

The rodiad / by George Coleman.

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THE
RODIAD.

BY

GEORGE COLEMAN.

"The Schoolmaster's joy is to flog."—GRAY.

LONDON:
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1820.

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THE RODIAD

“SCHOOLS without birch,” and “All corrections cruel,
Beyond ten lines by heart, and water gruel;”
“All moral force.” A nice look out in truth,
For us, the Teachers of ingenious youth;
Who, when we must not mark our discipline
In bright red letters on their hinder skin,
And once have lost command of their posteriors,
Will soon be taught who are the true superiors.

But don't think me a sentimental fool;

I'm a schoolmaster of the good old school,—
One to whose ear no sound such music seems
As when a bold big boy for mercy screams—
Mercy, which with my will he will not get
Till his low breeches with his blood be wet,—
One who enjoys more than any farce
The writhings of a flagellated ——;
When the sharp ends of long fresh-budded rods
Wrap round the thighs and twinge the burning cods;
Or the more spicy play of waxy whips,
Dissects the buttocks and tatoos the hips.

For want of better sport, I hold with glee

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Some naughty urchin tight across my knee ;
And while his puny pipe for pardon begs,
Stripe the white skin between his straddling legs.

But now for years my chief delight has been
To scourge the obnoxious stripling of sixteen—
Horsed at nice angle on the sturdy back
Of one whose faithful aid I never lack
My John, who, with his grip and grin, enjoys
The bounds and twistings of rebellious boys.
Some masters love the wooden horse that holds
The fast bound victim in its leathy folds ;—
But why this apparatus, which affrights

Ridiculous parents in their sleep o' nights—
Each fancying in his dreams his naughty whelp
There strapped and stripped, and yelling out for help!
Nor do I like the block—he never feels
The proper smart, who there unharnessed kneels;
Or if the other lads must hold him down,
It makes a scandal in the neighbouring town.
Stick to the living horse,—if freely shewn,
The brute's excitement will increase your own:
Coarse birch, broad shoulders, and a rattling bum,
Are all you want from now to "kingdom come."
Have no display—e'en let your trusty groom
Keep all the tackle in his private room;

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And fresh and fresh the "toby ticklers" bring,
Shaped to your hand and balanced to your swing;
While in your desk is laid one slender cane—
Which you can say you always use with *pain*.

Oh, hour that comes too late and goes too soon;
My day's delight,—my flogging hour at noon;—
When I count up the boys that stay behind,
And class their bottoms in my cheerful mind!
I whipped *him* yesterday the *first*—to-day,
He's the *bonne bouche* with which to choose the play,—
For nothing charms the true school-master more
Than tickling up afresh the half-healed sore.

What! here's a virgin deaf and dumb with dread—
Now, he shall lose his schoolboy maidenhead;
I'll switch him softly, which will lead him on
To some great fault before the week is done—
When two fine birches shall address *his* rump,
Till every twig is broken from the stump;
With the whole school about him gaily gathered—
To see the "new boy" gloriously lathered.

My third's an amateur. But I must try,
Who first will cry, "Peccavi,"—he or I;
But then his hide's so tough, his arse so thin,
It's scanty satisfaction if I win.

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The next's a roarer—e'er his skln is clipped,
He howls as if he were already whipped,—
“Oh, dear! my bot-bot-bottom!—No. I can't—
Can't bear it—oh, my arse! I'll tell my aunt.
Pray, pray, not there—I'm fainting; I'm so ill;
Oh, it's so sore! I'll die—I will! I will!”
And all this uttered with such strange grimace,
You'd die of laughter could you see his face—
Such wild contortions o'er his features pass,
He should by rights be flogged before a glass.

My fifth's a miracle—the biggest fool
And plumpest breech I've got in all the school;

Sent with a solemn charge that I must fain
Reduce his bottom and improve his brain—
But either efforts hitherto in vain.
I use all means—I beat him like a drum;
I tie him up for hours with naked bum—
Where all the lads may lash him for a lark;
Shoot with their steel pens at him for a mark;
Aim their sharp pea-guns at his rosy hole;
Lick him, and kick him with the thickest sole.
Then I, to finish, furiously rush in,
And work the rod on his obdurate skin;
Which, after some three days' relief from pain,
Heals up, and is all jolly soon again—

He must be now superlatively sleek—
Not having tasted birch above a week ;
But I've got fun enough before me here—
So I'll reserve him for my evening cheer—
Then make an onslaught on the fatted fool,
And with a birch-rod slash him round the school.

So much for this day's task. To-morrow's levee
Will be more numerous, and my hand more heavy—
For there's a fair this afternoon, I know,
To which my pupils are forbid to go ;
But to which most will hasten all the same—
To my great profit in the flogging game.

Some pedagogues are only strict for books ;
My buttons blush for manners, words and looks—
Nothing a gentleman's demeanour teaches
More than a graceful downfall of the breeches.
Does a boy giggle ! birch him till he's grave ;
Won't sing ! a rod will soon bring out a stave ;
Won't eat ! excite him with some strong birch tea ;
Is greedy ! make his bum a fricassee ;
Wants purging ! bleeding will relieve his guts ;
Breaks wind ! just break his skin with fifty cuts ;
Wants—or has—spirit ! keep to the same plan—
Till the child learns the endurance of the man ;
For the brave youth who owns the double grace,

A pouting bottom and a cheerful face—
And licks the milksop who, unused to pain,
Dares hardly raise his fist to strike again,
Wins from my favour many a pleasant boon
Refused to the insipid lean poltroon—
Whom I rejoice to see his comrade dogging,
To kick the hinder part I've just been flogging.

But where's my orphan boy, my Portuguese?
Whose olive arse all flagellants must please—
Its shape so handsome, and its tints so warm,
Nerve the pedant's satiated arm.
In the school months, when native bums supply

My virgol muscles, he's a licensed boy ; -
But when no other lad at school remains,
I read his bill of "penalties and pains."
Those holidays are ticklish days for him—
He is the butt of all my wrath and whim ;
His schooling—now above five quarters due—
I pay myself in red, and black, and blue ;
Coined, without guardian's or relation's stint,
From his rich bottom's and my fancy's mint ;
Whene'er I've the misfortune to be randy,
In some nice attitude he's always handy.
By flagellation to work off the itch,
I else had wasted on some graceless bitch.

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With a bad dinner, or small appetite,
Five minutes' flogging always puts me right
And when I'm costive, if I scourge the dunce
Severely—often I'm relieved at once.
On rainy days, with nothing else to do,
I birch him tightly for an hour or two;
He travels with me, and at all delays
I whip him at the inn or in the chaise.
When from the play enchanted I return,
My nervous fingers with excitement burn—
So, realizing Kemble's ardent strain,
I act the bloody drama o'er again;
While poor Sebastian takes the sufferer's parts,

Mingled with tears and prayers—sometimes with farts.
So, by the time the holidays are over,
My Portuguese has something to recover;
And contemplates with no unnatural zest,
His playmates' trouble and his own fair rest.
A parish 'prentice too remains to share
With brown Sebastian my particular care—
A vulgar Saxon—pink and white, and plump—
A perfect contrast both in head and rump.
Sometimes to save my southern from more skinings,
On this uncouth backside I take an innings;
But my desire for equal rights to shew,
I mainly leave him to the gods below—

Who, for his sake, have leave to use my trees,
And cut as many birches as they please ;
His bottom thus became the natural end
To which the household faults or failures tend—
Breakages, blunders, losses, great and small,
Upon his baseborn tail are sure to fall—
The whipping boy's responsible for all.
Whatever man his master's scoldings rile,
Vents upon Billy's arse his bitter bile ;
Whatever maid her mistress calls a fool,
Punches and spansks him till her rage is cool,
Odd men and charwomen about the place
Punish his buttocks for their own disgrace.

“What’s all that row down stairs?” I often cry.
“We’re whipping Work’us, Sir,” ’s the safe reply.
All right—the more the merrier, says I.
The butler whips him when he’s full of ale;
The footman whips him when the beer is stale;
The housemaids whip him, their hot lust to slake;
The porter whips him to keep himself awake.
There’s not a groom nor horse-boy in the stable,
But has a cut at Work’us when he’s able;
The gardener from his window I can see
Whipping him now beneath the old birch tree—
I almost wonder—how of friends bereft—
The blackguard’s got an inch of bottom left:

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Cuffed till his large splay ears with crimson glow;
Kicked till he knows the taste of every toe;
He's licked for breakfast in the pantry small;
He's thrashed for dinner in the servants' hall;
The supper time's more beating time than all;—
And yet he's chubby, cheery, strong, and well—
Bids every Jack among them go to hell;
With lads of equal vigour keeps his own;
Shews all the girls how much his manhood's grown;
And proves that if a lad's of the right stuff,
We really can't pitch into him enough.

So live the Rod! Let Spartan Dion rule

c

Cottage and hall, the parlour and the school.
The rudest boor who labours late and hard
To feed his children finds his just reward
When he corrects them royally at night,
His honest face transparent with delight;
No nice scholastic rod can he display,
But picks up something on his homeward way—
Lithe willow, supple birch, or budded beech—
Always enough to make the culprits screech;
Or else he smacks them with his horny hands,
While the good cart-whip in the corner stands;
Which, in his cups, he sometimes makes them feel,
And cuts out bits it takes a month to heal;

When bailiffs bully, and when landlords press,
He hides the "young uns" rather more than less—
And from their basted flesh imbibes a store
Of juicy vigour to engender more.

In towns and hamlets whipping clubs are formed,
Where hearts and bottoms can alike be warmed;
Their families their infant felons bring,
And publicly administer the sting,
Mixing the titillation with their tea,
And mid the sobbing gossip fair and free—
'Just to please you, as you've come late, my cousin,
I'll give my Emily another dozen."

“As George’s bottom’s all I’ve got this week,
Suppose we share it—taking each a cheek;
We’ll lay him down betwixt us on his belly—
I’ll bring first blood upon my cheek, I tell ye.”
There comes the besom maker, and his right
Is to select a bottom for the night,
On whose white skin he lavishes at will
His birchen bouquet, and enjoys his fill.
There, too, poor parents clear a little sum,
By letting out a child’s attractive bum
To any wealthy whipper who may come—
“Here, sir’s my Johnny—he’s the lad to squeak—
He’s not had his allowance for a week.”

“Oh, sir, I’m sure you’ll like my William best—
I’ve brought him here, sir, at the squire’s request;
Who says he’s of a band of thieves the chief,
And must be flogged till his behind’s raw beef—
So work him well, and keep him in your power,
I’m sure he’s cheap at eighteenpence an hour;”
Their love in various stages intervenes,
And adds its raptures to these lively scenes;
O’er bleeding bottoms hardest hearts relent,
And maiden arms impassioned youth content—
The Rod is cupid’s surest instrument.

Mid folks of high degree, the rod’s astir—

At Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster,
Six days in seven making due sensation
Among the best posteriors of the nation ;
At Winchester, aristocratic prigs
Are twigged without reserve by apple twigs.
But in the middle ranks, I'm grieved to say,
The Rod scarce holds its honourable sway ;—
Tradesmen I know with many a blooming boy
Who scarce the privilege of the birch employ,
And for whole months, through innocence or pride,
Never discuss a prentice's backside.
Saddlers and shoemakers have no excuse,
With tingling straps at hand for homely use,

THE RODIAD

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If in their household reigns the least abuse,
In ropeyards arses pleasantly are flayed;
But the whipmaker's is the lovely trade—
Each thong he fabricates he's bound to see
That it performs its business properly;
So its impression on the children tries,
Watching the weals how thick and red they rise—
Till their exposed posteriors tell the tale,
Of every whip he keeps exposed for sale.

The Clergy, careless of the Word of God,
Too often "spoil the child and spare the rod;"
Unlike that old goat Solomon, who had

Pleasures enough to drive a fellow mad—
With scores of splendid wives before his eyes,
And all their offsprings' bottoms to chastise;
'Tis curious how he found the time to write,
Whipping and wenching all the day and night.
Time was—before the philanthropic trash—
When jails resounded with the hearty lash;
When any morning some known rogue you'd meet,
At the cart's-tail sent yelling through the street;
While the delighted crowd with jovial cries,
Urged on the hangman's boisterous exercise.
The West-end dainties paid a visit daily,
To see the strumpets whipped at the Old Bailey,

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And made high bets which blubbering lass would bare
The finest bubbies to the public air;
But now to turn a crank or tread a wheel
Is all the pain our criminals must feel;
And for all punishment each pilfering elf
Is shut up in a cell to have—himself;
In peace no drummer boy now fairly mangles
The ruffian rascals lashed to the triangles—
And only in the camp or bivouac
Is the black deed paid off by purple back.
Some merchant captain now and then at sea
Asserts the rope's-end's due authority,
And with tarred cat-o'-nine-tails strips the skin,

Sheer off the flesh— a famous discipline ;
While for his private and domestic fun,
He ties each youngster to his cabin gun,
And makes the “sea-boy” find a “home more rude ”
Than even on the top-mast’s altitude.
Now for one instance, ere I close my song,
How this good habit helps a chap along :
A clerk, not twenty-eight, with charming wife,
And seven stout children to support in life,
Three boys besides whom, illegitimate,
A shipwrecked brother left to any fate—
Thus he sustains with unremitting toil,
And makes the pot in honest plenty boil ;

Tells all his friends he is the happiest dog,
With such a wife to kiss—such lads to flog—
Saying he'd rather whip them at his ease,
Before his frugal meal of bread and cheese,
Than have the grandest supper in the land,
And be debarred from taking rod in hand.
The lady every day fresh birches prepares
To hand her husband as he runs upstairs,
And finds the children to their night clothes stripped,
All ready to be sent to bed or whipped;
Then he looks o'er the offences of the day—
The unsaid lesson or the truant play;
The sulky looks, the fight, the pert reply—

If he's in luck—some fault of deeper die ;
And as the informant each misdeed asserts,
He daintily pins up the culprits' shirts,
And does the needful as their size may be—
Across the bed or clasped upon his knee—
So be it with each English Family.

O ye who still hold flagellation dear,
Maintain it bravely each in his own sphere ;
Parents, schoolmasters, guardians do your best
Never to let the Rod in torpor rest—
Extend the practice, propagate the zest ;
Flog at all times, in every novel mode,

Instruct your teachers in the Bushby Code ;
Shew how when gratified this appetite
Conduces to the comforts of the night ;
And the wife's favours you will soon enlist,
Who finds the more he flogs, the more she's kissed.
Let every nurse have licence free and large,
To scarify her juveniles in charge ;
And make each nursery, in its form and rule,
A real Preparatory Flogging School.
Let children take it as the natural thing,
Early to taste the birch's simple sting ;
While canes and cats, and various whips impart
Their own experiences of all kinds of smart ;

Till they find out that their behinds are made
To be kept always scarred and sometimes flayed—
And that all education means—educer
This way or that—the bottom's purple juice.

Delightful sport! whose never failing charm
Makes young blood tingle and keeps old blood warm—
From you I have no fancy to repair
To where *unbottomed* cherubs haunt the air;
Rather, methinks, I could with better grace
Present myself at some inferior place—
There offer, without salary, to pursue,
The business that on earth I best could do—

THE RODIAD

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Propose to scourge the diabolic flesh,
For ever tortured and for ever fresh ;
Cut up with red-hot wire adulterous Queens,
Man-burning Bishops, Sodomizing Deans ;
Punish with endless pain a moment's crime,
And whip the wicked out of space and time ;
Nor if the "Eternal Schoolmaster" is stern,
And dooms me to correction in my turn,
Shall I complain? When better hope is past,
Flog and be flogged—is no bad fate at last.

FINIS



