THE

FOUNDLING;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF

LUCIUS STANHOPE.

YORK:
Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

FRONTISPIECE.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

THE

FOUNDLING;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

LUCIUS STANHOPE.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

York:
Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

Roman Alphabet.

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z Æ Œ

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
q r s t u v w x y z.

Italian Alphabet.

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T
U V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

THE

FOUNDLING.

THE more we reflect on the wonderful works of Providence, the more we are lost in admiration and astonishment; and hence it is indispensibly necessary to all my pretty little readers to accustom themselves to pray morning and night to that great director of all things, I mean our all-wise and good God, to enable them to find out those paths that will conduct them to peace, virtue, and honour.

The little history I am now writing for their amusement and instruction, will, I hope, convince them, that there is no station in life, however

exalted, but may, by some unforeseen accident or other, be sorrowfully humbled; and on the other hand, however low and mean may be the lot of others, we must not presume to say, that they may not one day become rich, exalted, and of great consequence.

I shall now proceed to relate the history of Lucius Stanhope, whose parents deserted him in his infancy, and left him in a basket, suspended to the knocker of the door of the good Sir John Honeycomb, who lived in a village in Yorkshire. Can you, my tender readers, think of it, and not feel for the deplorable condition of the pretty little innocent? No, I am sure, you would not scruple to part with some dainty to give it!

It may reasonably be supposed, that the basket did not long hang to the

knocker of the door undiscovered. One of the servants found it, and brought it to Sir John and his lady. When they took the pretty infant out of the basket, it seemed to smile in

their face, insensible of the cruelty of its parents, It was dressed very

cleanly and neatly, and on its breast was pinned a paper, on which was written nothing more than "Lucius Stanhope."

Sir John and his amiable lady, who had then a son only two months old, took compassion on the deserted foundling, and directed the nurse of their own son to take care of little Lucius. Fortunately the nurse happened to be a good woman, who faithfully discharged the orders she had received from the worthy baronet and his lady.

As soon as the two children became capable of taking notice of each other, they displayed every symptom of a tender and mutual affection, which their ripening years seemed to encrease. They were treated with the same tenderness as though they were brothers, till they arrived at that age,

when it became necessary to acquaint them of the distinction there was between them.

Young as they then were, being only five years of age, it afforded matter of serious thought and reflection, on observing the different manner in which the children received this information. Little Sir John's countenance seemed to be elated, while that of poor little Lucius appeared down-cast and dejected; for even an infant mind must be capable of feeling a shock on such an occasion.

Lucius, however, young as he was, shewed great marks of prudence, which seemed to promise a wise manhood. He appeared cheerful in public, but frequently cried bitterly in private, when he recollected he had neither father nor mother to take care of him.

Young Sir John, though naturally of a good disposition, could not avoid feeling the superiority he enjoyed over Lucius; and, though he treated him with great civility, yet it evidently appeared to proceed more from pity than from any thing like a brotherly affection. This distinction appeared more visible as they grew up, and consequently increased the uneasiness of Lucius.

They were indeed instructed by the same master, in the same sciences, and

no distinctions were made between them by Sir John and his lady, excepting that Lucius was not permitted to accompany them in their visits. This mark of superiority was a flattering object to their son, which filled his youthful mind with ideas of the greatness of his birth, and by degrees made him very indifferent about his studies.

On the other hand, Lucius wisely perceived, that the only chance he had of getting into the world, and supporting himself with any degree of credit, was to attend to his studies with indefatigable industry. Thus while the parade of birth and riches interrupted young Sir John in the progress of his learning, the want of them laid the foundation of the future greatness of the prudent Lucius.

As soon as they arrived at a proper

age, they were both sent to the university of Oxford to complete their studies, and to prepare themselves for the practice of the law. As young Sir John's allowance was, as may reasonably be supposed, considerably greater than that of Lucius, his company was sought and courted by all the young gentlemen who go to these seminaries of learning more for pastime and parade, than to prepare themselves for the filling of exalted employments.

On the other hand, the allowance of Lucius being more moderate, but at the same time sufficient for real necessaries, without allowing any thing for extravagant company, he met with no importunities from the rich and idle to draw him aside from his business. Hence he made such a progress in the study of the law, that he was admired

and caressed by all those, who prefer genius and learning to the empty parade of riches and titles.

Young Sir John could not fail of sometimes hearing of the rising fame of Lucius, while he had the mortification to find, that he was every where considered rather as a joyous companion than a scholar. This naturally created a jealousy in the mind of the young gentleman, who began not only to treat Lucius with indifference, but even represented him to his father in no very advantageous light. Lucius heard this and dreading the consequence, he did every thing in his power to remove those ill-founded jealousies from the bosom of his patron's son.

A disgust once raised in the breast of a man rich and powerful, against a person poor and defenceless, is not

easily got over. It generally increases, and what at first was considered only as disgust, in time became a fixed hatred, and the wish of revenge soon follows. Lucius would sometimes take the liberty to remonstrate with the young gentleman, on the irregular courses he pursued, and point out the evil consequences that must naturally attend them.

It is a very hazardous thing to attempt giving advice to our superiors, and still more to presume to correct their errors. Whoever is in possession of riches or power, however weak or defective their natural abilities may be, will always expect to be treated as persons of the most perfect and enlightened understandings.

However sensible young Sir John might be of the truth of his friend's admonitions, he received them with a

great deal of anger and resentment, and told him never more to take those liberties with him. "When I am to come to you, Lucius, (said he, in an angry tone,) for what money I want, I will then permit you to call me to an account for the manner in which I choose to spend it. You should remember you are nothing more than a Foundling, supported by the charity of my father; and let me tell you, that I think a person in your situation, should not take these liberties with the heir to a title and estate."

As Lucius was a youth of spirit, he felt this rebuke with the greatest sensibility; but he very prudently avoided any altercation on the matter. He held down his head, and after remaining buried in thought a few moments, rose from his seat, made a very respectful bow, and retired without saying a word.

The young gentleman and Lucius were now turned of twenty years of age; and the former, from this moment, determined to ruin the latter in the opinion and protection of his parents. Young Sir John, therefore, well knowing, that he could work on the prejudices of his mother more easily than on those of his father, sat down in his study, as you here see, and wrote the following cruel letter to his mother;

"Dear mother, I am very sorry to

acquaint you, that the conduct of Lucius towards me, at once displeases and alarms me. He has the presumption to direct me in the disposal of that money, which you and my father are so obliging as to allow me, in order properly to support the dignity of your son and heir. For my own part, the liberties he takes with me would not much displease me, did they not seem to affect your character and reputation. Many people here seem to whisper, that he would not presume to take these liberties with me, were he not conscious, that he is nearer related to me than the generality of people imagine. Lucius is now of an age to take care of himself, and you have already done too much for him. It is high time you should put him to the trial of getting his own living, and thereby you will remove

every imputation that has been unjustly cast on your character.

I am, &c."

The contents of this letter exceedingly astonished Lady Honeycomb, who had a most scrupulous regard for her character, the least attack of which must give her most sensible uneasiness. She shewed this artful letter to Sir John, who, being a good man, would probably have paid no attention to it, had not the character of his worthy lady been materially interested therein. He therefore left her to act as she pleased.

Lady Honeycomb immediately wrote to her son, and gave him orders to present Lucius with a twenty-pound note, and to tell him, at the same time, that was all he had ever more to expect from that family. Young Sir John no sooner received this letter,

than he flew to the apartments of Lucius, and delivered his message and the note, with all the marks of insulting cruelty, and then retired with an air of triumph.

Poor Lucius was not so much surprised at this event as might have been expected; for he had long seen this storm as it was gathering. The next day he received a letter from Sir John, who, doubting the sincerity of some part of his son's letter, took pity on Lucius. In this letter was enclosed a fifty-pound note, with promises of a more flattering and liberal kind.

Lucius did not lose any time in idle lamentations on his hard fate; but thanked God that it was not worse; and then began seriously to reflect on what course he should steer. He determined to quit the University im-

mediately, and seek some employment in London, before he had spent all his money. See the coach, in which he is travelling to London.

On his arrival in town, he articled himself to a very eminent attorney, in whose service he acquired a great character for his honour, assiduity, and integrity. Indeed so great a dependance did the master of Lucius place in him, that as soon as the time of his

clerkship was expired, he offered him his only daughter in marriage, in order to induce him to stay with him.

Lucius eagerly embraced this offer, not so much on account of the advantages he must derive from it, as for the mutual affection that subsisted between him and the amiable young lady. He was now comfortably provided for, and was got into the line of obtaining a large fortune. In all companies that he went into, the first toast that he gave was, " Health and

happiness to the family of the Honeycombs." Indeed he carried his grateful remembrance of that family so far, as to procure a comfortable subsistence for two or three of those servants who were now grown old, and who had been kind to him in his infantile and boyish days.

So much satisfied was Sir John Honeycomb with his advances in life, that, on his death, he left him five hundred pounds. His son, however, now Sir John, still retained an implacable hatred against Lucius, whose prosperity gave him no small share of uneasiness. He therefore disputed the legacy with Lucius, whom he obliged to move the Court of Chancery to obtain it. However, after all his evasions, after all his art to prolong it, he was obliged to pay, not only the legacy, but nearly as much more for the costs attending the suit.

About this time the father-in-law of Lucius died, and left this fine house,

elegantly furnished, and every thing he was possessed of to him and his daughter. Thus Mr. Stanhope was now nearly on a level with the young Sir John Honeycomb. However, the mode of enjoying their good fortune was very different.

Mr. Stanhope kept company only with the learned and polite, and his table afforded excellent amusement, as well as the best articles of entertainment. He was happy in the enjoyment of a wife, who possessed every accomplishment, that could contribute to make the marriage state happy and comfortable, and their children were every where beloved and respected for their genteel and orderly behaviour.

On the other hand, Sir John's company consisted only of loose and abandoned young gentlemen, who having spent their fortunes in riot and dissipation of every kind, became his flatterers, and humoured his passions only to procure themselves a meal of excess. They drank away whole nights together.

By a conduct of this kind, he at once reduced his fortune, and im-

paired his health. He was by degrees drawn into gambling parties, who fleeced him of large sums. His rents did not come round fast enough to supply him with money for his extravagant purposes, and he was therefore obliged to sell or mortgage a great part of his estates.

Lady Honeycomb, who was still living, beheld the extravagancies of her son in the most serious light; and at last, when she found, that neither promises nor threats had any effect to bring him back to reason, she gave herself up to despair, and died in a consumption. In the next page you will see the place where the body of this amiable woman was deposited.

The death of his mother afforded him some little relief, as her jointure, which was very considerable, then fell into his hands. However, his

madness and folly was not yet cured, and he ran again into his former extravagance. Indeed, he determined to bring matters to short issue. A single cast of the dice, one night, completely deprived him of all his estate; and thus he, who but lately boasted so much of his title, fortune, and family; has not a bed left that he could claim as his own.

Thus deprived even of a home to go to, he wandered from the house of one friend to that of another, and every where, in a little time, became so troublesome, as to see he was no where welcome. Those on whom he had lavished his fortune, and made the partakers of his riot and excesses, now either shunned him or reproached him for his folly.

The good Mr. Stanhope, hearing of the misfortunes of Sir John, instead of triumphing in his distress, made every enquiry after him, and at last found him in the chimney corner of an obscure public-house, and almost covered with rags. Mr. Stanhope took him by the hand, and was incapable of concealing those tears that forced a passage at his eyes. He took him home, clothed him afresh from head to foot, and then conducted him

to a place near his own country seat, where he allowed him a hundred a year for his support.

This, surely, was the triumph of a good heart; but it was a triumph he wished not to make a parade of. Sir John became sensible of his past errors; and was afterwards almost ashamed to look Mr. Stanhope in the face. However, fortune once more smiled on him: his uncle died in the East Indies, immensely rich, and left him all he was possessed of, (in the next page you will see the two ships which brought the principal part of his very valuable property from the Indies) on which he gratefully resigned the pension of his friend, and assumed his former greatness, without retaining his former follies. He now, in turn, treated all those with contempt, who either despised or neg-

lected him in his misfortunes, and thought himself happy in having Mr. Stanhope for his bosom friend and companion.

AGAINST LYING.

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
  To walk betime in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
  That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
  Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
  And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
  How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
  Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife, Sapphira, die,
  When she came in and grew so bold,
As to confirm that wicked lie,
  That just before her husband told.

SP
PZ6
1825
F684

The Lord delights in them that speak
  The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
  That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
  Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps,
  For ev'ry lie that children tell.

THE END.

J. KENDREW, Printer, York.

PENNY BOOKS

PRINTED AND SOLD

BY

J. KENDREW, COLLIERGATE,

YORK.

Mrs. Lovechild's Golden Present -
Silver Penny - - - -
Death and Burial of Cock Robin -
Little Red Riding Hood - -
The Cries of York - - -
Surprising Adventures of Puss in Boots
Sister's Gift; or the Bad Boy Reformed
Tom Thumb's Folio - - -
The History of Giles Gingerbread -
Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
The Hermit of the Forest - -
Entertainments at the Royal Circus -
The House that Jack Built - -
The World turned Upside Down -
The Cries of London - - -
Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog, in Three Parts - -
Cinderilla; or, the Little Glass Slipper
A New-Year's Gift -
A Collection of Fables - - -
———————— Riddles - - -