

Lucy Flucker Knox to Henry Knox, 23 August 1777

Image

Mrs. K. 1292 1967 IV-43  
Boston August 23<sup>rd</sup> 1777  
My Dearest Friend  
I write you a line by the last post just to let you know I was alive  
which indeed I was & I could then say with propriety: for I had serious thoughts that  
I never should see you again - which was I reduced by only four days sickness. But by help  
of a good constitution I am surprisingly better to day - I am not to answer your three  
last letters in one of which you ask for a history of my life. I do not love to have adventures  
and to relate with repetition that I fear it will afford you little amusement. However such  
as you I give it you - In the first place, I rise about eight in the morning (so long  
how you will say - but the day after that, is full long for a person on my situation)  
I presently after sit down to my breakfast, where a page in my book, and a dish  
of tea employ me alternately for about an hour - when after seeing what family  
matters are right, I repair repair to my work, my book or my pen, for the rest of the  
forenoon - at two o'clock I usually take my solitary dinner, where I reflect upon my past  
happiness when I used to sit at the window watching for my Harry, and when I see him  
coming my heart would leap for joy - when he was at my side - and never happy from me when  
the bare thought of six months absence would have shocked him - To divert these pangs while  
I please my little Lucy by me at table - but the more engaging her little actions are  
as much the more do I regret the absence of her father. who would take such delight  
in them - in the afternoon I commonly take my chaise - and ride into the

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Country or go to drink tea with one of my few <sup>friends</sup> ~~acquaintances~~. They consist of M<sup>rs</sup> Jarvis  
M<sup>rs</sup> Sears M<sup>rs</sup> Smith M<sup>rs</sup> Pildred & my Aunt Waldo - I have many acquaintances  
beside these which I visit but not without ceremony - <sup>the</sup> Next with any of former  
I often spend the evening - but when I return home they shall disclose my feelings  
to find myself pitiously alone - to reflect that the only friend I have in the world  
is at such an immense distance from me - to think that <sup>he</sup> may <sup>be</sup> sick and I cannot  
about him as for me my heart is ready to burst, you know what a triple world  
make me unhappy, can conceive what I suffer now - when I sometimes  
reflect that I have lost my father & my brother and sisters - pitiously lost them -  
I am half distracted true I cheerfully resign them for one has dearer  
to me than all of them - but I am totally deprived of him - I have not seen  
him for almost six months - and he writes me without pointing out any method  
by which I may ever expect to see him again - tis hard my dear, indeed it is  
I love you with the tenderest the purest affection - I would undergo any hardships  
to be near you and you will not let me - suppose this Campaign should be like  
the last carried into the winter - do you pretend not to see me in all that time -  
tell me how what your plan is -

I wrote you that Mr Hero sailed while  
I was at Newbury - he did but has <sup>been</sup> conversing about Long Harbour & his  
lines to get her - she is now here, and will sail in a day or two for France

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I wish I had fifty guineas to spare to send by her for necessaries - but  
I have not - the very little gold we have must be reserved for my Love in  
case he should be taken - for friends in such a case are not too common  
- I am more distressed from the hot weather than any other bears -  
you grant you may not go further southward - if you should I positively  
will come too - I believe Genl Moxe is a paltry fellow - but happy  
for as that he is so - are you not much pleased with the news from the Northward  
we think it a great affair - and a confirmation of St Clair's retaining Caserap -  
I hope he will not go unpunished - we hear also that Genl Gates is to go  
back to his command - if so Master Schuyler, cannot be guilty - it is very  
strange you never mentioned that affair in any of your letters -  
What has become of Mr Greene, do you all  
live together - or how do you manage - is Betsy to remain with you maybe - or  
is he to have a Company - if the former I think he had much better remain  
where he was - if he understood business he might without a Capital have  
made a fortune - people here without advancing a shilling frequently clear  
hundreds in a day - such chaps as Eben Oliver - are all men of fortune while  
persons - who have ever lived in affluence - are in danger of want - If that you  
had kept up the military man about you - you might then after the war have lived  
at ease all the days of your life - but now I don't know what you will do - your

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Being long accustomed to command - will make you too haughty for  
mercantile matters - tho' I hope you will not consider yourself as commander  
in chief of your own horse - but be convinced the rest in the affair of Mr Cook doe  
that there is such a thing as equal command - I send this by Capt Bradal  
who says he expects to remain with you - pray how many of those do you have  
have you - I am sure they must be very expensive - I am in want of some  
square dollars - which I expect from you - by me a piece of linen an article - I can  
do no longer without having had no recruit of that kind for almost five years  
guilt in general when they marry - are well stocked with those things but you I had  
no such advantage -

Little Lucy who is without exception the sweetest  
child in the world - sends you a kiss - but where <sup>did</sup> I take it from say you - from the paper  
I hope - but have I not sometimes fear <sup>that</sup> a long absence the force of such  
example may lead you to forget me at some times - to know that it even gives you pleasure  
to be in company with the finest woman in the world, would be worse than death to me -  
but it is not on my fears is too just to deliberate too sincere - and too kind of his Lucy  
to doubt the most remote thought of that distracting kind - away with it

Do not be angry with me my love - I am not jealous of your affection - I love you  
with a love as true and sacred as ever entered the human heart - but from a diffidence  
of my own merit I sometimes fear you will love me less - after being so long from me - if you  
should may my life end before I know it - but I never do think you really mine - Adieu my love LK

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## Lucy Flucker Knox to Henry Knox, 23 August 1777

### Transcript

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#### Lucy Knox to Henry Knox

Boston, Massachusetts, 23 August 1777.

Autograph letter signed, 4 pages.

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[draft]

Boston August 23<sup>rd</sup> 1777 –

My Dearest Friend –

I wrote you a line by the last post just to lett you know I was alive which indeed was all I could then say with propriety for I [*struck*: then] had serious thoughts that I never should see you again – so much was I reduced by only four days illness but by help of a good constitution I am surprisingly better today – I am now to answer your three last letters in one of which you ask for a history of my life. it is my love so barren of adventures and so replete with repetition that I fear it will afford you little amusement – however such as it is I give it you – In the first place, I rise about eight in the morning (a lazy hour you will say – but the day after that, is full long for a person in my situation) I presently after sitt down to my breakfast, where a page in my book, and a dish of tea, employ me alternately for about an hour – when after seeing that family matters go on right, I [*struck*: repair] repair to my work, my book, or my pen, for the rest of the forenoon – at two oclock I usually take my solitary dinner where I reflect upon my past happiness when I used to sitt at the window watching for my Harry – and when I saw him coming my heart would leap for joy – when he was all my own and never happy from me when the bare thought of six months absence would have shocked him – to divert these ideas I place my little Lucy by me at table – but the more engaging her little actions are so much the more do I regret the absence of her father who would take such delight in them. – in the afternoon I commonly take my chaise, and ride into the [2] country or go to drink tea with one of my few [*struck*: acquaintance] [*inserted*: friends]. They consist of M<sup>rs</sup> Jarviss M<sup>rs</sup> Sears M<sup>rs</sup> Smith M<sup>rs</sup> Pollard and my Aunt Waldo – I have many acquaintance beside these whom I visit but not without ceremony – when with any of [*inserted*: the] former I often spend the evening – but when I return home – how shall describe my feelings to find myself intirely alone – to reflect that the only friend I have in the world is at such an imense distance from me – to think that [*inserted*: he] may [*inserted*: be]

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sick and I cannot assist him ah poor me my heart is ready to burst, you who know what a trifle would make me unhappy, can conceive what I suffer now. –

when I seriously reflect that I have lost my father Mother Brother and Sisters – intirely lost them – I am half distracted true I chearfully resigned them for one far dearer to me than all of them – but I am totaly deprived of him – I have not seen him for almost six months – and he writes me without pointing out any method by which I may ever expect to see him again – tis hard my Harry indeed it is I love you with the tenderest the purest affection – I would undergo any hardships to be near you and you will not lett me – suppose this campaign should be like the last carried into the winter – do you intend not to see me in all that time – tell me dear what your plan is –

I wrote you that the Hero Sailed while I was at Newburg – She did but has [*inserted*: been] cruising about from harbour to harbour since – to get met – she is now here, and will sail in a day or two for france –

[3]I wish I had fifty guinies to spare to send by her for necessarys – but I have not – the very little gold we have must be reserved for my Love in case he should be taken – for friends in such a case are not too common. – I am more distressed from the hott weather than any other fears – God grant you may not go farther south'ard – if you should I possitively will come too – I believe Gen<sup>l</sup> Howe is a paltry fellow – but happy for as that he is so – are you not much pleased with the news from the Northard we think it is a great affair and a confirmation of S<sup>t</sup> Clairs villainy baseness – I hope he will not go unpunished – we hear also that Gen<sup>l</sup> Gates is to go back to his command. – if so Master Schuyler, cannot be guiltless – it is very strange, you never mentioned that affair in any of your letters –

What has become of M<sup>rs</sup> Greene, do you all live together – or how do you manage – is Billy to remain with you payless or is he to have a com[*inserted*: m]ission – if the former I think he had much better remained where he was – if he understood business he might without a capital have made a fortune – people here – without advanceing a shilling frequently clear hundreds in a day – such chaps as Eben Oliver – are all men of fortune – while persons – who have ever lived in affluence – are in danger of want – oh that you had less of the military man about you – you might then after the war have lived at ease all the days of your life – but now I don't know what you will do – your [4] being long acustomed to command – will make you too haughty for mercantile matters – tho I hope you will not consider yourself as commander in chief

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of your own house – but be convinced tho not in the affair of M<sup>r</sup> Coudre that there is such a thing as equal command – I send this by Cap<sup>t</sup> Randal who says he expects to remain with you – pray how many of these lads have have you – I am sure they must be very expensive – I am in want of some square dollars – which I expect from you to by me a peace of linen an article I can do no longer without haveing had no recruit of that kind for almost five years – girls in general when they marry are well stocked with those things but poor I had no such advantage –

little Lucy who is without exception the sweetest child in the world – sends you a kiss but where [*inserted*: shall] I take it from say you – from the paper I hope – but dare I say I sometimes fear [*struck*: what] [*inserted*: that] a long absence the force of bad example may lead you to forget me at sometimes – to know that it ever gave you pleasure to be in company with the finest woman in the world, would be worse than death to me – but it is not so, my Harry is too just too delicate too sincere – and too fond of his Lucy to admit the most remote thought of that distracting kind – away with it – don't be angry with me my Love – I am not jealous of your affection – I love you with a love as true and sacred as ever entered the human heart – but from a diffidence of my own merit I sometimes fear you will Love me less – after being so long from me – if you should may my life end before I know it – that I may die thinking you wholly mine –

Adieu my love

LK