

BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—No. 68.

STRUWWELPETER;
OR,
SHOCK-HEADED PETER
AND OTHER FUNNY STORIES.

BY
Dr. HOFFMANN.



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Version.)

ONE PENNY.

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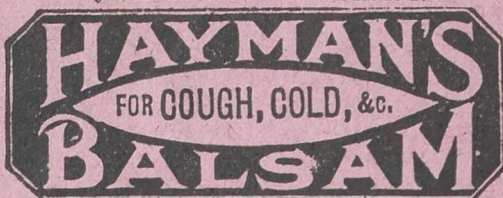
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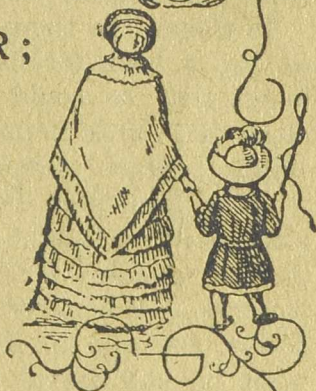
STRUWWELPETER;

OR,

SHOCK-
HEADED
PETER

AND

OTHER FUNNY STORIES.



PREFACE.

MY DEAR BAIRNS,—I hope you will not be frightened by the long name “Struwwelpeter.” The “w” is pronounced like “v,” for it was written by a German. “Struwwelpeter” means “Shock-headed Peter,” and a very nonsensical fellow he is. I am sure if you read the nonsense verses accompanying these comic pictures you will be very much amused. This book is one of the most famous Bairns’ books that have been written for a hundred years. It is more than fifty years since the adventures of “Shock-headed Peter” were written, and since then the little book has been printed and reprinted again and again in ever so many languages, and it has been a favourite everywhere. The man who wrote it and who drew the comical pictures of Peter, with his long hair and long nails, was a kind-hearted doctor, named Hoffmann, who lived in Germany.

In those days there were no Books for the Bairns, and when he went to buy a book for his little boy, who was only three years old, he found that he could not get any book that was comical enough to please the little fellow. There were plenty of books written for children, which were either too long or too dull or full of preaching; so what do you think he did? Instead of buying a printed book with pictures in, he bought a note-book with blank leaves in it and drew the pictures one by one. He often did this when he was visiting his patients. Whenever he found a little child who was afraid of the doctor, he used to draw a comical picture and show the little one what he had drawn. In this way the stories and pictures were put together, and when Christmas came the finished book was put under the Christmas-tree, where his little boy found it. He was greatly delighted with it.

After a time some friends saw it, and they were so much pleased with it, that they said it was a pity not to have it printed, and sent about in the world for other children to see. At first the doctor refused, for he had no idea of showing it to anybody but his own little boy, but so many people said that they would like to have it for their own children that he gave in, and so “Shock-headed Peter” began his voyage round the world. The book went through many different editions. When the little boy to whom it was originally given was a man of thirty-four, a hundred different editions had already been printed. Since then there have probably been as many more.

But I think I am the first person to print the book, pictures and all, for a penny; and I hope that this new edition, being the cheapest ever printed, may be welcomed by hundreds of thousands of children who had never before heard of “Shock-headed Peter.”

W. T. STEAD.

I F children are not wild and rough,
Then SANTA CLAUS comes soon enough ;
If they don't grumble at their food,
But are obedient, kind and good,
And, when with Mother down the street
They walk, from puddles keep their feet,
And, sitting quiet with their toys,
Amuse themselves, and make no noise—
Then SANTA CLAUS to them will bring
This book and many a pretty thing !

SHOCK-HEADED PETER



SHOCK-HEADED PETER.

SHOCK-HEADED PETER.

HERE'S Shock-headed Peter :—
What an awful creature !

Wouldn't let them cut his hair,

Or his finger-nails pare,

For nearly a year.

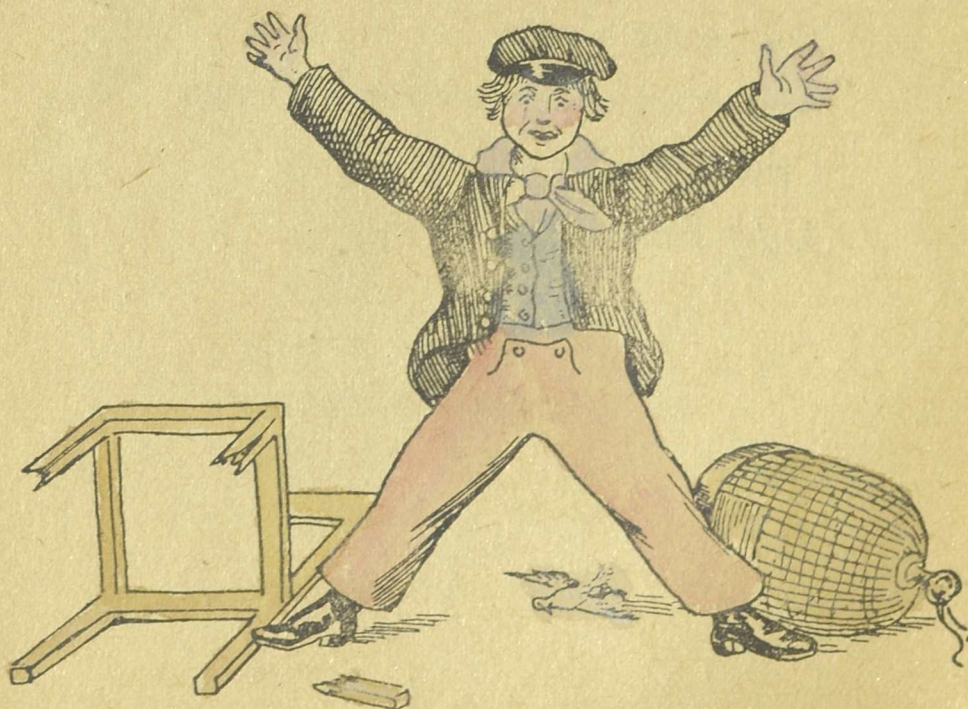
And every one who hears his name

Cries, " Fie for shame !—

Ugly Peter !"

CRUEL FREDERICK.

OH! Fred he was a cruel boy—
He gave his parents little joy,
He caught the flies, pulled out their wings—
Teased cats and other harmless things;
He broke the chairs, and killed the bird,
And uttered many a naughty word.
His sisters he would often nip,
And beat poor Maggie with a whip.



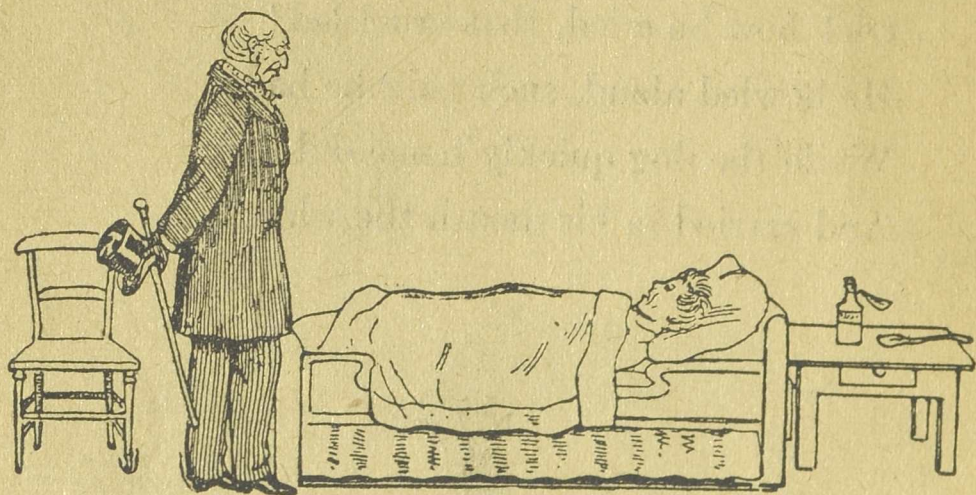




One day a big dog at the brink
Of the stone trough stood still to drink ;
Then softly up, him to annoy,
Crept Frederick, that cruel boy.
He hit the dog, who howled right sore ;
He hit and kicked him more and more.
But that dog bit him in the calf—
Then Fred was not inclined to laugh.

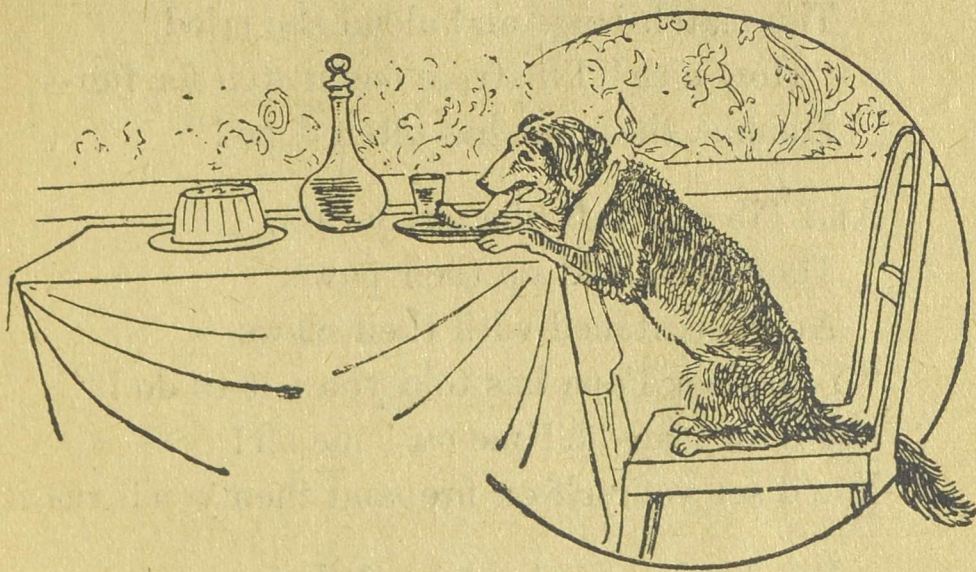
Oh ! how he cried, that cruel lad !
He howled aloud, such pain he had ;
While the dog quickly home did trip,
And carried in his mouth the whip.





To bed our Freddy now must go,
Because his leg did hurt him so.
And Dr. Jones came twice a day,
And gave him physic, black and grey—
Such nasty stuff!—the Dog meanwhile
Sat up and dined in famous style

At Fred's own table—ate good beef,
Drank wine, to give his thirst relief;
And all the while, for safety, there
The whip hung just behind his chair.

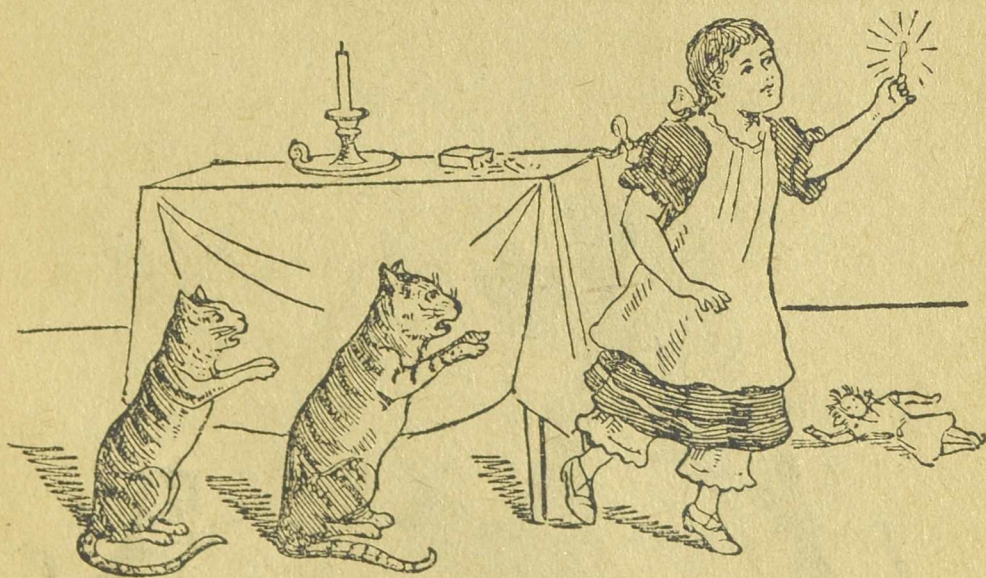
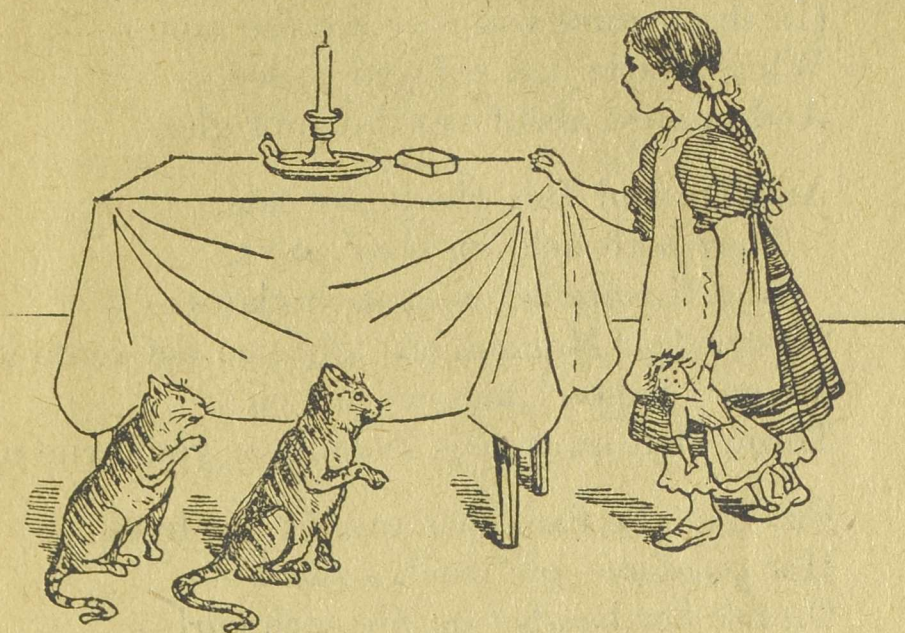


THE VERY SAD STORY OF THE MATCHES.

IT chanced that into town one day
Both Katie's parents went away ;
And she, when left alone at home,
Through all the rooms began to roam.
She found a plaything oft denied—
The match-box—and aloud she cried,
“How nice ! I'll strike one match for fun—
Mamma the same has often done !”

And Tib and Tab, the pussy-cats,
They both held up their paws,
And threatened with their claws—
“Your dear Papa has told you not to do it !
Me-ow ! me-oh ! me-ow ! me-oh !
You'll set yourself on fire, and then you'll rue it !”

But Katie would not heed their cry—
The match blazed up right merrily,



With such a bright and crackling flame
(In the picture you may see the same)—
Which Katie just enjoyed to see,
And jumped about the room for glee.

And Tib and Tab, the pussy-cats,
They both held up their paws,
And threatened with their claws—
“Your dear Mamma has told you not to do it!
Me-ow! me-oh! me-ow! me-oh!
Throw that away this instant, or you’ll rue it!”

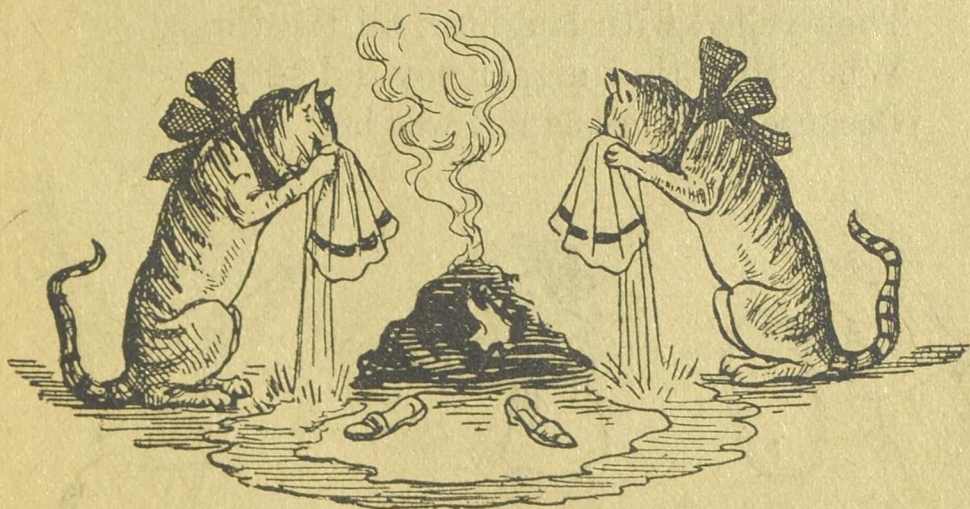
But oh! the flame has caught her frock—
Her pinafore—oh! such a shock—
On fire her hands—on fire each curl—
On fire the whole dear little girl.



Then both the cats together
Cried wildly, "Hither! hither!
Help! help! who'll help poor Kate?
Quick, or you'll be too late!
Me-ow! me-oh! me-ow! me-oh!
The child is burning—oh!"

Now everything is burnt to ash,
Poor Katie's hair and frock and sash—
She's gone, and nothing left instead
But her two little shoes of red.

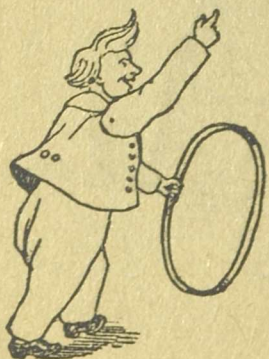
And Tib and Tab, the two,
Now sit and cry "Boo hoo!
Me-ow! me-oh! me-ow! me-oo!
Oh! what will those poor parents do?"
They sit with mournful looks,
And their tears make little brooks.



THE STORY OF THE BLACK BOYS.



ONE day a Blackamoor—so dark,
Charcoal on him made a chalk mark—
Went walking gaily in the Park ;
The sun his hair too fiercely curled,
So his umbrella he unfurled.
Then up came Bobby at a run,
And in his hand he bore a bun ;
Tom brought his hoop—Will was not slack,
But came and waved a Union Jack.
They yelled with laughter, all the three,
When they that nigger boy did see,
Because as black as ink was he,





NICHOLAS AND HIS INK-POT.

And then passed by—why, who do you think?
Carrying a great big pot of ink—
St. Nicholas! He said, “Look here,
You boys—you must not interfere
With this poor fellow, though, it’s true,
He is not quite so white as you.
That’s not his fault one little bit—
So I advise you all to quit.”
They did not quit—so little grace
Had they—but laughed right in his face,
They mocked, worse even than before,
At that unlucky Blackamoor.

Then Nicholas fell into a rage
(You see him on the other page).
He seized each boy—by collar, hair,
Or arm or leg, he did not care,
Bobby and Tom and Will alike,
However they might kick or strike,
And let them struggle, let them shrink,
He dipped them all right in the ink—
Into the ink-pot, there to steep,
The great St. Nicholas dipped them deep.





You see them now—alack ! alack !
The nigger boy is not so black.
He strides on gaily in the sun,
The inky boys behind him run ;
And if they had not laughed and jeered
They need not Nicholas have feared.

THE MAN WHO WENT OUT SHOOTING.

A CERTAIN valiant man, I ween,
One day put on his coat of green—
Took game-bag, powder-horn, and gun,
And out into the woods did run.

His spectacles were on his nose—
And now to shoot a hare he chose;
The hare sat safe among the grass,
And laughed to see the hunter pass.

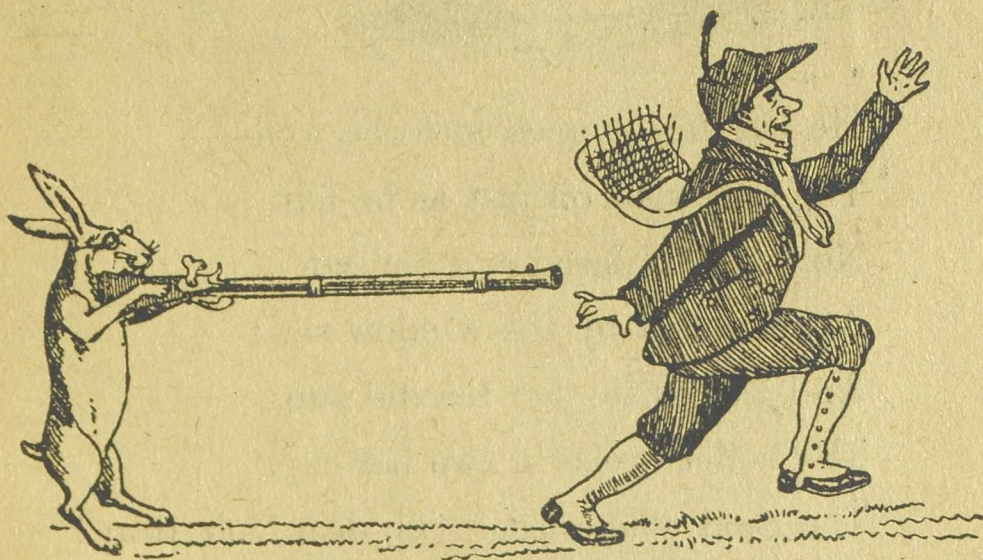


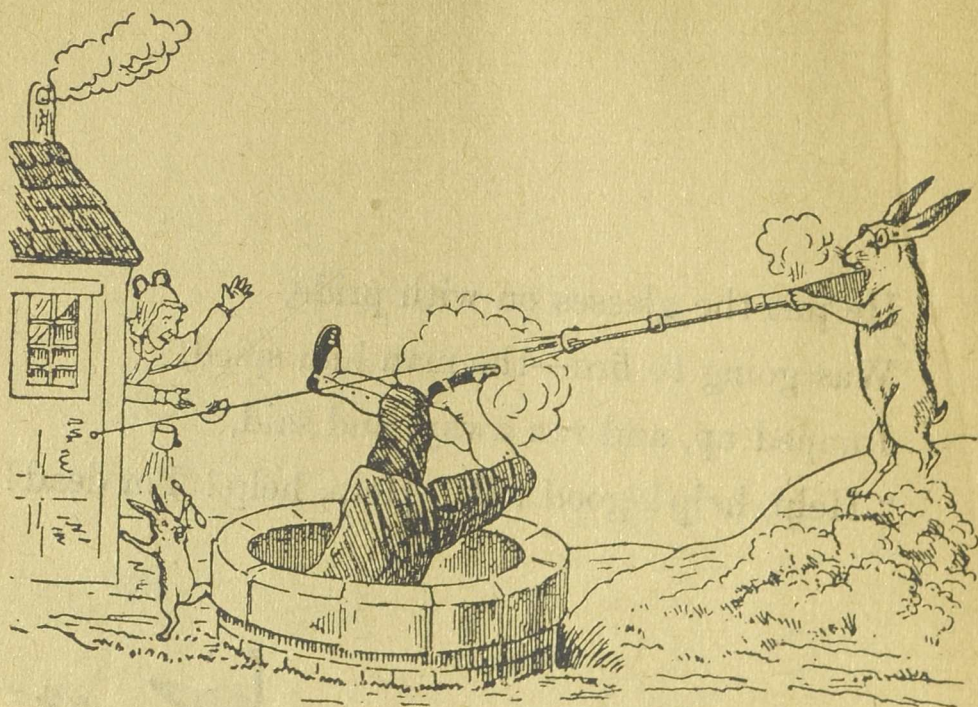
Now the fierce sun grew ever bolder—
His gun was heavy on his shoulder,
He lay down in the grass so green,
And by the little hare was seen.



Then while the man did snore and sleep,
Softly to him did Pussy creep,
And took his glasses and his gun,
And quickly then away did run.

He put the glasses on with pride,
Was going to fire—the man him spied,
Jumped up, and ran away, and said,
“ Help, help ! good folk ! Help, help ! I’m dead ! ”





He ran and jumped into the well—
The gun went off just as he fell.
Now Mrs. Nimrod and her cat
At breakfast by the window sat ;
And just as she her tea did sup,
The bullet broke in two her cup.
The good wife cried, “ Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! ”
A baby hare was playing near,
By chance, and—as the picture shows—
He got the hot tea on his nose.
“ Oh ! oh ! who’s scalded me ? ” he said,
And waved the spoon above his head.

LITTLE SUCK-A-THUMB.

"CONRAD," said his mother dear,
"I'm going out—and you stay here!
Be a good, obedient boy,
So I may return in joy.
See that you don't suck your thumb,
Or the tailor sure will come
With his shears, and thumbs will nip,
Just as I would paper snip."

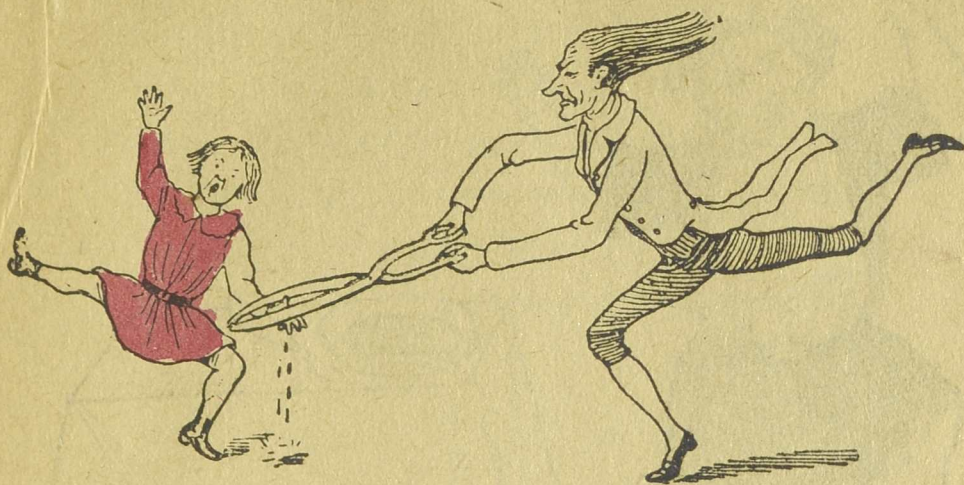


Scarce has mother gone out,
when

Look ! his thumb is in again !

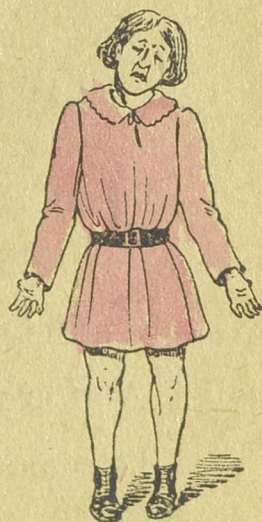


Flop ! the door flies open wide,
And, with one tremendous stride,
The tailor is at Conrad's side.
Snip ! snap ! Oh ! lack-a-day !
Both his thumbs are now away—



Snip ! snap ! go the great sharp shears,
And Conrad's yells do rend our ears.

When his mother came again,
Sad was Conrad's look of pain ;
See him standing there so small,
With no little thumbs at all.



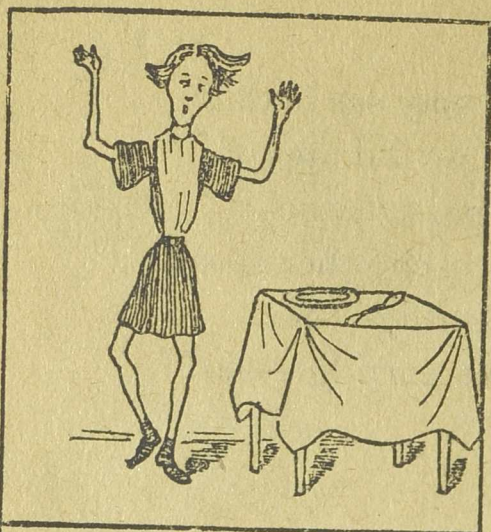


JACK AND THE PORRIDGE

JACK was a ruddy boy, and plump,
Had rosy cheeks, could run and jump,
And climb and slide, enjoyed his play,
And ate his porridge every day.
One morning he began to yell,
Soon as he heard the breakfast bell,
“I don’t like nasty porridge—no !
I will not eat my porridge so !”

On the next day you may see here
How much more thin he did appear,
Yet once more he began to shriek
(They could not hear each other speak),
“I won’t eat nasty porridge—no!
You must not give me porridge—no!”





On the third day, alack !
alack !

How thin and weak was
that poor Jack !

But when the porridge
was brought in,

He made once more an
awful din,

"I can't eat porridge !—
no ! no ! no !

I won't eat nasty por-
ridge—no !

No, no ! I won't eat
porridge—no !"

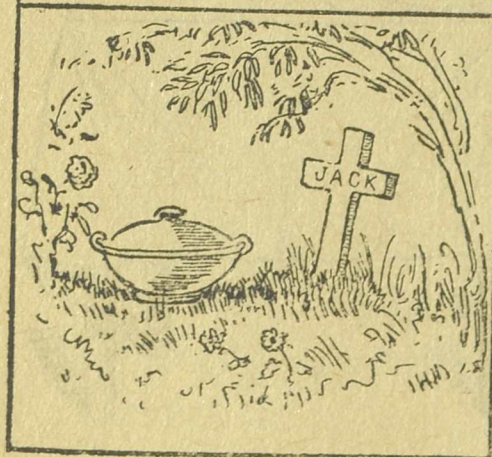


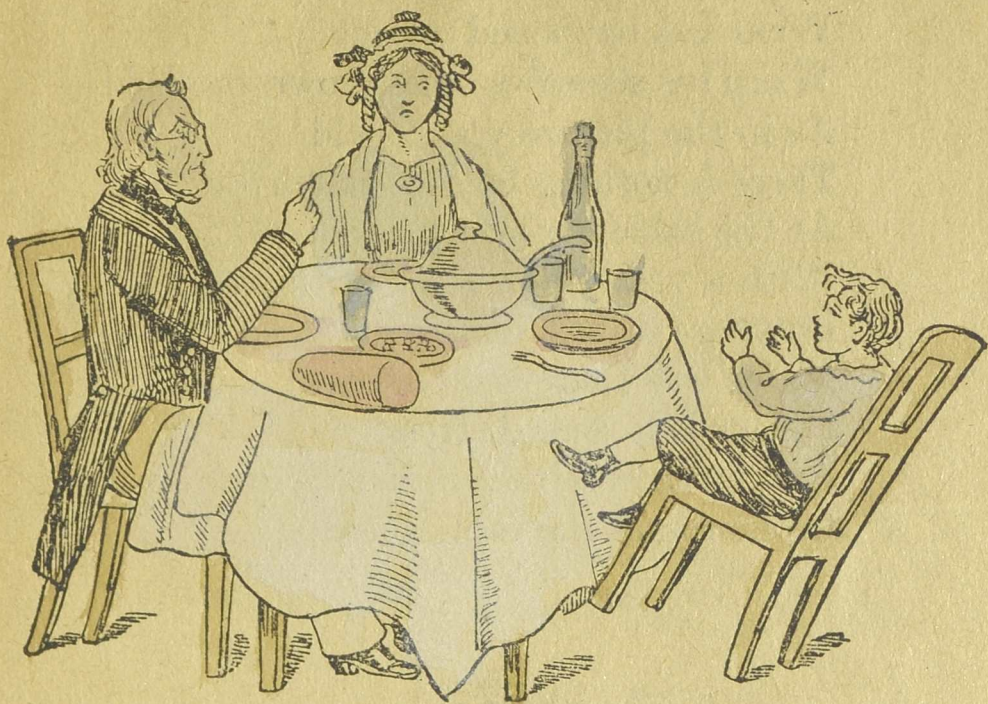
On the fourth day he
had no bounce

Left in him—weighed
just half an ounce ;

He looked just like a
tiny thread—

And on the fifth day he
was dead.

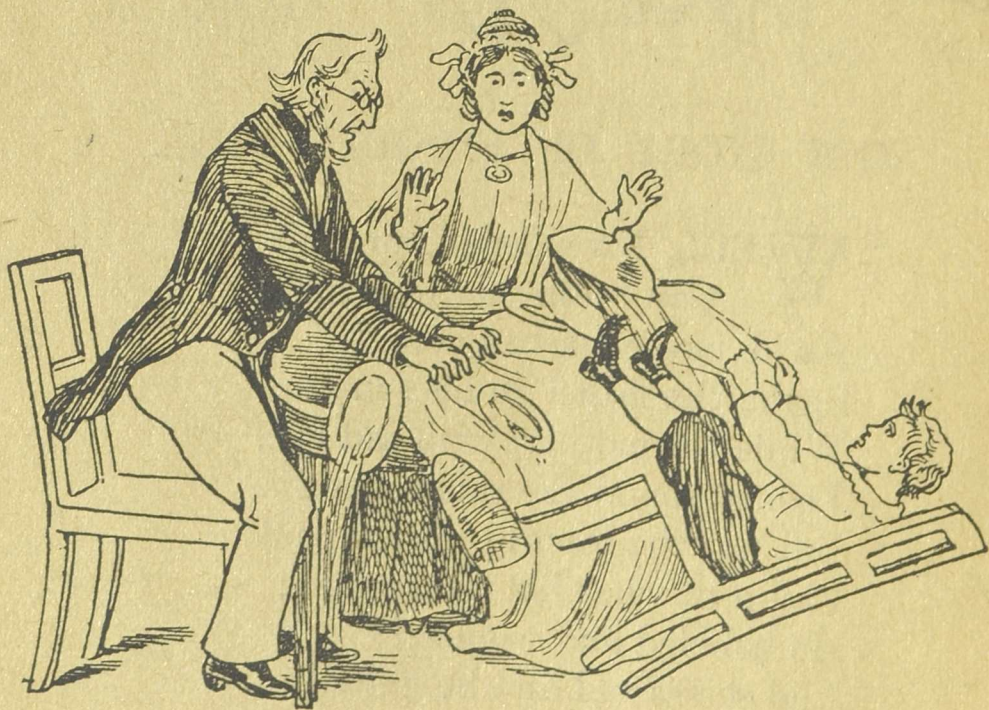




THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHIL.

“WELL, I wonder if our Phil
Can to-day for once sit still,
As he never yet has done,”
Spake the father to his son ;
While the mother, with sad eye,
Looked round the table silently.
But not the least attention paid
Philip to what his father said ;
He bobbled and wobbled
And see-sawed and he-hawed
Backwards and forwards on his chair—
“ Philip ! Philip ! have a care ! ”

See now, my dear children, see
What has happened presently,
When his see-saws have grown too bold—
As in the picture you behold.
There is nothing he can snatch—
At the table-cloth he'll catch—
With a yell.—But what's the good?
Down go dishes, plates, and food.
Never was there such a mess!
Father is in sore distress,
And mother, with a mournful eye,
Looks round the table silently.





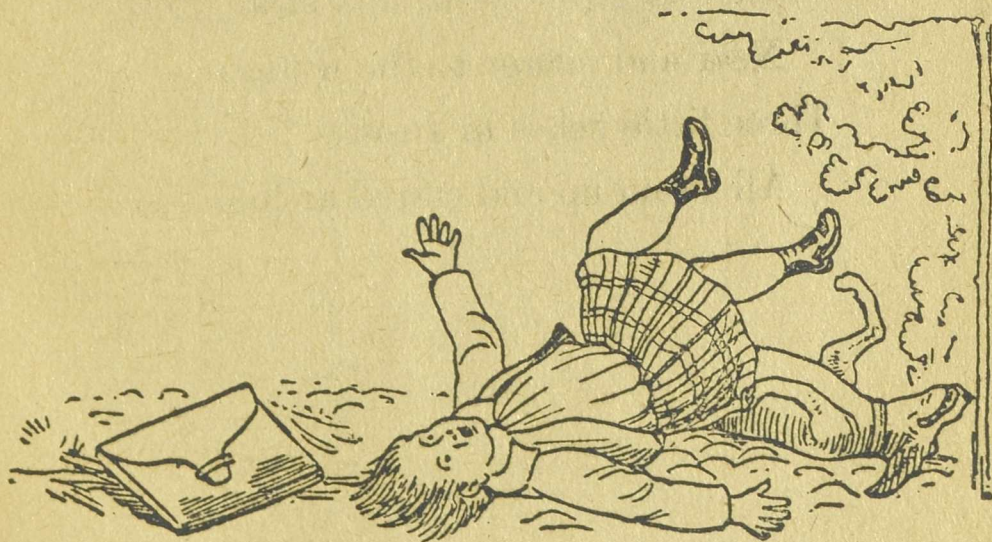
Phil is gone, and Philip's chair—
And the table is quite bare ;
All the savoury and sweet,
Soup, potatoes, bread, and meat,
Wildly rolling on the floor—
And no dinner any more !
And the parents, in amaze,
Sadly on the ruin gaze ;
They have nothing left to eat,
And their tempers are not sweet.



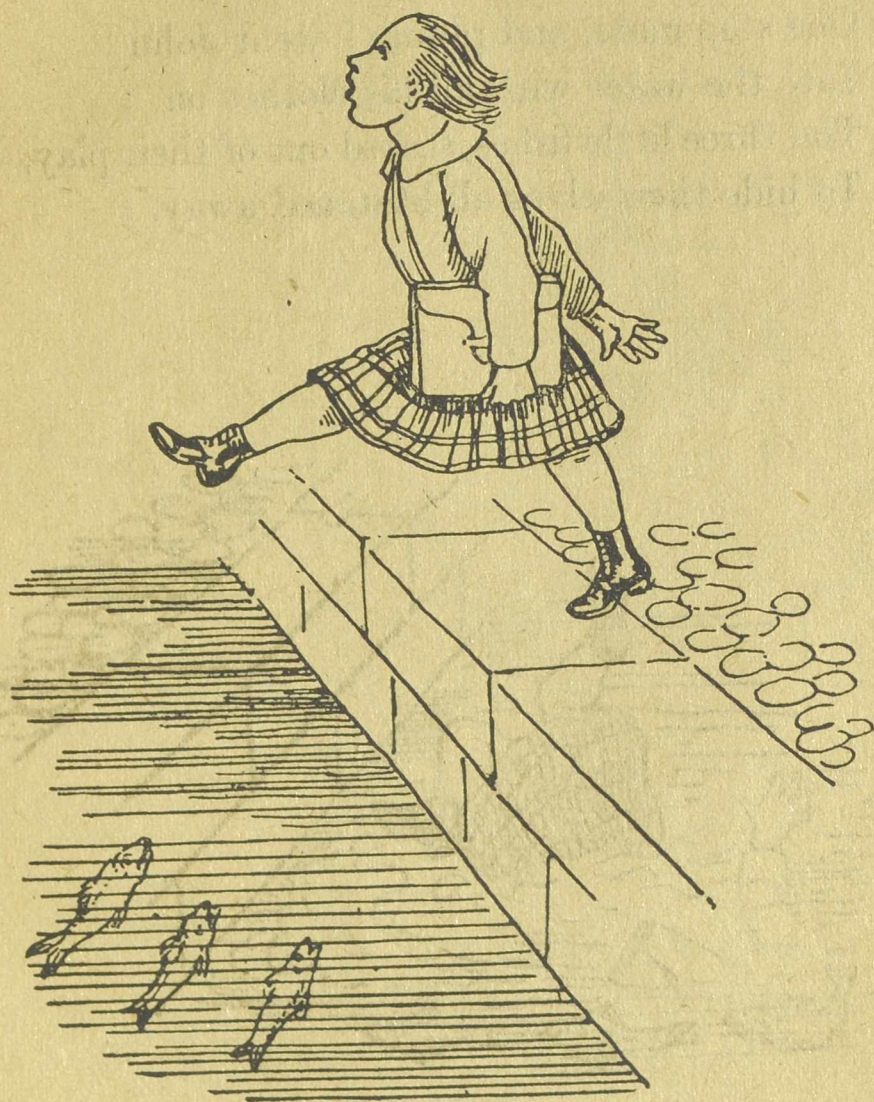
LITTLE JOHNNY HEAD-IN-AIR.

WHEN Johnny went along to school,
His eyes were upturned as a rule—
He would always upward stare
At roofs, clouds, swallows in the air;
He saw not what lay close
Right under his own nose;
And all the neighbours called out, "There
Goes little Johnny Head-in-Air!"

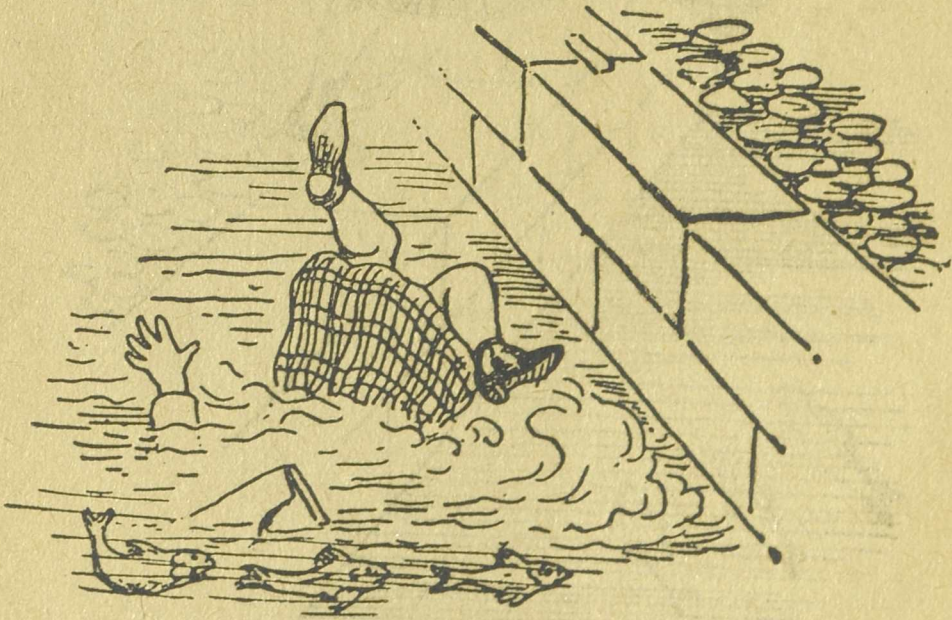
If a little dog came by,
John never lowered once his eye;
No one cried him,
“John, look out, the dog is coming!”
What took place?
Flop! he lay in a muddy place,
With the dog beside him.

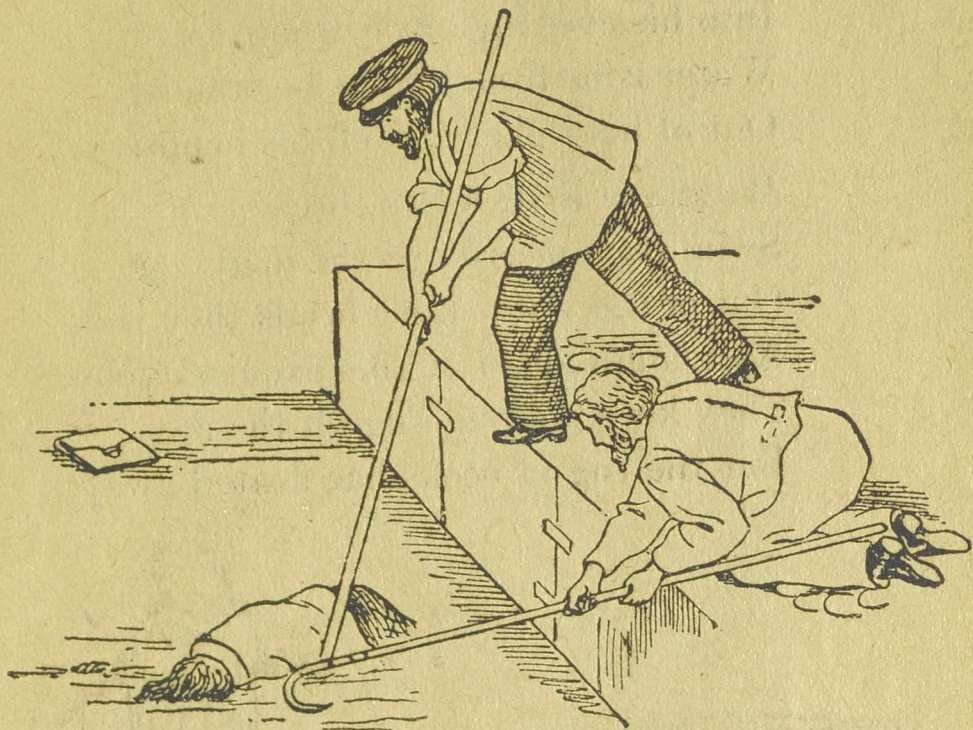


Once he walked beside the river,
Carrying his bag of books,
On the flying swallows ever
In the sky were fixed his looks.
So he straighter went, and straighter,
Near and nearer to the water ;
Three little fishes in a row,
All swam up and stared at him—so.



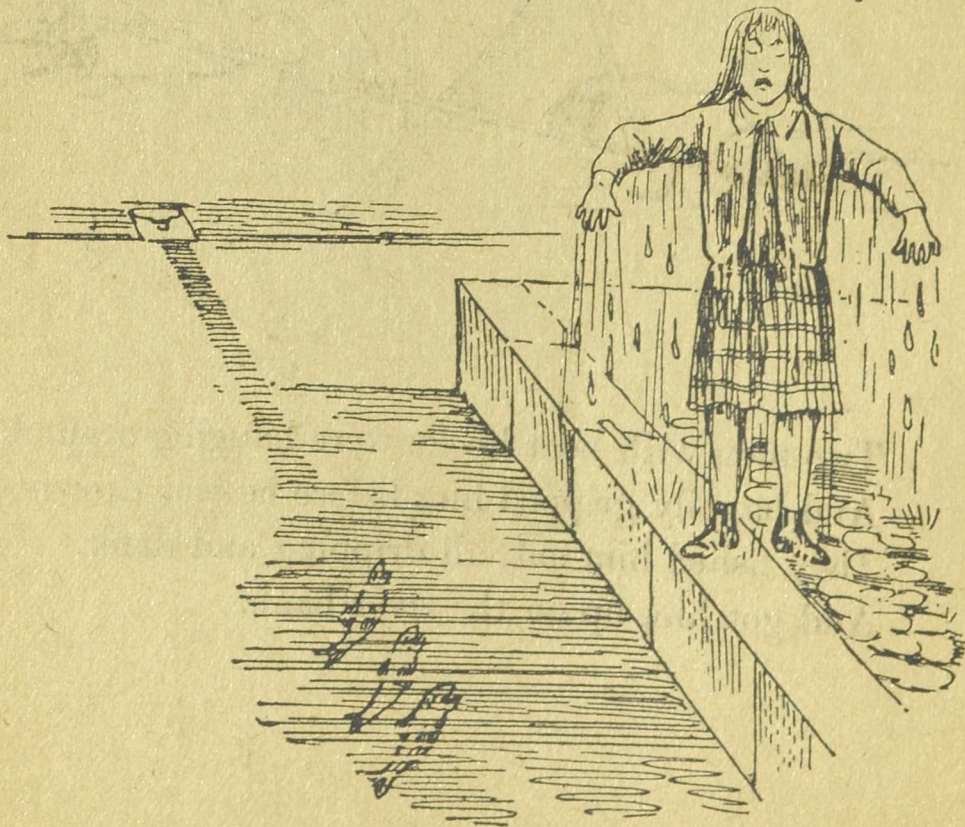
One step more, and plump ! went John
Into the water with all his clothes on.
The three little fishes, scared out of their play,
To hide themselves all hastened away.





Two men with boat-hooks were hanging around,
And happily gripped him before he was drowned.
They fished him out, all dripping and dank,
And got him up on the river bank.

Look at him now, as cold as ice !
This is surely not very nice.
Water is running out of his hair,
Into his eyes and everywhere.
Water runs from him as he stands,
Out of his jacket and off his hands.
But those little fishes three
Swim back merrily to the quay.
Out of the water their heads they poke,
And laugh aloud at this exquisite joke.
They keep on laughing all the day,
But the bag of books has floated away.



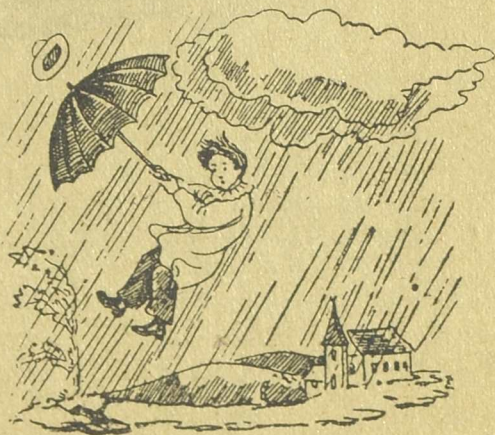
FLYING ROBERT.



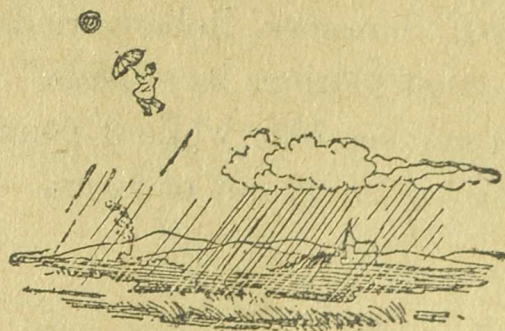
WHEN the rain is
roaring down,
Over trees and fields and
town,
Boys and girls when thus
it pours
Should stay quietly in-
doors.

“No!” however, Robert cried,
“It must glorious be outside.”
And you see him, while it pours,
With his brolly out of doors.

How the tempest howls
and blows,
Till the trees are bent
like bows!
Robert thinks it—oh!
so jolly!
See! the gust has
seized the brolly.



See ! he's flying through the air—
Nobody can hear him there.
Though he burst himself with crying—
And his hat, as well, is flying.
Through the clouds away on high
Robert and the broolly fly,
And the hat, still in advance,
Right against the sky does dance.
Whither the wind them carried away
Nobody in the world can say.



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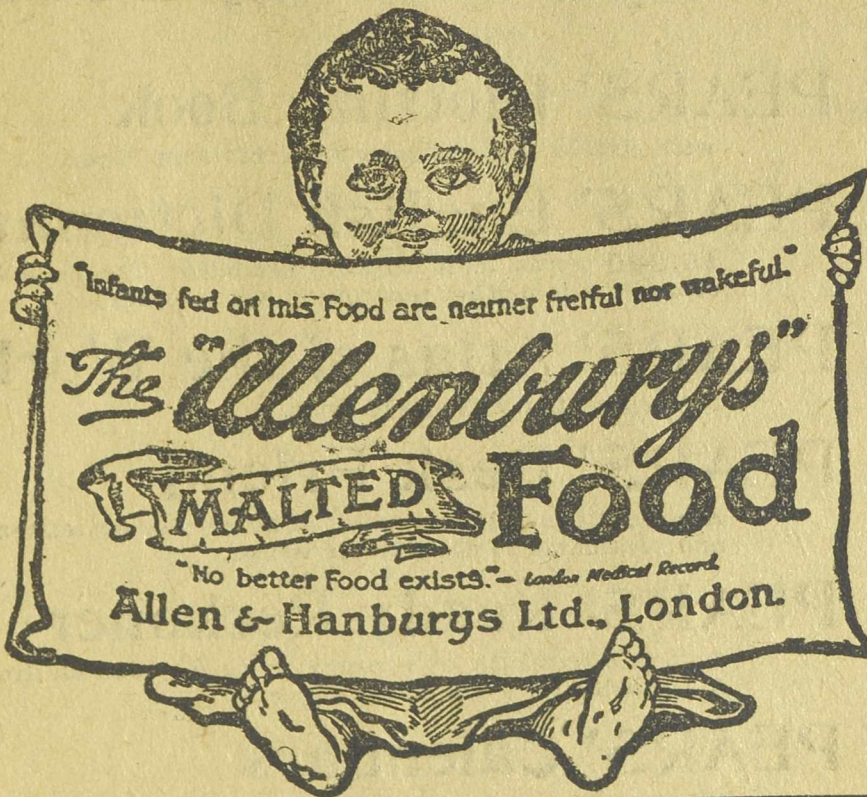
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