

Letter from Lucy Knox to Henry Knox, May 1777

Boston May –

As I can think of no address which would convey an idea of my affection and esteem, I will it omit intirely, rather than do injustice to my heart, a heart wholly absorbed in love and anxiety for you – I cannot at this time tell where you are nor form any judgment where you are going – we hear both Armys are in motion, but what thier rout is, we cannot hear. nor have we yet, been able to conjecture – what a situation, for us who are at such a distance – how much more we suffer for you than you for yourselves – all my hopes are that it will not, cannot last, – A french general, who stiles himself commander in Chief of the Continetal Artillery, is now in town, he says his appointment is from M^r Dean - that he is going immediately to head quarters, to take the command. that he is a major gen.^l and a deal of it who knows but I may have my Harry again – this I am sure of he will never suffer any one to command him in that department. – if he does he has not that Soul. which I now think him possessed of—

Billy is very unwell – he has a terrible breaking out which D^r Bullfich says is very like a leprosy, D^r Gardiner thinks it the itch, which has lain so long in his blood, as to corrupt it to that degree that the cure will be difficult – he is as thin as gabriel Johonnot was but in good spirits, and says he has an appetite – but that he is not permitted to indulge. I am very anxious about him, and at times fear we shall lose him, or at least that the humour in the blood, has taken such deep root as to embitter his future days — this will be handed you by Cap^t Searjent who will also deliver you your box of pickles – I have got seven yards of linnen for breeches for you, am affraid to have it made up here, for fear it should be spoiled, as it cost twenty shillings p^r yard – sure there must be a tailor in morristown – if there is not dont scold at me – seven pound lawful – for two pair of breeches is a great deal of money – too much not to have them made neat – the pretty waiscoat I wrote you of upon examining I found to be painted – that the first washing would have spoiled – but I will be upon the look out for you — I wrote you last thursday by Col^o Henley – and the same day by the post – can you not get some covers franked, it would save us a very great expence – an object at this day. when the price of every thing is so exorbitant indeed it is difficult to get the

necessaries of life here, at any price – the evil increases daily – beef is at eight pence a pound if you will take half an ox neck, skins, and all you may get it for seven pence – for butter we give two shillings a pound – for eggs two pence a piece – and for very ordinary Lisbon wine, twenty shillings a gallon – as for flour it is not to be had at any price, nor cyder; nor Spirit – a pretty box we are in – this and the behaviour of our town meeting has almost made me a tory – will you believe me when I tell you that old Mr Erving is among the number who they have passed a vote to confine in close jail until they can determine what farther is to be done with them – this upon the suspicion of their being tories – I do not mean to blame them for ridding themselves of those persons – who in case of an attack, would take a part against them, but their meddling with that old gentleman who has been superannuated this ten years can be from no other motive, but to share his estate – the Colonels – Crafts, Revere & Sears are the three leading men of the place – the first of these motioned to dissolve the meeting, and let the people revenge their own cause – quite military was it not – in short the mob have so much the upper hand at present – that there was a man to have been shot on Thursday next – and the gen^t dare not execute him, for fear of the consequences he is one brother to Dr Olivers wife Son to Col^o Frye of Salem – but so much for the present. my hand trembles to such a degree that it has been as much trouble to me to write what I have, as it will be to you to read it, I believe my nerves are much weakened by the mercury I have taken, in the true meaning of the

word Adieu

Your own

Lucy Knox –

our lovely baby sends her pap – par – (as she calls him) a kiss –

I want much to know, if your Soup is good for any thing – do not mortify me by saying no

Transcript Source: The Gilder Lehrman Institute of American History