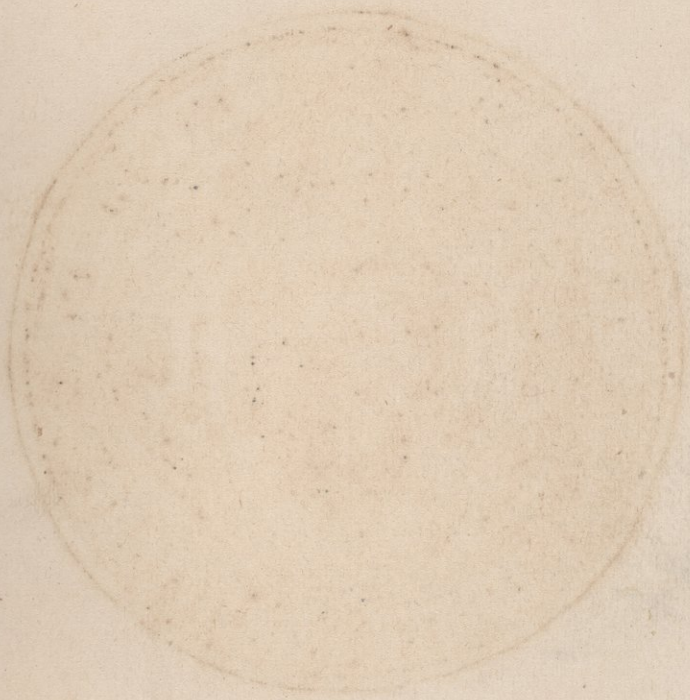
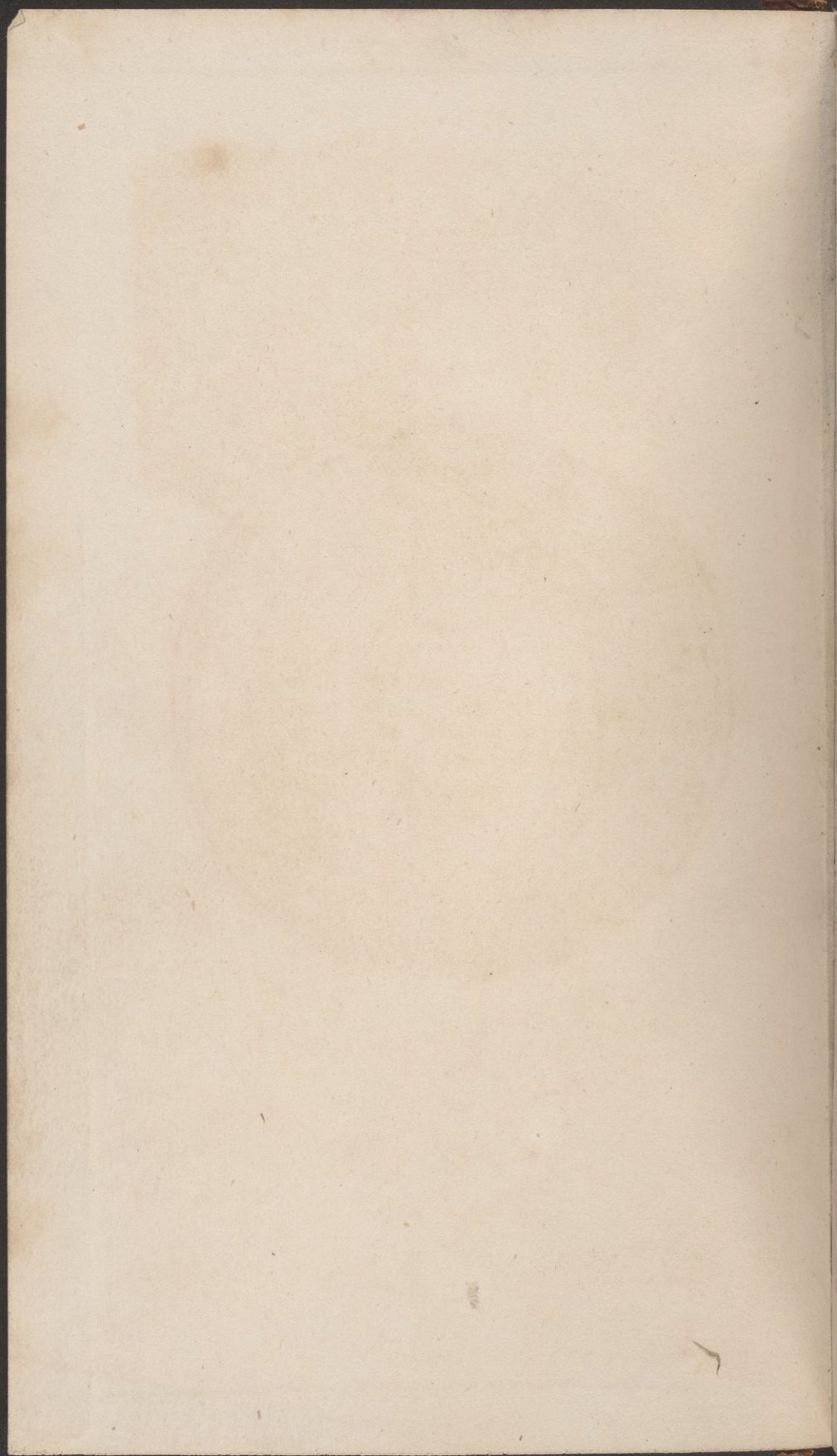


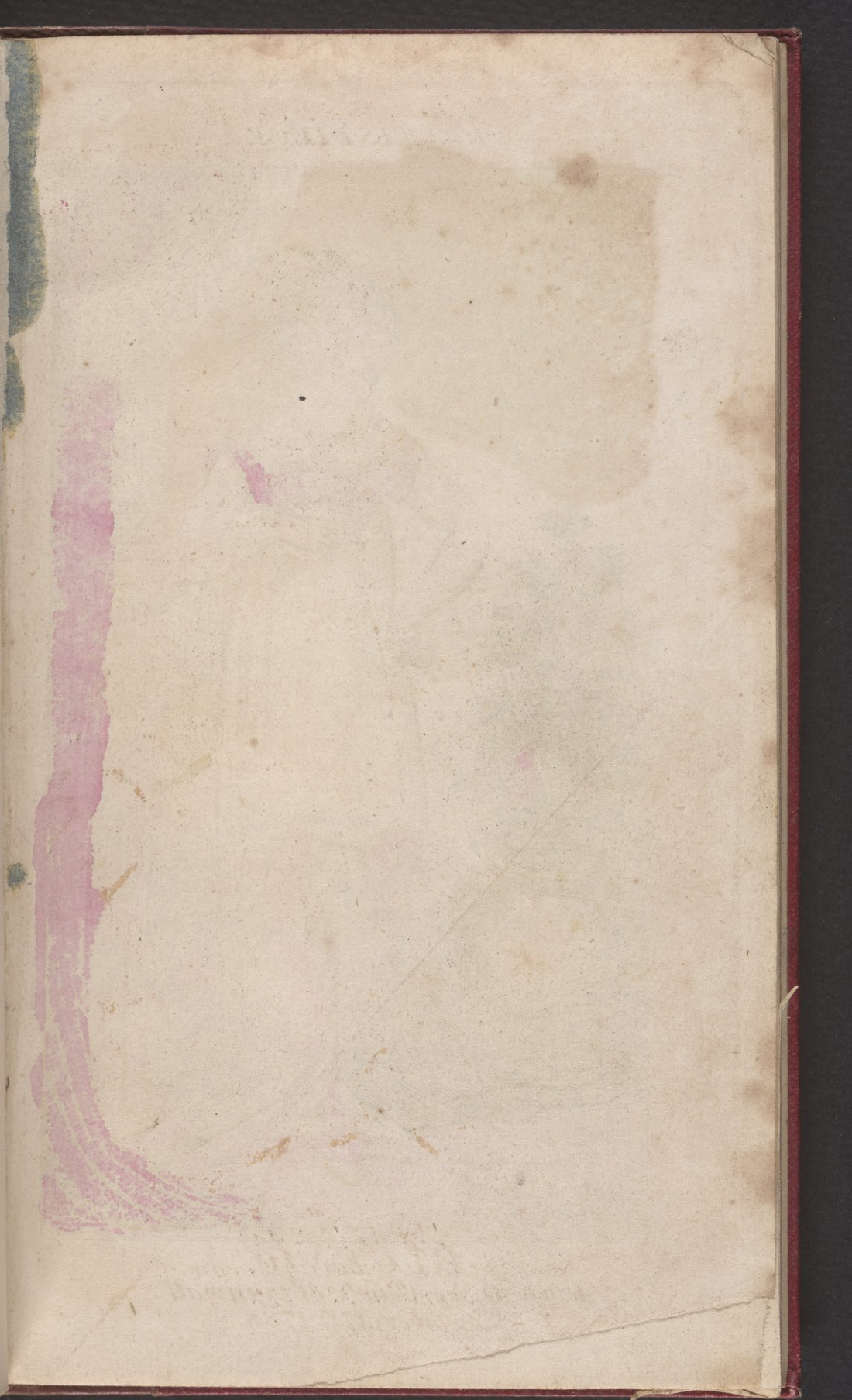
Excessively rare



Parley, J.







FRONTISPIECE.



BIGENIO.
Born in the County of Cornwall.
November 17th 1788 . .

THE SURPRISING
ADVENTURES
OF
BIGENIO,

An Hermaphrodite, or Human Being,

ENDOWED WITH THE PROPENSITIES OF BOTH SEXES;

CONTAINING

A true Account of its Birth, Education, and subsequent Seduction by its Tutor; Eloping from home; turning Thief; Intrigues at Bath and on the road to London; arrival at the Metropolis; entrapped by M— S—, the old Bawd of Drury Lane—description of her house and inmates; hires himself as lady's maid to Mrs. D.; found out by the husband—gets horsewhipped and escapes; takes lodgings at the west end of the town, where he entraps the son of a Banker, who marries him—is found out and again escapes with upwards of £500, the marriage present; flies to York, where the rich old maid Miss Dornton falls in love with him at an assembly, whom he marries, and in a short period absconds with £2,000 and upwards, eluding all trace, although he has been lately seen passing in Oxford Street, and thence down

BOND STREET.

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1824.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800

By JOHN W. COOPER, Esq.
Author of "The History of the City of New York," &c.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, FROM 1630 TO 1800. BY JOHN W. COOPER, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK," &c. &c. &c. VOL. I. BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY G. B. LITTLE, 1800.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I. THE FOUNDATION OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, 1630.	1
CHAPTER II. THE EARLY HISTORY OF BOSTON, 1630-1640.	15
CHAPTER III. THE GROWTH OF BOSTON, 1640-1660.	35
CHAPTER IV. THE PERIOD OF THE PURITAN DOMINION, 1660-1680.	55
CHAPTER V. THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1773-1780.	75
CHAPTER VI. THE PERIOD OF THE REVOLUTION, 1780-1800.	95

manner. What were the sensations of Bigenio on hearing of his tutor's flight, he remained for some time immoveable, and then giving way to the opposite extreme, raved about in apparent frenzy. At length he grew calm, and finding his way into the presence of his protector, related in an ingenious manner every thing which had happened to him. The old gentleman, who was by nature choleric, flew into a passion, taxed him with being unnatural, and desired him to absent himself from his company, desiring him for the future, to take his meals in his own sleeping room.

The harshness of this treatment gave such offence to the natural sensibility of Bigenio's feelings, that he one morning left the house in a solitary manner, scarcely possessed of a guinea, and with a firm resolution let what would ensue, never to take shelter in it again. Having walked all day, exciting as he went an universal surprise, on account of the singularity of his attire; he arrived by night at a popular village, and repairing to the first Inn which presented itself, ordered a supper to be got ready and a bed. The supper was straightway got ready, and in the mean time Bigenio reflecting on the many inconveniencies to which the singularity of his dress might expose him, resolved upon procuring a gown and the other habiliments which pertain to a female's attire. Accordingly, he had no sooner left the Inn next morning, than he repaired to a poor looking cottage in the outskirts of the village, and requesting to speak to the old woman, its possessor, in private, informed her, that he was a young Turkish lady, shipwrecked on the sea coast, but as she found it difficult to make good her way to London under her national dress, on account of the ridicule it attracted: she was willing to pay handsomely for a gown, petticoat, shawl, and bonnet in the English fashion.

They forthwith struck a bargain, and the old woman went in and procured every thing which Bigenio could require, receiving only in return, five shillings and sixpence. The Hermaphrodite being dressed pursued his road towards London, intending to gain a livelihood, if nothing better offered, as a common menial. But it chanced as he was crossing a road just about sun set,

two thousand a year, and being a widower without children resolved to adopt the little foundling as one of his own.

On the ceremony of christening, they were all at stand for a neuter name, whereby to denominate the Hermaphrodite, but the Clergyman, after a short consideration, proposed Bigenio. This being consented to, he was christened, and on being brought home was habited as his protector desired, in a dress of half male and half female, not unlike that worn by the Turks, a sort of gown and trowsers. At the age of twelve, Bigenio was sent to a school in the neighbourhood, and evinced a more than common share of abilities, but meeting with insult and ill treatment from every one who addressed him, was taken away by his guardian, and put under the care of a private tutor who attended at the house. This man, who had made anatomy and physiology the subjects of his amusements, and knew that the gratification enjoyed in a female's company might be procured in that of his pupil, without perhaps the natural consequence of child-bearing ensuing, addressed him one morning in a speech, the purport of which was, that having been partly bred a Surgeon, and feeling a sympathy for the pains which the negligence of nature must occasion in his bosom, he should be happy to examine the malformation and endeavour by his art to set it to rights again. At that period, Bigenio had just turned his sixteenth year, was remarkably beautiful in the face, and was taller by half a head than most children of that age. Besides which, his elegance of shape and carriage, the gentility of his manners, and the acquaintance he had made with the liberal studies, endeared him to every one who knew him. Having little or no knowledge of the world, and being equally ignorant of the blacker passions which dis-colour the human mind, he took this offer of the tutor in a friendly light, and yielding himself up one morning in private, was debauched almost before he was conscious of being so. The villanious tutor finding the reflection of his perfidy work tortures on his conscience, packed up his things, had them conveyed secretly out of the house, and left his employer the same evening in a clandestine

BIGENIO ;

OR,

History of an Hermaphrodite.



LET those who doubt the existence of Hermaphrodites or human beings half male and half female, open this pamphlet, and no longer hold a suspension of assent.

The foundation of this surprising story is taken from a well authenticated fact, and the various incidents with which it is enlivened, were supplied by persons who were acquainted with the monster.

That such things have existed there is not the slightest doubt, and did I not feel a reluctance at detaining the reader from the perusal of what must attract his attention, I could adduce numberless instances.

However, if he be of a doubtful disposition, and wishes to be convinced of the facts as deposed upon oath, he need look no farther than into the Philosophical Transactions.

In order to avoid a want of perspicuity, I shall designate the subject of this History by the masculine gender, and call it *he*, although it had equally pretensions to the feminine gender, and might with as much propriety have been designated by the monosyllable *she*.

He was born then in the county of Cornwall, of poor and ignorant parents, who finding they had given birth to a monster, were determined not to support it as their own. Accordingly, stealing out one night they laid it at the door of a neighbouring gentleman, and they had the satisfaction of hearing next morning that it had been taken in and treated with humanity. This gentleman, whose name was Belton, lived on an estate of

that a young gentleman richly dressed rode by on a fine hunter, and perceiving a girl as he thought before him, whose beauty and melting glow of health might have been compared to Mother Eve's, dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and catching our hero round the waist saluted him till he was almost out of breath; and not contented with this, thrust his hand into the unknown's bosom. Perhaps it may be thought he found nothing very luscious there, but Bigenio had two breasts that swelled out like blushing peaches, and were as soft as the finest down enclosed in a case of velvet. "My dear girl, cried the young gentleman, what a paradise reside in your charms: by heavens I could feast my eyes, my lips, and my hands on you for ever." He then commenced saluting and embracing him again, and our hero, who had a spice of knavery in his composition, reflecting he might be enabled to fill his purse (which was emptied of all but a few shillings) by countenancing the amour, readily yielded to all his caresses. The young gentleman now declared his name to be Fallow, and added that he was the son of the lord of the manor, who possessed five thousand a year. This news was far from displeasing to the ears of Bigenio, who, at the solicitation of his gallant, pronounced his name to be Sophy Harrier. Young Fallow then declared with the most ardent protestations that he would never return home again, unless his dear Sophy accompanied him; and as for old square toes, said he, you need be under no apprehension of him, as he's nail'd to his chair with the gout; and for that crusty piece of mahogany, my mother, she's confin'd to her room, as she gives out, with the erysipelas, but in truth with nothing else but too great a quantity of brandy in her hold, which makes her do every thing she should not; so be under no apprehension, my dear girl, I'll lead you into the house by a back way—the servants are all leagued in my interest, and I'll engage to say we shall not be interrupted. Moreover at the receipt of the last favour you can give, twenty pounds is your recompense.

Bigenio only replied to this by a yielding smile and a blush which tinged every feature, for in the midst of all his wickedness his natural diffidence still stuck close to

him. Young Fallow then placing her behind him on horseback rode towards home, being met by divers personages whom he could very fairly have wished at the devil. For first Parson Squad, the vicar, waddled out of his house, and observing two frisky pieces of flesh, lifted up his fat paws to heaven and made a silent avowal of his horror at such a carnal abomination, fully resolving at the same time to touch upon it in his next Sunday's sermon.

Secondly came jogging along, on a blind pony, Dr. Donkey, the village surgeon, to whom young Fallow owed no less than twenty pounds for venereal medicines. The doctor imagining the present spectacle was an indication of his future assistance, cried out with a loud voice "No more mercury, 'squire, without silver." "True, replied the other, and as I hope I shall now have no more need of mercury, having modesty strapp'd closely to me, I shall also expect you will have no more occasion for the silver."

The next person who passed was one Madam Dimity, a staid maiden lady of fifty-two, who lived upon scandal and green tea. After opening her eyelids so wide that an egg might have walked in, she turned up her half-moon nose and swaggered along as though she observed nothing, but in reality intending to bruit it about, with every addition which her malice could fabricate.

Fourthly Aminadab Solemn, a reverential quaker, who vended raiment for the damsels, and bread, cheese, tobacco, &c. for the use of the miners, moved along like a rusty piece of clockwork, his head held stiff on his neck, like a nail in a vice, though his eyes rolled to the right as he made observations upon our couple.

Fifthly Joseph Block, the barber, stood at his shop door with his hands in his pockets; and however some authors may esteem the members of this profession garrulent, I can safely say there was hardly a more taciturn and grumpy fellow in the whole kingdom. Well, this beard dresser perceiving the young 'squire (who was a liberal customer to him for essences and other articles of luxury) mounted on horseback, with a fine girl strapped on to him, caught hold of a lock of hair that was wound up as a curl in the front of his wig, and giving it a tug,

(for he had no hat on,) bowed his body almost off its hinges.

Sixthly Toby Wackaway, the schoolmaster, walked by grining and licking his chaps at the sight of so fine a girl. On passing the 'squire he made a very systematic bow, and I very much doubt if any other could have excelled it, unless it were another gentleman of the same profession.

Next came rolling along like a drunken beer barrel, poor old Jonathan Tipple, with no less than five pots of ale and a noggin of gin in his pate. I must needs say he was very complaisant, for he made a bow down to the ground; and let not this be taken in a figurative sense either, for on giving his body a bend, with two or three graceful indications upwards, flop he fell down on his belly, and knocked his head against his mother earth.

Eighthly came trotting along a jolly old farmer, whose cheeks were so fat, and whose eyebrows so pendant, that he could scarcely see through his eyes. "Hah, hah, Master Thomas, cried he, as he passed, what mun, been buying another hundred weight of hay to stuff your bed wi'?"

Next Johnny Patchit, the cobbler, who was working in his stall, and singing away with a stop and a grunt at each stroke, put out his head crowned with a black leather cap; and taking off his spectacles, screwed up his eyes, thrust out his lips, and gave a sort of a baboonish nod of the head as our horsemen passed him.

Tenthly, and the last I shall call over, who should young Fallow see but the daughter of the village publican. This unfortunate girl he had deflowered in her seventeenth year, and having caught her about three months afterwards in the company of a grazier's son, engaged in a game which he thought no one had a right to play but himself, he forsook her, and never changed a word with her again. From that time, whenever she beheld him approaching, she was wont to run into the first house which was at hand; but now being stirred up with jealousy at beholding another girl in favour, she ran up to the horse and endeavoured to pull her off. "Away, away, strumpet, cried the young 'squire, shaking his horsewhip, leave her alone, for she's my own

wench, and worth a million such as you common village walkers. Come, you'd best leave her alone, or by G—d I'll lay this horsewhip across your shoulders." This threat, instead of deterring her, only made her ten times the more furious—to be called a strumpet and a village whore! Without considering the indecency of the action, she was about to mount the horse by getting behind, and clinging hold of the tail; but the whole of her calf being unfortunately exposed, received three hearty cuts from Fallow's whip, which sent her rolling on her back in the dust. The gallant then went off at a full gallop, and gaining admittance by means of a back coach gate, was housed before the publican's daughter was half recovered from the fall.

Bigenio was conducted into the young 'squire's sitting room as it was called, being a neat small chamber on the ground floor, very comfortably furnished, and decked with about forty framed drawings of his own execution. Here Bigenio was seated near an open window which looked into a fine range of pleasure grounds, Fallow by his side pouring out a thousand protestations of love, and taking divers liberties with his inamorata's legs, as endeavouring to span his ancle, take off his garters and tie them on again, &c.

But in the middle of this toying who should they hear coming along the passage, growling, groaning, and exclaiming "D—m this old gout to hell. Confound it. Tom, my boy, what Tom!" No other than the old 'Squire himself, which his son well knowing ran to the door and locked it, and then bundled his inamorata under a table with a long flap to it, and throwing over a large green cloth, the object of his affections was concealed from view. In the mean time old Fallow kept knocking at the door with his crutch and desiring admittance; but the gallant only answered him by saying "My dear father pray don't be in such a hurry, I'm dressing; now sir, there, I've only got to put on my leathers and I've done." But instead of putting any thing on he pulled something off, which was nothing else but his coat and waistcoat, and then running to the door unlocked it and let his father in, crying "Lauk, sir, you wont give one time to put one's coat on." "My boy, said the old man,

hobbling in, I'm come to you for a little comfort. When one sits by one's self all day it makes one think of dying, and then I grow miserable. Tell me, Tom, (sitting down and throwing himself back in the chair) d'ye think I shall live 'till I'm sixty?" "I hope so, cried the other, and 'till you are eighty, and ninety, and a hundred, if you desire it. And I'm sure you need be under no apprehensions, for you look as hearty as you did five years ago: and for a man of your age I must say I think you appear vastly young." "A man of my age! cried the other peevishly, and knocking his crutch against the floor, what d'ye mean by that? Am I old then?" Oh no, no, sir replied the other, I did not mean that; all I hinted at was that, for a man of forty odd, I thought you looked like one of thirty." Come, come, you coaxing dog, cried the other, I'm eight and fifty, and you know it—forty odd indeed—ha, ha, ha—but give me your hand, my boy, I hope I shall live this thirty good year, and see you father of a dozen children."

Young Fallow then recollecting the situation of his innamorata, resolved to get the old gentleman out of the room by some pretext or another, and at last asked him for a small diamond ring which he had seen him wear on his little finger. You shall have it, my child, cried the father, leaving the room, and I'll fetch it this instant. His back being turned, and the door shut, young Fallow uncaged his imprisoned bird, told him to jump out of the window, which was not above three feet from the ground, run along the garden, and getting into the park hide himself in a summer house h'ed find at the entrance. Bigenio did every thing desired, and waited at the place appointed near an hour before he saw any thing of his gallant. At last young Fallow was seen tripping along through the trees, and bursting into the summer-house caught the lovely object of his adoration in his arms. Suffice it to say he was about to attempt the last favour, when his enchantress thurst him off, protesting he should have no farther commerce unless he produced the twenty pounds agreed on. Young Fallow burning with lust took out his pocket book, and displayed notes to the amount of thirty pounds. These he threw into his charmer's lap, and that sagacious personage finding himself pos-

sessed of all he had been fishing for, yielded himself up. But what was the astonishment, horror, and confusion of the young 'squire when he found out he had to deal with an Hermaphrodite! For some time he stood still, but suddenly regaining his power of locomotion he ran off confounded, without even so much as recollecting the thirty pounds he had left behind. Bigenio watched him out of sight, and then leaving the summer-house ran along the park, climbed over the fence, and had already completed two miles on the road when a stage coach passed along. On stopping the vehicle and learning there were two places vacant inside he got up, and had proceeded near half an hour before he thought of asking whither the coach was destined. The first passenger, who was an old worn out gamester, drawled out to Bath, my love. Whilst the second, who was a rich young spark, bound to that city in order to get rid of seventy pounds his father had given him, kept treading on Bigenio's foot, sighing and sending forth from the side of each eye lid divers very significant glances. "I wonder, said the old gamester, you should get up into a coach and not know whither you are going. If you'll allow me to judge, young lady."—But here a cough interrupted him, and after pulling out a long deep golden snuff box, which he half emptied of its contents, with one pinch, he wiped his eyes and proceeded. "I should judge you were a runaway girl from a boarding school. Nay, nay, there's no occasion for blushing, for I could read it in your features. The knowledge I have of the world enables me to dive through the characters and purposes of every one I put my eyes on." Here another cough took him, and as he was not over complaisant he suffered the convulsion to exhaust itself about a foot or two before Bigenio's face, bespattering his cheeks and nose with a yellow coloured spittle. "I wish your knowledge of the world, cried Bigenio, had taught you better manners." The old fellow raised up his head, opened his eyes with astonishment, and asked if the lady spoke to him. "Yes, certainly, exclaimed the spark on his left, and I coincide with her idea. To cough and spit in a lady's face—pshaw, a man of your age ought to be ashamed of yourself." The blood rushed up into the other's face, his

whole body began to tremble with passion, and he stammered out "You, you, you—what a stranger talk to me thus. Sir, sir, if I were but ten years younger I'd ja—ja—jam your head between the coach door and the panel beading." "Oh you worn out rake, replied the young gentleman, don't suffer such spirited ideas to flow from your mouth when 'twill hardly suffer your words to pass, but snaps some of them short in the middle. So hold your tongue, or else I shall utter something which will offend you." The gamester pulled out his snuff box again, and thrusting therein three fingers and a thumb, took out near a handful, half of which he thrust up his nostrils, and the other half suffered to drop on the coach matting. "Very well, sir, said he, I'll say nothing more to you; men of my age demand more respect, but young fellows like you know none." He then threw himself back in the seat and began muttering to himself some gaming calculations. For the remainder of the day the young gentleman, whose name was Robinson, seated himself next to Bigenio, and by the favours shewn him concluded he was highly in favour.

The truth is, our hero, who began to feel a self-security in the possession of money, was eager to acquire more, and having ran his eye over young Robinson, concluded him to be some rich young fellow. He therefore cultivated his familiarity by divers marks of kindness, intending when they arrived at Bath to make a purse out of him.

Just before the evening the coach stopped to take in a fresh passenger. The door being opened in jumped a shortish man, whose features were not discernable by reason of the darkness. After fumbling about for some time, and finding petticoats in the way, he muttered a female in company, eh! and then seating himself next to the old gamester said to himself just loud enough to be heard "All safe now I hope—they wont catch."—Here he stopped short, and finished the sentence in his own thoughts. The gamester fully prepossessed with the idea of his being a pickpocket just escaped from the hands of justice, gathered up his pockets and stuck close to the side of the coach. Just then the horses happening to turn a little out of the road took the wheels over

a mound of earth, which giving every person in the vehicle a hearty jolt, gave occasion to the stranger to exclaim "Confound the carelessness of our driver. That jolt now has displaced the layers into which my dinner was forming itself in my stomach. For I hold, gentlemen, that a well-masticated dinner dissolved in a pot of ale is deposited *stratum super stratum*, according to the laws of gravity."

The gamester, instead of making a suitable reply, took out his snuff box, and handing it to the stranger, desired he would make free with the contents. "Now, added he, since you are so fond of tracing things to their origin, tell me, sir, the cause of a sensible being, like man, stuffing his nostrils full of so insignificant a body of dust as ground tobacco!" "Why, sir, replied the other, man is a mass of excitability, and is never happy but when that excitability is call'd into action. The membrane of the nose being covered with nerves of the most delicate sensibility is liable to have its excitability affected by the contact of a pungent particle of dust. For a small quantity of pepper will make a man sneeze as well as snuff. But I imagine there's a peculiar property pertaining to those bodies which affect the nasal nerves; for rhubarb or magnesia wont act on them, although they will on the bowels. Now, sir, when this membrane has been called into action two or three times by the contact of snuff, the power of habit is so great—you comprehend—that a—a—habit is as it were a cement which joins a man's nose and a snuff box together. Ha, ha, ha. So now you've heard my opinion. But I must add this: I one morning convers'd with the proprietor of a patent medicine warehouse, who sold a sort of snuff for the cure of weak eyes. On asking him the manner in which it acted, he answer'd 'why, sir, it purges the head, and brings away the ill humours through the channel of the nose.' But I could have told this person that the sensibility of the nasal membrane, by the laws of habit, would, in one week's time, have been totally destroyed, and the snuff consequently no longer possess the power of purging the head. How people, from the neglect of not considering upon things themselves, will suffer quack doctors to impose them! This caus'd me to make the following

reflection: That some men fool themselves into fortunes by quack medicines, blacking, and so forth, so others fool themselves out of fortunes by misplac'd liberality and unbounded extravagance."

Here the coach stopped that the passengers might alight and take supper. Accordingly Robinson handed out Bigenio very gallantly, and was followed by the gamester and the stranger. Having all arrived in the room where the supper and candles were placed, opposite to a good blazing fire, Bigenio's eyes met those of the stranger's. Both started back with a groan, and after the latter had recovered himself he darted out of the room, and was seen no more. Who think you this stranger was? Why the villainous tutor who had seduced Bigenio, and dreadfully was our hero agitated at the discovery. By the kind attentions of Robinson however, Bigenio at length recovered his serenity, and by the time the coach was ready had almost chaced the circumstance from his recollection.

Behold then Bigenio, the gamester, and Robinson re-seated in the vehicle. Nothing particular occurred throughout the night, excepting the false relation which our hero gave of his acquaintance with the stranger. On their arriving at Bath young Robinson swore he would not part with his charmer before he had seen her safely housed. Bigenio, after a little consideration, drew him aside, and declared himself to be a young lady who had ran away from her parents, to avoid a union with the person she detested. Robinson, who had a vast quantity of libertine blood in his veins, desired to hear no better; for now, thought he, she's unprotected, and I can have the first taste of her. Accordingly he behaved with the utmost gallantry; protested his purse and person were at her service, and at her consenting to a proposal he made, conducted her to a splendid hotel, where he ordered a dinner to be got ready. Having finished this repast, and drank a large quantity of wine between them, Robinson thought himself entitled, from the familiarity of their conversation, to take divers liberties with his enchantress. These Bigenio artfully managed to check and encourage, until the spark's blood being no longer able to contain itself, he pulled out his

pocket book, threw it into her lap, and desired her to take what she pleased, on condition of granting him the favour he desired of her. "I have a friend, replied Bigenio, a dear friend, who has fallen from the height of riches to the depth of poverty; thirty pounds sent to her would be an inexpressible relief." "Take it then, cried Robinson, and thirty for yourself, if you chuse." Our hero waited not to be asked a second time, and was beginning to despoil the pocket book, when young Robinson, reflecting on the indecency of her conduct, began to suspect he was dealing with some Covent Garden *fille de joye*. The thought had no sooner shot across his brain than he seized hold of his notes, and bursting away, stood at the farther end of the room, exclaiming "Now I've found you out, madam. Yes, I've seen your face under Govent Garden Piazzas many a time. You are one of Mother Benjamin's bevy, and deny it if you dare." Perceiving, however, that the surprize and ignorance painted in our hero's countenance was not artificial, he began to form another opinion. He then took her for some country girl, who had been seduced, and turned out of doors with hardly a single shilling in her pocket. Accordingly changing his tone and deportment, he walked up carelessly, pinched her cheek, and said "the conjecture I made just now I acknowledge to be unfounded; but I know what you are, so don't think to conceal it. Come, my love, let's sink into the lap of cupid, and as a recompense I'll tip you a one pound note." "What, cried Bigenio, starting up, d'ye take me for a strumpet? No, sir, my family is as old and respectable as your's, and perhaps more so; for since you come to your conjectures, I may suppose you are some shop boy broke loose, and, perhaps, something many degrees lower—a sharper, for I am sure you are no gentleman by your behaviour." With these words he sallied out of the room, and after walking down a few streets he entered another tavern, in hopes that the gallant would follow; but here he was mistaken, for Robinson, whose blood began to cool, and who found himself repossessed of the sixty pounds he was so near upon losing, remained seated where he was, thanking his stars for having escaped such a scylla. Bigenio remained in the tavern several

hours, occupied in reading the newspaper, chewing biscuits, and drinking wine negus, when finding the house destitute of guests, and nothing in the place worth engaging his attention, he paid for what he had consumed, went to a coach office and took his place in a London stage which was just preparing to set off. As nothing particular happened during his journey, I shall place him down at the inn where the vehicle stopped.

Having walked into the coffee room and seated himself, he beheld a well dressed woman in a black velvet pelisse and bonnet, and aged about forty, sail pompously in, and looking all round the room but where he sat; at length she bawled out with the voice of a draymen "waiter, waiter, bring me a glass of gin and water, with a burnt toast in it." After this she took up a newspaper, and sat opposite to our hero. On the glass of gin and water being brought, she said to the waiter "this is what I seldom or ever drink, Mr. John; but having the wind on my stomach, from eating a plate of vile radishes, I could hardly walk along the street without the fear of offending the passers by." The waiter grinned, and after making an apish bow with a remark that, indeed, a windy stomach was very nauseous to the owner, left the room. The lady now cast her eyes on Bigenio, and giving a screech, fell back in her chair, crying "my daughter Jane—my daughter—long lost daughter Jane!" then seeming to recover herself, she jumped up, fell upon our hero's neck, and asked him if he did not recollect his mother. "Madam, cried Bigenio with astonishment, I never knew who my mother was." "Did you not, cried the other, what did she die before your recollection?" "I am a foundling," replied our hero. This answer may, perhaps, astonish the reader; but Bigenio having little knowledge of the world, although naturally endued with cunning, dissimulation, and dishonesty, he thought this might really be his parent, who recognized in his features the likeness of her husband, and deduced her argument accordingly. The old lady after rubbing her chin and considering for some time, pursued: "I left you in Bath, my love, when you were but two years old, and I never could find out what became of you afterwards, for my poor dear husband, under whose care you were placed,

falling into habits of drinking spirituous liquors, and finding you too great a charge for him to support, carried you out one night and laid you at a gentleman's door."

"Stop, interrupted Bigenio, you must surely be mistaken; I was laid at a door in Cornwall, and from what I have heard was but a new born babe when I was deserted."

The other seemed rather disconcerted at this, but soon regaining her composure, she said "well, my love, but hear me to an end. The name of the Cornwall person who took you in was——hah, what was it? for though I'm very well acquainted with it myself, yet I want to find out whether or no you are an impostor." "My guardian's name was Belton," answered Bigenio simply.

"And had he not a wife and children, with four thousand a year?" "Lau, no, replied the other, he was a widower, without a single offspring; and as for his income, I've heard it estimated at two thousand per annum."

The old lady scratched her chin, and then said "his house was finely situated on the sea coast, was it not?" Oh, no, replied Bigenio, 'twas nearly twelve miles from the sea." "At the Borough of what?" pursued the lady.

Camelford, was the answer. "Then come to my embrace, exclaimed the other—yes, you are my child; I thought so when first I saw you, but now I am convinc'd.

Yes, my husband, as I before said, left you at a door in Bath, and the gentleman of the house took you in and kept you for a week. But having occasion to travel into Cornwall at the end of that period, he took you with him. Here, meeting with some pecuniary losses, he found you a burthen too heavy to support, and accordingly bribed an old woman to leave you at the door of a gentleman named Belton, who liv'd in the borough town call'd Camelford. Now at the age of two years you were such a puny, sickly child that many who look'd on you thought you fresh born, indeed I never had a child so great a monstrosity." Bigenio started back. "So that I don't wonder at 'Squire Belton's conceiving you to be a young suckling at all, because you had not left the breast when I saw the last of you."

"By what mark should you know me again," asked Bigenio. The other looking cunningly replied "By what mark? Truly by a very signal one, and which would enable me to re-

cognize you amidst a million of other children." "Then you know me to be an Hermaphrodite," said Bigenio astonished. "An Hermaphrodite! cried the other with equal astonishment, and are you not a girl?" "No, and you know it, was the answer, you pronounc'd me a monstrosity!" The lady seemed disconcerted for several minutes, and at last recollecting her serenity, she said "Yes, my child, I did say you were a monstrosity, because I knew you was; and from this last declaration of your's I am perfectly satisfied in your being the issue of my own loins. But there is one thing which I must demand, if it is but for the sake of keeping up a little form, and that is ocular demonstration of the fact. You comprehend. Let us retire into a private room.

To this Bigenio consenting, the chambermaid was summoned, who led them up into a bed chamber, where the old lady satisfied her curiosity. "Now, said she, after the examination, have you any friends in London? And pray how much money may you have?" To both which questions our hero answering, with an adherence to truth, the other proceeded; "And what was the reason of your leaving home?" To this also she received a circumstantial and faithful reply; whereupon she muttered to herself, twenty pounds, no friends, and a deflowered runaway? "I have it." Then changing her deportment all at once, she gave a laugh, and said, "so you thought me your mother, eh?" Not a bit of it my darling? But I'll make your fortune as well as my own, if you'll listen to me? Bigenio could not conceal his astonishment, but sunk down on the bed almost bereft of his senses? "Come rouze, rouze, cried the old lady, and listen to me?" You think me perhaps a very respectable honest old lady? Not a bit of it, my darling? My name is Mary Syringe, and I keep a certain temple dedicated to Venus, in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. Our hero who had read novels describing such characters, comprehended her immediately. Now if you choose to enlist in my service, and promise to yield me up half your profits, I'll put you in a way for procuring your bread like an honest creature. Not that I would have you turn a female prostitute, you comprehend, but a male. But attend me home, and I'll

explain myself in a clearer manner. Bigenio reflecting he was already deflowered, possessing no friends, and knew no employment whereby to gain a livelihood, readily consented, and followed the old Beldame out of the house.

After passing down a multiplicity of dark streets and alleys, the old lady stopped at a neat looking house and knocked. The door was opened by a dirty slovenly greasy looking Jew, of about fifty, who after having screwed up his eagle nose, and regarded our hero with half shut eyes, that appeared overflowing with rheum, said in an effeminate voice, "There's one of Mr. Holland's the linen draper's prentices up stairs, he came here just now to see Betty, but not having money in his pocket, he has left his watch for a pound note, and says he'll call for it in a fortnight." "Well, replied Mother Syringe, and what of that?" Why do you stop in the passage to tell us that? Paugh, you rotten old fellow, you were casting your daylight's on the piece I've got on my arm. Go you lump of disease and roll the paste for the dumplings, and tell Sall Bleary to put the scrag of mutton with a bunch of turnips on to boil. The old fellow grinned, and whispered "yes madam," then shutting the street door, shuffled down stairs.

As Bigenio was following his conductress up stairs, a girl was heard shrieking from one of the top rooms, and shortly afterwards came running down stairs in the utmost horror, with only her shift on. "What's the matter Suke? asked Mother Syringe, but before the other could answer, a man in his drawers, anger painted in his countenance, and swearing at every step he took, bolted down the staircase with a large carving knife in his hand. The bawd in a most intrepid manner stood before him, and catching hold of his wrist, exclaimed, what Ned Cutpurse, is this you? What are you going to do with the girl? Not murder her? So help me G——, cried the other, I'll never rest 'till I cut her throat, she's betrayed me to T—— the Police Officer, let me go—I hear him. With these words he broke away, and a few moments afterwards a smash was heard of one of the garret windows, and a noise of men's voices. Directly upon this T—— and three more at his heels

appeared on the staircase. "Which way is Ned gone?" cried the officer. "You may go down and search," replied the bawd, "I believe he's murdering a young piece I wouldn't lose for her weight in silver." With that the whole party, Mother Syringe and Bigenio included, ran down into the kitchen just time enough to save the poor female, who was trembling on the floor from having her throat cut. Without more to do the villian was seized, bound, and led away. By this time every person in the house had assembled in the kitchen, and, truly, a very motly scene altogether presented itself. Before a long dresser stood the Jew we have before mentioned, rolling the puff paste, large drops of rheum, which he sometimes wiped away with his sleeve, falling every now and then from his eyes. Here stood a prostitute with a sheet wrapped round her, and a face all smeared with the remains of last night's rouge. On her right stood another, dressed in an elegant silk pelisse, and a bonnet with ostrich feathers in it;—She had but just got herself ready to take a morning's lounge. Close at her back stood two more, with their cullies at their sides, having left their beds but two minutes before. Mother Syringe surrounded by four more, whom she was haranguing in an energetic manner, stood with her back to Sally Bleary, the fat cook wench, who was jointing the scrag of mutton with a chopper. A low wide cupboard, without a door, in the darkest part of the kitchen, disclosed to view a thin sallow female, stretched on a torn feather bed, and groaning under bodily torture. Bigenio standing with his arms folded near the chair in which the female, whose life had been in danger from the violence of Ned Cut-purse, had seated herself, and a little boy shelling peas was squatted under the table. But as nothing very interesting happened in this assembly, I shall close the scene and open another, viz.

A room ten feet by five, very neatly furnished, decorated on one side with all manner of indecent pictures, and the other with the ten commandments, a crucifix in needle work, framed; and a bookcase which contained a large family Bible, a Treatise on the Venereal Disease, a Common Prayer Book, and the first volume of Ferdinand Count Fathom. In one chair behold Ma-

dam Syringe, and in another Bigenio. The former thus began: "Well, my dear, you shall hear my plan. I know a certain lady of fortune, who being very discontented with her husband, frequently calls at my house for the sake of some recreation. On these occasions I ordinarily send-out for one of my acquaintance, who satisfies her ladyship for a couple of pounds, half of which sum comes to my share as caterer. Now this lady was saying to me, 'twas but the other day, says she, 'I should very much like to dress up that young man in woman's clothes, and engage him as my waiting woman, I might then enjoy his society when and as often as I please. But then his voice is too masculine for any woman, and what's worse than all he's got a hideous black beard, which though shav'd ever so close would still be but too visible.' Now, my love, I've been considering that, dress'd as a female, you might become her ladyship's woman, and give satisfaction as often as she desir'd you; for you have nothing to fear on the score of being detected, having neither a beard nor a manly voice, but carrying all about you in shape, air, and every thing the appearance of a woman. As no doubt she would allow you a handsome salary, I should, as caterer, demand half. You understand?" "I do," replied Bigenio, "and if the wages she offers coincides with my wishes I shall not mind risking the attempt."

Accordingly, Mother Syringe having next day procured an interview with the lady in question, made the before mentioned proposition; but the other started back at the thoughts of an Hermaphrodite, and vowed she'd never hold any commerce with it. But the cunning bawd one evening introduced Bigenio unawares, dressed in a most elegant male attire; and the lady, struck with his beauty and air, suffered her aversion to vanish and give place to lust. What happened that night decency forbids me to declare, but on the next morning our hero, habited as a lady's maid, was admitted into her service. Here he remained nearly a year, no one harbouring the least suspicion that he was otherwise than he appeared, when one morning, as his mistress and he were engaged on the sofa, having, through forgetfulness, failed to lock the door, who

should burst in but the husband himself. This gentleman stood for some time without the lovers perceiving him, so agreeably were they employed, when finding how the case stood, firmly believing that the lady's maid was a man dressed up in woman's clothes, he very quietly took down a horsewhip which hung behind the door, and approaching the guilty couple laid it across their backs till they started up and danced a merry hornpipe round the chamber, howling most harmoniously in concert to the motion of every footstep. "Woman," cried the husband to his wife, "I have now discovered you—yes, and as for that fellow dress'd up in female attire, I shall use my best endeavours to get him whipp'd at the cart's tail. For you, madam, I know not what is bad enough for you; however the least I can do shall be to get divorc'd. I shall now retire and procure witnesses, who may swear they have beheld you and your pretended lady's maid in the same chamber." He then left the room, and before they could prevent him locked the door behind him. But he need not have procured witnesses to behold their present situation, as all the house knew that their mistress and her maid were constantly together, but the agitation under which he laboured drove this from his memory. Bigenio finding himself in so critical a situation threw open the window, and looked out to discover some means by which he might escape, but finding an area beneath enclosed with spiked railings he retired again in despair. But just as the husband was coming up stairs he bethought himself of slipping under the bed which stood close against the door, and on its being opened to steal out. He then crept under the bedstead, beheld the door open, and the enraged husband, with five servants at his heels, enter. Scarce had they passed the threshold when our hero crept gently from his hiding place, and gaining the top of the staircase ran down with all his might, opened the street door, and was off almost as soon as the husband had perceived his absence.

The first place to which he repaired was Mother Syringe's, who, on hearing this piece of bad news, and understanding that a half year's salary was lost to her

into the bargain, began cursing and swearing in a most outrageous manner, and upbraided him for his want of common foresight in not bolting the door before he had commenced his operations. Our hero, who had now turned his seventeenth year, and acquired no slight degree of worldly knowledge, was resolved from henceforth to work on his own foundation; he accordingly answered the bawd in a strain not very well suited to the irritability of her disposition; but as he removed himself before she had time to vent her rage, I'm incapacitated from giving you an account of the quarrel which would have been the consequence.

Bigenio having luckily his pocket book (wherein was eighteen pounds) about him, laboured under no apprehension of immediate want, he therefore repaired to a dashing part of the town and hired lodgings at the rate of thirty shillings a week. At about nine o'clock every morning he observed a young gentleman on horseback pass down the street, and as appearances led him to conjecture that he was not deficient in the means of procuring cash, he resolved to make a conquest of him. Accordingly he took his station at the window every morning, occupied either in reading or working, in hopes by such means to attract the gentleman's attention. But the latter had almost always his eyes fixed straight before him, plunged apparently in the deepest thought, or if he did chance to cast them towards the window they seemed not to make any observations. What weighty matters can he have on his thoughts? mused Bigenio. By the regularity of his daily habits I should conclude him to be in some business which required his attendance at an office by a certain hour; but then his absence of mind would cause one to think him in love. However since his eyes are so deaf I'll try whether or no his ears are. So, by the time he passed next morning, Bigenio had got his guitar ready, (for he was an excellent performer on that instrument,) and having tuned it to his voice, commenced a most enchanting song, which flowed along the air like a melodious rivulet. The young gentleman stopped his horse and fixed his eyes on the performer, nor did he make an effort to stir for near a minute, when seeming to recollect the

rudeness of his behaviour, he blushed deeply, gave his horse a slash, and trotted off. Our syren took her station at the window every morning, until the stranger no longer being able to contain himself, took off his hat to him one morning, and received in return a gracious inclination of the head, with such an enchanting smile that he stood for some time immoveable.

The same evening at about six o'clock, when the snow had decked the ground, the heavens were dark, and hardly any thing heard in the street but the watchman, Bigenio heard a knock at the door, and shortly afterwards the landlady walked up stairs, and informed him that there was a young gentleman in the passage who wished to speak with the lady who lived on the first floor. On being shown up, he advanced with a modest air, and a face overspread with blushes, and then requested to know whether our hero's name was not Miss Emilia Preston, with whom he had acquired a slight acquaintance at Brighton. Bigenio who saw through his drift, burst out into a laugh, and answered "No, sir, to my recollection, I never had the honour of seeing you before; but for all that, your company is not the less welcome I assure you." With that, they both seated themselves near the fire, and tea being served up half an hour afterwards, by the end of that meal they were on as familiar terms as though they had known one another for a dozen years. The stranger declared his name to be Willson, the son of a Banker, in the city, and added, that in six weeks he should turn his one and twentieth year, coming into possession at that period of five hundred a year.

To be brief, his affection daily increased to such a degree, and Bigenio by his arts, managed to enchain him so firmly, that he at last resolved to marry no other, although he was already betrothed to a merchant's daughter. He had therefore scarce attained his one and twentieth year, than unknown to his parents, he led our hero to the altar. The nuptial night approached, the supper was just at an end, and the guests were pushing the bottles round, when young Willson whispered his wife in the ear, that staying up late at night spoiled the complexion. The other took the hint, went

up stairs, and soon was bedded. Morning arrived, and Wilson awaking, sat up in bed contemplating the beautiful face and breasts of Bigenio. Being unable to contain the ardour of his affection, he caught his supposed wife round the waist, but our hero jumped out of bed and declared it was time to get up; then having hastily dressed himself, retreated down stairs. Breakfast being ready and two or three guests assembled, the jokes went round, and young Willson seemed fully satisfied with his partner. Towards the middle of the day, he made him a present of two hundred pounds, promising him the same sum towards the latter end of the week; this sum our hero took good care to convey out of the house the same evening, with all the valuables he could find, and Wilson's pocket book.

Our hero walked up and down several streets until he met with a furnished apartment wherein he could hide himself secure. On being left to himself he took out the stolen pocket book, and found it to contain five hundred pounds, three gold rings, and a diamond broach. The next morning he went to a ready-made clothes warehouse in Monmouth Street, and ordered a coat, waistcoat, trowsers, and hat to be sent to a certain house which he had previously prepared for its admittance, informing the man as he paid him that it was to fit out a brother. Being now habited as a male, with an immense pair of sham whiskers, he strutted about London, resolving to entrap some lady of fortune, and despoil her as he had young Wilson. But just as he was turning the corner of the Strand who should he meet but that enraged gentleman himself, with two other persons in his company. On seeing Bigenio he cried "help, help, this is my wife disguis'd, disguis'd. Stop her, the—stop thief, stop thief!" Our hero finding himself pursued, and recollecting at the same time he had left the stolen pocket book at his lodgings, stopped short, resolving to outface his accuser. Accordingly being secured he was brought into a neighbouring public house, where Wilson was about to put him into the care of a constable when he stepped up and desired a private audience with him. The room being cleared Bigenio said "to convince you, sir, I am not a woman, as you

suspect me, I must entrust you with a secret. Alas, alas, I am an *Hermaphrodite*! If you want a proof you may examine me. I your wife! Good heavens, I never married! I am the last person in the world to harbour such a thought." "*An Hermaphrodite!* exclaimed Wilson, a monster! But I don't believe it. You are my wife, I could swear it by your voice and countenance. But to satisfy myself, if you really are what you represent yourself to be, prove it so, and I'll have nothing further to say." On this Bigenio satisfying him, he burst out of the room, crying "she's none of mine—she's none of mine. Oh, heaven, what a monster!" Then turning back, as though he had recollected something, he said "but have you any sister like you?" "Yes, replied Bigenio, and I understand she was married the day before yesterday." "Where is she, cried the other, where does she live, or lodge, or hide herself, for a curse alight on her she's stole my pocket book and escaped." "Has she so, cried our hero, I thought what her juvenile pranks would come to; she had always a dishonest set of principles in her disposition. I saw her just now, and can assure you she has taken up her lodgings at No. —, St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials, which, on account of its obscurity, she hopes will conceal her.

Wilson heard no more, but running to the crowd and constables, who were waiting at the street door, cried "I've mistaken my prisoner, my wife lodges near the Seven Dials, follow me, follow me." The mob soon dispersed, Bigenio left the house, and reflecting that when the information he had given should be found false he would be pursued, and stand in danger of detection, he resolved upon leaving London, and accordingly took his place in a coach which was just setting off for York. But he did not this before he went to his lodgings and secured his ready money, amounting nearly to eight hundred pounds.

Being arrived in the before named city, he took up his quarters at an hotel, giving out at the same time that he was the natural son of a noble duke, who allowed him a princely annuity. He was in hopes by this tale to attract the attention of some rich widow or heiress, and having married her to take advantage of his neutrality of sex, and escape without detection. It was not long

before he was placed in a channel which carried him to the outlet of his wishes ; for falling into the company of some officers who were quartered in the city, he ingratiated himself so much in their favour that one of them being invited to a ball swore he would not go unless our hero accompanied him. Here he procured an introduction to several young ladies, and particularly to a maiden lady of forty-six, with a fortune of two thousand a year. With her he danced down a couple of waltzes, and by the elegance of his person, beauty of his features, and grace of motions, contrasted with the stiffness and affectation of his ugly partner, gained the envy or love of every person in the ball room. A whisper soon ran round that he was the natural son of a certain duke, and possessed of an ample fortune. This coming to the ears of the maiden lady only made the flame which was already kindled in her breast burn with greater violence, and Bigenio observing the affectionate manner in which she fixed her eyes on him, tipped her several significant glances, which she returned by an equal number of squeezes on the hand, and behaved herself in so disgusting and extravagant a manner that a little irritable gentleman who sat opposite, and who detested an *affected woman* above all other *animals* in the creation, jumped up in a passion, walked towards her, and began abusing her in the vilest terms. Bigenio, who had his heart on her fortune, thought that by taking her part it would fix him more firmly in her favour, he therefore started up and threatened to pull the other's nose if he did not immediately desist from his rude behaviour. With that the little fellow being unable to contain his passion, lent the person who addressed him a blow on the head, which the other returning a battle was commenced, but was luckily put an end to by the master of the ceremonies, who desired the little gentleman, as being the aggressor, to leave the room.

By this time the maiden lady, whose name was Dorn-ton, had fainted away, but on her recovery testified the excess of her joy in finding her dear partner, as she expressed herself, safe and sound. Feeling herself too much fatigued to dance any more, our hero offered to escort her home, and she consenting, he took her by her

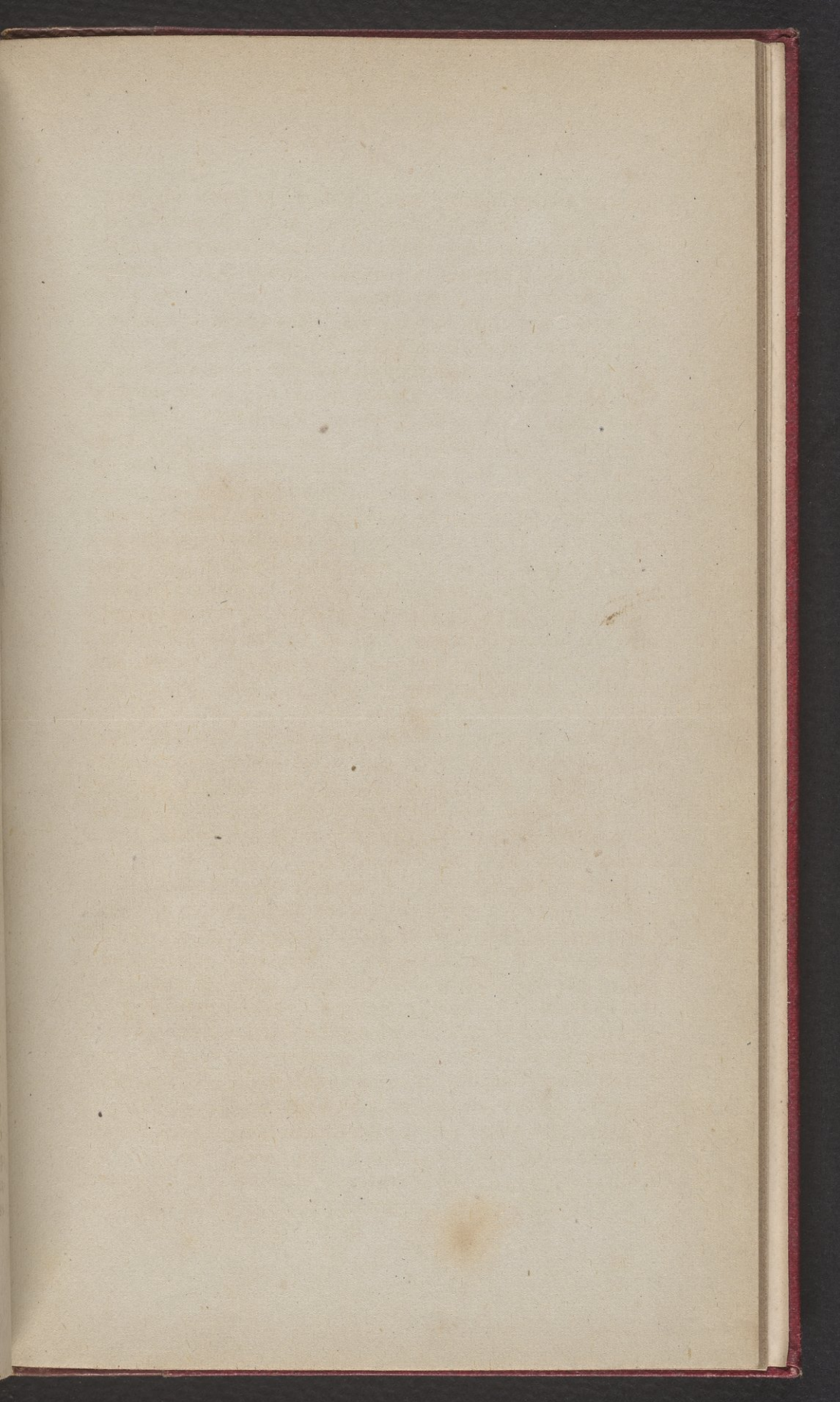
delicate boney fingers, and handing her into her own coach leapt in himself afterwards. Here he caught her round the waist, and though it somewhat went against his stomach, imprinted a thousand kisses on her bacony lips. As she stood very much on her maiden reputation she would not allow him to stop a moment in her house after supper, lest those vulgar fellows, her servants, should bruit about reports unfavourable to her character. Our hero accordingly returned home, and on the mantle piece found a note, which, on opening, he discovered to be a burning hot challenge from the little fellow he had offended in the ball room. Having written an answer, signifying his consent to meet him at the place and hour appointed, he retired to rest, and in less than an hour fell a sleep. But about nine o'clock the next morning he was awakened by one of the waiters, who brought him a note, which, when unsealed, proved to be from his challenger, making a thousand apologies for his rude behaviour, and attributing it all to the excess of liquor.

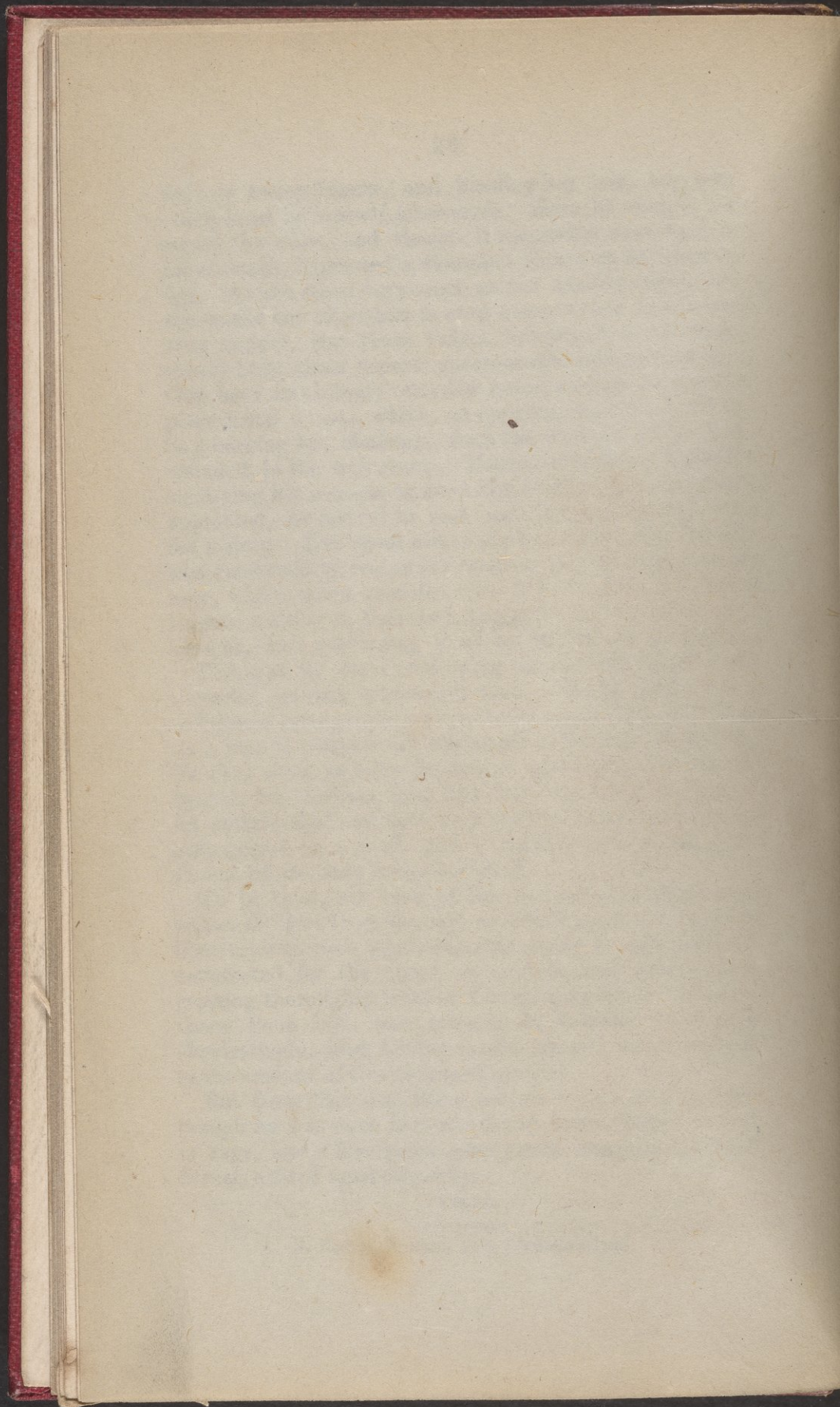
This was far from displeasing to Bigenio, though he expected on such an occasion that a friend would have called and brought the matter round gradually; however as it was it allayed not his appetite for his breakfast. He then went to Miss Dornton's, and found her seated by the fire working, with two lap dogs on her knee, a fat tortoiseshell cat laid on a cushion near her feet, a grey parrot on a perch, and a lion dog with all the hair shaved off its body under her chair.

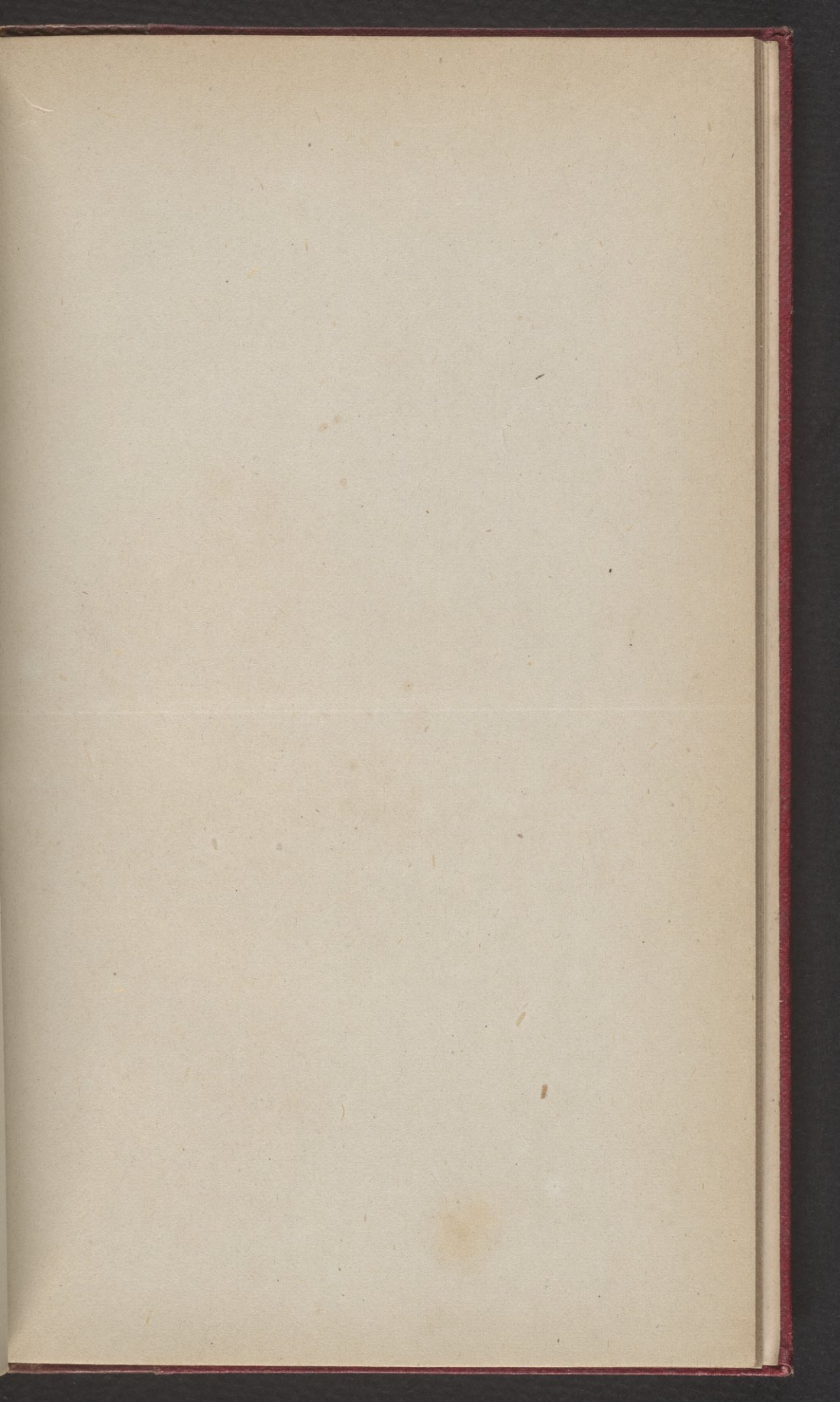
To be brief, our hero at the end of one month was united to Miss Dornton, and as females never take such liberties with their partners as the males do, he remained undetected for the space of a whole half year, when growing thoroughly tired of the matrimonial shackles he threw them aside one morning by leaving the house clandestinely, after having loaded himself with property to the amount of two thousand pounds.

But from this day there are no traces of him left, though he was once seen wandering down Oxford Street in rags, and a few years afterwards lounging in Bond Street, attired most elegantly.

FINIS.







Hoff's, Cambridge.
Feb. 2nd. 1970.

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