

# *AMERICA'S "TURBULENT SPIRIT"*

*DR. BENJAMIN RUSH*

*by*

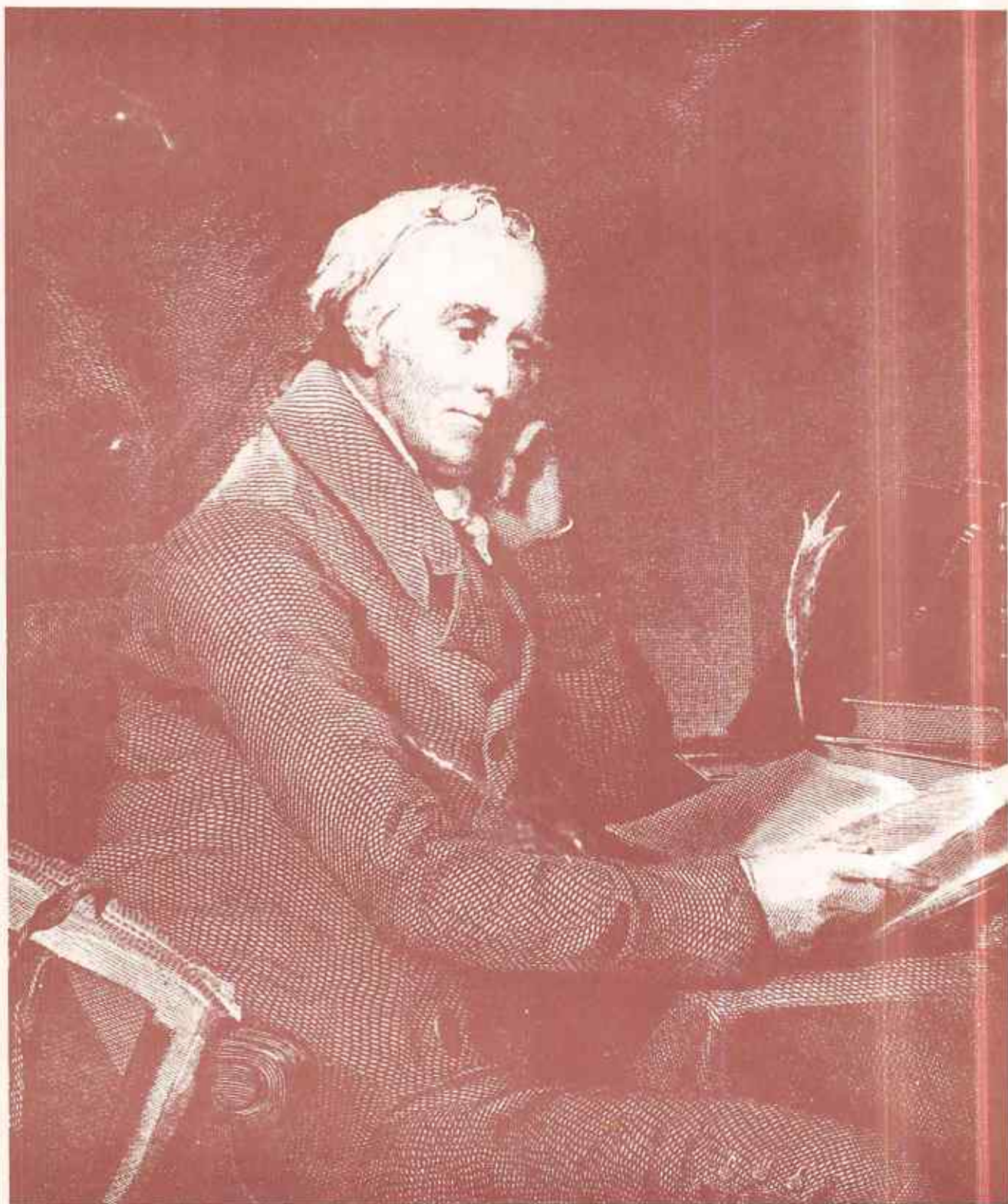
*John E. Frazer*

"Reproduced from AMERICAN HISTORY Illustrated published by The National Historical Society, Gettysburg, Pa. Memberships \$10 per year."

Distributed free of charge by the Rush County Bicentennial Committee in cooperation with the Rush County Chamber of Commerce.

REPRINTED BY WILKINSON PRINTING

*Outspoken physician, patriot, and reformer, he fought*



*Dr. Benjamin Rush. (Library of Congress)*

*relentlessly against the young nation's ills as . . .*

# AMERICA'S "TURBULENT SPIRIT" DR. BENJAMIN RUSH

*By*

**JOHN E. FRAZER**

**H**e is a taut, elegant figure as he walks down Walnut Street in Philadelphia, long hair flowing, eyes lancing the onlooker but alight with compassion. "I hope you are very well, Sir." The phrase is old-fashioned now, but he says it warmly: He does hope you are well.

He waves with his gold-headed walking stick to a banker with British connections. He pauses to greet an Episcopal bishop descending the marble steps of his Georgian-style house near Third Street. He drops off a prescription at a shop, and then, consulting his gold-encased pocket watch, he goes on to his home near the waterfront.

There he will work till late at night, examining the sick and the injured, prescribing, writing letters in his lean, magnificent prose, leaving to make house calls among the poor, who are his chief patients, or to teach medical students at the University of Pennsylvania, where he is the most popular professor of medicine in the 208-year history of that venerable institution.

He is Dr. Benjamin Rush, early America's most distinguished physician, patriot, father of American psychiatry, stormy catalyst of social reform, and "enthusiastic lifelong student of everything under the sun." He was 30 years of age when in his brittle, decisive hand he signed his name to the Declaration of Independence. He is not so well known today as Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, John Adams, and others in that super-galaxy of statesmen whose friend and colleague he was; but this stalwart humanitarian

left a mark on the new Republic in many ways equal to theirs. He was a man for that epochal spring season in America—courageous, insistent, prophetic—and of all the Founding Fathers he is perhaps the one most relevant to our own times.

Liberating causes with a defiant 20th-century ring regularly engaged this "turbulent spirit," as Dr. Rush described himself—"who I hope will never be quiet while there is ignorance, slavery and misery in Pennsylvania"—where he was born and where he lived.

One August afternoon in 1793 under the trees by a house in The Neck, a mile from town in Philadelphia, he sat down with others, chiefly white carpenters, to a festive dinner with melons and wine to celebrate the "raising" of the new First African Church—the oldest Negro congregation in America. Blacks waited on the white guests. Then blacks sat down, and jovial whites waited on them, while Dr. Rush, the blacks' chief guest, beamed at the head of the table. He offered two toasts: "Peace on earth and good-will to men," and "May African churches everywhere soon succeed to African bondage."

This last toast, Rush observed happily in a letter to his beloved wife Julia, then visiting her parents near Princeton, "was received with three cheers." And no wonder—for daily even in that triumphant era of the new Republic, black slaves standing helpless on wood casks in front of Philadelphia's popular London Coffee House, as elsewhere, were ogled and auctioned without qualms.



John Trumbull's painting of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Dr. Rush is seated directly below the middle figure in the group of three standing in the left doorway. (From Collection of the Architect of the Capitol, Library of Congress)

Benjamin Rush had other ideas for his young country. He was first and foremost a physician—but he was stirred by a vision of what three million people in America, now free and independent of Great Britain, could make of their nation. "He wanted them to realise the potential of their new world and society," writes L. H. Butterfield, editor of *Letters of Benjamin Rush*, "to complete the human drama of which the Revolutionary War (as Rush liked to say) was only the first act." He wanted America to shape up into something nobler than the world had yet seen, and he proceeded to spur this process by relentless activity on many public fronts.

Before the war he had joined Franklin, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and other patriots in calling for a total break with Great Britain. He was appointed a member of the Continental Congress and at risk of life, as he and the other signers believed, he solemnly put his name to the Declaration of Independence. During the Revolutionary War he was Physician-General (for a time) of the Middle Department of the Continental Army. He stimulated the Englishman Thomas Paine to write anonymously the fiery pamphlet, *Common Sense*, probably the most influential document of the Revolution; and he proposed the title and located a printer bold enough to publish it. He showed the colonies how to manufacture gunpowder (Rush was the first systematic chemist in America, and he wrote the country's first textbook on chemistry); he was president of a joint stock company formed to manufacture cotton cloth as an American industry—it employed 400 women in wartime and introduced to this country the first spinning-jenny, or multi-spindled spinning machine; and he was surgeon of a fleet of small gunboats propelled by oars and each armed by swivel guns, muskets, and two howitzers to protect the river entrance to the port of Philadelphia.

The war over, Rush continued to unleash a Niagara of activity in social and humane causes that did not really subside until late in life. He founded the first anti-slavery society in America, and he helped start America's first free clinic and dispensary for the poor, situated in Strawberry Alley in Philadelphia. He was active also in a society for the reform of public prisons. Believing that the new Republic demanded literate citizens, he helped establish Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, "a lamp of learning near the western frontier." He was also a charter-trustee of Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Here his intent was to freshen the American



mainstream with the piety, work-ethic, and love of music of the German-American settlers—one of several actions by Rush to integrate the various ethnic strains in America. He was a vice-president of the American Philosophical Society, a founder of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia, and Treasurer of the United States Mint.



Meanwhile, "in what was in effect a one-man campaign to remake America," to quote Butterfield, he wrote dozens of pamphlets, broadsides, and newspaper articles "attacking strong drink, slavery, war, capital punishment, tobacco, oaths, and even county fairs, and, on the other hand, advocating beer and cider, free schools, education for women, a national univer-

sity, the study of science rather than Greek or Latin [and] free postage for newspapers."

Everything, indeed, excited the interest of this complex, many-sided man. "This morning at ten o'clock," Rush notes on January 9, 1793 in his *Commonplace Book, a Personal Journal of Memorable Facts, Events, Opinions and Thoughts, Etc.*, "I saw Mr. Blanchard

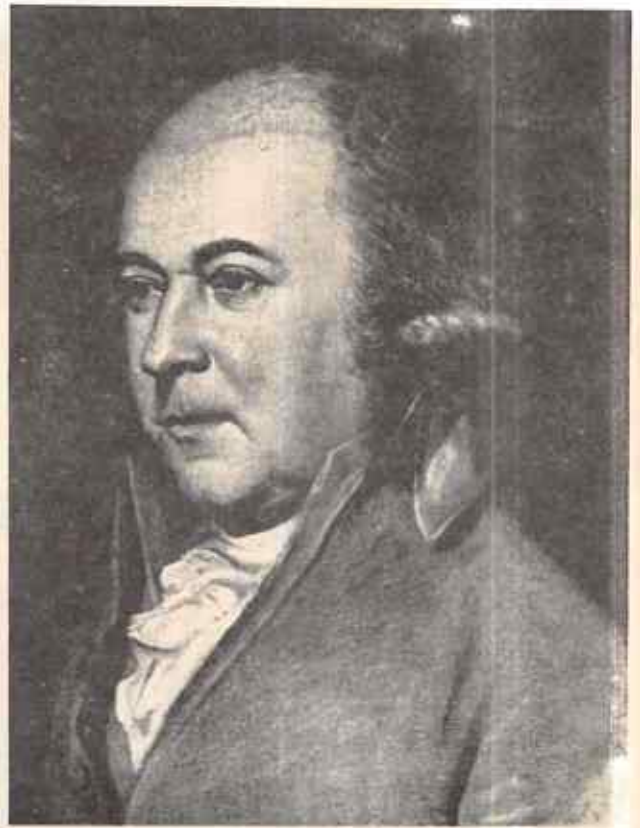


ascend from the prison yard. The sight was truly sublime." It was the first ascent by balloon in America, by the French aeronaut Francois Blanchard. He stayed aloft for forty-five minutes, taking time to examine with a pulse-glass the state of his own airborne pulse at the request of the ever-curious Dr. Rush.

In his journal the Philadelphia doctor also reports on a 51-year-old ditcher who has worked in water for twenty-five years and "never eats warm victuals." He admires a 35-year-old horse in good health; he proposes to form an association to purchase 500 barrels of maple sugar every year to encourage production in Pennsylvania and thus lessen the use of West Indian sugar and, indirectly, destroy the slave trade. He asks Charles Willson Peale, the famous American painter, to paint a gallery of portraits of sick people for use in medical schools; he organizes a company to insure homes with trees on the property, homes not otherwise insurable, so as to encourage the planting of trees. He comments on his purchase for Dickinson College of a static electricity machine built in Germany—"the most complete and splendid thing of its kind ever imported into our country"—even today an electric charge from the monster could knock a man over.

He is no Pepys, dilating affably on man's foibles; He is too much in earnest, and he writes and speaks for practical results, not entertainment; he is in haste to change things. By nature Benjamin Rush was not a conciliatory man, taking the good with the bad; there was a streak of self-righteousness in him—and reformers, for Rush was a reformer, are not always diplomatic. "May the College of New Jersey be overwhelmed by an earthquake in the day in which Dr. ——— or Mr. ——— gain a footing there," he once fumed. Those who agreed with him were saints, those who differed were often rascals of the deepest dye. But that was an era when partisans held, and exchanged, tempestuous views—as, often, they had just cause to do. "Would you have winked at bills for poultry and a hundred other delicate articles bought for the hospital which no sick man ever tasted?" Rush wrote indignantly to his friend of long standing, John Adams, second President of the United States; for during the Revolutionary War Rush had complained bitterly to General Washington of malpractices in army hospitals. "No, you would not."

But bluntness can offend; Dr. Rush himself realized this, and late in life in a mood of pessimism he wrote to Adams that he, Rush, dwelt in "an enemy's country." Adams' soft rebuke calmed him: "Such are the terms upon which an honest man and a real friend to his country must live in times such as these we have been destined to witness. In my opinion there is not in Philadelphia a single citizen more universally esteemed and beloved by his fellow-citizens than Dr.



President John Adams. Rush was instrumental in effecting a reconciliation between Adams and Jefferson. Painting by Charles Willson Peale. (Courtesy of the Independence National Historical Park)

Benjamin Rush. I know not a man in America more esteemed by the nation."

He was born on Christmas Eve, 1745 in Byberry, about twelve miles northeast of Philadelphia, in a stone farmhouse near a deep creek abounding with fish. The land had been hewn out of tangled forest by Rush's Quaker great-grandfather John Rush, a former captain of horse troops in Oliver Cromwell's army. With Suzanna his wife, nine children, and a packet of grandchildren, John Rush had sailed across the Atlantic in 1683.

"While I sat in [the] common room," said Benjamin Rush years later after a trip by horse and carriage to the ancestral home, "I looked at its walls and reflected how often they had been made responsive by my ancestors to conversations about wolves and bears and snakes in the first settlement of the farm—and at all times with prayers and praises and chapters read audibly from the Bible." Faith welled deep in Rush's strong-minded forebears. It is easy to see where he got a share of his own religious faith and also his obdurate, often granite-hard dissenter's will besides. When Captain John Rush, the "Old Trooper," set forth for the new world, angry at persecution because of his religious beliefs, a relative besought him at least to leave a grandchild in England. "No, no," he said,



"I won't. I won't leave even a *hoof* of my family behind me."

Benjamin's father, also named John, a farmer and gunsmith, quit the Byberry farm and moved to Philadelphia; there he owned three houses and prospered until his death at 39, when Benjamin was 5. Benjamin's mother, also named Susanna, a woman of strong and kindly character, opened a grocery and provision shop called the "Blazing Star" to support her six children, and under the tutelage of the Reverend Samuel Finley, Benjamin's uncle, she placed the education of Benjamin and his brother Jacob.

Finley was the principal of West Nottingham Academy, in Rising Sun, Maryland. He was a classicist, easy on the switch, but a stickler for study, good manners, and work in the harvest fields, and he became a lifelong exemplar for Benjamin, who graduated at age 13. The lad then was admitted to the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University, and from there he graduated when he was not yet 15.

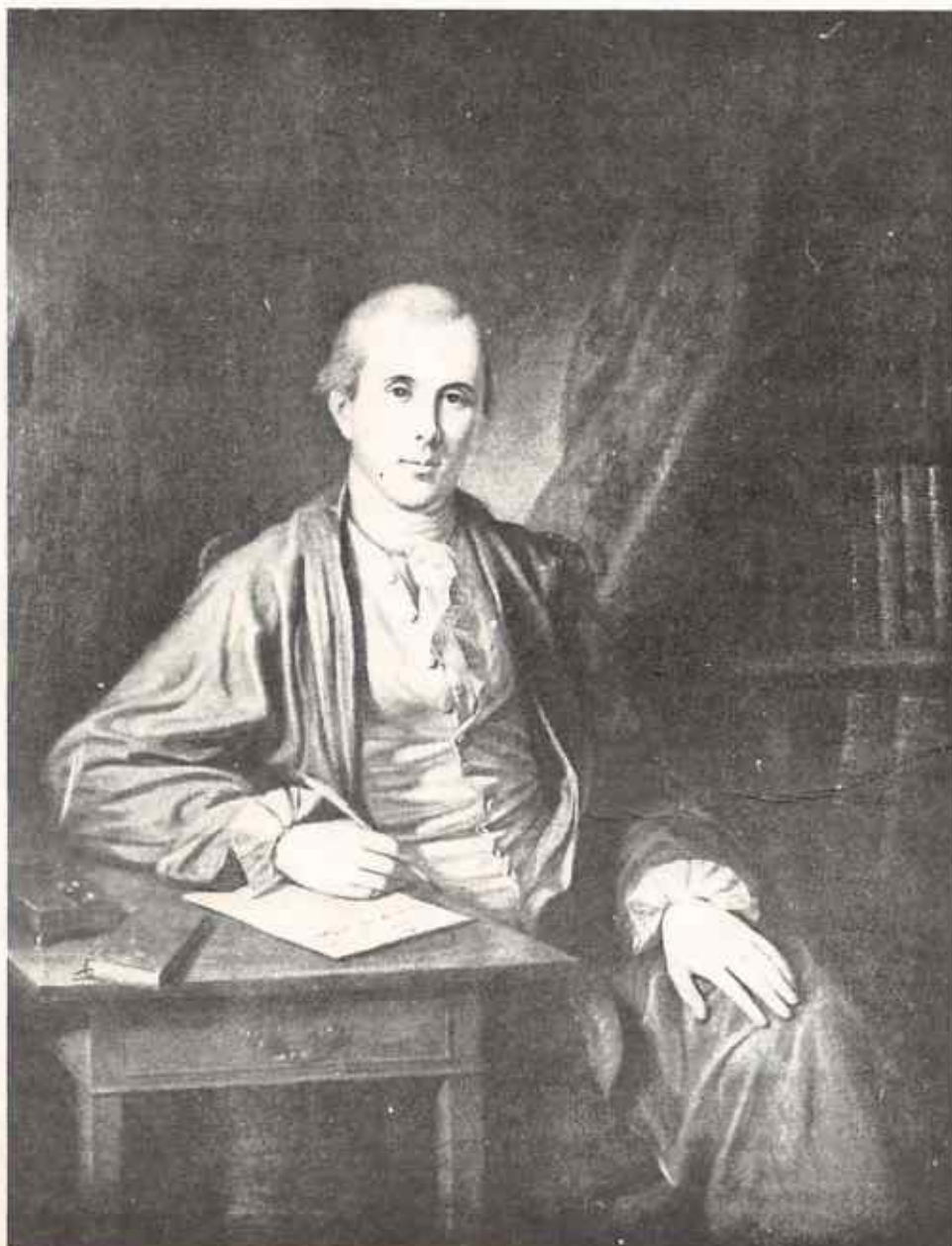
On Finley's advice he changed from law as a future career to medicine. In 1760, still a stripling, Rush became a pupil-apprentice (as the custom then was) to John Redman, consulting physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. He tended the sick, compounded medicines, wrote prescriptions, kept Dr. Redman's accounts, and studied "all the books in medicine that were put into my hands by my master, or that I could borrow from other students in the city."

At age 20 came a turning point in his life. The youth from the New World sailed over to the Old World to study medicine. He was never to be the same again.

"The whole world I believe does not afford a set of greater men," Rush wrote with fervency to a

former Princeton classmate, extolling the medical faculty at the University of Edinburgh. He absorbed everything—lectures, talks after hours with the celebrated faculty, dinners in private homes, walks through the sedate and historic city, meetings with printers, preachers, David Hume the philosopher, and a merchant who seemed to Rush "a living dictionary." In his spare time he mastered French, Spanish, and German. Equipped with the degree of Doctor of Medicine he journeyed to London where he watched England's top surgeons at clinics in Great Windmill Street and St. Thomas' Hospital. Doors flung open

*Dr. Benjamin Rush as a young man. Painting by Charles Willson Peale. (Henry Francis DuPont Museum, Winterthur, Delaware)*



*A magazine correspondent in India, John E. Frazer is appearing for the first time in the pages of AHL. For further material on Rush, our readers will not want to miss the reprint of his Autobiography and Carl Binger's Revolutionary Doctor.*

to the lively youth; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous painter and first president of the Royal Academy, invited him to dine with Dr. Samuel Johnson, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, and other literary luminaries. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, then agent in London for some of the American colonies, once took him to Court with him. The two became lifelong friends.

Two events in particular in Europe sharpened Rush's political views. In Edinburgh he met a young English medical student named John Bostock; they talked politics. "Never before," said Rush, "had I heard the authority of Kings called into question. From that time to the present all my reading, observations and reflexions have tended more and more to show the absurdity of hereditary power." On another occasion in London Rush visited the House of Commons. At home he had been a vociferous opponent of the British Stamp Act, under which all legal documents in America were taxed. "This, I thought, is the place where the infernal scheme for enslaving America was first broached. O cursed haunt of venality, bribery and corruption!" Rush was never one to mince words, and perhaps his strident objections were here overstated.

When on July 14, 1769 Rush trod once again on American soil, he was not only a highly qualified physician, but a fierce partisan for American independence. His mind was made up, though he spoke softly in public at first in the conflict boiling up between Great Britain and its colony overseas, Rush had chosen his side—government not by a king divinely placed, but by a free people.

But the doctor, home again, first had to find patients, and this in a city then more hostile than friendly to ideas of independence, for it is a mistake to think that all Americans in the early 1770's were determined to cut loose from Great Britain; indeed, even to speak of this was sometimes perilous. John Adams, later to become President, walked alone in the cobbled streets of Philadelphia in 1775, Rush once recalled, "an object of nearly universal detestation" because of a letter he had written expressing the wish for independence.

Rush himself settled in a house within sight of the tall spars and flapping sails on the Delaware River. He had no fashionable patron in cocked hat and scarlet jacket to finance him, nor any connection with the

city's first families. He began his medical practice among the lower income groups—the saddler, the cartman, the blacksmith, the shopkeeper. His own "shop" was crowded in the morning and at mealtimes. "There are few old streets in the ancient part of the city," he reminisced later, "in which I have not attended sick people. Often have I ascended the upper story of these huts by a ladder"—there to diagnose amidst dirt and vermin.

He studied at night, often until the watchman in the silent streets cried three o'clock. But his practice flourished. His natural sympathy for the poor, his courtesy and warmth attracted patients to him; and his fame grew after his appointment as Professor of Chemistry (later Professor of Medicine and of Clinical Practise) at the College of Philadelphia, now the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Charles Caldwell, a prominent physician who had trained under Rush, said that he surpassed any other teacher Caldwell had known "in his gift for winning the enthusiastic attachment of his students to the profession of medicine." By 1793 Rush, then 47, was one of the giants of American medicine.

But that was later. A cause nobler even than the art of healing soon stirred the heart of the young doctor. He penned bold pamphlets, at first unsigned, urging American independence. Then timidity departed, and Rush wrote and spoke openly. The blood that stained the soil of Lexington and Concord gave a "new tone" to his feelings, and though he was still building a medical practice, Dr. Rush "resolved to bear my share of the duties and burdens of the approaching Revolution."

One night in June 1775 at a tavern on the banks of the Schuylkill River, delegates to the Continental Congress and leading citizens of Philadelphia met to honor General George Washington. The first toast rang out: "The Commander-in-Chief of the American armies."

Washington arose gravely from his chair and thanked the company, and then, reported Rush, "the whole company instantly rose and drank the toast standing. This scene, so unexpected, was a solemn one. A silence followed, as if every heart was penetrated with the awful, but great events which were to follow the use of the sword of liberty which had just been put into General Washington's hands."

The die soon was cast. In July 1776 Dr. Rush sat with the Second Continental Congress. On August 2, with forty other forefathers of the Republic he placed his name beneath the haunting words of the Declaration—the only physician to sign the immortal document. "Do you recollect the pensive and awful silence which pervaded the house," he asked John Adams near the close of his life, "when we were called up, one after another, to the table of the President of Congress



to subscribe what was believed by many at that time to be our own death warrants?"

Rush never lost his sense of the majesty of the Revolution. He lost faith in politicians—venality in government discouraged him—and during the War itself he quit his post as Surgeon-General rather than condone the appalling situation in military hospitals. More soldiers die from sickness than by the sword, he thundered in his pioneering work, *Directions for Preserving the Health of Soldiers*. But even in the distress and dolor of the postwar period, when "bankruptcies were numerous and beggars were to be seen at the doors of the opulent in every street in our city," Rush could still say firmly, "I still believe the American Revolution to be big with important consequences for the world." Like Adams and Jefferson he looked upon it as affecting people of future ages: "The American war is over," he said, "but this is far from being the case with the American Revolution."

His own part in politics ended in 1789 after he shared in a victorious fight for adoption by Pennsylvania of the Constitution of the United States. Rush

then quit political life—"I hope," he said, "forever"—but not to be idle. A crusader's spirit still flamed within him, and medicine, his first vocation, now claimed more attention from his restless mind.

His medical practice thrived in Philadelphia—and elsewhere too—for as settlers pushed back the yielding frontiers of America in that exuberant age of expansion, they encountered sicknesses—scarlet fever, tapeworm, colic, tuberculosis, convulsive asthma in children. Unattended by doctors, many wrote to Dr. Rush for medical advice as did young doctors taught by Rush at Pennsylvania Hospital and the University of Pennsylvania, and now practicing in wildcat country. Rush replied with diagnoses and prescriptions—perhaps the first mail-order physician in America. His own classes in the medical school were crammed with gifted youths drawn to the famous patriot-doctor who, sitting in dignity at the desk before them, cautioned them to dress plainly, avoid eccentricity, never appear in a hurry in a sickroom, never make light of an illness, and never give up hope. "Let your directions be written in a legible hand," he said also; Dr. Rush was always practical.

His volatile nature still leaped at each chance to grapple with social ills. "When he saw what he conceived to be an evil," observes psychiatrist-biogra-

A Revolutionary War surgeon's instruments and medicines. (Photograph courtesy Armed Forces Institute of Pathology)



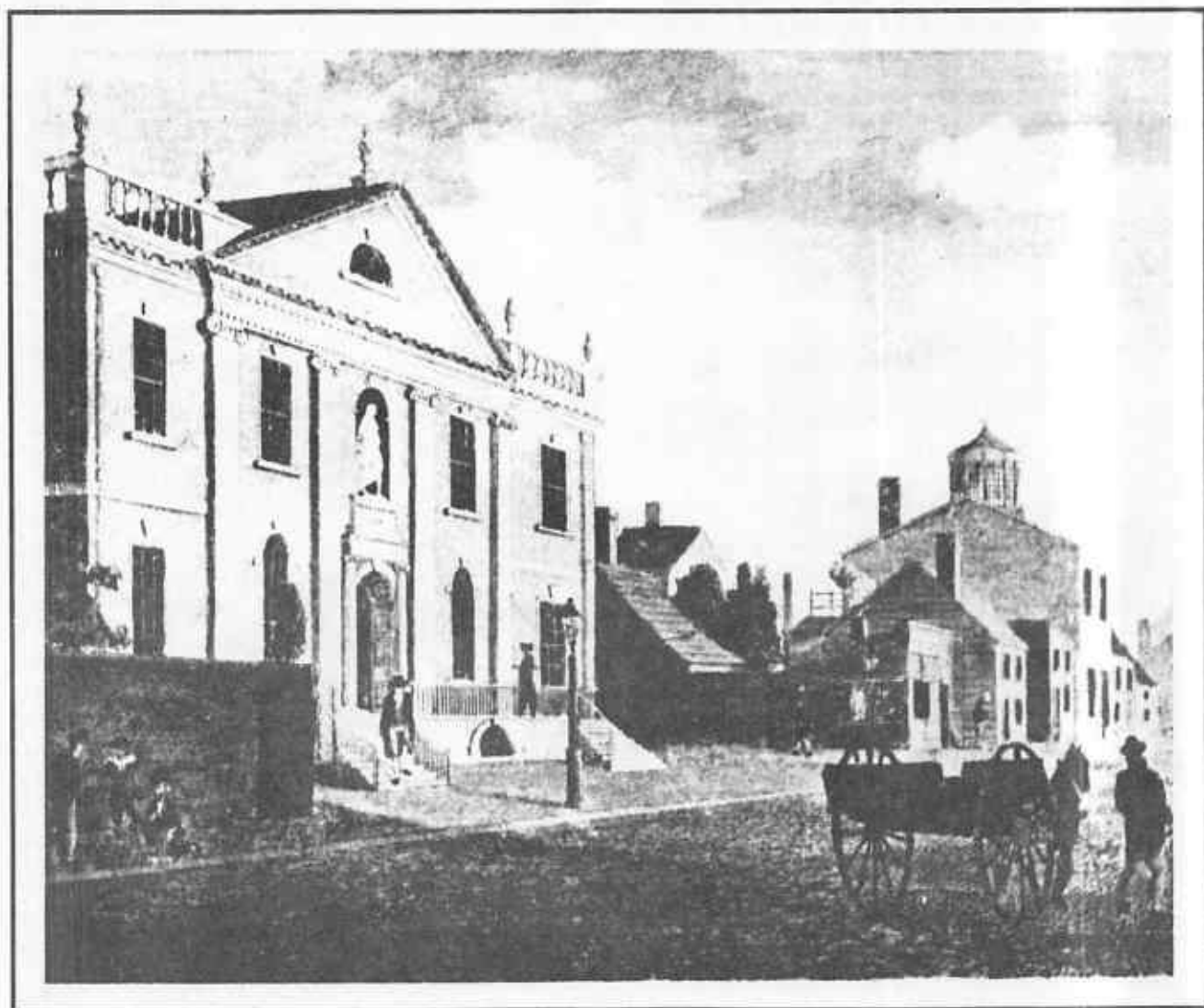
pher Dr. Carl Binger, "he had to shout it down from the housetops, always with the hope—even the expectation—of its being immediately eradicated." One stubborn battle ended in victory—"this iniquitous practise of slave-holding," as Rush called it, was abolished in Pennsylvania. He spoke out against public whipping and the use of stocks for punishment. "A man who has lost his character at a whipping post," he said, "has nothing valuable left to lose in society." Capital punishment he also opposed (it also was abolished, except for deliberate homicide, in Pennsylvania in 1794). He pioneered in urging curbs on whiskies and strong liquors, for drunkenness was a national vice in early America, particularly at harvest. Rush's "famous blast" against it, entitled *Enquiry into the Effects of Spiritous Liquors Upon the Human Body*, was reprinted as a classic for decades. He be-

lieved staunchly in education for women at a time when believers were few. He helped establish a Young Ladies' Academy in Philadelphia, and he scorned the plea that learning was "unfriendly" to a woman's domestic character. This, he said, "is the prejudice of little minds," a curiously modern phrase. But the testing time of his life was still before him, though he did not know it.

"A malignant fever has broken out in Water Street, between Arch and Race Streets, which has already carried off twelve persons. The disease is violent and of short duration. I have attended three of the persons who have died with it."

Thus, on August 21, 1793 Dr. Rush wrote gravely to his wife Julia, visiting in Princeton, about the first signs of the yellow fever epidemic in Philadelphia—one of the worst tragedies in American history. Before that grim year had closed, perhaps 10 percent of Philadelphia's population of 40,000 had perished from the scourge, its origins unknown; other thousands had

Thomas Birch engraving of the Library and Surgeon's Hall on 5th Street, Philadelphia in 1799. (Courtesy of Independence National Historical Park)

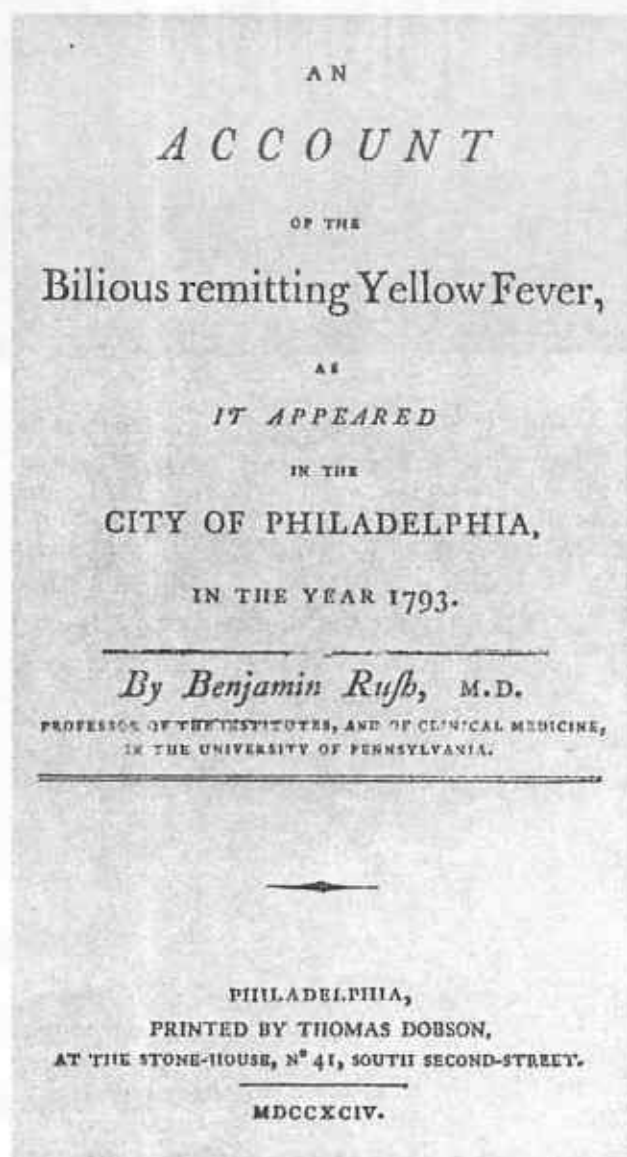




been stricken. A colorful capital city had become a graveyard in which citizens in panic shunned each other and families fearful of contagion thrust the infected out into streets and alleys to die. Dr. Rush, staying at his post—"I had resolved to perish with my fellow citizens rather than dishonor my profession or religion by abandoning the city"—was himself stricken, but survived. He lost his sister, Rebecca Wallace, who tended him valiantly in illness and kept house for him while victims of the fever or potential victims doused with vinegar or chewing garlic as a preventative swarmed about him or banged pitifully on his doors. "Every room in our house is infected," Rush wrote Julia, "and my body is full of it." He lost also three of his five apprentices, brave youths of 19 and 20 who moved about as unhesitating in the



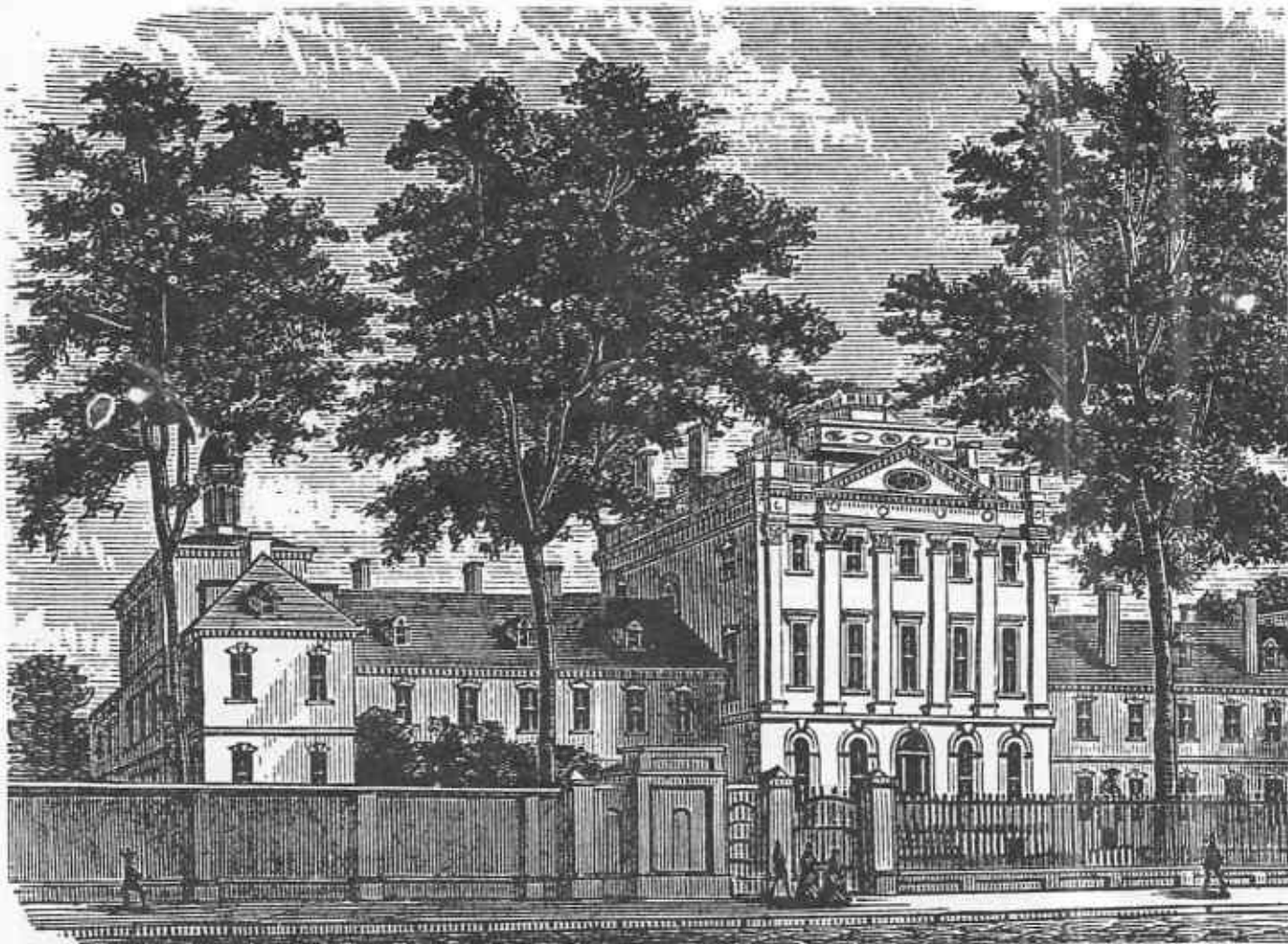
*This portrait of Dr. Benjamin Rush, painted by Benjamin West, hangs in the College of Physicians in Philadelphia.*



*Title page of Rush's pamphlet on yellow fever, printed in Philadelphia in 1794. (Kean Archives)*

pestilence-struck city as did Rush himself. At the end, he suffered rejection and abuse from medical colleagues for his drastic method of treatment of the disease, but he won the acclamation of city and nation for his selflessness in danger; his courage in caring for the yellow fever victims was never forgotten.

Yellow fever had hit Philadelphia before, and Boston and New York also had witnessed its malevolence; but nothing like the epidemic of 1793 had ever been known in America. Daily letters from Rush to Julia, whom he insisted stay in Princeton with the children out of danger, tell graphically of tragedies: "The eyes are at first suffused with blood, they afterwards become yellow, and in most cases a yellowness covers the whole skin. Few survive the fifth day. . . . This evening I fear I shall lose a son of Joseph Stansbury, a sweet youth, a little older than our Richard. . . . Two more of our doctors are sick, and Dr. Morris is numbered among the dead. I entered his room this morning just as he expired. His excellent mother rushed from his bed to my arms, fell upon my neck, and gave vent to the most pathetic and eloquent exclamations of grief that I have ever heard. . . . 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."



*The Pennsylvania Hospital, scene of Rush's labors for thirty years. It was here that his work for the insane led to his being honored as the Father of American Psychiatry. (Kean Archives)*

The city's death list grew: "James Hutchinson, physician, and his child and apprentice. Abigail, a negress. Patrick Larkin, clerk. William Robinson, bricklayer. Wife of John Weaver, painter. Peter Stuckard, carpenter, wife and child." "So great was the general terror," reported Matthew Carey, a printer, in 1794, "that for some weeks carts, waggons, coaches, and [sedan] chairs were almost constantly transporting families and furniture to the country in every direction." A poor man was taken sick on a road outside the city. When he called for water no one came until a woman nearby brought a pitcherful and placed it at a distance from him; he crawled to it. Later he died, and workers fearful of touching the infected body dug a pit, looped a rope about him, and dragged him to his grave.

Dr. Rush's herculean treatment for yellow fever was a huge purge of calomel and mercury—"a dose for a horse," scorned one doctor—and bloodletting, the draining away of the patient's blood in large quantities. Neither he nor any other doctor had a true idea

of the cause of yellow fever. They knew nothing of its transmittal by mosquitoes: They simply saw people dying of it. When the cure, as he believed, flashed across his mind Rush acted as though inspired. He broadcast news of his treatment throughout the city, told the newspapers and other physicians and the College of Physicians, and thereafter walked into sick-rooms head held high: The illness, he assured his frightened patients, was "only yellow fever." He cured nineteen out of twenty patients, he said, whom he saw and treated on the first day. He swallowed his own purges and had his own blood drained, and himself was cured. Butterfield quotes Dr. David Ramsey, "one of the best informed medical men of his time," as saying in 1813, "It is probable that not less than six thousand of the inhabitants of Philadelphia were saved from death, by purging and bleeding in the autumn of 1793."

Others however, then and later, were not so sure of this. Leading doctors in Philadelphia condemned the drastic treatment publicly. Some medical historians now feel that Dr. Rush often may have mistaken a simpler fever for yellow fever. The English essayist and politician William Cobbett mocked Rush, and for two years fiercely attacked him in print for his purging and bloodletting; eventually Rush sued Cobbett and won. Today Dr. Rush's treatment for





yellow fever would seem a dubious remedy—but there can be no doubt whatever that in a city of terror this intrepid physician, walking in danger, saved hundreds of lives and set an example of personal bravery rarely equalled. And perhaps the future may yet say something more definitive about his remedies.

The final years were tranquil. As painful recollections of the epidemic began to fade, Rush absorbed himself in teaching and, more popular than ever, basked in the social warmth of his family circle, devoted to Julia and his children. He advised his doctor son James, then in London, to "be all eye, all ear, all grasp." He took courage from President Jefferson's leadership of the Republic and received awards from kings and learned societies overseas, though he said little about these to anyone. He wrote letters—remarkable for force and style even in an age of great letters. Particularly he wrote to his friend John Adams, so that Julia once said pertly that the two "correspond like two young girls about their sweethearts." In one letter to Adams composed with dignity and tact he urged a reconciliation with Jefferson after a political quarrel had estranged the former Presidents, to the regret of each. Rush's initiative bore fruit; a correspondence began anew and the two elder patriots were reunited.

For thirty years, until his own death, Dr. Rush was a physician at the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. Here his concern for the insane who also were patients in this, the nation's first hospital, grew over the years. He protested against cold cells and the lack of occupation for patients. He wanted them to be taught to spin, or turn a wheel to grind corn, or dig in the garden, and he fought for new, separate quarters in which to house them. And always, he recorded his sensitive observations about them. In 1812 he published his last and greatest work, the flowering of many years' study; *Medical Inquiries and Observations Upon the Diseases of the Mind*. Psychiatry was then an unknown word, but again Dr. Rush was ahead of his times. The mind and the body, he said (and he might have been writing in the 20th century), "are moved by the same causes and are subject to the same laws." Medicine honors him today as the Father of American Psychiatry. On April 19, 1813, after a chill caught days earlier, he died peacefully.

This turbulent doctor who helped preside over the birth of a nation was obstinate; he made enemies; he was often "hasty and tinderlike;" sometimes he erred gravely. But at heart he was strong and compassionate—an example of that timeless man in America, the practical visionary, who sees what ought to be changed, and with abounding energy, application, and defiance if need be, sets out to make changes. "He aimed well"—this, said Dr. Rush, might sum up his own life.

Thomas Jefferson in writing to John Adams said of him: "Another of our friends of seventy-six is gone, my dear Sir, another of the co-signers of the Independence of our country. And a better man than Rush could not have left us, more benevolent, more learned, of finer genius, or more honest."

Rush Family

## RUSH FAMILY BIBLE

(Copy of the family records were given to us for publication by Carolyn Rush Goddard, 30340 Old US20W, Elkhart IN 46514 - page showing publisher and date was not copied)

July 1834 on the 3 day

Josiah **Rush** an

Malindy **Rush** was married

Jesse Was born May The tenth(?) in 1791

Josiah **Rush** son of Jesse **Rush** and Mary his wife Was born January 18th in the year of Lord - 1813

Jonathan their son born Jan 13th AD 1815  
Benj<sup>m</sup>, their Son was born February 19th AD 1818

Fanny their Daughter born 29 May AD 1820

Peter their Son Born August 8th AD 1822

Richard their Son born May 18th AD 1825

Isaiah their Son was born 16th May 1828

Margary their Daughter born May 16th AD 1828

Alexis Coquillard their son born April 21st 1832

Maddison (or Madison) their Son born January 19th 1836

(The above births appear to have been copied from a lose piece of paper - Editor)

Births (another page)

Jesse **Rush** May (unreadable) 1791

(The above ten children were listed again with the same dates. - Editor)

Jesse **Rush** was born April 23 1836

Catharine was born October 11th 1838

Matilda **Rush** was born August 31 1841

James **Rush** was born November 8th(?) 1848

Noah **Rush** was born July 4th 1852

Passed away 4/14/87(?)

A. Dale **Rush** was born May 4th 1880

A. Dale **Rush** Jr. was born June 14 1917

Luana Ruth **Rush** daughter of A. Dale born 10/22/22

## PIONEERS' ASSOCIATION

(Goshen Democrat - May 12, 1858. Submitted by Vickie Comstock)

Pursuant to notice, the first annual meeting of the Pioneers' Association of Elkhart county, was held at the Court House, on Tuesday, 11th instant, James H. **Barnes** acting as Chairman, and E. W. H. **Ellis**, as Secretary.

The following gentlemen were thereupon elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, Matthew **Rippey**; Vice Presidents, Col. John **Jackson**, George **Nicholson**, William **Waugh**; Secretary, E.W.H. **Ellis**; Treasurer, Milton **Mercer**.

Executive Committee—J.R. **McCord**, of Elkhart township; Robert A. **Thomas**, of Clinton; John D. **Elsea**, of Benton; Mark B. **Thompson**, of Jackson; John **Pippinger**, of Union; Daniel **McCoy**, of Locke; Noah **Anderson**, of Harrison; John **Davenport**, of Concord; James **Beck**, of Baugo; C. **Terwilliger**, of Olive; J. D. **Carleton**, of Cleveland; Nathaniel **Newell**, of Osolo; Owen **Coffin**, of Washington; Charles L. **Murray**, of Jefferson; Lewis F. **Case**, of Middlebury; and A.B. **Arnold**, of York.

On motion of J.H. **Defrees**, it was ordered that the proceedings be published in the county papers, and the meeting adjourned.

J.H. **Barns**, Chairman

E.W.H. **Ellis**, Secretary

## DIVORCE NOTICES

(Goshen Times - November 11 and 18, 1869)

Charlotte **Weston** vs. George Melville **Weston**

Jane **O'Brien** vs John **O'Brien**

ORANGE COUNTY CALIFORNIA  
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY





My grandmother, Gladys McClintic Waterman wrote on the back of this photo:

"Those good old care free days. 4<sup>th</sup> of July picnic." And wrote the names of her friends as well as she could remember them. I would guess this was taken in somewhere in Elkhart around 1912 or so.

Top Row (L to R):

OCGS REFERENCE ONLY

Ida Grosh, ?, Edna Grosh, Nellie Miller, Gladys McClintic, Ella Wenger, Marie Stealy, ? Stauffer, Edna Smeltzer, ?

Middle Row (L to R):

Gladys Weldy, Emma Wenger, Dora Schantz, Elva Smeltzer, Barbary Coffman, Myrtle Grosh, Bessie Grosh

Bottom Row (L to R):

Grace Hostetler, Mary Hostetler, Fannie Schantz, Mary Moyer, Inez McClintic, Sarah Schantz



Picture and information was submitted by Janet Satrom, 1 Lorien Ct., O'Fallon IL 62269.