

## *Breaking the Ice*

The small, almost hermetic group of women living at <sup>24</sup> Place Vendome were now by no means unaware of the nature of Anne's sexuality. The libertine atmosphere which prevailed in that era, particularly in Paris, towards Sapphic love or love between women, inclined people to view with an affectionate and amused tolerance what later ages were to condemn as inverted and unnatural. It is true that a great deal of flirtatious touching, holding of hands and kissing had taken place between the women at the pension but for Anne, idealistic and merely 'romantic' friendship between woman and woman was not enough. Her need for a woman companion to share her life included a strong sexual component.

At the time of Anne's visit to Place Vendome, she and Marianna Lawton had necessarily been separated, because of Marianna's married state, for some months. Anne was getting restless. She had been a guest at Place Vendome for six or seven weeks. The main sightseeing round had become routine. The company in the pension had become familiar and the atmosphere there was beginning to revolve around the personal rather than the general. Mlle de Sans, Mme de Boyve and Mrs Barlow had all become objects of Anne's amorous regard. They were all aware that any relationship with her which went beyond the socially conventional would not be merely platonic.

Of the three women, Mrs Barlow's position in society was the most precarious, living as she did on a widow's pension of £80 a year and a government gratuity of £250 a year. Some portion of this income would be lost once Jane, her thirteen year old daughter, attained her majority. The encouraging response which Mrs Barlow showed to Anne's flirtations with her and also, perhaps, her vulnerability, offered an opening for Anne's more predatory advances.



**Thursday 14 Oct.**

### **LESBIAN SEX IS 'A SCANDAL INVENTED BY THE MEN'**

Went to Mrs Barlow & sat with her an hour. Somehow she began talking of that one of the things of which Marie Antoinette was accused of was being too fond of women.' I, with perfect mastery of countenance, said I had never heard of it before

and could not understand or believe it. Did not see how such a thing could be — what good it could do — but owned I had heard of the thing. Mrs Barlow asked if Mme Galvani had told me. I said no, & that nobody could be more correct than Mme Galvani. I said I would not believe such a thing existed. Mrs Barlow said it was mentioned in scripture, not in the New Testament not Deuteronomy, nor Leviticus. I said I believed that when reduced to the last extremity I was going to mention the use of phalli but luckily Mrs Barlow said, 'You mean two men being fond of each other?' & I said 'Yes,' turning off the sentence about being reduced to the last extremity by saying men were often afraid of women for fear of injuring their health. Here Mrs Barlow feigned an ignorance, which gave me the hint that she wanted to pump me but I declared I was the most innocent person in the world considering all I had seen & heard, for everybody told me things. She said she should not have mentioned it but she knew she was not telling me anything I did not know before. I said I read of women being too fond of each other in the Latin parts of the works of Sir William Jones) She told me an old gentleman here, a savant I understand, had made proposals to her to visit her. The French women knew how to manage this without risk of children. All the French ladies, the wives, had two & no more. Mme de Boyve said if she, Mrs Barlow, married again she would tell her how, if she dared. Mme de Boyve had not told her but somebody else has & I understand that old General Vincennes<sup>4</sup> did or was once going to tell her all about it. By the way, it was this — my manner of giving her to understand I knew the secret — that she asked if Mme Galvani had told me. Mrs Barlow said she had learnt all this since she came to France & seemed to insinuate that she knew a great deal. In fact, she suspected me and she was fishing to find it out but I think I was too deep for her. I told her she had more sense than I had & could turn me round her finger & thumb if she liked. 'No,' she said, 'it is Mlle de Sans.' 'No, no,' said I, 'you understand this sort of thing better than she does.' But I had before said I could go as far in friendship, love as warmly, as most but could not go beyond a certain degree & did not believe anyone could do it. We agreed it was a scandal invented by the men, who were bad enough for anything. She is a deepish hand &, I think, would not be sorry to gain me over, but I shall be on my guard. She said, this evening, she never talked of these things except to persons she liked. She was hemming a pocket handkerchief narrow because she thought mine was so, & undoubted the whole to make it broad merely because I asked her. She certainly flirts with me . . . & said sometime afterwards, that she was not so calm and cold as I supposed. [I] made love to Mlle de Sans in the fiacre. Said I began to think I neither knew her nor myself. Knew not what was the matter with me, etc. She owned she had had many offers. Said she was just the sort of girl for it, she could attach anyone, etc. She was poorly & low but still coquetted very well. I cannot help fancying she, too, is a knowing one, considering she is a girl not quite six & twenty.

Friday 15 Oct.

#### FRENCH CONTRACEPTIVE METHODS GIVE PLEASURE WITHOUT DANGER

Walked with Mrs Barlow  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour along the boulevard . . . she did not seem ennuyee with my company & we sat quietly in her room till  $1\frac{3}{4}$ , when luncheon was announced . . . I asked her for her bible. [I] said I knew what she alluded to as the French way of preventing children. Shewed her Genesis 36, the verse about Onan. I was right, so therefore the French husbands spill their seed just before going to their

wives which, being done, they take the pleasure without danger. I wonder the women like it. It must spend the men before they begin. 'I must shew you the other passage,' said Mrs Barlow, 'because I know you wish to know.' I asked the chapter. She said Romans. 'Yes,' said I, 'the first chapter' & pointed to that verse about women forgetting the natural use, etc. 'But,' said I, 'I do not believe it.' 'Oh,' said she, 'it might be taken in another way, with men.' I agreed but without saying anything to betray how well I understood her. 'Yes,' she said, 'as men do with men.' Thought I to myself, she is a deep one. She knows, at all rates, that men can use women in two ways. I said I had often wondered what was the crime of Ham. Said she, 'Was it sodomy?' 'I don't know,' said I, then made her believe how innocent I was, all things considered. [I] said we were a cold-blooded family in this particular. Warm as I was in other things, this one passion was wanting. I went to the utmost extent of friendship but this was enough. I should like to be instructed in the other (between two women) & would learn when I could but it would be of no use to me. I had no inclination. Could not imagine what good it could do. Nor could she & thought, therefore, there could be no harm in it. 'Oh, no,' said I slightly, 'they can do no harm.' She then shewed me the little book the gentleman had left here for her, 'Voyage a Plombieres'<sup>s</sup>, p.126, where is the story of one woman intriguing with another. She has lent me the book . . . She gives me to understand she would live with me & is sure I could love very deeply. She believes me tho' that I know nothing about it & is persuaded of what she might have suspected, that I have had no connection with women. But she is decidedly making love to me. I tell her I am more childish than she is - more fond of nonsense after reading, etc. Like to relax in an evening. Should like to have a person always at my elbow, to share my bedroom & even bed, & to go as far as friendship can go, but this is enough. [I] said I was half in love with Mlle de Sans but if I had appointed to go with her & was with Mrs Barlow, I could not keep the appointment. But if sitting with Mlle de Sans I could leave her to go to Mrs Barlow. Mrs Barlow has more tact, more power over me . . . She then told me of her confinement; of Mr Barlow. She did not like honeymoons. How many a man she might have had here. I joked & said if I was my father's son I should be sure I was in love with her - should know what was the matter with me. She said I was crazy, at the same time looking as if she wished to lead me on. [I] laughed & said I was not accustomed to this sort of thing - should take pills or salts, etc., & so we went on till Cordingley, wondering I had not rung, came in to dress me & Mrs Barlow left . . . She sat next me in the evening & every now & then I felt her near me, touching me. My knees, my toes or something . . . Payed [sic] what attention I could to Mlle de Sans but Mrs Barlow evidently wished to engross me. We came up to bed together. Asked her to come into my room & she would but for fear of increasing her cold. She certainly makes absolute love to me. Tells me I don't know her - she can love deeply, etc. All I know about things, I pretend, is a mass of undigested knowledge which I had but know not how to use, for I am a very innocent sort of person. I really must be on my guard. What can she mean? Is she really amoureuse? This from a widow & mother like her is more than I could have thought of. I am safer with Mlle de Sans. I told Mrs Barlow I would not visit her soon again till I felt myself better. I have said & done nothing I cannot & do not lay to simplicity & innocence as yet & I really must take care. I keep telling her she is too deep, too knowing, for me . . . She had said before, this house was a little world & I should think so if I had seen all she had. I begin to think so already.

**Sunday 17 Oct. ANNE'S NEED FOR A COMPANION OF HER OWN SEX**

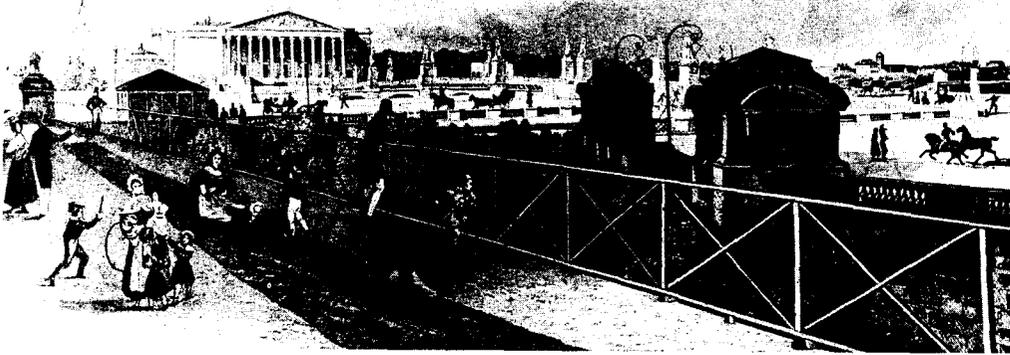
Mrs Barlow & I sat up tete-a-tete till 1-25. My manner towards her kind but proper. Talked rationally of my great want of a companion & how much stronger my friendships were than those of people in general. She could not feel as I did. 'Ali,' said she, 'it is not those that shew the least who feel the least.' She put her arm round me. I might have kissed her but contented myself with shaking hands.

**Tuesday 19 Oct.****ANNE IS NOW PAYING 'REGULAR COURT' TO MRS BARLOW**

[Mrs Barlow] sat by while Cordingley curled my hair & afterwards we had a cozy chit-chat. 11-50 when she left me. The thing is decided enough. I am paying regular court to her & she admits it. She said I should soon forget her. I answered, 'No, ~~not~~, & once I was away & recovered from my folly I should always be obliged to her for the kindness with which she treated me. I thought she behaved very well. There was nothing for which I could blame [her]. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'you will not always think so.' She is evidently aware that I must think she encourages me. Lord bless me, 'tis plain enough she would not allow me to go on in this manner, nor would she put herself so in my way if she did not like it. Just before her going, I put my arm round her waist & tried to pull her on my knee, she resisted & I gave up & apologized. I asked if she was angry as she went out. She said, 'No,' & was giving me her lips to kiss when she recollected & suddenly turned her cheek, which I kissed, saying 'Why did you not do as you were going to do?' I had told her before I wished she could stay all night with me & if she were at Shibden she should, to which she made no objection . . . She is fond of me certainly but I do not pay her attention as if I respect her . . . I ought not to have dared talk to her as I do. What can I think of women in general?

**Wednesday 20 Oct.****ANNE THREATENS TO TRY AN 'ITALIAN EXPERIMENT'**

Began my accounts & had nearly settled them about 2-20 when Mrs Barlow came to me. She asked me if I did not mean to go out & would not sit down but after a long while standing, took her seat close to me & made love in the pathetics. This morning she seems to think she is to blame & expressed her wonder she should allow me to talk so to her. I declared none could behave better. Thanked her again & again. Said how lucky for me that, if I must be foolish, it was with a person so calm, so safe, as herself. Said I should always be obliged to her for this. She would have the thing as not new to me & asked for my word of honour. I pretended I could only give it in part & not altogether & on this account would not give it at all, pretending others had been attached to me but I not to them. Refused to explain because she would even despise me if I did. She observed my wedding ring [given to Anne by Marianna Lawton]. [I] said this ought to bind me but this was pure friendship & I began to dread the influence that was greater. She then said, as if a momentary feeling, that the fault was hers. [She] stole over— 'But, oh, you are so candid, so open.' She knows me not. I am as deep as she . . . I perpetually plead my want of vanity to persuade myself it is possible for her to care for me. She little knows who she has to deal with. Before all this, I had laughed & joked & declared I would go to Italy and try the experiment,



Terrace of the Tuileries and the Concord Bridge in 1823. The statues on the bridge were removed to Versailles. The Tuileries Gardens originated with Catherine de Medici in 1683. The terraces were added in the 1660s and the whole was made available to the public. It was Anne's favourite place for walking and reading.

that is, get a woman there. She knew what I meant — tho' wrapt up it was plain enough & she only begged me to take care. Should be sorry to see my name in the papers in such a scrape as that would be. I assured her I would manage the thing well & tell her all about it. I would always tell her everything.

**Thursday 21 Oct.**

**MRS BARLOW LEADS ANNE ON**

At 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, went out with Mrs Barlow. Walked thro' the Tuileries gardens, along the Rue de Seine, direct to the Luxembourg. Went to see the Observatory. Staid some time on top of it, enjoying the fine air & the fine view of Paris. Then sauntered about the gardens, returned as we went & got home at 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>a</sub>. Dinner at 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>a</sub> . . . Sat with Mlle de Sans (Mrs Barlow had been there ever since dinner) by her bedside till 9-20, when Mrs Barlow & I came up to my room & she sat with me till 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>z</sub>. A little nonsense as usual. Held her hand & would not let her [go]. 'If,' said she, 'you do in this way, you will prevent my coming again.' Of course, I desisted. While with Mlle de Sans, she (Mrs Barlow) let me have my hand up her petticoats almost to her knee. At last, she whispered, 'Do not yet.' She afterwards let me do it nearly as high. She had before taken away her legs once or twice but always put them back again. Joking about

whether my character was respectable, she hoped it was & I joked as if she thought it was a good deal in her power. She has said once or twice if she was not so calm, what would become of me.

**Friday 22 Oct.**

**ANNE FEELS IT WOULD BE WRONG TO MARRY**

At 10-40, set off with Mrs Barlow to the Louvre ... No nonsense today. Said I felt quite ashamed of myself. Was determined to get the better of the thing & insinuated it would be Mrs Barlow's fault if I behaved foolishly again ... Was not accustomed to this sort of folly. Would not have my friends know of it for worlds. She said she was very glad of it. She had evidently suspected me of all this towards them but I fancy begins to think differently now. Said she was cross last night. [I] apologized for myself & said that I must not invite her any more. She said I was right, casually repeating that I should not marry. I said, nonsensical as I had been, I felt that to marry would be more wrong in me than all this nonsense.

**Monday 25 Oct.**

**MRS BARLOW DEMANDS RESPECT**

At 2V2, Mme de Boyve & I set off to the Passage des Panoramas to Felix; the best patisserie in Paris. After agreeing he deserved his reputation we sauntered along the Passage, afterwards along the boulevards. Got as far as the grille of the Tuileries gardens but it began to rain a little & this sent us back & we got home at 4<sup>1</sup> ... Left the drawing room at 9—50. Just called & wished goodnight to Mlle de Sans & then went to Mrs Barlow & sat with her till 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. Then came to my room, sent Cordingley to bed and stood eating grapes & musing for some time. Then curled my hair. Made closer love than ever to Mrs Barlow. She seemed as if she liked — as if she loved — yet she will not own this. Declares not. Only wishes to be friends. At last she said she was low. I asked why. She seemed ready to cry & said she thought she, too, was a little crazy. I did not notice this but only dwelt on the folly of encouraging what could not be returned & on the impossibility of her feeling for me as I did for her. At last she said, 'If I adored you I would not live with you in this way. I would rather marry you.' ... She said she could not bear to lose her own esteem & I should not love long what I did not respect. I owned this. 'But,' said I, 'if I could propose your settling at Shibden &, of course, made you understand on what terms?' 'Oh,' said she, 'I must be respected by the world.' 'So you would,' said I. 'Well but,' said she, 'what would your friends [think]?' 'Oh,' said I, 'only that you were a new friend. I could easily manage this.' 'Ah,' said she, 'that I would not like. It would have been better had you been brought up as your father's son. I said, 'No, you mistake me. It would not have done at all. I could not have married & should have been shut out from ladies' society. I could not have been with you as I am.' 'But,' said she, 'you would have taken your chance with the rest.' She meant of gentlemen. 'But,' said she, 'if you are contented it is enough.' She asked if my friends, meaning my three favourites, knew my situation. I said no. I thanked her for what she had said to me. [I] said it was my great comfort I could do her no harm. I must always remain quite indifferent in her eyes & all the consolation I asked was if she would say she would have married me if I had been my father's son. She said she should not have been so fortunate. 'Ah,' said I, 'do not say this. Say simply yes.' This she would not do but repeated the former. 'I wish,' said I, 'you may be happier than you might be at Shibden.' 'Ah,' said



View from the Quai du Louvre at the beginning of the Restoration. The tumbrils which carried the victims to the guillotine passed along the Quai du Louvre on their journey to the Place de la Revolution (now the Place de la Concorde).

she, 'I shall never be happy but it is not for the cause you think.' She again seemed ready to cry. Bade me go & I left her.

**Tuesday 26 Oct.**

**CONFUSION AT PLACE VENDOME  
OVER ANNE'S GENDER**

From 3 to 5, walked [with Mrs Barlow] in the Tuileries gardens . . . Conversation in our usual style. She believes I have had a great deal of experience but acquits all my *friends*. Thinks I respect them too much. Why did I not so respect her? I pretended I respected her as much but liked or loved her better & thus explained all satisfactorily. But whatever experience I had had, she did not blame me more than other men but even thought more allowance was to be made for me than for them . . . She said I astonished Mme Galvani at first, who once or twice said to the Mackenzies she thought I was a man & the Macks too had wondered. Mrs Barlow herself had thought at first I wished to imitate the manners of a gentleman but now she knows me better, it was not put on . . . Asked Mrs Barlow if she thought I was capable of being in love. She thought yes. I said then I was so with her. She said it would soon go off. She thought her being so much with me was the best way of curing me. 'Ah,' said I, 'you know better than that.' But she trusted me. Thought me most honourable & that was the greatest obligation by which she could bind me to deserve her confidence. She wondered what Cordingley thought of me. 'Oh, merely,' said I, 'that I have my own

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some

particular ways. 'I happened to say that my aunt often said I was the oddest person she ever knew. Mrs Barlow said, 'But she knows all about it, does she not?' 'Oh,' said I, 'she & my friends are all in a mist about it.' . . . Mrs Barlow came to me at 7-25. Sat with me here till 8<sup>1/2</sup> & then in her own room till 9, when we went down to join the party . . . On leaving my room, I had before said I liked to see her dressed & put her shawl a little back. She always drew it forward again. Mere coquetry. She begins to blush a little now & then & looks rather pathetic. I asked why she had said last night she could not be happy. She said she was low. She longed to have a home. [I] reminded her she might marry when she likes. She said she might if she had not shut herself up so many years. She likes attention & had not much from the men tonight. After waiting a while she said nobody had given her a word. Of course I gave her one directly. She would not suit me. I would tire of her – but flirting with her amuses me now.

**Thursday 28 Oct.**

**A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE**

Hurried off at 6<sup>1/4</sup> to the Porte St Martin theatre. 3 pieces. In the 1st, a girl travelling in a diligence told where her money was & was robbed. A quiz, too, against the English. Then dancing & wonderful feats of balancing & strength, wrestling & fine play of the muscles by 4 men dressed in flesh-coloured web so as to look almost as if naked, having merely smart shining middle cloths round them. Bits, too, of the same tinsel on their breasts. Dressed to imitate American Indians . . . The display of muscular action when 2 of the men wrestled was very fine. Then more good dancing & lastly, a piece of pantomime in which Mesurier<sup>7</sup> was excellent, representing a soldier about to be shot for desertion, reprieved by the king, to whom the young man's intended bride fell down on her knees & presented her petition for her lover's life. There was the king & his staff and about a hundred veritable soldiers & the band paraded on the stage for a considerable time. A mimic representation of what the real thing would have been . . . It was surprising to see how well they marched & counter-marched in so small a space on the stage. Surely all this would have seemed ridiculous to most English people but appeared to highly delight the French.



The affair between Anne and Maria Barlow continued with a certain amount of prevarication on both sides. Anne oscillated between infatuation and a deep-seated disinclination to commit herself too seriously. Mrs Barlow sensed that Anne's real loyalties were elsewhere. The affair, however, had not gone unnoticed by the other guests, nor by Madame de Boyve. The latter took it upon herself to relate some stories of Mrs Barlow's alleged activities and intrigues with various men callers, prior to the arrival of Anne, at Place Vendome. It seemed to Anne, from Madame de Boyve's gossipy account, that Mrs Barlow was what would have been termed an

'adventuress'. Anne began to feel that she had reason to worry about her deepening involvement with Mrs Barlow but found it impossible to draw back from the excitement of the liaison.



**Friday 29 Oct. MRS BARLOW IS ACCUSED OF A 'SAINT ENIS TOUCH'**

Mme de Boyve's cold bad — kept her in bed all day. Sent my compliments & to say I should be glad to pay my respects. Almost immediately after dinner she sent for me. [I] left the drawing room & went to her at 6-50. Staid by her bedside till 8—40. Admired her, etc..... Then got on to the subject of Mrs Barlow. I always try to put them in love with each other but I merely said tonight, Mrs Barlow always spoke well of her but they were such different characters they could never quite suit each other. Mme de Boyve agreed. She always felt afraid of annoying her & perhaps Mrs Barlow might feel the same towards her & they might be mutually not at ease. But five or six people had said they did not like Mrs Barlow. She had always something satirical, en critique, to say of everyone . . . Mme de Boyve declared whenever Mrs Barlow thought of going she would instantly take her at her word. Among other things I gave her my word of honour not to mention, she said she [Mrs Barlow] always [thinks] everyone in love with her. True enough . . . Mrs Barlow had at one time received a Mr [Hancock], an Englishman, perpetually in her room. Sat with him & talked with him *tete-a-tete* for hours together till all the servants began to joke & M. de Boyve desired Madame to tell her of it, for if it was not given up she really must leave the house . . . There was another one, a gay Frenchman, I forget his name, & M. de Nappe declared to Mme de Boyve this man had slept one night with Mrs Barlow . . . tho' Mme de Boyve did not believe what M. de Nappe said, she left me to judge for myself . . . Thought to myself again, 'Her [Mrs Barlow's] conduct has not given the lie to all this.' M. de Bellevue whispered to her the other night, 'Saint Enis touch', according to the sound, meaning sly, a saint in public but not in private . . . She looks so calm & quiet in the drawing room one would think her the least in the world for this sort of thing. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'what hands have I got into? How to get out again? Let this be a lesson for the future.' But I have asked her into my room tonight . . . Had tea. Came upstairs at 9-35. Had a good fire, my hair curled and had just done when Mrs Barlow came at ten. Told her I had rattled away to Mme de Boyve. Admired her. Should have been in love with her if I had been a man, but would not have married her. Would only have married an Englishwoman. Would not mix the blood . . . I was proud of my country. Loved the little spot where my ancestors had lived for centuries. Should inherit from them with pure English blood for five or six centuries and my children should not say I had mixed it. I loved my king & country & compatriots & would not take my fortune away from them. I should be head of my family & it should remain English still. She (Mme de Boyve) admired the nobleness of my sentiments & said England was the first country in the

world & when I said I should never marry at all, said she was glad of it for then I should never change to my friends, adding (but I did not tell Mrs Barlow this) she was not worthy of my friendship. I kissed her [Mme de Boyve] kindly on leaving her. Well, but, said Mrs Barlow, I was volage. I sat close to [Mrs Barlow] with hold of her hands as usual, looking but not saying much. She got up to go at five minutes before eleven. I kept her at the door quarter-hour. Kissed her throat rather warmly. 'What are you doing?' said she & pretended anger, being surely a little excited. I begged forgiveness. Said I could not bear she should think me volage. What had I to call for constancy? Could I love whom I did not respect? Or could I attach myself to good wishes (meaning hers)? She said I had told her I could have married Mme de Boyve. I said it was nonsense. If you had said it downstairs I should not have thought of it but you have said it to me. I protested against it. 'Well,' said she, 'perhaps you have not been in love - perhaps not attached properly or at least not for many years. But you say I am romantic. You are volage. It is best you should be so. You cannot love as I can.' Thought I, I could have her if I seriously chose it but she would require too much attention & I could never forget this flirting with these men. She was a little excited, I think, & surely she is conscious of liking me. She knows well enough all about it. What would Marianna say to all this if she knew? I am indeed unable, it seems, to take care of myself with women. I am always getting into some scrape with them. If Mrs Barlow did not like me she would not let me talk & do as I do. But no more. I shall be in the mire if I don't take care.

### **Wednesday 3 Nov.**

Mrs Barlow told me this morning she was 21 when she was married in 1808 to Lt. Col. Barlow of the 61st Foot, by special licence in Guernsey. Colonel Barlow was 38, about 18 years older than she. She will be 38 the 28th December next . . . In wishing her goodnight she quietly let me put my arms around her waist & gently press her & very gently kiss her. She stood, too, with her right thigh a little within my left, in contact - which she has never permitted before. She likes me certainly.

### **Thursday 4 Nov.**

#### **MRS BARLOW EXPRESSES HER WORRY OVER ANNE'S GOLD RINGS**

Sat cozily till 9-50, then came up to bed. Mrs Barlow soon followed & came to me at 9-50 & sat with me till 11-55. Behaved very properly all the day tho' evidently making distant love. Kissed her gently several times, particularly saying she now behaved kindly and well & I was satisfied & would never make bad use of it . . . She understands me well enough. She knows I am making love & does not look as if it was impossible she could return it. At last, I said she was right & not [right] in saying I should not love long whom I did not respect. Right in the first instance, but we were at issue on the point that, if my love was returned, I should not respect the person. Why should I not? If she deserved to be respected for every other thing surely loving me could not sink her in my esteem? Why should she not love me? Was I not one who might hope to gain attachment & retain it when gained? And in loving me, there must be a great deal of mind, hinting that I had not the power to inspire any love which did not chiefly depend on mind. She looked as if not dissenting nor displeased. 'But,' said I, 'there are those whom I know I could both respect & love. They are not at the world's end but it matters not to give them a local habitation & name. Yet to know

only one mind where it is necessary to know two, is nothing.' [Mrs Barlow] often looks at my gold rings & just presses them on my finger. She had done so tonight. Said I, 'I know you often think of those rings. Perhaps you attach too much importance to them & I too little.' She asked if I had described the friend who gave them. I somehow said, 'No.' 'Ah,' said she, 'she is your dearest friend. You told me it was Mrs Lawton. You told me wrong then.' To this I made no answer but — returning to the position — there are those whom I know I could both respect & love yet to know only one mind where there are two is nothing, said she directly, 'You ought to know your own mind before you ask that of others. You do not understand these things. I was silent a moment, then said it was possible to unsay in a moment what it had required hours to say, & was going to ask whether she meant that if I was in the same mind three years hence, or if my own mind was really made up now, could she change hers. But she jumped up, must go, & went away . . . Speaking of my picture of happiness, [I] said I would not let my friend get into bed much before or after me. I should [not like] to find or be found asleep. She smiled. I said happiness, like all other things, required some tact. I thought I knew it a little & that I could make the person I loved happy. She said she thought I could. Surely she likes me. What would Marianna say? She has not written to me of too long.

Friday 5 Nov.

ANNE FEARS MRS BARLOW WILL  
MAKE COMPARISONS

Went to Mrs Barlow at  $H^{3/4}$ . Took down my breakfast things & breakfasted in her room & sat with her till i'h & then very sorry to be called off to the Louvre. Behaved properly, as far as it could be so in making love all the time. Asked if she thought a person just like her could make me happy. She said she could not answer yet — seemed to think yes. Speaking of herself, [she] said there was much for & against. She had a child, which must divide her attention, etc., & was a great objection. I stopt her, saying, 'No, no, it is not that,' in French, for we spoke it all the while. 'But there are two, & only two, things. You have been married — you must make comparisons. It is impossible you should love me well enough. And there is the thought of those rings, which does come across my conscience. But you could not love me well enough. You must make comparisons.' She merely answered, 'You do not know me.' . . . I said the best thing for me would be her marrying. 'Then,' she answered, 'I will hasten it.' 'No, no,' said I, 'it would give me more pain than I like to think of. But I would deserve her friendship. Had hold of her hands all the while. Said I minded not what she said. It was what she did. I knew I had her good wishes & that she did not dislike me. Leaned on her shoulder a few moments. Squeezed her hands gently & perhaps she was conscious of the feelings of excitement which thrilled thro' nie. She just said, 'You will squeeze me to death.' I desisted. She said it was time to go. She did not look as if she disliked me, nor do I believe she felt so. I asked her to give me my own place. She said no & resisted. I had kissed the left side of her throat in the morning & asked to have that for my own place. She said it was odd; another liked it — and then said a moment afterwards, when she had seen the expression of wonder in my countenance, that it was her daughter. I said friendship might allow me that & I would not abuse it. She still refused, then said, 'I am not fit for this world', & hurried off. From her manner altogether I fancied she, at that moment, felt to like me more than she would have owned to me or liked to own even to herself. Is it possible she should see me as

she does and be so much with me & not relax a little sometimes? . . . [A letter from Marianna Lawton had come that day] . . . Marianna writes affectionately enough. **Asks** if I ever wished for her. Read this to Mrs Barlow, who observed she seemed much attached to me. It was the habit of some people to write so but she thought Marianna was not in this way and she felt all she wrote. [I] said she was in the habit of calling me 'Fred' from a joke of a story. I had had many nicknames but was never called by my own name except by my family. Mrs Barlow seemed to notice in silence then added, of Fred, did she so call her husband. Poor Mrs Barlow. She likes me certainly. I had told her last night I could not have married Marianna. Mrs Barlow guessed her family was not good enough for I had named her father being a physician at York.

**Sunday 7 Nov.**

**EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES**

A little before 3, went (there & back in a fiacre) with Mrs & Miss Barlow, Mlle de Sans, M. Dacier & M. Eugene de Boyve, to M. le Baron Denon's<sup>8</sup>, Quai Voltaire, to see his collection of Egyptian antiquities<sup>1</sup>, paintings, Greek & Roman medals, etc. Staid there near 1½ hours. Several rooms thrown open to us. Mummies & parts of mummies . . . Came upstairs at 10-50 with Mrs Barlow. Stopt a few minutes talking to her in her anteroom. Kissed her in a little dark passage as we came out of the dining room. She lets me kiss her now very quietly & sits with her feet close to mine . . . If I had a penis, tho' of but small length, I should surely *break the ice* some of these times, before I go. We were very much by ourselves at M. Denon's. I pointed out two phalli. Said the beetle was an indecent emblem & pointed out an indecent print of a wake, or fete, where the people seemed to be dancing & the breeches of the men made to shew their erections.

**Monday 8 Nov.**

**THE TREATMENT FOR GIRLS' POSTURE**

At 11-50, set off with Mme Carbonnier to Chaillon, no. 12, to see her daughter, en pension there (19 young ladies there) at 500 francs a month, to be set straight. She is very much deformed. The whole right side much enlarged. A nice looking house, situate in a nice garden in which young ladies were walking. They lie on inclined planes all the day, except from 12 to 2, when they walk & from 6 to 8 in the evening. They are not allowed to sit down — must either stand or walk or lie down. While lying on the inclined planes (at least, saw i for this purpose, furnished with an apparatus for conveying a stream of cold water), they have cold water poured on the weak parts.

**Tuesday 9 Nov.**

**ANNE'S HINT AT 'TAKING A MISTRESS'  
ANGERS MRS BARLOW**

About 7<sup>t</sup>, Mrs Barlow, Mrs Heath, Mlle de Sans, M. Dacier & myself, set off (in a fiacre) to the Italian [Opera] to see Madame Pasta<sup>o</sup> in 'Nina Mad For Love'. She was certainly very great. Her voice & singing very fine; she, very graceful. Mme Galvani some time ago said she was decidedly a very much better singer than Catalani.<sup>12</sup> M. Dacier paying attention to Mlle de Sans, to which she shews no dislike, & I to Mrs Barlow. Under our shawls, had my arm round her waist great part

of the time. Felt a little excited by the music, etc., & she surely knew it full well. I think she felt something herself. Had my arm round her waist, too, as we returned ... Got home at 11-20. Went immediately into Mrs Barlow's & sat with her till 12<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. We had tea & I had some of my grapes. Dead lovemaking & talked a little foolishly. Said if I could not make a good hit, I should make a bad one, hinting at having a mistress. Seeing her look as if angry, [I] turned it that I should shut myself up from the world . . . I had before told her I had once had a person with me with whom I had gone to bed at ten & lain till one, two, three & later, the next day & my father would not have us disturbed. She looked & said she would not have had such a person in her house. Just before going to the Opera, had come up to put my things on & kissed her left cheek till it was quite sore & three places quite raised. When she shewed me, I laughed heartily, declaring I knew not what I was doing. She said she was ashamed to go downstairs. I believe she was but she was not at all angry.

**Wednesday 10 Nov.**

**ANNE ASKS PERMISSION TO USE  
MRS BARLOW'S CHRISTIAN NAME**

Mrs Barlow came & sat with me till 12, when she was sent for to [go to] Colonel and Mrs Birch, who had called on her. [I] said how ill I had behaved last night. The opera had set me all wrong & I would go no more . . . She leaned on my shoulder and seemed hurt. 'Ah,' said she, 'I should not mind it so if I did not think you blamed me so much.' She certainly seems fond of me & said that I spoilt her. I told her I did not blame her . . . I said how happy I was when with her. She said she was just as happy when with me. [I] told her tonight I would call her Maria — asked if I might. She said she was obliged to me for the wish to do so. I asked if she would burn my letters [if they corresponded at a later date]. She said she would do whatever I asked her. I thanked her, saying I would then write more at my ease, assured that she would destroy all that it might be imprudent to keep. This is sanction enough to my writing what I like . . . She said, in the morning just before we went out, I should suit her entirely but she would not suit me. It would be difficult, at first, to be attentive to me without appearing to neglect her child. Speaking of her good figure & pretty hand and of her foot, asked her to let me span her ancle [sic]. She refused. I said I was contented she should refuse me this now but could not bear it if we were always together. 'Oh,' said she, 'then it would be a different thing.' She now stands nearer to me when I kiss her, yet she always withdraws the moment it becomes [obvious] that I am excited. She certainly knows how to gain one's affections. She has a tact & delicacy by which she owned she had retained the love of her husband. I really do like her now & I think she is much attached to me. She was rather low this morning — said she must exert herself for her child's sake, otherwise would not care how soon she was removed from this world. I think she regrets what she knows of my engagement to Marianna, tho' the handsome proper manner in which she speaks of it pleases me much. She told me today my only plan, when I hinted at breaking the engagement, that is, changing my mind [about Marianna] was not to pother [sic] myself about it but let things go on quietly till I was left to myself & then determine. She has a nice little figure. She is ladylike & quiet yet very affectionate. She really does seem to know how to manage me & I might choose worse.

### *No Priest But Love*

Both Anne and Maria Barlow had become deeply involved with each other in the space of a few short weeks. Yet both had doubts about the other. Anne felt, in some way, that Maria Barlow was out to 'trap' her into a lifelong relationship for reasons which had more to do with providing security for herself and her daughter than with real, disinterested love for Anne. Marianna Lawton's hold on Anne's emotions had its roots in the fact that, despite her traitorous marriage, Marianna's love still endured. Anne could not feel the same security in this new, rootless relationship with an unknown woman which had developed so quickly in the artificial, hothouse atmosphere of a pension situated in the romantic city of Paris.

On Maria Barlow's part, there was no doubt that she wanted a serious relationship with Anne and that she knew that such a relationship would be of a strong sexual nature. That, for Maria Barlow, had to go hand in hand with the dignity and rights which marriage would confer upon a woman of her social status. Given the fact that Anne obviously could not marry her in the eyes of the law or of the church, Mrs Barlow was unsure how far she could go in resisting Anne sexually without jeopardising her chance of a life relationship between them. As it was, she had a decision to make, and the thought of Marianna Lawton hovering in the background of Anne's life made Mrs Barlow's position much less strong than it might otherwise have been. If she refused to consummate their relationship sexually, Anne could always return to the sanctuary of Marianna's love and the security of Shibden Hall. For Maria Barlow, alone in Paris and relatively poor, no such cosy option existed. On the other hand, if she yielded to Anne's sexual requests, the whole affair might founder upon Anne's capacity for indulging in casual sexual affairs (for which Maria Barlow had already excused Anne, holding her no more guilty than 'other men') whilst retaining her real love for Marianna Lawton.

However, whatever private doubts and insecurities the two women harboured, the affair continued to intensify.



**Thursday ii Nov.**

**MRS BARLOW ALLOWS ANNE SOME SUCCESS**

Breakfast at 9—35. Mrs Barlow came at 10—10, ready to go out shopping immediately. Asked her to sit down for one minute & we sat lovemaking till ten minutes before

twelve. Went to a shop in the Rue Neuve St Roch (not far from here) & bought 4 ells each of cambric at 18 francs per ell, Mrs Barlow to hem me 6 handkerchiefs. Got back at 123/4. Found Mme Galvani waiting for me. Spent all the time in conversation. She left me at 2-10. Then immediately came Mrs Barlow to go out again. She jumped on the window seat to see if it rained. I locked the door as usual, then lifted her down and placed her on my knee. By & by she said, Is the door fast? I, forgetting, got up to see, then took her again on my knee & there she sat till four & threequarters, when Mlle de Sans sent to ask if I could receive. [I] told the maid I was sorry, I could not, I had got so bad a headache. The fact was I was heated & in a state not fit to see anyone. I had kissed & pressed Mrs Barlow on my knee till I had had a complete fit of passion. My knees & thighs shook, my breathing & everything told her what was the matter. She said she did me no good. I said it was a little headache & I should go to sleep. I then leaned on her bosom &, pretending to sleep, kept pottering about & rubbing the surface of her queer.' Then made several gentle efforts to put my hand up her petticoats which, however, she prevented. But she so crossed her legs & leaned against me that I put my hand over & grubbled her on the outside of her petticoats till she was evidently a little excited, & it was from this that Mlle de Sans' maid roused us. Mrs Barlow had once whispered, holding her head on my shoulder, a word or two which, I think, were, 'Do you love me?' But I took no notice, still pretending to be asleep. She afterwards said once or twice, 'It is good to pretend to be asleep,' & then once, while I was grubbling pretty strongly, 'You know you pinch me.' From this she never attempted to escape. Before, when rubbing her in front, she had every now & then held my hand but always let me have it back again. After Mlle de Sans' maid roused us, she [drew] her chair close to the bed. I sat on the bed & partly knelt on one knee so as to have her quite close & she began to reproach herself, saying she was a poor, weak creature & what should I think of her. I protested love & respect. <1-- Said it was all my fault & I would be miserable if she was too severe to herself. 'Can you not love me one little bit for all the great deal I love you? If you do not love me, I cannot forgive you. You are too cruel thus to sport with the feelings of another — but if you do love me, I am happy.' 'What do you think?' said she. 'Oh,' I replied, 'that you do.' She answered that if she did not love me she could not have done as she did. I kissed her mouth several times when it was a little open & rather warmly. Just before she left she said she was a little tired. I asked why. She answered because her feelings had been excited. She told me she had always kept all others at a great distance. I said I did not doubt it for if she could keep me at a distance under present circumstances, she certainly could others when not so tried. I said she frightened me. She had talked to me before we went out this morning about settling near Southampton with the widow of her husband's oldest brother, General Barlow, who was also her aunt, her mother's sister & about fifty. She had a son & daughter grown up. Dinner at 51/2. Saying I had a headache, came upstairs immediately after dinner ... Mrs Barlow came at 101/4 & ... staid with me till 113/4. She looked a little grave, as if half-ashamed & wondering how I should treat her. I was very respectful tho' affectionate. Said I had fancied I had much to say to her but all seemed gone & I had not a word to say. I was happy, yet could cry like a child if I chose, little as this was ever my custom. She said this would better suit her. I denied this. Asked her to sit on my knee. She refused, saying she did me harm. I still entreated & she yielded on my promise to behave well. I wished she could remain with me. Instead of expressing any objection, she said, 'But as it is impossible, I had better go,' & then went. Now that the ice\_ was a

little \_broken, what will it end in? Has she any hope of attaching me really? She is sufficiently yielding. [On my] saying to Mme Galvani that she was pretty, 'No, not at all,' said she, 'beaucoup plus laide que moi' ['uglier than me'], & that she looked eight & thirty. Her skin & complexion were bad. I thought of all this when kissing her & thought it would not do for always ... Said Mrs Barlow [earlier], 'Go to bed early. Do not write tonight.' I answered, 'I have not much to write. No need of it. I can remember today without writing.'

Friday 12 Nov.

MRS BARLOW AND ANNE UNDERSTAND  
EACH OTHER

Dinner at 5—40. Mrs Barlow & I went up together immediately from table into her room where we sat very cozily till 8—35, when (Mrs Barlow not liking to go down) I went by myself & joined the party in the drawing room till 10 & then returned to Mrs Barlow & sat with her till 11—40, when I came up to bed. Loverlike as usual. No recurrence to yesterday that she disliked. She sat cutting out my pocket handkerchief. I said how much happier I was within these few days. I was now assured I was not indifferent to her & that the distance at which she chose to keep me was less the result of inclination than of what she deemed propriety. She did not contradict this. Her manner acknowledged, I maintained, that my very folly was the effect of everything she wished, tho' not itself what she wished. It did not spring from regard so unworthy her acceptance as she imagined. She said she wondered how I could like an old woman as she was. I said if she really thought this, I only hoped it was an argument in favour of what I had just said about my regard. She was not *passee*, not old, to me — yet, still, it could not be the bloom of youth or beauty that I loved her for. In stooping over her, the waist of my new gown hung off a little. She put her hand down on the left side, almost touching the nipple of the breast, evidently wishing to feel it. She felt the stuffing but made no remark. I let her do it, observing I should hope to do the same. She did not much notice this but with a half no. She said it looked as if ready for anyone. I said for no one but herself, but she might do anything. She said others might who liked. 'No,' said I, 'I do what I like but never permit them to do so.' This seemed to please her. She still fancies Marianna likes me. Tonight [she] insinuated what might have passed [between Anne & Marianna], saying, 'But of course you would never tell me.' I turned this off dexterously as usual & I think, considering Marianna's marriage, she feels unwillingly constrained to believe me. I kissed her neck over her habit-shirt. She said she was all skin & bone now, her pillows were gone. I said she satisfied me. She afterwards drew her shawl close round her saying, as she found me a little empassioned, I did myself harm. She did not like to see me in that state. I kissed her lips & forehead several times & on coming away put my tongue a very little into her mouth. She said, tho' without the least appearance of anger, that I had forgotten myself. I said it was much more difficult to forget myself a little than to remember myself so well, meaning that I had not forgotten myself much — might easily have done more. She begins to stand closer to me. I might easily press queer to queer. Our liking each other is now mutually understood and acknowledged. I asked her this morning how much she thought I liked her. She said as much as contented her & that was not a little. She would not refuse sleeping with me if we could manage it well — & then — & then ...

Saturday 13 Nov.

ANNE EXPLAINS HER SEXUALITY  
TO MRS BARLOW

At z-2o went down to Mrs Barlow, meaning to go out. She thought it would be too much for her. I therefore sat with her till 4-35. Lovemaking, vindicating style of conversation respecting myself. A great pickle. 'Scaped my maid & got away among the workpeople. My father was one year in the Militia.' When my mother thought I was safe I was running out in an evening. Saw curious scenes, bad women, etc. Then went to the Manor school & became attached to Eliza Raine.<sup>3</sup> Said how it [Anne's Mtn' preference for, or sexual attraction to, women] was all nature. Had it not been genuine the thing would have been different. [I] said I had thought much, studied anatomy, etc. Could not find it out. Could not understand myself. It was all the effect of the mind. No exterior formation accounted for it. Alluded to their being an internal correspondence or likeness of some of the male or female organs of generation. Alluded to the stones not slipping thro' the ring till after birth, etc.<sup>4</sup> She took all this very well. I said ladies could often hear from a man what they could not from a woman & she could from me what she could not from Mrs Mackenzie. She allowed this, saying it depended on how she loved them. Got on the subject of Saffic [sic] regard. [I] said there was artifice in it. It was very different from mine & would be no pleasure to me. s\_ I liked to have those I loved near me as possible, etc. Asked if she understood. She said no. [I] told her I knew by her eyes she did & she did not deny it, therefore I know she understands all about the use of a [The word is not entered in the journal]. Alluded to self-pollution, how much it was practised. Thought my connection with the ladies more excusable than this. She declared she had never heard of this (I was incredulous at heart). From one thing to another. Got to tell her that the business of Thursday was exhausting beyond measure, as it always was to excite & then disappoint nature. Said if a man loved his wife as he ought, he could say anything to her & indelicacy depended on their own minds. Many things might pass between them without indelicacy that might otherwise be shocking. She agreed, tho' I hinted at things - sometimes having no night-shift at all for a little while. She said if I wore men's clothes she should feel differently. She could not then sit on my knee. If my father had brought me up as a son she would have married me as I am, had I stated my case to her alone, even tho' she had had rank & fortune & been nineteen & at that age she was well worth having. I thanked her. Happening to say I often told my uncle & aunt how I longed to have someone with me, she wondered what they would think of the person. I said my aunt knew nothing about it, nor would my uncle think anything. Then, expressing my wish to have her, she answered, 'But we have had no priest but love. Do you not know the quotation?' I did not yet I said yes. Kissed her repeatedly, rather warmly. We got on gradually. Perhaps I shall have her yet before I go. [I] told her, when speaking of Eliza [Rain], we had once agreed to go off together when of age but my conduct first delayed it & then circumstances luckily put an end to it altogether. Said I had never mentioned this to any human being but herself. At this moment [of writing the journal], I half-fancy I long since told it to Marianna. At 4-35, ran off to the Rue St Honor-6 for some more flowers. The flower-woman gone, told the porter to get me 2 very pretty bouquets, one for Mme de Boyve ... the other for Mrs Barlow. Did not dress. Sat down to dinner at 5. Immediately on leaving table went with Mrs Barlow to her room & sat with her from 5-5o to 8. Then dressed. Had the hairdresser after her & paid him 2 francs for making me a terrible grenadier-like

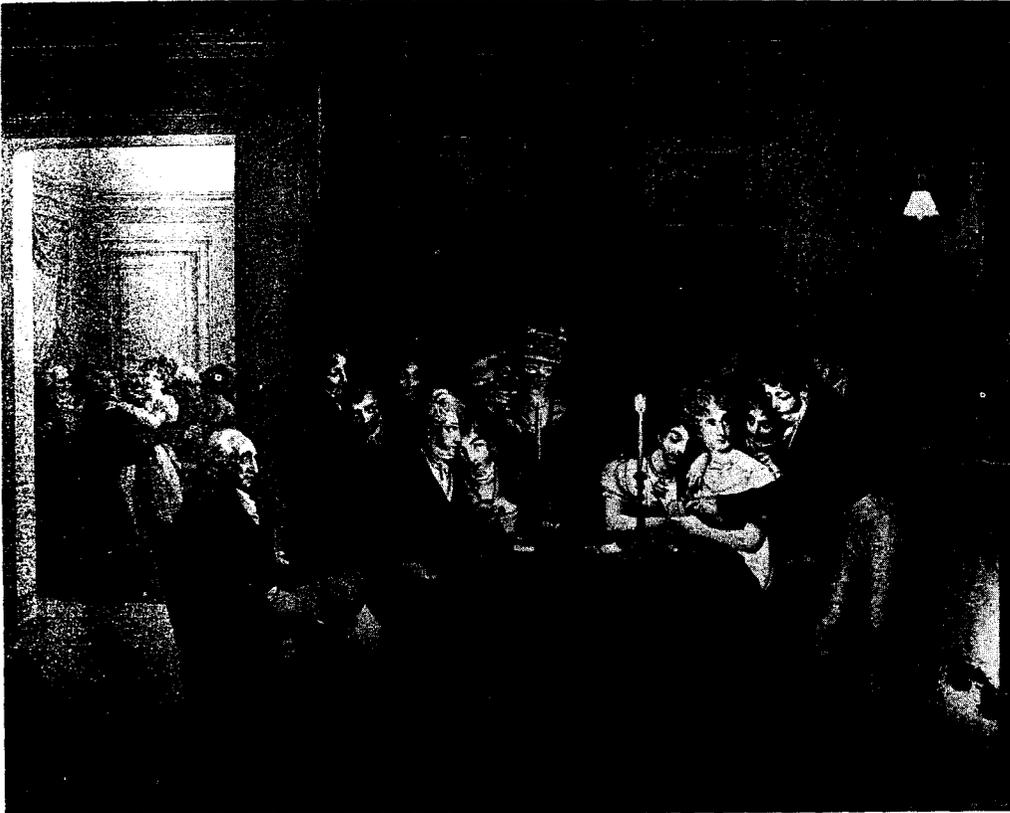
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looking figure. Mrs Barlow with me here 1/2 hour & we then went down to the party at 9-10. Perhaps about 70 people. They danced quadrilles (in the drawing room, we all sitting round - 3 card tables in the room next to us & all the gents who were not dancing) & waltzes. Mme de Boyve & sometimes Mlle de Sans playing on the piano, which was all the music they had. The ladies looked by no means all of them first-rate. The gents appeared most the best of the 2. Mrs Williams, of ridiculous notoriety at Bath in 1813 for dancing cotillons with her monkey-faced husband, etc., formerly Mrs Briscoe, wife to the Governor of St Helena of that name - a dashing person risen, I fancy, from nothing - was here tonight & danced, too, at the close of the evening in the same set with her daughter ... Tea, bread & butter, & a few sweet cakes. Afterwards, tumbler glasses of common wine & what looked like milk & water. The cakes we had at tea - very indifferent. All the gents held their common round hats in their hands tho' it was professedly a ball - only putting them down while they danced. Mrs Barlow having asked me whether I would have her dance or not, I said no, & she refused, tho' I think with some regrets at doing so &, M. Bellevue, etc., quizzing her, at last I told him it was I would not let her dance. She had a daughter 14. It was time mama gave up dancing. It might do for a Frenchwoman but not for an Englishwoman. She and I left the room at 12-10 & I went into her room & sat with her 1/2 hour, lovemaking. Kissed her neck. She would have me stay no longer. 'Go,' said she, 'remember the servants. Perhaps they do not love each other as we do.' I rallied her on having said we. 'Ah,' said she, 'I hoped you would not notice it.' I perpetually expressed my wish to stay all night with her. She says nothing against it. She said tonight, 'Now sit down & compose yourself. You look poorly,' meaning empassioned. She told me before dinner I had given her a warm look the first morning she had come to call on me & she had remembered it ever since & always liked me.

Sunday 14 Nov. MRS BARLOW REALISES SHE HAS 'GONE TOO FAR'

Mrs Barlow came to me & staid till 4-50. Sat talking for some time. It did me harm to sit on my knee. It was all for my sake she refused. At last she consented. Sapphic love was again mentioned. I spoke rather more plainly. It was something Mrs Middleton had said that had made her comprehend what I had said about artifice [the use of a phallus?]. I mentioned the girl at a school in Dublin that had been obliged to have surgical aid to extract the thing. Said boys learnt much vice, too, at school - the practice of Onanism, etc. She said the warm look she had said so struck her the first time she had called on me was directed to her bosom. From little to more. [I] became rather excited. Felt her breasts & queer a little. Tried to put my hand up her petticoat but she prevented. Touched her flesh just above the knee twice. I kissed her warmly & held her strongly. She said what a state I was putting myself into. She got up to go away & went to the door. I followed. Finding she lingered a moment, pressed her closely & again tried to put my hand up her petticoats. Finding that she would not let me do this but still that she was a little excited, I became regularly so myself. I felt her grow warm & she let me grubble & press her tightly with my left hand whilst I held her against the door with the other, all the while putting my tongue into her mouth & kissing her so passionately as to excite her not a little, I am sure. When it was over she put her handkerchief to her eyes &, shedding a few tears, said, 'You are used to these things. I am not.' I remonstrated against this, declaring I was not so bad as one

All the passion  
is in the  
Bosom  
not in the  
knee



A salon, circa 1830. *1~carte* game. A **typical example** of a *soiree* enjoyed by the Parisian bourgeoisie. See Anne's description of just such an event in the extract dated Saturday 13th November 1824.

thought me & injustice like this would make me miserable, etc. She blamed herself, saying she was a poor, weak creature. I conjured her not to blame herself. It was all my fault. I loved her with all my heart & would do anything for her. Asked her if she loved me a little bit. 'You know I do,' said she. I still therefore pressed her to let me in tomorrow before she was up, when Mrs Page [Mrs Barlow's servant] was gone with Miss Barlow to school. She would not promise. Asked me what I would do. I said teach her to love me better. Insinuated we had now gone too far to retract & she might as well admit me. In fact, she herself put this into my head by saying I had gone down this morning just before breakfast, when she would not let me in, because I knew Page was away, gone for Miss Barlow. I took the hint. Said I did not like Page's always being there. Said Mrs Barlow, 'When I am alone it is very well for then she guards me & nobody can say anything against me.' I took no notice but this speech struck me in consequence of all I have heard from Mme de Boyve. On leaving me,

her face looked hot, her hair out of curl & herself languid, exactly as if after a connection had taken place ... [After dinner] met Mrs Barlow at the door [of Anne's room] ... I saw Cordingley smile (but took no notice) when I said she [Mrs Barlow] must come for a few minutes. I said to, & [she] replied, but my minutes were always so long. However, she came & staid 20 minutes with me – of her own accord sitting on my knee. She looked low & said she was tired. She shed a tear or two & blamed [herself]. I said she would make me miserable & could she do so? 'Oh, no,' said she. 'I wish you were always quiet. I want no more.' I begged to be admitted tomorrow & she spoke as if, tho' she would not promise, she would not refuse. It came out this evening that she liked me for my pride. She used to have much. Now she ought not.

Monday 15 Nov.

#### SCANDALS IN THE PENSION

Sat with Mrs Barlow till r, when she went down to luncheon. She seemed low when I first went in & shed a tear or two at the recollection of what passed yesterday ... She said sitting on my knee was the first thing she had done wrong. I did all I could to reconcile her. She resumed her usual quiet, pensive cheerfulness & we talked of the goings-on there had been in the house since she came. A Mr Vale, who had been here a year ago, had left six or seven months ago. Had women in his room constantly & Mme de Boyve knew it. Colonel Wilson, here last winter, had Mme Chenelle, the house-keeper, & then her cousin whom she brought into him, with whom she might, perhaps, share the profits. Mme Chenelle intrigued with the menservants, too & others & gave a great many things away. Mrs Middleton & Mrs Barlow had once seen her in an odd situation with a man on the stairs ... Mrs Barlow came to me at 2 and staid till 4–45. We had a lit fire & sat over it very comfortably. Mrs Heath came for 1/4 hour to say goodbye ... She seemed to envy the sociable, comfortable manner in which we were sitting together, observing how independent 2 people who were very intimate could be of everyone else. Mrs Heath being gone, Mrs Barlow for a while continued hemming my pocket handkerchief, then put it away to walk out, for the sun was shining, yet still sat still & I continued leaning over & talking to her all the time. I contrived to ask if I had no hope of making her dearer to me before I went. She said, 'No, never, till we are married.' 'Oh,' said I, 'can nothing persuade you to anticipate?' 'No,' said she, 'I hope not. You would then leave me very unhappy.' 'Why?' said I. She answered, 'Because it would be wrong. I should fret myself to death.' I had before said I wished we had to go to England together, that we must be five or six nights on the road & must share our room & bed. 'Then,' said I, 'would you not relax?' She had then said she hoped not. 'But,' I asked, 'if we were married or if we went to Italy together?' it would be a different thing to this. She made no objection – tho' when I said were I now at liberty would she consent, she answered I was not at liberty & had no right to ask that question, adding Marianna would suit me much better, for she thinks Marianna likes me in spite of my having entirely persuaded her of my own belief that it is impossible. Besides, I always insist I have so long loved her in a different way, I could not perhaps change now. She owned it might be difficult ... She began talking of Colonel Barlow in a manner which proved they had been happy ... She said he was like me in disposition. He sang & played well & was a good sportsman & a fine martial man but he had not my talent ... I told her how she [Mrs Barlow] had changed me. I used to think I could not choose a woman who had had any experience & at first I could not bear to hear her

name Colonel Barlow. Now I rather liked both these things. She said I did not know her. She was affectionate but, insinuated, not passionate. She was leaning on my shoulder & said she was happy. She could sleep with me & be so. She liked to sleep in a person's arms but wanted no more. She smiled when I gently hinted I could sleep more placidly if lulled to rest by something dearer. She owned she had attached herself to me. She says she can never forget me and hopes I shall always have a little corner for her. I protested yes. Said our mutual circumstances were as new to me as to her. I had never before so loved & been loved so in vain. She indulged me to a certain degree but I found I had no hope of more till I had some better claim than now . . . Speaking of being together, said she, 'What would Mrs Lawton think?' & hid her face on my shoulder. 'Would that,' I said, 'be an objection?' She answered yes. I talked this off. She said she could live with my aunt. I said Marianna always said if I met with anyone I liked better, she would be no tie upon me. Mrs Barlow said that was only fair. It would be hard if she quite confined me.

Wednesday 17 Nov.      SIMPLE FRIENDSHIP NOT ENOUGH FOR ANNE

Breakfast at 10h. Read over my letter [written to Marianna Lawton] finished last night. The first p. very affectionate. Pretty & sentimental – liked to have her always with me. When away from her, like a little skiff sent out to sea, nor hand nor helm to guide it thro' the trackless deep ... Mrs Barlow could not come to me till after r z. Then read her the whole of my letter to Marianna, narrowly watching her countenance. I saw it fall to hear a style so affectionate, etc. She merely remarked it was so & rejoiced I had such a friend. Went down with her & sat from twelve till two, she having been away quarter-hour at luncheon. She thought the letter very warm enough from a husband to a wife but there was nothing beyond friendship. We then talked of my dress. My gown shabby, my lino-frills not fit for me to wear. I offered to give her fifty pounds with which to set me up properly but she dared not venture it ... Dinner at 5–30. Mrs Barlow out of spirits. I saw it was about the letter. She owned she thought if foolish to make such a profession. Explained that it was nothing new to Marianna as the person pointed out as my future companion & whom I had never before felt a wish to change. Said all this was written last Sunday week, before last Thursday. If simple friendship must content me, why change Marianna? And how could I be certain Mrs Barlow felt anything beyond friendship till last Thursday? Made it appear impossible Marianna could love me. I once admired her but this was past & Mrs Barlow agreed it was more difficult for a thing of this kind to recur than begin altogether ... Had tea brought to us & sat quietly together till i r—to when I came up to my own room. She got into better spirits, kissed me two or three times of; her own accord & I have never known her seem more affectionate. I said she was not calm at heart. No, she said, she felt too much. She liked to feel towards me as one of her best friends & should like to be in Marianna's place. I promised to be a good friend at all events. Leaned my head on her breast. Kissed the left one over her habit-shirt. Wanted to open that. She would not permit but closed her shawl. At last, however, she felt this open again. I said my mother had nursed me when my sister was born. She had too much milk. I liked it exceedingly. Asked if she, Mrs Barlow, would nurse. Oh no, she could not do this. Yet she said it without surprise or anger and as if I might attain this. At least, I fancied so. I put her hand to my left breast, saying she had called that her own place. Why should I not do the same to her? She said that was

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a different thing. Talked of the treadmill business. She said the people stopt to stare at me. She thought it was my gown, it was so tumbled & shabby. [I] explained that it was not that. It was common enough to be stared at on account of my walk, etc ... Told Mrs Barlow this morning I thought I should have two thousand a year. Asked how she could live on that – if it should be enough to keep her a carriage & satisfy her not to marry. She gave no very decided answer. Said the mode of living must depend on myself. But 'tis evident enough she would not refuse to try. We sat on the bed a little tonight. She said she was tired. I kept her feelings constantly excited & this tired her.

Thursday 18 Nov.

AN EXCHANGE OF GIFTS IS PROPOSED

Went to Mrs Barlow. We went out together at 3 ... to Chez Baudry, Rue de Coq, to look at his Lord Byron's works, 12 vols. 18mo., printed for himself, 30 francs. Then went to Galignani's<sup>7</sup> (Rue Vivienne). His edition in 16 vols. 12mo., or small 8vo. on better paper ... We came away & got home at 4–50, she talking whether to give me bracelets or a chain. The former would cost eighty-five francs [sic]. I foolishly told her I meant to give her Lord Byron's works. She mentioned Galignani's edition, which I knew not of, & I must give it.

Friday 19 Nov.

DES ENFANTS TROUVES

Went to the Institution Des Enfants Trouves'. A very interesting sight. Evidently kept in beautiful order & very clean. 25 little iron cribs in r of the rooms. Curious to hear the mingled cries of 15 or 20 children & see them all wrapt up like little mummies & lying, for the moment, on a gently inclined plane before the fire to quieten them. All the healthiest children sent into the country. The more sickly ones kept here. It was about 3 when we were there. I s children had already been received. They take all the children that are offered them. Never receive less than 12 a day & have received a many as 42 or 45, I forget which. At 6 years old, the children are taken away from their nurses & put into some way to earn their bread.

Monday 22 Nov. ANNE WISHES FOR MARRIAGE WITH MRS BARLOW

Breakfast at 9–50. Waited, undressed, for the woman to try my stays on. She did not come till eleven instead of nine & a half & then they did not fit at all. Far too small ... At twelve, got into bed with my flannel waistcoat, chemise, drawers, night-things, dressing-gown, stockings & boots on. At first, Mrs Barlow, who never left me till five, sat by my bedside. I then persuaded her to get in. I got my left leg & thigh quite between hers. Held her fast on my right arm. Felt her over her clothes now & then with my left hand & pressed her close. I think we both slept for a considerable while. At least, I did. Not much said & nothing new ... I had my dinner in bed, then got up & washed & had my bed made ... [She] returned to me ... [She] did not sit long before I persuaded her to lie down on the bed & lean on my shoulder. Whether [she was] really asleep I know not but she took no notice of my kissing her, making her lips quite wet & putting my tongue a little into her mouth, she having it rather open. At last, I fell asleep. She shot up a little before ten and had just got quietly seated when Cordingley brought us tea. After this she sat by me till eleven & fifty minutes. Lovemaking as usual. [I] said again & again I wished I could marry her. I would

*Barlow  
18th Nov 1822*

gladly do it at that moment, then I could have my own way. She blamed me for getting up to wash. I said I must do & made her understand that the excitement I had felt in the morning made it necessary. She knows quite well when this is coming on. She had said, 'Why do you trouble so? You are making yourself ill. I shall go.' But I always promise to behave well & she stays.

Tuesday 23 Nov.

ANNE IS REMORSEFUL ABOUT  
DECEIVING MRS BARLOW

Came to Mme Galvani. Spent the time in conversation. She offered to get me billets to see all I wish. Said this pension [Mme de Boyve's] was very dear. I could live with my servants much more comfortably for the same sum in an apartment of my own, ready furnished & very pretty. I really think she likes me. I paid her, for thirty lessons, six napoleons. Gave her a list of several books I wished her to get for me. She left me at 2—io. [I] went down to Mrs Barlow ... Loverlike as usual. Speaking of the necessity of Marianna's knowing the nature of our attachment if we were living together, she said she should not like this. She could not bear anyone to know but myself. Said I, 'Would you put my happiness in competition with this?' She made no answer & I came to dress for dinner. Thought I, 'She makes no objection but that of the thing being known.' ... I had before all this asked her to take out the brooch on her handkerchief. She refused. I kissed her over it, warmly. She is certainly much attached to me. When I told her this morning I would try not to love, but would always like, her she said she should not think me right if my love dwindles to less than liking. Poor soul! I begin to feel that I have really attached her & that I cannot find it in my heart to deceive her more. I may be off with liking & I ought to give her my friendship in recompense. After all, she has behaved well & at present I see I have no chance of succeeding further. She says I never shall till I have the right to do so &, she would not let me gain the right now even if I were at liberty for she would make me leave her & wait till I had tried whether I really know my own mind & could', really be happy with her or not. I said this morning, if she were in Marianna's place' she would not live with me. She would know friendship alone would not make me happy & she would not take me unless she loved me. She said, no, she would. Poor soul! How she is deceived. Why have I done this? I thought at first to succeed on my own terms, letting her know I was engaged. Then I could not acknowledge that Marianna loved me. I durst not say I was engaged to anyone else lest she should hereafter see me living with Marianna. For Marianna's sake I could not let her suspect anything & thus have I gone, from little to more, into this deceiving.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Queer — (or 'quere'). Anne uses the word to denote the female pudendum. It appears to be a distortion of the word 'quim' or 'queme', a slang word used to describe the same area of the female body. It is derived from the old Celtic word cwm, meaning cleft or valley.

had taken the thing wrong, as if I had been in a wrong temper. Thought I to myself, I was not tied to her, & thus went to sleep.

Wednesday 26 Jan. MRS BARLOW WANTS ANNE'S PROMISE FOR LIFE

She was low again this morning. The tears ran silently down her cheeks & she cried a good deal, saying she felt as if she should lose me. Could not love Mr Hancock now for she loved me too much. I really relented a little from my feelings of last night. Said I would do anything for her, loved her with all my heart, she would always have it, etc. She cheered a little ... Just before getting up she said she only wished I could be her acknowledged protector. On questioning her I found she would be satisfied if we were what we call really 'going to Italy', that is, if I could acknowledge her as my own & give her my promise for life ... She read me Mr Hancock's last letter, received just before leaving Place Vendome. 'Tis evident he would have her if she encouraged him. I bade her consider her welfare & Jane's & act accordingly in whatever way that might be — to put me out of the question entirely. She said that could not be. It was too late now. I entreated she should think of me last. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'I should think of you first.' ... Would wish me all happiness with Marianna. Had rather I did not come here at all. She should have one parting & did not wish for a second. I might not like her a few years hence. She knew I should take Marianna. What would friendship be after love? I had recommended York as a good place to settle in. She had fortune enough for that. She would be near me & would soon get into good society there. Oh, no. She would never go there. Why should she be near me? She cried a good deal & seemed very low. Fine day. Hard frost in the morning. The fountain in the Tuileries gardens frozen over but the sun had made the streets dirty.

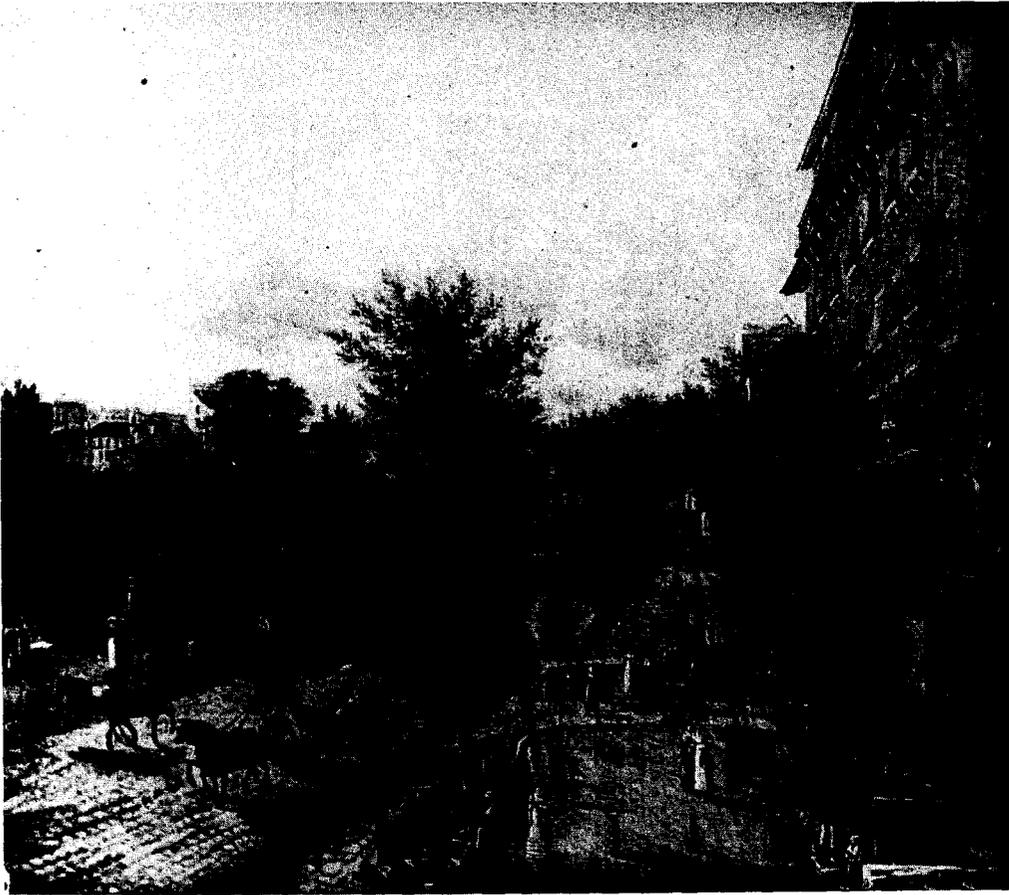
Saturday 29 Jan. MRS BARLOW FEELS TOO MUCH LIKE A MISTRESS

On the Terrace d'Eau, asked what she used to think of me when we at first used to walk there. 'I did not think so ill of you as to believe you capable of what we do now.' Yet she always excused me. 'The same excuse,' said I, 'there is for me is equally an excuse for you.' 'No,' she answered, 'the Almighty does not think so.' I looked grave — said she was very severe — she did not spare me. She saw I was serious & thoughtful. She explained when we got home she did not mean to say it would be wicked if we were really belonging to each other but only that she loved me too soon. In plain English, she was too much like a mistress. She was not my wife.

Thursday 3 Feb.

ANNE AGAIN ENCOURAGES  
MRS BARLOW TO MARRY

We talked this morning more composedly than ever about Mr Hancock. I for her marrying him, saying I should always love her &, as we could not be together, at any rate perhaps for some years, she might marry him & be at liberty again by the time I was really ready to take her. She took all this better than I expected but shed a tear or two at last, saying that she must love me very much — she was not a crier in general, yet how many tears she shed for me. She often says our prospect of being together is not bright. What is seeing each other only once in two years? We had better not



View of the Grands Boulevards under the Restoration. These elegant, fashionable, wide thoroughfares were where Parisians and tourists strolled, shopped and frequented the cafes.

become so much attached. I believe she has not very much hope of getting me. She thinks of this engagement to Marianna &, after all, I should not be surprised if she marries Mr Hancock.

**Sunday** 13 Feb.

#### **THE CARNIVAL OF THE 'BOEUF GRAS'**

M. de Lancy called a little after 1 & staid till 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, when he went out with us, thro' the Tuileries gardens & along the Boulevards to see the Carnival which commenced today, to continue 3 days — today, tomorrow & Wednesday. Walked as far as about <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> way beyond the Passage des Panoramas to the Porte St Denis. The boulevards crowded with people & carriages but very few masks. It was chiefly children in the

different carriages that were dressed up ... All Paris seemed afloat. We missed seeing the boeuf gras today. Gave 2 sols for 2 papers, each having a rude print of the ox & giving the 'ordre de marche et de la ceremonie du boeuf gras'. [marching orders & the ceremony of the fatted bullocks].

Tuesday 15 Feb.

Went out with Jane – Mrs Barlow not strong enough to bear the fatigues – to the Place du Carousel to see the boeuf gras presented before his majesty ... The animal was preceded by a party of gens d'armes on horseback & a band of musicians, then by the 'Messrs les garcons bou-chers' [butchers employed by a master butcher] dressed like mountebanks & also on horseback. [The animal] was followed by a car in which were Vulcan, Venus & Cupid. The ox himself was covered with a scarlet velvet housing & had his head & horns covered with garlands. The cortege stopt for some minutes before the king's apartments. His majesty was expected to appear but did not. Of course, he gave money to the people who collected it for the animal, as it seems to be the custom for money to be given to the ox wherever he stops ... Several masks, carts & carriages full & a great crowd there, even on the boulevards. Much the best day. Almost all the masks in women's clothes were men.

Sunday 20 Feb.

ANNE FEELS SHE HAS ACTED 'LIKE A RASCAL'

At night, we somehow got on to the subject of my not being here & her marrying Mr Hancock. She said she could not act as if she had never known me. I had said I would always keep my promise [to Marianna] & when I afterwards tried to persuade [her] of my thought [that I] should, after all be hers at last, she said I contradicted myself– I had said I should keep my promise. She now saw it was time to lay aside all vain delusions to the contrary. The tears rolled down her cheeks. 'Well,' said she, 'my marrying would solve all this' – tho' I had plainly said I should love her nevertheless & should still seek her indulgence by every means in my power. She had said at dinner, the worst of it was she should not like to be incorrect herself & could not bear to see me another's. Surely she is fond of me. If she really is so, as much & as disinterestedly as she seems, I do indeed feel remorse at my conduct, for I have never seriously thought of having her. After all, I have always thought Marianna would suit me better. But I have suspected Mrs Barlow of being deep & thus have acted like a rascal in so gaining her affections. Surely it would be a more imprudent connection than with Marianna? Mrs Barlow has no friends whose acquaintance can serve me as an introduction. She has no money & there is Jane. Why, why leave Marianna in such a case? And yet, I now feel to like Mrs Barlow certainly more seriously than ever before.

Tuesday 22 Feb.

MRS BARLOW ATTEMPTS TO RETRACT HER LOVE

Lay quiet last night. On awaking this morning, Mrs Barlow did not like to put her face near me. She felt her breath [offended?]. I said I did not perceive. I was gently putting my hand to her. She held it off. I asked her if she meant to be my friend only. She said evasively she hoped to be always my friend. I apparently took no further notice but somehow turned away my face a little & felt low & the tears [began] trickling gently down my face which I avoided her perceiving. I quietly gave her a kiss & got up as soon as Mrs Page had lit the fire & brought the hot water. On

returning from 'my uncle' [the water-closet], opened her large cupboard door & washed behind it, instead of quite exposed as before, & used the seringue [sic]. She lay in bed, merely saying she would not interrupt me. Yet the thing struck her & when I had done washing, she got up & only did as much, as in general we both seemed to feel a reserve & I felt as if I had acted foolishly. Yet I had acted from impulse, feeling that from the moment we ceased to live together as we had done, a thousand particularities would come over. I should not be at ease & perhaps even my friendship would be formal ... Breakfast at 12 1/2 ... Then sat chatting. She looked so triste I asked if she was ill. She said no in such a way I said we were both foolish to make ourselves unnecessarily unhappy. She said I had been so formal in my manner this morning, & the tears trickled down her cheeks. I said I had fancied she had meant to try to love me less, & now wished to act only as a friend & this made me reserved altogether. She said it was too late now – what signified it to change for the three weeks I should now stay? I declared I would have no more fancies. Apologised as affectionately as possible & became [friends?] but, poor soul, she seems very low & thinks of my leaving her.

Thursday 24 Feb.

A QUESTION OF MRS BARLOW'S BEING  
WIFE OR MISTRESS TO ANNE

Slept in Mrs Barlow's room ... She began joking, saying I had nothing to give, meaning I had no penis. Then declared she was the last to care for my having one. If I only wore breeches it would be enough. But if, in fact, I would really claim her as my own she would be satisfied. I said I often felt the want of breeches – the want of being a proper protector to her. At last I said I knew what always made her most uneasy. It was that, supposing a woman must be either wife or mistress, she felt herself most like the latter to me. She said I was right & the tears trickled down her cheeks. I consoled her. Said I would marry her if I could. Spoke of the purity of my affections – that a thousand circumstances might soon set me at liberty. She seemed in better spirits & a great deal more satisfied.

Wednesday 2 Mar.

THE EXPENSE OF A MARRIAGE IN FRANCE

Mrs Barlow & I went thro' the Tuileries gardens to no. 20, Rue de la Paix, (a la Belle Anglais chez Mlle Dubos, Lingerie) about a dressing gown (un peignoir) & staid there a good while. Then Mme Contant, brodeure, Rue des Moulins, no. 4. Looked at Valenciennes lace, etc., & there a long while ... She was preparing a trousseau for a bride which consisted of 12 dozens of everything, 12 x 12 chemises, prs stockings, p. [pocket?] handkerchiefs, petticoats, etc., etc., & the bride would give 6 of everything to the bridegroom – 6 cambric shirts (at 17 or 18 francs the ell), 6 ditto cravats, p. handkerchiefs, prs stockings. 'Tis a very expensive thing for a man to marry in France. The cor-beille [presents offered by a man to his bride-to-be], consisting of trinkets, cachemere [sic] shawls, etc., costs a considerable sum – according to his income.

Friday 4 Mar.

Breakfast about 12. For the sake of talking French, went & talked to the French girl who is hemming the p. handkerchiefs for my aunt, about an hour. She is a

Napoleonist. They have it reported in her circles that the king, Charles X, had lately made it law that if anyone laughs or says a word at the church (a 1'eglise), the person is to be punished with death. These people do not like the Bourbons.'

Sunday 6 Mar.

MRS BARLOW TALKS ABOUT HER  
FINANCES TO ANNE

Sat up talking to Mrs Barlow about her affairs. She has three hundred & eighty a year, including the eighteen annuity Jane has from the French funds for what was Colonel Barlow's prise [sic] money after his death. Jane's little fortune, which Mrs Barlow never touches, was twenty-two a year when she inherited it & it will be forty when she is of age. Mrs Barlow has four hundred & ten yearly but will now lose thirty by her under-tenant giving up her house in Guernsey.

Wednesday 9 Mar.

This said casually, 'Tis the anniversary of Marianna's marriage.' Mrs Barlow said not a word but the colour instantly rose on her cheeks. 'Ah,' said I, 'I see, tho' you say nothing, you observed what I said.' She was still silent & I saw the tears starting. 'Oh,' said I, 'whatever I might think once, I now think it was a happy day for me,' and we then turned the subject.

Saturday 12 Mar.

FRENCH POLITICS AND ETIQUETTE

Breakfast at 12. I had just received, thro' Mme Galvani, a very civil note from Mme la Contesse de Fumel with 2 tickets for today for the Chambre des Deputies, to admit us to the Tribune of the Duke de Bourbon, i.e. Prince de Conde. We set off at 1. Got there at 1/4. Only the president & a very few there, tho' one member was speaking when we arrived. Saw all the rest come in & there were above 300 deutes present. The Law of Indemnity' to the emigrants was in debate. The discussion was warm. Every now & then the voice of the speaker drowned by the noise of no! no! – or other observations made by the other deutes to one another, on which the president rapped on his table with the end of his ivory or, if this was not enough, rang a bell that stood by him, which procured silence ... Many of the members were in plain clothes but all those who spoke wore a single-breasted blue coat, a sort of livery, with gold or silver lace at the collar & cuffs which were sometimes also of yellow cloth or (I think) of white or red. M. de Villele", very grand with his gold lace, seemed more like a livery servant than Minister of Finance ... The Chambre is a very handsome ampitheatre, lighted from a 1/2 circle window in the roof. The Tribune, red marble with low reliefs of white marble. Dinner at 6-20. Mme Galvani came before we had 1/2 done. Had her in my room – nothing but conversation – no reading. Consulted her about Jane's education, etc., & about the notice sent to Mrs Barlow of the marriage of M. de Glos. To all those qui font part du mariage (who inform the person of it) it is etiquette to send their card (but ladies never send cards to gents, only to ladies). After this, you wait for the new married couple to pay you a visit. If they do it, you return it & become, or continue to be, acquainted. But these notices of marriage are even sent to people whom the married pair do not know, for the sake of giving publicity to the thing, & are often sent to those whom they never visit, in which case, after having sent their card, no further notice is taken. On saying that Mrs Barlow knew nothing