

SEVEN WOMEN DIARISTS OF  
EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY  
PHILADELPHIA

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

The diary has, for over 300 years, been second only to letter writing among non-professional writers as a means of recording personal opinions and observations. Although the vogue of diary-keeping waxes and wanes from generation to generation, some such records from every era remain as testimony to the diary's enduring appeal and adaptability. Despite, or perhaps because of, its sporadic popularity with non-professional writers, this medium remains an unsurpassed source of personal, social, and literary history. The diaries of the Philadelphia women of the eighteenth century offer such history. With their imaginative commentary and trenchant observations, the personalities behind these books come to life, offering unexpected and unexplored portraits of relationships between the women of this period, their worlds both inside and out, and their journals.

For pre-eighteenth-century America, women's diaries are virtually non-existent; by the time of the American Revolution, however, journals or diaries were being written, and kept, by women throughout the colonies.<sup>1</sup> These women had more education and more time for writing than did their

forebears; many found themselves surrounded by exciting events both personal and historical (Latham xxvi). Their diaries reveal better than any other form of contemporary writing the thoughts and emotions of the women of that time and place.

Why these particular diaries? Studied as a group, the seven Philadelphia diaries provide a comprehensive range of insights into styles and motives for diary writing. Examined individually, the diaries present interesting, complete, and uniquely personal pictures of American women who wrote--and regarded themselves as writers--at a time when women writers were rare. Five of the diarists under study were Quakers. George Fox, spiritual father of the Friends, discovered the value of daily, written inspection of his conscience and actions, and he encouraged his followers to do likewise. This Quaker habit directly or indirectly inspired these women, although most of their diaries are only peripherally religious (Dobbs 18-21). The two non-Quaker diarists have been included not only for purposes of contrast--their diaries differ sharply from the Quaker women's in many respects--but because their diary keeping offers equally compelling insights. The works constituting the group herein called the Philadelphia diaries were begun during the period from 1750-1780, and all concluded before the beginning of the new century. Of the more than 100 extant eighteenth-century American women's diaries, these are the most comprehensive and revealing,

that is, the great majority of the 100 are line-a-day memoranda, whereas the Philadelphia diaries reveal character, develop ideas and narrate events in a more literary sense. Focussing on these seven diaries allows this study to encompass a substantial body of the most significant women's diaries of colonial and revolutionary America.

Serious scholarship in the field of American diaries began with Harriet M. Forbes's New England Diaries, 1602-1800, which coincidentally was the same year that the first British diary scholar, Baron Arthur Ponsonby, published his initial work.<sup>2</sup> Forbes's pioneer effort was not superseded until William Matthews' catalogue of American diaries, which located many valuable American journals for the first time. Arksey, Pries and Reed expand and revise Matthews' work to include the many diaries reprinted or completely reedited for the American Bicentennial. Matthews' later catalogue of American diaries in manuscript lists for the first time many unpublished manuscripts, although as is inevitable, some of these works have since been published, others have changed owners or been misplaced, and a significant number of hitherto unlisted manuscripts have come to light.<sup>3</sup> Since Matthews often had to rely on descriptions by librarians, both memoirs and letterbooks appear in this listing, often without distinguishing remarks. For obvious reasons, he could not include private owners; his work is a list of library holdings rather than a comprehensive survey of all extant diary manuscripts.

A diary is not an autobiography, a memoir or a reminiscence; but saying what a diary is not is easier than saying what it is. The Philadelphia diaries were selected on the basis of four criteria: the frequency of the entries, the diarist's subject matter, her motive, and the tone which prevailed throughout the majority of her entries. Relative to these criteria, the traditional view of diary composition, or that which was established before 1970 and the appearance of such diary scholars as William Matthews, held that the diarist had to write on a daily basis. After-the-fact recording, additions and revisions lacked the element of spontaneity, considered an essential ingredient in genuine diaries. As for subject matter, traditional scholars maintained that the commonplace was as worthy of record as the extraordinary. And for motive, the diarist should record not for usefulness or communication, but for the sake of the record itself, without an eye to other readers and certainly not for publication. Sincerity, which the traditionalists considered "the sine qua non of the diarist," produced a tone almost synonymous with unself-consciousness and naivety (Spalding 13). These early standards therefore required no special talent for keeping what posterity might regard as a valid or genuine diary, and the traditionalists, Ponsonby, O'Brien, Willy and Spalding, specifically excluded the deliberately artful or consciously constructed diary.

What overturned these traditional standards, however,



was exactly what had created them originally--the diary of Samuel Pepys. Since its discovery and publication in 1825, this work has been the yardstick by which all diaries are measured. Pepys's remarkably concise prose and compelling point of view were assumed to be the result of daily, unrevised records of events both public and private kept for his personal benefit in an objective tone of voice.

Matthews' introduction to the 1970 edition of this diary forced scholars to revise their opinions. He documented several startling discoveries which proved that Pepys's writing was neither regular, spontaneous, uncorrected, nor private. The appearance of five different drafts, suggesting corresponding stages of composition, proved that the final work was the product of careful, continuous rewriting, often days or weeks after the fact, based on memoranda and notes kept especially for this purpose. In light of these findings, today's diary scholars--Matthews, Dobbs, Fothergill, and Arksey et al--no longer think of diary entries as strictly 24-hour records. Writing about events and responses with a degree of tension and wonder, when all the while the writer knows the outcome of the situation, requires more style than simply describing each day's events as they occur. The creation of a persona ignorant of the future challenges any diarist who makes entries periodically on the basis of notes and memoranda, a la Pepys. The best diarists strive to maintain this aura of immediacy even when "catching up" on last week's entries.

Finally and perhaps most important, although Pepys undoubtedly revised largely for his own satisfaction, Matthews presents clear evidence that Pepys foresaw a future readership and wanted to appear to good advantage for posterity (Matthews, Samuel Pepys 1: cvii). Since the possibility of an audience often led him, as well as the Philadelphia diarists, to clarify and expand what otherwise might be a terse and uncommunicative record, diary keeping with other readers in mind has proven not only acceptable but desirable. Audience awareness, or the lack of it, directly and consistently shapes and informs each of the Philadelphia works. Concomitantly, the scope of diary keeping has expanded; virtually any subject now appears to be a valid diary topic. Exciting events help create diaries vastly more entertaining than those compiled out of daily trivia, but the emphasis today is less on the deeds and more on the doer. Because of this focus, the individual consciousness behind the book looms larger than any historical or political activity that might be recorded. Why and how the diarist wrote can yield a clearer picture of the woman behind the book than can analysis of her topic. Pepys created a fascinating character, which accounts for at least half of his popularity, and the personae created by the Philadelphia diarists, through both conscious and unconscious self-revelations, likewise prove fascinating. The motive, tone, and unique literary characteristics of these women elevate the personality behind each book to a

position of prominence.

The Philadelphia woman's diary then is a more or less daily record covering a variety of subjects, written soon enough after the fact to retain a sense of immediate "dailiness," thus providing an assessment of the writer's on-the-spot responses, observations, and emotions as revealed through her persona. Religious diaries and journals given to a single subject, such as accounts of family genealogy, business, weather, and strictly objective history limit these insights and hence do not qualify for examination.<sup>5</sup> Although none of the Philadelphia diarists wrote for publication, many wrote for family and friends, and those journals kept for specific individuals, although different from more private records, appear herein as legitimate diaries.<sup>6</sup>

All of the Philadelphia diaries have been at least partially published: those of Elizabeth Sandwith Drinker, Sarah Logan Fisher, and Ann Head Warder appeared in the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography in greatly abbreviated form. The texts used to study these three diaries are the original manuscripts--in Drinker's case a typescript of the original-- housed and available on microfilm at the Pennsylvania Historical Society. References to these unpaginated documents will be based on date of entry. Two of the Philadelphia diaries have appeared in book form: Margaret Hill Morris's and Sally Wister's journals were published separately, while Grace

Gowden Galloway's was published in toto in the Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography. The Morris manuscript is housed in the Quaker Collection, Haverford College, and the Wister and Galloway manuscripts are owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. According to my comparisons against the original manuscripts, the publication of these three diaries has been accurate and complete. Because they are also generally accessible, the 1969 reprint of the Morris diary, the Myers edition of the Wister journal, and the PMHB publication of the Galloway diary are the texts of reference, cited by page number. Significant portions of the diary of Anne Shippen Livingstone appeared in Armes' heavily edited account entitled Nancy Shippen: Her Journal Book, but since these excerpts are accurately reproduced, this work, cited by page number, is used for reference in this study. Most of these publications are accompanied by no more than historical notes or comments. None of the Philadelphia diaries has been examined to reveal the relationship of writer to her work and by extension to her acknowledged or implied audience. These matters, when addressed, provide portraits of women who experienced and explored their thoughts and words, leaving important images for posterity.

The original diaries of Drinker, Warder, and Fisher have been hitherto almost unexplored. Each of these has been cited in numerous historical studies and is familiar to scholars of the period. But microfilm has only recently

made the original manuscripts accessible, still to a limited few. Most readers of these three journals know them only from excerpts published in PMHB, family memorials, or anthologies, which often substantially altered the rhythm of entries, the emphases of the subject matter, the apparent motive and particularly the uniquely female tone. Usually, the editors promoted the diarist's association with well-known people or events, extracting details to create atmosphere and local color. This practice, perhaps intended either to benefit historians or to entertain the public, excludes valuable elements. While these diaries undoubtedly function well in this capacity, they contain additional dimensions of equal or greater significance. The potential impact of these dimensions on women's studies and literary history in America justifies their reappraisal.

The problem of the edited diary is not a new one; every diary scholar from Ponsonby to Fothergill has grappled with the implications of a text that has been over-edited.<sup>7</sup> Some of the major editing problems of the Philadelphia diaries are the result of the intervention of family members. Husbands or descendants have created family memorials, often explicitly deleting unflattering material or excluding or altering the personal element, thereby eliminating women's uniquely female experiences and responses. Paraphrasing or summarizing will reveal the objective facts of the diarist's life, but these widely-used methods distort the diarist's style, wherein lies her essence. And printing only brief

excerpts does much the same thing by giving emphasis where the author did not intend it. Either method reduces the complexity of the persona and neutralizes what might have been distinctively a woman's statement. One of the most extensive cases of explicitly suppressed material occurred with the publication of Extracts from the Journal of Elizabeth Drinker. Henry D. Biddle, the diarist's great-grandson, selected fifty to one hundred entries per year to represent the journal, a lengthy document covering the years 1758-1807, excepting 1787-88. According to Biddle, manuscript for this missing period was destroyed by a descendant ignorant of its value. He makes no further attempt to supply information relative to the missing years and only rarely attempts to annotate events or identify individuals, most of whom he declares to be well known to Pennsylvanians. Although he provides that rare and valuable device, an index of place and family names, Biddle makes clear his unwillingness to publish personal material. Intending only to present extracts covering the Revolutionary period and the events surrounding the yellow fever epidemics in the city, he reluctantly succumbs to suggestions that additional material might be interesting, "but it is hoped that the personal matter inserted will not overweight and make tedious reading that which relates solely to public affairs" (3). After an account of the elopement of the diarist's daughter, Molly, Biddle remarks: "The editor had some doubts about publishing this portion of

the Journal, of a matter so strictly private; but as that branch of the family is at present extinct, concluded it was unnecessary to suppress it" (91). Here then is the rationale for excluding the personal in favor of public and family interests. My comparison with the original manuscript, which runs to thirty-two volumes, indicates that over ninety-five percent of Drinker's writing was excised by Biddle. Within the unpublished portions lies the diarist's personality and her relationship to her book.

In "Extracts from the Diary of Mrs. Ann Warder," something of the same philosophy seems to have prevailed. Although the editor acknowledged deleting Warder's descriptions of her voyage to America and her subsequent trips through the States, in fact he used less than forty percent of the available material. The candid and emotional quality of those remarks which did get published presages a vital personality lying unexpressed. As a Londoner visiting victorious America in 1786, Warder offers a fresh perspective on the attitude of a defeated imperial subject, as well as the lifestyles of Philadelphia women and Quaker practices, all particularly significant to an appreciation of that time and place.

Comparing the published and unpublished versions of the Fisher journal likewise proves instructive. Publication of this work covered only one of its twenty-five volumes. The section entitled by the diarist "A Diary of Trifling Occurrences" records almost exclusively her observations on

and involvement in the Revolution and her husband's imprisonment as a pacifist. Unpublished portions of this work, begun in 1776 and continued until 1795, move away from the historical to reveal the diarist's more personal problems, such as the hostility between her and her sister, Hetty. This situation causes Fisher such concern that she devises a simple code, writing backward, whenever she records their encounters. Throughout the diary, Fisher's sensitivity to her environment and her desire to record these responses inform her writing, as when she describes her deep anguish at the death of her son Billy. This diarist left ample evidence of her personality and her private life, all of which justifies a new approach to her writing.

Some diaries reach the public in the form of romanticized fiction. The creators of these works, drawing freely on authentic diary entries, produce works interesting for their sensational or romantic content but offering little insight into other aspects of the woman behind the book. These editors have created popular romantic fiction by using highly sensitive, personal non-fictional material. Geraldine Brooks's Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days uses the journal of Sally Wister to produce a greatly expanded, fictionalized version of Wister's experiences. Rarely does Wister speak for herself: putting words into the diarist's mouth and imagining cozy situations is the editor's modus operandi. A close study of the style and motives of the



diarist produces a more complete portrait. A more extensive example of romanticization is found in the work entitled Nancy Shippen: Her Journal Book. The subtitle--"The International Romance of a Young Lady of Fashion of Colonial Philadelphia with Letters to Her and About Her"--indicates Editor Edith Armes's interest. The first 122 pages of the published book are a step-by-step description of Armes's attempts to discover Shippen's romantic affair, explained in emotional detail by the editor. Thus interpreted and summarized, Shippen's diary seems to be a single-minded record of this relationship, and other facets of her life and personality fade into oblivion. Although the diary material omitted from this publication is largely trivial, the focus of Armes' book presents an incomplete picture of the diarist. The editor has inserted letters from friends and relatives amplifying the relationship between Shippen, her lover, and her husband, although at times Armes admits that the journal does not altogether conform to the romance she is attempting to construct:

It is strange that with these daily entries during January, 1784, there is no mention whatever of her husband, nor of his letters, of which two have been found dated January, 1784, "in Philadelphia." The dates are unmistakable, and yet the serene tenor of Nancy's journal at this time makes it seem incredible that she received them. A few entries were omitted because unimportant (170).

The editor also summarizes Shippen's own words in the daily entries while printing in toto the words of others, as in letters from relatives or friends, making the publication

less a presentation of Shippen's diary than a biography. Romantic intrigue was not the sum total of the journal, and examination from another perspective reveals significant aspects of the diarist's multi-faceted existence. Clearly, inequities and inadequacies exist in the present published state of certain of the Philadelphia women's diaries. The recent appearance of several reprints of eighteenth-century diaries, however, indicates new interest in some of these works. <sup>8</sup> Comparisons of published versions of some of the Philadelphia diaries with their original manuscripts argue for additional untruncated presentations. Reissuing these works in complete editions would significantly enhance research in the areas of American literary history, women's studies, and colonial history. Barring such publication, a study of the hidden portraits in the Philadelphia women's diaries will suggest many additional unplumbed depths, and to that end this analysis is devoted. The urban environment of eighteenth-century Philadelphia was the crucible out of which the diaries came; as the nerve center of British North America, the fastest growing population center and the cite of the major political struggles of the period, this city exerted powerful influences. A discussion of its most salient features serves to establish the context in which the diaries were written. Most of the diarists witness many of the same social and political events and have access to the same cultural experiences. With their similar educations,

values and inhibitions, they respond in some instances according to the pattern. Most of their thoughts and actions as revealed in their writing, however, bear a unique personal stamp, the image of the writer.

The diarists fall into three broad categories, based on study of their several motives and their peculiar styles. Those who wrote explicitly for others, those who wrote only for their private consolation, and those who wrote for a vague, future audience can be best understood on these terms. The first group of diaries, by Warder, Morris, and Wister, addressed to specific individuals, aims at entertainment and information for the addressee's benefit. The group writing for consolation, Shippen and Galloway, acted out of a deep need to express strong emotions. And those diarists who wrote for an unacknowledged but implied future audience--Drinker and Fisher--can be said to be self-sustaining; their need to record and thereby commit to posterity some portion of their experiences was satisfied by regular, long-term writing. The peculiar characteristics of each personality as it comes through the writing reveals the diarist's image of herself and forms the reader's image of the diarist. The uses to which she put her diary help in constructing this portrait. And the value of the diary to each of the Philadelphia women lies in her attitude toward the act of writing itself and what the writing tells her about herself. Taken together, the eighteenth-century Philadelphia woman's reasons for keeping a diary and her

manner of daily writing produce not only a study of the diary but a gallery of self-portraits both artful and naive. The extent to which the reader accepts these portraits might be a measure of both the clarity with which the diarist sees herself and the success with which she communicates that self-perception to her book.

## NOTES

1

The earliest woman's diary listed by Arksey, Pries, and Reed (9) is that of Hety Shepard (1675-77); it appeared as "A Puritan Maid's Diary," edited by Adeline E. H. Slicer, New England Magazine, 11 (1894-95), pp. 20-25. Its authenticity, however, is doubtful. The only other seventeenth-century woman's journal, a brief commonplace book and family notes by Mehetabel Chandler Coit survives only as a few pages from Mehetabel Chandler Coit Her Book, 1714 (Norwich, Conn.: 1895). From the first fifty years of the eighteenth century less than a dozen authentic American women's diaries have survived. Of these, one--the journal of Sarah Knight--is a travel journal; three are brief, line-a-day family histories, and six are religious travels or meditations.

2

In addition to Ponsonby's descriptive catalogues, works by and about women diarists exclusively include O'Brien's and Willy's. Spalding was the first scholar to attempt to establish criteria for evaluating "pure" diaries, although recent scholarship has refuted many of his assertions. Dobbs presents a variety of diaries supporting the contention that this form is the most nearly honest expression of the human soul, but Fothergill undertakes the

most scholarly and comprehensive treatment of the diary to date, placing it in literary history and recognizing little-known diarists.

<sup>3</sup>

Some relevant manuscripts unlisted by Matthews include the journals of Ann Moore (1756-78), Sarah Logan Fisher (1776-95), Miss Parke (1799-1805), Sarah Snell Bryant (1795-1847), Abigail Gardner Drew (1799-1818), Elizabeth Bancroft (1793-95), Patty Rogers (1785), Ruth Henshaw Bascom (1789-1814), Elizabeth Hook (1785-1844), Elizabeth Bowen (1775-1808), and Lydia Almy (1797-99). In addition to these, Cott catalogues six hitherto unlisted eighteenth-century manuscripts (207-11).

<sup>4</sup>

Arksey, Pries and Reed exemplify these standards by following Matthews' definition of a diary as a "day-by-day record . . . written shortly after the events occurred" (Matthews, Samuel Pepys 1: xi). Other scholars of this persuasion include Dobbs and Fotherfill. Matthews also admits that although he tends to distinguish between the diary as a personal work and a journal as a record kept for a job, the two are virtually interchangeable, and the terms have been so employed herein.

<sup>5</sup>

Relevant religious diaries omitted from this study include those by Hannah Bringham, Rebecca Comly, Sarah Cresson, and Ann Cooper Whittall. In addition, two excluded travel journals of particular significance are those of Susanna Lear and Miss Parke.

<sup>6</sup>

The serial letter poses a special problem which

should be resolved here. Written regularly to preserve a record of activities and emotions, it is usually designed for a particular person. At the conclusion of the adventure or trip, the author "mails" or presents this letter-diary to the addressee. Some critics discount this form as a diary, but in its essentials--daily writing to capture a personal experience or observation while it is fresh--it is diaristic. Why then not include ordinary letters? One answer is continuity; the serial letter writer records daily situations over a more extended period than the ordinary letter writer, much as a diarist who details a particular segment of her life for family or posterity. More important, a letter presupposes questions and answers, dialogue of a sort. The serial diary anticipates no reply and does not comprise part of a regular correspondence. It is a diary addressed to a particular individual and will be treated according to the limitations that such a consideration imposes.

7

In the last fifty years, the editing history of at least two major eighteenth-century women's diaries has been the subject of scholarly research. In 1930 Josephine Fisher reviewed and emended the Reverend Jeremiah Rankin's work on Esther Burr's journal. Rankin's presentation consisted of eighty-eight pages of his own writing, a fictional account of the diarist's early life, and nineteen pages of diary extracts from October 1754 to April 1758. The published version was therefore more

Rankin's than Burr's, the diary proper being almost eclipsed. The need for a new edition of this work, which even in Rankin's version promised to be valuable, has led to a complete edition by Crumpacker and Karlsen.

Margolies' article on the journal of Madam Knight describes the involved history of a manuscript at one time so obscured by editorial confusion that several mid-nineteenth-century writers questioned its authenticity. All but six leaves of the original manuscript were accidentally destroyed after Theodore Dwight, Jr., the first editor, made his copy. But Margolies states that although neither the existence nor present location of these six leaves can be verified, additional evidence corroborates Dwight's claim that his 1825 version is essentially accurate. Dwight's admission to having excluded "only a few words and phrases, which were not very appropriate to a book" (29), gains credibility in light of his contrasting admission that he omitted vast amounts of material from the Journal of Rev. Mr. Buckingham, published in the same volume as Knight's. Although an uncut version of the latter journal would have been a more honest reflection of that woman's view of her world, the treatment of the Knight journal at the hands of Dwight, upon whom every subsequent editor has had to rely, is today accepted as reliable. The most recent edition, introduced by Malcolm Freiberg and published in 1972, differs only in the correction of three typographical errors. See also Butterfield.



8

In addition to the reprints noted above, the Sarah Knight journal was reprinted in 1970. The diary of Anna Green Winslow, originally published in 1894, was reprinted in 1970. And perhaps the most significant is the anthology by Elizabeth Evans in 1975 which contains excerpts of the diaries of Drinker, Galloway, Morris, and Wister among others.

## CHAPTER II

### THE PHILADELPHIA DIARISTS

While New England women laboriously recorded family genealogies and kept line-a-day accounts of household expenditures, the Philadelphia diarists were developing highly detailed overviews of their lives. The size of the sample precludes generalizations regarding the writing habits of all American women diarists or even those of colonial and Revolutionary females, but these seven works can and should be considered collectively. Their authors shared similar educational, socio-economic, political and religious experiences. Their individual responses to these experiences and their motives for writing about them account for most of the distinguishing features of their diaries. Approaching the seven works through the most obvious of these motives places them arbitrarily in one of three groups: the diary to entertain and simultaneously inform; the diary to unburden or confide; and the diary to satisfy the urge to record for its own sake. While each of the works is unique in some ways, an overview using these classifications gives the reader a structure for comparing subject matter, tone, structure, and audience.

### The Group

Although no one of them was close to any of the others, the seven diarists knew or knew of each other, and despite differences in age and marital status, their lives often paralleled and sometimes crossed. Born during the thirty years from 1733-63, these women reflect the changing attitudes of their several eras toward diary-keeping. Of the oldest group, those writers born in the mid-1730s--Grace Galloway (1732-33), Elizabeth Drinker (1736-37), and Margaret Morris (1737)--either began or continued to write late in life. All were recording when they reached middle age. The next oldest, Sarah Logan Fisher (1750-51), likewise possessed the instincts of a lifetime diarist. The youngest group, those diarists born in the early 1760s--Ann Warder (ca. 1760), Sally Wister (1761), and Nancy Shippen (1763)--had all ended their journals by the time they reached thirty years of age. Even as the new century approached and passed through the trauma of revolution, these latter diarists, perhaps as much because of their own age as the age of their milieu, maintained youthful, fun-loving, and to some extent frivolous attitudes toward their diaries, as opposed to the more serious regularity of the older group.

Five of the Philadelphia diarists were married at some point in their lives, but three of these--Morris, Shippen

and Galloway--were either widowed or separated at the time of writing. Wister wrote only while single. Of the five married women who wrote, Galloway and Shippen were estranged from their husbands at the time and openly resentful of the treatment they had received as wives. By contrast, the other two--Fisher and Warder--were in close harmony with their mates and saw them as worthy lords and masters. Perhaps only coincidentally, the unhappy wives are non-Quaker, although Quaker Elizabeth Drinker records enough marital dissension in her many years of marriage with her husband to suggest that not every Quaker marriage was by definition one of harmony and happiness (Frost 175-79).

The six diarists who were mothers--Galloway, Drinker, Morris, Fisher, Warder, and Shippen--spoke often and lovingly of their children, a major concern even in diaries dedicated to another subject, such as Morris's journal on the war. Many of the most moving passages in these journals concern the diarist's loss of a child through sickness or permanent separation. Deep affection between a mother and her offspring is not surprising, but the intensity and pervasiveness of this emotion in the Philadelphia diaries underscores the significance of children in these women's lives. For Quakers, the rejection of the theory of original sin meant that infants were innocent and blameless, an attitude which encouraged parents to nurture and sometimes indulge them. For non-Quaker mothers such as Nancy Shippen, a child could be even more, as hers was the center and hope

of her life; Shippen's idealizing of her daughter occupies much of her writing, as does non-Quaker Galloway's concern for the absent daughter she was never to see again.

As writers, the Philadelphia diarists exhibited a relatively well-defined style.<sup>1</sup> Most of the diarists had been educated in the 1750s and '60s, probably in Philadelphia since most were living there with their families.<sup>2</sup> This city, with its female academies established by Dove and Brown and its institutions supported by religious groups, offered more educational opportunities to a wider range of young women than any other city in America during the last half of the century. Leaders in women's education such as Quaker teacher Anthony Benezet, who appears in the diary of former student Elizabeth Drinker, and Dr. Benjamin Rush influenced and encouraged women of their day beyond the usual limits of learning for females.<sup>3</sup> The absence of a Mercy Otis Warren or Abigail Adams might be attributed to the practical nature of much women's education in Penn's city. Most Quaker women planned to spend their lives spreading the Inner Light and rearing families, and their educational training was usually limited to these matters. Even for boys, a classical education was likelier in New York or Boston than Philadelphia (Frost 110-12).

Quaker philosophy held specifically to a "religiously guarded education," but according to Tolles this allowed for a degree of both liberality and tolerance (149). In general, the diaries indicate that their authors were

unusually well-educated. The most highly valued subject, especially in Quaker schools, was writing, and broad vocabularies, solid grammar, and variety of appropriate and flexible methods of expression characterize most of these journals (Frost 114-15). Women's literary ventures, however, like their education, were usually limited to the over-riding Quaker concerns of propagating their faith and rearing their families. Although their secular nature is unusual, the Philadelphia diaries reflect the high priority women gave to their families. Several of the diarists wrote verse; others composed prayers and copied letters in their copybooks. Their knowledge of other subjects such as French and astronomy indicates learning beyond dame school, but the skill they most needed and most possessed was writing. That these women undertook the task of daily writing bespeaks a certain assurance in the matter. That they did so with apparent ease testifies to a degree of skill. For the most part, these factors meant that they were able and eager to write at length and to work at giving shape and precision to their words.

Theology emerged as an influence more visible in the five Quaker diaries than in the non-Quaker journals.<sup>4</sup> Reliance on literal, direct interpretation of the Scriptures plus the experience of inward light formed the basis of Quaker beliefs (Frost 10-20). Quaker women were considered the spiritual equals of Quaker men. They preached, served as elders, evangelized abroad or at home, wrote tracts, and

spoke in weekly meeting. Their women's meeting, although financially dependent on the men's, operated autonomously, and with the exception of terminating a membership in the Society, could perform the same functions (Frost 177-78; Dunn 114-36). One possible result of this spiritual self-reliance and sense of equality in the journals, especially Wister's, Warder's, Morris's, and Drinker's, seems to be expressions of independence and self-assurance regarding their outward behavior and inner responses. Philadelphia Quakerism distrusted dogma and emphasized the individual (Jones 4-11); these doctrines find expression in the journals, which testify to the forceful, complex personalities of these women. In addition, frequent opportunities to voice their feelings--within prescribed limits--and exercise their persuasive powers both in speech and on paper made the use of words a familiar medium for these writers. Most Quaker women felt comfortable speaking out both to friends and in meeting, and this tradition helped create fully developed, articulate diaries.

A religious affiliation which largely determined what the diarist wore, the people with whom she spent most of her social hours, the person she married, and the manner of her speech could scarcely fail to make itself felt in her diary, yet the contents of most of these books reveal little of their authors' spiritual states or religious duties. This phenomenon seems to be the result of deliberate choice. Many of the Quaker diarists excluded from this study devoted

their journals to spiritual meditation exclusively; for several reasons the diarists under consideration kept journals about the secular world. For the Wister and Warder journals, written for the entertainment and information of specific others, religious introspection was inappropriate. Any of the diarists could have concurrently kept a separate diary based on spiritual considerations, as Morris did. Fisher's writing becomes progressively more religious as she grows older, and Drinker seems both too unreligious to be interested and too committed to her secular diary to have time for any other journal. Even though the Quaker diarists are respected members of the Society, which means that they probably attend meeting regularly or otherwise fulfill their religious obligations, they find pleasure in writing at length of secular matters. Arguably, separating the diarist's comments on George Washington from the influence of her religion is impossible, but of spiritual concerns, rituals of prayer or studies of the Scriptures these women said very little in these books.

With respect to religion, the diaries of the non-Quaker women, Shippen and Galloway, resemble those of their Quaker sisters only superficially. As do the Quakers, they focus on family relationships and events in the secular world, spending little time on matters of the spirit. Politics both national and personal looms larger than religion. Although Nancy Shippen becomes a victim of religious melancholia in later life, she attends church so



infrequently during her diary years that she makes a point of noting it as a rare occurrence. Grace Galloway's lack of religious and hence communal associations constitutes one of her many problems.

But herein lies a major distinction: these non-Quaker diarists, apparently because of their lack of religious faith and communal support, regard their diaries differently from the way the Quaker diarists do. Shippen and Galloway use their writing to unburden, to bare their souls, seeming almost compelled to write about their emotions. More to the point, they freely express the extremes of these emotions, something the most dedicated Quaker women without exception find it difficult or impossible to do. Whereas Quaker theology and customs provided physical and spiritual support in times of crisis--as well as a subdued approach to strong expressions of deep personal feeling--the two emotional diarists felt neither that support nor that restraint. Perhaps for these reasons they expressed more despair and misery than did most of the Quaker women. The exclamation points, underlines words, and capitalization signalling strong feelings proliferate throughout the diaries of emotion, appearing almost never in the Quaker diaries. Both Galloway and Shippen write almost exclusively under these conditions. When their rage, fear, and resentment dissipate, so does their need to communicate with their book. The diary as therapy finds full and early usage in the lives of these two women.

Interestingly, the free-spirited Drinker, with her casual and sometimes critical response to the Society of Friends, comes close to the emotional peaks and valleys of the two non-religious diarists. In the light of traditional Quaker diary practices, this phenomenon suggests a paradox: owing perhaps to her less orthodox religious faith, Drinker finds salvation over the years in her (secular) diary.

Socially, the Philadelphia diarists moved among the most powerful and highly respected people in the city. Fathers, husbands and sons were leaders in the community, often combining a successful business with prominent civic duties. According to their diaries, these women were esteemed as well for their own capabilities and personalities. The great number of highly placed friends and visitors moving through the world of the Philadelphia diarist testified to the power of her own personality. For the Quakers, women's meeting brought close neighbors together regularly and often; yearly meeting extended their contacts into other geographic areas, and many women attended monthly meetings in several different localities, thus developing a kind of sisterhood which spanned the Middle Colonies.<sup>5</sup> Although only Wister gave strong evidence of having a single, especially close companion outside the family, each of the Quaker diarists had dear friends with whom they visited and to some extent shared their lives. Again a difference arises between the Quakers and the non-Quakers: the absence of any such close friend in the lives

of Shippen and Galloway. Perhaps this absence as much as the absence of religion contributed to their need to write. And again Drinker blurs the distinction. Despite her Quaker connection, she seemed not to have an intimate relationship either with her sister or with anyone outside the home and turned constantly to her diary for companionship.

Social graces were not lacking, however, as all the diarists seem capable of providing entertaining conversation and hosting numerous guests for meals and extended visits. They all record highly active social calendars, with travelling and visiting an important aspect of their world. Even in their despair, Shippen and Galloway continue to interact almost daily on an impersonal and social level. Both women belonged to the elite of the city at a time when Philadelphia set the pace for high society in America, and when for different reasons they can no longer attend balls or concerts, they continue to shop, visit and take tea with daily regularity.<sup>6</sup> For all the diarists, the value of their days equals the people seen or visited. Although the same names appear again and again, extensive social contact is the leavening agent in the daily life of each of the diarists, providing awareness of a world outside the home. Neighborliness, largely among those of similar rank and religion, had a fixed and prominent position in their thinking.<sup>7</sup>

Membership in the upper circles, both Quaker and non-Quaker, depended on ancestry and fortune (Frost 197 ff.),

and the Philadelphia diarists came from some of the wealthiest--and oldest--families in the city. These fortunes, often the result of mercantile ventures, allowed them to buy the best education available, as well as large town homes and country estates, carriages, and servants (Main 240-41). The diarists' ancestors had helped found Philadelphia, and their parents helped direct its growth. The Shippens were one of the first families, and Nancy Shippen enjoyed a social position and a fortune which combined the prestige of the Lees, plantation owners and statesmen of Virginia, with that of the Shippens, mayors and judges of Philadelphia. Her grandfather was an eminent physician and member of the Continental Congress; her father, Director General of Military Hospitals of the Continental Army (Armes 198). Sarah Logan's marriage to Thomas Fisher united "two of the wealthiest and most respected Quaker families in the city" (Wainwright 111). Financial reverses could be softened by a family heritage which continued to provide a claim to the privileges of rank. Galloway's father, Lawrence Growden, who moved from member of the Assembly to Chief Justice, played an outstanding role in Pennsylvania society, economics and politics. And to her husband Joseph Galloway, the second most powerful man in Pennsylvania politics before the Revolution, Galloway brought a rich dowry of land and money. By the time of the diary, they had acquired three large estates and one of the country's greatest fortunes (Werner

40: 32-34). The Philadelphia diarists, reared in this economic security and hereditary prestige, found the necessary leisure to write polished diaries. And if the comfort of monetary independence was less than permanently guaranteed, at least the status of family encouraged a certain perception of one's environment and one's self which was conducive to insightful diary keeping.

Of the many activities and influences in the lives of these women, reading was among the most powerful. Davidson has theorized that with the increased availability of books, a revolution occurred in America, and for women this "reading revolution conferred an independence as profound as that negotiated in Independence Hall" (vii). Despite William Penn's early warning to "[h]ave but few books" and to "avoid much Reading [which] is an Oppression of the mind" (qtd. in Boorstin 307), Quakers were strikingly inconsistent in their relationships to literature. Sarah Logan's father possessed one of the three largest libraries in early eighteenth-century America, and Penn himself owned an impressive collection of books. The city was the first in America to have a subscription library, and with the growing number of book shops--fifty opened for business by 1760--and printers--Philadelphia publishers accounted for a third of all English titles and ninety percent of all foreign language publications printed in the Colonies by 1776--Philadelphia women had access to works ranging from the classics in French and German to the most recent British

novels (Bridenbaugh, Cities 179, 386). The diaries, particularly Wister's, Shippen's and Drinker's, suggest that they took advantage of these opportunities. By the time of the Revolution, the Library Company of Benjamin Franklin had become the center of cultural life in Philadelphia (Autobiography 72-78).

With several of the diarists, reading was second only to social intercourse as a means of enlightenment and entertainment. Among the Quakers, one important source of literature was the journals of Quaker co-religionists. Although not necessarily religious in nature, these works, written largely by men, also included those by members of other religious affiliations. Sarah Logan Fisher was inspired by fellow Friend John Churchman's journal, a work he wrote largely after the fact but a stylistic model of Quaker subtlety and sensitivity to inner feelings (Spiller 84). Less religious journals also circulated. Elizabeth Drinker describes Joseph Moore reading aloud from the diary he kept while treating with the Indians. She also refers to the journal of Friend John Armitt. This passage, coming after a lengthy apologia of her own writing, points to an early influence on her diary keeping:

When my sister and self were young women, we used frequently to visit John and Mary Armitt, two worthy Friends. . . . John would give us his Diary to read, which was very pleasing to me--not only the matter it contained--but I thought it was putting great confidence in two young girls (Dec. 31, 1799).

In addition to these works, other diaries, mostly of travel and captivity, had been published by the middle of the

century and were beginning to circulate by the time the Philadelphia diarists began to record.<sup>8</sup>

Other kinds of literature produced even more obvious effects, if only because some of the diarists claimed them as models. The novel was the form most widely read by these women, possibly because, according to one theorist, it addressed certain "gaps in [the American woman's] independence" (Davidson vii). More obviously, works such as Joseph Andrews, Juliet Grenville, Clarissa and The Mysteries of Udolpho spread the twin gospels of the sentimental novel--emotional fever and heightened sensibilities--and the Gothic (Gerould 107-12; Davidson 212-53). This evangelism had the least effect on the Quaker diarists. Elizabeth Drinker, probably the most widely read of the nine, admitted that she read "a little of most things" (Jan. 7, 1796), but whenever she mentioned her habit of reading Gothic romances, which included The Mysteries of Udolpho, The Victim of Magical Illusions and The Haunted Priory, she added a disclaimer pointing out the frivolity of that kind of literature. After finishing one such "foolish romance," she notes: "Finished knitting a pair large cotton stockings, bound a petticoat, and made a batch of gingerbread--this I mention to show that I have not spent the day reading" (Feb. 19, 1796). Since Drinker rarely recorded her daily tasks, this entry is a special effort to justify her habit. Another Quaker, Sally Wister, was delighted to receive a "charming collection of books: Jo Andrews, Juliet Grenville,

and some Lady's Magazines!" (Feb. 24, 1778). Little of Wister's style or character, however, can be traced to this school of British novelists. With her robust vitality and ironic humor, she takes herself much less seriously than do those writers of heightened sensibilities. Quaker independence of spirit precluded censorship, thus providing an excuse, if one was needed, for reading a "little bit of everything." But the Friendly emphasis on a "plain style" prevented too much emulation of artifice.

By contrast, those not swayed by the Society's ideology sometimes responded to the attraction of the "slight emotional stimuli so dear to the person of refined sensibilities," as one diary scholar delicately expresses it (Pearce 141). According to at least one theory, the late eighteenth-century sentimental novel helped promote the growth of a "cult of passion" (McAlexander 252-66). While purporting to advocate the conservative values of a *Clarissa*, these works revealed the desirability of a nature as passionate as Lovelace's. Accordingly, "[a] feverish sense of the titillating, semi-repressed glories of love, whether legal or illegal, spread through America" (McAlexander 261). The youngest of the Philadelphia diarists--non-Quaker Nancy Shippen--was the one most afflicted by this fever. The other young writers--Warder and Wister--were Quakers and thus somewhat immune. The remaining diarists had reached middle age by the time the fever of sentimentalism reached them. Both Shippen's



temperament and her unhappy marriage deepened her responsiveness to Clarissa and The Sorrows of Young Werther, two of the works cited by critics of the period as primarily responsible for spreading the gospel of passionate romance. Shippen appears firmly in Clarissa's camp: "[I]n the Evening alone reading Clarissa H. I like it very much, her character is fine & her letters are full of sentiment--I must adopt some of her excellent rules" (Jan. 7, 1784). In Shippen's style, these rules translate as excessive exclamations--"O!" and "alas!"--and innumerable words underlined for emphasis. Her vocabulary is replete with the cliches of the sentimental novel: "sighs" and "torrents of tears" accompany "exquisitely tender emotions" whenever she is overcome. Another characteristic of this style is the use of pseudonyms: the diarist refers to her parents as "Lord and Lady Worthy," to her previous lover as "Leander," and to herself as "Amanda." Since most of the characters are openly identified elsewhere in the diary, this practice is less a coy attempt at disguise than a way of associating the characters in her book with specific virtues and mythic figures. Paradoxically, in following the "cult of passion," Shippen adopts not Clarissa's rules but Lovelace's. The diarist's romantic devotion to the man she was forbidden to marry leads to a clandestine correspondence, intrigue and misery. Moved to extremes, she considers divorce not only as a result of her husband's jealous accusations but also as

a last desperate attempt to fulfill her longing for her former suitor. For Shippen, Lovelace and the power of passion ring truer than Clarissa's frigid swoons and proper rejections.

Of the other Philadelphia diarists, only Drinker was influenced by reading to the extent that Shippen was, but all the diaries undoubtedly prospered in a literary atmosphere. Journals distributed among Quakers probably provided the most direct models and inspiration for daily entries, but the idea of the diary was "around," and could have been presented to these women in other ways. Almanacs, often used as daily memoranda books, were published in America as early as 1730; between this date and 1836, at least twenty-eight different printed formats for diaries were developed in England (Dobbs 222-29). This evidence of popularity suggests that many forms of daily-entry books were widely available in Philadelphia by the late eighteenth century. Within the environment of this literary city, diary keeping prospered.

Why the Philadelphia diarists wrote determined to a large extent what they wrote about and how they treated it. No one single motivation can be attributed to any of these works; each grew from complex, often multiple, impulses. Circumstances, especially separation from a close relative or friend, provided the principal opportunity or necessity in some cases. Dramatic alterations in status, such as crises in marital or financial situation, provided the major

impetus in others. Events of epic proportions, recognized by these writers as history in the making, offered unique material for journal writing. And while these special situations and events supplied the warp, lesser activities and developments supplied the woof. The ways in which different diarists responded to the same experience create variations on themes. Some aim at entertaining while fulfilling the often self-imposed duty of informing a distant confidante. Some seek only to unburden their souls. Others write for the sake of recording on a daily basis the ripples and currents of their existence. And underlying these evident or ostensible, often explicit motives, are the deeper, unspoken and sometimes unrecognized needs which are met by this form of communication. Scholars have posited that the development of autobiography required first the development of a sense of self (Gusdorf 108-09). To a great extent the writing of a diary also requires a sense of self, and toward that end many of the Philadelphia journals were written. Affirmation of a chosen self-image works to a lesser or greater degree throughout all the Philadelphia diaries. Some of these journals perforce reflect changes both internal and external, a shift in the status quo. Both Misch and Delany argue that flux and national instability help stimulate the development of a sense of self, a theory that finds only limited proof in the Philadelphia diaries. True, some of these women, seeking to cope with change or chaos, turn to their writing. And to the extent that

keeping a diary demands at least a degree of self-awareness, the theory holds true. Others, however, recording stable lives, begin with a sense of self. They seem to be seeking that very change or variation in the pattern. Directly or indirectly, all the diarists answer the question, "What was there about today that made it worth living? Or more to the point, worth writing about?" And in answering, they render an account of the observations, actions and feelings that define their existence.

#### The Entertainment/Information Diaries

The entertainment/information journal, written for a specific, named individual, was often inspired or required by the diarist's physical separation from that addressee. Detailed without being dull or unpleasant, these works grow from a particular, temporary situation and conclude when that situation alters or ends. Sally Wister writes only while she is in New Wales, a novel situation necessitated by the British occupation. When she returns to Philadelphia, she sees Deb, her confidante, daily, and has no need to communicate further with her on paper. The diaries of Ann Warder and Margaret Morris also begin with new situations and thrive on separation from the addressee. Warder, a native of England, moves to America, and Morris, experiencing the horrors of war for the first time, recounts them for a sister living in another state. After Warder adopts Philadelphia as her new home, and after Morris's town ceases

to be a military center, they terminate their journals. Both Wister and Warder, cut off from a source of comfort--their confidantes--begin to write as a substitute for that daily intercourse to which they had been accustomed. These writers use a diary rather than daily letters probably as much from necessity as choice. Daily correspondence was both expensive and impractical. Regular mail service was impossible for Morris during the war, and Warder had to send her communications by ship back to England. The serial letter journal allowed them the freedom of flexibility--anything could be made to fit, from copies of other letters to poems or even short stories--as well as the luxury of continuity. They could pick up each day without having to repeat the amenities or recall previous events, both necessary steps in an exchange of letters. The added advantage of having the created work at hand and watching it take shape was another attraction of the serial journal, at least for Wister and Morris, both writers by nature and composers of verse and religious meditations outside their secular diaries.

The contents of these three journals relate closely to the situations which called them into existence. Local military activities function in the Wister and Morris diaries as a topic only slightly less compelling than their personal involvement in these activities. Both women ignore trivia, such as daily chores or routine experiences, and focus exclusively on the drama of the startling new

environments into which they have been thrust. The movement of troops in the neighborhood, the personalities who intrude into their homes, the rumors of victories and losses-- against these backdrops the writer's involvement is acted out. Ann Warder, writing after the war, also excludes the daily routine which has been the bread and butter of many diarists (Spaulding ch. 7). Her writing reveals the excitement of the new acquaintances and strange customs that she finds in America. In telling detail and with sharp judgment she depicts the people and their manners, giving ample space to a comparison with similar situations in England. She describes religious theories and practices largely to compare the American with the English version, and spends little time on spiritual meditation or theological arguments. Finally, these writers write as much of the behaviors and attitudes of others as they do of their own feelings and actions. The most extrospective of the three groups, the writers of entertainment/information journals reveal a deep interest in the people and events around them. With their eye for detail and sense of narrative, these diarists are the "best" at creating and telling stories in their journals.

Another distinctive feature of the journals written for entertainment and information is their light tone. Depressing news, such as the poor health of the diarist or her friends, or lengthy records of deaths or military defeats, is minimal. The authors conscientiously strive for

exciting or humorous incidents and observations, often recounting with ironic good nature circumstances which must have been grim or even dangerous. Although their purpose is to inform, these diarists are careful to relate nothing which would distress, a caution which no doubt springs from humane instincts. The prevailing optimism of these journals could also be attributable to the diarist's desire, largely unacknowledged, to convince her reader--and perhaps herself--that all is well with her. Because they comprise a private communication from the diarist to the addressee, these books also exhibit a tone at times almost conspiratorial, as in this aside from Morris to her sister: "Observe, Patty, it was I that was in such a fidget and not provided for company" (Morris 16). Relying on previous shared experiences and referring to common bonds, the writers shorten the distance and strengthen the bond between themselves and their confidantes. Yet for all the private nature of this writing, it is carefully impersonal. Nothing is revealed which could be called intimate, and all "confidential" material seems carefully selected to win the approval of the addressee; this "private" correspondence could be viewed by other eyes without fear of embarrassment.

The most interesting aspect of these three diaries, however, is not the addressee, the compelling events of the diarist's life, or her careful selection of material. Accounting for all of these characteristics is each woman's regard for herself as creative writer. This perception

among diarists blossomed on both sides of the Atlantic simultaneously. While James Boswell and Fanny Burney, keeping their daily records in late eighteenth-century London, filled them with dialogue, characterization, anecdote and suspense, American women, unaware of these milestones in diary development, were writing the same kinds of journals in Philadelphia. Like Boswell and Burney, these women dedicated their books to known readers, sometimes acknowledging them directly as Burney did when she spoke of herself as "your journalist," sometimes ignoring the addressee as Boswell did when he excluded all second-person references to his confidante, John Johnston.<sup>9</sup> These Philadelphia diaries of entertainment/information, resulting from conscious artistry and careful choice, are the most deliberately crafted of the journals in this study. They give internal evidence of the planning which often preceded and accompanied them. In this respect, they are the most literary--and in the traditional sense, the least diaristic--of all the groups. The authors of these works, good storytellers by instinct, open their books at the beginning of their adventures and proceed to select events and emphasize details which often follow the rising-falling pattern of fictional narratives, with conflicts, climaxes, and resolutions.

Two structures emerge in this treatment. Short anecdotes--self-contained events or encounters--begin and conclude within the same entry. Lengthier tales run for



several days, becoming serial adventures. Each of the diarists in this group includes at least one such serial tale in her journal, which can in some cases be viewed almost as an episodic novel. Wister relates the preparation, climax and aftermath of a practical joke which dominates her circle for almost a week. Morris concludes her diary with her best story, a three-day trip through enemy lines. Sensing that reader interest will be best sustained by daily reintroducing a familiar situation and characters with new embellishments daily, these women, as writers, attempt to create certain responses in their readers. Aware of the value of suspense, mystery and climax in holding their reader's attention, the entertainment diarists withhold information and artfully play on curiosity. They depict their characters both directly and dramatically. Keenly observant, they choose vivid, precise and sometimes regional language to relate their tales or shape the characters whose recurrent figures provide the reader with a sense of recognition, unifying what might otherwise be disjunctive units of action. Dramatic characterization furthers this unity, largely by means of dialogue. Sharply tuned to the interplay of words, the entertainment diarists recognize dialogue as the most effective means of characterizing--and often satirizing--their personae. By setting up a direct quotation in an appropriate context, they permit characters to reveal themselves dramatically and humorously, as the best fiction

writers do. This extensive use of dialogue is a unique feature of the entertainment/information journals. With all their literary qualities, these works have gained the designation of literature, and for this reason among others, they are the most fully published. These works have earned a niche in American writing. Their authors would undoubtedly be pleased; they consciously strove to project the image of writer.

Less consciously, they projected another image. Behind the book lies the writer and her relationship to her audience, in this case the assigned addressee, who brings to her reading of the journal a pre-established image of the writer. As a single, known quantity, this reader exerts tremendous influence over the diarist, who ignores other, later readers as though unaware that anyone other than her confidante will ever see the words. The diarist, however, does not rely on her previously-established image; she continues to fashion, more consistently than did any other type of diarist, a positive self presentation.

The consciousness of writing for a specific other manifests itself in different ways. Sometimes these diarists will speak directly, using the addressee's name; all of the writers in this group address their confidante in the second person at least once. This technique intensifies the confidante's feeling of personal involvement, while inadvertently admitting today's reader into the audience. And when the diarist both speaks directly to her confidante

and then supplies her with imaginary responses, the resultant style can be resonant and humorous. Rather than feeling distanced, a reader today can empathize with the diarist by recognizing the relationship behind her book. This passage from Sally Wister's diary reveals her sense of humor, her attitude toward Debby, and her literary skill, as it draws us into her world:

Will I be excused, Debby, if I look upon [Dandridge's] being powder'd in the light of a compliment to me? "Yes, Sally, as thee is a country maid, and don't often meet compliments." Saucy Debby Norris! (Meyers 163).

Awareness of a known, given reader also produces narrow selectivity. In consideration of the addressee's interests, the entertainment diarists screen their material carefully, producing limited albeit tightly focussed and unified works such as Warder's diary of Quaker customs and American eccentricities for her sister in England. Journals of this type do not attempt to be diaries in the sense of full, panoramic views of the author's existence.

As the diarist works to satisfy the reader, she also works unconsciously to satisfy herself. Her strongest unspoken need is for the confidante's approval, and this, more than her reader's interests, guides her careful choices of incidents and experiences. As with any writing, the entertainment diarist has requirements of time and space. Given these limits, she chooses those moments most rewarding and fulfilling to her. In describing them, she not only relives the experience, but also, with her confidante as a

sounding board, reassures herself of the propriety of her actions. Any slightly ambiguous situation is judiciously explained, and some must be defended explicitly, as in this passage by Wister: "nothing happen'd during our little excursion but what was very agreeable and entirely consistent with the strictest rules of politeness & decorum" (Myers 101). Whether or not she shares them, the diarist knows her confidante's values. Thus informed, she can avoid disapproval--or deflect it when she anticipates that a given adventure will merit censure.

The entertainment diarists have less interest in preserving experience for its own sake than for the uses they make of it. While entertaining and informing, they are performing. The diary is their stage and vanity is as surely a part of their make-up as it was of Pepys's. Presenting themselves favorably, these women appear to be unusually successful females, in control of their own lives, a marked contrast to those journals of the other groups. Their presentation of self demands an image compatible with the diarist's ideals as well as the reader's, an image which may not correspond at all to reality. To a great extent, however, the determination of these writers to be entertaining--a desire leading to ironic self-deprecation and good humor--saves them from the stigma of self-glorification.

### The Emotion-filled Diaries

The second group of journals can be distinguished as the outpourings of overburdened souls. A powerful motive for some of the Philadelphia diarists is the need to confide when no confidante exists. Seeking an outlet for deep emotions, these writers use the diary to relieve the tensions and anxieties of their situations. Although each of the Philadelphia diarists experiences stressful circumstances from time to time and each gives some expression to her emotions in those circumstances, Shippen and Galloway find their lives centered on traumatic experiences, and seemingly without volition focus almost exclusively on this fact, although, just as do the entertainment journalists, the authors of emotion-filled diaries practice other forms of writing and exhibit a certain pride in their skill.

In the journals dominated by strong feelings, two distinctive characteristics become immediately apparent. Both women are non-Quaker, and their writing far exceeds that of the Quaker diarists in force or extent of emotional outpouring. <sup>10</sup> While this may be only coincidence, it is uncontested that the Quaker journals of this study do not contain uncontrolled displays of feelings, a fact which suggests that the Society of Friends inspired at least some of its members with a degree of either self-discipline or inhibition. The journals which circulated among Friends and served as models for appropriate diary form and content were

themselves restrained and measured except in occasional bursts of religious fervor.

The second distinctive feature of the emotion-filled journals is that they begin not at the beginning but in the middle of the crisis or conflict, after the stress has become unbearable, and more important, when other forms of writing have failed to satisfy the author's needs. The diary, for these writers, represents the last resort. Nancy Shippen endures over a year of deep unhappiness with her husband before she begins to keep a journal. She is a prolific letter writer during that time, but that form of expression finally proving inadequate, she turns by her own admission to a diary for consolation and relief. The privacy of this form allowed her to express doubts and vent hostilities which she had to edit from her letters to her parents and friends. Grace Galloway, a writer of verse, continues her efforts at poetry during the early days of her separation from her husband and child, but as her plight worsens, she channels the force of her feelings into an extended daily record. Again, the sense of privacy gave her security in expressing feelings and opinions otherwise inexpressible. Galloway's ever-shifting suspicions forbid more public ventilation. Judging from the free form of their writing, these diarists were also attracted to the diary by its flexibility. Not having to rhyme or scan, not striving to revise and perfect for an immediate reader made journal-keeping a relief rather than an effort. Anything

these women wrote at this time would undoubtedly have revealed to some extent their inner condition, but they seem to have considered the diary particularly well suited to receive their confidences. Conversely, when their respective crises diminished, these diarists no longer felt the need of a daily listener. As both come gradually to accept defeat, their journals, so closely associated in their minds with the pain of frustrated hopes, become records of the destruction of their lives.

Unlike the other diarists, these writers rarely consider a reader, present or future. Since their writing serves their immediate purpose, it needs no other justification. Arguably, no one ever keeps a diary of any sort without the vague, perhaps unacknowledged hope (or fear) that it might be seen by other eyes. But the Philadelphia women whose diaries principally pour forth confidences show little conscious interest in this possible reader. In direct proportion to their lack of awareness or interest is the degree of creative license in these books. As a striking contrast to the entertainment/information journals, they are the least patterned or consciously created; hence, they are the least literary in formal terms. With no organized beginning, they seem to plunge the reader in medias res, but they make only a few superficial attempts to explain or provide background or history. Since the diarists assume no one else will read their work, they see no need for such explanations. The gaps created by this

approach can cause consternation if not confusion; today's reader can understand Galloway's first entry only after learning from outside sources that the diarist's property has been confiscated by the "rebels" because of her Loyalist allegiance:

I was taken very ill in [sic] at Noon and obliged to Lay down . . . Owen Jones came to talk with Me about My estate as I sent for him & I find he wou'd not advise Me to buy as I may be drawn into many difficulties . . . I am now come to a resolution of leting it go without Dispute (152).

Likewise the conclusion of each of these two emotional diaries is an arbitrary stopping point, as opposed to a climax or resolution. Features of narrative fiction do not figure in these journals. The anecdote, in its rare appearances, is more likely to be hostile than humorous. Dialogue is virtually non-existent, and characters only slightly developed, earning mention almost exclusively by virtue of their essential roles in the diarist's plight. Clearly designated as either friend or foe, those who support the heroine receive accolades to their virtues; those who criticize bring down her curses. The interior structure of the entries ranges from terse comment to extended, detailed musing. Rhythms jerk to and fro, and moods rise and fall as the diarist rides out her emotional storm. Sometimes the tone will vary from dark despair to irrational hope in a single day, with occasional oases of calm marking the writer's intermittent moments of relief from tension. The pace, however, is not often leisurely;



these women actively, sometimes frantically, sought solutions to their problems in ways both orthodox and unorthodox.

Nerves raw from their respective ordeals, these writers are highly sensitive. All their emotions lie close to the surface, bursting forth for the least real or imagined reason. And although they do not produce literary diaries, these writers effectively convey the intensity of these feelings, both positive and negative. Positive responses are in the minority, but the love of each of these women for her daughter produces some of the strongest and happiest feelings in their books. Nancy Livingston writes in anticipation of seeing her child after a long separation:

Tomorrow & Tomorrow & one day more, & then I shall see my Lovely Child. The Thought alone makes me happier than I can express. My heart has been as light as a fly all day. & I have thought of nothing else hardly all day (Armes 186).

By far the most common state of mind for both Shippen and Galloway, however, is negative: hostility, depression, and bewilderment stem from the confusion into which they have been plunged. Resentment of the authority figures--husbands and fathers--dominating and destroying these women runs throughout each of their books, but the controlling passion is fear. Underlying the outbursts of rage is terror of the unknown, of isolation, of deprivation. As Shippen's marriage crumbles, and Galloway's Loyalist sentiments destroy her world, they revert to child-like behavior--dependency on "friends," whether old acquaintances or

strangers, naive self deception, and self pity. In each case, however, their distress is so well documented and their writing so private that the self-pity becomes less a bid for sympathy than a legitimate cry of angst. Galloway writes of her social and physical isolation: "I am very Uneasy but Must be kept at home Nobody wants Me at their houses" (62). The subject which dominates each of these diaries produces a kind of thematic unity unusual in daily records. Galloway and Shippen consistently relate each day's events to a single frame of reference--the crisis they confront. Although they do not see the diary as a means of communication or attempt to tell a story, their works are high in reader interest because of their candor and behind-the-scenes aura. The scandal and unpremeditated drama of their lives engage our interest as well as our sympathy.

Alone, alienated or distanced from family and friends, these diarists have no one to confirm their identity, no support system in their time of peril. To serve this function is the unacknowledged and largely unrecognized purpose of the diaries. The book becomes a listener, an "impartial" judge to whom they present their case. Each woman is convinced of the injustices done to her; writing them down strengthens this feeling. But this injustice is the only thing of which they are sure. Galloway's frequent phrase, that she "knows not how to act," applies equally to Shippen. Each woman is trying to find direction, seeking guidelines; all the familiar landmarks have been destroyed,

the known values devalued or proven worthless. And with the disappearance of this context goes the writer's identity. She feels herself to be worthless; her values are no longer those of the world around her. She sees herself in relation to society in general and her peers in particular as a pariah. Although Shippen continues to receive visitors, her position is outside the acceptable standards of society. And Galloway's unpopular political stance makes her a minority of one in her community. In each case, this awareness of alienation and isolation determines the diarist's perceptions of others and of her diary. She dares not trust her own judgment, yet she has no abiding faith in any other's. Everyone is a potential or proven enemy, and yesterday's soul companion is today's Judas. Only the journal remains constant throughout the ordeal, offering an oasis of stability and solace in a world of shifting sands.

### Lifetime Diaries

The third general group of diaries, which could be called lifetime, is perhaps the most truly diaristic in that they are self-sustaining. This is true partly because the journals in this classification--Fisher's and Drinker's--have no other *raison d'être* than their own existence. More significantly, their authors follow the practice of daily writing through most of their lives, largely undeterred by crisis or circumstance. With no other source than the diarist's urge to record, this type of journal seems to

spring from a decision, independent and deliberate, to begin writing on no particular day and for no particular individual. Far from being unresponsive to their environment, these women looked more carefully and more comprehensively at the world around them than did any of the other diarists. As a result, we know more about their ranges of interest, which thus seem wider than those of the more focussed writers. Sometimes they closely observe their natural surroundings, describing the beauty of the countryside flora and fauna that catch their attention. At other times they analyze character and speculate on the behavior of acquaintances both close and distant. At still other points they comment on local and regional events, showing insight into political and social developments. These women, the diary lovers, thus fashion multi-faceted works which incidentally illuminate several aspects of late-eighteenth century life in Philadelphia.

The criterion of novelty--a break in the rhythm, relief from monotony--dictated the subject matter. Focussing on what made any given day different from any other, whether it was a caller for tea, a neighborhood mishap, or a child's first steps, both Fisher and Drinker tend to note the special rather than the common. No orderly and regular presentation of routine activities comparable to that found in Pepys's diary appears in either diary. If Pepys wrote because of a need to order his existence, these diarists, living lives of dull routine, needed less to organize and

structure a wide variety of experiences than to identify in the daily current those rare, often infinitesimal ripples which gave meaning to their lives (Latham, xxvii). The inevitable chores and recurring duties neither woman considered the stuff of a good journal; such trivia belonged to a world apart from that which the diarist created within the pages of her book, and only rarely did a special task gain admission. Not that the lives of these writers were filled with exciting incidents, but both Fisher and Drinker were interested in more significant matters and subconsciously, certainly unadmittedly, they recognized that any future reader would likewise cherish records of the unusual far more than the daily routine. Although Drinker claims that her diary is for notes on the weather, meteorological comments represent such a small percentage of most entries that readers could easily overlook them, crowded out as they are by the far more interesting occurrences that broke the monotony of the diarist's life. Even more indicative of her greater interest in other matters, the weather disappears entirely on days when more exciting events occur. Her initial interest in the weather serves as a convenient and justifiable reason for commencing her journal; once involved, she abandons the pretext almost entirely.

Both the entertainment/information diarists and the emotional diarists wrote in response to temporary, external stimuli beyond their control. By contrast, the diary lovers

harken to an enduring, internal urge. This kind of diary then comes into being as something more wanted than needed, growing into a habit that satisfies the inner woman. And because it grows from an act more voluntary than compulsory, it sustains itself long after those journals inspired by temporary, external stimuli have ceased. Superficial resemblances exist between this type of journal and the other two types, but basic differences mark the self-sustaining journals as finally the most Pepysian or classically diaristic. For example, at times both Fisher and Drinker write as carefully and artistically as Wister or Morris. They describe in vivid, precise language the physical aspects of their surroundings. They copy quotations and write verse, making a conscious effort to be as interesting as they are informative. Although they appear much less frequently than in the entertainment journals, escapades and adventures occasionally enliven these diaries, as they would in the course of a normal life. This natural rhythm distinguishes the self-sustaining diary. Unlike the other kinds of journals with their more or less constant action and excitement, these works have proportionally fewer extremes and more variety. One day may be calm, almost torpid, giving no hint that within twenty-four hours events will shake the diarist's world for a brief time, after which tremors gradually subside and peace returns. The narrative rhythm of these works parallels their emotional tenor, which is the most varied but least

exaggerated of the groups. The authors are capable of a wide spectrum of feelings, and they express refinements and nuances of emotion ranging from shame and indignation to secret joy and self satisfaction. But unbridled feeling is rare, perhaps due to as much to the personality of each woman as to the presence of Quakerism. When Drinker uses an exclamation point, she is indicating a moment of great and unusual stress; these marks appear very rarely in her diary, and almost not at all in Fisher's.

Immediacy, a characteristic of many diaries considered to be classics, informs the Philadelphia women's self-sustaining journals. Whereas writers in the other groups may occasionally slip into obviously after-the-fact recording, the diary lovers never reveal the future, usually because they do not know it. Generally their writing is based on complete innocence of subsequent events, which suggests that they write almost daily and never slip too far behind in their entries. Their fresh responses are prompted by the surprises of the day. Each entry looks blindly to the next, and if at times these writers also have to catch up on several days' recording, they maintain their tone of naivety regarding the outcome of events.

The major difference between the lifetime diaries and those of the other two groups, however, appears in the awareness of audience shown by both Fisher and Drinker. At some point, each woman claims to be keeping her journal for the information of a close relative, to inform that

individual of events in his absence, not unlike the intentions of Wister or Morris. But as Fisher and Drinker become confirmed diary keepers, they exceed these self-imposed limits, looking over and beyond their ostensible readers, relegating them to the third person and addressing them directly not at all. The privacy offered by this ruse does not beguile either woman into revealing any dark secrets of the heart. Their few confidences are often no more than veiled references and obscure allusions. Their reasons for diary keeping go beyond private revelations, and their audience awareness reaches farther than an addressee.

Within each of these works is the feeling that the diarist is explaining, defining, identifying for a distant and unacknowledged reader. The slight tone of formality in Fisher's "my husband" suggests this focus, as does the amount of detail she spends in describing local events, customs and characters, and the historical and social significance of the recorded material. The claim of an intended reader, however, serves a significant purpose: it is an overt attempt to justify what at times must have seemed a time-consuming and perhaps pointless habit. By assigning a useful function to her hobby, the diarist removes any stigma of frivolity.

For the same reason these diary lovers claim to be writing as an "aid to memory." One of Pepys's goals in keeping his journal was to relive his experiences again and again. With his vigorous love of life, he wanted to savor



repeatedly the most piquante events of his existence. The diary lovers have less to savor and plunge less enthusiastically into the business of living than does Pepys. The experiences that they record can more accurately be described as pleasant than stimulating. Neither Drinker nor Fisher could be called a bon vivante. And yet their keen interest in the lives of others--usually family--and their curiosity and desire for knowledge place them in the ranks of diary keepers who cherish at least certain fragments of their existence. The pace of their lives might be slow, but these women cannot be called dull, and their eagerness to record what they themselves would be likely to enjoy rereading in the future provides their diary keeping with a high standard of interest for today's audience.

A more compelling reason, however, finally inspires the writing of the self-sustaining journals. Relative to today's emphasis on self analysis, Fisher and Drinker have only a dim awareness of self. They are not introspective or conscious of themselves in acute, perceptive ways. Only occasionally does one or the other show a glimmer of the insight characterized by stepping outside one's self and recognizing one's roles and masks. Yet in these books, as in the others, the urge to undertake a diary comes back to a subliminal sense of self. Writing of one's experiences and one's worlds assumes a certain value for that world, and by extension for one's self as occupant, even if one is more

observer than participant. Reinforcing this assumption were the prestige and family heritage of both the Fishers and the Drinkers. Beyond the urge to capture and thence relive experience, these writers want to be remembered, to achieve a measure of immortality. By leaving behind a reminder of a self which once occupied a particular time and space, they give unconscious expression to their own kind of self awareness.

The diaries of Fisher and Drinker, both longer in duration and fuller in development than those of the other groups, go beyond mere habit. Diary keeping gave daily satisfaction on a continuing basis, fulfilling its purpose for most of each woman's adult life. Every entry stood as proof of a day lived and in some respect worthy of note. As an account of what each individual day had amounted to, the cumulative effect was an evaluation of what the total life was worth. With this tangible evidence of the diarist's existence, the future could hardly fail to recognize her.

Thus the Philadelphia women diarists left a distinctive body of work which identifies the authors as a group and establishes the diary as a significant mode of self-expression and self-revelation during the last half of the eighteenth century. Audience awareness suggests that the motives of these writers can be loosely classified as entertainment for a friend, relief of an over-burdened heart, or preservation for posterity. Each of these types created its own manner of expression, and within each group

the individual personality of each diarist made itself  
felt--and remembered.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup>

Diaries from other areas displayed less verbal skill not always because the diarists were less proficient but because they kept line-a-day notes too brief to demonstrate any significant skill.

<sup>2</sup>

Elizabeth Drinker definitely and Sally Wister and Sarah Logan Fisher probably attended Benezet's school. Ann Warder was educated in England; Nancy Shippen at Mistress Rogers' School for Young Ladies, Trenton, New Jersey. The schools attended by Margaret Hill Morris and Grace Growden Galloway, unmentioned in their journals, were probably in Philadelphia.

<sup>3</sup>

Most discussions of women's educational opportunities in colonial America begin with the opening of the Young Ladies Academy in Philadelphia in 1787; see, for example, Kerber 76-92. As early as mid-century, however, schools for young women were being operated in Philadelphia by David James Dove and Anthony Benezet. See Benson for treatment of these early educational advances. Frost presents information on the limits and advances of Quaker women's schooling, with special reference to Benezet's contributions (114-15).

4

When Spiller calls the journal the "characteristic literary expression of Quakerism," he is using the term "journal" as synonymous with spiritual autobiography (83).

5

Although Dunn argues for an international sisterhood reaching across the Atlantic, evidence in the diaries suggests only a national circle. The bonds of sisterhood referred to by both Cott and Smith-Rosenberg are visible in these journals, but contrary to Smith-Rosenberg's findings, the Philadelphia women exhibit hostility to other women, and their worlds seem less exclusively female than those described by her.

6

For an early but interesting discussion of Philadelphia society in the last decades of the eighteenth century, see Wharton.

7

Frost declares Quakers to have been ambivalent regarding social rank, but the Philadelphia women diarists of this study had an acute awareness and appreciation of the distance that separated them from the lower classes. Both Main (229) and Lemon and Nash (177) suggest that the acute differentiation of class was commonly recognized as being based on distribution of wealth.

8

Those diary scholars who date the beginning of diary publication with the appearance of the journal of John Evelyn in 1818 or Samuel Pepys in 1825 obviously disregard early travel journals--An Account of Two Voyages to New-England by John Josselyn was printed in London in 1674 and Edward Bland's The Discovery of New Brittain in 1651--and

by the beginning of the eighteenth century there were enough of these accounts to merit anthologizing them--A Collection of Voyages and Travels, a multivolume work edited by Awnsham Churchill, appeared in 1704. That same year Sarah Kemble Knight began her travel journal, but despite its status as a major contribution to the field, it was not published until 1825, the same year as Pepys's seminal work. By mid-century, Indian captivity narratives, sometimes in the form of journals, were popular; the first of these by a woman was A Journal of the Captivity of Jean Lowry and Her Children published in 1760. Admittedly written after the fact, it none-the-less preserved the form of a daily book. And by the end of the century, many important religious diaries had appeared, among them John Woolman's journal in 1774. The first of these by a woman was The Life and Character of Miss Susanna Anthony, compiled by Samuel Hopkins and published in 1796.

<sup>9</sup>John Johnston is identified by Pottle in the introduction to Boswell's London Journal (11).

<sup>10</sup>

Quaker Lydia Almy of Newport, Rhode Island, is one exception to this rule. Her journal, kept while her husband was on a two-year whaling voyage, borders at times on the highly emotional. The check she keeps on her expressions of deep feeling is not so secure as that self-imposed guard employed by most Quaker diarists, but neither is she as devoted a Quaker as they.

## CHAPTER III

### THE ENTERTAINMENT/INFORMATION DIARISTS

Those diaries written to inform or entertain a close friend or relative are those in which the diarist is most aware of self--sees herself as possessed of certain characteristics which she projects to the reader, relates her values to those of her world, and analyzes and objectively evaluates her behavior as well as that of her fellow humans. Analyzing this image, which is projected both consciously and unconsciously by the diarist, reveals significant distinctions among the three kinds of diaries. The entertainment/information diarists, being the most nearly literary, create the most deliberately artful self portraits.

Two pictures evolve as the reader becomes aware of these portraits and the women behind them. Sometimes the conscious projection is direct: the diarist explicitly ascribes certain characteristics to herself. Sometimes it is indirect, as when she cites someone else's opinion of her. This self-presentation can equal what the diarist thinks she sees, what she wants the reader to see, or both simultaneously. But it does not necessarily equal what the

reader perceives. Unconsciously the diarist may be painting another, quite different self-portrait. In how the diarist sees others, what she fails to say about herself as well as what she says and how she says it, the reader can often detect another image. Unaware that she is giving these impressions, the diarist often reveals aspects of her personality of which she herself may be ignorant. Her success in "selling" her conscious self-portrait may be considered an indication of her honesty, her perspicacity, and her writing skill. If the diarist unwittingly reveals nothing which contradicts what the reader sees as her conscious presentation, the reader will be inclined to accept her self-assessment. If, on the other hand, the diarist unknowingly projects images that the reader finds conflicting, the reader may consider either that the diarist is imperceptive in her conscious appraisals of self, or that she is deliberately attempting to project an image in which she herself does not believe. A sophisticated, experienced writer could perhaps present a sustained fictional mask which might fool the reader, but many of the Philadelphia diarists are too unaware of their masks to wear them consistently. When they attempt to picture an ideal or glorified version of self, it seems less an attempt to deceive the reader than an effort to reassure themselves.

In the three entertainment/information diaries--Warder's, Wister's, and Morris's--the creation of an admirable self portrait seems deliberate and conscious. The



success of this creation seems to depend less on the diarist's awareness of audience, which often broadens to include a vague, undifferentiated future reader, than on her awareness of self and the degree of irony or avoidance with which she treats her weaknesses. The value of daily writing in the lives of these three women came from the opportunities it gave them to live for a few moments at a distance from the worlds they inhabited, to look with humor on their own or others' actions. Both Warder and Wister show evidence of growth and maturity during the writing of their journals; one might even argue that Morris reaches new heights of self-confidence in the course of her adventures. And while the development of these three women grew more from their experiences than their writing, the pleasure of communicating on paper made the diary an important part of an important time in their lives.

#### Ann Head Warder

Ann Head Warder (b. ca. 1759-d. 1829), a resident of London, began her journal on the occasion of her first visit to America. When her husband, Philadelphian John Warder, was called home from London on business in 1786, Warder accompanied him and spent most of the next three years in the heart of the city's Quaker society calling on relatives and making new acquaintances and travelling extensively throughout Pennsylvania. During most of this time, she recorded her impressions and observations for her only

sister, Elizabeth, back in London. In 1789 the Warders took up permanent residence in Philadelphia and Warder's journal ceased. Published primarily for the use of history scholars, the extracts reflect remarks of a public nature--observations of customs--more than private revelations, while the original manuscript gives a clear glimpse of an interesting personality. The diarist's view of herself in an environment foreign to her and familiar to us and her implicit and explicit revelations about this position make her journal unique. As a London Quaker in Philadelphia she projects an image of superior knowledge and "Friendliness;" and as a youthful, sophisticated "bride" she sees herself as unusually popular and socially successful. In the first instance, Warder comes by her attitude honestly and traditionally: she is a member of the London Meeting, which has historically regarded American Quakers in general--and Philadelphia Quakers in particular--as ever in danger of straying and thus in need of constant supervision and guidance (Tolles 405). In the second instance, Warder recognizes her husband's status as a member of one of the city's leading families. Making the acquaintance of many of these people for the first time, she is on trial and needs to see herself as accepted, worthy of the position into which she has married.

Writing at length almost every day, Warder preserves an intimate, conversational tone throughout, and although she rarely addresses her directly, the diarist clearly has her

sister firmly in mind as she records. Her many personal complaints, criticisms, and emotions reveal a mind opening itself freely to a close friend: "Sometimes the recollection of you would make me ready to burst out with laughter, such new scenes are presented . . . I hope that I may be as particular as thou wish" (6 mo. 9th, 1786). Implicit in this statement is the assumption that American customs are different, "new" and hence comical. The two sisters can laugh at these outlandish "scenes" knowing that such activities are inferior to their own practices, which have the imprimatur of tradition. Warder intends to go into all the details necessary to convey this impression to Elizabeth, whom the diarist sees as eager for such material. On several occasions the diarist exceeds even her own freedom, and second thoughts move her to blot out lines and sometimes pages of inappropriate or unflattering prose. The diarist's need to identify the New World's weaknesses suggests her feeling of insecurity and alienation, of being alone and different. The perfect, indeed the only forum for the expression of her mocking criticisms, is her sister, who will share in the laughter and thus confirm Warder's view. Simultaneously, she needs to reassure herself that the Philadelphia Friends see her in a favorable light, rather than a critical one. Attempting to convince herself that her differences are perceived as virtues, she fails to recognize the irony between her mockery of the Philadelphia Quaker circle and her pride in being acclaimed by the same

group. Although Warder's reasons are clear, she is less successful in establishing herself as a superior Quaker than as a popular socialite.

As an acute observer and commentator on American Quaker customs, she finds much to criticize. In her view, "plain language" is almost forgotten by Philadelphia youth, a suggestion that the Quaker community in the Friendly City has been assimilated into the mainstream much further and faster than those in its sister metropolis, London. The Philadelphia young people are also "suffered to intermix with improper company . . . to an abominable extent" (9th mo. 29th, 1786). Warder's deliberate posture here conveys her religious superiority as well as London's. Her greatest interest is in appearances and proper Quaker fashion, and in this as in other Society matters, she presents herself as qualified to judge and recommend (Frost 54-55). In her view the Pennsylvanians "destroy the social freedom of [visiting] by too much dressing" (9th mo. 22nd, 1786). In typically Friendly fashion, she offers counsel to her new acquaintances: "I warmly reprobated the too general practice of people here making such figures in the morning and when out such a show you scarcely know them" (12th mo. 2d, 1786). "Such figures" refers to those who wear short gowns about the house; "show" refers to their dressing to such an extent that "when out a Duchess could not be finer" (12th mo. 2d, 1786). The London Quakeress objects to this practice, which she sees as an inconsistency, one of her

chief complaints against the Americans. "(T)hey wear no caps, but handkerchiefs close up to their throats with a frill around the neck, in which dress much inconsistency appears to me" (6th mo.7th, 1786), she complains. She finds the children's appearance very "inconsistent with the mothers' appearance when from home, for not a woman has visited me but what was elegant enough for any bride" (6th mo.11th, 1786). And in describing the local bonnet styles, she states "a consistency is wanted, their bonnets are more Friendly and gowns less so" (6th mo. 25th, 1786).

Ironically, Warder overlooks her own inconsistencies: she herself condemns Philadelphia Quaker dress as too gay, yet she is just as often appalled by their drabness and lack of color. As a mother, she is observant of the American children: "The mode of dressing children here is not so becoming as with us . . . their colored [frocks] are very inferior to what we use . . . with blue and yellow skirts and their necks entirely covered to preserve them" (6th mo. 11th, 1786). Women's costumes she finds virtually unwearable: she describes her closest friend's "dark snuff colored Tabereen" as "old," "awkward made," and "disgusting." Of three women at meeting, she writes: "I could not help being struck with their appearance both having drab silk gowns and black pasteboard bonnets on" (6th mo. 25th, 1786). In a more explicit revelation of the distance between her religious scruples and her fashionable inclinations, Warder writes: "the dress . . . my poor mind

must go through severe conflicts to submit to--all brown except her cap, which was coarse muslin without either border or strings" (6th mo. 8th, 1786). Warder herself wears purple gloves and silk hats and Barcelona handkerchiefs, projecting an image of fashion and attractiveness at the outer limits of "Friendly" standards.

When her new acquaintances point out these inconsistencies, the diarist responds defensively, unwittingly suggesting a sense of guilt:

Sister Hannah and her sister drank tea with us--so much stuff as usual when the former is present upon dress and gentility as made me almost cross, and I told her it seemed her first, last and only concern, that I never met any body who thought so much of that nonsense in my life before (6th mo. 24th, 1786).

For a woman who fills her journal with observations and judgments on the dress of others, this statement says more than Warder imagines. Attempting to classify the subject as "stuff" and "nonsense," she tries to suggest that close adherence to the rules of plain dress is unimportant. By declaring that it is Hannah's only concern, she hopes to devalue her critic and diminish the weight of her criticism. On another occasion, a new acquaintance, fearing that Warder's new whalebone bonnet is gayer than her old headpiece, begs her to be "cautious." The diarist retorts: "I told her I had not the most distant idea there was any difference in their plainness provided the pattern did not vary" (7th mo. 2d, 1786). She portrays herself as a blameless and devoted Friend rejecting criticism from her

religious inferiors, but ironically, this image soon gives way to the diarist conforming to local customs: she decides to wear a bonnet less likely to attract unfavorable comment, thus reducing chances of criticism from the "natives." She attributes this compromise to her desire to protect the feelings of others, but her unspoken fear of being rejected for these differences is visible beneath the surface. Later, she goes to some lengths to justify her adoption of local garments: "I . . . put on a cloak not to appear singular, for some had long ones down to their toes" (10th mo. 8th, 1786).

In extenuation of her image as an accepted member of Philadelphia society, Warder attempts to convey her popularity under the guise of protesting against the extensive socializing:

I have now a great heap of work that decreases very slowly through gossiping about, which is unavoidable without giving my kind friends offense . . . It is a life I would not continue on any account, though here rather desirable, the time which without variety must appear much longer (9th mo. 22d, 1786).

In one sentence, Warder implies her moral superiority, criticizes American customs, verifies her popularity, and justifies her behavior. She sees herself, and wishes to be seen, as more industrious and conscientious than the Philadelphians. She registers her reluctance to follow the practice of "gossiping about," which according to her is tolerable only because this colonial outpost is unbearably dull, lacking as it does the refinements and entertainments of London. She is compelled to visit her numerous new

friends under the onus of friendship, and she frequently comments on the extent of her social success: "such attention I had no idea was ever paid to strangers" (6th mo. 12th, 1786), but of course she is no common stranger. At meeting she is "much courted by beckoners" to sit under the minister's gallery," which she modestly refuses, "though not without feeling some pleasure" (6th mo. 11th, 1786). A prestigious male acquaintance takes her home, "which is thought such a favor for him" (6th mo. 22d, 1786); and of the eminent Dr. Wister, she states: "[his] joy in seeing me was as great as my gratitude for his early call" (1st mo. 6th, 1787)--and him a non-Quaker at that. That he has called on her before seeing his wife or his many other friends, Warder finds as proof of her own significance. She is flattered by his recognition and explicitly declares that he is likewise honored by her, suggesting a kind of equality between them. Of another male admirer, she writes: "thou cans't not conceive how he admired me for my speech and appearance . . . 'Is it possible,' said he, 'thou should be so much of a Friend and come from London?'" (7th mo. 6th, 1786). Apparently, the Philadelphia Friends did not find much to admire in their London counterparts, but Warder takes this remark as confirmation of both her social and her religious superiority.

In her careful attention to American customs of courtship and marriage, Warder engages in an implicit rivalry between English and American women. First she



attempts to establish her advantage in this contest by discounting the women she sees. She describes an acquaintance as a "very pretty girl," but adds, "which I at present think a rarity for those who are thought so here" (6th mo. 9th, 1786). Condemning the poor taste of those who praise American women, she takes care to refute the reputations of the most admired: Of "one fine girl called their perfection of America," the diarist writes: "[S]he being dressed fantastical to the greatest degree and painted like a doll, destroyed every pretention to beauty to my view. She was a remarkable sensible woman, but too well knew it and was wonderfully affected" (6th mo. 22d, 1786). The sarcasm in "fine girl" and "perfection of America" reveal an envy that Sister Warder would doubtless have denied. But the contradiction between "a remarkable sensible woman" and one who was "wonderfully affected" hints at Warder's attempt, albeit unsuccessful, to appear fair. The diarist seems particularly vulnerable on the matter of physical beauty; about to visit her new sister-in-law, she writes: "I exprest allmost dreading being with [her], she is so very beautiful", but then hastily records her brother-in-law's "repeated. . . declaration that he thought me quite as much so" (4th mo. 27th, 1786).

The competition becomes more explicit when a male acquaintance teases Warder about the scarcity of beautiful English women; she retorts: "He is blinded of course with love for Betty Marshall, so how could he think that a

country that did not contain her agreeable?" (2nd mo. 28th, 1787). With his critical faculties thus impaired, his failure to appreciate the beauty of English women, and by extension the diarist, becomes understandable. As irrefutable evidence of her own attractiveness, Warder introduces the remarks of two unmarried male relatives: "[T]hey both talk of English wives in which more health, spirits and beauty are to be found than here" (6th mo. 18th, 1786). That she must go to some lengths to support her chauvinism suggests her fears that America has won not only the Revolution but also the race for most cosmopolitan and beautiful women.

The prevailing tenor of most of the diary is one of insecurity and alienation often leading to defensiveness. As a member of the Mother Country, Warder observes, and is observed by, citizens of an upstart but victorious former colony. The diarist's need to cope with this alien environment requires a mask of superiority. She is highly critical of everything American. A couple considered "the Superior Male and Female for understanding in the city" she describes as "a stout, good tempered looking man; his wife a little woman but a great talker, has much affectation in her manners which is disagreeable at first acquaintance and she has the reputation for wearing the breeches" (8th mo. 2d, 1786). Capitalizing "Superior Male and Female" may be a contemporary convention, but it allows Warder to express her scornful view of these paragons. Her failure to comment on

their "understanding" might be interpreted as her refusal to admit this virtue in them. Even the young women she finds wanting are forced to look for husbands among undesirable, almost barbaric old men because of the shortage of respectable, eligible males in the New Country.

Despite the waspish criticisms and evident insecurity, however, Warder convinces the reader that she is eventually accepted and admired by a warm and "Friendly" Philadelphia circle, perhaps because of other less strongly projected characteristics. She has a deep and loving relationship with her husband, whom she often calls her "beloved": "the more I see of other [husbands] the better convinced I am that very few have so much cause of rejoicing," (6th mo., 30th, 1786), she proudly proclaims. In addition to her pride in him, she seems genuinely devoted. In this passage, she objects to his taking a trip: "Nothing that I could say would prevail, he was determined and resolute, for with such a cold and exposing himself to the cutting cold wind, besides going into a damp house and bed, caused fear which I cannot express" (1 mo., 13th, 1787). Her children, left behind in London, are the subject of many entries, where she wants only to be with them to find true happiness. After she moves them to America to establish permanent residence, she seems disposed to be contented. Of her new home she writes: "The house pleased me, being exceedingly convenient, though larger than I wished . . . many handy closets . . . so that I see every prospect of our being comfortable" (10th

mo., 5th, 1788). She shows unusual empathy for the many hours of hard labor done by the hired cook in preparation for a large dinner and sympathetically describes diarist Grace Galloway as "a much to be lamented woman . . . who in all probability fell a victim to disappointment and distress" (2 mo., 19th, 1787). The shift in tone becomes more pronounced as the diary progresses and Warder comes to feel less a visitor than a member of the community. More secure, and therefore less critical by this time, Warder describes a new bride: "she is a cheerful, clever girl and he an agreeable young man" (1 mo., 9th, 1787). She praises the wedding entertainment and supper, and seems not to regret having "chatted away the afternoon, the young folks innocently cheerful and the old ones not less so" (1 mo., 9th, 1787). And as she more and more often shows her pleasure in the Philadelphia company--"We enjoyed a free, sociable and pleasant visit" (1 mo., 18th, 1787)--the mutual acceptance and admiration between the proud lady from London and the Philadelphia Society of Friends seems assured. Her diary's role in her adaptation to a new world was probably a minor one, although she clearly re-read her words and blotted out as a result of her reading can only be conjectured. The picture she has left behind reflects the workings of a strong mind at a critical juncture in her life. It is a gift worthy of posterity.

### Margaret Hill Morris

Another diarist who kept a journal for the entertainment of others was Margaret Hill Morris (b. 1737, d. 1816), a prolific writer who kept several diaries both secular and religious in the course of her long life. After her childhood in Philadelphia, Morris married, had four children, and found herself a widow at the age of 29. In 1770, she took her young family and moved to Burlington, New Jersey, to be near her sister, Sarah Dillwyn (Jackson 22-26).

The diary under examination was kept for another sister, Milcah Martha Moore, living in Montgomery Square, Pennsylvania (Jackson 33). Morris's experiences and observations as an articulate and intrepid 39-year-old widow during the Revolutionary War produced a diary which has repeatedly proven valuable for its historical insights. It is equally valuable for its revelation of a fascinating personality and its evidence of her extraordinary abilities. Morris's immediate situation as well as her past inspire her writing. As a woman alone among pillaging soldiers and attacking troops from both sides, she has a ready source of exciting material. As a Philadelphia Quaker, she has the wit and will to turn this material into compelling drama and occasional comedy. Her story reveals her personal responses to and involvement in the Revolution and its attendant tribulations. Her style reflects a unique sense of humor

and the awesome self-confidence of one whose education and religion have prepared her peculiarly well for the chaotic world which explodes around her.

When Morris finds herself, her children, and her sister Sarah Dillwyn surrounded by both British and American troops during the fall and winter of 1776-77, she instinctively recognizes a situation far more dramatic and interesting than that which she had been recording in her spiritual journal. This new development forms the exclusive subject of a secular journal kept from December 6, 1776 until June 14, 1777. Omitting the traditional business of the diary--daily trivia and routine--Morris records only those experiences directly related to the business of war.

Although she claims to be keeping the record for a sister in Philadelphia, the diarist uses this explanation to justify the secular and at times "waggish" nature of her book.

Since she addresses "Patty" only once, Morris's remarks seem aimed at a more general, future audience. As she gets swept along on the tide of her own prose, she forgets Patty and assumes her instinctive role as consummate storyteller.

References to "my kind sisters," "my father," and "my dear brother C.M.," Patty's husband, are superfluous if the reader is only Patty, but they provide necessary information for the audience unfamiliar with these family connections.

Despite her protests to the contrary, Morris has one eye open to the possibility that she will be known to future generations by her words. That she derives pleasure in

creating her journal is obvious both from the extensive detail and careful construction and from the engaging, energetic tone which prevails throughout. When her adventures warrant it, she writes daily and extensively. During times of quiet, she sometimes goes days or even weeks without recording. With her eye fixed firmly on her chosen topic, she creates a journal that is as meaningful to her as to posterity. For this and other reasons, Morris constructs a carefully positive self-portrait--that of a servant of the God who has blessed her among women with unusual intelligence and courage. She is first a good Christian, second a Quaker. The "Friendly" business of plain speech and plain clothing, as well as attendance at meeting or scripture study, does not figure in this book; it was undoubtedly reserved for her religious journal. The "Inner Light," which came from direct access to God without clerical mediation or interpretation, produced great independence of spirit among Quakers, and this spirit informs the actions and attitudes of Margaret Morris. She serves God successfully--in her own way. Surrounded by soldiers from both camps, she has ample opportunity to play the role of God's handmaiden, and a significant part of her diary records for posterity her otherwise unheralded deeds of charity to both sides. When soldiers whom she has fed stop to "bless and thank" her, she accepts their gratitude as belonging to her "master, who had reached a morsel to them by [her] hand" (p. 22). Her italics as well as the

figurative language stress Morris's satisfaction with her position as servant of God. She vividly but unconsciously displays this pride as she writes of her good deeds:

All the soldiers gone from the next house--only one of the number stopped to bid me farewell; but I did not resent it, remembering that only one of the ten lepers, cleansed by our Lord, returned to give thanks--not that I would compare the few trifling services I was enabled to render those poor creatures, to that great miracle; but it rose in my mind at the time, perhaps, as a check to any little resentment that I might have felt for being neglected (24).

Although she denies it, Morris does in fact compare her act to Christ's, but being human, she counts on gratitude or at least recognition--counts too the number of soldiers who pay her this homage. She attempts to minimize her deeds as a "few trifling services," but her admission that she resented being "neglected" makes the persona more accessible and the diarist more credible.

The good Christian not only gives but receives. Morris feels protected and guided by a benevolent Providence, to whom she gives credit for her decision to remain in her home while her neighbors flee the approaching army: "some of our neighbours gone, and others going . . . But our trust in Providence still firm" (6). Those who flee, in her eyes, have less faith in God's support and protection of the British army than she does. "Favoured" with several instances in which she sees God's special grace, she feels blessed above the ordinary. When the town is shelled, Morris's house remains miraculously untouched: "it was the guardian of the widow and the orphan, who took us into his



safekeeping, and preserved us from danger" (11). Morris began her book with a declaration of her need for this Divine protection:

I thought of my own lonely situation, no husband to cheer with that voice of love my sinking spirits. My little flock, too, without a father to direct them how to steer. All these things crowded into my mind at once, and I felt like one forsaken: a flood of friendly tears came to my relief, and I felt a humble confidence that He who had been with me in six troubles, would not forsake me now (6).

On the surface, this statement reflects helplessness and dependence, but a closer reading uncovers a different picture of Morris. First, she does not mourn the loss of a husband's guidance, only his cheer. Her emotional outburst is not a shameful or embarrassing mistake, but rather a release that clears her mind and leads to renewed confidence not only in God but in herself. The first-person possessive pronoun in "my little flock" gives her the position of shepherdess, a role she fulfills with calm assurance throughout the journal. She is the pillar of her household; when her sister Sarah quails, Morris grieves only that she "could offer nothing to compose her" (19). As for the diarist herself, she increasingly seizes the initiative as the journal and the war progress.

Ironically, the only time Morris fails to direct her own actions in a crisis is after her brother-in-law George Dillwyn joins his wife and becomes a member of the Morris household. One morning the diarist arises to find the river full of British ships preparing to fire on rebel gondolas, as she called the small flat-bottomed American boats.

Morris's house is located near the banks of the river, and she sees this navy as a dangerous threat. At this point, the same woman who calmly nursed her sick children throughout one harrowing night of steady gunfire and continued her daily chores during another shelling seeks the advice of the male under her roof. This exception proves the rule: Margaret Morris is a capable and independent woman. She makes no further mention of seeking help from Dillwyn and openly scorns the advice of other male friends and neighbors. In the course of the diary, the conscious projection of dependent, helpless female-- a pro forma image--with which she began her writing quickly gives way to the equally conscious picture of confident, able woman. Morris is enough the product of her time and place to pay lip service to the traditional position of woman as weak and needful, but she clearly acts on her own conviction of her considerable abilities.

Quaker religious practices gave women unusual status and opportunities for developing leadership abilities, and at least partly on this account Morris sees herself as socially, intellectually, and politically superior to her neighbors, an image reinforced by her status in the community (Dunn 114-36). One of Burlington's most prominent citizens, Dr. Jonathan Odell, clergyman/doctor and author of satiric verse in support of the British, seeks safety and asylum in her home at the height of the "Tory hunting" by local rebels. Pleased with the man's importance, Morris

carefully notes that he seems destined to become a bishop when hostilities cease. Other statements confirming her cleverness jubilantly record the diarist's triumphs over those of lesser stature. In contrast to her neighbor J. V., who is concerned that the neighborhood has no interpreter to speak to the Hessians, Morris "by dint of mere conjuration . . . discover[s] that his maid is a Dutch woman" (p. 17). Exaggerating to mock J.V.'s ignorance, Morris suggests that she uses magic to determine what was hidden from J. V. by his own stupidity--that his own maid could speak the language of the troops. After a number of American soldiers spend the night in the vacant house next door, the diarist writes: "I shrewdly suspect they have run away--for they can give no account why they came . . . upon my questioning them pretty close, I brought several to confess they had run away" (p. 23). Unblushingly calling herself shrewd, the diarist proves her point: she records for posterity her ability not only to elicit the truth but to influence the lives of others. In questioning the soldiers "pretty close," she asserts herself among strange men, and her forcefulness wrings from them their confessions of desertion.

To be thoroughly convincing, Morris must fill in her self-portrait with brush strokes from others who are more objective. Citing the opinion of the town helps to document her character as the diarist relates an incident involving rebel sailors on board the gondolas in the river: "Some of

the gondola men and their wives being sick, and no doctor in town to apply to, they were told that Mrs. M. was a skilful woman" (30). This compliment establishes Morris as a respected and valued citizen; one of the Colonies' earliest practicing physicians, she once attended thirty small pox patients at one time, and a carriage was sent regularly for her to see the sick of the town. Morris's grandson calls her efforts the "first recorded instance of a female physician in practice" (qtd. in Jackson 28).

She validates her medical credentials with her account of attending the sick. When she discovers that the "enemy" sailors and their wives, i.e. the American naval personnel, are suffering from camp and itch fevers, both serious ailments, she eagerly accepts the challenge. An opportunity for service in the Master's name, as well as reaffirmation of her reputation as a healer, outweighs the considerable risk of going behind "enemy" lines and exposing herself not only to the dangers of war but also of disease. Her report--"I treated them according to art, and they all got well" (31)--reveals her pride in her talents and records for future generations the extent of her skills. If God has anything to do with this triumph, the diarist does not mention it.

As were many Quakers, Morris is a Loyalist not from any belief in the divine right of kings but because of the Quaker testimony against revolution (Jones 562). She strongly condemns the theories and practices of war, but her

wish that the American soldiers may disperse without fighting is more than the desire for an end to the fighting. It contains her unexpressed but earnest hope for British victory. As a Quaker, she has been charged to assist neither army, a stricture which her dedication to medicine requires her to ignore (Jones 565). She balances accounts by treating both sides, however, and her medical humanitarianism enjoys the strong support of a Quaker tradition dating from George Fox (Tolles 222-24). But as a member of the establishment whose economy and liberty depend on British connections, Morris is threatened socially, economically, and politically by this rebellion, and her fears produce a strong bias which over-rides her Quaker convictions (Nelson 104-06). A note of vindictiveness creeps into her accounts of the rumored cowardice of the American troops: "We hear this afternoon that our [American] officers are afraid their men will not fight" (18); "the Hessians say our men ran so fast they had not the opportunity of killing any of them" (20). Ironically referring to the American sailors as "gondola gentry" who behave "rudely," she subtly mocks their lack of social status. When the American troops mistakenly fire on the town after a breakdown in communications, she characterizes the act as a "cruel as well as unprovoked piece of treachery" (p. 11). The Hessians, by contrast, are pictured as courteous, obliging, and honorable gentlemen. Refusing to be afraid of them, Morris rather defends their actions. She and her

household are not in rebellion; therefore, they will not suffer at the hands of these mercenaries, who behave "very civilly" to all except those who bear arms against the King. The diarist seems conscious that the distinction is more than political; she sees the rebels as an undisciplined, uncultured, and uneducated rabble acting illegally and sinfully in defiance of proper government and God's will. This prejudice almost but not quite blinds her to the possibility of good in the rebels as human beings. When one of this group offers to take supplies to her father and sisters in Philadelphia in appreciation for Morris's treatment of his ill wife, the diarist sees only that he is "rough and ill-looking," (31), terms associated with the unworthy lower orders. When he returns bearing needed supplies and welcome news from the family in the city, she gratefully calls him "our honest gondola man," her only acknowledgement of the service he does her. Her heart overflows with love for the distant family and thankfulness to God, but she cannot bring herself to praise or thank the enemy soldier.

As did so much Tory sentiment, the weight of Morris's animosity found its fullest expression against the person of George Washington. As leader of the rebels, he is guilty of rousing the slow-witted rabble and encouraging them to overthrow the rightful and orderly traditions of the British throne. After she learns that he has refused Howe's request for a three-day truce to tend the wounded and bury the dead,

Morris writes:

[W]hat a woful [sic] tendency war has to harden the human heart against the tender feelings of humanity! Well may it be called a horrid art--thus to change the nature of men. I thought that even barbarous nations had a sort of religious regard for their dead (26).

To her, Washington is barely human and the American troops worse than barbarians. Their revolt is ultimately an uprising against God, who abhors revolution against the established order; thus the Americans are doomed to defeat. Offended at the bragging of a young rebel officer who "talked of engaging the English as a very trifling affair," Morris rationalizes: "there is a God of battle, as well as a God of peace, who may have given them [the Americans] the late advantage, in order to draw them out to meet the chastisement that is reserved for them" (21). Her eager anticipation of this impending justice is unmistakable. Law and order will be restored, right will triumph, and the status quo will be preserved.

The diarist's strong political feelings manifest themselves in two significant acts. First, the journal functions as a record wherein she can make known to the future world what she must hide from the present--her support of the British cause, blessed of God and destined for victory. Revealing these sentiments, even in a private diary, had its risks. Such a book could be discovered if her property were confiscated or her home commandeered to quarter rebel troops, all too great a likelihood in that area. But while Morris fears this discovery for the

present, she glories in revealing it to the future. The defeat of the American forces will prove her right, and when she believes this defeat to be near at hand, she brings her diary to a cheerful and victorious conclusion, with both Morris and the British Army in the ascendancy.

The second manifestation of the diarist's powerful commitment to the Loyalist cause places her in a double role: she successfully plays both the public, neutral non-partisan and the private, ardent Tory. Initiating her own underground activities, she successfully hides Dr. Odell, known for his British sympathies. This incident serves not only to confirm her dedication to the same cause but vividly dramatizes both her bravery and quick wit:

[A] loud knocking at my door brought me to it---I was a little fluttered, and kept locking and unlocking that I might get my ruffled face a little composed . . . I rung [sic] the bell violently, the signal agreed on if [the rebels] came to search, and when I thought [Odell] had crept into the hold, I put on a very simple look, and cried out, "Bless me, I hope you are not Hessians." "Do we look like Hessians," asked one of them, rudely. "Indeed I don't know." "Did you never see a Hessian?" "No, never in my life; but they are men, and you are men, and may be Hessians, for anything I know" (13).

Here Morris outwits the ignorant, rude Whigs by playing the role of ignorant, terrified female, an assumed character, since she is neither ignorant nor terrified. By "putting on" a simple face, she suggests that her usual demeanor is anything but simple. Playing her part, ad libbing and picking up cues from the rough-talking rebels, she appears to be the consummate actress. And by pretending to fear the Hessians, she establishes herself as an American sympathizer



without actually saying so. The "hold" in which Dr. Odell hid was a secret compartment covered by a cupboard, apparently discovered by Morris soon after she moved into the house.

Not content merely to offer sanctuary, she actively participates in the intrigue of helping Tories escape: "In the evening I went to town with my refugee [Odell], and placed him in other lodgings" (13). The first-person singular pronouns, especially the possessive "my," show that the diarist considers herself mistress of the situation. Odell is her responsibility alone, and by "placing him" in a safer location, she successfully outwits the Americans.

Controlling all these revelations is Morris the writer, a product of a book-loving culture. As a raconteur, she fashions stories of suspense and humor from the material which Fate has placed in her way. She organizes the diary around a definite beginning, middle, and end, a format more characteristic of fictional narratives than diaries. At the outset, she reports the movements of troops, drawing her anecdotes from the adventures of others. Detecting in these second-hand adventures the stuff of exciting drama as well as history, the diarist develops characters, creates suspense, and chooses highly effective language to paint her word-pictures. In the hands of a less capable and imaginative writer, the following incident might have been reported in a few terse phrases:

The gentlemen went out, and though the Hessian colonel

spoke but little English, yet they found that upon being thus met in a peaceable manner on behalf of the inhabitants, he was ready to promise them safety and security, to exchange any messages that might be proper with the gentlemen of the galleys. In the meantime he ordered his troops to halt; they remained in their ranks between the bridge and the corner of Main street, waiting an answer from on board. J. L. and T. W. went down to report what had passed, and told Capt. Moore that the colonel had orders to quarter his troops in Burlington that night, and that if the inhabitants were quiet and peaceable, and would furnish him with quarters and refreshment, he would pledge his honor that no manner of disorder should happen to disturb or alarm the people. Capt. Moore replied, that in his opinion it would be wrong in such a case to fire on the town, but that he would go down and consult with the commodore, and return an answer as soon as might be (8).

At the time she wrote this passage, Morris knew the outcome of this encounter. Rather than state the results at the beginning, she leads up to the firing with as much detail as she feels necessary to elicit from her reader the desired response to the action which follows. She wants the Hessians to be seen in a favorable light and the Americans to be seen as the villains of this piece. Capt. Moore is not sure that others will concur with his opinion, implying that the other American officers might be dishonorable enough to want to fire on the town, despite--or perhaps because of--the word of a Hessian officer. When the Americans do in fact open fire after promising not to, Morris can say "I told you so." She has prepared the reader to expect American perfidy.

As the diarist becomes an active participant in war-time activities, she relates more of her own experiences and less of the rumors of troop maneuvers. Employing

distinctive literary techniques, she consciously adopts the posture of story teller. For example, her use of the present tense conveys a sense of immediacy, convincing the reader of the authenticity of the experience. "[G]et quite in the fidgets for news--send Dick to town to collect some--he returns quite newsless--good mind to send him back again" (17). In many instances, the diarist's ear for dialogue results in dramatic presentation of character and event. In the following passage, she uses the "neighbor's" own words to reveal his personality, hanging him with his own rope. Morris may well have embellished this flow of speech, but if so, the flavor and tone of the passage do credit to her skill:

"Well, what news, neighbor?" "Oh, bless me! great news, indeed!! why, ha'nt you heard it?" "No, we have seen nobody from town today, do tell us." "Why, the Hessians are actually just here; Mast P., W. D., &c. &c, are all gone out to see what they can do." "Well! and will they bring them all into town? I'm sure we are but poorly provided just now for a great deal of company." . . . "fifty of the light horse, all very fine English--oh, it was a terrible sight to see how they all foamed at the mouth, and pranced!" . . . "but neighbour, I should suppose it was a very fine sight to see so many fine horses together, and prancing." "Oh, no, bless my spirits! It was a terrible sight to see how they foamed at the mouth!" (15).

Morris sees in J. V., the neighbor, a prime example of Whig slowness and simplicity. She satirizes him as the "wisest head on the bank" [Green Bank, the community adjacent to Burlington], and remarks as he approaches in visible anxiety that his "face is full of intelligence" (15). Contrasting her calm, secure self-possession with his hysteria, she shows the misplaced fears of this man, who can focus on

nothing worse than foaming horses. She "has him on," refusing to share his perceptions of danger and pretending to worry that she has nothing with which to feed the Hessians, and then seeing only the excitement and glamour of the horses. Thus the diarist casts herself as satirist; as a person of superior understanding and position, she can point out the weaknesses of the less endowed.

The concluding incident of the journal combines many aspects of Morris's personality, the culmination of her development as an active participant in the war and as a skilled satirist of human foibles. She begins her final tale on a serious note; her venture through enemy lines for a re-union with her family in Philadelphia is a dangerous undertaking. Morris presents the near disasters and brushes with the "enemy" in unemotional tones. Undoubtedly she minimizes her fears for the sake of reassuring her immediate reader; she probably also took some artistic license in characterizing her neighbors. The conclusion shows Morris at the peak of her form, probably as much from relief that the episode has concluded successfully as from determination to end the journal on a high note: tongue in cheek, she describes the neighbors as more concerned for their horse and chair than for the safety of the adventurers. After noting that she "gaily" reassures them, complete with her own italics to emphasize her own lightheartedness, Morris states: "we were seriously advised never to engage again in such a perilous undertaking; and we as seriously assured

them that if we did we would look out for a stronger horse and chair, and be our own guide" (36). To cap the joke, she adds that the expedition, rather than frightening them, "was like a whet to an hungry man, which gave him a better appetite for his dinner" (36). Intrepid though she is, Morris's high spirits can also be attributed to her conviction that victory is near at hand for the British. As the diary ends, the reader is tempted to smile at her presumption and admire her temerity. Margaret Morris clearly enjoyed providing this record, and that may have been benefit enough to justify her journal keeping.

#### Sally Wister

Sally Wister's journal, covering a similar time frame and situation, yields a strikingly different but equally interesting personality. Like Morris's, it has been published in toto; and like Morris, Wister (b. 1761-d. 1804) is a skillful writer and self-aware young woman picturing herself and her adventures for the entertainment of others. Her image changes in the course of her book, refuting Spalding's contention that diaries do not reveal this kind of growth (67). Given her age, Wister almost certainly matured during that important one and one-half years of her life, and the diary reflects this growth. It might conceivably have contributed to it as well, providing opportunities for reflection on her behavior and that of her companions. It certainly gave her a reason to practice that

craft she loved and executed so well--a written record of exciting people and events.

Wister attempts to control her image in every particular; her conscious self-projection as writer, convincing in its virtuosity, provides her with a framework within which she can play other roles--bold adventuress, popular social figure, and sophisticated flirt, all overlaid with demure Quaker propriety. These images coalesce as Wister the adolescent becomes Wister the young woman, describing her initiation into a world of men and conflict such as she has never known. As her initially bantering tone moves through anxiety and concern to its final tones of relief and gratitude, Wister unwittingly mirrors the growth of the American spirit regarding the Revolutionary War as well as a rare and valuable picture of the growth into womanhood of an eighteenth-century teen-ager.

The diarist, a sixteen-year-old Philadelphia Quaker, spends almost two years in rural Pennsylvania at the height of the military action in that area. Prior to her family's retreat into the country, she occupied a place in the society of the city among the most influential families of the Quaker community. Wister, Debby Norris, her addressee, and other students of Anthony Benezet's girls' school formed an elite corps which by the time of the diary was on the verge of admitting males into its society. During the war, the Wisters shared a portion of the Foulke residence in North Wales, Pennsylvania, where the diarist, her thirteen-

year-old and ten-year-old sisters, and Lydia Foulke, five years her senior, formed another select circle. If we accept Wister's self portrayal, she and not the older Lydia led the group on its adventures.

Wister sees her book as an entertaining record of these adventures. Defined in the broadest sense, her idea of adventure is "seeing and being seen" (94), two essential activities reported in the journal. To communicate what she is "seeing," she draws good-natured caricatures as well as worshipful portraits of the dashing young officers she comes to know. "Being seen," she indicates what these officers see--or what she thinks they see--when they look at her and what their responses are. As the journal and the writer progress, adventure comes to refer exclusively to social interaction with the officers. The idea of adventure is important to her; she has been ten months in exile when the journal opens, and apparently little excitement and fewer new faces have filled those months. If troops had been quartered with the Wister family prior to the beginning of her story, she makes no mention of it. She recognizes the situation as potentially the most exciting of her young life; nothing in her routine existence, nothing in her life as it would normally be lived, merited a daily record. As a young woman, meeting at close range with an almost unending stream of new male faces, she is out of her element--but not for long. She soon grasps the fundamentals of dealing with the situation, and realizing its uniqueness, vows to make

the most of her opportunities. She seems to live each day to the fullest and shares her exuberance on paper with her distant friend, Debby. When these adventures cease and the stimulating presence of the officers is withdrawn, she writes nothing. Gaps of weeks, even months, indicate the absence of troops in the vicinity, and upon her return to Philadelphia she formally ends her journal, making only brief notes over the years that follow.

After a matter-of-fact description of the arrival of troops in the neighborhood, the full extent of the officers' presence and the implications of her surroundings dawn on Wister. Her excitement spills over as she writes:

Oh, Debby; I have a thousand things to tell thee. I shall give thee so droll an account of my adventures that thee will smile. "No occasion of that, Sally," methinks I hear thee say, "for thee tells me every trifle." But, child, thee is mistaken, for I have not told thee half the civil things that are said of us sweet creatures at "General Smallwood's Quarters" (94).

This passage establishes several important aspects of the diarist's persona. The writer separates herself from her subject, and the distance allows Wister the writer to mock Wister the flirt. The artless enthusiasm of the first sentence carries through most of the journal; lapses from this tone signal important emotional shifts. "Thee" results from the diarist's respect for the Quaker edict on plain speech, one of the few visible signs of Wister's religion. Directly addressing her reader, she seeks Debby's attention. She needs to share these experiences; in a void they are meaningless. Her sisters are too young, Liddy too old to



fulfill the role of confidante. Debby, a known and respected figure, will understand and share Sally's every response. Although "droll" suggests that Wister is pretending to treat the adventures lightly, her intensity and desire to relate them suggest otherwise. Proud of her ability as a writer, she sees herself as capable of eliciting a smile from her reader. The first person singular in "my adventures" sweeps the others off stage, leaving Sally the center of unusual excitement, which prefigures the shape of her book. Habits of routine or daily existence are ignored in the fever of "seeing and being seen." Sally Wister the writer declares her intention of making her reader, Debby, smile. But in anticipating Debby's reply, Wister fears that her confidante, as a somber judge who will condemn the diarist for her frivolity, will find "No occasion" for smiling. The diarist is anxious not to bore her reader while at the same time noting for the record that she has exercised prudence and modesty in editing the flood of entirely proper compliments which have come her way. The skillful writer and the overwhelmed adventuress will compete for Debby's attention throughout the journal.

As the object of so much admiration, Wister paints a self-portrait of the successful socialite. Then by italicizing the adjective "sweet," she undercuts this bit of braggadocio with irony; she would not have Debby think she is taking any of this nonsense seriously. But here as in

other places her humor covers a deeper concern. As the work progresses, so does Wister's education. She becomes emotionally involved, at crucial moments dropping her tone of self mockery and revealing the seriousness with which she comes to look on her experiences. Through these experiences, she becomes increasingly adept in the company of men, thus becoming in fact that to which she pretended earlier--the successful socialite.

The role into which Wister casts herself requires a costume, and one of the continuous threads running through the book is Wister's concern with her appearance. If she is to be convincing in her part as sophisticated society belle, she must look the part. She claims, "I had on my white whim, quite as nice as a First-day in town" (101), her slight defensiveness revealing a hint of insecurity. She cannot permit the rural setting to diminish her fashionability, a fear she addresses more explicitly in several later passages. After describing a costume she obviously regards as "smart"--light chintz gown, handkerchief, and the typical Quaker apron--Wister imagines Debby's patronizing comment: "Sufficiently smart for a country girl, Sally" (175; Dunn 126). This comment suggests that for a mere rural setting, the attire is adequate, but by Philadelphia standards, Debby could scarcely think it fashionable. Defending herself against this feared condescension, the diarist tries to deal with her own insecurity in the matter. "Don't call me a country girl,

Debby Norris" (175), she responds vigorously, affirming her membership in the urban circle and denying any rural influence. The countryside holds no inherent attractions for the diarist; to her it represents the absence of all those aspects of society she values: social interaction with her friends, culture, status. But as Wister tries to make clear, the presence of the officers more than compensates for the loss of Philadelphia society, and although she wants Debby's approval on her dress, her more immediate concern is the admiration of the soldiers. "I imagin'd they would be gone before now, so I dressed in a green'sh skirt and dark short gown. Provoking" (162), she admits, disappointed at looking less than what she considers her best. Sometimes she attempts to mock her irritation at being caught in dishabille:

[A]s ill luck wou'd order it, I had been busy, and my auburn ringlets were much dishevell'd; therefore I did not glad his eyes, and cannot set down in the list of honours receiv'd that of a bow from Brigadier-General Lacy (182).

Wister speaks with tongue in cheek of her "Auburn ringlets," but her irony seems edged with sarcasm, and her attempted unconcern falls short of success. She is piqued by this "failure." Far from convinced of her own attractiveness, she attempts to reassure herself by convincing Debby, but often projects more doubt than conviction:

[I] put on a new purple and white striped Persian, white petticoat, muslin apron, gauze cap, and handkerchief. Thus array'd, Miss Norris, I ask your opinion, Thy partiality to thy friend will bid thee say I made a tolerable appearance. Not so, my dear. I was

this identical Sally Wister, with all her whims and follies (179).

The contradictory impulses that Wister unwittingly transmits here are typical of her ambivalence in this matter. Her closely detailed description of the costume conveys a feeling of pride; she apparently designed this new addition to her wardrobe and cherishes its delicate beauty.

"Persian," a thin, costly silk material, and "gauze cap" suggest a light and filmy quality as well as an expensive one. "Array'd" as though she has donned magnificent garments, Wister formally presents herself to the inspection of "Miss Norris." But the jesting tone ameliorates the pride, and Wister's underlying uncertainty manifests itself in that half-hearted "tolerable appearance."

Wister's self-portrait as adventuress is inspired as much by her role as writer as that of hopeful young flirt. Putting herself in the way of excitement, she indirectly admits that her interest in the war is largely social. "[H]opes of adventure gave brightness to each before passive countenance" (77), she declares early in the journal. With the arrival of each new regiment and the introduction of each new face, Wister's enthusiasm increases. She positions herself at various locations, moving upstairs to study the soldiers on parade, walking over to Aunt Foulke's to improve her chances of meeting an officer, stationing herself in the kitchen at the time the men usually pass through to facilitate "seeing and being seen." When "new scenes" diminish within doors, she goes out into the fields seeking

them, often leading her little group on walks, an enterprise not without danger since skirmishes were being fought within six miles of the farm. On these occasions, the diarist presents herself as stalwart leader:

I propos'd a walk; the girls agreed. When we reached the poplar tree . . . [o]ur ears were assail'd by a number of voices. "A party of light horse," said one. "The English, perhaps; let's run home." "No, no," said I, "be heroines" (124).

As a writer, Wister finds the pose of "heroine" useful, whether adopted out of curiosity, as in this case, or out of necessity, as on the occasion when a sentry refuses to let the young women pass. Wister challenges him, assuming responsibility for the solution to their dilemma: "I ask'd [the captain] if he had any objection to our passing the sentry . . . He waited upon us, and reprimanded the man" (152). Adventuresses and heroines are not without occasional fear, however, and the diarist balances her pose with admissions of her anxieties. She describes herself as "alive with fear" and "in the horrors" in response to rumors of battles and invading armies. And while allowances can be made for dramatic exaggerations, the reader receives an impression neither of fearless adventuress nor terrified young woman, but something partaking of both poses, a reasonable role for Wister's situation and temperament.

The central image in this diary is that of social sophisticate, mature young woman in control of the interaction between herself and her admirers. At first, modesty decrees the use of the plural "we," but neither she

nor the reader has any doubt about who is directing the action: pretending to speak to young Major Stoddert, whom she sees as painfully shy, the diarist declares her intentions to her confidant and addressee: "Excuse me, good sir; I really thought you were not clever; if 'tis bashfulness only, we will drive that away" (89). A few days later, verifying her success, she notes that the Major finally overcomes his shyness and gives her a polite "good morning," and adds, "No wonder; a stoic could not resist such affable damsels as we are" (89). Wister recognizes the danger that these activities may appear improper, and periodically she attempts to reassure both Debbie and herself: "The Major and I had a little chat to ourselves this eve. No harm, I assure thee: he and I are friends" (95), she writes, as though the intimacy of the encounter, without benefit of chaperone, could be excused on the basis of friendship. After a long, undescribed ramble in the woods, she abruptly concludes on this teasing note: "[N]othing happen'd during our little excursions but what was very agreeable and entirely consistent with the strictest rules of politeness & decorum" (101). Plainly, Wister hopes for her reader to view these acts as harmless, and since Debby does not have the persuasive presence of the military to influence her judgment, the diarist must be at some pains to spell out her innocence.

The case of Major Stoddert suggests that she may be in less danger from the handsome men than from the shy ones,

and her projection of level-headed young sophisticate finally falls short of conviction. Her attraction to a man both young and unassuming is understandable on two counts. Insecure and inexperienced in male-female relationships, the early diarist persona feels comfortable with unaggressive men; she depicts herself as controlling these situations. Also, early in the journal, she responds to character and personality more than appearance, feeling safer perhaps with an unattractive man. The diarist has been clearly uneasy about her failure to attract even one attendant, especially as Liddy very early claims two such devotees. Stoddert, despite his unprepossessing appearance, rescues her from isolation. She describes him in modest terms: "he cannot be extoll'd for the graces of person, but for those of the mind he may justly be celebrated" (84-85). Apparently these are sufficient for her to find him superior to the succession of officers that follows: in comparing Stoddert to subsequent arrivals, she explicitly prefers the shy Major.

Throughout the relationship, Wister protests that her interest is Platonic; she offers a verse in testimony to her innocent feelings: "Friendship I offer, pure and free; / And who, with such a friend as ME, / Could ask or wish for more?" (114). Pretending to archness and vanity, the writer diverts attention from her true feelings, satirizing the sentimental notion of Platonic friendship even while she pretends to subscribe to it. After pages devoted to her

numerous accidental and deliberate encounters with Stoddert, she recognizes the picture that she is painting and tries to deny it: "thee will think I am writing his history; but not so" (96), she declares to Debby. The Major's first departure--he returns twice to the farm--leads Wister to adopt a patently artificial tone, reinforcing the unconscious image of a deeply touched young woman:

To-day the Militia marches, and the Gen'l and officers leave us. Heigh ho! I am very sorry; for when you have been with agreeable people, 'tis impossible not to feel regret when they bid you adieu, perhaps forever. When they leave us we shall be immur'd in solitude (102).

Avoiding specific reference either to Stoddert or herself, Wister attempts to generalize; the indefinite "you" suggests that what the diarist is feeling is no more than a universally felt regret at separating from "agreeable" society, rather than sadness at losing a special friend. Immediately after this line, however, the writer's emotions compel her to drop all pretense of interest in the General and his other officers and reveal what she is feeling--"Our hearts were full"--and what she thinks the Major is feeling--"I thought Major was affected" (103). His "good-bye, Miss Sally" she describes as "spoken very low," and she sees him as acting as though he were inclined to stay, but "by duty compell'd to go" (103). As he rides away, Wister records the many complimentary remarks that follow him--"Amiable major," "clever fellow," "good young man"--establishing his virtues indirectly by endorsements from



disinterested parties.

The Major returns to the farm several days later, but when Liddy, interrupting a quiet chat between him and Wister, mentions an approaching battle, he hurriedly prepares to return to the front lines. Wister's unusual vehemence as she denounces the bringer of bad news--"Liddy, thee hussy; what business had thee to mention a word of the army? Thee sees it sent him off. Thy evil genius prevail'd" (113)--reveals deeper feelings than she has admitted. As Stoddert's departure on this dangerous mission reduces her spirits and heightens her anxieties, the diarist carefully attributes these reactions to concern for the safety of her family. But as the Major passes through the kitchen on his way to his horse, Wister, who has stationed herself there, is surprised into confessing her attachment: "I, forsooth, discover'd a strong partiality by saying, 'Oh, Major thee is not going!'" (117). Stoddert's final leave-taking, the most serious moment in the book, reinforces the impression of the attachment. Three times in the course of the day Wister goes to her journal to record her emotions, the only occasion on which she writes more than once a day:

Ah, Deborah, the Major is going to leave us entirely--just going. I will see him first.

-----Seventh Day noon. He has gone. I saw him pass the bridge. The woods, which you enter immediately after crossing it, hinder'd us from following him farther. I seem to fancy he will return in the evening.

-----Seventh Day Night. Stodard [sic] not come back. We shall not, I fancy, see him again for months, perhaps years, unless he should visit Philadelphia. We shall miss his agreeable company (133).

The disjunctive structure, the choppy sentences, as well as the words themselves betray Wister's deep emotions. As her eyes follow him out of sight, she holds out hope for an early return. This wishful thinking is doomed, but she looks ahead to a vist; the plural pronoun does not hide her singular concern for this special person.

As she grows more confident of her powers over the young officers--or more determined to be noticed--Wister becomes more unconventional and daring. After she, Liddy and Betsy send their compliments to two young officers with whom they have been acquainted for several weeks and who are now quartered a few miles away, Priscilla Foulke, Liddy's unmarried, thirty-three-year-old sister, admonishes them for their indelicacy, to which Wister responds: "Hey day! What prudish notions are those, Priscilla! I banish prudery. Suppose we had sent our love to him where had been the impropriety? for really he had a person that was love-inspiring" (180). Whether she defies Priscilla to her face is doubtful; it is much easier to write such daring sentiments than to express them publicly. Apparently Wister, in recounting her enthusiastic flirtations, begins to fear that appearances are against her and hence protests her innocence.

Partly to reinforce this impression of propriety, partly to insure the success of her self portrait as sophisticated socialite, Wister shows herself to be in command of the affections of others while remaining detached

and uninvolved. This projection is only partially convincing. She is strongly affected by manly beauty: "Capt. Furnival,--I need not say more of him than he has, excepting one or two, the handsomest face I ever saw" (84). Captain Dandridge, with his "elegantly form'd" person and "even, white set of teeth, dark hair and eyes," merits a similar compliment: "I can't better describe him than by saying he is the handsomest man I ever beheld" (157-58). If Wister is to be believed, the army recruited its personnel on the basis of physical attractiveness.

Her response to the new circumstance of male attention can more readily be accounted for by reference to her vast inexperience in this area, but her attraction is unconsciously sensual. After picturing a new acquaintance as having "the finest head of hair" she has ever seen, "light, shining auburn," "negligently ty'd and waving down his back," she quotes a line of verse to verify the beauty she feels unable to describe adequately: "Loose flow'd the soft redundance of his Hair" (122). The color, shine, texture, even the movement of this description reveals a young woman thinking, feeling and writing on a sensuous level. She is moved to a more direct response when the man comes in from riding: ". . . his appearance was elegant . . . the wind had given the most beautiful glow to his cheeks, and blow'd his hair carelessly round his face./Oh, my heart, thought I, be secure!" (123). Wister immediately follows this disclosure with a disclaimer that her heart is unmoved;

perhaps it still belongs to Stoddert. But the reader perceives a strong physical attraction nonetheless.

This disclaimer and the many she issues on the same subject are part of the image Wister hopes to portray, always with her audience in mind: she must attract without being attracted, remaining virginal in mind as well as body. The language she chooses and the figures of speech she creates for these situations express an attitude of which she herself seems unaware. The metaphor for this kind of love is the battle, and each social encounter is a military engagement. The diarist is aggressor, man the opponent to be conquered. Early in the journal she describes her weapons: ". . . our dress and lips were put in order for conquest" (p. 76). But by the end of the diary Wister is no longer the aggressor. She "steels" her heart, bidding it "be secure" against the appeal of the officers' flirtations, which conveys the idea that, although she is being pursued, she succeeds in remaining free.

The experience has been educational. "[Captain Dandridge] is gone; and I think, as I have escap'd thus far safe, I am quite a heroine, and need not be fearful of any of the lords of the creation for the future," she writes (167). The tone of this passage--mocking on the surface, serious below--indicates Wister's ambivalence toward the soldiers. She pictures them as desirable, but they remain the enemy, now finally recognized as superior, being the "lords of the creation," an epithet not without its bitter

edge. The experience with Dandridge has been dangerous not because he overtly attempts to win her love--he is engaged and has told Wister of his betrothed--but because she has had to fight her own inclinations: "he had a person that was love-inspiring, tho' I escap'd, and may say, Io triumphe" (180). The young Quaker is celebrating her triumph over her senses, which have been strongly attracted by the Captain's physical appeal. Her heart seems never to have been threatened, presumably being still attached to or mourning the loss of Major Stoddert.

Her concern for her audience, the reader Debby, controls the shape and tone of Wister's diary. Seeing through the deliberate attempts at self-justification and self-explanation, today's reader finds a young woman more complex and interesting than even she imagined she could be. Wister comes across as innately honest, even when, under Debby's stern eye, she sidesteps an issue or vehemently protests the innocence of an encounter. In addition, her skill as a writer helps create a convincing self-presentation. She consciously projects herself into this role, and in this respect she resembles another serial diarist, Fanny Burney. Both women occasionally step back from their self portraits and become detached observers, recording the adventures of their other selves. As Burney refers to herself as "your journalist," a convention in common use by the eighteenth century, so Wister, speaking of herself in the third person calls herself "thy smart journalizer" (99),

introducing the note of irony characteristic of her writing. This tone enables her to write without appearing to take her writing--or her experiences--seriously, but her pride in her literary ability is evident not only in the care with which she creates her diary, but also in the extensive treatment she gives to characters and experiences which could have been described in brief, objective terms. "Never did I more sincerely wish to possess a descriptive genius than I do now" (127), she writes before relating in expansive detail a joke played on one of the officers. She addresses directly the process of writing: "Here have I been going on without giving thee an account of two officers,--one who will be a principal character" (120-121). This and other statements reveal Wister's abiding interest in characterization, her strongest skill. Analyzing the inner as well as the outward person, she draws perceptive portraits of the officers who capture her interest.

Wister's language, usually either ironic or sentimental, reflects her alternating views of herself. She classifies a depressed mood as the "penseroso style" (143), a possible reference to Milton, and sentimentally describes the moon as giving a "sadly pleasing light" (161). First using the expression "heigh ho," a vogue with Restoration and eighteenth century dramatists, to indicate her emotional state during the departure of Major Stoddert, she later indirectly confesses that she did not at that time fully understand the meaning of the term:

Heigh-ho! Debby, there's no little meaning in that exclamation, ain't there. To me it conveys much. I have been looking what the dictionary says. It denotes uneasiness of mind. I don't know that my mind is particularly uneasy just now (179).

In this amalgam of ambiguous and contradictory expressions, Wister first uses the term to convey . . . she knows not what, but something of great feeling. To her, it means "much," but nothing she is willing to specify. The careful, ironic writer taking over from the sentimental user of conventions, Wister seeks out the precise definition, only to learn that she has used a word which does not accurately reveal her mind at the moment. The admission typifies her honesty and reliability as well as her interest in words and clear expression.

Just as Burney and other diarists did, Wister records direct dialogue, recognizing the technique of dramatic presentation as the most effective means of conveying both character and satire, as well as holding reader interest. This passage, presented by Wister as a conversation between herself and Captain Dandridge, has the added advantage of sounding like the truth, since it is presumably quoted or at least closely paraphrased:

"Not to let me kiss you. You're very ill-natur'd, Miss Sally." And, putting on the sauciest, sober face,  
 "Sally, if Tracy V-nd-r-n won't have me, will you?"  
 "No, really; none of her discarded lovers."  
 "But, provided I prefer you to her, will you consent?"  
 "No, I won't."  
 "Very well, madam" (164-65).

If the reader takes this passage at face value, Sally Wister has progressed a long way from the stammering, blushing

creature of her first encounters. Major Stoddert has come and gone, and with him perhaps Wister's heart. But for whatever reason, the diarist resists with wit and style this handsome officer's addresses, reading them as teasing and nonsensical. The writer finds an additional advantage in using dialogue in this case: it allows the author to record compliments which if related otherwise might sound like expressions of vanity. The entire sequence could also be a creation of Wister's artistic pen, designed to convince the reader of the writer's charms. But this last seems too far fetched; Wister is a good writer, but not that good. And given the rest of the book, she is far too honest to attempt such a deception.

As she becomes more secure socially, speaking directly to Debby comes to serve less as a sounding board for Wister's own doubts and fears than a pretense which provides a structure and a reason for her writing. Debby represents that side of Wister which respects propriety and conventions, the authority against which the "adventurous" side of Wister rebels from time to time. Debby cannot reply nor is the diarist seeking advice or opinions; she is using the rhetorical device to reinforce her own view of events and on occasion, when these events seem too unorthodox, to do battle with her own conscience. The figure of Debby has served its purpose, which was originally simply to provide an excuse for writing and a focal point. Certainly talking to Debby allows for a directness that merely addressing the



blank page would never do. It facilitates the presentation of Wister's opinions, which stated otherwise might sound didactic, and specifically it allows her to defend her actions against future criticism. But the last weeks of the journal seem to speak to posterity, a larger and more distant audience. In the diary proper, Wister records a note about General Arnold, "who bears a good character." No Tory, she later appends a footnote describing Arnold's treachery in joining the British. Her final entry fails to address or even mention Debby, and Wister herself, changed by the adventures of North Wales, speaks to a distant reader:

I did not leave our good and obliging relations and quiet retreat without regret. I sigh'd, and the starting tear stood trembling in my eye. A tear was a poor tribute to the many happy scenes I have enjoy'd there; yet they shall ever live in my memory (35).

This subdued tone and serious mood, markedly different from her early entries in which playfulness and coquetry were the rule, suggest some of the effects of her adventures on the diarist. Gone is the giddy excitement of "new scenes," the tinge of mockery at all things "country." She has returned to Philadelphia, and no events as exciting as those of North Wales will ever impinge on her quiet life again: "I don't expect anything uncommon will mark my future life, therefore shall not continue this relation journal-wise, tho' sometime hence I may add a line or two" (36). True to her word, she makes only a few random notes during the remainder of her life, and many of these record further news of her

acquaintances among the soldiers. Wister may have kept other journals after this one, but their existence is not known. Her experiences during the war remain for her, and for us, revelations of a potentially exciting but largely unrealized life. Had she used her writing--and her diary--for more selfish purposes, or had more been preserved, posterity might have an American Fanny Burney.

## NOTES

1

After the war, Morris apparently had second thoughts about sharing her observations with the general public; perhaps she feared criticism, allegedly because of her "waggish" and comical escapades, but undoubtedly for her pro-British sympathies as well. Interestingly, one page of the manuscript was omitted from the 1836 edition, presumably because Morris's discussion of Gen. Reed's and Colonel Cox's proposed desertion to the British and her subsequent reaction when they remained with the Americans cast her in an unfavorable light. An entry for the missing dates appears in the 1949 edition, in which editor John Jackson states that the missing page was printed in two mid-nineteenth century historical works (106). But the manuscript page is still missing from the manuscript, housed at Haverford College, calling into question the authenticity of Jackson's page.

2

Charity, a basic tenet of the Society of Friends, extended to any person irrespective of race or religion. As all humans shared the same Father, any unfortunate brother or sister had a theoretical claim to the material comforts of his more successful siblings. See Tolles for the ramifications of this practice (65-73).

3

Jackson glossed many of the nautical terms, and explained the various vessels of the Pennsylvania Navy, but the term "gondola" does not appear among them. Either Morris names the flat-bottomed, Venetian-type boats according to her own inclination or Jackson feels the term is too self-explanatory to merit a gloss.

4

Women's participation in the American Revolution has long been a source of interest to writers of all persuasions. From Ellet to Young, self-styled historians have employed what Norton calls the "anecdotal approach," resulting in collections of mostly sensational excerpts or outright fictional lives based on early diaries. Current research takes a different tact. Norton's own work as well as Kerber's and other's, draws on some of the same often-quoted documents, but as feminists, their critical approaches produce insights hitherto unexplored.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE EMOTION-FILLED DIARISTS

The authors of the two emotion-filled diaries of confidence, Nancy Shippen Livingston and Grace Growden Galloway, bear few resemblances to the artistic journalists of the entertainment diaries, but they echo each other in several striking particulars. Both are estranged from their husbands, both have voluntarily relinquished their daughters, both strive to improve the economic future of those daughters, both feel themselves to be alienated from family and friends by the disapprobation of society. Often writing with unrestrained passion, both turn to the diary to give expression to otherwise inexpressible thoughts and feelings. And while both seem to profit momentarily from this therapy, neither seems to have benefited permanently from her journal.

#### Nancy Shippen

Nancy Shippen: Her Journal Book is the work of its compiler and editor, Ethel Armes. It contains the major portion of the journal of Ann Hume Livingston in addition to a large selection of family letters. Although Livingston

(b. 1763-d.1841) entitled her diary "The Journal of Ann Hume Livingston," Armes uses for her book the diarist's diminutive "Nancy" and maiden name "Shippen" to reinforce her treatment of Livingston as unhappily married and essentially single for much of her life. Using "Nancy Shippen" in the following treatment also connotes a spirit of youthful superficiality not entirely at odds with the diarist's personality; she would undoubtedly prefer this to being known by her husband's name. Self-conscious without being self-perceptive, the diarist at times creates a careful image. At other times she seems careless or unaware of the effect her words might have on anyone other than herself. Only occasionally does she seem to recognize the possibility of an audience. She often speaks directly to her subject, addressing her father or her child on the page to express some otherwise incommunicable feeling, but even at these times she is writing not to be read but simply to write. She is ambivalent both about herself and others, and her self-portrait is equally confused. She wants to see herself as an attractive, popular young woman whose loyalties as dutiful daughter, loving mother and obedient wife conflict and conspire to ruin her life. But her unskilled and uncontrolled revelations are inconsistent; they suggest that while she may be all she says, she is also a frivolous, self-centered, self-dramatizing child who, both over-indulged and dominated by her parents, never achieves adulthood.

A belle of upper class Philadelphia in the 1780s, Shippen begins writing at the age of twenty as a wife and mother. She states that she keeps the journal because "it is very agreeable to look back upon ones life & see whether our actions & thoughts alter for the better" (149-50). She does not see the book as a plan for improvement nor does she imply any such resolution; it is simply a record to see whether or not improvements have taken place. She later abandons this pretense and declares her diary to be useful only as a basis for comparison of activities, but her casual approach to the routine of daily recording contradicts her claim that such writing is valuable: "I will write every particular occurrence some future day when I have a great deal more time than I have at present--tho' I cou'd never make a better use of my time" (150). The image of dedicated writer fades under the weight of conflict and tragedy, and although she declares that writing in her journal is almost as pleasant as confiding in a friend and professes to "love it much," when her days sink into idleness and despair, her journal drops into disuse. At one point, she pictures her surprise in discovering that she has not written anything for almost two years. What she has left is a record heavy with trivia, touched by impassioned moments and tragic losses, interrupted by long unrecorded blanks. Ironically, it reflects probably more clearly than any artful construction could her confused and contradictory mind and life. Sometimes useful to her as a means of expressing

otherwise inexpressible feelings, Shippen's diary never made a sustained impact on her life. With it, as with so much else, she was governed by whim and circumstance.

Shippen implies that she sees her book as a private confessional, and for the most part she seems to write for herself alone. She wants to see herself as the model woman for her time and station who has become the innocent victim of her circumstances. To fill out this picture, she paints herself as a properly educated member of upper class society, with all the religious and social expectations that this image entails. Her artless, almost naive record of her activities as obedient daughter, sacrificing mother, and submissive wife encourages the reader to accept Shippen's evaluation of herself.

Prior to taking up the journal, the daughter of the prominent but financially declining Shippens entered society, received a large number of eligible suitors, and was assiduously courted not only by the incredibly wealthy Col. Henry Beekman Livingston but also by Louis Otto, junior member of the French embassy.<sup>1</sup> Playing the coquette to the full, she vacillated between the two. Dr. Shippen favored Livingston; he wrote to the diarist: "[Col. Livingston] looks mighty well & I never will consent unless you try to be very clever too & deserve him" (74). Despite his reputation as a gambler and womanizer, this suitor had old family ties, position and fortune on his side. Nancy, however, came to favor Otto and before her father could



intervene she consented to marry him.

Faced with the prospect of a penniless son-in-law of unknown origins, Dr. Shippen first limited Otto's visits, then forbade him to call for four days. In that time the worried father arranged a trousseau, wedding bans, and a marriage. The diarist, as much from awe of the honor done her as in filial obedience, consented. By the time she began her diary, she had moved to the Livingston mansion, learned of her husband's numerous affairs and illegitimate offspring, and given birth to his only recognized heir. She had also learned of his black character: only after her father took legal action would Livingston allow her to return to Philadelphia to give birth. Finally even Harry Livingston's own mother warned the diarist of his treachery, and after two years, the young bride took her child and moved back to her parents' home in Philadelphia.

In her diary as in her life, Shippen sees herself as beautiful and popular. She claims to have been "formed for the world & educated to live in it" (163), an education that has taught her how to dress, talk, and write successfully. After admitting that she has spent most of the day in preparation for a party and describing in loving detail her costume, which includes "an Elegant french Hat" with five white feathers, she relates with evident pride that an admirer (Otto) confirms what she believes, that she "looked like an Angell" (122). As popular as she is pretty, Shippen is greatly in demand by members of both sexes. She

records many instances of being "sent for," a more insistent and heartfelt request than a simple invitation, by one or another lady of her set to dine, play cards, drink tea, or ride into the country. Often she accepts with obvious delight; sometimes she proudly declines, saying she prefers the pleasure of present company. Never at a loss for partners at a ball, she also carefully records the names of male attendants on almost every occasion, formal and informal, despite her status as married woman separated from her husband. Shippen's most cheerful and enthusiastic writing describes her evenings in society, and her most melancholy recording appears when she is deprived of company. Yet she declares several times that she is best suited to solitude and plain living. Her ambivalence about socializing, as about other aspects of her life, produces conflicting accounts throughout the journal.

As a refined eighteenth-century woman, the diarist sees herself as possessed of heightened sensibilities, and she cultivates this image assiduously. "Sweet Sensibility! source of a thousand heaven born sensations, for the wealth of the Indies I wou'd not be without thee!" (169), the diarist declares, thus endowing herself with this quality and proclaiming its indispensability to her. But sometimes the advantages of such a heightened emotional state elude her: "Why was my heart made so susceptible, since I am to experience nothing but misery?" (146), she asks. And after saying good-bye to a departing friend, "Ah! why was I form'd

with a heart so repleat [sic] with sensibility! The parting with a relation or friend almost kills me" (184). These may be heart-felt utterances, but her style makes them sound like prose posturings. This style, which appears to have as its purpose the cultivation of excess emotion, receives ample inspiration from the diarist's reading. Many of the conventions of the sentimental novel appear in the journal, including the use of pseudonyms. "Lord and Lady Worthy" refer to Mr. and Mrs. Shippen, the writer's parents; "Leander," the only name by which she alludes to Otto, and "Amanda," her chosen pseudonym and one used by Otto during their courtship, obviously represent the characters of hero and heroine. With the exception of Leander, however, these transparent references disappear very early in the first journal. They are apparently intended to add a sense of romance rather than to disguise identities, since each individual is freely named and identified on other occasions in the journal. Sentimental language also manifests Shippen's attitudes; she employs conventional expressions such as "Ah!" and "Alas!" to convey deep anxiety or despair. And in the grip of her strongest emotions, the diarist resorts to italics and direct address to emphasize the overwhelming forces behind her words. She writes as she reads: "The Sorrows of Werter [sic] . . . is a very affecting little history, & made Grace & myself sob & cry like Children, but there is certainly a luxury in some kinds of sorrows, as well as bitterness in others" (185). In

relating her encounters with "poor people," she sentimentalizes poverty, seeing herself as a welcome and appreciated guest among quaint, happy characters:

[T]hey gave us a very welcome reception, spread a clean white cloth upon a little clean table, & put on it some milk, some bread, dutch cheese, & radishes, the old woman put on a clean cap & apron, & the old man his new hat, & then placed himself to wait upon us (199).

Obviously surprised by and grateful for the cleanliness, Shippen believes that she has done the noble thing by eating heartily of such a modest offering. Lying unacknowledged beneath her remarks is the assumption that these people are beneath her. In her role as representative of the upper class, she practices noblesse oblige, which carries the compensation of flattering attention and subservience. When she decides to join a group of "country people" huckleberrying one day, Shippen brings no false modesty to her description of her effect on the group: "They were delighted and I no less happy, in perceiving the emotions I excited in these innocent people" (206). Conscious of her status, she is proud of her condescension in mixing so freely with the lower classes. When a poor neighbor offers her some "very brown bread," the diarist accepts "because it would give [the old woman] pleasure" (212). The vanity of this statement is unconscious; Shippen sees herself as doing the proper and expected thing, not to relieve their suffering, which she does not recognize, but to excite what she views as their appreciation and admiration.

As a matter of form, religion occupied a conspicuous

place in Shippen's circle, and one of the images which alters most profoundly in the course of this diary is that of the diarist as moving from mildly guilty, casual worshipper to religious zealot. In the first two-thirds of the journal, she mentions the church only intermittently. One Sabbath she declares it too cold to attend services, the next she is too ill. One Sunday she reflects: "How have I spent this day? Let me reflect a little: I have not spent it well. In the morning I rode out (instead of going to Church)" (182). Shippen recognizes her duty as well as her failure to fulfill it; after proposing a game of chess on Sunday, she declares that she is "almost" ashamed to record her offense, and after being reproved, she blushes "from a consciousness of . . . having done wrong" (182) and vows not to commit the sin again. As the journal progresses, the diarist becomes more remorseful. One day when she is too "indisposed" to attend services, she admits: "Ah! how seldom do I go when I am well, but I intended going today, had I been well enough" (214). Near the end of the book and after many years of suffering, she comes to describe herself as different "from all the human race" (234). Placing all her hopes of happiness in the hereafter, she implores God to teach her to be resigned to His will. Her final self projection approaches religious melancholia:

It is certain that when the mind bleeds with some wound of recent misfortune nothing is of equal efficacy with religious comfort . . . the mind . . . when bereaved of its earthly friends, solaces itself with the thoughts of one friend, who will never forsake it" (294).

Although in this passage she is deeply wounded, for some reason she does not describe the source of this particular injury, perhaps because it is imaginary. As her sense of persecution increases, she believes that her child, her parents, her husband, and even Otto, all of whom were still living at this point, have forsaken her. This note of victimization and abandonment ends a record which began in sentiment, continued in desperation, and closed with as little insight as it began.

All of her self-images--beautiful, sentimental, popular, religious--contribute to the construction of a heroine or ideal character. But Shippen also sees herself as an innocent, wronged, and sometimes rebellious victim. In presenting these two views, she swings between the heights of joy and the depths of despair, feeling alternately most blessedly fortunate and most ill used and cursed. This ambivalence hints at the diarist's deep inner conflict about herself and her world.

In the role of model daughter, Shippen describes herself as loving and loved by her parents, and she characterizes both her mother and her father in flattering terms. She writes of Dr. Shippen: "Dear good Man! he has the sweetest disposition in the world, affable & polite to every body, & to his Wife & children he is sweetly indulgent" (172). This tribute occurs, as do most of her expressions of tenderness for her parents, immediately after a conflict, as though inspired by guilt. When she feels

herself to have been most mortified by them, then she manifests a need to reaffirm her love and obedience, painting herself as the wrong-headed, willful child. Ordered to refuse an invitation to go riding, she writes: "[T]he day was rather cold & so Papa refused to let me go. I was fool enough to cry & refuse to eat my dinner, but Papa made up with me in the afternoon & said I shou'd go tomorrow" (183). And again after another disagreement, she admits that her father said "all he cou'd say to make up with his spoilt daughter" (180). Her italics emphasize what she sees as the extraordinary lengths to which her father would go to be reconciled with his erring child. Her candid references to being spoiled do much to excuse her to the reader; implicit in this self-criticism is Shippen's acknowledgement that her parents indulge her, and early letters attest to her occasional rebellion against convention. A letter from her father indicates the direction of the parents' wishes and actions:

My dear Nancy . . . Have you persuaded yourself that your dear Mamma knows better than you & that it is your duty to obey her cheerfully always, altho it may sometimes seem hard. She loves you & wishes to make you one of the finest women in Philadelphia this should excite your love & gratitude & I flatter myself does (p.72).

And when her father refuses to let her attend a ball, she admits that, although her heart was there, it was not prudent for her to attend. Then she adds without a trace of irony, "how happy am I to have a wise parent to judge for me" (181). These self-portraits, contradictory as they are,

nonetheless serve to remind the reader that, despite her rebellions, Shippen often went to some lengths to appear the model daughter, as in this entry: "As my Mamma has desir'd me not to admit Company on the sabbath I have refused myself to some gentlemen that were polite enough to call, & spent the Even'g in reading to my Mamma--" (173).

Ultimate proof of Shippen's basically obedient passivity lies in her marriage: she has wed the man her father chose, rather than the man she loves, and with disastrous results. In this passage she speaks of "her" choice, but in accepting Col. Livingston's offer, the young socialite has followed the course dictated by her father. "Lord Worthy sees the consequences of my unhappy choice too late--it is well for me he sees it at all" (189), she writes, the implication being that her father has in effect admitted his error.

Using the transparent disguise that she heard the anecdote from a friend, the diarist earlier accuses her parents of greed and selfishness, as she describes a situation obviously meant to parallel her own, complete with predictions of tragic consequences:

[A] young Lady . . . was sacrificed to the avarice & ambition of her parents to a man she hated--& her death was the natural consequence of her misery. She had a soul form'd for friendship--she found it not at home, her elegance of mind prevented her seeking it abroad; & she died a melancholy victim to the Tyranny of her friends & the tenderness of her heart (146).

Almost as though she determines to fulfill this prophecy, Shippen cultivates the image of martyr.



Parental control begins to weigh heavier and heavier on the diarist, and as conflicts with her father increase, she has increasing difficulty in lauding his judgment and being grateful for his interference. Revelations of inner conflicts of which she herself seems largely unaware present to the reader a picture of the Shippen family which the diarist may or may not intend. Although she never calls her father a tyrant or her mother a self-pitying nag, their behavior, as she describes it, convicts them of these crimes. And once again the reader faces two figures on the page: the first, Shippen as candid and self-critical, inclines the reader to accept her view of her parents as tyrants. She seems justified in her rebellion. The other image, that of a spoiled and headstrong young girl, prompts the reader to think that her parents might have been equally justified. Such passages as the following speak to both impressions:

My Papa was not pleased with me, for keeping such late hours. I am sure I don't have company so often Papa that you need speak to me about it. However since you dont like it I will be more retir'd still. Poor Amanda, when will the time come, that I can be free & uncontroul'd? (178).

Shippen cannot see her own ambivalence: this outspoken declaration occurs in the middle of her professions of pride in her wonderful father and gratitude for his wise judgment. The image here is both submissive and rebellious; in public she seeks to win her father's approval while in the privacy of her diary she condemns his authority. Her desire for

independence sounds both adolescent, which it undoubtedly is, and yet logical. She is considered old enough to be both wife and mother but not old enough to control her own life. Here again, however, the diarist's lack of writing skill, or perhaps only her lack of awareness, allows a note of self pity and immaturity to undercut the reader's sympathy.

Upon returning from a visit to New York, she finds her family relocated and a new residence established: "For a moment I felt petrified with astonishment & mortified to the last degree, to think that he wou'd move without my being there" (192). Completely unaware that such a move was being considered, Shippen has been excluded from this major family decision, and sees herself as still regarded as a child irrespective of her married status. Dr. Shippen appears to be both willful and inconsiderate, a portrait that becomes sharper and more convincing as the journal progresses. When he sends his daughter to the Shippen country estate to care for her sick mother, the diarist records the incident as a peremptory order: "[H]e told me . . . that I was to live with my sick Mamma in the Country" (192). Despite her own claims of ill health, Shippen attempts to obey her father's wishes: "Altho' very unable at his request I din'd below, & answer'd as well as was in my power the many questions he ask'd" (193). With her exile into the country, the diarist by her own admission becomes more self-sacrificing; she notes that she is ill because she has spent so many

sleepless hours attending her mother.

The greatest sacrifice Shippen is forced to make in the name of obedient daughter occurs when Dr. Shippen orders the diarist to send her eighteen-month-old daughter Margaret (Peggy), to her paternal grandparent, Mrs. Livingston, Sr. The distraught young mother describes her father's rationale: "[Mamma] told me that . . . Papa had determin'd that the Child shou'd go at any rate---that he cou'd not be answerable for the Childs losing her fortune which she wou'd certainly do, if I kept her from her Grandmother" (146). Although she admits the prudence and economic necessity of this move, she continues to describe her father as the author of her loss: "my Father won't permit me to take her from her good Grandmother" (185), implying that despite the money she would bring Peggy home if her father would permit it. Despite all her shifting images, Shippen consistently convinces as a loving, devoted mother. She declares herself "completely wrapped up" in her child, dependent on her for happiness. With unwitting candor, she writes: "I love her as much as I love myself" (146). One of the most moving moments in the diary occurs when Shippen confronts the prospect of losing Peggy. Writing directly to the object of her deepest love, the diarist speaks: "My sweet child! my whole soul is wrapp'd up in you! if I am oblig'd to part with you (O! dreadful Thought!) I will look upon myself as the most miserable of woman kind!" (146).

So many of her entries deal with socializing and

mourning her lost love that the reader is tempted to wonder, but the mother's actions bear out her deep devotion. When little Peggy falls ill, the diarist nurses her, proudly noting her sacrifice in her journal. "Fatigued and lacking sleep," she gives up her own health for that of her daughter (152). Although the journal functions as an outlet for many otherwise inexpressible feelings, at times the diarist is too overcome with sadness and distress to commit her thoughts to paper. She sees the separation from her daughter as one of those times:

I have been in such a state of misery since I left my beloved Child I have not been able to continue my journal. Alass![sic] how shall I paint my sufferings at & since that dreadful moment that I parted with my beloved baby! I will not, I cannot attempt it--I will only say that I have never known a happy moment since--O! what a sacrifice! but it was for her--therefore let me try to be resign'd (160).

Despite her affectations, Shippen's style seems artless, and in unguarded moments such as this one she speaks more convincingly than she realizes. As a devoted mother deprived of her sole source of comfort in an unhappy existence, Shippen rings true for one of the few times in the diary, for it is on the altar of motherhood that she sacrifices more of herself than on any other. Her reasons for doing so--her desire for Peggy to have a secure position in society and her inability to disobey her father, who was her own economic support at this time--might be considered less than admirable. But that she paid for her decision for the rest of her life no reader can doubt.

Perhaps Shippen might have succeeded in reconciling the

conflicting demands of obedient daughter and devoted mother had she not had the additional duty of submissive wife to a "tyrant." Implicitly aligning herself with the eighteenth-century model of the ideal woman, the diarist quotes Madame de Maintenon, carefully copying the French author's sentiments into her journal: the female sex is "exposed to suffer, because it is always in dependance" (144), but the ideal woman must be neither angry nor ashamed of this dependence. She must not expect perfect peace, but bear with "softness & patience" her husband's faults. She must guard against jealousy and sacrifice her own will to the "naturally tyrannical" men who insist on their own pleasures and liberty while denying the same freedom to women. But on this last point Shippen disagrees with Maintenon. The diarist insists that some men "willingly give up the harsh title of master for the more tender & endearing one of Friend" (145), apparently thinking of her first love, Otto. More explicitly, she associates her husband, to whom she refers as "Lord B.," with the harsh and tyrannical master, and sees herself as the victim of his groundless suspicions and jealousy: "[O]bdurate man! he still continues to persecute me with his reproaches--God knows that I do not deserve them" (141). Calling on a divine witness to attest to her innocence, she describes her suffering at the hands of this "unrelenting" man. After a lengthy estrangement, the diarist proposes a reconciliation. "[W]ill he not be glad to see me--fold me in his arms--& repent that he has

treated me ill--wonder at my forgiveness & condescension--& become a new man?" (153). The romance of this passage is typical Shippen: as the ideal wife, she will inspire and reform her wayward spouse.

Lord B. is the guilty party, mistreating a wife who does not deserve it; he should initiate this meeting. But the diarist sees herself as magnanimously making the first move. Later she feels neglected when he does not even send his regards through mutual friends, and finally learning from her mother-in-law that he may force her to return to him, she imagines herself in danger of her life. Afraid to leave her home, she orders her servants to say she is out when he calls. These are strong measures for a wife to take against her husband, even if he is as ruthless and unprincipalled as Harry Livingston reportedly was, but the diarist makes only brief mention of his escapades: "My Husband (what misery, alas to me, that I have one) lives in his old way trying to deprive his wife & lawful heir of their property by throwing it away on miserable undeserving objects" (p. 234). Instead, she seems most concerned about her own appearance of guilt:

[W]hat affects me most is his accusing me of infidelity [sic] . . . Wretched Unhappy man--Nothing but your being jealous, & treating me ill in consequence of that jealousy, shou'd have tempted me to leave you--& now you say I left you because I loved another.--Had you not deciev'd [sic] me by so often swearing you loved me to distraction I shou'd not have been the wretch I am (143).

Shippen is convincing, but not completely so. She does not

deny that she loves another. Here is a woman who feels that she has been all but coerced into a loveless marriage, which soon becomes a nightmare of neglect, threats, and mistreatment. Every instinct protests, but every social rule demands that she stay in the relationship. Without a single friend on her side, she looks back to the one person who seems to offer solace. In writing of her relationship with Otto, she protests her innocence, insisting on the purely Platonic nature of the relationship. Whether they have become lovers in fact or not, the depths of Shippen's emotions drive her to frequent explanations and defense. She makes their "friendship" a matter of record. In light of her comment regarding the man who exchanges the title of master for that of "friend," she could be indicating an intimate relationship.

As proof of her candor and honesty, she admits that, despite her marriage, "Leander" is still attached to her and she to him. When he tells her she looks "like an Angell [sic]", she writes: "Shall I confess that I felt pleas'd to be approved of by him? Why? because he is my sincere friend--& was once (O! happy time!) my lover" (142). The term "lover" appears as ambiguous as "friend," but eighteenth-century usage employed "lover" to mean admirer and faithful attendant, worshipping from afar. In this record of her innocence, it is doubtful if Shippen would employ it otherwise. When Leander passes by her window while she is at tea, the diarist claims "his eyes" signal

his desire to join her. The surreptitiousness of this act hints at feelings deeper than friendship, but the diarist maintains that her interest in Otto is completely innocent: "I wish'd to enquire after his health & happiness & have a little friendly chat with him . . . . I hope to see him soon again for I really have a sincere friendship for him" (179).

This relationship in any form is denied her:

[H]e is my friend--& I am his--but because he was once my lover I must not see him--Cruell custom--I have read or heard . . . "that the best friendship is the child of love"--why am I not at liberty to indulge that friendship? Why? because it wou'd displease my husband (150).

And here the platonic mask slips almost entirely; for Shippen to argue that the only reason she can't be "friends" with Otto is because of her husband's displeasure is to ignore the larger truth: in every sense, she prefers Otto to her husband, and the social mores of the day frown on this kind of relationship. Even though Shippen has acknowledged that "illeberal [sic] custom prevents a correspondence between the sexes" (191), the two "friends" exchange letters. Later, when she learns of Otto's marriage and realizes that he is lost to her forever, she opens her heart to her journal, then neglected for six months:

Now must I be wretched in the reflection of what I have lost. O! had I waited till the obstacles were remov'd that stood in my Fathers way, then had I been compleatly happy. Now they are removed, but what is my unfortunate situation! (233).

"Had I waited" sounds like remorse. More frequently Shippen struggles to justify herself to herself through her writing. Seeking approval and sympathy, she uses her journal as a



friendly court wherein she can present the case she wants to be heard and thereby win acquittal of any wrongdoing. Hoping also to find the support and acceptance she feels are denied her in her family and in society, she cries out against the circumstances of her life. Her ambivalence, her inability to think and act with consistency and independence, prevents her from developing into the woman she longs to be. Her portrait of her parents carries too much of the diarist's self pity to be totally convincing, but the accounts of her father's behavior with regard to Peggy are enough to convict him of self-interest, if nothing worse. After forcing her to give up the child, he commands her to nurse her mother because no one is "so proper to take care of [a mother] as her own Child" (196). The irony of this remark in the face of his actions apparently escapes him. As the wife, Livingston appears to merit at least some of the suspicion her husband feels; the heroine's tragedy seems to be at least partly of her own making. Finally, the reader is left with the portrait and its shadow: an indulged and loving daughter, devoted mother, and submissive wife behind whom stands an immature, fun-loving socialite whose life crests at the age of sixteen, thereafter to be filled with sorrows real and imagined. The portrait remains to the end as confused and ambiguous as the woman who creates it.

## Grace Growden Galloway

"I know not how to act," Grace Galloway (ca. 1730-1789) often laments in her diary.<sup>2</sup> She is confused not on matters of etiquette but on questions of law, economics, and finally survival. And she attributes her confusion to the American Revolution and the forces supporting it. From the confiscation of her Loyalist husband's estates--and her dowry--to her abandonment by her husband as he takes their only child and flees to England, Galloway blames her troubles on those who seek to sever connections with the throne. Her subsequent efforts to regain the family properties and the effects of the radical changes in her social and economic status form the basis of her journal. Cut off from those institutions which traditionally would have supported her--family, society, church, and country--she comes to see herself as a woman trapped in a hostile, alien environment.

Galloway's journal reflects her constant anxiety about these traumatic changes; writing virtually every day, she records little that does not speak directly to the issue of her lost fortune. The journal could therefore have provided a useful record of past actions, guiding her future, had she ever recognized the value or necessity of such a record. Even a quick re-reading might have shown Galloway some of her own foibles and inconsistencies, but in terms of insight, her diary has little impact. In fact, she never

acknowledges the existence of her journal or her construction of it. The act of diary keeping, therefore, is not for her a deliberately artistic one; it grows out of a need to open her mind to an absolutely trustworthy confidante. She seeks advice and confirmation of self from many people, but because she is suspicious of every listener, she confides fully in her diary alone. Only in the privacy of this kind of writing can she admit the wide range of her doubts, anxieties, and animosities. In style and tone as well as intent, the Galloway diary is a genuinely private document with no pretenses regarding a future reader. Galloway projects uninhibited images of the way she sees others as well as herself. As a woman with a definite view of her own personality and character, she ranks ahead of most of the Philadelphia diarists, but Galloway writes largely to confirm her preconceived notions. She looks at herself often, but in speaking freely of the self she perceives, Galloway inadvertently uncovers another image, which the reader regards as a more accurate picture of the woman behind the book. This image reveals facets of the diarist's character of which she seems patently unaware, and it shapes the final image into a complex but understandable eighteenth-century woman. The alienation and frustration of the writer produce a self portrait of unexpected dimensions.

Galloway's diary begins as a social record; the first few entries are vertical lists of visitors' names only,

followed by a brief note on the departure of the diarist's husband and their daughter Elizabeth for New York on June 18 and another memo the following day indicating that the diarist has been given notice that her house is soon to become the "possession of the state." On June 27 Galloway begins adding to this social roster with short notes which soon become lengthy protests. By the time she is forcibly evicted on Nov. 5, the final shape of the diary has evolved and the tone established as Galloway confides her anxieties and resentment over her steadily worsening plight. Most entries reflect on her state of mind, her emotional level, and for the last two-thirds of the journal, her physical condition. Names of visitors continue, their comments indirectly recorded, who said what regarding the diarist's problems receiving the most attention. Galloway makes no attempt to be rational or objective. She judges people and their behavior on the emotional and intuitive impressions of the moment.

One of the diarist's minor roles is that of writer, although only with respect to letters and poetry; the acknowledged role of diarist either did not appeal or did not occur to her. The diary had for her a separate function not associated with the communicative nature of letters or the art of poetry, and unlike some of the Philadelphia diarists, Galloway copied neither in her journal. But she appears to have been a careful and conscientious letter writer; her notes indicate that she spends a day working on

a letter to her daughter, or that she is dissatisfied with a letter she has written, or that she has read to visitor Anthony Benezet, the Quaker schoolmaster, what she has written to her daughter. As for her poetry, she admits: "read [Debby] my verses--am not pleased with them" (67). Several times she records that she has been writing all morning or all day. Since her diary would rarely have required any more than an hour on any given day, these lengthy writing sessions could have been dedicated to poetic endeavors as well as correspondence or other diaries (35n).

Galloway's writing skills are almost obscured by her disregard of conventions. She follows her own inclinations in spelling and she omits the use of periods at the ends of her sentences, often rendering her meanings unclear. Yet these appear to be deliberate choices, her refusal to adhere to rules of grammar when more important matters are at stake. In the following discussion, the diarist's eccentric spelling and grammar are reproduced intact; the use of "sic" has been omitted.

Her vocabulary indicates what her background implies: she was well educated for her time. Although it surfaces only occasionally, her spontaneous use of figurative language reveals a degree of skill and polish. Her solitary pun appears to be consciously chosen: "Oh How[e] how I detest thee!" (164). Saying the Americans are "as cruel as the grave" (61), she conveys unremitting meanness, the finality of their action against her, and her figurative

death as a result. To keep her mind off her troubles, she builds "castles in the air" (63), suggesting that she recognizes that her hopes are insubstantial and ephemeral. Although she relies on convention for this cliché, "castles" is an appropriate image: she fantasizes replacing her lost estates with equally grand residences. Most of Galloway's poetic word choices occur when she is recording her most impassioned moments, and occasionally the intense effort to express herself fully produces unintentionally comic results. After declaring that she is "wrapped in impenetrable Darkness," Galloway ponders whether she will ever again have a sense of belonging; she then adds: "Now am I like a pelican in the Desert" (163). The flood of feeling behind this remark conveys an over-wrought mind, and despite what the reader might perceive as humorous incongruity, the image accurately and vividly represents a sense of incompatibility with one's surroundings. Her attempts to discover and use similes and metaphors sometimes result in unusual mixtures. In the following passage, containing her most extensive use of figurative language, she yearns to be a rock that is "safe ashore." Her allusion to Diogenes, explained in full to better illustrate her very different position, and the suggestion of metonymy in "Wooden cup" and "Lindsay gown" bear further witness to Galloway's abilities and inclinations:

[A]s I had now suffer'd all that they can inflict upon  
 Me I shou'd now act as on a rock to look on the wrack  
 of others & see them tost by the Tempestuous billows  
 while I was safe ashore . . . that a Wooden waiter was

as Useful tho not so sightly as a silver one . . . I cou'd Not do as Diogenes (drink out of the first brook therefore threw his cup away as Useless) but I wou'd keep my Wooden cup if I cou'd get no other. . .if I cou'd not get a silk gown I cou'd get a Linsay one & so it kept Me warm I owed Not (76).

The various images, organized around representative items of necessity, emphasize the diarist's newly impoverished condition. Her reference to Diogenes associates her not only with his poverty but with his righteousness and honesty. Unlike him, however, she sees herself as unable to discard any material possessions, wooden and unsightly though they might be. The cup and the gown seem to suggest Galloway's longing for the comfort of luxury in all areas of her life.

Grace Galloway considers herself a victim; dishonesty and injustice are ruining her life. The rebel government, the Philadelphia community, the British Army, and her husband--each in a different way contributes to her conviction that she is being betrayed. As a result of what she sees as illegal and ignoble actions by these various forces, she has lost her economic base, the wealth that provided her with a luxurious upper class existence. In addition to the loss of her material possessions, Galloway sees herself as robbed of status, friends, child, and health.

Principal among her enemies is political treachery. To her, the American revolutionaries are operating unfairly and illegally. What seems to Galloway to be a personal insult is the inequities of their administration of the fates of

the widows and wives of their enemies. Either she is ignorant of the hostility that Joseph Galloway engendered by deserting the Continental Congress, despite his reasonable Candid Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great-Britain and the Colonies, or she chooses to ignore it (Nelson 66-69). When she hears that the rebels have rented one of her personal estates to another person rather than to her, she writes: "I found this stroke hurt Me very much as I always thought they wou'd have let me rent my own as they have done others" (61). Later, when advised to put in a claim for this estate, she retorts: "I said they knew they had no right to my estate & that I wou'd not Ask that as a favour which I had a right to Command" (170). The three tracts willed to the diarist by her father were sequestered by the state for the life of her husband, Joseph Galloway. Later, her petition to the Supreme Executive Council to grant her these tracts in lieu of an annuity is denied, but a woman to whom she refers as her "mother in law," probably Mrs. Hannah Growden, the diarist's stepmother, is granted a maintenance<sup>3</sup> of 650 pounds a year by the state on these same properties. For the council to award her stepmother these benefits and deny them to her enforces Galloway's sense of persecution: "I am realy shocked to here of such fraud & I fear it is true . . . the fresh claim to My estate is a stab" (87). The diarist's paranoia becomes a self-fulfilling prophesy; she is treated more harshly than others, perhaps because of her repeated refusals to recognize or appeal to the rebels.



The dishonesty of the revolutionaries confirms Galloway's impression of their base origins. "[I] spoke very freely of the present Government said they robbed me & others to support a Set of Low people" (70). The American government, as she sees it, is run by unmoneyed, undeserving rabble with no proper notion of what it means to be the ruling class. She fears that England will lose America to this "minority," who are not the poorest on the economic scale, but rather the middle class which in Galloway's mind aspires to equality with its betters. When she records that she "ridiculed Mock Gentry" (79), she refers to this rising threat. Specifying the occupation of each of the men who evicts her, she scorns them because they are "in trade:" in addition to the artist Charles Willson Peale, she lists "Smith the hatter & a Col. Will, a pewterer in second street" (51). When part of the Galloway estate is sold to "that wretch Col. Procter," she indignantly notes that he was "but a few Years ago . . . a foot Man to Captain Hay" (80). She refuses to recognize the American government because, as an "English Woman," she is not subject to their laws. More to the point, she rejects their authority because she considers them unfit and improper to rule.

Despite her professed loyalty to the king, Galloway regards the British army as another of her betrayers for its repeated failures to quell the rebellion.<sup>4</sup> She is "mad at How for betraying us to the provincials as it was in his power to have settled the affair" (39), a criticism which

seems in retrospect more valid than she might have known (Higginbotham 166-71). Obviously Galloway believes that the ragged, untrained American army would have been easily and conclusively defeated had Howe managed his troops properly. When she hears talk against the English, she is "vexed," but in a moment of rage she declares that "the English Deserves not the name of Brittons" (88). Galloway distinguishes between the British Army--the "king's greatest enemies" (160)--and true Englishmen, who are not so "diffident & cautious" (166) as the army has proven to be. She sees her cause as ruined by this faint-hearted group. Particularly threatened by the surrender of the fort at Stony Point, she thinks that Sir Henry Johnston, who "basely" surrendered, should be shot. Referring to England as home, Galloway regards herself as a loyal British subject being ignored by her country. The English, she feels, are doing nothing for the relief of their fellow subjects in America, and "instead of protecting their friends are Courting their enemies" (159). Disappointed in her hopes of a British military victory which could restore her property, status, and family, the diarist develops a deep sense of abandonment and betrayal.

The ultimate enemy, however, is Joseph Galloway, the diarist's husband. Even before she becomes convinced of his failure to arrange properly for her care, she expresses the anger of an unappreciated and mistreated wife:

I am happy & the Liberty of doing as I please Makes

even poverty more agreeable than any time I ever spent since I Married . . . his Unkind treatment makes me easy Nay happy not to be with him & if he is safe I want not to be kept so like a slave as he allways made Me in preventing every wish of my heart (59-60).

For the first time in her married life, Galloway does not have to consider her husband's wishes or be ruled by his commands, and at least momentarily she finds the experience a heady one. The half-expressed wish for his safety hints at a residue of concern, but soon his "base conduct," when present, plus his "takeing no care of [her] in his absence," (63-64), drives Galloway to declare that she is indifferent to him. She continues to wish for his safety, to defend him to his enemies, which are after all hers as well, and to excuse his eccentricities, protesting that he is at least honest. But when she learns that he has put the deed to an important part of her estate in his name only, cutting off all the water from her portion of the land and taking it "out of [her] family" (177), she sees it as the final blow to her affections for him as well as her hopes for the future:

[T]he unfair conduct of this man has quite [illegible] my temper as his ill conduct has ruin'd me . . . I have some affection for him yet I dispise & abhor his vanity & baseness & am Now truly set against him . . . all his Unkindness is in my mind & all within Distress & Confusion . . . was it not for my dearest Child I would embrace poverty much soon than live with a man who wou'd Grasp at all I have yet treat me worse than a slave . . . I will never live with him more (177).

Despite Galloway's final declaration, she has a difficult time renouncing him entirely. As her legal protector and provider and the father and guardian of her only child, this

man represents the stability, security, and authority which Galloway seeks throughout the journal. She sees herself as betrayed, but her need for him is not diminished but rather augmented by this betrayal. The one person in the world she trusted to protect and provide for her not only withholds his own support but cuts off her means of independent income as well. The betrayal is less one of affections than economics, and because he has attacked her most vulnerable spot, she vows to break with him entirely. Were he to appear on the scene, however, to relieve Galloway of some of her flood of worries, the reader might predict a reconciliation, despite the man's reputation as a self-server who "married the only available lady in Pennsylvania whose father owned a four-wheeled carriage" (Nelson 69).

To Galloway, the American Revolution and its attendant activities have robbed her of her health, her daughter, and her status, and it is difficult to disagree with this assessment. Her complaints of cholic and weak nerves begin after she is forcibly turned out of her home and all her possessions confiscated. They multiply in proportion to her realization of the extent of her bankruptcy. She has great faith in her anodines, which she takes with increasing frequency, but when the doctors tell her that she needs exercise, not medicine, the diarist becomes so anxious that she swallows her pride, "sends" for a neighbor's carriage and goes for a ride. From this point, Galloway sees the lack of a "chariot" as a symbol not only of her lost wealth

and prestige but also of her rapidly worsening health. When friends fail to offer to take her out for a ride, she maintains that she is dying because of their neglect: "I talked . . . of the cruelty of those who pretended to be My friends in Not takeing me out to ride as they knew My life allmost depended on it" (158). Galloway tries to make this omission a deliberate act of cruelty on the part of her false friends. Convinced of the efficacy of fresh air taken in a carriage, she treats each of her rare opportunities to ride out as a health-restoring experience. Her remarks--"I am so pleased with my ride I seem well" (60), and "I think I never enjoy'd a ride so much in My life . . . the Ride did Me Much Good My spirits had no langor this evening" (154)--unconsciously suggest that because she believes in them, the rides restore that part most seriously affected by her ordeal--her spirits.

Being deprived of her daughter, Elizabeth, is an even greater trial to the diarist. As a deeply conscientious mother, she expresses a loneliness for the girl aggravated by anxiety for her well being, both present and future. "My dear child is Never out of My Mind" (155), she writes after being separated from her almost a year. Her fears that Elizabeth is "unnoticed" (167), and living in "obscure circumstances" (167) reflect Galloway's concern for her daughter's position in society and her desperation at being unable to help. She wants to be with the girl, but she explicitly recognizes the two horns of her dilemma. If she

buys back her confiscated property, she will not be permitted to leave the country to join Elizabeth in England, even if she manages to regain possession, the state might not allow the girl to inherit. But if she does not buy, Elizabeth will certainly lose her inheritance, and to the diarist's mind, all hope of future happiness: "I think it best to leave it but my Childs intress argues for buying but can I give her Up & not be with her am almost out of My wits" (172). Torn between what she sees as her duty and what she feels as a mother bereft of her only child, having to choose between her daughter's economic security and her own own emotional fulfillment, Galloway remains undecided to the end of the journal.

The diarist appears to be a woman whose problems are compounded by her sense of social superiority. This unconscious projection emerges from Galloway's response to her loss of social position. She explicitly ranks her former economic state as "a fortune above most people" (166), which it undoubtedly was, and implicitly associates her family with might and great power, again an accurate assesment based on the political careers of both her father and her husband in the Pennsylvania Assembly. When she writes, "Oh how are we fallen," paraphrasing the Biblical quotation, "how the mighty are fallen" (II Samuel 1:19), she documents her family's position: greatness and power have been brought low. After the confiscation of the Galloway property and wealth, the diarist sees herself reduced to a

state of beggary, but only gradually does she come to realize the implications of her new position. When Debby Morris, an unmarried woman of modest means, offers to take her in, the diarist calls it "cold comfort" and instead asks the Craigs, apparently more comfortably situated, if she can move in with them. She finds "insolence" and "impertinence" in the actions of many; "I was call'd home to see ben Chew, but his behavior was so cold Nay disrespectful to Me that I was quite shocked" (56), she writes. As Chief Justice of Pennsylvania and a leading member of the Proprietary Party, Chew is himself a man of consequence, but the diarist insists on his subservience. Clearly expecting deference, Galloway laments that there is no one to "serve" her, and she receives only "insolence" from "these low fellows." "I should not look on every body as My equals" (166), she declares, continuing to insist, even in her extremity, on her superiority over her benefactors. Charity can breed resentment in the meekest soul, and Galloway never claims to be meek.

Although it gradually diminishes in force and frequency, Galloway's role as grand dame continues to guide her life. She "sends for" various influential men in the community who might aid her in her goals, demanding their assistance or advice at all hours of the day. She asks for the use of various carriages, and when she is treated with less than what she considers her due, she retaliates in writing: "I am determin'd to carry on no more face unles

these people will treat Me as My station in life requires" (79), although she has earlier resolved to try to "forget little slights & want of attention" (55). One such slight, as she views it, occurs during a carriage ride courtesy of her neighbor: "I told her that such rides as this I wou'd not give a pin for & the exercise of riding three Miles & being out half an hour wou'd contribute but little to My health" (44). Unable to see her own ingratitude, she unashamedly records this response to what she regards as inadequate respect and attention.

Being under obligation to the lower classes destroys Galloway's public as well as her private image. Her lack of a carriage soon comes to symbolize all her sorrows:

[A]s I was walking in the Rain My own Chariot drove by I own that I then thought it hard . . . but when I turn'd into the alley My dear child came into My Mind & what she wou'd say to see her Mamma walking 5 squares in the rain at night like a common Woman & go to rooms in an Alley for her home I dare not think (57).

Being without a carriage seems to be as reprehensible as being without a home, and Galloway focuses on this tangible sign of affluence as she dreams of the future: "I hope all will be right yet & I shall ride when these Harpies walk as they Use to do before they Plunder'd me & others" (61). With the knowledge that she is indebted to people she regards as her inferiors, "low" people who have raised themselves on the spoils of war, Galloway attempts to soothe her pride with thoughts of revenge.

Given the diarist's open and unrepentant admission of these attitudes, the reader finds unconscious irony in



Galloway's distress over her lack of real friends. Of all her losses, the diarist sees herself as suffering most severely from the loss of friendship and community support. The perfidy, disloyalty, and indifference of her neighbors combines to ruin her life; she sees herself as a pariah. "I have no friends" is her most common self description, and when she writes, "[N]o one will take me in . . . I am fled from as a Pestilence" (41), Galloway is defining her standards of friendship, which seem to have their basis in economics. Alternating with these complaints are those about her stream of visitors. The contradiction in these two facts--Galloway as social pariah and Galloway as besieged by visitors--apparently escapes her. She claims that her many callers interfere with her business and her privacy: "Wore out with such heaps of company" (50) and "have two Much Company to enjoy My own thoughts or converse with people on business" (59). Furthermore, their motives are entirely selfish: "All the Notice taken of Me is to come & pump Me for news & talk Me almost to Death" (164), she writes, suspiciously rejecting her visitors. To the diarist, these people show their true colors by refusing to invite her into their homes: "I cannot eat my Morsel alone tho Nobody will have me to their houses" (181); "I have people by Dozens that will Not get Me to their houses but let me dine at home so that I can give them a dish of tea tis all they care for" (78). The reader begins to suspect that the diarist's dislike of visitors is in direct proportion to the amount of

hospitality and refreshment she is forced to offer them. If she could be considered a reliable witness, Galloway would be convincing as the exploited hostess. Her numerous entries relating to this subject leave no doubt that in her mind these callers are not well wishers but free loaders.

Witness her firm resolve to stop being the "fool":

[A]s everybody keeps Me at a distance so I am resolved not to make my house a place of resort: but I find people expect I shou'd still entertain them tho No one house in Town have ever Given Me a Meal nor think Nothing of Asking Me: therefore I will no longer be the fool to entertain . . . Nobody wants Me at their houses (61-62).

Part of the community clearly regards Galloway as a diversion or a curiosity. Some, undoubtedly remembering her husband's service as political representative for the non-political Quakers, exhibit a degree of responsibility toward her and thus visit her more out of duty than friendship.

The diarist sees them all as devoid of any personal concern for her, but this view ignores the very fact that they continue to maintain her, for she is almost entirely dependent on others for food, clothing and shelter.

Unwittingly reflecting her own attitude toward those who have little material wealth, she observes that "the poor are allways friendless" (156). After she loses her case in court, her feelings become more pronounced: "Nobody Now come[s] Near Me I am now fallen below their notice" (180).

Biting the hand that is feeding her, she claims that Quakers are partial to their own members, as in the case of Becky Shoemaker: "by the indifference of My friends I am to

be turn'd out of Doors they support Shoemaker but Care not if I sink" (47); "I find I am made the but[t] of & the quakers takes care of [Becky Shoemaker] but I may shift for myself . . . all the quakers are for her but I belong to Nobody" (53). The childlike self-pity might almost succeed in arousing sympathy if it did not ignore the obvious: Galloway has steadfastly given vent to her pride and resentment, actions not designed to endear her to those who might be inclined to offer aid. She is not a Quaker, but that fact seems to trouble her more than it does the Friends of Philadelphia. Despite what the reader might see as the care and concern lavished on her by the community, Galloway's feelings of alienation and isolation persist throughout the journal. One of the final entries records her abiding fear: "as I belong'd to Nobody Nobody cared for Me" (188-89).

Although she obviously feels desparately lost without these attachments, the diarist is unable to relate spiritually to the Quakers. Ironically, she finds one of her very few happy moments in the diary as a result of her only religious visit from a Friend:

[Susannah Lightfoot's] discourse Made Me feel New heart & soften'd me more than I ever was before: & her discourse was so pertinent, kind, & friendly that it gave me a pleasure beyond expression & I shou'd have been glad of their company . . . [they] left me in a pleasing fram of mind not to be described . . . I think the evening the best I have known a great while I feel a Joy not to be discribed & wou'd gladly give up all outward show for this peace & serenity of mind (69).

These impulses are temporary, however, and although she has

gravitated to the warmth and concern of a sympathetic minister, she cannot commit to the theology behind the personality. Her resolution to give up "all outward show" lasts only through the evening, and beyond admitting the following day that her mind is "to light & vain," she makes no further mention of her inclination toward Christian poverty. In an equally fleeting and isolated moment of self examination several months later, Galloway tells a neighbor of her fears following an illness: "I was afraid to die & till I cou'd be brought to forgive My enimies & put reliance in Nothing but a Divine being I cou'd not be happy" (152). Religionists as well as psychiatrists might see in this self-analysis a prescription for many of the diarist's ills, but she has clearly not yet forgiven her foes, nor is she ready to rely totally on Providence, whom she vaguely and indefinitely calls "a Divine being." She is unconvinced of the existence of any force named God, and this among many other reasons ultimately deprives her of a close bond with the Society of Friends.

To Galloway, the insurmountable barrier separating her from the community is her poverty (Main 229-39). As a new member of the economically deprived class, she is painfully aware of Philadelphia's prosperity and security. She resents the Quakers because of their offers of much-needed but highly resented charity, which both exceed and fall short of her mark. And the other undeserving middle classes, despite their lack of breeding or culture, are now

her superiors economically and socially; worse, she is in their power politically. The people Galloway finds most amiable are the "country people," those in similar or worse condition than herself. She can condescend to this group to whom she is--by virtue of birth, education and experience--still obviously superior despite her new poverty. She has no such obvious advantages over middle-class Philadelphians, whom she sees as rivals for her status and possessions. The poor folk, on the other hand, possess too little for the diarist to envy and offer no charity for her to resent. Of this lower class, she writes: "these poor people seems to want to be acquainted with Me and looks at Me with eyes of Curiosity & pittty I went & talked to them" (164). The same curiosity that she has resented in others she now finds flattering because to her it is "honest," free of ulterior designs and selfish interest. "[T]hese honest Ignorant people are the happyest on earth I am pleased to see their ways" (164), she writes condescendingly. Reminiscent of Shippen, Galloway interprets their wanting to be acquainted as deference and respect in recognition of her unchanged superiority. Thus she stands in relation to them much as she would formerly have stood, and her pleasure in the relationship is obvious.

Victim of political fraud, marital disregard, and social injustice, robbed of her means of financial support, her health, her daughter, and her status--these are the images Grace Galloway consciously projects, and to some

extent the reader is inclined to agree. But they do not form the total picture. Behind many of these self-portraits lie unconscious revelations. To see her as a superior individual reduced by undeserving forces one must ignore the persona who insists on standing on her former elevated status, condemning her enemies on the basis of their origins and possessions. The portrait of disillusioned wife overlays that of the wife still concerned for her husband and still longing for his protection. The picture of the diarist as friendless pariah does not obscure that of the socialite who alienates herself more by her demands and criticism than by her religious, economic, and social differences. The final figure that evolves from these additional revelations is ambivalent and confused, and to a limited extent, Galloway acknowledges this confusion. She openly admits her uncertainty and insecurity, but almost never looks for the cause within herself. She frequently regrets talking too much, as in these passages: "I fear I talk to Much wish I cou'd command both My tongue & Spirits" (72) and "I think I talked to much as my spirits were good . . . I wish I cou'd Not talk so Much" (157). But she seriously questions her behavior in only one area, her actions regarding her estate. Her lament, "I know not how to act," reflects her frantic pursuit of legal advice to secure some of her possessions. For more than a year, Galloway wavers between her desire to abandon her efforts and flee to England, and her need to try to salvage what she

can of the Galloway fortune. Finally, she fails and in so doing destroys all her hopes for the future.

For the most part Galloway appears unaware of her ambivalent and contradictory responses. She describes herself as "not quite unhappy" in almost the same breath that she pictures herself as "not well" and miserable. She declares that the Philadelphians give her too little at the same time that she insists that she wants nothing from them. Those she sees as friends one day are enemies the next. In the middle of her despair over being ignored and mistreated by her friends, she suddenly, for no apparent reason, records her acceptance by the neighborhood: "they are now very fond of Me & treat me kindly & like a friend" (160); "am very happy in the Neighbour hood they all respect & Love Me" (161). A week later, she feels the whole world is against her. Despite her scorn for her neighbors, Galloway longs for their friendship and sympathy, a conflict which produces endless contradictions. Smith, an agent of the proprietary government and a neighbor, is a frequent target. One day his "impertinence" puts him beneath the diarist's notice as a "low fellow"; then his attention and interest provoke her to think "better of him," to see him as a "good sort of man" (61), and to admit she has been "too hasty about this man" (62). Soon, however, he is once again "an impudent fellow, the tool of the proprietors" (169), and not until they have their quarrel "out" does Galloway again call him friend. When she later discovers that one of the

community leaders has no regard for Smith, he once again descends in her eyes, as she declares him the "vainest bold & impertinant Man" she has ever seen. In this as in other matters, Galloway, unwilling to trust her own judgment, looks to others for guidance. Perhaps her most devastating loss has been that of her self-confidence. Based rightly or wrongly on her social position as determined and supported by her material wealth, the diarist's assurance disintegrates with the loss of her status. The final image is a personality rendered insecure and unstable by the destruction of life as she knew it, and writing in so unaware a manner as to leave a clear picture of that insecurity and instability.

Gusdorf theorizes that the discovery of mirrors aided in the development of a sense of self. Delany speculates that new heights of self awareness result from flux and chaos (19-23). Had either of these women been able to use their books as a mirror, they might have derived from the chaos in their lives a degree of self awareness. Unfortunately, no such usage and no such awareness were forthcoming for Shippen or Galloway. These two Philadelphia diarists ended in perhaps worse state than they began, having cried out to their diaries in vain.



## NOTES

1

Armes provides extensive documentation on the Shippen family history, using letters and legal documents from the family archives. This information appears in relevant places throughout Armes's book.

2

Although the FMHB editor implied that Galloway kept other diaries, they are presumably still in the estate of Lady Grace Denys-Burton, Galloway's great-great-granddaughter, from whom the FMHB purchased the 1777-78 manuscript (35n).

3

Sir Charles Burton identifies this woman "without question" as the diarist's mother, but since Lawrence Growden married twice, the likelier recipient of this annuity was the diarist's step-mother (154n). Galloway's detached, impersonal references to the woman strengthen this impression.

4

Joseph Galloway testified before the House of Commons regarding British military tactics; he severely criticized English strategy in general and General Howe in particular (168n). The extent to which he influenced the diarist's attitudes can only be surmised, but her agreement with his political theories in general is unquestionable.

5

Joseph Galloway represented the Quaker faction in its efforts to dislodge the Penn family and the Proprietary Party (169n). He was elected to the Assembly by the Quakers and served continuously from 1757-1776, excepting 1764 (33).

## CHAPTER V

### THE LIFETIME DIARISTS

Those women who wrote almost every day for significant portions of their adult lives differed in this and many other ways from the entertainment/information and emotional diarists. But Sarah Logan Fisher and Elizabeth Sandwith Drinker, the two long-term diarists, are similar in many respects. Each feels a sense of the world outside herself while remaining closely egocentric; each focuses largely on marriage and motherhood throughout the journal period; each critically examines her life as a Quaker and an active participant in her community; and to some extent, each approaches her book in the same way. Yet the two women retain their distinctive personalities on the page and each paints a unique self-portrait.

#### Sarah Logan Fisher

Sarah Logan Fisher (b. ca. 1750, d. 1796), a member of one of Philadelphia's leading Quaker families and an avid Loyalist, kept a diary from 1776-1795. The first few of the twenty-five volumes of this work contain the diarist's observations and responses as a young, recently-married

Quaker to activities during the American Revolution. Although her political and religious convictions remained strong, the length and breadth of Fisher's work suggest the likelihood that her perceptions of and responses to other areas of her life may have changed during the course of the diary. Close examination of the entire manuscript confirms these changes. As the war ended and she began a family, her children came to dominate Fisher's writing. And by the end of her child-bearing years, religion began to replace family in her thoughts. The role of the diary in Fisher's life changed as well. Did it aid in the transformation or merely record it? Unconsciously Fisher projects herself as careful diarist, conscientious Quaker, loyal British subject, happy wife and devoted mother; and although she makes almost no overt attempt to control these images, they accord with the reader's perceptions.

Initially, Fisher's stated purposes in keeping a diary are to refresh her memory and to inform her husband of the events both large and small which occur during his occasional absence. In addition, the early volumes satisfy her desire to create for posterity a reliable history of the times. She acknowledges her role as diarist only to the extent that she occasionally describes spending a part of the day writing. Aware of her responsibility to the journal, she struggles to keep it up during times of emotional crisis:

In a low state of mind for writing, but find myself not

quite easy to omit mentioning some of the visits that [have] been paid us on the sudden & unexpected departure of my dearly beloved mother in order that their repeated advices may be the deeper imprinted on my memory, & make a more lasting impression on my mind (2nd mo., 7th, 1777).

Rather than feeling the need to open her heart on paper as Nancy Shippen and Grace Galloway do, Fisher sees her grievous loss as a discouragement to her writing. Her guilt is less for her journal than for the self improvement she hopes to gain from it. In addition to performing this function, the diary will be read by others. During her husband's imprisonment, she is so depressed that "nothing but the expectation that it may one day be pleasing to my dear Tommy to look over could induce me to [write] at this time of anxiety & distress" (9th mo., 16th, 1777). Again she pictures the diary more as a service, in this case to her husband, than as a pleasurable creative act in itself. As if trying to justify writing under such conditions, she writes: "Solitary & alone, & feeling as weak as if almost unable to support the painful anxiety of my mind, I attempt to write, to say something that may perhaps be agreeable some distant day to my beloved Tommy to look over" (9th mo., 21st, 1777). Fisher's words reveal her doubts about the value of her writing: "look over" minimizes; Tommy will not be sufficiently interested nor the writing worthy of closer study. "Trifling Occurrences," the title that she gives to this portion of her diary, adds to the impression of Fisher's uncertainty about her work. When she sends the

diary to Tommy in prison, she begs him not to show it to her brothers, as she is fearful of being laughed at and does not want to "expose" herself. She often goes to greater lengths, however, and records more than seems required for so limited a readership. Much of her writing seems to likely to be of greater interest to her than to her husband. The diligence and extent of her almost daily entries suggest that Fisher gets more out of diary keeping than she knows or will admit.

Both the above passages indicate that she feels at times too overwrought to express herself on paper. Two- and three-month gaps occur periodically throughout the book; usually, but not always, these correlate with traumatic events which leave her too distressed to write. Clearly she does not consider her diary an outlet for an overburdened heart, nor does she openly confess thoughts which might otherwise be inexpressible. She does, however, use her journal to hint at situations and occurrences which have aroused her feelings. In the final entry of the published section of the diary, Fisher tries discreetly to convey her passion. The "impartial person" she addresses points to her expectation of a future readership other than her husband. As the American troops once again enter Philadelphia, she writes: "Judge, o any impartial person, what were my feelings at this time" (6th mo., 18th, 1778). The reader must infer the significance; Fisher will not reveal more. Here and elsewhere the diarist's less than total candor

points to her reluctance to record her deepest secrets. She may express her political sentiments; these are shared by her peers and testify to her right thinking. But when personal matters arouse strong feelings, she resorts to obscure allusions and elliptical comments. The following passage is the only reference made to what appears to have been an important but threatening subject: "had a good deal of Conversation with [Polly] on a subject that painfully distressed both our minds, & I wish we may not find there is too much cause for it" (1st mo., 5th, 1780). Perhaps because of its importance, she wishes to record the circumstance, but its sensitive nature--and hers--prevents full disclosure. During a conflict with "Sister Hetty," Fisher's sister-in-law Esther Fisher Lewis, the diarist refuses to divulge the reasons behind the disagreement:

Drank tea at Sister Hettys--Oh what a visit--but may it ever be forgotten by me--I wish to harbor no resentment, to forgive & forget every thing disagreeable [sic]--but yet I wonder how some People can act as they do (4th mo., 8th, 1780).

She purposely avoids revealing the details, refusing to name her offender except by implication, or explain the offense, but she cannot resist recording her feelings. Despite her professed desire to forget, she has made sure she will remember. She does not directly refer to this situation again, but this entry appears several days later: "Retsis Ytteh did ton keeps ot em--what can be the reason, perhaps time may unfold the mystery, for so it is to me" (18). The simple code is too obvious to seriously obscure Fisher's

meaning, nor does she wish it to. She has found a way around her reluctance to write about sensitive matters, and just this once she will enjoy her guilty pleasure. The remainder of this passage, although written straightforwardly, is a more serious attempt at obfuscation. The diarist protests too much, leaving the reader feeling that Fisher knows only too well the reason for Hetty's snub but is pretending ignorance, perhaps to hide some fault of her own. In earlier volumes, Fisher has noted that she was "too much vex'd with Hetty and her cap" (1st mo., 29th, 1779) and "Had a good deal of conversation about Hetty, much to my dissatisfaction" (5th mo., 20th, 1779). This growing problem in the family precipitates the most forthright criticism in the journal. Over the years Fisher resorts to the "code" only once more: when she complains that she can't get pregnant, she writes "a great fault somewhere on ytiliba" (New Year's Day, 1781), a possible reference to impotence, which is neither explained nor mentioned again. She sometimes edits her remarks to the extent of crossing out or lining through a passage, which often does not obliterate the original. Why then does she do it? Perhaps for the same reason that she adopts an obvious code: to practice discretion while simultaneously revealing what she pretends to want to hide.

The occasional traces of sharpness throughout the journal contrast with the usual tenor of the book and strike the reader by their rarity. Coz Vining seems to have



incurred Fisher's displeasure in these entries: "Coz Vining sup'd with us--What a different feeling attends the mind in some company to what there is in others" (10th mo., 25, 1778), and later, "drank tea at Coz Vining's--how trifling is some company" (11th mo., 16th, 1778). Her fear of "exposing herself" as well as her sensitivity about exposing others increases as Fisher gets older. Repeatedly she attempts to note her feelings without violating her own conscience. "Had a good deal of conversation with [Polly] on a particular subject" (11th mo., 30th, 1778) and "some conversation on a disagreeable subject" (1st mo., 16th, 1779) are as explicit as she usually allows herself to be. On rare occasions she even resorts to pseudonyms: "heard a very painfull account of the unhappy situation of a person who I shall call Lothario" (1st mo., 1st, 1784). Her choice of pseudonyms deliberately reveals the nature of the situation, if not the individual. "A very interesting matter" or a good deal of conversation "on a particular subject" signals both the interest and the restraint of the diarist. But never again will she be as open in committing her feelings to paper as she has been in the early volumes.

Fisher sees her initial goal of writing an accurate history of the period as a serious duty. In her chronological summary of both local and national events, she periodically lists prices of various household items, not as an account of her expenses, but rather as a reflection of historical conditions:

Tea, a very scarce article, sold at four pounds a pound, loaf sugar 8 shillings a pound, brown sugar 12 pounds per hundred, coffee 6 shillings per pound, chocolate 5 shillings a pound, beef 3 shillings, mutton 2 shillings . . . fowls 9 shillings a couple &c. (5th mo., 11th, 1777).

Fisher's political bias as well as her economic status underlie this passage. Her interest in tea aligns her with the Loyalists, and her consideration of such luxuries as brown sugar and chocolate suggests her affluence.

It is as a Loyalist that Fisher first and most freely pictures herself. Her uncle was the militant James Logan, who advocated armed resistance against aggressors (Jones 570). The diarist evidently shares some of his passion in the defense of her principals. Although she is loyal to the King, she feels that she is a better American than the "violent people" who are perpetrating the rebellion. In some of the most emotional responses in the journal, she perceives the British Army as a source of protection and authority, carrying her hopes of deliverance from the rule of the rebels. When these hopes are frustrated, she vents her hostility in the form of sarcasm and innuendo--out of character for her and a strong indication of the depth of her passion:

The English are again lulled in ease. The toils of war don't suit some of their genius, & they wish, I believe, to protract the time, some perhaps with a view of making their fortunes, some from a dislike of action that may endanger their person, & some from worse motives (4th mo., 18th, 1777).

Using "the English," Fisher distinguishes between them and herself, an American. Feeling threatened by their failures,

she calls their delays deliberate and their motives self serving. Although as a Quaker she is constrained to help neither army, in the above passage Fisher's hopes for greater efforts by the British are distinctly aggressive (Jones 565). She feels abandoned and endangered whenever British military maneuvers appear inadequate or ineffective. By contrast, her admiration and praise are unbounded for their triumphants. When the British army reappears to "liberate" Philadelphia from the rebel government, she is almost overcome with gratitude, reading in their faces all the appropriate sensibilities. She especially praises the soldiers "who looked very clean & healthy & a remarkable solidity was on their countenances, no wanton levity, or indecent mirth, but a gravity well becoming the occasion seemed on all their faces" (9th mo., 26th, 1777). To the diarist, the cleanliness and health of these troops symbolize their superiority over the dirty, sickly rebels. Solid British countenances bespeak success, flourishing leadership, the triumph of the established order. Their serious demeanor signals their realization of the grave circumstances of the American loyalists and their appreciation of the suffering that this minority has endured. As she registers her pride in the justice of the British troops, she notes that they "were civil & kind to them that were friends to government, & paid for what they took from them" (12th mo., 26th, 1776). First the implication that she is a supporter of "government" puts her

on the side of law and order, the moral side. She is relieved to feel that she will be treated kindly and recompensed for any supplies taken by the British army, a very different transaction from the confiscations and taxings of the rebel government. Ironically, as a Quaker she should take no pay for any goods which the British forage (Jones 565), but again she follows her own inclinations in this matter.

When the British army once more begins to lose ground, however, Fisher becomes increasingly bitter. Very much in the mode of those staunch and outspoken Loyalists Margaret Morris and Grace Galloway, she reveals a deep sense of betrayal as the British return the city to the Americans. She notes that the King's troops have been seducing the local girls and that Lord Cornwallis's servants are greatly insolent and imposing. She describes these troops as wreaking great havoc in their haste to procure provisions and leave the city. Feeling once more abandoned as well as betrayed by the very forces she thought would protect her, Fisher calls these acts "wanton destruction . . . of our property," and "great devastations indeed" (6th mo., 12th, 1778).

The diarist's perception of General Howe reflects the same ambivalence that she shows for the army and for the same reasons, but with one important difference. As an officer and a gentleman, and particularly as the wielder of authority over the troops, Howe is a representative of the

governing class. His rank and position protect him, therefore, from many of the diarist's condemnations. Unwilling herself to criticize his inexplicable move from Brunswick to Amboy, she merely reports that others brand Howe a coward who has gone to seek a weaker opponent. Temporizing, she calls Howe's conduct "dark & intricate," and "strangely unaccountable," hoping that the future will "justify his delays" (8th mo., 1st, 1777). She sees "his too-great tenderness to humanity," and "his very great care not to destroy men's lives" as the reason for "keeping us longer under suffering" (1st mo., 13th, 1777). But although he lacks intrepidity and "martial courage," she attributes Howe's problems to the "ungrateful set of men . . . he is come to oppose, who have neither judgment enough to see in its proper light the kindness & lenity shown them by him nor grace enough to accept it" (1st mo, 13th, 1777).

No such ambivalence or remissions interrupt the hostility with which the diarist describes the American army, its leader Washington, and the rebel government. In perceiving among the British troops the "spirit of ancient heroism" and the "noble fire of loyal Britons . . . panting to subdue the rebellious spirit that is now raised against the best of kings" (2nd mo., 24th, 1777), Fisher puts the American rebels in the position of opposing this heroic band. As the brutish and barbaric enemy, they are the opposite of ancient heroes and noblemen. The threat of having them quartered in her home provokes this terrified

comment:

[I]t will be an act of violence almost too great to bear, as they are men of very little principle, under no discipline, & so intolerably dirty that even in the cleanest of their houses the stench of their dirt is great enough to cause an infectious sickness (1st mo., 23rd, 1777).

The statement convicts Fisher not only of deep loyalty but of strong prejudice; she repeatedly notes the dirtiness of the rebel soldiers. When they forcibly confiscate goods and clothing from her father-in-law, the diarist finds proof for her reasoning: "This arbitrary conduct of theirs is I believe unprecedented before in any age or country whatever" (9th mo., 24th, 1777). Fisher is outraged that these criminal types, capable in her eyes of "every other act of violence that a lawless banditti think fit to show" (8th mo., 2nd, 1777), dare destroy the property of their betters.

The leader of such a band must necessarily be a man of the lowest order, and Fisher sees Washington as the archenemy. When he requires Americans to swear allegiance to the United States, she claims the oath is perjury, since the colonists, as British subjects, have already taken solemn oaths to the King. But it is fear of losing her material possessions that inspires the diarist's strongest condemnations. Fisher depicts Washington as possessing a "heart depraved by ambition of the lowest kind," seeking to make his fortune at the expense of "those whose souls have too much virtue not to oppose the violent & wicked measures" (2nd mo., 25th, 1777). Thus she deprives him of the noble motive of helping his country while she shows the reader her

very real anxiety that her financial base will be destroyed. The law requiring acceptance of Continental money she sees as an example "of the liberty we shall enjoy should their government ever be established, a tyrannical [sic] government it will prove from weak & wicked men" (1st mo., 4th, 1777). Her ironic use of "liberty" points to the severe deprivations she and her circle will feel if they are forced to live under rebel rule. Her fortunes bound inextricably to the British Empire, she stands to lose rank, fortune, and liberty.

Fisher's conscious alignment with the British cause accords with her unconscious picture of herself as a dutiful Quaker, and her concern for her spiritual state grows as "duty" becomes a recurring theme. Although obscured by Fisher's more immediate interest in the war, a delayed response to the Quaker "reformation" of 1777 could account for some of her increased fervor (Jones 571-79). This picture of spiritual growth, however, is unique to Fisher's diary; none of the other Philadelphia women record any such experience in the books under examination. Fisher regularly notes her attendance at meeting, sometimes commenting on the nature or the benefits of the service, comments which gain increasing prominence during the last ten years of the journal. She feels "condemned" when she misses meetings and often records her wish to be more vigilant or more attentive to her duties. Her attempts to resign herself to God's show a woman trying to reconcile the tragedies of her life to a

theology of paternal providence:

[S]till the time is prolonged, perhaps to answer some great design of Providence, & if affliction & suffering will bring us to a sense of our ingratitude for the uninterrupted series of blessings we have enjoyed . . . let me endeavor patiently to bear that part of the trial that is allotted to me, & kiss the rod that while it smites it may heal (5th mo., 3rd, 1777).

With "perhaps" and "if," Fisher shows her lack of total conviction, but as a dutiful Quaker, she continues striving to bear up and love the punishing hand of Providence. As a young woman, she has some question about the value of affliction and suffering: "an affecting, trying scene presented itself this day for our further refinement, as we are told it is thro' suffering we are to be made perfect" (9th mo., 2nd, 1777). By repeating what she is "told," she acknowledges the existence of the tenet without wholeheartedly subscribing to it. Her distress eventually brings her to question the value of suffering: "If all these afflictions & prospects of deep distress are but a means of properly humbling us, perhaps the great design may be answered" (10th mo., 23rd, 1777). This prayer for resignation to God's will appears more and more frequently as her health deteriorates over the years. Her reliance on the Inner Light seems sometimes to be threatened, as when she describes herself as "forlorn & desolate . . . almost without any visible protecting Hand to guard us" (9th mo., 21st, 1777); but at the time of this entry she is eight and a half months pregnant and forcibly separated from her husband, whose safety is in question. Her isolation and



despair refer to his absence; with "visible" comes the implication that she has another, invisible Protector of Divine character, but being human, the diarist longs for human comfort in her hour of extremity. After successfully giving birth, she credits the Almighty with having favored her: "Now may I acknowledge with humble gratitude that I have been favored . . . far beyond what I could have expected" (12th mo., 5th, 1777).

Fisher's confessions of doubt and wrongdoing enhance her self-portrait of the good Quaker. After admitting being "quite too warm" with a friend "in dispute about the children," she regrets her "too great hastiness of disposition," her "greatest failing" (1st mo., 29th, 1779). Hearing "something which a good deal affected [her]," she longs to "mind [her] own business" and refuse to say anything except good of others (6th mo., 26th, 1779), a precept which seems to account for her extreme reticence in recording the names of people who offend her.

Essentially Fisher sees herself as unworthy of God's blessings. She frequently concludes a record of some joyous event by noting that it was an example of "unmeritted favour," and her anxiety increases in proportion to her happiness, as she fears such joy will be taken from her. When she writes, "Coz Hannah affected me much by telling me, Sister Hetty thinks my happiness too great to last" (1st mo., 28th, 1779), the diarist indicates that others share her philosophy. Comments reflecting her insecurity and fear

of the future run throughout the book. She is reluctant to be too happy and repeatedly attempts to be less so by reflecting on its impermanence. After the family finally acquires a new home, she notes that they are now "got into a comfortable convenient House," but immediately adds, almost superstitiously, "how long it may please Providence to continue that & my other Blessings to me is uncertain, but much wish to be resigned to whatever may happen" (9th mo., 7th, 1788). She can record her moments of happiness, but often wonders what changes another year will bring; "where & how my situation may be, this time twelvemonth none can tell" is a frequent postscript. In part, this fear must be grounded in the realities of eighteenth-century life--and death. Also, her theology teaches the folly of dependence on earthly joys.

As though it were a talisman against losing them, Fisher carefully notes her efforts to detach herself from her children. Sounding very much like Galloway or Shippen, she admits that her anxiety about their well being is overdone, calling her excess a "crime." She is "too much wrap'd up" in them and prays not to "improperly indulge" them for fear they will grow to be "like Alexander of old, cry at length for more worlds to conquer" (8th mo., 7th, 1779). Fearing that Providence, "for wise ends," will deprive her of her "domestic blessings," she nonetheless continues to spend a great deal of her time attending and describing their first steps, their daily activities, and

especially their health. After safely bringing her second child into the world, she writes: "two such sweet pledges of our mutual love . . . it seems a Happiness almost too exquisite to last" (12th mo., 19th, 1778). A neighbor urges Fisher not to coddle Joshua, her first child, born sometime in 1776 before the journal begins. Guilt-stricken, the diarist immediately sees that her overprotectiveness in keeping him too warmly dressed and too much in the house is the cause of his persistent fever. This image of devoted mother, almost invisible in the early volumes wherein she focuses on the war, dominates much of the remainder of the journal. The artless sincerity of such passages as the following echoes the anxiety of another young mother and diarist, Nancy Shippen, when her Peggy was ill:

[M]y dear little Billy got a Cold, owing I believe to his being so restless & uneasy at Nights, he wont lay in his Crib but will lay on my Arm which makes the Nights very tiresome for me, but they bring so much Love with them, than [sic] it reconciles all difficulties (12th mo., 6th, 1779).

This passage, typical of the diarist's concern with her children's health and behavior, is also typical of her honesty in admitting her discomfort and her belief that love conquers all, as the human complaint sinks under the mother's joy. Her pride in her children leads her to confess that she takes "too much delight in looking at [Hannah]" (12th mo., 31st, 1779) and cherishes her son Joshua's first appearance in jacket and breeches. Her struggle to remain detached from her children increases with

the death of her third child, William, from the swine pox. After two weeks of anguished writing devoted exclusively to the child's declining condition, she writes: "the scene seems near closing. Oh my Baby how shall I part with thee.---May the Almighty who has permitted this trial to befall me sanctify it to me, & then all will be well, whether Life or Death" (Sept. 9, 1780). Fisher sees the Hand of Providence, but she is still unconvinced of the value of suffering. Only another act of the Almighty can render this death bearable, much less beneficial, to her. In this unusual outpouring of her grief, the diarist is moved to address her lost child directly, allowing a rare glimpse of her unbridled emotions. Many years after this first loss, she observes:

What uncertain Blessings are our Children, & yet how necessary it is to tenderly love them, or we never should be able to discharge our Duty towards them as they certainly bring a great weight of care, & constant anxiety of Mind which all their most dutifull, tender & affectionate Behaviour, can scarcely ever sufficiently repay (3rd mo., 25th, 1790).

This passage, written at the end of her child-bearing years, suggests the toll taken by the endless illnesses and the deaths of several of her children as well as the stress of coping with the demands of a growing household.

Despite these burdens and in the face of her own deteriorating health and several still-births, Fisher yearns to have many children. She gives detailed accounts of her pregnancies, the only one of the Philadelphia diarists to do so. Always handled with discretion, these accounts provide

a barometer of her physical and mental states throughout the years, as her journal comes more and more to record her hopes and disappointments regarding child-bearing. The earliest of these references appears on Dec. 12, 1776: "upon getting up this morn'g met with a great disappointment, which made me very low spirited & occasioned a fear, least my wishes would never be accomplished," she writes. Only subsequent comments connect this allusion to pregnancy. Without additional comment, she gives birth to Hannah on November 6 of the following year, 1777. By January of 1779 she is again pregnant, recording only this hint: "told nurse of my suspicions about myself" (1st mo., 18th, 1779); then in May, she finds "exercise in my present situation suits me best" (5th mo., 13th, 1779). The following month she vows not to tire herself in her present condition, and in July she begins to organize "little matters" for her confinement (7th mo., 13th, 1779); she traditionally retires to her "garret" upstairs to give birth and recover from delivery. She decides not to go to meeting again until after her confinement, which she estimates will be eight weeks away. Almost exactly eight weeks later, after "a hard, difficult labour," the diarist gives birth to a boy, William. She remains "confined" for one month, descending on October 21 to take her first dinner downstairs. She has not written for two weeks.

In less than a year, Fisher begins to hope once again: "My hopes continued" and "my hopes still continue," she

writes, until on November 13 she tells her cousin of her suspicions. The next morning, however, she meets with disappointment, her "hopes quite over for the present" (11th mo., 14th, 1780). Feeling "very, very low," she remembers earlier "situations," and writes: "Nothing would I not forego to be so once again" (12th mo., 5th, 1780). "Oh my heart why dost thou Sigh after a Happiness Providence has thought fit to deprive thee of" (12th mo., 28th, 1780), she notes, and on New Year's Day, 1781, she admits: "Quite give up a certain matter for the present--a great fault somewhere on ytiliba." This latter "code" could be a reference to her own ability to conceive; it is not likely to be a slight on her "dear Tommy's" ability. But within two weeks, she notes: "My small hopes still continue" (1st mo., 14th, 1781); subsequent events prove that she is pregnant. For several weeks hereafter entries are unusually terse, penmanship noticeably sloppier, and many days missing entirely. On March 18 she admits, "neglected writing for several weeks," but gives no clue as to her condition. Whether she has been too excited to write or too sick to care about her journal, she has exhibited a great deal of stress in the pages covering those months, both in what she has omitted and in what she has scrawlingly and briefly committed to paper. There is still no hint of a pregnancy in the entries for April through June; then the comment that she does not go to meeting because she is "too heavy" appears on July 27, and a month later she describes her

last ride until her confinement, which she hopes will occur in three weeks. After this entry another gap appears, until on November 11 she records that she gave birth (around September 22) to a son, also named William to take the place of the infant William who died the previous year. Writing after the fact, she notes that she has had a "very fine easy labour, had a good getting up, only very sore nipples" (11th mo., 11th, 1781).

The next detailed pregnancy finds Fisher very sick, unable to hold up her head. The first sign of her condition occurs when she describes her great nausea on Feb 1, 1783. Without further comment on her situation, she devotes her March entries to Billy's inoculation, April to the measles which all three children have, and June and July to Billy's fever, with only occasional mention of her ill health. Then in late September she writes: "I look so very big that I felt almost ashamed" (9th mo, 28th, 1783). James is born sometime around October 1, 1783, and the diarist, now with four children, devotes the following year to them.

The year 1785 opens with Fisher writing: "was taken this morning a little poorly which surprised me & made me think I was perhaps not in the situation I have expected myself to have been" and the next day she is "in great doubt about something time must determine" (1st mo., 30th, 31st, 1785). She seems noticeably less eager for this pregnancy, but by the end of March, when she knows for sure she is not carrying a child, she expresses "great disappointment," and

for many days thereafter writes nothing. Apparently she conceives later that year, because in February, 1786, Fisher predicts a "dear little addition to [her] family in about 8 weeks." In April, she records that the child, a girl, was stillborn on March 18. Steeped in guilt, she takes the death upon herself: "my frequent long walks I believe occasioned its Death and that I came four weeks before I expected" (4th mo., 15th, 1786). This loss affects her deeply, and her health declines: "am weak and poorly, more so than common . . . feel very lonely without my dear little Baby" (4th mo., 16th, 1786). Scarcely do two months elapse before she writes:

Much better of my complaint, which convinces me I have been mistaken respecting my situation, feel a strong wish & desire that if it is the Will of Providence, it may be otherwise before a twelvemonth, or a prospect of it, shall be sincerely thankfull" (7th mo., 27th, 1786).

Around thirty-six years of age at this time, Fisher seems to weaken with each pregnancy. Apparently a small woman--she weighs only 128 pounds when she is eight months pregnant with the first William--she nonetheless finds cause for joy when she is "increasing," and despair when she is not. Yet her worst illnesses occur when she is carrying a child.

The year 1787 brings no mention of the Constitutional Convention, of which Fisher seems totally unaware. She records rather a very painful pregnancy, noting repeatedly how heavy she feels and how often the doctor bleeds her to relieve this feeling. "Sharp trying pains" occur throughout the later months, and "bearing down" weight begins to bother



her near the end of her term. Remembering her previous premature delivery, she writes anxiously: "Feel a great weight & pressure this morning, so much like Labour that it makes me uneasy, shall be thankfull indeed if it keeps off 3 weeks longer tho' even [that] is earlier than I at first expected" (7th mo., 26th, 1787). Three weeks later, noting that her labour "has not come on," she writes:

But about Noon my Labour came on & I had indeed a most severe trying time much more so than ever, about 7 oclock was deliver'd by force of a very fine Boy which had been Dead some Days this was a close triall to me & greatly retarded my recovery & sunk my Spirits (ca. 9th mo., 1787).

This undated entry was probably written after her lying in; the following three months are unrecorded. Hetty, born in December of the following year, appears to have been Fisher's fifth and last child as well as her last pregnancy. The diarist was around 38 years of age.

A record of the health of Fisher's family is part of almost every entry, an obsession which seems justified in the face of the many illnesses and deaths she records. Almost every day at least one of her children suffers from a serious disorder, and her husband seems prone to worrisome headaches and falls. The twentieth-century reader groans at the medicine practiced by the doctors who called weekly to tend this family: bleedings and laxatives are routinely administered for every ailment from a fever to a broken limb, although to their credit, these same doctors also prescribe many herbal teas and broths in circumstances which

today seem appropriate to such treatments. Even a saint would weaken under these almost constant anxieties, and the diarist occasionally shows the strain, as in this passage in which the country house at Wakefield seems too small for the four Fisher children: "Concluded as it was so inconvenient to have all the children here that Betty (a servant) with Billy & Joshua might go to town" (7th mo., 15th, 1784). Fisher's comment--"my life [is] sometimes enlivened by Hope, & sometimes sunk with despondency" (10th mo., 9th, 1777)--reflects no more than the highs and lows of normal existence, but her writing records more despair than hope. "Melancholy" is a favorite word, "disappointment" another.

As Fisher matures, she comes to admit her sensitivity to the criticism of others. The following entry could almost be one of Grace Galloway's less mournful complaints: "Wish I could endeavor to bear neglects & slights with more silent patience than I do & reply with sweetness but some of these are very cutting & hard to bear" (6th mo., 26th, 1779). Trying to decide where to place the blame, Fisher both excuses and accuses simultaneously: "R. Jones . . . said something that closely tried & deeply affected me, tho' I know she did not mean to wound my feelings, yet from a Friend that one loves, every thing that appears harsh & unkind is closely felt" (1st mo., 12th, 1785). Unintentional though it is, Jones has trespassed on their friendship, expressing things that have the appearance of unkindness. Feeling more and more that others cause her

spirits to sink, she uses a pseudonym in this record of unpleasantness:

Felt very poorly to Day, which was much increased by the conversation of a person; (who I shall call Abitha;) with my Husband, how much she distresses herself, & how miserable she makes others, by her imprudent interference in things that do not concern her, & in which she has only a right to advise, not to direct (1st mo., 2nd, 1792).

Finally, in a burst of insight that could have benefitted the less insightful Galloway, Fisher discovers the cause of much of her melancholy:

My mind too much disturbed at some unkind things to expect to be better, the mind & body are closely connected & my spirits are so weak that what affects the one, greatly retards the recovery of the other (2nd mo., 18th, 1792).

After reading Fisher's journal, the reader can only agree. Evidence of this connection, especially as it relates to the diarist, appears throughout. And when she writes, "[my] heart painfully distressed by a certain person's behavior" (8th mo., 12th, 1792), we are prepared for the physical illness, worse than usual, that follows. Fisher claims that she is highly sensitive because she is weakened by illness, but the reverse might as easily be true. When she adds, in an unusually sharp criticism, "cruel indeed are they who thus add affliction to the afflicted & one day . . . it will be deeply felt by them but I forgive them" (8th mo., 12th, 1792), her forgiveness is less obvious than her desire for revenge.

Fisher sees her husband as a wonderful man and an excellent companion, and throughout her life she regards him

as a powerful teacher and protector. Having always been under the protection of a male, Fisher finds such a guardian essential to her well being. In this way she again resembles Galloway and to some extent Shippen, but not the more independent Morris. Fisher's father, William Logan, figures heavily in her early accounts; "dined at Daddy's," "walked up to see Daddy," and "drank tea with Daddy" fill the early pages, despite the fact that her mother is living and residing with her father at this time. Then some time after November 27, 1776, she describes in an undated entry her grief at her father's death: "This 4 weeks I must pass over in Silence, words being incapable of expressing the grief I have felt in the loss of my dear, my excellent Parent." With her marriage, she transfers much of this dependent hero worship to her husband, a feeling which modifies only slightly with time. She never ceases to prefer his company above all others and to grieve when he leaves her alone. "Drank tea with only my Tommy, who to me is always the best of company" (12th mo., 13th, 1776); and "spent the day at Stenton with my Tommy. Had no company there, but we had an agreeable day alone" (7th mo., 14th, 1777), she writes in the early years. Feeling that her heart is "too much wrap'd up in him" (14), she foresees another conflict with her religious training: "in him . . . [is] centered, I have sometimes been ready to fear, too much of my earthly happiness, for we are told that we are to keep our affections loose to all things here" (8th mo, 15th,

1777). Quaker theology commands her to restrain her love, but in her own mind, the young bride is not very successful. The possessive "my dear husband" and "My Tommy" continue to the end of the journal; she writes in one of the earliest entries: "What pleasure I feel in calling him mine" (1st mo., 28th, 1776) and obviously she feels this pleasure to the end of her short life.

In the fullness of their early love, she "longs" for him when he is absent, her soul "sick with love." When he is imprisoned with other Quakers during the war, the diarist freely admits her dependence: his absence "embitters every pleasure" (10th mo., 23rd, 1777) and all her "earthly comfort" lies with him. She is pregnant with her second child at this time, and as the birth approaches, she anxiously anticipates being "alone, without the sweet soother of all my cares to be with me in that painful hour" (9th mon., 4th, 1777). His frequent letters are her greatest source of consolation, she claims, reaffirming her preference for earthly comforts in this time of stress. Romantic feelings expressed in the first volume are echoed in the last, when she weeps bitterly upon learning that Tommy has extended a visit to a distant friend to attend a wedding, calling it "an unnecessary delay" (6th mo., 24th, 1793). Half a page of writing following this entry has been completely crossed out; perhaps the diarist, in a rare moment, allowed her deepest feelings to spill out on paper, only to regret the revelation later.

The young Fisher sees herself as profiting from her husband's instruction as well as his companionship and protection. Here is a typical evening in the Fisher household, obviously described for a future readership:

[I] spend the evening very pleasantly with my dear Tommy, Children go to Bed at 7 o'clock, & after that my dear reads to me, while I work, in some usefull or Religious Book till about 10 o'clock, how sweet the time passes away with such a Companion, who is indeed a true Friend & instructor to me (1st mo., 7th, 1780).

Here the diarist is the grateful recipient of "Tommy's" special favor; he is not expected by her, and presumably not by any reader she envisions, to help with her work. It is enough of a favor for him to read to her as she labors. Her use of the possessive "my" coupled with the diminutive "Tommy" suggests an intimate endearment. His influence on the diarist is undeniably strong. When she writes, "in the evening very low, but my Husband's tenderness sooth'd my Mind into calmness & quietude" (11th mon., 26th, 1776), she is acknowledging only what is evident throughout the journal: she is happiest in his company.

Making no record of her own accomplishments, the early diarist sees herself as the dependent, helpless grateful wife. Part of her duty in this role is to bow submissively to his will, despite the personal cost. This she does more consistently and with better grace than any of the other married diarists, truly exemplifying the model Quaker wife (Frost 175-76). In relating how the prisoners have been given leave to return home or stay in jail until they are completely cleared by Congress, Fisher acknowledges that her

husband's decision to stay will mean a longer separation, but she presents herself as willing to suffer any trial rather than have him "do anything but what he is perfectly easy with" (12th mo., 15th, 1777). The image, however, is not that of the martyr. Her deep love makes her willing to sacrifice for his sake. In travelling across country to visit him in prison--a trip she feels to be far more difficult and dangerous than a voyage to England--the diarist frankly pictures her reluctance and fear, but her "ardent affection & strong desire to see [her] beloved husband" (1st mo., 28th, 1778) take her safely there and back. Although these intense expressions of love fade almost entirely in the later volumes, as a loving, devoted wife, Fisher is overwhelmingly convincing. He is her "dear instructive Friend & Companion" (3rd mo., 10th, 1784), for whom she repeatedly expresses her gratitude: "My dear Husband's affection & tenderness to me demands every return that I can shew him of Love & Gratitude & may I be but humbly thankfull for so great a Blessing" (1st mo., 8th, 1785).

The shape of Fisher's diary and thus her relationship to it change over the course of the years. After the initial years of diligent, almost daily recording, she begins to write less and less, the days omitted coming to exceed the days recorded. Then as she approaches middle age and what is to be for her the last years of her life, she resorts to her diary more and more frequently. In some

particulars, the shape and substance alter as well. The early volumes, concerned with war matters, nonetheless contain the outline of later entries: names of visitors and those visited rank along with family activities as memorable events worthy of being recorded. Occasionally Fisher will note a major household chore, such as cutting up pork or whitewashing the walls or sewing a child's garment. Mention of ironing, mending, and washing occurs more frequently, but Fisher usually has one or two "little bound girls" to help her about the house, in addition to kitchen and nursery maids and outdoor servants. Despite her fears upon losing her servant Becky--she expects "to be obliged to do many matters about House that I have not been used to"--the next day she hires Betsy Scot, concluding that a "little girl is cheaper than a maid" (3rd mo., 19th, 20th, 1779).

She visits almost daily with a wide social circle and writes of several close friends. Prominent among these is Sally Waln, whom the diarist affectionately and possessively refers to as "my dear S. Waln" and "my S.W.," and with whom she apparently shares at least some of the confidences she withholds from her book. Conversely, she also seems to need to confide hints to her diary that she cannot share even with close friends. Family members constitute the greater portion of names, favorites among these being Coz Polly Pleasants and Sister Fisher. Virtually all of this group appears to be Quaker, and references to other of the Philadelphia diarists and mutual friends occur throughout



her journal. Although she does not mention reading any of their diaries, Fisher knew Elizabeth Drinker, Ann Warder, Rachel Hill (Margaret Morris's sister), the Wister family, and Joseph Galloway.

With the death of Betsy Wharton, one of Fisher's most frequent visitors in the early years of the diary, the writer loses one of her dearest friends:

We were called up with the mournfull Tidings of the Death of my dear Friend Betsy Wharton . . . who was indeed truly lovely in her Disposition & amiable in her manners, great steadiness of mind joined with great prudence, a truly dutifull Daughter in the most comprehensive sense of the word, an affectionate attentive Wife, & a sincere & faithfull Friend (5th mo., 23rd, 1782).

Generally, Fisher expresses approbation less often than she does disapproval. The eulogy to Betsy Wharton recognizes those qualities that the diarist most admires. She finds some of the same amiability in her sister-in-law. Her warm enthusiasm for her brother "Dr. Logan's bride," Debby Norris, promises a close friendship, although they seldom see each other, perhaps living too far apart for frequent visits. Certainly the diarist continues to admire Debby long after her brother makes the much-desired connection. This passage contains some of the highest praise in the book:

My dear Brother Dr. Logan & his amiable Debby dined with us, the afternoon was passed in sociable friendly conversation, which contributed more & more to make me admire the good qualities of my sweet Sister, who is the humble Dairy maid, the domestic housewife, the Affectionate wife, the tender Mother, the improving Companion & Friend & when in publick Company, the most accomplished Lady that ever graced a circle (1st mo,

7th, 1791).

These accomplishments could be those which Fisher sees herself as most lacking. Of the ability to grace a circle, she writes: "Wish I could endeavor to get more of the polish in my manner and conversation, it is certainly when not carried to an extreme of great advantage" (1st, 19th, 1779). This wish does not reappear, however, and Fisher's resolutions for most of her life refer to her duties as wife and mother. The following passage, written at about the mid-point of her married life, expresses those concerns that continued to occupy Fisher's thoughts to the end of the journal:

[Many] good resolutions formed, many earnest desires raised, to improve myself . . . what must I do? Why, first endeavour to seek an acquaintance after thy Maker & that will give thee strength to conquer thy two principal failings; next, avoid carefully detracting from any person whatever, speak always what I can in behalf of the absent, & behave to my Friends with Affection, Affability, & Respect; to my beloved Husband with the utmost attention & kindness; to my dear Children with the most fillial [sic] regard & care watch over their minds & morals (3rd mo., 3rd, 1782).

Travel was an infrequent but important part of Fisher's life, and her trip records speak directly to three major aspects of her character: the good Quaker and the sensitive writer have appeared throughout the journal, but the serene, contented lady emerges convincingly only in these sections. Considering her anxiety over her trip to visit Tommy when he was imprisoned in Virginia, her later willingness to leave her familiar environment

indicates a small but significant increase in Fisher's self-assurance. Inspired by a desire to visit other meetings and make new acquaintance among Quakers in other areas, these trips satisfy the diarist's sense of duty to her religion. Taken in the company of her beloved husband, they provide the rare opportunity to spend precious moments alone with him. Usually leaving all her children behind, she consigns their welfare to competent nurses and caretakers, and freed from this and other anxieties, she finds great pleasure in seeing new sights, enjoying nature, and socializing.

One of the earliest such trips takes her to New York in May 1785. As a good Quaker, her first concern is with the spiritual values and practices of the Friends she meets, and Fisher effusively records the New Yorkers' meetings, dress, and general deportment. She is so well disposed toward them that she comes to prefer their simple, plain manner to that of the Philadelphia Friends. The following year the Fishers in company with other Friends journey to Reading, Pennsylvania, to visit the Moravian colonies in the area. Here the diarists notes in great detail the many excellent features of the buildings, the lifestyles, and customs of these similar but different people. A trip in June 1790 takes her to Baltimore, and again she enjoys the society of excellent Friends. Each trip leaves her spiritually renewed, and she records in some detail the outstanding sermons or prayers she hears.

Acting as a good Quaker should, she hopes to remember and profit by them--"most sincerely I wish that the impressions made on my mind in this visit may be lasting, that my Duties may be more faithfully performed as a Wife & Mother" (n.d., ca. 6th mo., 1785). That Fisher is mindful of the beneficial effects of such trips is evident from her comment regarding the last trip she makes, a year before her death and in the midst of increasingly poor health:

Having a hope that attending the Yearly Meeting at New York, and being in the company of many valuable Friends, may be an improvement to me, I thought it best to endeavour to go, hoping to get some good (5th mo., 19th, 1795).

Writing about her journeys helps her retain the valuable impressions and recall her "favored" experiences. Indeed, it is as a writer that Fisher spends most of her out-of-meeting or secular time on these journeys. Even while she is riding through the countryside, she is storing up observations and forming mental pictures. Although she leaves her children behind, her journal goes with her on these ventures. The entries for this period contrast sharply both in style and content with those both before and after it. Lengthy, full descriptions of natural scenes prove the diarist's love of nature: "the high Banks of the Rariton sweetly varigated with . . . Pines & every thing . . . of the highest verdure"; the beautiful river is lined with "large . . . and finely improved Plantations and here & there a humbler cottage rearing up its little

Head . . . greatly added to the Beauty" (5th mo., 22nd, 1785). She enthusiastically describes the large meadows, flowering honeysuckle, the grazing cattle and sheep as superior in simplicity to anything she has ever seen. These superlatives become a trademark of the trip entries as Fisher happily embraces the wider world beyond Philadelphia. Her careful attention to detail serves her well as she fills page after page--far more than she writes on any other subject except the war--with pastoral scenes and elegiac comments. Both Milton and the Bible are pressed into service to do justice to her joy:

"Now is the pleasant time the cool the silent" as Milton beautifully expresses it, when the mind can unbend itself, & feels enlarged, by veiwing [sic] the beautifull prospects of nature, when the Earth is cloathed in its gayest livery, & we may indeed say "How beautifull are all thy works" & in the language of the Poet "Come then expressive silence, speak thy praise" (8th mo., 20th, 1790).

This passage, notable not only for its quotations, which Fisher uses only rarely, but also for the poetry evident in the diarist's own words, foreshadows some of Elizabeth Drinker's descriptive entries. Both women delight in nature and find sustenance in the silent contemplation of its beauties. Fisher's skill seems enhanced by her exposure to fresh faces and different places, and some of her happiest hours are spent away from home writing in her journal, which appears to be in her mind closely allied with her appreciation of nature. Her obvious preference for the country is evident early in the diary:

Busy preparing to exchange the calm delights of Stenton for the noise & hurry of a tumultuous throng, to leave green fields & Shady Walks for Brick Walls & Dirty Streets, to give up solitude, Retirement & peace, for noise, hurry & confusion (9th mo., 13th, 1778).

While travelling, Fisher makes frequent mention of her writing, as she sits by the window listening to the birds singing and observing earth and sky. Since her trips are limited to that season of the year most conducive to being out of doors, the diarist has many occasions to be well pleased and to use her craft to record these moments. As if in tandem with the natural world, her writing blossoms and flourishes on these trips, only to wither and almost die upon her return home. Her entries immediately become abbreviated, her word pictures vanish, as the formula asserts itself again: weather, family's health, daily visits, and routine. Her diary holds far less charm for her at home, and many days receive only one line, many others none at all, a pattern which intensifies as the years pass.

But while the good Quaker and the skillful writer remain at least visible throughout the journal, only on trips can the reader spot the joyful lady of society. The metamorphosis begins immediately upon her departure, as she finds almost nothing to complain about. Her spirits are so unusually lifted that she can find some fellow ferry passengers to be "very droll" and pleasant; and she admits that had she been less fearful of the water, she

could have been much diverted. Later she meets another new acquaintance who is "very droll entertaining himself and us with a courtship in low life etc. etc." (5th mo., 25th, 1785). This "courtship in low life" would appear to be a satire on rural manners, the details of which Fisher will cover only with "etc. etc." The topic suggests the possibility of bawdy material, or at least daring references to otherwise taboo subjects, yet Fisher seems disposed to look with tolerance, even amusement on the story. Is this the same woman who several years earlier resolved "not to aim at low wit & repartee--it has such a mark of vulgarity about it that it is greatly beneath any person of breeding" (1st mo., 19th, 1779)? Her ability to enjoy it now suggests a freedom and security she did not feel earlier in her life when she noted, "drank Tea at Betsy Wharton's, with several gay persons--Oh how very empty is some company" (11th mo., 26th, 1778). On a trip, this new creature, the happy diarist, eagerly makes new friendships, experiences physical rejuvenation from delicious food, clear air, and pleasant surroundings, finds spiritual nourishment in the inspiring words of dedicated Quakers, and revels in a mental peace that she sorely misses at home. These journeys provide her with valuable opportunities to obey the injunctions of her religion while satisfyingly fulfilling her marital duty. At the same time, she is feeding and exercising her talent--writing--on worthwhile subjects. Small wonder

that at these times she becomes a secure, contented woman. But the security and contentment are short lived, and upon her arrival home Fisher returns to the anxieties and trials of the family and community responsibilities that she finds almost overwhelming.

Even though she never fully opens her heart to her book, it captures and holds for her remembrance those rare moments of pleasure just as it hints at many of the causes of her distress. And as secretive as she is, Fisher is yet aware of the value of her diary. She opens Volume 23 with these words: "Have now begun a new Book, oh may the contents of it give a better account of the state of my mind than the last as in that is described many trialls & conflicts that I had with the enemy of my soul's peace" (1st mo., 25th, 1795). This "account book" shows the influence of Quaker models increasingly through Fisher's life. To keep a daily record of one's spiritual victories and defeats constitutes a vital lifeline with the Inner Light. The identity of the "enemy" of her soul's peace remains Fisher's secret. But her need for daily writing seems unmistakable. Almost every volume begins with a similar recognition of the book as the story of her life. She closes Volume 23 looking forward to continuing it: "All of us favored with pretty good health. What may be in the next book who can tell?" (8th mo., 15th, 1895). This statement's sad irony unfolds as the reader sees the final function of Fisher's diary: she records her fears



about her approaching death, accurately foreseeing its nearness. When a friend urges her to be faithful because time is short, Fisher wonders if that means she will soon die, "which is a solemn, awfull thought" (5th mo., 31st, 1795). Shortly thereafter she writes, "I felt . . . something like a belief that [my time] would not be very long" (6th mo., 27th, 1795). True to her use of her book, she makes this final undated entry, written sometime after August 26, 1795:

Having since my making the last remarks been visited with a trying fitt of illness, which to me has had in it something particularly awakening & alarming, I feel most easy to be particular in the noting of it as if future days should be allotted me, it may serve to arouse me from a neglect of being ready, however solemn & sudden the summons may be sent.

Many elements of Sarah Logan Fisher the diarist are visible in this passage: she avoids writing when she is ill or upset, but is determined to mention certain disagreeable facts, if only by allusion. She clearly hopes to find in this writing, as in other passages in the journal, a kind of help she associates with remembrance and spiritual preparation. Although only forty-five years old at the time, Fisher, who has often feared the worst in her many bouts with both her own and her family's ill health, confronts the possibility of death with no regrets at what she will leave behind, but only a desire to be ready. Perhaps she has finally achieved that long-ago dream, detachment from her earthly connections. She died the following year.

## Elizabeth Sandwith Drinker

Elizabeth Drinker (b. 1736, d. 1807) wrote for a longer period of time than did any of the other Philadelphia diarists, thus leaving to posterity a far larger and more detailed self-portrait than any of the other Philadelphia diarists. Not unlike Pepys's diary, the twenty-five volumes of the Drinker journal offer a special opportunity to witness the panorama of a life as it unfolds unsuspectingly through discovery, pleasure, and tragedy. Inevitably, situations and personalities change through time, making this overview unique in its revelations of those changes. Basically a quiet, unassuming person, Drinker grows more assured through the years, finally becoming a woman only dimly visible in the early pages--a keen observer of nature, a lover of books, a knowledgeable healer, and above all a committed diarist, touched with hints of pride, wit, and independence. She is too disingenuous to be conscious of herself or to project deliberately shaped portraits. In her book she feels free to be herself, within her self imposed limits of modesty and discretion. Near the end of her life, realizing that she finally knows herself better than she knows anything or anyone else, she focuses on her own thoughts and habits. Self-promotion and pretensions play no part in her life or her writing, nor do ridicule and scorn. In the presence of Drinker's integrity, the reader feels that the diarist's words give an honest account of her life

as she knows it.

The diary necessarily alters during its almost 50 years. As a journal kept daily for four years (1757-60) by an orphaned young woman lodging with her sister Molly at the Widow Warner's, the book is an informal account of the diarist's calls and callers, with occasional references to her health, frequent mention of attendance at meeting, and any unusual events that catch her attention, such as this memo on August 2, 1759:

"Ticonderoga and Niagara taken by the English, July the--,  
1759." Routinely writing several sentences per day, she makes note of few chores at this time, being more involved with her round of dinners and teas. This general pattern continues throughout her courtship with Henry Drinker during 1760, stopping abruptly on Jan. 12, 1761 with these words: "Henry several times." Married the next day but omitting any description of that important event either from modesty or distraction, the bride neglects her book until May. After noting a few lines, she then records nothing more until June of 1762, a period of over a year during which the joys of early matrimony may have obviated the desire--or necessity--for diary writing.

Within the next few years, a pattern begins to emerge. Making only a few one-line notes per month during winter and spring, she writes almost daily during the family's regular summer retreats outside the city, making July, August, and September the most regularly recorded months of every year.

More relaxed in an atmosphere of fewer social obligations and inspired by her surroundings, she comes to associate the time and place--summer in the country--with writing, even if at first it is no more than a brief sentence or two, usually about the health of her children. Sometimes she will begin a new year with good intentions, writing daily for several weeks. Then her resolution seems to fail, and months pass without a word. Throughout the years 1762-76, she is giving birth, losing children in childbirth or infancy, and gradually learning how to become the manager of a large household. Very little mention of these events appears in the diary. Even when she records for most of the year, the pattern is line-a-day notes on deaths in the community and illnesses and blood lettings in the family. When she takes an infrequent trip to visit a Quaker meeting in another city or goes to the seashore for her health, the writing then becomes more regular and detailed, but she resumes the memo style after these events pass.

Then the war invades Drinker's world. The diarist flourishes, finding new and compelling material, spending hours describing events in the neighborhood and reporting on the rumors of the day concerning troop movements and political proceedings. These entries, often 200-400 words long, appear during the last months of 1777 and throughout 1778 and 79. But with the release of her husband from prison and the departure of the British troops from Philadelphia, Drinker's keen interest in the war effort

wanes, and by February 1780 she has returned to her usual terse and irregular pattern, which continues until 1793. According to Biddle, the volumes for the years 1787 and 1788 were lost when one of Drinker's descendants, thinking they were worthless, burned them (168n). Although she was writing in the memo style at this time, these two years, so productive of major national developments in Philadelphia, might have impelled the diarist to make comments which her family later thought it wise to suppress. Such comments seem likely in view of her political expressions both before this period during the war and later in the 1790s.

Memoranda for 1789-92, written on loose sheets of paper, is sketchy and some notes appear missing altogether. But from 1793 until her death, Drinker displays more and more the instincts and skills of the committed diarist. In the absence of children, who considerately marry and leave her with more free time, and in the presence of grandchildren, with all the inspiration and opportunities provided by that relationship, the writer once again flourishes. Long, conversational entries--on occasion, she returns to her diary several times a day--become the norm from this point to the end of the book, making the last almost fifteen years of Drinker's life the most productive in terms of writing.

Because the style and to some degree the content of her writing change markedly, Drinker's work divides into two separate periods. Early memoranda record genealogy, major

health crises, and milestones in child development--the dates of first steps, first teeth, first words, and occasional notice of a trip or a visitor. The second period, beginning in 1794, is foreshadowed by the growing length and personal quality of her memo notes of the previous decade. This period produces expansive entries on the above topics which become more and more expressive of Drinker's feelings, as she relies increasingly on her writing to communicate her thoughts. Although she does not pour forth unbridled emotions in the same way that Shippen and Galloway do, she entrusts to her book that which she shares nowhere else in her world. Writing becomes a comforting and comfortable habit and eventually a necessity. Choosing the role of spectator more often than that of participant, she carefully observes the world within her ken, often passing judgment on it. She spends a good deal of time exploring ideas on paper as she mulls over events and situations she considers noteworthy, sometimes opening the door on a highly responsive mind and heart.

Drinker tempers a basic caution with her own style of openness. From the beginning, she is careful in her disclosures, much as Fisher is but without a "secret" code. Cautious by nature and restrained by choice, she reveals outlines but omits details. Whether she keeps her book under lock and key or leaves it lying about--and she never acknowledges its presence or location--a family member or servant might stumble across it, or she might be called upon

to share her journal as other shares theirs with her. In either case, Drinker creates a work that is always discreet, although the level of this discretion drops over the years. Having studied French, she often uses it, especially in the early sections, when touching on delicate matters, as though a foreign language, by being less accessible, will protect her from indiscretion. Regarding her close friend Betsy Moode, nicknamed Baubette, and Betsy's future husband, Drinker writes: "I had a conference with [Sammy Emlen] touchant Baubette" (Nov. 10, 1760). During her own courtship, she reverts to French in noting the visits of Henry Drinker: "H.D. supp'd chez nous" and "Henry spent the evening avec moi" appear with increasing frequency, marking the growing seriousness of the relationship. Occasionally dropping in a French word just for fun, she more often reserves it for matters she wants to record while remaining discreet: "Mon esprit fort oppressie sur brave oup [sic] d'occasion" (Aug. 1, 1791) and "A rumpus cette matin avec le Fille [sic]" (Aug. 28, 1791) record moments of strong emotion. "A rumpus," the extent to which Drinker will acknowledge discord within her household, occurs only three or four times in the course of the journal. To describe the results of a dose of castor oil, the diarist states that it operated "en haut et en bas" (April 30, 1796); and in a statement remarkable both for its self-effacement and its self-promotion, she writes, "le jour [sic] de ma naissance" (Feb. 27, 1796). Although this anniversary is noted almost

every year in the last section of the diary, the modest Drinker consistently refers to it by a variety of French phrases, such as "mon jour natal" (Feb. 27, 1798). During the last years, almost all other French phrases disappear. Using initials to list frequent visitors and family members, sometimes even referring to herself in this manner, saves time and space, which is probably her only reason for so doing, since virtually every individual is freely identified by full name at various other times. This practice also decreases in the last years of the journal, as if Drinker by that time loved the very act of inscribing the names of her loved ones on the page or at least had more time to write.

Drinker also improves her work. She corrects false rumors that she has mistakenly recorded as truth, and "it is said" and "it is thought" appear frequently to distinguish what she knows as fact from that which others believe. Sometimes, writing long after the fact, Drinker adds new information to an earlier entry, as in this case:

Henry Waddey a young man from Ireland came with memorandum from Roberson & Sand recommending him: about a year after this date in his return home he was knock'd over board by the boom of ship & drown'd (Jan. 26, 1784).

Her careful attention to this kind of detail results in a reliable record which can be read by a future audience with confidence, one of Drinker's unadmitted but obvious goals. During the times when she describes the yellow fever epidemics in Philadelphia, her passion for accuracy extends to crossing out the names of people she has recorded as



having died of the fever, apparently after she learns that they are still alive. She also consciously chooses and changes her words to communicate her impressions more precisely, particularly during 1793 when she has just begun to write regular and lengthy entries. In "My spirits have been greatly affected" (Sept. 19, 1793), she marks through "affected" and writes "oppress'd" instead. "The weather very warm" (Nov. 2, 1793) becomes "the weather warmer." And describing "a sick man who lay down in the field last night," Drinker changes "last night" to "yesterday" (Sept. 10, 1793). This careful attention produces a syntax which rarely falters, and when it does, she unashamedly rectifies the error: "A few stars made their appearance, but it was cloudy this morn'g. The sun ["made its" later crossed through] shone for a few minutes" (June 23, 1794). When she realizes that she has used "made its" in the previous sentence, her instincts prompt a felicitous substitution, and soon these instincts, honed and developed, prevent even the initial appearance of such flaws. Later entries show little editing, but the correct usage of words continues to be important to the diarist, as she indicates in this unusual entry:

This has been a proper stormy day---the word proper has been much in vogue and very improperly us'd for a few years past in the country and in most kitchens in the city---it has crep'd also into the houses among the children. Some say I am proper sick, others have purchas'd something that was proper dear, etc. (Jan. 29, 1795).

Drinker ventures to declare that the word has been

incorrectly used, but her examples stop short of specifying the correct usage, as she hesitates to assert her own choice. As is the case with most of the other Philadelphia diarists, spontaneity and sincerity eventually become more valuable than precision and eloquence, and Drinker lets more and more of her words stand as they come from her pen--and mind.

Because the text under examination is a typescript, the reader must accept with caution certain signals which might or might not be the diarist's, such as spelling and punctuation. The quotations herein reflect certain normalizations of both, where typographical errors appear likely. Comparison against the published editions proves that Drinker's editors have taken additional unacceptable liberties. PMHB, vol. 13, pp. 298 ff., for example, changes not only words but the meaning of entire paragraphs, as in the passage recording the explosion of the man-of-war Augusta. Drinker has written that "it was very plain to most who were at meeting;" the PMHB editor changes "most" to "all." The diarist carefully notes that it "appeared to some like an earthquake;" the PMHB version reads "felt like an earthquake" (Oct. 23, 1777), and her "seemed incessant" becomes "was incessant," thereby nullifying Drinker's scrupulous honesty and eliminating her very personal cautious style. Great-grandson Biddle takes the same kind of liberties in his edition when he omits all reference to white children in Drinker's long complaint about having much

to do for all the bound children under her care. Thinking perhaps to make Drinker appear more charitable if she only grumbles about black children, he alters the diarist's balanced, non-racist response.

Henry Drinker figures in Elizabeth Sandwith's journal for almost three years before they marry. The courtship might be said to begin on Nov. 1, 1758 with his first visit: "H. Drinker drank Tea with us." From that point with increasing frequency and only two interruptions--one for a trip to Bristol and another because of illness--H.D. calls almost every day. The trip, nearly a year after his first visit, occasions a series of letters to the diarist from London and Bristol during February and March '60, and the diarist's notation on June 20, 1760, that "Henry Drinker call'd this afternoon; he arrived here since dinner from London in the James and Mary Capt. Friend," signifying that he comes to visit Elizabeth almost as soon as the ship docks. The journal reflects not only his visits, which soon occur daily, but also the hour of his departure. After many late evenings, Elizabeth declares: "H.D. came at 10 o'clock, stayed til past 11--unseasonable hours; my judgment don't coincide with my actions--'tis a pity, but I hope to mend" (July 4, 1760). Three weeks later, she writes, "This evening I shall never forget, for 'tis a memorable one" (July 26, 1760), probably marking the date of Henry's proposal. In September, he falls ill with a fever, and when he reappears after a week's absence, the concerned diarist

notes that "he looks very thin and pale" (Sept. 8, 1760). By the end of October she is using many French phrases, most often in connection with Henry's visits: "avec moy," "dire adieu," and "souvenon cela" show both emotion and restraint. On Nov. 28, this entry confirms the couple's commitment: "H.D. breakfasted with us. Went to monthly meeting this morning . . . declared my intentions of marriage with my Friend H.D."

Elizabeth Sandwith and Henry Drinker marry on January 13, 1761; the diarist is 25 years old, her husband 27. The first entry, five months after the wedding, shows the young bride's affection: "my dear H--y" is followed during the next few years by "ma chere," "ma tres chere," and even on one rare occasion "my sweet heart." By July 1763, however, his frequent absences are beginning to depress the diarist: "H.D. spent the whole day with us" (July 13, 1763) suggests that this is the exception rather than the rule, especially when Drinker spends the summer months at their estate in Frankford while H.D. stays in Philadelphia to tend to his mercantile business. "H.D. came from town" and "H.D. sup'd with us" leads to the first sign of a basic difference in temperaments: "Did it suit H.D. to be constantly here also, I think I could be very happy in the country" (July 22, 1762), confesses the young woman who even then loves nature and retirement. This conflict is more than a matter of "city mouse" and "country mouse." H.D. is equally absent from his family when they are all in residence in the city,

figuring less and less in the daily affairs of the household and hence less and less in the journal. These absences bother Drinker increasingly as the years pass. He is for many years her "best friend," but his many business enterprises and his heavy responsibilities as clerk and treasurer of various Quaker meetings keep him from home more often than not. After thirty-four years of marriage, the diarist makes this ambivalent statement:

I am not acquainted with the extent of my husband's great variety of engagements; but this I know, that he is perpetually, and almost ever employed. The affairs of Society, and the public and private concerns, I believe take up ten twelfths of his time. If benevolence and beneficence will take a man to Heaven, and no doubt it goes a good way towards it, H.D. stands as good, indeed a better chance, than any I know of (Dec. 12, 1796).

By the time the diarist makes this entry, the honeymoon is, of course, over. The first four words point to her exclusion from H.D.'s affairs, and "perpetually" carries a pejorative implication, suggesting excessive activity. Although she softens the tone by giving Henry credit for his good works, underlying this passage is the diarist's deep resentment that ten twelfths of his activities should exclude her. After the family moves hurriedly to Germantown to avoid the yellow fever epidemic, she declares that all are uncomfortable except H.D.: "W.D. [son William] is like the rest of us, out of his element; my husband excepted, who is always at home, and never at home" (Sept. 8, 1798). Coming from a person to whom the home is everything, this indictment condemns conclusively. For Henry Drinker to be

so comfortable and to spend so much time in places other than his own home equals domestic infidelity in the diarist's view.

In the early years of marriage, the reader can detect glimpses of a pleasant but rare companionship. In the summer of 1771, the couple takes a trip around Pennsylvania, where one inn at which they stop is run by a slovenly old woman who refuses to change the dirty sheets on the Drinkers' bed. In return, Henry and Elizabeth leave dirty shirts in the bed when they depart the next morning; "may it be the means to mend her manners," the diarist gleefully writes (Aug. 30, 1771). In October of 1776, Drinker, leaving her four children at home, travels with Henry to the Shrewsbury meeting. But by noting what would ordinarily be a routine occasion--"Sometime in this month or towards the end of last, H.D. and myself took a ride to S. Sansom's" (June 18, 1785)--Drinker implies that, except for the infrequent long trip, she goes out with her husband only rarely.

Throughout most of the marriage, E.D. implicitly and often explicitly longs for her husband's company. During his banishment in 1777, she expresses especially deep concern. Following H.D.'s refusal to sign a parole pledging his allegiance to the revolutionary government, he and several other Friends are transported to a prison 300 miles from Philadelphia. Drinker writes feelingly of her great distress and loneliness during this time of "illegal and unprecedented" activities. With British troops

occupying the town, she feels H.D.'s absence more keenly than ever and writes to him almost daily, treasuring those few letters she gets in response; after a month without hearing, she joyously makes this note: "Becky Wain jun'r. pick'd up 2 letters for me to day from my dear, old dates, but welcome to me as they add to my valuable treasure" (Dec. 19, 1777). Then she receives a letter reporting that he is ill. "Very much disconcerted," she plans to travel with three other wives to petition Congress for his release: "What with this letter: the preparing for our journey, the impossibility of my sending him such things as is necessary for him . . . my Heart is afflicted and fluttered very much" (April 4, 1778), she confides in what is for her an unusually emotional statement. Making the trip calls for all Drinker's fortitude, and putting herself forward to help write and present the petition costs this reserved woman a great deal. She has previously refused to accompany a friend whose son is being detained, but the trip on H.D.'s behalf demands her best efforts. "O! that he was but with us," is her earnest prayer; and despite the courage and good management she daily exhibits, Drinker admits to periods of despair: "My resolution and fortitude has failed me much of late; my dear Henry's absence, and the renew'd fears on his acc't., my health but very middling, all together seems at times hard to bear up against" (Dec. 19, 1777). These moments of despair are few, however, and although she worries about

his welfare and laments his absence, Drinker displays great presence of mind and assertiveness during this period.

Upon his release, "my dear Henry" soon becomes "H.D." or "my husband" as he resumes his work and she resumes her "memo" style. Drinker seems more willing to criticize his behavior as she gets older, perhaps because H.D.'s constant "busyness" feels like a reproach for her less active life, perhaps only because she needs his company more and more. Here in a single entry, she makes three pointed references to her solitary state:

I am here by myself, Mary and Scip [sister and servant] in the kitchen. I dined by myself on cold leg of lamb, bacon, eggs and beans. 'Tis not the first time that I have dined solus" (July 9, 1795).

Nor is it the first time she has so described herself. By solus, the diarist means without her husband's company, since her sister, servants and sometimes even children are in the house at the time. She also uses French phrases to give added weight to her emotional restraint in recording her loneliness, but occasionally her irritation overwhelms her discretion, as in these passages: "H.D. very importantly employed by himself in the office this even'g" (July 3, 1796) and "H.D. as usual writing in his office; he is 1 of the greatest slaves in Philadelphia" (Aug. 14, 1798).

Drinker's increasing willingness to disagree with her husband at first finds expression only in her journal: "H.D.'s bargaining with the Warders for our place by no



means pleases me" (Jan. 16, 1796), she notes; not only the manner of H.D.'s bargaining but also the fact that she has not been consulted or even informed that the place is on the market prompts this unusually angry comment. And regarding a new meeting house to be built in the graveyard, she declares pointedly, "[Henry] and I are of opposite opinions relative to the propriety of such a step" (June 10, 1802). On several occasions Drinker objects to H.D.'s decisions but reluctantly submits to his will. She claims to want to assert herself when he insists on moving Nancy, who is still convalescing from a serious illness, back to the city. But she soon gives in: "I knew not how to deny, or how to suffer her to go, being as I thought fit only to be in her chamber, but . . . H.D. liked not to be denied. They accordingly went" (Oct. 30, 1794). The mother, torn between two conflicting impulses, wants to submit and yet wants to protect her child's health. Her response is finally the customary one; she has had no experience in "denying" and does not know how. Not giving any reasons that H.D. may have had for his action, she implies that he is being stubborn and wilful. In view of the facts as she presents them, few readers would disagree. Drinker also convicts him of being strong willed and inflexible by describing several occasions such as this one: "After 11 o'clock H.D. came up with the carriage for the purpose of taking us home; it put me in a hurry all the rest of the time" (Nov. 13, 1794). Apparently Henry Drinker routinely creates this problem, as

the diarist notes that it is "not uncommon to us" (Aug. 3, 1796). When Jacob Skyrin offers his wagon to take them out of the city, this revealing entry appears: "I asked my husband what he thought of Jacob's proposal; he said-- nothing at all. So that there is no probability of our leaving the city" (Oct. 3, 1803). Her italics emphasize H.D.'s intransigence as the diarist communicates her strong frustration to her diary. But voicing a trace of criticism, even if only in her book, is a measure of her growing independence.

Drinker's self-assertiveness peaks in 1796. During that year, she dares hint at a kind of impropriety mentioned nowhere else in the journal: "H.D. gone to dine at J. Skyrin's with Deborah Derby and Rebecca Young. Some things are wrong, very wrong!" (Mar. 19, 1796). The rare appearance of the exclamation mark underscores the unusual force of the diarist's emotions here. She may have been jealous over the years of her husband's many excursions around the countryside in the company of Quaker women she knew, but only now, with two young Quakeresses from England capturing her husband's attention and precious leisure time, does she feel free and furious enough to record it. Her criticism later that same year, when H.D. prepares to sell the country residence, seems almost mild by comparison: "Could my husband like some other men attend to and enjoy that pretty and healthful place, I would not wish it sold for twice as much as we shall get for it" (May 31, 1796).

Three months later, the diarist faces her greatest test, as her loyalties to her husband come into conflict with her loyalties to one of her children. The occasion is Molly's elopement, one of the central events in Elizabeth Drinker's life. She has been taken completely by surprise, which convinces her that she does not know her daughter as well as she thought. The censure of the Quaker community threatens to engulf the household, but it is the breach within the family that most wounds Drinker.

Sammy Rhoads has been a frequent caller throughout much of 1795, taking Molly out several times during the summer. Then on Aug. 13, this note--"M.D. receiv'd a broad hint this even'g from her Father" (Aug. 13, 1795)--seems to indicate H.D.'s disapproval of Sammy as a son-in-law. He calls again, however: "Sammy Rhoads here this even'g. Molly just going out, he went with her" (Oct. 5, 1795). Then this cryptic statement--"S.R. knock'd at the door this even'g. H.D. went to the door!" (Nov. 4, 1795)--points to Sammy's determination to see Molly against her father's expressed wishes. The seldom-seen exclamation mark expresses the diarist's concern that H.D. intercepted the caller. They go out together again on Nov. 8, and the following day the diarist admits, "uneasy on acc't of my dear M.D. etc." (Nov. 9, 1795). Three days later, she writes: "Sammy Rhoads called in meeting-time to enquire how Molly was--she was at meeting, if it should be an adieu I should not wonder at it" and later that same day the cryptic note, "Molly has orders

to dismiss--" (Nov. 10, 1795). Then on Nov. 15, Drinker openly states her opinion of the matter, which remains obscurely veiled:

S.R. called this forenoon in meeting time, parler avec moy, he had done the same with H.D. on sixth day last, of which I was entirely ignorant. Matters are, I expect, concluded. I sincerely wish we may do better (Nov. 15, 1795).

The next day is "a dull day, tout a fait," and Molly begins to see other young men as S.R.'s visits cease. She spends many evenings with her two married sisters, and by the following August both her brothers-in-law are escorting her to various friends' homes. Then on Aug. 10, almost exactly one year from the date that Molly has been given "a broad hint" by her father, the saga begins:

Molly was gone, as I thought, and as she said, with Sally Large shopping . . . after candle light a young man . . . came into the back parlor, and gave a small unsealed letter--it was directed to Henry and Eliza'h Drinker--to me, I wondered from whom it came . . . but upon reading the address on the top 'My Dear Parents' I cast my eyes down, and to my unspeakable astonishment saw it signed Mary Rhoads . . . I exclaimed something, and no doubt my Countenance showed my inward feelings in measure. What is that, said my husband . . . We did not know that she had seen or spoken to S.R. for 6 months past, we had not the least suspicion of any thing of the kind occurring. My husband was much displeased and angry, and when I wished to know where she was at present, he charged me not to stir in the affair by any means (Aug. 10, 1796).

H.D.'s "charge" amounts to an order to excommunicate Molly, and there follow pages of anguished outpourings as Drinker confides her anxiety and frustration to her book. She had married at 25 years of age, as did her daughter Sally, and Nancy married at 27. With this family history, the

Drinkers probably considered Molly, only 22, too young to be thinking about matrimony. Initially the surprised mother feels hurt and rejected:

Little did I think that a Daughter of mine would, or could have taken such a step, and she always appear'd to be one of the last girls that would have acted such a part--to leave her father's house and go among strangers to be married! (Aug. 10, 1796).

Turning to her son William for solace through the anxious night that follows this traumatic day, the diarist unwittingly dramatizes the distance between herself and her husband on this point.

But her concern for her daughter outweighs her concern for herself. The grieving mother remembers that Molly has looked ill and has lost a lot of weight lately: "I much fear my poor fugitive Child will be taken ill, as she has past through great agitation of mind, I am sure." (Aug. 10, 1796). James Logan, a trusted friend and respected community leader, tells H.D. that he thinks the match suitable and Sammy "a worthy young fellow," and that they ran off because "they thought H.D. would never consent" (Aug. 10, 1796), but the father remains adamant. When Samuel Emlen, another old family friend, calls, the diary is silent on his comments but not on H.D.'s reaction: "H.D. displeas'd--some busy-bodies have been at work; which is always the case when any two or more branches of a family are at variance" (Aug. 14, 1796).

Drinker's anxiety pours out daily onto the pages of her journal, as she grieves for her "poor run-away child." She

tries to read, but is "not in a reading humour," and refuses to leave the house, saying "I am sure it would not suit me to go abroad at present" (Aug. 15, 1796). Hearing that Molly is in "much trouble and look[is] very poorly," Drinker's anguish increases: "I am greatly distressed on my poor Child's acc't., and know not what to do" (Aug. 17, 1796). Being forbidden to see Molly, the diarist asks close friend S. Swett to visit the girl and bring back news. Then this unusual note: "Tis three days since I have made any memorandum" (Aug. 19, 1796); Drinker has been too ill to write, a rare occurrence at this time in her life.

A second letter, "signed by Mary Rhoads and Sam'l Rhoads, directed to Henry and Elizabeth Drinker, expressive of their uneasiness at the pain they had caus'd . . . and wishes to be taken into favour etc." brings Drinker to admit forcefully, "I have undergone a pretty large share of uneasiness" (Aug. 21, 1796). Her italics, which she uses only in extreme circumstances, convey more than her words. Apparently aware that Sally's and Nancy's husbands have assisted in the elopement, if not actively, at least by failing to inform the Drinkers, H.D. "affronts" both his sons-in-law. When John Skyrin, Nancy's husband, announces to the diarist his intentions of returning home to his wife, Drinker undertakes to spare her daughter the knowledge of this breach: "I advis'd him, as a friend . . . to rule his Will and bare his own burdens, and not trouble his innocent worthy Wife with everything that fretted him . . . how much

misery does pride and passion bring on poor mortals" (Aug. 24, 1796). This final statement could only apply to Henry Drinker, whose "pride and passion" over his daughter's defection have put one son-in-law "in the dumps" and "much agitated" the other.

Hearing that the new couple has ordered furniture, E.D. jealously notes that "tout le monde knows better than we do" (Aug. 27, 1796); and upon learning that her daughter has visited a neighbor, she admits, "I am sorry for it, as I understood she did not intend to go out any where 'till she was reconciled to us" (Aug. 29, 1796). The pressure builds, as she feels more and more alienated from her beloved child. But Drinker, educated to obedience and still undoubtedly a loving wife despite their differences, will not easily or quickly go against her husband's wishes.

After this attempt at discretion--"Un parlez avec H.D. pasfort agreeable--comme quelyne [sic] autres" (Aug. 29, 1796), Drinker tries to be cheerful:

One trouble, sometimes, lessens another, for as we cannot bare but to a certain point, 'tis a favour when one gives way as another comes on--when Nancy's breast was bad, I fear'd for her, when she was better, Henry was ill, and trouble for my poor little runaway seemed to lie dormant for a time, but not long, that, and its possible consequences hurts me much (Aug. 30, 1796).

Later, she writes: "Our poor dear Molly is not mentioned but rarely here, 'tho talked much of abroad and much thought of by me" (Aug. 31, 1796). Attempting to establish contact, she sends servants as well as family members to inquire after the newlyweds and take gifts. Finally, Drinker nears

the end of her tether: "It is two months this day since I have seen my child Molly, and I know not why it is so. I am sure I wish it otherwise" (Oct. 8, 1796). The following day she calmly writes that her daughter has called, and she has been pleased to see her, while "heartily [wishing] an Amicable meeting would take place between her father and her" (Oct. 9, 1796). In the face first of the letter pleading forgiveness and now Molly's taking the initiative to restore harmony, Drinker finds the determination to do what her soul has been urging for weeks:

Well! I have been this afternoon to S.R.'s without leave, and no reason giving why I should not. William went with me, we stay'd 'till night moon shine . . . I feel best pleased that I went (Oct. 15, 1796).

William aids her in her moment of "disobedience," one more indication of their bond. This act, the closest Drinker ever comes to rebellion, is not mentioned again. Small in itself, relative to Drinker's background and temperament it is monumental. It appears at the time to have little or no dramatic impact on her life, but taken together with the other small signs of her increasing freedom, it strengthens her fragile self-image. Although Henry Drinker is at home at this time and probably learns very early of his wife's actions, his response is unrecorded. Communication between the two seems halting at best, as the diarist notes four days later: "Being by no means disposed to rest I sat up for a long time in bed, talked to H.D. who did not seem in a humour to be disturbed" (Oct. 19, 1796).



E.D. undoubtedly feels happier as Molly begins to call, but the girl, afraid to meet her father, pays only short and infrequent visits. This continuing breach, with the diarist now having her allegiance actively divided, keeps Drinker in despair: "I am at a loss how to act on her acc't she being from me and things so out of joint; I am really distressed" (Oct. 30, 1796). But Drinker's loving support of her daughter encourages Molly to continue to call, and soon the diarist's greatest wish is fulfilled:

[H.D.] met Molly here unexpectedly to them both, the first time they have seen each other since her marriage. He talked to her plainly, and at the same time kindly, she wiped her eyes and made a speech, that I did not attend to, having feelings of my own at the time . . . I hope matters are getting in a fair train, which I think will be a great favour (Nov. 1, 1796).

Drinker precipitates this healing moment, repairing the damage done to the family's harmony by ignoring her husband's orders. Although the wound might have healed without her act of independence, she asserts herself on behalf of a daughter she feels has been wronged by her father. Drinker's behavior is her strongest condemnation of H.D.'s handling of the affair.

The diarist's entries noting her wedding anniversary have become more practical and less sentimental with the years. "It is 17 years this day and the same day of the week since my marriage with my dear Henry," she writes on Jan. 13, 1778. Sixteen years later her note is "The anniversary of our marriage 33 years" (Jan. 13, 1796). Also

less emotional are the references to H.D. His birthday, for example, often passes unnoticed. But not so in 1797: "H.D.'s birthday--sixty-three years of age, has past through Grand Clymatic [sic]" (Mar. 4, 1797), by which she seems to be declaring him past middle age and the foibles which that period might lead to. Much of Drinker's writing reflects only the inevitable metamorphoses to which every marriage is subject. Despite her increased willingness as she grows older to voice in her book her differences of opinion and her criticism, the diarist consistently shows her love for her husband. "My dear husband appears in pain" (Mar. 3, 1805), she writes near the end of her life. The picture that evolves over the years is that of a marriage which, like most, struggles with conflicting interests and opinions, yields to compromise, and finally bears as much contentment as disappointment.

The population of Drinker's world ranges from her immediate family outward to the most powerful men of the age. Due as much, the reader feels, to the diarist's mind and mettle as to her husband's position as important Quaker leader and wealthy merchant, many of the prominent people of the day pass through the Drinkers' parlor. Visiting provided almost the sole diversion in these lives, furnishing not only entertainment but a large and effective communication network. Drinker values these connections as a source of information, but over the years she finds them less and less necessary as a means of entertainment. She

scrupulously continues to list her callers, however, sometimes distinguishing between those in the front parlor, where her husband holds court, and those in the back parlor, where she does. The range of visitors includes national figures. "John Hancock spent two hours with me this afternoon" (July 7, 1789), she notes, omitting reference to his power but unconsciously revealing her pride in his paying her so much attention. Senator Aaron Burr calls several times, once with his daughter (Nov. 18, 1794); another illustrious guest is Alexander Martin, whom Drinker carefully designates as a member of Congress and former governor of North Carolina (April 5, 1797). State politicians Joseph Galloway and William and James Logan also appear, as do community leaders Abel James, Henry Drinker's business partner and a daily visitor and strong supporter of Elizabeth during Henry Drinker's banishment, and eminent Doctors Redman and Shippen, the former becoming a close personal friend. Frequent callers meet a wide circle of friends at the Drinkers', and the family regularly hosts ten to twelve Quaker "lodgers" in town for yearly meeting or other Society business.

Although she has "best friends" before she marries-- Hannah Callender and Betsy Moode most clearly fill this description--after she begins a family, Elizabeth Drinker makes little reference to any one woman who might qualify as a confidante. In the volumes of memoranda, she notes an occasional carriage ride or a rare trip to another town for

a Quaker meeting, but her claim that she very rarely leaves her house becomes more and more convincing with the passing years. Pregnant with Charles in 1781, Drinker writes: "I have been confined some weeks at home, but it is not so tedious to me as it would be to some others, being no great goer abroad at any time" (July 15, 1781). By the time she begins her serious diary keeping, her childhood friend Betsy Emlen has died and Drinker is limiting her visits outside the home for reasons of health, both her own and her family's. Her closest friend by 1790 is neighbor Hannah Pemberton, whom she sees when Hannah takes her out for an infrequent carriage ride. But Drinker does not confide even in her, as this entry, written during the diarist's great tribulation with Molly, clearly shows:

Hannah Pemberton sent Noke [her servant] this morn'g. to know if I would ride out with her; I should have been pleased so to have done if it had suited me, but I am not either in health or Spirits to go abroad at present (Aug. 26, 1796).

At this point, E.D. has neither left the house nor seen her friend in three weeks, yet she does not feel the need to confide in Hannah. Writing voluminously about her ordeal, she has unburdened her soul to her diary. By the time the crisis subsides, she "has not been over . . . the door sill for upwards of 9 weeks, and but twice this 4 months" (Oct. 11, 1796), during which period she has filled eighty pages with her troubles.

Mary Penry figures prominently in Drinker's list of callers, and when she moves away, the diarist begins a

correspondence with her which lasts until Penry's death, thereby laying to rest the old saw that letter writers are never diarists. Judging from Drinker's remarks, the nature of this correspondence is that of a long, often philosophical conversation; the two women take opposite sides on the question of whether the ninety-ninth or the hundredth year marks the end of the century, and they exchange recipes and ingredients for medicines. Were the letters available, they might reveal that Drinker shared some of the same things with Penry that she did with her diary, but if so, the diarist must have felt such confidence inadequate to her needs. No one, not even her sister, appears to have been privy to the diarist's most intimate thoughts. When she refers to her deceased mother as her "dearest and nearest female friend," (Jan. 9, 1795) and her husband as the "best of friends," the reader senses that close friendships outside the family circle do not exist for this woman. Late in her life, she frankly recognizes this fact: "I never go out from my family to look for comfort" (Jan. 1, 1802). And she never goes beyond her book to open her mind.

In the immediate family, Elizabeth's sister Molly Sandwith, who lives with the Drinkers for the duration of Drinker's life, is an obscure but constant figure. She functions as baby sitter, assistant manager, and often Elizabeth's representative in society. Although "M.S." appears more frequently than any other set of initials except "H.D.," Drinker reveals little about their

relationship. The overall impression is one of warmth and closeness between the orphaned siblings, only surviving children of their parents. One of the very rare signs of friction between the two occurs in this passage, unusually lengthy for a reference to M.S.: "Sister declined taking the weight of the family on her during my absence, which prevented my meeting [the other women] according to Promise and distress'd me much" (April 1, 1778). Later the same day the diarist adds: "To the care of Kind Providence and my dear sister I must leave my dear little ones and the Family generally--it will be a great care on Sister." Evidently, Molly's disinclination is temporary, and harmony is restored in time for Drinker to make the journey to visit her husband in jail and appeal for his release. Although "Sister" figures daily in the diarist's accounts of family activities, very little personal information appears, other than Molly's state of health, and as diary and diarist develop, Molly Sandwith fades into near invisibility.

Within the Drinker household, the diarist expends a great deal of time and emotion on her servants. She also spends a great deal of time writing about them, and these comments add significant details to her self-portrait. Her assumption of responsibility for their welfare springs equally from a natural proprietary interest and genuine compassion for the less fortunate. Usually maintaining a staff of five in the house, ranging from bound children eight to sixteen years of age, to adult kitchen maids,

Drinker often finds herself faced with labor problems. During the war, she writes: "We are reduc'd from 5 servants to 1, which won't do long for we cannot help ourselves, it is the case with many at present" (Sept. 10, 1778). And when one of the occupying British soldiers lures Drinker's maid Ann away, the diarist's anger prompts one of the very few dramatic narratives in the journal:

Yesterday . . . I had a conference with the officer who took away Ann; I stop'd him as he past the door-- after desiring him to stand still 'till a noisy wagon which was going by had past (as he said he was in a hurry) I then address'd him; if thee has no sense of religion or virtue, I should think that what you soldiers call Honor would have dictated to thee what was thy duty after thy behaviour some time ago in this house. Who me! Yes, I know thee very well. I have as yet been careful of exposing thee, but if thee don't very soon pay me for my servant's time; as there is officers quarter'd among numbers of my acquaintance, I will tell all I meet with. He stutter'd and said, I han't go your servant. I don't care who has her, it was thee that stole her. Well, said he a little impudently if you'll come up to my quarters up Town. I told him if he did not bring the money or send it soon he should hear further from me. Well, well, well, said he and away he went seemingly confus'd (Jan. 4, 1778).

Accosting a strange man, threatening his reputation, and persisting in holding him responsible, Drinker asserts herself in a manner all the more remarkable because it is so out of character. Instinctively, she records the incident in the same vein; direct quotation of dialogue occurs only two or three times in the entire journal. Drinker seems as aware as the reader of the uniqueness of the situation.

Prizing docility in her work force, Drinker sometimes objects to what she sees as high-handed behavior: "Nancy Oates came while I was out to ask pardon for her former

conduct which has been vastly impudent" (Nov. 18, 1777); "Our new maid has had a visitor all day and has invited her to lodge with her without asking leave, times are much changed and maids are become mistresses" (Dec. 18, 1778). She dismisses Caty Paterson "after 2 or 3 days frolicking" (Feb. 10, 1780) and sends pregnant Poll Moore away after three months with the remark, "I was glad to get rid of her" (Nov. 21, 1782). Her frequent dissatisfaction prompts her to regret the freedoms taken by her servants, freedoms which in themselves suggest that she is not a harsh mistress: "Our Sall is consummately impudent when she takes it in her head, and Peter very fond of idleness and fun. The servants of this house are not what they ought to be by any means" (Aug. 10, 1802).

If Drinker shows dissatisfaction with her servants, she also shows concern for them. When this same Sall contracts yellow fever, the diarist devotes many entries to the girl's condition, regretting that she is not strong enough to nurse Sall herself: "My husband, sister, William and self were sitting this evening reading, apparently at our ease, while our poor Sally may be vomiting her life away, or be in the agony of death!" (Oct. 1, 1803). When the coachman, James Denning, after hearing a sermon, suffers unremitting and apparently unjustified guilt over a secret crime he claims to have committed, Drinker devotes almost two weeks of her attention--and her writing--to the unhappy man. Refusing to let him in his unbalanced state quit their employ and wander



away as he wants to, she surreptitiously and repeatedly gives him laudanum and puts him to bed. In her compassion, she treats him as one of her own children, unhesitatingly calling in a doctor for him, as she often does for many of her servants.

Governing so many requires a firm hand, a task that the mild-mannered diarist usually leaves to the adult males of the family. She notes that "H.D. tittivated Thomas [servant] this morning" (April 7, 1796), after Thomas has been found drunk the preceding evening. "Tittivate," usually meaning "to tidy or spruce up," here seems to be the diarist's choice of words to refer to a mild form of disciplinary action, but punishment can be more stringent. When young Dan, a bound child, runs away, son-in-law Jacob Downing finds and gives him a "trimming" (July 4, 1791). On the rare occasions when Drinker attempts this form of control, she is obviously out of her depth, as when Sally Dawson misbehaves and the diarist records: "I gave her a whipping last night or rather endeavor'd so to do" (June 12, 1796). This is the first time that Drinker has attempted this physically assertive act; its incompatibility with her nature prevents her from making any further such attempts. In her compassion, even the worst of servants touches her heart: "A rumpus with Betty Burrage, who is an ill natur'd old woman, yet I feel pity for her" (Nov. 30, 1796).

Her humane concern for those who serve her begins early in the diarist's life; forced to sell nine-year-old Black Judy

after their parents die, the diarist and her sister repent within a few weeks. They love the child and regret having sold her into lifetime slavery. Not knowing "what would be her fate," they listen sympathetically when Judy comes for a visit, after which Drinker writes: "I am ready to think she has runaway, says her Master uses her ill, poor child" (June 30, 1760). Going to the new mistress, the Sandwith sisters offer her forty pounds, although the woman paid only twenty-five, but she refuses to part with her new servant. When Judy visits Drinker in 1799 and again in 1807, the diarist recounts for her journal the circumstances surrounding the original sale, justifying her actions thus: "When we sold her, there was nothing said against keeping or selling Negroes, but as we were going to board out knew not what to do with her" (Oct. 12, 1807). As students of arch-abolitionist Anthony Benezet, the Sandwith sisters would have been highly sensitive to the plight of the slaves. As an adult, Drinker persuades her husband to intervene, and H.D. visits Judy's master, who, although he refuses to free her at that time, leaves her free at his death. "Our Society has done much in this business with good effect--but not so much as could have been desired" (Nov. 30, 1797), Drinker writes about a petition for the "poor blacks," and when a shipload of slaves arrives in port "without the least clothing," Drinker notes that it is "a call upon humanity indeed" to furnish the necessary clothes "for the poor naked creatures" (Aug. 5, 1800). Some of her most damning

language and harshest emotions appear in behalf of Black Thomas, a servant recently hired by the Drinkers:

Our wicked neigh'r. Pantlif in the Alley beat and brus'd Black Tom--Tho's, Shamfully, a negro man we have lately hir'd. His [Pantlif's] Wife set their Dog at him, who bit his Thigh in 2 or 3 places (May 23, 1782).

The next day Black Tom, lame with his wounds, has Pantlif up before the magistrate, who puts him under bond until the next court session. But Drinker remarks on the ineffectiveness of this punishment, which "by no means humbl'd him." Admittedly, some of the diarist's feelings in this case could be selfish; she is, after all, losing the services of an employee. But the extent of her condemnation suggests a defense of Thomas. Giving full vent to her anger, she adds: "This man and his Wife are two of the most wicked spiteful revengfull persons I think I ever knew they are dutch Foulks" (May 24, 1782). The diarist's comments here and elsewhere indicate her deep-seated concept of racial differences, but her actions proclaim her a fair-minded individual in her inter-racial dealings.

In ministering to the many bound children taken in by the Drinkers at least partly out of charity--at one point they have nine--the diarist records how she has nursed, tended and made new clothes for these dependent young creatures. From a woman who has few household chores, and from a writer who rarely mentions even those few, these pointed references to her hard labor indicate that Drinker sees her efforts as worthy of note. Inspired undoubtedly by

human compassion--"I feel much for the poor little fellows" (Dec. 6, 1794)--she nonetheless very humanly expects some return for her efforts:

I have been for some weeks past busy every night bathing my little maid Sally Dawson's face for a swelling and dressing her knee for a sore. I have much to do for the little black boys also; these small folk ought to be of service when they grow bigger, for they are very troublesome when young to those who have their good at heart (Dec. 26, 1794).

This passage, as do so many, shows two sides of Elizabeth Drinker--the rigid, demanding mistress shares heart space with the generous and compassionate nurse.

The definitive story of Eliabeth Drinker's relationship with her servants involves sixteen-year-old Sally Brant. On Aug. 8, 1794, the diarist makes this vague but suggestive entry: "I have been for a week past under great anxiety of mind on account of our poor little and I fear miserable S.B.--'tis possible I may be mistaken tho I greatly fear the reverse." After talking with the girl "very closely and pointedly" but to "little or no purpose" and enlisting her daughter Nancy to help in bringing Sally to confess, Drinker admits that "nothing clear or candid could we bring forth" (Aug. 10, 1794). Much distressed by what she fears-- "Thoughts of the unhappy child that lay on a mattress at the foot of my bed who does not appear to feel half so much for herself as I do for her, kept me waking" (Aug. 11, 1794)-- E.D. dismisses Joe Gibbs, their black servant. "He has left, if we mistake not, a memorial behind him" (Aug. 19, 1794), she writes, then gives vent to a disappointment and

frustration that echo what she felt when Molly eloped:

I could not have thought that a girl brought up from her 10th year with the care and kindness that S.B. has experienced from our family, could be so thoughtless and harden'd as she appears to be on such a melancholy occasion (Aug. 20, 1794).

Rather than dismiss Sally, however, Drinker exhibits great forbearance. Although she refuses to take the girl back to town in her pregnant condition, she leaves her in the care of a competent nurse for her confinement and sends a doctor for her delivery. The unborn child likewise merits attention as the diarist finds herself "busy'd making *habilliment pour la noir au jaune illegitimate*" (Oct. 9, 1794). She shows less concern for the father. When the "audacious Joe" is found lurking around, E.D. declares that "should he have the impudence to come up here I should be angry indeed" (Oct. 7, 1794). But it is Sally's attitude that grieves Drinker most: "Our S.B. appears to be as full of Glee, as if nothing ail'd her but what was right, I would not wish to see her miserable, but rather more steady thoughtfullness w'd. become her better" (Sept. 30, 1794), and "there is very little apparent contrition in the white party concern'd" (Oct. 7, 1794). Hoping to rehabilitate Sally, whom she regards as her responsibility, Drinker takes the girl back into service. She undoubtedly finds conception out of wedlock, no more unknown then than now, less objectionable than miscegenation, and when Sally tries to name the baby after its father, Drinker furiously disapproves and renames the child Catherine Clearfield,

after its place of birth. Her refusal to let Sally keep her child meets with little resistance from the young mother, and when the baby, in the care of a nurse Drinker has provided, dies several months later, Sally sheds a few tears and is "quickly over it."

By April of the next year, the diarist is beginning to doubt her success in reforming Sally: "I fear we shall have more trouble with the bold Hussey" (April 8, 1795), she writes after learning that there has been much "ogleing between her and a fellow opposite our kitchen, and we have been inform'd that he has been talking with and kissing her in our yard" (April 8, 1795). Although she fears that Sally is beginning to show "her true colours," Drinker continues to admit her good qualities: "Set aside this vile propensity, she is one of the most handy and best servants we have ever had, and a girl of very pretty manners" (April 19, 1795).

Although she has a year of her time left to serve, "which would have been of more worth . . . had she been a virtuous girl than any other two years of her time" (April 19, 1795), Drinker is prepared to return her to her mother, who comes asking for her. But after hearing the angry mother's stipulations, the Drinkers conclude otherwise: "Were we to turn her off, upon her mother's terms, she would be in the high road to further ruin" (April 19, 1795); they therefore keep her on for another year. This act of generosity provides them with a servant, but the entire

episode bespeaks a degree of tolerance which Drinker herself might be surprised to recognize.

The concept of Quaker charity extended far beyond the home (Bridenbaugh, Cities 321-22). Drinker seems especially touched by those of her circle who fall on hard times. Sarah Swett, a neighbor who in the course of the diary finds herself alone and ill in the last years of her life, not only receives her daily meals from the Drinker household, but also Elizabeth's concerned attempts to guard her health. The diarist tries repeatedly during yellow fever outbreaks to persuade Neighbor Swett to leave the city with them. Throughout the years, Drinker's care for this indigent and infirm old friend amply testifies to the image of Elizabeth Drinker as a sensitive and compassionate human being, an image she unconsciously but convincingly transmits to her future readership.

Conscious of her high socio-economic position, Drinker naturally regards those beneath her as unfortunate but inferior. Where she has no proprietary interest or close connection, she is less sympathetic. Her charity toward these alien individuals is documented throughout the journal, but the fact that she records her generosity might suggest that it is more pro forma than sympathetic. She explains herself thus on contributing to a donation for the poor: "I gave what I afterwards thought too little, but H.D. in giving, will no doubt do enough, which often has some weight with me" (Oct. 13, 1796). In a passage unusual both

for its direct dialogue and its open revelation of Drinker's feelings, she talks with an eighty-year-old woman who is spinning tow for 1 1/2 pence a cut:

"How many cuts dost thou spin in a day?" She was not willing to tell. "Can thee spin twelve?" Oh no. "Six?" No. "Three then?" May be so. "Then thee earns 4 1/2 d. a day." Yes, sometimes. I had but a ninepenny piece in my pocket, which I gave her, and said if she would accept of it, she might venture to take a day's rest, as that was two days earnings. She was much pleased and gave me many thanks. Well, thought I, to use the words of an old author: This is one of the commodities that comes of infelicity; to be delighted with so trifling an acquisition (Oct. 16, 1794).

Admirable as Drinker's impulse is, she weakens her charitable gesture when she rationalizes, finding good in poverty. On more than one occasion she relates how she has been amused or "diverted" by the history of an indigent woman, and she looks with suspicion on the beggars who come to her door. One "dismal looking object" who claims to have just recovered from an illness, she believes to be "more troubled with laziness than sickness," of which she notes that "no symptoms remained." Giving him food "but no money," she sends him "quickly off," urging him to "shut the gate after him" (Aug. 30, 1794). Relating the reappearance after many years of a former servant, she characterizes the old woman as "industrious, ignorant, poor . . . and I fear addicted to [drunkenness]" (Jan. 30, 1796). Drinker notes that she gives the woman "a little money," but fears it will be used for drink. "I looked upon her with pity and compassion, as I believed her one of the many beings from



whom much was not required" (Jan. 30, 1796), she writes, using the Biblical allusion to justify her condescension. Drinker is nothing if not fair, however, and will confess her failings, at least to her diary. When Alice, the "yellow woman" who does the laundry, gets into trouble, E.D. expects to lose all their clothes, but when the laundress returns with every garment intact, the diarist admits that nothing is missing. And after writing this condescending note--"What a pity 'tis that the lower class of people, as they are too justly called, are so prone to lying"--the diarist learns that a story she heard from the milk woman, a story Drinker rejects at the time as totally untrue, is in fact valid. She humbly begs the woman's pardon on paper--"had need to ask, in mymind, our poor milk womans excuse, for accusing the lower class of people of telling fibbs"--then perversely adds, "She may be clear, 'tho many are not" (Aug. 26, 1796).

The center of Elizabeth Drinker's world is her children, to whom she devotes herself unstintingly. Although she gives birth to nine babies, she writes almost nothing about her pregnancies and deliveries, which occur during her "memo" period. Only terse and enigmatic notes indicate her child-bearing activities, with an occasional fuller entry devoted to the newborn. A full genealogy can be constructed only with the help of notations pencilled into the manuscript. Sally, her first child, is born Oct. 23, 1761; Nancy, Jan. 11, 1764, and Polly, April 20, 1765.

On June 30, 1766, the diarist notes that "Polly very unwell, she has been drooping for some time past, but now grown worse," and July 4, she is very ill and has convulsions.

The following day, Drinker writes:

The little dear worse, the blisters rose but badly--brought her to Town this Evening, not quite without hopes of her tho' they prov'd vain . . . she cut her first tooth during her illness, had numbers in the gums--which with the lax etc. prov'd too much for her (July 5, 1766).

This vague reference is the last to mention Polly until the following memo appears at the end of the 1766 volume:

Began to wean my Polly, April 21, 1766, she being a Year and day old, got one Tooth bears weaning extraordinary well--she cut her first tooth July 1 or 2, being 14 months and 11 or 12 days, old, 4 or 5 days before she died--could almost go alone, and speak many Words very plain (N.D., started April 21, concluded after July 7, 1766).

The shift in tense indicates that Drinker goes back in her journal and adds the information about the death to her earlier comments; she does not mention Polly again.

On May 26, 1768, this note, "E.D. misc'd," records a miscarriage, but she conceives again soon after this and gives birth to Billy on Jan. 28, 1767. Her first Henry is born May 24, 1769. The memoranda preceding the birth indicate a procedure that becomes a typical prenatal routine for Drinker: a week before delivery, she notes: "May 17, 1769. E.D. was let blood." There is no mention of the birth; then the next note appears June 14 and concerns not the newborn Henry but two-year-old Billy. The only reference to the infant Henry occurs on July 25, when she

notes, "My little Henry not very well." The baby dies Aug 20, 1769, but no mention of the death appears then or later. The following year, Oct. 30, 1770, another child is born, also named Henry. The annotations indicate that Elizabeth is born Nov. 12, 1772, and dies Dec. 26, 1772, but the diarist does not refer to this birth in any way.

The next diary clue to Drinker's pregnancies appears on Feb. 21, 1774, when she is again "let blood." Molly is born three weeks later, on March 14, 1774. "E.D.---M---" indicates another miscarriage on Jan. 25, 1776, and after a respite of four years, she writes: "Myself in my chamber where I have expected for some time to be confin'd--am thankful it is so far over as it is what I had reason to expect" (May 20, 1780). Since she does not give birth during 1780, this note refers to another miscarriage. She conceives in December of that year, and on July 1, 1781, Drinker gives a rare and obscure indication of her condition: "I stay'd at home all day which seems likely will be the case for many weeks yet to come should I be spared being unwell and not in fit trim to go abroad." Charles is born six weeks later; Drinker is 45 years of age. Of this last birth, she writes:

Two days after the last memorandum my dear little Charles was born, on the 16th Aug't . . . but my poor Baby was alive and that was all--did not expect he would survive many days; but he is now between 10 and 11 weeks old, and appears to be thriving, which is wonderful, considering how unwell I was for near a month before his birth, and much falling away; the Child little more than Skin and Bone--occasion'd perhaps by a cold I caught.--The first 7 or 8 months of my time, I was heartier and better than ever I had

been in like situation--and am at present through mercy favourably recover'd, so as to be able with the help of feeding to nurse my little one (October 28, 1781).

When the baby develops a sore mouth and cannot suck for nine days, Drinker's "capacity for nursing him [is] much lessen'd," but after hiring and losing a series of nurses to illness and unsuitability, Drinker finds that she can manage with the help of a neighbor: "It is a favour to be able to do that office oneself, as there is much trouble with nurses" (October 28, 1781). Although hiring a wet nurse for one's children is common practice among wealthy eighteenth-century mothers, Drinker likes it not (Frost 72). Her eagerness to perform this service herself, and her sadness when she cannot, reinforce the reader's impression of her deep maternal feelings. She describes leaving Henry at Nurse Sally Oats' home for the first time: "took our little Lamb after breakfast to S. Oats, whose Breast he willingly suck'd . . . went in the afternoon to see our little dear . . . I seem lost without my little dear" (July 22, 1771).

After Charles' birth, Drinker's memoranda center even more on the development of her five children. Then this entry appears:

Our dear little one after diligent nursing had out grown most of his weakness and promised fair to be a fine Boy, became much oppressed with phlegm, insomuch that Doc'r. Redmans opinion was that unless we could promote some evacuation he could not live, he ordered what he thought might prove a gentle vomit, agitated him much, but did not work, and in little more than 20 minutes from the time he took it, he expired aged 2 years 7 months and one day--about a week before he

was fat, fresh and hearty--he cut a tooth a day before he died--thus was I suddenly deprived of my dear little Companion over whom, I had almost constantly watch'd, from the time of his birth, and his late thriving state seem'd to promise a reward to all my pains--he died the 17 March (n.d., March 1784).

Despite her age, she seems to have been eagerly anticipating rearing this child. Then, after many years of happiness with her remaining five children, the sad mother writes:

My beloved Sally is in her grave since yesterday between 12 and one o'clock--she departed this life . . . in the 46th year of her age . . . Oh! what a lost to a mother near 72 years of age, my first born darling--my first, my 3rd, my 5th, 7th and 9th are in their graves--my 2'd, 4th, 6th, and 8th are living (Sept. 28, 1807).

Writing out her cry of pain with unconscious sincerity, Drinker leaves words of poignance undimmed by the centuries. Even at a time and place when infant mortality was over twenty per cent before age one and thirty-five per cent by age five, Drinker lost more than her share (Frost 70-71).

Very supportive of her children, Drinker more often records their good qualities than their bad and is quick to defend and protect. In the course of the journal, youngest child Molly receives more of this protection than do the other children, perhaps because she more frequently finds herself in controversial situations, perhaps because the diarist's responses are freer and more fully developed by the time Molly is born. When Betsy Emlen wages a poison pen campaign against Molly, Drinker unleashes some of the strongest emotions in the diary, even though Betsy is the daughter of her late beloved friend: "I have been surprised

at the calmness, patience and evenness of temper with which Molly has borne the envy, malice and abuse of that little v-x-n" (Dec. 14, 1795).

Despite her traditionally conservative nature, Drinker becomes unusually tolerant as her children approach adulthood and begin to adopt "modern" ways. The Quaker "reformation" of 1777, with its renewed concern for rearing children in a completely Friendly environment, seems to fade under the weight of Drinker's indulgent love (Jones 571-76). Here she reveals more than a trace of pride in the party that follows Henry's marriage:

As our son Henry was desirous of having the young people invited here after his marriage, this afternoon was appointed; tho' we are not fond of such parties, yet could not deny so innocent a request. They came about 5 o'clock. [Listed are 15 young people, including bride and groom.] They had Cakes, wine, coffee, tea, almonds, raisins, nuts, pears, apples etc. They spent the evening very inoffensively, I believe, in our front parlor, but made rather too much noise. Separated about 10 o'clock (Dec. 13, 1794).

After the pro forma protest and declaration of disapproval, Drinker explicitly classifies the request as "innocent." The lavish spread furnished by the diarist and her husband suggests their gracious acceptance of this custom, and not a little pride in the abundance of food, which Drinker rarely mentions in any context. Specifically identifying each of the many guests mirrors that degree of satisfaction that Drinker, as a good hostess, feels after such a large and successful party. She pointedly declares that the evening was spent "very inoffensively," using the intensifier "very"

to forestall any criticism. This touch of defensiveness hints at a trace of guilt, but her defiance does not weaken.

Recognizing that change, as little as she might like it, is inevitable, Drinker exhibits tolerance if not acceptance. After a group of young people, including some of her children, spends New Year's Eve dining and partying, she protests only mildly, to her journal: "'tis not the way I could wish my children to conclude the year--in parties--but we can't put old heads on young shoulders" (Dec. 31, 1795). As she explains with typical self-effacement on another occasion: "I am and always was attached to old fashions and old things which is no reason others should be so" (July 20, 1798).

At some point in her life, Drinker seems to be exceptionally close to each of her children, with the possible exception of Henry. Certainly her favorite son, if not child, is William, possibly because his poor health gives her many opportunities to be alone with him and because he shares her love of nature and quiet retreats. For several years during the early '90s, he is her constant companion as the two often spend long months at Clearford, the summer residence, trying to cure his regularly recurring fevers and disorders. This verse aligns the sons of the family as Drinker sees them:

How various and shifting the scenes of this life  
to H.D. and Harry his son,  
While William and self, like a Cat and his Wife,  
Contentedly tarry at home--or rather, make a  
virtue of necessity (Sept. 7, 1794).

Side by side with her subtle resentment of the two Henrys' interesting outside world is Drinker's peaceful acceptance of her contemplative isolation, although not without the typical Drinker disclaimer. In William she finds the companionship and common interests denied her elsewhere; one of their favorite pastimes is moonlight walks, which they take almost nightly. Drinker's concern for his health probably earns William more mention in the diary than any of the other children receive, and as she grows more reclusive, William remains by her side, unmarried and devotedly supplying more comfort in times of trouble than the often absent husband Henry. When Drinker injures her foot (October, 1793), it is William's slipper that she wears for three months. When he is gone and she is frightened, it is to William's vacant room that she retires to find peace. And during the trouble over Molly's elopement, the distressed mother turns to William for comfort:

Sister, William and myself sat up 'till after one o'clock, when M.S. went to her bed--I went into Billy's room knowing I could not sleep, and unwilling to disturb my Husband I stay'd all night in W.D.'s chamber, he went to bed but did not sleep above 1/4 hour all night, I lay by him in my clothes, up and down all night, without sleep (Aug. 10, 1796).

With his "sensible, sincere, and delicate mind" (Aug. 23, 1796), William provides more solace at this point than H.D., whose view of the matter conflicts dramatically with Elizabeth's.

Drinker's pride in her children marks her as fairly typical among the Philadelphia diarists. She is less



typical, however, in recording this pride. Whereas Fisher regretted adoring her children, keeping the focus on herself and individualizing her children only in broad strokes, Drinker characterizes each of her children for posterity, at the same time speaking her mother's pride to the only acceptable listener, her diary. Her admiration throughout the years rings true; when she describes Sally as "ever cheerful, ever gay," she is doing more than merely quoting a glib phrase. The admiring mother finds in her daughter's fortitude "a natural disposition to be easy and cheerful whenever . . . possible" (June 17, 1797). Molly, who consistently "makes the best of matters," is an "industrious little body" whom her mother praises often (April 21, 1797). Nothing of the braggart or dissembler appears in these words; Drinker sincerely believes her children are wonderful and enjoys verbalizing this belief.

The diarist unconsciously enhances her credibility by recording the inevitable squabbles and rifts that occur in all families. Her children by no means appear unblemished; misdeeds and unacceptable behavior, while rare, appear among the mother's memoranda. Billy is "very naughty" when only a year old (Aug. 17, 1768), and ten years later gives his mother much anxiety by trying to swim: "Billy has learn't to swim as I discover'd today by his wet hair" (June 17, 1778). Later declaring that "he knows nothing of swimming," she admits that the influence of the other boys and his own inclination make him hard to control. The following year

she suffers the same anxiety on Henry's account: "Often uneasy this summer on acc't of little Henry who is endeavoring to learn to swim" (July 14, 1780). And when Billy comes home with a bruised face after boxing with one of the Latin School boys, the diarist says this "exercise . . . by no means suits him" (Nov. 1, 1782). Near the end of her life, she explicitly defines the nature of each child: "Sally is her father's own child; Ann and William belong to me; Henry and Molly to us both, but rather incline to my side" (Oct. 16, 1798), she writes after a battle of wills with Sally. By employing French, Drinker unwittingly signals the seriousness of the following comments: "J'ai beaucoup chagrin touchant mes enfants" (Nov. 23, 1796) and "beaucoup de parler cette soir entre mon fils et son pere" (Nov. 24, 1796). Of all her children, Nancy visits the most frequently after marriage, but even this beloved daughter can be prickly: "Nancy Skyrin came. She wanted to speak with me. The discussion not any ways agreeable did not continue long," Drinker notes enigmatically (Feb. 17, 1797). The formal tenor of the entry bespeaks its seriousness, but no further mention is made of the rift. Very little antagonism seems to exist among the siblings, but William and Henry have at least one problem, which remains unidentified. "W.D. and I had conversation touchant mon fils et son frere," she writes, after which she admits that her heart melted and she cried more than she has in years (July 10, 1795).

When Sally considers sending her daughter off to boarding school, the irate grandmother criticizes her daughter's idea while simultaneously revealing a mother's love: "Had I a dozen daughters and health to attend them not I should go [to boarding school] or anywhere else from me" (June 1, 1800). Of all the children, Henry receives the harshest criticism in the journal:

Here am I tout seul . . . all in the house (for ought I know) sleeping but myself--and I here, of choice, busy thinking and mending stockings for my son Henry, who has not thought it worth his while to come to see me, tho' I have been here near two weeks (July 22, 1791).

Few mothers ever see enough of their grown children, certainly not Drinker, and even in-laws come in for their share of criticism, especially son-in-law Sammy Rhoads, who "does not act well, not calling oftener" (July 31, 1799). When she finds William, Henry's only child at the time, "out in almost all weathers in the heat of the noon day sun without any covering on his head and barefooted," she concludes: "My poor son Henry I believe must be a nurse which his father never was" (Sept. 4, 1797), an indirect indictment of Henry's wife Hannah and simultaneously a subtle acknowledgement of the diarist's superior performance in the same role. Later little William burns his hand, and the concerned grandmother and mother-in-law, now more explicitly critical, notes that "'tis pity where there is but I it can't be better taken care of" (Mar. 30, 1798). Despite these rare breaches, the mother of the Drinker clan seems highly respected and honored. In tribute to the

diarist, her two eldest daughters each name their first-born after her, and if her journal is to be believed--and it is nothing if not convincing--Drinker's children turn to her for counsel and comfort throughout her life.

With their advent, grandchildren begin to rival their parents for Drinker's attention. Of the seventeen she finally lives to see, the sickly ones seem to be her favorites, but perhaps they only appear more often in her diary because she feels moved to describe their symptoms and treatments. Sally's Elizabeth elicits this unusual remark from the diarist: "Our dear little Elizabeth has been uncommonly comical and merry this even'g" (Oct. 15, 1794). Several years later, Drinker pities the child because she is nine years old and cannot read. Elizabeth Skyrin, Nancy's daughter, spends several weeks with her grandparents while the Skyrins visit New York, and upon their return, the diarist writes: "[Nancy] took our dear little trouble-house home with her; we shall miss her" (July 31, 1797). When Eleanor Skyrin puts a dry pea up her nose, E.D. is very worried, afraid it will "vegetate." Recalling a similar situation with Elizabeth Downing and a ground-nut shell, she declares, "Mischievous chits, always something to occasion anxiety on their accounts" (June 13, 1797). The doting grandmother finds little William, her son Henry's child, "peculiarly engaging," but reveals her own blindness when she adds, "I think I can see with impartial eyes" (June 1, 1796). Just as with her own, she carefully documents each

grandchild's health--teething, inoculations, measles--and she spends many hours nursing them, especially the first ones. When Sally Rhoads, Molly's daughter, catches a bad cold, and Grandmother Drinker hears that the child is very sickly, she determines to see for herself:

I could not feel comfortable this evening without going to Sam Rhoads. William went with me after night, and a trying walk it was--the wind very high and cold--I had not been out for a long time before. When we came there we found Sammy and Molly in the parlor; the child was with the girls in the kitchen. Not very ill thinks I. She brought her in, and the little huzzy was laughing. I could have given them both a sound spanking, tho' pleased to find her no worse (April 22, 1800).

Relieved and amused despite her irritation, the writer conveys all three emotions with "little huzzy;" the image of the controlled and gentle grandmother administering spankings is almost as humorous, though unintentionally so.

Drinker enjoys long and frequent visits as the grandchildren grow up--first grandchild Elizabeth Downing spends six months with her grandparents in 1794--and few things give the diarist as much pleasure as being surrounded by her family. On one unusual evening, she has all her children and their children together:

After dinner, our 10 grandchildren were brought here, viz: Elizabeth, Mary, Henry, Sarah and Sandwith Downing; Elizabeth and Eleanor Skyrin; William and Esther Drinker, and Sarah Rhoads . . . Dear little creatures! I fixed them in a row according to their ages, and called their parents in to see them (Mar. 15, 1800).

Although the honest diarist admits as she gets older to finding them a little troublesome from time to time, she

remains the loving parent and grandparent to the end. Concluding her diary on the same note she has sounded throughout--the family as central concern in her life--Drinker gives a full view of the maternal image suggested in the other briefer Philadelphia diaries.

Of the several aspects of the portrait that change in the course of Drinker's journal, none alters more than her relationship to her religion, a change unremarked and perhaps unrecognized by the diarist. Subtly but discernibly, the early portrait of careful, active Quaker slowly transmutes into a picture of independent Christian, upholding some of the forms of the Society of Friends while abandoning others. For the first years of the journal, the diarist--orphaned, single--attends meeting almost daily. After she marries and has children, her attendance drops dramatically, although H.D. and M.S. go regularly. Drinker often records an explanation: "I have not been to meeting for several weeks past, on acc't. of sickness among the children, my black eye, etc." (Mar. 15, 1778). Even this early in her life, her writing reflects some independence of thought. While she may not speak them aloud, she freely records differences between herself and her religious group; she finds the disinterring and reburial of Thomas Molesworth in Friends' Burial Grounds "a foolish notion in my opinion" (Dec. 22, 1777). And subsequently, "the fuss that is made . . . gives me more pain than the foolish act itself" (Dec. 27, 1777). Upon being asked to be one of the overseers for

a wedding, she writes: "I have not refused but don't seem desirous of offices of this kind" (Feb. 20, 1779); and later she admits she "felt a little comical on going into the men's meeting" to make her report (Feb. 25, 1779). After being called on unexpectedly to speak at the wedding, she describes her embarrassment: "[it] was something trying to me as I do not remember an instance of its being required of both [overseers], as my appearance fully assented to what R.W. [the other overseer] delivered" (May 2, 1779).

Dismayed and surprised, Drinker unconsciously dramatizes her shyness.

Her unwillingness to put herself forward in the Society of Friends stems largely from this shyness, the product of her low self esteem. Ironically, this manifestation of insecurity--staying away from meeting--eventually becomes an opportunity to express her individuality, an early and rare moment of seeing herself as a separate and worthwhile entity. At first her absence is justified. When she writes on Oct. 6, 1782, "I went to meeting this afternoon the first time for many months," no apologies are necessary; she is tending to a house full of children. By July 19, 1789, she unabashedly records that staying away from meeting is her established practice: "First day. Myself according to custom at home alone." Sometimes she explicitly defends her actions: as her son William's health deteriorates, she more and more chooses to stay home and nurse him, which she will argue is her duty, "if any would ill naturedly undertake to

censure me" (Aug. 24, 1794). In signing her son Henry over for marriage, she arranges to have the announcement made at a special time: "It is to be published on next sixth day as it don't suit me to attend the monthly meeting" (Oct. 29, 1794). As the diary--and Drinker--progress, she defends herself less and less: on June 9, 1795, her husband and sister go to meeting, but she unapologetically supervises the housecleaning, and later that same day records visits to several neighbors. After a long absence, she reviews her attendance record: "Well! I have been to meeting this morn'g. It is 5 years this month since I have been to North meeting house and very rarely at any other" (July 4, 1797). The significance of this and similar comments lies less in Drinker's infrequent attendance than in her silence about the experience itself. If she receives any inspiration from these services, she fails to make note of it.

Through necessity, habit, and finally preference, Drinker comes to use absence from meeting as a means of asserting herself, but she nonetheless adheres to most tenets of the Society and undoubtedly considers herself a "good enough" Quaker. When Molly and a group of young people spend the afternoon at Gray's Ferry, the diarist objects on religious grounds: "I by no means approve . . . Friends' children, going in companies to public houses, is quite out of character" (May 5, 1795). Her disapproval seems confined to her book. On the occasion of son Henry's marriage, she composes a poem praying that God "in



condescension" will hear her prayer, and bless this serious step with His approval. And when her youngest daughter Molly "and several other lasses and lads" take a ride into the country to take tea on a Sunday afternoon, Drinker again objects in writing: "I do not like these excursions on first day" (Dec. 29, 1794). Noting that "meetings are much thinner than they were 5 or 6 years past," she wonders if "the largeness of the house may occasion the apparent difference" (Aug. 20, 1797). But for all her leniency toward her children, she is unable to embrace the radical changes and responds vehemently to the Deists' attempts to build a Temple of Reason: "Oh, what will this world come to? poor Philadelphia, how art thou altered and when will all this end?" (Dec. 3, 1802).

Speaking one's mind, part of every Quaker's heritage, becomes writing one's mind for Drinker, as she undertakes in the pages of her journal some Friendly censure of the Quaker leaders who visit Molly after her elopement:

M.H., M.S. and S.S. visited our child yesterday forenoon. Her outgoing in marriage ought to have been the subject in question, but M.H. took upon her to talk of things wide of the mark, and I believe intends to lengthen out the business as long as they can . . . . If innocent young women are so treated, I fear it will drive them further from the Society, instead of bringing them nearer (Mar. 24, 1797)

Molly is clearly guilty of violating a basic Quaker principle: she has married without following the ritual of appearing in meeting three times to announce her intentions and having the ceremony performed during meeting. To her journal Drinker excuses and defends her daughter, secretly

but convincingly proclaiming her innocence. She sees in the actions of the women, whom she calls "curious impertinents," performing under "a show of religious duty," a desire to magnify the incident, thereby prolonging the anguish and embarrassment of the Drinker family (April 20, 1797). With "impertinents" Drinker convicts the women of lack of respect; only pretending to do their duty, they are in fact motivated by curiosity alone. With unusual passion, the diarist writes what she cannot--or will not--say. Hoping to find in her daughter a spokesperson for her own unexpressed anger, Drinker suggests ideas, if not words, for Molly as the writer anticipates the approaching confrontation: "I wish she might be enabled to behave with a good degree of prudent firmness" (April 20, 1797). When the women fail to keep their appointment, E.D. admonishes, "Unskilful work, women" (April 24, 1797). Putting her children before her religion, Drinker uses the Quaker convention of "friendly" criticism to point out flaws in the Quaker system. Its liberal policies have bred, if not a free thinker, at least woman who, when driven by circumstances, can write her mind freely.

Unlike Morris, Galloway, and Fisher, Drinker is not an outspoken Loyalist. Her comments before the outbreak of the Revolution indicate only her sense of history: "John Penn proclaim'd Governour. He arriv'd yesterday" (Oct. 31, 1763); "An account from Boston of 342 chests of tea being thrown into the sea" (Dec. 24, 1773); "Gov. H--h--n, etc.

carted round the town hang'd and burnt in Effigie" (May 3, 1774); and one telling entry in its entirety--"Benjamin Franklin arriv'd here" (May 5, 1775). With the outbreak of hostilities, the diarist's sympathies become easier to detect; this passage suggests a favorable welcome for the British:

Well, here are the English in earnest, about 2 or 3,000, came in, through Second Street, without opposition or interruption, no plunder on the one side or the other, what a satisfaction would it be to our dear absent Friends, could they but be inform'd of it (Sept. 26, 1777).

Whether the "dear absent Friends," that group of banished Quaker men, which includes Henry Drinker, would rejoice because the soldiers were orderly or simply because their presence is comforting is not clear. According to Drinker's interpretation of the terms of their release, the banished men must either forfeit their estates or acknowledge themselves subjects of the King of Britain (Mar. 28, 1777). Since the banishment continues for many months, they apparently refuse to swear allegiance to the king, probably for practical rather than political reasons.

Adhering to some of the Quaker admonitions while ignoring others, Drinker volunteers nothing to aid the British cause. After repeatedly refusing to furnish blankets and other supplies, the diarist turns down a request to house and nurse a wounded British officer, using her husband's absence as an excuse. Within three months of the troops' arrival, she writes:

These are sad times for thieving and plundering, 'tis hardly safe to leave the door open a minute. Dan'l. Drinker was lately affronted by an officer; a number of Friends to Government, about the country have lately been plunder'd and ill used by the British Troops, things wear a very gloomy aspect at this present time (Dec. 11, 1777).

Reports of pilfering and robbery continue as Drinker becomes progressively more disillusioned: "We daily hear of enormities of one kind or other, being committed by those from whom we ought to find protection" (Dec. 13, 1777). In the face of these dangers, Drinker's determination and ingenuity come to the fore:

Last night about 11 o'clock, as we were going to Bed, we saw 2 soldiers in the alley, standing by the Fence. we went down stairs again, and into the yard. We asked Harry aloud if John and Tom were yet in Bed? Harry answered, Yes. Sister ordered him to untie the Dog and then come in. While we were contriving in this manner down stairs, Jenny saw them. . . move off with a large Bundle (Dec. 15, 1777).

Not only are "John" and "Tom" fictitious creatures, but ordering the dog to be untied is meant to convince the listening prowlers that the animal will be loose and on the attack rather than snug in the house. This clever subterfuge probably protects the Drinker household from being robbed, as they learn the following day that the two lurkers entered a neighbors' home and stole a bundle of clothes.

With supplies, especially firewood and food, becoming increasingly harder to procure, E.D. hears of many Friends on whom officers have been quartered, most with ill results, and she is prepared with her refusal when a young British major calls to ask to room with them. After Drinker informs

him of the officer who "thief like" steals her servant Anne and the many other "particulars of their bad conduct that had come to [her] knowledge," the major admits that there are very few officers he could recommend but claims that he himself possesses some of the qualities which she has listed as prerequisites for a suitable lodger--early hours and little company (Dec. 19, 1777). When she still refuses, he promises to call again the next day, and she speculates: "I may be troubled with others much worse, for this Man appears much of the Gentleman, but while I can keep clear of them, I intend so to do" (Dec. 19, 1777).

Meanwhile, friends report that the "military gentlemen" are "much chagrin'd at the difficulty they find in getting quarters and the cool reception they have met with," for which Drinker thinks "they may in great measure thank themselves, tho' at the same time it appears . . . that there was a backwardness shown towards them perhaps too much in the beginning" (Dec. 19, 1777). Initially and impulsively giving vent to her own opinion, she then softens her criticism in true Drinker fashion, equivocating not to deceive but to avoid commitment. This ambivalence presages Drinker's weakening resolve, and although she "puts him off as before" when Major Crammond calls "a third time with the same story over again" (Dec. 20, 1777), she notes ten days later that "J. Cramond who is now become 1 of our Family, appears to be a thoughtfull sober young man" (Dec. 31, 1777). Within a week she writes hopefully: "most of our

acquaintance seems much taken with our Major. I hope he will continue to deserve their good opinions" (Jan. 5, 1778).

Thoughtful and sober he may be, but not enough to suit the reserved and quiet-loving mistress of the house. After he has eight fellow officers to dinner and has stayed out past 11 o'clock, Drinker predicts: "I shall soon be tir'd of such doings" (Jan. 8, 1778). He gradually takes over the two front parlors, the upstairs storage chamber, the stable and use of the kitchen, but his late evenings upset her most: "The late hours he keeps is the greatest inconvenience we have as yet suffer'd by having him in the house" (Feb. 7, 1777). This "inconvenience" soon becomes a major annoyance as the diarist declares angrily: "I am out of patience with the Major, he stays out so late almost every night" (Feb. 14, 1778). Finally moved to give him "some hints," Drinker admits, "he has behav'd better since" (Feb. 17, 1777). So much has he improved, apparently, that his hostess can even find it in her heart to declare that an evening concert with 11 for company is "carried on with as much quietness and good order as the nature of the thing admitted of" (March 19, 1778), and by the time the British--and Crammond--leave the city, Drinker, more than reconciled to his presence, seems almost fond of him.

But Drinker's war experiences involve more than being pressured into housing a British officer. Almost under seige, she must cope with a scarcity of food for the table

and wood for a fire to cook it. She writes that "the Hessians go on plundering at a great rate, such things as wood potatoes, turnips, etc." (Nov. 1, 1777), and few provisions are being brought into the city: "the people round the country do not come near us with any thing" (Oct. 19, 1777). Finally, the Society agrees to order a ship load of provisions and coal from "sundry merchants in London," presumably fellow Quakers who will respond to the needs of the Philadelphia Friends (Dec. 15, 1777).

Despite these shortages and her reluctance to supply the troops with blankets or bedroom, she several times sends Sister or a servant with coffee, whey, and other provisions for the British soldiers, and contributes to subscriptions for Friends and relatives in need, actions which testify to Drinker's Christian and Tory sympathies, albeit on her own terms.

Living in the battle zone seems to dismay Drinker less for the danger to her life than the damage to her property, although she is within earshot of musket firing and cannon shot almost daily. When she learns that soldiers have moved into her house on Water Street, she sends a servant to ask that nothing be destroyed. The British are setting fire to many houses suspected of hiding skulkers, and the immediate prospect of a spreading fire is a constant worry. On one occasion a soldier, after being denied blankets, enters the Drinker home, goes upstairs, takes blankets from the bed and politely begs forgiveness in the name of General Howe, under

whose orders he is acting. On another, more frightening occasion, a soldier forces his way into the kitchen and refuses to leave, running throughout the house brandishing a sword and demanding that the diarist share a glass of wine with him. After help from the neighbors, they finally get rid of him, and Drinker stays up until after midnight writing the account of that day's adventures. As the British withdraw from the city, she states objectively that "it is reported" that they are giving "the remainder of their wood and hay to the poor" (May 30, 1778).

Drinker's Loyalist sympathies find no stronger expression than her few often less than positive comments during the British occupation of Philadelphia, but her feelings toward the rebel government sometimes burst through her restrained prose. When the women's committee petitions the Council for release of the banished Friends, Drinker expresses her distrust with remarkable aptness: "They appear'd kind but I fear 'tis from the teeth outward" (April 25, 1778). Not much can be read into this passage--"The English have in reality left us and the other party took possession again" (June 19, 1778)--other than the diarist's unwillingness to give a name to the revolutionaries, but for the next several years there is no mistaking her antagonism. In her account of General Howe's departure, she explicitly disassociates herself from the rebel celebration, decrying the "scenes of Folly and Vanity" as the army parades, ships and cannon salute, and people "feast, dance, and revel . . .



while the land is so greatly devastated and Death and sore destruction has overtaken and impends over so many" (May 18, 1778). Later, she disapprovingly describes the July 4, 1778 festivities as "a great fuss this even'g, it being the anniversary of Independence."

Condemning the "provincials" for their share of the war crimes, the diarist notes especially those committed against Quakers: the rebels are not only stealing slaves and commandeering wagons and horses but using various "taxes" as an excuse to enter Friends' homes and seize goods and supplies. To keep the record straight, Drinker carefully lists every item taken from her household. For example, the non-association fine, a fee levied against those who refused to support the revolutionary effort, costs her several pewter dishes and a looking glass, and the Continental tax collectors take two tables, six mahogany chairs, a looking glass, and several pewter pieces. The bitterness of the loss is intensified by the fact that the "lower classes" are now walking into her home and taking what they want. When the jury twice returns a "not guilty" verdict on Friend Samuel Fisher for allegedly writing seditious and informative letters, and is then instructed by the judge to deliberate yet again for another verdict, the diarist with sharp and unusual irony calls it "fine Liberty" (June 23, 1779). Throughout 1780 the Quakers are beset with demands for contributions and fines, and Drinker justifiably complains that "taxes at a great rate [are] almost daily

coming upon us" (June 27, 1780). Although she calls Benedict Arnold's treason a "scene of the blackest villainy" (Oct. 4, 1780), she refuses to illuminate the house with candles in honor of Cornwallis's defeat and seems resigned when the mob breaks seventy panes of glass and the front door in retaliation (Oct. 17, 1781). When, in a search for illegal British goods, an undersheriff and his assistant "rummage" through her house, mistaking it for another Drinker family's, the diarist unequivocally expresses her opinion: "'Tis a bad government, under which we are liable to have our Houses search'd and every thing laid open to ignorant fellows, perhaps thieves" (Dec. 31, 1781).

Nor does her animosity fade with time; the Fourth of July celebration in 1795 elicits this comment: "General orders in the newspaper this forenoon for a fuss and to do. I think orders for peace and quietness would be more commendable and consistent in a well regulated government or state." Therefore, the United States is not well regulated. The same celebration in 1797 draws a more pointed barb: "May this day pass without the commission of any enormity by those who pride themselves in their independence but know not how to prize or use it." Americans have not, in Drinker's eyes, improved themselves since their "uprising," and are liable to abuse their new independence by committing "enormities."

The clearest expressions of the diarist's politics appear in response to Thomas Paine's writings:

Those who are capable of much wickedness are, if their minds took a right turn, capable of much good; and we must allow that T.P. has the knack of writing, or putting his thoughts or words into method . . . if Lewis the 17th was set up as King of France, and a sufficient party in his favor, and T.P. highly bribed or flattered, he would write more for a monarchical government, than he has ever written on the other side--a time serving fellow (Sept. 6, 1794).

After reading Paine's "Letter to George Washington . . . On Affairs Public and Private," E.D. puts herself on the side of the angels with this comment:

A better and more thorough press agent, the old one cannot have, I think, than this same T.P. The wise, the virtuous and informed see through him, but the ignorant, the weak and the vicious readily fall into his snare (Dec. 16, 1796).

Recognizing Paine as an employee of Satan makes Drinker one of the wise, virtuous, and informed; it also condemns those who agree with him, the Americans. Despite honestly admitting that she has not read the second part of The Age of Reason, the diarist applauds a pamphlet written by R. Watson and addressed to Thomas Paine called "An Apology for the Bible": "An excellent piece, I think it is, and wish that every one who has read Paines vile writings may peruse this--but those most likely to be injured by them, will, I fear, be the least likely to take the Antidote" (Sept. 1, 1796). Rejecting his writings on theological as well as political grounds, Drinker comments caustically when Paine endeavors to promote the United States: "Tom Paine has addressed the United States No. 1 in the Aurora. So he has begun his business here" (Nov. 18, 1802). The diarist's concept of personal freedom does not sanction armed revolt;

the status quo offers continuity and peace, at least for her, and these are qualities she prizes highly.

Tolles suggests that Quakers strongly supported scientific inquiry but favored experimentation over contemplation (205-06). As Drinker unconsciously reveals many facets of her personality, she discloses a surprising aptitude for natural philosophy. As a contemplative occupation, it brought her many hours of joy not untinged with guilt at her idleness. Seldom carried away by anything and not given to praising human beauty, she responds warmly to natural beauty, often painting word pictures of rainbows or trees or moonlight: "All around looked charming; the trees washed by the rain showed to double advantage a faint rainbow, which soon disappeared" (July 4, 1794); "The full moon rising more like Copper than Silver. I love the moon" (April 11, 1797); and "I greatly love to walk out on a moon light night" (May 10, 1797). Figurative language occurs rarely in Drinker's writing, making the appearance of the following simile a sign of nature's powerful influence on the diarist:

There are many views that are delightful in this valley--such a diversity in the prospects . . . the beautiful scenery of hill and vale, the thick foliage; and when the moon rises in all its glory, the sight through the trees is charming. There is something very pretty even in the fogs; they will rise morning and evening in the meadows, about a yard high, and look just like a field of buckwheat in blossom (Sept. 15, 1802).

The winter trees, "so beautifully bespangled with Frost," she finds as pretty as those of summer (Feb. 3, 1785).

Defending her fascination with the less conventional aspects of nature, she declares:

Different persons have different tastes--their likes and dislikes vary; to me the noise of insects is amusing; the Locust, the Cricket, the Katydid, as it is called and even the croaking of Frogs, tho' their notes are inferior, are pleasing (Aug. 27, 1794).

Her interest extends to scientific observations: "The Aurora Borealis or Northern Light appear'd greater tonight than ever I remember to have seen it" (Nov. 17, 1777), and the sun's eclipse on June 24, 1778, she describes as "11 and 1/2 digits." "We amused ourselves this evening with moon and star gazing through a spyglass. We have had the advantage of two full moonlight nights, which does not often occur" (Sept. 9, 1794), she knowledgeably remarks. As she grows older, Drinker spends more and more time observing and recording the unusual, from a tulip with eight leaves to a chicken with six toes. After seeing a turtle with the date carved in its shell, she carves "E.D. 1794" on the shell of the next turtle she finds. With total self confidence, she attributes an influx of mosquitoes to the excess water in the streets. When she declares the harmlessness of poplar worms, suspected of being fatal to humans, she later notes with satisfaction that a leading authority concurs with her opinion. Consider Drinker's reaction when she learns, while out for an evening walk, that an elephant is on exhibit nearby: "I immediately concluded to see it" (Nov. 12, 1796). For a timorous, sedentary, and reclusive woman to give way to this impulse, her scientific curiosity must

overcome a lifetime of reservation and self denial. It does, and she does. But perhaps her ultimate expression of this curiosity is her declaration that she was "much disappointed" in missing the opportunity to see a fetus, preserved for thirteen years, of a Negro child of undetermined sex "as from the belly downward it was all 1 solid piece" (Sept. 11, 1797).

The following passage describing a water lizard reflects not only Drinker's powers of observation but her humanitarian instincts, which sometimes weaken her scientific spirit:

[It was] about the length of my finger from its nose to the end of its body, or tail--for it had a tail: a little of the fish order, which led me to conclude it was a water lizard. It may be common, but I never saw one before: it had 4 legs, somewhat like a lizard; its color bright--between yellow and red, speckled all over the back with black spots. Its eyes were very obvious and lively. Could I have found it in my heart to kill it, I should have put it in spirits, but I sent it back to its native element. There is scarcely a day, but some rarity of the reptile or insect kinds are not discovered (Sept. 23, 1802).

The same compassion that insists on freeing this interesting creature prompts her to write: "Sall and self spent some time this morn'g murdering between 20 and 30 wasps who had erected their nest on the inside window shutter of our Chamber, 'tho I have a dislike to destroying even noxious animals" (Sept. 30, 1794). Only a person of great sensibility would think of the extermination of wasps as "murder." This same sensibility call forth the diarist's vengeance, at least on paper, as she composes a mini-essay

on the cruelty of man to the lesser creatures:

I was really distress'd and have been at other times . . . to see the cruelty of the Dray-men to their Horses, in forcing them to drag loads too heavy for them up the Hill--they whip them unmercifully . . . . I have long look'd on the treatment of Carters and Draymen etc. to their poor dumb servants a crying Sin that aught to be particularly noticed" (May 5, 1794).

Drinker's feeling for animals finds natural expression in her pets, about whom she writes a good deal. These feelings, which occasionally shade toward the sentimental, stop far short of the mawkish. Among a series of dogs, Watch, who has faithfully warned of intruders on several occasions, prompts this eulogy: "Our good old dog Watch . . . died this afternoon of a disorder in his throat which prevented him from swallowing . . . he serv'd me faithfully for upwards of 7 years" (April 22, 1781). Although he has been a family pet, E.D. claims him for her own. A succession of cats appears, including a stray who wanders in and despite some discouragement from the practical Drinker soon makes herself at home sleeping on the apron of the sentimental Drinker. When little Dan, a servant boy, arrives in town, the diarist turns poet:

"Little Dan came this morning with a load on his back  
Not a pig in a poke, but a cat in a sack,"  
So that we have Dan and the white cat added to our  
little family (July 14, 1789).

Dan has brought the cat to the family's summer retreat so that it will not have to spend the hot months in town alone. Puss, who also travels with the family, earns this note: "Our cat's progeny are much in demand. Whether it is her

real merit, or the value her mistress sets upon her that gives her such consequence, I can't say" (Feb. 24, 1798). When "poor old Puss" dies at the age of thirteen and is buried in the garden, the diarist attends the interment and admits: "I had as good a regard for her as was necessary" (Sept. 20, 1800). Pets inspire two of the longest and most humorous entries in the journal: Ranger, the dog, used to live in harmony with a black cat and a white cock, all of them sleeping together most of the winter until Ranger became "offended by the dung of the cock" (Dec. 10, 1799). The cock, after Drinker drove him out of the dog house for several nights in succession, began roosting on the roof, whereupon Ranger "again took possession of his bed" (Dec. 10, 1799). The second story Drinker read or heard, concerning a dog who, out of jealousy, buried a litter of kittens one by one in a dung heap. This remarkable entry is the closest Drinker comes to telling a joke; she gives the punchline with tongue in cheek: "The worst part of the story remains to tell, they hang'd the little dog" (n.d., end of 1800).

Finding "few subjects more amusing" than natural philosophy (Dec. 13, 1795), Drinker sees moral lessons everywhere in the world of nature, she examines in the following passage her own philosophy regarding the mole:

John brought in a Mole he found in a potato patch that he was laying out. A mole is, on examination, a curious creature. What shall we call it? It is neither Man nor Beast, Fish or Fowl, Insect or Reptile. Perhaps it is of the class of Vermin, tho' I hardly think that proper. 'Tis an underminer, of



whom there are many that bear different names, as blind as the Mole itself (June 25, 1794).

If the last sentence is a subtle allusion to two-legged animals, the diarist is too discreet to name them. But she is outspoken in her belief that the human world can benefit from a close study of nature:

There is seldom a day passes in the country, without some lesson of industry, patience, fidelity, and cheerfulness etc. exhibited by the insects, birds, and brute creation, as they are call'd, 'tho this is no new remark, yet 'tis but little attended to by many, by which neglect, they miss both instruction and delight (Sept. 30, 1794).

The utility of the natural world and its service to humanity in more pragmatic ways are not in question; beef, for example, exists to be eaten, although at several points in her life Drinker adopts a vegetarian diet. She insists that all creatures can be used with sensitivity; butchering a calf in plain sight of the cow who birthed it she calls "a cruel way of managing" (Jan. 6, 1779), and shearing a sheep, which should be a painless business, sometimes becomes equally cruel, through the actions of a "rough clown who . . . if [the sheep] stirs, gives it a hard blow, and very frequently cuts out a piece of flesh with his shears" (Jan. 13, 1799). As her mind travels along this path, she begins to articulate a basis for her own philosophy:

One thought brings on another; a fine quarter of mutton hangs now in our washhouse, with Turkey, Geese, Ducks, Fowls etc. An idea struck me, which has frequently occurred to me from my youth to this day--that there are very few things which daily happen, so humbling as the death of so many of the animal creation for our support or satisfaction. A query has arisen; why do they suffer pain in death? The Almighty hand which created them, could, if it

was His will, so order it, that they should die without suffering. That it is otherwise, is apparent; tho' perhaps they do not feel so much as we think they do. Be that as it may, why do they suffer at all? if it is not to humble mankind, "and shall they suffer, shall they die in vain?" (Jan. 13, 1799).

Thinking as she puts the words on the page, Drinker formulates a philosophic query and then explores possible answers. The originator of the quotation is unidentified, but echoes of both martial and religious fervor can be heard, as the diarist undoubtedly intended.

In Drinker, the humanitarian and the scientist join to produce the healer, perhaps her most valuable and satisfying role, and one that she takes great care and pride in describing. Here she is firmly in the best Quaker traditions, with George Fox himself admitting to a keen desire to be a doctor (Tolles 222-23). Although she does not practice as extensively as Margaret Morris, keeping her extended family healthy constitutes a major responsibility in Drinker's management of the household and significantly increases feelings of self-consequence and self-esteem. With the survival of so many in her hands, she relies strongly on her wide reading, conversation, observations, and above all the methods tried by others, especially doctors, to whom she is quick to entrust matters beyond her abilities. At a time when a minor illness or even a slight injury could result in death, careful records of the course and treatment of physical problems could prevent the repetition of similar tragedies, although Drinker also

writes for less scientific reasons. Among her notes are accounts of her children's illnesses, closely detailed even during those years when the short, infrequent memo was her style. Sally's putrid sore throat in June '65 dominates that summer's diary, in addition to notes on Nancy's and Polly's inoculations and a recipe for a purge. As each of the children in turn is inoculated or has worms or the measles, which sweeps through the household in the fall of '72, Drinker describes symptoms and treatments in graphic word pictures, even recording the number and length of worms each child passes. When Henry falls out of a tree and breaks his collar bone, she calmly notes: "I assisted the doctor to set it which as I was favored with resolution was no hard matter" (June 15, 1782). In September '83 all six children, plus Sister and several servants, contract "fall fever" and Drinker does not dress for bed for two weeks. At the end of a particularly long seige of illness during which she has been almost constantly in attendance on ill children, she admits: "I felt lost yesterday afternoon and this morn'g after a time of steady nursing felt as tho I had nothing to do" (Oct. 3, 1794).

As the guardian of her family's health, the diarist evaluates the physical state of each family member at the end of each year. The year 1793 closes with several sentences discussing the progress of H.D.'s lachrymal fistula, over which he has worn a patch for several years. Sister Molly is declared to be in much better health than

usual, then the customary "E.D. far from enjoying a state of bodily health," followed by the Downing family "much favour'd." Although Nancy is "but poorly," her husband and child are well. Then begins a 400-word history of William's illnesses for the past four years--some so serious that Drinker has despaired of his life--and of the mother's attempts to nurse him back to health. Her other son Henry merits several sentences, as the diarist remarks on his propensity to lose weight in the summer and grow "fat and hearty in the winter." And finally Molly, who "was born the finest and healthiest of 9 children," earns this accolade: "If she manages herself with care, may make a fine healthy woman" (Dec. 31, 1793).

"E.D. far from enjoying a state of bodily health," a statement she repeats often, points to one of the few deliberate attempts on the diarist's part to shape her image. Whether it is the cause or an effect of her interest in medicine, Drinker's own health and her perception of herself as weak and ill tally with her early timidity. She does not, until the last year or so of her life, claim to be seriously ill every day, but until she reaches middle age she suffers from several recurring problems, the gravest of which, a bruised breast, causes her pain and anguish from 1780 until after 1785. Consulting with Thomas Watson on this matter, she reports: "He alarm'd me much--began to diet myself" (Oct. 2, 1784), and for over a year thereafter she refrains from eating meat. Having had pain in her

breast for "a long time," she soon consults with Dr. Jones: "he neither encouraged or discouraged me by words, but ordered a strict regime, and to leave off stays" (Oct. 6, 1785). When he visits her six weeks later, she writes that she finds his diagnosis very discouraging, "as I thought it"; then second thoughts prompting a stronger note, she crosses through "as I thought it." The discouragement is too great to bear any qualification. When six months later he advises her to "go to Shrewsbury and bathe in the salt water" (July 25, 1785), Drinker seeks a second opinion, consulting with Dr. Kuhn: "He was much more encouraging than Jones, tho' I fear it proceeded more from his humanity than his better judgment" (July 26, 1785). Two days thereafter she goes to Shrewsbury, takes the baths, and improves, but because of this and other indispositions, the diarist comes to think of herself as incapable, or at least indisposed.

By the time she reaches the age of sixty, however, her health, to her amazement, begins to improve. Valuing sincerity as she does, Drinker reports her condition honestly and accurately, but with her usual caution: "If nothing more than the disorder in my foot ailed me, I believe I should now soon get bravely" (Nov. 8, 1793). "Bravely," her synonym for "healthy," she seldom uses in reference to herself. One of her more humorous health reports--"Myself, la la" (Nov. 1, 1793)--conveys her typical reluctance to commit herself. Her weaknesses furnish a

reason for her sedentary lifestyle, but she also wants to be seen as active and pleasant, sometimes trying to have things both ways: "I am often surprised at myself, and think I have great cause of thankfulness, considering how indisposed I am, that I can keep about as usual, and be cheerful" (Oct. 15, 1794). She sees herself as overcoming great odds and doing so cheerfully. A latent and rarely voiced pride seems to surface here. She has had such low expectations of her physical self that she continues to be surprised: "When I think, as I often do, how few of our old friends and intimate acquaintances are left, and how many are gone, I am surprised that I am, at past 60 years of age, still here" (April 19, 1796). Her end-of-year report begins to move cautiously toward optimism, though not without the typical Drinker conservatism:

E.D.'s bodily health as good as for many years past, and till within 2 or 3 months, it was better for near six months--an infirmity with which she lives . . . is not yet worse, through mercy, than for many years past, 'tho very troublesome at times, and almost a continual uneasiness--appetite good, tho not craving, little sleep, almost always at home--uses but little bodily exercise 'tho not indolent, and seldom idle. She has many things to trouble her, and many to be thankful for (n.d., last entry, 1796).

This statement affords a clear view of Drinker's picture of herself, and from this point until her death it remains fairly constant. In editing, E.D. has inserted the "very" preceding "troublesome" to give adequate emphasis to the level of trouble she is experiencing.

Because her physical condition might give the appearance of indolence at a time when activity is equated

with usefulness, Drinker protests that she is "not indolent and seldom idle" (Tolles 206). She may not be as physically active as some people, or not active in the same ways, but she feels that she has private stamina and that her mental activity is superior to that of many. To prove it, the diarist takes her image in her hands and paints one of the few direct descriptions of herself. An insomniac, she finds her wakefulness an opportunity for thought and meditation, a blessing rather than a curse. After a sleepless night, she declares, "Thoughts crowded on my mind--for when I lay awake it is not in a thoughtless or stupid state" (June 25, 1795). One of her longer interior monologues elaborates on this theme:

I believe there are but few who have no more bodily strength than myself, who can make out with so little sleep, many have been the nights, before I was married and since, that I have continued awake from the time I lay down until I arose in the morn'g at the usual hour, or rather sooner, in health, both of body and mind, and can no otherwise acc't for it than by getting into a train of thought, that I could not, or would not break off, and after a light breakfast felt as much refresh'd as if I had enjoy'd a good night's rest, and very frequently when I have set up all night, and not rested the next day, I have felt as lively the following evening as usual. And many an anxious waking night have I also had. I do not say, that being broke of my rest never hurt me. I believe it has, and not a little, when attended with anxiety. But that I can do, or have done, with as little sleep as most folk, I believe I may say. Let me retire at what hour I may, I do not, I believe, once in a twelve month sleep before midnight, and often one or two o'clock (Oct. 24, 1794).

Seeking a point on which she may see herself as the physical equal of those around her, albeit in her own way, Drinker hits upon her sleeplessness as evidence of her unusual

stamina.

As her health improves, she begins to feel more confident about herself and her abilities, as she implies in the following passage: I have often thought that women who live to get over that time of child-bearing, if other things are favorable, experience more comfort and satisfaction than at any other period of their lives (Feb. 16, 1797). When the following year she walks twelve blocks, she proudly proclaims: "It was great doings for me who little thought some years ago that I should be able at this time to go so far at night" (May 11, 1797). Shortly thereafter she admits, "I have great reason to be thankful as my health has been laterly much improved and when I am more than unusually unwell it makes me sensible of my amendment" (July 15, 1797). The confused syntax in the last half of the sentence reflects Drinker's uncertainty about relinquishing her invalid status. Five years later, she is still somewhat cautious, but obviously pleased with herself: "I have done wonders today--should be thankful that I am able, after a trying cold and other weaknesses" (Mar. 11, 1802). In the last year of her life, the diarist, nursing a dangerously sick daughter and a chronically ill husband, says often of herself, "Je ne suis pas bien," but she writes as much as ever. Drinker is her own best argument for the Golden Years.

Of all the matters of health care requiring her attention, pregnancy and childbirth occupy a central and



critical position in the diarist's life. Despite her reticence regarding her own childbearing activities, as her love of and interest in medicine--and writing--grow, she begins to keep careful and copious notes on her daughters' pregnancies and deliveries. Childbearing, despite its rewards, is a dangerous "time of distress" in her eyes, and in the following passage she counsels Sally to use a familiar form of birth control:

Went into Sally's Cham'r, she is in pain at times, forerunning pains of alingering labour, a little low spirited, poor dear child. This day is 38 years since I was in agonies bringing her into this world of trouble; she told me with tears that this was her birth day, I endeavour'd to talk her into better spirits, told her that, the time of her birth was over by some hours, she was now in her 39'th year, and that this might possibly be the last trial of this sort, if she could suckle her baby for 2 years to come, as she had several times done heretofore etc. (Oct. 23, 1799).

Sally fears that the anniversary of her birth may prove to be the day of her death, but Drinker urges her to look forward to life after childbearing. In this indirect way, the reader comes to learn of Drinker's own trials in the field. In 1797, both Sally and Molly are due to deliver within a few days of each other: "S.D. and M.R. are both in the Way as some call it--a way, that was always attended with great difficulty to me and mine" (n.d., end of 1796). Later when they are both in labor, she anticipates their suffering: "My self nor daughters were never quick in this business, lingering, tedious, distressing times have always been our lots" (June 14, 1797), and later describes them as

being in "a ticklish situation," referring not only to recovery but probably more specifically to their milk, since Drinker suffered from problems with her breasts: "They inherit, I believe, their difficulty in this respect from their Mother, 'tho all but Nancy have been worse than Myself, and she has very labourous times" (June 17, 1797). Having suffered greatly to bring them into the world, Drinker seems to relive her agony each time one of her daughters goes through labor.

In one of her first descriptions of a delivery, that of her tenant Mary Courtney, Drinker resorts to French: the midwife tells E.D. that "le enfant est fort grand, & la mere bien petite," and it is her opinion "que l'enfant sent mort." The doctor confirms this situation and "avec ses instruments et beaucoup deficility, il la delivera l'enfant mort" (Sept. 17, 1794). But writing about her daughters' deliveries is another matter; while Sally is in labor, the diarist makes periodic and explicit notes:

'Tis now past 11 at night my dear afflicted child has just taken anodyne . . . she has been all this even'g in afflictive pain 'tho unprofitable . . . towards night we perceived that all things were not right, I did not venture to question the Doc'r., but poor Sally was not sparing in that particular. She suffer'd much to little purpose . . . poor Sally instead of being compos'd grew worse . . . I quitted the room knowing that matters must 'ere long come to a crisis. I was down stairs in back parlor by myself an hour and half . . . when observing that my dear child ceas'd her lamentation and a bustle ensu'd-- with a fluttering heart I went up stairs, in a state of suspence, not knowing if the child was born, or Sally in a fitt, as I heard no crying of a Child. It was mercifully born, the Doc'r. blowing in its mouth and slapping it, it came to and cry'd. The Doc'r then told us that a wrong presentation had taken

place; which with poor Sally's usual difficulties call'd for his skill more particularly; by good management he brought on a footling labour, which 'tho severe, has terminated . . . safely (April 6, 1795).

Drinker is equally graphic in describing Molly's first delivery:

The birth presented, and the child came into the world for some time, double wedged as it were and the poor mother benum'd, no regular labour pains. Doctor got down the feet and legs, it was long afterward that it was wholly deliver'd . . . It had frequently evacuated before birth being as I afterwards supposed in the agony of death at that time, it was still born between 5 and 6 o'clock (June 15, 1797).

This birth has occurred several weeks later than Molly and the doctor estimated, and after she has gone many days over the projected delivery date for her next pregnancy, the fearful diarist notes: "It is 10 months tomorrow or next day the 10 Dec. last since M.\_\_\_\_\_" (Oct. 8, 1798), a delicate but intentional reference to Molly's last menstrual period. Given a choice between modesty and recording her children's health, the diarist takes the latter. Delicacy and squeamishness cannot match the relief Drinker finds in writing or the value she attaches to an accurate record of these important events.

Although Drinker sometimes attends--and presumably assists at--the births of neighbors or friends, at the births of her grandchildren she puts matters entirely in the hands of the doctors, as the above passage prove. She goes on record as disapproving of anyone other than a regular physician prescribing medication for women in "child bed" (June 17, 1797), and although she closely attends throughout

each daughter's labor, she quickly calls for help when matters become critical. "I found [Molly] very unwell. A fore-running and certain symptom which I could have wished had not occur'd so soon unless she had been sooner relieved, made me think it necessary to send out for more assistance" (June 14, 1797), she admits after Molly's disastrous delivery. In recognizing conditions that demand treatment she cannot provide, she displays a sharp medical instinct, but her timorous nature willingly relinquishes control of the delivery room to those better trained and more experienced.

Drinker's success in diagnosing routine internal ailments and preparing medications over the years eventually bolsters her confidence in this field. She records her recipes, from the clyster of wormwood and tansey that cured Nancy's worms to a recipe for treating Molly's colic with geneva, sweetened water, and cat nip tea, defending the latter prescription despite her reservations:

I do not altogether approve of spiritous medicines in the colic, etc., unless some particular indication call for it, such as wind, etc.--In most cases it should not be often repeated tho' I have known Daffy's Elixir sometimes do good (Dec. 5, 1794).

Often dosing a sick child according to her own knowledge, she gives Sally, ill with the flux, alternating courses of castor oil, spiced rhubarb and glysters without reference to a doctor's orders and makes liniments and syrups for which she gathers various herbs and purchases necessary oils. Ready to consult a doctor or even get a second

opinion--Doctors Kuhn and Redman call so often they sometimes meet--she slowly becomes equally ready to practice her own convictions. While nursing Nancy through a particularly vicious bout of fever, the diarist ignores the doctor's order for senna and gives the girl chicken broth instead. She records her suspicions that Nancy has had yellow fever rather than jaundice, which she thinks the doctor has diagnosed simply to spare the family, and declares her intentions of telling him her opinion, confident that he will confirm it. When she confronts him several months later, he sticks to his original diagnosis, but with growing confidence, Drinker considers herself capable of treating her servant Sall when she begins to show symptoms of yellow fever. At a time when "heroism of the few only pointed up the fearfulness of the many," Drinker exhibits unusual courage (Powell 190).

In her later years, she becomes openly critical, that is, angry enough to assert herself on paper, questioning the doctor's orders for a cold bath for a granddaughter whom she describes as "a poor little creature whose bowels have been for a long time much disordered by cutting teeth which are all now through and might get better without so severe an operation." She then concludes harshly, "I don't like this kill or cure work" (July 5, 1797). Her own child Polly having been in the teething process when she died, and son Charles having expired only twenty minutes after taking a doctor's prescription, the diarist

seems somewhat reluctant to see her grandchildren subjected to similar treatment. Sensitive to the workings of the human body, she shows amazing perspicacity when she is "thoughtful of the lancet used the same day" to bleed both William and a fever victim, anticipating Lister's theory by more than fifty years.

Her most independent act in this area, short lived though it is, occurs during her own final illness. When Sally dies after nearly a year of intensive care from the medical profession, the diarist seems to lose heart, and a month later, she is seriously ill. Perhaps because of their ineffectiveness in Sally's case, or perhaps she now knows herself and her body far better than the doctors do, having cured herself of a chronic intestinal disorder with a self-prescribed diet, at this point she refuses medical advice. By her own admission, she has been bled at least fifty times during her life, but when Dr. Kuhn advises her to lose ten ounces of blood, she refuses. Later admitting that she was "perhaps actuated by a whim" (Oct. 24, 1807), she nonetheless continues to choose her own treatment:

He then desired me to take a dose of Physick, which I told him I had not done since I was ill 2 years ago. I have taken no kind of Physick but prunes or peaches etc.--so got off of that. I ask'd the Doc'r if dieting myself might not do, he s'd it might be well so to do (Oct. 24, 1807).

Two days later, when Dr. Kuhn again suggests bleeding, she meekly complies. The rebellion is over. Having seen no improvement under her own regime, she admits "the necessity

of losing [the blood]" (Oct. 26, 1807). Ironically, she proves more knowledgeable than the professional who performs the operation:

The Dr. order'd 9 or 10 ounces, Sister told [the bleeder] to take but 7. I who was acquainted with the Bowl knew there was more than 10, when I told him to stop it--and when I weigh'd it found there was 12 1/4 ounces (Oct. 26, 1807).

Three weeks later, she dies, having kept up her medical interest--and her diary--almost until the last day, noting both her own symptoms and those of her family. The last entries, like the total, reflect the humane concern and scientific interest that characterized her life and the expressive writing that characterized her diary.

Despite Friendly cautions to avoid "bookishness," Elizabeth Drinker loves to read. Despite some Friendly injunctions against too much reading, Quakers' love of books is well documented (Tolles ch. 7). Not only do Drinker's reading lists include classics both ancient and modern, but they also reflect her steady attempts to remain informed of the major scientific and literary developments of her day. From the earliest years, she notes the titles of works she reads, and by 1799, she is keeping in the back of each volume of her journal a dated list of the fifty or more poems, pamphlets, and books she has read that year. These lists trace her varied interests as they develop during the last years of her life. Her occasional comments identify not only her critical bias but also her willingness to express her opinions on paper.

The fifty-four works on the 1799 list represent journals, lectures, letters, sketches, poems, pamphlets, novels, histories, travelogues, and ecclesiastical and religious treatises. Instructional and inspirational material figures prominently, but a surprising number of satires and even works on the occult find their place in Drinker's reading. On Jan. 31, 1799, she reads Memoirs of the Author of a Vindication of the Rights of Woman by William Godwin, adding this note, "Mary Wollstonecraft married this Godwin." Six weeks later, she lists Original Stories from Real Life, With Conversations, Calculated to Regulate the Affections and Form the Mind to Truth and Goodness by Mary Wollstonecraft, and then confesses: "To say the truth, I think her a prodigious fine writer--and should be charmed by some of her pieces, if I had never heard her Character" (Mar. 6, 1799). Four years later, she is still reading Godwin, despite her comment after completing Caleb Williams: "The story is very interesting, but I like not the Author nor his principles" (June 3, 1803). Godwin's St. Leon appears, without comment, in the 1804 list, as does Fleetwood: or The New Man of Feeling in the 1805 list.

As her reading habit develops, Drinker periodically defends both her choice of material and the habit itself. The following apologia appears soon after she begins to write about her reading:

It looks as if I spend most of my time reading, which is by no means the case, a book is soon run over and 'tho I seldom make mention of any other employment, yet I believe I may say, without vanity, that I was



never an indolent person, or remarkably Bookish, tho more so for 5 or 6 years past, than at any other period since I was married, having more leisure. When my Children were young I seldom read a volume; but was I at present favour'd with health, I should delight in it. As it is I often find it a consolation (May 22, 1795).

Most of the self-portrait contained in this paragraph agrees with the reader's perception of the diarist, although from this time on her love of reading increases to the "remarkably Bookish" point. Because she is not physically active, Drinker feels a good deal of anxiety about appearing indolent, and she goes to some pains to refute the charge. Time spent reading may look to her contemporaries like time wasted; hence her apologia in defense of this activity.

The wide scope of her reading illustrates Drinker's breadth of mind. She "amuses" herself with Dr. Moore's Journal While in Paris, "if it can be amusement to read of so many absurd and unheard cruelties as have been practised there" (June 26, 1794). On finishing Lavater's work on physiognomy, she confesses to believing many of his ideas but thinks he carries them too far (July 13, 1794).

Confucius calls forth this ambivalent response:

I have been pleased by reading The Morals of Confucius, a Chinese Philosopher, who flourished about five hundred and fifty years before the coming of Christ--said to be one of the choicest pieces of Learning remaining of that nation. A sweet little piece it is. If there were such men in that day, what ought to be expected in this more enlightened Age! (May 28, 1795).

Her tolerant spirit acknowledges Confucius' wisdom, but her Christian chauvinism dilutes the praise, relegating the "sweet little piece" to a position inferior to those

produced in a "more enlightened age." A certain intellectual curiosity keeps her reading "a little of most things," even those with which she disagrees, but her tolerance, though relatively bountiful, does not extend to Rousseau--"a flowery writer, but a man of bad principles" (June 23, 1803)--or Darwin, about whom she has mixed feelings. After finishing The Temple of Nature, she comments: "Some very good ideas, mix't with a great deal of ['sublime' crossed out] nonsense in the notes etc." (Sept. 2, 1804).

Drinker's interest in medicine makes The Good Samaritan: or Complete English Physician containing Observations etc. etc. and a Collection of the Most Approved Receipts etc. by Dr. Robb a "very valuable little book in [her] opinion" (May 31, 1799). This same interest prompts her to declare after reading Observations upon the Origin of the Malignant Bilious or Yellow Fever in Philadelphia and upon the Means of Preventing It Address'd to the Citizens of Philadelphia by Benjamin Rush, "The Doc'r has not yet convinced me that [yellow fever] is not imported " (July 27, 1799). Satire, while absent from her writing, appears frequently in her reading: A Cordial for Low Spirits Being a Collection of Valuable Tracts by Thomas Gordon Esq'r, is deemed "a political piece of high wrought Satire" by the diarist (Feb. 18, 1799), and she is "amused" by Gulliver's Travels although she calls Swift a "strange man" (Sept. 28, 1799). During this year she rereads some old favorites, including Fielding's Amelia, The Whole Duty of Woman, "said

to be written by Teresa Constantia Philips" (April 27, 1799), Thomas Chalkley's Journal, Voltaire's Candide, and the Letters of the Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Seeking amusement as well as instruction in so many fields makes Elizabeth Drinker one of her local lending library's most avid patrons.

The diarist reads almost as much poetry as prose; after finishing Rewards and Punishments: or, Satan's King Aristocratical by Philadelphian John Cox, she remarks: "Not much to the credit of J.C. as a poet, or to Philadelphia, tho' the young man may mean well, and might perhaps have done better in prose" (June 17, 1795). She calls The Philadelphia Jockey Club by Timothy Tickler "23 low scurrilous pages" (Sept. 8, 1795), but about The Democratiad, a poem in retaliation for The Philadelphia Jockey, she says only, "prose in plain terms is better than ambiguous verse" (Sept. 17, 1795). At about this time, Drinker is trying her own hand at occasional verse which, despite her interest in nature, looks not at sunsets or flowers but at people and their whims. Poems on nature, she suggests, can be fully appreciated only by certain sensitive souls; about one such poem, she writes:

Dr. Darwin's beautiful poem The Botanic Garden, containing the Economy of Vegetation with philosophic notes [and] The Loves of the Plants with notes a beautiful poem indeed to those who have capacities to take in all its beauties (May 27, 1796).

Since she has been able to read the work and find it beautiful, E.D. is one of the elect, so qualified by her

appreciation of the natural world.

Drinker's critical comments about the poetry she reads declare her preferences in style and content. She says of The Pleasures of Imagination by Dr. Akenside: "'Tho the style is free and easy, it may be read twice with great satisfaction--a beautiful poem" (Feb. 6, 1799). A "free and easy style" does not recommend itself to this self contained woman. The Porcupiniad a "Hudibrastic poem. . .demonstrative of much ill will to W[illiam] C[lobbett]" (April 25, 1799), attacks one of Drinker's favorite newspaper editors, but having read Hudibras by 1797, she is familiar with the Hudibrastic mode, which may be the only thing that saves this work from a stinging critique. After reading some of Pope's "juvenile works," the astute critic declares: "Not so much to his credit as his later performances" (Sept. 7, 1799), suggesting that she finds Pope's later works commendable. Her ability to read and find "entertaining and instructive" the works of William Cowper, whom she calls "a beautiful Poet, and very clever Fellow notwithstanding his melancholy" (Nov. 23, 1804), as well as Coleridge's France and Frost at Midnight plus the Lyrical Ballads, which she deems "pretty enough tho' rather simple" (April 24, 1804), qualifies her as well-read and discerning. Her willingness to study Hindu poems, such as The Fables of Vishunsarman, as well as Indian drama, including Sacantala or The Fatal Ring, both of which were translated from Sanscrit, bespeaks an open mind. Her claim

that she finds the poetry "lofty" suggests a sensitive ear. Her pride in her ability to appreciate good poetry results in criticism for a work she cannot understand: "Read an Epic poem entitled Aristocracy, which was lost upon me, as my dull brain could not comprehend it, perhaps the piece itself is not very comprehensible" (Mar. 28, 1795).

Despite Drinker's repeated claim to prefer books on natural philosophy, her guilty pleasure is the novel. A recent study of reading habits during the Revolutionary period posits that the novel spoke to women's particular needs for independence, and the sentimental novel in particular recognized women "in ways that [the Constitution] did not" (Davidson vii-ix). Among the Philadelphia diarists, Wister, Shippen, and especially Drinker provide grounds for testing this hypothesis. Within the limits of the present study, the theory appears to hold truest in Drinker's case, and one of the strongest manifestations of her independence lies in her pursuit of the sentimental novel, despite the guilt such reading engenders. After Molly has read to her the three volumes of The Mysteries of Udolpho, she declares it "a tremendous tale," and then hastens to add: "'Tis seldom I listen to a romance, nor would I encourage my children doing much of that business" (June 20, 1795). She continues to do so herself, however, necessitating another entry explicitly excusing this practice:

I have read two volumes entitled The Victim of

Magical Illusions, or the Mystery of the Revolution of P-----L-----. A magico political tale founded on Historical Facts: translated from the German . . . It may appear strange to some that an infirm old woman should begin the year reading romances. 'Tis a practice I by no means highly approve, yet I trust I have not sinned--as I read a little of most things (Jan. 7, 1796).

On the basis of being an infirm old woman, incapable of more strenuous activity, she may perhaps be excused. Going on record as somewhat disapproving, she trusts that she is guiltless. As though to sample "a little of most things," she continues with her novels. The next month, after completing a "foolish romance," The Haunted Priory: or, the Fortunes of the House of Rayo, she notes that she has also read a book of hymns for children, which she found very beautiful, perhaps hoping that she has balanced the scale. Then to cover herself, she adds: "Finished knitting a pair large cotton stockings, bound a petticoat, and made a batch of gingerbread--this I mention to shew that I have not spent the day reading" (Feb. 29, 1796). Since chores and housework almost never qualify for inclusion in her diary, their pointed appearance here serves a special purpose, which she freely admits. Obliquely confessing her weakness, she finds The Necromancer, A German Story or Tale of the Black Forest "an idle tale; those who are weak enough to begin it find themselves so interested as to finish it" (June 6, 1796), which she has done, but three days later declares that William Godwin's Adventures of Caleb Williams is a "good moral tale . . . pride on 1 side and curiosity on the other was the downfall of the Heroes" (June 9, 1796).

The year '96 has been filled with novels, but finally she admits: "Rosina a Novel, good of the kind, 'tho I have read better--'tho I sometimes read novels, yet I can truly say I have not the satisfaction as in most other books I read" (Sept. 13, 1796). Whether she genuinely prefers other kinds of reading or simply feels too guilty to admit her preference, Drinker hopes to keep her habit a secret: "Read The Contrast, a small ridiculous novel. S. Kidds brother brings them to her . . . 'tho I have read some of them myself, I have been talking to her against the practice" (July 25, 1798). Not the most forthright behavior, but perhaps by persuading another reader to resist temptation Drinker may herself be forgiven for succumbing.

And succumb she does. Of the sixty-four entries in the 1802 list, a greater proportion than usual consists of novels. Realizing this, in October E.D. again defends herself: "I have not read so many romances since I was married nor maybe in my life in the time--they fell in my way-- when I go home, may meet with reading more to my mind" (Oct. 11, 1802). Among the books to which she refers are The Vagabond by Geo. Walker, "a political novel" (Mar. 16, 1802); Dorothea, no author or comment; Edgar Huntly, which "ends without finishing" (May 21, 1799), by the Author of Arthur Mervyn "supposed to be Charles Brown" (July 1, 1802); The Castle of Otranto for the second time; the French Gil Blas in four volumes, "Trash, I wonder I had patience to read them" (Aug. 30, 1802); Ianthe, "Rather trifling" (Sept.

27, 1802); and The Chateau de Myrelle, or Laura, "much description and but little narrative--pretty good" (Oct. 4, 1802). Despite her disclaimer, Drinker reads another dozen "romances" before the end of the year, and continues to enjoy them from time to time until her death.

Among the classics she reads, Drinker includes Dante's Inferno, Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, commenting only on the latter, which she reads 3 times, liking it better each time. Pliny is such a favorite that she spends days following Molly's elopement copying out extracts. But not all classics fare so well; after sending to the library for the works of Rabelais, from whom she expected "something very sensible and clever," she finds them "filled with such obscene, dirty matter" that she is ashamed to have to keep them overnight until the library opens the next morning. But she sees enough to declare Gargantua and Pantagruel "a ludicrous history" and "political nonsense" (Aug. 9, 1800). When Bolingbroke's work on the study and use of history comes to hand, she looks it over although she "like[s] not the author's name," but finding that "it set at naught the Holy Scriptures," she returns it unread, refusing to let Nancy see it (Sept. 23, 1800).

During these years, her role as literary critic expands, allowing Drinker to combine her two favorite activities, reading and writing, and expressing her increasing self confidence, at least in literary matters.



After finishing a pamphlet by old family friend John Gerar William de Brahm, called Sum of Testimonies of Truth--God in His Extension etc., God in His Concentration etc., she declares him an honest and good hearted man, but admits: "There are few in my opinion beside himself, who can make out or comprehend these testimonies . . . I should like to see the opinion of the reviewers on this" (July 6, 1795). Occasionally baffled, she doesn't consider herself a "competent judge" of the pamphlet entitled A Vindication of Mr. Randolph's Resignation, and after reading six volumes of letters by Helen Maria Williams, she confesses: "I know not what to say to it" (Nov. 24, 1796). Drinker pronounces another collection of letters, those from the Marchioness de Sevigne to her daughter the Countess de Grignan, to have an "easy free style"; but being an admirer of restrained emotions, she adds: "[The] affectionate and maternal regard she so very often expresses for her daughter is natural but I think in the 1st volume rather overdone, but when we consider that they were private letters not intended for public inspection, renders them excusable" (May 8, 1797).

A great newspaper reader, she declares "A Little Plain English" by Peter Porcupine, one of William Cobbett's pseudonyms, a "very nervous and sarcastic piece" (Sept. 5, 1795), and a report in Bradford's paper of 40,000 people at the launching of the United States Frigate is "all flummery" (May 13, 1797). But even if she often questions or argues with the news, she equally often copies an

interesting account into her journal. The constant danger of fire that threatens the Philadelphia area from 1795-97 inspires Drinker to copy almost every day a news story of arson or a freak explosion. She refers to newspapers to cite information especially about political events and points with which she takes issue, e.g., whether the century ends with the ninety-ninth year or with the hundredth. Fenno's Gazette and William Cobbett's and Bradford's papers serve as her main sources, with Rolf's Gazette and Claypoole's, Wayne's and Paulson's papers also keeping her current with the world. She follows the legal battle between family friend Dr. Benjamin Rush and Cobbett, who has criticized Rush's treatment of yellow fever, and regrets the loss of a favorite writer when Cobbett, after paying damages, moves first to New York and then to England. "So there is an end of P. Porcupine in this country; perhaps toujours. I don't know that I ever saw him, tho' I seem to know him well" (June 3, 1800), she writes. The last sentence could as easily express her readers' feelings about her. She has read widely and deeply of the news of her world, seeking knowledge that she has not the opportunity or desire to gain through first-hand experience. Family-centered and home-loving though she is, through her reading Elizabeth Drinker succeeds in informing herself of events and developments far beyond these self-imposed boundaries.

Perhaps the most interesting work that the diarist reads, at least the most frequently cited, is that of Mary

Wollstonecraft. The following often-anthologized entry has made Elizabeth Drinker's name familiar to many feminist historians:

I have read a large octavo volume entitled, The Rights of Women by Mary Wolstonecraft. In very many of her sentiments, she, as some of our friends say, speaks my mind; in some others, I do not altogether coincide with her. I am not for quite so much independence (April 22, 1796).

The private diarist welcomes a public voice, a spokeswoman who will "speak her mind." By italicizing, Drinker adds emphasis to an already revolutionary statement. Then temporizing, fearful that she has gone too far, she dilutes somewhat the force of her original response. But deep within, almost submerged under her uncertainty, her first impulse has been to identify with Mary Wollstonecraft, a remarkable identification, a remarkable admission. This reading occurs during a time of growing independence for the diarist; only a few months later, E.D. disobeys her husband to visit her "runaway child," Molly.

In written words, Drinker finds a power she cannot find in spoken words; for example, she almost never quotes dialogue. Activities involving the written word--either creating a written record or reading the words of others--occupy most of her leisure hours, far more than speech or social interaction. This private employment becomes a central focus when Drinker finds herself with free time:

I have been taking extracts this evening from Brothers's book, being much, since I came up here [to Clearfield], in the reading and writing humour, and having little or no work with me. The Servant girl

here is a kind of house-keeper, [so] that I have a time of great leisure (July 21, 1795).

Since none of these extracts appear in the journal, Drinker's practice of copying out maxims apparently serves in itself to satisfy her needs. Feeling more confident and effective on paper, she asserts herself through that medium more often than in face-to-face verbal confrontations. She is too uncertain and too self-abnegating to broadcast the philosophic arguments or the controversial opinions that appear in her diary. They are born for the page, and remain there, in that way satisfying entirely the need of the writer to express herself. The response of any possible reader who might share those thoughts in the future remains unknown and too distant to be a deep concern, whereas speaking her ideas aloud might embroil Drinker in an embarrassing situation. The same rationale applies to immediate written communications; although a correspondent can retort and demolish an argument by return mail, the writer avoids the possibility of a confrontation. Fortunately for Drinker, in her day writing notes was the easiest and quickest way to communicate with those beyond one's immediate vicinity. The following samples reflect her concern for the health of the recipients, usually the only motive strong enough to compel her to assert her opinions outside the privacy of her diary:

I wrote a note to [Sarah Rhoads and Molly] that I thought it too cold a day to do business (Jan. 4, 1797).

Sent a note to Nancy tending to discourage her undertaking a journey in this hot weather ( July 20, 1797).

In both cases the diarist carries her point.

To explain why she keeps a diary, Drinker offers the following rationale in the fall of 1790:

This book is intended for memorandums of what occurred during my Son's absence, for his information, not a diary of my own proceedings; but as it is the method in which I have been accustomed to write, and know my own movements better than any others--it must serve for an apology (Sept. 16, 1790).

At first she intends to record a brief family history-- "memorandums of what occurred." But because a "diary of [her] own proceedings" is her customary method, and since she has greater knowledge of her own activities than any other, she will write of those not out of vanity but from habit and knowledge. The pronoun "it" in the last phrase refers to "book," which will be an "apology" or justification of her life. Written while Billy is spending time in various distant cities hoping to improve his health, this part of the journal--the summer months of 1789-91-- exhibits flashes of a more intimate tone. In a few passages, Drinker refers to her husband as "Daddy" and her sister as "Aunty," obviously for son William's benefit. Once she even slips into direct address: "When I told Peter that the Doctor had advis'd thy going to New Hampshire, he s'd. he had no doubts but it would be of great service to thee or restore thee" (June 22, 1791), but three days later W.D. is once again in the third person.

The above statement defines Drinker's intentions regarding the section kept for her son during 1789-91; in the following passage she attempts to defend the writing that has continued, and will continue, long after William's return:

Trifling as are the incidents which I insert, they are occurrences at Clearfield [summer residence], and I trouble not myself with other people's business, but am amused or otherwise with what comes before me; and as 'tis only for my own perusal and recollection, 'tis little matter how 'tis said or done (Oct. 28, 1794).

The slightly defensive tone suggests Drinker's uneasiness. At this point in her life, the diarist is spending a significant part of each day writing, an activity which would be acceptable if it produced a spiritual record or a correspondence for business or religious purposes. Her secular journal, however, seems to be considered sometimes even by Drinker herself as frivolous and self-indulgent. Although she is acquainted with many of the other Philadelphia diarists, especially Sarah Logan Fisher, Ann Warder, and Grace Galloway, she says nothing to indicate that she is aware of their secular diaries. She does read the travel journal of close friend Hannah Callendar and the "minutes made at sea" by Henry, her husband, as well as the early John Armitt journal. But these precedents may have been more discouraging than otherwise; they were for the most part kept only during a brief period of each diarist's life, each had distinctly religious undertones, and none involved the time and effort that Drinker gives to her book.

Despite what she admits or recognizes, she addresses a future audience. For example, the formal explanation of her Sunday routine in the following passage is clearly intended for someone other than herself or members of her family, all of whom would be thoroughly aware of this situation: "I am generally employ'd on a first day morn'g busily, My Son and Self both being unwell--in the afternoon I can retire if I choose it" (April 20, 1794). Drinker, by claiming that she is writing only for herself, deflects any charges of pretension. Trivializing her own work may prevent others from taking it seriously and thereby criticizing it. Nor does all her writing take place at Clearfield; she now fills as many pages during the winter months in town as she does during the summer.

Drinker admits that habit plays a large part in the continuance of her diary:

I have for some years past, kept a sort of a diary, but intended to discontinue it, and make this a memorandum book--but seeing a fine snow falling this morning, and being used to make observations on the weather, began this first day of the year in my accustomed manner (January 1, 1799).

In this passage Drinker describes her book of the past seven years (1793-99) as "a sort of a diary," distinguishing this section of longer, more personal entries from the previous memo notebook. The daily writing required of such a book consumes much of her time. Perhaps for this reason she resolves to return to her earlier style, the short, occasional memoranda about significant events. Her love of writing, and her desire to comment on the "fine snow,"

however, lures her on to use the longer form. Thinking much on these matters, she concludes the year with this explanation:

With respect to keeping a Diary--when I began this year I intended this book for memorandums, nor is it anything else. The habit of scribbling something every night led me on--as what I write answers no other purpose than to help the memory. I have seen Diaries of different complections--some were amusing, others instructive, and others replete with what might much better be totally let alone.

My simple Diary comes under none of those descriptions. The first I never aimed at, for the second I am not qualified, the third may I ever avoid. Tho' I have had opportunities and incitements, sometimes, to say severe things, and perhaps with strict justice, yet I was never prone to speak my mind, much less to write or record anything that might at a future day give pain to any one (n.d., end of year 1799).

Afraid to claim too much for her work, Drinker again diminishes her achievement by designating the just-concluded volume as memoranda written only to "help the memory." She explicitly denies trying to amuse, instruct, or meddle with what should be "totally let alone." The reader can believe she has never spoken her mind, but by this point in her life, she often comes close to writing it. As with the subtle comment on the "strict justice" with which she could say severe things, she has learned to imply, despite her careful nature, exactly how things are with her. The diarist has come of age.

Figurative speech and colorful language constitute a very small proportion of Drinker's words, but her choices are striking in their appropriateness. One of her rare



similes describes William's getting caught in the rain: "[h]e entered the gate as slow and deliberate as if he was walking in a flower garden on a fair day" (June 30, 1794). A wry metaphor, enhanced by her concluding understatement, effectively defends her "murder" of the wasps: "[T]o be attack'd in ones sleep by an Army of foes would be rather a disagreeable circumstance" (Sept. 30, 1794). After being invited out on an excursion, Drinker writes that she "declined the motion" (June 4, 1795), a clever play on words whether intentional or not. More deliberately, the diarist has fun with sound and meaning in this statement: "[Nancy] underwent and went under a shower bath this even'g" (Aug. 4, 1794). Upon the return of their suicidal coachman, the diarist uses a phrase destined to become so popular it will be a cliché by the twentieth century: "We are pleased to see him in the land of the living" (June 14, 1795). And after one of Sally's long and particularly difficult labors which ends successfully, the weary but relieved family is "cheerful, like sailors after a storm" (Oct. 24, 1799); in this compact simile Drinker effectively conveys both the serious danger and the joy of survival in her daughter's experience.

On several occasions, she slips into an informal style which alone of all the Philadelphia diarists she employs, developing something close to an interior "dialogue" but more structured than stream-of-consciousness. Whether she is inveighing against the draymen for beating their horses or

"discussing" her insomnia, Drinker can talk with herself on paper. Writing of the death of Sarah Lewis, Drinker says, "She was an agreeable cheerful old Friend, and only think! I knew her Grandfather" (June 19, 1795). Her relationship with her book results in this conversational tone as she confides to the companion of her mind.

Strong expressions of emotion of any kind almost never abuse this confidence. When she writes, "Gloomy! Gloomy! Gloomy! even'g" (April 13, 1797), it is the exception that proves the rule. In sharp contrast to the emotional Shippen and Galloway, only in rare instances does Drinker resort to exclamations of feeling strong enough to merit the special punctuation. As for humor, Drinker's wry and infrequent wit presents itself only to the close reader. The oblique language of the following passage almost obscures its comic undertones:

We discovered a day or two ago, that black Scipio [bound serving boy] had contracted acquaintance while in Jail, that was really too disgusting to be easy under. We had inquired, and made search before he left the City, but found none; but since we came up, Sall, after a strict scrutiny found three--which was three too many to be borne with. The difficulty was, he had no change of raiment, linen excepted. I had him stripped and washed from stem to stern in a tub of warm soapsuds; his head well lathered, and when rinsed clean--poured a quantity of spirits over it--then dressed him in girls' clothes 'till his own could be scalded. He appeared rather diverted than displeased (Oct. 28, 1794).

Drinker's sensibilities may have dictated her choice of words, but her sense of humor clearly recognizes the comic incongruity in referring to lice as "acquaintance," and "inquiring" after their presence. "From stem to stern," a

good metaphor before it became a cliché, also derives its humor from incongruity. Drinker enhances her tale of Scipio's predicament by describing two additional humorous incongruities, his being dressed in girls' clothes and his own amusement at his predicament. Being as unobtrusive and infrequent as they are, Drinker's comic touches prove the rule--her comic sense lies dormant under many layers of reserve and seriousness. Yet she takes herself far less seriously than the other lifetime diarist, Fisher.

She almost never uses irony and then only for trivial matters. When a former servant pays a social call and invites herself as an overnight guest, the diarist writes with tongue in cheek that the visitor "favours" the household with her company. And when Chalkley James, Abel's son and a well-known acquaintance, fails to deliver a letter to her, Drinker says, "[he] was it seems at a loss to know who Mrs. Drinker was" (July 9, 1796). These unusual notes sound in sharp contrast to the prevailing tone of seriousness and restraint. It would take more self-assurance than E.D. dreams of to be ironical about issues that matter to her.

While every word she writes contributes to the reader's image of Elizabeth Drinker, most of her deliberate self-portraits are framed in verse. From mid-1789 until after 1796, she experiments with this form to state her personal beliefs and to defend her actions. Her earliest attempts, inspired by William's voyage to Baltimore, use her favorite

rhyme scheme and meters:

With wind ahead, and threat'ning Storm We part--  
to meet we know not when,  
My heart at times with anguish torn,  
For dearest Bill, and Cousin Ben (July 3, 1789).

Tho' the voyage may seem short, and the danger not  
seen,  
Yet the heart of a parent bodes ill.  
With the thoughts of what possibly may intervene,  
Keeps my mind from being tranquil and still (July 4,  
1789).

Originally seeing poetry as an acceptable way to say things that she cannot otherwise express comfortably, Drinker attempts to shape and mold her words to the conventions of verse. The following couplet reveals her dissatisfaction with her prose: "Could I write instead of trifles that which most employs my mind,/all that is here would be omitted nor should I mark how blows the wind" (July 15, 1791). Labelling most of what she is recording at that time as trifling--she is still in the memo phase--Drinker admits that these topics are not those closest to her heart. She attempts to explore some of these in verse.

The diarist and her habits control the focus of more than half her verses. Actions which Drinker finds interesting enough to discuss and curious enough to require explanation constitute her subject in this brief stanza:

I'm tired and weak, and to Bed will repair,  
For 'tis now past eleven at night,  
Perhaps not to sleep but to think when I'm there,  
Just at present no more can I write (July 11, 1789).

Drinker sees herself as less than strong, and although this self image modifies over the years, she steadfastly

refuses to relinquish the "delicate woman" concept entirely. The third line refers to her insomnia and the opportunities it provides for contemplation, a subject she treats more fully in prose.

As she grows older and becomes more outspoken on paper while withdrawing more and more from society, the diarist begins to analyze herself and her actions more directly. The following verse, although completely crossed out, is the first of several on the subject of the diarist's retirement from society:

To be alone, I mean sans company  
 To me is oftentimes greatfull;  
 Not that a taste for sweet society  
 In me is lacking--But when not to be obtain'd  
 To be alone is pleasant (Nov. 24, 1793).

"Sans company" and "sweet society" refer to the outside world, the former possibly indicating those who call and the second a more select group. Drinker carefully distinguishes between outsiders and family members, whom she will never banish from the magic circle of her seclusion. When she cannot have her choice of visitors, she had rather have none at all. Finding this sentiment too revolutionary even for the privacy of her journal, Drinker lines through (but does not obscure) the entire above passage.

Feeling that her desire for privacy needs defending, the diarist returns to the theme of seclusion. The "cat and his wife" poem shares the theme with the following more elaborate poetic attempt, which begins with an uncharacteristically vehement disclaimer:

Sat up till near midnight reading--When tired,  
scribbled the following anti-sublime Namby Pamby  
lyricisms:

Late, sitting by myself alone,  
Unto my Lonely self I said--  
To be alone and by myself,  
I am not in the least afraid.

For when I'm by myself alone,  
I'm happier far than in a crowd,  
And speaking softly to myself--  
More pleasing is, than speaking loud.

But yet the converse of a friend--  
A friend with whom I can converse,  
In conversation, sans restraint,  
Nor obligation to rehearse--

The joy and pleasures past discript'  
Description can't describe the Joy Felt,  
and enjoy'd by mutual friends,  
Whose conversations never cloy.

Sounds without sense, but no matter, 'tis not to be  
review'd (Mar. 27, 1795).

The separate opening and closing statements, which are not part of the verse, convict the diarist of a lack of confidence as well as pride in her poetry. As a self-conscious poetess, she seems to find little satisfaction in her "scribbling." Using some form of "lone" three times in the first stanza to indicate that she is indeed "by herself" might have been excessive protest even for this consuming subject. Doubtless she also recognized the awkwardness of using three forms of "converse" in stanza three and three of "describe" in stanza four. The "friend" in verse three will finally prove to be her diary, for with no one else can she use words with such relative freedom.

The very act of poetry requires "rehearsal" and "restraint," but the subject of seclusion weighing on her

heart, Drinker makes one more attempt to capture her deep feelings in verse:

I stay much at home, and my business I mind,  
 Take note of the weather, and how blows the wind,  
 The changes of Seasons, Sun, Moon , and Stars,  
 The setting of Venus, and rising of Mars.  
 Birds, Beasts, and Insects, and more I could mention,  
 That pleases my leisure, and draws my attention.  
 But respecting my neighbors, their egress and  
     regress,  
 Their Coaches and Horses, their dress and their  
     address,  
 What matches are making, who's plain, and who's gay,  
 I leave to their Parents or Guardians to say:  
 For most of those things are out of my way.  
 But to those, where my love and my duty doth bind,  
 More than most other subjects engages my mind.

And I am not ashamed to own it (Dec. 12, 1795).

This piece, one of Drinker's longest verse statements, presents a clear self-portrait of the diarist as a retiring, nature-loving woman devoted to her family. Most readers of her diary would agree. Although Drinker occasionally notes a neighborhood event, her writing, like her life, gradually comes to revolve around the Drinker household. The slightly defensive prose tag line to the above verse--"And I am not ashamed to own it"--adds emphasis to her credo. Appearing immediately after her lengthy criticism of H.D.'s busyness and perpetual employment, this passage is both a pointed defense of Drinker and a more pointed criticism of H.D. as it dramatizes the sharp contrast of temperament and behavior between wife and husband.

The absence of poetry from the last and most prolific years of Drinker's life confirms her dissatisfaction with her efforts in that medium. Prizing the natural and moving

from the notion of shaping and molding her words to the certainty that immediate sincerity is more valuable, she comes to rely on her instincts, finding, despite her caution and reserve, the assurance to speak in her own voice. Before she recognizes that her words can fully convey her meaning, she writes: "There is such a weight, such a complicated weight upon my spirits, that words cannot express" (July 15, 1791). Always hesitant to criticize others, she moves toward relatively more open and revealing statements in the following years:

I would have been much vext and unhappy yesterday and today had I given way to things, but find it best for me to bare and forbare (Jan. 24, 1795).

I have had my feelings much wrought upon this day, not unusual (June 4, 1796).

I have had much uneasiness lately on account of my children and other things which are at times very hard to reconcile, but making comparisons sometimes settles the matter (June 23, 1797).

For some years past I have been favoured with a cheerful serene mind, for which may I be thankful, but laterly I have been more than usually indisposed with a weight on my Spirits (July 21, 1799).

For all her shyness, Elizabeth Drinker has a measure of latent pride in herself. When she writes that she "would" have been vexed, she paints a picture of a victorious woman who successfully bears her trials. She sees herself as possessing "feelings" which are frequently "wrought upon," and is finally willing to name her children "and other things" as the sources of her distress. Pride saves her, however, for by comparison she finds herself better off than



many of her acquaintance. More than this is not forthcoming from the diarist, who feels that any deeper probing would be inappropriate. But she needs to signal her distress to her reader and through this tiny opening thereby relieve the pressure on her over-full heart. Not quite free to be a free spirit, she is freer in the pages of her journal than in real life. And if her emotions seem repressed in the diary, they must be compared to the feelings she shows to the world.

Her expansive diary bears witness to the fulfillment she increasingly finds in prose. The journal is her magnum opus, and as she fills the little books she buys at Rivington's (July 1763), she preserves in the clear amber of her natural style a life determinedly self-effacing, yet distinctively unique. Reflecting on the changes that have occurred in herself and her writing, she notes:

There was a time, that if either of my beloved Children were in the situation that my dear Sally is at present, I could not have found in my heart to have made a memorandum; is it that as we grow in years our feelings become blunted & Callous? or does pain and experience cause resignation? (April 6, 1795)

Five years later Drinker raises the same question, this time finding her answer, as she often has, in an interior "dialogue":

O dear! only to think that I have eat my dinner almost as heartily as usual, my son pale and poorly upstairs, tho' on the recovery, and my Eldest daughter in actual labour, tho' not yet come to the extremity, could I have done so once? I think not, I believe that as we grow in years, we become more callous, or in some measure loose that quick sense of feeling, that attends us in our more youthful days:

not that I have lost my sensibility, oh no! by no means, but do not quite as much anticipate; 'tis a favour, granted to declining life: If it was not for some moments of seeming forgetfulness, we might, perhaps sink under troubles that we are often supported through (Oct. 23, 1799).

"That quick sense of feeling," not to be confused with "sensibility," has in Drinker's life manifested itself as fear: for "anticipate" read "dread." For "seeming forgetfulness," read the "confidence and self assurance" that Drinker has grown into, finding, if not optimism, a degree of serenity in this "world of trials." Answering here the question she had raised rhetorically five years earlier, she resolves her quandary with the hard-won security of successful experience, although she attributes her new feelings to an unnamed and invisible grantor of favors who supports her through her troubles. The tone proves yet again that Drinker regards her journal as the perfect listener--accepting without judgment and remembering for perpetuity the days and ways that comprise her life,

Drinker's readers can provide an additional answer to her question of why, now that she is older, she is not only able but eager to write during moments of deep anxiety--because she has changed from a keeper of memoranda to an effective and confident historian/reporter/essayist, in short, the definitive diarist.

Sure of herself in this role, she now profits from her diary keeping, finding release from anxiety and creating a private forum for her thoughts. Carried by her book, Elizabeth Drinker has made a voyage of discovery. Through

her writing, she has articulated unspoken thoughts, examining and reshaping them in the light of experience. She has explored her habits by writing about them. She has dared think--and express--feelings and ideas apart from those prescribed by the prevailing institutions of her day--medicine, marriage, and church. And what she has discovered on this voyage she preserves and presents to the reader--the oblique and indirect outline of a self captured and explored on paper, the diarist behind the diary, the woman beneath the words. She has created a diary, which in turn has created a diarist.

## CHAPTER VI

### CONCLUSIONS

"The finest product to come from the pens of [eighteenth-century] Philadelphia women writers is to be found in the journals that . . . they faithfully kept," claim the Bridenbaughs (114). Limited to comparisons with letters, verse, and playful attempts at imitating the sentimental style, this claim nonetheless suggests the value of these journals despite their splendid isolation. Based on the preceding study, the question of the woman's diary in eighteenth-century Philadelphia--how is it used and what does such usage contribute to the diarist's self-knowledge and to our knowledge of the diarist?--requires at least three different answers.

The environment in which these diaries flourished deserves no little credit. The seven women represent upper and upper middle class Philadelphia society, heavily influenced by Quakerism, British loyalty, and material wealth, but dominated by the family. Other concerns are secondary. Without exception, they had the best education money could buy in eighteenth-century Philadelphia, and judging from their writing, this was relatively advanced.

To some extent, religion--or its absence--can be said to have affected all of them, with the Society of Friends a predominate influence. Some Quakers, like Margaret Morris, kept a separate religious journal. Sarah Logan Fisher became increasingly more spiritual in the last decade of her writing. Although in writing for others their tone was not spiritual, much of Warder's and Wister's language and actions reveals strong Quaker influence. Non-Quakers Shippen and Galloway seemed periodically to regret their lack of close religious affiliation, but both did little to solve this problem. Perhaps least influenced was Elizabeth Drinker, who, despite her Quaker upbringing, showed less inclination to exhibit that influence either in her diary or in her life than did the other Quaker diarists.

With the exception of the youthful Wister and the apolitical Shippen, each of the diarists acknowledged a disinclination for the revolutionary spirit. Again Quaker influence was undoubtedly at work here, but it did not account for non-Quaker Galloway, whose social position and marital connection seemed to demand Loyalist sympathies. Quaker Sally Wister, on the other hand, came from a less affluent background and showed a greater willingness to befriend the American cause. One could argue that her inclination to "see and be seen" might as readily have been served by British troops, had they been the ones in her vicinity.

Economic concerns troubled Shippen and Galloway, but except for the threat of financial disaster represented by the war, the remaining diarists had no pressing financial needs. Their wealth assured them of town houses as well as country homes, carriages, and servants. And their heritage offered them positions in the forefront of social and political circles.

The thoughts of the diarists, however, centered less on social or political developments than on family--parents, husbands, children. National events, economics, even religion were often relevant to these women only insofar as these factors impinged on the life of the family. Seeing their children safely into the world and then into adulthood required the major portion of their energies, which they gave eagerly to this cause. Given Frost's theory that contemporaneous with the Revolution was the appearance of a "Cult of Childhood" recognizing "infants as having distinct personalities," this devotion could be called typical (71). Family relationships were the most important to these women, and they treated them accordingly in their writing.

The diarists who wrote to entertain or inform a close friend obviously saw their books as bridges to their absent confidantes, a means of continuing the relationship despite separation. These women, Sally Wister, Anne Head Warder, and Margaret Hill Morris, were sustained not by their books but by their relationships, of which their

diaries were symbols. The diary for them was a means to an end, rather than an end in itself. These three women were the most self-assured about their writing and thus the most capable of writing creatively and imaginatively. Using specific circumstances which caused personal unease or fear and deepened their need for their confidante, they turned outward toward others rather than inward. They exorcised the evils in those circumstances by sharing them long-distance via their diaries. They imagined the responses of a live and immediate audience. Today's audience finds them the most entertaining and least "diaristic," viz a viz the standards set by Samuel Pepys. And perhaps not coincidentally, these two personalities emerge as the most self-assured, and their self-portraits the clearest and most convincing of the group.

By contrast, the two writers of emotion-filled diaries, Nancy Shippen and Grace Galloway, saw neither themselves nor an audience beyond their book. Having no human confidantes or finding them inadequate, the diarists turned to their journals to confide and confess and from their diaries sought guidance and absolution. The diary as priest fails; the book is no substitute for human interaction, and each of these women seems to have been left no wiser or happier for having poured out her soul on paper. If either of these spontaneous and unrestrained confiders had achieved long-term relief or satisfaction from her diary writing, such feelings would have appeared

on the page. Additionally, today's writer can speculate that, were they receiving absolution or guidance from this act, Shippen would have been more assiduous in her daily writing, and Galloway would have continued her daily outpourings. To expect a diary to overcome the physical circumstances of a tragic life is to overburden this medium. It may have been therapeutic only to the extent that it helped sustain the fragile mental health of each diarist a few months longer than might otherwise have been the case. The images we perceive today conflict at several points with the self-images held by these two women, who saw themselves as victims of their worlds. Social pressures surrounding a failed marriage and a dissident political position stand clearly condemned and convicted of destroying these lives. But the significant contributions each made to her own destruction, while obvious to today's reader, remained unrecognized by the diarists.

Finally, the lifelong diarists, Sarah Logan Fisher and Elizabeth Sandwith Drinker, sought responses not from others or from their writings, but from themselves as reflected by their words. They projected a future audience, vague and unacknowledged. But this projection provided resonance. And while they found the act of daily writing immediately satisfying in and of itself, an act of freedom and liberation, they found the idea of being preserved for posterity an equally satisfying prospect.



Inevitably, they change in the course of their diaries; and to some extent, the diary can be credited with aiding this growth. Certainly it provides a mirror for self-examination. Although neither as rigorous nor as fruitful as the reader might wish, this self-examination appears to encourage the two diarists so that they continue it for most of their lives. For the most part, they like the image they see in this mirror, or they recognize the need and the possibility of changing it. As a part of that future audience, we see them as possessed of more admirable characteristics than they ever credited themselves with.

As a result of the preceding analysis, these eighteenth-century Philadelphia women can be recognized as models for variations on the theme of diary keeping. In their books, they validate Matthews' claim that the diary "brings a reader closer to human actuality than any other form of writing" ("Diary" cxiii). But more important these women can be understood as writers from another age, using and shaping a specific form of writing to their own ends.

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