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THE
TRUE HISTORY
OF
A LITTLE BOY,
WHO CHEATED HIMSELF;
FOUNDED ON FACT;
AND
ADORNED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

BY A
YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER.

LONDON:
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1810.



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A LITTLE BOY

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Founded on Fact

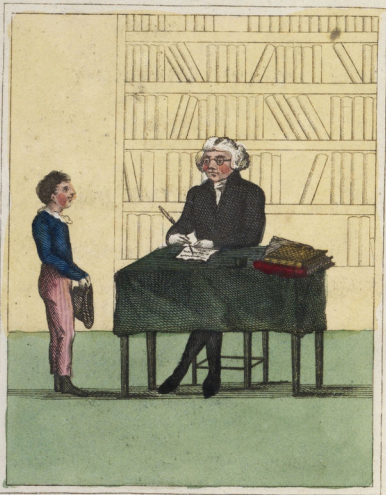
By a Young Naval Officer

London

Published by Will^d Darton at the Juvenile
and School Library

Holborn Hill

1811



REQUEST.

REQUEST

The clock had struck twelve, on a fine summer's day

When his Master George Playful addrest,

My birth day is come, I have therefore to pray

That you will permit me a short time to play

If its proper to grant my request



ASSENT.

ASSENT

That I will, said his Master, for George had been good
And had said all his lessons that day,
You may take all your playmates, and go to the wood
Which stands by the field on the side of the road,
And sport till I call you away.



IDLENESS.

TRUE HISTORY
OF
IDLENESS.

Then George quickly call'd all his play mates around
And away they set off in full glee
When in passing along they beheld on the ground
A Man stretch'd along in a sleep most profound
While a basket stood close to his knee.



PROPOSAL.

PROFOSAL.

Cried George to his play mates, if you are inclin'd

Like me to enjoy some rare fun

I've a thought for that purpose come into my mind

Let us open this basket, — take out what we find

And hide it away when we've done.



AGREEMENT.

AGREEMENT.

It will be such fine sport, we shall all of us grin
To see how the fellow will stare
When he opens the basket, and finds nothing in
His play mates cried, come, let us haste and begin
Tis a famous fine plan I declare.



MISCHIEF.



CARELESSNESS.

ENQUIRY.

To the Servant he said, as they plainly could hear

Is Master George Play ful at home?

No — he's gone out to play, and I hardly know where

But I think I can see him — yes here, I declare

Master George, and his play mates all come.



ENQUIRY.

PRESENT.

George spoke to the man, did you want me I pray

Oh yes, Sir, he cried with a bow

Your Mamma, sends her love, and she bid me to say

She has sent you a present to grace your birth day

And a charming Plum cake, 'tis I know



P R E S E N T .

ASTONISHMENT.

The basket he opened, but guess his surprize

When he found that the parcel was flown,

George was silent, and scarcely could lift up his eyes

From his playmates loud torrents of laughter arise

For the cake he had hid, was his own.



ASTONISHMENT.

VEXATION

George ran to the spot, but his fate had been seal'd

For the parcel was lost to his eyes

As a ploughboy, in passing while George left the field

Discovered the cake tho' so nicely conceal'd

And carried it off as his prize



VEXATION.

REPENTANCE

Now vext at his folly and loss of his cake

His pleasure all turn'd into pain

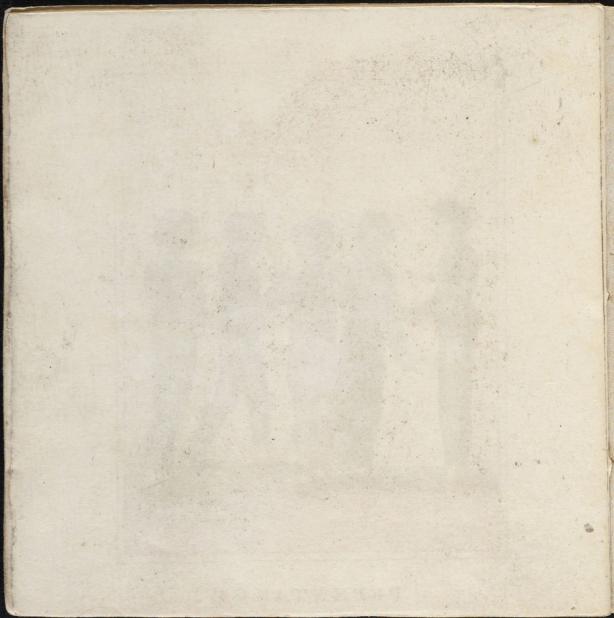
He resolv'd all his old foolish tricks to forsake

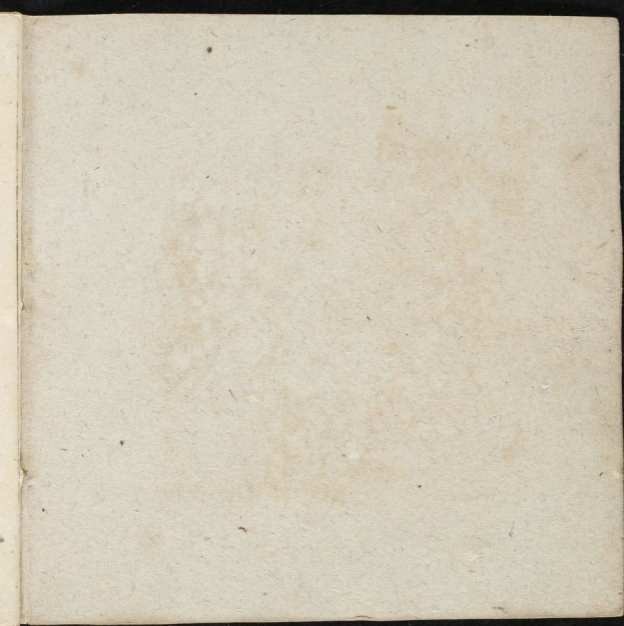
A new course of life for the future to take

And never to do so again.



REPENTANCE .





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