

**PETER LITTLE AND THE
LUCKY SIXPENCE.
THE FROG'S LECTURE AND
OTHER STORIES**

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Peter Little and the lucky sixpence. The frog's lecture and other stories by Henry Campkin

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HENRY CAMPKIN

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PETER LITTLE

AND

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE



THE FROG'S LECTURE

AND OTHER STORIES.

A First Book for my Children and their Playmates.

FOURTH EDITION. WITH SEVERAL NEW STORIES ADDED.

LONDON :

ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, PICCADILLY;

W. H. DALTON, 28, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS;

L. BOOTH, 307, REGENT STREET.

MDCCLXLI.



TO
E. R. C.

DEAR BOY ! no thought to bid thee weep,
Nor harsh design to mar thy pleasures,
Moves me to pray that thou wilt keep
Before thee, as the best of treasures,
One simple, oft-forgotten truth,
That, as thou sowest in thy Youth,
In Manhood thou must look to reap.
To-day, perchance, a deed is done,
Of which, ere sets to-morrow's sun,
All trace seems lost, but still its root
Is in the heart, and years may pass,
Yet must the tree give forth its fruit,
Despite of Mem'ry's cheating-glass.
So would I counsel thee to hold
From selfish promptings all aloof,
Rememb'ring that the purest gold
Best bears the fire's severest proof :
Rememb'ring, too, that happiness
Increaseth most when most we share it.
My Boy, thy lot may Heaven bless !
And, be it joy, or dark distress,
May strength be given thee to bear it !

H. C.

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✎ For the interesting anecdote on which the TALE OF A CAT is based, the Author desires to record his obligations to JOHN BRUCE, Esq., F.S.A., in whose valuable Paper on the History of the Wyats (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1850) the original story is narrated, *verbatim*, from a Family Manuscript still in existence.



PETER LITTLE

AND

The Lucky Sixpence.



PETER LITTLE found a Sixpence,
On a summer's day,—
Village folks were in the meadows,
Busy making hay.

“When our pleasant village fair-day
Comes again,” he said,
“Lucky Sixpence, I will spend you
All in ginger-bread !

“ Safely in my little pocket,
Lucky Sixpence bright,
You shall have a quiet lodging,
Morning, noon, and night.”

Peter Little's heart was bounding,
Running o'er with joy ;
“ Lucky Sixpence, how I prize you ! ”
Sang this little Boy.

Peter Little conned his lessons,
Quickly one by one,
Then to school he gaily travelled,
'Neath the shining sun.

Birds were singing, lambs were skipping,
Hedgerows blooming gay ;
Village folks were in the meadows
Busy making hay.

Just as Peter turned a corner
Down the village lane,
There he saw a little mourner,
Wrapt in grief and pain.

“ Little Maiden, why dost weep so,
Wherefore droops thy head ? ”
“ Little boy, I'm full of sorrow,”
Sobbed the little Maid.

“ I was happy, very happy,
When I left my bed,
Now, alas ! with weeping, weeping,
See, my eyes are red ! ”

“ Tell to me, oh little Maiden,
Tell me true, I pray !
Why thy breast with grief is laden,
On this summer day ?