SLOVENLY PETER

BY

DR. HEINRICH HOFFMANN

Translated by

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

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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 better.
For many many many weeks
No water has been near his cheeks;
And 'tis a year now I declare—
Since he has let none 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 naughty things.
He caught the pretty little fowl
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 Lord and Lord,!
He beat his kind and gentle hounds.

One day unto the river's brink
A thirsty dog came down to drink
And then this cruel Frederic
Crest shyly toward him with a stick.
And though the dog howled
And called with pain,
He whipped and whipped and whipped again,
Until the creature turned around
And sprang on Frederic with a stroke.
And hit his leg, oh! oh! indeed!
That's terrible to see it bleed.

Now Frederic had in bed to lay,
Suffering great pain both night and day,
While near their lord Dr. Valentine
And gave him better medicine.

The dog now sat in Frederic's seat,
And ate up all his nice salvage meat,
And quenched his thirst with Clark's wine.
The Wild Huntsman.

The wild huntsman put on his little green cloak
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 keeped 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.
The look off his spectacles, picked up his gun
And softly on tip-toe away the air ran.
The placed the spectacles on her own note.
And back with the gun to the hunter she goes.
She pointed the gun at the brave hunter's heart.
Who awaked and sprung 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 bent.
He stopped for a moment, then into it spring.
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 did it do to?"
And he held up the shot in his little.
Pauline and the Match

One day Pauline was all alone,
Her parents both from home were gone.
A round the room the lights were burning,
And blazed her hands and burned and sing
All round before her stood
A box of matches. Oh! the one,
"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 King and Maung,
The little cats,
Held up their little paws,
"Mew, mew, mew!" they cried.
And threatened with their claws.
"Oh put it down! In flames that'll be!
The Father hath forbidden thee."

Pauline the kitten did not hear.
The little match burned bright and clear.
It crackled, flickered, softly,
Just as you in the picture see.
Oh! never in her life before
Had any plaything pleased her more.

But King and Maung,
The little cats,
Held up their little paws,
"Mew, mew, mew!" they cried.
And threatened with their claws.
"Oh put it down! In flames that'll be!
The Father hath forbidden thee."

Ah! dreadful, dreadful tale to tell.
The match upon her arm fell.
It kindled, burned her hands, her face.
All over her the flames soon spread.

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

Pauline now no more was there,
She turned from picture to hair.
And in the picture she was seen.
A heap of ashes might be seen.
And there, with her dear little shoes
None remained to take the view.

But King and Maung, the faithful cats,
Sat by the pretty three,
And said, "Unto her parents dear, oh! who tell till then.
Mew, mew! Mew, mew!"

Their tears like little drops did flow.
The Blackamoore

Three children from the window saw
A black by pass before the door;
He held above his head of wool
A handkerchief 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 painting 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 mild,
Just as you in the picture see
He seized every child,
And dipped them in the indelint,
These naughty children there,
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 parasol.
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 then.

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

But ah! my little children, ah!
The chair, the chair, rocks back and forth.
Can nothing help him? No, oh no!
Down to the ground he'll surely go.

He pulls the cloth with all his might,
And though the Father holds 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 scream,
Their nice warm dinner Is all gone.
Young William was a healthy child,
As far as he could be.
He had round and rosy cheeks
As you could wish to see.

But once he took it in his head
His loaf he would not eat.
He threw away his bread and dreamed,
And jumped up on his bed.

"I will not eat my loaf," he cried,
"I'd rather starve! Oh! oh!"
"I will not—will not—eat my loaf!"
"I will not eat it, no!"

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

I will not eat my loaf! he cried,
"I'd rather starve! oh! oh!"
I will not, will not, eat my loaf.
I will not eat it, no!"

On the third day, alas! alas! alas!
William grew thin and thin;
"I'd rather starve! oh! oh!"
He dreamed and cried with hunger
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 fellow-by
Thought him a little fool.

He saw the pretty swallow fly,
The rooks, 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;
At which Johnny's eyes were cast
Overhead;
No one said
"Johnny, look out! Here comes Browww!"
What happens now?
Thump! Clump! They almost broke their bow,
So hard they tumbled on the stones.

Johnny took up his hatchet 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 hookless poles, I wan.  
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 latchet 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, on 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 stranger, stranger, 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 dear!
The little hat blew on before.

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

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