

My dear Julia,

"Solitude," said a French author, "would be delightful - had I anybody with me, to whom I might impart the pleasure I derive from it." Nothing ever showed more fully how deeply implanted our desires are for social happiness than this simple declaration. I feel the force of it every hour of the day. To a mind like mine which so soon becomes plethoric with ideas and which delights so much in communicating them, it is a new and peculiar hardship to lose at once a domestic friend - a wife - and five children to most of whom I had been in the habit of imparting every thought as soon as it rose in my mind. Benny not only eats and drinks with me, but sits constantly in the parlour, but this will not do - he wants - I know not what - He has no relish for the lives of the poets - he has never visited with you the Hebrides - even more - he does not dispute - nor contradict me - and this is not only the life of conversation, but steel to the flint of genius. It awakens and excites the fire of the mind. Had I married a fool, I never should have disturbed a single sleeping prejudice upon any subject. My children too have had an influence upon me. Emily, I am sure, will inquire what and how much good her father had in him, while the boys will inquire how far the things I shall leave upon record are wise or just. That bosom must be languid indeed that does not swell with such considerations.

Mrs. Harriot will deliver you a few newspapers.

With love as usual I am my dear Julia. -Yours

affectionately

Benj^r Rush

Philad
Aug. 16, 1787