some more are expected. Unless we have a few frosty nights this week, it will by no means be safe for you to return at the time formerly mentioned. My bed and the furniture of my room have been exposed for

several nights, but as yet no frost has touched them. A woman died yesterday from the contagion lodged in a surtout coat which her son brought into the house. Have patience. As you said to me in one of your letters written a week or two before our marriage, "I long—yet dread to see you." Many people are crowding into town, and as yet but few have caught the fever, but recollect that none, or but few of them come into infected houses or to an infected family. I am this day to meet Mr. Shippen at his son in law's Mr. Burd's upon the subject of his house. You shall hear tomorrow of the result of our negotiations. Mrs. Clymer speaks in high terms of the house.

The slanders of my *old* brethren begin to subside a little. A catalogue of them would fill a sheet of paper. One among many is that I have not been sick, but I confined myself to avoid danger. Poor creatures! Where could I have met with greater danger than from the contagion in my own house? Until the 10<sup>th</sup> of October I was confined only five days. My confinement since, was the effect not only of a severe attack of the fever, but of such a degree of weakness, attended with a cough and occasional fever as rendered me scarcely able at times to climb a pair of stairs.

I have this morning been rebuked, humbled, and comforted by reading the 37<sup>th</sup> psalm. I find I am a perfect Jew in unbelief. I desire to be humbled into the dust for it.

Mrs. Harrison whom I visited yesterday as a patient at her son Mathias's inquired after you with great solicitude. She said that she had thought of you much oftener during the distress of our city, than you had thought of her. You had I find the sympathy, and



hereafter you will have the praises of all who know you.

Adieu. My tenderest love to all the family.

Yours—yours—yours

my faithful Julia

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.

PHILAD<sup>A</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> 12. 1793.

MY DEAREST JULIA,—I want words to describe my emotions upon hearing that the dearest person to me upon the face of the earth is at last within three miles of me, after a long and most distressing separation. A longer and colder ride into the country than usual this morning, has so far exhausted my strength that I fear I could not bear a ride to Rosehill, and afterwards—a first interview with you. I have moreover a patient ill with a disorder which cannot bear the loss of two visits a day at a *certain* hour without the risk of his life. For these reasons I have prevailed upon Mr. Fisher to convey you this letter, with a request to come into town with him, or with an assurance that I will come out [if as well as usual] in the forenoon, and spend the day with you tomorrow.

If you come to town you shall have the front room [now the purest in the house] to yourself. I will sleep in the room adjoining you with the door open between us. Kiss Ben. But—ah—who will kiss my dear Julia her most affectionate husband

BENJ<sup>n</sup> RUSH.















