

**THE DREAM OF
LITTLE TUK, AND
OTHER TALES**

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The Dream of Little Tuk, and Other Tales by Hans Christian Andersen

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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

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LITTLE TUK, AND
OTHER TALES**

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AND OTHER TALES.

BY

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES BONER.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE ;
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

1848.

TO HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

MY DEAR ANDERSEN,

I herewith send you what in fact is your own already—some of your charming Stories, in the language of that country where your works, and lately yourself, have met with so hearty a welcome.

The translation of "Little Tuk" was begun, you know, in your own room in London, one day while I was awaiting your return. You were surprised and pleased to find me so employed; and your words, when I asked if you would like me to do the others—"Oh, yes! Certainly! Pray do them all!"—determined me at once to complete the collection, part of which I had already sent you in 1846. They were, moreover, made doubly interesting by all you told me about them, and of the circumstances under which they were written.

You see, then, I do "remember the fairy tales," as you write to me in your last letter; and as this little Volume which contains them—independent of the authorship—is thus in many ways connected with yourself, and with your stay in England, where we were so much together, allow me to beg you will accept it in remembrance of those pleasant hours, which (I think I may say it) will not soon be forgotten by either of us.

Yours, dear Andersen,
Faithfully and sincerely,
CHARLES BONER.

Donau Stauf, near Ratisbon,
August 6th, 1847.

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ERRATUM.

Page 69, for "LITTLE ELLEN" read LITTLE ELLIE.

TO THE
YOUNG READERS OF THESE TALES.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS, —

Here is another Volume of ANDERSEN'S charming Stories for you ; and I am sure you will be glad to get it. For my part, I am always delighted to find one that I do not happen to have yet seen ; and as I know the others pleased you — for I have heard so, both directly and indirectly, from a great many people, and not only English children, but Irish children too ; and as to the children in Scotland, you will see presently how much they like them — there can be no doubt that you all will be overjoyed to have a few more of these stories told you.

And there is no one who participates in this delight more than—whom do you think? Why, than Andersen himself! He is so happy that his Tales have been thus joyfully received, and that they have found their way to the hearts and sympathies of you all. He speaks of it with evident pleasure; and it is not vanity, but his kind affectionate nature, which inclines him to mention such little occurrences as prove how firm a hold his writings have taken on the minds of the young and gentle natured. “So much praise might,” he says, “spoil a man, and make him vain. Yet no, it does not spoil him: on the contrary, it makes him better; it purifies his thoughts, and this must give one the impulse and the will to deserve it all.” He was so pleased to hear, and I, you may be sure, was equally pleased to tell him, what had been written to me by a friend a short time before—that several little boys and girls, Miss Edgeworth’s nephews and nieces, were so delighted with the “TALES FROM DENMARK,” that they not only read and re-

read them continually, but used *to act the stories* together in their play hours !

And a certain little dark-eyed thing of my acquaintance, "little Nelly," or "the little gipsey," as I sometimes call her, knows the whole story of "Ellie and the Pretty Swallow" by heart; and another "wee thing" that cannot yet read, but is always wanting to have stories told her, knows all about Kay and Gerda, and the flower garden, and how Gerda went to look for her brother, inquiring of everybody she met, and how at last the good sister found him.

In Copenhagen, as Andersen himself told me, all the children know him. "And," he said, with a countenance that shewed such homage was dearer to him than the more splendid honors paid as tributes to his genius, "as I walk along the street, the little darlings nod and kiss their hands to me; and they say to one another, 'There's Andersen!' and then some more run and wave their hands. Oh yes, they all know me. But sometimes, if there be

one who does not, then, perhaps, his mamma will say, 'Look, that is he who wrote the story you read the other day, and that you liked so much;' and so we soon get acquainted." And *this* popularity delights him more than anything; and you surely cannot call it vanity.

In the account he has written of his life, he relates a circumstance that happened to him at Dresden; and it is so pretty that I insert it here. He writes: "An evening that for me was particularly interesting I spent with the royal family, who received me most graciously. Here reigned the same quiet that is found in private life in a happy family. A whole troop of amiable children, all belonging to Prince John, were present. The youngest of the princesses, a little girl who knew that I had written the story of 'The Fir-Tree,' began familiarly her conversation with me in these words; 'Last Christmas we also had a fir-tree, and it stood here in this very room.' Afterwards, when she was taken to bed earlier than the others,