

Lady Berkeley to Col. John McMahon [July? 22 1811]

50947.8

MSA

My Dearest Friend

We rose off Sully  
yesterday so calm, I prayed that we  
might have bad weather, to have forced  
us into Harbour, that I might have  
got to Plymouth for a letter, for I have  
had none since they dragged me from  
my Home, and which they ought not  
to have done - and I know not what  
steps our Beloved Prince Regent has  
taken, but let them be what they  
may, my last breath shall bless him

If His Royal Highness could have thought  
encouraging my poor Husband to do justice

Lady Berkeley

1807  
To his Family could have involved them  
in ruin, how he would have shuddered at  
it. God only knows how I struggle  
with my feelings, no Man that mounted  
an unbroken Charger could take more  
pains to curb him than I do to  
subdue myself. I do not suffer my  
thoughts to wander home, I try to live  
I try to gain composure, I look on  
my side, but not one ray of light  
appears, I examine every act of  
my life, it is as a sheet of white  
paper, not one blot upon it, before  
marriage or after my conduct most  
unexceptionably my only fault consenting  
to a clandestine Marriage —

nor could I think that it would be  
for my happiness under all circumstances  
supposing it to have been legal — yet  
such are the strong feelings of my nature  
when I think people attached to me,  
that I often give up my own Ideas  
of happiness, to contribute to those  
of others you will know who I allude  
to, and I shall feel thankful to you  
to set his R. H. easy on that head  
Tell him from me, I have a pride  
worthy of his regard, But if he were  
Monarch of the world, and he would  
left me to his share, Tho' I loved  
him to madness I would never give  
myself to his bosom if ought  
of Blenheim were fixed on my reputation

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50948

Dear Friend I do not tell any one  
that I write to you, there are those  
that would rejoice in my misery  
because I was not kind

I do not tell you more there are others  
that should have had confidence in  
my sanity and truth and continued  
their friendship to me like you to the  
end of their lives - Dear Friend could  
any Man suppose that from the unfortunate  
state of my family that more than  
friendship could occupy my thoughts

My I wish go further and say no offer  
I ever had from any person of rank higher  
than my own flatter'd me, nor

Therefore be may not be peace for if  
we I live to return home my first care  
shall be to destroy all his letters, &c.)  
May God preserve him long in health  
and happiness - tell him never  
will sometimes meet to paper days of  
happiness, and I shall think of him  
with respectful affection for he will be  
much pleased as I am now capable  
of feeling - Dear Friend, now doubly dear,  
because I can speak the feelings of my  
very soul to you, and through the  
world I have none else that I can  
do so - that scene is closed for me,  
but I will confess to you that had  
his R. M. continued his friendship

to me and like you have written to  
me his letter and your words have  
doctored my aching head —  
but no matter; represented as I have  
been, so truly and so unjustly — that  
to judge as an adventurer, Calumny,  
sneaked upon me, my Character had been  
I cannot expect it to be otherwise — and  
therefore tis my duty to give the  
narrative of my life to the Publick  
I am the daughter of a respectable Tradesman  
I never knew Protest or Disgrace and  
therefore the time will come when the  
minds of people will return to reflection  
and they will judge of me differently —  
when this will reach you, Heaven

50950

only knows, I have been nine days  
on board - and re on now rolling about  
without wind - I was not in my senses  
and the affection of my children I could  
not stand against or I had remained  
firm as a rock - at my own choice  
and Colony, and quilt waited for  
what let it have been what it could

July 12<sup>th</sup>

Still re on without wind; not more  
than one quarter or our way - Dear Friends  
I am not at ease with myself  
in getting things to look  
like quilt not like me, I am  
wondered upon to go by the prison

