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

BY A
YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER.

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1810.
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London
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Holborn Hill
1811.
REQUEST.
REQUEST

The clock had struck twelve, on a fine summer's day
When his Master George Playful address,
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.

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.

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 Playful 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 playmates 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 Plumb cake, 'tis I know
PRESENT.
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.
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.
REPTENTANCE

Now vex'd 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.
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