

A decorative border of black floral and vine motifs surrounds the central text. The border consists of a repeating pattern of leaves and small flowers, forming a rectangular frame.

SLOVENLY PETER

BY
DR. HEINRICH HOFFMANN

Translated by
ANNIS LEE FURNESS

NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES



3 3333 08090 1206

PICTURE BOOKS

REFERENCE

F102898 *MLL*

Hoffmann

Slovenly Peter

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/slovenlypeter00hoff>

SLOVENLY PETER.

A decorative border of grapevines and leaves surrounds the text.

SLOVENLY PETER

BY
DR. HEINRICH HOFFMANN

Translated by
ANNIS LEE FURNESS

THE PICTURES AND VERSES AS REMEMBERED
BY THE CHILDREN OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDWARD WALDO EMERSON



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

THE
PUBLIC
F102898
ASTOR LE
TILDEN FOUNDATION
O

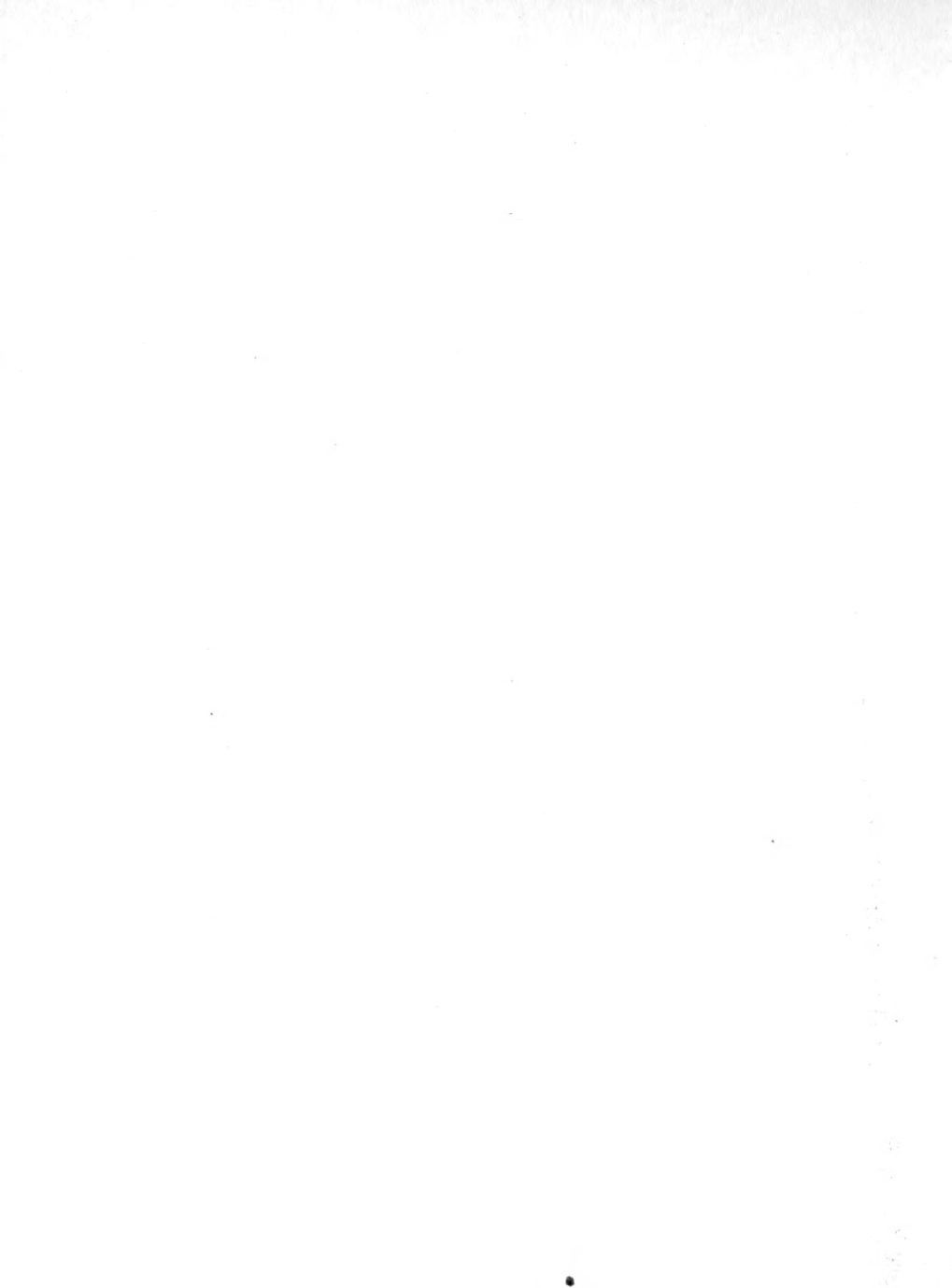


PREFACE.

THIS translation of *Slovenly Peter* was made about sixty-five years ago by a young girl, Annis, daughter of Dr. William Henry Furness. She afterwards was known as the successful translator of *Old Mam'selle's Secret* and many other novels. Her father gave a copy to his friend Emerson for his children. Years after, when it was wanted in the family for the next generation, the old copy had been lent and lost, and the later translation was not so good, with the pictures coarsely reprinted, and a sequel less charming added. The sisters recalled the verses, and the elder wrote them out for her nephews and niece in her clear handwriting, and the brother reproduced the pictures with unexpected exactness from memory.

Four of the stories were included in the first edition of *Favourites of a Nursery*. In the second edition the others were added in an Appendix, and the entire series is now reprinted in facsimile for those who wish the book in separate form.

E. E. F.



SLOVENLY PETER.



Slovenly Peter.

Fie! naughty wild and slovenly Peter!

I fear he never will be waster.

For many many many weeks

No water has been near his cheeks;

And 'tis a year now I declare

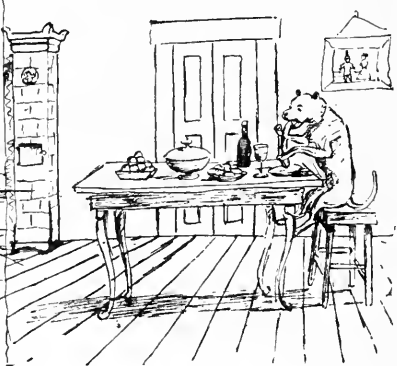
Since he has let nurse comb his hair.

And then those nails, 'tis very clear

They've not been cut-at-all this year!

It is no wonder that all cry,

O naughty slovenly Peter, fie!



Cruel Frederic.

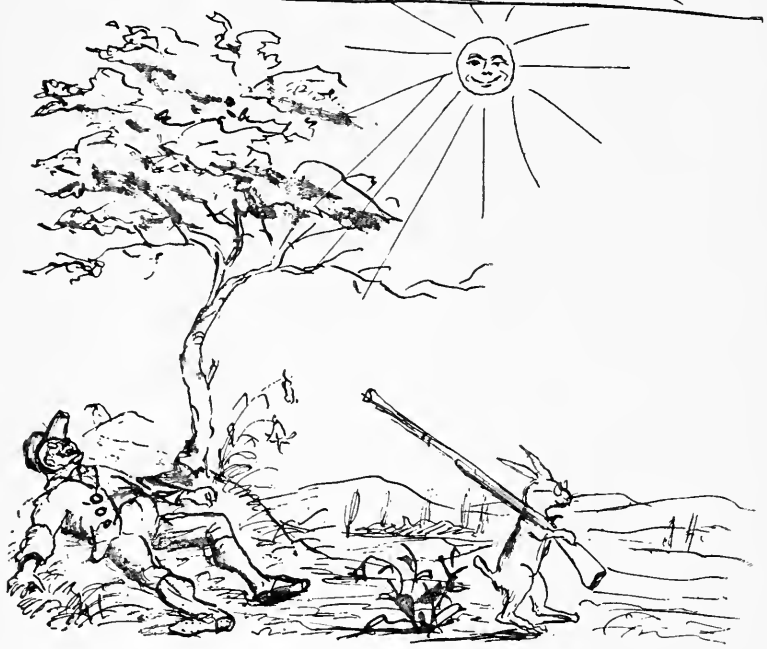
This Frederic, this Frederic,
Did many naughty things
He caught the pretty little flies
And then pulled off their wings
He killed the bird,
He lamed the cat;
He broke the chair
On which he sat;
And only think! oh words and words!
He beat his kind and gentle nurse.

One day unto the river's brink
A thirsty dog came down to drink
And then this cruel Frederic
Crept slyly toward him with a stick
And though the dog howled
Loud with pain,
He whipped and whipped and
Whipped again,

Until the creature turned around
And sprang on Frederic with a bound
And bit his leg, oh! oh! indeed!
'Twas terrible to see it bleed.

Now Frederic had in bed to stay
Suffering great pain both night
and day,
While near him stood Dr. Vandermere
And gave him bitter medicines

The dog now sat in Frederic's
seat
And ate up all his nice sausage
meat
And smacked his lips, it
was so fine,
And quenched his thirst with
Claret wine.



The Wild Huntsman.

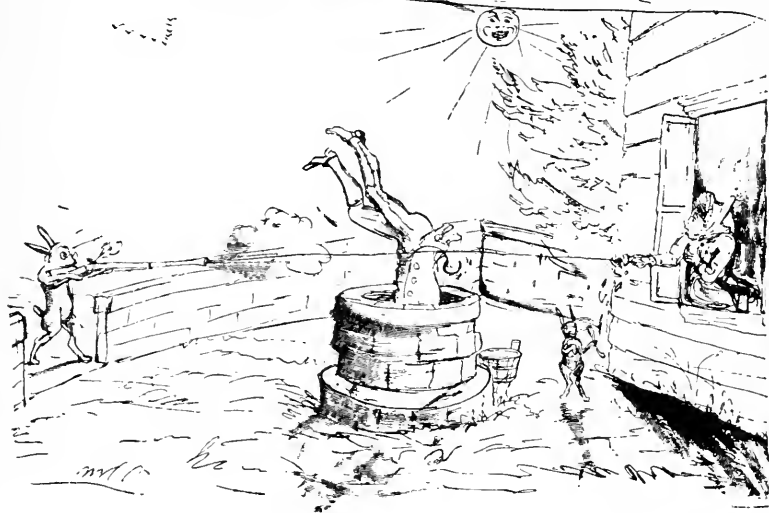
The wild huntsman put on his little green sack
And took his powder and gun
He buckled his knapsack upon his back
And off to the fields he did run.

He put his spectacles upon his nose and said
"Now I will shoot the little hare and kill them dead.

A cunning hare that peeped from out
Her house of leaves and grass
Could not help laughing.
As she saw the huntsman pass.

But the sun shone too hot on the huntsman's head
"My gun is becoming too heavy," he said.
So he laid himself down in the shade of a tree,
And shut up his eyes and slept peacefully.

The little hare saw him, and out she crept
Stole slyly toward him and while he slept.



She took off his spectacles, picked up his gun
And softly on tip-toe away she did run.

She placed the spectacles on her own nose,
And back with the gun to the hunter she goes
She pointed the gun at the brave hunter's heart
Who awoke and sprang up at once with a start.
He screamed for help, and like lightning he flew,
"He'll shoot me! Oh help me! Oh good people, do!"

The brave hunter's breath was now almost spent—
He saw a deep well, quickly towards it he went
He stopped for a moment, then into it sprang
The hare pulled the trigger. Off went the gun. Bang!

The hunter's wife near the window stood,
Drinking her coffee, which tasted good
The same shot broke her cup in two
"Oh dear!" she cried, "what shall I do?"

Near by the well, and hidden there
Was the old hare's child, the tiny hare
When he heard the shot, he quickly
arose

And the coffee ran down on his
dear little nose
He hopped, and he cried "What harm
me do?"
And he held up the gun on his little toe.

Pauline and the Matches

One day Pauline was all alone
Her parents both from home were gone.
As round the room she lightly sprang
And clasped her hands and danced and sang
She suddenly before her stood
A box of matches "Oh!" she cried,
"How glad I am this box to see!
Oh what a pretty play 'twill be!
I'll light a little match or two,
Just as I've seen my Mother do."

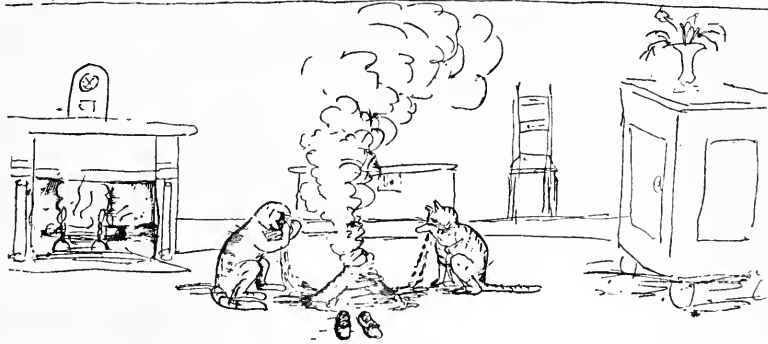
Then Ming and Maung,
The little cats,
Held up their little paws,
"Miew, miew miew!" they cried,
And threatened with their claws
"Oh put it down! In flames 'twill be!
Thy Mother hath forbidden thee."

Pauline the kittens did not hear.
The little match burned bright and clear.
It crackled, flickered, prettily,
Just as you in the picture see
Oh! never in her life before
Had any plaything pleased her more
But Ming & Maung
The little cats,

Held up their little paws,
Miew, miew miew! they cried.
And threatened with their claws
"Oh put it down! In flames 'twill be!
Thy Father hath forbidden thee!"
Ah! dreadful, dreadful tale to tell
The match upon her apron fell
It kindled, burned her hands, her knee
All over her the flames soon spread.

Then Ming and Maung,
The little cats,
Began to scream and cry,
"Help! Fire! Oh who will quickly come!
The child will surely die!
She's all in flames from top to toe.
Miew, miew! Miew, miew."

Pauline now no more was there,
She burned from pantaloons to hair
And in the place where she had been
A heap of ashes might be seen.
And that, with her dear little shoes
Alone remained to tell the news.
But Ming & Maung, the faithful cats
Laid by the pretty shoes,
And said, "Unto her parents dear, oh! who will tell this.
Miew miew! Miew miew!"
Their tears like little beads did flow.





The Blackamoor

Three children from the window saw
A black boy pass before the door,
He held above his head of wool
A parasol to keep him cool.

Then Lewis with his flag ran out,
And in the street did loudly shout,
And William, with his hoop so round,
Ran after with a skip and bound,
And Caspar followed with his cake,
Oh what a racket they did make!
They thought it was the greatest fun
To mock the black and see him run.

But suddenly they turned, and saw
St. Nicholas standing near,
He had a monstrous ink-stand,



And he said "Now children, hear!
Stop pointing at this coloured man,
And let him go in peace.
He cannot change his skin, you know,
So let your laughter cease."

Alas! the children did not heed,
St. Nicholas spoke in vain;
For just as soon as he had gone
They turned and laughed again.

St. Nicholas returned, and looked
This time both stern and wild,
Just as you in the picture see
He seized every child,
And dipped them in the inkstand,
These naughty children three,
And kept them there until they were
As black as they could be.

Now see them in the picture, much blacker are they all
Than he who walks before them with a green parrot.



Rocking Philip

"Philip, do you hear?
Sit still at table, dear."
Thus spoke in earnest tone
The Father to his son,
While Mother, with a serious air,
Looked round upon the table there.

But Philip did not mind;
To play he felt inclined;
He rocked upon his seat,
He kicked with both his feet,
He wiggled,
He giggled,
He sung,
He swung,
Back and forth, here and there,
To and fro upon the chair.

But ah! my little children, ah!
The chair, the chair, rocks back too far.
Can nothing help him? No, ah ho!
Down to the ground he'll surely go.

He pulls the cloth with all his might,
And through the Father holes it tight,

In spite of all that he
Can do,
It goes, and down goes Philip too!

Now Philip disappears from sight
All but his heels are hidden quite,
The table-cloth is o'er him spread,
The table is uncovered,
Knife and fork, soup and bowl,
All upon the floor do roll.

The soup-tureen
Is broken too.
What will the hungry
Parents do?

Both stand, lift up their hands,
And mourn,
Their nice warm dinner
Is all gone.

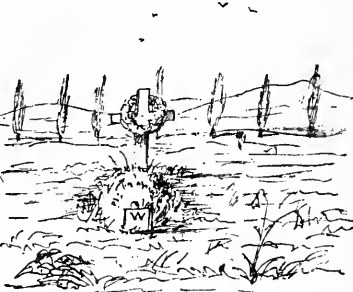
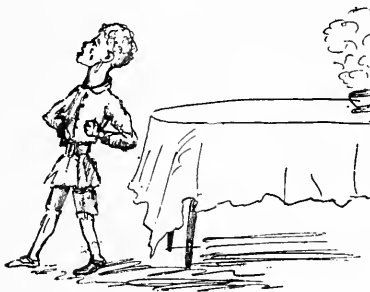
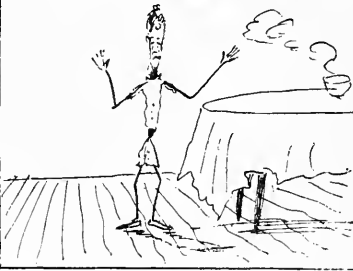
Young William was a healthy child,
As fat as he could be;
He had as round and rosy cheeks
As you would wish to see.

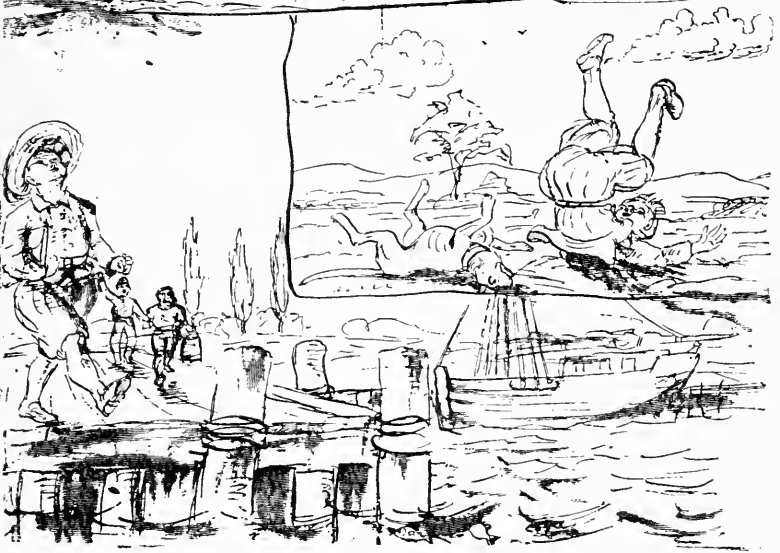
The next day came. How changed he looks
William grew pale and thin
But still he would not eat his soup
When the cook sent it in.

But once he took it in his head
His soup he would not eat
He threw away his spoon, and screamed,
And jumped up on his seat.
"I will not eat my soup!" he cried
"I'd rather starve! oh! oh!"
"I will not, will not, eat my soup."
"I will not eat it; no!"

"I will not eat my soup!" he cried,
On the third day, - oh me! oh me!
"I'd rather starve! oh! oh!"
William grew thin and thinner,
"I will not - will not - eat my soup!"
He screamed and cried with hunger,
"I will not eat it; no!"
He would not eat his dinner.

On the fourth day he dwindled down,
And did not weigh a pound;
And when the fifth day came, alas!
They laid him in the ground.





Johnny Look-in-the-Air.

Little Johnny held his head so high
As he walked along to school
That many of the passers-by
Thought him a little fool.

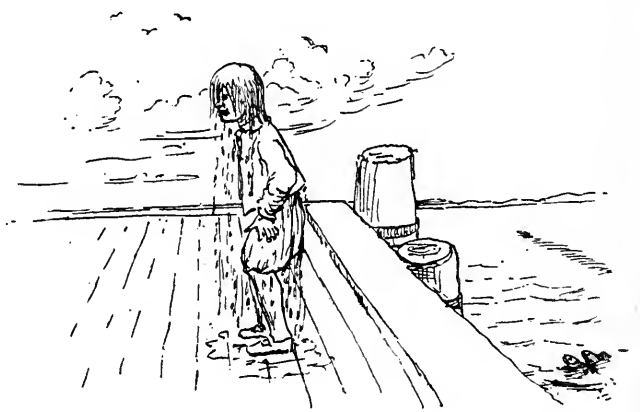
He saw the pretty swallows fly,
The roofs, the clouds up in the sky,
But what was in the way before
Why, that our Johnny never saw.

One day a dog came running fast;
As usual Johnny's eyes were cast
Overhead;
No one said

"Johnny, look out! Here comes Bowwow!"
"What happens now?"

Thump! Dump! They almost broke their bones,
So hard they tumbled on the stones.

Johnny took up his satchel one day,
And off to school he walked away.



Which way he was going he didn't think,
And it brought him down to the river's brink.
Three little fishes at him did stare
Wondering much what brought him there.

One step more, and in he splashes!
Heels over head like lightning dashes.
The little fishes scream for fright,
And swim away with all their might.
But, luckily, quite near there stood
Two men, who saw him in the flood;
They took two hooked poles, & ran,
And soon fished out the little man.

Now see him standing on dry ground,
Poor little fellow, almost drowned,
The water dripping from his clothes,
And from his hair, and from his nose.

The little fishes, all the three,
Swam quickly back the child to see.
They stretched their little heads out of the flood,
And laughed as loud as ever they could.
And shook their little sides with glee;
And the satchel drifted clear out to sea.



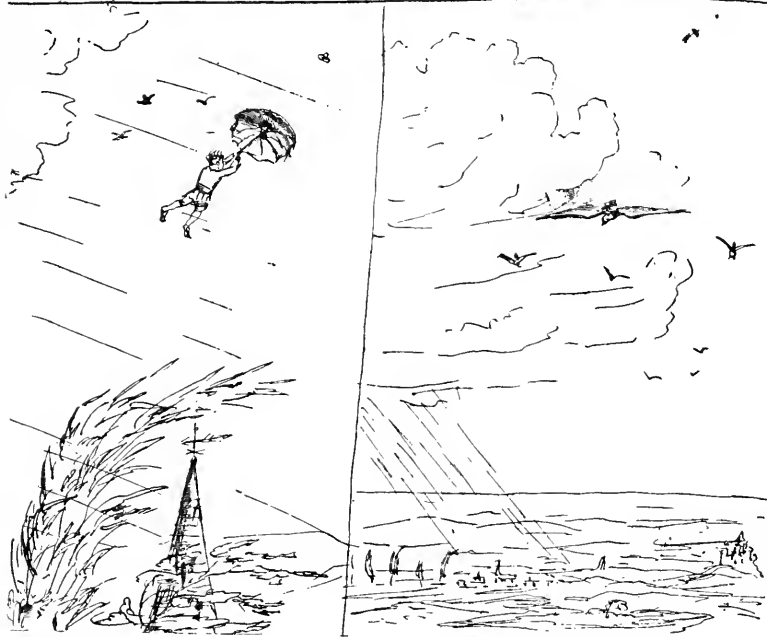
Flying Robert.

When the rain in torrents pours,
And by the wind the trees are bent,
Good little children stay in doors
And there to play they are content.
But Robert thought, one rainy day,
That it would much more pleasant be
Out in the rain to run and play,
And all the pretty puddles see

He took Papa's umbrella out
And in the rain he splashed about.
But stronger, stronger, grew the breeze,
It whistled loudly through the trees,
It caught the umbrella, — do look there!
And whirled him up into the air.

Into the clouds poor Robert flew, —
His little hat before him flew.
Away, away, away they soar!
The little hat blew on before.

And after that where did they go?
Why, my dear child, I do not know.



CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM

