

McCARTY TO HIS WIFE, APRIL 28, 1779.¹

My dear wife:—This is the last time that I shall write you this year, one by the posts of St. Martin and that by your brother etc.² For some time past I have had to dream of you and my dear daughter. I wish to God that you might be here, since I have great fear for them and you. Try, my dear wife, to come with some one to join me here with them. Is it possible, my dear, that you cannot find any one? There is Madame Captain McDurald who wishes that you were here to see me in my uniform of orderly. I am captain in the Illinois battalion and aid-de-camp of the commander in chief of the western department. There you are, you will tell me, very suddenly advanced; but it is true I am seeking in this time of trouble to establish a fortune for our children and I cannot do it for ourselves; but if that be nothing to you [?], you will be well fixed in case of my death. Your pension is assured by sending to the State or Republic of Virginia. My mill in my absence has been carried away by the great downpour of rain; but my general has promised me that he will have a regiment encamp in the spring at the mill in order to set it up again. Try then, my dear wife, to come and join me. No doubt you have heard people speak of me, for I was prominent in the capture of Governor Hamilton, and I flatter myself that I rendered him service, of which he has had need on account of the murders, which he has caused to be committed daily on the wives and children of my compatriots; and I believe that, if the traders of the Mississippi render me justice, I am dear to them on account of the care which I have taken against the savages etc and which I am taking constantly. Dear wife, try to join me and your family; your cousin hopes it, if you do not hate me. I am living in hope of seeing you here. With esteem and respect to grandmother, mamma, uncle, baby and aunt; and the French are our allies.

Your affectionate husband

Richard McCarty,
Captain Illinois Battalion.