

INDIAN FAIRY TALES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649612536

Indian Fairy Tales by Maive Stokes

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MAIVE STOKES

**INDIAN
FAIRY TALES**

INDIAN FAIRY TALES

COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED

BY

MAIVE STOKES.

*1878. at Simla 1877. at
Dohli Proclamation Surgl.*

One hundred copies privately printed.

CALCUTTA—1879.



PREFACE.

THE first twenty-five stories in this book were told me at Calcutta and Simla by two Ayahs, Dunkni and Múniyá, and by Karím, a Khédmatgar. The last five were told Mother by Múniyá. At first the servants would only tell their stories to me, because I was a child and would not laugh at them, but afterwards the Ayahs lost their shyness and told almost all their stories over again to Mother when they were passing through the press. Karím would never tell his to her or before her. The stories were all told in Hindustani, which is the only language that these servants know.

Dunkni is a young woman, and was born and brought up in Calcutta. She got the stories, she told me, from her husband, Mochi, who was born in Calcutta and brought up at Benares.

Múniyá is a very old, white-haired woman. She has great-grand-children. She was born at Patna, but

when she was seven years old she was taken to Calcutta, where she was brought up and married. She and Dunkri are both Hindûs.

Karim is a Muhammadan and was born at Lucknow. He says that "The Mouse" and "The Wonderful Story" are both Lucknow tales.

The notes to this book were written by Mother, and Father helped her to spell the Native names and words. He also made the Index.

Dr. George King helped us in the Botany; Mr. Tawney and Mr. Campbell of Islay, who saw many of the stories in manuscript, have given us several remarks. So has my uncle John Boxwell.

M. S. H. STORES.

CALCUTTA,

March 24th, 1879.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—PHULMATI RANI, OR THE FLOWER LADY	1
II.—THE POMEGRANATE KING	7
III.—THE CAT AND THE DOG	15
IV.—THE CAT WHICH COULD NOT BE KILLED	18
V.—THE JACKAL AND THE KITE	21
VI.—THE VORACIOUS FROG	24
VII.—THE STORY OF FOOLISH SARDUL	27
VIII.—BARBAR HEM AND THE TIGER	35
IX.—THE BULBUL AND THE COTTON-TREE	39
X.—THE MONKEY PRINCE	41
XI.—BRAVE HIRALABASA	51
XII.—THE MAN WHO WENT TO SEEK HIS FATE	63
XIII.—THE UPRIGHT KING	68
XIV.—LOVING LALLI	73
XV.—HOW KING BURTAI BECAME A FAKIR	85
XVI.—SOME OF THE DOINGS OF SUREH FARDI	95
XVII.—THE MOUSE	101
XVIII.—A WONDERFUL STORY	108

	PAGE
XXIX.—THE FAIR NAWAKA SAVES THE MERCHANTS: LIFE	114
XXX.—THE BOY WHO HAD A MOON ON HIS FOREHEAD AND A STAR ON HIS CHEEK	119
XXXI.—THE BEL-PRINCESS	128
XXXII.—HOW THE RAJA'S SON WON THE PRINCESS LYDAM	153
XXXIII.—THE PRINCESS WHO LOVED HER FATHER LIKE SALT	164
XXXIV.—THE DEMON IS AT LAST CONQUERED BY THE KING'S SON	173
XXXV.—THE FAN-PRINCE	193
XXXVI.—THE BEE	201
XXXVII.—PARWATI RANI	208
XXXVIII.—THE CLEVER WIFE	216
XXXIX.—RAJA HARIBHAND'S PUNISHMENT	224
XXXX.—THE KING'S SON AND THE WARRIOR'S DAUGHTER	234
NOTES	237
APPENDIX TO NOTES	294
GLOSSARY	296
LIST OF BOOKS REFERRED TO	297
INDEX	299



INDIAN FAIRY TALES.

I.

PHULMATTÍ RÁNI.

THERE were once a Rájá and a Ráni who had an only daughter called the Phúlmati Ráni, or the Pink-rose Queen. She was so beautiful that if she went into a very dark room it was all lighted up by her beauty. On her head was the sun ; on her hands, moons ; and her face was covered with stars. She had hair that reached to the ground, and it was made of pure gold.

Every day after she had had her bath, her father and mother used to weigh her in a pair of scales. She only weighed one flower. She ate very, very little food. This made her father most unhappy, and he said, " I cannot let my daughter marry any one who weighs more than one flower." Now, God loved this girl dearly, so he went down under the ground to see if any of the fairy Rájás was fit to be the Phúlmati Ráni's husband, and he thought none of them good enough. So he went in the form of a Fakír to see the great Indrasan Rájá who ruled over all the other fairy Rájás. This Rájá was exceedingly beautiful. On his head was the sun ; and on his hands, moons ; and on his face, stars. God made him weigh very little. Then he said to the Rájá, " Come up with me, and we will go to the palace

of the Phūlmatti Rāni." God had told the Rājā that he was God and not a Fakir, for he loved the Indrasan Rājā. "Very well," said the Indrasan Rājā. So they travelled on until they came to the Phūlmatti Rāni's palace. When they arrived there they pitched a tent in her compound, and they used to walk about, and whenever they saw the Phūlmatti Rāni they looked at her. One day they saw her having her hair combed, so God said to the Indrasan Rājā, "Get a horse and ride where the Phūlmatti Rāni can see you, and if any one asks you who you are, say, 'Oh, it's only a poor Fakir, and I am his son. We have come to stay here a little while just to see the country. We will go away very soon.'" Well, he got a horse and rode about, and Phūlmatti Rāni, who was having her hair combed in the verandah, said, "I am sure that must be some Rājā; only see how beautiful he is." And she sent one of her servants to ask him who he was. So the servant said to the Indrasan Rājā, "Who are you? why are you here? what do you want?" "Oh, it's only a poor Fakir, and I am his son. We have just come here for a little while to see the country. We will go away very soon." So the servants returned to the Phūlmatti Rāni and told her what the Indrasan Rājā had said. The Phūlmatti Rāni told her father about this. The next day, when the Phūlmatti Rāni and her father were standing in the verandah, God took a pair of scales and weighed the Indrasan Rājā in them. His weight was only that of one flower! "Oh," said the Rājā, when he saw that, "here is the husband for the Phūlmatti Rāni!" The next day, after the Phūlmatti Rāni had had her bath, her father took her and weighed her, and he also weighed the Indrasan Rājā. And they were each the same weight: Each weighed one flower, although the Indrasan Rājā was fat and the Phūlmatti Rāni thin. The next day they were married and there was a grand wedding. God said he was too poor-looking