

**Lucy Knox to Henry Knox**

Boston, Massachusetts, May 1777.

Autograph letter signed, 3 pages + address + docket.

---

Boston, May-

As I can think of no address that can convey an idea of my affection and esteem, I will it omit entirely, rather than do injustice to my heart, a heart wholly absorbed [*struck: is*] [*inserted: in*] love and anxiety for you- I cannot at this time tell where you are or form any judgement where you are going. We hear both Armys are in motion, but what their rout is, we cannot hear. [*struck: nor form any judgment*] 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 Continental Artillery is now in town. He says his appointment is from Mr. Dean- that he is going immediately to the head quarters- to take the command- that he is a major genl. and a deal of it. Who knows but I may have my Harry again. This I am sure of, he will never suffer any [*struck: bod*] 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 Dr. Bullfinch says is very like a leprosy. Dr. Gardiner- thinks it is the itch- which has lain so long in his blood as to [*inserted: corrupt*] it to that degree that the cure will be difficult- he is as thin as Gabriel Johonnet now 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 [2] his future days- This will be handed you by Capt. Searjant who will also deliver you your box of [*struck: picles*] pickles. I have seven yards of linnen for breeches for you. Am afraid to have it made up here, for fear it should [*struck: rot*] be spoiled, as it cost twenty shillings per 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 waistcoat I wrote you of upon examining I found to be painted- That the first washing would have spoiled- but I

[*inserted*: will] be upon the lookout for you. I wrote you last Thursday by Col<sup>o</sup>. 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 everything 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 ten shillings a pound- for eggs two pence a [*inserted*: piece] [*struck*: peace peice pease] 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 at our town meeting has almost made me a tory- will you believe me when I tell you that Mr. Ewing is among the number who they have passed a vote to confine in close jail- untill they can determine, what further is to be done with them- this upon the suspicion of their being torys- 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 there meddling with that old gentlemen, who has been **experamiated** this ten years can take from as their motive but to share his estate. The colonels Grafts, Revere, & Sears [3] are the three leading men of the place- the first of these motioned to dissolve the meeting and lett 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 genl. dare not execute him, for fear of the consequences. He is the brother to Dr. Oliver's wife, son to Col. Barye 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 [*inserted*: not] mortify me by saying  
no

[*address*]

Henry Knox Esqr.

at Head Quarters

favored by Capt. Searjent

[*docket*]

Mrs. Knox's letter fr

Capt. Sarjenn and

answered 6th June

1777