

This volume makes available to scholars and students a fascinating set of materials that will surely spark much new, valuable research and many contributions to the lively scholarly conversation on early modern English nuns in exile.

Jessica Malay, ed. *Anne Clifford's autobiographical writing, 1590–1676*: Manchester University Press, 2018. x + 323 pp. + 11 illus. \$30.00.
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In his 1909 travelogue *Round the Lake Country*, the Canon Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley, whose name might easily have issued from a Trollope novel, memorializes Anne Clifford, one of the North of England's famous former residents: "The blood of the Veteriponts was in her veins, but more interesting is it to remember that the blood of another great line, the Herefordshire Cliffords, filled her heart, and made her strong with almost manly strength of purpose and of will."

It is not a little ironic to hear Anne Clifford described as "manly." For it was precisely because she was *not* a man that she was forced to exercise her strength of purpose and will. When her father, George Clifford died in 1605, his will seems to have provided mainly for the continuance of the hostilities that had existed in life between himself and his wife, Margaret Russell. Despite the fact that the law recognized his sole surviving child, Anne, as heir to the vast hereditary estates of the Clifford family in the North of England, Clifford had willed all that property to his brother, Francis Clifford. Anne would inherit what was rightly hers only if Francis left no direct male heirs. Margaret spent all the remaining years of her life fighting for her daughter's right to the Clifford property, with Anne joining her and then continuing the battle for many years after her mother died. Surely one of the original prototypes for "Nevertheless, she persisted," Anne played the long game and, in 1643, notwithstanding great personal and political cost, and having outlived every single male heir on the Clifford side, Anne took possession of the Clifford estates.

As well as evincing a singular focus and tenacity in her battle against patriarchal privilege, Anne Clifford was a dedicated diarist, and this carefully edited volume of her extant autobiographical writ-

ings provides clear and invaluable access to both her material and her mental worlds. Jessica Malay, who edited the volume, reveals herself in the volume's copious footnotes to be both a meticulous textual critic and an invaluable annotative guide to the often complicated relationships that Anne Clifford had with what seems like most of England's aristocracy, as well as with the hoi polloi, the myriad of people in Clifford's life—servants and other employees (like sheriffs), tenants, clergy—whom she often refers to as her "folks." Here, not only Malay's footnotes, but her "Glossary of Persons" in the Appendix proves invaluable: it runs to thirty-one pages.

The first text in Malay's volume is Clifford's memoir of 1603, when Anne Clifford was thirteen years old, and she seems to have done some form of life writing almost every day for the rest of her life, keeping a diary, or a daybook, or writing memoirs, or, as she calls them, a "true memorial" of her life. She lived a long time—measured in politics, she lived through four monarchs, and two heads of state; through the civil war, the Protectorate, and the restoration of the monarchy. She died at the age of 86 on March 22, 1676; the last entry in the "Countess of Pembroke's Daybook," as her final diary was titled, is March 21 of that year.

Together, the diaries, memoirs, and daybooks make for compelling reading. There is something very nearly novelistic about the volume despite it not conforming, as Malay says in her brief introduction, to "twentieth-century assumptions about autobiography that have relied too heavily on Philippe Lejeune's definition of 'autobiography' as 'a retrospective prose narrative produced by a real person concerning his own existence focusing on his individual life, in particularly the development of his personality'" (4–5). Malay's title for the volume—*Anne Clifford's Autobiographical Writings*—is, she says, meant to challenge those assumptions. Instead, Malay asks the reader to consider Felicity Nussbaum's suggestion that we resist the "humanist tendency to model discourse [of the self] as cogent, univocal, gathered and controlled" (5).

Indeed, it is the plain immediacy of Clifford's prose, the frankness with which she writes about her relationships, the compulsive returning to moments in her life of immense but formative difficulty, the resilient snap back to the itinerant life and itinerant, almost stream of consciousness, style of recording that life that captures the insistence

of self, an ontological and discursive category that was not readily available to women in the early modern period.

The legal dispute over Clifford's property dominates every square inch of her life writings after the 1603 memoir, though even that text, clearly written or revised long after 1603 and focused as it is on the death of Queen Elizabeth, is itself notably concerned with places denoting wealth and privilege. The diary of 1616, 1617, and 1619, though, records Clifford's legal battles in real time, and persists as a kind of *Urtext* in all the rest of her autobiographical writings. These years are her *anni miserabiles*: she is in the thick of the inheritance dispute; her mother, to whom she was extremely close and who was her champion in her legal dispute, dies; she is married to a man, Richard Sackville, who is alternately supportive of her litigious persistence, and extortionist: he attempts to coerce her to settle by keeping her from seeing her only living child, Margaret, who, through these years is often also gravely ill. Yet, for all that, she remains utterly possessed of her determination to take rightful possession of the Clifford lands. That resolve, and the effect it had on her marriage and the other relationships in her life—including with the monarch—is articulated on nearly every page of this diary.

In January of 1617, for example, she writes:

Upon the 18th being Saturday I went presently after dinner to the Queen to the drawing chamber, where my Lady Derby told the Queen how my business stood and that I was to go to the King, so she promised me she would do all the good in it she could. The Queen gave me warning to take heed of putting my matters absolutely to the King lest he should deceive me. When I had stayed but a little while there, I was sent for out, my Lord and I going through my Lord Buckingham's chamber who brought us into the King being in the drawing chamber. He put out all that were there and my Lord and I kneeled by his chair side when he persuaded us both to peace and to put the matter wholly into his hands, which my Lord consented to, but I beseeched His Majesty to pardon me for that I would never part with Westmorland while I lived upon any condition whatsoever. Sometimes he used fair means and persuasions, and sometimes foul means

but I was resolved before so as nothing would move me. From the King we went to the Queen's side and brought my Lady St John to her lodging and so went home. At this time I was much bound to my Lord for her was far kinder to me in all these businesses than I expected, and was very unwilling that the King should do me any public disgrace" (48).

Fifty-nine years later, in 1676, writing in her daybook on the 18th of January, she remembers the events of that day: "The 18th day I remembered how this day was fifty-nine years I went with my first Lord, Richard Earl of Dorset, before King James, into his inner drawing chamber at Whitehall . . . concerning the lands of my ancient inheritance in Craven and Westmorland. . . . And that same day in Knole House in Kent, where she then lay, had my first then only child the Lady Margaret a fit of her long ague whereby she was in great danger of death" (234).

The density of this narrative, both as she tells it in 1617 and as she remembers it at the end of her life, is matched by countless other accounts and details in the diaries and memoirs—some of which might have escaped notice were it not for Malay's exhaustive annotations—that accrue to form the picture of a person of uncommon tenacity and resilience.

Yet one of the delights of Clifford's diaries and memoirs is that, like Montaigne, whose *Essays* she was reading in 1616, she frequently reveals an all-too-humanness that brings her inner world very much to life on the page. In the 1617 diary, for instance, she complains about having been left behind with only "the Child" for company when her husband rides to Westminster in "great pomp and state" with Francis Bacon. "I wrote not to my Lord because he wrote not to me since he went away," (60) she then says, petulantly. She is generous in her plain adoration for her children and grandchildren, she is often concerned for fashion, she is an unapologetic gambler, she speaks with genuine affection and concern for the welfare of her dogs and her horses. And at the end of the day—literally, as well as figuratively—she is a fiercely pious person, but the diary is never an overtly devotional exercise, in the way that many other texts by early modern women are. In a word, she had too much business to do.

In the 1616, 1617, 1619 diary, she, and nearly everyone else in her life, though in different ways, is entirely preoccupied with that business: her refusal to “consent to the agreements” (34). In the retrospective *Life of me the Lady Anne Clifford, 1589–1649* and then in the Daybooks, she narrates and then repeatedly revisits the years of diary, as well as those that followed in which she was, as she says, “mindful to vindicate [her] right and interest in the lands of [her] inheritance” (111). That vindication comes in 1643, notably in the middle of the civil wars, which, though mentioned, are unchronicled in the *Life* except insofar as they affect her access to her property—she wasn’t able to assume active possession until 1649 “by reason of the civil wars” (114)—or the state of the buildings themselves, some of which had been destroyed by the Parliamentary forces. Her second marriage, which seems to have been as unhappy as her first, ends early in 1650 with the death of her husband, Philip Herbert, and the remainder of her life is consumed with what we might now call a massive project of deferred maintenance. Indeed, *The Lady of the North, Yearly Memoirs, 1650–1675* is entirely dominated by the narrative of her itinerancy as she travels from one of her castles to another; oversees rebuilding, repairs, and enhancements; deals with her tenants and conducts other business with her neighbors in the North; and reports news of her family, visiting and being visited by them often.

These memoirs, and the diary and daybook that bookend Malay’s well-edited and annotated volume, will be invaluable to scholars and students of the period looking for a window into a remarkable life and the deliberate acts of autobiographical preservation—both literary and material—that memorialize that life. That the autobiographies also reveal Clifford’s will to rescue and preserve a *way* of life, a life of almost unimaginable landed wealth and privilege that was, for all the understatement of what was happening in the middle of the century, quite literally under siege, also makes this a volume of scholarly (and perhaps even creative) interest well beyond the issues of autobiography on which the introduction is focused.