

# Andersen's Fairy Tales

Illustrated





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Andersen might fitly be applied happily bestowed by the natives of Robert Louis Stevenson: Tusitala, "Fables." For more than half a century the Danish story-teller has been beloved in all parts of the world, and nowhere so devoted admirers than in Great Britain and those lands where English is the common tongue. As has been well said, "Andersen was a Norseman, and the blood of Norsemen is in our veins."

This series of books being chiefly designed for younger children, only those stories have been included which are most suitable for the purpose. For those who here make first acquaintance with Andersen, it may be well to state that he was born at Odense, in the Baltic island of Funen, on April 2, 1805. His first fairy tales were published when he was about thirty years of age. "I have written them," he wrote to a friend, "just as if I were telling them to a child." That, no doubt, was the reason of his success, though as a matter of fact the stories were not at first at all highly regarded. Popularity came later, and he died, greatly honored, at his country house near Copenhagen on August 4, 1875.

H. G.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S  
FAIRY TALES





## *The Little Swineherd or the Prince in Disguise*

There was once a poor Prince: he had a kingdom, but it was a very little one; still it was large enough to marry upon, and to marry he was determined.

Now, it was rather bold of him to make up to the Emperor's daughter and say right out, 'Will you have me?' Yet he did so, for his name was known far and wide, and there were hundreds of princesses who would have been very glad to say "Yes," if they had been asked. But did the Emperor's daughter do so? Well now, you shall hear.

On the grave of the Prince's father grew a rose-tree—a very lovely rose-tree! It only bloomed once in every five years, and then it only bore a single rose, but that was so sweet that by merely smelling it you forgot all your cares and sorrows. The Prince had also a nightingale which could sing as though all the lovely songs in the world were in its little throat. The Princess was to have both the rose and the nightingale, and that is how it came about that they were both put into silver cases and sent to her.

The Emperor had them borne before him into the large room where the Princess used to walk

and play at "visitors" with her ladies-in-waiting; and when she saw the cases, with the presents in them, she clapped her hands for joy.

"Only fancy if it were a little pussy-cat!" said she. But it turned out to be a rose-tree with a single beautiful rose.

"How prettily it is made!" said all the Court ladies.

"It is more than pretty," said the Emperor. "It is genteel."

But the Princess felt the rose, and immediately was ready to burst into tears.

"Fie! Papa," said she; "it is not artificial after all, it is *real*!"

"Fie!" said all the Court ladies; "it is real!"

"Let us see what is in the other case before we lose our tempers," said the Emperor, and so the nightingale was produced, and it sang so sweetly that for the moment it was quite impossible to find any fault with it.

"*Superbe! Charmant!*" cried the Court ladies, for they all chattered French; it was hard to say which of them chattered worst.

"The bird reminds me of the late Empress's musical-box!" said an old courtier. "Ah, yes! it's just the same tune, and the same time."

"Yes," said the Emperor; and began to cry like a child.

"But it is not a real bird, I hope," said the Princess.

"Yes, it is a real bird," said those who had brought it.

"Indeed! then let it fly away!" said the Princess, and she would on no account hear of the Prince coming to see her.

But he was not to be rebuffed. He smeared his face all over with black and brown, pressed his cap down over his eyes, and knocked at the palace door.

"Good morning, Emperor!" said he. "Could I not take service in the palace here?"

"Well, there are so many applicants already," said the Emperor; "but let me see, I very much want someone who can look after the swine, for we have lots of them."

So the Prince was appointed the Imperial swineherd. They gave him a wretched little shed close to the pigstye, and there he had to live. The whole day long he sat and worked, and by evening had made a pretty little pipkin, with bells all round it, and as soon as ever the pipkin began to boil, the bells tinkled so prettily, and played the old melody—

"Ah! thou darling Augustine!  
'Tis all over now, I ween!"

But the best of it was that when one held one's fingers in the steam that came out of this pot one could immediately smell what was being cooked on every hearth in the town. Now, that was certainly something very superior to a rose.

And now the Princess came walking along with her ladies-in-waiting, and when she heard the melody she stood still, and was delighted, for she



also could play "Ah! thou darling Augustine!" It was indeed the only tune she knew, but she played it with one finger.

"Yes," she said, "that is the song that I can play. He must indeed be a clever swineherd. Go in and ask him what the instrument costs."

So one of the maids of honor was obliged to go down into the shed, but she put on pattens first.

"What do you want for that pipkin?" asked the maid of honor.

"I want ten kisses from the Princess," said the swineherd.

"Good gracious!" said the maid of honor.

"Yes, I will not take less," said the swineherd.

"Well, what does he say?" asked the Princess.

"I really dare not tell you," said the maid of honor, "it is too frightful!"

"Then whisper it in my ear." So she whispered.

"He is very naughty, really!" said the Princess, and turned away at once; but when she had gone a little distance the bells jingled again so sweetly:—

"Ah! thou darling Augustine!

'Tis all over now, I ween!"

"Listen now!" said the Princess, "ask him if he will take ten kisses from my Court ladies."

"No, thank you!" said the swineherd; "ten kisses from the Princess, please, or I shall keep the pipkin!"

"How very tiresome, to be sure!" said the Prin-



cess. "Well, then, stand all of you in front of me, so that nobody can see!"

So all the Court ladies made a circle round them, spreading out their dresses; and the swineherd got the ten kisses, and the Princess the pipkin.

And now indeed they had a merry time of it. All that evening, and the whole of the next day, the pipkin was kept a-boiling. There was not a hearth in the town but they knew what was being cooked there, whether it was the Lord Chamberlain's or the cobbler's. The Court ladies danced and clapped their hands.

"We know who is going to have soup and pancakes for dinner, and who is going to have chops and hasty-pudding. How interesting that is!"

"Most highly interesting!" said the Lady Stewardess of the Household.

"Yes; but hold your tongues about it, for I am the Emperor's daughter!"

"Of course, of course!" said they all.

The swineherd, that is to say, the Prince—but *they* of course thought he was a real swineherd—let not a day pass without making something or other; and at last he made a rattle, and when one sprang this rattle, one heard all the waltzes, jigs, and polkas that ever were known since the creation of the world.

"Why, that is *superbe!*" said the Princess, as she passed by, "I have never heard a finer composition! Listen now! Just go and ask him what

the instrument costs. But mind, I will give no more kisses!"

"He wants a hundred kisses from the Princess!" said the maid of honor who had been to ask.

"I think he is mad!" said the Princess, and she went on her way, but when she had gone a little distance she stood still. "After all, one should encourage the fine arts," said she. "I am the Emperor's daughter. Tell him he shall have ten kisses as before; he can take the rest from my Court ladies."

"But we do not care about that!" said the Court ladies.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Princess. "If I can kiss him surely you may. Remember, I give you board and wages!" So the maid of honor had to go to him again.

"A hundred kisses from the Princess," said he, "or everyone keeps his own!"

"Stand around us then!" said the Princess, and so all the Court ladies did as they were bid, and he up and kissed her.

"What is the meaning of all that commotion by the pigstye yonder?" asked the Emperor, who had stepped out upon the balcony; and he rubbed his eyes, and put on his spectacles. "Why, if it isn't the Court ladies! They are playing some sort of game. I must go down to them." So he put on his slippers, and pulled them up behind, for they were shoes he had worn down at heel.

My goodness! what a hurry he was in.

As soon as he came into the courtyard, he walked very sortly, and the Court ladies had so much to do with counting the kisses, so that it might be a perfectly fair bargain, and the swineherd might not get too many or too few, that they never observed the Emperor.

He raised himself on tiptoe. "Why, what's this?" said he, when he saw them kissing, and with that he beat them about the head with his slipper just as the swineherd had got his six-and-eightieth kiss.

"Be off with you, out of my sight!" said the Emperor, for he was very angry, and both the Princess and the swineherd were expelled from his domains.

There she stood now a-weeping; the swineherd cursed and the rain poured down in torrents.

"Alas! wretched creature that I am!" said the Princess; "if only I had taken that nice Prince! Alas! how miserable I am!"

Then the swineherd slipped behind a tree, wiped all the black and brown from his face, threw away his nasty clothes, and stepped forward in his princely raiment, looking so handsome that the Princess could not but curtsy.

"I have come to scorn you," said he. "You would not have an honest Prince! You could not appreciate roses and nightingales, but you could kiss the swineherd for a foolish toy! Take it, then, and much good may it do you!"

So he returned to his kingdom, shut the door behind him, and barred and bolted it, and she was left outside to sing:—

“Ah! thou darling Augustine!  
'Tis all over now, I ween!”