

# Fanny Kemble's Journal: A Woman Confronts Slavery on a Georgia Plantation

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In asking her [a female slave] about her husband and children, she said she had never had any husband; that she had had two children by a white man of the name of Walker, who was employed at the mill on the rice-island; she was in the hospital after the birth of the second child she bore this man, and at the same time two women, Judy and Sylla, of whose children Mr. K--- [Mr. King, the overseer] was the father, were recovering from their confinements. It was not a month since any of them had been delivered when Mrs. K--- came to the hospital, had them all three severely flogged, a process which *she* personally superintended, and then sent them to Five Pound . . . with farther orders to the drivers to flog them every day for a week . . . if I make you sick with these disgusting stories, I can not help it; they are the life itself here . . . Sophy went on to say that Isaac was her son by Driver Morris, who had forced her while she was in her miserable exile at Five Pound. Almost beyond my patience with this string of detestable details, I exclaimed—foolishly enough, heaven knows—“Ah, but don't you know—did nobody ever tell or teach any of you that it is a sin to live with men who are not your husbands?” Alas! . . . what could the poor creature answer but what she did, seizing me at the same time vehemently by the wrist: “Oh yes, missis, we know—we know all about dat well enough; but we do any thing to get our poor flesh some rest from de whip; when he made me follow him into de bush, what use me tell him no? he have strength to make me.” I have written down the woman's words; I wish I could write down the voice and look of abject misery with which they were spoken. . . .<sup>1</sup>

Fanny Kemble's *Journal of Residence on a Georgian Plantation*—a record of her months on her husband's Sea Island estates during the winter of 1838-39—has become one of the most frequently cited nineteenth-century

descriptions of American slavery. Like those of Frederick Law Olmsted and Harriet Martineau, Kemble's account, published in 1863, is valued for the author's eye for detail and her eyewitness authenticity. Kemble's powerful prose and her stature as a literary personage lend added consequence to this record of life on a plantation.

One facet of this valuable document seems to have been neglected in many of the scholarly discussions of it: the feminist component of Kemble's attack upon slavery. Kemble was not only a writer concerned with the inhumanity of slaveowners toward slaves, but also a woman struggling against the patriarchal prerogatives within her society.

In my forthcoming book on Kemble,<sup>2</sup> I look not just at this single journal, Kemble's most famous publication, but at the eleven volumes comprised in the six separate publications of her journals, including writings from her adolescent years until she was well into her sixties. This treasure trove of reflections, coupled with voluminous unpublished correspondence on deposit in archives, allows us to trace the development of Kemble's thought, her commitment to the anti-slavery movement, and her idiosyncratic views on feminism.

Kemble was born in 1809 into the first family of the English stage. She had no interest in becoming an actress, but was devoted to the theater; after finishing her schooling, she spent her time writing plays and poetry in anticipation of a career as a writer. But in 1829, when her father's major source of income, Covent Garden, was faced with foreclosure, she made her debut in London and became an overnight sensation. In 1832, after years on tour in England, her father took her to America, where she became the toast of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore,

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Washington—in short, every town in which she played. She was courted by dozens of prospective suitors. In June, 1834, after a protracted courtship, she married Pierce Butler, the son of a Philadelphia doctor and the nephew and heir of a wealthy Georgia planter. Against her parents' wishes she gave up her career and settled with Butler in Philadelphia; her father returned to England following the wedding.

This well-born daughter of an English actor was ill-prepared for her role as an American wife, especially as mistress of a plantation. A contemporary southern matron wrote in a memoir that “the three golden threads with which domestic happiness is woven” were “to repress a harsh answer, to confess a fault and to stop (right or wrong) in the midst of self-defense, in gentle submission.”<sup>3</sup> Kemble's temperament was hardly suited to submission and obedience, and her independent life as an actress had done little to soften her natural inclinations.

The newlyweds' incompatibility became apparent in the first few months of marriage. Arguments erupted over Kemble's duties as a wife, her attitude toward her in-laws, her insistence upon publishing, over her husband's objections, the journal of her American tour. Less than six months a bride, Kemble reflected unhappily in a letter to Anna Jameson, a British author and friend, “Kindred if not absolutely similar minds do exist, but they do not often meet, I think and hardly ever unite.” In an attempt to look on the brighter side, she added,

I suppose the influence of those who differ from us is more wholesome, for in mere *unison* of thought and feeling there could be no exercise for forbearance, toleration, self-examination by comparison with another nature, or the sifting of one's own opinions and feelings, and the testing their accuracy and value, by contact with opposite feelings and opinions.<sup>4</sup>

Kemble and Butler tested the limits of this theory; disharmony constantly reigned. Even after Kemble had settled into her new home in Branchtown and given birth to her first child, a daughter named Sarah, melancholy prevailed. She wrote shortly after her first wedding anniversary to her husband, proposing to leave him:

I am weary of my useless existence, my superintendence in your house is nominal; you have never allowed it to be otherwise. . . . If you procure a health nurse for the baby she will not suffer; and provided she is fed, she will not fret after me. Had I died when she was born you must have taken this measure, and my parting from her now will be to her as though she had never known me, and to me far less miserable than at any future time.<sup>5</sup>

To a friend, she confessed, “I was at first a little disappointed that my baby was not a man-child, for the lot of women is seldom happy.”<sup>6</sup>

Butler traced his wife's despair to postpartum depression and encouraged her to pursue other interests. Unfortunately for him, the pursuits she chose were not only atypical for a society matron, but also wholly unsuitable for the wife of a slaveowner: writing and politics. She devoured contemporary political treatises, and was extremely moved by the work of her good friend Unitarian

minister William Ellery Channing. When Channing published a tract entitled *Slavery* in 1835, Kemble was so touched by his anti-slavery views that she herself wrote a scathing political indictment of slavery. She suppressed publication of her views, for fear her house might be burned down; but she nevertheless forcefully articulated them within her own family circle and the drawing rooms of Philadelphia, where her husband's slave holdings were well known. Only later did she reflect:

I had not the remotest suspicion of,—the amazement and dismay, the terror and disgust with which such theories as those I have expressed in it must have filled every member of the American family with which my marriage had connected me. I must have appeared to them nothing but a mischievous madwoman.<sup>7</sup>

Pierce Butler did not officially inherit his slave property until March, 1836, and Kemble often proclaimed that she had not known she was marrying into slaveowning when she wed Butler—an assertion that seems naive at best. (In Kemble's defense, it must be said that Butler was not, when she met him, identifiably “southern,” having been born and bred in the North, and many of his attitudes undoubtedly did reflect Yankee rather than planter mentality. Once their inheritance was secured, however, the Butler brothers became quintessentially pro-slavery.) On discovering the source of her husband's wealth, Kemble felt that she would rather earn her own living, even if it meant going back on the stage (which she claimed to have loathed), then answer for “what I consider so grievous a sin against humanity.” She formulated her own plan of action:

I feel that we ought to embrace the cause of these poor people. They will be free assuredly, and that before many years; why not make friends of them instead of deadly enemies? why not give them at once the wages of their labor? . . . Oh, how I wish I were a man! How I wish I owned these slaves instead of being supported (disgracefully, as it seems to me) by their unpaid labor.<sup>8</sup>

It is not clear what Butler thought of such an articulate abolitionist statement from his own wife—although he had long encouraged her friendship with Channing. Whatever the two pretended, their relationship remained on disaster course, with only a few rests between battles.

In the winter of 1836, Butler was forced to travel to Georgia to attend to plantation business, and sent his wife on a visit to her family in England, joining her later. Butler's indulgence and the couple's separation eased tensions between the two. After their return to Pennsylvania, a second daughter was born in 1838 on her sister's third birthday.

This reconciliation was tenuous at best. Kemble increasingly realized her husband's shortcomings, although she did not attack Butler so much as she railed against the social confines that plagued her as a wife. She believed that she shared these problems with the majority of women:

A woman should be her husband's best friend, his best and dearest friend, as he should be hers; but friendship

is a relation of equality in which the same perfect respect for each other's liberty is exercised on both sides; and that sort of marriage, if it exists at all anywhere, is I suspect very uncommon everywhere. . . . A woman should I think love her husband better than anything on earth except her own soul; which I think a man should respect above everything else but his own soul; and there is a very pretty puzzle which a good many people have failed to solve. . . . It is indeed, a difficult problem.<sup>9</sup>

Like her deep reservations about the institution of marriage, Kemble's political opposition to slavery was not launched directly against slaveowners, but focused on the "system" that allowed one human to hold another in bondage. It is fascinating to watch the way in which her views shifted radically after her brief experiment in living on her husband's rice plantations. That winter in Georgia marked the disintegration of the Butler marriage and the flowering of Kemble's commitment to the anti-slavery movement.

Butler did not want Kemble to accompany him on his trip to the Sea Islands in the winter of 1838, but her mother had just died and he felt obliged to take his wife with him rather than leave her alone with her grief. Believing that her impassioned anti-slavery views were founded on ignorance, he further trusted that he could educate her to his own way of thinking. With a bravado all too typical among southern planters, he thought that slaves themselves demonstrated their own inferiority and contact would expose the necessity for enslavement, rather than the evils of slaveowning. Butler took his wife south with him, confident that eyewitness exposure to plantation life would alter her position.

Kemble set out for Georgia with mixed emotions:

Assuredly, I *am* going prejudiced against slavery, for I am an Englishwoman in whom the absence of such a prejudice would be disgraceful. Nevertheless, I go prepared to find many mitigations in the practice to the general injustice and cruelty of the system—much kindness on the part of the masters, much content on that of the slaves . . . (p. 15).

Kemble had strong reasons for adopting this stance. Although her marriage remained rocky, she had just given birth to her second child and had pledged herself to a program of model matronly behavior. The couple's usual antagonism was in a period of remission. Kemble hoped that conditions on Butler Island would contradict her anti-slavery convictions, just as her husband promised. At worst, she felt her fears might be confirmed. Both Kemble's and Butler's assumptions were faulty—a terrible mistake that marked the beginning of the end of their marriage.

Despite her anti-slavery bent, Fanny Kemble's cultural baggage included the common nineteenth-century racial prejudices. Unlike many of her New England and most certainly all of her southern acquaintances, however, Kemble believed that the "racial characteristics" ascribed to slaves were environmentally induced rather than genetically transmitted. For example, she vehemently attacked the myth that blacks were by nature filthy and smelly: "A total absence of self-respect begets these hateful physical results, and in proportion as moral influences are

remote, physical evils will abound" (p. 62). She used sarcasm as well as argument to undermine white mythology.

But as this very disagreeable peculiarity does not prevent Southern women from hanging their infants at the breasts of negresses, nor almost every planter's wife and daughter from having one or more little pet blacks sleeping like puppy-dogs in their very bedchamber, nor almost every planter from admitting one or several of his female slaves to the still closer intimacy of his bed, it seems to me that this objection [foul smelling] to doing them right is not very valid. I can not imagine that they would smell much worse if they were free . . . (p. 23).

Despite her prejudices, Kemble's commentaries provide vivid insights into plantation life.

The opening sections of her journal are merciless, as Kemble pointedly scorns the hypocrisy to which she is daily witness:

There is no law in the white man's nature which prevents him from making a colored woman the mother of his children, but there *is* a law on his statute books forbidding him to make her his wife . . . it seems almost as curious that laws should be enacted to prevent men marrying women toward whom they have an invincible natural repugnance (p. 15).

She is utterly disgusted by the greed that underlies philosophical justifications of slavery:

The only obstacle to immediate abolition throughout the South is the immense value of human property, and, to use the words of a very distinguished Carolinian, who thus ended a long discussion we had on the subject, "I'll tell you why abolition is impossible: because every healthy negro can fetch a thousand dollars on the Charleston market at this moment" (p. 78).

Fascinating in themselves, these insights are especially remarkable as observations by the wife of a slaveowner. As a woman Kemble has a special perspective on the plantation system, one that is revealed most often in a subconscious fashion. After exchanging views with her female counterparts in residence on the Georgia Sea Islands, she reports:

We had a long discussion on the subject of slavery, and they took, as usual, the old ground of justifying the system *where* it was administered with kindness and indulgence. It is not surprising that women should regard the question from this point of view; they are very seldom just, and are generally treated with more indulgence than justice by men (p. 286).

Her commentary is finely tuned to sexual differences:

I know that the Southern men are apt to deny the fact that they do live under an habitual sense of danger; but a slave population, coerced into obedience, though unarmed and half fed, *is* a threatening source of constant insecurity, and every southern *woman* to whom I have spoken on the subject has admitted to me that they live in terror of their slaves (pp. 295-96).

And her writing catalogs her increasing frustrations with those “evils of slavery” that she, as a woman, finds especially repugnant.

In her first description of life on the plantation, she explains that

tasks of course profess to be graduated according to the sex, age, and strength of the laborer; but in many instances this is not the case, as I think you will agree when I tell you that on Mr. [Butler]’s first visit to his estates he found that the men and the women who labored in the fields had the same task to perform. This was a noble admission of female equality, was it not—and thus it had been on the estate for many years past. Mr. [Butler], of course, altered the distribution of the work, diminishing the quantity done by the women (p. 28).

This passage is layered with ironies. First, Kemble plainly states that what is “professed” is not always the case on the plantation, a passing thought that multiplies into a nightmarish perspective by the journal’s end, when Kemble bewails the horrors of this charade “Christianity.” Kemble makes clear that plantation life and southern culture are built on deceiving appearances, fanciful exaggerations calculated to enhance the picture of slavery, which was being increasingly besmirched by the abolitionist campaign.

Second, Kemble’s harsh, sarcastic comment on “female equality” when she talks about women’s parallel exploitation is typical of this journal, which is one of the first methodical indictments of slavery’s effects upon women. Kemble is also one of the primary critics who systematically indicts the system for its pernicious effects upon white men’s morality—effects that have negative repercussions among white planter families. This charge is made with equal vehemence in the diary of Mary Chesnut, the wife of a southern slaveowner and member of the Confederate cabinet,<sup>10</sup> but Kemble is almost entirely alone among prominent critics in her condemnation of slavery’s effects upon black women. She provides a sustained, sympathetic treatment of the plight of slave women missing in most other accounts.

Finally, Kemble makes an even bleaker comment on her husband, almost mocking him in this segment. This excerpt is even more ironic when seen in its context: the journal details Kemble’s numerous and repeated pleas for her husband to relieve women of their harsh field labor. She begs for cooperation from her husband and the overseer, to no avail. Both men argue that slaves who complain to her are lazy and deceitful, and Kemble is frequently shamed by her husband’s role in punishing these complainers. Only a few weeks after this entry, Kemble writes:

Mr. [Butler] was called out this evening to listen to a complaint of overwork from a gang of pregnant women. I did not stay to listen to the details of their petition, for I am unable to command myself on such occasions, and Mr. [Butler] seemed positively degraded in my eyes as he stood enforcing upon these women the necessity of their fulfilling their appointed tasks. . . . I turned away in bitter disgust (p. 79).

It was almost more than Kemble could stand that she could

do so little good on her husband’s plantation. And it alarmed her that struggling for reform often had an opposite effect: her intervention might get a slave whipped—or worse. Her efforts to introduce hygiene into the slave cabins backfired when she discovered that a slave

had been flogged for what she told me [that the women did not have time to keep their children clean], none of the whole company in the room denying it or contradicting her. I left the room because I was so disgusted and indignant that I could hardly restrain my feelings, and to express them could have produced no single good result (pp. 37-38).

Even so, Kemble persisted, despite Butler’s objections, in bringing the complaints of the slaves to her husband. She repeatedly begged for more food, no separation of families, lighter work loads for pregnant and nursing mothers, longer leave from the fields for newly delivered mothers. Her crusade against many of the overseer’s policies rocked plantation authority, and her husband’s indifference turned to anger. In the end, Butler chose his overseer over his wife. Even the slaves recognized the bind Kemble experienced, and sympathized. The recollections of a former slave support Kemble’s veracity, in emotional as well as factual terms:

I remember Miss Fanny well. I was just a boy. I was told to wait on her, to carry messages, and do what she asked me to do. She was a good lady, but sad a lot of the time. She hadn’t been there long before all of us on the place knew she wasn’t happy. I heard talk. Mr. Butler, he wanted her to stay away from the quarters. But she went there and me with her. . . . The women when they was sick or in need they’d get me to tell Miss Fanny. She’d go to them. The overseer, he complained. And Mr. Butler he would get mad with her. But she went.<sup>11</sup>

The gulf between Butler and his wife widened during their days together in Georgia. Kemble found her husband’s rigid enforcement of plantation discipline detestable and her own situation intolerable:

And to all this I listen, I, an Englishwoman, the wife of the man who owns these wretches, and I cannot say: “That thing shall not be done again; that cruel shame and villainy shall never be known here again.” I gave the woman meat and flannel, which were what she came to ask for, and remained choking with indignation and grief long after they had all left me to my most bitter thoughts (p. 241).

Her articulated abhorrence of slavery became a wall between Kemble and her husband, but the dimensions of this barrier remained a private matter until the journal was published in 1863.

Kemble might never have released the journal for publication, had it not been for the sympathetic press the Confederate states received during the Civil War. She had originally prepared her journal as a keepsake for her dear friend Elizabeth Sedgwick. When Sedgwick circulated the manuscript among New England abolitionists in 1840, Lydia Maria Child encouraged Kemble to publish her diary to let the world see the horrors of slavery. Kemble long

refused, demurring that she was a “guest” on the Butler family’s plantation and she could not betray them. By the middle of the war, however, nearly a quarter century had passed, and she had been divorced from her husband for over a decade. A staunch supporter of the Union—though her youngest daughter, Fanny, had declared herself a Rebel—Kemble, like other anti-slavery enthusiasts, feared that the British might trade scruples for cotton. Her conscience compelled her to bring this “underground” book to light. In 1863 the journal was published in England and, shortly thereafter, in America.

One consistently neglected aspect of Kemble’s book is the feminist rage that filters through this document. It may seem foolish to label as “feminist” yet another “strong-minded” nineteenth-century woman who lived before the term was coined; who did not participate in any of the many organizations that beckoned women to feminist activism; who in fact throughout her life dissociated herself from organized feminism.<sup>12</sup> Nevertheless, Kemble’s analysis of slavery is informed, if not awash, with feminist ideology. She assuredly considers gender a primary category for consideration of her experiences, and factors gender into most if not all of her observations on social relations. Further, she is committed to changing the status of women within society as a key to improving society generally. Both of these facts justify “deconstructing” Kemble’s text as a feminist document.

Indeed, Kemble takes a classical “first wave” position in identifying the evils of society as bound up in patriarchal oppression of women. She is outraged by her husband’s indifference to injustice. She details the punishing routine to which slave women are subjected on the plantation; she is vehement about the inhumanity that allows pregnant women and mothers to be treated so callously. She bitterly assaults a system that so casually fosters the separation of husbands from wives, and even of children from mothers. Both complaints are common in anti-slavery literature, but in Kemble’s book, they are central, far outweighing any concerns about the effects of slavery on free labor.

Especially in documenting the sexual exploitation of women slaves, Kemble clearly articulates the sins of slavery within a feminist framework. Although, as many scholars have argued, this theme was an unconscious ploy by many abolitionists to sensationalize the attack upon slavery, Kemble had more obvious and immediate motives: she was shocked and horrified by her discoveries and committed them to paper as soon as she witnessed them. As a reviewer pointed out in the *New York Evening Post* in 1863, “Her sex brought her specially in contact with slave women. A man, unless he had been a physician, would have known nothing of most of the sorrows and sufferings which were confided to her without scruples.”<sup>13</sup>

Confronted with the sexual double standard slavery fostered, with the sexual violence within their society and, in some cases, within their own homes, most white southern women, especially plantation mistresses, chose to blame the victims.<sup>14</sup> Kemble made no such compromise; she laid the blame squarely on the shoulders of white southern men. Her book is laced with references to this peculiarly male “southern dishonor”:

I felt rather uncomfortable and said no more about who was like who, but came to certain conclusions in my own mind as to a young lad who had been among our morning visitors; and whose extremely light color and straight, handsome features and striking resemblance to Mr. K.[ing] had suggested suspicions of a rather unpleasant nature to me, and whose sole acknowledged parent was a very black negress of the name of Minda. I have no doubt at all, now, that he is another son of Mr. K[ing], Mr. [Butler]’s paragon overseer (p. 162).

Her distaste for Mr. King mounts with increasing evidence of his base character:

[Mr. K] . . . forced her, flogged her severely for having resisted him, and then sent her off, as a farther punishment to Five Pound—a horrible swamp in a remote corner of the estate, to which the slaves are sometimes banished for such offenses as are not sufficiently atoned for by the lash (p. 199).

But in Kemble’s construction, King is neither an exceptional case nor the Christian gone astray on an isolated plantation. She comments on the fate of a mulatto girl condemned to a harsh life in the rice fields: “In any of the southern cities the girl would be pretty sure to be reserved for a worse fate. . . .” (p. 240). The debauchery of women is not accidental, she argues, but a calculated byproduct of slavery. This evil, Kemble charges, permeates all of southern society.

In her final weeks on her husband’s estate, Fanny Kemble was asked by a young slave named Aleck to teach him to read. Kemble accepted the challenge, and her discussion of it mirrors feminist irony:

Unrighteous laws are made to be broken—perhaps—but then, you see, I am a woman, and Mr. [Butler] stands between me and the penalty. If I were a man, I would do that and many a thing besides, and doubtless should be shot some fine day from behind a tree by some good neighbor . . . but teaching slaves to read is a finable offense, and I am *feme couverte* and my fines must be paid by my legal owner, and the first offense of the sort is heavily fined, and the second more heavily fined, and for the third, one is sent to prison (p. 230).

She finds further irony in the despotism of individual plantation owners, which allows her to teach Aleck with little fear of penalty or prison:

Some owners have a fancy for maiming their slaves, some brand them, some pull out their teeth, some shoot them a little here and there (all details gathered from advertisements of runaway slaves in Southern papers); now they do all this on their plantations, where nobody comes to see, and I’ll teach Aleck to read, for nobody is here to see, at least nobody whose seeing I mind (p. 231).

But this was a relatively weak form of protest, and Kemble left Georgia after affording Aleck only a few attempts at learning the alphabet.

Kemble’s anger and resentment were not left behind in Georgia. We have evidence of a deeper, more permanent disaffection following her southern sojourn. Letters from Butler to his wife’s friend Elizabeth Sedgwick indicate that

Kemble began to refuse to sleep with her husband either during or shortly after their trip to Georgia. A biographical study published by one of Kemble's descendants speculates that the bedding of slaves by masters was not an abstract issue for Kemble, but rather an unpleasant reality she was forced to face while in Georgia. Upon their return north, the couple separated while Kemble visited the Sedgwicks in the Berkshires. When Butler was called back to Georgia the following winter, he left his wife and children behind in Pennsylvania, informing them only the day before his departure that he proposed to travel unaccompanied.

Butler almost died on this visit to Georgia, and through the intervention of friends the couple were, once again, reunited. It was nevertheless painfully and publicly acknowledged that Kemble and Butler suffered irreconcilable differences. Charles Greville noted in his diary: "Among the most prominent causes of their disunion is her violent and undisguised detestation of slavery while he is a great slave proprietor."<sup>15</sup> We can also trace a feminist subtext within Kemble's journals during the years leading up to her divorce from Butler—an extremely messy and sensational trial in 1848-49 that led to Kemble's loss of the custody of her daughters and the publication of humiliating intimate details about her marriage. (The publicity surrounding the trial included reports that Butler had had an affair with his children's governess, and that in 1844 he had fought a duel with one of his best friends, James Schott, who had caught Butler in a compromising position with Mrs. Schott.) Kemble had known about Butler's sexual liaisons with other women for up to seven years before she left him in 1845 (after being denied access to her daughters).

The overlapping of the personal and political was an extremely painful ordeal for Kemble, revealed in meticulous detail within the *Journal of Residence on a Georgian Plantation*, and expanded on in her other writings. Seen in historical context, her anti-slavery arguments and her attacks on slavery as a form of patriarchal oppression give us a window into an even more painful intersection of the personal and political: the plight of women slaves.

If we choose to look, we can see Kemble's text as more than descriptive, as analysis of a most powerful, political variety. And we can employ her evidence to extend our own analysis of the interdependence of systems of exploitation, the ways in which gender, race, and class interacted within nineteenth-century southern society. Used in this way, feminism is not merely a product to be manufactured by scholars, but a process, a perspective, an interpretive tool that affords us a deeper appreciation of the many-tentacled grasp slavery maintained on social interactions within the Old South, and of its legacy for us today.

## NOTES

1. Frances Anne Kemble, *Journal of Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1863), pp. 227-29. Further references will be cited parenthetically in the text.
2. Catherine Clinton, *Fanny Kemble's Journals* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Univ. Press, forthcoming).
3. Caroline Gilman, *Recollections of a Southern Matron* (New York: 1838), p. 257. Gilman herself was a convert to southern matronhood, having been born and reared as a Yankee.
4. Frances Anne Kemble, *Records of Later Life* (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1882), p. 2. Hereafter cited as *RLL*.
5. *Mr. Butler's Statement* (privately published, 1850), p. 23.
6. Kemble, *RLL*, p. 25.
7. Kemble, *RLL*, p. 31.
8. Kemble, *RLL*, pp. 41-42.
9. Kemble, *RLL*, p. 70.
10. See Catherine Clinton, *The Plantation Mistress: Woman's World in the Old South* (New York: Pantheon, 1982), p. 199.
11. Ralph McGill, *The South and the Southerner* (Boston: Little Brown & Co., 1959), p. 155.
12. See Frances Anne Kemble, *Journal of Residence in America* (London: John Murray, 1835), p. 165; and Frances Anne Kemble, *Further Records* (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1891), I, pp. 39, 106-08, 315.
13. John Anthony Scott, ed., *Journal of Residence on a Georgian Plantation* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1961), p. liv.
14. See Catherine Clinton, "Caught in the Web of the Big House: Women and Slavery," in *The Web of Southern Social Relations*, ed. Walter J. Fraser, Jr., R. Frank Saunders, Jr., and Jon L. Wakelyn (Athens: Univ. of Georgia Press, 1985).
15. Charles Greville, *The Greville Diary*, ed. Philip W. Wilson (London: Heinemann, 1927), II, p. 547.