

Curious cases of flagellation in France : considered from a legal, medical and historical standpoint with reference to analogous cases in England, Germany, Italy, America, Australia and the Soudan.

Publication/Creation

London : Privately printed for the subscribers to Dr. Cabanès' "Bypaths of History", 1901.

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Erothea

Based on Étude sur la
flagellation

H. J. Goldwells
81 Boston Garden
23 July 1930
£2

A. H. M.





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CURIOUS CASES
OF
Flagellation
IN
FRANCE

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BEEN DONE. THE PRESENT IS

Nº 179

CURIOUS CASES
OF
Flagellation in France

CONSIDERED FROM A
LEGAL, MEDICAL AND HISTORICAL
STANDPOINT

WITH REFERENCE TO ANALOGOUS CASES

IN
**ENGLAND, GERMANY, ITALY, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA
and the SOUDAN**

"He is much mistaken, in my opinion, who
thinks that authority exerted by force, is more
weighty and more lasting than that which is
enjoined by kindness."

TERENCE, *Adelphi*.

SECOND EDITION

Copyright, Entered at Stationer's Hall

LONDON

Privately printed for the Subscribers to Dr. CABANÈS'

"BYPATHS OF HISTORY"

1901

FLAGELLATION
CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

PRINTED BY G. J. THIEME, NIMEGUEN
(HOLLANDE).

Erotica





PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

There are subjects which an Englishman is generally taught he must not talk about, hint at, or even think about. Such tabooed topics are those relating to everything sexual. Whenever a man is suspected of being a Nihilist or an Anarchist, and the police search his dwelling, woe unto him, innocent or guilty, if there be found the least scrap of ultra-radical literature. With printed works bearing upon the relations of the sexes, the bibliophile is put down as a vile seducer, a madman, or as a follower of Oscar the Outcast. Thanks to this system of hypocrisy, observable in all Protestant communities, many social problems, which, if resolutely worked out in the open light of day would be undoubtedly conducive to the happiness of nations, by purifying the state of society, are left untouched, and when a timid searcher tries to throw a feeble ray of light upon them with only a half-opened lantern, he is warned off such dangerous territory by cries of fear, terror, disgust, and scorn. Thus it is patent that the theory of flagellation, whether religious or erotic, has never been thoroughly set forth in a serious work and probably never will be. Flagellants and their victims will not confess their failings, and if by chance they do, they utter more falsehoods than a fortune-teller, so we are perforce driven to pick up our information as best we may, searching through the dusty pages of forgotten

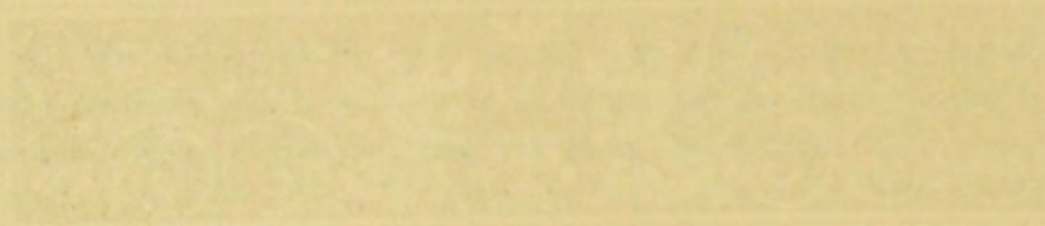
volumes of olden times, and contemporaneously scraping up precious tit-bits from all kinds of books in all languages and from the public prints, *veluti in speculum*. And then with all due modesty, as befits a true author and his generous publisher, we confess that the subject is a vast one, immense, and as yet awaiting its historian, because it embraces every nation. All the world flogs and will be flogged, more or less, according to climatical and hereditary influences. We have a pet idea of our own, and that is that lascivious manias are handed down to us from our forefathers. If one of our ancestors was a whipper in the active sense, delighting at the whistle of a supple birch, we also love to flourish a bunch of twigs before the handsome, half-laughing, and half-crying face of a none too-unwilling fair damsel: wife, companion, or faithful, female friend; while if our great-grandfather was in the habit of pulling out a silken purse and slipping its rings to hand over a couple of guineas before being strapped on the Berkeley horse, we, his degenerate descendants, are as likely as not to be regular customers to the up-to-date "massage" establishments of the West of London, where "Nurse Tottie," deals in "discipline treatment" at a sovereign an hour. We cannot, alas! prove our statement, as Granny keeps her secrets, and never tells us youngsters how many times her husband, the last of the port-wine drinkers, kissed the rod on his knees before her, or made her, his lawful spouse, beg for mercy at the foot of the fine old mahogany four-post bedstead.

Therefore, lovers of literature relating to all topics bearing upon love and marriage, or sexual curiosities, however peculiar, will hail with delight all new matter tending to open out fresh departures in this particular branch of social sciencce. We are certain that every student, well-informed though he may be, will be interested in this new work, where there are several undiscovered cases relating to whipping in all ways, while he who has never yet turned his attention to any discription of this fascinating idiosyncracy, will be astonished, delighted, amused, and perhaps disgusted, as the case may be. Even the latter

contingency will please us, for if our little work only saves one reader, out of the purchasers of the whole edition, from becoming an absolute slave to the rod, our labour will not have been in vain.

We hold up our head, look the enlightened Public straight in the eye, and declare that flagellation is one of the passions inherent to the human race, and as such worthy of research, study, exposition, and dissertation.







INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.



FLAGELLATION spells cruelty; it springs from tyranny, is founded upon hate, lust, and a tigerish thirst for blood and suffering.

Because the tiger sleeps in the larger portion of humanity it is not impossible for the mildest and most inoffensive man to take an interest in deeds of violence. We once knew a friend who would read avidly all cases of prize-fighting, but shrink with fear from the slightest personal encounter.

This book is not a book—it is nothing more than a *brochure*, an essay. The history of flagellation will never be written; no man will ever be found bold enough to compile it. It would be the history of humanity, of cruelty, of torture, of individual and collective violence across all the ages and countries of the world, since those primeval times when the brute first took the form of man.

The pages of that history are starred with tears, with blood, with gore; they tell of scenes of fiendish lust, wrongdoing and suffering, they re-echo and reverberate the wails of woe-stricken women; the howls and curses of pain-torn men.

We cannot write that history. In the present pages we seek only slightly to draw aside the veil, but only slightly, for were all the truth to be told, the Censure would condemn our book on

*

the score of immodesty and the strong arm of the Law strike it down as a pestiferous thing.

Our aim has been to clear up a few curious historical cases of whipping that have come to our knowledge, either by reading or hearsay, giving where possible documentary evidence as to their authenticity. These facts and theories we have endeavoured to present in a decent, if amusing, form for that omnivorous and inquisitive animal, "the general reader." Things too scandalous, (and we know, alas! of too many of them), we have carefully refrained from including. The weakling sight of the intellectual babe must be respected; and had we put in such details, the lurid light arising from the print would have scorched his unsteady vision. These matters exist already in too many works of a private character and we are not going to attempt to add to their number.

We are glad to notice that flagellation, like most other things, has its humorous side as the following newspaper cutting shows:—

"Here is a speech that bangs Banagher. Two men in Ireland were recently punished for having assaulted the police with great violence. The fact that they were punished has excited the wrath of one of the new councillors, and the following is the speech, exactly as he delivered it at the monthly meeting of the Monaghan Urban Council on July 3: (¹)

"Anyone who treats a prisoner otherwise than with feelings of love and respect, which he would hold for his wife, a sweetheart, or sterling friends, is no man, is a criminal, and the blood of serfs flows in his veins, because why, on the authority of Holy Writ, we are told we all of us have sinned and come not into the Glory of God, he acts the part of a slave and not of a Man. My idea were, the punishment I would inflict if I had the power, would be to take these three saintly magistrates who call themselves men, and who passed such disgraceful sentences, would take them gentlemen to the outskirts of the town, and I would send six respectable married females, armed with long wands, who, having removed their small clothes, would punish them on the place their mothers would have done, and purge them of their crime. (Loud laughter.) The gentleman, opposite I, needn't laugh. I am speaking from my heart."

(¹) 1900.

* There is more fun in the above speech than in all the rest of this paper. Any one, says this singularly Irish speaker, who treats a prisoner otherwise than with feelings of love and respect, which he would hold for his wife or sweetheart, is a criminal. As he goes on to say how, if he had the magistrates prisoners he would treat them, we take it that the proper thing to do to a wife or sweetheart who is a prisoner, in order to show them feelings of love and respect, would be to have them smacked in the appointed place by members of the opposite sex!"

The present essay is meant as merely tentative. Students and others possessing new information would oblige by sending us the same with a view to an enlarged edition, which we may undertake later.

We have sought to clear up most of the points referred to in the letter given below, which we reproduce from a London weekly journal that once enjoyed a certain vogue.

"SIR,—The letters in your columns lead me to think that I might procure information as to some famous whippings in the past, and also in foreign countries, through your correspondents.

"Maids of honour were sometimes whipped in both France and Russia. In what manner? Especially what is known of the whipping of *Mdlle. de Limeuil*, under *Catherine de Medici*, and of *Mdles. Elmpt* and *Buturlin* under *Catherine II. of Russia*? Were any other ladies whipped at the same time as *Mdlle. de Limeuil*, and have their names been preserved?

"Can any reader give the facts as regards the whipping of *Mdme. de Liancourt* by the servants of the *Marquise de Tresnel*? What was this lady's maiden name, her age, and was she an ancestress of the *Duc de Liancourt*, who was well known shortly before the French Revolution? And on what authority does the story of the whipping of the *Countess de Rosen* by the servants of *Mdme. du Barri* rest?

"Many women in France were whipped and branded in the last

century. With what instrument and on what part of the body were they whipped? Is any lady known to have been punished in this way except the Comtesse de la Motte? And in the Revolutionary times did any lady or well-known woman suffer this punishment except Théroigne de Mericourt? Do the references in the Annual Register for 1792, with regard to the ill-treatment of Miss Nash, an English lady, by the French troops at Orchies, mean that she was whipped? Who was this Miss Nash, what brought her to Orchies, and what was her subsequent history?

* When Doris Ritter, the supposed mistress of the Prince of Prussia, (afterwards Frederick the Great), was publicly flogged by order of the King, in what manner was the punishment inflicted?

* Are the names of any of the Russian ladies who are said to have been whipped in schoolboy fashion during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas known? In Cooper's History of the Rod, (which seems to be a very unreliable work), one is stated to have been a lady of rank, and to have been flogged in public, yet the name is not given. Were any Polish ladies, (with known names), flogged in this manner?

* How was Mdme. Maderspach whipped in Hungary, or rather Transylvania, in 1849? And can any information be given as to a young lady, daughter of a Calvinist superintendant, (named, I think, Hebner or Hubner), who, M. Tissot informs us, was sentenced to be publicly flogged? In what manner was the Austrian stick used on two girls, (singers), named Galli and Conti, who underwent the punishment for a riot in Milan in 1849? And are the names of any other Italian ladies who underwent the punishment known? Some of the victims are doubtless still alive. The two girls who were flogged at Milan would be under seventy if living.

* A servant-girl, named Mary Cadman, who had been flogged like a schoolboy by her master, the Rev. Zachariah Crigton, sued him, and is said to have been successful. Is there any report of this trial? It was, I think, in the time of the Commonwealth. When female convicts were flogged in England, was the punishment

always inflicted above the waist? And was it ever conflicted on ladies or confined to females of the lover rank?

"Are the stories of whipping, as a penitential discipline, in which the lady received the strokes like a boy, borne out in any instance by substantial evidence?

"In what matter were women flogged in Spain and the Spanish Dominions in America? Were ladies among the sufferers, or was flogging on the exposed person usually reserved for female slaves? Was there any truth in the stories of the flogging of Chilian ladies by the Balmacedists on the occasion of the last war?

What about the discipline of young ladies in French and German schools at the present date? QUERIST."

If we go back for information to the beginning of this century, or earlier, it must not be concluded that whipping and that **by official order and in public**, does not take place to-day.

Here is a care from the "*Daily Chronicle*," (July 3rd, 1900).

C O N G O A T R O C I T I E S.

WOMAN STRIPPED AND FLOGGED BY A GOVERNOR'S ORDERS.

(From our Correspondent).

ROTTERDAM, Monday Night.

"It now transpires that the recent mutiny which broke out at Shinkakassa Fort, near Boma, was directly due to the abominable treatment meted out to the wives of the soldiers in the fort by the Governor of the fort.

"It appears, according to reliable private information from the Congo, that the wives of these men were compelled to do a great deal of hard manual work in and around the fort, for which they were not paid. The women had on several occasions refused to do the work required of them, and by orders of the Governor of the fort had been tied up, stripped, and flogged till the blood ran down their bodies. After this sort of thing had been taking place for some little time, the soldiers determined to revolt on

the first opportunity, which they did. The whole incident of the unfortunate garrison of Shinkakassa Fort is one of the blackest in the history of the State. They have now all been exterminated—hunted down and shot at sight, or taken prisoners and executed at Boma, lashed to the mouths of cannon and shot by platoons before the admiring gaze of the Belgian officials and residents of Boma, who turned out in gala dress by order of the Acting Governor to witness the butchery.”

The Belgian authorities may be able to find people in plenty ready to lash women’s backs, while in Australia it is difficult to unearth a police official willing to whip a small boy. Here is the “*Daily Telegraph*” account of the matter. (October 24, 1900.)

POLICEMAN REPUSES TO FLOG.

“The refusal of the Bendigo, (Australia), policeman to flog a small boy in accordance with the Act is only the second case of the sort on record. The first occurred at Castlemaine about two years ago, when the local Bench ordered a youngster to be whipped. The police, one and all, declined to undertake the job, but the sergeant wired to the Chief Commissioner that an unsentimental townsman had stepped into the breach with an offer to well and truly hide the boy for the sum of 20s. This was, however, deemed excessive. The Chief Commissioner compromised on that occasion by having the soulless Castlemaniac sworn in as a special constable for the minimum period of three days, at a salary of 6s. a day. Thus was the amateur flagellator beaten out of a florin by the astute chief.”

In Paris, a lady *littérateur* is suddenly kidnapped by four men, hustled into a closed cab, driven away to an unknown house, and there flogged. A good many English “Jingoes” may think she was well-treated, as she is a notorious anglophobe and has a termagant’s tongue.

We quote from "*Galignani's Messenger*," (Paris).

"Another somewhat fantastical explanation of the recent adventure of the Comtesse de Martel has been obtained by the *Indépendance Belge*, through a special source. According to the version the real motive of Gyp's seizure was to inflict summary punishment on the famous authoress for libelling the wife of a well-known author in one of her recent novels. The affair was carried out according to the strict traditions of Les Dames des Halles. Gyp was not conveyed to an empty house, but to a friend's château outside Paris. Here she was confronted by three men, including the injured husband, and on her refusal to recant, a flagellation was administered in due form, and the culprit then set free. The *Indépendance's* informant says that the injured husband was a dramatic author and journalist and *un bon bourgeois*, and leaves those familiar with French literary circles to form their own conclusion as to his identity."

Our Boer friends supply us with many instances of the cruel use of the whip, or *sjambok*, a terrible instrument of torture used for driving cattle—and helpless natives. The "*Daily Chronicle*" says:—

CRUELTY TO NATIVES.

VRYBURG, May 30.

"The natives are very bitter against the Dutch, in consequence of the very harsh treatment which they received. A boy who brought a letter from a woman in Vryburg received twenty-five lashes. Another boy received fifteen lashes for sympathising with him. A crippled Basuto, who for many years had acted as Government interpreter, was interrogated regarding the whereabouts of cattle. The question was accompanied by a playful blow across the face from a sjambok, which drew blood. He was imprisoned for eight days because he refused to return when summoned, and received ten lashes. Similar cases are too numerous to mention. The lash used by the Boers was found in the police-

station. It consists of many cords, which have been well knotted and salted.—Reuter's Special."

Boers sometimes use it upon each other, and we wish to God, that they had all *sjambokked* each other to death before the war broke out, or that Lord Roberts had ordered it to be used upon the backs of the white-flag traitors who caused so many of our brave boys to bite the dust.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

NEUTRAL BOER SJAMBOKKED TO DEATH.

CAPE TOWN, Aug. 15.

"General Prinsloo has arrived here from Bethlehem. He has expressed himself as heartily tired of the war, and welcomes the prospect of peace. Mr. Kruger's conduct has disgusted the majority of the Boers.

"The military authorities now recognise that Boers cannot be left on their farms under the oath of neutrality while marauding bands still patrol the country. A Boer, who was flying the white flag over his house, was recently sjambokked to death by a band of Boer freebooters who visited his farm. These marauders consist largely of foreigners, especially of Irish, Germans and Italians. The extinction of these guerilla bands will probably occupy the next three months, but the war itself will be over once De Wet and Delarey are captured. Botha will then surrender. The Boers are now short of ammunition.—Reuter's Special."

(*"Daily Chronicle,"* Aug. 16, 1900.)

Englishmen exist, it appears, who pretend that it is ourselves who beat the natives; but why do these valiant scribblers conceal their identity, or at least, give tangible evidence?

FLOGGING BLACKS.

"SIR,—I have read your note about the Boers flogging black women outside Mafeking. If you would allow me to say a word

or two, I should be thankful. We cannot make ourselves white by painting the Boers black; and it is equally true that two blacks do not make one white. The Boers have been terribly cruel to the natives, but so have we. You will perhaps remember that about two years ago two aboriginals, (women), were flogged to death in Australia. There are many such cases. Juries of Englishmen have frequently refused to convict white men for having flogged natives to death. I daresay the Secretary of the Aborigines Protection Society has a record of these atrocities.—Yours, &c., B. S.”

(“*Review of the Week*,” May 12th, 1900.)

The following case, (from the “*Daily Chronicle*,”) is more amusing than the foregoing. We desire to felicitate the happy gentleman, who enjoyed the luxury of a beating from a lady. We envy him.

Such distinguished honour does not fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. With what feelings of mingled pain and delight must this pupil of Sacher-Masoch have taken his correction and how fortunate to be flagellated by an irate female! But to fact:—

“The Hon. Mr. Watt, the Postmaster-General of Victoria, has been called a pro-Boer and horsewhipped by an irate and ultra-patriotic lady. An official of his Department wanted to join the Australian Imperial Regiment for the front, but the Postmaster-General was not able to acquiesce. This refusal infuriated the lady. She lingered for some time outside the room in which the Cabinet was meeting in Melbourne, and then sent in a message that she desired to see Mr. Watt on very urgent business. The Minister gallantly but imprudently emerged, bowed to the lady, inquired the object of her visit, was informed that Mr. Schreiner of the Cape had been branded as a traitor for less than he had done, and as he was retreating to the shelter of the Cabinet room he received three strokes from a riding whip which the lady had drawn from the folds of her skirt. The incident has caused some amusement in Melbourne.”

Woman do not however have it always their own way. The law is no "respector of persons," or of skins, and upon the velvety texture of a young girl's epiderm the lash doth at times triumphantly bound. Proof is to be had from the sunny Southern States of America:—

BEAUTIFUL GIRL PUBLICLY WHIPPED!

ATROCIOUS PROCEEDINGS UNDER A NEW LAW WHICH HAS LATELY
COME INTO FORCE. THE POOR GIRL RECEIVED TEN BRUTAL
LASHES ON HER BARE BACK.

"It is enough to make one's blood run cold! this vivid and realistic picture of the scene in the market-place of Manassar, in the State of Virginia. The startling story has been sent to us by our New York correspondent, who also forwarded a snap-shot of the incident. The photographic picture is therefore conclusive evidence of the actuality of the affair; and where it not before us we should certainly doubt the truth of the story. It seems that the Virginia State Legislature having recently passed a law enacting that any person convicted of thieving may be sentenced to receive ten lashes, the first punishment under the new Act was inflicted on Tuesday fortnight. The prisoner was a girl of eighteen, named Mary Ball, and she was publicly whipped at Manassar. She was tied to a post in the public square, stripped naked above the waist, and lashed on her bare back in the presence of a great crowd of spectators.

"The affair has created a great sensation throughout the whole of the United States; and the press is unanimous in calling for an instant repeal of a law which is a disgrace to the Statute Book."

Lashing, fustigation, whipping, birching, in fact skin-warming in all its forms seems to be one of the principal occupations of the American nation. Their code of morals is so extensive that even innocent osculatory exercise between man and maid is seriously envisaged, and lest we be accused of slander we quote from the "*Times*," (Sept. 20th, 1900.)

OLD LAW AGAINST KISSING.

"The kiss is to be put down in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where the law against kissing enacted in the reign of King Charles II. is being revived. It has been found to be among the forgotten laws of the State of Connecticut which have not been repealed. It prescribes forty lashes for the man and thirty for the woman, administered on the bare back. The caught kissing in public, law is revived because the citizens of Newhaven complain of the Yale College students publicly kissing girls in the streets, to the injury of the town morals."

We have hinted further on at the indecent nocturnal exposures of the male and female forms that masked men, known as "white caps," perpetrate; and also, how respectable young woman in St. Louis were hunted like wild beasts, and publicly undressed and whipped. We quote two instances where women, turning the tables on the men, indulge in a little "sport" on their own account—but always, of course, with a strictly moral object, the immorality being nothing because "the end justifies the means."

CRUSADERS WITH COWHIDES.

TEXAS PHYSICIAN ASSAULTED BY WOMEN OPPOSED
TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"A number of women have been carrying on a crusade against the liquor traffic at Ladonia, Tex. They began by visiting cold storage houses and other places where whiskey and beer were supposed to be sold, and conducted prayer meetings. Then they called on Dr. J. M. Hancock and requested him to attend church regularly. He replied that he would consult his own feelings about it, and then they tried to get him to agree to attend prayer meeting for ten consecutive nights, but he would not promise. Later in the week they gave him a peremptory order to leave town. On the evening of March 20, he packed his grip and went

to the depot to take the train. While waiting, 15 women marched in, armed with cowhides, and proceeded to apply the lashes to him with all their power. His face, hands, and neck were terribly lacerated, and the blood poured from the gashes in streams. After whipping him, the women went to their homes. Dr. Hancock insisted on leaving, but his friends would not let him go, declaring that they would kill the first man or woman who attempted to lay violent hands on him again. He did not leave. Ladonia is a local option town, and the doctor's offence consisted in giving prescriptions for whiskey. The women who did it are prominent church workers."

FLOGGED BY HIS WIFE.

MRS. WILLIAM MARTIN OF SAN BERNADINO, CAL.,
TEACHES HER SPOUSE A LESSON.

"William Martin of San Bernardino, Cal., fell heir to \$800 the other day, and after securing the legacy, took \$80 with which to enjoy himself. He made the rounds, which took him all night, and then went home for breakfast. The neighbours who arose early saw Mrs. Martin leading her husband towards the barn. He is rather small of stature, and his wife is an able-bodied woman. She tied her peccant spouse by the thumbs to a post, in such a way that the more he pulled the greater was his pain. Then she got a whip, with which she belaboured her husband round the back and shoulders, and continued to lay on the blows even when he begged her to desist, and made all sorts of promises for his future conduct. She did not seem to be moved by them, and continued the whipping until she had beaten him into quietness and submission. Then she untied him and led the way to the house."

Fairness compels us to add that if half-mad man, driven wild with hunger, born of strike and iniquitous wage doled out by millionaire hands, tear off for fancied wrong the clothes of terror-stricken girls; if Puritan "nightcaps" in semi-civilized,

faraway frontier towns force offending citizens from their beds to receive the corrective lash upon shrinking back, bared to the biting breeze, that this form of punishment is after all the expression of a rough and ready justice employed by men not versed in legal subtleties, to avenge wrong done to society, and may prove quite as deterrent as a long term of imprisonment, or a heavy fine.

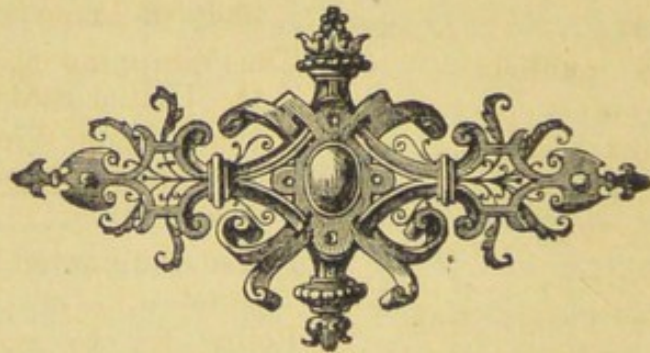
Even in Russia, we find that a sort of "white-cap" organization exists in certain out-of-the way parts, and this may not unfairly be compared to the old English custom of flagellating prostitutes, and further strengthens our thesis that fustigation upon the bare back is a primitive mode of punishment.

A L Y N C H I N G S O C I E T Y.

HOW MORALS ARE KEPT PURE.

* The *Inspravniki*, or rural police, of the more remote districts of the Taga Goldfields, in Siberia, have just discovered a remarkable Secret Society among the mining population in that region. Suspicion was first aroused by the constant mysterious disappearances of persons of bad character, more especially among the indigenous tribesmen known as the *Staratelli*, noted for their speculative proclivities. These disappearances even now continue, despite the utmost vigilance of the police. Occasionally the victims receive a first warning by means of a nocturnal seizure, when they are blindfolded, bound, and flogged by masked executioners. It transpires that one of the rules of the Secret Association is, in order to prevent social strife and scandal, not to tolerate the presence of any women of doubtful character about the gold mines. The extreme penalty is not often carried out against a woman, even of the worst reputation, but if she disregards the warning to leave, she is seized, stripped, and flogged, and by some means secretly conveyed out of the settlement, blindfolded and gagged. When the executive of the Lynch Tribunal wish to emphasize a case of punishment, the severed

head, or a limb, of the victim is left exposed in some conspicuous place. There is no doubt, says the Odessa correspondent of the '*Daily News*,' who sends the story, that this Siberian Vehmgericht originated in the supineness and corruption of the police, several members of which have also disappeared. The police admit that the secret tribunal succeeded in establishing a high standard of honesty, morality, and social order among the Taiga gold mining population."





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FLAGELLATION

FROM A MEDICAL AND HISTORICAL
STANDPOINT.

“Fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children’s sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Act I. sc. 3.



FLAGELLATION IN FRANCE FROM A MEDICAL AND HISTORICAL STANDPOINT.

WHAT IS FLAGELLATION ?

QUON the good old principle of defining one's terms before using them we will at once state what we mean by the word "flagellation." The term is itself a revelation, pointing to the existence of a custom once prevalent in ancient Rome. ⁽¹⁾ Slaves and prisoners were there beaten by irate masters and mistresses with a *flagellum*, the diminutive of *flagrum*, a whip, a scourge—and from this word is derived "flagellation,"—a beating, whipping, or flogging. Nowadays, the word is generally

⁽¹⁾ Classical scholars will recollect the inscription cited by Petronius (*Satyricon*, chap. V), which was hung up on a tablet at the entrance to the house:—

"ANY SLAVE
WHO SHALL GO OUT OF DOORS WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S LEAVE
SHALL RECEIVE
ONE HUNDRED LASHES."

(See "*Titi Petronii Arbitri equitis Romani Satyricon, Amstelodami, 1669.*")

meant to imply a beating with any other instrument besides a whip, for instance a cane, such as are sold in certain shops in London expressly for the chastisement of naughty children. This article is thin and flexible and capable of causing excruciating pain, as we can well recollect when applied to our own skins in the domestic circle before we had attained our teens. Or a strap may be employed: this is, we believe, a favourite form of punishment adopted mainly by coalheavers, cobblers, mechanics and other workmen wearing belts, as a ready means of correction of their hapless wives and offspring when their democratic "lord of creation" has been ruffled. The ordinary walking stick is also sometimes made use of, but hardly enjoys the same popularity as a further instrument we have to mention: that terribly-tender, tenderly-terrible, potent bogey of childhood's fancy and recollection—the Birch! What man is there, aye and woman either, arrived at the discretion of mature years, who does not call to mind the correction applied by Papa or Mamma with this little thing!

Its mere name calls up a whole train of happy and unhappy memories! Happy were we then with no cares or troubles, no suspicion of the world's deceit and two-facedness, for then we eyed it with unquestioning faith and admiration. Unhappy we may have been then, but the tears of childhood's days are as water compared to the agonies endured since, which would weep themselves out; only tears now refuse to come. Who would not go back, if he or she could, to the days of birch and rod and cane, and the after-consolations of sweets and toys and promises to be better, the latter to be forgotten as quickly as the former were eaten or broken.

The history of flagellation is as old as human history

itself. We require no deep researches in old, dust-covered archives to convince us of this. A moment's reflection will supply the proofs. Flagellation is founded on brutality more or less ferocious, and brutality is perhaps almost a necessity of human nature. We see this even in the little boy born of good Christian progenitors, who uses his infant intelligence to catch and torture flies, chase cats, or to tie broken kettles to dogs' tails; for all of which his kind parents feel constrained to catch *him* in his turn and apply equivalent torture to his wriggling body. All this we know is very shocking and very sad, but unfortunately it is fact and in this age of scientific classification fact must be dealt with. Those people who may imagine the subject too trivial can have no idea of its real importance. They may, we suspect, belong to that wretched few who have never all their life revelled in the luxury of a castigation. Our pages are addressed to those whose skins at one time or other of their life have smarted under a good beating, and only such will this volume interest.

It is not our intention to trace the history of the Birch amongst various nations. That has been already done, although we regret that the learned compiler of a "History of the Rod" omitted to quote authorities for his statements, an omission which, of course, reduces considerably the value of his book. Every now and again also, discussions crop up in the Medical and Society journals and other papers respecting the influence of the birch; we give a sample recently culled:

IN DEFENCE OF THE BIRCH.

"The question then is, what form of corporal punish-

ment shall we use? Caning the hands and back is decidedly bad. It injures the nerves, destroys some of them, and hurts the bones, nay, may even break them. A clouting is not safe, it may injure the ear, the brain, or any other part of the body. A stick is dangerous. But a switch or a bunch of birchen twigs can do no harm—unless in the hands of an absolute ruffian, fit for a lunatic asylum or the gallows. Moreover, the art of birching requires some preparation, which is not without its use both to boy and master. The preparation for castigation is often the worst part of the birching for the boy, while the delay will give time for any undue anger in the master to disappear. A properly-administered flogging is a particularly unpleasant sensation: it is short and sharp, and peculiarly awe-inspiring while it lasts, but only leaves behind a little smarting and a reminder when the urchin sits down. Nature has provided a cushion covered with a sensitive skin, which, if acted upon rightly, cannot result in injury, but will undoubtedly produce a most vivid sensation.”⁽¹⁾ The birch is no respecter of persons. On the backs of the rich and the poor, the great and the humble, it has descended with equal severity. Pisanus Fraxi,⁽²⁾ in his able and rare bibliographical notes records that:

(¹) “*SANITARY AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.*” BY AN OBSERVER. (Cotton Press 1897.) Mainly a collection of articles contributed to the *Medical Press and Circular*, the *Provincial Medical Journal*, and the *Sanitary Record*. The subjects dealt with include the physiological and mental effects of musical training on children, the use of the birch, building sites and soils, barrack dwellings, health resorts, etc.

(²) “*Centuria Librorum Absconditorum,*” (Lond. 1879).

"Many and various are the men who have left us reminiscences of their school miseries. From their descriptions of the fustigations inflicted by their preceptor, ⁽¹⁾ and in some instances by their parents, we may gather that these *fouette culs* ⁽²⁾ took a delight in the exercise. It will suffice to enumerate here ERASMUS ⁽³⁾ DESFORGES, ⁽⁴⁾ S. T. COLERIDGE, ⁽⁵⁾ CHARLES LAMB, ⁽⁶⁾ ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE, ⁽⁷⁾ CAPEL LOFT, ⁽⁸⁾ Colonel WHITETHORN, ⁽⁹⁾ LEIGH HUNT. A similar conclusion must be arrived at after perusal of the floggings described by numerous writers of fiction, whose narratives, be it remarked, are generally based upon actual experience and observation. ⁽¹⁰⁾ Indeed, such teachers as DR. GILL ⁽¹¹⁾, and DR. COLET of St. Paul's

⁽¹⁾ BUCHANAN, tutor to King JAMES the First, used to whip his Majesty freely. When asked whether he did not fear to strike the Lord's Anointed? "Nae," said he, "I never touch his anointed end."

⁽²⁾ See DICT. DE LA LANGUE VERTE, A. DELVAU, Paris, 1867.

⁽³⁾ *Le Poète*, Paris 1819—vol. 1.

⁽⁴⁾ DE PUERIS.

⁽⁵⁾ SPECIMENS OF TABLE TALK. May 27, 1830.

⁽⁶⁾ *Essays of Elia; and Recollections of Christ's Hospital.*

⁽⁷⁾ *Autobiography of a Working Man.* London, 1848.

⁽⁸⁾ CELL FORMATION; or, the History of an Individual Mind; London 1837.

⁽⁹⁾ MEMOIRS OF A CAPE RIFLEMAN. I have not seen this work.

⁽¹⁰⁾ *Vide* RICHARD HEAD'S ENGLISH ROGUE; FIELDING'S TOM JONES; SMOLLETT'S RODERICK RANDOM; CAPT. MARRYATS RATTLIN THE REEFER; DICKENS' NICHOLAS NICKLEBY; KINGSLEY'S WESTWARD HO; TIECK'S REISENDE; the Abbé BORDELON'S GOMGAM, ou l'Homme prodigieux, etc. Some very forcible descriptions of floggings will also be found in SETTLERS AND CONVICTS, London: 1847; TWELVE YEARS A SLAVE, LONDON: 1853.

⁽¹¹⁾ See GILL UPON GILL, or Gill's Ass uncased, unstript, unbound, MDCVIII; also DAVENANT'S lines On Doctor Gill, Master of Paul's School.

School, DR. DRURY and DR. VAUGHAN OF HARROW, DR. BUSBY, DR. KEATE, Major EDGEWORTH of Eton and the Rev. JAMES BOWYER ⁽¹⁾ of Christ's Hospital have become by-words in this respect. They seem to have held with Edgar Allen Poe that: "Children are never too tender to be whipped: though like beef-steaks, the more you beat them the more tender they become."

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.....

(BYRON, *Don Juan*, CANTO II, Stanza I.)

Flagellation is of various kinds and may be classified under several heads according to the dominant idea that controls the operation. For our present purposes we have adopted the following rough category:—

- I. Flagellations in History.
- II. Religious Flagellations.
- III. Flagellation in Literature.
- IV. Medical Flagellation.
- V. Conjugal or Domestic Corrections.

To pretend for a moment that we are going to exhaust all, or indeed any of these, would be simply misleading, as, properly treated, each of the above subjects would easily make a fair-sized book. Our sole aim is to give a general view with running comment in the hope that some abler

(¹) "It is told of COLERIDGE that when he heard of his old master's, (Bowyer's), death, he remarked that it was lucky that the cherubim who took him to Heaven were nothing but faces and wings or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way." THE BLUE-COAT BOYS, p. 90. In the same vol. there are anecdotes of LAMB, COLERIDGE, and LEIGH HUNT. The above story has also been told of Dr. Busby.

pen may one day take up the fascinating theme and follow it up into its farthest ramifications.

Historical Flagellations. As regards scenes of flagellation in French History, we confess that we have not been able to unearth many. But this is, no doubt, due to our limited range of reading. These historical beatings in their turn may be divided under different heads, *i.e.*

- I. **Sadistic.**—arising out of the mere lust of cruelty and pleasure taken in the suffering of others.
- II. **Disciplinary.**
- III. **Idiosyncratic,** and
- IV. **Revengeful.**

In illustration of the Sadistic, we may notice the case quoted by Krafft Ebing. (¹) We give the passage as it stands:—

“In history there are examples of famous women who, to some extent, had sadistic instincts. These Messalinas are particularly characterized by their thirst for power, lust, and cruelty. Among them are Valeria Messalina herself, and Catherine de Medici, the instigator of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, whose greatest pleasure was found in having the ladies of her court whipped before her eyes, etc.”

The gifted Henry von Kleist, who was undoubtedly mentally abnormal, gives a masterly portrayal of complete feminine sadism in his “Penthesilea.” In scene XII., Kleist describes his heroine with Achilles, whom she had been pursuing in the fire of love, betrayed into her hands,

¹ *PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS. With especial reference to Contrary Sexual Instinct: A MEDICO-LEGAL STUDY.* By Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing. *Authorized translation of the Seventh Enlarged and revised German edition.* By Chas. Gilbert Chaddock, M. D., Philadelphia, 1895.

as, overcome with lustful, murderous fury, she tears him in pieces and sets her dogs on him: "She strikes, tearing the armour from his body; they set their teeth in his white breast,—she and her dogs, the rivals, Oxus and Sphynx, —they on the right side, she on the left; and as I approached blood dripped from her hands and mouth." And later, when Penthesilea becomes satiated: "Did I kiss him to death? No. Did I not kiss him? Torn in pieces? Then it was a mistake; kissing rhymes with biting, and one who loves with the whole heart might easily mistake the one for the other." (1)

Idiosyncratic Flagellation. Amongst curious instances of flagellation which, in the absence of a better name, we term "idiosyncratic" we cite the following.

A very extraordinary case which reminds us very much of the old fellow in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," of an old man, confined in the Bastille, to whom flagellation had become a second nature, is recorded by DE RENNEVILLE. (2) Seeing a birch-rod on the chimney-piece, he enquired whether it was not kept to chastise a dog then in the room.

"'No,' said our ferocious Philosopher, 'it is the violin of this old fool,' pointing out to me the ancient Doctor of the Faculty. And of a sudden, this barbarous Corrector, seized a formidable bundle of rods: 'Come along at once', said he, to the puerile old man, 'and no answering back,

(1) In the latest literature we find the matter treated, but particularly in Sacher-Masoch's novels, which are hereafter to be alluded to, and in Ernest von Wildenbruch's "*Brunhilde*;" Rachilde's "*La Marquise de Sade*," etc.

(2) L'INQUISITION FRANÇOISE, ou l'Histoire de la Bastille, vol. III, p. 256, a curious woodcut illustrates the scene.

down with your breeches.' The old fellow, all of a tremble, threw himself on his knees before the inexorable Satyr, and with his cap on his knees, and scratching his head with both hands, he said with tears: 'Why do you want to whip me? I have not yet done any harm to-day.' 'Would you dare ask for pity while you scratch your head?' answered the arrogant Pedant, hitting him roughly on the fingers with the rods: 'now then, down with your breeches; you do not mend matters by making such a fuss.' I at first thought that all this was but a joke; which did not trouble me much. But when I saw the poor old fool, renewing his tears, pull down his breeches and lifting up his blood-stained shirt, uncover his thin and withered bottom covered as with a single sore from the violence of continual whipping, I placed myself before him to prevent this extravagant executioner from outraging an aged man who might well have been his grand-father. 'Sir,' said this furious madman, raising his stentorian voice, 'Ariaga has said:—*Correctionem esse necessariam: sic opinor; ergo plectetur petulans iste.*'⁽¹⁾ 'Ariaga,' I replied, 'would say, if he saw you acting as you do, that not only is it madness, but also needless cruelty to whip an old man over seventy years old, without the least motive; you shall not maltreat him in my presence.' 'Go away,' continued the philosophic beast, looking askant at me, like a bull ready to use his horns, 'if you do not wish me to treat you as I do this old fool.' 'Mr. *Ens irrationalis*,' I answered, 'I will suffer like a Christian all your follies, as incurable, but if you venture only a fillip, I will put you in such a state as no longer ever to

⁽¹⁾ That discipline is needful. Such is my opinion. Wherefore let yonder naughty fellow be punished.

be able to beat your ancestor; reflect more than once before you attempt to play with me.' Saying these words, I dragged away the decrepit doctor from his hands, who after having wiped his eyes, began to button up his breeches; when Duwall came to me, his rosary in his hand, and said to me as seriously as possible that I should bring a fearful disorder into the place if I prevented him from correcting this old man who was insupportably malicious. I was about to answer him and to point out the injustice of so unnecessary a proceeding; when the doting old doctor said to me: 'Mind your own business; I *will* be flogged, I will: it is this paternal correction which keeps me in vigour,' and running towards Gringalet, ⁽¹⁾ he abandoned his backside to him, which was doubly whipped by the pedant; for my opposition had doubled his fury. When the operation was finished, the doctor asked the ill-tempered philosopher for some bread-and-butter, who gave him some on condition that he behaved better in future."

Strange to say this order of idea has been worked in a charming *historiette* by Sacher Masoch—an author who, it will be remembered, has furnished his name to a peculiar genital aberration.

BENEATH THE LASH.

"I have been reproached in many quarters, in criticisms, and letters, from eminent men and cultured women, that my 'Venus in Furs' treats of an abnormality which rather excites a pathological than a natural interest. I must admit that if I was prepared for reproach it was on any

⁽¹⁾ A nick-name meaning an inconsistent person.

other ground than on that. Having in a series of novels, treated of the different typical phenomena of love, I could not prudishly pass over its purely sensual manifestations; but as soon as I once understood what I was accused of, I felt immediately impelled to study a yet unsolved problem, the intimate connexion between lust and cruelty.

"The idea evolved in 'Venus in Furs,' may be somewhat out of the common, but what is really abnormal is the agreement entered into by a cultured man in our sober times, by which he voluntarily and in good earnest becomes the slave of his mistress.

"Many of the scenes and incidents are abnormal, but the gist of the story is normal, for it is a law of nature, hitherto unexplained, but well authenticated, that lust engenders lust. And it is particularly in the gentle, sensual nature of woman that this process is quite common, even when not always so fantastically manifested as in my heroine.

"I have also been reproached with the furs in which I envelop her, and yet fur is the normal attribute of lordship, and of beauty, of tyranny, of lust, and of cruelty.

"Besides, my 'Venus in Furs' is entirely founded on facts; so much so indeed, that in my story the fictional element grew out of a series of real events. Of these, I will now relate one which illustrates the saying that woman is good when she loves and is loved in return, but that she is cruel when she does not love, but knows that she is loved.

"The heroine of my tale still lives in Vienna, and is one of the most beautiful women of the Austrian aristocracy. Of course, I refrain from giving her name, or even making a transparent allusion to it, but instead of the name I will give her portrait, and paint it as exactly and truly as I possibly can.

"She is a Baroness, and still young and beautiful; when the events I am about to record took place, she was about five years younger—and not only compared with other women, but altogether the most seductive creature, that the fancy of a poet could imagine, or the brush of a painter realize.

"She was ideal down to her rosy little toes, and to the ends of the hair, which played about her ever gay Olympian forehead. The harmony of her bodily proportions was so perfect that she was neither tall nor short, at the same time slender and voluptuous; she had the build of a Greek statue, with the plastic and piquant head of a Pompadour, and in her lovely face shone a pair of green eyes defying description, being both diabolically tender and cold as ice, like the eyes of a Sphynx; and with that, a flood of dark locks, which fell over her neck and down her back, for it was in the summer at a country seat near Vienna, and her bosom was always much uncovered.

"But what was most attractive in this woman was her gait; she walked with all the poetry of voluptuousness; a man's breath would stop when he saw her pass before him for the first time.

"And she could love,—love like a lioness,—and she loved a man; who was so madly proud of possessing her, that he found his greatest happiness, in being nothing more than her slave.

"One wildly amorous night he lay at her feet and implored her in mad ecstasy: 'Maltreat me that I may be able to support my happiness; be cruel to me, give me kicks instead of kisses—'

"The beautiful woman gazed at her lover strangely with her green eyes, icy and yet burning; she then

went into the next room, slowly put on a splendid wide pelisse of red satin, richly lined with princely ermine, and took from her dressing-table a long whip with a short handle, with which she used to correct her big mastiff.

“‘You wish it?’ she said, ‘I shall therefore whip you.’

“‘Whip me,’ said the lover, still on his knees, ‘I implore you.’

“‘But I must first of all bind you, in case you should resist—’

“‘I resist? What are you thinking of?’

“‘That’s enough; I’ll do it,’ replied the lovely woman, and without any more questions, she loosened the strong silk cord which fasten her fur pelisse round her waist, and tied together the hands of the kneeling man behind his back, as if he were a culprit.

“‘Now—whip me,’ cried the man, intoxicated with lust.

“She laughed, and stretching out her arm, administered a stroke with unmerciful force which cut into the flesh of his back; but the next moment she threw the whip away, and tenderly clasped her arms about his neck. Have I hurt you?’ she asked, anxiously. ‘Forgive me, I am an abominable creature.’

“‘Oh, but only whip me, if it can give you pleasure.’

“‘But it does not give me pleasure?’ she said.

“‘I beg of you to whip me,’ he cried.

“‘I cannot, I love you too much,’ replied the Baroness, as she loosened his bonds, ‘but I should like to whip a man, whom I did not love; that would be enjoyment indeed.’

“A few days after this curious scene, the enamoured couple had themselves photographed; the Baroness in her fur

pelisse reclining on an ottoman, whip in hand, and her adorer at her feet.

"The picture was original and of a nature to attract attention, and as shortly afterwards this lovely woman's slave received one day the visit of a friend of his, a young gentleman, he showed him the picture.

"It put the young man into such a state of excitement, and his youthful imagination became so inflamed, that he not only began to envy his friend the possession of such a beautiful mistress in her princely fur robe, but also the strokes of the whip administered by her lily-white hand.

"Chance would have it that the Baroness who was neither a prude nor afraid of doing as she pleased, at this moment tapped with her parasol at the window of her lover's room—he lodged on the ground floor. This was the signal for him to come and take a walk with her.

"Her adorer hastened out with his young friend to join her, and profited by the opportunity to present this new fanatic to the much courted lady, so accustomed to making conquests. The effect of the living beauty upon the latter far surpassed that caused by her photograph, and the young enthusiast walked as in a feverish dream at the side of the amiable, smiling goddess. He was invited to tea at her house that afternoon, and still in a state of fever he took the train to return to Vienna.

"But he soon came back, and this time claimed the hospitality of his lucky friend; he first of all confessed to him his passion for the Baroness, and ended by also declaring it to the lady herself.

"The Baroness smiled. The young enthusiast then spoke of the strange picture, and of the intoxicating effect it had exercised upon him.

"'But,' said he finally, 'the picture was no doubt a mystification.'

"'How so?' exclaimed the lady.

"'My friend is at your feet as a slave; but that of course means nothing, and the whip was never used.'

"'And yet it was!' The Baroness continued to smile.

"'You whipped him?' cried out the young enthusiast.

"'Certainly.'

"'And it is a pleasure to you to flog a man?'

"'A man who loves me?—certainly!' replied the lovely woman; but in her eyes lay cowering something wicked.

"'Well then, whip me!'

"The Baroness looked for a long moment straight at the young fanatic, and smiled again, but this time so as to show her beautiful teeth.

"'But when I flog, it is in earnest,' she said, 'and before our friend.'

"'Before the whole world, if you like,' answered the madman, 'only you will put on your fur pelisse.'

"At this moment, her lover came in. In a few words, she explained all to him and then disappeared, but soon to appear again, dressed in a flowing white satin skirt and her red jacket lined with ermine, her hair interwoven with pearls, and in her hand the dog-whip and some cords.

"'I shall have to tie you,' she said.

"The young enthusiast held out his hands.

"'Not so,' and with astounding rapidity and skill she first bound his wrists and then his ankles, so that he could stand, but not more; after which, she tied him up to the window-fastening.

"'Now,' she said, with an equivocal smile, and turned

up the ample fur-lined sleeves of her jacket, and for a moment contemplated her victim with cruel delight.

"She now began to whip; at each stroke he started, but he had sufficient manhood not to allow the least exclamation of pain to escape him, and was brave enough not to beg for mercy when the blood was streaming down his back beneath the strokes of the lovely woman, who continued to whip unmercifully, until she herself was tired.

"She then threw the whip away, gave her lover a kiss, and stretched herself upon the sumptuous velvet cushions of her ottoman.

"And the point of the story?

"The man, whom she had whipped, was from that moment her slave, but she—soon found that it was not worth her while to whip him."

Disciplinary Flagellation:—Talleyrand des Réaux ⁽¹⁾ cites an historical case, from which it would appear that even the posterior rotundities of kings were not exempt from the chastisement of the birch. The witty historian says:

"Henry IV. wrote to Madame de Monglut, governess to the children of France, (the royal princes): 'I have to complain that you have not informed me that you had whipped my son, for I will and command you to whip him every time that he shall be obstinate, or do something wrong, knowing by myself that there is nothing in the world more profitable than that; and I recognize by experience that it profited me, for when I was of his age I was much whipped, that is why I require you to do it and to make him understand the same.' " (*Lettres* following the *Journal Militaire de Henri IV.*, published by the Comte

⁽¹⁾ LES HISTORIETTES DE TALLEMANT DES RÉAUX.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 17^e Siècle*: 10 vols. in French, Paris, 1840.

de Valori, 1821, p. 400.) The Queen altered her mind as to her aversion to the humiliating punishment of the birch; we will here quote the testimony of Malherbe: "Last Friday, *M. le Dauphin*, playing at chess with La Luzerne, who is one of his boys of honour, the latter gave him checkmate; *M. le Dauphin* was so much vexed, that he threw his chessmen at his partner's head. The Queen heard of it, and caused him to be whipped by M. de Souvray, and ordered him to teach the prince to be more gracious in future." (*Lettre de Malherbe à Peiresc*, of 11th January, 1610. Paris 1822, p. 111.) Some other examples are to be met with in the *Mémoires de l'Estoile*, collection Petitot, 1st series, XLIX, 26.

It was a pity for the young king that he did not live in these days when punishment might have been evaded by an appeal to one of the many new-fangled "societies" our civilization has called forth. The following is from the "*Daily Telegraph*," (Sept. 1900).

Before appealing unto CÆSAR it is wise to have some idea as to the view that august tribunal will take of the case, of which maxim the story of the small boy and his widowed mother is an instructive illustration. The youth, for some reason which the report does not disclose, was about to be chastised by his parent, when he said he would tell "the society," a phrase which referred not to any secret gang of juvenile desperadoes, but to that excellent organisation the full title of which is: "The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." The mother very wisely held her hand and converted the threatened appeal into an accomplished fact by herself going to the local secretary and asking his view of the matter. His highly practical reply was to send an inspector

home with her, and this official, presumably after some inquiry, administered, at the maternal request, the thrashing which the invocation of "the society" had temporarily averted. Youth is not prone to reflection, and the shock to the victim's feelings must have been considerable. Yet, now that his bruises have ceased to ache he may, perchance, realise the value to his own happiness of the restored authority of a guide who watches over his best interests, even if in doing so she finds it necessary to inflict a little bodily pain. As he grows older he will learn that there are two kinds of cruelty to children—the brutality which, thanks largely to the society already named, often brings its perpetrators into the police-courts, and that more insidious form which is summed up in the old-fashioned expression, "the indulgent parent." It is too often the self-indulgent parent who is cruelly kind, shirking the necessity of being unpleasant, merely because it interferes with his own comfort, but whether it arises from this cause, or from short-sighted impulses of affection, the result is a grave risk that in a few years another citizen will be sent into the world trained in habits of selfishness, and a source of unhappiness alike to himself and those to whom he is dearest. No one nowadays would listen to a theorist who advocated a policy of the lash; but it may be suggested with bated breath that corporal punishment may now and then be necessary. At the same time, it is the parent's duty so to win his child's confidence and love, that these painful episodes leave no rankling recollections to hamper the development of a healthy mind, which will play its part, first in wholesome family life, and afterwards in the discharge of the wider duties of citizenship.

HYPER-SENSITIVENESS.

Few things caused us more pleasure lately than to see the sage judgment rendered by Mr. Mead in a case of juvenile jealousy. If grown-up persons who resort stupidly to win back lost love by acts of fiendish hate were made to suffer for the pain they inflict by a succession of severe blows administered upon their bare skins, we feel convinced that the crimes of jealousy would greatly decrease.

IN THE POLICE COURTS. (1)

"I GAVE HER A HANDKERCHIEF." THE BIRCH FOR A
JEALOUS BOY.

"An unusual case of stabbing by a boy was heard at the Thames Court yesterday, when Arthur Harvey was charged with unlawfully wounding Minnie Cavalier, aged fifteen, residing at Old Church-road, Stepney.—The latter stated that she was in the habit of playing with the accused, but on Saturday they quarrelled. On Sunday they met, but were not on speaking terms. While skipping with another girl, the accused came up, and said, 'What are you playing with those boys for?' She replied, 'I have not been playing with any boys.' Prisoner then dealt her a blow in the back, after which she began to bleed.

"Charles German, a lad, stated that after Harvey struck the girl he came to witness and other boys, and said he had stabbed her.

"Detective Beavis, H Division, deposed that when he arrested the accused he said, 'I might as well tell you the truth. About a month ago I gave her a handkerchief,

(1) "*Daily Chronicle*," Oct. 23rd, 1900.

and she gave me a knife. To-night I caught her with some Forrester boys, and stabbed her. I afterwards gave the knife to a boy named Clarke.'

'Mr. Mead ordered the accused to receive six strokes with a birch rod.'

* * *

Here is another London magistrate who believes in the efficacy of the birch to save misguided youth from sin:

THE USE OF THE BIRCH.

'A man wearing the uniform of a turncock applied to Mr. Bennett at Marylebone for process against the headmaster of a certain Church school, who, he said, had beaten his son about the head with a cane. The Magistrate: 'Where are the marks?' Warrant Officer Butler, 170 D: 'The boy has a bad bruise behind the ear.' The Applicant: 'There is also a lump on the side of the head and he was struck across the buttocks.' The Magistrate: 'Well, boys must be hit. That is nothing. I dare say the boy deserved it. It is probable it was an accident caused by the boy wriggling, and to say that a boy should not be caned is all nonsense. If you want your boys brought up decently you must birch them sometimes. They are birched when they come here.' "

* * *

London and the Provinces are periodically terrorised by gangs of roughs who waylay gentlemen and, more often, defenceless ladies—the latter sometimes being subjected even to indecencies too vile for description here. We

remember seeing a case of a military officer in plain clothes driving in a lone country lane with his wife, when they met coming in the opposite direction a trap filled with Hooligans returning from the races. The lane was narrow, the carts collided, words followed—with the upshot that our military man was dragged from his seat, bound to a tree, and the lady, his wife, was violated under his horror-stricken gaze by several of the ignoble band. Fancy such a thing as this taking place in “civilized” England in the dawning of the XXth century! Why such a thing, if this goes on, might happen any day to our own sister, or sweetheart, or wife. It is with relief therefore that we see the birch “a-pickling”—for the backs of these men, as the following extract proves:

IN THE CORONER'S COURT. ⁽¹⁾

LASHES FOR HOOLIGANS.

* At Lambeth, Mr. H. R. Oswald concluded his inquiry with reference to the death of John Wright, aged thirty-two years, a coal porter, of 19, Broomgrove-road, Stockwell, who died in the Lambeth Infirmary on Oct. 30, from the effects of a fractured skull, alleged to have been inflicted by George Butcher and Richard Rainbow, who have been charged with manslaughter.

* Mary Ann Wright, the deceased's sister, stated that she was in the Plough on the afternoon of the 29th, and saw the accused there, but not her brother. Three hours later, however, the deceased was outside when she was passing. Butcher and Rainbouw rushed out of the house, seized her

(¹) * *The Daily Telegraph*, November 9, 1900.

brother by the 'scruff' of his neck, and punched him on the head, face, and body until he fell. Her brother was alone at the time, and the punching lasted some minutes. When he fell his head struck the pavement, and he was unable to rise. At this time there was a crowd looking on. Witness tried to get her brother up, but he was insensible and covered with blood. While the accused were beating him witness said, 'Oh, dear, don't hit him any more for he cannot take his own part.' Five months ago he had paralysis, and had not been well since. Butcher did not reply when witness made the remark, but Rainbow retorted. "The —, we will do for him." Her brother was removed on an ambulance by the police. Death took place the next morning.

"The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Butcher and Rainbow, and added the following rider, which, they said, was unanimous: 'We are of opinion that severe measures should be enforced to wipe out the lawlessness existing in this and other districts of the metropolis, and beg most strongly to recommend that in all cases when a man is convicted of a brutal and violent assault on the public or the police he should be sentenced to corporal punishment of fifty lashes, in addition to imprisonment with hard labour, the number of lashes not to be divided, but inflicted as a whole on the morning of the prisoner's release from gaol.'

"The Coroner said he would forward the recommendation to the proper quarter. He remarked that he was willing to admit the accused to bail, but as the sureties were not forthcoming, the accused were conveyed to Holloway Prison by Detective-sergeant Thorley."

People who have not enjoyed the agreeable operation of getting their noses smashed by a stray "hooligan," are seized occasionally with an attack of unfounded squeamishness and forthwith plunge into theorising. Only when their females get violated and themselves robbed and severely handled, do they cry aloud unto Dame Justice to wield the whistling twig upon the backs of the iniquitous scoundrels.

* * *

WHIPPING v. IMPRISONMENT. ⁽¹⁾

As regards the punishment of boys under sixteen, it remains to be considered how far whipping is likely to be a successful substitute for imprisonment. It is to be recollected that it is a punishment which is in operation to a very considerable extent under the existing law. According to the returns in the criminal statistics for 1897, 2,840 juveniles were sentenced to whipping by courts of summary jurisdiction. In most of the cases for which whipping was inflicted, the offenders had been convicted of such offences as simple larceny, theft from the person, malicious damage, theft of fruit, flowers, and so on. It is difficult to ascertain, (writes the Rev. W. D. Morrison, ex-prison chaplain, in an article in the current number of the *Law Magazine* on "Corporal Punishment"), to what extent whipping has been an effective remedy for these offences against property. There is a considerable feeling in the public mind that whipping is an excellent and effective remedy. But it is not easy to find any substantial basis for this firmly-rooted belief. It would have been well to ascertain what becomes of the

(¹) "Reynolds's Newspaper," May 19th, 1900.

two or three thousand juveniles who are now whipped from year to year under the existing law. We want to know how many of these juveniles come before the Magistrates a second time or a third time; how many of them have afterwards, for fresh offences, to be committed to prisons, or to reformatory and industrial schools. If the proportion tried for fresh offences is small, it would go to prove the value of whipping as a penalty in the criminal code. But these elementary and essential facts have so far not been ascertained. We are going forward in the dark. We are legislating, no doubt, with the best intentions, but without a solid basis of fact behind us and laws made upon this principle are not very satisfactory.

TORTURE BY ELECTRICITY AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR FLOGGING.

Our philosophical friend, Alexander Bain, LL.D., the Torquemada of modern Science, has hit upon a most ingenious method of torture which we heartily commend to pious christians and benevolently disposed persons in general, not forgetting all kind-hearted fathers and loving mothers. An electrical apparatus might be erected at slight cost in every household, the ghastliness of its presence being gradually overcome through the frequency of seeing it. In "Mind and Body; the Theories of their Relation," this Scotch mental Edison thus rattles forth:—

"The two modes of punishing by physical torture, are severe muscular strain, (hard labour, the crank, tread-wheel), and flogging. The one operates upon the nerves through the muscular tissue, the other through the skin. There is no intention of injuring either the muscles or the skin in

themselves; the sole object is to produce a painful condition of the nerves. Yet, as it is hardly possible, in severe punishments, to avoid permanent damage to the intermediate tissue—muscle or skin—some plan might be devised for affecting the nerves alone. Recourse might be had to Electricity. By electrical shocks and currents, and especially by Faraday's Magneto-electric machine, which constantly breaks and renews the currents, any amount of torture might be inflicted; and the graduation might be made with scientific precision. How far the nerves would suffer permanent injury by a severe application of electricity is still a matter for inquiry; probably not more than by an equal amount of suffering through the muscular or skin punishments; while at all events, the damage would be confined to the nervous tissue. The punishment would be less revolting to the spectator and the general public than floggings, while it would not be less awful to the criminal himself; the mystery of it would haunt the imagination, and there would be no conceivable attitude of alleviating endurance. The terrific power exercised by an operator, through the lightest finger touch, would make more deeply felt the humiliating prostration of the victim. If capital punishments are to be permanently maintained, much could be said for discarding strangulation, and substituting an electric shock. But there being a growing opinion unfavourable to the extinction of life, as a mode of punishment, the combination of imprisonment with electric inflictions could be graduated to a severity of endurance that should satisfy all demands for retribution to offenders. It was remarked by Lord Romilly that imprisonment with periodic floggings would be far worse than immediate execution. The idea would be too painful to the community at large;

while a more refined application of pain would pass unheeded, except by the sufferer.

Domestic whipping is common to all countries, and flourishes in varying degrees according to the manners of the time. We think that Solomon's recommendation not to spare the rod was perfectly superfluous, simply because no parents in their right mind would hesitate for a moment to thrash their children, however big and strong, and whether boy or girl, if the castigation were to save them from moral ruin. We remember to have read in an old book entitled *THE BIRCHEN BOUQUET*, a case of a young woman of eighteen being corrected in this way by her widowed mother and her uncle. This brazen hussy was going fast to the bad, and laughed her mother to scorn when she spoke of a beating; but the mother, wisely and properly, called in the uncle one fine morning, and our young lass was very glad to cry for mercy and promise amendment. Parents, in fact, are sometimes obliged to delegate their powers to others, as the following interview will show. This report appeared in *LE PARIS*, (Tuesday, 24th, December, 1889,) and is, of course, biassed, as the French people generally do not seem to share our opinions with regard to correction in the domestic circle, while we, on our side, are not fond of giving mere sundry cuffs and blows, which we hold have a demoralising tendency.

HOW JOHN BULL GETS HIS DAUGHTERS WHIPPED.

"Much has been done of late to find new occupations for women of good education and who are obliged by necessity to earn their livelihood.

"Our lady neighbours across the Channel have just discovered one which is certainly not devoid of originality, but which opens out a career that I believe few of our *Parisiennes* will be tempted to follow. They may form an idea of it by the following advertisements, which we cull from the DAILY NEWS, the DAILY TELEGRAPH, and the TIMES:

"VICIOUS CHARACTER, HYSTERIA AND LAZINESS CAN BE CURED BY A SEVERE DISCIPLINE AND A CAREFUL EDUCATION."

"Or again:

"I UNDERTAKE THE EDUCATION OF WILFUL YOUNG LADIES. THE BEST REFERENCES I CAN GIVE ARE MY TWO PAMPHLETS: "*Advice for the education of children,*" and "*The Birch,*" 1 shilling. ADVICE BY LETTER, 5 shillings. Address: Mrs. WALTER, HIGH-SCHOOL HOUSE, CLIFTON, BRISTOL."

"The correspondent of the *Nediela* of Saint-Petersburg had the curiosity to get one of his lady friends to interview 'Mrs. Walter.'

"The visitor was introduced into a plain but comfortable English drawing-room, enlivened by a bright coal fire. Around the fireside were seated several ladies, who looked at each other somewhat diffidently, without conversing, as if they each of them preferred keeping their *incognito*.

"Shortly afterwards a door opened on the opposite side of the room, and there entered a tall woman, square built, of masculine appearance, her body without a bend, her cap and dress in general having a semi-monastic air, in keeping with the calmly cold expression of her features. Her flat breast was ornamented with a medallion bearing the inscription: '*The Good Shepherd.*'

"She silently escorted her last visitor to the door, then turning to one of the ladies seated near to the fire-place,

she led her into her private room. The interview did not last long, another client succeeded her, and the Russian lady, who was the tenth, had during a quarter of an hour leisure to count six new arrivals.

‘At last it was her turn. Of course there was a big Bible lying on Mrs. Walter’s desk, and next to it was a still more voluminous book.

‘I have a niece whom I find it quite impossible to manage and I feel inclined to confide her to your care,’ said the Russian lady; ‘but I am first desirous of obtaining some details concerning your system of education. If I am right I presume that all the ladies whom I have seen in your drawing-room, came like me to solicit your advice?’

‘These ladies are clients of mine, many of them have come from London,’ answered Mrs. Walters, in a firm, slow and distinctly articulated voice.

‘She opened the big ledger before her, already covered with addresses.

‘These ladies, having children that are either rebellious or vicious, beg of me to call upon them in order to apply discipline to the stubborn. I charge half a guinea per visit. I receive, in my establishment, boarders at 100 pounds per annum, the table, instruction and discipline included.’

‘I should like to know precisely in what your discipline consists.’

‘I only seek the opportunity to propagate a system of education that I have experimented, and which is based on divine precepts, the very truth itself. When a young girl is confided to my charge, I bring her here, and cause her to sit down there...’

‘She pointed to a stool placed in full light.

" 'I tell her that I know her faults, and I make her understand that it is her own interest to obey without questioning. I always commence with moral suggestions,' repeated Mrs. Walters.

" 'Do they sometimes succeed?' questioned the visitor.

" 'Rarely,' replied Mrs. Walters; 'application is generally made to me when all other means of persuasion have already failed. At the first act of insubordination, I warn my pupil that if she perseveres in that course, I shall have recourse to more stringent measures to reduce her to obedience. After this warning I still bear some patience, but at the very first fault, disobedience or falsehood, I declare to the delinquent that she shall be flogged. But it is a rule with me never to whip a child while I am in anger.

" 'On the day fixed for the punishment, I prepare a long, narrow and solid table. I place cushions on this table, and provide myself with leathern straps; and a good, long, supple birchen rod. I then tell the young girl to approach and receive her punishment. I command her to take off her frock, her petticoats, and to put on a *peignoir* buttoning behind. When she is ready, I explain her fault to her and the necessity of chastisement, which I consider as a remedy.

" 'I promise her that if she does not cry out, nobody will know that she has been undergoing punishment, but I warn her that if she cries out or struggles, I shall be obliged to call for assistance. Young girls mostly prefer submitting to their punishment so that no one should be aware of it.

" 'When she has become resigned to her chastisement, I place her upright before the end of the table and incline

the upper part of her body as far as the waist down upon the cushions. I then tie her hands and feet, which I attach to the table.

" 'All this takes less time to do than it takes to relate,' added Mrs. Walter.

" 'These preparations ended,' she continued, 'I unbutton the *peignoir*, I take hold of the birch and stand at a certain distance, on one side. I then begin to whip her slowly, but with force, at each stroke coming nearer to the patient, so that each time the birch may fall upon a fresh place. When the whipping is well and energetically executed, six strokes of the birch suffice to take away from the sufferer the slightest desire to begin again. If the offence has been very grave, I then go to the other side and whip in the contrary direction.

" 'If the girl should cry out, I give her a few strokes extra. If she is wise and accepts the punishment with humility, I then, for instance, spare her two strokes out of a dozen. Finally, when all is over, I button up the *peignoir* and unfasten the girl. I usually find her brought to better feelings and I assist her to come to true repentance. When the fustigation has been administered under good conditions, according to rule and conscientiously, it is seldom that the young girl rebels against the punishment; she is generally humiliated, on the contrary, and quite ready to make it up with me. It very rarely occurs that after having received a sound correction a girl repels me when I say to her 'let us kiss and make friends.'

" 'Afterwards, I give her time to recover from her emotions and advise her to go back to her room without saying a word to any one. It is very rare indeed,' added Mrs. Walter with pride, 'for any of my pupils to fall back

again into their faults after a good whipping; at any rate, I have never had to repeat the dose more than twice.'

"Mrs. Walter was silent for a moment, and then observed:

"'If you are inclined to confide your niece to my care?...'

"'She is too big,' replied the visitor; 'she is fifteen years old.'

"'Too big!' exclaimed Mrs. Walters, 'but I have pupils twenty years old; I have birched them every one, and they are only all the better for it!'"

Our German neighbours refuse to submit the delicacy of their daughters' skin to the blows of a birch, as the following, (from the *Petit Parisien*, Paris, 1898), will show:

THE WHIP IN GERMANY.

"The German newspapers spoke recently of a secret circular which William II. had addressed to all professors requesting them to be moderate in the use of corporal punishment. We know that the penalty of the lash is still in use in the schools of Germany. But the masters do not content themselves with the whip, and a pupil who is not obedient, or displeases his professor in any way whatsoever, is liable to get slaps, blows, and kicks. It is to prevent these practices that William II. has issued his circular. Only the whip, or, in default of that, the cane, should be employed.

"But it might be supposed that corporal punishment was only inflicted in boys' schools. That is a mistake. The German school-girls are also whipped. 'Never strike a woman, even with a flower,' says an Oriental proverb. The German scholastic authorities thought differently up to now. In a report which M. Jost, inspector-general of

public instruction in France, has published on foreign schools, we find that the punishment of the 'ferule' is inflicted in all the girls' schools in Germany. The cane is considered as one of the essential attributes in every well-regulated school.

"Nevertheless, I must confess that many protests have been raised, and their effect has been 'to induce the school authorities,' says a Berlin newspaper, 'to think that it is best not to flog school-girls,—at least in class.' These are consequently, the instructions which have been issued to the mistresses of girls' schools. 'On account of the general feeling which prevails in these days, a school-mistress is not permitted to inflict corporal punishment on girls. As they possess a lively sense of honour which is easily touched, the severest punishment would be to assign the offender, for a time more or less long, a place near the mistress, on a separate bench. In the instructions issued to the mistresses of the communal schools of Berlin, they are expressly forbidden, by paragraph 13, to inflict corporal punishment on young girls.'

"German school-girls therefore, will no longer have to fear the whip or the ferule. As to the boys, the note is silent with regard to them, and they will continue to be beaten.

"At the last congress of schoolmasters, held at Dresden, the question of punishments was thoroughly discussed. The 'faults' which ought, according to circumstances, to be repressed by physical force—'by the application of a painful corporal sensation'—were enumerated. The punishment being once decided on, recourse is had to the whip or cane. No instructions are given with regard to the whip—the master may please his own taste. For the cane it is different; the scholastic authorities themselves provide

it, and it is everywhere the same. And to prevent the masters using any other instrument, they are forbidden by the rules 'to use a ruler or cane to point out places on the map.' This interdict, remarks M. Jost, is apparently intended to remove from the German schoolmaster the strong temptation to use the ruler or cane on the heads or backs of his hearers. The school authorities had, it appears, good reason to distrust certain masters, who were apt to be too ready with their hands.

"It is also specified that the cane is not to be left at the free disposal of the professors. It prescribes that the official cane shall be kept by the director of the school. Only at the special request of the professor, and for good reasons, will the director hand it out.

"Weak or sickly children are alone exempt from corporal chastisement. But it would be unfair not to mention that these punishments are never administered in the presence of the scholars—they are given privately at the end of the class. The doors are closed, and the flogging begins. There are but two witnesses: the director of the school, and another master, who are obliged to be present at this pleasant operation.

"When the victim is a little girl, the rules state that 'nothing should be done which may offend her modesty.' I quote textually. 'Brutality and sentiment,' observes a writer who had this rule before his eyes; 'respect for human dignity and blows with a stick—what a strange pedagogical medley!'

"Every contingency is provided for in the rules. Thus, for example, they indicate in what manner the scholar is to be caned. The only parts that can be 'legally fustigated,' are the hands and the back—beyond these domains the

school-master has no right to stray. The number of strokes, in ordinary cases, is three; and it may go as high as six for grave offences. The degree of force of the correction has not been determined.

"Here there is a hiatus which does not exist in the rules for penitentiaries. There everything has been foreseen. In the *Manual for the Governor of a Gaol*, published by Mr. Krohn, we read in the chapter on punishments; 'The punishment of the lash is applied in the prisons in the following manner. The prisoner is strapped to a bench, the feet and hands being tied, so that the portion of the body on which the blows are to fall shall be stretched; after which the number of strokes to which he has been sentenced are given. The skin ought to break at the fifth stroke, and all the following ones should enlarge the wound. Each blow should be of a force to break a piece of wood a fifth of an inch thick, it having been proved by experience that such a blow, striking by chance any other part of the body, does not occasion serious injury.

"The lash usually employed is twenty inches long, fixed to a handle of forty inches. It is thicker at the end than at the beginning. The thickness varies in different provinces. In Saxony—but hardly anywhere else—the dimensions are fixed by law; the handle of the Saxon whip is forty inches long, and the lashes a yard long.

"As to the number of lashes, the limit is generally 20 in Mecklenburg, 25 in Oldenburg, and 30 in Saxony; in Prussia it rises as high as 40.

"I ought to mention in passing that the whip is also applied in the English prisons. It is called the 'cat of nine tails,' and consists of a stick, at the end of which are nine lashes.

* The 'cat of nine tails,' which has long been used on board the English war-vessels, presumably appears to the English an excellent institution, for it has been introduced into the various countries which they govern.

* Some years ago, Mr. Pringle, formerly a magistrate in Jamaica, wrote an indignant letter, which caused a great sensation, on the punishments inflicted in British possessions. Even women were flogged in the public place. 'Brigadier General Nelson,' said Mr. Pringle, 'who ordered these punishments, is now in England, and I defy him to contradict me.' Brigadier General Nelson made no reply.

* In France, the punishment of the lash was legally abolished in 1792. It existed up to that date in our educational establishments. The Revolution put a stop to this abominable practice, which far from encouraging a scholar to work, made him hate school. Our regulations and our manners in the present century agreed in obliging the schoolmaster to respect the pupil, for of all whom there are many other punishments beside corporal ones.

* 'A child is delicate,' said Lakanal in his remarkable report on education, 'and it is to be feared that sometimes temper may have a share in the infliction of the punishment, and some serious accident may occur. But that is not all. Corporal punishment compromises the dignity of the schoolmaster, whom the child in future regards as a torturer, instead of a teacher, and even a friend. Moreover, it teaches the pupil deceit and lying, for, to escape his punishment he will have recourse to all sorts of tricks. Finally, is it not necessary to instil into a child's mind only good impressions, under the influence of which his intellect will develop and his moral character improve? If the child has received examples of kindness from those

who brought him up, will he not remember it, and his mind become as it were impregnated with it? It is to lower him in his own eyes to inflict on him a punishment, which the works of ancient authors which are put before him show, was inflicted only on slaves.'

"These are noble words which ought to have been borne in mind at the last congress of German school-directors. Perhaps, had they done so, they would not have gravely discussed during several sittings the following questions: on what part of the body of a boy or a girl should correction be applied? What instrument should be employed: the hand, the whip, or the stick? What was the proper time for the application of the punishment; its duration, and the number of strokes? It was finally decided that the cane should be 28 inches long. 'Are you astonished after that,' someone wrote the day after these resolutions were passed, 'that the children, when they become men, are blind devotees of the rod, and practise at the barracks the methods which were employed at the school.'

"Nor is there any need to be surprised at the singular gift which the inhabitants of Stanaitchen once presented to Bismarck. Stanaitchen is a place where whips are made. The people of the town sent a specimen of the local industry to the Iron Chancellor, with this inscription:

"'Seeing the constant necessity the Chancellor has to keep people in order, he should have a good whip.'

"Kind, thoughtful people, thus to furnish a rod for their own backs!"

JEAN FROLLO.

Revengeful Flagellations. Instances of these in French history are perhaps more numerous and certainly

more piquant. In the "*Causes Célèbres*," (1) there is a curious case cited under the enigmatic title of, "OUTRAGE SANGlant FAIT à UNE DAME PAR UNE AUTRE DAME; OU HISTOIRE DE LA DAME DE LIANCOURT ET DU DIFFÉREND QU'ELLE EUT AVEC LA MARQUISE DE TRESNEL, ET DE L'INSULTE QU'ELLE EN ESSUYA." (2)

We cannot do better than give this extraordinary case in the quaint words of the century-old compiler of the "*Causes Célèbres*." Only mere references to it have been made hitherto in English works; we are the first to give a detailed account of one of the most passionate and curious law-suits that stirred pre-revolutionary France to its depths. It was a singular punishment for one lady to imagine against another, and to-day would be no doubt dealt with as a common assault. We know of no equivalent case in the annals of English jurisprudence, nor are we deep-read lawyers enough to say whether this mode of revenge has been provided for by the Statutes.

(1) *Causes célèbres et intéressantes, avec les jugements qui les ont décidées*, recueillies par Guyot de Pitaval. Amst. et Liège. 1755. Continué par De la Ville. 26 vol. 12mo. Editions de Paris. 1738—1743, en 20 vol., et d'Amsterdam en 22 vol.

A curious publication, containing: Histoire de la Marquise de Brinvilliers, célèbre empoisonneuse—H^{re} d'Urbain Grandier, condamné comme auteur de la possession des religieuses de Loudun—La belle épicière ou la femme adultère condamnée—Religieuse prétendue hermaphrodite—Abolition du Congrès—Réfutation de l'apologie du Congrès—H^{re} d'une coquette de l'Opéra, etc., etc.

Our case is given in the 4th vol. page 348, and occupies some 40 pages.

(2) "Sanguinary Outrage committed by one Lady upon another; or Story of the Lady of Liancourt and of the quarrel that she had with the Marchioness of Tresnel, and of the Insult that sprang from it."



THE WANTON WHIPPING
OF THE
LADY OF LIANCOURT.

“**T**HERE are crimes, against which the Laws have written down no penalties: and yet they disturb the order of society, interest the honour of individuals, and stamp upon them certain stains of infamy. In such cases the judges may punish the guilty with afflictive penalties, taking into consideration the circumstances which give enormity to the crime.

Amongst such offences we must class the strange vengeance, which was wreaked more than two hundred years ago, by the Marquise de Tresnel on the person of Madame de Liancourt. Although in the insult she cast upon this high-born lady, the hirelings employed to execute her will did not commit the further outrage of rape on Madame de Liancourt, the public was none the less convinced, that they had stopped at nothing, and that they really had carried licence to its utmost limits. But, in tales of his kind it is customary to give free rein to fancy and once excited the public will imagine anything.

Madame de Liancourt was a de Lannoy, the daughter of a financier; she was an orphan at the age of from nine to ten years; her father's brother received her into his house. As soon as she was old enough, her principal object like that of all properly-constituted young ladies, was marriage. Indeed, tradition affirms that by the elegance of her shape, and the delicacy of her features, she was made for the delight and vexation of lovers: but her fortune which was not free and paid up, was a sufficient cause why the lovers did not readily become transmogrified into husbands. Her beauty thus attracted the amorous, and the state of her fortune disheartened those who would otherwise have dreamed of marriage. Her *Procureur au Parlement*, (legal adviser), presented to her an Auvergnat, a sub-equerry of the Duke of Orleans, but an honorary sub-equerry only, the sole advantage that his office brought to him, being that it favoured the trade in horses which he carried on; so that by his intrigue and his industry he was able to cut a decent figure. Paris is full of such kind of people, whose genius is a sounder investment than an estate exposed to hailstorms. She married him and his talents; and amongst them that which he devoted to law-suits proved of great assistance to this lady. With so much success did he conduct those which she had pending, that he liberated her property, and after the payment of all debts put her in possession of one hundred thousand livres. He then, as if nothing more now remained for him to do in this world, had the good grace to give up the ghost and make his wife a widow.

When this lady's fortune had so embellished her beauty, as to render her the object of those who aimed at the matrimonial sacrament, they came in crowds; but looking

still only for solid qualities, she preferred to all the competitors, Monsieur Romet, a widower, a Master of Rivers and Forests, whose first wife had been the sister of Father Bouhours. ⁽¹⁾ Strange to say it was her widower husband's advanced age that determined the young widow, who, contrary, we believe, to the general rule for her new marriage, consulted neither the throbbings of her senses nor the passions of youth. No doubt, she foresaw that an old man being nearer to the end of his career, would enable her the sooner to come into possession of the advantages the marriage offered; that these advantages compensating the disproportion of their respective ages, would be all the better as coming to her quickly. The event did honour to her perspicacity. An anecdote is related of her, which shows that she was a woman of a strikingly two-faced, artful, and selfish disposition.

As in this work I have proposed to please as well as to instruct the public, I may be permitted to relate incidents which serve to make known the characters whom I place before the footlights. At the time when her husband was dangerously ill, Madame Romet was ambitious of possessing precious stones. For that purpose she hit upon a rather clever idea which she acted upon as soon as he got well. He wished to make her a present of a rich dress: "No," said she, "*I cannot accept your present: I have promised Saint François de Paul, to wear the Minim habit, if you are restored to health. I am too sensible of the grace that he has obtained for me, not to fulfil my vow.*" Her husband was much touched by this proof of her tenderness, which, he thought, was all the

(¹) Father Bouhours, a celebrated Jesuit.

more sincere, because the love of dress is not one of the least passions that move the mysterious heart of woman. So, entirely as a present, he gave her 20,030 livres worth of precious gems, to set off the modesty of the garb she had vowed to wear. Shortly afterwards, death, who had made but a mock blow against master Romet, played his part in grim earnest.

Reduced to widowhood for the second time, with fortune considerably increased and without any diminution of her beauty, she was sought after by a crowd of wooers, the greater number of whom were naturally more love-stricken with her money than by her charms. Her preference fell upon a Monsieur Segulier de Liancourt, whom she married. Notwithstanding the large fortune of her new husband, his loose conduct led Madame de Liancourt in a short time to fear for her dowry. This man turned out a thorough spendthrift, but he had fallen into the hands of a strong-minded lady. After the first extravagances of her husband, she obtained a separation of goods by a sentence of the Tribunal of the Châtelet. This precaution, having irritated him, disputes soon sprang up in their married life. That did not prevent her from bearing him children. This is the advantage of possessing a charming exterior; it brings again together in love the husband and wife who were at variance.

The estate where she resided, was not far from that inhabited by Monsieur des Ursins, Marquis de Tresnel. She was a frequent visitor at this place, and always well received by the Marquis. The Marchioness de Tresnel, mother of the Marquis, in her defence, says that Madame de Liancourt ruled there. The Marquis was then not yet married, but as soon he had espoused Mademoiselle de Gaumont, a coldness grew up between the two ladies and

Madame de Liancourt disappeared from the Château where formerly she had been a welcome guest.

The Marchioness pretended that Madame de Liancourt indited a satire against her, in the form of a petition addressed to the Intendant of Paris. The satire wound up by making out in a playful way, that the Marchioness had to be sent to the "Petites-Maisons" mad-house. She complained to the Marshals of France, and deposited in the Record-Office the petition which had been distributed everywhere, but, although she obtained the right to have a judicial enquiry set on foot, which was done, she did not thereby succeed in proving that Madame de Liancourt was the author of the objectionable document. But none the less she was convinced of the fact, and watched for an opportunity of revenge, which, the day the offence was proved she had made up her mind to deal out with no light hand. Poets pretend that this passion was the pleasure of the Gods. Experience proves that it is also the pleasure of the fair sex, and that vindictive men are in that respect inferior to women. Women better understand the refinements of revenge, and better than men they know how to rise above fear, when they wish to take their unstinted fill of their victim's torments. Their very heart at such times may be said to be kneaded with the leaven of hate.

The Marchioness was burning to satisfy hers. She went to the Church of the Nuns of Chaumont du Vexin François, to hear the sermon. Mademoiselle de Liancourt, the daughter, was there; she bowed to the Marchioness, but did not offer to cede her place to her. After the sermon, the ladies were invited to partake of some refreshment, when the Marchioness complained bitterly of what she called the incivility of Mademoiselle de Liancourt, whom

she reproached with having ignored the rules of good breeding. By birth she considered herself to be far superior to both mother and daughter. It is well known that women, in regard to the rules of precedence, are much more obstinate than men, and that, in the idea they may form of their peculiar merit, the being born noble constitutes a dominant factor. They are little short of esteeming themselves as belonging to a superior human species, greatly distinguished above common folk, and even above nobles of a more recent creation.

This incident passed, people imagined the affair ended. But it was not so. The Marchioness, escorted by her lackeys, went on the 9th of August 1691, to the Church of the Abbey of Gomerfontaine, to hear the panegyric of Saint Bernard, and there found Madame de Liancourt already seated. Our noble lady marched purposely straight up to her, and, finding that the latter had risen as if to salute her, the Marchioness thrust her out of her place, and seated herself therein. She admits in her defence that, not knowing how to write verses, she wanted to be revenged for the satire, and that she was guilty of an act of incivility that she would not have shown to the meanest person for whom she might have felt resentment.

It can easily be guessed that Madame de Liancourt, not being the stronger, relieved her feelings by abuse; which provoked the Marchioness to call her a "petite bourgeoise," and to threaten to get her maltreated by her husband the Marquis. She also termed her a "coquette;" and as she did not herself possess the personal charms of Madame de Liancourt, the latter retaliated by shooting at her an epithet signifying a woman who is complaisant and serviceable for the purposes of a variety

of lovers. It is in the height of their anger that women of the world, who possess the gift of speech, enrich the language with new phrases.

This conversation gave to the Marchioness a new incentive to vengeance. From that moment she resolved to inflict the most signal affront on Madame de Liancourt that her ingenuity could devise.

It was said among the public that a negro in the service of the Marchioness had meddled in the quarrel, and that his zeal for his mistress had been embittered by a witty shaft on the subject from Madame de Liancourt. These are injuries that ladies neither forget, nor forgive.

Persons of consideration, who had witnessed the insult, pressed the Marchioness to give satisfaction to Madame de Liancourt, and the latter went to the parlour of the Abbess of Gomerfontaine to receive in good faith the excuses of the Marchioness, who again insulted her.

Madame de Liancourt, wishing to prevent any further unpleasantness, wrote to the Marquis de Tresnel, who by the silence he kept, showed that he tacitly sanctioned his wife's conduct.

Madame de Liancourt, some time afterwards, expressed the intention of paying a visit to Monsieur and Madame de Monbrun at Dauval, whose place was about a league and a quarter distant from her own property. The Marchioness, who had her spies, was soon informed of this intention. She quitted her domain in a six-horsed coach, accompanied by Mademoiselle de Villemartin, followed by four men on horseback, armed with swords and pistols, one of whom was the Marquis's valet, and three lackeys wearing his livery, while three others out of livery rode behind the coach. However quick she may have been,

she was not able to overtake Madame de Liancourt on her way to Dauval, but she arranged to take better measures against her return. She turned in at the Curé's of Daucour, which was not far from the road to Dauval, and posted one of her horsemen as a sentinel on the road, to let her know as soon as Madame de Liancourt's coach should come in sight. At the first notice the Marchioness started off in haste.

As soon as Madame de Liancourt saw from afar such a large escort, she did not doubt but that her enemy had come to insult her. A rapid command to her coachman to start off at full trot towards her castle proved of no avail. The four horsemen come up, bar the way, giving the Marchioness time to arrive in her turn. When the two coaches were alongside of each other, she ordered her coachman to turn to the right so as to upset the coach of Madame de Liancourt; the postilion at once obeyed, but the coachman himself, more wisely turned his two leading horses to the left. The coachman and the lackeys of Madame de Liancourt, afraid that they would get roughly handled from the fury of the horsemen, turned tail and fled. Two of the lackeys, behind the coach of the Marchioness descend like a couple of infuriated maniacs, open the door of Madame de Liancourt's coach, seize hold of both her and maid, and force them against their will to get out.

For decency's sake I am here obliged to draw a veil over the indignities they committed on the person of this haughty dame. Certain it is that the lady so dealt with crimsoned and turned pale by turns, turned pale and crimsoned again in hot succession; that she kicked in vain first to the right and then to the left. No doubt,

too, that this elegant dame launched out words more expressive than polite. Her assailants were alas! too many, and her legs held tight so that she could no harm, while harm to her was being done after the manner of a child. Had only ladies been present she could have borne it, but to suffer thus under the eyes of the opposite sex was very shameful. Let it suffice to say that they did not proceed to those outrages against the honour of the mistress and of her maid that mere vulgar people might suppose. The Marchioness, who, all the time hugely relished the spectacle, when her vengeance was satiated, had Madame de Liancourt put back into her coach, of which the lackeys had cut the traces and taken off the buckles which supported the box, saying to her with bitter mockery: "I could not leave a lady of quality on foot in the middle of the road."

The Marchioness having withdrawn triumphant, some charitable passers-by gave assistance to Madame de Liancourt and her maid, and fetched her a coach. The Lady, overwhelmed with confusion, then returned to her domain.

The King, on being informed of the matter, forbade the husbands resorting to arms. Monsieur and Madame de Liancourt lodged their complaint before the Marshals of France. This tends to prove that no sensual excesses were perpetrated on her, for it is not before the Marshals that complaints of great crimes were carried. They even consented to be satisfied with the decision of the Archbishop of Rouen as to the satisfaction that was due to Madame de Liancourt: whereas there is no compromise whatever for heinous offences. The public, who greatly exaggerate the importance of such personal insults, were

absolutely convinced that Madame de Liancourt had been subjected to the license of hired libertines.

She was looked upon in the same light as dishonoured persons. Why should a woman, to whom, against her will, the greatest affront has been offered, consent to remain sullied with a sort of infamy? I know that at the bottom of the heart justice may be rendered her; but outwardly, those who pity her the most, really despise her, and cannot put up with the stain with which they imagine her character is blackened.

Why have we not a Court of Judgment, presided over by the sanest men to be found, whose mission it would be to render justice to ladies who might meet with a misfortune of this kind? Such a court would, by reforming public prejudice, reinstate a woman, who had been forcibly put to shame, in the honourable position she had before occupied in the popular esteem. For, no female can forfeit her honour, except by the criminal exercise of her own will.

How ought a woman, blackened in men's opinion, because believed to have fallen a victim to unrestrained libertinism, draw up her Petition? Should her evidence tend to strengthen such a supposition? Her position is indeed delicate. For should she show any hesitancy in her denunciation, and seem to palliate the affront received, the Public, already believing her dishonoured, would absolutely despise her, because of her supposed indifference. What course ought she to take? It appears that there was really no other way left open to the Lady of Liancourt than to confirm the Public in its belief as to the licentious outrages committed upon her body, since the public belief as to this had taken deep root, and make application to the Law for vengeance, as though the crime of rape had actually

been added to that of the fustigation. No other means were left to her, of retrieving her dead honour. The Law would thus be forced to wash her clean of the mud of opprobrium, while, at the same time, fully avenging the dishonour done to her person.

This seems to have been the opinion of Madame de Liancourt, when she lodged her complaint, although she does not express herself clearly on the subject. But she was anticipated by the *Procureur Général*, who, seeing the negligence of the local judges to proceed against and punish the crime, obtained a decree dated November 16th, 1691, *which ordained that the evidence and acts, if such had been commenced concerning the conflict which took place, between the ladies de Tresnel and de Liancourt, should be produced before the Criminal Registry of the Court, and that upon its order proceedings should be instituted.*

The judicial enquiry was made by M. le Nain, already celebrated for his able drawing up of several great criminal cases. He betook himself to the locality, and as in reply to the order issued from the Bailiwick of Chaumont du Vexin François, it appeared that no proceedings had been taken, the *Procureur Général* obtained a decree commanding the *Lieutenant Criminel*, (*High Sheriff*), of this bailiwick and the *Procureur du Roi*, (*Crown Solicitor*), to appear, within two days after the serving of this notice, before the Court, to answer to the conclusions that it might take against them, and that in the event of their non-appearance, they would be deprived of the exercise of their office. They appeared. After having been heard, as also the *Procureur Général*, (*Attorney General*), it was ordained *that they should be warned that they were in fault, that they had been negligent in not*

making inquiry into what had happened, even though the parties had lodged no complaint; because the offence had been committed on the highway. They were again summoned into Court. The deliberation of the Court was notified to them, they were enjoined to be more vigilant in future in the functions of their office, and permitted to withdraw.

It was then that Madame de Liancourt intervened, confiding her confusion to the bosom of Justice. After the last touch had been given to the criminal proceedings, she took civil action.

In her petition she puts forth, that long enough, and even for too long, the grief which mastered her, had also imposed silence upon her; that she would be unworthy of the protection of the Court if she did not appear to be as anxious for her private revenge, as the *Procureur Général* was for that of the outraged public.

She could not, she said, complain, without again exposing herself at the expense of her modesty; but the outrage was too cruel to be further hushed up, however painful to her it might be to complain. One may judge of the severity of this insult since in order to ask for reparation she is obliged to render a statement of it which in itself once again dishonours her.

She has the misfortune, she pleads, of having drawn upon her the implacable hatred of the Marchioness de Tresnel, only on account of those qualities which have gained for her the esteem of worthy people. She has no occasion to describe her to make her known. It may be easily supposed, that a woman, who, to avenge imaginary insults, is capable of the black action with which she has sullied herself, and who, while it was being committed, feasted her vengeance with so much satisfaction, outdoes

malignity itself. Madame de Liancourt then relates the facts; and, when she comes to the outrage, says that she felt "cruel and bold hands, which executed furiously the cruel and infamous orders of the Marquise." ⁽¹⁾ That is the utmost she says; which proves that no outrage against her honour was committed. She designates two lackeys of the Marquis de Tresnel who had handled her in this fashion. Marolle, with a long, narrow face, and with dark hair; the other named Picard, with a red face, and light hair; both of them of middle height. She says that the Marchioness, by her words inflamed with rage, excited the ministers of her vengeance: she leaves us to gather that modesty makes her pass over the nature of the offences made against her person; and, to express them, she does not dare to employ terms which would make her blush. She says, that the Marchioness, in her thirst for vengeance, has exceeded the cruelty of tyrants.

She added, in terminating, that she trusts the Court will grant her so complete a reparation, as to smother in its birth a hatred likely to perpetuate itself and to be transmitted in a family, should offended honour be but badly repaired.

In her claim, she demands that the Marquis de Tresnel and the Marchioness his wife, be condemned together with those who executed their orders, conjointly, to pay to her the sum of *one hundred thousand livres*, ⁽²⁾ as damages and interest, reserving to the *Procureur Général* to take such conclusions as he may think to be fit and proper for public vindication, and for that of the suppliant.

⁽¹⁾ *Des mains cruelles et hardies qui exécutoient avec fureur les ordres cruels et infâmes de la Marquise.*

⁽²⁾ A rather dear price for a whipping, even though it be given on a public highway to a lady of high quality!

In the Memorandum of defence of the Marchioness, it is first of all declared, that it is not proposed to make her appear innocent; but to prove that she is less culpable than the Public has been led to believe.

It is admitted that she carried her resentment too far, and that the vengeance she took was violent, and contrary to the most inviolable rules of propriety.

But, when verily it is known what has preceded this action, and the limits within which she had restrained herself; when the real nature of the crime has been reflected on, and on the name which is to be given to it; it will be found that the resentment of the Marchioness was not without foundation, nor the action so extravagant, as has been published to the world; and it will even be difficult to find therein a matter for public vengeance at all, far less the subject of a capital crime, as Madame de Liancourt pretends.

The Counsel for the Marchioness adds, that the satire in verse, that Madame de Liancourt had written against the accused, was the object of legitimate resentment; but he does not seem to have at all proved that Madame de Liancourt was the authoress of it. Such a satire, he continued, is a greater injury, and is more damaging to the reputation of a lady, than the most qualified violence, because the first attacks her conduct and her morals, and strikes a mortal attaint at her honour, whereas the other attacks her body only, without wounding her reputation. It marks only the weakness of the person who suffers the insult; but it does not give a bad impression of her conduct.

He then pretends to prove by the judicial enquiry, that no supreme outrage was committed upon Madame de

Liancourt. In fact the evidence on the matter, proves that she underwent ill-treatment only, that her modesty was repeatedly offended, but does not establish the supreme licence.

But this offence of the Marchioness deserves undoubtedly to be qualified as a Public crime for the following reasons:

FIRSTLY, because, according to the definition of this crime, it is an offence in which the public is principally interested. It may be affirmed that the safety of the King's highway is a matter concerning public interest; now, this crime was committed on a public highway.

SECONDLY, this action cannot be considered as a private outrage, because it is a formal assault on the honour of a woman. The torture in the form of a punishment, to which she was subjected, delivers her up to scorn. The esteem in which her virtue may have been held, is not diminished: but it is supposed that she is covered with a sort of opprobrium thrust upon her by the humiliating insult she has received. It is a dishonour to which she has been subjected against her will, and which men allow to remain, taunting her without meaning it: they are unable to clear their minds of the prejudice, although plain reason condemns them. A woman thus outraged has a stain of shame upon her, which she cannot wash away.

All the fair sex has a great interest in having a crime of the kind punished, so as to be safe themselves from such a dishonouring insult. Is it not a public crime in which the fairest half of the public is so deeply interested? Moreover men also, to whom these insulted women are allied by ties of blood and of marriage, are interested in the punishment of the offence; since the dishonour of the woman so insulted falls back upon them.

THIRDLY, the fact of the persons who committed these indignities being of low condition, renders the crime more deserving of punishment. The subordination that exists between a person of condition, or of lower rank, and a base person, gives greater atrocity to the insult; this subordination, which concerns public interest, having been violated, the crime partakes of the character of publicity. The Marchioness, who had chosen men of that stamp, to make the insult more sensible, had to undergo all the penalty of the crime considered from this point of view, because she was the author of this infamous enterprise.

FOURTHLY, the law grants particular protection to the fair sex, on account of its weakness, of the delicacy of its honour, which may be attacked, and of which it may be deprived by violence. Its only protection is the punishment imposed upon violence and brutality. This punishment must be severe, because women have, so to say, as many enemies to their honour, as there are men in the world: they have in their hearts a baneful principle, which in spite of them excites ardent desire to rob them of their treasure. Public interest requires therefore, that they should have cause to dread the penalties which repress these assaults.

Public propriety, which is transgressed, and under the protection of which women must be able to walk abroad in safety, is another motive to make this a public crime. We terminate this famous and very interesting case with a copy of the verdict couched in the curious style of the time.

THIS IS THE JUDGMENT THAT WAS GIVEN.

* Whereas the Court having examined the criminal suit it had instituted, at the request of the King's Procureur Général, applicant

and prosecutor, and of Dame Françoise de Lannoy, the spouse, but separated as to goods and chattels, of Messire Claude Segulier, Knight, Lord of the Manor of Liancourt, received as intervening party on the 29th January last, on account of insults and assaults committed on her person by the servants of Dame de Gaumont, Marchioness of Tresnel, by her order and in her presence; against Messire Esprit Juvenal de Harville des Ursins, Marquis of Tresnel, first Ensign of the Men-at-arms of the King's Guard; the aforesaid Dame de Gaumont, his wife, Damoiselle Anne de Fleury, the daughter of Jacques de Fleury, Equerry, Squire of Ville-Martin; Antoine Bourcier, coachman to the said Dame de Tresnel; Pierre Fourdrain, yeoman of the said Dame de Tresnel; Jean Baptiste, native of Saint Domingo, negro, Lackey to the aforesaid Dame; Jean Betouard, surnamed Picard, Lackey to the said Messire de Tresnel; a person dressed in red, named Lartige, Chamber valet to the said Messire de Tresnel; the named Marolle, Lackey, Rubi, Jassemmin, and la Fatigue, wearing the livery of the said Messire de Tresnel, Defendants and accused; the said Bourcier, Fourdrain, surnamed la Rivière, the negro Jean Baptiste, Betouard, surnamed Picard, and Croquet, named Magni, prisoners in the Conciergerie of the Palace of Justice; and the aforesaid Dame de Tresnel, the above-named Lartige, Marolle, Rubbi, Jassemmin, la Fatigue, prisoners in the Conciergerie; the aforesaid Dame de Tresnel, the before-named Lartige, Marolle, Rubbi, Jassemmin, la Fatigue, defaulters and contumacious, and others.

All things considered; it has been decided, by the Court, without taking into account the application of the said de Harville and of Pierre Fourdrain, surnamed la Rivière, of the 1st and 3rd of last February, nor of that of the 4th of the present month of March, for the purpose of combined information, has declared and declares act of contumacy duly informed against the aforesaid de Gaumont, spouse of the said Harville de Tresnel, the said Marolle, Lartige, Jassemmin, Rubbi, and la Fatigue; and estimating the damages has condemned and condemns the said de Gaumont to appear in full Court, holding session, then and there on her knees, to say and declare in presence of the said de Liancourt, that, wickedly, maliciously as ill-advised, she had with intention premeditated caused to be committed the insults and assaults notified in the suit, on the person of the said de Liancourt by her servants in her presence and by her

order, of which she repents and asks pardon of her; this done, has banished her for ever from the jurisdiction of the High Court of Justice; enjoins upon her to observe this sentence under pain of death, condemns her to a fine of 1500 livres towards the King; and that the said Lartige and Marolle be taken to the King's galleys, to serve there as convicts for life, declare that the goods of the said Lartige and Marolle, situated in the country and subject to confiscation, be acquired and escheated to whom they may pertain. With regard to the said Jassemin, Rubbi and la Fatigue, they are banished for three years from the City, Jurisdiction and Viscounty of Paris, enjoins upon them to observe their banishment, under penalty of the King's declaration; condemns them severally to pay a fine of ten livres to the said Lord the King; and the before named Betouard, surnamed Picard, to be led and conducted to the King's galleys, there to serve as convicts during the space of nine years; further, condemns the aforesaid de Gaumont, and the said Lartige, Marolle, Betouard, surnamed Picard, Jassemin, Rubi and la Fatigue conjointly in 30,000 livres of damages to the said Dame de Liancourt. And, after that the said Fleury de Villemartin, to that effect cited before the Court of la Tournelle, had been admonished, condemned him to contribute to the bread-fund of the prisoners of the Conciergerie of the Palace of Justice, the sum of 20 livres, with costs at his expense. And with regard to the charges against the said de Harville, Bourcier, Fourdrain, surnamed la Rivière, Jean Baptiste, negro by nation, and Croquet, dismiss the charges against these parties and put them out of Court and out of the suit: orders that the prisoners be liberated from prison, and that the registry of incarceration of the said Croquet be erased and struck out of the register; the billet of imprisonment being at the prison registry was returned to him, and the costs in this matter compensated to the said de Harville, Bourcier, Fourdrain, surnamed la Rivière, Jean Baptiste, the negro, and Croquet. Further condemns the said de Gaumont, the said Lartige, Marolle, Rubi, Jassemin, la Fatigue, Betouard, surnamed Picard, jointly in all costs, even in those incurred against the said de Harville, Fleury, Bourcier, Fourdrain, Jean Baptiste and Croquet: of which the said de Gaumont is held to pay 30,000 livres with costs as damages. And nevertheless the said Court orders that the sum of 30,000 livres adjudged in damages and costs, shall be taken on her properties, and without her husband

being able to impede the execution of the present sentence. And the present judgment concerning the said Dame de Gaumont, the said Lartige and Marolle, shall be inscribed on a tablet, which is to be attached to a post planted in the public square of Chaumont, as also on one in the Place de Grève of this City; and the other sentences notified in *contumaciam*, and of which copies being served at the homes or residences of the said Jassemín, Rubi, and la Fatigue, if they have any, otherwise to be placarded on the gates of the Palace of Justice, according to rule. Done in the High Court of Justice this 13th, March 1693. And pronounced against the aforesaid Bourcier, Fourdrain, surnamed la Rivière and Jean Baptiste, the negro, the 18th of said month and year."

Lest this case of the shameful stripping of a great dame on the high road be deemed old-fashioned, we give the following from "*The Sun*," New York, Sunday, June 10, 1900.

THE WHIPPING OF WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

ST. LOUIS STRIKE ANARCHY.

AMAZING CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN THE WESTERN CITY.

Seven Persons Have Been Killed and Scores Wounded—Property Destroyed and Dynamite Used—The Crowning Injury Has Been the Stripping Naked in the Streets of Women Who Rode in the Street Cars—Scenes of Terrible Shame to a Civilized Community—An Estimate That the Strike Has Cost More Than \$ 20,000,000—Governor Refuses to Help to Restore Order.

ST. LOUIS, June 9.—The great street car strike which was begun on May 8, has thus far cost the city in loss of business, it is estimated, more than \$ 20,000,000. There is no immediate prospect of a settlement of the trouble

despite the efforts of business men to bring about arbitration: The strikers stand firm in their demand for reinstatement and recognition of their union, while the railway company says it will not discharge the men who have taken the places of the strikers nor force any one of its employees to join the union. Despite all efforts the deadlock remains unbroken.

A reign of terror has been started, and, although police protection has been furnished, the railway company has been unable to operate all its lines. The regular police force has been increased by a *posse comitatus* of 2,500, summoned by the Sheriff, but working solely under the orders of the Chief of Police. Strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the Governor to induce him to call out the State militia, which would make the available force fully 6,000, in addition to the regular police of the city. Yesterday, Chief of Police Campbell said the situation was more serious than at any time during the strike. To-day he has modified this by saying that the police and *posse* can control the situation.

Politics enter largely into the question. Since the beginning of the strike seven men have been killed outright, five others are in the hospital believed to be mortally wounded, seventy-five have received bullet wounds, 150 have been injured with missiles of various kinds, while five distinct attempts have been made to blow up cars of the Transit company and a bomb was thrown into a power house, blowing out windows and shattering the walls. On Thursday night, the first car after 6 o'clock was run since the strike began. Very few passengers were carried.

People are afraid to ride on the cars. If they are in business they are boycotted. If they cannot be reached

through their pockets they are assaulted, or the women members of their families are terrorized. Unless the militia is called out, the Transit company might just as well surrender the streets after nightfall.

Assaults upon Women.

From the inception of the strike to the present time scarce a day has elapsed without violence. Men have been shot and beaten, both sides firing indiscriminately on the least provocation; women have been divested of their clothing and publicly whipped for daring to ride upon Transit cars; three school-teachers were publicly spanked by a crowd of women, and other acts of devilishness have been committed by strike sympathizers, the strikers themselves remaining in the background.

The first one of the assaults upon woman was committed upon Miss Pauline Hesser, on Decoration Day, who was beaten, kicked, and stripped of her clothing at Tenth street and Geyer avenue for having ridden upon a Transit car. Miss Hesser is only 19, and her experience was frightful. The mob that attacked her was composed almost entirely of women, girls and half-grown young men, while an approving crowd of adults stood on the sidewalk and encouraged them in their work. She was stripped naked. When she broke away from her tormentors, battered and bruised, and with blood streaming down her face, she sought refuge in the saloon of a man named Schumacher, who drove the hunted girl out into the street again to become the plaything of the mob. Finally, a patrol wagon drove up and dispersed the crowd, a policeman taking off his coat to wrap it around the frightened girl. She was driven to the police station and from there was escorted to her home.

On last Saturday, a woman, who refused to give her name, dreading the publicity, was struck in the face the moment she alighted from a car on Fourth street and Choteau avenue, knocked to the ground and kicked as she lay prostrate by a two-legged brute, a strike sympathizer, a labourer, with a wife and family. His name is Joseph Fanger, living at 2419, Dekalb street, whence he was taken by two men on Friday at midnight, driven to a secluded part of the city and there beaten into insensibility.

Sunday, June 3, witnessed the culmination of the assaults upon women. They began when a party of young men and women got off a Southern electric car at Lesperance street, intending to take a steamer for an excursion to Monterano. They were attacked, stoned and beaten by a crowd in waiting, composed of men and women. Ernest Cooper was injured seriously. Andrew Mc Weeny, of 2815, Thomas street, took refuge upstairs in a house near the boat landing, where he was besieged for hours, while another young man grabbed his girl by the arm, ran to the river, jumped into a skiff moored at the bank and pushed out with only a piece of board for a paddle, followed by showers of stones. He managed to land on the east side of the river, coming back on the upper ferry. He did not try the street cars again. George Briedmeyer, 2736, South Seventh street, was terribly beaten by the crowd, and when he returned to his boarding house his landlady refused to give him admission because he had ridden upon a Transit car.

In the afternoon, the mobs grew more daring, emboldened by immunity. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Susie Hensel, of 1418, Union avenue, was assaulted at the corner of Broadway and Shenandoah street. She was on her way

to visit her father, who lives at 2333, South Tenth street, and had just alighted from a car. As she walked west on Shenandoah, a crowd of men, women and boys attacked her. They were seemingly led by a woman. She was knocked down, and, while lying on the ground, every one who could reach her gave her a kick, all the time denouncing her as a scab.

Drawn Nearly Naked into the Street.

Miss Hensel says:

"The crowd closed around me, began hitting and kicking me. Then they began tearing my garments into ribbons. I staggered to my feet and started to run—where I did not know nor care, only to get away from my tormentors—somewhere to hide my shame, for by this time I was nearly naked. I tried to enter several places, but I was shoved back. As I was passing one place, two little girls pulled at what was left of my clothing and took me into the house. I went into what was the parlour and crouched down in a corner. The children left me. Soon the two men who first assaulted me entered the house and, discovering me, one of them knocked me down. A third man came in. He was evidently the man of the house, for he ordered me out. I besought him to give me some clothing, but the only answer was to drive me out into the street. I found refuge in a house near by, where a woman gave me a skirt, and where I was permitted to remain until the police came and I was taken home."

Miss Stella Broadwick was the next victim. She was assaulted as she left a Cherokee car at 1900, South Twelfth street, Sunday afternoon. Her shirtwaist was torn off; her

skirts soon followed, and her underclothing was torn into ribbons. She ran into an alley. The crowd thought she had taken refuge in the house of William Westerman, 1619, South Twelfth street, and surrounding the place, demanded that she be given up to them. A gray-haired woman responded to their cries by hoisting a second-story window, and firing two shots from a revolver which she was evidently accustomed to handling. The crowd broke and fled.

About the same hour, at Twelfth street and Geyer avenue, a woman, who gave her name as Christine Theire, at the same time admitting that it was assumed, was brutally beaten and divested of every article of clothing save her stockings and shoes. When she left the car at Geyer avenue, she was approached by a young fellow of 18, who reproached her for riding on "scab" cars. A crowd of men, boys and women collected around Miss Theire. She endeavoured to get away, when the crowd, seemingly moved by one impulse, attacked her, striking her with their fists and pelting her with stones and sticks. She was knocked down and repeatedly kicked in the face. They then began tearing off her clothing and did not desist until she stood there naked. In her pocket was her pocketbook, which contained \$15. This was taken.

Naked and Hunted like a Wild Beast.

Blinded and bleeding, the girl staggered to her feet and fled south toward Allen avenue, the crowd pursuing her. She besought the women standing in their doorways to give her a place of refuge, but was derided and scoffed at by those wretches who had forgotten all the gentleness of their sex. Seeing a cellar window open in a house on

Allen avenue, she crawled into it like a hunted wild beast. Here she remained until the police appeared and dispersed the crowd. Even then she would not desert the darkened cellar for daylight until she was provided with a skirt and an old shawl to cover her nakedness. Miss Theire was on her way to visit her aged mother at the time of the attack.

On Monday noon, a young woman was assaulted when she alighted from a car of the Cherokee division, at Eleventh and Calhoun streets. She was pelted with missiles, but took refuge in a grocery, where she was permitted to remain until police came and escorted her out of the disturbed district. That same afternoon, between 4.30 and 5 o'clock, three schoolteachers alighted from a southern electric car on South Broadway and were immediately seized by a crowd of women, their skirts thrown over their heads, and their bodles pulled forward and down, while an amazon vigorously applied a piece of stout board to them.

Police Try to Stop Assaults on Women.

As a result of the assaults upon women numerous arrests have been made, and three girls have been sentenced to the industrial home at Chillicothe for two years each, while the cases of a number of others are pending in the courts. The police department resolved to put a stop to this species of diabolism, and to that end induced a young girl to ride on the Southern Electric Line escorted by a boyish-looking detective. By prearrangement, a large force of detectives and police in plain clothes had been massed in the neighborhood where they were to alight. When the car arrived at the selected spot the couple alighted, and were at once

surrounded by a shouting, howling mob of three hundred or four hundred, about equally divided as to sex.

Before they had time to do harm to the girl or her escort the officers swooped down upon them. They had orders to make no arrests, but to use their clubs, which they did in an effective manner. For a moment the mob thought of showing fight and faced the police, but they were too strong to be successfully coped with and the crowd broke and ran, followed by the police, who plied their clubs whenever they came within reach of their victims, whether he was a man or a woman. Broken heads were the order of the day. A slip of a girl, 13 years old, fought like a wildcat and was only subdued when a stout policeman picked her up in his arms, turned her over, and spanked her "just as mother used to do."

The first arrest was that of Mrs. Emma Thomson, charged with leading the mob who assaulted and stripped Miss Hensel of her clothing. Then followed arrests of Anna Swese, Anna Klasek and Mary Trantize, who pleaded guilty of having assaulted Miss Pauline Hessler on Friday, and were sentenced to two years each in the Girls' Industrial Home at Chillicothe, Mo. The girls are of the worst type and have no idea of the enormity of their offence. In addition to the women arrested, a score of men have been locked up, but as yet sufficient evidence has not been obtained to convict them of any over tact.

Gov. Stephens Declines to Help.

After conferring last night, to-day, and again this evening with business men, taxpayers generally, the Police Board, members of the *posse comitatus* and others, Gov. Stephens

returned to the State capital to-night without having issued his call ordering out the militia. The conference last night was largely held for the purpose of discovering some reasons which would fortify the Governor, in his evident determination not to order out the troops. Yesterday, Chief of Police Campbell said that the situation was more serious than at any time since the beginning of the strike. The Police Department he declared was unable to cope with it, could not prevent disorder, and the only hope was that they might be able to punish those guilty of lawlessness. Some great pressure must have been brought to bear upon the Chief, for to-day he said that the police force and the *posse comitatus* were strong enough to protect Transit cars and prevent any outbreak. Thus fortified, the Governor declined to call out the militia and returned to the capital.

Cars were run over three more lines to-night, the Market, Laclede and Olive street. There was but little interference. At Ninth and Market, the cars were stoned on their east-bound trip, but a heavy detail from the barracks dispersed the crowds and prevented further interference. An attempt was made to wreck a southern electric car on Broadway and Biddle to-night. Strong details of the *posse comitatus* were hurried from headquarters on Washington avenue, and succeeded in dispersing the mob after several shots had been fired into the crowd.

Former Governor William J. Stone, counsel for the strikers, to-day sent a letter to the Hon. Nathan Frank, chairman of the Citizens' Committee, which has been endeavouring to settle the troubles, which in effect breaks off all further negotiations, on the plea that the Transit Company had withdrawn its proposition presented last Saturday before the union had time to pass upon it, this

being an agreement to reinstate 1,000 of its former employees immediately, 500 additional men within ninety days, and the remainder as soon as there were vacancies to be filled. The union was to select the men to return to work, the company reserving the right to reject any name presented, the bearer of which had been guilty of violence or intimidation.

The seven deputies arrested last night and locked up at the Four Courts for refusal to ride upon Transit cars were released to-day by order of Chief Campbell. Six men were arraigned before the United States Commissioner charged with obstructing the mails. The formal hearing was set for next Thursday, bonds being fixed by Commissioner Gray at \$ 2,000, in default of which they were sent to jail. Oscar Henderson, aged 15, was arrested on a Federal warrant charged with placing a bomb on the tracks of the Transit Company, in violation of the injunction. He was committed to jail.

The "noiseless gun," with which three policemen were shot on Thursday night, is creating a reign of terror among *posse* men and policemen. Dealers say that the bullets which wounded the three officers were doubtless fired from an air gun, one of a St. Louis make being able to send a bullet through an oak plank. The detectives are endeavouring to trace into whose hands a number of these guns, which have been sold the past three months, have fallen, with a view to locating the would-be assassins.

Made Insane by the Stripping of Miss Hesser.

Late to-night, it was said that Mrs. Rose Paulson, who has been held a prisoner in the observation ward at the city hospital since last Monday, attempted suicide to-day

by hanging. Guard Kelley discovered her in time to save the woman's life. Mrs. Paulson was an eye-witness to the brutal assault upon Pauline Hesser by strike sympathizers on Decoration Day, and it so preyed on her as to render her insane. Sleeping or waking, she raves about the way Miss Hesser was treated, and prays to the mob to spare the girl. Mrs. Paulson tried to save the girl at the time, but was reviled and driven away by the mob. On Sunday, she showed signs of insanity, and on Monday left her home.

Nearly fifty thousand school children went out to the fair grounds to-day to take part in the great parade of nations at the annual picnic of the public schools. Owing to the car strike and consequent fear of an attack upon Transit cars the children were taken out to the grounds in 'busses, moving vans, express wagons, buggies, or any kind of a conveyance that could be procured. These conveyances supplement the service provided by the Suburban Street Railway, the only line in the city unaffected by a strike, and the little ones were successfully conveyed to and from the grounds, affording great pleasure to the children, but causing great anxiety to adults.

John Powers, a non-union motorman, who arrived from Philadelphia on Friday to take the place of a striker, is at the hospital hopelessly insane. One day's work on a Transit Company's car shattered his nerve. Powers had worked for the Traction Company of Philadelphia for fifteen years, losing work in a strike. He was induced to come here, but one day's work, with the weird tales with which his ears were regaled at the company's barracks, was too much for him; and he broke away from his companions. He was captured by a policeman this morning at Gever and Pennsylvania avenues busily engaged in fighting imaginary

foes. He feared assassination and begs piteously for protection. Powers has a wife and two children living at 1215, Merier street, Philadelphia.

THE COST OF A KISS.

One of the Ancients used to say, that at the public spectacles of his day, where the women assisted quite unveiled, they were protected by public propriety.

The severe justice, inflicted by Pope Sixtus V., for a much slighter insult dealt at the honour of a young girl, makes us likewise consider as a public crime the outrage committed on Madame de Liancourt.

Under this Pontificate, a lawyer from Perugia came to settle in Rome. His son fell desperately in love with a young girl of rare beauty, and belonging to a respectable family; the mother of the girl was a widow. He asked her for the hand of her daughter, but it was refused him. The mother had ambitious views and wished for her child a nobler alliance than with an advocate's son. The young man, consulting only the violence of his passion, struck upon rather a singular means to get possession of the coveted prize. He watched about, and having fallen in with her in one of the streets of Rome, lifted her veil, and kissed her in spite of her will, and ineffectual struggles. This took place in the presence of the mother who accompanied her, but who could not quickly enough prevent the amorous onslaught. He thought that this favour, wrested from his mistress in public, in dishonouring her, would force her friends to hand her over to him to wife.

The mother went at once to the Pope to complain. The Pope ordered that the young man should be prosecuted.

The Colonnas—one of the first families in Rome—under whose protection he lived, interfered and tried to arrange a marriage, in order to silence Justice. The mother was persuaded, and the permission of the Grand Vicar of Rome obtained for the espousals. But the gaieties of the nuptial banquet were suddenly overclouded by the arrival of the Sbirri, who, under a warrant of the Governor, arrested the young husband, his father, and the mother of the bride. They were, as may be supposed, extremely uneasy. The young married pair was naturally more anxious than the others, and unable to understand why they had been thus molested.

The Governor informed the parents, that the Pope would judge the matter.

The next day, the parents went and knelt at the feet of the Pope, and pleaded that the marriage had entirely rehabilitated the honour of the young girl. The Pope ordered her to be brought before him, and that the Governor should also appear. The latter had already privately received and learnt his lesson. When they were all in the Pontifical presence his Holiness asked the parties interested in the affront whether they were satisfied? They replied unanimously that they were.

"I am very glad," said the Pope, "that you are satisfied; but it remains to be seen if Justice also is satisfied. You are disinterested, but Justice also must be consulted."

Then turning to the Governor he said:

"It is to you that the interest of Justice are confided, are *you* satisfied?"

The Governor replied, that Justice had not received satisfaction for the contempt the accused had shown for the sovereign authority, in offering violence to an honest

girl in the open street, and that he demanded reparation. Then the Pope said:

"You may pursue until Justice has received satisfaction."

With these words, Sixtus V. dismissed the party. The husband was prosecuted, and condemned to the galleys, for having violated the respect he owed to the Sovereign and to the Law of the State.

In vain did the great House of the Colonnas employ all their influence to obtain the pardon of this young man; the Pope, forgetful of the esteem and friendship that he entertained for that family, said to them:

"I do not count as my friends those who importune me to allow crimes to remain unpunished: who take the part of an audacious criminal against Law and Justice which he has transgressed. Do you not perceive the consequence of the impunity of this? A father would in vain wish to marry his daughter to a suitable husband; a young man, whose suit might not please him, would be able to marry her in spite of him, after having kissed her in the street. Such an abuse shall not exist in Rome during my pontificate."

Cardinal Colonna replied, *"that the crime had been atoned by the union of both parties."* "But Justice," retorted the Pope, *"is it satisfied? If women are not safe in the streets of Rome, they will soon no longer be so in their own homes."*

Such were the reasons he gave for his inflexibility.

The culprit was rivetted to the convict's chain, on the very spot where the crime had been committed: his young wife was so pierced with grief that she survived her husband's infamy but a few days.

The Justice of the Pope, to preserve the honour of young girls, extended even to people of low condition. A servaint-maid having been sent in the night to fetch a

midwife, met on her way the footman of a Roman nobleman, who after extinguishing the candle of her lantern, attempted to kiss her: she cried out, and he ran away.

Sixtus V., having been informed of this three days afterwards, sent for the Governor, and reproached him with his negligence in not having punished the offender, and ordered him to prosecute the footman, who was sentenced to be flogged the whole length of the street where he had tried to take that liberty. In France, such an action, even if it were accomplished, would be considered only as a peccadillo; but in Italy, such is the severity with which the female sex is guarded, that enterprises of this kind are looked upon as serious crimes, even among persons of low condition.

These examples prove that Sixtus V., who was a great Justiciary, considered an insult made to a woman in the street as a public crime, subject to an afflictive penalty.

Amongst a little troop of lackeys, at the gate of the Tuilleries gardens, who were boasting of having taken liberties with ladies of quality, there was one who wagered that he would have the favours, willy-nilly, of the first pretty woman who should come out. This unchivalrous braggart carried his insolence so far as to put his hand beneath the petticoats of a real lady who chanced to make her appearance. There was a public outcry and he was arrested. A prosecution was set on foot, and he was sentenced to be placed in the pillory and banished for a certain period. This proves, that an insult of that kind, committed by lackeys, in a public place, is by reason of these two circumstances, considered to be a public crime. The penalty would have been still more severe

had it been a servant who had been guilty of this insolence towards his mistress. Too sharp a curb cannot be put upon these servants, who hold in their hands the honour as well as the life of the mistresses they serve.

A WIFE BEATEN BY HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND.

Some years later a sentence was given in the case of a woman who both in word and deed had been subjected to violent outrage. The terms of the sentence tend to show that the Court had not considered this insult as a public crime.

We give an outline of the case:

Madame Maréchal, the wife of Mr. Jean de la Brosse-Morlai, and a lady of quality, was dissatisfied with her husband's conduct, whom she suspected of infidelity: she accused a certain M. de la Busserolle of leading him astray. She reproached him with this, and the quarrel was pushed so far that la Busserolle, with the consent of the husband there present, so far forgot himself, as to throw the lady on the bed which was in the room, where after rudely displacing her clothes, he treated her as one treats a child who is subjected to ignominious chastisement.

It should be observed that de Busserolle belonged to an honourable family, without being a man of quality.

The lady complained to the Parliament, the name then given to what we term the High Court of Justice and of Appeal, and the Court referred her to the Criminal-Lieutenant of Souvigny. This magistrate at once began an inquiry into the case, but died before he was able to bring it to a conclusion. The case was then passed on

to the Criminal-Lieutenant of Moulins. La Busserolle was condemned *in contumaciam* on the 31st May 1728. He was *declared to be duly attained and found guilty of having proffered to Madame de la Brosse the insulting language mentioned in the complaint, and to having subjected her to the personal violence and ill-treatment also mentioned in the suit: in consequence, he was sentenced to the Galleys for nine years, and to be previously branded with the letters G.A.L.*

He lodged an appeal, which resulted in the following sentence being given:

* Our Court, not taking into account the demands of Madeleine Maréchal, formulated in her complaints of 21st February, 23rd and 24th March 1729, nor the opposition lodged by the said Aujay de Busserolle against the sentences of 13th December 1726 and 10th April 1728, nor his demands which are rejected, conclude that his appeal as well as the sentence against which appeal is made are both annulled: but in emendation thereof, and in reparation of the cases mentioned in the suit, condemns the said Aujay de la Busserolle to appear before the Court of the Presidial Council of Moulins, in the presence of the aforesaid Madeleine Maréchal and of twelve persons of her own choice: and with bared head and on his knees, to say and declare that too boldly and unwisely did he use insulting language to her, and commit towards her the excesses and violence mentioned in the suit, for which he is sorry and begs pardon of the said Madeleine Maréchal: he is further forbidden even to frequent those places where may be the said Madeleine Maréchal, and he must withdraw from such places where he may perceive her, as also where she would be likely to go, or as soon as he should see her, under pain of corporal punishment; condemns him to pay her two thousand livres as damages, and all the costs, as well of the principal suits as of appeal, and of demands made by the said Madeleine Maréchal. Order that the minute and the copy of the Memoir of the said Aujay de la Busserolle, signed by him, shall be withdrawn from the documents concerning the case, and suppressed, that a memorandum to that effect shall be drawn up by the clerk of the Court. Authorizes the

said Madeleine Maréchal to publish and put up wherever she may think fit, the present sentence, at the cost and expense of the said Aujay de Busserolle, and to ensure execution of the same, renders the said Aujay prisoner of the Criminal Lieutenant of Moulins. Orders that the present sentence be executed. Rendered in Parliament of Justice, this 31st of March, 1729.

The Court not having condemned the accused to an afflictive nor infamous penalty, seems to have considered his crime as a merely private offence, although the violence he had wrought interested the honour of all ladies, as well as the Nobility collectively.

Two circumstances undoubtedly, weighed in the minds of the Judges to prevent them from esteeming this offence as public. De Busserole was a friend of the husband's, and allowed to visit the house. He had not come to the place with the express intention of offering this insult to the lady. A quarrel arose; he forgot himself in the heat of his anger: the place was not a public one. The second consideration is that he was distinctly authorised to chastise the woman by her own husband; and the fact of such authorisation having been given by the husband had since been the ground of a judicial separation. No cause of separation more justifiable could be given than the unworthy sanction of the husband.

* * *

Insults offered in public places to ladies in England are punished with severe penalties. The sex is the delight of honest people, who have the happiness to reign over their hearts. But would it not lose its empire, if Sentiment gone, it were allowed to sink to an inferior level? Seeing that sane men pride themselves on following the amiable

laws of the Fair Sex, why do the rest desire to break away? If this ratiocination appear too gallant, let it be founded on Handsomeness of Custom; let us say that the Weakness of the Sex has inspired Legislators to come to her help, and arm her against the strength of Insolence and the tyranny of Injustice.

THE MARCHIONESS DE ROZEN.

If the scene of flagellation last recounted had the Public highway for its stage, that which we now have to describe took place in the boudoir of a lady of high quality and the mistress of a king. Mr. Robt. Douglas, the author of "The Life and Times of Mme du Barry," ⁽¹⁾ throws discredit on the story and with an acumen worthy of his Scotch origin actually disproves it—to his own satisfaction. We are inclined to be more sceptical. The farce was worthy of the haughty du Barry, and after all, we believe that the victim richly deserved her beating. No men were present, consequently there was no shame; the slapping was performed in the privacy of a lady's apartment; there was therefore no public scandal. Had the Marchioness kept her tongue quiet, the story of her casti-

⁽¹⁾ The curious reader will find his ingenious version of this business at page 240 *et seq.*, under the title of *The King's Coffee Pot*, (1773). The entire work is amusing, and cleverly written, to boot.

About the year 1850, a mezzotint in colours was **openly sold** in London for 10s. 6d., illustrative of the whipping of the Marchioness de Rozen based on Voltaire's anecdote. This was never seized by the police, nor in any way interfered with. But a series of seven magnificent *etchings on copper*, illustrative of historical scenes and sold at *forty francs* the set were issued in 1898, in Paris, by the present publisher and confiscated by the authorities.

gation would in all probability not have become public property. But as true as it is strange, people are always most quick to make known themselves their own dishonour. Briefly related, the facts are as follows:

The Marchioness of Rozen, one of the attendants of the Countess of Provence, had for some time paid assiduous court to Madame du Barry. The latter liked her much; and they became intimate friends. The Marchioness was young and handsome, and had the air of a child. This observation is necessary. The Countess did not forget to invite her to a splendid entertainment. Madame de Rozen went, but shortly after broke off all connection with her friend, or, at least, showed her great coolness. This was probably owing to the Princess, whom she had the honour to serve, and who had severely reproached her for her attention to a female so much the subject of public censure; especially for her being noticed by the Court as being present at her entertainments.

Whatever might have been the cause, the Countess was not insensible to the change. She complained to the King, who made a jest of the matter, saying the Marchioness was but a child, for whom a rod was the fittest punishment. Madame du Barry took the King's words in the literal and most rigorous sense.

The Marchioness called on her one morning, and after they had breakfasted in a friendly manner together, the favourite invited her into her closet, as if she had something particular to tell her. That moment four lusty chambermaids seized upon the poor criminal, and throwing her clothes over her head, whipt her soundly on a part of her body where, generally, naughty children only are chastised. The sufferer, smarting sorely under the indignity, and

boiling with rage, complained to the Sovereign, who had nothing to reply when his mistress reminded him that she had no more than executed the sentence of his Majesty.

He ended by laughing at the affair; and Madame de Rozen, by the advice of the Duke d'Aiguillon, revisited the Countess. After some raillery on the flagellated posteriors, which confirmed the anecdote, the two friends embraced, and agreed to bury all in oblivion. Our readers will agree that both the beating and the reconciliation was the most sensible thing that could have happened.

THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

The Du Barry affair reminds us of a similar adventure that befell the Chevalier de Boufflers, and which is given on the authority of "*La Chronique Scandaleuse*." (1) The chief difference is that our Chevalier, with a man's wit and courage, was actually able, there and then, *to turn the tables* on his tormentress and have the self-same punishment meted out to her by her own servants.

Against a certain Marchioness of the time—we see that Marchionesses play a large part in beatings, or were woman of humbler origin as severely fustigated and no records taken of their discomfiture owing to the lowness of their station?—the Chevalier had launched a biting epigram, which had succeeded in obtaining some notoriety.

(1) * *La Chronique Scandaleuse, ou Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Génération Présente*. Paris. Dans un coin d'où l'on voit tout. 1789, (in-16, tome III, p. 11—13.)

We remember to have seen a pair of very fine *aquarelles* by Amédée Vignola representing this subject, the actors being attired in costume of the time.

Some time afterwards, the great lady who had kept discreetly quiet, solicited a reconciliation and invited him to seal it by his presence at her supper-table. He went, but with pistols in his pockets like a prudent man, knowing the character of his hostess. Hardly had he arrived, than he was laid hold of by four stoutly-built men-servants, who, under the eyes of the Marchioness, bruised that portion of his frame adjacent to the hips, with fifty well-plied strokes of the birch. He bore his punishment with stoicism until the last blow. The noble dame had hitherto had it all her own way. But the doubtful comedy now took on a complexion she had little bargained for and certainly had not foreseen.

Boufflers got up, adjusted his dress with perfect coldness, then drawing his 'shooters' from his pocket and pointing them deliberately at the now frightened lackeys, ordered them to render to their mistress that which they had just, at her commands, applied to him. There was no help but to comply. On the one hand, the lady's screams and imprecations; on the other, the cold, stern face of the outraged Chevalier, and the treacherous muzzles of his pistols that knew nothing of misplaced sentiment... We will drop the curtain on the scene and forbear our readers unnecessary details. These may be better imagined. The Chevalier scrupulously counted the blows.... The Marchioness once dealt with and handed over to her maids, it was now the hour of the lackeys. To be brief, we may mention that they all fell under the smarting of the birch, being made to whip each other in succession. When the last blow was struck, the Chevalier saluted gracefully and walked out.

This history has been celebrated by a very clever

Englishman, in a long poem entitled "The Reprisals." The names in the poem are of course fictitious, and several little poetical licences have been taken with facts which the "Chronique Scandaleuse" hardly authorises. These faults will be forgiven for the beauty and vigour of the lines. We quote the opening only, and must refer the student to the poem itself for the rest, should he desire to see it in its entirety. It is far too scabrous for us to give here in full.

Eleven had tolled,
 The night was cold,
 And the rain it fell fast,
 As the Count de Guise,
 Exclaimed with a sneeze,
 "I'm pretty well soaked at last!"
 Soaked were his shoulders, his knees, and his toes;
 Soaked were his mantle, his doublet, his hose.
 He had gotten beside a cold in his nose;
 Yet blythe and gay was he,
 For the lady Constance,
 The fairest in France,
 Was expecting his good company
 At a snug tête-a-tête, to make love and drink tea.
 So in spite of his cold and the unpleasant weather
 The Count de Guise was in very high feather.
 Through square and through lane
 He walks in the rain,
 Till he comes to a "grand Hotel;"
 To a postern he hies,
 And the entrance tries;
 First at the lock,
 Next with a knock,
 Thirdly and last with a pull at the bell,
 The wicket opens,
 And onward he gropes
 Up a stair quite as steep as a ladder of ropes;

When a sly little page, with the slyest of grins,
Shows a light, and observes, "Its sharp work for the shins,"
Monsieur de Guise never heeds the remark,
But stumbles and bumbles up stairs in the dark
And after some half-dozen bruises or more,
At which cavaliers less well-bred would have swore
He raises the latch of a baize covered door.

The change from dark and gloomy night
To sudden blaze of brilliant light,
Bothers the brain and bewilders the sight

'Twas so with De Guise—

He winks,

And he blinks,

Rubs his eyes till he sees

His mistress—then drops down at once on both knees
Sure never had monarch beheld such a prize!

On a gilded couch the lady lies,

And bends on her lover her beaming eyes—

With snowy brow, and snowy breast,

Silken hair and silken vest,

And mantle rich and rare;

While her faithful robes contrive to show

More of her leg than is quite "comme il faut"—

Gems and jewels met his gaze,

'Mid the diamond's varying rays;

And orient pearls

Twined in the curls,

Hang from her dark and luxuriant hair,

But fairer than pearls or satin I ween,

Is the dazzling hue of that lady's skin.

She bids the suppliant rise.

He has scarcely time to get on his feet.

Brush up his hair, and make himself neat,

And say a few things, smart, pretty, and sweet,

E'er four brawny rogues in yellow breeches

Collar the Count and stop all his fine speeches,

For his pistols he feels,

But they trip up his heels,

Flagellation in France.

And spite of resistance, in spite of his squalls,
 They whip off his doublet, his cloak, and his "smalls,"
 "Ha, ha, Sir Count!" the Duchess cries,
 As joy and triumph light her eyes,
 "We meet as it is fit;
 Your bolt is sped,
 Your jest is dead,
 I've felt your bitterest wit.
 You little dreamt when, with sneering rail,
 You called me fair, but monstrous frail;
 That I so soon should learn the tale—
 Thine was the laugh—the victory thine,
 And Heaven, Sir Count, now sends me mine."
 Away to the bed
 He is instantly led,
 And they hold down his arms, his legs, and his head,
 While one of the dogs
 Most inhumanly flogs
 His rump, till he roars fit to waken the dead;
 And the Duchess she laughs and screams at the fun.
 Till the tears down her cheeks in streamlets run.
 At length she stays this practical joke,
 And the Count is allowed to rise.

THEROIGNE DE MERICOURT.

The next incident we have to note affords a curious glimpse of Paris in its most democratic centre, we mean *Les Halles Centrales*, or head-market place. The women who ply their trades here hail from all parts of France. Their lightest reason when insulted is a heavy blow. Woe betide the woman, or man either, who has the misfortune to fall beneath the rude stinging of their tongue!

Théroigne de Méricourt was a lady who, like, for instance, Annie Besant of our own times, used her eloquence in

the cause of the people and managed to make herself—misunderstood. In the present time popular misunderstandings can always be rectified in the public journals. The orator who has failed to make himself clear at the hustings, may, within a few hours, give an account of himself and his intentions in the Press. Those days were stormier and more impetuous. The suspected one was seized at one o'clock, tried at two, and executed an hour later. We have not the slightest intention of reviewing the history of that period. The task has been done by many writers with ability and—*ad nauseam*.

We prefer to let M. Pellet who has written an admirable little monograph on this famous woman, relate the scene in his own words.

“When Théroigne appeared at ten o'clock to assist at the sitting, she was insulted by the viragos. But the handsome *Liégeoise* was not one to be easily intimidated.

“She first endeavoured to regain her influence over these women who had, no doubt, two or three years previously, been her companions in the expedition to Versailles. But, surrounded by a circle of furies, she threatened to make them, sooner or later, bite the dust.

“The ‘*tricoteuses*,’ calling her ‘Brissotine,’ ⁽¹⁾ seized her bodily, and while one of them lifted up her petticoats, the others whipped her naked body.” ⁽²⁾

This summary and indecent fustigation was in the customs of the period. The street beldames had often inflicted this rude method of ready punishment on aristocratic-looking women, or on nuns who had remained

(1) The *Conventionnel* Brissot had denounced the disorderly state of the streets, and the overbearing insolence of the mob.

(2) “Rapport inédit des archives,” *Révolution de Paris*, No. 201.

faithful to their professional dress. One need but refer to the numerous engravings of the period, particularly to those which illustrate nos. 74 and 99 of the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*. As concerns Théroigne, Restif de la Bretonne, in his *Année des Dames nationales*, 1794, vol. VI., p. 3807, relating the scene on the terrace of the Feuillants, says that the beautiful *Liégeoise*, had "her bottom whipped at Saint Eustache, by the market women, because she wanted to force them to wear the tricolour cockade." It is difficult to accumulate more inaccuracies in three lines.

Théroigne, while submitting to this outrage, howled with rage, in the midst of the crowd which jeered and laughed at her without pity. Her haughty pride, so masculine beneath the exterior of an elegant woman, received a cruel blow from this barbarous treatment. The fearless heroine, who had never paled at the whistling of the bullets on the 14th of July and the 10th of August, by being whipped like a child, in broad daylight, in the presence of that people for whose freedom she had devoted her life, received a shock from which her mind never recovered.

THE INVENTION OF A ROYAL MISTRESS.

Under the Regency, manners had reached such a degree of depravity, that the *blasés*, the used-up men of the period, were at their wits' end to find each day some new stimulant to excite their palled senses. The result was too organize orgies worthy of Sardanapalus, which assembled the cream of the aristocracy in places of pleasure where nothing was wanting with regard to the picturesque and get-up to gratify the fastidious tastes of the participants: male, and

particularly female. The Duke of Orleans, (the Regent), took the lead in this hunt after new and strange sensations. Aided by his trusty friend and confident Dubois—a cardinal, if you please!—he revived the Feast of the Flagellants, as will be seen in the following passage, quoted from the *Chroniques de l'Œil de Boeuf*, t. III., p. 23, (Paris, G. Barba, 1845.):

“Madame de Tencin, who had once been a nun, but had given it up, had obtained great influence over Cardinal Dubois; she was in fact the medium of his favours, for which she took good care to draw her fees and she did the honours of his household. Her greatest care however, was to invent new amusements for the Regent who, at the age of forty-eight, was not more easy to amuse than was Louis XIV. at the age of seventy, so much were the sensations of this prince blunted by dissipation. The Duke of Orleans, like the late Princess de Longueville, ‘does not care for innocent pleasures,’ and he has long ago exhausted those which are otherwise. But Madame de Tencin is learned; she has been known to consult Greek and Latin works to seek for inspirations from Laïs, Alcibiades, Cleopatra, Messalina, Nero, etc. Like an experienced antiquary, she had also discovered valuable indications in ancient annals, antique medals and intaglios. She borrowed from the ancients, to embellish the fête at Saint-Cloud, certain dances, in which the dancers, divesting themselves of all vain wordly pomps, appeared in the primitive costume with which nature had gratified them. These ballets, which the Regent had caused to be executed by some young people of both sexes taken from the opera, soon ceased to attract the Pacha of the Palais-Royal; he insisted upon Cardinal Dubois finding him some more spicy recreations,

and Madame de Tencin set herself again to work to consult ancient documents.

"Hitherto she had sought for information only in ancient pagan lore; this time she turned her attention without too sudden a transition to ecclesiastical history. The attention of the erudite lady was drawn to the festivals celebrated by the Flagellants; the rakes and the accommodating beauties of the secret company of the Regent were susceptible of lending themselves to a renewal of these strange amusements, and the blunted senses of His Royal Highness could not fail to be excited by so lively a pleasure. As soon as Madame de Tencin had communicated her discovery to Cardinal Dubois, who found it funny. The latter hastened to the Palais-Royal. The Duke however, happened to be busy when Dubois was announced, and sent him word to put off what he had to say until a later moment; but the favourite insisted, letting His Royal Highness know that the subject he wished to communicate was too urgent to be deferred. The Cardinal was introduced. The Regent was alone; but as Dubois entered he could plainly distinguish the end of a blue silk dress just disappearing through a side door.

"What you wish to communicate is therefore extremely important?" said the Duke.

"Very important, and moreover above all extremely curious."

"From London, or from Madrid, perhaps?"

"I would not have presumed to disturb your Royal Highness for anything of that kind."

"The devil, you excite my curiosity, tell me quickly what it is?"

"A new pleasure."

"'Ah! there you are right indeed, a new pleasure is far more important than any sort of business.... and this pleasure is?'

"'A revival of the festival of the Flagellants with variations of my own invention.'

"'What! those fanatics who used to flog each other until blood flowed as a sort of recreation?'

"'And who were never more lusty than when they had thus been properly fustigated.'

"'That's not a bad idea.'

"'Look here, Your Highness,' said the cardinal drawing a small martinet whip from beneath his cassock, 'this is the model of the instrument.'

"'The dence! what a pity you didn't bring it me a little while ago!'

"'Yes, but Your Royal Highness would have been less able to enjoy the entertainment which Broglie, Madame de Tencin and myself are preparing for this evening.'

"'Ah! Madame de Tencin? I bet that it is she who broached the idea of reviving the feast of the Flagellants?'

"'Precisely so. That woman is full of imagination.'

"'And of science. I must get her received into the Academy of Belles-Lettres.'

"'Your Highness is joking, but she is quite worthy of such a distinction. Nobody has pushed further than she has the study of manners.'

"'That are not moral.... It's a pity that this wit is a woman; we have not yet had any female academicians.'

"'Faith, Your Highness, I am well informed as to the habits of Madame de Tencin. She would make a good academician.'

"*Gaudeant bene nati*, my dear Dubois. But to come back to the Feast of the Flagellants.'

"Your Highness will come?'

"I consent, but on condition that you take a part and that we may flay you a bit.'

"Why should I not enjoy myself like anybody else?'

"And who are to be performers?'. . . .

"All your rakes.'

"And how about the women?'

"Mesdames de Gisors, d'Averne, de Sabran, some other Court ladies, and four or five willing persons whom the actress Fillon is to send this evening, blindfolded, to Saint-Cloud.'

"I rather admire this confusion of ranks. . . . it's in vice that equality is to be found. And you are sure that Mesdames de Gisors, d'Averne, and de Sabran. . . .'

"They all of them, as well as all the *habitués* of our little suppers, this morning received the martinet whips which I sent them that they might rehearse beforehand, and none of these ladies have protested.'

"Very well, until this evening.'

"A little before eleven o'clock that night, all the guests, men and women, were assembled at the Palace of Saint-Cloud. There was no one wanting. . . . It is better to draw a discreet veil over the details of a scene which our pen dare not describe. . . . The Regent, in a corner of the saloon, with one of his favourite houris at his side, laughed, applauded and caressed alternately. . . . The next day the Regent said to Dubois: 'We really passed a delicious night; you must give us a repetition of this successful entertainment.'

"I have no objection,' replied the Cardinal, 'but please

wait first of all until the skin of my bottom is healed.'

"Some few days after the performance of the ballet of the Flagellants at Saint-Cloud, the actress Fillon came to the Palais-Royal. The Regent asked her what the girls, (all of them prostitutes), she had sent blindfolded to Saint-Cloud had thought of the entertainment, and whether they had not recognized the place where they were. 'No, Your Highness,' answered the courtesan, 'they could not guess where they were, but they all of them thought that only Your Royal Highness and Cardinal Dubois were capable of imagining such a sort of entertainment.' "

It is here shown that licentious flagellation occupied a certain place in the usual pleasures of this dissolute prince, whose wild orgies had used up to such an extent that he was obliged continually to seek for enjoyments ever and ever more exciting: flagellation was to him an agreeable diversion and served to revive the dormant flames of his erotic passions.





OUR DUTY IS NOW TO DEAL WITH THE FLAGELLATIONS OF RELIGION.

THIS subject is so extensive and has been so ably handled that no apology is needed for passing it over very rapidly. Few people would suspect Ogilvie's "Imperial English Dictionary" to be any authority on this head, and yet such is the fact. Turning up the word "flagellation" in the last edition of that useful work, we find mention made of "a fanatical sect founded in Italy A.D. 1260, who maintained that flagellation was of equal virtue with baptism and the sacrament. They walked in procession with shoulders bare, and whipped themselves till the blood ran down their bodies, to obtain the mercy of God and appease his wrath against the vices of the age."

We have no room here for theological discussions. The doors of thirty thousand temples throughout Christendom are thrown open every seventh day for no other purpose. All stable error stands against a background of truth. The abuses of religious flagellation become all the more serious because of the teaching intertwined, so to speak, in the very whips and scourges used to scar the backs and loins of the fair penitents. Chastised with the object

of diminishing lascivious inclinations, the blows as a physiological necessity had the contrary effect of increasing animal heat. Hence have arisen those cases of scandal, shame, and seduction, the constant recurrence of which has astounded Society.

The danger of allowing celibate priests to whip young, unmarried girls and women, vowed to a life of chastity, is founded upon known principles of human nature. The peril for both the active and passive parties is so glaring that we wonder it was not taken into account. And yet the custom was widespread. Wherever Christianity had authority the priests were empowered to exercise flagellation on themselves, and on the skins of those under their spiritual charge. No subtle reasoning is required to conclude that the power of the birch was more often applied to the backs of the latter. It was only natural that it should be so. Far more satisfaction we believe, may be obtained in thrashing the bodies of others than of ourselves. The sight of a beloved being wriggling, twisting, groaning and supplicating for pity cannot but be a gratifying spectacle when it is remembered that the chastisement is for the good of the soul. To spare the penitent was to spoil her. To mitigate any part of the whipping, however shameful and degrading, here, was only to lay up heavier rods for her back in another world. Christian logic prevailed as it always will prevail when it has numbers on its side—and men howled as they prayed, and charming girls and beautiful women under false notions of piety went on bearing the pain, beseeching, shrieking, pleading, consenting to shame and degradation for the greater glory of God and the Salvation of their souls. These practices have not wholly died out. In quiet cloister

and secluded nunnery the same scenes are still enacted, and women still allow themselves to be deluded by this terrible imposture. Noble and high-minded creatures in most cases, sorry for them are we, for it means sisters and daughters lost to the hearth, and charming, gentle-souled sweethearts who would have made, under normal conditions, excellent mothers of our race.

Delolme says:

"The power of Confessors of disciplining their penitents, became in process of time so generally acknowledged, that it obtained even with respect to persons who made profession of the Ecclesiastical life, and superseded the laws that had been made against those who should strike an Ecclesiastic Attempts were, however, made to put a stop to these practices of Priest and Confessors; and so early as under Pope Adrian I., who was raised to the purple in the year 772, (which shows by the bye that the power assumed by Confessors, was pretty ancient), a regulation was made to forbid Confessors to beat their Penitents: *Episcopus Presbiter aut Diaconus peccantes fideles diverberare non debeant.* ⁽¹⁾ But this regulation proved useless: the whole tribe of Priests, as well as the first Dignitaries of the Church, nevertheless continued to preach up the prerogatives of Confessors and the merit of flagellations; etc."

* * *

Fathers Adriaensen and Girard were both distinguished as amateurs of the birch, applying this estimable weapon to the backs of their charges with no light hand. The

⁽¹⁾ "Whereas Bishop, Priest or Deacon ought not to thrash the faulty faithful."

scandals that their conduct occasioned, the seduction and ruin by the latter of Marie C. Cadière, and the exciting prosecution that it gave rise to, it is no part of our business to go into here. ⁽¹⁾ We introduce their names merely to state that these men were ardent advocates of the doctrine that discipline should be applied to the naked ⁽²⁾ bodies of their penitents. A long list, indeed, might easily be made of priests who have held the doctrine inculcated by Cardinal PULLUS that the nakedness of the penitent was an additional merit in the eyes of God: *Est ergo satisfactio quædam, aspera tamen, sed Deo tanto gratior quanto humilior, cum quilibet sacerdotis prostratus ad pedes se cædendum virgis exhibit nudum.* ⁽³⁾ Passing over, as foreign to our immediate purpose, such holy men as St. EDMUND, Bishop of Canterbury, the Capucin Brother MATTHEW of Avignon, and BERNARDIN of Sienna, who chastised *in femoribus, clunibus, ac scapulis*, ⁽⁴⁾ the several women who

⁽¹⁾ Full particulars are given in that extraordinary book *CENTURIA LIBRORUM ABSCONDITORUM*, by PISANUS FRAXI; one of the most remarkable bibliographies ever printed. (Lond. 1879).

⁽²⁾ DR. MILLINGEN in "Curiosities of Medical Experience," says:

"In the monastic orders of both sexes, flagellation became a refined art. Flagellation was of two species, the upper and the lower; the upper inflicted upon the shoulders, the lower chiefly resorted to when females were to be fustigated. This mode was adopted, according to their assertions, from the accidents that might have happened in the upper flagellation, where the twisting lash might have injured the sensitive bosom. In addition to this device, nudity was also insisted upon." (London, 1839, page 313.)

⁽³⁾ "Wherefore there is a certain bitter-sweet satisfaction, yet one that is all the more pleasant unto God as it is humiliating to man, when a penitent lying at the feet of a priest, offers his naked body to be beaten with rods."

⁽⁴⁾ "On thighs, buttocks, and shoulder-blades."

had tempted them to carnal sin, I may, with appropriateness, note the following: ABELARD took delight in the recollection of the corrections he had given to his pupil HELOISE; the Jesuit, JOHANNES ACKERBOM, was caught whipping a young girl who had come to confess to him—*flagellabat virginem ut nudam conspiceret*; his companion, Petrus Wills, merrily followed his example—*frater, ejus socius ludendi, flagellandi, potitandi, aderat*; ⁽¹⁾ PETER GERSEN was even less discriminate—*virgines suas nudas cædebat flagris in agris. O quale speculum ac spectaculum, videre virgunculas pulcherrimas*. ⁽²⁾ To these I might add Fathers NUNEZ and MALAGRIDA, who had much influence over the ladies at the courts of which they were the confessors, and used the discipline with diligence. We have yet a more remarkable modern instance in the Capucin Monk P. ACHAZIUS of Düren, who emulated very closely brother Cornelis, forming a kind of society of women who were foolish enough to submit to his caprices; he did not however, like Adriaensen, confine himself to flagellating them while in a state of nudity, but he satisfied his lust to the last degree. When his practices were discovered, the scandal was, by order of Napoleon, smothered as far as possible; and although the matter came afterwards before the court of Liége, it was, in deference to the families compromised, suppressed.

* * *

⁽¹⁾ "He was whipping a maid, to have the opportunity of seeing her naked.—He had a brother, his companion in his amusements, his whippings and his tipplings."

⁽²⁾ "The maidens, his penitents, he would strip naked and thrash with his lash in the open fields. O! what a spectacle, how respectable—to watch the well-made maids, to see the sweet little lassies!"

Achazius had not the advantage of a handsome person: "His manners were as satyr-like as his features were objectionable, and the fame of his eloquence and exemplary piety convincing."

His proceedings with one of his penitents are thus described: "As the maiden had sufficient elegant charms to awaken the appetite of the father, he proposed a spiritual exercise to her which she readily accepted. After full confession she was obliged to go on her knees to Achazius and humbly crave pardon, and then uncover herself to the waist. The father thereupon took a stout cane and beat her with it; finally he satisfied his beastly lust upon her. On leaving she had to promise to bring other women of her acquaintance to him. This she did indeed effect, beginning with some of her elder friends, mostly younger married women in order to pave the way. In the same manner they managed to drag a number of other priests into the affair. Little by little a real Adamite flagellant club was formed, in which the most horrible things took place, and which would made us blush to write down."

* * *

One of the women, the wife of a paper-maker, who gave evidence against him, when asked how it was possible that she could have given herself up to such an ill-favoured, filthy fellow as Achazius, replied: "That he had altogether bewitched her, so that she felt bound to him with endless attachment, and childlike without a will of her own, giving herself up to whatever he ordained; he flogged her so severely with supple birchen rods—he kept them steeped in vinegar and salt—that she was

sometimes forced, under some pretext or another, to keep to her bed for more than three weeks."

"The other things divulged by this lady cannot be communicated, but they would have done credit to the imagination even of the author of 'Justine.'"

Achazius's only punishment was confinement for life in a monastery. ⁽¹⁾

* * *

The Devil himself was an Amateur of flagellation, and

⁽¹⁾ We give the original for the benefit of German scholars:

"So faunisch seine Manieren, so häßlich seine Gesichtszüge waren, so überzeugend war der Ruf von seiner Beredsamkeit und exemplarischen Frömmigkeit."

"Da die Jungfrau noch stattliche Reize genug besaß, um den Appetit des Vaters zu wecken, so schlug er ihr eine Andacht vor, in die sie alsbald einging. Nach vollbrachter Beicht mußte sie vor Achazius niederknien und demüthig Verzeihung für ihre Sünden ersuchen, darauf sich bis an die Kieren entblößen. Der Vater nahm nun eine große Ruthe und hieb sie damit; endlich befriedigte er seine thierische Lust an ihr. Sie mußte beim Fortgehen versprechen, auch andere Frauenzimmer ihrer Bekanntschaft zu gewinnen. Dies geschah in der That; mit einigen Freundinnen von vorgerücktem Alter ward der Anfang gemacht und dadurch auch der Weg zu jüngern meist verheiratheten, gebahnt. Ebenso mußte man eine Anzahl anderer Geistlichen in die Sache zu ziehen. Allmählig bildete sich ein förmlicher Adamistischer Flagellantenklub, worin alles gräuliche getrieben ward, was niederzuschreiben wir erröthen würden."

"Derselbe hatte sie ganz bezaubert, so daß sie mit unendlicher Reigung ihm zugethan worden und willenlos, wie ein Kind, zu allem sich hergegeben habe; mit den geweihten Ruthen, er habe sie so geschlagen, daß sie bisweilen gezwungen gewesen sei, unter irgend einem andern Vorwande über drei Wochen lang das Bett zu hüten. Die übrigen Dinge, welche die Dame angab, sind nicht mittheilbar, doch machen sie selbst der Phantasie der (sic) Autors der Justine Ehre."

keen on the business too, if the Lives of the Saints are to be credited. * Amongst the various motives that induced the evil one to pay his sinister visits to frail mortality, that of inflicting upon them a salutary, or a vexatious fustigation, is frequently recorded by the fathers and other writers. It was more especially upon the backs of saints that this castigation took place. St. Athanasius informs us that St. Anthony was frequently flagellated by the devil. St. Jerome states that St. Hilarius was often whipped in a similar manner; and he calls the devil 'a wanton gladiator,' and thus describes his modes of punishment: '*Insidit dorso ejus festivus gladiator; et latera calcibus, et cervicem flagello verberans.*'⁽¹⁾ Grimalaicus, a learned divine, confirms the fact in the following passage: '*Nunumquam autem et apertâ impugnatione grassantes, dæmones humana corpora verberant, sicut B. Antonio fecerant.*'⁽²⁾ St. Francis of Assissi received a dreadful flogging from the devil the very first night he came to Rome, which caused him to quit that city forthwith." The Abbé Boileau's remarks on this circumstance savour not a little of impiety and freethinking, for he says: "It is not unlikely that, having met with a colder reception than he judged his sanctity entitled him to, he thought proper to decamp immediately, and when he returned to his convent told the above story to his brother monks." Howbeit, the Abbé Boileau is no authority, and it is to be feared that, partaking of the satirical disposition of his brother, he sacrificed piety to wit; for it is well

(1) "Then the merry ruffian seated himself on his back, belabouring his ribs with his heels and the nape of his neck with a cudgel."

(2) "Moreover sometimes devils attack human beings in open assault and beat them bodily, as they did to Saint Anthony."

known, beyond the power of sceptic doubts, that the aforesaid saint's assertion cannot possibly be impugned by proper believers. His power over the fiery elements was established; whereby he possessed the faculty of curing erysipelas, honoured by the appellation of St. Anthony's fire. In the like manner St. Hubert cured hydrophobia, and St. John, epilepsy.

It is, however, pleasing to know that it was not always that the beatified succumbed to these Satanic pranks. Woman's will sometimes won the day over the "old gentleman" at these bouts of birch. Many instances are recorded of the devil's being worsted in these sacrilegious amusements, as fully appears in the history of the blessed Cornelia Juliana, in whose room, one day, says her history, "the other nuns heard a prodigious noise, which turned out to be a strife she had had with the devil, whom, after having laid hold of him, she fustigated most unmercifully; she, having him upon the ground, trampled upon him with her foot, and ridiculed him in the most bitter manner (*lacerabat sarcasmis.*)" This occurrence is incontrovertible, being affirmed by that learned and pious Jesuit, Bartholomew Fisen.

This partiality of devils for flagellation can most probably be attributed to their horribly jealous disposition; for it is well known that the saints took great delight in fustigating, not only those who offended them, but their most faithful votaries. Flagellation was therefore the most grateful punishment that could be inflicted to propitiate the beatified; and we have several well authenticated facts which prove that the Virgin was frequently appeased by this practice. Under the pontificate of Sextus VI., a heterodox professor of Divinity, who had written

against the tabernacle and denied the Immaculate Conception, was flogged publicly by a brawny, pious cordelier friar, to the great edification of the bystanders, more particularly the ladies.

The description of this operation loses materially by translation, I therefore give it in the original and have followed it with as close a rendering as is possible.

"Apprehendens ipsum revolvit super ejus genua; erat enim valdè fortis. Elevatis itaque pannis, quia ille minister contra sanctum Dei tabernaculum locutus fuerat, cœpit eum palmis percutere super quadrata tabernacula quæ erant nuda, non enim habebat femoralia vel antiphonam: et quia ipse infamare voluerat beatam Virginem, allegando forsitan Aristotelem in libro priorum, iste prædicator illum confutarit legendo in libro ejus posteriorum: de hoc autem omnes qui aderant gaudebant. Tunc exclamavit quædam devota mulier, dicens, 'Domine Prædicator, detis ei alios quatuor palmatus pro me; et alia postmodum dixit, 'Detis ei etiam quatuor; sicque multæ aliæ rogabant, ita quod si illarum petitionibus satisfacere voluisset, per totum diem aliud facere non potuisset."

"Seizing him, he laid him across his knees; for he was exceedingly strong. And then lifting up his clothes, because though a minister of God he had spoken against God's Holy Tabernacle, he began to beat him vigorously with his open hands on his sturdy buttocks, (tabernacula), which were bare, for he had neither drawers nor clout, (antiphona); and again, whereas he had thought good to defame the Blessed Virgin by quoting Aristotle, as it appears, in the book of the 'PRIOR ANALYTICS', he confuted him by reading a passage in the same writer's book of the 'POSTERIOR ANALYTICS': and at this all present were overjoyed. Then a certain pious lady cried out, saying: 'Sir Preacher! give him four more

smacks for me ;' and then presently another said, 'Give him four more!' and then many other ladies repeated the request again and again,—in fact so often that if he had consented to satisfy all their petitions, he would have had no time all day long to do anything else." ⁽¹⁾

We need not seek for similar instances of the mighty power of proper fustigation in foreign parts. The Annals of Wales record a singular instance of the kind, which happened in the year 1188, as related by Silvester Gerald, in such a circumstantial manner that the most obdurate incredulity alone could doubt the fact:

"On the other side of the river Humber," he says, "in the parish of Hoëden, lived the rector of that church, with his concubine. This concubine, one day, sat rather imprudently on the tomb of St. Osanna, sister to king Osred, which was made of wood, and raised above the ground in the shape of a seat: when she attempted to rise from that place, she stuck to the wood in such a manner that she could not be parted from it, till, in the presence of the people who flocked to see her, she had suffered her clothes to be torn from her, and had received a severe discipline on her naked body, and that too to a great effusion of blood, and with many tears and devout supplications on her part; which done, and after she had engaged to submit to further penitence, she was divinely released."

If all concubines and kept mistresses were treated in the same way, wives would soon get back their own.

In this instance, as in many others, *freedom from vulgar habiliments* appears to have been considered as acceptable to Heaven; so much so, indeed, that the state of greater

⁽¹⁾ It is very difficult to give in English exactly the force of the play upon words as in the Latin text.

or lesser nudity has been commensurate with the degree of the offence.

The Cynic philosophers of Greece, among whom Diogenes made himself most conspicuous, used to appear in public without a rag upon them. The Indian wise men, called gymnosophists, or naked sages, indulged in the same vagaries.

In more modern times, the Adamites appeared in the simple condition of our first father.

In the 13th century, a sect called, *Les Turlupins*, (a denomination which appears to have been an opprobrious nickname), perambulated France, *disencumbered of vain accoutrements*; and, in 1535, some Anabaptists made an excursion in Amsterdam *in the condition in which they had quitted their baths*, for which breach of decorum the impious burgomasters had them bastinadoed.

We further read of one Friar Juniperus, a worthy Franciscan, who, according to history, "entered the town of Viterbod, and while he stood within the gate, he put his hose on his head, and his gown being tied round his neck in the shape of a load, he walked through the streets of the town, where he suffered much abuse and maltreatment from the wicked inhabitants; and, *still in the same situation*, he went to the convent of the brother, who all exclaimed against him, but he cared little for them, *so holy was the good little brother, (tam sanctus fuit iste fraticellus).*"

The pranks of brother Juniper have been performed at sundry periods by various holy men. Are we not warranted in conceiving that these individuals were dæmonomaniacs? for surely the devil alone could have inspired them with such fancies, although Cardinal Damian defends the practice in the following terms, when speaking of the day of judgment: "Then shall the sun lose its lustre,

the moon shall be involved in darkness; the stars shall fall from their places, and all the elements be confounded together; *of what service then will be to you those clothes and garments with which you are now covered, and which you refuse to lay aside, to submit to the exercise of penitence?*"

"It must be remarked, in extenuation of these exhibitions, that they were accompanied by flagellation; which sometimes bore a close analogy to those of the Saturnalia and Lupercalia, and the discipline of the flagellants was not always dissimilar to that of the Luperci." (1)

The abuses connected with monastic life have often been laid bare. Protestants, with true Christian charity, delight in nothing better than in exposing the imperfections of their brethen of the Catholic church. In a little book, the contents of which bear the appearance of truth, as names and dates are given in full, it is stated that :

"The greatest evil in convents, notably among the 'English Nuns,' is the flogging with birches on the naked body, which, as has been observed by medical men, contributes largely to the excitation of sexual desire, but which being unable to find satisfaction in a natural manner, mostly tends in cloisters to self-pollution and to homosexual vice, the girls one with another, and often even between teachers and pupils. This is no slander on the convents; many ladies, who had been educated by the nuns, have later, when they had left them and been married, divulged what takes place in the Nunneries." (2)

(1) Dr. J. G. Millingen, (pages 160-2 of work quoted.)

(2) We give the original of this passage for those who may not have access to a copy of the work.

"Der größte Uebelstand in den Klöstern, namentlich auch bei den englischen Fräuleins, ist das Peitschen mit der Ruthe auf den nackten Leib

GOOD FATHER BONJOUR.

The last incident we shall attempt to notice of a religious nature in the whipping line is that connected with what was known as the Sect of the Fareinistes and which was famous for its flagellating propensities. The head and soul of this movement were two priests, the brothers Bonjour. The sect flourished towards the close of the 18th century, and created at the time much sensation. How and by what process of reasoning these gentlemen came to consider the beating of women so important we have no means of ascertaining. Certain it is that the women of their Parish were amongst their most ardent followers.

They used to meet in a barn near the church and there with little or no light beat each other in a mild sort of way. The influence gained over the female devotees was enormous, and called forth the just complaints of their neglected lords who failed to see why the home should be deserted that their wives might get their backs beaten by priests. The women went so far as to stop their spiritual pastors in the fields and implore them for chastisement on the spot.

was, wie dies ärztlich constatirt ist, sehr viel zur Aufstachelung des geschlechtlichen Triebes beiträgt, da aber dieser auf eine natürliche Weise nicht befriedigt werden kann, reißt in den Klöstern am öftersten Selbstbefleckung und homosexuelle Unzucht der Mädchen untereinander, manchmal sogar zwischen Lehrerinnen und Schülerinnen, ein. Dies ist keine Verleumdung der Nonnenklöster, sehr viele Damen, die bei den Nonnen erzogen worden, haben später, als sie heraus kamen und sich verheiratheten, das, was in den Nonnenklöstern geschieht, verrathen."

Extract from "Pfaffenunwesen, Mönchscandale und Nonnensput." Beitrag zur Naturgeschichte des Katholicismus und der Klöster, von Lucifer Illuminator. Leipzig, 1872. Gustav Schulze.

"Good father Bonjour," they would say, "pray give us a beating! Do give us a little flagellation."

And then would come the ridiculous spectacle of a priest chasing a woman with raised clothes round an open field to chastise her after the fashion of a child!

Can human imbecility, or misguided zeal render itself more stupid! But, "tout passe; tout lasse; tout casse," runs the old French saying, and so it happened with these back-thumping, posterior-slashing priests. We have no wish to follow the varying fortunes of the little sect. Very few of our readers we suspect, would thank us for our pains. Suffice it to say that a fairly important and esteemed inhabitant of this little village, having proved himself particularly antagonistic to the worthy fathers' mission, died suddenly in his bed from a needle-thrust in the heart. Was it due to accident, or foul play? Tradition recordeth not. Madame Rumour's loud tongue however said "foul play," and complaints reached the Archbishop of Trevoix, with the result that the one brother was exiled, and the second imprisoned in the Convent of Toulay, from which he escaped to Paris. After some further adventures and peregrinations of no interest to our subject, the good fathers died at an advanced age at Lausanne in Switzerland in a state of poverty, and with them died out the flagellating sect that their heterodox brains had given birth to.

It is not in our province to offer any summing up with regard to those practices, nor do we for one moment pretend to have touched more than the fringe of the subject. Our opinions are pretty patent, we imagine, in the text. Besides anything we could say would be feeble to the following fine outburst of Michelet, which must con-

clude our observations anent birching as a means of religious grace.

* * *

"What! when even in the bagnios, the law forbids to inflict stripes upon robbers, murderers, upon the most ferocious of men, you, men of God's grace, who open your mouths but to speak of charity, *of the good holy virgin and of gentle Jesus*, you beat women... what do I say, girls and children, against whom after all the only reproaches you can make are some slight weaknesses.

"How are these punishments inflicted? There may indeed be perhaps a still graver question... what kind of compromise may not be extorted from fear? At what price does authority sell its indulgence?...

"Who regulates the number of stripes? It is you, Lady Abbess? Or is it the Father Superior?... What must be the passionate, capricious arbitrariness of one woman over another, if the latter displeases her; of an ugly woman over a handsome one; of an old woman over a handsome one; of an old woman over a young! One dare not think of it.

"There have been superiors of convents known to have several times asked and obtained from their bishops the change of their confessor, without finding one severe enough to their fancy. There is a vast difference between the severity of a man and the cruelty of a woman. The latter is the most faithful incarnation of the devil in this world, how say you?

... "Like inquisitor, like jesuit? No, but it is here a jesuitess, a grand lady converted, who thinks that she was born to command, and who, in the midst of this flock of

trembling women, with the air of a Bonaparte, turns to the torment of unfortunate defenceless women the rage of her ill-cured passions." (1)

* * *

FLAGELLATION IN LITERATURE.

We must not hug to ourselves the fancy that the wielding of the rod was confined solely to Religious circles. Many talented writers have also used flogging—in their works. Our object, under the present heading, is merely to call attention to a few of the more salient examples. In French, as for the matter of that, in English also, there exists quite a number of works whose principal theme is flagellation. (2) Brantôme, that sagacious old courtier and witty writer of broad stories, long ago drew notice to the fact that it was not exclusively amongst the pious followers of this or that heterodox mystical sect that birching obtained. Ladies of high rank were also ardent adherents of Solomon's old fashioned doctrine which in these lack-a-daisical days is going out of use, leaving in its usurped place, the

(1) MICHELET, *Le Prêtre, la Femme et la Famille*, (part, II, chap. 5).

(2) We may mention such books as "*Jupes Troussées*;" "*Les Callipyges*," (2 vols); "*La Danseuse Russe*," (3 vols); "*Mémoires de Miss Ophelia Cox*;" "*Défilé de Fesses Nues*;" "*Histoire d'un Pantalon*;" "*Correspondance d'Eulalie*," (London, 1785); "*Aphrodisiaque Externe, ou Traité du Fouet, et de ses Effets sur le Physique de l'Amour*," par DR. DOPPET (1788). Several of these works contain sound and just ideas, mixed alas! with a great deal of filth, which in our opinion is unnecessary, and for this reason we are debarred from expatiating upon them in this place. "*The Callipyges*," and "*Memoirs of a Russian Ballet-Girl*," are too faithful translations of a brace of the above-mentioned books, recently published. "*Mémoires de Miss Ophelia Cox*," is a translation from the English.

brazen "cheek" of a too intelligent rising generation and a general disobedience to authority. May not this reckless disregard on the part of parents of the good old injunction be the cause of all the loud-mouthed democracy, bombs, anarchism, and frightfully wide-spread "superfluity of naughtiness," now troubling our legislators—and Max Nordau? "Charity begins at home." So do Politics. But soft-hearted or soft-brained papas leave for the Magistrate's cat-o'-nine-tails the correction that should have been wrought at home years before with the birch rod. ⁽¹⁾

"Fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Act I. sc. 3.

⁽¹⁾ We do not believe in flogging in the Army. It demoralises and humiliates the soldiers, whose spirits should only be humiliated by England's enemies—when the latter can of course, spell "able." Austria abolished the "whip" in 1866. In France, no corporal punishment is inflicted. In Germany, the whip is used only in the prisons, but has no place in the Penal Code. In Italy, punishment of this kind was done away in 1868. The same applies to Belgium and Holland. But we *do* hold with the maintenance of the "cat" for wife-beaters, and garroters, who mostly fall foul of helpless women and old or drunken men. In France, it would wipe out those two scourges of Paris: the filthy-minded *souteneur*, and his confrère, the *rôdeur des barrières*. These men, who are miserable cowards at heart, like wolves, generally go in packs, and fear nothing so much as a good thrashing. In this way I would also punish the violators of girls under twelve. Sir Charles Beresford thinks however, that no discipline could be kept in the Naval service without these severe measures, but recommends the application only in extreme cases.

Our author ⁽¹⁾ gives a curious and quaint account of a great lady's habit of chastising her women. Mademoiselle de Limeuil, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, was flagellated for having written a pasquinade in company with all the young ladies, who had been privy to the composition. Unfortunately, we are obliged to leave this beautiful and realistic passage in the archaic and charming French. The translation of it would burn our pages, and, more important still, English Prudery would be shocked, while those most delighted to read it in their own tongue, would be amongst the first to howl us down and say: "How very scandalous!"

Brantôme, (*Vies des Dames Galantes*), on another occasion tells us:

"J'ay ouy parler d'une grande Dame de par le monde, mais grandissime, qui ne se contentant de lascivité naturelle; car elle estoit grande putain, et estant mariée et veuve, aussi estoit-elle très-belle; pour la provoquer et exciter l'avantage, elle faisoit despouiller ses Dames et Filles, je dis les plus belles, et se délectoit fort à les voir, et puis elle les battoit du plat de la main sur les fesses, avec de grandes clacquades et blamuses assez rudes, et les filles, qui avoient delinqué en quelque chose, avec de bonnes verges, et alors son contentement estoit de les voir remuer, et faire les mouvements et tordions de leurs corps et fesses, lesquelles selon les coups qu'elles recevoient, en monstroient de bien estranges et plaisantes. Aucunes fois, sans les despouiller, les faisoit trousser

(¹) See "*Les Sept Discours touchant les Dames Galantes*," (3 vols), du Sieur Brantôme, publié sur les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale, par HENRI BOUCHOT, PARIS, 1882, and issued in English under the title of *Lives of Fair and Gallant Ladies*, (2 vols, with Fifty coloured illustrations, Paris, 1901.)

en robe; car pour lors elles ne portoient point de calçons, et les clacquetoit et fouettoit et sur les fesses, selon le sujet qu'elles luy donnoient, on pour les faire rire, ou pleurer, et sur ces visions et contemplations s'y aiguisoit si bien ses appetits, qu'après elle les alloit passer bien souvent à bon escient avec quelque galant homme bien fort et robuste." ⁽¹⁾

The minions of Henri III. of France, and other princes, were decked in white robes; they stripped, and whipped in procession for the gratification of their royal masters. Not unfrequently the ladies themselves were the executioners in cases where any man had offended them; and the adventure of Clopinel, the poet, is worth relating. This unfortunate wight had written the following lines on the fair sex:

Toutes êtes, serez ou fûtes,
De fait ou de volonté putes;
Et qui bien vous chercherait
Toutes putes vous trouverait.

This libellous effusion naturally excited the indignation of the ladies at court, who decided that Clopinel should be flagellated by the plaintiffs without mercy; and it is difficult to say to what extent they might have carried their vengeance but for a timely witticism of the culprit, who, piteously addressing the angry yet beauteous group around him with uplifted arm and rod, humbly entreated that the first blow might be struck by the honourable damsel who felt herself the most aggrieved. It is needless to add that not a lash was inflicted.

This incident has been cleverly versified by an unknown

⁽¹⁾ A beautiful and complete translation of this *chef-d'œuvre* of French *gauloiserie* now exists in English, under the title of: "**Lives of Fair and Gallant Ladies.**" (1901.)

author, and it is perhaps, worth while, as it is very seldom to be met with, to give the original:

CLOPINEL.

“ Jean de Meun, qu'on nommait autrement Clopinel
Avait fait quelques vers contre l'honneur des femmes,
Les vers étaient sanglants; une troupe de dames,
Pour venger l'opprobre éternel
Qu'il faisait à leur sexe en les traitant d'infâmes,
Voulut en faire un châtiment,
Qui servit aux auteurs du même caractère,
D'exemple et d'avertissement.
Ces dames dans le Louvre avaient leur logement;
Clopinel, bel esprit y venait d'ordinaire;
Cela rendait la chose assez aisée à faire;
Il ne fut question que de savoir comment.
Dans ce palais était une chambre écartée,
On trouva le moyen de l'y faire venir:
Aussitôt la troupe irritée
Parut en bon état et prête à le punir.
De verges chaque dame avait une poignée.
Quelques seigneurs cachés étaient de leur complot.
Le pauvre Clopinel étant pris comme un sot,
Implora leur clémence, eût recours aux prières,
Tâcha de les fléchir, fila doux, en un mot,
Tenta tous les moyens de se tirer d'affaires;
Mais cela ne lui servit guères;
Les dames voulaient l'étriller;
Et toutes à l'envi dans leur colère extrême,
Disaient: Il faut le dépouiller
— Je me dépouillerai moi-même,
Leur dit-il, mais auparavant
Daignez m'accorder une grâce.
Ce n'est point le pardon, mon forfait est trop grand;
Je suis un téméraire, un perfide, un méchant,
Je mérite votre disgrâce,
Si vous me refusez, sachez que fort souvent
Dans la fureur on se surpasse.

J'arracherai les yeux, je dévisagerai,
 Plus d'une sentira les effets de ma rage.
 En lion je me défendrai,
 Et je mettrai tout en usage.
 Les dames sur cela jugèrent à propos
 D'accorder sa demande: Eh bien! lui dirent-elles,
 Nous te le promettons, et nous serons fidèles.
 Qu'est-ce? parle donc en deux mots.
 — Mesdames, leur dit-il, ce que je vous demande,
 Est que la plus grande putain
 Qui soit dans toute votre bande,
 Donne le premier coup de verges de sa main.
 Les dames s'entre-regardèrent,
 Pas une commencer n'osa.
 Toutes, qui de çà, qui de là,
 L'une après l'autre s'en allèrent:
 Clopinel resta seul, et par là se sauva."

(Poésies diverses de Baraton, 1704, p. 17.)

L'Abbé de Voisenon, the author of some charming, if rather free, "Fairy Tales," and the friend of Voltaire, wrote a little book called:—

"**Exercices de Dévotion de M. Henri Roch avec Madame la Duchesse de Condor,**" which was published in 1786.

M. Querlin affirms in a Preface to this work, "that it was found after decease, amongst Voisenon's papers. He composed it, some time before his end, for the amusement of Mademoiselle Huchon, his new 'friend,' whom he had taken as King David took Abishag, to warm up the latter days of his old age." The biographer adds that "she was a girl of great beauty; slept always at his side, and did not cease to remain—a virgin!" (1)

¹ As this was spoken of an Abbé, a most moral race of men, we see no reason to doubt the statement, Abbés are *not* as other men are.

In this work, whatever its origin, we have one of the most witty delineations of well-fed piety in high position, to be met with in any language. Neglected by her husband, a rank worldling, the pious exercises of the religious-minded Duchess are directed by a friend of the family, who is also of serious tendencies. In order to curb the risings and turbulencies of the "flesh," always "warring," in the language of St. Paul, "against the spirit," recourse is had to chastisement. The lady, convinced for the good of her soul by her spiritual guide that this is necessary, "makes no bones" about submitting. We quote:

"M. Henri Roch takes the discipline and the Duchess began to intone the *Te Deum*; but, when she had finished the first verse, she cried out: 'Stop! Sir, your scruples awaken mine. If you have sinned, it is I the cause. It is I that should punish myself; and if pleasure damns, I ought to fear being cursed, for I have tasted of a pleasure that was very delicious. I fear like you not having referred it entirely to God; I confess that while receiving your caresses, particularly when our hearts were in unison, I had certain moments of inattention, during which I did not think of God. It is through you that I obtained both pleasure and cure; it is also through you that my punishment must come; take this discipline and scourge me!' Saying this, the Duchess casts herself upon an ottoman, crying: 'Punish me, Sir, punish a woman-sinner!'

"At the sight of so many charms, M. Henri Roch fell on his knees: 'I collect my thought for a moment;' said he, 'to offer up a prayer to God, begging him to accept as an agreeable offering the holy act I am going to perform.'"

The performance, needless to say, leads to excesses which amply demonstrate to our minds at least, that neither devotee nor spiritual consoler had yet reached that altitude of beatification which placed them above the power of carnal dominion.

The experiences of the French philosopher Rousseau, in the field of flagellation, are so well-known that we need almost to apologise for referring to them. But as many of our readers may not have his "Confessions" within reach, we give the following extract to show the peculiar effect birching had upon his physiological system, the result of which he has seen the importance of with the clear-sightedness of a man of genius:—

"As Mademoiselle LAMBERCIER had for us the affection of a mother, she had also the same authority, which she sometimes carried so far as to inflict upon us child punishment when we had deserved it. For a long time, she limited herself to threats, and this threat of a punishment quite new to me seemed very dreadful; but after its execution, I found the ordeal less terrible than the dread of it had been: and what is more strange is that this punishment endeared me still more to her who had inflicted it on me. It required indeed all the sincerity of that affection and all the natural mildness of my character to prevent my seeking, by deserving, a repetition of the same treatment; for I had found in the pain, and even in the shame, a mingling of sensuality which had left me more desire than fear of suffering it again from the same hand. It is true, that some precocious sexual instinct being mixed up therein, the same punishment if inflicted by her brother would have seemed to me to be very far from pleasant." (1)

(1) Jean Jacques Rousseau, *LES CONFESSIONS*, (Part I., Book I.)

From philosopher to poet is but a step, and it is to a poet, and a very witty one too, that we now go. Lafontaine, as far as we are aware, was no wielder of the birch himself, nor have we any record that either birch or other whipping instrument, was ever applied to his nervous economy. But he knew well how to describe the operation, as he did indeed many others of a totally different character. Most well-read Englishmen are familiar in some form or other, with the charming story of "The Spectacles," and it is therefore not necessary to repeat this tale more than in outline. A young man of libertine propensities had obtained admission into a certain holy convent and from sundry signs and changes in the comportment of her flock, the good Lady Abbess began to suspect something amiss. So one fine morning all the ladies of the establishment were called into the great parlour of the convent, and, with properly adjusted spectacles, the saintly Mother made a rapid inspection of her nuns, finally discovering that one of them was of the masculine gender! Of course, there was a terrible hullabaloo, and many of these sensitive damsels fainted away on the spot at the bare thought of the ravaging wolf in their fold. At a solemn conclave quickly convened and held, it was decided solemnly to whip the vile offender, who should be tied to a tree in the forest without. He is led forth and stripped of his vestments, when Fortune, whom he had so dared, works a miracle! The nuns have forgotten something, I too forget what it is, and they troop back to get it. While they are away, a sturdy, good-natured miller passes with his ass. Alas, how soon was he to prove himself a greater! Naturally enough the man asks him why he is tied to the tree, and our ingenious gallant pitches a cock

and bull story about being punished for refusing to accept the favours of the nuns, whom he paints in the vilest of characters. The miller laughs at the young man's supposed foolishness, declares himself ready to fulfill all their ladies' commands, and untying the prisoner, has himself attached to the tree in his place. We leave Lafontaine to continue the story in his own way:—

* * *

With shoulders broad the miller you might see,
In Adam's birth-attire, against the tree,
Await the coming of the aged band,
Who soon appeared, with tapers in the hand,
In solemn guise, and whips and scourges dire.
The virgin troop, (as convent laws require),
In full procession moved around the wight,
Without allowing time to catch his sight
Or giving notice what they meant to do.
"How now!" cried he, "Why won't you take a view?
Deceived you are; regard me well I pray;
I'm not the silly fool you had to-day,
Who woman hates, and scruples seeks to raise.
Employ but me, and soon I'll gain your praise;
I'll wonders execute; my strength appears;
And if I fail, at once cut off my ears.
At certain pleasant play I'm clever found;
But as to whips, I never was renowned."

* * *

Naturally enough, the chaste nuns are inexpressibly shocked, and his words, aggravated by reiterated and unnecessarily plain explanations, only irritate them the more.

* * *

"What means the fellow?" cried a toothless nun.
 "What would he tell us? Hast thou nothing done?
 How! art thou not our brat-begetter? Speak.
 So much the worse—on thee our rage we'll wreak.
 For him that's gone we'll make thee suffer now;
 Once arms in hand, we never will allow
 Such characters full punishment to miss;
 The play that we desire is *this* and *this*."
 Then whips and scourges round him gan to move,
 And not a little troublesome to prove.
 The miller, writhing with the poignant smart,
 Cried loudly, "I'll exert my utmost art,
 Good ladies, to perform what is your due."
 The more he bawled the faster lashes flew.
 This work so well the aged troop achieved.
 He long remembered what his skin received.

While thus the master chastisement had got,
 His mule was feeding on the verdant spot.
 But what became of this or that, at last,
 I've never heard, and care not how it passed.
 'Tis quite enough to save the young gallant,
 And more particulars we do not want.

VIRGINIE AND GERVAISE.

Our next incident represents a tremendous jump. Between Zola and Lafontaine is a gulf wider than that separating the rich man and Lazarus. We have no doubt however that the "unco guid" would class *both* our authors with that naughty rich man, the company of Lazarus being relatively of quite a superior quality. Be that as it may, we do not consider their opinion worth having, as being too biassed—away from our own. Most disenthralled readers of the English tongue have probably read "L'Assommoir." White-haired old Vizetelly, who had passed his life in

the service of literature, was sent to prison for eighteen months for putting it into to speech of Britons, and the *author* of it when he visited the English shores, was fêted by the City fathers. But these are details. That book contains a realistic description of a certain side of Parisian life. We have no intention of attempting an analysis of it here. Introduced into a washing-house on the borders of the Seine, we listen to the songs, "chaff," and licentious ribaldery of irresponsible females. At home, one is glad to escape a scolding; but I have noted that in Whitechapel streets when two fish-wives are indulging in a few current amenities, every one stops to drink in their edifying wrangle. Let no one imagine I am going to drag filthy language into these pages. The conversation that is going on at the wash-tub shall be left untranslated. Suffice to say that two young women, after indulging in mutual recriminations concerning their private love affairs, have got to close quarters. We quote the following passage only for its bearing on our subject, and especially as showing the enormous influence flagellation exercises over a woman, even when the beating is administered by one of her own sex. It should be particularly observed that the spirit of Virginie's adversary was fairly tamed and broken in by the shame of the fustigation, more than the blows she received. We cite the lines in question:

* Her face bore such a terrible expression, that no one dared approach her. Her strength seemed to have increased tenfold. She seized Virginie round the waist, bent her down and pressed her face against the flagstones; then, in spite of her struggles, she turned up her petticoats, and tore her drawers away. Raising her beetle she commenced beating as she used to beat at Plassans, on the

banks of the Viorne, when her mistress washed the clothes of the garrison. The wood seemed to yield to the flesh with a damp sound. At each whack a red weal marked the white skin.

"'Oh, oh!' murmured the boy Charles, opening his eyes to their full extent and gloating over the sight.

"Laughter again burst forth from the lookers-on, but soon the cry, 'Enough! enough!' recommenced. Gervaise heard not, neither did she tire. She examined her work, bent over it, anxious not to leave a dry place. She wanted to see the whole of that skin beaten, covered with contusions. And she talked, seized with a ferocious gaiety, recalling a washerwoman's song, 'Bang! bang! Margot at her tub—Bang! bang! beating rub-a-dub—Bang! bang! tries to wash her heart—Bang! bang bang! black with grief to part—'

"And then she resumed. 'That's for you, that's for your sister, that's for Lantier. When you next see them, you can give them that. Attention! I'm going to begin again. That's for Lantier, that's for your sister, that's for you. Bang! bang! Margot at her tub—Bang! bang! beating rub-a-dub—'

"The others were obliged to drag Virginie from her. The tall dark girl, her face bathed in tears and purple with shame, picked up her things and hastened away. She was vanquished. Gervaise slipped on the sleeve of her jacket again, and fastened up her petticoats. Her arm pained her a good deal, and she asked Madame Boche to place her bundle of clothes on her shoulder. The door-keeper referred to the battle, spoke of her emotions, and talked of examining the young woman's person, just to see.*

This extract proves two things: (I) that the mind of

Marchioness and washerwoman moves in parallel lines in holding, under different circumstances, that the greatest humiliation inflictible on ladies obnoxious to us is a severe slapping; (II) that neither threats, nor abusive language, nor wilful waste of words will as rapidly effect a salutary change in the sentiments, or tame the spirit of the haughtiest dame that lives, as castigation applied in the manner, and on the parts before specified.

* * *

Our next extract deals with a case of fraternal tyranny, that we trust, for mere Humanity's sake, is uncommon. ⁽¹⁾ Men who have the good luck to possess little brothers should treat them with kindness.

The book we quote from is more a study of temperament than character. It has been termed immoral; but the reproach of immorality falls to the ground when levelled at Science. Writing in that terrible book, "*Thérèse Raquin*," M. Emile Zola says: "I do not know if my novel is immoral, I admit that I have never troubled myself to make it more or less chaste. What I do know is that I never for an instant dreamt of putting in it the filthinesses that moral people have discovered. Each scene have I written, even the most feverish, with the unique curiosity of the savant, and I defy my traducers to find therein a single really licentious line."

Paul Bonnetain has written with the same frankness. We have here, traced out for us, step by step, the terrible insidiousness and consequences of one of the most

(¹) "*Charlot s'Amuse*," by PAUL BONNETAIN, Brussels, 1883.

shocking forms of genital aberration to which the youth of both sexes too often abandon themselves. Written by a man, who knows the value of words, we cannot but wish that the Clergy,—those professional keepers of the public conscience,—would speak out with equal impressiveness.

Eusebius, a priest who is hearing his brother recite the catechism, suddenly declares that Charlot has not properly learnt the day's lesson. The youngster stoutly avers the contrary, when, after some interchange of words, the elder loses patience and, like a fiend broke loose, falls foul of the little man.

“‘Ah! you won't, won't you, bad Christian! We shall see!’

“And brother Eusebius seized Charlot beneath his arm and carried him off like a bundle. Arrived on the first floor, he opened the door of the sitting-room, and threw his burden on the floor.

“The boy trembled, not recognizing this room into which he had never yet come and where a subdued light filtering through the venetian-blinds barely made it possible to distinguish the colour of the furniture. In the dread of an unknown punishment, his hair stood on end, his teeth chattered, and he was afraid to stir. The man locked the door, admitted a little light into the room and sat down on an easy-chair.

“‘Take off your trowsers!’

“Charlot obeyed, quite pale, and feeling his legs give way beneath him. Eusebius laid hold of him again. The cheeks of the scoundrel trembled, his breath came hissing, and his eyes glistened with a strange light. Slowly he passed his hands over the naked flesh of the boy, whose skin, as he still more violently trembled became mottled

blue with goose-flesh; whereat, the man, disappointed as it were, felt his rage rise again. Suddenly, he seized his victim by the neck, shoved him down on his knees before him, violently holding his head between his knees; then, taking a martinet from his pocket, he began furiously to flog that white skin which maddened him, hitting harder and harder, and accompanying each blow with the broken exclamations of a paviour, never ceasing to contemplate the image of his horrible work reflected in the big looking-glass of the room.

"At the first blows, Charlot had howled with pain, but his cries soon died out; the brother squeezed him tighter between his legs, stifling him in a brutal and choking pressure of the knees. And panting, violet in the face, his eyes starting from their orbits, foaming, his tongue hanging out, the little martyr, under the lashing and atrocious pain, bore up his whole being against it and vibrated as each blow of the martinet descended, lacerating his flesh."

* * *

FLAGELLATION IN MEDICINE:—THE REPUTED CURATIVE POWERS OF URTICATION.

This subject has deservedly occupied at various times the attention of the medical world. The facts to be gathered under this head are very curious from several points of view. The questions involved soar somewhat beyond the common. That boys may be cured of cheek, girls of a haughty temper, and women of loud-voicedness and incipient infidelity, by the vigorous application of birchen twigs to a sensitive part of their body, is con-

ceivable with far less effort than is necessary to administer the castigation. That a host of mysterious maladies to which flesh is heir, may be chased away by the same means requires a greater effort of the understanding. Yet to anyone possessing the elements of physiology the fact is simple enough. ⁽¹⁾

"Flagellation as a remedy was supposed by some physicians, to reanimate the capillary or cutaneous vessels, to increase muscular energy, promote absorption and favour the necessary secretions of our nature. But an eccentric writer goes much further than this, and regards the Birch much in the same light as Dr. Sangrado looked upon cold water and bloodletting: according to him there is nothing like the Birch; it is a universal specific—it stirs up the stagnating juices, it dissolves the precipitating sources, it purifies the coagulating humours of the body, it clears the brain, purges the belly, circulates the blood, braces the nerves; in short there is nothing which the Birch will not accomplish when judiciously applied." ⁽²⁾

Dr. Millingen, in his now almost forgotten little work already

⁽¹⁾ "Quippe cum eâ de causâ capucini, multæque moniales, virorum medicorum ac piorum hominum consilio, ascetim flagellandi sursum humeros reliquerint, ut sibi nates lumbosque strient asperatis virgis, ac nodosis funiculis conscribillent." *

* Inasmuch as the capuchins for the same reason, and many Nuns, following the advice of physicians and pious men, abandoned the ascetic practice (*ἀσκησιν*) of flagellation on the shoulders, to stripe the buttocks and loins with roughened rods and scrawl them over with knotted ropes.

⁽²⁾ "*Ubi stimulus ibi affluxus*," has been a physiological axiom since the days of Hippocrates; and flagellation thus employed is only a modification of blistering, or exciting the skin by any other irritating method. "History of the Rod," London, new edition, 1896, page 204.

quoted, on the "Curiosities of Medical Experience," says:—"Amongst the various moral and physical remedies introduced by priesthood and physicians for the benefit of society, flagellation once held a most distinguished rank. As a remedy, it was supposed to reanimate the torpid circulation of the capillary or cutaneous vessels, to increase muscular energy, promote absorption, and favour the necessary secretions of our nature. No doubt, in many instances, its action as a revulsive may be beneficial; and urtication, or the stinging with nettles, has not unfrequently been prescribed with advantage. As a religious discipline, for such has this system of mortification been called, it has been considered as most acceptable to Heaven; so much so, indeed, that the fustigation was commensurate with the sinner's offence.

"The moral influence of flagellation in the treatment of different diseases has been appreciated by the ancients; it was strongly recommended by the disciples of Asclepiades, by Cælius Aurelianus, and since by Rhases and Valescus, in the treatment of mania. No doubt, the terror which this castigation inspires may tend materially to facilitate the management of the insane. To a late day this opinion prevailed to a revolting degree, and it was no easy matter for the humane physician to convince a keeper of the cruelty or inutility of this practice; yet seldom or never does this harsh management become necessary.

"Medical men were frequently consulted as to the adoption of the upper or lower discipline, as flagellation on the shoulders was said to injure the eyesight. It was from the fear of this accident that the lower discipline was generally adopted amongst nuns and female penitents.

"In a medicinal point of view, urtication, or stinging with nettles, is a practice not sufficiently appreciated. In many instances, especially in cases of paralysis, it is more efficacious than blistering or stimulating frictions. Its effects, although perhaps less permanent, are more general and diffused over the limb. This process has been found effectual in restoring heat to the lower extremities; and a case of obstinate lethargy was cured by Corvisart by repeated urtication of the whole body. During the action of the stimulus, the patient, who was a young man, would open his eyes and laugh, but sink again into profound sleep. However, in three weeks his perfect cure was obtained.

"Flagellation draws the circulation from the centre of our system to its periphery. It has been known in a fit of ague to dispel the cold stage. Galen had observed that horse-dealers were in the habit of bringing their horses into high condition by a moderate fustigation; and therefore recommended this practice to give *embonpoint* to the lean. Antonius Musa treated a sciatica of Octavius Augustus by this process. Elidæus Paduanus recommends flagellation or urtication when the eruption of exanthematic diseases is slow in its development. Thomas Campanella records the case of a gentleman whose bowels could not be relieved without his having been previously whipped.

"Irritation of the skin has been often observed to be productive of similar effects. The erotic irregularities of lepers are well authenticated; and various other cutaneous diseases, which procure the agreeable relief that scratching affords, have brought on the most pleasurable sensations. There exists a curious letter of Abelard to Heloïse, in which he says:

** Verbera quandoque dabat amor, non furor; gratia, non ira; quæ omnium unguentorum suavitatem transcenderent.** ⁽¹⁾

"This effect of flagellation may be easily referred to the powerful sympathy that exists between the nerves of the lower part of the spinal marrow and other organs. Artificial excitement appears in some degree natural: it is observed in various animals, especially in the feline tribe. Even snails plunge into each other a bony and prickly spur that arises from their throats and which, like the sting of the wasp, frequently breaks off and is left in the wound."

There is another side of medical flagellation which is of great curiousness, but which needs treating with considerable reserve. We refer to flagellations as a means of sexual excitement. Several works have been written, all of them dealing more or less ably with the question, and all manifestly incomplete. We have in our possession a variety of documents bearing upon the matter, which we may one day publish when they have been supplemented by others and arranged in systematic order. Such a work would be addressed, of course, only to medical men and specialists. Meanwhile the following observations must be regarded as purely tentative.

OPINION OF AN AUSTRIAN DOCTOR.

Dr. Krafft Ebing, in his monumental work, "Psychopathia Sexualis," says:—

"Libido sexualis may also be induced by stimulation of the gluteal region, (castigation, whipping).

"This fact is not unimportant for the understanding of

⁽¹⁾ * The stripes given were often those of love, not anger; of fondness, not of wrath. For such stripes exceeded the sweet savour of all perfumes."

certain pathological manifestations. It sometimes happens that in boys the first excitation of the sexual instinct is caused by a spanking and they are thus incited to masturbation. This should be remembered by those who have the care of children.

"On account of the dangers to which this form of punishment of children gives rise, it would be better if parents, teachers, and nurses were to avoid it entirely.

"Passive flagellation may excite sensuality, is as shown by the sects of flagellants, so widespread in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were accustomed to whip themselves, partly as atonement and partly to kill the flesh, (in accordance with the principle of chastity promulgated by the Church,—i.e., the emancipation of the soul from sensuality.)

"These sects were at first favoured by the Church; but, since sensuality was only excited the more by flagellation, and the fact became apparent in unpleasant occurrences, the church was finally compelled to oppose it. The following facts from the lives of the two heroines of flagellation, Maria Magdalena of Pazzi and Elizabeth of Genton, clearly show the significance of flagellation as a sexual excitant. The former, a child of distinguished parents, was a Carmelite nun in Florence, (about 1580), and, by her flagellations, and, still more, through the results of them, she became quite celebrated, and is mentioned in the Annals. It was her greatest delight to have the prioress bind her hands behind her, and have her whipped on the naked loins in the presence of the assembled sisters.

"But the whippings, continued from her earliest youth, quite destroyed her nervous system, and perhaps no other heroine of flagellation had so many hallucinations, ('Ent-

zückungen.') While being whipped, her thoughts were of love. The inner fire threatened to consume her, and she frequently cried, 'Enough! Fan no longer the flame that consumes me. This is not the death I long for, it comes with all too much pleasure and delight.' Thus it continued. But the spirit of impurity wove the most sensual, lascivious fancies, and she was several times near losing her chastity.

* It was the same with Elizabeth of Genton. As a result of whipping she actually passed into a state of bacchanalian madness. As a rule, she rested when excited by unusual flagellation, she believed herself united with her 'ideal.' This condition was so exquisitely pleasant to her that she would frequently cry out, 'O love, O eternal love, O love, O you creatures! cry out with me, love, love!'

* The celebrated Jean Pic de la Mirandole relates of one of his intimate acquaintances that he was an insatiable fellow, but so lazy and incapable of love that he was practically impotent until he had been roughly handled. The more he tried to satisfy his desire, the heavier the blows he needed, and he could not attain his ends until he had been whipped until the blood came. For this purpose he had a suitable whip made, which was placed in vinegar the day before using it. He would give this to his companion, and on bended knees beg her not to spare him, but to strike blows with it, the heavier the better. The good Count thought this singular man found the pleasure of love in this punishment. While in other respects he was not a bad man, he understood and hated his weakness." (1)

(1) Vivit adhuc homo mihi notus prodigiosæ lididinis et inauditæ: nam ad Venerem nunquam accenditur nisi vapulet. Et tamen scelus

Coelius Rhodigin relates a similar story, as does also the celebrated jurist, Andreas Tiraquell. In the time of the skilful physician, Otten Brunfelsen, there lived in Munich, then the Capital of the Bavarian Electorate, a debauchee who could never perform his [sexual] purposes without a severe preparatory beating. Thomas Barthelin also knew a Venetian, who had to be beaten and driven before he could have intercourse,—just as Cupid himself moved reluctantly, driven by his followers with sprays of hyacinth. A few years ago there was in Lübeck a cheese-monger, living on Mill Street, who, on a complaint to the authorities of unfaithfulness, was ordered to leave the city. The prostitute with whom he had been, went to the judges and begged in his behalf, telling how difficult all intercourse had become for him. He could do nothing until he had been mercilessly beaten. At first, the fellow, from shame and to avoid disgrace, would not confess, but after earnest questioning he could not deny it. There is said to have been a man in the Netherlands who was similarly incapable, and could do nothing without blows. On the decree of the authorities, however, he was not only removed from his position, but also properly punished. A credible friend, a physician in an important city of

id ita cogitat: sævientes ita plagas desiderat, ut increpat verberantem, si cum eo lentius egerit, haud compos plene voti, nisi eruperit sanguis, et innocentes artus hominis nocentissimi violentior scutica descøverit. Efflagitat miser hanc operam summis precibus ab ea semper fæmina quam adit, præbetque flagellum, pridie sibi ad id officii aceti infusione duratum, et supplex a meretrice verberari postulat: a qua quanto cæditur durius, eo ferventius incalescit, et pari passu ad voluptatem doloremque contendit. Unus inventus homo qui corporeas delicias inter cruciatus inveniat; et cum alioquin pessimus non sit, morbum suum agnoscit et odit.

the kingdom, told me, on July 14th, last year, how a woman of bad character had told a companion, who had been in the hospital a short time before, that she, with another woman of like character, had been sent to the woods by a man who followed them there, cut rods for them, and then exposed his *nates*, commanding them to belabour him well. This they did. It is easy to conclude what he then did with them. Not only men have been excited and inflamed to lasciviousness, but also women, that they too might experience greater intensity of pleasure. For this reason the Roman woman had herself whipped and beaten by the *luperci*. Thus Juvenal, (Sat II. 142,) writes:—

“Steriles moriuntur, et illis
Turgida non prodest condita pyxide Lyde,
Nec prodest agili palmas præbere Luperco.” (¹)

The Marquis de Roure in his very interesting and useful work, “*Analectabiblion*,” (²) notices three remarkable books which have made in their time no little stir. We copy the titles of these works just as the Marquis cites them.

DE USU FLAGRORUM IN RE MEDICA ET VENERI,

Lumborumque et renum officio, Thomi Bartholomi, Joannis—Henrici et Meibomii patris, Henrici Meibomii filii. Accedunt de eodem renum officio Joachimi Olhasii et Olai

(¹) They die barren; and neither bloated Lydé with her drug box avails them aught, nor yet to hold out their hands to the leaping Luperus, [Priest of Pan].

(²) The further title is “*Ou Extraits Critiques de divers livres rares, oubliés ou peu connus tirés du Cabinet du Marquis de R*****” Paris, Techener, 1835, (2 vols); Vol. II, page 316, *et seq.*

Wormii dissertaliunculæ. Frankofurti, ex bibliopolio Daniel Paulli, 1670, (1 vol. pet. in-8vo de 144 pages, pap. fin.) (*Rare*).

DE L'UTILITÉ DE LA FLAGELLATION.

Dans les plaisirs du mariage et dans la médecine, traduit de Meibomius, par Mercier de Compiègne, avec le texte, des notes, des additions et figures. Paris (J. Girouard), 1792, in-16. 1 vol. in-16, pap. vélin. (peu commun.)

TRAITÉ DU FOUET, ET DE SES EFFETS

MORAUX SUR LE PHYSIQUE DE L'AMOUR OU
APHRODISIAQUE EXTERNE.

Ouvrage médico-philosophique, suivi d'une dissertation sur les moyens d'exciter aux plaisirs de l'amour, par D*** (Doppet), médecin, 1788, 1 vol. in-18 de 108 pages, plus 18 feuillets préliminaires.

HISTOIRE DES FLAGELLANS.

Où l'on fait voir le bon et le mauvais usage des Flagellations parmi les chrétiens, par des preuves tirées de l'Ecriture Sainte, etc., trad. du latin de M. l'abbé Boileau, docteur de Sorbonne (par l'abbé Granet). Amsterd., chez Henri Gauzet, 1722—1670—1723—88—92. (1 vol. in-12).

The first-named work has been translated into English and reprinted more than once. How *Meibomius* came to write it is rather curious. According to the Marquis de Roure, it was in 1639 at a dinner given at Lübeck, in the house of Martin Gerdesius, a Counsellor of the Duke

of Holstein, that the subject of conversation turned upon whipping as a medical cure, when it was spoken of as ridiculous and absurd. Amongst the guests were Christian Cassius, Bishop of Lübeck, and the celebrated doctor, John Henry Meibomius of Helmstadt. "*It is not so ridiculous as that,*" said Meibomius, "*and I will prove it to you.*" Meibomius kept the word thus pledged in the midst of a convivial assembly and the curious treatise dedicated to his friend, the Bishop of Lübeck, and destined only for the eyes of a few friends was, at first, printed without the author's knowledge.

The little book is at once learned and clever. The authorities cited, or referred to, show a vast amount of patient research. A number of facts, some of them very cynical, are systematised and complete evidence given, demonstrating the powerfulness of flagellation applied to the lumbar region, either to dissipate cerebral vapours, excite to the generative act, or, (and this appears more wonderful than all the rest), give plumpness to worn-out human bodies. We are unable to give more than a very bare idea of a most remarkable work. It was well that Meibomius wrote in Latin, or the prudery of even those robust times might have received a shock. He calls "a spade, a spade" without the least fear, and sometimes a big "spade" to boot. But the work is not pornographic, except as dealing with a naturally porcine subject. The learned doctor sought to substantiate his thesis, and that is all.

Dr. Doppet's treatise, on "External Aphrodisiacs," is a work of different calibre to that of Meibomius. The Marquis de Roure is of opinion that the luckless wight who should be so ill-advised as to try any of the ex-

citants recommended, would incur great risks of ruining his health. The work contains a whole pharmacopœia of the most active drugs known. Amongst much of the libidinous and grossly satirical character there runs a thread of clever observation that entitles the author to be regarded less as a man of Science than as a man of the world. His experiences appear to have been very varied and his position as a medical man often necessitated his visiting houses of prostitution. In one of these places he was present at a quaint scene. With the quotation of this passage, we take leave of Dr. Droppet, as also of his curious book.

"I was witness of a very singular spectacle, and which but too well proves that lust goes far beyond reason. Being in Paris, I was summoned to give my professional care to one of the ladies belonging to a seraglio of the Rue Saint-Honoré, and who was the victim of one of those accidents incidental to her profession. Being in her chamber, I heard a noise in the adjoining room, from which rose the voice of a woman much angered and even menacing. The woman with whom I was did not even give me time to question her upon what was going forward next door, but in a hushed voice entreated me to remain silent, and gently lifting up the ends of some tapestry hangings, she placed me before a little opening, through which I had the opportunity of seeing the most amusing and also the most ridiculous of spectacles. This is the scene that passed and which, it appeared, was repeated twice a week. The principal actress was a fine looking brunette who was but half dressed, that is to say, she showed openly her breast, her thighs, and her rump. The other parts were occupied by four old men with

solemn wigs, the costume, the attitude and the grimaces of whom forced me every moment to bite my lips in order that I should not burst out laughing. These aged libertines were playing, as sometimes their children may do, the game of *the Schoolmaster*. The girl, a birch in hand, gave to each of them in turn a smart correction; the one who received the sharpest punishment was he whose organisation was the most sluggish. The culprits, during the correction, devotedly kissed the arse of their mistress, while her lovely arm was at last quite tired with whipping their libidinous carcasses; and the game ceased only when it was useless to longer fatigue exhausted nature. When everybody had gone, I left my post of observation without being quite convinced of the reality of what I had seen. My patient was much amused at my surprise, and related to me many more ridiculous facts which were of daily occurrence in their *Convent*. We have, she said, the custom of the most important men in Paris, and these girls have the honour to flog the most illustrious members of the clergy, of the bar, and of the financial world."

An analogous story is told by Sacher Masoch, which we translate from the German.

THE CRASH.

Love is stronger than death, and therefore beats the biggest financial crash.

A young and not at all bad-looking son of Israel, one of the Barons of the Ghetto, who, after the latest battle of the nations on Change left the seat of war covered with wounds, was afterwards a constant visitor at the Vienna

International Exhibition, hoping to amuse and console himself amongst the various beautiful objects that he saw as he sauntered along.

One day, he met in the Russian department a young married couple authentically inscribed in the "Almanac de Gotha," who possessed a very ancient coat of arms, but only a very modest income.

This circumstance had already several times emboldened this lion of the Bourse to make secret offers to the charming little woman,—offers which would have turned the head of a theatrical diva, but could only be insulting to an honest woman. The Baroness felt a sort of hatred for the Jew banker, and her pretty little head long plotted revenge.

The financier, who was really and earnestly,—even passionately—in love with the young wife, pressed forward to her side in the Exhibition, which was the more easy for him, as that the little woman's husband, on seeing her stop in admiring contemplation before the show case of a Russian fur dealer, had immediately strolled away, surmising that he was *de trop*.

"Oh! just look at this lovely sable fur mantle," exclaimed the Baroness, her dark eyes lighting up with rapture, "I must have this."

But her eyes fell upon the white ticket, on which the price was marked.

"Four thousand roubles!" she read, disconraged, "that's about six thousand florins." ⁽¹⁾

"Certainly," replied the Jew Baron, "but what is that? Such a sum is not worth mentioning before such a charming lady."

(1) About £ 500.

"But my husband would never be able—"

"For once be less cruel," the financier whispered in her ear, "and permit me to lay this sable fur at your feet."

"You must be joking."

"No, I—"

"I believe you are joking, because I cannot suppose that you could intend to insult me."

"But Baroness, I love you—"

"All the more reason, for not angering me, and, indeed, I am very angry," exclaimed the energetic little woman, "I could whip you, as the 'Venus in Fur' whipped her slaves."

"Let me be your slave," insisted the banker, "and I will gladly suffer anything from your hands. Yes, in this sable fur, with whip in hand, you would indeed be the most lovely representation of the cruel heroine of that tale."

The Baroness looked at him for a moment with a strange smile on her lips.

"Therefore, if I consented to listen to you, you would let yourself be whipped by me?" she added.

"With joy."

"Very well then," she quickly rejoined, "You will let me give you five and twenty stripes with a whip and after the twenty-fifth I will listen to you."

"Are you in real earnest?"

"Quite in earnest!"

The financier seized the hand of the Baroness rapturously and raised it to his lips. "When may I come?"

"To-morrow evening at eight o'clock."

"And may I bring the fur and the whip?"

"No, I will myself see to the whip."

The next evening, punctually at eight, the madly enamoured Bourse magnate appeared before the ravishing little aristocratic dame, whom he found alone in her boudoir, wrapped in a dark fur mantle, reclining on an ottoman, her little hand playing with a dog-whip.

The Jew Baron kissed her hand.

"You remember our conditions," said the little woman.

"Certainly," repeated the banker, "I am to let you give me five and twenty strokes with a whip and after the twenty-fifth you listen to me."

"Yes; but I must tie your hands," said the lady.

The love-sick stock-jobber allowed his hands to be tied behind his back by this modern Dalilah, and at her command kneel down at her feet. She swung the whip and gave him a sharp cut with it.

"Oh, but it hurts awfully," he shouted.

"It is meant to hurt," she said mockingly, and continued to whip him without mercy. The unfortunate idiot at last groaned with pain, but the thought consoled him, that each stroke brought him nearer to the consummation of his happiness.

At the twenty-fourth stroke the little woman threw the whip away.

"That's only twenty-four," said the flagellated beau.

"O! I know that," she laughed, "but I will let you off the twenty-fifth."

"Then you are mine," cried the banker enchanted, "wholly mine!"

"What are you dreaming of?"

"Have I not allowed myself to be whipped by you?"

"Certainly, but did I not promise to listen to you after the twenty-fifth stroke, and you have had but twenty four;"

exclaimed this cruel little piece of virtue, "I have witnesses."

She pulled aside a curtain, and there entered from a side-room her husband, followed by two gentlemen, all three laughing. For one moment, the banker remained still kneeling before the lovely woman, then sighing, he uttered in a melancholy tone the very expressive term:

"A Crash!"

The "History of the Flagellants," by the Abbé Boileau is quite a different kind of book and well worthy of attention. Written in exceptionally good Latin of the style of Plautus, it saw the light about 1700, and has been translated into both French and English. Although it was described as "a work of saintly obscenity" by Abbé Iraitlh in his "Recueil de Querelles Littéraires," it is really nothing of the sort. The Abbé Iraitlh's adjectives spring from anger and bias, and supply another sample of "*odium theologicum*." On its appearance, the work caused great excitement amongst the monks and theologians, and above all, amongst the Jesuits, either on account of the Jansenist opinions imputed to Boileau, or because of that deplorable predilection the Jesuits have always had for *the lower form of correction*.

Father Cerceau and the indefatigable controversialist, Jean-Baptiste Thiers, showed themselves the most cruel, on this occasion against Boileau. On their side also, the monks and the nuns who had made up their mind absolutely to flagellate themselves down to the very calves of their legs ⁽¹⁾ singing, in unison, the Miserere, raised a

(1) Ad vitulos.

tremendous noise. But as no convincing refutation of the Abbé's book appeared, we conclude that none was possible. The Marquis de Roure considers Boileau's work superior to that of Meibomius, but he ought to have borne in mind that each runs on far different lines, and approaches the subject from vastly different standpoints. Boileau, in ten chapters, traces the history of voluntary flagellation from its origin to his own times, under all its forms and for whatever motives, as an unworthy custom born of Paganism and fostered by Debauchery. In the education of children it corrupts the master, and perverts the pupil. Quintilian reprov'd the practice. As a punishment inflicted on slaves and heretics, it wounded decency and favoured cruelty; as a means of self mortification, it is the most dangerous of lacerations, because it excites the flesh while seeking to repress it; and, as a form of penitence, associates ridicule with scandal. Is it not fine to see Father Girard whipping, under the pretence of discipline, the beautiful Cadière, as a beginning of carnal satisfaction, and *that* on the grounds that similar liberties had been taken, without harm or attaint to their chastity, by Saint Edmund, Bernard of Siena, and by the Capucine, Matthew of Avignon? How many unknown Father Girards has not the practice produced against one Saint Bernard who came through the fire scatheless? How many unknown women have lost their chastity, and what numbers of nameless girls their honour, because Dame Nature proved stronger than the inventions of man, will never be ascertained. To judge from Human Nature, which is after all everywhere the same potent traitor, Christian flagellation has nothing to boast of over that of the voluptuous Luperalia of old Rome, and as regards the number of fair

devotees chastised, we must have had, esteems the Marquis, quite as many women compromised as the Romans.

‘HAUNTS OF SHAME.’

In continental so-called houses of pleasure, it appears, to judge from the revelations made by writers who seem to have a full knowledge of the subject, that flagellation is resorted to at the present day by confirmed debauchees to quicken their waning powers, or perhaps, worse still, in the hopes of recreating sexual force that has long given place to bitter regrets. A literary friend has been good enough to cull a few extracts for us, and we give the same without comment.

‘Alas! all these gentlemen do not possess the sense that is fitting at their age. Some of them have desires entirely out of season. These wrecks are exacting and their partners must bend to the yoke, deeming themselves happy when nothing is too much out of the usual groove.

‘But the profits are considerable for those who submit to the heavy rule of unnatural wishes and their reputation grows apace.

‘People come from obscure provincial towns to visit them, and they are asked to leave home in return for a heavy subsidy for travelling expenses.

‘They alone know the art of wielding the whip, the rod, the long strap furnished with sharp points, and other instruments of frenzied enjoyment.

‘And they become rich rapidly, these women who consent to play the part of sworn tormentor, and lend themselves less easily to that of victim. To sum up, it is a known fact that a lady of this kind possessed a fortune of more than three hundred thousand francs.

"Well-earned money, when we reflect that the lovers of torture do not always practise upon themselves.

"Recently, a law-suit, (we are always obliged to turn to judicial sources when wishing to tell true stories), revealed the weird fantasies of a sportsman. This individual possessed as mistress a charming girl who sought only in love, if not in purity, at least the simple satisfaction of the senses. It appears that the gentleman needed peculiar excitement, which he obtained in making his sweetheart, in primitive attire, gallop round the bedroom, while he forced the pace with a horsewhip.

"This went on until one day when the excitement failed to arise, the sportsman administered such a thrashing to the poor girl that she remained senseless on the floor."

.

"One of these good old fellows was slave to a passion which was as peculiar in its manifestation as it was ignoble at bottom.

The woman who had to satisfy him, received a new pair of boots at each of his visits. The couple, divested of all clothing, played 'ride-a-cock horse' all round the room, the woman astride the old man's back, spurring him by sturdy blows in the ribs." (1)

"Their most frequent device was that of flagellation with special instruments resembling the knout in their form; some are slaves to their lechery and allow themselves to be flogged. We can only deplore this mania, which harms but themselves; but what can be said of wretches who do not scruple to force defence-

(1) Jules Davray. *L'Armée du Vice*, Paris, J. B. Ferreyrol, 1890, 12mo, plates.

less unfortunate girls to submit to these abominable practices?" (1)

... "Some of them, utterly exhausted, need stimulation, such as pricking with pins or strokes of the cat-o'nine-tails, strange excitement which, nevertheless, will produce a result—of some kind or another." (2)

SECRETS OF THE CHARNEL HOUSE.

* On the 14th of August 1891, the Tenth Chamber of the *Tribunal Correctionnel* of Paris gave judgment in the Bloch case. We find that Bloch had allowed a woman named Marchand, 40 years of age, to procure for him four women, Goude, 24 years old; Matté, 22; and Lys and Brion, respectively 19 and 20. He was in the habit of taking all the girls into a room and using every kind of obscene artifice to procure enjoyment. It seemed to be a difficult task and was only attained by means of torture. Brion's evidence of her first introduction to him was, he made her kneel before him and taking pins from a bowl, stuck about a hundred of them in her breasts and all over her, to a depth of about two centimeters. Then, folding a handkerchief in triangular shape, he fixed it on her breast and shoulders with about twenty pins, the point between the breasts, and pulled violently at it. He next tore off bunches of hair with his fingers from her private parts, pinched her nipples severely, and flagellated her body with a *martinet*. Finally, after having thus tortured her several

(1) Jules Davray. *L'amour à Paris*, Paris, J. B. Ferreyrol, 1890, 12mo, plates.

(2) Pierre Delcourt. *Le Vice à Paris*. Alphonse Piaget, 1887, 12mo, plates.

hours and having forced her to bear a smile on her countenance, he consummated a sexual connection.

"The medical evidence was rather against this story, as it was proved she had returned ten times to see Bloch. The other girls had met with the same treatment, but Lys although acknowledging that Bloch had pricked her with pins and whipped her with a martinet, had not hurt her.

"The guilty parties were let off easily; this woman Marchand, one year's imprisonment, and Bloch, six months." (1)

"Some in order to prepare for the venereal act are absolutely forced to let themselves be fustigated, often with the most extreme violence. There is no aristocratic *lupanar* that does not possess special rods for this flagellation. Others wish to beat the woman with whom they mount to the bedroom. There are for this class inoffensive stuffed sticks in the style of those used by circus clowns. The female is not hurt, but the client has the illusion of having beaten her. A few of these monomaniacs are not satisfied with being whipped till the blood comes, but they ask to have long silver pins stuck in the skin of the *scrotum*. We have also been told that many ask the woman, expert in all these horrors, to make slight incisions in their flesh with a penknife." (2)

We may add in conclusion that there exists in the French language a number of charming little poems on the subject of flagellation as an aphrodisiac, and we quote two or three of them for those who read this language. It would require a far cleverer pen than ours to do them into English without destroying their delicacy and finesse.

(1) Gazette des Tribunaux, Aug. 15, 1891.

(2) Leo Taxil, *La Prostitution Contemporaine*. Paris, Librairie Populaire. n. d. (1883?), 8vo. plates.

L'AMOUR FOUETTÉ.

(Poëme).

Loin de ces prisons redoutables,
Où Pluton aux ombres coupables
Fait sentir son juste courroux,
Il est dans les enfers des asiles plus doux,
Là, des myrtes touffus forment de verts ombrages,
Qui n'ont rien des horreurs de l'éternelle nuit.
Des ruisseaux y coulent sans bruit,
Des pavots languissants couronnent leurs rivages.
On voit parmi les fleurs qui parent ce séjour
Hyacinthe et Narcisse et cent autres encore
Qui, sujets autrefois de redoutable amour,
Ont passé sous les lois de Flore.
Dans les sombres détours de ces paisibles lieux
Plusieurs amants dont la mémoire
Doit vivre à jamais dans l'histoire,
S'occupent encore de leurs feux.
L'ambitieuse imprudente
Qui voulut voir Jupiter
Armé de la foudre éclatante
Rappelle ce plaisir qui lui coûta si cher.
La jeune amante de Céphale,
En soupirant pour ce vainqueur,
Chérit cette flèche fatale
Dont il lui perça le cœur.
Héro, d'une main tremblante,
Tient la lampe étincelante
Qui lui servit seulement
A voir périr son amant.
Ariane roule, en colère,
Ce fil, triste instrument d'un horrible attentat,
Trop malheureux, hélas, d'avoir trahi son père,
Pour n'obliger qu'un ingrat.
Phèdre chancelante et confuse
Baigne mais trop tard de ses pleurs
L'écrit où sa main accuse
De trop criminelles ardeurs.

Moins coupables cent fois et plus à craindre qu'elle,
Et Didon et Thisbé vont se frapper le sein :

D'un perfide ennemi, l'une a le fer en main,
L'autre, celni d'un amant trop fidèle.

De leurs douleurs l'amour voulut être témoin,
De couvrir son carquois il avait pris le soin.

Les arbres épais d'un bocage,
L'ombre discrète d'un nuage

Adoucirent en vain l'éclat de son flambeau.

On reconnut soudain cet ennemi nouveau

On l'entoura, et la troupe rebelle
Lui préparait des tourments inhumains.
L'amour ne bat plus que d'une aile,

Il se soutient à peine et tombe entre leurs mains.

Pour désarmer ces juges implacables,
En vain l'amour verse des pleurs,

On enchaîne ces mains qui portent dans les cœurs
Des coups inévitables,

Attaché sur un myrte, en proie à leurs fureurs,
Il va de mille morts éprouver les horreurs.

Partout des clameurs menaçantes

Ont étouffé ses plaintes languissantes.

L'une l'effraye avec ce fer sanglant

Qui finit de ces jours les déplorables restes.

L'autre avec le débris encore étincelant

D'un bûcher, de sa mort théâtre trop funeste.

De ces pleurs endurcis par le pouvoir des dieux

Myrrha fait contre lui de redoutables armes,

Leur poids va l'accabler : pauvre amour, ses alarmes

Ne puniront que toi de son crime odieux.

L'amour veut invoquer sa mère

Et par ses pleurs et par ses cris :

Vient-elle à son secours ? non, Vénus en colère

Insulte encore aux tourments de son fils.

"Ah, dit-elle, à son tour qu'il éprouve ma rage.

Je n'ai que trop souffert de cet audacieux.

Des filets de Vulcain, des ris malins des dieux

Je n'ai pas oublié l'outrage :

C'est Vénus en courroux qui menace: tremblez."
 Sa main s'arme aussitôt d'un gros bouquet de roses
 De leurs boutons à peine écloses:
 Déjà sous ses coups redoublés,
 D'une main, hélas trop sûre,
 Le sang rejaillit et couvre la verdure
 Qui pare l'immortel séjour:
 "Arrêtez, déesse irritée,"
 S'écrie avec transport la troupe épouvantée.
 "Lorsque nous respirions le jour,
 Une planète infortunée
 Fit nos malheurs, ce ne fut pas l'amour." (1)

Equally ravishing is another poem called *l'Examen de Flora*, which absolutely borders on libertinism, and indeed forms in itself quite a little treatise on flagellation as a luxury. This effusion, due to the too sprightly genius of some unknown author, we beg our reader's pardon for not giving. Our book might have been somewhat better esteemed by the few and execrated by the many. But, most potent reason of all, it would have attracted perchance the notice of those in power, and, as was proved by the prosecution of *Le Roman de Violette*, an alleged obscene novel in French attributed to Guy de Maupassant, it *might* have given rise to the conferment of a similar amiable interference.

In a small work, now extremely rare, there are some details connecting flagellation with the theatre, from which it would appear that private, (for we can hardly believe them to have been public), scenes of this nature were enacted. We give the really curious title of the book in question, and follow same by a short extract.

(1) "*Nouveau Choix de Pièces de Poésies*," par Danchet, La Haye, 1715, t. I., p. 74.

LES COUTUMES THEATRALES

ou

SCÈNES SECRÈTES DES FOYERS

PETIT RECUEIL

En contes un peu plus que gaillards, ornés de couplets
analogues

Dédiés aux gens des deux sexes qui se destinent au
Théâtre.

Que dire à cet essai sans plus de conséquence,
Qu'hélas! bien fou serait celui qui mal y pense.

A HELIOFOUTROPOLIS

De l'Imprimé de Crispinaille, à la Matricule,
1793.

"Une verge tombant sur le cul d'un miché,
Sait provoquer, exciter la décharge,
Et dans un c.... fut-il même très large,
Lui faire commettre un bien joli péché.
Sans plus tard, troussiez-vous donc beau sire,
Recevez de ma main cette correction,
Qui de vos sens augmentent le délire
Vous instruisse à foutrailler un c...."

Her linen flouting the wind, a birch bundle in her fist,
she smites with double strokes the fleshy buttocks of
the poor confectioner, and stopping now and then, she
began once more to explain:

"Apprends cher bon ami, que les coups vigoureux
 Te rendront plus sensibles aux plaisirs amoureux.
 Ceux dont la nature trop lente
 Ne peut satisfaire une amante ;
 Par quelques coups de verges appliqués fortement
 Se portent au combat plus vigoureusement.
 Quel beau cul ! Ah ! dieux, je suis contente !
 Viens maintenant satisfaire une amante,
 Jetons-nous sur le lit, dans le sein du plaisir,
 De tes douleurs passées pardons le souvenir."

PLAIN ENGLISH.

In THOMAS SHADWELL's play *The Virtuoso*, act IV., there is a scene of a similar nature. The old libertine, *Snarl*, who comes to be flogged, is asked by the girl: "I wonder that should please you so much that pleases me so little?" He replies: "I was so us'd to 't at *Westminster-School*, I cou'd never leave it off since." OTWAY in his *Venice Preserved*, act III., scene I., has illustrated this propensity. The servile senator, ANTONIO, visits his mistress Aquilina, to "have a game at romp," and desires her to spit in his face. He plays the part of a dog, and gets under the table, begging her to use him like a dog, to kick him, etc.; until the courtesan fetches a whip and flogs him out of the room. The following epigram of KIT MARLOWE⁽¹⁾ is to the point:

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
 He sends for rods and strips himself stark naked;
 For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before
 By whipping of the wench it be awaked.
 I envy him not, but wish I had the power.
 To make myself his wench but one half hour.

(¹) WORKS OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, LONDON, 1826, vol. 3, p. 454.

That the executioner, writes P. L. Courier, whether male or female, not unfrequently finds pleasure in administering castigation, or in witnessing its infliction, even to one of his or her own sex, there can be no doubt, as this opinion has been expressed by numerous authors.

The following small poems must complete the collection:—

LA DISCIPLINE.

CONTE.

Une femme se confessa,
Le confesseur à la sourdine
Derrière l'autel la troussa
Pour lui donner la discipline,
L'époux non loin de là caché
De miséricorde touché,
Offrit pour elle dos et fesses.
Le femme y consentit d'abord :
"Je sens," dit-elle, "ma faiblesse,
Mon mari sans doute est plus fort,
Sus donc, mon père, touchez fort,
Car je suis grande pécheresse." ⁽¹⁾

LE FOUET.

A l'âge de douze ans, pour certain grave cas
Que je sais, et ne dirai pas,
Lise du fouet fut menacée.
A sa maman, justement courroucée
Lise répondit fièrement :
"Vous avez tout lieu de vous plaindre,
Mais pour le fouet tout doucement,
Je suis d'âge à l'aimer, et non pas à le craindre." ⁽²⁾

⁽¹⁾ Bernard de La Monnoye.

⁽²⁾ "*Joujou des Demoiselles.*"

L'AMOUR FOUETTÉ.

“Jupiter, prête-moi ta foudre,”
S’écria Lycoris un jour :
“Donne, que je réduise en poudre,
Le Temple où j’ai connu l’Amour,
Alcide, que ne suis-je armée
De ta massue et de tes traits,
Pour venger la terre alarmée,
Et punir un dieu que je hais.
Médée, enseigne-moi l’usage
De tes plus noirs enchantements,
Formons pour lui quelque breuvage
Egal au poison des Amans.
Ah, si dans ma fureur extrême
Je tenois ce monstre odieux, . . .”
“Le voilà,” lui dit l’Amour même,
Qui soudain parut à ses yeux.
“Venge-toi, punis si tu l’oses !”
Interdite à ce prompt retour,
Elle prit un bouquet de roses
Pour donner le fouet à l’Amour.
On dit même que la bergère
Dans ses bras n’osant le presser,
En frappant d’une main légère,
Craignoit encor de le blesser. (¹)

(¹) M. Bernard, *Trésor du Parnasse*, Londres, 1770, tome V., p. 255.





CONJUGAL CORRECTION.

Wherein the question is discussed whether Men
shall beat their Wives.



FEW subjects are more important than that of correction in the domestic circle. In these "hot, piping times" of the "Modern Woman's" unpleasant assertiveness; of "Advanced Education for Females;" of the gradual usurpation by women of public functions hitherto discharged by men, we believe that the discussion of this question will excite general interest. There has long been a growing feeling in the masculine bosom that a crisis is fast approaching. The worst of it is that hitherto there has appeared no way of escape. Argue with the modern "blue stocking," and you are lost. Her tongue moves with far greater celerity than can yours, and her naturally logical mind, sharpened by the "Higher Education," will smash your arguments to atoms. Use sarcasm, and she will reply with sneer. Employ invective, and she will launch at you the vocabulary of a Xantippe. If you threaten her with force, she will retaliate with defiant boast about the law. Resort to tears cunningly evoked, and her heart steeled to hardness by the doctrines of

Stuart Mill, will laugh you to scorn. The "modern woman" in brief, has absolutely "no fear of man before her eyes." From her breast have gone out all sparks of womanly pity, as well as all feeling of respect. Not only has she artfully prevailed upon man to maintain her, but, what is far worse, she now ousts him from the public service, and puts him to "open shame." For the last five decades men have been silently groaning under a slowly accumulative load of suffering, and looking anxiously about him for a way of salvation.

In vain has he tried all possible ways and means. Each effort has proved fruitless, and his "last state worse than the first." Like "a dog who returns to his vomit, or a pig to his wallowing in the mire," he has been forced to go back and submit to his tormentress, and acknowledge again the supremacy of the female tyrant.

The preceding remarks apply of course only to the hapless mortal saddled with an educated virago. The lot of the man blessed with a stupid mate of the slow-going, old-fashioned, breeding school is vastly different.

Jeremy Taylor finely exclaimed: "A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man, his angel and minister of graces innumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counsellors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessing on his head." We may add that her material virtues are as serious as the more ethereal.

His high-breasted partner knows only one concern, to bear children, show her cooking capacities and keep her husband warm on winter nights. When it pleases him to get drunk she is solicitous that he should meet with no accident; when, for a moment he may forget the "wife of his bosom;" and turns his eyes unto "strange flesh," she winks at his offences, knowing that her superior charms will presently win him back. Does he desire to try the strength of his muscles in the absence of men, she bears his blows with resignation, and even feels grateful at such demonstrations of real affection. ⁽¹⁾ For abuse she returns smiles, and measures the depth of her lord's love by the frequency of his chastisement. As these words may seem strange to those people who have not had the advantage of being brought up in a well-regulated home, we subjoin an extract from letters written by a young English wife to her husband. They were communicated to us by the gentleman who received them from his spouse while absent from home.

FROM A YOUNG MARRIED ENGLISH WOMAN.

.... I authorise you to ask me to do *all* you wish, even if, as you say, it may be humiliating for me, as I understand and should very much like, I think, to taste the pleasure of perfect docility in love, a thing

⁽¹⁾ Alphonse Daudet has graphically portrayed a scene of this kind in his "Sapho." We cite the passage because unreflecting people may fancy that our remarks are meant humorously: "Et puis le bouquet du bain! Depuis le temps que tu vivais avec un honnête homme.... ca t'a semblé bon, hein?.... Avez-vous dû vous en fourrer de ces caresses.... Ah! saleté!.... tiens...."

"Elle vit venir le coup sans l'éviter, le reçut en pleine figure, puis avec un grondement sourd de douleur, de joie, de victoire, elle sauta sur lui, l'empoigna à pleins bras: 'M'ami, m'ami.... tu m'aimes encore....' et ils roulèrent ensemble sur le lit."

quite new to me, because generally, in ordinary life, docility and submission are unknown to me. But with you, I should be happy to bend to all your caprices, to execute your orders, to violate all laws of pudicity, to let myself be caressed as you will and to give you back afterwards caress upon caress, to intoxicate myself with your presence, to roll myself in your arms, to let myself be whipped, pinched and bitten even, if you wish. Yes, one may *enjoy* by this feeling of exquisite slavery, and I should experience great happiness to be in bonds before you. I can realise the strange feeling of suffering with its latent pleasure, which I believe is the only voluptuousness that I should care for.

.... I am happy in forcing myself not to revolt when you flog me with your riding whip, and the voluntary violence that I use to keep quiet in order to please you, troubles me deliciously

.... I try and force myself to be submissive and obedient. I promise never to sulk or to be vexed, however exacting you may be, and to hide nothing of what I may think or feel. I feel that not one of the caresses that you order me to execute or that you bid me to submit to is repulsive to me, especially as I am sure to please you in lending myself to your voluptuous caprices.

.... Your presence procures me a sensation of sweet intoxication, heightened by the authoritative caresses of the husband and master I love and to whom I abandon myself entirely without resistance or *arrière-pensée*, suppressing joyfully all my own desires and my personality in the face of his will and his strength

I will never revolt again to begin with. I will voluntarily and lovingly submit to your caresses and may perhaps, I confess, disobey on purpose to make you punish me and treat me roughly, so as to feel your manly strength overwhelm me, bending me, feeble and weak, to be fastened up and punished

I like you to press me tightly in your arms and hurt me and shake me. I love to feel your strength.

.... Adored master, use and abuse my entire and inexhaustible good will. Humiliate, tease, lower me and I am happy. I am proud to understand your ideas, because I love you and I wish to continue to learn more of this passionate devotion, that finds only happiness in the voluntary annihilation of self, in the moral and physical degradation of a woman by the man she loves and to whom she belongs body and soul.

.... It is stupid and commonplace to be loved by a man who feels obliged to do all your bidding and is thus a slave to woman's will. If you were to submit to my caprices and not know how to domineer over me and force me to accept your ideas and tastes, I should despise you and should feel no regret in being unfaithful, because you would not be a husband for me, but a sort of mechanical nonentity without a mind, without moral force and consequently unworthy of all love.

.... I love to make you punish me for refusing to obey. My pleasure is to revolt a little now and again to force you to be severe, to put you out of temper and then obtain my pardon by my obedience. Forgive me, I told you I would never revolt again. But this is not real rebellion. Of that you know I am incapable.

English wives, we know, are generally said to possess a monopoly of patience and submission. This is not strictly correct. French married ladies, noted so much for their pride and spirit, may also be thoroughly tamed and rendered obedient, when their yoke-fellow possesses a stronger will. We have seen many instances of this. Following is an extract from the letter of a highly virtuous French widow, who was corresponding with a gentleman with a view to marriage :—

FRENCH WIDOW'S LETTER.

"You speak of corrections; I am convinced that few women have had to undergo more corrections than have I, and I do not doubt for one moment that there are many slaves who have felt and undergone less often than I the punishment of the whip.

"I have no need to add for the rest, that is by bodily corrections and by these only that a woman can attain to that degree of submission and humility which will render her as humble and submissive as a slave, and, even then, this woman must be of a lively imagination and impassioned nature.

"In this case, the woman accepts the yoke with joy and knows how to gladly stoop to it, being accustomed to humble herself before the

man she loves, she will each day humble herself more and more, and that which to certain women would be an insupportable existence, becomes to her on the contrary a life of enjoyment, for both spirit and nerves; she gives herself up entirely, she has made the sacrifice of herself, she really belongs body and soul to her master, husband or lover.

"I know my character and temperament, I could not love a feeble man, a man who did not know how to rule over me, to subjugate me entirely.

"As I had the honour to inform you, my husband often flogged me, but nearly always with a hunting-whip, or a martinet, or else with a riding-whip, or even with a cord. I need not tell you that in order to receive these bodily corrections I used to strip myself stark naked, as he said. These punishments he inflicted on every part of my body without exception, and I sometimes bore the traces for more than a fortnight.

"I habitually went on my knees, or prostrated my face to the floor.

"But before commencing the castigation, he used, to employ his own expression, *to make up my face*, that is to say, he began by smacking it vigorously, and pulling and pinching my ears till the blood came.

"During the whole time of the correction, I used to take pride in not uttering a single cry, or complaint, and this exasperated him.

"I was sometimes covered with blood, and I was all in a fever, but a few caresses would make all well again."

We give the original text of this letter, in the event of any person doubting its genuineness.

"Vous parlez de corrections; peu de femmes, j'en suis persuadée, n'ont eu à en supporter autant que moi, et je ne doute pas un seul instant que bien des esclaves ont senti et subi moins souvent que moi des corrections par le fouet.

"Pour le surplus, je n'ai pas besoin d'ajouter que c'est par les corrections corporelles et seulement par les corrections corporelles qu'une femme atteindra ce degré de soumission et d'humilité qui la rend aussi soumise et aussi humble qu'une esclave, et encore faut-il que cette femme soit une cérébrale, une passionnée.

"En ce cas, la femme accepte avec jouissance le joug et sait s'y plier avec bonheur, habituée à s'humilier devant l'homme aimé, elle

s'humiliera toujours davantage et ce qui pour certaines femmes serait une vie insupportable devient au contraire pour elle une existence de jouissance, pour l'esprit et les nerfs, elle se donne toute entière, elle a fait le sacrifice de son moi, âme et corps elle appartient réellement à son maître, mari ou amant.

"Je connais mon caractère et mon tempérament, je n'aimerais pas un homme faible, un homme qui ne saurait pas me dominer, me dompter toute entière.

"Comme j'ai eu l'honneur de vous le dire, mon mari me flagellait souvent, mais presque toujours au fouet de chasse, ou au martinet, ou à la cravache, ou encore avec une corde. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire, que pour recevoir ces corrections corporelles, je me mettais absolument nue, à poil, comme il disait, les corrections m'étaient infligées sur toutes les parties du corps sans exception; souvent pendant plus de quinze jours j'en portais les traces.

"Habituellement je me mettais à genoux ou prosternée, face contre le plancher.

"Mais avant de commencer la correction proprement dite, il me faisait, pour me servir de son expression, 'la face.' C'est-à-dire qu'il commençait par me gifler d'importance, et par me tirer et me frotter les oreilles jusqu'au sang.

"Pendant toute la durée de la correction, je mettais mon amour-propre à ne point pousser un seul cri, ni une seule plainte et souvent cela l'horripilait.

"Souvent il me mettait en sang, j'en avais la fièvre, mais sous quelques caresses cela passait."

* * *

There are of course, instances where the lady, spoilt by Nature in the making, usurps her husband's punitive rights and, instead of quietly submitting herself to the husband's rod, endeavours to apply, O sacrilege! corporal castigation to her married lord. Can any enormity be greater; any crime more contrary to Biblical precept and common-sense? On taking up "*Le Petit Parisien*" for November 30th 1897, the following paragraph met our astonished gaze:—

A BADLY ASSORTED PAIR.

"No two beings can be more ill-assorted than the married couple P... While the husband, a commercial clerk, is of weakly constitution and of timid disposition, his spouse, on the contrary, is a florid-faced matron, richly developed in form, with a loud voice and a quick hand, although, and perhaps because, she was accustomed to wield the washerwoman's beetle.

"If P... happened to come home a little late at meal times, his wife would kick up a row, which invariably ended by his coming in for a more or less severe leathering.

"The unhappy wight had in the beginning vainly endeavoured to rebel against these encroachments of his better half upon his prerogatives, but she, after two or three regular pugilistic engagements, remained mistress of the situation of which she took abominable advantage.

"Augustus P... had several times deserted the marital abode. But these escapades never lasted very long, for his wife always succeeded in finding out his retreat and in carrying him triumphantly home again.

"Yesterday, after another domestic shindy, P... again abandoned the conjugal roof, and resolved this time not to return to the sweets of married life; he determined, not only figuratively but indeed, to "smash the windows." (!)

"After having given himself up to copious libations in the neighbourhood, Augustus P... was run in at Vaugirard, where he was found throwing stones into the glass windows of a urinal(!)

(¹) "*Casser les vitres*," to smash the windows, is a popular Parisian expression, synonymous with the English: "to smash every thing, to play the devil," etc.

"Taken to the nearest police-station, our commercial clerk narrated his long martyrdom, terminating with an eloquent plea to be locked up.

" 'I implore you,' said he to the commissary who was questioning him, 'send me to jail; it is for me the only means of being quit of my wife.'

" But the latter was not slow in discovering the intentions of her husband, when she came to claim him at the police-station.

" The offence was not a grave one, and the damage having been paid, P . . . was released. The magistrate however advised the washerwoman to treat her husband in future with more forbearance.

" Will she keep her promise? "

* * *

Epoux mal assortis. Rien de plus dissemblable que les époux P . . . Alors que le mari, un employé de commerce, est d'un tempérament maladif et d'un naturel timide, sa femme, au contraire, est une matrone au visage coloré, aux formes opulentes, au verbe haut et à la main légère, bien qu'habituée à manier le battoir de la blanchisseuse.

Auguste P . . . rentre-t-il avec quelque retard à l'heure du repas, sa femme lui fait une scène, laquelle se termine invariablement par une correction plus ou moins dure.

Le malheureux, dans les premiers temps, avait vainement tenté de réagir contre les empiétements de sa moitié, qui, après plusieurs pugilats en règle, était restée maîtresse de la situation et en abusait étrangement.

A diverses reprises, Auguste P . . . déserta le toit conjugal. Mais ces escapades ne furent jamais de longue durée, car sa femme parvint chaque fois à découvrir sa retraite et le ramena au logis.

Hier, à la suite d'une scène nouvelle, P . . . abandonnait de nouveau le domicile conjugal, et, bien décidé à ne pas reprendre la vie commune, se décidait, non point au figuré, à "casser les vitres."

Après s'être livré à des libations copieuses dans le voisinage,

Auguste P... était arrêté place de Vaugirard, alors qu'il jetait des pierres dans les vitres d'une vespasienne.

Conduit au poste de police voisin, l'employé de commerce raconta son long martyre et termina par un éloquent plaidoyer :

— Je vous en supplie ! disait-il au commissaire qui l'interrogeait, envoyez-moi au Dépôt ; c'est pour moi le seul moyen d'être débarassé de ma femme.

Mais celle-ci ne tarda pas à connaître les intentions de son mari, qu'elle vint réclamer au poste.

Le délit n'étant pas grave et la " casse " étant payée, P... a été remis en liberté. Le magistrat a toutefois engagé la blanchisseuse à traiter son mari avec plus de ménagements.

Tiendra-t-elle sa promesse ?

In discussing conjugal correction, we lay claim to no originality. The subject is as old as our first parents. The witty author of the "*History of the Rod*" says very justly. " If we are to accept the Rabbinical interpretation of the account of the fall of man, flagellation as domestic discipline commenced in the garden of Eden, and the mother of all mankind was the first to apply the Rod. The Rabbis declare that when Adam pleaded that the woman gave him of the tree and he did eat, he means that she gave it him palpably—that, in fact, she laid it on so energetically that he was forced to give in, and "*did eat*" under compulsion ; and many ladies, we know, have followed her example and assumed a right to correct their husbands. Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," gives notable instance :

" Did not a certain Lady whip
Of late her husband's own Lordship ?
And, though a Grandee of the House,
Clawed him with fundamental blows,
Tied him stark=naked to a bed=post
And firked his hide as if sh'had rid post ;
And after, in the Sessions Court,
Where whipping's judged, bad honour for't."

The noble person thus alluded to was Lord Munson, who lived at Bury St. Edmunds, and was one of the King's judges. To show her disapprobation of his conduct in changing his political principles, his lady, with the assistance of her maids, tied him to a bedpost, and gave him a flagellation till he promised to behave better in future; and for this salutary discipline Lady Munson received thanks in open court.

On the other hand, the majority of lawgivers have been extraordinarily liberal towards men in the question of domestic discipline. The case has often been argued whether a man may honourably fustigate his wife, and the point has usually been settled that his right to do so depends on the behaviour and temper of the wife. Steele remarks in the *Spectator* that there are undeniably perverse jades that fall to men's lot with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When they are joined to men of warm spirits without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes. It has been argued that woman was created to be the helpmeet of man, to be his ministering angel, and to be good, quiet, and orderly, and when she is really such she readily submits to the authority of her husband, and is perfectly docile under his government. When however, she is the opposite of all this, there is need for the Rod, and she must be dealt with according to the advice of the poet.

Thou wilt be constrained her head to punch,
And let not thine eye then spare her:
Grasp the first weapon that comes to hand.
Morse=whip, or cudgel, or walking stick.

Or batter her well with the warming pan;
Dread not to fling her down on the earth,
Nerve well thine arm, let thy heart be stout
As iron, as brass, or stone, or steel."

Or the advice of the Roman oracle given in such a case may be followed with advantage. A man had a wife full of bad temper. He went to consult the oracle, and asked what should be done with a garment which had moths in it. "*Dust it,*" replied the oracle. "And," added the man, "I have a wife who is full of her nasty little tempers, should not she be treated in a similar manner?" "To be sure," was the reply, "DUST HER DAILY."

Were the sage advice of the old "oracle" more generally adopted to-day, wives would not only enjoy better health, but there would be fewer marital escapades. Women like children have need of correction, and what lovelier sight than to see the woman adored on her knees before us begging not to be whipped? The birch rod would prevent divorce. We find in the *London Examiner* for October 11, 1856, quite a recent illustration of the right of chastising wives. It is there stated: "A very large number of wife-beating cases have recently been brought before the magistrates of Whitehaven, where there exists a sect of professing Christians, who propagate the opinion that the practice is in accordance with the word of God. The Rev. Geo. Bird, formerly rector of Cumberworth, near Hadderfield, has established himself there, and drawn together a congregation, and within the last few weeks it has transpired he holds the doctrine that it is perfectly scriptural for a man to beat his wife. About six weeks ago, James Scott, a member of Mr. Bird's congregation,

was summoned by his wife for brutally beating her, because she refused to attend the same place of worship that he did. When before the magistrates, Mrs. Scott said she had no wish that her husband should be punished, if he would promise not to use her badly again. When asked by the magistrates whether he would make the requisite promise, he refused, saying: 'Am I to obey the laws of God or the laws of man?' As he would not give the promise, the magistrates committed him to prison for a month, with hard labour. The Rev. Mr. Bird has since delivered a course of lectures on the subject of Scott's conviction. He contends that it is a man's duty to rule his own household; and if his wife refuse to obey his orders, he is justified, according to the law of God, in beating her in order to enforce obedience."

NO BLOOMERS.

"New York Herald," 8th Sept., 1900.

MRS. REDMAN, OF WASHINGTON, CONN., HORSEWHIPPED
BY HER HUSBAND FOR WEARING THEM.

WHIPPED ANOTHER LADY.

JUDGE REMITS THE MAN'S FINE AND SAYS HE DESERVED
THE THANKS OF SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON, Conn., Friday.—Mrs. Charles Redman, of Washington, Conn., president of the Reform Club of this village, was horsewhipped in the open street here to-day by her husband, because she was disobeying his orders by wearing a bloomer costume in public. Her companion, Miss Anna Dickerson, also in bloomers, who attempted to assist her, was also severely lashed by the infuriated man.

Mr. Redman was fined \$ 10 in a police-court to-day, but the judge remitted the fine, saying that, while legally guilty, Mr. Redman deserved the thanks of society for his courage in resisting a practice becoming all too common among women of the United States of appearing publicly in a costume not sanctioned by modesty.

The judge intimated that he would have been glad to fine Mrs. Redman had she been brought before him, charged with wearing man's attire.

There are always plenty of people anxious to protect others when it costs only a letter to a newspaper, consequently the following did not surprise us:—

DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT WOMEN WHO WEAR BLOOMERS SHOULD BE WHIPPED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I noticed in Saturday's HERALD the account of a creature, in the form of a man, horsewhipping his wife in a public street in the town of Washington, (Conn.), for having the good sense to wear a dress that does not sweep up the filth and nastiness of the street and carry disease into the house.

I do not approve of the White Caps, except when law is not enforced to punish a brute for beating his wife. But nothing short of a dose of White Cap medicine would be a just punishment for the brutal creature who so grossly outraged and humiliated his wife.

He, as well as the judge who remitted the fine, must have coursing in their veins the blood of men who burned witches in Connecticut in early times.

C. J. MILLER. (1)

Montreux, September 10, 1900.

(1) "New York Herald," Paris, Wednesday, September 12, 1900.

THE LOVE OF THE LASH.**FOR LACK OF SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE.**

"I don't believe yer. If yer love me as much as wot you say you do, why don't yer knock me about?" This naïve remark, attributed to a coster maiden walking out with an enamoured youthful swain, might be supposed to be too preposterous to be even founded on fact. Cases crop up, however, almost daily at the police-courts tending to testify to the possibility of the story being true. The odious old couplet: "A woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree, The more you whack 'em the better they'll be," would seem, at all events, as regards the woman, to be accepted among the lowest of the lower classes as a well-advised first step towards domestic happiness. As has been shown a thousand times too many, there are women on whom repeated whackings administered by the male of her choice has no other effect than to endear him to her, and incline her more and more to kiss the cruel fist that strikes her down.

Elizabeth Frost, who on Saturday stood an unwilling witness in the box of North London Police-court against a tall ruffian, named William Grosvenor, showed herself a fair example of this. She was not his wedded wife, but had lived with him for two years. Both her eyes were so blackened and contused that she appeared to be scarcely able to see out of them, and though the injury was of prisoner's inflicting, her first words to the magistrate were of merciful pleading on his behalf. "Your worship, I was in drink at the time. It was all my own fault, and I have no wish to prosecute him." Mr. Fordham asked prosecutrix how

prisoner had treated her during the two years she had lived with him, and a glance from the dock gave her the cue to reply eagerly, "Oh, very well, your worship, very well indeed."

"Is this the first time he has assaulted you?"—"Oh, yes, sir, the very first time."

"You have a terrible face now. Are you sure you wish to withdraw?"—"Yes, sir, and thank you."

Mr. Fordham: "Well, there is a medical fee of 7s. 6d. to pay. That must be settled before the charge can be withdrawn."

But neither prisoner nor prosecutrix had any money. Given a little time, no doubt the latter would have taken the gown from her back, the boots from her feet, to raise the requisite sum, but as it was not immediately forthcoming the case had to be proceeded with. Prosecutrix then admitted, although she still persisted in it being all her own fault, that prisoner struck her in the face with his fist several times. In reply to the magistrate, prisoner, in surly tones, replied that he had nothing to say in answer to the charge.

Mr. Fordham remarked that it was a brutal thing for a big strong man to attack and injure a woman in this way. He would be sent to prison for two months, with hard labour.

"The Daily Telegraph," Monday, October 1, 1900.

We must mention the case of a clergyman living in London, who, "gave correction of a schoolboy to his servant maid;" and who, when sued at Westminster, made an eloquent defence, asserting his right to do what he had

done. He likewise appealed to the public in print "concerning the lawfulness of the flagellation he inflicted."

Some stupid people, we are fully aware, will regard our observations as extravagant, and even fantastic. Others, more sensible, will recognise that our reasonings are governed by logic and permeated with philanthropic motives. We go further and assert that all English history, as well as present and past experience, substantiate the doctrine of "the proper government of a man's own wife." It has been pointed out that "among other rights which the husband possessed over his wife, during the whole Anglo-Saxon period in this country, was that of beating her." The civil law allowed the husband, for some misdemeanours, *flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem*, for others only *modicam castigationem adhibere*.⁽¹⁾ "Bnt," says Blackstone in his Commentaries, "with us, in the politer reign of Charles II., this power of correction began to be doubted, and a wife may now have security of the peace against her husband. Yet the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exert their ancient privilege." Authorities are not agreed as to what constituted a "moderate castigation," or the instrument wherewith it was to be inflicted. A Welsh law fixes as a proper allowance, "Three blows with a broomstick on any part of the person except the head;" and another fixes the size of the stick at the length of the husband's arm, and the thickness of his middle finger. Another says a man may lawfully correct his wife with a stick no bigger than his thumb. A man used to tell

(1) "With whips and cudgels to thrash his wife severely,—to apply moderate chastisement."

his wife that, though a husband might not by law beat his spouse with a stick of a certain size, he might safely do so with a switch, or with his hand. Some men, not inclined to be severe, used to restrict the size of the thickness of the rod to the little finger. On one of the seats of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, at Stratford-on-Avon, is a carving representing a husband administering somewhat more than *modicam castigationem* to his wife, who figures in a very novel and uncomfortable position.

WIFE AND HUSBAND BEATING.

The following singular facts regarding conjugal cruelty have been sent us by a friend and are too pertinent to our subject to be omitted.

"Quite a little idyll was disclosed quite recently for the edification of Mr. Paul Taylor at Southwark Police Court. A gentleman was knocking his wife about when another lady interfered to protect her, and promptly received a black eye—from the wife.

"When charged before the magistrate the defendant admitted the assault, but pleaded justification, so to speak. It was all the complainant's fault, she should not have interfered, and as a final clincher, 'A man has a right to beat his own wife.'

"Mr. Paul Taylor said he had never heard the proposition of law openly stated before; but he must have forgotten the cases in the point. As a matter of fact, on the decided cases a man may beat his wife in a reasonable manner.

"In the case of Jackson v. Jackson, before the Court of Appeal, an old authority was cited which decided that a

man must not beat his wife with a stick thicker round than his own thumb. *Ergo*, he may beat her with one which doesn't exceed that limit.

"The case has never been overruled, and when cited before Lord Esher, he did not dispute that it was still good law. He only laughed.

"'He's more like a friend than a husband,' said a poor woman, whose lord never beat her.

"Some husbands, as the Divorce Court records prove, seem to forget the old lines:—

"Use the woman tenderly, tenderly;
From a crooked rib God made her slenderly.
Straight and strong he did not make her,
So if you try to bend you'll break her."

"'Neither soft words, nor the lavish giving of raiment, but the jasmine rod, brings peace to a house.'

"It has been stated that a man who lays the foundation of his married life on kindness raises a structure on sand. Many wives convince themselves that the anger of their husbands is an irrefutable proof of their love for them, and so far from being ashamed of being beaten they are proud of it.

"In Congreve's 'Way of the World' there is the character of Millamant, a most brilliant girl, who says she 'loves to give pain, because cruelty is a proof of power, and to part with one's cruelty one parts with one's power.'

"In a recent number of the *Women's Signal*, edited by Mrs. Frederick Miller, a strong plea is urged that women whose husbands have been sent to prison for ill-treating them should not be liable to be ordered back to live

with them by the magistrates, but should be entitled to have their separation and maintenance order whenever they desire it."

It is pointed out in the article—and a terrible case is cited in support of the article—that the mere fact of having caused a brutal husband to be locked up usually makes the position of the wife worse than before, and that it should rest with her, and not the magistrate, to determine whether or not she will give him another trial. It is at present an everyday occurrence for a separation order to be refused, even in cases of persistent cruelty and brutality.

"Richard Penlake would not silence break,
Till patience availed him no longer;
Then Richard Penlake a crabstick would take,
And show her that he was the stronger."

Some misguided husbands imagine that the proper management of wives is brought about by getting a mastery over them, and keeping them in a state of complete subjection. Certainly this is not the way to obtain married happiness. Well says Chaucer:—

"When mastery cometh, then sweet Love anon,
Flappeth his nimble wings and soon away is flown."

A Chinaman has a right to whip his wife with a bamboo, but the thickness of the sticks as well as the number of strokes is adjusted by law. He may divorce her for trivial causes, such as loquaciousness, bad temper, or ill-health.

In the well-known Russell matrimonial case, which has

been fully reported by the press, the following interesting argument took place:—

“Lord Watson: The Scotch Courts, in the case of the Duchess of Gordon, laid it down that an ordinary husband was entitled to administer to his wife *moderata castigatio*, but that did not apply to ladies of high rank.

“Lord Shand: That would be out of place now.

“Mr. Murphy said that neither in England nor in Ireland was there a trace of any such decision. Perhaps Scotland was more civilised.

“Lord Herschell: It has been a moot point in English law what amount of personal restraint a husband is entitled to put upon his wife in order to make her obey his reasonable demands.

“Mr. Murphy said that he did not recollect any reference to the use of the stick.

“The Lord Chancellor: Whether it was true or not, I do not know. I have never found it in my of the reports; but Mr. Justice Buller, who was a very learned lawyer, was said to have laid it down that a husband might use a stick not bigger than his thumb to his wife.”

In the course of the suit great stress was laid on the case of “Kelly v. Kelly,” which is an authority on the question of “moral” cruelty, and is worth quoting, as it is a test case.

The learned judge who presided at that trial thus describes in outline the course of the husband's treatment:—

“She was entirely deposed from her natural position as mistress of her husband's house; she was debarred the use of money entirely; not only were the household expenses withdrawn from her control, but she was not permitted to disburse anything for her own necessary expenses; every

article of dress, every trifle that she required, had to be put down on paper, and her husband provided it if he thought proper.

"Having refused on one occasion of going into the town to tell her husband everywhere that she had been, an interdict was placed on her going out at will.

"At one time, the doors were locked to keep her in; at another, a man-servant was deputed to follow her; at another, the respondent insisted on accompanying her himself whenever she wished to go abroad.

"Those whom she desired to see were forbidden the house. She was absolutely prohibited from writing any letters unless her husband saw them before they were posted.

"She was thus, as far as the respondent could achieve it, practically isolated from her friends. Meanwhile the care of the household was confided to a woman hired for the purpose, who was directed not to obey Mrs. Kelly's orders without the respondent's directions."

But there is another side to the shield. Some women are cruel to their husbands. In a well-known divorce case one of the witnesses said that the respondent was the best superintendent of police Tenby ever had. He was once a powerful man, but was now, in consequence of ill-treatment of his wife, greatly reduced in strength, and his health was bad.

The "superintendent of police," one would be inclined to think, would have had the hearty sympathy of Molière had he been his contemporary. When asked on one occasion why in some countries the king might assume the crown when fourteen years old, but could not marry till eighteen, the great French dramatist replied, "Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

And so the "superintendent of police" found to his cost.

George Eliot, in one of her novels, has the following:—

"It's a strange thing to think of a man as can lift a chair with his teeth, and will walk fifty miles on end, trembling and turning hot and cold at only a look from one woman out of all the rest in the world. It's a mystery we can give no account of; but no more we can the sprouting of the seed, for that matter."

Truly, as the poet has it:—

"Her look, was a sermon; her brow a homily."

Women require no eulogy; they speak for themselves. If they suffer, they do not so in *silence*.

Things must be very bad with a man when he finds himself obliged to employ his wife as a horse, or ass; although God knows, wives are sometimes asses enough, as most of us have bitterly learnt.

YOKED HIS YOUNG WIFE TO THE PLOUGH.

ABOMINABLE CONDUCT OF A WELL-KNOWN FARMER, WHOSE
OUTRAGEOUS BRUTALITY IS TRULY DEPLORABLE.

At the Dowchester Police Court, ⁽¹⁾ Antony Hinchliffe, a well-known farmer, was charged by his wife with persistent and brutal conduct towards her. The little court house was crowded with sympathisers of the woman, who is the third wife of the accused, and during the proceedings the spectators did not hesitate at times to loudly upbraid the husband, so much so that the chairman of the Bench threatened on several occasions to have the Court cleared, and did indeed order the removal of John Tinsdale, the brother of the accused, and the well-known football player.

⁽¹⁾ 1900.

The complainant, Sabina Hinchliffe, whose good looks immediately impressed the spectators, said she was married in June last to the defendant. She was his third wife. She did not wish to marry him, as she had heard such tales of his cruel treatment of his other wives. However, the banns were put up, and though she held out until the day before that arranged for the ceremony, she then reluctantly consented. On the day after the marriage her husband abused her, and said she would have to drop being the fine lady, and do some work on the farm. On the following morning he lashed her while she lay in bed with a dog-whip. Plaintiff then gave a long list of similar occasions on which her husband had ill-treated her, and created a sensation in court when she stated that he had on one occasion yoked her to a plough which he had lent to him for experimental purposes, and she had dragged it for half an hour.

Corroborative evidence having been called, the magistrates adjourned the case for a week, with a view to some arrangement for a separation allowance being granted to the wife. Defendant was loudly hooted on leaving the Court House.

Where the right to correct his wife is neglected by a husband, what is more natural than that the necessary correction should be administered by others? When a woman is left to her own devices, she often develops much ill-humour and a proudness of spirit that only personal beating will drive out of her. Nature has appointed the husband for this office; but, if he neglect his duty, and it be undertaken by others, no hypocritical outcry must be raised on the score of impropriety. Boys who have not been corrected at home, fall often in after life

under the magistrates' cat-o'-nine-tails. Girls, grown up to young-womanhood become castaways, when a little wholesome birching at home would have saved their erring feet. Madame de Liancourt was indecently beaten on the King's highway, when the castigation that should have curbed her haughty spirit could have well been effected years earlier by her lawful husband.

Here is another amusing old law unabrogated even at the present day.

Married gentleman contemplating the abandonment of their wives should carefully meditate the following effusion; it may act as a deterrent and save their sensitive backs.

WIFE DESERTERS AND THE CAT.

It is not generally known, but being so stated from the magisterial bench, there can be no doubt about it, that SHOULD A HUSBAND, SEPARATED FROM HIS WIFE, LEAVE HER CHILDREN DESTITUTE AND CHARGEABLE TO THE WORKHOUSE, HE IS LIABLE, AFTER BEING REPEATEDLY CHARGED AND PUNISHED FOR THAT OFFENCE, TO BE SENTENCED TO A YEAR'S IMPRISONMENT AND TO BE WHIPPED AS WELL. It is an ancient law, and remains unabolished to this day.

When William Bath emerges from the month's incarceration to which Mr. Bros sentenced him yesterday, his friends and well-wishers might call his attention to the above-mentioned fact. As was stated against him by Mr. Ricketts, senior, who prosecuted for the Holborn Guardians, in June, 1898, he left his wife and five children to go and live with a woman named Fidler. From time to time he sent her dribblets of money—a mere two or three shillings—but in March of the present year she was compelled to

seek outdoor relief from the parish. This was granted, and continued till the end of May, when the mother was permitted to leave the house taking two of the children with her, the workhouse authorities taking charge of the other three, while the absconded father was sought. The wife had altogether lost sight of him, but he still sent her small sums—so small indeed that in three months they totalled up to no more than £2 7s 6d. A warrant was issued for his apprehension on April 13 last, but it was not until a day or two ago the officer was able to serve it, when he was found in the employment of the Star Omnibus Company, who for several months past had been paying him good wages. Bath's defence was that his wife was not a nice sort of woman to live with. She nagged him, and she robbed him. Ever since he felt compelled to leave her he had sent her as much as he could afford, but she was not grateful for it; indeed, on one occasion, not having seen her for a considerable time, he offered her four shillings, and she threatened to smack it in his eye. He couldn't live with her, but was still willing to allow her all he could.

In order that he might have ample time to consider how much this should be, Mr. Bros sent him to prison for one month. ⁽¹⁾

There is a good story told of the Linlithgow shoemaking boys, but we do not vouch for its truth. Linlithgow, in Scotland, is famed as a seat of the boot and shoe manufacture, at which trade a large number of apprentices were at one time employed. A number of the lads were parish

⁽¹⁾ "Daily Telegraph," Aug. 30, 1900.

children, and many of them were well disciplined by their mistresses in the orthodox fashion; indeed, the ladies of Linlithgow were adepts at using the strap: one buxom dame in particular was so good at it that she could untruss and polish off half a dozen of her husband's apprentices in less than ten minutes! Others of the Linlithgow ladies were also adepts at flogging. After a time, some of the boys began to object to being so often laid over their mistresses' knees. They occasionally met together, and murmured their complaints to each other, determining that some day they would have a great revenge, and so they had. Four of the masters, it was known, were to proceed on a particular occasion to Edinburgh, on business; and as these were just the men whose lads were oftenest licked by the mistress, the day in question was chosen as the day of revenge. At a given moment, the mistresses of the illused boys were seized, each in her own house, and being made ready by willing hands, were treated to a dose of the "oil of strap," as flogging was then called, each lad laying on a few stripes with all his might. Dire threats of retribution were uttered, but when it was found, upon inquiry, that more than one mistress had suffered a similar fate, prudence dictated silence, and it was not till some time after the event that the masters came to know how their apprentices had served their wives while they were absent at Edinburgh. A similar story is told of some weaver boys of Kilmarnock. The mistresses in that town, we believe, were always greater floggers than the masters, and were constantly having the 'prentices over their knees for even very slight offences.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no advocates for general and indiscriminate birching. The time, we

hope, will never come, when the boy shall birch his mother, the father his daughter-in-law, and the brother his sister, or maiden aunt. There are circumstances when such action is admissible, but they do not often occur. We tremble to think what dreadful accidents might occur if universal flogging were to come into vogue. Fortunately the law has taken such eventualities into consideration. "A straw-plait manufacturer at a village in Bedfordshire, who had been in the habit of whipping females in his employment, was upon one occasion, much to his astonishment, sentenced to *six months' imprisonment* for indecently birching a girl who was in his service. We were recently told a story of a *parish girl* who obtained a coronet through being whipped by her mistress, a lady's shoemaker. The girl had been sent to wait upon a lady of rank with some ball shoes, and had behaved so awkwardly in fitting them that the lady was greatly offended. She sent her son with a note to the shop threatening to withdraw her custom, which so incensed the girl's mistress that she began to punish her before the astonished messenger had time to withdraw. The boy being struck with the hitherto hidden charms of the girl there and then revealed, sent her to be educated, and afterwards made her his wife; and the husband succeeding to a title, she became a COUNTESS!" Mistresses once had the right, no longer used in these degenerate days, to chastise their woman-folk.

The girls employed by milliners, mantle makers, stay makers, straw bonnet makers, and in other kinds of work-rooms were all liable to the Rod, and many of them were severely birched during their periods of apprenticeship. A fashionable milliner in Pall Mall, who had a very large establishment, was noted a hundred years ago for her

severity as a mistress. She had learned how to use the Rod whilst living in Paris as an abigail in a family of rank.

THE DEFERT BRUTALITIES.

The chastisement of young females may, however, be carried too far. Too sadistic practices revealed by the notable *Defert* case may still be present in the minds of those who were living in France in the days of the Third Napoleon. So extraordinary was this affair, and of such peculiar atrocity, that the account of the trial reads more like a chapter of DE SADE'S *Justine*, than anything which could really have happened in the present century. On the 3rd of December, 1859, NICOLAS and ROSE DEFERT, man and wife, inhabiting the village of "Ripont, canton de Ville-sur-Tourbe," were tried before the "Cour d'Assises de la Marne," and condemned to "*travaux forcés à perpétuité*," for flogging and otherwise barbarously ill-treating their daughter, Adeline, 17 years of age.

We translate from LA PRESSE of 17th Dec. 1859.

"Each day, morning and evening, Adeline was flogged on the naked loins and thighs with a martinet. On some occasions even her father suspended her by the wrists to the ceiling, and, in that situation, after lifting up her clothes, administered strokes of the martinet on every part of her body.

"Finally, one evening, in the month of March, the accused took her into a bakehouse at the back of the kitchen, there attached her solidly by means of ropes to a bench, her breast and belly being fixed against the wood; he then took from a fire-pan, which he had prepared,

some burning charcoal, and passing them along his daughter's legs, burned them here and there, renewing the charcoal as the pieces became extinguished. He had already burned her in the neck by the same means...

"The following morning she was again tied down to the bench, flagellated with the martinet; and, this first torture ended, her mother entered, armed with a stick, round one end of which was enrolled a rag soaked in nitric acid, and with this sort of sponge, she slowly bathed the sores resulting from the burns of the previous day.

"Not only were the open sores flagellated with a martinet, but her bleeding flesh was also beaten with a little board spiked with nails. The following day, this torture was inflicted on her; worse still, her mother burned the right cheek of her back-side by holding lighted matches to it until they were entirely consumed; after which she poured nitric acid upon the wounds...

"Defert used to address the grossest and most cynical speeches to his daughter; and, in significant conversations, had endeavoured to initiate her into an order of ideas which he ought to have carefully hidden from her. He had even attempted certain touchings of her person; but the revelations of Adeline went no further, she refusing to give more explanation on the subject. At all events it is certain that her mother had been fully informed by her of all that had taken place.

"However, she was destined to suffer a new outrage and a fresh torture. One evening, in the month of April, her brothers having gone to bed, the accused made her strip to the loins in the kitchen, and when she was thus half naked, she was put down on her back on the floor; one of her feet was tied to a table, the other to the handle

of a door: her legs in this position being lifted up and apart. Her father then introduced forcibly into her sexual organs a piece of wood which he maintained there during several minutes; the mother assisted her husband and helped him to prepare this crime. The piece of wood, a stick of elder, was found. The doctor had been able to note the strange disorders caused by this barbarous act to the organ. He had suspected the cause of it, by the very reason of the ravages he had observed. The avowals of Adeline finally explained his conjectures."

For the information of virtuous English readers who, horror-stricken by these details of diabolism, may, in their haste, imagine that such acts of cruelty are peculiar to the French, we cite the following London case reported by Pisanus Fraxi in *Centuria Librorum Absconditorum*, (page 463):—

The case of MRS. BROWNRIGG of Fleur-de-luce Court, London, will be too familiar to my readers to need any details; suffice it to mention that she was executed at Tyburn, in 1767, for the murder of her apprentice, MARY CLIFFORD, who had died of the effects of the inhuman treatment which she had received at the hands of her mistress. A writer of the time was bold enough to print an apology for this wretched female, and to argue in defence of excessive fustigations on all occasions. (¹) I extract a few of his remarks which have special reference to the matter in hand, and from which it would appear that the whipping of apprentices was very general in that day:—

I have thought (observes this cynical writer), I should do a good Work to my fellow-citizens and to the Public if I could establish the following propositions:

First. — That MRS. BROWNRIGG did not suffer in consequence of merely whipping with severity her faulty apprentices.

(¹) MRS. BROWNRIGG'S CASE FAIRLY CONSIDERED. *Adressed to the Citizens of London*, by ONE OF THEMSELVES, London, MDCCLXVII.

Secondly. — That the death of MARY CLIFFORD, following on her punishment, has nothing in it which should deter Parents, Guardians, Masters and Mistresses, Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, from using all the modes of correction, which the good old customs of this country allow, and by which the peace and order of this community are chiefly maintained.

First. — It is evident to any man of sense that MRS. BROWNRIGG was the victim of her own imprudence. She might have whipt her apprentices all she did, and even more, and attracted no public notice whatever, if she had only fed them well, lodged them commodiously, treated them with general kindness, when not correcting them, and, before all, paying due and proper attention to the healing of their sores and their general health. Her neglect of their bodies after whipping is positively surprising. If not from humanity, yet even for the gratification of her own taste, one would imagine that she would prefer to have clean and fresh skin to flog, rather than corrupt and ulcerated flesh: it is quite inexcusable. In all well-ordered Seminaries the bottoms are dressed as regularly and as neatly as the pupils. When the Rogue has been flayed at the Cart's-arse, or the soldier sacrificed at the triangle, he receives the best medical assistance to promote his recovery. A good Master or Mistress will have Rags and Ointment ready as Rods, and although it may be sometimes necessary to return to a Back or Backside, before the marks of a former flogging have disappeared, (else a sore bottom would be an excuse for any fault), yet the repeated punishment should always be followed by redoubled care. The evidence of the surgeon of the hospital, to which MARY CLIFFORD was conveyed, was to the effect "that the wounds she had received at the whippings, *for want of proper care*, occasioned her death." There is no reason to believe but that, if she had been humanely and skilfully attended to after her six whippings, she would have been as well as ever: though no doubt, six successive whippings in one day are sharp practice; yet on this point we can form no opinion till we know the amount of each whipping, and the separate provocations: the whole may not have been three dozen lashes, and we remember, in our school-experience, seeing a lad, now an Alderman of this City, horsed ten different times till he confessed that he had told a lie: he perhaps owes it to those ten successive whippings that he has been so honest

a man ever since: but he was three days in the hands of the Doctors, and looked very rueful, when he returned to school. MARY JONES, another prentice girl, seems to have been none the worse for her punishments, the mode of which was both convenient and ingenious, and will certainly be adopted in many households, when they come to hear of it.

Two chairs were laid down on the kitchen-floor in such a manner that one supported the other: the girl was then fastened tight on their backs, either naked or with her clothes over her head, and received her allowance.

The conduct too of the jury in the case of JOHN BROWNRIGG proves that they did not connect the death of MARY CLIFFORD with the whippings she had got. For this young man, either from pleasure in the sport, or out of affection to his mother, (who was much beloved by her fifteen children, though she probably did not spare the Rod in bringing them up), took a large and frequent part in the chastisement of the prentices, and was nevertheless acquitted of the charge of murder. He had several times flogged MARY MITCHELL with great gusto—tying her up to a staple on one occasion stark naked, for stealing some chestnuts, and using the horsewhip vigorously; nor did he pay less attention to MARY CLIFFORD, whipping her, one day, till he was quite tired, for not putting up a bed, and, another time, when his mother's strength was quite exhausted, topping up the punishment with twenty cuts.

All this would, I am convinced, have been set down to the lot of workhouse girls who had fallen upon a hard family and were being taught the means of an honest livelihood, through their hinder skin, in somewhat of a rough fashion. But this foolish woman, in addition to the plentiful flogging, shut them up in horrid cellars, starved them, beat them with sticks and other hard substances over the head, and allowed the wounds on their heads and bodies to grow and putrify. For this she was properly hung and her family disgraced, but this must not be confounded with just discipline. This cruelty and ferocity have nothing in common with the honest satisfaction with which the Master, the Schoolmaster, and even the Parent wields the Rod or the Whip over the posteriors of the wrong-doer, and imprints his moral lessons in fair red characters on the person of the offender. Providence has evidently implanted this instinct in the

human breast to counteract the excessive fondness of parental affection, and the torpid carelessness which would leave the young people under our care to grow up in idleness, ignorance and vice. The Rod has the "quality" applied elsewhere by our immortal bard.

"It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

I now come to my second Proposition, viz., that the sole event of the death of MARY CLIFFORD should not in any degree limit the Quantum of castigation to be administered in our establishments and in our homes. The Londoners are not deprived of their diversion of seeing a villain whipped through their streets, because a fellow occasionally catches a jail fever and dies before his scabs are healed, etc.

Both these cruel women, observes Pisanus Fraxi, were aided, it is true, by men, and more directly so in the former than in the latter instance. But the crime of the woman in both cases, and more particularly in that of the Deferts, is much more heinous, and the cruelty far greater than that of the man. One can understand a man, should the brutality of his nature be such as to admit of his attempting the chastity of his own child, seeking to avenge the affront and disappointment of a repulse by infliction of excessive punishment, but it surpasses the flight of the most savage and misanthropic imagination to conceive a mother, the natural protector of her own daughter, and that in the atrocious and unnatural manner already described.

THE ENGLISH BIBLIOMANIAC.

The De Goncourt brothers, those charming French stylists, seem to imagine that English people are maniacs for whipping—others.

We quote from their Journal:

Monday, 7th April.—I have this day visited a maniac, a

monster, one of those who are on the border of the abyss. This case has enabled me, as it were, by a veil rent in twain, to perceive the abominable depth to which the English aristocracy has fallen, and the frightful aspect of these scions of noble blood surfeited with gold, who combine ferocity with love, and whose debauchery can find satisfaction only in the sufferings of woman.

At a ball at the Grand Opera, a young English gentleman was introduced to Saint-Victor, to whom he said right at the outset, in commencing conversation, "that he did not find it so easy to amuse one's self in Paris, that there were vastly better opportunities elsewhere, that there was in London, a very respectable house, kept by a Mrs. Jenkins, where there were young girls of about thirteen years of age, to whom one began to teach their letters, but afterwards flogged them, the little ones, Oh! not severely, but the big ones right away. One could also stick pins into them, not very long ones, as long as this only, and he showed us the point of his finger; yes, until they brought blood!..." This young Englishman added placidly and quietly, "I have no naturally cruel tastes, and I stop at men and animals... Some time ago I hired a window for a heavy sum to see a murderess hanged; we had with us some women *to have fun with them afterwards*"—his expressions were always very decent—"at the moment when she was about to be executed, we had requested the hangman to lift up her petticoats just a little at the critical moment!... When unfortunately, at the last moment, she was pardoned by the Queen!"

To-day therefore, M. Saint-Victor introduced me to this terribly strange character. He was a young man of about thirty years of age, bald, his cheeks bluff like the

sides of an orange, clear blue and sharp eyes, his skin extremely delicate, showing distinctly the subcutaneous veins, and his head—most peculiar—that of one of those emaciated and ecstatic young priests who may be seen in ancient pictures to surround saintly bishops. He was an elegant young gentleman, rather stiff in the arms, and in the movements of his body, at the same time abrupt and febrile, denoting the incipient symptoms of a spinal disease. With that, extremely well bred, exquisitely polite and of most particularly gentle manner.

He opened a large and high cabinet, in which was a curious collection of erotic books, admirably bound, and showing to us a MEIBOMIUS, on the *Utility of Flagellation in the Pleasures of Love and of Marriage*, put together by the first binders in Paris, with external artistic tooled ornaments, representing the phallus, a death's head, and instruments of torture, of which he produced the drawings; ⁽¹⁾ he said to us with regard to these ornaments: "No! At first, the artist refused to execute them... then I lent him some of my books... Now he makes his wife very unhappy... he runs after little girls... but I got the binding I wanted." Then showing us a book all prepared for the binder, he said: "For this volume I await a skin, the skin of a young girl... which one of my friends has procured me... It is now being tanned... Six months is necessary to tan it... Do you wish to see this skin?... but that is immaterial... it was necessary that the skin should be taken off from a living young girl. Fortunately, I had a friend, Dr. B..., who explores

(¹) This book, on the death of Mr. HANKEY, the amateur in question, later came under the auctioneer's hammer at the Hôtel Drouot.

the interior of Africa, as you know . . . well, in the massacres which periodically occur there . . . he has promised to take for me the skin of a still living negress."

And as he still abstractedly contemplates his finger-nails before him, he continues to speak, and his words enter into your soul like the painful thrust of a gimlet." ⁽¹⁾

* * *

SHALL FEMALE PRISONERS BE WHIPPED?

An American journalist of great talent wrote the following preface for "NELL IN BRIDEWELL," (Paris, 1899), but owing to the delay of his MS. we were unable to utilise it in time, in the right place, a preface having been meanwhile written by ourselves. The question of the fustigation of female culprits is so ably dealt with that we offer this essay, as a fruitful field of suggestion to some budding legislator anxious to win fame and do good.

"LENCHEN IM ZUCHTHAUSE" is on the whole the most meritorious work of fiction extant, having flagellation as its theme. The only one which can be said to vie with it is the recent production, the "MEMOIRS OF DOLLY MORTON." But while "Dolly" is equally interesting as a story or as a series of pictures, while it is equally veracious in adherence to historical detail and human probability; it falls short of the notable German work in several important characteristics. "LENCHEN" excels in literary style, surpasses it in psychological analysis and outclasses it in the effort to suggest the truth of a great sociological problem. As it seems to us, "LENCHEN" to thinking minds very satisfactorily

⁽¹⁾ "*Journal des Goncourt*," 2nd vol. 1862—1865, 1887.

suggests a conclusion on the much involved question of corporal punishment for women: but, strangely enough, this conclusion is the direct opposite of what the heroine continually argues and what the author indubitably intended. In a word, we regard "LENCHEN IM ZUCHTHAUSE" as an irresistible argument in favour of whipping, administered in nursery fashion but with adult severity, as the best punishment for female offenders.

"LENCHEN IM ZUCHTHAUSE" is the work of Wilhelm Reinhard, concerning whom all the available personal information seems to be that he died in 1858. The book is thus described by the noted bibliographer Hugo Hayn in his "Bibliotheca Germanorum Erotica," (Leipzig 1885):—

"Vergriffen und höchst selten. Schildert romanartig den Flagellantismus im Zuchthause im Briefen an eine Freundin, und hebt hauptsächlich das Unmoralische einer öffentlichen Entblössung und Zuchtigung hervor." (1)

This much sought and extremely rare edition has become since 1885 almost impossible to procure. There seems to be strong and growing interest in whipping in Germany, and 15 marks, Bielefeld's price in 1880, (Cat. 151, No. 1276), would now be laughed at by any bookseller lucky enough to secure the prize. We know of a recent occasion upon which 60 marks were scornfully refused.

The amateurs of the rod, however, are not on this account obliged to remain unedified by this remarkable contribution to flagellant lore. In 1872, a second edition, slightly modified so as to avoid modern censorship, was given to the press and many others have followed from the same plates. The work is now as easily obtainable as any work

(1) Reinhard, W., LENCHEN IM ZUCHTHAUSE, Carlsruhe. 1840, 8vo.

of German literature. So far as we are aware, however, the present is the first translation which has been made of it, a surprising circumstance when the fascinations of the subject and the merits of the treatment are considered.

Quite recently, a set of plates to illustrate the text has been prepared by an enterprising South German publisher. They are *photogravures* of considerable historic accuracy and of good artistic merit. They are 12 in number, and their subjects are as follows:—

- I. Lenchen implores mercy of her Lady.
- II. Lenchen is bathed.
- III. Johannes receives "the Russian."
- IV. Leonora's "welcome."
- V. Lenchen receives her first stripes.
- VI. The punishment of Basil.
- VII. Catherine punished with rods.
- VIII. The whipping of Minnie.
- IX. Tommy runs the gauntlet.
- X. Trying on the punishment drawers.
- XI. Harry chastised with chains at the post.
- XII. Lena gets salve rubbed on her buttocks.

To these there should certainly have been added the plate, "Das Wilkomm," which is issued with Cæsar Krause's essay "Das Deutsche Zuchthause," for if this picture was not designed to portray the whipping of Lenchen, (little Lena or Helena), it none the less fits Reinhard's text down to a crease in the "Strafhosen."

The publication of the work in Carlsruhe would naturally suggest that penitentiary discipline in Baden was the matter uppermost in the author's mind. But the records seem to show that whipping, especially of women, was less practised in that State than in any of its neighbours. That it was

the commonest possible practice in Germany down to the middle of the present century is a fact proven by the superabundance of evidence. All the old German law books contemplate the whipping of women, either the Staupbeses, whipping at the post, a penalty generally inflicted in public on the bare back and shoulders of the offender, or Ruthenzuchtigung or Stockochilling, viz, the whipping of the buttocks with rod or cane. This was invariably inflicted on women in private, or only in presence of a select company. Sometimes the culprit's posterior was laid entirely bare: this was always the case when the rod was used, and a woman then usually, though not always, inflicted the chastisement. Sometimes and in some places, the flesh was veiled by a single garment: a thin petticoat, a chemise, or a thin tight pair of drawers. The whip or cane was usually applied when any covering was allowed, and men were employed to wield the instrument of torture, the purpose of the garment being of course, to protect the modesty, and not the person of the sufferer.

This is not the place to cite long passages from authorities in support of the authenticity of the statements made. The amateur can easily get evidence for himself. We refer him for copious information *inter alia* to D. Hausens's "Stock und Peitsche im 19ta. Jahrhundert," Dirden 1899, and Cæsar Krause's "Das Deutsche Zuchthause," Dresden, 1898. These works leave little doubt that in many of the female reformatories of Germany, the Warchhaus of Hamburg, for instance, girls and women are even to-day spanked and birched on their thinly covered or naked bottoms for offences against discipline.

Reinhard's purpose was to show that whipping was an improper and an unfit punishment for women.

Is this truly so? We think not.

It would seem that the entire discussion resolves itself into this ultimate question:—

Is it effectual?

There can be no doubt as to the answer. It is the most effectual of all punishments for women. It is the only one they really fear. Reinhard shows this plainly. His women, bad and good, take the risks of imprisonment,—even death in the case of Leonora,—without any great hesitation. The fear of the rod dominates them. Not one of them, were the thing to do again, would dare do it knowing the fate that impended over her plump white flesh. Lenchen confesses this deterrent effect, and the truth of the mental processes through which she passes appeals to every student of human nature.

One word as to the stock objections to the use of the rod. They are three in number:

1. It is cruel.
2. It is immodest.
3. It is demoralizing.

Let us consider them briefly, one by one.

All punishments inflicted on women are, in a sense cruel. They excite our sympathies more than do sufferings of men, whose hardy mental and physical constitutions fit them better for all the vicissitudes of life. But it is an indisputable fact that women must often be punished, severely punished indeed, and therefore the issue of cruelty becomes merely one of degree.

To us it seems that there is far less cruelty in a short sharp correction, administered in a way which makes lasting injury impossible, than in prolonged periods of bread and water, dark cells, handcuff and chain, stock or

pillory, straight jacket, or any other of the devices a fanciful humanitarianism has provided for modern prison government. The exhaustion which is the inevitable and intentional result of all these devices is, as we look at it, far more cruel, because far more injurious, than the application of twenty or even fifty smart smacks or swishes to the soft, fleshy protuberances which nature seems to have designed especially to be whipped.

Indeed this argument might logically be carried much further. There are many who hold—and are they not right—that for all minor offences committed by women, particularly by women of good repute, private corporal chastisement of the parental or scholastic type should be substituted for imprisonment, with its ruin to reputation and corrupting associations.

As for the immodesty of whipping, it is obviously fanciful. We certainly do not favour the administration of flogging by men. This, it must be confessed, is an unnecessary and disgraceful addition to the moral pain. But if women are to be the executioners, what is there in the exposure which is especially offensive to the proprieties. When a woman is admitted to a prison, she undergoes a physical search, which sometimes is more intimate even than a vaginal examination. This latter, she never escapes. Then she is periodically subjected to similar inspection, both for hygienic reasons and to prevent her from possessing contraband articles. Does any one ever protest against the immodesty of these searches? Would it be possible to dispense with them? Further, the prisoners are forced to bathe in a complete state of nudity in each others' presence and in presence of the women keepers. Does any one see any immodesty in this? But why go to prison to

measure the limits of modesty or immodesty *entre femmes*. Go to a Turkish bath, or ask some lady who frequents one. Enquire as to her scrupulous female room-mates or intimates of any sort as about the revelation of their secret charms in the process of the toilet, or on other chance occasion. Let it be understood, we do not mean vicious, but average women. It is not true that the vast majority of them are vitally indifferent regarding total or partial nudity, so long as the masculine eye is absolutely excluded.

Of course, it is humiliating to a woman to be strapped on a bench, or over the edge of a table, or to a ladder or post, with her skirts raised above her waist and her drawers off or loose about her heels, all these conditions being arranged in order that she may expiate her sin by the smart of her skin. But her humiliation is part of the penalty, and the semi-sexual feeling, called modesty, has nothing or almost nothing to do with her feelings, a fact which we think is amply proven by the consideration that other women, compelled to behold her plight or choosing to do so, are in no way abashed or ashamed at the spectacle which she presents.

Finally, the theory that whipping is demoralizing we believe to have no basis in reason or common sense. Why should it be so? Or, rather, is it not far less so than any other punishment that a woman can undergo. Compare it with the ordeal of a public trial in court, before a crowd of curious and heartless spectators. Compare it with the misery of newspaper accounts of the offence, the trial, the penalty, the social status, the personal appearance of the unfortunate erring creature. Compare it with the police cell, the prison searching, the costume, the cutting

of the hair, the rigid discipline, the servile labour. We venture to say that there is not one woman arrested out of ten thousand, who, had she the choice, would fail to choose the severest chastisement, coupled with the salvation of her good name and her self-respect, in preference to even a night of detention and an appearance in court, not to speak of the other subsequent sufferings. We hold that every respectable woman who comes under the ban of the law should have this option on her first offence, by signing a confession of guilt, to be kept in the secret police archives; she should forthwith be sentenced to a whipping of greater or less severity in proportion to her crime. This whipping should then be privately administered by women without any delay, and she should be suffered to go her way, her identity being for that time, at least, scrupulously veiled.

That Reinhard did not consider whipping demoralizing, is sufficiently plain. He subjects three females of good character to it, Lenchen herself, Leonora and the young girl Minnie. Not one of them is injured in moral tone by it. On the contrary, they are all elevated in their principles rather than depraved by their chastisement, a result not so evident as respects Lenchen's other prison experiences.

With these introductory remarks, we commend the narrative which follows to our readers. Sympathetically read, it will, we feel assured, give deep satisfaction. It is a valuable continuation of sociology and its kindred science: penology. Thus it appeals to the intellect. But the senses and the imagination are not ignored, and those who take an artistic or sensuous delight in well rounded, undulating female attractions, beautiful in the complicating tints of

strawberries and cream, will find no small delight in the perusal of the pages.

THE WHIPPING OF PROSTITUTES.

It used to be the custom in England to flog loose women. We take the following curious account from the "LONDON SPY":—

"From thence my Friend conducted me to *Bridewell*, being Court-Day, to give me the Diversion, of seeing the *Letchery* of some Town Ladies cool'd by a Cat-of-Nine-tails:.... We then turn'd into the Gate of a Stately Edifice, which my Friend told me was *Bridewell*, at my first entrance, it seem'd to me rather a Prince's Palace, than a House of Correction; till gazing round me, I saw in a large Room a parcel of Ill-looking Mortals Stripp'd to their Shirts like *Haymakers*, Pounding a Pernicious Weed, which I had thought, from their Unlucky Aspects, seem'd to threaten their Destruction.... From thence we turn'd into another Court, the Buildings, being like the former, Magnificently Noble; where straight before us was another Grate, which prov'd the Women's Apartment: We follow'd our Noses and walk'd up to take a view of these Ladies, who we found were shut up as close as Nuns; but like so many Slaves, were under the Care and Direction of an Over-seer, who walk'd about with a very flexible Weapon of Office, to Correct snch Hempen Journey-Women who were unhappily troubled with the Spirit of Idleness. These smelt as frowzily as so many Goats in a *Welsh* Gentleman's Stable, or rather a Litter of Piss-tail Children under the Care of a Parish Nurse; and look'd with as much Modesty as so many *Newgate* Saints

Canoniz'd at the *Old Baily*; being all as Chearful over their Shameful Drudgery, notwithstanding their Miserable Circumstances, as so many Jolly Crispins in a Garret o'er *St. Hugh's Bones*, or *Vulcans* in a Cellar o'er the merry Clinks of the Sledge and Anvil. Some seem'd so very Young, that I thought it very strange they should know Sin enough at those Years to bring them so early into a State of Misery... Being now both tired with, and amazed at, the Confidence and Loose Behaviour of these Degenerate Wretches, who had neither Sense of Grace, Knowledge of Virtue, Fear of Shame, or Dread of Misery, my Friend Reconducted me back into the first Quadrangle, and led me up a pair of Stairs into a Spacious Chamber, where the Court was sitting in great Grandeur and Order. A Grave Gentleman, whose Awful Looks bespoke him some Honourable Citizen, was mounted in the Judgement Seat, Arm'd with a Hammer, like a *Change-Broker* at *Loyds-Coffee-House*, when selling *Goods* by Inch of Candle; and a Woman under the Lash in the next Room; where Folding Doors were open'd, that the whole Court might see the Punishment Inflicted; at last down went the Hammer, and the Scourging Ceas'd that I protest, till I was undciev'd I thought the Offenders had been Popish Penitents, why by the Delusion of their Priests, were drawn thither to buy Lashes by Auction. The Honourable Court, I observ'd, were chiefly Attended by Fellows in Blew-Coats, and Women in Blew-Aprons. Another Accusation being then deliver'd by a Flat-Cap against a poor Wench, who having no Friend to speak in her Behalf, Proclamation was made, *viz.*, *All you who are willing E—th I—ll, should have present Punishment, Pray hold up your Hands:* Which was done accordingly: And then she was

order'd the Civility of the House, and was forc'd to shew her tender Back, and tempting Bubbies, to the Grave Sages of the August Assembly, who were moved by her Modest Mien, together with the Whiteness of her Skin, to give her but a Gentle Correction. ⁽¹⁾

WOMAN AND THE WHIP;

BY EDGAR JEPSON.

Women are charming and delightful creatures, and since I confessd, in my late eulogy of them, that those of my married friends who whipped their wives were happier than those who did not, certain ladies, acquaintances of mine, have assured me with some heat and a quite conclusive air that if I were to strike them they would kill me. I have no desire in the world to strike the charming and delightful creatures: I have, indeed, my own affairs to attend to: and that they are, presumably, unwhipped is their misfortune, and not my fault. But I do not wish to appear to have spoken lightly on so important a matter, and I feel that I shall be doing what in me lies to further human, and female happiness, if I set forth more fully the advantages to both races which spring from the whipping of wives.

The most ancient of human customs, its adoption marked man's final severance from the beasts which perish. The sketches of the cave-man attest its immense antiquity, the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians connect it with historic times. The aphorism, "Happy is the woman who has been well whipped," is as certainly the earliest crystallisation of the brooding of the Aryan, as is "Neither soft words,

⁽¹⁾ *The London Spy*. London, 1704, (pp. 129, 136, 139, 140.)

nor the lavish giving of raiment, but the jasmine rod brings peace to a household," the earliest crystallisation of the brooding of the Semite. It was a practice honoured in the Golden Age, in the very morning of the world; it has distinguished the strong peoples from the weak down all the long vista of history; it has adorned the most glorious periods in the annals of the Empires; it has been the one conspicuous practice of the rare and brief advances of the human spirit.

To the student of history it is a commonplace that the rule of the women is the ruin of the people, and he will be able to tell you exactly what stage in its rise or decline any nation has reached by ascertaining the proportion of wife-beaters—conscientious, not brutal or flippant, wife-beaters—in it to the whole body of its married men, and at what rate they are increasing or decreasing. A nation rises very slowly to the highest point of advancement congruent with the national character, and throughout its rising the practice of wife-beating steadily increases. But when once it has touched that highest point, a general lassitude invades men, spreading slowly to every sphere of energy, until they even begin to whip their wives with a less conscientious zest. Little by little, the discharge of this once pleasantest and almost sacred duty grows more and more of an effort; the clamour of the sentimentalist brings it into disrepute; the fatal and corrupting habit of taking the charming and delightful creatures seriously quickly corrodes the national spirit; and the nation races down the road to ruin.

We Britons, indeed, have very little respect for the man who neglects to consult his wife's best interests with a whip; but I fear that the number of conscientious wife-

beaters in the British Empire is not as great as once it was. Yet there are more of them than there were a few years ago. Those who, like myself, can recall the horrors of the Gladstonian age—culminating as they did in the apotheosis of the minx, and the passage through England of inflated females shrieking an insane gospel of the spanking of man into womanliness—will remember how few wives were whipped in those days. The country fell into the hands of the “poor little street-bred people,” who feed upon newspapers; buzzing on their silly way in search of something new and nasty, they forgot all wisdom; feeble and thin blooded, they had no grip on life, and the woman got a grip on them; until, making a fetish of her, they abased themselves veritably in the dust before her feet, and by mere noisy numbers forced upon the general practice the monstrous custom of sparing the rod and spoiling the wife; and, in a sentimental Saturnalia, the maxims relating to wife-beating, the old laws regulating domestic discipline and conjugal correction on which were founded the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race, were all forgotten.

We are, I am pleased to think, in a reaction from these extravagances. The street-bred, indeed, still feed on their newspapers, the sentimentalist squeals, and the unwhipped woman ramps; but the man of sense has returned to the sound practice of his forefathers, and heeds them no more than buzzing flies. Yet since for a while the practice of whipping one's wife fell into disuse, inexperience hinders its proper full revival; and it is to the inexperienced that I address myself. For this ancient and honourable observance is not, as rash young husbands suppose, to be set about lightly. I am, in truth, of the opinion that it is

better not to beat a wife at all than to beat her improperly. Women are charming and delightful creatures, but they are fragile and of fragile sensibilities; and there is nothing more humiliating to a highspirited woman than to be beaten improperly. She minds very little whether she be beaten for a good reason or a bad one—reasons are nothing to her—but she cannot endure half measures, and she demands very rightly, when she is whipped, to be whipped properly. In an entirely misplaced tenderness of heart the tyro in marriage believes that a few cuts from his whip will meet the case—sometimes, in the earlier days of his extravagant affection, it may be as much as he can bring himself to. He must harden his resolution, and brace himself with the thought that use, and use alone, will enable him to discharge this duty without a pang. Let him whip his wife properly, that is, as near insensibility as he can without doing violence to his feelings. A few cuts but intensify the turbulent spirit of revolt in her, they wound her pride without spurring her devotion; while a woman who has been properly whipped, so that the remembrance of the whipping remains vivid for a fortnight, will, if she have any spirit, rise to a height of passionate devotion to her husband of which the unwhipped never dream; at the least, she will entertain for him that profound respect which is the only sure guarantee of connubial felicity.

Touching the best instrument for securing your wife's passionate devotion to you, I know nothing to compare with a well-balanced silver-handled whip; the silver satisfies a woman's luxurious taste for prettiness, and is so gratefully soothing to her self-importance that she will presently take a pride in keeping it brightly polished. The precisian,

of course, clinging pedantically to the rule of thumb of the English law, will use a stick. But no husband in whom the æsthetic sensibilities have been rightly cultivated can endure the unpleasant greens and blues left by a bruising stick; and this ruffling of his sensibilities may in the end make him lax in consulting his wife's best interests. While a really nice fellow would as soon put himself to the discomfort of assuming the hobnailed boots of the bricklayer, and kick his wife, on the ground that this is a democratic age, as use a bruising stick on the ground that the English law forbids it to be thicker than the thumb, when a whip which only cuts will serve him as well. We are, however, slaves of circumstance; and it may very well befall you that on a country walk you may have so serious a difference of opinion with your wife, that you cannot wait till you reach home, but you must thresh out the matter on the spot. It is well, therefore, in view of such an emergency, to carry a light cane, and make the best of it, hardening yourself to bear manfully the blue and green results.

But more important by far than the instrument are the attitude you should assume and the temper you should display when whipping your wife. Some men assume a careless and jaunty air, others the sinister bearing of the stage villain, others an air of cold severity. Of these the scowl of melodrama is best. The jaunty air is grievously wounding to a woman's natural pride, as making her whipping a matter of little moment; and you do not want to hurt your wife's feelings when you whip her. But the cold, reasonable severity is fatal, if you would secure your wife's passionate devotion. A woman cannot understand reason, and your possession of it humiliates and terrifies

her beyond words, by setting you too high above her. It is best of all to feign to be inflamed by a furious anger when you whip her; for acting always on the emotion of the moment herself, she will easily understand and condone an action in you which seems to spring from passion. There is, too, a touch of weakness in furious anger; and after all she loves you for your weaknesses: they make you nearer akin to her. With her charming and delightful power of crooked imaginatiou, she will find in your violence an irrefutable proof of your love for her, and far from being ashamed of her whipping, she will glory in it. Moreover, your having acted under the impulse of ungovernable passion paves a very easy way to reconciliation—you can assure her that you were not responsible for what you did, making it plain that a like misdoing on her part will excite a like access of irresponsibility on yours.

With regard to the frequency of the whipping, it would be ridiculous to lay down a fixed rule; manifestly it must vary with the wife. There are women of an acerbity which needs constant tempering, while with others an occasional whipping will go a long way. I have, indeed, reason to suspect that there are women who do not need whipping at all, and I only claim to be trying to secure the highest good of that charming and delightful creature, the average woman. Besides her, there is the good woman, who, as we know, is better than rubies, and very much rarer.

CORRECTION OF A JEALOUS WOMAN.

The following was communicated by an eye-witness.

Not more than a dozen years since, an amusing scene

of conjugal correction took place in the outskirts of Paris. A well-known and talented author was often in the habit of hospitably entertaining his numerous friends: men of letters, artists and journalists, at his pretty villa an hour's journey distant from the capital. Some years previously he had married a pretty girl much younger than himself, and not very intellectually gifted. She was however, greatly attached to her husband, notwithstanding the disparity of age, but was fearfully jealous, and took it into her head that the friends who came to see him, most of them men of literary eminence, were leading him astray, and causing him sometimes to remain out late when he went to Paris. So she got into the unfortunate habit, whenever they came to dine with him in the country, of casting all sorts of reproaches, which degenerated into positive abuse.

One day, when she had forgotten herself more than usual by grossly insulting an old and esteemed friend of her husband's family, heaping contumely upon him, before several other persons, her husband, a big powerful man, losing all patience, suddenly seized hold of her, and before she had time to resist, laid her across his knee, lifted up her petticoats and, before his astonished guests, then and there gave her that sort of hearty smacking, usually administered to a naughty child. He then released her, and the poor little woman rushed from the room, overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

The lesson was a severe one, but it was quite effectual. From that day my lady was a loving and contented little wife, no longer jealous of her husband, nor did she ever again vent her ill-humour before his friends or at their expense.

MORAL.

With some ladies arguments suffice, with others, caresses, but those who refuse to learn wisdom any way require sharp, severe, and decisive smacking.

* * *

In cases of jealousy, we submit that it would be more sensible, more humane, more Christian even to chastise than to crush; to correct rather than to kill. WE PLEAD FOR FLAGELLATION AS A CURE FOR INFIDELITY. Surely a good beating, or a whole series of good beatings should have sufficed in the following case, rather than the slaying and shameful indignity that was resorted to.

THE VENGEANCE OF A NEAPOLITAN;

FROM THE FRENCH OF ANATOLE FRANCE,

Based upon a chronicle of Brantôme.

There were grand *fêtes* at Naples when the Prince de Venosa, who was a rich and powerful lord, married Donna Maria, of the illustrious house of Avalos. Twelve cars, drawn by horses covered with scales, feathers, or hides, to represent dragons, griffins, lions, lynxes, panthers, or unicorns, were filled with naked men and women, whose bodies were gilded, who personated all the deities of Olympus, come down to earth to participate in the wedding rejoicings, and thus drove through the city. In one of the cars was a young boy with wings, who trampled under foot three horrible, ugly, old women. Above the car was a board,

painted with this motto: LOVE CONQUERS THE FATES. This was intended to signify that the couple had a long and happy life before them. But it was a false prophecy that their love was to prove stronger than destiny. Two years after her marriage, one day when she was hawking, Donna Maria d'Avalos, saw the Duke d'Andria, who was handsome and well made, and fell in love with him. As she was modest, of high birth, careful of her reputation, and in that first youth when women are not bold enough to satisfy their desires, she did not send a go-between to the gentleman to appoint a meeting at a church or in her house. She hid her feelings, and waited until her lucky star should bring to her him who, in the twinkling of an eye, had become dearer to her than life. She did not have to wait long. For the Duke d'Andria, who thought her beautiful, came at once to visit the Prince de Venosa. Meeting Donna Maria alone in the palace, he asked with loving insistence for that which she was disposed and even resolved to grant him. Without delay, she led him to her chamber, and gave herself up to him. And when he thanked her for having ceded to his desires, she replied:

"Monseigneur, the desire was more mine than your's. It was I who wished that we should be in one another's arms, as we now are, in this bed where I will welcome you whenever you please to come."

And from that day, Donna Maria d'Avalos received in her chamber the Duke d'Andria whenever he came,—which happened very often,—for the Prince de Venosa hunted a good deal, and sometimes passed whole weeks amusing himself with his friends in one of his country houses.

All the time that Donna Maria was lying with her lover, her nurse Lucia was on the watch at the door, telling her

beads, and trembling lest the Prince should return unexpectedly.

For his jealous and violent character was well-known. His enemies accused him of cunning and cruelty. They said he was a mixture of wolf-hound and fox, and a worse beast than either. But his friends praised him because he never forgot a kindness and never brooked an insult.

Fully three months had the enjoyment of the lovers continued without either fear or anxiety, when one morning the nurse came into Donna Maria's chamber and said:

"Listen to me, my pretty pearl! I have not come to talk about flowers or sweetmeats, but about a serious and terrible business. The Prince de Venosa has heard some evil about you and the Duke d'Andria. I saw him just now in the court, when he mounted his horse. He bit his moustache, which is a bad sign. He spoke to two men who looked like cut-throats, and I heard him say, 'Watch without being seen.' That is what the noble prince told them. Unfortunately, he said no more when he saw me. My pretty little pearl, it is as true as that there is a heaven above us, if the Prince catches you with the Duke d'Andria he will kill you both. And then, what will become of me?"

The nurse talked thus for a long time, but Donna Maria made no reply except to send her away.

As it was spring-time, the lady went that day for a walk in the country, with some of her friends. And as they were going down a path between two hedges of roses, one of the ladies said:

"Donna Maria, dogs often follow travellers, and we are being followed by a big black and white dog."

The Princess turned her head, and recognized a Domini-

can monk who came every day in the summer to lie in the courtyard of the Venosa palace, and in the winter warmed himself in the kitchen.

The nurse, however, finding that her mistress took no heed of her warning, went to the Duke d'Andria. He had reason to fear that the secret of his love affair had unfortunately been discovered. The previous evening he had been followed by two ruffians armed with daggers, and had killed one of them, whereupon the other took to flight. The Duke had no doubt but that these assassins had been sent by the Prince de Venosa.

"Lucia," he said to the nurse, "I greatly dread any danger which menaces Donna Maria d'Avalos as well as myself. Tell her, that however much I feel the loss I will not see her again till the Prince's suspicions have been removed."

The nurse carried this message the same evening to Donna Maria, who heard her impatiently and bit her lips till they bled.

Knowing that the Prince was at that time away from home, she ordered the nurse to fetch the Duke Andria at once, and bring him to her chamber. As soon as he came, she said to him:

"Monseigneur, to pass a day without seeing you, is terrible torture. I shall have the courage to die, but I have not the courage to support your absence. You should not love me if you have not equal courage. You should not love me if you prefer anything in the world to my love—even though it were my honour or my life. Choose then whether you will continue to see me every day, or never see me again."

He replied:

"Then, madam, let us take what happiness we can, since misfortune is sure to come. True it is that I love you as you wish to be loved—more than your life."

That day, which was a Thursday, they remained long together, folded in each other's arms. No event of importance happened till the Monday following, when the Prince informed his wife that he was going with a numerous suite to Rome, whither he had been ordered by the Pope, to whom he was related. In fact, twenty horses ready saddled were waiting in the courtyard. Then the Prince kissed his wife's hand, as was his custom when he was going to be absent a rather long time. When he had mounted his horse, he turned to her, and said, "God keep you, Donna Maria!" and left with all his attendants.

As soon as she judged he was outside the city, the Princess ordered her nurse to fetch the Duke Andria. The old woman begged her to put off a meeting which she was sure would end badly.

"My dove," she said, on her knees, and with her hands clasped together; "do not have Duke Andria fetched to-day. All last night, I heard the Prince's servants sharpening their weapons. Besides, the good friar who comes to the kitchen every day to receive his food, has just knocked over a salt-cellar with his sleeve. Give your lover a little rest, my darling. You will have all the more pleasure when you do see him, and he will love you all the better."

But Donna Maria d'Avalos replied:

"Nurse, if he is not here in a quarter of an hour, I will send you back to your brother's house in the mountains."

And when the Duke Andria came to her, she received him with an ardent joy.

"My lord," she said to him, "our day will be happy and our night still better. I shall keep you till daybreak."

And at once they began to kiss and embrace each other. Then divesting themselves of their clothes, they went to bed, and embraced each other so long that when evening came it found them pressed to each other's breast. Then, as they were very hungry, Donna Maria took from her bridal coffer, a chicken pie, some preserved fruit, and a flask of wine which she had taken care to provide. After they had eaten and drunk as much as they wished, amidst a thousand love tricks, the moon rose and shone in at the window so resplendently that they wished to salute her. They stood on the balcony, and breathed the fresh evening air, and watched the fire-flies flit through the dark bushes. All was still except the chirping of the insects in the grass. Then a footfall echoed through the street, and Donna Maria recognised the mendicant friar who haunted the kitchen and the courtyard of the palace, and whom she had one day met when she was walking amidst the flowers with two ladies. She gently closed the window, and returned to the bed with her lover. They had been lying thus an hour, embracing, and murmuring the sweetest words which had ever been inspired by love at Naples or anywhere else in the world, when they suddenly heard the sound of footsteps and of arms on the stairs; at the same time they saw a red glare through the chinks of the door. Then they heard the voice of the nurse cry, "Holy Virgin! I am killed." Duke Andria jumped up, seized his sword, and said:

"Come, Donna Maria! We must leap out of the window."

But when he went on the balcony and leaned over it, he saw that the street was guarded by armed men.

Then he returned to Donna Maria, who said to him :

"All is finished ! But I regret nothing that I have done, my dear lord."

"That was well said," he replied, and hastened to put on his clothes.

The door trembled under the heavy blows which were struck on it, and the planks began to split.

"I should like to know who it was that betrayed us," he said.

As he was looking for his shoes, the door was burst open, and a number of men carrying weapons and torches rushed into the chamber. The Prince de Venosa was amongst them, and cried :

"Down with the gallant ! Kill him ! Kill him !"

The Duke placed himself before the bed on which Donna Maria was, and engaged the three men who attacked him, (there were in all six of the Prince's retainers), and although blinded by the light of the torches, he succeeded in parrying several thrusts, and putting in some dangerous ones himself, but catching his foot amongst the remains of the repast, which was strewn on the floor, he fell down backwards. When he was on his back, a sword was put to his throat ; he seized the blade with his left hand, and the man in drawing it back cut off three of his fingers, and bent his sword. As Duke Andria raised himself on his elbow in order to rise, one of his assailants dealt him such a blow on the head that it split his skull. Then the six men threw themselves upon him and finished him with so much haste that they wounded each other.

When this was done, the Prince de Venosa commanded them to draw back, and advancing to Donna Maria d'Avalos, who until then had been sitting on the edge of the

bed, he pushed her with the point of his sword towards the corner of the room where the marriage coffer stood, and keeping her thus in the corner, he said:

"*Puttana!*"

Ashamed of being naked, she tried to draw over her some of the bed-clothes, but he prevented her by a sword thrust which grazed her side.

She stood against the wall, covered her charms with her hands and arms, and waited.

He did not cease to cry: "*Puttana!*"

But, as he did not kill her, she was afraid. He saw this, and said with joy:

"You are afraid!"

But she, pointing with her finger to the lifeless body of Duke Andria, replied:

"Fool! what should I fear now?" and in order not to appear frightened, she tried to recall to mind a song she had often sung when a young girl, and began to hum it between her teeth.

The Prince, furious to see that she braved him, pricked her in the belly, and cried:

"Ah! *Sporca puttacia.*"

She left off singing, and said:

"Monsieur, it is two years since I confessed."

At these words the Prince de Venosa remembered that if she died damned, her ghost might come at night and take him to hell with her. He asked:

"Do you wish to confess?"

She reflected a moment, then shook her head:

"It is useless. I cannot save my soul. I do not repent. I cannot, I will not repent. I love him! I love him! Let me die in his arms!"

She suddenly pushed aside the sword, threw herself with a bound upon the bleeding corpse of Duke Andria, and embraced it.

Seeing this the Prince de Venosa lost his patience, and no longer desired to make her suffer before he killed her. He passed his sword through her body. She cried "Jesus!" turned over, then stood erect; a slight shiver passed through all her limbs, and she fell dead. He stabbed her several times again, in the belly and breast. Then he said to his serving-men:

"Throw these two carcasses as the foot of the grand staircase; and open wide the doors of the palace that all may see how I avenge a wrong."

He ordered the corpse of her lover to be stripped like the other. The servants did as they were commanded, and the bodies of the Duke Andria and Donna Maria remained naked at the foot of the stairs all day. The passers-by drew near to look, and the news of the murder having spread through the city a crowd of curious sight-seers assembled before the palace. Some said:

"It was well done!" Others, and by far the greater number, were seized with pity, but they did not dare to lament for the victims of the Prince, for fear of being maltreated by the armed retainers who guarded the corpses. The young men sought on the body of the Princess for traces of the beauty which had caused her ruin; and the children whispered explanations of the tragedy to one another.

Donna Maria was lying on her back. The lips were drawn back, the teeth showed, and she appeared to be laughing. The eyes were wide open, and all white. Six wounds could be seen, three in the belly, which was swollen,

two on the breast, and one in the neck. The latter bled profusely and the dogs came and licked up the blood.

At nightfall, the Prince ordered resin torches to be put, as on grand occasions, in the bronze rings which were fastened to the walls of the palace, and to light great fires in the courtyard, that spectators might be able to see the criminals. At midnight a pious widow brought sheets, which she laid over the bodies, but, by order of the Prince these sheets were soon torn away.

The Spanish Ambassador having heard of the shameful treatment inflicted on a lady of the Spanish house of Avalos, came himself to earnestly beg the Prince de Venosa to put a stop to outrages which were an insult to the memory of the Duke of Pescara, the uncle of Donna Maria, and to the illustrious dead from whom she was descended, but he could obtain no satisfaction, and wrote a letter on the subject to His Catholic Majesty. The bodies remained shamefully exposed. Towards the end of the night, as no more sight-seers came, the servants withdrew.

A Dominican monk, who had been standing all day before the door, slipped through the door by the smoky light of the torches, now dying out, threw himself upon the body of Donna Maria d'Avalos, and violated it.

CORRECTION LEADS TO DIVORCE.

Wife-whipping sometimes gives rise to serious results, if the beatings are accompanied with brutality.

In a south German town, not very many years ago, there lived a doctor who administered the Rod to his pretty wife on the slightest occasion. He was very jealous, and thought proper to practise flagellation

on the body of his wife so often, that she at last complained to her friends, and on their advice obtained a divorce.

We have heard of a case in the same country, where the husband did not give the correction with his own hand, but handed the matter over to the ecclesiastical authorities, who inflicted it quite as efficiently. This lady was of great beauty, and had many admirers. In consequence of instructions received from the husband, she was one night dragged out of bed, carried out of the house, put into a close carriage, and brought to an unknown place. There she was examined, and commanded to give up the names of her adorers, but as she persisted in refusing to do so, she received a violent whipping with a rod, and after some days was taken back to her husband, when her admirers collected for her a valuable present, as a reward for her fidelity and silence. In a somewhat milder way, but likewise with the Rod, (although we are not aware that the husbands sanctioned or ordered the proceeding), did a canon at Limburg punish the transgressions of the pretty married women who came to him to make confession. They naturally could make no resistance, and had to endure their punishment with patience.

THE BIRCH ARDENTLY DESIRED.

Woman is "by nature coy and hard to please." While some of this strange sex take correction badly, others fall ill, if refused a beating. The following instance seems to illustrate the remarks made at the opening of the present article. Sometimes a whole series of whippings may be

necessary to satisfy the ladies' taste, but in this case one application seems to have completely satisfied the craving for birch. A lady of good family was married to a young magistrate of great wealth and amiability, who was most studiously attentive to her. Her slightest desires were immediately satisfied; absolute mistress in the house, nothing was refused to her, and her husband made himself her submissive slave. In spite of all the happiness of this beautiful honeymoon, however, the young wife suddenly became melancholy and peevish; whereupon the poor husband redoubled his attentions and caresses, and even supplicated her on his knees to tell him what ailed her. She at last yielded to his entreaties so far as to reply that she had a longing so violent, ungovernable, and extraordinary, that she preferred to die rather than make it known. Of course, this had only the effect of heightening his eagerness to hear what this desire was, and if possible to gratify it, and after several more days of prayers and earnest beseechings, she owned that she wished to be beaten!—not with strokes from the fist or feet, but to be vigorously thrashed with a rod, sharp and quick, in a manner that would thoroughly satisfy this ridiculous longing. The husband regarded her in amazement, believing she had lost her reason: so that when she would not be content, do as he might, he had her put to bed, and treated as for what might be a serious malady. A doctor was consulted, who relieved, yet still more surprised, the troubled husband, by at once falling in with the patient's desire, and prescribing the birch as the sole remedy of this vagary, only he recommended that she should be flogged on that part of her person least likely to be attended with any danger. The husband, as it were,

abandoning himself to his fate, then determined to execute the doctor's prescription, and, profiting one day by a turn of ill-humour on the part of his wife, seized a rod, and applied it in right good earnest to the region indicated. From that moment the young wife was completely satisfied and cured.

WHIPPED A WIFE BY PROXY.

The following delightful account of a mediæval wife-beating will occur to all students of **Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles**:⁽¹⁾

No great while ago there lived a merchant at Tours, who, in order to treat his vicar and other worthy friends, bought a big and fine lamprey, and sent it to his house, specially charging his wife to cook it properly, as she knew well how to do: and manage, said he, "that the dinner be ready at noon, for I shall then bring the vicar and some other guests," (whom he named to her),—"All shall be ready," said she, "bring whoever you like." She cooked a big dish of fine fish; but as for the lamprey, she destined it for the Franciscan monastery, for her bosom friend, saying: "Ah! brother Bernard, why are you not here! By my troth, you should not go away until you had tasted of the lamprey, or, if it better suited you, you should take it to your chamber, and I would not fail to

(¹) This witty book, the present publisher produced in a first English translation, after 450 years' entombment in the original, and it was prevented from entering England by the postal authorities at the instigation no doubt of some self-styled "Purity Society" who generally rake up more filth than they scotch.

come and keep you company." It was with much regret that the good woman set about preparing the lamprey for her husband, while she reflected how she could contrive to let her monk have it. She thought and considered so long until she concluded to charge an old woman, who knew her secret, to take it to him, which she did, informing him that at night she would come to sup and to sleep with him. When master Franciscan friar saw this splendid lamprey and was advised of the coming of the dame, it may be imagined how joyful and pleased he was; and he told the old woman that if he could manage to procure some good wine, the lamprey should not be defrauded of its due, when it came to be eaten. The old woman returned to her mistress and gave her an account of her mission. At about the hour of noon, home comes our merchant with the vicar and several other jolly companions, to devour the lamprey, which was now well out of their reach. When they had come into the merchant's house, he led them straightway to the kitchen, to see this fine lamprey, to which they were going to do justice; and called his wife, saying to her: "Show us our lamprey, that our friends may know if I have made a good bargain of it."—"What lamprey?" says she. "The lamprey that I sent you for our dinner, with the other fish." "I have seen no lamprey," she said, "I think you must be dreaming. Here is a carp, two pikes and I know not what other fish; but I have seen no lamprey to-day."—"What!" said he, "do you think that I am drunk?"—"I' faith, yes," then said the vicar and the others; "you do not seem otherwise to-day! You are rather too stingy at present to buy a lamprey."—"By God," says the wife, "he is making fun of you, for surely I have seen no lamprey this year."

And the good husband, in a rage, cried out: "You lie, you bawd, you have eaten it or hidden it away somewhere, I promise that never will a lamprey have cost you so dear." Then, turning to the vicar and to his other guests, he swore by death and a hundred oaths, that he had sent a lamprey to his wife, which had cost him a franc. And they, to still further torment and enrage him, made pretence not to believe him, and used words, as if they were vexed, saying: "We were invited to dinner by so-and-so, and we have left every thing to come here, thinking to eat a lamprey, but as we see, it is not likely to disagree with us." The host, who was wild with rage, took up a stick and advanced towards his wife to lay it well about her, and would surely have done so had not the others held him back and forced him to go with them outside, where they took the trouble to calm him down as well as they could, seeing him so much put out. Then, as the lamprey failed them, the vicar spread the table, and they made the best meal they could. The good dame of the lamprey sent for one of her neighbours, a widow, but a fine woman and plump, and got her to dine with her. And when she saw her opportunity, she said: "My good neighbour, it would be good of you to do me a singular pleasure; and if you will do it for me, you shall be so well recompensed, that you are sure to be well pleased."—"And what does it please you that I do?" said the other.—"I will tell you," said she, "my husband is so ardent at his work, that it is a great marvel; and, in fact, last night he rumped me so much about, that, by my faith! I can hardly bear to wait upon him again to-night. Therefore I beg of you to take my place, and if I can ever do anything for you, you

shall find me ready body and soul.' The good neighbour in order to do her pleasure and service, was well pleased to take her place, for which she was much and greatly thanked by the other. Now, you must know that our merchant of the lamprey, when he had finished his dinner, made a very big and large provision of good birch rods, which he carried secretly home, and hid at the foot of the bed, thinking to serve his wife that night in proper fashion with them. He did not do this so secretly, but that she guessed very well of it, and knowing by experience how cruel he was, pretended to see nothing. Her husband did not sup at home, but remained out so late, that when he came home he right well expected to find her in bed, naked. But his enterprise failed, for when the evening came and it was late, she made her neighbour undress and take her place in the bed, charging her expressly not to say a word to her husband when he came, but to make pretence to be mute and malade. And moreover, she extinguished the fire on the hearth, in the kitchen and also in the chamber. That done, she recommended to her friend, that as soon as her husband should get up in the morning, she should go away home. So did the other promise to do. The neighbour being now lodged and in bed, our valiant dame wended her way to the Franciscan convent, to eat of the lamprey, and to gain her absolution as it was pretty well her custom.

While she was there making merry, we have to say that the merchant after his supper came back to his house, full of anger and grumbling about the lamprey. And in order to execute what he had decided in his mind, he took hold of the birches, keeping them in his hand, and looking everywhere for a candle, which he could

not find, not even on the chimney. When he saw that, he went to bed without saying a word, and slept until daylight, when he got up and dressed, and taking up his birchen rods thrashed the substitute of his wife so severely, that he was nigh to knock her to pieces, reminding her of the lamprey, and put her into such a state, that she was bleeding all over: the sheets of the bed even were everywhere stained with blood, as if a bullock had been slaughtered there; but the poor martyr dared not utter a word, nor show her face. At last the birches were used, and he got tired; he then went out. And the poor woman, who had expected to be gratified with amorous frolic and gracious pastime, went away soon after to her own house, complaining of her pain and of her martyrdom, not without threatening and well cursing her neighbour. While her husband was away, the good woman came home from the friar's convent, and in her room she found the birchen rods spread about, the bed tumbled and the sheets all stained with blood. She at once saw what had happened to her neighbour's body, as she had right well expected; and without stopping, or a moment's delay, she made the bed again, put on clean fresh sheets, and swept the room. After that, she went to see her neighbour, whom she found in a pitiful state, and where it cannot be said that she did not find some one to talk to her. As soon as she could, she returned home again, and, undressing completely, got into the nice bed she had just so well prepared, and slept very well until her husband came back from the town, as it were changed from his anger, because he had been revenged, and approached his wife whom he found in bed pretending to sleep. "How now, my dame?" said he: "is it not time

to get up?"—"Oh, my!" she said, "is it day-light? Upon my oath! I never heard you get up. I was still in a dream which lasted ever so long."—"I think," said he, "you must have dreamt of the lamprey, was it not so? There would be nothing marvellous about it, for I well reminded you of it this morning."—"By heaven," said she, "I remember neither you nor your lamprey."—"What," he said, "have you so soon forgotten it?"—"Forgotten?" said she; "I never pay much attention to dreams."—"And besides the dream," he says, "how about the handful of birch-rods I laid about you not two hours ago? I know right well that it must be largely avouched on the sheets of our bed."—"By my troth, good friend," she replied, "I know not what you have done or dreamt, but, as for me, I very well remember, that this morning early, you played me with right good appetite the game of love; I knew of nought else! You may perhaps have dreamed of having given me something else, as you did yesterday of having sent me the lamprey?"—"That would be indeed a strange thing," he said. "Let us have a look, that I may see you." She then undid and turned down the bedclothes, showing herself stark naked, without the least bruise or wound upon her. He could also see the fine white sheets without a stain upon them. He was more amazed than I can tell you, and began to ponder and to reflect profoundly. He thus remained for some time. But at last, after a good delay, he said: "On my oath, my dear, I thought I had this morning, severely birched you even to blood, but I now see that it was no such thing."—"Holy Mother!" said she, "drive away from your mind such ideas of beating, for never yet did you touch me: you can now well see and perceive it. Take into account, that you have dreamt it,

as you did yesterday about the lamprey."—"I know now," said he, "that you have spoken the truth; therefore I pray you to excuse me, and I quite acknowledge that I was wrong yesterday to abuse you before the strangers I had brought home with me."—"You are easily pardoned," she replied, "but nevertheless, do not in future be so thoughtless nor so hasty in your affairs, as you are in the habit of being."—"Nor will I be, my dear," he replied.

Thus was it, as you have heard, that the merchant was deceived by his wife, who believed that he had brought the lamprey of which he made price and account, as has been written and related.

* * *

CORRECTION OF AN OVER-GAY WIFE.

Wives were not always so successful in thus getting whipped by proxy. There formerly lived a gay French lady who kept most unreasonable hours; her very head ran upon nothing but balls and masquerades, and she never concerned herself about her husband's ill-concealed chagrin, so that in time he became quite discontented with her proceedings, and determined to be very explicit. One day therefore he said to her, "My dear, are the days not sufficiently long, but the nights too must be 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; and 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 dreaming of the infallible method of cure which her husband had in store. He had three days before prepared a most rare collection of green birch twigs; and that they might tickle madam to some purpose, he had soaked them well in brine. Waiting for the appearance of his lady, as soon as she entered the apartment he ran and seized her in his arms, the lady thinking he did so only by way of frolic; but a shower of blows from the birch, wielded by the arm of her indignant husband, soon convinced her of her mistake. In vain she screamed and cried for help, and all in vain resisted his superior strength, for he continued flagellating her until she was in a thoroughly penitent state of mind. The next day she made grievous complaints to her female friends, who only laughed at the serio-comic adventure. At last, being apprehensive of another whipping, and not desirous of again tasting her husband's infallible cure, she thought it prudent to be silent and to reform her mode of life.

* * *

But some may think this case too vague; well, here is another quite recent, capable of verification by the over-credulous. The ruling of the magistrate would seem to sanction wholesome conjugal discipline not carried to excess.

CHASTISING A WIFE: "TWO CUTS WITH THE CANE." (1)

John C. Fleming, Stock Exchange clerk, 46, Cathles-road, Balham, was summoned at the South-Western Court by his wife, who sought a separation on the ground of cruelty.

(1) "*Daily Chronicle*," May 23rd, 1900.

Complainant said they were married in November, and she had to leave him in April because of his cruelty. He was constantly bullying her, and had struck her with a cane as if she were a naughty child.

Defendant: I have chastised her three times with the cane. Defendant complained of his wife's untruthfulness. One night, he said, she left her bed and was leaving the room attired only in her nightdress when he asked her where she was going. She replied, to fetch some water. He said he should cane her if she did not put on extra clothing. She refused, and on her return he gave her two cuts with the cane.

Mr. Garrett dismissed the summons.

There can be no excuse for such brutality as the following case discloses; the husband himself, we opine, should have been taken by the wife's relatives and cut in pieces with the self-same whip. Let the world judge.

DOG WHIP FOR A WIFE.

Charges of inhuman conduct were alleged at the Battersea Coroner's Court yesterday, when Mr. Braxton Hicks held an inquest on the body of Ella Eliza Newton, aged twenty-eight, who was said to have died from the effects of her husband's violence.

The man, John Newton, is a drayman in the service of Messrs. Fremlin Brothers, of Maidstone, and resides at 72, Beaufoy-road, Battersea. He was formerly in the West Riding of Yorkshire Constabulary at Wyke, and was brought to the court from Holloway Prison, where he is on remand, charged with causing his wife's death.

The evidence of people living next door to the deceased went to show that the woman was subjected to a system of gross ill-treatment by her husband, who was said to have been constantly beating her with a strap or stick. There were frequent quarrels and incessant screaming while the man was said to be "lashing" his wife. Mrs. Bradbury said the deceased was beaten for forty minutes on Saturday week. Miss Bradbury deposed that the woman's screams were "shocking." Deceased's landlady said the poor woman was bruised all over. Once she saw Newton chastise his wife with a dog whip.

The inquiry was adjourned.

REVOLT AGAINST THE BIRCH.

Although there is possible no cure more efficacious for nervous excitability and green-sickness common to young girls, some of these latter kick against being beaten, solely through false ideas of their own importance. Madame Roland protested fiercely against the indignity of a whipping, and communicates in her memoirs one or two remarkable personal anecdotes. Her father, being a choleric man, used to beat her often when a girl; she more than once bit the thigh across which she was laid for the purpose of undergoing a flagellation. Refusing one day to take some medicine, she was sentenced to be whipped. Being again asked to take it, and refusing, she was whipped a second time with still greater severity. Another day, when a similar punishment was about to be inflicted, she became fierce in her opposition, and thereby excited her father; but seeing her mother in tears, she yielded, and received her chastisement for that time with humility. But she

was determined to carry her point—to die rather than give in—and so she was never whipped again.

Here is a more recent case of a youth sensitively fearful of the lash even unto death.

TO AVOID A FLOGGING. ⁽¹⁾

Our Portsmouth Correspondent states that a young sailor named Palmer, rated as a first-class boy, and serving on board the *Majestic*, flagship of the Channel Squadron, attempted suicide the other day in order to avoid a flogging. The incident created quite a sensation on board the ship. It seems that he had shown slackness in manning a boat, and Commander De Chair ordered him to receive four cuts with a ship's corporal's cane. He was about to have this punishment inflicted when the youngster suddenly put the muzzle of a small Derringer pistol in his mouth and pulled the trigger. Before those near him realised what had occurred he fell back on the deck insensible. The bullet glanced upwards, lodging at the back of the cheek bone, close to the ear, and the lad will probably recover.

THISTLES FOR THE HUSBAND'S BACK. ⁽²⁾

MILITARY SCANDAL IN RUSSIA.

AN aristocrat of ancient family, Subkoff by name, considered that he had good cause to be jealous on account of the relations between his wife and Lieutenant Kutchoff, who was stationed in a neighbouring garrison. He therefore challenged the lieutenant to a duel, and one fine morning the

⁽¹⁾ *"Daily Telegraph,"* Oct. 27th, 1900.

⁽²⁾ *"Daily News,"* June, 1900.

two, accompanied by the challenger's brother-in-law, a nobleman named Maikoff, and a cornet of the lieutenant's regiment, started off to the ground selected for the duel.

The four called at an inn on the way, and the result of the "fire-water" was a quarrel between Subkoff and his brother-in-law, which led to blows. Lieut. Kutchoff evidently thought a battle with fists was a more convenient way of settling the duel than with pistols, and thereupon joined in the fray.

Subkoff came off second best, and after being knocked down, was bound hand and foot, and, with the aid of the coachman, flung into the river. The water was not deep, but the unfortunate man, in his unconscious state would certainly have drowned had not some peasants come to his rescue.

On recovering consciousness, Subkoff flew at his noble brother-in-law, and the two officers took the latter's part, with the consequence that Subkoff was soon overpowered, and again bound.

The officers now stripped him to the waist, and while one held his feet and the other his head, Maikoff collected a bunch of thistles and with them thrashed the husband's bare back.

The officers finished up with blows and kicks, and after refreshing themselves at the inn took the man home in a carriage, and before letting him free completed their work with a horsewhip.

On his recovery, the injured man reported the affair to the law, with the result that Maikoff was deprived of his titles of nobility and also invited to emigrate to Tomsk, in Siberia, for a period of twelve years. Lieut. Kutchof has also disappeared.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

In the kingdom of the Czar, beating commences on the threshold of the conjugal relations, and continues long after the honeymoon is forgotten. How happy must be the husband thus able to assert his authority! How dutiful the bride taught thus early to walk in the way of wifely obedience! We quote:—The ritual strokes of the whip that the bride receives from her future husband, a custom existing among all the Slav nations and among other Indo-European peoples, ⁽¹⁾ are to-day as well explained by the very words spoken by the bridegroom as he administers the stripes, as by the songs of his comrades, and even by the commentaries of learned men, as signifying the subjection of the wife to her husband. M. Soumtzov, it appears, gives a very plausible explanation of their primitive meaning. He finds in them an analogy with the ritual strokes of the *Luperci* during the *Lupercalia* among the ancient Romans, and with the melliferous whips of *Asvines*, symbolising the dew of dawn and that of eve, which produced the fertility of the fields. ⁽²⁾

This point of view is confirmed by the customs preserved in many localities when the bridegroom contents himself

⁽¹⁾ See Soumtzov, *Sur les usages nupt.*, p. 94., Krauss, *Sitte und Brauch der Südslavon*, p. 385; Boiev. *K. Bratchnomou pravou Bolgar* (*Sur les Us. Jurid. Bulg.*) p. 40; Liebrecht, *Volkskunde*, pp. 376—377; Laumier, *Cerem. nupt.*, p. 91; Wood, *The Wedding-day*, II. pp. 48, 118; in the Government of Kazan, among the Tcheremiss, the bride does not at once step into the nuptial coach, she merely places one foot on it and then draws back. This repeated three times, until the leader of the cortège gives her three stripes with his whip, (Smirnoff, *Les Tcheremisses*, pp. 130—131).

⁽²⁾ Soumtzov. *loc. cit.* pp. 94, 95.

with fanning his bride from all sides with a long whip, ⁽¹⁾ or else lashes the coach with it as he goes round the same. ⁽¹⁾ The above indications may also be recognized in the custom preserved in White Russia to rouse up the young married couple from their nuptial couch by giving them blows of a whip, as in fact the whip or the stick figure in most of the nuptial ceremonies.

* * *

TORTURE OF WORKING LADS IN RUSSIA. ⁽²⁾

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of an Eastern Prussian paper reproduces from the "Listok," of Tiflis, a case of incredible torture stated to have taken place in a Belgian ironworks in the Caucasus. For some time, it seems, there had been disturbances among the workmen of a mine belonging to Belgian capitalists near the village of Ladon, in the Terek territory, the cause being the thrashing of workmen for small offences. Lately a sum of money disappeared from the safe in an inexplicable manner, not a lock of the doors having been tampered with, and not a key being missing. Suspicion fell on ten of the hands still under age, and really only boys. The directors did not consider it necessary to inform the police, but imprisoned the lads for three days, keeping them entirely without food to make them confess the theft. As no confession was forthcoming, the director and six Belgian foremen entered the room, and, the boys being stripped, belaboured them with sticks, while one threatened that they would be killed

⁽¹⁾ Soumtzov. *loc. cit.* pp. 94. 95.

⁽²⁾ "Westminster Gazette," May 1900.

if they did not say they had stolen the money. This also proved unavailing, and the boys were then dealt with singly. Their eyelids were raised, and holes pricked through them with needles. The screaming victims were then dashed against the wall, and, as they fell, beaten with sticks about the chest and stomach still they became insensible. But this did not help the poor lads, for their tormentors soused them with cold water till they regained consciousness, and then began their devilish work again. But, as the boys' bodies were running with blood and frightfully swollen, a new means had to be devised. The tormentors therefore proceeded to extract some of their teeth, and, as this was all of no avail, to squeeze large stones into their mouths, binding the lower jaw fast with a piece of leather, and then hammering their foreheads with the butt-end of a revolver. Finally, the boys in their agony lost all mastery over themselves, and acknowledged having stolen the money.

The affair came to the ears of the police, and the men have been denounced to the Public Prosecutor.

RUSSIAN SERF-GIRLS BEATEN.

The despotic power once vested in Russian land-proprietors is happily destroyed. The serf-rights have been abolished. Practically perhaps, the old conditions to a large extent, continue to live on. Let us hope, however, that cases like the following are rare.

A beautiful serf-girl was betrothed to one in her own station. Her lord, however, wished the young woman to become his mistress, and because she refused this degradation in the most decided manner, he resolved to have her flogged: a charge of some kind was therefore

trumped up against her, and on this false charge she was sent for to the prison, and the door of the room locked. Being then stripped quite naked, she was laid down on a bench, having two holes at one end, through which her arms were put: then a couple of men held her by the head and feet, while another lashed her until she was covered with blood, and so severely that she did not recover from the effects of the whippings for three months.

The "Englishwoman in Russia" mentions that a lady of the highest rank, having used a lady's privilege, at a masked ball, of chattering in the ear of the Emperor, let fall some rather indiscreet suggestion. Followed home by a spy, she was summoned the next day to Count Orloff's office; where, upon arriving, she was pointed to a chair, and quietly interrogated. Presently she was gently let down to a lower chamber, where she was vigorously birched, just as if she had been a little child, by some unseen person. The "Englishwoman" vouches for the correctness of this anecdote. She knew the lady, and had the story from an intimate friend of the family. ⁽¹⁾

* * *

"Barbarous Russia!" the petulant reader lady shudderingly exclaims, thinking of the curb she would have been obliged to put upon her own pretty tongue had Providence brought her into the world in the great northern empire. Nay, not so quick, fair one, with thy sweeping judgments: for here at our doors so to speak, in the "civilized, up-to-date" United States, women are yet dragged out of their warm beds and ruthlessly beaten and exposed, and for what ye

⁽¹⁾ For full accounts of these awful, secret, police-floggings, see "*Demoirs of a Russian Ballet-Girl.*"

gods! In the name of a false mock-modesty, modesty is still more shocked, as the "white-caps" shame. Shame herself in seeking by moonlight to stamp out conjugal sin by unchemising the terrified delinquents in the sight of masked men ready to apply the hissing lash.

WHIPPINGS BY "WHITE-CAPS."

At present, Delaware is the only state of America in which whipping is a legal punishment. It is inflicted on men only, always on the shoulders and upper part of the back. It is of very frequent occurrence.

A recent statute in Virginia is held to authorize the whipping of persons who cannot pay fines in the minor courts. If the statute is valid, it would apply to females. One man has been whipped under it, on the bare back. A young woman was condemned along with him, but the magistrate let her off, before her clothing was removed, with a lecture.

Whipping is very common in prisons, reformatories and homes or asylums of all sorts in all parts of the country. I think it is used oftenest on boys, next on girls up to—say 14. It is very common however, for girls and women of all ages, but rather infrequent—though not altogether unused—for grown men. "Exposés" of woman and girl whipping are almost constantly in progress in the newspapers in one or another section of the country. It is fiercely condemned, fiercely upheld, constantly prohibited and invariably reestablished sooner or later, with or without authorization. Just at this moment, controversies are raging in New York and New Jersey over its use in the female reformatories of these two states, situated respectively in the cities of Hudson and Trenton. It has been abolished

in the former, and, ever since, the inmates have been in a hysterically riotous condition;—"smashing out," it is technically called;—furniture is wrecked, officers are assaulted and pandemonium reigns. On the very day on which I write, the Managers of the institution are in session to reconsider the advisability of restoring spanking as the culminating penalty for bad behaviour.

Where used, this punishment, I estimate, is administered upon women and girls about as follows:

By men	3	cases	out of	10	
By women	7	"	"	"	10
On the back	2	"	"	"	10
On the buttocks	8	"	"	"	10
Bare skin	9	"	"	"	10
					} in both of these classes, sheet, chemise or drawers.
One covering	1	"	"	"	10
At the post	1	"	"	"	10
On bench or table	8	"	"	"	10
Otherwise	1	"	"	"	10
					across the lap, in bed or held by assistants.
Privately	5	"	"	"	10
Publicly	5	"	"	"	10
					i.e. before other im- mates.
With paddle	4	"	"	"	10
					of thin wood or hard leather, of cord or leather, same as tawse or cat-o'-nine-tails.
"Martinet"	4	"	"	"	10
Cane or switch	3	"	"	"	10
Whip	1	"	"	"	10
Hand or other instrument	1	"	"	"	10
					slipper, hairbrush, strap rope, rubber tube, and machine belt in re- cords.
Person severely marked	7	"	"	"	10
					bruises and weals.

Permanently so:	$\frac{1}{10}$	of	1	cases out of	10
Blood drawn	2	"	"	"	10
Punishment slight	1	"	"	"	10

The whipping of women in the convict camps of Georgia and Florida has caused great scandal. It is always inflicted on the bare buttocks. Sometimes the recipient is entirely or almost naked. It is often administered by black "drivers," even on white women, though always by order of some white official. It is believed to be intimately connected with the sexual abuse of the women by the officers in charge of them.

"White capping" is whipping by Lynch law. It is heard of sporadically all over the country, but it was for many years systematic in parts of Indiana. Men and women were the victims, generally on charges of lewd living. About seventy-five per cent of the victims were men. They were generally taken from their women by night, stripped naked, and tied to trees. They were whipped all over, but chiefly on the back and shoulders, the instrument being a hickory withe. The whippings were terribly severe, 100 and more lashes being given.

Women were—are occasionally—also taken from their homes by night, but they have always been allowed to retain a chemise, or night gown. They are either tied to trees like the men, or laid over a felled log, an inverted horse trough, or other suitable couch. They are, or were, almost invariably whipped on the buttocks, their only garments being raised in at least nine out of ten times and the strokes applied to the bare flesh. Sometimes the hickory withe is used, but often a shingle, (*i. e.* a long thin slat of hard wood), is substituted. This smarts and bruises

without breaking the skin. Many women have been terribly whipped. Respectable farmers' wives have received fifty to a hundred strokes on the naked bottom in presence of forty or fifty men, their exposure being rendered complete by the fine torches carried by the whitecappers. (The name comes from the masks worn by the Lynchers.)

Whipping is not uncommon in the domestic circle, though it usually has a fourteen year limit, especially in the case of girls. Cases turn up in the police and other courts, however, which show that occasionally parents inflict spanking—this always means whipping on the buttocks in this country—even on young women between twenty and thirty. There is more than one case on record in the last few years, where a young lady who got married on the sly was welcomed home with a warm application of slipper or hairbrush to the sitting down portion of her anatomy. The evidence in divorce cases also shows from time to time that husbands not infrequently adopt this same method of discipline, it is noteworthy, however, that the palm of their good right hands is the weapon which they generally apply to their blushing spouses' rotund attractions. Of course, I distinguish here from mere vulgar wife-beating. I allude only to cases of regular old time nursery chastisement.

I conclude with the chapter or section headings which, some year or two ago, I set down as the skeleton for a book on the whipping of women in America, which I had a jocose notion to write :

1. Whipping in old colonial days.
2. General prevalence at the present time, (somewhat as above.)
3. Slavery in the South.
4. South during and after the Wars.—Kuklux.

5. Georgia and Florida Convict Camps.
- 5a. Personal experience of a white women convict.
6. Discipline in prisons and reformatories.
- 6a. Another woman's experience in a New York Magdalen Asylum.
- 6b. Narrative of an ex-turnkey, (female), in a Western prison for women.
- 6c. How a Woman Thief was reformed.
7. Whipping by Lynch law. The Whitecaps.
8. Marital, parental and school whipping.
9. Whipping in Spanish America.
10. Humour of spanking.

THE BEATING OF A LADY OF RANK.

Wild stories sometimes get afloat regarding the high-handed proceedings of Russian officialism. The following terribly undignified treatment of a lady in a police office is, "thank God!" a custom not yet introduced, as far as we know, at Bow Street. A lady of rank, supposed to have committed some treasonable action, was summoned to the bureau of the secret police: having arrived, and the door being shut, she was politely requested to walk forward, but, as she did so, a trap-door suddenly gave way under her, and she slipped down till she was supported only by her clothes, which had gathered up all around her arms; in this helpless condition she hung through the ceiling of a room below, where an executioner had been previously stationed to ply the whip upon her unprotected body. (¹)

It may perhaps stop a woman's babbling to handle her in this way, but we venture to think that it would be far

(¹) Many other cases of the same kind; flogging discipline in asylums of Russia, etc., are recorded in "*Memoirs of a Russian Ballet-Girl.*"

more becoming and decorous to call upon the husband, or even a brother or cousin, to execute such work, rather than to delegate it to a strange man concealed beneath the flooring. A member of Parliament, who advocated such measures for Englishwomen, would soon be asked to resign.

FLOGGED AFTER THE BALL.

It is said that there is little distance between tears and laughter. Few people, however, go direct from the ball-room to the whipping-stool; few are the gentlemen ungentlemanly enough to listen to a lovely woman's wit flung out thoughtlessly in the whirl of the waltz, and immediately use it as a reason to have them shamelessly beaten. Yet many noble ladies have been flogged in Russia under such circumstances. Indeed, anecdotes of such flagellations could be multiplied to almost any extent. It was stated a few years ago in a German newspaper that three of the most beautiful women of St. Petersburg were driven direct from one of the Imperial balls in their own carriages, in all their finery of satin and lace, to the police station, and after being mounted on a man's shoulders, with their dresses tucked up, were smartly whipped with a birch rod. No explanation was given; but they were dismissed with the significant caution to hold their tongues in future.

At another Imperial party, some young ladies, who had been chatting too freely, were politely escorted by a *maître d'hôtel* to a distant apartment, where, being made to kneel over an ottoman, they were severely smacked by a female house-keeper with their satin slippers, and then sent home!

Here is a further and more recent case from a land under Russian rule.

STRANGE STORY FROM POLAND. ⁽¹⁾

WOMEN FLOGGED BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.—THE ARCHBISHOP
LOOKING ON.

(*Reuter's Telegram.*)

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 5.

According to long and detailed reports published in the newspapers of St. Petersburg, the town of Kovno, in Russian Poland, has lately been thrown into a condition of great excitement by the discovery that several persons, principally women, had been forcibly carried off from their homes by servants of the Catholic Church of the Holy Cross in the town, and confined in a vault of the church. Here, it is said, Father Beliakevitch, the priest in charge, submitted them to all sorts of indignities, tearing the clothes off their backs and flogging them with cords and rods, as a punishment for having had more or less intimate relations with some Russians and members of the Orthodox Church.

Besides this, they were compelled to go into the church, during the morning and evening services, and to throw themselves on the ground, where, at the instigation of the priest, they were kicked, insulted, and spat upon. After this the prisoners were taken back to the vaults. No food was allowed them except a few biscuits and some water, and their minds were worked upon by the fantastic apparitions produced by means of phosphorescent effects upon a skeleton with an enormous head, representing the devil.

These outrages, which the underlings of the police, most

⁽¹⁾ * *The Daily Chronicle.* October 11th, 1898.

of them Polish and Lithuanian Catholics, either tacitly approved or ignored, came to the knowledge of the superior authorities through Eva Bernatovitch, one of the victims, who denounced Father Beliakevitch and his agents. She had been locked up in the church vault because she had been guilty of taking into her house a woman, called Yukovsky, who had had illicit relations with Russians and members of the Orthodox Church.

Taken back to her home, she resolved to seek the protection of the police, and presented herself at the police station of her quarter with her body one mass of bruises, covered with sores and her clothes torn.

Having related her story of what had happened, she also revealed the fact that her lodger had likewise been carried off, and taken to the same place as herself to undergo similar treatment.

A medical examination having corroborated the woman's story, the commissary of police of the district, Erassof, together with the chief constable of the town, Karomaline, and the procurator's assistant, Kholotchevnikof, put her through a minute cross-examination, and decided to make an official visit to the vault of the Church of the Holy Cross, where they actually found different instruments of flagellation, such as birches and rods, and the famous skeleton used for the demoniacal apparitions.

As for the woman Rukovsky, she was found in a cellar, in which the dead were temporarily laid before a funeral. She had been, however, already whipped by the priest, who himself had torn her clothes off; and her body bore numerous traces of violence. This woman and Eva Bernatovitch declared that, besides themselves, many other people, men and women, had suffered here in the same way as them-

selves, and that, too, in the presence of the vicar of the church, Kerpovsky, and of the Catholic Archbishop Pallioulion.

An examination of Beliakevitch then took place, followed immediately by his arrest, but instead of being approved by public opinion, this measure only provoked an intense irritation among the Catholic population of Kovno, which was loud in its outcries against the priest's martyrdom, the people betaking themselves to prayer and penitence, and to attending sermons, in which the priests incited them to oppose the Russians and the members of the Orthodox Church. Tumultuous demonstrations took place outside the prison in which Father Beliakevitch was confined, and also at the Church of the Holy Cross.

Armed force had to be employed to protect the civil authorities.

The friends and acquaintances of M. Beliakevitch have tried to obtain the provisional release of the priest on a bail of 5,000 roubles, and the local tribunal was disposed to assent, but the Imperial Procurator intervened to prevent it.

The investigation is still going on, and is being very strictly conducted.

THE CORRECTION OF WIVES IN THE EAST.

Most of the cases of flagellation recited in the foregoing pages have Europe for their scene of action. It must not, however, be therefore assumed that the East is wanting in amateurs of this sport. The Hebrew scriptures are redolent, on the contrary, with the smell of the birch twig, and sun-tanned lips have, in Oriental tongues, echoed the refrain of the Jesuit priest:

"Pour la fesse
 Je professe
 Un goût assez saugrenu;
 O fesse
 Je le confesse,
 Ton objet m'est trop connu!"

It is not our intention here to attempt any learned disquisition on the origin of the bastonnade, or the oriental use of the handy slipper. We prefer with Macaulay, the concrete to the abstract, and think that the following amusing story from the *Thousand Nights and a Night*,⁽¹⁾ will, better than any pedantic show of erudition, illustrate the Eastern's idea of the importance of wifely correction.

THE BULL AND THE ASS.

There was once a merchant who owned much money and many men, and who was rich in cattle and camels, he had also a wife and family and he dwelt in the country, being experienced in husbandry and devoted to agriculture. Now Allah Most High had endowed him with understanding the tongues of beasts and birds of every kind, but under pain of death if he divulged the gift to any. So he kept it secret for very fear. He had in his cow-house a Bull and an Ass, each tethered in his own stall, one hard by the other. As the merchant was sitting near handy one day with his servants, and his children were playing about him, he heard the Bull say to the Ass, "Hail and health to thee O Father of Waking!"⁽²⁾ for that

⁽¹⁾ Burton's *original* (BENARES) edition,—of course.

⁽²⁾ Arab. "Abú Yakzan" = the Wakener; because the ass brays at dawn.

thou enjoyest rest and good ministering, all under thee is clean-swept and fresh-sprinkled; men wait upon thee and feed thee, and thy provaunt is sifted barley and thy drink pure spring-water, while I, (unhappy creature!), am led forth in the middle of the night, when they set on my neck the plough and a something called Yoke; and I tire at cleaving the earth from dawn of day till set of sun. I am forced to do more than I can and to bear all manner of ill-treatment from night to night; after which they take me back with my sides torn, my neck flayed, my legs aching and mine eyelids sore with tears. Then they shut me up in the byre and throw me beans and crushed straw, ⁽¹⁾ mixed with dirt and chaff; and I lie in dung and filth and foul stinks through the livelong night. But thou art ever in a place swept and sprinkled and cleansed, and thou art always lying at ease, save when it happens, (and seldom enough!), that the master hath some business, when he mounts thee and rides thee to town and returns with thee forthright. So it happens that I am toiling and distress while thou takest thine ease and thy rest; thou sleepest while I am sleepless; I hunger still while thou eatest thy fill, and I win contempt while thou winnest good will." When the Bull ceased speaking, the Ass turned towards him and said, "O Broad-o'-Brow, ⁽²⁾ O thou lost one! he lied not who dubbed thee Bull-head, for

⁽¹⁾ Arab. "Tibn" straw crushed under the sledge: the hay of Egypt, Arabia, Syria, etc. The old country custom is to pull up the corn by handfuls from the roots, leaving the land perfectly bare: hence the "plucking up" of Hebrew Holy Writ. The object is to preserve every atom of "Tibn."

⁽²⁾ Arab. "Yà Aftah." Al-Aftah is an epithet of the bull, also of the chameleon.

thou, O father of a Bull, hast neither forethought nor contrivance; thou art the simplest of simpletons, ⁽¹⁾ and thou knowest naught of good advisers. Hast thou not heard the saying of the wise:

For others these hardships and labours I bear,
And theirs is the pleasure and mine is the care;
As the bleacher who blacketh his brow in the sun
To whiten the raiment which other men wear. ⁽²⁾

But thou, O fool, art full of zeal and thou toilest and moilest before the master; and thou tearest and wearest and slayest thyself for the comfort of another. Hast thou never heard the saying, that saith, None to guide and from the way go wide? Thou wendest forth at the call to dawn-prayer and thou returnest not till sundown; and through the livelong day thou endurest all manner of hardships; to wit, beating and belabouring and bad language. Now hearken to me, Sir Bull! when they tie thee to thy stinking manger, thou pawest the ground with thy forehand and lashest out with thy hind hoofs and pushest with thy horns and bellowest aloud, so they deem thee contented. And when they throw thee thy fodder thou fallest on it with greed and hastenest to line thy fair fat paunch. But if thou accept my advice it will be better for thee and thou wilt lead an easier life even than mine. When thou goest a-field and they lay the thing called yoke on thy neck, lie down and rise not again though haply they swinge thee; and, if thou rise, lie down a second time;

⁽¹⁾ Arab. "Balid," a favourite Egyptianism often pleasantly confounded with "Wali" (a Santon); hence the latter comes to mean "an innocent," a "ninny."

⁽²⁾ From the Calc. Edit., Vol. 1., p. 29.

and when they bring thee home and offer thee thy beans, fall backwards and only sniff at thy meat and withdraw thee and taste it not, and be satisfied with thy crushed straw and chaff; and on this wise feign thou art sick, and cease not doing thus for a day or two days or even three days, so shalt thou have rest from toil and moil.

When the Bull heard these words he knew the Ass to be his friend and thanked him, saying, "Right is thy rede;" and prayed that all blessings might requite him, and cried, "O Father Wakener! ⁽¹⁾ thou hast made up for my failings." (Now ⁽²⁾ the merchant, O my daughter, understood all that passed between them.) Next day the driver took the Bull, and settling the plough on his neck, ⁽³⁾ made him work as wont; but the Bull began to shirk his ploughing, according to the advice of the Ass, and the ploughman drubbed him till he broke the yoke and made off; but the man caught him up and leathered him till he despaired of his life. Not the less, however, would he do nothing but stand still and drop down till the evening. Then the herd led him home and stabled him in his stall: but he drew back from his manger and neither stamped nor ramped nor butted nor bellowed as he was wont to do; whereat the man wondered. He brought him the beans and husks, but he sniffed at them and left them and lay down as far from them as he could and passed the whole night fasting. The peasant came next morning; and, seeing the manger full of beans, the crushed-straw untasted and the ox lying on his back in sorriest plight, with

⁽¹⁾ Arab. "Abu Yakzán" is hardly equivalent with "Père l'Eveillé."

⁽²⁾ In Arab. the wa('), is the sign of parenthesis.

⁽³⁾ In the nearer East the light little plough is carried afield by the bull or ass.

outstretched and swollen belly, he was concerned for him, and said to himself, "By Allah, he hath assuredly sickened and this is the cause why he would not plough yesterday." Then he went to the merchant and reported, "O my master, the Bull is ailing; he refused his fodder last night; nay more, he hath not tasted a scrap of it this morning." Now the merchant-farmer understood what all this meant, because he had overheard the talk between the Bull and the Ass, so quoth he, "Take that rascal donkey, and set the yoke on his neck, and bind him to the plough and make him do Bull's work." Thereupon the ploughman took the Ass, and worked him through the livelong day at the Bull's task; and, when he failed for weakness, he made him eat stick till his ribs were sore and his sides were sunken and his neck was flayed by the yoke; and when he came home in the evening he could hardly drag his limbs along, either forehand or hind-legs. But as for the Bull, he had passed the day lying at full length and had eaten his fodder with an excellent appetite, and he ceased not calling down blessings on the Ass for his good advice; unknowing what had come to him on his account. So when night set in and the Ass returned to the byre the Bull rose up before him in honour, and said, "May good tidings gladden thy heart, O Father Wakener! through thee I have rested all this day and I have eaten my meat in peace and quiet." But the Ass returned no reply, for wrath and heart-burning fatigue and the beating he had gotten; and he repented with the most grievous of repentance; and quoth he to himself: "This cometh of my folly in giving good counsel; as the saw saith, I was in joy and gladness, nought save my officiousness brought me this sadness. But I will bear in mind my innate

worth and the nobility of my nature ; for what said the poet ?

Shall the beautiful hue of the Basil⁽¹⁾ fail
 Tho' the beetle's foot o'er the Basil crawl?
 And though spider and fly be its denizens.
 Shall disgrace attach to the royal hall?
 The cowrie,⁽²⁾ I ken, shall have currency
 But the pearl's clear drop, shall its value fall?

And now I must take thought and put a trick upon him and return him to his place, else I die." Then he went aweary to his manger, while the Bull thanked him and blessed him. And even so, O my daughter, said the Wazir, thou wilt die for lack of wits; therefore sit thee still and say naught and expose not thy life to such stress; for, by Allah, I offer thee the best advice, which cometh of my affection and kindly solicitude for thee. "O my father," she answered, "needs must I go up to this King and be married to him." Quoth he, "Do not this deed;" and quoth she, "Of a truth I will;" whereat he rejoined, "If thou be not silent and bide still, I will do with thee even what the merchant did with his wife." "And what did he?" asked she. "Know then," answered the Wazir,

(¹) *Ocydum basilicum*, the "royal herb," so much prized all over the East, especially in India, where, under the name of "Fulsi," it is a shrub sacred to the merry god Krishna. I found the verses in a MS. copy of the Nights.

(²) Arab: "Sadaf," the Kauri, or cowrie, brought from the Maldive and Lakdive Archipelago. The Kámús describes this "Wadâ" or Concha Veneris as a white shell [whence to "shell out"] which is taken out of the sea, the fissure of which is white like that of the date-stone. It is hung round the neck to avert the evil eye. The pearl in Arab is "Murwarid," hence evidently "Margarita" and Margaris, (Woman's name.)

"that after the return of the Ass, the merchant came out on the terrace-roof with his wife and family, for it was a moonlit night and the moon at its full. Now the terrace overlooked the cowhouse and presently, as he sat there with his children playing about him, the trader heard the Ass say to the Bull: "Tell me, O father Broad o'Brow, what thou purposest to do to-morrow?" The Bull answered, "What but continue to follow thy counsel, O Aliboron? Indeed it was as good as good could be and it hath given me rest and repose; nor will I now depart from it one tittle: so, when they bring me my meat, I will refuse it and blow out my belly and counterfeit crank." The Ass shook his head and said, "Beware of so doing, O Father of a Bull!" The Bull asked, "Why," and the Ass answered, "Know that I am about to give thee the best of counsel, for verily I heard our owner say to the herd, If the Bull rise not from his place to do his work this morning and if he retire from his fodder this day, make him over to the butcher that he may slaughter him and give his flesh to the poor, and fashion a bit of leather from his hide. Now I fear for thee on account of this. So take my advice ere a calamity befall thee; and when they bring thee thy fodder, eat it and rise up and bellow and paw the ground, or our master will assuredly slay thee and peace be with thee?" Thereupon the Bull arose and lowed aloud and thanked the Ass, and said, "To-morrow I will readily go forth with them;" and he at once eat up all his meat and even licked the manger. (All this took place and the owner was listening to their talk.)

Next morning, the trader and his wife went to the Bull's crib and sat down, and the driver came and led forth the Bull who, seeing his owner, whisked his tail

and brake wind, and frisked about so lustily that the merchant laughed a loud laugh and kept laughing till he fell on his back. His wife asked him, "Whereat laughest thou with such loud laughter as this?" And he answered her, "I laughed at a secret something which I have heard and seen but cannot say lest I die my death." She returned, "Perforce thou must discover it to me, and disclose the cause of thy laughing even if thou come by thy death!" But he rejoined, "I cannot reveal what beasts and birds say in their lingo for fear I die." Then quoth she, "By Allah, thou liest! this is a mere protest: thou laughest at none save me, and now thou wouldst hide somewhat from me. But by the Lord of the Heavens! an thou disclose not the cause I will no longer cohabit with thee: I will leave thee at once." And she sat down and cried. Whereupon quoth the merchant, "Woe betide thee! what means thy weeping? Fear Allah and leave these words and query me no more questions." "Needs must thou tell me the cause of that laugh," said she, and he replied, "Thou wottest that when I prayed Allah to vouchsafe me understanding of the tongues of beasts and birds, I made a vow never to disclose the secret to any under pain of dying on the spot." "No matter," cried she, "tell me what secret passed between the Bull and the Ass and die this very hour an' thou be so minded;" and she ceased not to importune him till he was worn out and clean distraught. So at last he said, "Summon thy father and thy mother and our kith and kin and sundry of our neighbours," which she did; and he sent for the Kazi ⁽¹⁾ and his assessors, intending to make his

⁽¹⁾ The older "Cadi," a judge in religious matters. The Shuhùd, or Assessors, are officers of the Mahkamah or Kazi's Court.

will and reveal to her his secret and die the death; for he loved her with love exceeding, because she was his cousin, the daughter of his father's brother, and the mother of his children, and he had lived with her a life of a hundred and twenty years. Then, having assembled all the family and the folk of his neighbourhood, he said to them, "By me there hangeth a strange story, and 'tis such that if I discover the secret to any, I am a dead man." Therefore quoth every one of those present to the woman, "Allah upon thee, leave this sinful obstinacy and recognise the right of this matter, lest haply thy husband and the father of thy children die." But she rejoined, "I will not turn from it till he tell me, even though he come by his death."

So they ceased to urge her; and the trader rose from amongst them and repaired to an outhouse to perform the Wuzu-ablution, ⁽¹⁾ and he purposed thereafter to return and to tell them his secret and to die. Now, daughter Shahrazad, the merchant had in his outhouses some fifty hens under one cock, and whilst making ready to farewell his folk, he heard one of his many farm-dogs thus address in his own tongue the Cock, who was flapping his wings and crowing lustily and jumping from one hen's back to another and treading all in turn, saying, "O Chanticleer! how mean is thy wit and how shameless is thy conduct! Be he disappointed who brought thee up? ⁽²⁾ Art thou not ashamed of thy doings on such a day as this?" "And

⁽¹⁾ He thus purified himself ceremonially before death.

⁽²⁾ This is Christian rather than Moslem: a favourite Maltese curse is "Yahrak Kiddisak man rabba-k!" = burn the Saint who brought thee up!

what," asked the Rooster, "hath occurred this day?", when the Dog answered, "Dost thou not know that our master is this day making ready for his death? His wife is resolved that he shall disclose the secret taught to him by Allah, and the moment he so doeth he shall surely die. We dogs are all a-mourning; but thou clappeth thy wings and clarionest thy loudest, and treadest hen after hen. In this an hour for pastime and pleasuring? Art thou not ashamed of thyself?" ⁽¹⁾

"Then by Allah," quoth the Cock, "is our master a lack-wit and a man scanty of sense: if he cannot manage matters with a single wife, his life is not worth prolonging. Now I have some fifty Dame Partlets; and I please this and provoke that, and starve one and stuff another; and through my good governance they are all well under my control. This our master pretendeth to wit and wisdom, and he hath but one wife, and yet knoweth not how to manage her."

Asked the Dog, "What then, O Cock, should the master do to win clear of his strait?"

"He should arise forthright," answered the Cock, "and take some twigs from yon mulberry-tree and give her a regular back-basting and rib-roasting till she cry:—I repent, O my lord! I will never ask thee a question as long as I live! Then let him beat her once more and soundly, and when he shall have done this he shall sleep free from care and enjoy life. But this master of ours owns neither sense nor judgment." "Now, daughter Shahrazad," continued the Wazir. "I will do to thee as did that husband to that wife." Said Shahrazad, "And what did he do?"

⁽¹⁾ A Popular Egyptian phrase: the dog and the cock speak like Fellahs.

He replied, "When the merchant heard the wise words spoken by his Cock to his Dog, he arose in haste and sought his wife's chamber, after cutting for her some mulberry-twigs and hiding them there; and then he called to her, "Come into the closet that I may tell thee the secret while no one seeth me and then die." She entered with him and he locked the door and came down upon her with so sound a beating, of back and shoulders, ribs, arms and legs, saying the while, "Wilt thou ever be asking questions about what concerneth thee not?" that she was wellnigh senseless. Presently she cried out, "I am of the repentant! By Allah, I will ask thee no more questions, and indeed I repent sincerely and wholesomely." Then she kissed his hand and feet and he led her out of the room submissive as a wife should be. Her parents and all the company rejoiced and sadness and mourning were changed into joy and gladness. Thus the merchant learnt family discipline from his Cock and he and his wife lived together the happiest of lives until death.

* * *

Discoursing of things Oriental leads us to the following by our talented friend Vigné d'Octon, which will give a rough idea of how civilization is promoted amongst the smiling sons of ebony in Africa.

CRIME AND MADNESS.

THE LASH IN THE SOUDAN, (BY DR. PAUL VIGNÉ D'OCTON.)

In the campaign which I am undertaking against the infamous traffic in human flesh and other atrocities of all

sorts, which, under pretence of colonisation or conquest, are being committed on African soil, I have now arrived at a point when I must treat of a peculiarly delicate and painful subject. But I have not hesitated to broach the subject, and to express all my rage and indignation.

The facts I am about to relate are certainly filthy and disgusting; amongst the physical and moral failings which are inevitably caused by solitude, idleness and the strange life at an outpost amongst poisonous marshes under a pitiless sun, the one of which I am about to speak is one of the saddest and most terrible. Crime here borders on madness, and is generally produced by it.

It is with a heavy heart I take up my pen—but what would you think of a surgeon who having to operate on a dangerously ulcerated wound, laid down his lancet just as he was about to open some foul spot where pus had collected, under the pretext that the horrible sight and smell would disgust him or some of the spectators. On the contrary, it is the moment when his hand must be firmest and boldest.

In the first place, I must say that the present article has been inspired by a long letter from an old resident in Africa, (seven years in the Soudan as a non-commissioned officer), and from which letter I extract the following passages.

"In 1892, the company of Soudanese Spahis, was encamped at Déambeli, (four miles from Niors), and, in the absence of the captain, the command devolved upon the senior lieutenant. (*Their names are in the letter, but I am requestest not to divulge them, and have accordingly promised secrecy*). This officer being obliged to leave to purchase some horses, another lieutenant took command of the company in the meanwhile. One day a native spahi

called Deali-Moussa, (*I am permitted to give his name*), left with a hundred or so workmen to cut wood: they were to return that night; but the day and night passed and Deali Moussa did not return with his men, which caused some uneasiness in camp. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, Deali returned with the men, and was interrogated by the lieutenant. The spahi stated that the men had refused to march (on account of a storm), and that in spite of all his efforts they would camp where they were for the night. The lieutenant made him point out the three ringleaders, and immediately ordered them to be "ropes-ended." The lieutenant, with his eyes starting out of his head, went from one flogger to the other; he had a bottle of arrack, and to encourage them gave them glasses of spirits; when the bottle was empty he sent for some half francs, and at each more than usually lusty stroke rewarded the man who laid it on—amongst others a man named Mamadon-Alassane.

"There were many Europeans present who had not been long in the country; some of them approached the lieutenant, and said the punishment was enough. "Go away," he replied, "these rascals must be broken in;" and when one of these unfortunate wretches tried to rise he struck him to the earth with a blow from his stick. The massacre recommenced, and when all the men were insensible their bodies were fastened by the feet to the "bar of justice." An hour later they were all three dead. The captain commanding the station at Nioro made an enquiry into the matter, but it never got any further, and the lieutenant joined the Combes column where he was so useless that he was sent back to France as an idiot."

As a postscript to this letter, my correspondent gives

me as a guarantee of the authenticity of the facts related the names of the two lieutenants and the six non-commissioned officers, (of whom he was one), who assisted at this terrible execution, and vainly tried to prevent it. He also named the regiments to which they belong at present.

This unfortunate man was evidently mad, with a cruel, bloodthirsty madness, which, I can aver from personal experience, is often found along with sexual depravity and sadism, in this all-devouring climate, after repeated attacks of fever have weakened and disorganised the brain. Here is an instance which I related at full length in my book "Love and Death,"—a story for which I was prosecuted, and which I will here shorten as much as possible.

Some months after my arrival in the South, one day, at the hour of the siesta, I was suddenly aroused by loud shrieks of pain uttered by a woman, under the verandah of the bungalow where I lodged along with the other officers. I thought it was one of our sharp-shooters correcting his slave-mistress with a bull's puzzle—that frequently occurred and no one took any notice of it. However, the shrieks came from so near my room, which was next to that of the lieutenant, that curiosity induced me to gently half open my door, and what I saw astonished me. It was the lieutenant himself, armed with a riding-whip who was thrashing a naked woman, the wife of a sharp-shooter, for some trifling and insignificant theft. "Thief! thief!" he yelled, and struck her with all his might; his hand trembled, his eyes rolled almost out of their sockets, and a trace of white foam was visible on his lips.

Did he hear my door creak? Did he suspect that I was looking at him? I do not know. At any rate, he quickly

threw away the whip, and left the wretched woman, who fell on the ground with her back bleeding, and her breasts scarred. He gave a furtive glance round, and then locked himself up with his boy and his negress, in his room, from whence he did not emerge for three days.

A short time afterwards, the captain commanding the station fell ill, and the lieutenant had to take his place. One morning, several of us went out shooting, but as a storm threatened we returned home unexpectedly, and beheld a spectacle still more shocking than the former.

Naked, and fastened to a tree was a young slave from Dubreka who had recently come to the station, and who was receiving a thrashing which the oldest sharp-shooter was administering with ferocious rage. At each blow of the ball's pizzle, a deep weal marked the black skin, shining on the sun, and then streams of blood trickled down the loins. Long accustomed to receive this inhuman punishment from his master, the unhappy wretch budged no more than the trunk of the tree to which he was tied. With his head bent down, and his eyes closed, he looked like an ox led to the shambles.

We at first thought that the black sergeant who acted as adjutant, had relapsed to his native savagery, and thinking there were no officers present had, on his own authority, ordered this barbarous punishment. But at the same moment we saw the lieutenant under the verandah of the bungalow. Seated in his basket-chair, facing the tree, he gazed with a lustful eye at the punishment which he himself, for some trifling offence, had ordered to be inflicted. His negress and his boy were squatting on a mat at his feet. Every time that the pull's pizzle tore off a strip of flesh he trembled in his chair, his yellow, bilious eyes gleamed, and

his lips were contorted into the melancholy smile of erotic madness.

Seeing that, and remembering also other similar instances—one of them quite recent, of German officers, farther south in the dark continent, and Grund Zogo, who during their hour of siesta, had young, naked girls flogged till they bled—I could not refrain from thinking of the terrible and mysterious bond which thus unites pleasure, pain, and cruelty, and I thought that amongst all the innumerable and distressing miseries to which human nature has been prone ever since its distant creation, that there was not one more sad than this.

And I could not refrain from once more cursing those upon whom rests all the responsibility of these calamities; all those dangerous dreamers, all those blind Utopians, all those cabinet colonists, all those interfering financiers, who persist in trying to make a "colonial empire" out of this miserable desert, deadly brushwood, and huge cemetery, which has been pompously called the French Soudan, to impose on ignorant and foolish people.

Something akin to the horrors of the Soudan were the barbarities wrought upon the persons of the unfortunate early Australian convicts who, alas! had not the excuse of being black to give a semblance of warranty for their terrible punishment.

THE BUSHRANGERS OF AUSTRALIA IN OLD COLONIAL DAYS.

BY HARRY B. VOGEL.

One sweltering summer day in far Tasmania, nearly fifty

years ago, two assigned convicts trudged slowly at the tail of a mob of cattle as it descended from the edge of a long spur down towards a creek where a midday halt might be made. The elder of the two men was still comparatively young. His height, his breadth of shoulder, his whole carriage stamped him at a glance as of immense physical strength. Despite his tanned skin and rugged appearance, he was distinctly a handsome man, with that peculiar and indescribable something, which even under such debasing circumstances suggested that he had once been a gentleman. Curiously enough, the same might have been noticed of his yet younger companion.

It matters little enough what brought these two within reach of the law and led to the horror of transportation. It would only serve to bring two good old English names face to face with sad remembrances. Rather let their stories lie in the darkness of what is past—nearly fifty years past. Suffice that in the case of the younger man some act of indiscretion, some mad impulse of fierce temptation, had set the iron wheels of fate grinding, until "Edward O'Dare," the gay, generous, laughter-loving, young Irish doctor, found himself a convicted felon, awaiting the transport that would take him to the uttermost ends of the earth.

What happened to him had happened to the other—Jack Garnet they called him—with the difference that sentence of the latter was the more severe. The exigencies of circumstances had drawn the two men to a gradual friendship. For awhile in the floating hell that had brought them over to the colony, and again in the seething horrors of Port Arthur, they had avoided each other. They were both "gentlemen convicts," and some remnant of pride stiffened each to a fierce prejudice, until it was generally concluded

that they hated each other. Perhaps it was this fact that led to their eventually finding themselves assigned servants of Colonel Rice. The result was contrary to official expectation, for away on the lonely back boundaries of the run they had come to know and to care for each other.

Stumbling and striding slowly on, the two men passed down the hillside to the creek. At length they reached a clump of bush, and, leaving the cattle to open out on to the flat and wander along the bank, they proceeded to light a fire and boil a billy.

Their repast was scanty in the extreme, and presently they were sitting enjoying the one intense consolation of their condition, a smoke.

Suddenly Garnet started forward and peered into the bush.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

Both men leaped to their feet, keenly alert, and on their quick ears came the crashing and breaking of twigs. Another moment, and a man stepped from the bush and stood by them.

Of medium height, haggard and weather-beaten, he was quickly recognised by the convicts. An exclamation of astonishment broke from each of them, at which the newcomer, generally known as Wingy Nolans, smiled. Then he coolly sat himself down on a log by the still smoking embers.

"A bit knocked, eh? A bit surprised like to see me, eh? In course yer are; just as they," jerking his left thumb over his shoulder, "were to lose sight o' me."

"But how on earth did you get out here?" asked O'Dare.

"Circumwenting. I'm circumwenting. Under or'nary circumstances I'd 'a walked 'till I saw a 'orse, then I'd 'a

rode. But breaking away ain't or'nary circumstances, and I 'ad to circumwent. Any tucker left, mates?"

"A little, precious little though, I'm afraid. There's some tea in the billy and a bit of breadstuff in the bundle there."

"I'm 'ungry. I ain't dined since yester' morning. Yer see I'm keepin' out of the way till I get a chawnce o' settlin' down," vouchsafed the man by way of explanation, as he munched at the lump of dry damper he had extracted from the bundle. "Yer see, it's this way. I 'appened to get the chawnce o' loosening them little orniments I 'ad danglin' about my tootsies, and of slippin' 'em at the edge of the bush by the new road we was a-makin' and a-'ammerin' at when I tuk my suddin farewell. And I didn't weep nothink to mention of neither. I suttingly did stop to larf, I couldn't 'elp it. Old Beconlight, you mind 'im with the red 'air, 'ad guard over by my corner. I'd been edgin' a bit of a way art, and he walks acrost and sez, sez 'e, 'What are you a-doin' art there, you lazy, loiterin' 'ound?' 'Stow it,' sez I. 'What!' sez he. 'I'll—I'll——' 'Stow it,' sez I agin. 'Insubordination!' sez 'e, with 'is breath fair took away, and 'e 'andles 'is gun. But 'e wern't quick enough, not by chalks, for I let's drive at 'im and over'e goes, and off goes the chains, and then off goes I. 'E 'upped wiv 'is gun and the bullet 'it the iron-wood and the chips dusted me; but chips don't 'urt, and I made westwards, 'till I struck over by Buller's Gap, beyond Craddock's, where I borrowed a suit, without asking, and 'ere I am."

"But they're after you?" exclaimed O'Dare.

Nolans laughed.

"Sure enough. 'Arf a dozen, 'arf a 'undredweight on

'em. But they ain't got me, and they ain't agoin' to neither—not livin'."

"They'd prefer you living, but dead'll satisfy them," said Garnet slowly.

"Like enough, but they ain't done one nor 'tother yet. Oh! I ain't such a mug as to 'ave no object in circumwentin' 'ereabouts. Maybe they'll lay 'ands on me, maybe they won't; but I'll lead them a dance fust. I'm 'turnin' out,' and I'll be even with 'em for them floggings I've 'ad. Say, mate," he added, looking at Garnet, "will yer join me? You've got a 'ead on yer. I knows me way abart this 'ere country, or for that matter, acrost iu Victoria either, but I ain't a commandier. We'll get 'orses and shootin' irons and amminition, and, with you for boss, we'll make a lively time. Say, mate, will yer?"

"No! no!" exclaimed O'Dare.

"I wern't a-askin' you," answered Nolans quickly, "I knows you. You've got yer ticket waitin' yer. But 'e 'asn't, 'ave yer mate? Let 'im answer for 'imself," he added, as O'Dare jumped to his feet and moved towards his friend.

Resting his chin on his hands, Garnet sat silent and undecided.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake don't, Jack," whispered O'Dare, "It's——"

"S-sist," came a sharp exclamation from Nolans, "mind yerself!" and like a flash of lightning he disappeared into the scrub.

For an instant the two men looked in astonishment towards the direction he had taken. A noise fell on their ears, and they glanced quickly across the little flat along the creek. A party of five horsemen were slowly approaching.

"Police," murmured O'Dare, and with an iron grip came the foreboding of impending evil. An hour ago, and neither he nor his comrade need have feared—though they might have wondered at—the approach of armed police. Now they had brought themselves within the meshes of the law. They had not only seen and spoken with an escaped convict, but they had actually given him food and allowed him to depart without an effort to detain him. Their one hope of salvation lay in the possibility of the police having failed to catch sight of their man.

"Hullo there!" said the sergeant in charge, "stand out you two. Have you seen anyone about these parts to-day?"

There was an instant's silence, as though neither man was sure whether he was the one of whom the question was asked.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed the sergeant, a heavy, red-bearded individual. "You there," he continued, addressing O'Dare, "have you seen anyone about here to-day?"

"No, sir," answered O'Dare.

"Umph," muttered the sergeant, obviously by no means satisfied, "and you?"

"I've seen no one except my mate," answered Garnet. For a moment the sergeant made no reply.

"You're assigned servants, both of you, eh?"

"Yes, sir, assigned to Colonel Rice, of Clencoon," replied Garnet.

"Well, you're lying both of you. You've seen the man, and you're aiding and abetting him. D'ye hear? Once again, which way has he gone? You there, which way has he gone?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen anyone; therefore, I don't know," answered O'Dare.

"There's been more than two of you here, I'll swear," said the sergeant, dismounting, and poking about the edge of the fire. "Have a look round this bit of scrub some of you men," he continued.

Suddenly, on the grass near the log where Nolans had sat, Garnet saw a silver-mounted pipe, evidently stolen by Nolans with the clothes he was wearing. In his haste to escape, the hunted convict had dropped it. Would the sergeant see it! If not, there was a chance of their being left unmolested, whilst if he did, nothing could save them from the chain gangs and a flogging.

Poking and shuffling with his feet, the police officer was examining for some trace of the third person, whose sudden absence he suspected. Nearer and nearer he drew to the fatal clue, and, with a tightening at his throat, Garnet saw the spurred heel crush the grass within an inch of it. Surely the sergeant saw it, He was looking directly at it and yet——. He moved on a pace or two, and, as he turned his back to the tell-tale object, Garnet took a deep breath of relief.

"You hounds!" suddenly exclaimed the sergeant, losing his temper. "You've seen the man, and you won't say. Well, a few strokes of the cat may loosen your tongues, my fine fellows, and it won't save him. Once again. Which way did he take?"

Neither Garnet nor O'Dare replied, and the question was repeated with a harsh oath.

"I've seen no one," said Garnet.

"Nor I," replied his companion.

Something in O'Dare's tone still further incensed the angry policeman.

"You haven't, eh? Well, you can just come in with

me to Oatlands. Here, you Davies, lash their wrists together, and—ah! would you?" he added, as O'Dare, giving way for the instant to the fatal impulse of resistance, snatched his wrist from the policeman's grip.

"No, no," he cried out piteously. "Oh, God above, help me!" he murmured.

In a few short moments he, who had been counting the hours to his freedom, had sealed his doom. Apart from the suspicion of having aided an escaped convict, he had been guilty of the almost equally heinous crime of resistance.

The sergeant appreciated it.

"Resisting, eh?" he exclaimed, bringing down his heavy riding whip with a slash across O'Dare's face and shoulders.

Garnet, incensed at the cowardly blow, stepped forward.

"You brute!" he exclaimed, as he struck the sergeant heavily under the jaw. The man reeled backwards and, tripping, fell with a crash. Like lightning, O'Dare turned on the constable who held him, and wrenched himself free. Before he could move, however, the policeman had closed with his opponent, and the two were locked in a hand to hand combat. Garnet, leaping to his friend's side, struck at the constable, only in his own turn to be set upon by the other two men. Strong as he was, a blow from behind dazed him, and in another moment, the two unfortunates were on the ground, their arms pinioned to their sides, their shirts torn, their faces grimed with sweat and blood.

The sergeant had meanwhile scrambled to his feet, and, in doing so, had caught sight of Nolan's pipe. With a cry he pounced upon it.

"Ah! what did I tell you! There's your pipe, and there's yours. What about this one, eh? He's been here, and you've aided and abetted him to escape when you

might have seized him. Oh! my precious pair, my beauties, my gentlemen! I wouldn't have your hides on me this time to-morrow! Come along; up you get, up, up," he repeated, kicking at the wretched men. "I'll have you safely locked up by sundown!"

He was as good as his word, and that evening they were thrust into the small wooden cabin that played the part of jail at Oatlands. Early the following morning they were brought before the magistrate, and with sundry damning additions of his own, the sergeant recounted the incidents of the previous day. His charge was ample, and on each count of it the two convicts were found guilty. For resisting the police they were ordered to receive fifty lashes each, and were sentenced to twelve months in the chain gangs, whilst for aiding and abetting an escaped convict, they were put down for trial with the probability of a further sentence of seven years' transportation to the penal settlement of Botany Bay.

Garnet heard his sentence with indifference, but the effect on O'Dare was more terrible. It meant so much to him. The impending horrors of the lash were for the moment lost in the realisation that his chance of liberty was destroyed. The long stretch of terror and torment through which he had passed was to be repeated; and not merely that, but repeated with the burden of an evil reputation which would mark him down as dangerous. He drew in a hard breath and clenched his teeth in the agony of his despair.

Garnet's voice first aroused him.

"Never mind, old man, see it through, it'll come right, though God help you during the next hour."

Rough hands were laid on the prisoners, and immediate

preparations were completed to carry into effect the flogging which had been ordered. By the back of the prison yard were some tall slender gum trees, and to them the two prisoners were marched.

"Take off your shirts," was the order and each, fully aware of the futility of resistance, obeyed.

"Take the tall one first," said the officer in charge, and Garnet was led forward. He was placed with his face to the trunk, (and his arms drawn round it and lashed), whilst ropes were passed round his ankles, and round the bottom of the tree.

The flagellator, (to give him his official designation), ran his fingers down the tails of the cat and measured his distance. There was a pause, a grim horrible silence. Presently, from the officer in command, came the order:

"One!"

With a singing, swishing sound the tails hummed through the air, and fell with a thud on the broad brown back and shoulders. As they dropped away, long lived wheals streaked the skin, and the tender flesh quivered and shook. Yet not a sound came from the convict's lips.

"Two!"

Once again the leather thongs flayed the man's back; and here and there, where the new wounds and the old ones crossed, there leapt forth beads of scarlet blood that quickly oozed into tiny running streams.

Yet not even to a murmur did the man give utterance.

Time after time the order was repeated, quickly the torn and lacerated flesh heaved and swoll into a palpitating bleeding mass. Gradually, at each cut, the silence of the man was broken with gasps and quivering sighs, until presently, in spite of his pride and passion, he shrieked

with agony at each lash. His cries grew into words of horrible reviling and bitter cursing. They came at each lash with a wild shriek. They moaned out to a sigh that ended in another shriek, as a fresh cut was administered.

Strong and determined as he was, Garnet was senseless before the fifty strokes had been completed.

O'Dare's time came close upon the completion of Garnet's sentence. Breathing space was allowed the flagellator, who, however, was fully capable of delivering a second fifty with all the untiring energy of the first. The last ten or twelve strokes of O'Dare's punishment were lost on the young fellow, save for their effect in still further lacerating the mangled flesh. He was senseless, and for fully an hour after they had cut him down, he remained so. At length, bleeding and helpless, the two unfortunates were placed once more in their sultry, comfortless cell.

Some four or five days passed before their journey to Port Arthur was commenced. Meanwhile, Nolans remained uncaptured, although more than once he had given evidence of having joined the list of armed bushrangers, who infested the colony. It was not considered necessary, however, to wait for his recapture, and early one morning, Garnet and O'Dare were ordered to climb into a light spring cart for transportation to Port Arthur.

Both prisoners, still stiff and sore from the flogging, were handcuffed and heavily ironed. On the seat of the cart sat the driver, a constable well-armed, whilst a mounted policeman rode close behind.

Over beyond the ford across the Gordon River the road took a sharp turn and rose steeply. To the left, lay Mount Mercer, whilst to the right the scrub and undergrowth was particularly thick. It was a deceptive sort of place, for,

in reality, beyond the crest there was open country for miles and miles, stretching westward away back beyond Jane's Peak towards Table Mountain and Weasel Plain.

Half-way up the hill, the mare in the cart fell into a walk. The mounted constable, with his reins thrown over his left arm, was busy lighting his pipe, and, having accomplished it, was replacing his box of matches into his pocket.

Suddenly, out from the bush abreast of the cart, came a puff, a smoke, and the sharp report of a gun. With a hoarse cry, the mounted constable threw up his arms and lurched slowly forward; then, with a sickening thud, he fell backwards to the ground. His horse, startled by the noise, and frightened at the fall of its rider, plunged forward. In an instant it broke into a terrified gallop, and with the wretched man's foot jammed in the stirrup iron, flashed past the cart, dragging the corpse along the rough, dusty road.

Meanwhile, the driver turned at the sound of the gun. He saw his mate's fall, and thereupon, bending forward, he lashed at the horse with the intention of not only saving his life, but also preventing any escape on the part of the prisoners.

Both of them had started from the bottom of the cart as the shot was fired, but, quickly as thought, Garnet laid his hand on O'Dare's shoulder.

"Down, down; for Heaven's sake keep low!" he whispered hurriedly.

As he spoke, there came the quick, whiplike crack of a second report. A swift humming echoed above their heads, and with a thud a bullet struck the constable. The man swayed, and, as the cart jolted over a stone, rolled to the

ground, clutching and digging at the hard road with his finger nails.

Fortunately for the two prisoners, the reins were entangled in the dying man's hand, and the horse was brought to a sharp standstill. Garnet and his companion raised themselves from where they had been crouching, and saw a figure, carrying a gun, leap from the scrub into the road, and come running towards the cart.

It was Nolans—that they both saw at a glance. As he came up to the fallen constable, he bent over him and turned him on to his back.

"'E won't trouble no one more, nor go untin' men as though they were beasts," exclaimed the runaway convict. "Yer thought it was all over with yer, eh?" he added, as he came up to the cart, "Yer didn't count on Wingy Nolans, eh? Well, yer see, I ain't forgot that yer stud by me that day. Oh! I ain't forgot, and I ain't the sort of a cove as is likely to, neither."

"'Ere yer are Cap'n, 'ere's a file for yer to get rid o'them appandiges, and I'll have a go on these," he added, turning to O'Dare.

For a brief space there was a silence, broken only by the quick, harsh grating of the files, as they ate into the rivets which secured the chains to the men's ankles.

"Yer see, said Wingy, presently, "it's this way. I couldn't 'elp yer afore the floggin'. I 'adn't 'arf a chawnce, but I managed to arrange for some shootin' appliances and I've got some 'orses beyond the rise. I reckon it 'll take a smarter man than they've got in these parts to lay 'ands on us yet awhile. Say Cap'n, there ain't much choice now, eh? I've 'turned out' and I'm heving things fixed up in the way o' bush telegraphs and tucker. But it wants a

boss, and if you'll be boss, Cap'n, why I'll go where you goes, and stick close to yer, s'elp me."

"Do you mean that?" said Garnet, wrenching the last rivet out of the ankle band.

"Aye!"

"Then I'll play the game, Wingy; I'll play it for all it's worth. I don't care what happens now, except that I'll never be caught alive. I'll 'turn out' and some of them shall pay for the tune I've had to dance to!"

"I'm in this, Jack, old man," said O'Dare, quietly, as he threw his irons with a heavy clanking noise into the scrub by the roadside.

"Right yer are, sir," exclaimed Nolans, "I knowed it. What more could yer want? 'Ere we are the gamest, pinkiest three as ever went free of the bush."

"Well, well, we've no time to waste anyhow, so long as we're agreed," said Garnet, "Give me a hand here," he added to Nolans, and the two lifted the dead constable from the roadside and carried him into the scrub. Then, following Nolan's directions, they drove the cart to the crest of the hill, and striking to the right, forced the vehicle into the bush. There they unharnessed the mare and turned it loose.

The three horses tethered near the big ironwood were not of the best. Still, they were horses, and sound and strong. The three men quickly led them out into the open.

"Well, it's likely to be a rough experience you chaps are taking on," said Garnet. "We're changing a dog's life for a dingoe's. Instead of being chained we'll be hunted. It's deadly earnest," he added with a short laugh, as he turned to his horse and tightened up the girths. Then, measuring the stirrups, he lengthened them out a hole or

two and swung easily into the saddle. The others followed suit, and the three men cantered slowly down the long slope.

It is not without a sense of immense satisfaction that we bring our task to a close.

When we began this book we had little idea it would occupy half the time, or demand so much research. But the obligation to keep faith with the subscribers to *Curious Bypaths of History* spurred us on. Of course, we know that the work is insufficiently done. None are more conscious of this than ourselves. But it was impossible to do better amidst the constant interruptions of business. We venture to hope that some witty and erudite writer may be tempted to take the subject up from other standpoints, and treat it in a brighter manner. There are gentlemen personally known to us, whose pens pregnant with imagination and wit, are capable of handling these studies in a style far more brilliant than has yet been done.

We trust in conclusion, that the lovely damsels and
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