

**Lucy Flucker Knox to Henry Knox**

Boston, Massachusetts, 23 August 1777.

Autograph letter signed, 4 pages.

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Boston, August 23<sup>rd</sup> 1777-

My dearest friend-

I wrote you a line by the last post just to let you know I was alive, which [*illegible*] was all I could then say with propriety for I ~~then~~ had serious thoughts that I never should see you again, so much was I reduced by only four days of 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 adventure and so replete with repetition that I fear it will afford you little amusement. However such as it is I give to you- In the first place, I rise about eight in the morning (a late hour you will say- but the day after that, is full long for a person in my condition.) 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 that family matters go on right, I 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 saw him coming my heart would leap for joy when he was at my own and never happy from me when the bare thought of six months absence would have shook him- to divert Alex's pleas 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

friends

the [2] country or go to drink tea with one of my few <sup>^</sup>acquaintance. 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

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beside these [*illegible*] I report but not without ceremony- when with any of <sup>^</sup> former I often spend the evening- but when I return home how that describe my feelings to find myself entirely alone- to reflect that the only friend I have in the world is such an immense distance from me- to

he be  
think that ^ may ^ sick and I cannot assist him [*illegible*] 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, entirely lost them, I am half distracted. True I cheerfully renounced them, for one far dearer to me than all of them- but I am totally deprived of them- I have not seen him for almost six months- and he writes me without pointing at 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 hardship to be near you and you will not let 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-

been

I wrote you that the Hero sailed while I was at Newburg- she did but has ^ but braising about from harbour to harbour to get met- She is now here, and will sail in a day or two for France.

[3] 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 hott weather than any other fears- You grant you may not  
ly  
go farther southard- if you should I positive^ will come too- I believe Gen<sup>l</sup> Howe is a paltry fellow.. but happy far as he is so- are you not much pleased with the news from the Northard. We think it is a greast affair and a confirmation of S<sup>t</sup> Clair's ~~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 Mister Schuyler cannot be guiltless- it is very strange, you never mentioned that affair in any of your letters—

What has become of M<sup>r</sup>. Green, do you all live together- or how do you manage- is Billy  
m  
to remain with you payless or is he to have a com^ission- if the former I think he has 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 never lived in affluence, are in danger of want- ph 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 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 house, but be convinced tho not in the affair of Mr. Coudoe that there is such a thing as equal command- I send this by Capt. Randall 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 buy 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 shall that where ^ I take it from say you- from the paper I hope- but dare I say I sometimes fear ^~~what~~ that a long absence the force of bad example may lead you to forget me at sometimes- to know that it even gave you pleasure to be company with the finest woman in the world, would be worse that 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 without- don't be angry with me my love- I am not jealous of you affection- I love you with a love as true and as ever entered the human heart- but from a difference 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

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