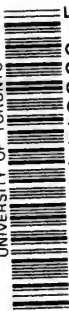


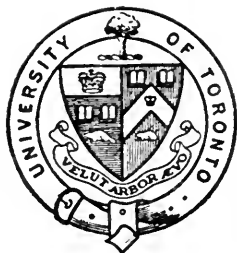
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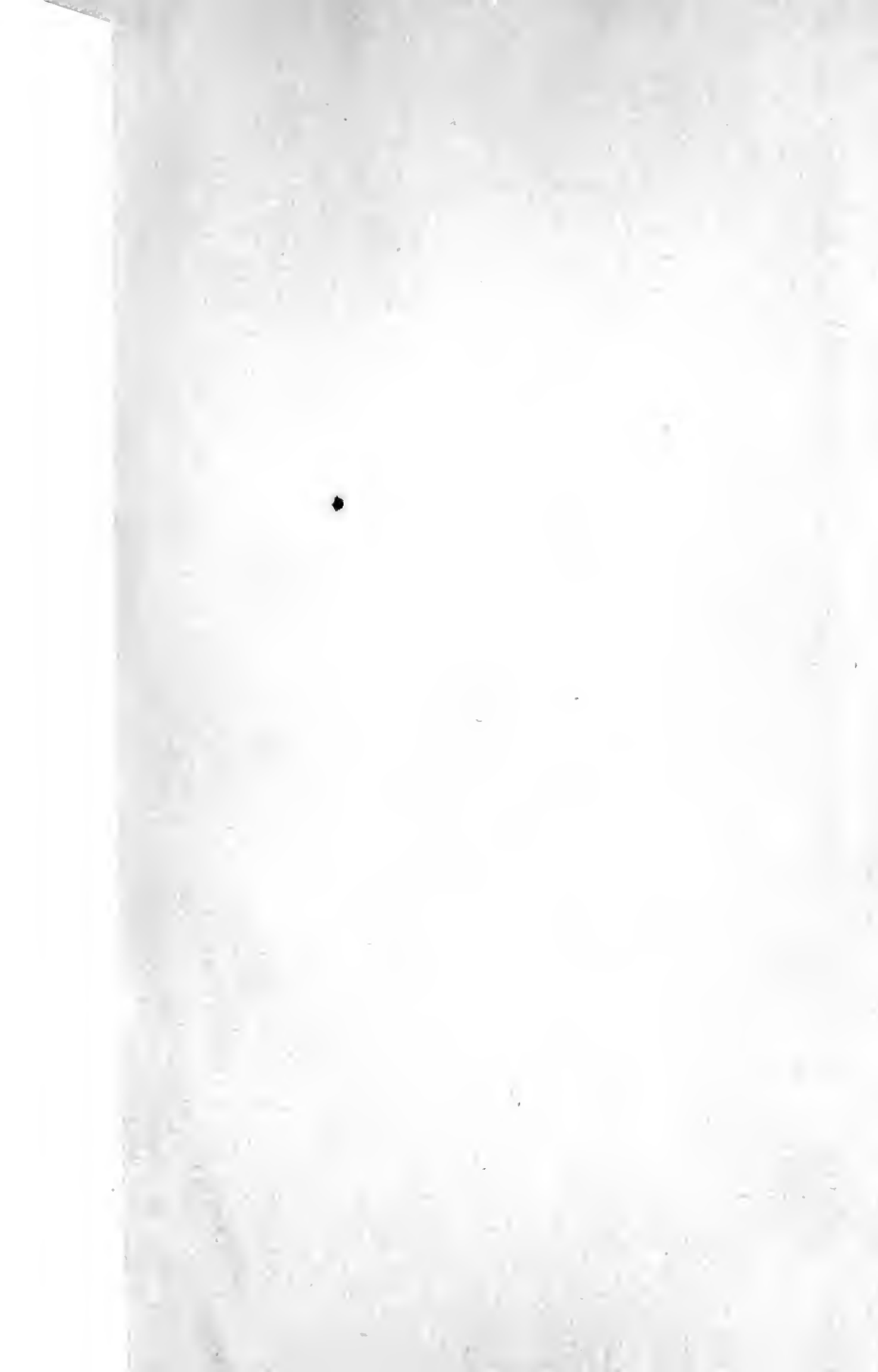
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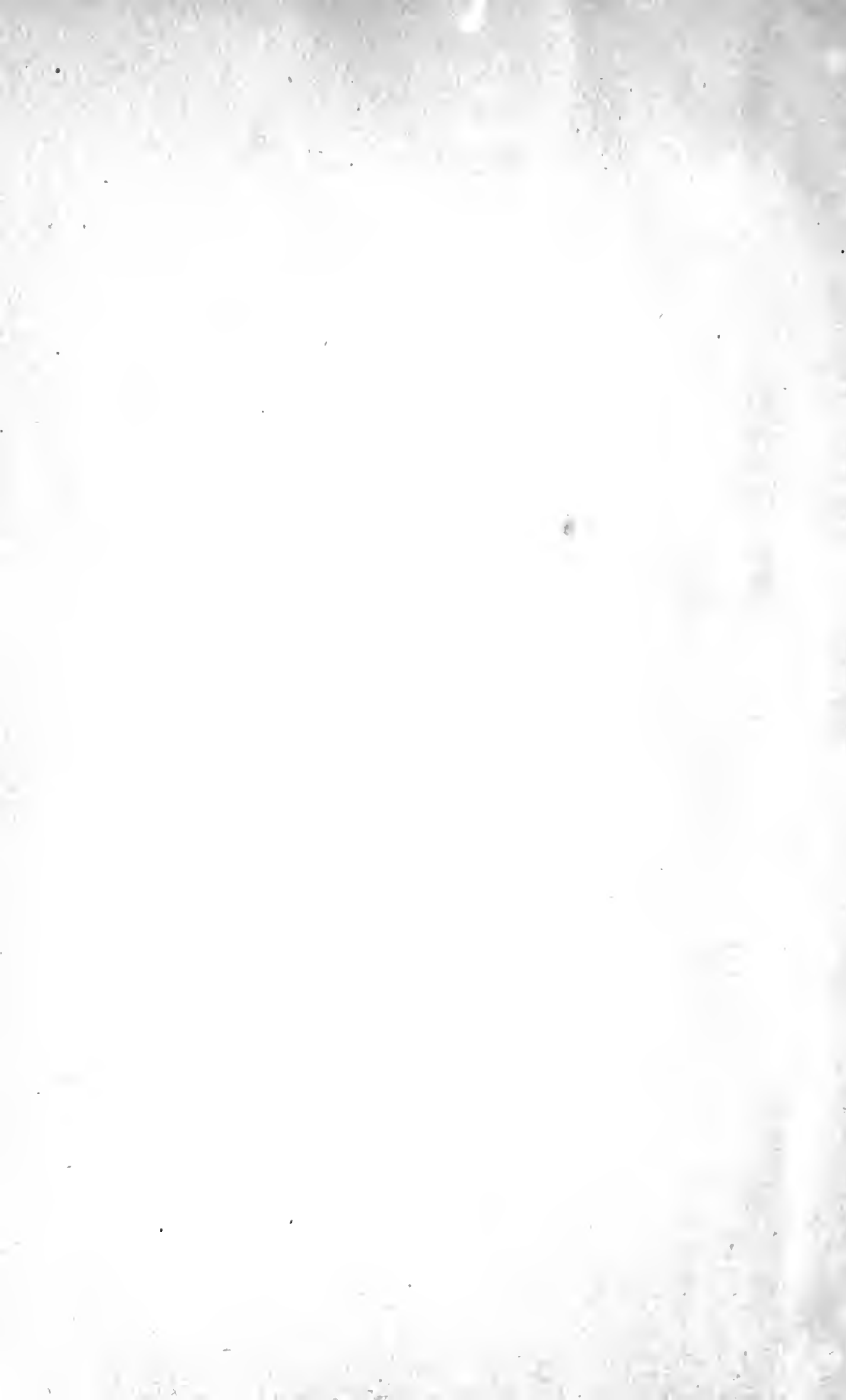
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HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE,

AUTHOR OF

*"A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND."*

---

No. 6.

***"Sublime of Flagellation."***



S U B L I M E  
O F  
F L A G E L L A T I O N :

In LETTERS from  
L A D Y T E R M A G A N T F L A Y B U M ,

O F  
B I R C H - G R O V E ,  
T O

L A D Y H A R R I E T T I C K L E T A I L ,

O F  
B U M F I D D L E - H A L L .

I N W H I C H A R E I N T R O D U C E D

The B E A U T I F U L T A L E o f

L A C O Q U E T T E C H A T I E ,

I n F R E N C H a n d E N G L I S H ;

A N D T H E

B o a r d i n g - S c h o o l B u m b r u f s h e r ;

O R , T H E

*D I S T R E S S E S* o f *L A U R A*

---

L O N D O N : P R I N T E D F O R G E O R G E P E A C O C K .

HQ  
79  
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To look at her majestic figure  
Would make you caper with more vigour,  
The lightning flashing from each eye  
Would lift your soul to ecstasy!  
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!  
Madame Birchini's Dance.

---

Long tormented, without knowing by what, I devoured, with an ardent eye, every fine woman: my imagination recalled them incessantly to my memory, solely to submit them to my manner, and transform them into so many Miss Lamberciens.

Roussseau's Confessions, vol. I.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HAT so much should be said upon a subject that has nothing but its singularity to recommend it, is to many surprizing. The number of anecdotes throughout the Exhibition of Female Flagellants; Madame Birchini's Dance; Fashionable Lectures; Doctor Meibomius's celebrated Treatise; and Lady Bumtickler's Revels—any reader, not in the secret, would suppose included everything novel and entertaining. But they are mistaken: for the Writer of this has seen, in the hands of a lady, a work of singular excellence, which includes the leading particulars of this nature in the Life of a lover of birch-discipline, written, in the manner of Rousseau, by the gentleman himself. She has consented to its publication; and the next winter will, in all likelihood, give birth to it.



## *Sublime of Flagellation, &c.*

---

### LETTER I.

MY DEAR HARRIET,

BIRCH-GROVE.

OUR early opinion of my *caro sposo* was well-grounded. I had not been three days married when, on entering his study, I found him reading a little French book, which he seemed highly delighted with. He did not close the book, but, handing me a chair, made me sit beside him, and read the following very whimsical tale, which he made me afterwards translate. You shall have both; but you must be content with a prose translation.

# LA COQUETTE CHATIE.

*By the Abbe GRECOURT.*

---

**C**HACUN doit a sa femme amour & complaisance ;  
Mais conquelle en abuse & prend trop de licence  
Là correction est souvent d'un grand fruit ;  
Vous en allez juger par l'histoire qui suit.

Une femme trujours revenoit tard chez elles  
Ne parlant que d'amour, de bals & de ruelles,  
San voir que son mari en avoit du chagrin,  
Et de tout ces cadeaux se laiffait à là fin,  
Le mari peu conent d'une telle conduite.  
Voulut que de son ordre elle fut lors instruite.  
Il lui dit donc, ma femme, ou m'amour, ou mon cœur.  
Je ne scai pas lequel ; car comme, a son malheur,

Il craignoit pour son front ce dont on fait mystere,  
 Il pouvoit bien contr'elle avoir quelque colere :  
 Mais n'importe, il lui dit, que faites vous les jours ?  
 Fait-il aussi les nuits, pour tous vos quinze heures ?  
 Je pretends, s'il vous plait, certaine heuere venüe  
 Qu'au logis sagement je vous voye renduë,  
 Oü si-non, je scaurai vous mettre à là raison ;  
 Il en jura a foi, mais jura d'un gros ton ;  
 Avocat tout ensemble, accusateur & juge,  
 Comment contre l'arret avoir quelque refuge ?  
 Enfin, bon gré, malgré, force étoit d'obéir ;  
 Mais là belle croyant pouvoir se divertir  
 Vü que tous ses plaisirs étoient dans l'innocence  
 Ne s'embarraffa point de cette remontrance,  
 Et revint dès le soir, tard comme auparavant.  
 Dans l'art de corriger l'avocat fort scavant,  
 Avait depuis trois jours des verges succulantes,  
 Qu'il fit trémper long-tems pour être plus piquantes  
 Dès que sa femme arrive, il monta sur ses pas  
 Se faisit d'elle au corps, s'empare de ses bras,  
 Elle qui ne craint point de tragique aventure  
 Et peut-être croyoit céder à là nature,  
 Se laisse de bon cœur renverser sur le lit,  
 Quelle surprise, hélas quand cette femme vit,

Que

Que le traître mari n'en vouloit qu' au derrière  
 Là chemise déjà l'expose à la lumière,  
 De cent coups aussi-tot il se sent déchirer  
 Et la belle aux abois est prête d'expirer.  
 En vain à son secours elle appelé du monde,  
 Tout est sourd à ses cris, aucun ne la seconde ;  
 N'étant pas là plus forte, il faut céder aux coups  
 Et demander pardon à ce facheux epoux  
 Dieux ! quelle extrémité, le cœur rempli de rage  
 Elle s'échape, & court se plaindre au voisinage ?  
 Mais hélas, à sa honte & ses meilleurs amis  
 Ne lui répondoient rien, si ce n'est par leur ris  
 Que faire pour sauver une semblable injure ?  
 Il fallut de son cœur, étouffer le murmure.  
 Ce rude châtiment eut un effet si prompt,  
 Qu'elle ne fortoit plus comme les autres font.  
 J'entends celles qui font gloire d'être coquettes  
 Et d'écouter par-tout, les conteurs de sonnettes :  
 L'obeissance fut le parti qu'elle prit,  
 Et depuis aux cadeaux jamais on ne la vit.  
 Ah ! si le mode vient de bien fesser les femmes,  
 Que de sujets de craindre à la plupart des dames !

*TRANSLATION.*



TRANSLATION.

THE COQUET CHASTISED.

COMPLAISANCE and affection are justly due to wives; but when they abuse indulgence, a little correction may be necessary. The following story is a case in point:—

A lady kept most unreasonable hours: her head ran upon nothing but balls and masquerades, without minding her husband's chagrin—who, quite discontented with her proceedings, was determined to be very explicit. He said to her—"My dear, are the days not sufficiently long, but the nights must be also devoted to your pleasure? I must insist that you return home at a certain hour: if you do not mind this injunction, I have a most infallible method to bring you to reason: of this matter I will be judge as well as accuser." The fair lady, conscious that her pleasures were founded on innocence, paid no regard to his remonstrances, and returned home that evening at her usual late hour. Little was she apprehensive of her husband's skill in administering discipline, who, for three days before, had prepared a most  
rare

rare collection of green birch-twigs; and, that they might tickle madame to some purpose, he had soaked them well in brine. As soon as my lady entered, he was hard at her heels, threw his arms round her, who, not the least apprehensive of consequences, and, perhaps, expecting a sacrifice to Venus would be the end of their endearments, suffered herself to be extended upon the bed, and even her lovely posteriors exposed to the view of her pedagogue husband. But judge, ye fair, of her surprise, when she felt her delicate white mountains torn by a volley of blows from the hands of her exasperated husband. In vain she called for help; in vain she resisted his superior strength—he continued castigating her 'till she implored pardon, and promised amendment. The next day she made violent complaints to her female friends, who only laughed at the tragic-comic adventure. At last, being apprehensive of another whipping, she thought it prudent to be silent, and to reform her life. I shall only remark, that if once it becomes the fashion for husbands to chastise their wives in this droll manner, there are few ladies who would escape, at some period of their lives, the close embraces of a good birch-rod.

Well,

Well, my dear, charming friend, what do you think of this whimsical bagatelle? Methinks I hear you fay, let me meet with fuch a husband, and if I don't retaliate, may I never make a young culprit caper with a rod again!

Well, but feriously, my lovely friend, if every injured husband was to act in this fevere manner, what would half our female friends do? What would become of our little friend Clariffa, if, whenever fhe played truant, her herculean husband was to wreak his vengeance on her in this manner? One thing, I muft own, I would rejoice in on this occafion, and I don't know another would give me half the pleafure, and that is to fee the imperious Lady Dutchbottom prancing under a fevere caftigation. But that is not to be expected from her lamb-like husband: he, poor creature, is fuch a flave to her tyranny, that I am firmly of opinion, if her proud fpirit would condefcend to ftrip and tie him down naked on a table, he would think fhe did him very high and diftinguifhed honour, not only to wear a rod upon his bum herfelf, but to ftand by and command the Jack gentlewoman, her maid, to wear another!

Apropos

Apropos of this maid and her sister, I have a story to tell you.

They both lived in the family of Major —, where the last lady filled the department of governess. She was a fine showy woman, and complete mistress of intrigue. It happened the family were from home at a time when a gentleman called about money business. Miss L— received him with the utmost politeness, and pressed him to stay dinner. He consented, and instantly ordered his horse into the stable. It happened to be Sunday, and the children were out of the way on a visit to their grandmother, who lived in the neighbourhood. In their way upstairs to shew the gentleman some good pictures, Miss L— happened to mention the beautiful prospect she had out of her school-room windows. The gentleman begged to be instantly conducted to the room, which, with the readiest politeness, she complied with. The prospect met his highest approbation; but, on turning from the window, he observed an instrument lie on the table that gave him superior pleasure. He took it up, shook it, and, turning to her, begged to know what kind of use she made of it. Most excellent, indeed, Sir, said she.

she, at times; I'd soon convince you, if you were one of my pupils, what use I make of it. He then threw himself on his knees, and begged she would quench the raging fire that burned within him. She affected not to understand what he meant, till he took one of her hands, and, rising, forced it to the waistband of his breeches, to unbutton it. She stormed about the room, and protested he should not leave the house till she had made him an example for the insult. He begged, prayed, vowed, and swore he would do anything in the world to make her reparation. To this she only answered with ringing the bell, and running out of the room to bring up her sister, who, after some consultation on the stairs, made her appearance, little less enraged than Miss L——. The gentleman offered to do anything to screen him from the shame they intended exposing him to. A promise of marriage was proposed by the sister, to which the gentleman instantly consented, opening his pocket book and putting into the offended lady's hand a bank note of two hundred pounds, for the better fulfilling it. Then, said the sister, as you may be now considered man and wife, your first request, Sir, may be complied with, and I'll see if I cannot carry it into execution. She instantly  
laid

aid violent hands on him, and horfed him with the greateft eafe; and Mifs L——, pulling his breeches down to his heels, and removing every obftruction to the lash of the rod, made him roar and caper till his a—e was almost flayed. In fhort, ſhe whipt him into the moſt violent affection for her, and they were married in a few days after: but, like every character elevated from ſervitude, ſhe, in a ſhort time, frowned upon the meanness of her ſiſter's ſituation, and they declared war, which opened with a diſcovery of this adventure to her miſtreſs. Adieu.

## L E T T E R   I I.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,

BIRCH GROVE.

You tell me you are delighted with my tale, and the ſucceeding anecdote. This gives me no ſmall pleaſure, I aſſure you—for who would not feel the higheſt human felicity in contributing to the entertainment of the paragon of her ſex! I have been making a drawing of you and little Statira; but I have not ſucceeded to my wiſh. I have failed in not only the  
angelic

angelic beauty of my lovely friend, but the indescribable spirit she assumes when exercising the rod! Who but my lovely Harriet can boast, in so high a degree, of the faultless form, shap'd by the hand of harmony? the cheek, where the lively crimson, thro' the native white, soft shooting o'er the face, diffuses bloom and ev'ry nameless grace! I have failed too, in the little culprit: the limbs are not disposed to my mind—they are too inactive. I like to see a figure plunging and prancing under every lash of the rod!

To make my present letter as entertaining as my last, let me recommend to your attention the following little work, which I found in Sir Harry's cabinet this morning.

The *DISTRESSES* of *LAURA*:

Or, The Boarding-school Bumbrusker.

HOW long must a mother's tyrannical rule  
 Detain my sweet Laura a pris'ner at school?  
 How long must she hoard up, in nature's despite,  
 The sweets of that body, mature for delight;

And

And waste among schoolmates, a passionless throng,  
Those hours that to rapture and Venus belong ?

How cruel the lot of that delicate fowl  
Still to feel the rude hand of capricious control ?  
Compelled to arise in the *morning* at seven,  
Who with me should be welcome to lie till eleven ;  
To *chapel* thence instantly hurried away,  
For sins, which she never committed, to pray ;  
For omissions, 'tis true, she has much to atone,  
Not having done those things she ought to have done ;  
Grant, Venus, the task may be speedily mine,  
To teach her the duties she owes at thy shrine !

At *breakfast* to one scanty measure she's tied,  
No fancy consulted, no liking supplied ;  
When gladly I'd ransack earth, air, and the sea,  
For whatever might best with her palate agree.

At *noon* o'er her lesson while pensive she plies,  
How sicken her cheeks, and how languish her eyes !  
Those cheeks that should glow with the flush of desire  
Those eyes that should sparkle with rapturous fire !  
How often that bosom suspires with affright  
Which only should heave with the throb of delight !

How



How oft on her tongue foreign languages dwell  
 Which should only in Love's native language excel !  
 How oft are her fingers, so dainty and fair,  
 Condemned the oppression of thimbles to bear !  
 Which soon may it fall to my lot to remove,  
 Supplying their place with the pledges of love !  
 How oft is she doomed, at a master's command,  
 To surrender the charms of her lily-white hand ;  
 Which, on pretext of teaching in dancing a skill,  
 He squeezes with freedom, and palms as he will :  
 That hand which I never could touch but the dart  
 Of rapturous passion shot straight to my heart.

No help-mate to soothe or console her is nigh,  
 To guess at her wants, and to find them supply ;  
 But a mistress who huffs her complaints and distress,  
 And mocks at those woes I would die to redress.  
 Or perhaps for some error (and angels have erred),  
 For needle neglected, or lesson deferred,  
 She suffers a fate which it grieves me to name,  
 The blended affliction of torture and shame ;  
 And those delicate limbs, which I pine to possess,  
 And would shield with my life from the pang of  
 distress,

For a pittance of mercy now struggle in vain,  
 And tingle with all the disaster of pain.  
 " Oh mistress! dear mistress!" the sweet girl cries,  
 " Indeed!—'pon my honour!—I never tell lies!  
 " I caught the vile girl in the act,\* I protest!  
 I will not believe it—your tongue's ne'er at rest.  
 But I'll put a stop to such impudent clack,  
 And the next time I'll flay every inch of your back!  
 Your bum's become callous, 'tis so often whipt,  
 There's scarcely a day but this backside is stripp'd:  
 " Oh mistress! for pity's sweet sake let me down,  
 " And I'll give you my keepsake, my dear mother's  
 crown!"

What! offer to bribe me! no, no, my sweet miss,  
 Your arse, for the thought, shall feel this! this! and this!  
 " Oh Lord! I'll expire! I cannot bear more!"  
 You shall say you were never so well whipt before:  
 Yes! yes! you bold vixen, your tyrant stepmother  
 Ne'er whipt half so well the backside of your brother;  
 And she, you've oft said, takes uncommon delight  
 In whipping the urchin in bed every night.

---

\* Of making use of an instrument very common in boarding-schools.

I know Mrs Flaybum's an excellent hand  
 At keeping fuch impudent girls in command ;  
 But you, fhe declared, never minded this arfe  
 Being whipt—nay, you called it a farce !  
 “ Indeed ! 'pon my honour ! 'tis falfe, I declare,  
 “ Dear miftrefs ! fweet miftrefs ! oh Lord ! I can't bear  
 “ Such a whipping ! forgive me this time,  
 “ And you'll ne'er find me guilty of any fuch crime.”  
 Didn't you oft hear me fay, if I once took in hand  
 A good rod, you would find it a fure reprimand !  
 This excellent rod I have worn to a ftump,  
 And I've flay'd your bold arfe from your thighs to  
     your rump !  
 I've giv'n you a fample of what I can do  
 When I've got fuch bold vixens to deal with as you !  
 Go now, fhew the fcholars your impudent arfe,  
 And tell 'em you think fuch a whipping a farce !—

Her tears and entreaties no lenity find,  
 Nor her hand, nor her heels, ward the rod from behind !  
 She struggles, fhe plunges, her cries pierce my heart ;  
 But her mercilefs miftrefs increafes her fmart—  
 Still plies the fell birch, and ftill keeps up her clothes,  
 Till my Laura's fweet burn is as red as a rofe.

At *setting of Sun*, when those moments ensue,  
 Which to gentle delight and to dalliance are due,  
 With her schoolmates at supper she sparingly tares,  
 And to bed, without drinking one toast, she repairs:  
 Then squanders the night-time in indolent sleep,  
 When Venus her rapturous vigils should keep.

Affist me, thou merciful Cyprian Queen,  
 To rescue the fair from this torturing scene!  
 Oh! e'er should thy favour consign her to me,  
 Thy altar no vot'ries so constant shall be:  
 With offering tenfold we should haste to repay  
 What time has been trifled in needless delay.

Well, my lovely friend, what do you think of this complaining lover? Do you sigh at the imaginary distresses he deploras? I think if we had him in the situation we had your cousin Charles, in the grotto, we would put him in the highest good humour with a whipping; at least, I am certain a whipping from your lovely hand would make him look up to you for the remainder of his life as a divinity!

You'd soon convince him his posteriors  
 Were never whipt by your superiors;

And

And tho' you made him roar and prance,  
 He'd say no step-mamma in France  
 (If he but turn'd his head to view you)  
 E'er boasted charms superior to you!  
 To look at your majestic figure  
 Would make him caper with more vigour!  
 The lightning flashing from each eye  
 Would lift his soul to ecstasy!  
 Your milk-white, fleshy hand and arm,  
 That ev'n an anchorite might charm,  
 Now tucking in his shirt-tail high,  
 Now smacking hard each plunging thigh,  
 And tho' twin orbs that near e'm lie!  
 Then, handing him the rod to kifs,  
 You'd make him thank you for the blifs:  
 No female Busby then he'd find  
 E'er whipt him half so well behind!  
 Your lovely face where beauty smil'd,  
 Now frowning, and now seeming wild!  
 Your bubbies, o'er their boundr'y broke,  
 Quick palpitating at each stroke!  
 With vigour o'er the bouncing bum  
 You'd tell th' ungovern'd boy who rul'd at  
 home!

There

There is the very spirit of pure poetry for you, my charming flagellant. Not my own, I assure you, but selected from a lively poem I found among Sir Harry's literary curiosities, entitled *Madame Birchini's Dance*. Adieu.

## L E T T E R III.

MR DEAR FRIEND,

BIRCH-GROVE.

YOU are all impatience to hear how I govern my step-children—of this hereafter. I mentioned to Sir Harry the theft I had been guilty of, in sending you the curious anecdote from his charming collection. He laughed heartily, and, in a few minutes after, put into my hands the following whimsical tale, which you may find as much entertainment in as you found in my former letters.

In the first volume of *La Chronique Scandaleum*, printed at Paris in 1778, page 192, is the following little story, in which an opera girl satiates her revenge upon a rival in a very extraordinary manner. Most probably the idea suggested itself to her from similar punishments

punishments she had received and inflicted in the course of her amours.

At an opera ball, two courtesans, named Rosalie and Saint Marie, had a falling out—the termination of which was very curious. Invectives, or rather severe truths, were liberally bestowed by both parties. Rosalie was obliged, in this sort of combat, to give up the field to her adversary: she retired almost stifled with rage, and a desire of vengeance. The next morning, a young man, of genteel appearance, presented himself at the door of Saint Marie, who was not yet risen: her woman refused admittance. He insists, and at last penetrates into the chamber, where the fair one was still reposed in the arms of Morpheus. He shut the door and windows, and drew the curtain with no small bustle. It was Rosalie herself, who came to demand satisfaction of her adversary. She produced two pistols, and presented them to Saint Marie, who, hardly awaked, sprung from the bed, and, falling at the feet of Rosalie, implored forgiveness. Rosalie offered to decide the affair with pistols, which the other tremblingly refused. She then, after reproaching her rival as a poltroon, produced from under her  
greatcoat

greatcoat an excellent birch-rod, and compelling Saint Marie to take up her shift, and to lay herself in the most convenient posture, she whipt her fair posteriors till the blood came, and then retired, satisfied with the vengeance she had taken.

This story is so like one I heard some years ago, from an Irish lady in London, that any one would suspect it was borrowed from it. There is something so highly laughable in it, that it would be a pity to withhold it from you. A new actress, Mrs G——n, an Englishwoman, having made her entrée in Lady Townly, at the Theatre Royal in Dublin, three high-bred women of fashion, in the stage box, grossly insulted her, by talking loud, coughing, &c. The actress was greatly distressed, stopped, and at length burst into a flood of tears, and retired. The ladies, unabashed, for a moment enjoyed their triumph, when a great uproar ensued, and Go on! go on! was heard from all parts of the house, when a young collegian (no Sir R—— I——) suddenly jumped upon a bench in the middle of the pit, and exclaimed to the audience—"My friends who sit about me are determined the play shall not go on till those *three drunken gentlemen in women's*



*women's clothes* leave the stage box." The address was univerfally applauded, and, being followed by a ſhower of oranges and apples from both galleries, the Amazonians retired in the greateſt confuſion, amidſt the hoots and hiſſes of the ſpectators.

Some time after, when Mrs G——n was about to leave Ireland, ſhe hinted her thoughts of retaliation to an officer in the garrifon of Dublin, who was her enthuſiaſtic admirer, which met his entire approbation. The gentleman wrote to the ringleader of the party, in the name of one of the ladies above mentioned, requeſting a viſit from her at the very houſe where Mrs G——n then lodged, where ſhe was then on a viſit to a lady who had juſt arrived from England, and who was their intimate friend. The lady arrived, on the tiptoe of rapture, to embrace her friend, and was led into a room where Mrs G——n was ſeated to receive her. The gentleman who conducted the buſineſs was dreſſed in woman's apparel, by way of diſguiſe, and received her with the rougheſt politeneſs imaginable, by firſt locking the door, then commanding her to go on her knees and aſk Mrs G——n's pardon, then gagging her, and then horſing her on  
his

his back. The lady struggled as well as she could, but all would not do: the enraged actresses instantly took the rod in hand, and removing her clothes to the small of her back, made her caper and prance, till her lovely posteriors were as well whipt as any from the hands of a boarding-school governess or tyrannical step-mother. When the exasperated daughter of Thalia beheld the blood running down her thighs, she dropt the rod, and left her to reflect on better manners; and, in a few hours after, in company with her companion in the business, she set sail for England. The lady was so mortified that she never mentioned the disaster to any one, and, in all probability, the only revenge she has had since has been on the backside of some male or female under her turbulent dominion. If she left a sample of her correction as striking as that from the hand of Mrs G——n, heaven help the poor culprit's posteriors! Adieu.

## L E T T E R IV.

MY LOVELY FRIEND,

BIRCH GROVE.

THE morning after my arrival here, Sir Harry's sister, Caroline, paid me a visit: she is a beautiful creature,

creature, and one of the most engaging women in the world.

“ Majestic charms in ev’ry feature shine,  
 “ Her air, her port, her accent is divine !”

She brought one of my step-children, who was on a visit at her house, to see me. In a few days I soon found this young gentleman, from too great indulgence, what is termed a spoiled boy, and I soon found an opportunity to indulge myself in my favourite amusement. I never found any boy so much a match for me as this youth, who is not more than fourteen years old. His sister, to oblige Sir Harry, who is fond to excess of the sport, I whipt the very day after my arrival ; since which I find she has been abusing me to the servants, and she told her aunt, before she had been an hour in the house, that I was the greatest tyrant that ever took a rod in hand. What do you think of this insolence, my dear ? But I soon found an opportunity to retaliate, and I did it to some purpose, I assure you. The young gentleman and his sister put a school trick in practice in a day or two after, which put me in extreme torture. It will make you smile, I’m certain. Upon my attempting to rise from the  
 feat

seat in the little-house, I found I was as fast as if I was nailed to it. I screamed for assistance, and a poor Caroline ran instantly to me, and, to her astonishment, discovered that I was glued to the seat with shoemaker's wax. It had been rubbed pretty thick round the edge of the hole, and, while the slides were undrawn, anyone might sit down without discovering any such wicked trick. As soon as Caroline drew one of the side slides, she plainly saw, but could not see it without laughing, I assure you, a circle of wax round my bum, the heat of which forced it above the surface of the seat. It was so ridiculous altogether, that I did not like the servants should know anything about it; so Caroline went for some oil, and poured it round my bum, and with that and some violent struggles of my own I got disengaged. There, my dear girl, there's a wicked trick for you; match it if you can! But I had my fill of revenge. I took Caroline to my own room, and having thrown myself on the bed, the sweet girl turned me up, and, after half-an-hour's labour on her part, and excruciating pain on mine, she freed me from that terrible disaster. When I went down to the parlour I challenged the young gentleman and lady about it, and you may be certain they denied it  
stiffly;

stuffy; but they did not deny it long, for, on searching the young gentleman's pocket, I found the remainder of the ball of wax. He instantly fell on his knees and begged forgiveness, and protested his sister set him on to put the diabolical scheme into execution. I instantly got a most excellent rod, and, having requested the assistance of Caroline, I whipt Miss Louisa till I made the blood start. I then pulled Master William's breeches down to his heels, notwithstanding the most violent struggles on his part, and, with the assistance of Caroline, I left his backside as severely whipt as any female Busby in England could do it. Though I acted in this severe manner I protest to you, sincerely, I laughed immoderately, when alone with Caroline, at the whimsical trick. When Sir Harry returned from hunting, and heard of the proceeding, you cannot conceive how he lamented not being present while I exercised the rod; and he would not believe me that I had acted with such severity, till I called the lady and gentleman, and, stripping the posteriors of both, presented them before him. You never, my dear Harriet, beheld eyes sparkle like Sir Harry's at that instant; he made them quit the room instantly, started from his chair, locked the door,

dropped

dropped upon his knees at my feet, and played the culprit to admiration. I was perfect in my cue, and instantly forced him to lie down across two chairs. I then pulled his breeches down to his heels, and tucked his shirt in, by his desire, as high as I could, using great deliberation all the time, and working myself into a violent passion, which was heightened by his struggling, plunging, kicking, and abusive language. I then, my dear Harriet, for the first time with him, took the rod in hand, and I made such excellent use of it, that it flew in pieces about the room, but not before I had given him a delightful whipping. He was so enraptured that he embraced me, and kept me in his arms above a minute, and then presented me with a bank note for two hundred pounds. There's a husband for you, my dear! May you meet with such another is the sincere wish of

Your sincere friend.

P.S.—I cannot close this letter without mentioning a singular anecdote Sir Harry related a few minutes after. In his rambles among ladies in the incontinent world, he said he had picked up many strange anecdotes of gentlemen fond of a rod from the hand of a  
 woman.

woman, among which the following deserves particular notice :—A young nobleman took a liking to an orange woman one day in St. James's-street. He happened to discover something above the common in her conversation, and a short time after he enabled her to open a chandler's shop, for the pleasure of seeing the servant-maids in the neighbourhood, who came to deal with her. Chandler's shops are always furnished with rods for children, and his Lordship made it a point that this woman should provide the very best. His Lordship always sat in the parlour in disguise, and could see through a little window every person that came in ; and when he saw a face and person that he approved of, he made a signal, which the woman of the shop understood, and immediately began to sift the young woman—first, by shewing her four or five guineas which a young woman like her earned the day before in a few minutes, and deposited with her, for doing a little matter in which her virtue never suffered. She would tell her what it was, and offer her the same if she would comply. The bribe seldom failed, and his Lordship had the felicity of having his backside whipt by most of the captivating servant-maids in the neighbourhood, from the bouncing  
housekeeper

housekeeper to the pretty nursery-maid. The woman of the shop swore the maid to secrecy first, and then introduced her to his Lordship, who she represented a very bold ungovernable boy. She then brought her back into the shop, put a good rod in her hand, and, if a novice in the business, instructed her what to say, and how to act. Then the girl returned to his Lordship, pretended to lock the door, tied his hands behind him, stretched him at full length upon a table, on which was two pillows, pulled his breeches down in a violent manner, and whipt him with the utmost severity. The instant the woman of the shop heard the first stroke of the rod, and he roaring for his mother to come and save him, she thundered at the door to beg him off; but the maid paid no attention to her, nor to his supplications, no further than going to the door several times during the punishment, and declaring aloud to her that she should not come in till she had given him a whipping he should remember while he lived. The woman of the shop still kept thundering away, till, from some words that fell from the culprit, she knew he was whipt enough, then she bounced into the room and threw herself on him, bewailed the shocking situation of his backside, rubbed

it



it repeatedly with her hand to allay the smart, tore the ugly rod in pieces, turned the woman out of the room in a rage, and poured a torrent of abuse on her inhumanity to her dear little boy ; then rubbed his backside again, and kissed it, then untied him, pulled up his breeches, seated him in her lap, kissed him with the greatest seeming affection, and the farce ended. For all this trouble he allowed this woman three hundred a-year, and I think she deserved it. This is a scheme that might be carried into execution in such a place as London at an easierrate ; and I have not a doubt, Harriet, if these particulars were well known, a number of young women might be comfortably provided for, by setting them up in chandler's shops, the greatest expense attending the opening of one of which could not exceed fifty pounds. I forgot to mention another particular of the peer before-mentioned, which is as singular. He had one of the finest women in England, a sister, who, when she wanted money, had nothing to do but to dress herself elegantly, send him to his bed-chamber, where he stripped and went to bed ; in a few minutes after rush into the room in a violent passion, throw the clothes off the bed, pull him by the heels out of it, and extend him on a table, and then, personating

any

any lady that he mentioned to her immediately before the conflict, whip him without mercy. I wish, my dearest Harriet, you or I had such a brother; our purses would not be so often as light as they are. Adieu.

### L E T T E R V.

DEAR HARRIET,

BIRCH GROVE.

OF all the Flagellantarians that ever existed, Sir Harry has the greatest fund of whimsical anecdotes about birch discipline. He put in my hand this morning some observations he made on his return to England upon a singular anecdote he picked up when last in Paris, which will, I have not a doubt, give you much pleasure. He says—"Lovers of birch, ladies and gentlemen, are now almost as common as the lovers of Venus. That a partiality to a rod, exercised by a lady, has drove many into madness on the continent, from a too frequent use of it, is certain. In England, the passions of men are less fervent; the heat of the clime does not drive men or women to this provocative, or this pleasure, call it which you will, for it is in esteem for both. Ladies in England are

6.

not

not so fond of this felicity as on the continent, but the gentlemen here are, at this day, very near as great admirers of it; and, since the Cyprian ladies of Britain have been led into the secret, there is scarcely a day passes but one or other of the circle administer this pleasure. One anecdote occurs to me, which I have not seen in print, of a youth of fourteen years old, in Paris. This young gentleman is the son of a French marquis: he fell desperately in love with a distinguished opera dancer, one night at the opera. His father he knew was one of the first characters in the gallant world, and as he was then a single man, the youth formed a stratagem to get the lady into his house. The next day he wrote a letter in his father's name to the lady, offering her a *carte blanche*. The lady, upon enquiry, found everything to her wish, and she wrote a letter to the marquis how happy she should be to embrace his offer. The marquis was astonished: he waited on her instantly, and set her right about the matter; but before he took his leave they agreed to live together, laughed heartily over the affair, and that evening she took up her abode in his house. He must be less than man that could not conclude a treaty of this nature in a few minutes with a  
 lady

lady in possession of those exterior beauties for which the first order of French ladies are distinguished, and a soul alive to every impulse of love and gaiety. The youth happened to be on a visit at his grandmamma's when the lady came home, and did not return till **next** day. At the moment she was about stepping into a carriage with his father, in order to take an airing, her gait, in her way out of the room, was so majestic, and her leg and foot so finely formed and shewn to such advantage as she stepped along, that the youth was lost in transport. He had not an opportunity for some days of courting the felicity he panted for from her hands, but at length he obtained it. His father was gone to Picardy about some pressing business, and they were left alone. The lady shewed the young gentleman the most engaging fondness, and he in return called her his charming mamma. One evening as she sat in full dress ready for her carriage to take her to the opera, he kissed her lips and hands in a mad transport, then threw himself at her feet and kissed them an hundred times. He declared to the lady, from whom I had this relation, that on beholding her at this time his passion mounted to such a blaze that he was near being deprived of his reason. Her  
shoes

shoes were spangled in the richest manner, and the quarters ornamented with a gold fringe: she had a pair of large brilliant buckles of the Artois fashion, and a stocking of the richest silk, ornamented with a gold clock. All this, with a gold fringe to her petticoat, had such an effect on him as he lay at her feet, that he wished to expire at them. She took this as the gambols of a fond boy, and would have done so if he had not caught hold of her hand and kissed it an hundred times. Her hands and arms were finely formed and were as fair as snow, and were adorned with the richest jewels, particularly her arms, which had two bracelets set with diamonds, and fastened on with many strings of pearl. She had an eye full of the liquid moisture of love, and a bosom full, and fair as alabaster, which was quite bare. He attempted to put his hands up her petticoats, which she removed, nor would she suffer him to approach the seat of bliss while she lived with his father. When he found it would not do, he went on his knees and confessed to her how fond he was of being whipt by a lovely woman. This was an amusement the lady had no objection to, as it was quite common in her country: but there was no rod to be had. However, she let  
down

down his breeches, at his desire, and flapt his a—e with her hand, promising him a whipping to his liking the instant she returned from the opera if he would procure a rod. She returned before eleven o'clock, and he had a bundle of birch ready for her. When supper was removed and the coast clear, he put the bundle into her hand, and two yards of pink ribbon which he bought to tie the rod. She selected from the bundle what she thought would tickle him to her mind, and at his desire she stripped him to his shirt.— O! said he, who can describe the raptures of that blest moment! An angel of earthly felicity about to administer the sweetest blifs on this side heaven! all the ravishing beauties of woman blazing in this object! a form princely! a face full of loveliness! hands and arms, legs and feet, cast in the finest mould of beauty, and decorated with the neatest ornaments of art and genius! When he was stripped to his shirt, she laid him across her lap, and having removed the tail of his shirt to his shoulders, she took the rod in hand and whipt him smartly, according to his desire, for pissing a bed. When she had given him about fifty strokes he turned about and exhibited his tarriwags, but it would not do. She took them in her hand and played with

with them, but she had too much honour to suffer the amorous youth to insult his father by a connexion with her. As to whipping his a—e she considered it a matter of amusement, as indeed all the French ladies do. She carried her indulgence in this particular to such a length that she took the rod in hand as often as he begged the favour; and when any lady was in their company that she perceived him look with pleasure on, she would whisper his passion to her, and make her exercise the rod. One time, in particular, he stepped into a milliner's in Paris, where he beheld a pretty smart little woman, with whom he became instantly enamoured. He disclosed his passion to his mamma, who, anxious to indulge him, went to purchase something at the shop, which she desired the pretty milliner would bring home, as she wished to contract a friendship with her. She came to the Marquis's that evening, and was pressed to spend the evening with the youth and his mamma. When she had sat a couple of hours, his mamma whispered the lady how happy the youth should think himself if she would whip his a—e. The lady blushed, but his dear mamma laughed at her, and protested it was an amusement of the highest kind to her. Come, said she, you shall

shall amuse him. I insist on it (going for a rod, and putting it into her hand). As he was very little of his age, his mamma got him on her shoulders in an instant, and the pretty milliner (tempted by some lous which were slipped into her hand) let down his breeches to his heels, and whipped him till he roared out he had enough. He begged his mamma, the instant she let him down, would place him across her lap, and that both, alternately, would rub his posteriors with their hands to allay the smart his new mamma's whipping occasioned, which was complied with to his satisfaction." Adieu,

## LETTER VI.

DEAR HARRIET,

BIRCH GROVE.

YOU are angry with me for not sending you more particulars about Caroline: what would you have me say, my dear?

"She is all that painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love!"

To tell you the truth, my charming friend, I have been in such a perpetual whirl of pleasure since Caroline



line visited me that I have not had time to mention many particulars that would give you great entertainment. Our neighbours from the castle have been here this fortnight ; Mrs. B. has very little to recommend her, but her sister, how shall I describe her ?

Fine creatures I've viewed, many one,  
 With lovely shapes and angel faces ;  
 But I have seen 'em all outdone  
 By this sweet maid at ———

Lords, commoners, alike she rules,  
 Takes all who view her by surprize ;  
 Makes e'en the wisest look like fools—  
 Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wise !

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,  
 Unspoil'd by art or modern dress  
 But gently tapering by degrees,  
 And finely, " beautifully less !"

Her foot—it was so wond'rous small,  
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat ;  
 The buckle fairly hid it all,  
 And seem'd to sink it with the weight !

And

And just above the spangled shoe,  
 Where many an eye did often glance,  
 Sweetly retiring from the view,  
 And seen by stealth, and seen by chance—

Two slender ankles peeping out,  
 Stood like love's heralds to declare  
 That all within the petticoat  
 Was firm, and full, and "round, and fair!"

And then she dances—better far  
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tell—  
 Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,  
 E'er mov'd so graceful, and so well!

Too easy glide her beauteous limbs:  
 True as the echo to the sound,  
 She seems, as thro' the dance she skims,  
 To tread on air, and scorn the ground!

And there is lightning in her eye,  
 One glance alone might well inspire  
 The clay-cold breast of apathy,  
 Or bid the frozen heart catch fire!

And

And zephyr on her lovely lips  
 Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses,  
 And there his heavenly nectar sips,  
 And there in breathing sweets reposes :

And there's such music when she speaks,  
 You may believe me, when I tell ye,  
 I'd rather hear her than the squeaks  
 Or far-fam'd squalls of Gabrielli.

And sparkling wit, and steady sense,  
 In that fair form with beauty vie ;  
 But ting'd with virgin diffidence,  
 And the soft blush of modesty.

There's a picture for you, my dear Harriet ; you may look in vain the drawing-room at St. James's for a companion to it. She has taken a great liking to me, and I am as much attached to her. A few days ago I drew her into my favourite subject, but she seemed a perfect novice in the matter, as much so as the lady who gave birth to the following beautiful epigram, which I found among Sir Harry's literary bouquets.

EPIGRAM

## EPIGRAM.

In her way to St. James's, to grace a birthday,  
 My sweet cousin Harriet, in splendid array,  
 Caught my eye, while she stopt in her new vis-a-vis,  
 And judging my taste with her own would agree,  
 Exclaim'd, in a rapture—You admire my carriage,  
 It's the prettiest thing I have had since my marriage!  
 The beautiful STRIPES is a thought of my own,  
 And you'll say, I am sure, they're the neatest in town.

They're lovely, divine! 'pon my honour, dear Harriet,  
 I ne'er saw so neat on coach, phaeton, or chariot;  
 And I'd give the whole world this instant, by Jove,  
 For as many bold stripes as a pledge of your love!

"I'll treat you, dear Charles, I vow, if you choose it."  
 May I perish, dear girl, whene'er I refuse it:  
 A treat of this kind, from my beautiful cousin,  
 Would give me more blifs than from others a dozen.  
 Such stripes from your lily white hand, my dear Harriet,  
 Would eclipse all that decorates coach, vis, or chariot!

From me, Charles, from me! pray what is it you mean,  
 It's a riddle, my dear, that I cannot explain?

To

To pencils and paint I'm a stranger, I vow,  
 And I never was call'd a coach-painter till now!

Yet in stripes, my dear coz, you'd all women excel,  
 And e'en from De Barre you'd bear off the belle :  
 The stripes that I mean would all others surpass—  
 They're stripes from a rod in thy hand on my a—e!

There's a flight for you, my dear Harriet, match it if you can : if you cannot I can, but not in verse. Read the following anecdote :—An eminent city-bred character went to greater expense to procure a whipping than any gentleman perhaps that ever lived. This gentleman, who had indulged his favourite passion with all the demireps of the high ton, from the celebrated Kitty Fisher to Poll Kennedy, equally renowned for the exercise of the rod, took it into his head, one night at the opera, that to be whipped by a woman of fashion must be the sublime of the passion. He had often, like Rousseau, devoured many a fine woman in the fashionable world, and tasted the felicity in fancy from her hand, and now he wished to realize what fancy had given him a faint idea of. Money was no impediment, for he was reputed worth two hundred thousand

thousand

thousand pounds, and the women in the gallant world boasted highly of his generosity. After studying for some time, he formed an intimacy with a French milliner, near Cavendish-square, whose business with ladies of distinction was pretty extensive. These women have such a spirit of intrigue in their natures, that a golden bait of any magnitude will tempt them to do anything. The conditions between them were these. For procuring the pleasure from the hands of a beautiful duchess, two thousand pounds to the lady, and three hundred pounds to the procureur, for the first whipping; one thousand and one hundred pounds for the second; and five hundred and fifty for every whipping after. If a countess, or wife of a lord, half the afore-mentioned sums, except for the first whipping, which, from the hand of a countess, was to be purchased at fifteen hundred pounds, if very beautiful. It is very well known that ladies of fashion, when in company with their French milliners, run over all the passions of mankind, with as much glee as over the history of scandal; therefore it will not appear wonderful that the milliner should succeed in procuring this pleasure for the gentleman. The fee was great on both sides, and she might mention it  
without

without offence to the highest, in point of rank, in the circle of her customers: they might close with it or let it alone. We will not say she could have the impudence to ask any lady of rank, fashion, and beauty, to comply with such a matter; but she might mention a certain gentleman's passion, laugh over it, comment on it, and wish she were a lady of rank for the perquisite. All this, no doubt, she did, and, as many great women are sometimes as poor as little women in point of cash, it is no wonder that she should succeed with some. She did succeed, not with a duchess, but with a very beautiful countess, whose avarice was superior to her modesty; but she had the sum allotted the duchess, which was given her, with a proviso that the gentleman should be suffered to enter her house in disguise, go to the most secret apartment, and there be treated like an incorrigible step-son. He was conducted by the milliner, in a female habit, with a band-box, to the lady's apartment, where he was stripped by the milliner like a child, and put in bed, where he continued crying for ten minutes, the milliner, who represented her ladyship's maid, soothing him all the while, but in vain. Her patience at length being exhausted, she bounced from the bed and called his

mamma

mamma in a rage, who, in as violent a rage, entered the room with a rod. The gentleman started from the bed, and, seizing his breeches, which he brought under his petticoat, he shut himself in a closet, where he put them on. They forced the door open, and pulled him out; he then broke from them, and darted under the bed, from whence he was pulled by the heels by the milliner, who, kneeling on his back, tied his hands behind him; they then bore him to a table, on which were two pillows, and her ladyship pulled his breeches entirely off. The milliner then held his legs, while her ladyship walked up to him with great hauteur, that he might have a full view of her, then handing the rod to his lips, made him kiss it, and promised him a charming whipping. After she had stood before him, putting him in mind of his many naughty offences, and reproaching him full five minutes, during which time he used the most tender supplications for pardon, she turned his shirt up to his shoulders, and whipt him vigorously, till the blood flowed copiously to his heels.

I have above an hundred such anecdotes from the same literary treasury to send you; but as you have promised to be with me in a few days, I shall take  
my



my leave now, with the following ingenious article.  
Adieu.

C A R D,

Addressed to Gentlemen Flagellants.

A short while after the Fashionable Lectures appeared in Paris, the following Card was delivered by the bookfeller to every purchaser of the work.

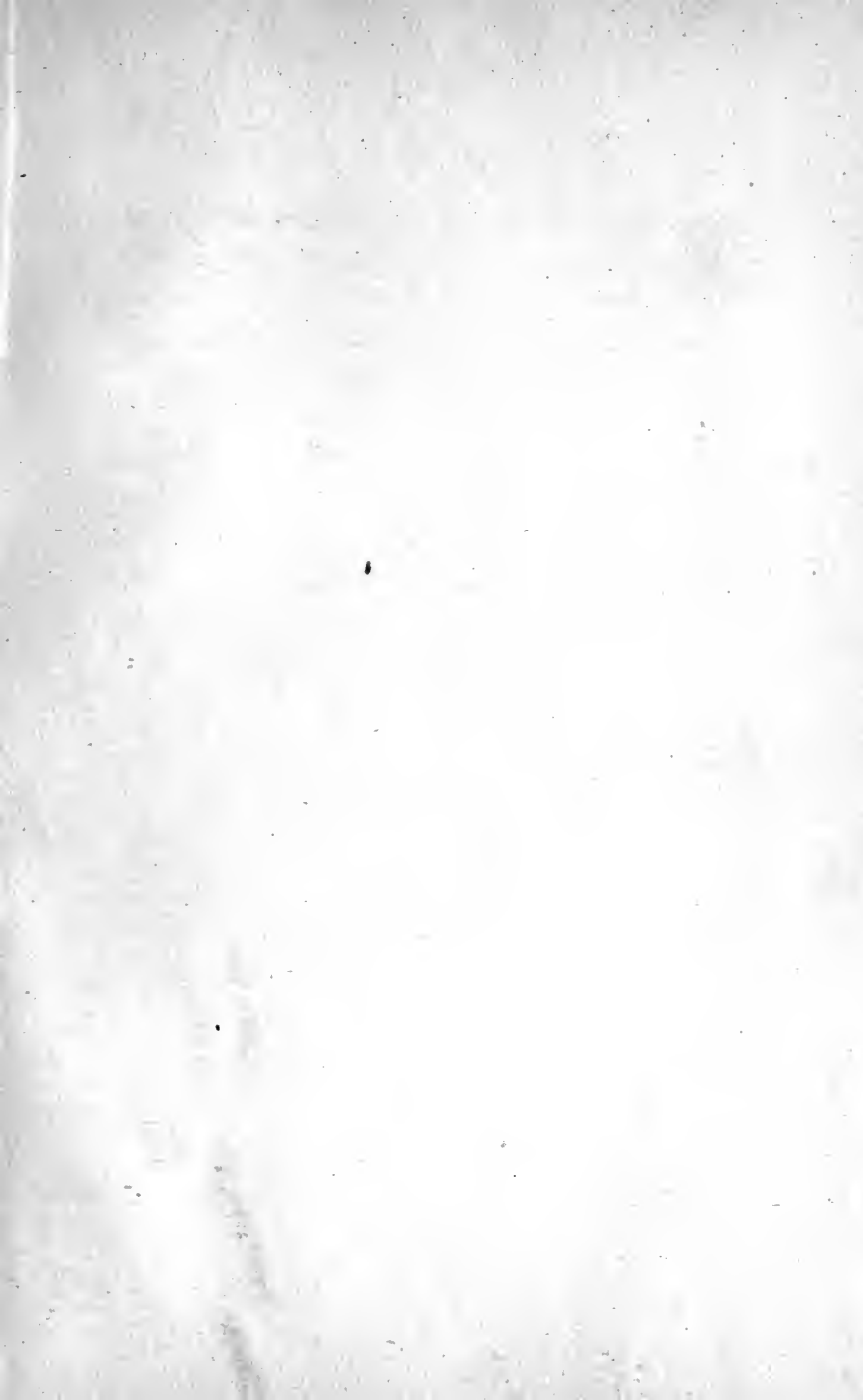
ALL those purchasers of the Lectures who may have a curiosity to judge of their effect when delivered with propriety, will be referred to a lady of distinguished personal and mental accomplishments, who, on a proper compliment being made her, will deliver any one of the lectures, with all the eloquence and energy of impassioned voice and action happily united.

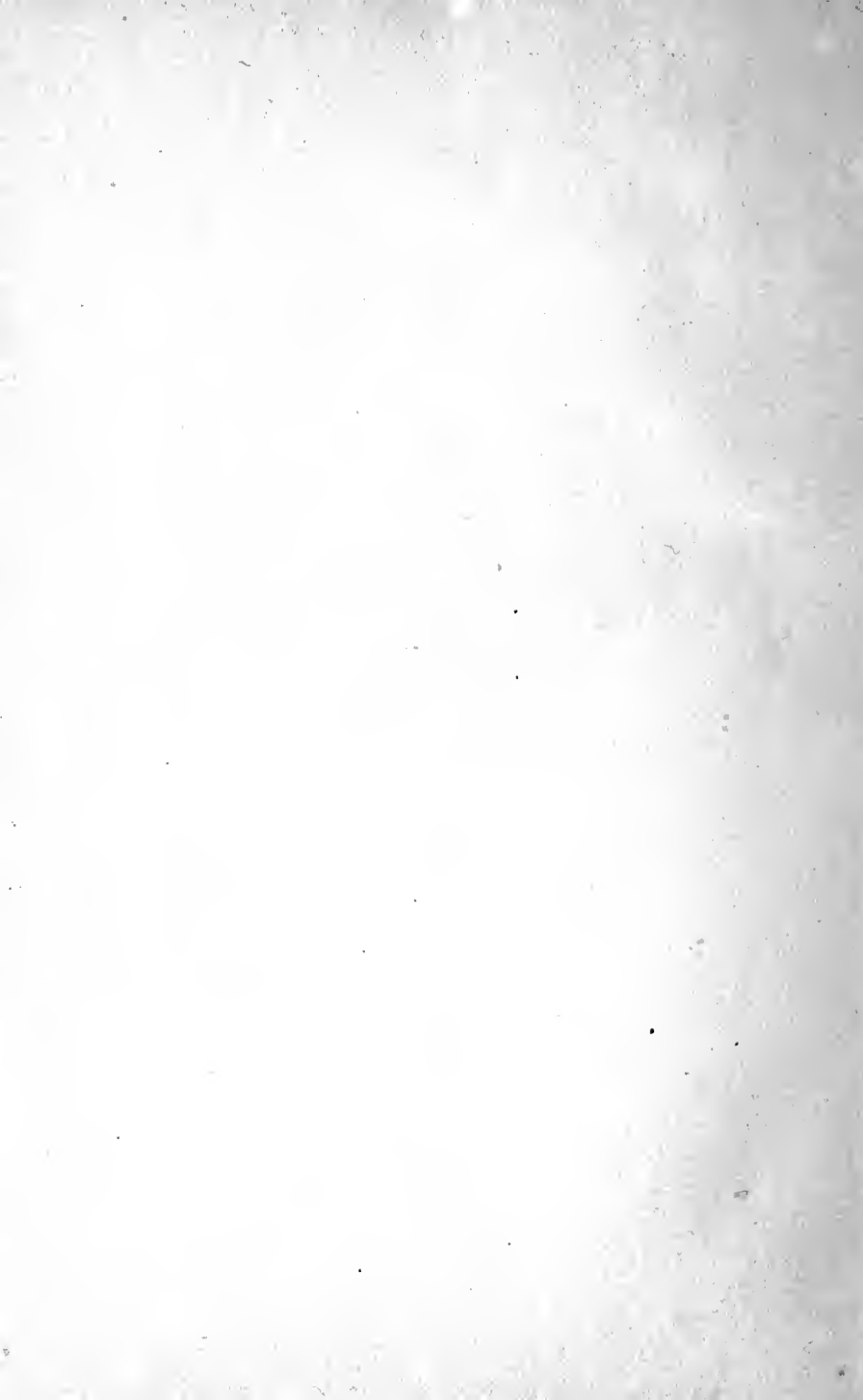
The lady has a house of her own, and her LECTURE ROOM is furnished with rods, cat-o'-nine-tails, and some of the best prints on Flagellation. The lady has a stout woman in her house, able to take a man on her back, when he chooses to be treated like a school-boy;

school-boy; and she and her maid are willing to be passive sometimes in the use of the rods, when required. Price of the delivery of the first lecture, a guinea; every lecture after, half-a-guinea, and half-a-crown to the maid, if employed as a horse on the occasion.

N.B.—Single gentlemen, who are fond of representing school-boys, waited on by mistress and maid at any hour, before they are up in the morning, at their own houses, where the delightful divertissement of being taken out of bed, horsed and whipt, for not going to school, will be played to admiration.

F I N I S.







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