

**OLD DECCAN DAYS; OR,  
HINDOO FAIRY LEGENDS  
CURRENT  
IN SOUTHERN INDIA; COLLECTED  
FROM ORAL TRADITION**

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Old Deccan days; or, Hindoo fairy legends current in Southern India; collected from oral tradition by Mary Frere

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**MARY FRERE**

**OLD DECCAN DAYS; OR,  
HINDOO FAIRY LEGENDS  
CURRENT  
IN SOUTHERN INDIA; COLLECTED  
FROM ORAL TRADITION**





CHUNDUN RANEE.

OLD  
DECCAN DAYS

OR

HINDOO FAIRY LEGENDS

Current in Southern India

COLLECTED FROM ORAL TRADITION

By MARY FRERE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY  
THE LATE RT. HON. SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART.  
G.C.B., G.C.S.I., ETC.



Fifth Impression.

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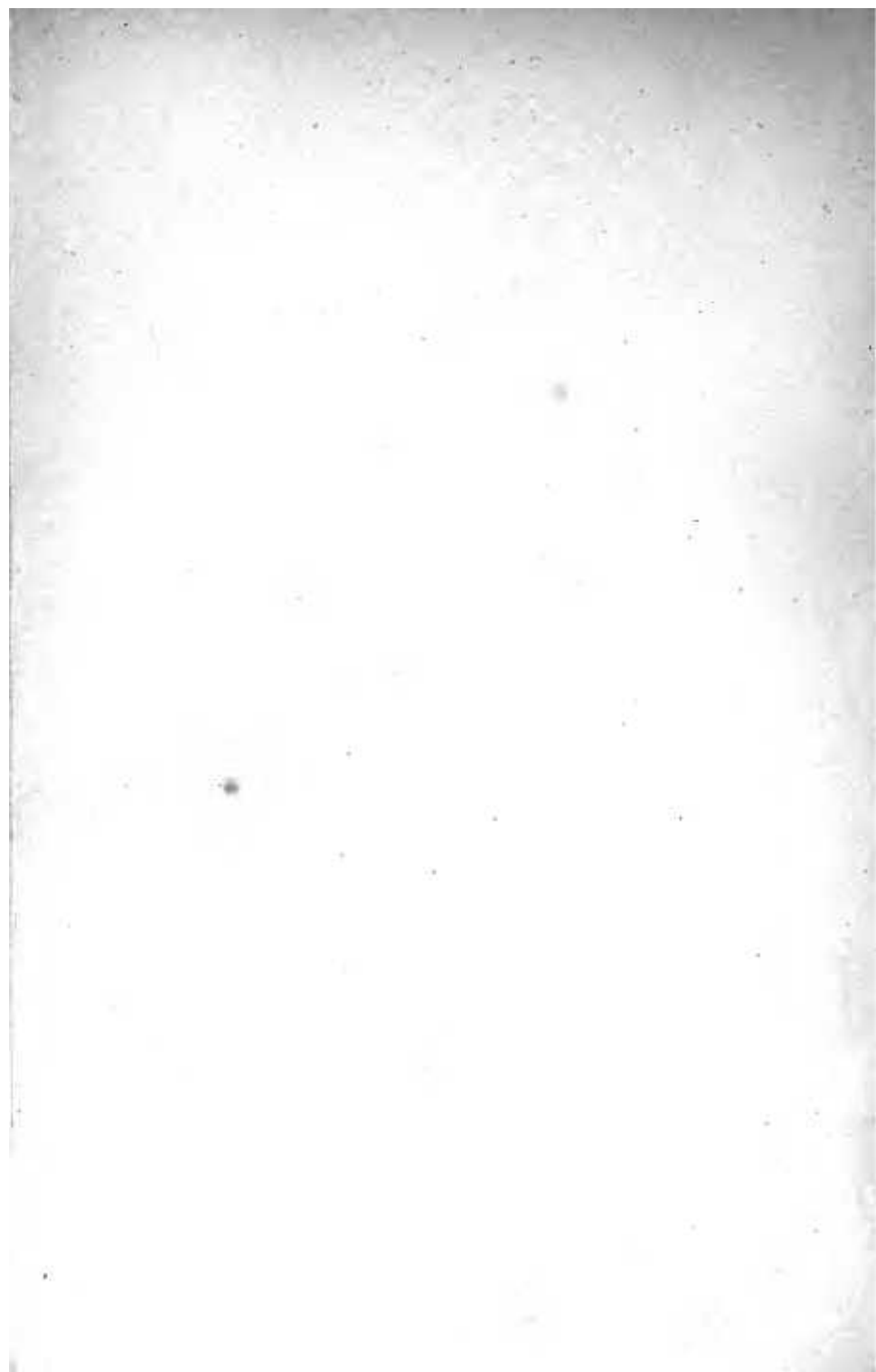
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THESE STORIES,  
ORIGINALLY DEDICATED TO  
**THE LITTLE SISTER**  
FOR WHOM THEY WERE WRITTEN DOWN

I Dedicate

TO THOSE IN ENGLAND THAT LOVE INDIA  
AND TO THOSE IN INDIA THAT LOVE ENGLAND.





## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE TO THE THIRD ENGLISH EDITION . . . . .	ix
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	xii
THE COLLECTOR'S APOLOGY . . . . .	xviii
THE NARRATOR'S NARRATIVE . . . . .	xxiii
1. PUNCHKIN . . . . .	1
2. A FUNNY STORY . . . . .	13
3. BRAVE SEVENTEE RAI . . . . .	18
4. TRUTH'S TRIUMPH . . . . .	38
5. RAMA AND LUXMAN ; OR, THE LEARNED OWL . . . . .	50
6. LITTLE SURYA RAI . . . . .	60
7. THE WANDERINGS OF VICRAM MAHARAJAH . . . . .	71
8. LESS INEQUALITY THAN MEN DEEM . . . . .	93
9. PANCH-PHUL RANER . . . . .	95
10. HOW THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE WIND WENT OUT TO DINNER . . . . .	115
11. SINGH RAJAH AND THE CUNNING LITTLE JACKALS . . . . .	117
12. THE JACKAL, THE BARBER, AND THE BRAHMAN WHO HAD SEVEN DAUGHTERS . . . . .	120

	PAGE
13. TIT FOR TAT . . . . .	133
14. THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES . . . . .	135
15. THE SELFISH SPARROW AND THE HOUSELESS CROWS . . . . .	139
16. THE VALIANT CHATTEE-MAKER . . . . .	141
17. THE RAKSHAS' PALACE . . . . .	147
18. THE BLIND MAN, THE DEAF MAN, AND THE DONKEY . . . . .	156
19. MUCHIE-LAL . . . . .	163
20. CHUNDUN RAJAH . . . . .	170
21. SODEWA RAI . . . . .	179
22. CHANDRA'S VENGEANCE . . . . .	187
23. HOW THE THREE CLEVER MEN OUTWITTED THE DEMONS . . . . .	203
24. THE ALLIGATOR AND THE JACKAL . . . . .	211
NOTES . . . . .	215
GLOSSARY . . . . .	224

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LIST OF FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHUNDUN RANEE . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
ANNA LIBERATA DE SOUZA ( <i>the Narrator</i> ) . . . . .	<i>to face page</i> xxiii
THE LITTLE FORTUNE-TELLERS . . . . .	" 56
THE JACKAL-PHYSICIAN . . . . .	" 104
THE ROYAL FLOWER . . . . .	" 152

## PREFACE TO THE THIRD ENGLISH EDITION.

I HAVE been often asked under what circumstances these stories were collected?

The circumstances were as follows.

In the cold weather of 1865-6, my father, whom I accompanied, made a three months' tour through the Southern Mahratta Country, in the Bombay Presidency, of which he was then Governor.

Our party was composed of my father and his Staff, to whom were usually added two or three friends, and the Officers Civil and Military, who were commanding in the Districts through which he was passing. Our mode of progress consisted in riding or driving about twenty-five miles a day, from one of our Camps to the next. We usually halted a day or two at each Camp, which admitted of a double march being taken by the Camp we had left behind us, and of its being ready pitched on our arrival, two days' march in advance of where we had left it. The double Camps, with the elephant, camel, and mule drivers, grooms, tent-pitchers, cooks, and other servants, numbered, with the addition of the Governor's Body-Guard, about six hundred souls. My mother being at the time absent in England, I chanced to be the only lady of the party. Anna Liberata de Souza, my native ayah, went with me.

Our route from Poona, whence we started, lay through the district of Satara, with its fort-crowned hill (where the Mahratta Chief Sivajee's sword 'Bowanee,' given to him by Bowanee, the Goddess of Vengeance, is still shown), Kurar, with its Buddhist caves; the Native State of Kolapore; where, accompanied by Mrs. Wilder, the wife of an American missionary, I visited the Aka Sahib, and the Ranee in the Palace; Belgaum, with its beautiful fort and ruined Jain temples, and Dharwar, near the scene of the battle of Ram Droogand, and where we saw the Nawab's cheetas hunting antelope on the level plains.