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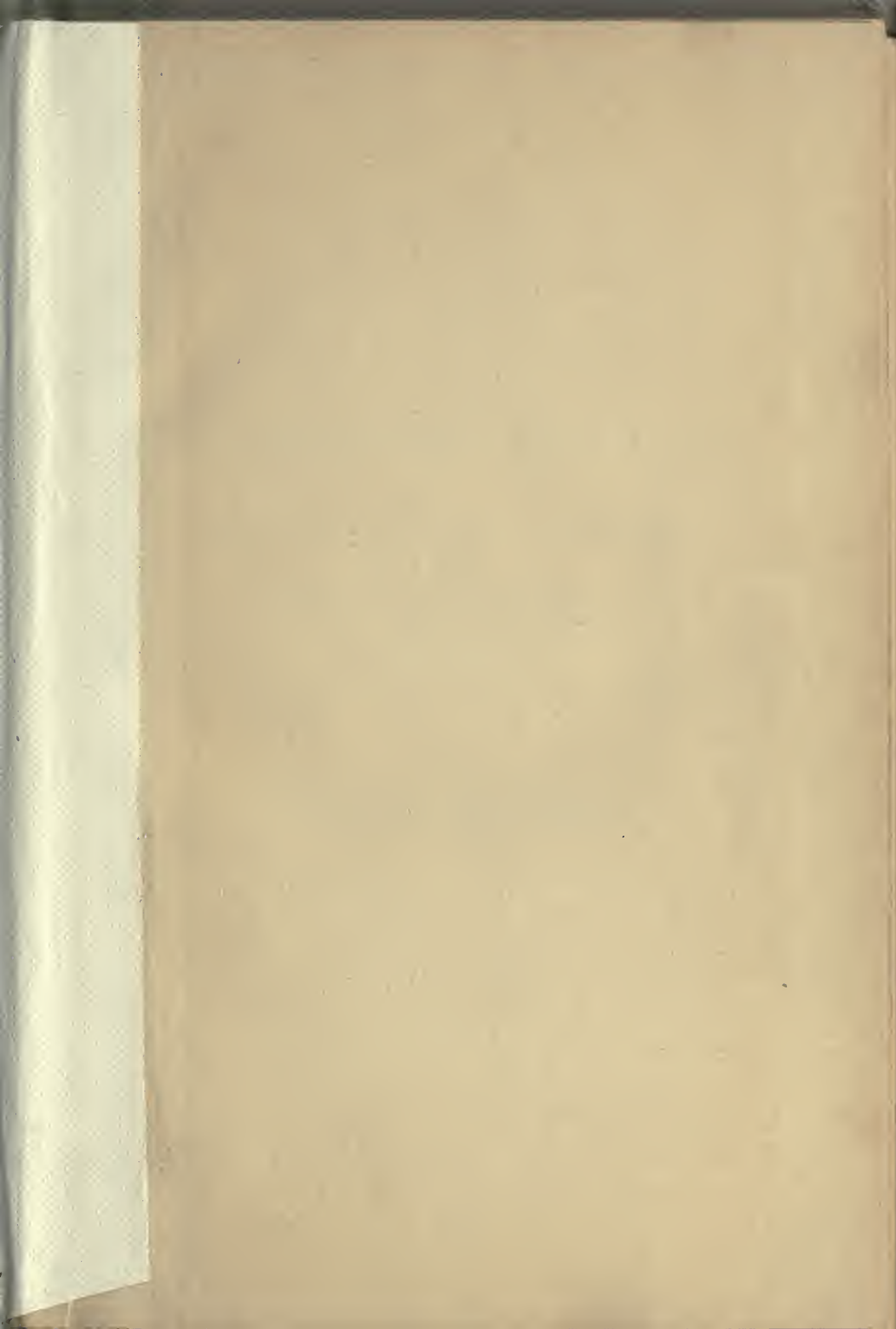
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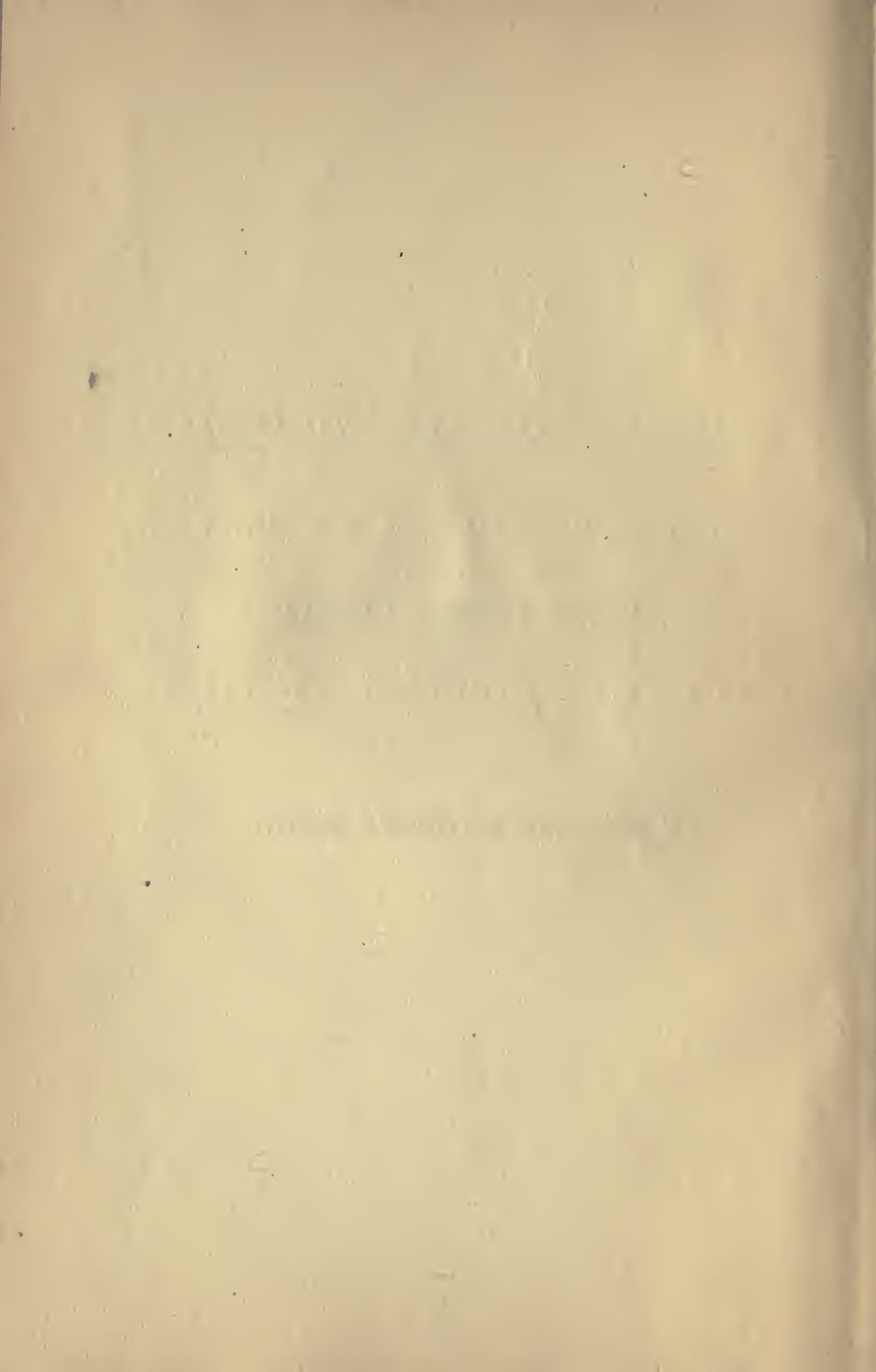
*"A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND."*

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No. 5.

**"Madame Birchin's Dance."**





# Madame Birchini's Dance.

## A M O D E R N T A L E.

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS,

AND

*Original Anecdotes collected in the Fashionable Circles.*

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY

LADY TERMAGANT FLAYBUM.

---

To fall at the feet of an imperious mistress, obey her orders,  
have pardons to ask her, were to me the sweetest enjoyments.

Rouffeau's Confessions, vol. I.

---

'Tis as great a provocative as Cantharides or Viper Broth, for  
it irritates the blood, and gives new vigour to the flagging spirits.

The Wanton Jesuit; an Opera.

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THE NINTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR GEORGE PEACOCK

And SOLD at No. 66, DRURY-LANE.

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TO MRS. ROBINSON.

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MADAM,

PERMIT a Sister of the Cyprian Circle to lay the following Bagatelle at your feet: you are unquestionably the first favourite of Venus, and not the meanest in the Muses' train. These two envied distinctions induced me to claim your patronage, which I am certain of obtaining before you get to the finish of my delectable Tale. I have followed Nature throughout, and the language of the Lecture of Madame Birchini is such, you will allow, as is in general use among the Sisterhood.—My Publisher made many objections to his being concerned in it; talked of its tendency, his own delicacy, and a number of what would be thought, by some, FORCIBLE reasons: every one of which I set aside by taking up two Publications which lay in his window for sale,—Here, my good Sir, is the CRAZY TALES, and here is its twin Brother, entitled MORAL TALES:—the first  
published

TO MRS. ROBINSON.

published by Mr. Doddsley, and the last by Mr. Becket—two Gentlemen distinguished for *unaffected piety* and *rigid decorum*! Read these, I beseech you, and then give me a reason for your delicacy. The Gentleman was silent in an instant—he committed my Poetic trifle to press, and I have the highest hopes of its giving universal pleasure.

I am, Madam,

Your affectionate Sister,

E. COXE.

Madam

## Madam Birchini's Dance.



A PEER (no matter of what place)  
Married a buxom Lass, eighteen ;  
An Eye, a Smile, an Angel's face :  
Such a sweet Charmer ne'er was seen !

His Lordship was but thirty-two,  
But yet he could not pay the due  
And forfeit of the Bond he'd sign'd—  
Which discomposed the Lady's mind !

'Fore Marriage, it was whisper'd round  
What feats in *arms* he had achiev'd :  
No Monk in Europe could be found  
Of greater Prowess, all believ'd !  
A Pudding in a Pot is no bad thing :  
But what is it without a taste ?  
And what's a Marriage and a Ring  
Without a *Nuptial Feast* ?

The first lov'd Stage the Couple went  
 Was passing sweet, it was confest !  
 But, to the Bride's astonishment,  
 His Lordship's Nag lay down to rest !  
 Bless me, says she,  
 How can this be ?  
 For in the Lady's head there ran a notion,  
 That wedded Bliss is in *perpetual motion* !

His Lordship gave a kiss, and felt that part  
 That gives fresh vigour to the heart !  
 But no kind Sympathy appear'd—  
 All was compos'd and still !  
 The Lady sigh'd, the coast was clear'd,  
 She sigh'd to have her fill.

A Month pass'd on—still the same Fare,  
 And that was regularly given :  
 I've heard some Ladies since declare,  
 Each one of them would think it Heaven !  
 But she, as wanton as Miss Brown,  
 Would fain ride Post three Stages more :  
 She heard most Gentlemen in Town  
 Could boast an inexhausted store !

After

After much deep deliberation,  
 The Lady turn'd her thoughts to France,  
 The loveliest spot in the creation,  
 To give new motions to her Dance :  
 For she had heard and read of Capers,  
 Perform'd there with Ma'moiselles ;  
 And all the lively Paris papers  
 Mention these Sports among themselves !

To Paris instantly they went,  
 Both quite delighted with the jaunt,  
 Regardless of the Money spent—  
 So that the Peer return'd gallant !  
 The Lady cast her Eyes about  
 In every Public Place, to find  
 One of these knowing Ladies out,  
 To whom she might disclose her mind !

At length, angelic Ma'am Birchini,  
 The Charmer of the Op'ra Beaux—  
 A lovelier woman than Sestini,  
 Ev'n without her Op'ra Clothes,—  
 Engaged her Ladyship's attention,  
 And to this Lady did she mention,

When



When they were thick in some few days,  
The whole of her distressing Case;  
And begg'd that she would take her place,  
And make his Lordship dance the Hays!

Madame Birchini shew'd surprize—

What! once—no more?

My Life on't, you shall see him *rise*

As oft as you shall cry *encore*!

Between the Ladies 'twas agreed

That she should instantly proceed.

Madame Birchini had a face—

A face that Reynolds' self might charm!

A form possessing ev'ry grace!

With such a lovely hand and arm!

And Breasts as plump and white as snow!

With Eyes that darted burning rays!

That ev'ry heart was in a glow,

Who saw her once, to sing her praise!

Her Actions were superior still,

Possessing ev'ry Art to please:

She'd Words, Looks, Smiles, and Tricks at will—

And all to give her Lovers ease!

But,

But, Reader, ten to one, you've seen,  
 With raptur'd eyes and beating heart,  
 Baccelli, the sweet Op'ra Queen,  
 Whose ev'ry smile's a Cupid's dart !  
 And, ten to one, acrofs her knee  
 (While her sweet dancing fir'd your blood),  
 You fancied, with ecstatic glee  
 You caper'd, roaring you'd be good !

O, lovely woman ! his the joy  
 Who tastes thy bunch of birchen twigs :  
 No bold ungovernable boy,  
 With his Mamma, e'er danc'd such jigs !

O, lovely woman ! whose sweet hand,  
 With ev'ry touch, can fire the soul ;  
 Or, with a Rod, and free command,  
 Make Pego reach the distant goal !

O, happy youth ! who that hand feels  
 Stripping each day thy tingling bum ;  
 Who makes thee caper with thy heels,  
 While each stroke echoes through the room !

Such

Such was Birchini, such her charms,  
 Charms worth all your adoration ;  
 Once circled in her glowing arms,  
 You'd idolize the Gallic nation !

His Lordship now shall ope the Ball,  
 With his new Partner, Madame B. ;  
 Venus, the Loves, and Graces all,  
 Must straight attend the Jubilee !

Madame Birchini, fine as a Queen !  
 From Top to Toe in brilliance drest,  
 Meets the gay Lord behind the Screen,  
 With rapture burning in his breast !  
 The Lady's *motions* were divine !  
 His Lordship never found such pleasure,  
 This—this—my Lord's a perfect sign  
 Of captivating beyond *measure* !

At length the Dance is over—  
 And now they rise from Clover—  
 After a kifs, and some sweet Prattle,  
 They both prepare again for Battle :—

The Lady's at her Post again—

Again presents her Magic hand :

Her Partner droops, he seems as slain

And will not *rise* at her command !

My Lord, is this your common way ?

Or has it happen'd thro' excess ?

I never saw a spark so gay

When at the summit of his Blifs !

Perhaps two Dances the same Night

Pall upon your Appetite !

His Lordship straight confess'd the fact—

Indeed ! says she—I'll make him act :

Commit yourself to my correction,

And you shall carry the Election ;

My Life on't, you shall gain the Borough,

With ten good votes before to-morrow !

Not long ago, I knew a Friar,

Whose soul possess'd uncommon fire ;

A perfect stripling as to vigour :

In Venus' rites he us'd such rigour,

That he has run six Dances down,

And, smiling, called 'em a Green Gown !

Whene'er

Whene'er he found his vigour fail,  
 At my Command he'd grow so stout,  
 Another and another Bout  
 Succeeded, ere he'd clinch the nail!

Now, my good Lord, what will you stake,  
 That I ha'nt got it in my power  
 To make *you* now as great a Rake,  
 At least within an hour?  
 What! a Bank Note! for Fifty pound!  
 'Tis done! and now submit to me,  
 And we will dance Love's pleasing round,  
 And crown it with felicity!

The Lady from her Toilet bring.  
 A rod about the common size:  
 Not like to that of Tyrant Kings—  
 But that that makes a school-boy wife!

His Lordship star'd; the Lady smiled:  
 My Lord, you now must act a Child;  
 And I your Step-mamma will be—  
 And whip you with Severity!

The



The Peer by no means lik'd the Fun ;  
 Howe'er, she let his breeches down—  
 He seized her hand—My Dear, I vow  
 I feel all o'er, I can't tell how !  
 'Come, come, says she, 'tis not a Farce,  
     You'll quickly find,  
 When I have whipt your A—e  
     To my mind !  
 You'll be as lively in the Dance  
 As the most vig'rous Monk in France !

Philosophers, who've study'd Nature,  
 And all our holy Fathers, swear  
 A Rod's the best invigorator—  
     A Rod apply'd upon the *Rear* !  
 I've tried its efficacy oft,  
     Administered by various hands—  
 Not too severe, nor yet too soft,  
     But just as pleasure's pulse commands !  
 You see ! you see ! I told you true—  
     This minute you could run the Dance ;  
 The Prospect opens full in view,  
     As bold as any throughout France !

Well,

Well, but, my dear, the Peer replied,  
 Why ply a *rod* on my backside ?  
 Would not your hand's electric touch,  
 Rubb'd up and down, effect as much ?  
 Why tuck my shirt above my middle ?  
 My Lord, I'll soon explain the riddle—  
 I love full play at a Bumfiddle !

Women, the wise Montaigne protests,  
 And lively Montaigne seldom jests,  
 Are deeper skill'd in am'rous sports  
 Than men, tho' bred in Cupid's courts :  
 Can give to man, by magic pow'r,  
 New rapture each returning hour !

When I lay on, my Lord, cry out,  
 And beg Forgiveness for your crimes ;  
 And, tho' you kick and plunge about,  
 I'll keep in Tune with the Church-chimes !  
 And beg to kifs your Mamma's hand,  
 Your pleasure will be double sweet !  
 And kifs the Rod at her Command :  
 These little tricks enrich the treat !

To

And oft implore your sweet Mamma  
 To spare your A—e, and kiss her lips :  
 Your Bliss is great—your Pain a straw—  
 You'll never heed how hard she whips !  
 And often turn your head about,  
 To view the strokes as they are falling—  
 Just like a Child who makes a rout,  
 And keeps continually bawling !  
 And gaze with rapture o'er my Charms  
 While the sweet Combat lasts between us—  
 My Drefs, Face, Person, Hands, and Arms,  
 And fancy you are whipt by *Venus* !  
 Or, if the Goddess will not do,  
 Think of your fav'rite little Jewels ;  
 Or that fam'd Queen at Fountainbleau,  
 Sweet Madame Barre, whipping Louis ! \*

---

\* This is an undoubted fact : and it was by administering this Pleasure (studying a new mode almost every time) that she obtained that powerful ascendancy over Louis that puzzled every one. There has been an anecdote recorded, but very erroneous, of Madame de Rozen, a young lady of great beauty, and the Countess du Barre. This young Lady was very intimate with the Countess ; but the Countess de Provence, to whom she was Lady of Honour, reproaching her with the connexion, she became of a sudden cool and distant. Du Barre was sensible of the alteration, and mentioned it, with some repentment, to the King—who humorously observed that she was a child, and ought

And often put your Hand behind  
 To fave your A—e, which I'll remove :  
 The sweet contention, you will find,  
 Will heighten the repast of Love !  
 Come, Sir, lie down acrofs my knee,  
 And let me whip your naughty bum ;  
 A thoufand times I've wifh'd to fee  
 Your faucy A—e in my own room !  
 I feel your Lordfhip a great weight.  
 And that would interrupt our blifs :  
 I'll find you a much better feat—  
 My Love extend yourfelf on this :

---

to be whipt. The Countefs was refolved to underftand this  
 reply in its literal meaning ; and, knowing the King's favourite  
 paflion, invited the Marchionefs to come next morning to  
 breakfast with her. When ſhe came, ſhe was conducted into a  
 chamber, where the King was concealed by Du Barre in ſuch a  
 manner that he could have a good view. As ſoon as ſhe entered,  
 four waiting women took hold of her and threw her on a bed ;  
 two of them held her down, while one held up her clothes, and  
 the other gave her the diſcipline of the rod. Rozen complained  
 to his Majeſty, who turned it off with a ſmile. Though the  
 King was very fond of this pleaſure, which the Countefs, per-  
 ſonating various characters, adminiſtered—ſuch as a ſevere  
 Step-mother, a Lady's-maid, a Governeſs, a Favourite Opera  
 Dancer, &c.—yet ſhe has been heard to ſay the amorous  
 Monarch was a moſt excellent companion in a ſentimental  
*ſtill-a-little*, and always gave her the higheſt felicity.

A certain Nobleman at Court

Gave me this Mattrefs hung on springs  
(He's fond of this delightful sport),

And gave me these two diamond rings !

His Governess, a buxom dame,

Kindled within him this new flame !

The rod, he said, she often ply'd

With rigour on his bold backside !

Which gave his Step-mamma much joy,

She thought him such a stupid boy.

And stupid he was bent to be,

It gave him such felicity !

All kinds of mischief for this treat

He practis'd early, practis'd late ;

Abus'd his sister, box'd his brother,

To get a whipping from his mother.

But what he deem'd his first delight,

Was to be whipt by her at night :

He made his night crimes worse and worse,

Feeling, with her, no mercy on his A—e !

No Step-dame hated more a son,

Nor joy'd to pull his breeches down ;

For staying out of bed too late

He often got this charming treat ;

But



But oft'ner for abusive clack  
 She hors'd him on her woman's back ;  
 Bursting with rage, as Tygres strong,  
 She'd pull him out of bed along !  
 Then, my dear Lord, he tasted bliss—  
 She gave him first the rod to kifs ;  
 Then, feigning sorrow, shrieks, and cries,  
 And aching heart, and streaming eyes,  
 On bended knees he kifs'd her feet,  
 Tho' panting for her raptur'd treat !  
 She made him mount upon her maid,  
 Who prov'd, he said, a strong back'd jade !  
 Who laugh'd at struggling, plunging, kicking  
 And felt delighted at the whipping !  
 Plac'd to her mind, her beauteous hand  
 Grasp'd the fell birch, and took her stand :  
 Remov'd his shirt-tail 'bove his middle,  
 And view'd with rapture his bumfiddle !  
 Then rag'd the rod o'er his backside ;  
 And, tho' enraptur'd with the ride,  
 He still implor'd his sweet Mamma,  
 And roar'd in vain for his Papa !  
 The birchen-twigs she still kept plying,  
 Heedless of roaring and of crying !

His

His promises she did not mind,  
 She deem'd 'em nothing more than wind,  
 Nor stopp'd 'till a receipt in full she left behind ! }  
 And that receipt, I've heard him say,  
 She oft' times gave him twice a-day.  
 But what, my Lord, you'll think uncommon—  
 He doated on this cruel woman !  
 Her vixen temper was his pride,  
 To that he ow'd each pleasant ride :  
 But her majestic form and face,  
 Possessing each bewitching grace ;  
 Her finely moulded hand and arm,  
 And magic eye first work'd the charm !  
 This charm, with tears, he laid in dust,  
 And oft I've read upon her bust  
 (A tribute that may make you laugh),  
 His praises in an Epitaph.

Epitaph on the Comtesse of Flayarsfi.

O Bust belov'd, whose heav'nly face  
 Reminds me of each charming grace,  
 That kindled in my breast a fire,  
 That not till death will e'er expire !

Dear

Dear boys, whose bums e'er felt a birch,  
 Revere thro' life that sacred church  
 Where she's entomb'd—whose magic hand  
 Oft held sweet Cupid's birchen wand :  
 Not held it as some do to fright ye,  
 But whip ye with it, and delight ye !  
 At her, if you but cast a frown,  
 With pride she'd pull your breeches down ;  
 And then extend you on her knee,  
 And whip you with the highest glee !  
 But if your strength was more than common,  
 She'd have you hors'd upon her woman :  
 On that stout horse she'd make you ride,  
 'Till she had flay'd your bold backside !  
 Not flay it, as some mothers do,  
 With reprimands, and stripes a few :  
 No—she'd convince you your posteriors  
 Were never whipt by her superiors !  
 And tho' she made you roar and prance,  
 You'd say no Step-mamma in France  
 (If you but turn'd your head to view her)  
 E'er boasted charms superior to her !  
 To look at her majestic figure  
 Would make you caper with more vigour !

The

The lightning flashing from each eye  
 Would lift your soul to ecstasy!  
 Her milk-white fleshy hand and arm,  
 That ev'n an Anchorite would charm,  
 Now tucking in your shirt-tail high,  
 Now smacking hard each plunging thigh,  
 And those twin orbs that near 'em lye!  
 Then to behold her di'mond rings,  
 Ev'n them you'd find delightful things!  
 But, above all, you'd love that other  
 That told you she was your Step-mother!  
 Then handing you the rod to kifs,  
 She'd make you thank her for the blifs:  
 No female Busby then you'd find,  
 E'er whipt you half so well behind!  
 Her lovely face, where beauty smil'd,  
 Now frowning, and now seeming wild;  
 Her bubbies o'er their bound'ry broke,  
 Quick palpitating at each stroke:  
 With vigour o'er the bouncing bum  
 She'd tell ungovern'd boys who rul'd at home!

---

I've

I've often fill'd this Lady's place,  
 Possessing such a form and face;  
 And as to all the rest, my Lord,  
 If you will take a woman's word,  
 This Peer did oft protest and vow  
 He found me—what you'll find me now.

On this fine Mattress now lie down:  
 Come, Sir, don't whimper, cry, or frown:  
 I've whipt a number here upon it—

You'll find it pleasant, I dare say!  
 Come, my sweet love, I'll stretch you on it—  
 And now we'll enter on our play.

But e'er I seize the Rod to whip,  
 Your Shirt and Breeches I'll remove,  
 You'll feel such rapture while I strip:

A rapture only known to Love!  
 All men delight to feel a Hand

As velvet soft on their b——:  
 And there's no Lady in the Land,  
 In this Amusement takes such pride!  
 Well, as I live, charming Posteriors!

So white! so plump! so very fine!  
 The race of man is your inferiors:

Superior e'en to *Friar Chine!*

And



And this bold A—e was never whipt—

But it shall feel your Step-mamma !

'Tis now from top to bottom stript,

At the desire of your Papa.

Naked, this Morn, I took your Brother,

And whipt him well across my knee :

And now I'll give you such another—

Both A—s shall remember me !

At ev'ry stroke I gave his B——

How the young Gentleman would prance :

He'll not forget the time to come,

His sweet Mamma Birchini's dance

This charming Rod I made for you,

I ne'er held twigs of Birch so neat :

I thought you'd like it better new,

For your Mamma's angelic treat !

Ah ! dear Mamma, ah ! as I live,

I'll ne'er be bold if you'll forgive :

Oh murder ! oh, good God ! oh dear !

Oh ! sweet Mamma, oh, pray, forbear !

Oh dear ! oh, I'll die ! oh, good God !

Mamma ! Mamma ! oh, shocking rod !

Come,

Come, you young Rascal, leave off crying—

I'll whip you while the Rod will last :

I will ! I will ! you're always lying—

I'll whip you for all offences past !

Plunge and caper ! roar and cry !

I have you now within my power !

No kind protector now is nigh ;

Thro' Life I'll make you blest this hour !

And blest this hand that holds the rod ;

And kifs it with a fervour sweet ;

And think yourself a Demi-god,

While tasting the delicious treat !

Oh Lord ! don't whip so hard, pray don't !

I can't bear it ! indeed, Mamma, I can't !

I told you, if I once begun,

I'd be severe at ev'ry stroke !

You smil'd, and thought it only fun—

Your A—e now feels it is no joke !

Oh, dear Mamma ! oh, 'pon my word !

I'll ne'er be bold ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Keep

Keep down your legs ; let go my hand ;  
 Let ! let your Breeches remain down !  
 This efficacious reprimand  
 Shall make you the best Boy in Town !

I will be good ! I will, Mamma !  
 I'll ne'er offend you or Papa !

Will you, whenever you do wrong,  
 Come here to me, and beg a whipping ?  
 I know it won't be very long,  
 Before you're caught again a tripping.

Oh pray, Mamma ! pray let me down !  
 You'll find me the best Boy in Town :  
 I'll never, while I live, offend—  
 I promise you you'll find me mend !

I told you ere I'd been an hour  
 Your Step-mamma, what I would do !  
 And now, I have you in my power,  
 This A—e your insolence shall rue !

There's

There's nothing gives me so much pride,  
 Than such amusement with a Youth !  
 To whip, whip, whip his bold backside :  
 When he tells lies instead of truth !  
 To see him caper as I whip !  
 And his bare A—e expos'd to view !  
 And ev'ry day to make him strip,  
 And taste the rod when bold like you .

Oh dear ! oh, lovely, sweet Mamma !  
 I'll ne'er offend you or Papa !

Ay, cry and roar ! and beg and pray  
 Your sweet Mamma may let you down !  
 'Twill not avail—I'll whip away :  
 This shall be the best whipt A—e in Town !  
 Aye, do, Sir, turn yourself about,  
 Just like a saucy beast in clover !  
 You'll quickly find me pretty stout,  
 To turn your naughty B——e over !  
 How dare you pull your Breeches up ?  
 With others it may save your A—e ;  
 But you shall find, before I stop,  
 Such tricks with me are all a farce !

Now.

Now, Sir, I'll tie your hands behind—

And then I'll pull your Breeches off ;

And, then, my pretty youth, you'll find

I'll flay you're A—e like Madame Bufi !

This garter many hands has tied,

And bound as fast as yours are now—

To save this trouble, you shall ride

The next time on my maid, Ladow :

A strong-back'd wench, who takes delight

In horfing naughty boys and girls !

I whipt upon her back last night

A French Duke, and two English Earls :

The first of which, with frock and fash,

I drest just like a full-grown Miss ;

Then gave him many a vig'rous lash,

For giving footman John a kiss !

I taught this fancied Miss a dance—

I made him caper to the ceiling :

He swore no Ma'amoiselle in France

Convinc'd him more that he had feeling !

And you shall feel, before I've done,

What I can do with rod in hand ;

I never had so bold a son—

I'll whip your A—e while I can stand !

I've



I've thrown your Breeches now aside :  
 Your half-whipt bum, tho' seeming fore,  
 With all the glowing prospect wide,  
 Pants for a vigorous encore !  
 Here, kifs the Rod, you wicked Elf ;  
 And kifs this lovely Hand and Arm !  
 I'll have you often by myself,  
 And this bold A—e I'll often warm !

Try me this once, Mamma, pray do,  
 And I will love and worship you !  
 Mamma ! Mamma ! oh dear ! oh Lord !  
 Oh ! I'll be good, upon my word !

Ha ! ha ! my pretty youth, I see,  
 A Rod well ply'd upon your bum,  
 A Rod with vigour ply'd by me,  
 Will make you good some time to come !  
 Yes, my beld youth, 'till birch is scarce,  
 Green twigs each day shall flay your A—e !  
 Yes, yes ! you see you've not a chance,  
 While I the Birchen Sceptre hold,  
 To get from this delightful dance,  
 That cures a youth of being bold !

Oh, my backside! oh dear! the Rod!

Oh! I'll expire! Mamma! oh God!

You tell me you'll be very good,

And ne'er provoke me while you live:

This Rod the next time shall draw blood!

Without your doating father's leave.

I ne'er held such a Rod before,

Nor whipt so well an Urchin's A—e!

You seem to feel it pretty fore:

You thought a whipping a mere farce!

But now your Step-mamma you find,

Can whip your A—e extremely well!

You'll always find me in the mind,

To seize the Rod when you rebel!

There, get you down, you naughty Boy:

What, Sirrah, do you *point your lance*?

My Lord, I wish your Lordship joy—

And now we'll take a second Dance!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

This Dance was better than the first:

It tickled me from top to toe:

The flood-gates of delight were burst!

Another!—fine!—bravissimo!

Nay,

Nay, as the story runs, 'tis said—  
That Night upon his Lady's bed,  
He caper'd till the dawn of day—

On and off,  
With little ease,  
About that space  
'Tween acts of Plays- -  
And rose as vigorous as May!

The Peerefs was transported quite :  
She never had so sweet a night !  
She gave her Lord a magic kiss,  
And thank'd him for th' excess of blifs!

That Night the Peer renew'd the Dance—  
I mean the Dance with Madame B. :  
No happy Lovers in Romance,  
E'er tasted more felicity.

The Lady, too, on his return,  
Felt all the raptures of the blest'd !  
And now she wish'd him to sojourn  
With her alone within her nest.

**Next**

Next day to Madame B. she hies,  
 The charming secret to discover :  
 She wish'd in this to be as wife—  
 And gave a heavy purse to move her !

Madame Birchini's raptur'd eyes  
 Survey'd the Lady's bright reward :  
 And instantly, to her surprise,  
 She shew'd what fir'd her charming Lord !  
 And taught her all her mystic sports ;  
 Her lectures, tricks, and pretty ways,  
 She learn'd in Convents and in Courts—  
 For which she always got the bays !

To prove what I advance, said she,  
 My Pupil will be here at two,  
 And you the whole affair shall see,  
 While standing in that room perdu !

His Lordship, punctual to his time,  
 Arriv'd, and went thro' all his blifs :  
 He danc'd like Q—nf—y in his prime—  
 And clos'd it with a raptur'd kifs !

The

The Peerefs, when her Lord withdrew,  
 Retir'd to con her Lecture o'er ;  
 The whole affair to her was new,  
 Tho' ſhe had heard of it before.  
 She was as docile as you pleaſe,  
 And lovelier far than Madame B.—  
 And now ſhe ſtudied the ſame ways,  
 To give her Lord felicity !  
 She had a moſt laſcivious Eye ;  
 An Air, a Shade, a Hand and Arm .  
 A Leg and Foot ! that who came nigh,  
 Always diſcover'd ſome new charm !  
 The implement of bliſs ſhe got,  
 To whip her Dog, her Maid believ'd,  
 Whene'er ſhe found him piping-hot  
 After a Bitch, or when he thiev'd !  
 And having ſtudied all the pranks  
 She ſaw ſweet Madame B. diſplay,  
 For which ſhe got repeated thanks  
 Before her face that very day.  
  
 When ſhe had got the Peer in Bed,  
 She told him ſhe had read a Book,  
 So comical and droll, ſhe ſaid—  
 And then ſhe gave him an arch look :



A Book, says she, and flapt his A—e,  
 And gave him a delicious kifs!  
 I'm sensible 'tis not a Farce—  
 It should be call'd the road to blifs:  
 It is the drollest Book, says she  
 (And flapt and kifs'd at ev'ry word)—  
 My Love, 'twill give you monstrous glee!  
 It will, indeed, my darling Lord!  
 To-morrow Morn, we'll run it o'er;  
 Meantime, suppose we take a Dance—  
 You ne'er was so alert before,  
 I mean before we came to France.  
 His Lordship ran the Dance with ease:  
 She rubb'd and flapt him oft behind;  
 She found he liked her pretty ways,  
 Which witching Venus' self combin'd.  
 After three Dances just us sweet,  
 They both embrac'd, and turn'd to rest:  
 His Lordship pond'ring on the treat;  
 The Lady, happy as the blest!  
 Next day, at Madame B.'s request,  
 The lovely charmer soon appears  
 Before her Lord, divinely drest—  
 Who seem'd the happiest of Peers.

And

And now the secret she displays,  
 Exhibits all that she acquir'd,  
 Those tricks and sweet bewitching ways,  
 She knew her Lord so much admir'd :  
 His Lordship kiss'd her o'er and o'er,  
 And instantly led off the Dance—  
 He vow'd he never was before  
 So raptur'd since he came to France !  
 His Afternoonings now were given,  
 To her that gave him most delight ;  
 His ecstacy before was Heav'n,  
 With all her pretty tricks at night !

And now they are the happiest pair  
 That sport upon the seat of bliss—  
 Whether a Bed, a Couch, or Chair,  
 They oft repeat the glowing kisses :  
 And often bless the Happy Day  
 That Venus led 'em such a Dance :  
 And when with age they both are grey,  
 They'll often bless the sports of France !

END OF THE DANCE.

ANECDOTES,

# AN E C D O T E S,

BY

LADY TERMAGANT FLAYBUM, &c.

COLLECTED IN THE

F A S H I O N A B L E    C I R C L E S.



A YOUNG Nobleman, who now cuts a distinguished figure in the gallant world, was so smitten with Lady B. T. the first time he beheld her at the opera, that he ran out in unbounded praise on her vivacity, beauty, and bewitching charms, to his mistress that evening. This Lady was deep skilled in the pleasures of the rod, and, knowing his passion for it, she told him if he would step into her bed-chamber for half-an-hour, she would then wait on him, and represent her ladyship, and deliver a lecture she would then sit down to write, which she was certain would please him highly. This lecture his lordship was so delighted with, that he gave her two hundred  
guineas

guineas for it, and is, to this hour, passionately fond of hearing it delivered by the same lady, who he fancies the whole time the identical Lady B. T.

Enters with Surprise.

SO! fo! this is very pretty doings, out of bed this time of night!

Do you remember, Sir, what I told you before I went to the opera? Didn't I tell you I would whip you well, if I caught you out of bed, when I returned? Yes, mamma, but I'll never do it again, 'pon my honour. I'll take care, Sir, you shall not. Go, bring the rod I whipt your sifter with this morning from my toilet: bring it this instant, Sir! (*stamps with her foot on the ground in a passion.*) Put it in my hand, and go on your knees, and beg that I may pull down your breeches and whip you smartly with it. Go down upon your knees this moment! Now, put up your hands and say—Pray, my dear mamma.—“Pray, my dear mamma.” Whip me well with that excellent rod.—“Whip me well with that excellent rod.” For I have been a very bold boy.—“For I have been a very bold boy.”

boy." And deserve to be whipt well.—"And deserve to be whipt well." Which I know you, my sweet mamma, take a delight in.—"Which I know you, my sweet mamma, take a delight in." When you have a bold boy's a—e exposed to the lash of the rod.—"When you have a bold boy's a—e exposed to the lash of the rod." I never knew what a good whipping was 'till you married my papa.—"I never knew what a good whipping was 'till you married my papa." And now, my sweet mamma.—"And now, my sweet mamma." Lay me across your knee, and whip me severely for being out of bed this time of night. Say it, Sir, this moment. I can't, indeed, my dear mamma. Get up, Sir, till I let down your breeches—for down I will pull them to your heels. Yes, you see you have no chance of getting off this time: no aunt to save you. You see I have got them down, and have placed you across my knee to my wish, and I am determined to make an excellent use of the rod. Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! you shall find you were never so well whipt in your life! Oh, my charming mamma, I'll never be out of bed at this hour again—I won't, upon my honour! I have been told you are very good at promises; but I am determined you shall feel

my



my repentment while I have strength to handle a rod. Yes, yes, yes, yes, you audacious young rascal! Oh dear! oh heaven! mamma! mamma! mamma! mamma! Oh! I shall expire! No, no, no, no, you won't expire! Your doating mother and ridiculous aunt never knew the efficacy of a well-handled birch; but I told you a day or two after I married your papa that I would flay you alive the first time you disobliged me! Oh dear, I remember, I do, indeed. Upon my honour, my darling mamma, I'll be good! Oh dear! good heaven! Oh, I shall faint—I shall die! No, no, no, no, no, these charming twigs of birch will be of service to you! I know you'd rather let me whip you than any one in the house. No, mamma, I don't like to be whipt—I don't, indeed! I never was whipt but by you! Oh dear! oh God! Oh, let me down! let me down, my lovely charming mamma! I thought your aunt told you I was terrible when I took the rod in hand. She did so, mamma! Oh dear—for mercy's sake, let me down! I'll take care never to provoke you to take the rod in hand again. I will, indeed, my charming, my dear, my angelic mamma! Well, Sir, I'll see how you behave; but remember, the next time you provoke me, instead of  
 leaving

leaving your backside as it is now, I'll whip you 'till the blood runs to your heels! I'll make you feel the difference between a doating mother and an enraged step-mother.

Come, my pretty youth, stand on a chair, and look at your backside in the glafs: turn your head about and look at it. See what a condition I've left it in! You now see what I can do when provoked. Yes, mamma; but I'll never offend you again; and if I had known you could act with such severity with a rod, be assured I would not exasperate you. Well, well, Sir, I'll see how you behave; but remember what you are to expect for the first offence: I promise you I will have a good rod in readiness.

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It has been a general opinion, that age and the middle state of man has been most prone to this whim or passion, but the assertion is false, which every woman in the secret will testify, and which the following anecdote is a striking instance of:—

A youth of twelve years old, the son of a gentleman of extensive fortune, was so fond of being whipped by

a woman of his choice, that the pocket-money he was allowed by a very indulgent mother, which was considerable, was principally squandered in this way. His nurse, who had set up a cheesemonger's shop, was early acquainted with this passion of the youth, and often herself humoured him ; but that which he sighed for now, was to be whipped by a school-mistress. For this he promised large presents if she would indulge him, which she easily saw was in her power. To be brief, she found out a school-mistress she imagined would do, who took in evening scholars. The terms were considerable, as she was to take uncommon pains in his tuition. He was never to mix with the scholars, but to go to school at that period in the evening when they had all retired. The instant he found out that the mistress discovered his weakness, that instant he left her never to return. Everything was to be conducted by his nurse, in such a manner, that his mistress was not to have the most distant idea of the passion. His nurse was to personate his mamma's maid ; was to attend him to and from school ; and everything wore the appearance of a scholar in reality. At his first visit he was to determine about the lady, and if she did not hit his fancy he never went again. If the  
lady

lady had those attractions he desired, his second visit was always crowned with a whipping, which was brought about in the following manner :—

The woman who represented his mother's maid, and who conducted him to school, brought a note to the mistress, dressed in pretty nearly these words—

Madam,

If you expect that I should leave my son any longer under your tuition, you must whip those pernicious humours out of him, that give me so much uneasiness : he is not only the greatest dunce, but the most impertinent boy living ; using ever to me the vilest language, which I am obliged to submit to, as he is too strong for me to manage. This morning he abused me grossly, and I take this method of retaliating, by requesting you will whip him before my maid as severely as his crime merits. I don't desire you should spare the rod, I assure you.

Yours, &c.

P.S.—I forgot to mention he will not eat his bread and butter in the morning without glass windows cut on it.

While

While the mistress was reading this, he watched the motions of her face with the same pleasure an astronomer would the transit of Venus; and if he saw signs of anger his bliss was complete. As soon as the mistress disclosed the contents of the letter to the maid, he flew to the latter for protection; but she shook him off, declaring him the boldest boy in the world, and recommending a good whipping if she expected to meet with her lady's approbation. Then the comedy began. As soon as the mistress laid hold on him, he kicked, plunged, and called her infamous names, to provoke her still more to handle him roughly, which was what he delighted in, for nothing on earth could give him greater pleasure than the endeavour to overpower his mistress; and she that could, with great passion, throw him across her lap, tear his breeches from his a—e, and whip him as smartly as she could, secured his affections from that hour.

This woman, who we shall call Mrs. Trimmer, was the widow of a lieutenant in the navy, and was as severe a disciplinarian as ever took a rod in hand. Her figure and carriage were commanding, and there

was



was a grace in her action many degrees above school-mistresses in general; added to this, she had a nose that turned up, which gave her an air of unbounded pride blended with severity. The nurse, who related these particulars to a friend some time after the gentleman's death, declared she never saw a woman so clever at uncasing a pair of posteriors, which, notwithstanding his struggles, she effected in a minute. As the admonition and supplication differ in some measure from others in this way, it will not be amiss to publish them in pretty near the words of the nurse.

IS it possible, said Mrs. Trimmer, pulling his breeches down to his heels, that your mistress suffered this tyrannical gentleman to insult her in the manner she has represented? No indeed, ma'am, I never insulted my mamma, upon my honour, I did not, roared the youth. Indeed, Mrs. Trimmer, replied the nurse, there's not so bold a boy in the parish. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so I understand! said the mistress (making him caper as high as young Vestris at every stroke of the rod). Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, I can see you are a wicked young rascal! Oh, dear mistress, I'm not indeed! for pity's sake! Oh mistress! mistress! I'll  
never

never offend my mamma ! Oh my a—e ! my a—e ! Oh, my dear nurse, beg me off ! No, no, Sir, I'm desired to see you well whipped, and I think you never got into such excellent hands before. I'll convince him of that, I assure you, before I have done ! You won't eat your bread and butter, I understand, till your mamma cuts glass windows on it, my young master : I'll glass windows you ; yes, yes, yes, yes, I'll cut glass windows on your a—e ! Nurse ! nurse ! my dear nurse ! I'll never do it again ! Oh dear ! Oh Lord ! Oh, mistress ! mistress ! mistress ! forgive me this time ! Oh, what shall I do ! Oh, let me down ! I'll die ! Oh mercy ! mistress ! nurse ! nurse ! I'll be good ! Oh my a—e ! my a—e ! my a—e ! I'll be good, upon my honour, I'll be good ! You often told your mamma, when you have been mounted on my back, that you'd be good, but we never perceived any amendment ; but now your mamma will have some hopes : I'll take care to shew her the condition of your a—e when you return home ; and I'm sure she'll send a letter of thanks to your mistress. The young gentleman thought, I dare swear, there was no one could break him off those crimes, but I'll whip this bold backside of his till I strip every bit of skin from it, or I'll work an amendment

ment in him. Try me this once, my dear mistress! Oh gracious! try me! Oh, I'm killed! let me down! let me down! let me down! nurse! nurse! nurse! You may roar, and cry, and kick, and plunge, and implore, my pretty gentleman, but all will not do; I'll whip you till the blood runs to your heels! You shall feel the tuition of this excellent rod! Mistress! mistress! mistress! for mercy's sake, don't whip me any more! Oh, I'll expire! I know I will! Oh, my dear nurse, catch hold of the rod! catch hold of the rod, for God's sake! my a—e is all flayed! I feel it is, my dear nurse! Oh, my mamma will never find me disobey her again! Well, Mrs. Trimmer, suppose we try him this time. If you think he has had enough, I'll let him down; but I assure you, if the correction was left to myself, I would wear this rod to a stump on his a—e, before I let him down. There, Sir, go to your nurse, and thank her for begging you off; and take care you don't come under my hands again. This is the first whipping I've given you, take care of a second.

---

A foreign gentleman, near Berkeley-square, has an extraordinary passion in this way. His family consists  
of

of four women-servants, all of different ages—the oldest not above forty. These he is sure to change every two years, pretending to leave off housekeeping. When he discharges them, he retires into the country for six months, 'till he thinks the girls are provided for, and then he takes a house in another quarter of London, and attends to all the advertisements of women who wish to conduct the affairs of a single gentleman. As soon as he selects from these who wait on him, each girl has her appointment made out, which are as follows:—Nursery-maid, Governess, Housekeeper, and Lady's-maid. As he allows great wages, he requires all the girls to be exceeding neat in their dress, according to their several situations. As soon as he has them in the house, his presents fly thick among them, and he is seldom disappointed in the return he expects. When he wishes for a gentle nursery whipping, the nursery maid is insulted by him, or he strips and gets into bed, which he wets in a few minutes after, and for which she whips him smarter than for a bare insult. When his governess whips him, the housekeeper or some other servant must beg him off, which must not be complied with; this must be even done upon her knees. This whipping is of a  
feverer



feverer kind than that in the nursery, and he is led to it by the lady's-maid, who makes it a request, at the desire of her mistress. When he is whipt by the lady's-maid, the likeliest of the maids must dress to represent a lady of fashion, and she is to command the girl to whip him in her presence. This whipping he enjoys till the blood runs to his heels, and is of a piece with that which he receives from the hands of the housekeeper in her own room. What he calls a great treat, arises from the following offence:—Upon a signal given by him, the housekeeper, who must be very serious, rather lusty, with white fleshy hands and arms, and very well dressed, fancies some disagreeable smell in the room. The ladies are all called in, and they immediately think the same: the gentleman looks very grave upon it, and the housekeeper concludes he has fouled his breeches, which the ladies, with much contempt and abusive language, all agree in. He is immediately stripped to his shirt by the housekeeper, who fancies she beholds the scene in reality. All noses are turned up on beholding the breeches, and he is laid across the housekeeper's lap, like a child to be cleaned: one lady brings a wet towel, another brings a pan of water to wash him clean, a third brings a dry towel,

towel, with which his backside is rubbed several times, till the lady thinks it clean. At every rub, and during the whole of the operation, the housekeeper expresses her detestation, and lays the fault on the nursery-maid for not whipping such an abominable practice out of him. She replies with much warmth, the fault lies in his mamma, who spoils him, and who will never suffer him to be whipt. The lady's-maid protests she never knew anything so abominable, and recommends a good whipping by all means, which the governess seconded. That he shall have, said the housekeeper, though I were to lose my place the next hour. You dirty, filthy, young rascal, do you think we have nothing else to do but to be employed in this manner, cleaning your backside! fie, for shame! I am determined I won't be employed for nothing, which your a—e shall feel in a minute! Bring me the bundle of birch from my own room! (*all this time she keeps cleaning him.*) The birch is instantly brought, from which she selects what will form an excellent rod, the ladies the whole time recommending it strongly, with many abusive names. His legs are then held by the ladies, and the housekeeper lays on him without mercy—the lecturing, the women abusing, and he roaring



roaring the whole time; and the women are not to cease abusing, and the whipping, till the blood runs to his heels. The nurfery-maid then puts a plaister to the fore part, and puts him to bed, where she laments over him, but declares he deserves it, He keeps crying the whole time, and begs the nurfery-maid will fend the housekeeper to him to make it up, which she, in his hearing, refuses for some time; 'till, by his repeated supplications, she enters, kisses him, takes him in her arms, and lays down beside him; where she meets with a recompence for her extraordinary exertions to please him, and five guineas when the pleasure subsides.

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### PARODY of SAPPHO's celebrated ODE.

By Miss C——, a child of eight years of age, but remarkable quick, now at Mrs. D——'s boarding-school. Addressed to the Rod, with which she had just been corrected by her Governess.

Curst as the meanest wretch is she,  
 Th' unlucky girl just *whipt* by thee,  
 Who sees and feels thy stinging rage,  
 Which nought but time can e'er assuage.

'Tis

'Tis thou that plagu'ft us ev'ry day,  
 To fhame and fmart mak'ft us a prey :  
 Is ought mifdone—ftraight o'er the knee,  
 Poor culprits, we are *twigg'd* by thee.

Thy *fhatter'd ends* and fhabby plight  
 Shew e'en thou fuffer'ft by thy fpite :  
 Judge then, thou ugly *fhaggy* thing,  
 How my poor flefh can bear thy ftिंग.

Guardian Powers, protect me then,  
 Let me ne'er tafte *fell Birch* again ;  
 To naughty boys confine thy rage,  
 And not with tender chits engage.

A gentleman of Yorkfhire, of this description, from feeing a cottager's widow whip one of her children one morning, in his fhirt, with her hand at her cottage-door, which he obferved, though belonging to a poor woman, was, though large, very clear and flefhy, took a great liking to the fame fport ; and knowing his own weight and her poverty he was in no doubt of fucceeding. He made her fome presents, and gave her a better houfe the next day in a filent part of his demefne, where none could overhear ; to which, when  
 the

she had removed, he repaired, and whispered the secret to her. Everything was settled to their wish; the children were at school, the house was still, and he was stripped to his shirt, and capering about the floor, when the woman entered (who personated his mother). She flew at him in a passion, upbraided him with not going to school, and throwing her left arm round him, she removed his shirt, and flapped his a—c with her open hand till it was as red as scarlet. As soon as she was done, she commanded him (agreeable to his desire) to put on his breeches, in the operation of which he called her some abusive names, which so exasperated her, that she tore a birch broom in pieces, and formed an excellent rod, with which, as soon as she had removed his breeches, and laid him across her knee, she whipped him till the blood ran down to his heels.

This sport she continued at times during his life, and for her secrecy he gave her fifty pounds a-year.

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The following is a well authenticated fact, and is now pretty well known to many ladies about Richmond.

mond.—A young gentleman, about seventeen, fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady in London, who he met with at a dance. He disclosed his passion to her, and was very well received by her and her relations, a number of whom knew his connexions. A powerful barrier remained to interrupt this union: his father vowed he would cut him off with a shilling if he ever married without a fortune nearly equal to his own, which was very considerable. The youth begged on his knees that his father would only see the object of his affection, and he was convinced he would alter his decree. The old gentleman was inexorable, and would not consent to the interview. However, in the course of a week, the lover found means to get his father invited to a dinner in his neighbourhood, where the young lady was to be. He came, and she conquered; but her conquest was the old gentleman himself, who alleged his son was too young to enter into marriage, and instantly offered his own hand and a handsome settlement. She consulted her lover next day, who, knowing the obstinacy of his father's disposition, advised her by all means to close with it, at the same time avowing his unbounded happiness on the occasion.

A few days prior to the marriage she promised him she would do everything in her power to promote his felicity. This gave him the best opportunity of opening his mind to her, declaring she had it in her power to divert another passion connected with that he must now renounce; and as she cannot, without injuring her honour, make him an illicit return for the love she has filled him with, his request is, that she will act the part of a step-mother in all its forms. This she solemnly protested she would do, giving him a kiss at the same time. Then, said the enraptured youth, falling on his knees and kissing her feet, you have made me happier than the blest. But, said the lady, what may this other favourite passion of yours be, by diverting which I shall not forfeit my honour? He then, with some little hesitation, disclosed his passion to her, at the same time reminding her of a whipping he saw her give a little brother of hers a few days after he became acquainted with her: the very sight of which so transported him that he was near putting himself in the situation of the boy and imploring such another. The lady smiled at this, but assured him, since she promised to increase his felicity, she would fulfil it in every



every sense in her power the instant she became his step-mother.

The morning after marriage his father took a ride a few miles about a little business, which gave the son an opportunity of putting his step-mamma in mind of fulfilling her promise.—He went to her dressing-room, and, in a passionate transport, claimed it on his knees. The lady told him to wait there for her. She instantly went to the kitchen, and sending the servants out of the way, she made an excellent rod from the broom, and repaired to her step-son. After locking the door, she put the rod upon a distant table, and approached him with a countenance expressive of the utmost severity. She then let down his breeches, and made him bring the rod and put it into her hand, and fall on his knees and beg his sweet mamma would give him a sample of what step-mammas treat their sons with the first time they give them offence. She instantly drew a table near a large looking-glass, at his desire, that he might view her during the whipping; and having placed the two pillows of a sofa on the table she made him mount and extended him on it; then tied his hands behind him, drew his breeches  
down.



down to his heels, and tucked his shirt above the small of his back ; all which she did deliberately, but at the same time gave him to understand, by threats, what he was to expect from her hands. When he was placed to her mind, she took the rod in hand, made him kiss it, and put him in mind who he had to deal with—no silly fond mother, who spared the rod and spoiled the child, but a *step-mother* whose greatest pleasure was in flogging a bold boy's a—e. She then gave him ten or a dozen good stripes, made him kiss the rod and thank his *step-mother* ; then whipt him again severely, using the same intermission and ceremony as at first, and continued whipping him till he told her he had enough, which was the signal to let him down. About three years after her marriage, this lovely woman buried her old husband, and some time after married a man that reduced her in a short time so very low, that she was advised to solicit the bounty of her former lover ; who, hearing of her distress, was beforehand with her, for he settled two hundred a-year on her for life.

F I N I S.





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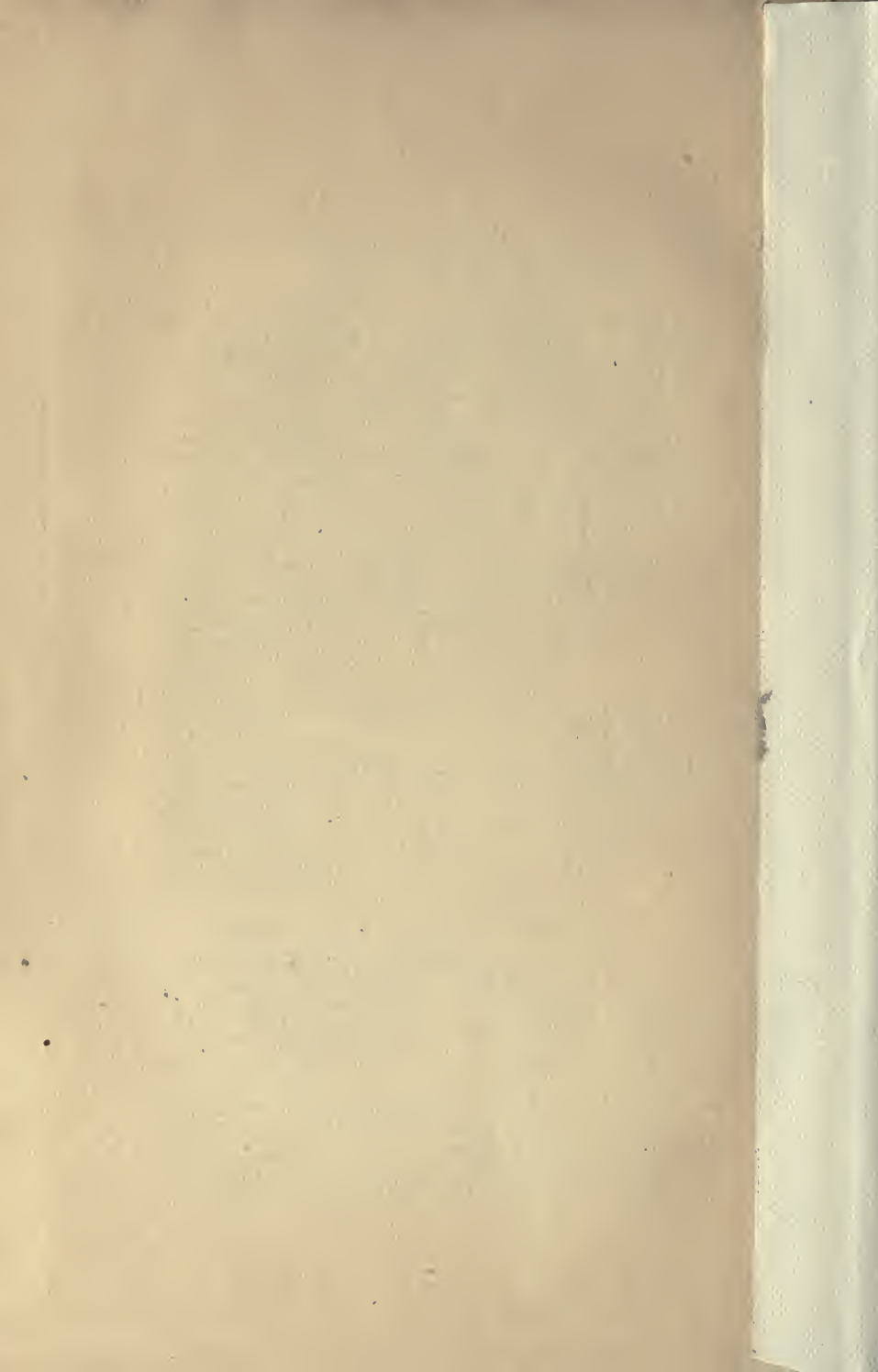
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