CHAPTER: 2
SORATHI BAHĀRVATIYĀ PART-2
[Actual Translation]

Introduction

This chapter contains the actual rendering of the Gujarati source text *Sorathi Bahārvatiyā Part 2* into English. The three wonderful tales have been rendered with a humble and consistent attempt in this chapter. All the three tales have been chapterized under different sub-titles according to the original source.

The first mesmerizing tale is “Jogidās Khumān” [1816-1829 A.D.], divided into 20 sub-titles depending on the incidents of his Bahārvatā, and followed by some more incidents, then the ‘Historical Ballad’ which consists only of Duhās. Their rendering in prose is given according to the author’s. The information running in 2-3 pages regarding the procurement of the material by the author which was actually added there from the other work of the author *Parkammā* (circumambulation) has already been discussed in the critical introduction. The Historical Ballad is actually the record of a poet of old Bhavnagar state against which Jogidās Khumān fought. Thus, the conclusion of the Bahārvatā in it alters from the real one that has been discussed in the last chapter. Throughout the tale, glossary of the terms that needed to be explained is given at the end of particular chapter (sub-title) apart from some important and relevant information that was required to serve both historical and literary perspectives. Wherever there seemed any lapse of information regarding any event or place or time, the matter is discussed at the end of that particular chapter with evidences, for example the matter regarding the brothers of Hādā Khumān in the beginning of the tale, instead of nine brothers there should be six brothers. Yet the original portion is rendered as it is, even if some lapse is there and the required information is given at the end superscripting the one.

The original Duhās are first written in Roman script to exhibit the rhythm to English readers and then the rendering in prose is given in the bracket. Wherever it was felt significant, some Duhās are also rendered first in
verse form to preserve the poetic beauty and then in prose. The same formulae have been maintained throughout the book. The second tale of ‘Jodhā Mānek: Moolu Mānek’ [1858:1867] is the longest one with 30 incidents and some more historical information. Here, of this tale also the rendering has been done the same way. Yet the author has used the dialect of Okhāmandal (Dwārakā) of the time at places, sometimes giving popular Gujarati rendering in brackets and sometimes not. The researcher has rendered both of them wherever necessary and rendered the ones in English after comprehending the original. The third tale “Jesājee-Vejājee” is a short one comparing to the two but it also runs in 12 chapters under different sub-titles showing the incidents. Thus, the careful effort is made to render the whole book into English adhering to the meaning, style and beauty of the original source as close as possible.
TALE-1: JOGIDĀS KHUMĀN

[1816 - 1829 A.D.]

The poet Nhānālāl¹ has recalled Jogidās with immense honour while unfolding the ‘layers of Sorath’s history’. Calling him ‘Jogi² (mystic) Bahārvatiyā’, he has praised him. Had he written the ‘RobRoy’ of Sorath, it would have been only on Jogidās, is his desire.

Even with the rivalry Jogidās graced Bhāvnagar state. Ofcourse the enemy pair of Vajesang-Jogidās has become unprecedented, As if both had been competing mutually for keeping the principles of heroism.

Nevertheless Jogidās has no place in the history of Bhāvnagar. A state and government approved history-book named The Bhāvnagar Statistics does not record even a word of the mutual valour of Vajā-Jogā, and of course the history written by Captain Bell³ copies from the said book only! I have quoted Bell’s statement at the end of the tale. This man is not referred to in the histories of Watson, Bhagwānlāl Sampatrām or any others. Nowhere has it been heard of Jogidās raiding villages except Bhāvnagar state. While raiding he used to ensure whether the border belonged to Bhāvnagar State. He was perfectly aware of the border and therefore, it is said, the controversy of the border between Amareli⁴ and Bhāvnagar was entrusted to him for the judgement.

¹Nhānālāl: Very well known Gujarati poet in the later half of 19th century. [1877 to 1946]
²Jogi: An ascetic, a person undergoing spiritual or abstract devotion living in renounced order of life.
³Captain Bell wrote the book History of Kathiāwār wherein he remains confined to his experiences as an English official only, and records no significant historical incidents and characters of the time but as the author says, he imitates from the history book of Bhāvnagar state Bhāvnagar Statistics. Secondly, Jogidās being the enemy of Bhāvnagar state, no historians of the time, perhaps dared to record the magnanimous life sketch of Jogidās Khumān objectively till Independence, i.e. Watson, Bhagwānlāl, etc.
⁴Amareli belonged to Gāekwād state. The dispute for the land at the border between Bhāvnagar state and Amareli was handed over to Jogidās as he was well aware of the borders. He never wanted to do harm to any other states than Bhāvnagar that deprived his family of their estate of 84 villages of Kundalā by seizing it.
1. Adieu to Nāvalīe

“My grandfather Sāmat Khumān brought the eighty four villages of Kundalā domain home sacrificing the live heads of brother and sons; Uprooting Rāvan-like Khasiyās got the fortress like Mitiyālā at hand, and will Thākor Ātobhai snatch our eighty four outskirts by showing his gun today? “No, no, then we, all the nine grandsons of sire Sāmat Khumān, the sons of father Ālā Khumān will move on Bahārvatā.”

“Squire Hādā! Give up the hope of your eight brothers, now,” said the informer.

“Why?”

“They have been tamed by Thākor Vajesang. They are of course wagging the tails!”

“Means?”

“Means what? As they all got seated keeping six villages each of their own, there was the message from Thākor – If you don’t obey my condition, I’ll dispose artillery moving around the bank of Shetrunjee and fire Khumāns out.”

“What condition?”

“Only one village of the mountain range each of their (independent) and in other five villages of each, Bhāvnagar Darbār will share the three quarters: We’ll allow you to enjoy a tribute only. Otherwise we’ll crash and shatter you out”

“Oh well Thākor! What a contrivance. Then? Who were the ones to agree with the deed?”

“Peethā, Veerā, Surā, Lunā, all!”

“All? The grandsons of Grandsire Sāmat Khumān sold the family house (honour)?

Got frightened by the gun?

“It’s extremely difficult to die, sire! It is not possible to withstand Bhāvnagar (state). Are you to raise dust to the sun? You also get down. Thākor sends the word --“

“That?”
“That sqire Hādā would also have one hill-side village and a tribute in the rest of the five.”

“Otherwise?”

“Otherwise they’d get you tied to the mouth of cannon. The strength of brothers has now been broken. Whose muscles will you strive on now, sire Hādā?”

“With the muscles of all my three heroic sons! With the muscles of my Gelā, Bhān and Jogidās. Well, let Bhoj be the handle of the axe⁶. It doesn’t matter even if the brothers have given up. Why has god given the sons? Not for ornament, for doing or dying. We shall die, but devastate all the eighteen hundred (villages) of Bhāvnagar. Thākor will see the spears of Khumāns in the dishes of rice and milk everyday. Get up, dear Gelā! Awake Bhān, Arise Āpā!”

Three sons and the fourth old father: mounted the horses and moved on.

“Āpā! What’re you doing, dear?” Hādā Khumān called aloud his son Jogidās who remained standing in the river of Kundalā. All addressed Jogidās by the name ‘Āpā’.

Saying “nothing, father!” Āpā walked on. Āpā was adjuring not to drink the water of Nāvalee until they gain Kundalā back.

Ceaseless stream of water in Nāvalee: The river bank with abundant green assemblage: Buffaloes grazing on the bank: And wearing armlets and anklets, the Kanbans⁷ fetching water in copper pots, placed on the head one upon the other: Gazing upon them the father and the sons departed:

_Samvant adhār panchotare_

_Farahariyā farangan_

_Dhar Sorath Jogo dhani_

_Khobhaltal Khumān._

_In Eighteen seventy five of Vikram_

_FLOURISHED THE FIRANGAN_,

_But the heroic king of Sorath land_

_Jogā was magnanimous Khumān._
In 1875 of Vikram calendar, when Firangees (Britishers) descended in the land of Sorath (Saurashtra), Jogidās Khumān remained standing and protecting the honour of the land.

1Nāvalee: A small, but historical river of Kundalā that is known for its destructive floods.
2Sāmat Khumān: The king (overlord) of Kundalā domain (of 84 villages). Khumān is one of the three main sub-clans of Kāthee-Darbār dynasty, the rulers of Kāthiyāwād at that time (now Saurāshtra, the peninsula situated at the westernmost side of India, belonging to today’s Gujarāt state.)
3Khasiyā: A peasant-warrior like community or one belonging to it. They were cattle breeders and some farming landholders, landlords and consequently the rulers. Most of the Khasiyās lived in Mahuvā region of Bhāvnagar state/ district in Saurāshtra. Some of them are also said to be the heir of Visājee, the brother of Thākor Sejakjee, the ancestor king of Bhāvnagar state.
4Thākor (lit.) means God; the kings were also honoured by this address. Thākor Vajesang was the king of Bhāvnagar State in the first half of 19th century, Ātābhai is the nick name.
5The king of Kundalā Sāmat Khumān had only one son; Ālā Khumān who had six sons, not nine. It is clearly mentioned in detail in the tree of the dynasty (family) of Khumāns. Secondly the book Bhāvnagar Kshetra-ni Asmitā Granth: 1 Itihas (History) also indicates it by giving the names of these six brothers [pub. Registrar, Bhāvnagar University 1988, pp 54]. The same detail of the six brothers is also mentioned in Sansthān Bhāvnagar-no Bālbodhak Itihas (the history of Bhāvnagar state to be taught to children) [pub. Devshankar Bhatt, Head Master, Gujarāti High School, Saraswati Primary Press, Bhāvnagar, 1909, pp 16] and many other places. To begin with the eldest the six brothers were – Bhoj, Mulu, Hādā, Lunā, Surā, and Veerā. The name Peethā in this chapter is actually the heir of Mulu Khumān.
6Meghāni got his material, treated and scrutinized, and then used to give the final touch. But here it is mistaken. Actually Kāthees; especially Khumāns used to distribute the estate among brothers equally and not the whole estate to the eldest. With the help of Bhāvnagar state the eldest son Bhoj Khumān wanted much more share, and it resulted in the conflict. Bhoj Khumān asked the protection of Bhāvnagar state and consequently Kundalā domain was seized by the king of Bhāvnagar. Being the elders in the rest of the brothers, Mulu Khumān and Hādā Khumān decided to revolt, but as Mulu Khumān died Hādā Khumān and the other brothers decided that only one, the elder has to move on Bahārvatā openly, and the rest would support inwardly and look after the family. It was not the case that the other brothers got tamed by or afraid of the strength of Bhāvnagar state. At that time young Jogidās and his brothers also were with the family. Its proof is the death of two brothers of Hādā Khumān, Surā and Veerā while fighting with the army of Bhāvnagar for their estate. Especially the youngest Veerā heard the news of the army laying seize to Hādā Khumān at Ghugharālā.
village near Bābarā in Amareli district, he rushed to rescue his brother. But before he reached there Hādā Khumān faced death while fighting and Veerā met the troop on its way back at Chamārdi village near Ghugharālā, where he fought with the army to take revenge and devoted his life for the sake of his brother. The ‘Pāliyās’ (headstones) of both the brothers are there at Ghughurālā and Chamārdi, where small shrines are also built.

Jogidās Khumān and his brothers began the mission to their name after the death of their father Hādā Khumān in the year 1875 of the Vikram calendar (around 1819 AD), conveying the message to this regard to the king of Bhāvnagar. That is what the Duhā (verse) at the end of the above chapter conveys.

7Kanban: The wife of Kanabee, a community (or one belonging to it) depending mainly on farming and farm-labour.
2. Mujāvar Murādshā – a Great Fakir

There is a dense thicket at the outskirt of Feefād village and in the thicket there is a Dargāh of Dhanantarshā Peer in the deep assemblage of three-four old tamarind trees. At dawn and dusk such a fragrance of benzoin is spread at the place that the God’s remembrance gets awakened on its own accord, thoughts get relished in infinite and invisible.

One day, the twilight falls. Putting live coal in a tile the old Mujāvar Murādshā is sprinkling benzoin on it. From the village, the Ārati of the God of Hindus is also being heard. It is the time for the peers and deities to come out.

Meanwhile, suddenly there was a loud fire from a gun in the thicket, smoke came out, and making ‘Keeyo! Keeyo!’ terrible shrieks a charming peacock flew. While flying -- having no strength to fly, the peacock landed down half swimming on the air. And leaving its whole body scattered in the broad bosom of the old Mujāvar Murādshā who was fumigating the smoke of incence at the Dargāh, the peacock fell apart.

With grey beard and with the long white combed hair parted by a line on the head, behoving with thick white brows and white eye-lashes, with the rosary of yellow beads around the neck and wearing a long green cloak, the Sānyee Maulā gets startled. With hot blood flowing out of the lustful body of the peacock his green cloak starts becoming flaming red. Compressing the body of his beloved peacock to his bosom with the stroking of his hand on its velvety soft, sky-coloured long fallen neck he caresses, and becoming perplexed he asks the Godly bird that was breathing its last “Oh! Oh my child Motiyā! What’s happened to you! O my dear! Who devil has got you wounded! Motiyā! Motiyā! Motiyā!”

In the meantime there was rattling sound in the thicket; “Leave it, O Sānyee!” came such a roaring call: There came an arrogant Sandhi panting, broadening his murderous eyes and swinging in the hand the match of a gun with burning end of the squib. Coming over he shouted again “leave the peacock!”

‘O knavish! Have you fired bullet on this peacock! Fired on this Duldul – the vehicle of Dhanantarshā Peer! You hunted at this place, O demon?’
“Now leave, o devil’s son! Be quick to leave the peacock or you’ll get beaten”

“O brute! This’s the Peer’s peacock!

How’s the Peer’s peacock, you owl? It was the wild peacock of the thicket and to break the fast of Rojā\textsuperscript{5} today, we preyed to make curry, as such we haven’t killed your son! Leave it!”

Saying thus the Sandhi forcibly dragged the peacock out of the Mujāvar’s lap. The fading lustrous eyes of the peacock remained gazing at the face of the Mujāvar. With soft hand, the Fakir tried much to catch hold of the wounded bird, but holding the peacock’s neck the hunter dragged it. Taking the lifeless body the hunter walked off.

“Dhanantarshā! Peer Dhanantarshā! Oliyā Dhanantarshā!” making three such terrible uproars the elderly Mujāvar sat down, knealing in front of the Peer’s Dargāh. Through the sieve - like assemblage of trees, the multicoloured shine of the setting sun started pouring on the shrine and the Fakir. Raising the wreaths of smoke, the incense of benzoin eclipsed every leaf of the trees all around the Peer’s seat. The porch of the Dargāh got trembled by the roaring sound of the Mujāvar. The shroud fluttered in the wind as if the Peer started stiring under his white upper garment. And closing the eyes with flowing tears the Mujāvar roared “O Peer! Today at the time of the godly evening of the Ramjān month, I cry an imprecation from my grumbling heart upon the unholy man who’s eaten the cooked meat of your dear Motiyā, o god, if the spears of Khumāns are not perforated in the bellies of the meat eaters while the peacock is still there in their stomach, I am not a Fakir, you’re not a Peer and there’s no God in the firmament!”

Having uttered such a curse, the Mujāvar thrashed both his palms on the stone of the verandah. With the thrashing, came out the live nails of his worn out fingers. The flow of flaming red blood from the tips of all the ten fingers started dripping ‘Dad! Dad! Dad! Dad!’ on the Peer’s Dargāh. Fifty Sandhi soldiers, getting stunned in the cluster of trees, went on hearing this curse and beholding this shuddering sight in the darkness and light of the twilight. As if the twilight became gloomy. Darkness began prevailing, and yet becoming deadly tranquil, Murādshā remained sitting on knees before the Dargāh.After a while, as if the torches of the invisible manifest there in the
darkness. Riding on the horse, as if some divine (celestial) procession passed into the assemblage of trees. People used to talk that sometimes such lamps get visible here in the dark at night; and it is certainly the procession of Dhanantarshā Peer passing by.

“Now, such poor Fakirs roam in scores of course. Such people are certainly accustomed to weep and wail. Can their curse ever affect?” While laughing, the Sandhis went on talking mutually.

“Yes, yes, you guys never mind to cut the peacock to pieces quickly. Let’s quickly cook the meat and break the fasts of Rojā, as there’s the great fire burning in the stomach. And there’s quite a long way to go.”

While talking thus, the Sandhi gunners, thirsty and hungry for the whole day, cooked the food of sin. All broke the Rojā fast eating heavily. Only one Sandhi did not taste the flesh of the peacock.

Whose was the camp of these fifty horses? Who were these Sandhi soldiers?

They were the salaried Sandhis of Bhāvnagar state. Their leader was Ismāil Sandhi. Having snatched the eighty four villages of Kundalā canton from the Kāthees of Khumān clan, the Thākor of Bhāvnagar kept Ismāil Jamādār6 with his five hundred gunner cavaliers establishing a sub-division on the bank of the river Nāvlee. Khumāns were contending on Bahārvatā against the strength of Bhāvnagar. Having departed from Kundalā on that day, rigorous, stout and bestowed with the perfect colour of fidelity, Ismail Jamadar is going to Bhavnagar with his fifty horses to get their arrears. The month of Ramjān7 is in progress; all Sandhis have observed Rojā. All of them dismount to spend that night in Feefād village. At that time, this occurrence takes place in the thicket of Dhanantarshā Peer and Ismail himself deceived by his fate, sits down to eat the flesh of the peacock of the Peer’s thicket. He is not concerned a bit about the Sānyee’ curse.

Staying the whole night in Fifād village, doing Saragee8 at the dawn Jamādār Ismāil departed with his fifty horses. Murādshā Mujāvar accursed them of getting pierced with the spears of Khumāns. But they didn’t have even a slight heed that there may be even any sound of foot steps of Bahārvatiyās in the surrounding area of fifty miles. In the pride of having arranged a strict vigilance on Khumāns the Jamādār is riding onwards curring his moustache
arrogantly. During this, the sun appeared on entering exactly in the pit of Ghetee-Adpar, and on the front side, appearing as if a second little sun was rising, looking like the rays, about a hundred lances sparkled out. Recognizing from the glare and luminosity the Sandhis replied “Ismāil Jamādār! Kāthees are approaching.”

“Oh, it can’t be.”

“Why it can’t be! See, then this is the troop visible.

“No worry whatsoever. We have one and fifty guns on our shoulders, and those poor ones are with normal weapons. Let’s pierce them in no time. Be quick to ignite the match of the guns!

In a moment, out of the stroke of the flint and the iron, the sparks of fire were gleaming like little red wild flowers and flashed the Jāmagarees (guns). ‘Yes blow them out!’ With the command one and fifty long guns lifted in the stout arms and leant upon the broad shield-like chests, and sharp eyes aimed at befitting rival of their own. The horses of the Kāthees from the front got scattered. Some of them descended at the bellies of their mares, some hid their head behind the neck of the mares, and some getting covered with shields, drew the swords out, but as the Sandhis, putting gun powder in the squib (touch-hole), press at the match of the gun, the gun powder in the squib got burnt down. Out of fifty one, not even a single gun roared (fired)!

What was the cause?

Due to the fog the previous night, the gun powder being wet the guns got jammed at the touch-hole. Nobody was conscious of it, as the death of the eaters of the peacock was destined. All the fifty one guns remained stuck in the hands, and the agile Kāthees hurried their mares from the front. ‘Chakar! Chakar!’ The lances encircled in the hands of all. It appeared as if some circles oozing fire were burning. And in the lead, getting scattered, the Sandhis started running.

Kāthees saw that Sandhis would move away from their reach soon. They wouldn’t allow the horses to catch them. In a moment the leader of the Kāthees struck with contrivance. He commanded aloud “O men, see for sure, If the Sandhis would enter into that Boot well, they’d get us killed! Then our skill won’t work.”
This tactful statement was uttered in such a way that the escaping Sandhis would hear: On hearing it the Sandhis’ ears startled. Getting utterly blinded in such disillusionment that they would be rescued on entering that waterless well, all the fifty one men made their horses jump into that big dried up well, again raising the guns, ignited the match, but the guns with jammed touch-holes didn’t fire at all. Standing on the edge of the pit, the Kāthees crushed the Sandhis with the charges of spears, javelins and swords.

From among those fifty corpses up raised a hand. One Sandhi, without a single wound on his body, stood up from that heap of corpses.

“Oh, what a marvel is this! The entire army got thrashed and you alone alive?”

“Not only that I’m alive, Jogā Khumān! But just behold this body of mine! Do you see even a single wound coming out?”

Getting stunned, the Bahārvatiyā kept on beholding.

“Jogidās Khumān! Abundant dignity to you for killing these fifty! But it was the curse of Murādshā Mujāvar that sat on your lance. The bellies of the eaters of the Peer’s peacock were destined to be pierced with your lances. And see here! I didn’t eat the peacock, not even a single wound caused to me.”

“Where is Murādshā?”

“In this thicket of Feefād: At the shrine of Dhanantarshā Peer. Lie prostrate to his feet without any arrogance— if you’re to get credit in Bahārvatā!”

Such a Bahārvatiyā – whose face the luster of some pious recluse, perfected in detachment from women, is blossomed over, from whose eyes the colour of family dignity is trickling together with the fire of enmity, in whose frown/brow there appears the stretched bow of Rama symbolizing fatal determination – Jogidās with the sun-like face kept on thinking for a while. He turned his mare. All the riders followed him. Jogidās touched the feet of the sorrow-stricken old Mujāvar Murādshā who had fetched out the nails from the fingers at the Peer’s verandah in the thicket of Feefād.

His pet pigeons, squirrels and Kābars were playing on his body. A huge dog was licking his feet.
Putting both his hands on the Bahārvatiyā’s head, Murādshā gave his blessings: “Jogidās! Child! Peer Dhanantarshā will protect you.”

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1Mujāvar (Lit.) means a sweeper in the mosque. He renders services and sometimes performs priestly duties; particularly in the shrines of Muslim sages called ‘Peer’. They are also called Sānyee or Sānyee Maulā or Fakir [A Muslim community or one belonging to it—generally living on alms and singing religious hymns, etc.]

2 The shrine of a holy man or sage or a great recluse believed to have Divine powers is known as Dargāh and the enshrined religious man, generally belonging to Muslims but sometimes Hindus also revere, worship and propitiate is called Pir or Peer. Here Dhanantarshā is such a Peer.

3 Ārati (Āratee): A Hindu religious performance wherein a prayer accomplished by the music of drums, bells, and bronze gongs, pledging devotion and rededication to the divine in recognition of his gift of life is rendered.

4 Sandhi: a Muslim community (or the man belonging to it), generally, aggressive by nature, connected to the profession of arms, working as soldiers for some authority.

5 Rojā: Muslim religious fasting during the holy month of Ramjān according to Muslim calendar. The performers don’t take anything during the day, even water. Thus, they break the fast saying their ‘Namāz’ (prayer) after sunset.

6 Jamādār: A police head constable.

7 Ramjān: The holy month when Rojās are observed, the first month of Hizari (Islām) Calendar Year.

8 Saragee: To observe the penance of Rojā, Muslims eat their breakfast before sunrise so that they can pass the whole day without having anything—this is called Saragi.

9 Kābar: Name of a bird resembling a shrike, bigger than sparrows and smaller than doves, generally visible in most part of India.
3. Magiyā Snare

Thākor Vajesangjee is regretting; “Alas! Khumāns have utterly devastated me: They killed Ānandji Deevān: We won't have such Nāgar again.”

“Not to worry, Bāpu. Ānandjee’s body was almost bound to every single seed of Bhāvnagar State, wasn’t it? And isn’t it the real duty to sacrifice oneself at the right time?”

“How did the matter happen?”

“Bāpu, Ānandjeebhāi was actually performing the obsequies of his father. There were so many guests at home. During this, the message was heard that the Bahārvatiyās had been encamping at Bhāngālā. Leaving the ritual half done, he arose. Forcing them to escape, Ānandjeebhāi got them stuck. They became face to face at the gorge of Harkhāvadar in the mountain of Kherāli. Ānandjeebhāi the one and the second Saiyad Bāgā: one Nāgar and the other Ārab: both could play the worthy game of fidelity; Bāpu! Ānandjeebhāi’s sword and Saiyad Bāgā’s dagger thrashed the Kāthees into flour. Finally Jogidās’ nephew, Chāmpā Khumān pierced Ānandjeebhāi with javeline. There were exactly thirty two charges on the body of Saiyad Bāgā too. Having slain the two only, Khumāns escaped.”

“Well. Whatever is the will of Mā Khodiyār! I dedicate (by writing on copper sheet) three villages for Ānandjee Diwān’s head to his family ‘till there’s the sun and the moon’ from the state from today: Visaliyun, Vadalee and Luvārā”.

Every single man in the court had an ardent effusion of getting their lives devoted on the head of Thākor Vajesang.

“And what’s about Saiyad Bāgā?” Thākor asked the question.

“Saiyad bāgā is certainly in the serious state at present, Bāpu! When we began sewing Saiyad Bāgā’s wounds with silken stitches, he refused to have silken stitches. He persisted, Bāpu, that he should be given sutures of the strong stitches of a leathern string. The whole body was cut and yet he made us stitch with leathern string without uttering even a slight groan. In front of him, there lied the corpse of Ānandjee Diwān.”
“Real credit is to the Ārab’s mother. One who’s fed on her breasts would even get sliced from head to feet with a saw, if needed!”

There were Ārabs, noblemen, grandees and officers sitting in the court. Both cheeks on their rosy faces got bulged out. Such vigorous feeling, as if the pure red blood of fidelity leaping in the bodies of all would soon rush out rending up the skin, prevailed. In the while the usher announced:

“Bāpu, Jeebhāi Rāghavjee Diwān has arrived.”

Soon the Nāgar warrior Jeebhāi Rāghavjee appeared. He has put on daggers in the tight golden waist-band; has had a shield at the neck, the sword of Shirohee under the arm-pit and a spear in the hand. Charming the court with a new colour by the elegance of his rich appearance, Jeebhāi got face to face. Mahārāj Vajesang received him with affection.

“Jeebhāi! Arrived? Is the vigilance made properly?”

“By the grace of Mahārāj, this time I have come over here having spread Magiyā snare over the entire Khumān province. Stations of such Sandhi gunners have been set up at Kundalā, Rājulā, Dungar, Āmbardee, Meetiyālā, etc. all places that even a green gram (mung) like fish -- even a very little child of Khumān cannot move anywhere. Perfect Magiyā trap is spread over, my good lord!

Credit to you, Jeebhāi! Otherwise, since the Bahārvatiyā has killed Ānandjeebhāi, my bristle hasn’t remained calm. Is there any whereabouts of Jogidās?

“Wherever he is, he will be caught in my Magiyā trap. Not to worry now. How many days will now poor Jogidās be?”

“Yes, of course? How far would the thief of Bhāvnagar escape?” Another nobleman added.

In the while, for getting Mahārāj to forget the distress, to encourage and please him all the others also started to speak “Where would the poor fox, escaped from the moon, go and stay now?”

“Where would he go and stay? See child, he’d dwell here.”

Such a roaring sound was heard from a corner of the court. Startled, Mahārāj saw the man who roared. Seeing the pride of the man all the people in the court got stunned. And again that Fakir, with white curly hair descending on the shoulders, with the plump white moustache and beard,
with acute eyes shining under white eye-lashes and brows, with green overcoat and rosary of yellow beads around the neck, roared “Would dwell in this! Would live under this Khappar⁶ of mine!”

On saying thus the Fakir upturned his black Khappar in the court.

“We’re destroyed completely!” The exclamations came out from Thākor’s mouth: “Murādshā Oliyā⁷ gave shelter to Khumāns!”

Soon the wise king changed the game. To pacify the wrath of Mujāvar Murādshā, he started to speak with sweetness, “Oh! Oho! Sānyee Maulā! Appease your anger, Bāvā! don’t feel unhappy and dejected. Yes, may be, it happens.”

“Thākor!” Murādshā produced the distressed sound from the toothless mouth: Why wouldn’t I feel distressed? Well, it doesn’t matter, even if you made Jogidās-like precious Kāthi a thief and robber; but in addition to that, may anything be spoken to his name in this court? Your court is defamed, o brave king! Jogidās doesn’t get any deprecate in this”.

“Sānyee Maulā! Your word is right. To show my good, my narrow-minded men have made a mistake by devaluing Jogidās. There’s certainly no such thing in my heart, to my mind, Jogidās is the son of my mother. And there is nothing wrong in his harassing us for his estate, sanyee! Appease your rage.”*

Often coming over at odd times the Bahārvatiyā encamped, at the place that is known by the name Peer Murādshā-nā Takiyā, even today, at the corner of the land of Vadavā to the west of Gangājaliyā Lake in Bhāvnagar, stayed for days and yet no one could get his trace.

* It is a common talk that Murādshā lifted up that upturned Khappar (bowl). On lifting it, one fresh hoof-mark of a mare and second fresh lump of its dung were visible.

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¹Magiyā Snare: (Lit.) means so subtle a snare wherein not even a small thing like a seed of mung can pass through. It indicates strict or hairtight vigilance; perfect bandobast.
²Ānandjeebhāi Deevān (Minister) was the favourite minister of Bhāvnagar state during the reign of king Vajesangjee. ‘Deevān’ means a minister, generally chief.
³Nāgar: A community or a man belonging to the community falling in the Brāhmin class, though they consider themselves higher than Brāhmins, generally working as ministers, courtiers and noblemen.
Bhāngālā: ‘Bhān’ is the name of Jogidās’ brother. ‘Gālā’ means a canyon, a gorge, a gulch or a grotto in the hollow of the mount. So the place is named after Bhān Khumān. The place where Jogidās generally stayed and hid seems to be the favourite haunting place for the Bahārvatīyā. Many exploits of his Bahārvatā have the resemblance with this place: There are two such places: one, belonging to the Geer forest the south-western part of Saurāshtra where lions roam in majesty, situated at the mount called Nāndeevelā. The Bahārvatīyās sometimes stayed there too. Being the very suitable place for Bahārvatā, people generally think of this place. Second thus named gorge is situated at the hills of Bābariyādhār, a village equally distant from the three Talukas of Saurāshtra today—Mahuvā, Kundalā and Rājulā. Seeing the context of the event, this incident might have taken place at the Bhāngālā of Bābariyādhār. Surrounded by big hills, it is a beautiful canyon, showing the hints of the incidents of the Bahārvatīyā’s life even today. There is also a beautiful Shiva temple, carved in the cave atop the mountain, and the Shivlinga of stone said to have been established by Jogidās Khumān himself.

Mā Khodiyār: A Hindu goddess, one of the seven daughters of Māmiyā Chāran, the chief of the seven deities, regarded to be the incarnation of Jogmāyā, Goddess Durgā, and the divine power behind the creation of the universe. Every clan has its goddess called ‘Kuldevee’ or the goddess under whom one takes refuge. Khodiyār is such a Goddess for Gohils, other communities, particularly the king of Bhāvnagar.

Khappar: An earthen (or sometimes of metal) vessel, a bowl with distinguished shape carried by sages and Fakirs, especially those who live on alms. They take everything as the alms in this Khappar together.

Oliyā: A saint having great spiritual or divine power, a prophet (generally Muslim)
4. Well Recognized

“Father! A terrible thing’s happened.”

While lingering in Bahārvatā, Jogidās intimated the news of grief to his father Hādā Khumān in the mount of Mitiyālā one day.

“What happened, Āpā?”

“The son of Mahārāj Vajesang, prince Dādbhā* passed away.”

“Alas…! Has the son like Dādbhā been snapped? What happened? Whence did the sudden hour of death come?”

“Straying about street by street in Bhāvnagar, I heard it personally that queen Nānalbā had summoned the prince to Bhāvnagar for the ritual of sea worship on the day of Dasherā¹, and when the prince returned after worshipping the sea, Nānalbā did some enthrallment by bidding the prince with spelled kidney-beans (pulse of udad). The head of the prince began getting burst. As he reached Shihor his tongue got wedged and the breathe vanished.”

“Catastrophe has happened. It is like a fall of lightening on Mahārāj at his elderly age, Āpā!”

“What to talk of falling lightening, Bāpu! There is chest-breaking wailing in every single street of Shihor and Bhāvnagar. There is such a bawling in every house of the population as if their own youth of twenty five has died.”

“Āpā! Dear! On the death of Dādbhā, we are also liable to perform the ritual. We should bathe.”

Having worn the Fāliyās², all Bahārvatiyās bathed head deep in the river. Then, young Jogidās began the talk: “Bāpu! Can I ask a thing?”

“Go on, dear!”

“Shouldn’t we pay a visit of condolence to the Mahārāj personally?”

With a little smile on lips Hādā Khumān went on pondering. Many a thoughts occurred to him altogether: Should we go face to face to Thākor Vajesang, against whom we have initiated a big quarrel? Will he, whose men we have been cutting like the crops, leave us alive? Will the man, who comes

* Confirming the order of dates, we come to know that this incident of death might not be of Prince Dādbhā but of the younger prince Kesarisinh.
with the force of thousands to put us to death at once, allow us to return after expressing the regret? But my Jogā is like a mystic. The desires of family dignity occur to him. He should not be dejected.

“Let us go, but not to go openly, Āpā! I am not afraid of Mahāraj after entering into the palace. But if it is known earlier, it will come to sudden blows. Because the attendants can not understand that we have come to perform the social ritual.”

“Then, father!”

“You go together with the assemblage of Kāthee-Kanbee of Kundalā and perform the ritual sitting on the legs covering your head with Fāliyā quietly. What else can be done?”

Kāthee, Kanabee and diplomats, all of Kundalā started for Shihor to express the grief over the death of prince Dādbhā. Bahārvatiyā Jogidās also intruded with them. Having covered the head with the cloth, there was of course no fright of being recognized as who he is. Sitting at the police gate of the palace in a queue all started wailing. According to the tradition, Mahārāj Vajesang began to soothe/quiet all of them one by one putting his hand on the head. While walking he reached exactly near Jogidās. Putting his hand on the head, Mahārāj called, “Stop crying; Jogidās Khumān, be calm.”

As if a thunderbolt fell on Shihor on hearing the name Jogidās Khumān! Becoming bewildered all guests started to see here and there. All took control of their swords. And here, removing the cloth the Bahārvatiyā exposed his splendid face. He spoke only thus “Well recognized, o king!”

“Why not recognize, Jogidās Khumān! Is your throat unfamiliar? Why won’t your wailing be recognized when your uproars are recognised amidst five hundred men?”

‘Bahārvatiyā! Bahārvatiyā! Bahārvatiyā!’ started such loud cries. All felt that Jogidās would kill Mahārāj at that moment. All hands reached to the hilts of the swords. At that time raised the hand of Thākor. He called aloud “Rajputs! today Jogidāsbhāi hasn’t come to fight, but to express regret over the snapped son. He has come to share my distress, not my estate.”

Mahārāj became humble and supplicating. Tears glistened in Jogidās’ eyes too. While sheathing the half-drawn swords the men witnessed
something that was never seen and heard before, with their own eyes. Mahārāj spoke, “Jogidās, have no fear!”

“Why would I come, had I the fear, o king?”

Having taken the meal with all the assemblage and saying Rām-Rām to Mahārāj Jogidās rode back. People rushed out by scores at the bazar of Shihor to have a personal look at the Bahārvatiyā. Those who had never seen complexions of Bahārvatiyās imagined the Khumāns as demons of course! But at that hour the population soaked up the mystic opulence of youthful Jogidās fully filling up their eyes. The thing that, such an austere man would cut the heads of innocent Kanabees and project them to the plough, and having made the headless trunk the yoke of the plough, driving away the bullocks towards the village, would desolate the gold like land of the state, seemed almost unbelievable for the moment.

Passing amidst the thick multitude without having a glance at anybody, the Bahārvatiyā went away. As if youthful Jogidās’ sight is more akin to the abyss than the terrestrial world he left like a concentrated Yogi projecting the eyes of course downwards.

The utterance, of extreme wonder and respect came out of the mouths of numerous women – “The incarnation of Lakhmanjati!”

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1Dasherā: A festival of Hindus, particularly of Rājputs celebrated on the tenth day of the first half of the last month—Āso of the Vikram calendar year. Rajputs organize huge processions wearing traditional costumes, and ‘Shāstra-pujā’ (ritual of the worship of arms) and horse-race, etc. Mythologically, Lord Rām killed the great giant Rāvan and Goddess Durgā killed the demon Mahisāsur on this day and so it marks the victory of righteous over the evil.

2Fāliyā: It is a multi-purpose thick sheet of cloth, generally carried on the shoulder by menfolk used in many ways as a turban, as a towel, bedsheet; sometimes to cover the face, or to wear while bathing, etc.

3According to the custom people sit on their legs bending the covered head at the gate of the house crying aloud while paying the visit of condolence.

4Rajputs (lit.) means the sons of the soil. It is a community of soldiers belonging to Kshatriya class. According to the tradition the eldest son of a king inherited the kingdom while the younger ones got only small parts of the estate. These small landholders, serving as soldiers and courtiers, are called Rajputs; not Raajputs (sons of the Royalty).
Rāma is the incarnation of Lord Vishnu in human form with ideal qualities; the hero of the great epic the Rāmāyan. Two times Rām-Rām is used as usual greetings in Saurāshtra among men while meeting or parting at any time.

Lakshman (Lakhman), the virtuous, loyal and thoroughly devoted younger brother of Lord Rām, is praised and worshipped for his reverence for women. He is also known to be the incarnation of the Mammoth Reptile, Sheshnāg, and the Super Cobra as the mainstay living in the nether world supporting the whole world. Jogidās Khumān was considered to be the incarnation of Lakhmanjati for his qualities.
5. Got Father Married

All the three brothers are deliberating in the fort of Meetiylā:
“Brother Gelā Khumān!” asked Jogidās to the elder brother.
“Yes, Āpā!”
“We three are straying about on Bahārvatā, but father has become lonely. The whole life-time of ninety five years passed in warfare: How would he like living alone as such? Who would serve him?”
“Then what to do, Āpā?”
“What else? Let’s get Bāpu married.”
“Have you collated the considerate place?
“Yes, there is a daughter of Jebaliyā Kāthee at Ghugharālā”.  
“But what if sons are born of the new mother?”
“Then, what to worry of it? What is more becoming than father’s sons?
“Won’t the property be shared?”
“But brothers would also stand beside us to assist, won’t they? If we are bulky in number, the Bahārvatā will be done with vigour.”

Despite the age of ninety five years, Hādā Khumān’s is a thunderbolt like body: Jumping upon with the weight of an armour, a helmet, a spear, a shield and a sword, all the weapons and scabbards father mounts the Bāvalā horse. There is no need of holding the stirrup on the other side. Getting such a father married, Jogidās found out the way of his happiness.

Seven years passed. Two lionine sons are playing in the lap of Jebaliyānee mother: One is called Heepā and the other is Jasā.

But now Hādā Khumān doesn’t feel at rest in this merriment. Day by day hearing the driving away and exhaustion of sons the father’s heart gets boiled. His soul gets detached from the home.

“Darbār!” having forgotten herself, youthful Jebaliyānee spoke the words of the right hour, “Darbār! Now enough of this; make this world bitter now. It’s not befitting us to swing here on the swing at the time when sons like Bhān-Jogidās, wandering on Bahārvatā in Geer, use stones for pillows.”

“True words, Kathiyānee! Glory is to you!” Having offered such praises to his own young woman, squire Hādā took up the weapons. Giving up
homely comforts he did Bahārvatā for ten years. In that case his age reached up to one hundred and twelve years. Then old age started to prevail on him. Insisting on, Jogidās again sent Bāpu to have a rest at Ghugharālā.

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1 Jebaliyā: A sub-clan of Kāthee dynasty belonging to Kshatriya class. Actually the three main sub-clans of Kāthee Darbār – Khumān, Khāchar and Vālā, the rulers descend from the same ancestor and therefore they can’t have marriage relations among themselves being brothers (Sam-Gautra). So they develop the relations with the sub-clans of Kāthee; the surname Jebaliyā is one of them.

2 Bāvalā: One of the names of horses suggesting the colour.

3 Geer: The southwestern Saurāshtra locating the wonderful forest sanctuary, the only abode of the Indian lion, a famous tourist place today.
6. Ascended to Heaven

Paranâree pekhee nahi, meete mânârâ,  
Shrungee rakhyâ chaliyâ, juvān Jogidâsiyâ!  
*Never had you the other woman’s sight*  
*O precious king, even with a gaze slight,*  
*Shrungee Rushee* swerved the path aright  
*But Jogidâs even in his youth’s flight!*

[O young Jogidâs! Great ascetic like Shrungee Rushee also got entrapped by other’s woman, but o precious king! You didn’t have even a slight glance at another’s woman.]

Two men were talking:

“Brother, what is the reason of this?”  
“Of what, man?”  
“Why does Jogidâs Khumân sit with his back wayward of the village wherever he sits in the assemblage? And why does he keep his head covered with a sheet of cloth?”

“Brother, do you know what answer did Lakhmanjee give at the time when Râm, showing the Seetâji’s clothes and ornaments that had been found on the way while searching for her, asked him whose they were?”

“Yes, yes, he said, ‘Mahârâj, I have no idea whose these bracelets, large earrings or necklace would be as I have never had a look at the stature of Mâtâjee; but I can at least identify this anklets of her feet. Everyday at sunrise when I used to lay prostrate at the feet of Mâtâjee the anklet got visible to my eyes!’”

“Then this Jogidâs has also been born as the man incarnate of Lakhmanjatee, dear! He cannot afford to keep his eyes towards the way. In this state, recently he has faced two such experiences that the austere man has got aware of the illusion of this world.”

“What experiences?”

“One day, having a round in the pasture land of Joonee, Jogidâs was coming to Bâbariyâdhâr. I was in the company. Riding horses both were coming. While advancing, as we descended our mares into the aqueduct of Navalakhâ, we saw a youthful woman standing with legs dipped upto the
calves in the sparkling water as if encased with diamonds and pearls by the five-coloured radiance of the sun. She will be of eighteen, but what to say of her semblance! As if the elegance would exude away and flow into the water soon! Such a grace of her that if we would surely incur sin if we look at her. But Āpā didn’t have even a hint of it. The precipices of the bowels and a living woman, both were alike for Āpā. He descended the mare into the water. Meantime, getting beside, the youthful lady caught hold of the rein of the mare in an instant. Getting startled, the mare jerked very much, tossed up the chain with such a force that even the strong man’s wrist would get extricated. But that youth clang almost like a leech. Āpā remained watching, he was immensely surpriseed. ‘Oh, stop! stop! stop! O woman! Dear! Leave, leave it! Otherwise the mare will hurt you’, Āpā went on appealing thus.

‘I won’t leave, today I won’t leave Jogidās!’

‘Oh, but what do you want? Are there any sinners following you? Does your husband torment you? What is it? Keep away and tell. I won’t move even a step forward from here before removing your misery. Have no fear. Leave the mare, and tell your thing quickly.’

‘Today certainly I won’t leave you, Jogidās! I had been searching for many days.’

‘But who are you?’

‘I am a daughter of a carpenter. I am a maiden’

‘Why are you bechelor, dear? Doesn’t your father have the money to get you married? Then, I give. You are also my Kamareebāī –‘

‘Jogidās Khumān! Speak not. Don’t shatter my hope. I roam about to get dedicated on your valour and even forsake my caste and creed. See here Jogidās; I ramble with a vow of keeping this hair of my head dried. Today as you met –

‘Oh leave leave, you woman talking of meeting! You are almost like my daughter Kamaree!’

Speaking thus, hitting the blunt ring of his spear on the hand of that youthful carpenter woman, stretching the reins of the mare Āpā Jogidās made the mare run away. He didn’t see rearward! Then at the dusk while quitting the hold of the beads of the rosary, when repeating the holy name of Sun god murmuring his lips together he went on speaking ‘O father, I didn’t know that
my appearance would be that much guileful. I don’t have the nerve to make the face deformed by cutting with the sword, but from today I avow at your witness that I won’t gaze at another’s woman even purposelessly.’

“And more unbearable has been the second occurrence. The expletive of not having the sight of another’s woman got suddenly broken down one day. At the outskirt of a village, women were fetching water making gleaming Veeradās⁴ on the river bank at the time of evening that day. Beautiful copper caldrons were sparkling by cleansing. Glassy Veeradās, cleansed pots, their circular stands of pearls, womenfolk of the village with elegant faces and the sun God enkindling lustres over all them: Āpā too went on beholding the elegant sight. The idea of that vow was elapsed. He craved that his woman and sons all would come and cheer, sitting on the river bank. But the poor ones were roving becoming the thieves.

“Reaching home Jogidās remembered that the vow was broken. He filled his eyes with the stuffing of chilly powder in such a manner that no one knows. Fastening a strap he got to bed. The eyes got swollen like balls as he got up at dawn. Brothers went on to ask “Oh! Alas! Jogidās! What wrath is this?”

“Nothing, dear! A little venom of avarice that was left in the eyes got trickled out.”

“Such a resolute man. He sits with his back towards the bazaar or the way so that not even a slightest slip-up takes place, brother!”

Two men are conversing this way in the Nāndudee⁵ gorge. The son of Gelā Khumān from Veeradee, Bhān Khumān from Sarsaee, and Jogidās Khumān from Āmbaradee: while doing Bahārvatā, thus the sons of Hādā Khumān, are celebrating the festival of Holee⁶ getting together for having a little rest. The trumpets are sounding like some mango grove reverberating at the call of cuckoos. Coming over exactly at that time a rider gave the news “Squire Hādā Khumān got melted in divine at Ghugharālā.”

“Bāpu passed away? Bāpu hadn’t the least of any disease?
“By deceit? While running away or contending bravely?”
“While combating willingly.”
“How?”
“The army cordoned the border of Ghoogharālā. There was no way to escape for Bāpu. He intended for getting caught alive and even the army didn’t design to kill Bāpu; the order was of arresting him alive. But our Bhupata Chāran instilled Bāpu intensely. At the time when Bāpu got tempted to be handcuffed abandoning the weapons at the greenfield Bhupat eulogized Bāpu —

So feri Shihor-ni, lidhel Khoome lāj,
(Have) Hādal kān hathiyār, mele Ālanrāut!

[O, Ālā Khumān’s son, Hādā Khumān! almost hundered times, making a headlong rush on Shihor, have you taken the honour of the Gohil King away; and would you get captured by the enemy giving up your weapons today?]

“Offering such glories he made Bāpu’s bristles standing on end. And at the age of a hundred and twelve years, Bāpu woke up like a young man. He roared ‘O men of army! Here is your father! Come, get hold’. Pointing the finger towards, he showed Bāpu to the army. Bāpu kept on glorifying his lifetime while fighting single-handedly. Fighting on the fore-front daringly he descended through Fooldhār.*

“Well then!” Jogidās spoke out: “Should there be the mourning of the event when at the ripe old age our father descended through Fooldhār! It should be celebrated of course. Therefore, now get eight-eight trumpets to be blown together open-mindedly!” “But, dear lord!” the informer said: “Cutting the head of Bāpu the army took it to Bhāvnagar.”

A shuddering passed through the whole body of Jogidās Khumān. Hearing the sorry plight of the greatly precious head of such a father his core got ablaze. But it was not the time of uttering a disheartening word. There was the fright of exhausting the patience of younger brothers: For that reason, having curbed the agony of mind he said: “Never mind, dear! How the whole court of Bhāvnagar could have seen the face of Bāpu, while Bāpu being alive! Well, now let them behold the face of that lion intently.”

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*Descended through Fooldhār: faced death through the edge of the sword. According to the popular belief when a warrior gets killed with the sword while fighting bravely he, reaches to heaven; and he is regarded as descended to heaven, not as dead.
Shrungee Rakhyā (Rushee): Greatly devoted sages of ancient time were believed to have divine powers and created the Vedas. Shrungee is one of them, particularly known for his austerity and resolute nature. Here, the seductive power of women is suggested by the example of such a great sage falling victim. Contrarily, Jogidās was so resolute a man that he never lapsed. And because of his extremely resolute character he was believed to be the incarnation of Lakshman, the perfectly determined brother of Lord Rām. That was perhaps the reason of his honour all over the state even today.

Mātājee: Mother goddess, the divine manifestation of the vital force behind all creation. The word is generally used for any goddess and sometimes for mother or great woman. Here, it refers to Seetā who is the virtuous and dedicated wife of Lord Rām in the epic, The Rāmāyan. She stands as the ideal of womanhood according to the Hindu mythology.

Navalakhā: The deep ravine near the hollows and hills of Bābariyādhār, the place where the Bahārvatīyā used to stay frequently.

Veeradā (Viradā): The hand-made pool or pit to take water from, on the bank of a river.

Nāndudee: The gorge in the mountain Nāndivela in the forest of Geer, the south-western part of Gujurāt.

Hootāshni: It is also called Holi or Holee, a festival heralding the advent of spring, falling on full moon day of Falgun, the fifth month of Vikram Calendar Year. People rejoice with smearing one another with colours. Mythologically Prahlād, a devotee was protected by God from being burnt alive by his atheist father and aunt on this day.

Chāran: A community of bards and minstrels or the man belonging to it. Being endowed with sweet voice and eloquence; the grace of goddess Saraswati, they are also called ‘Devi-puras’ (sons of Goddess). They used to create, recite or sing paeans, odes and poems to praise the divine, heroism and morals. The literature created by them called ‘Chārani Sāhitya’ that has vital role in the folklore of Saurāshtra.

Shihor was then capital of Bhāvnagar State. Here the valour of Hādā Khuman is extolled suggesting his great exploits in the Duhā (paean) as he exhibited tremendous courage by attacking Shihor, where the king himself was present, a number of times.

In some other versions of the tale (oral and written), Jogidās’ great exploit getting the head as well as the dead body of his father is narrated. Jogidās kills the man who was sent with the head to Bhāvnagar soon on his way and cutting the head of Dosā Patel, who helped the king of Bhāvnagar with his 40 bullocks to drag the artillery to Kundalā, he sends his man on a camel back to Bhāvnagar wrapping the head in a cloth together with the written message of his taking charge of the Bahārvatā after his father’s death.

On the otherside, he reaches at Ghugharālā with his men at midnight, when all the soldiers got fast asleep being deadly drunk. They took the dead body of Hādā Khumān quietly and moved away to perform the ritual of his father’s death.
7. Felicitation Spoilt

Today the good news of Hādā Khumān’s death has reached the capital of Vajesang. Mahārāj’s heart is overflowing with delight. Gazing at such a cloud of hope that Jogidās would surrender to the state, losing all the hope after his father’s death, Mahārāj’s heart is pulsating like the peacock of the month of Ashādh. Today the court has been summoned to give the gift of reward to those who have killed Hādā Khumān. Dresses of veracious clothes, the swords to be given for gifts and the silver trays of sugar are sparkling in front of the throne of Mahārāj at the time of morning.

At that time there was such a man, sitting in the court, who felt immensely ashamed to share the merry-making. He was the overlord of Krānkach village, Merāman Khumān. Today he has unexpectedly come to meet Mahārāj and shut up with no go in the celebration of his kinsman Hādā Khumān’s death. But he finds no ease at all. He is alone. He might not overcome with sword, so he has decided to turn up the pleasure-party to dust with logic. The critical moment has come.

“Bring the gifts, now!” Mahārāj spoke loudly. The covers were removed from the trays. Chārans sang the paean aloud. Ofcourse at the meantime Merāman Khumān spoke out in the discreet tongue, vow! Oho! Well for your fortune O Kāthee! Very dazzling fate!”


“Who else, dear lord! Hādā Khumān’s.”

“How?”

“How What? The age of one hundred and twelve years! Constant tremor of hands: swelling at legs: dimness of eyes: every single loop of body gone out of order: What a miserable situation would have ensued had the poor one come alive in the prison of Bhāvnagar in such a plight? Having left the Bahārvatā, all the five sons, would have surrendered to Mahārāj at their own accord keeping the blades of grass in the mouth for taking care of the father. Otherwise the world would gossip ‘the father is getting decayed in the prison and the sons are rejoicing outside!’ But is there such a thing left now? Now all the five men would devastate the eighteen hundred villages of
Bhāvnagar with ease, hence sugar should of course be distributed by his sons for the lions got free from the cages!"

The words were spoken in such a way that the whole court would hear!

“Send back the trays of sugar and presents!”

Speaking thus Mahārāj quickly suspended the court and exactly at the same moment he himself put on a small white turban for the mourning of Hādā Khumān.

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1 Ashādh: The ninth month of Vikram Calendar Year; first month of the monsoon when peacocks usually rejoice and dance with the advent of slow and steady rain.

2 A phrasal expression used to indicate complete surrender and helplessness.
8. Enemy’s ‘Kāraj’

Thākor Vajesangjee is improving upon the spoiled game:

“Merāman Khumān, what should I do now? Having killed Hādā Khumān, I certainly incurred a great loss.”

“Right, Mahārāj. If you’re to drop the disgrace off the head, do the ‘Kāraj’ of Hādā Khumān going over to Kundalā. And drink the ‘Kasumbā’ calling up Bhān Jogidās.”

Going over kundalā Thākor Vajesang began the preparations of Kāraj of his enemy. He wrote the Melās to Kāthees of all the three lineages. He sent Merāman Khumān for bringing over Bhān Jogidās.

Descending from the mount both the Bahārvatiyā brothers came to Kundalā on the appointed day. Jogidās is counselling on the way “Bhān! Dear, don’t be excited. Keep your strong temper a little controlled, brother!”

The assemblage stood up as they arrived to the royal manor of Kundalā. Jogidās asked “Where is Mahārāj?”

“Mahārāj is performing the rite at the river.”

“Has Mahārāj himself gone for the rite?”

“Yes, sire!”

Both the men moved the mares towards the river bank. On reaching the bank they saw Thākor Vajesang from afar: Getting the moustache removed Mahārāj is performing the ritual on the Rāmghāt.

“Look, Bhān! See it, dear! It’s of course the father of yours and mine that died, and the moustaches are removed by the Thākor of Bhāvnagar: by our enemy. See the dignity!

Can you and I remove the moustaches?”

In the meantime the news reached to Thākor. He saw upwards. Gazing at both the Bahārvatiyās, Thākore smiled. He extended as much affection as if he’s an elder brother.

“Rise, stand up, Mahārāj! Now let me perform the remaining. You have attained the limit.”

* Kāthees don’t get the moustaches cut, but Rajputs do.
“Āpābhāi!” spoke Mahārāj: “As yours, Hādā Khumān is my father too. What greatness is there in my performing the rite, as I am the elder son, and none of you at home? Leave at least that much right to the elderly one, dear!”

“Well Mahārāj!” Jogidās’ throat choked.

The performance of the sacrament being over, all mounted the horses to come into the town. Arriving exactly at the gateway Jogidās turned the mare towards Sāvar village on the opposite bank and said to Thākor: “Rām Rām Mahārāj!”

“Āpābhāi! This way, in the manor-house”

“Beg your pardon, dear sir! I shall lodge in Sāvar.”

“Oh but –”

Merāman Khumān spoke out: “Why Mahārāj! Didn’t you understand? Jogidās has sworn not to drink the water of Kundalā, so he turned the mare.”

“Then put our camps too in Sāvar.”

There was the command from Thākor. All the preparations of the ritual of Kāraj were brought to the opposite outskirt from Kundalā.

The Kāraj of great many Kāthees had been done with the scribbled wheat those days. Instead of that Thākor got the sweets— Sātā, Jalebi, and Mohanthāl served in the Kāraj of Hādā Khumān.

Only Merāman Khumān of Krānkach was aware of the ingenuity of Thākor. He said to himself, “O well, Thākor! The silvern tray and the gold knife! Felt sweeter even if it slits the heart!”

“Call on Bhān Jogidās to have Kasumbā drink. Today let’s do away with the Bahārvatā” Vajesangjee uttered the words.

Both the brothers got face to face. Thākor opened the subject:

“See, Āpābhāi! Check the books of administrasion of the time of Bāpu Ālā Khumān: Every brother received thirty thousand each. You wouldn’t ask more than it, would you?”

“No.”

“Then get six villages selected, sire! You yourself give the name.”

“First Kundalā.”

With the utterance of Kundalā’s name Mahārāj’s face lost colour. Mahārāj shook his head: “Sire! Not Kundalā the least. Darbār had to strive hard for getting Kundalā. Got the artillery dragged right away from Rājulā,
forty bullocks of Mulā Patel of Nesadi got torn apart in that, and for its return the whole Joonā Sāvar village had to be given to him. Hence demand for any other village you like except Kundalā.”

“First Kundalā; then the other will do. Not even the water of Nāvlee is to be drunk before having Kundalā, Mahārāj!”

“Sire! Not six, ask even for seven, eight villages; but leave the demand of Kundalā aside.”

“Mahārāj give five for six, but Kundalā ofcourse the first!”

“That won’t come about, sire!”

“Then Rām Rām, Thākor!”

Bhān Jogidās mounted away, the hair all over the body of Bhān had erected; slay or be slain! Die or get dead! -- He felt like that. Soon on passing through the bazaar of Nāvlee Bhān Khumān began piercing the sword on the cops of the subsidiary force. Rushing forward Jogidās caught hold of his brother, “Stop! Be calm! Bhān! Kill only those who draw sword against us, what’re you doing to the innocent ones!”

Standing in the portico Thākor was watching this tenacity of Bhān. He commanded his soldiers from thence, “Mind! Nobody’s to counter attack the Bahārvatiyās today. Let even our hundred men be killed.”

“Did you see, Bhān? This Thākor Vajesang!”

Bahārvatiyās went away.

The second tale about the occasion of Kāraj goes this way:

The kāthee Darbār of Jetpur Muluvālā also was in a flourishing state. His word was not defied by anyone easily. The man standing as a shield for all Kāthees even before British Agency was Muluvālā. Having called him ingenious Mahārāj said: “Mulubhāi, the Kāthee like Hādā Khumān fell, its loss is certainly to the entire region. He was my enemy while living, but after death I regard him my brother. Hence I am to perform his funeral rites at Kundalā at the expenses of Bhāvnagar. The business with you is for the fact that you bring Bhān Jogidās in the Kāraj. They may mount back soon after having opium drink from my hand. But after killing his father my heart won’t feel comfort until I get them to have a palmful of kasumbā.

Who knows, how long ofcourse the enmity would last!”
It is said there was deception in Thākor’s heart, was a ploy of catching hold of Bahārvatīyās. But the opium drink was taken, all went to their respective lodging, as the night fell Muluvālā warned the Bahārvatīyās making the sign, “Hum... Bhān Jogidās! Now mount back quickly.”

“Why! But Mahārāj would await for supper.”

“Then take it as the supper of swords, Jogidās!”

Irritated Thākor informed the political agent at Rājkot; “Muluvālā of Jetpur and Shelā Khāchar of Jasdan have turned my plan of catching the Bahārvatīyās to dust. They have made the Bahārvatīyās to escape”.

To this the Agency Government had set up the Government divisions on Jetpur and Jasdan.

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1 Kāraj: It is the traditional post-death funeral rite performed on the twelfth day after the death of a person in most of the communities of Hindus (and so it is also called ‘Bāramu’). All the friends and relatives get together and have their meal at noon. In case of the death of old men sweets are also served.

2 Kasumbā: It was the liquid of the opium substract which was taken for rejoicing by the kings and nobles, generally on the social occasions. The liquid gets deep dark red (the colour is also called ‘Kasumbi’) in the grinding process. But it was also the symbol of reconciliation, as here, the people who did not have good terms used to have the ‘Kasumbā’ while reconciliating. Thus, it has become the expression for reconciliation.

3 The word ‘Melā’ is used for the letter conveying the message of the sad death, wherin the date of Kāraj is also stated. There are three main sub-clans of Kāthees – Khumān, Khāchar and Vālā – who are related to all the other sub-clans; that is why the reference of the three lineages here.

4 The sweets, mostly prepared by the mixture of wheat, flour, the liquid of sugar, etc.
9. Bheem Pānchāliyo

Bāpu passed away. The elder brother Gelā Khumān also died. So the eldest of all brothers Jogidās had the patronymic responsibilities on his head. Jogidās is moving about with eighty horses. Even the peninsula from Mahuvā to Jāfrābād has begun to tremble under the hoofbeats of the horses. The mercantile dealings of Bhāvnagar State have been stopped at every single harbour.

Mārag je Mumbai tane, jalbedān na jāy,
Shele samdar māy, jahāj Jogidās-nān!

*On the way to Mumbai, no water-vessels pass,*
*As sail in the seas, the ships of Jogidās.*

[The vessels cannot go on the way by water to Mumbai city, as watching for them the ships of Jogidās are sailing in the sea.]

On such a day Jogidās invaded over Vartej village. Plundering the bazaar of Vartej, he escaped, and Thākor Vajesang had been at the nearby Shihor village where he came to know it. A sudden flame of outrage went through the body of Thākor.

Today it’s either Jogidās’ end or mine: Avowed thus Thākor stood up, mounted the elephant. Taking the military he followed the footmarks of Jogidās. From all the directions Thākor’s army obstructed the trails of Bahārvatiyās. The command that today Jogidās wouldn’t escape safe and sound at any rate got spread to entire province. Disconcerted Jogidās turns back from every direction he goes, hearing the news of the envoys of his death standing there. He couldn’t comprehend where to go. And the clouds of dust of Thākor’s procession are coming behind rendering the sky dusky.

In such a situation Jogidās passed the confine of Bhandāriyā village. Coincidently there is one man standing at the outskirt. As soon as the mare descended in the outskirts, both the men recognised mutually.

“Bheem Pānchāliyā, Rām Rām!”

“Aha, oho! My dear! Jogidās Khumān!” Saying thus, taking ‘Vāranās’\(^1\) of both hands, the Chāran named Bheem Pānchāliyā eulogized the Bahārvatiyā:

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\(^1\) ‘Vāranās’ is a special gesture in Maharashtra, India, where hands are clapped together to express heartfelt respect or gratitude.
Funke topee ferve, vādee chānde vād,
Nave kandiye nāg, zānzad Jogidāsiyo!

*Tossing the hat over with a whiz,*
*snake charmer quits the contest,*
*The cobra never gets into carton,*
*as Herculean Jogidās the best!*

[O Jogidās, the snake-charmer like Vajesang, playing the flute, gets many other serpents—the kings caught in his cane box, but only you, the hooded serpent didn’t get charmed in the sound of his flute. On the contrary, uttering the hisses you blew his hat away.]

“Bheem Pānchaliyā! That Duhā is about to go wrong today. Today it is possible that your huge hooded Jogidās is to be caught into a cane box. So Rām Rām! Today it is not possible to stay.”

Rushing on Bheem Pānchaliyā caught hold of the bridle of Jogidās’ mare and said “Why will you go thus, dear? Then you shouldn’t have passed at the outskirts of Bhandāriyā. It wouldn’t be possible to go without eating the loaves!”

“Oh, stay, Bheem Pānchāliyā, leave it. Not today in any case.”

“But what’s this much?”

“Behin is Thākor Vajesangjee and all our directions have been throttled. In no time the enemies are going to encounter for sure.”

“Oh, now leave it, no enemies to meet! Thākor Vajesang has to keep on standing at the border of Bhandāriyā, until Jogidās leaves, having taken the meal, my good lord! Why do you bother? Dismount the mare. I won’t allow you go without having the meal”

Jogidās hitches.

“O my good lord! I say I wouldn’t let even your single bristle cut! O men, take soon the instructions at our place that the loaves and vegetables get prepared urgently and the buffaloes get milked. In the meantime, preventing Mahārāj at the border I’m arriving.”

Giving instructions of meals the Chāran walked towards Thākor Vajesang at the frontier of Bhandāriyā. Taking Vāranās from a distance, he extolled Thākor, seated on the silvern howdah of elephant in the Rudra form:
Kadke jameenun peeth, vrahmand pad dhadke vajā,
Nālyun chalak natrith, Dhubāke perambh-nā dhanee!

*Crackles the seat of the soil,*
*trebles the layer of the sky O Vajā,*
*For the abundance of cannon,*
*and their outburst o sovereign of Perambh!*

[O Vajesangjee! O the lord of Perambh Island! There is so abundance of cannons at your place that, the seat of the earth is crackling and the layers of the sky are quaking with their tumult.]

“May all evil be averted from Gangājaliyā prefixed Gohil! Dear lord, where to go this time?”

“Bheem Pānchāliyā, We are in the chase of Jogidās.”

“Jogidās is almost in my lap, dear lord! Why are you rushing about?”

“Bheem Pānchāliyā, Today I have made an oath: Either Jogidās or I cease to be.”

“But dear lord, hungry for the three days, Jogidās has put up this time at my home for having a bit of meals of a time. I have come here to say with folded hands that either you too come to take meals, or dismount the elephant and walk about a little for a while till Jogidās mounts back, having the meals.”

“Bheem Pānchāliyā! You gave shelter to my enemy?”

“Yes, if you think so. But it is as though a cow has swallowed a jewel, isn’t it dear lord? I am a cow. Would a son of Hindu prefixed go to tear my stomach? And this is none but Jogidās like guest. Would the guest leave hungry from Gohil’s place? And why shouldn’t he be caught afterwards? The Mahārāj of Bhāvnagar has of course thousands of hands, my good lord!”

Thākor began thinking. The anger lessened a little. Only that utterance ‘Would a guest leave hungry from Gohil’s place?’ occupied his heart.

“Dismount, come down, my good lord!” The Chāran entreated again.

“Bheem Pānchāliyā!” Mahārāj’s attendant Boghā Kāmdār, who was with him, got angry and uttered the words: “Do you know, if Mahārāj comes down while mounting the elephant, Mahārāj’s mother would have been considered to have eaten the clay?”

“Boghā Kāmdār!” came out the words from the mouth of the hurt Chāran:

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“Mahārāj’s mother has certainly given him the birth drinking the milk; or else the mother of Vāniyā Bhāman\(^5\) has the habit of putting the clod of clay in the mouth if it comes to hand while cleaning corn.”

Hearing the taunt of the Chāran Thākor smiled. Boghā Kāmdār had almost no courage to utter another word; and while laughing Mahārāj said “Bheem Pānchāliyā! Go, today you have observed the code of hospitality of Bhāvnagar state, not yours, and so even to break my vow I am returning. The observance of hospitality is much bigger than the vow of killing. Go on, I let Jogidās go today.”

Turning the elephant back Thākor moved on the way of Shihor.

\(^1\)Vāranā: Wishing well touching with both rolled palms to the temples as the sign of protection from evil. It is also called ‘Ovaranā’. ‘Dukhanā’ is also the similar word.
\(^2\)Rudra: Rudra is one of the forms of Lord Shiv, which is terrible.
\(^3\)The word meas of or like the water of the Ganges. It indicates purity of blood and originality and piousness of the Gohil lineage.
\(^4\)Here the word ‘cow’ is used for a soft person of a holy order. For a Hindu (a religion or one belonging to it) a cow is holy. Therefore with the reference of a cow it is suggested that the man of a holy order (Chāran) cannot be hurt to accomplish any object.
\(^5\)The suggestion is-- it will be considered disgrace of Mahārāj’s mother in case of retreat (eating of clay). As the man Boghā belongs to Vāniyā (merchant) community, which is considered to be of soft nature, the Chāran taunts that their mothers not being resolute (with the habits such as eating of clay) they cannot produce brave sons.
"Well? Any prey?"

"It is really a prey! Such as it can shatter the penury of the whole existence. The honey on a very small shrub and without bees, so easy a task!"

"Who?"

"The queen of Bhāvnagar, Nāneebā."

"Where?"

"She is going to Dadvā to her brother Kesarisingh’s place; the princes are together; the box of ornament is with her. And only a few riders are accompanying."

"Mount then. We’ll do the work and give the name of Jogidās. He has got almost the tainted acclaim. Let’s drag him to the ill consequence."

While committing thefts The blunt-handed Rāghā Chāvadā* of Ākadiyā village, having stealthily got such information today, has been hiding with his riders blocking up the way of Dadvā in the outer fields of Timbā village to rob the canopy of Nāneebā, the queen of Thākor Vajesang of Bhāvnagar. In the dreary barren land, some dancing fairy-like vermilion coloured wagon is approaching. The shades of twilight have rolled over. Exactly at the time when the sun was about to set all around, making an abrupt attack the riders of Rāghā Chāvadā perforated many a horsemen of Nāneebā with javelin; Many ran away. Getting a few tied up Rāghā roared “O woman, throw out the ornament box.”

With trembling sound Nāneebā asked “Who are you, dear?”

“The men of Jogidās Khumān”

“Ooh, alas! Would Jogidāsbhāi rob women? Would Jogidās eat forbidden food?”

“Yes, yes, forbidden food would also do for hungry stomach. Give the ornaments.”

*Some people say that Merām Totalā of Sarambhadā, not Rāghā Chāvadā, came to rob.
“Forbidden food would do? Hungry though, the lion! Would he eat grass?”

“Be quick to give away the ornaments before any argument.”

In the while, as the conversation goes on, nobody knows what course of fortune occurred that the stamping of the hoofbeats of forty horses boomed and the roar was heard from afar, “Who is that?”


Rāghā Chāvadā recognized the voice.

“Who are you?”

“I am Rāghā Chāvadā.”

“Rāghadā, what’s there in the dark at this time? To whom are you scuffling?”

“Squire Jogidās Khumān! Come, be quick to come, we’ll share it, both. Abundance of ornaments.”

“But, who’s there?”

“Your enemy Vajesang’s queen, Nāneebā. You have the right time to revenge. Both the princes also are together. Cut it short.”

“Rāghā!” said Jogidās while laughing: “You are Kāthee of course, but thief-Kāthee! Otherwise you wouldn’t have come to offer such temptation to Jogidās. My enmity is certainly to Vajesang Mahārāj, not to sister Nāneebā. She is like my mother or sister. And furthermore a woman, standing helplessly at a dismal place! Even the ornaments of crores on her body should be regarded as the cow for a Hindu and the pig for a Muslim¹, Rāghā! Now be wise enough to understand.”

“Well then, Jogidās! Let ill luck continue with you. Go away on your own way. We’d settle it alone.”

Rāghā still doesn’t understand.

“Rāghā, now we should go away only after getting you away. Should Nāneebā be left to linger in a dreary place?”

“Means?”

“It means, if Rāghā touches the canopy of Nāneebā in the presence of Jogidās at this time, as Jethā Vaddar has already made one hand blunt, I’ll disjoin today the second hand too, so that you’ll cease to commit sin over the region!”

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“Is this so? Then, be mighty to fight Jogā!”

“One cannot be valiant on a wish, man! We are what we have been right from the moment when the mother gave birth, Rāghadā! By the way death is looming upon you. Hence be good to leave it.”

Rāghā and Jogidās encountered with their troops. Great scuffle took place.

Seeing the piles of his fallen horsemen Rāghā escaped.

With trembling body queen Nāneebā has been sitting in the wagon. She is not yet assured whether there is guile in the heart of the Bahārvatiyā or not. She has the panic of getting fallen into the fire from the frying pan.

Jogidās called aloud: “O cartman! Ask the mother whether to go to Dadvā again or Bhāvnagar? I’ll leave you wherever you say. Tell the mother not to have any fright now!”

Nāneebā heard the words like pearls dropping down from the mouth of the Bahārvatiyā. To her it seemed new incarnation of herself. She sent a word “Jogidāsbhāi! My dear brother! In which birth would the sister be released from such a great debt? Brother, manage to reach me Bhāvnagar. On what day would I forget such a great obligation?”

“Get around the canopy, brothren!” Jogidās commanded.

Surrounded by lance-bearing horsemen, the carriage moved on. At the lead walked the mare of Jogidās. The way was getting over.

When the midnight broke and the small and the big all stars of the sky started to brighten the waste land sparkling with their steady luster, the boundary of Bhāvnagar arrived. Getting the mare to the flapping part of the carriage the Bahārvatiyā asked for permission, “Sister! Mother! Now your border’s arrived. Now you have descended at the threshold of your home, dear? Is there permission for me now?”

“Jogidāsbhāi!” Nāneebā’s breasts got overflown with affection. You too come with me. Asking Mahārāj I’d bring your Bahārvatā to the termination. Not even your single hair could be touched.”

“My dear Mother! I’ve not protected you for the temptation of return. And what weight of Jogidās is there in ending the Bahārvatā through your recommendation? For my estate, I’ll get it in either of the two ways only—either by face to face encounter with Mahārāj, using the sword mutually or by
embracing with affection. For today Rām Rām! Convey my Rām Rām to Mahārāj.” Saying thus, he turned his mare back in the dark. In a moment the horses vanished, and only the calls: ‘Jogidāsabhāi! Jogidāsabhāi!’ kept on being heard through the flap of the canopy in the surrounding.

\[1\] A cow is worshipped by Hindus and the meat of a pig is forbidden for a Muslim. Therefore the remark suggests the forbiddenness of the action.
11. A Dreadful Sin

One day the Jogi got lapsed:

Today, the Baharvatiya has been short of expenses. No grain is there to feed the comrades. Even if he gets half a ‘Vāl’¹ of gold, he’ll take it and for that he is straying about the outer fields taking the kāthee of Sanalee, Rāthod Dhādhal with him. No Kanabee is able to yoke the plough because of his coercion. The outskirts have remained desolate. Summer is blazing. In the meantime, while moving in the outskirts of Vijapadi village; his sharp companion watched fixing his eyes.

“What’re you watching, Rāthod Dhādhal?

“A Kanabee is plucking up stalks over there, Jogidās; we shouldn’t let him go alive, yes!”

Jogidās’ heart drew back for a while. “Rāthod Dhādhal, many a slaughters have been committed, I’m disgusted with it now. Let him plough now.”

“But there will be some gold to his ears. Let’s take it!”

“Yes, it’s good that you reminded, come on.”

Both the riders took the mares to the edge of the way and drove straight through the farm. The mares came near and as the farmer heard the stamping sound of eight hoofbeats, he ran putting the spade on the shoulder. As soon as he ran, Rāthod Dhādhal raised the javelin towards him and, running the mare he called out loudly, “Do stand where you are, young man! Or know for sure that you’ll be perforated at once!”

Scared Kanabee looked back. He saw the javelin flashing. He knew the sure-shot of Bahārvatiyās. Understanding that there would be no rescue of life if he ran away, he stopped. The spade dropped from the hand. He folded his hands, cried aloud “O dear lord! Your cow² I ’am! Kindly kill me not!”

“Why do you cultivate our farms, o man? Will your Thākor fill his own containers having snatched our loaves? Speak, or I’d perforate you,” threatened Jogidās.
I've mistaken, dear lord! Nobody has harassed me so far and so the mistake occurred. Now release me. Again, I'll not put even a step forward towards this direction until your Bahārvatā comes to the end”.

“Swear for the lord!”

“Lord’s oath!”

“Well, and from where have you worn these Kokarvāns and Fooliyāns at the ear? We linger short of loaf and you all would move about gold-cased extracting the core of our soils? Take out and give quickly. It'll make us gruel of two-three days, take off.”

“Take out quickly, or know for certain this javelin will burst forth,” such voice of Rāthod Dhādhal got heard. As the Kanabee youngman looks up to the man uttering the voice he saw the javelin turning round and round on the fingers of Rāthod Dhādhal’s hand. Frightened, as he looks at the other side, he found Jogidas standing with the threatening eyes. As if the two jaws of death were wide open, exactly in the middle he himself was standing. A slight denial and the end of life wouldn’t be far away.

“O dear lord!” keeping his hands before he said: “Don’t kill me! I’m taking off.”

The Kanabee of eighteen living upon milk: hard working, guileless and the farmer living with fear of god: clean red coral bead like blood is leaping upon his mirror-like transparent face. Reaching upto half of the head his forehead is shining: Such a Youngman of sky like forehead: clear new pair of Kadiyā and Choranee: At the chest of the Kadiyā the wrinkly fringe and tuft strings. A handful of five-coloured woolen tassels are swinging at the tape of the wide Choranee: new pair of half shoes is worn at the feet. Two thick tufts from the long lock of hair are gliding on both the shoulders. Such a handsome Kanabee Youngman with the dashing black and clear eyes, saying ‘O lord kill me not’, began taking out four things of yellow turmeric like coloured pure and perfect gold worn at his ears; four things only: while taking out two Kokarvāns and two Fooliyāns he is staggering with vain struggles because of the raised javelin of Rāthod Dhādhal above his head. Kokarvāns couldn’t come off quickly. Taking out he is dropping them down in the hammock of extended sheet of cloth. In the fear of someone coming, Bahārvatiyās are threatening him saying “Take off quickly!” In reply saying “Don’t kill me, dear, I’m taking
out!” the Kanabee is taking off the Kokarvāns. Thus the last kokarvān is about
to be taken out, there’s no more delay in parting now.

At that time such a loud cry -- “Don’t kill! Kill him not! O dear lord, don’t
kill!” was heard from afar. Bahārvatiyās’ ears got startled, eyes fixed to the
direction of the sound. As they saw, a woman carrying food is approaching. A
bronze porringer, a package of loaves and a small pot of buttermilk are placed
on the head. The porringer and the pot are glistening.

She came nearer. The young woman of fifteen got fully recognized. Designed sash over the head: The little glasses of her clothes covered with
embroidery sparkling as if spreading the net of light: A necklace and pendent
at the neck: In the hands the bracelets encased with four inches of gold slips,
wristslets and Thaiyan: To the feet Anavat and vinchhiyā: At the forehead Damanee: black pigment in the eyes: Vermillion applied to the front of the line parting the hair of the head: Such a
cute Kanban with a rose like pink face, churner of the whey of four buffaloes,
with sturdy hands arrived. Breath is not restrained in her heart.

“O Bāpu! Don’t kill! Don’t kill him.”

“Who is that!” the Bahārvatiyā roared.

“Dear lord! He is the husband to me in relation. I have just come,
having brought the Ānā.6 “Don’t kill him! Be kind not to break our union! If you
say, I’ll take out every single ornament of mine.”

Saying “Take forth, take out instantly!” Jogidās put the hammock
before her. The Bahārvatiyā lapsed from his solemn vow. Seeing this
basketful of ornaments, he couldn’t remember the spirit that nothing should be
taken off the body of woman. He couldn’t keep conscious that he is to live
being a Jogi.

The Kanban began making her body bare. One after another the
ornaments got dropped in the hammock of Jogidās. And nevertheless the
encircling javelin is raised against the young man’s chest. The eyes of the
Youngman turning the balls to his woman for some time and for some time
watching towards the javelin. While taking out the ornaments, the Kanban is
wheedling “Bāpu, don’t kill him now! I’ll take out all these ornaments and give
you. And, Bapu! If you want more, I’ll bring from my large box going at home.
They are very well to do at my paternal house, and they have presented me
with very huge dowry on my marriage, and what should I to do with all these, Bāpu! My….”

That much utterance remained unfinished, and the javelin from Rāthod Dhādhal’s hand got off. How did it go off? Even Rāthod Dhādhal didn’t have the clue of that thing. Having burst forth the javelin fell into the young man’s broad, full-blooded chest. It got through. The Youngman fell on the earth, on both sides blood began pouring out. Fluttering and floundering! The Kanbee started to toss about.

“Alas! The shudder came out of Jogidās’ mouth. His hammock got off from the hand. The ornaments got piled on the earth.

With wide-open eyes both the men remained watching.

The two black eyes of the Kanban remained staring. As if the eye-balls would come out now. Her whole body trembled; the dying young man is gazing at her.

Lifting the spade of her husband, the woman started striking against her head. The floods of blood gushed from the head. The locks of hair got wet. The face became blood red.

“Catastrophe’s committed! You brought great calamity! Rāthod! You ill-minded! Disgraceful-faced! You committed the outrage!” Jogidās bawled out.

“Did the outrage! Alas!” came out the echo from Rāthod’s mouth.

“Rāthod! May you die in the same way! May you not get even a drop of water!” Jogidās uttered the curse.

And here the striking of the hoe increased. Unbearable sight took place. Both the Bahārvatiyās escaped. Getting apart they ran away. They couldn’t stand. Very unworthy death occurred to Rāthod Dhādhal*. And Jogidās' pedigree got utterly ruined.

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*See: The story “Rāthod Dhādhal” in Saurāshtra-ni Rasdhār.
1 Vāl: One thirty secondth part of a ‘Tolā’ (approximately 10 gram), i.e. about 1/3 grams
2 Cow is considered a poor and innocent creature that would do no harm. Secondly it is also forbidden for a Hindu to harm it. Thus, it suggests complete surrender here and the Youngman is ready to obey everything without any protest.
3 Ornaments worn at the projection of the ear; generally by women
4 ‘Choranee’ is a garment reaching up to the waists, a pair of trousers very much loose and wide from waist to knee and very tight below the knee, while ‘Kadiyā’ is the upper garment, waist-coats veery short old-fashioned shirt, tight at the chest ending with wrinkly fringe and tufts, such as generally worn by farmers, shepherds, etc.
5 Silver ornaments worn by women on the toes, ‘Damanee’ is an ornament worn by women on the forehead
6 Ānā: To come back to the father-in-laws’ generally a year after marriage in response to the invitation to stay forever, especially bringing dowry and presents from the parents’ place
7 Rāthod Dhādhal and Jogidās both cursed their selves. Rāthod’s death occurs exactly the same way as uttered by Jogidās. In his old age he mounted behind the raiders on his village, even if the village people tries to prevent, he persisted. He died while fighting bravely with the enemy and at the death hour he didn’t miss to remember this scene and that is why he refuses to drink even water for the repentance.
12. The Chāran Deceived

At the outskirt of Shihor, wearing wide loose Chorani, Kanabee-like Kediyā and fastening a short turban like cloth round the head, a man is standing near the shrine of Garibshāh Peer. Except for the sheet of cloth girding up the loins, he looks like the Kanabee in all the other things. The evening was about to fall. It seems as if the man is standing at the sideway awaiting for some cart or conveyance to go to his village quickly.

Exactly when darkness began to descend, one tall and stout horseman, wearing the mask and decked with a shield, a sword and a spear, passed.

The Bahārvatiyā Jogidās, to whose name Māntās vows were made and fulfilled¹ and on the other side, who was followed by troops, himself passed at sunset today with a single horse. He had the habit of wandering alone.

Seeing the man wearing bright clothes and the piece of cloth girding up the loins standing at the side of the way, the Bahārvatiyā stopped the mare. A profound voice came through the mask. “Of what caste are you, man?”

“K….Kanabee I’m, Bāpu!” The man replied with faltering tongue.

“Kanabee, are you? Well then, don’t move even a footstep! Or I’ll perforate you with the javelin.” Saying thus Jogidās brought the mare very close to the man.

“Come upon my mare quietly, get seated together with me. Or I won’t leave you alive.”

Saying thus the Bahārvatiyā extended his wide paw. He caught the man’s arm and lifting him over, getting him seated behind him on the mare, disappeared in the dark.

On the way a desire prevails in Jogidās’s mind that the man appears to be the son of some rich headman Patel² of Shihor. Catching him as a captive we’ll keep him with us and for that the Patel would come at his own to give us bagful of money in the mountain!
The man caught as the captive, also doesn’t get least befuddled and baffled. He has no fear. There is certainly pleasure of riding upon Jogidāś’s unique mare in his heart today.

The distance so far as Māndavā village from Shihor passed over. The outskirt of Māndavā village came. As soon as it came, the man who seated behind sang aloud the Duhā in an exalted voice:

Thanako nār thiye, chat Khoomā, chāliyun nahi,
Bhākhar Bheeladiye, Jadadhar mohyo, Jogadā! ³

[O Jogi like Jogā Khumān! The great like Shiva, the God with matted hair (Jadadhar) ofcourse got enamored to the wretched Bheel woman; but your mind never gets swerved from the right path by the clang of the foot of any lady.]

On recognizing the sound of the Duhā Jogidāś stopped the mare and glanced behind. He saw the face of the man in the light of stars. The face is smiling and extending both hands the man is taking Ovaranās of the Bahārvatiyā, “God’s bless to my Jogi! Āee (Mother Divine) protect you a great deal. My ascetic!”

“Who are you, man?”
“A Chāran I’m, my dear! I’m thy nephew!”

“Name?”
“My name’s Lakhubhāi! I am the resident of Māndavā hither!”

“Why didn’t you tell the truth first, then?”

“My good lord! It wasn’t possible to reach Māndavā from Shihor on foot today. And without being a Kanabee, you wouldn’t have seated me upon your mare. Hence I had to speak lie, dear!”

“Oh, you fateful man! For that you destroyed my mare!”

Speaking thus the Bahārvatiyā with solemn countenance laughed. Holding his hand, he got Lakhubhāi Chāran to dismount, standing down the Chāran went on giving blessings and the Bahārvatiyā’s mare went away unknowingly in the dark.
Mānatā: According to the religious belief, people expect their problems to be solved or wishes to be granted on the name of God or some great saints. When their desires get fulfilled they go to offer the oblation as they promised to the God or saint. This is called Mānatā. There were some rare living personalities (godly) who were believed to be the ones fulfilling the Mānatās. Here, Jogidās Khumān is such a rare personality, who was remembered by people at the time of their misery and problems while he was still alive. Specially, the problem of delivery in case of women as there were no medical facilities during the time, believed to be solved at the shelter of such holy characters.

Patel or Kanabee: The community (or its member) of farmers and farm-labourers depending on agricultural activities. The word ‘Patel’ also refers to the head man of the community or village.

Jadadhar: The reference is to the mythological belief that ‘Pārvati’ (lord Shiva’s wife) assumed the elegant form of a barbarian (Bhil) woman to allure her husband when she was away from him, and she almost succeeded.

Chāran and Kāthi-Darbār communities enjoy very intimate terms to one another. Chārans call any Kāthi-Darbār – younger or elder – Māmā means maternal uncle and so they are the nephews. In Indian tradition, nephews (sisters’ sons) are treated with generosity.
13. The Concubine’s Daughter

“The name of this village?” Pointing the glossy tip of the javelin to indicate the village in the opposite direction the Bahārvatiyā asked the question to his companions while the horses were moving forth.

“That village’s Bodakee, sire! And Bodakee is actually for twofold profits! Have you got it?”

“How the twofold profit ofcourse?” Leaving his sight gazing over the thick assemblage of mango trees, Neem trees and green fields precisely in the heat of Vaishākh¹ the Bahārvatiyā asked with greedy heart.

Squire Jogidās! In the first place such a well shaped prosperous village with a large population and moreover the village of our enemy’s family.

“What’s?”

“Of Mahārāj Vajesang’s daughter. In the fort here, there’d be inexhaustible gold and silver of Bhāvnagar, Mahārāj himself would come to know how well the dowry he gave!”

“Utter no word, sire! That can never happen!” Withdrawing his sight from the village and the plains the Bahārvatiyā settled the javelin again on the foot. The word ‘Rām’ got heard, coming out of the mouth.

“Why, sire! What’s struck in a while by the way? What resolution became a barrier in this?”

“Nothing; how can we rummage the packs of the daughter of Vajesangjee? We have the enmity with Vajesangjee, not with the daughter. She’s to be taken as our daughter too.”

“Oh Jogidās, but hear the whole thing at least!”

“What’s it?”

“This is not the princess of Vajesang’s queen, but she’s the daughter of a concubine of his: No one was ready to keep her, so Mahārāj, having brought a ravenous kinsman of the ruling chief of Dhrāngadhrā here, getting him married with her and giving this village, kept here!”

“Still she’s the daughter of Mahārāj ofcourse; though the womb is of the concubine, the blood is Mahārāj’s. Now don’t push me into the greed anymore, dear! And leave the idea of raiding Bodaki.”

101
Speaking thus, Jogidās increased the pace of the mare to exceed the outskirt of that alluring and beautiful village swiftly. But, suddenly as if recalling something, he turned his dashing neck, asked the rider behind, “Brother! Is there any gold or silver, little though, in anybody’s pot?”

“Why, sire! Why’s it needed at the dismal place?”

“Let’s manage to send some Kāpadā\textsuperscript{2} to Māharāj’s daughter. If the daughter would know that Jogidās uncle left straight away from the village confines, she’ll be offended!”

According to the common talk the Bahārvatiyā had sent some gold with some farmer of the confines as the present for the daughter of Mahārāj Vajesang’s concubine.

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\textsuperscript{1}Vaishākh: The seventh month of Vikram Calendar Year. It is the hottest month of the summer.

\textsuperscript{2}Kāpadā or Kāpadu: It is the parental gift or offering to a woman who’s generally at in-laws. According to the tradition, a brother, father, any elderly family member, or even one belonging to the woman’s village doesn’t meet the married lady empty handed, i.e. without offering some present.
14. Poverty

The twilight has already fallen. The sparse, shallow water of the deep river of Geer named Rāval is streaming silently through such a dense thicket that man may escape easily. To both sides of the river over the thicket there are high precipices as if reaching the sky; there rose mounts at places on those precipices: on the sands of the river there were foot-prints of lions and panthers: It seemed, as if just now coming out of the dens of both the sides, drinking the fresh water the animals (lions) might have moved in search of food.

At such a dreadful place of river Rāval, at the time when the day was very slightly left, While on his way to Tulshishyām with his forty horsemen Jogidās has descended for a little rest. All the forty mares are grazing the green sweet grass of Rāval standing free, lighting the flint some of the riders are smoking the pipes and some others, picking up twigs and chips of wood making the coal for filling up the Hookāh. Taking down the rosary kept up on his arm Jogidās himself, is repeating the holy names of Sun-God telling the beads. As the light of the Sun gets inhibited, here the eyes of the Bahārvatiyā too get closed in devotion to God.

“Jogidās Khumān! Will there be a poundful of opium in your pot?” a Kāthee asked the question.

“No dear! There’s not even as much as a til in my pot.”

“Will there be some, stuck in the box?”

“The box was wiped off yesterday ofcourse! Why? Why’s that much need?”

“Brother Bhān khumān has had sore eyes. As if the eyeballs’re coming off. So it’s to be smeared over the eyelids. Had the opium been smeared the blood of the eye would have come out and the pain would’ve lessened a bit.”

“Doesn’t somebody else have?”

“Dear! How can it be there in others’ pot when it’s not in your’s?”

“Not even little to daub over the eyes?”

“How can there be! Not even as much as a ‘Koree’ at anybody’s disposal. What can we buy it for?”
“Well, o soul! As Sun-God wishes!”

Out of the forty pots - out of the forty pots of the owners of eighty four outskirts - didn’t come out the opium even as much as to daub over the sore eyes, witnessing the day of such scarcity Jogidās’ soul grieved. But soon he started to feel abashed within. As if challenging against adversity he uttered a roaring sound from the throat proclaiming loudly with his chest. Again, forgetting everything he began telling the beads of the rosary in front of the setting sun.

At the time when the telling was over, a Kāthee came to Jogidās filling something in the hammock. Taking a handful of it he said, “Take this, sire!”

“What’s it, brother!”

“Eat these two handfuls of boiled grains: so that two-four handfuls of water can be put in the belly.”

“What did you boil the grains of?”

“Of millet.”

“Of millet! Where’s the millet from?”

“You want to hear it too, sire! You’ll get averse to it, won’t you?”

“Oh no, dear! How can the Bahārvatiyā enjoy the credibility of loathing? Just tell it!”

“Sire! conceiving that the allowance of grain might have been supplied to all these forty mares some day and a pinchful of their licked millet would have stuck in all the forty mouth-bags, dusting off all the forty mouth-bags, we’ve got the the millet boiled!”

“Oh, alas! The remnants of the millet eaten by mares?”

“What’s wrong in it, sire! It was gorged after washing in the water. What else can be done?” We’ve been famished for the last eight days and eating a pinchful we all may hold on a little so that we may reach upto Tulshishyām. Have it, sire.Nothing to bother.”

“Has it been distributed to all?”

“Yes, to all. You go on to eat.”

Eating a handful of boiled millet the forty starving men, filled up the remaining gap with the water of Rāval. And when as it was dark, crossing over the precipices of Rāval, the whole band, finding out the trails through terrible mountains, moved on the way to Tulshishyām.
Hookāh: A big smoking instrument with a long tube that can reach any corner of the room so that all the people around can smoke.

Kori: as light in weight as a small silver coin (very little)
At Tulsishyām

“Open!”

Exactly at midnight, knocking the hoop of the spear on the huge gate of that place of pilgrimage named Tulsishyām situated in the middle of the level ground f towering mountains and enwrapped by awful forest, the Bahārvatiyās called aloud, “Open!”

“Who’s it at this time!”

“Guests we’re, guests! Be quick to open! Ask the more in the morning.”

Receiving the rude reply, the gate keeper grew suspicious. As he set the ear over the split of the gate, hearing the racket of forty horses he trembled.

“Open quickly! Open, dear! The javelin-like cold is piercing our hearts! Open!”

“The gate wouldn’t be opened at this time.”

“Why? What’s wrong that it wouldn’t get opened?”

“It wouldn’t open. You seem to be Bahārvatiyās.”

“Oh dear! Truly Bahārvatiyās, but we’re not actually Shāmajee Māhārāj’s Bahārvatiyās. His we’re ofcourse offspring. Open quickly.”

“It won’t open. Get to sleep outside.”

“Is it so?” Moving at the lead Jogidās roared, “Aren’t you opening? We say that we’re not the Bahārvatiyās of Shāmajee. But if you don’t open now, we’ll come inside dislocating the gate and won’t leave a Vāl’s ring on the icon of Shāmajee. Right now, raiding we’d leave away and your face would become disgraceful. Open, you slave! The shelter of Shāmajee is regarded to be alike for a thief, and a shroff and all.”

Soon on hearing that unforgettable sound, the gate keeper’s hand automatically fell on the chain of the door in the dark. And with ‘ki…choo…d’ sound both the gates were left fully opened. All the forty mares entered inside.

“Shāmajee dādā!”

While putting his turban off, with dangling lock of hair, Jogidās is reproaching humbly before the black idol of Lord: “Shāmajee dādā! Take it for granted that my estate is robbed and my woman and children eat the morsel
of the loaf sitting at the threshold of the enemy; if the arm's mighty, we'll regain the estate by thrashing and thumping, but O lord! Has every single particle of grain exhausted even in your granary that my forty riders have to break the fasting of eight days by eating the boiled grains of millet leftover by mares! That much famine of grain in your domain! What such offense has been committed by me, O lord! Have I been regarded the sinner of sinners?”

At that time, tears glistened in the eyes of even the gallant Bahārvatiyā but he got startled in a single moment. As if some echoes spoke in his ears, 'Dhadus! Dhadus! Dhadus!'²

“Right! Right! O lord! True! I've recalled my sin. I won't blame on you now.”

Going to the divine pool of hot water Jogidās had his bath³. He himself had his bath before all in the dark so that his long hair-lock might not come at anybody's sight, and in the heart of the mountain, the echoes of the holy names ‘Jay Shyām! Jay Shyām! Jay Shyām!’ got to be heard.

The chief priest of the temple had begun the preparation of meals with a quick pace.

But being utterly hungry, all the forty Kāthees had lost patience. There was fire in the stomach. As the loaves were being prepared, rushing again and again they were hastening, saying 'O sire! Come, come quickly! Even fasting Jogidās was not less hungry. He himself sat for telling beads of the rosary for the reason that the mind might not get involved in grains and the Kāthees might not raise a storm. If the Kāthees would come to call he went on giving the answer peacefully, “Yet to tell the beads two times, brother! One Jāp⁴ is still unfinished! I'm to finish it soon!”

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1 Shāmjee: The God in the temple of Tulsishyām. Actually Shyām or Shyāmajee (Shāmaji) is the name of Lord Krishna.

2 Dhadus: The sound produced when some equipment is dashed with something; here it suggests the sound of the spade hitting the Kanban’s head, i. e. the sin committed by Jogidās’ companion.

3 There are the pools of hot water, even today, at this very popular place of pilgrimage situated in the heart of Geer sanctuary. People have faith that all kinds of skin diseases get cured by bathing in the pools.

4 Jāp (Jap): Repeating of holy names or prescribed Mantra (short religious verse or prayer) by spiritual master, generally accompanied by rosary.
The lord of Bhāvena has become upset. Both reason and strength of Vajesangjee have been at loss. A big mental gloom has happened.

“Catching Jogidās, if anyone hands him over to me, I’ll give out a portion of twenty four villages of his choice from my Bhāvnagar state.”

“Is there any manly person!” Offering the challenge aloud the Beedadār began to move around the Beedun in the court.

The ruler of Jasadan Shelā Khāchar has been the guest at the palace of Bhāvnagar. His hand went on to the whiskers. Hearing the offer of the portion of twenty four villages, he got allured. Lifting the Beedun from the dish he put into his mouth.

“You’d do yourself, sire Shelā?” asked Vajesangjee.

“Yes Thākor! In six months, putting a noose around his neck, I’ll get the Bahārvatiyā present.”

“Oh, Glory to you, Shelā Khāchar!” Receiving such praises Shelā Khāchar departed to Jasdan. As some days passed, his Kāthees became impatient, they grew hasty to catch Jogidās for the temptation of getting their own respective small fractions out of the proportion of the twenty four villages and approaching Shelā Khāchar they began to say: “Dear squire Shelā! Being constantly fastened the mares are ofcourse breaking the hinder portions of the stable kicking with hind legs now. So be quick to do it now!”

“Yes, dear let’s mount now!”

In the mean while a man came to the front house of the rigour of Jasdan. Coming over he said, “Sire, I’d show your thief.”

“Who are you?”
“I’m the teller of Jogidās’ fortune.”

“Why here?”
“A quarrel took place. They drove me away. Come on to see.”

“Where have they camped?”
“At Mount Nāndeelveelā: in the Bhāngālā.”

“How many men’re there?”
“Only ten of them.”
“Vow! Kāthees! Quickly mount the horses. And Gāṅgā Bārot, you’re also to come with us.”

“Bāpu! Leave the idea of taking me,” spoke Gāṅgā Rāval joining the hands in supplication.

“No you have certainly to come. And you’ve to sing our valour such as you witness.”

With one hundred and twenty horsemen Shelā Khāchar advanced upon.

Green and Yellow ensigns are flying. The sky is getting hazy. To grab hold of Jogidās with ten people is a play like thing to squire Shelā today. They have taken their supporter Gāṅgā Rāval with them. They have craving for getting their honour extolled.

Finding the hubbub of a hundred and twenty people on the precipices of Bhāṅgālā Jogidās moved away with all the ten persons, mounting the horse. Younger brother Bhān roared: “Sire! Shall we run away thus badly? After attaining the credit in the province are we to loose weight now?”

“Dear Bhān! Bahārvatiyās get spared as long as they can. There is no loss in escaping in Bahārvatā.”

“But sire! Just see this Shelā: The crow’s come to eat the crow’s flesh. And will Bhān Jogidās abscond before his face? Better to be cut into pieces than that, sire! Devalwālā’s proscription!* Turn back.”

With ten riders Jogidās got back. When did he turned, nobody knew. All at once, as wind changes the direction the Bahārvatiyā changed the path. As if whirlwind came gusting. Watching him approaching Shelā’s army lost mettle. The army ran out.

Shelā called aloud: “Oh, dear Kāthees! Don’t run away! Don’t flee! An escaping Kāthee replied, “Dear sire Shelā! The son of a Kāthee wouldn’t die being paced in awkward position. We should certainly give an open ground to the enemy, dear.”

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*Devalwālā’s Devasu: In the name of the Sun God of Surajdeval. (Situated in Panchāl, Surajdeval is the place of pilgrimage of Kāthees.)
As if the Kāthees were fleeing for offering open field to the enemies! In
the while, “Get ready, Jasdaniyāns!” giving such a loud challenge for the
battle Bhān Jogidās brought all the ten horses to encounter.

“Run! Flee dear! Give ground! Offer the open field, dear!” Making such
shrieks one hundred and twenty Kāthees took flight.
Shelā is calling out, “O Kāthees! You spoiled our credit by this!”

Fleeing Kāthees say, “Sqire Shelā! Defame is better! Or nobody’d
come to offer vermillion to honour us, if our tombstones are erected here in
Geer!”

“You said truth, dear!” Saying thus Shelā also fled.

Gāngā Rāval remained shouting, “O squire Shelā! An outrageous
thing’s happening. Don’t run away, cease fleeing!”

“Gāngā! You now move on gradually to arrive!” Saying thus Shelā
Khāchar fled with the troop. And here, on seeing Jogidās, Gāngā’s chest
began overflowing with emotions.

“Oblations! May all evil be averted from my Protector, dear lord!”

Thus taking Vāranās with both hands Gāngā extolled the Bahārvatiyās
with elevated sound.

Becoming embarrassed the Bahārvatiyā spoke, “Gāngā Bārot! Today
it’s not my moment to evaluate the worth of this eulogy, what do I do?”

“Dear Jogidās! I haven’t come today to rejoice. I’m certainly bathing in
the Ganges of your merits. You’ve turned to be the place of pilgrimage to us.”

Presenting a gift according to the means Bahārvatiyā sent Gāngā off.

Here, sending some weapons and a few horses to Bhāvnagar, Shelā
Khāchar sent a word to Thākor: “Bahārvatiyās’re of course like monkeys! The
dwellers of the thickets of Geer day and night! Leaving the belongings they
climbed up the trees catching hold of creepers. Having climbed they fled into
the mountain! And we snatched their chattels that we are sending up!”

Thākor understood. These small horses and this apparatus might
never belong to Jogidās! Khāchar coaxes the children! Wandering on Gāngā
Bārot has come to Jasdan at the end of four months. The assemblage of
Shelā Khāchar has gathered. At such a moment the Kāthees irritated Gāngā,
“Gāngā Bārot now sing the praise of Bāpu, man! How elevated Bāpu Shelā
Khāchar looked in the affray of Bāngālā, sing the mode of that instance!”
Gāṅgā Rāval smiled. “How do I sing the praise, dear? You were getting the spears of the Bahārvatiyās to your back over there!”

“But, do the spears smack on your tongue? What prosperous thing of your father gets lost in singing the song? You enjoy the four Veeghā² land for maintenance, get treat on Holee and Diwalee festivals, rejoice with Bāpu, and are these all gratuitous stuff?”

“So! Does Bāpu maintain me for singing the false praises?”

“Yes! Yes! Praise must be said. What have you become a poet for?”

“Well then, get to hear. But on one condition: It’s to be heard once from head to tail: You are not to stop or chide me in the middle. There is ofcourse the scuffle in this song; so for for some time the better of us and sometime that of Bhān Jogidās would be there. And finally Bāpu will be victrious. Therefore, if you stop me in the middle, you are sworn by the name of Sun-God!”

“Well, it’s done!”

Gāṅgā began the song that had already been composed by him:

[Song Sāvajdun³]

Bal karee atag haliyo bonshe, Lavun paving jane, Khumānun-nā Lonche,
Khumāne deedhān bhālān tareeng-mā khonche, Bhonyarā lag āviyo bhunshe.

[Shelā mounted with huge army: They conceived as if they’d snatch up Jogidās Khumān’s horses, but quite the reverse, the saddles of their own horses got perforated by the spears of Khumāns, The spears were perforated in such a manner that Shelā Khāchar came retreating as far as Bhonyargadh.]

Jesee te haiye no jānyo, Ang enkār adhiko ānyo,
Āgal Khumā tano hato aleno, (Tyān) Māthe āviyo doosaro meno.

[They didn’t think least in the heart. They had too much self conceit in the body. Formerly they had ofcourse bitter relations with Khumāns, in the while this second ignominy came on their head.]
Khāchar khot doosari khāyo, Zāle Khumō Bhān jāgāyo,
Koodun Shelā kām kamāyo, Gar-mā jaine lāj gamāyo.

[O Shelā Khāchar! You underwent the loss second time going into the thicket you woke up the lion like Bhān Khumān. You committed very guileful work. You lost your honour going over to Geer.]

Dharpat thiye sabe dhuddhānee, Rākhee melyā
dod Ramānee,
Māryā farta dod Mokānee, Tharad kādyō bhāle
Thebānee.

[O Lord of the land! All your stuff got reduced to dust. Bahārvatiyās smashed your Ramānees, Mokānees and Thebānees very much.]

Ālanhāro kahun albelo, Khel jaine beeje khelo,
Zātakiyo das ghode zeelo, Chho veesun-thee bhāgyo Shelo!

[The grandsons of Ālā Khumān Bhān Jogidās are of course unmatched. So o Khāchars! You play the game going elsewhere! As Bhān Jogidās assailed briskly only with ten horses Shelā Khāchar fled with six twenties (One hundred twenty) horses.]

“Take dear! This’s the song!”
The song got over. Shelā Khāchar’s eyes grew red with anger. He said to Gāngā, “Bārot! Now if you stay in Jasdan, you’ll eat cow!”

“Fie upon your Jasadan!” Saying thus Gāngā walked away.

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1‘Beedun’ is actually the roll of betel leaf as the symbol of the acceptance of the enterprise or challenge, and the bearer of the challenge, i.e. the man offering the challenge is called the Beeddār.

2Veeghā: It is a domestic unit for the measure of land; about 2.5 Veeghās make one acre.

3It is a type of song or ode to be sung in praise of valour with lofty rhyme and rhythm.

4The branches of the family-tree of Khāchar sub-clan of Kāthee-darbār.

5The cow being the holy animal for Hindus, beef is an utterly forbidden thing. Here, it actually suggests the oath that Gāngā cannot now live in Jasadan.
17. Killed the Captive

As soon as there was the sound of the stroke of the sword, Jogidās stopped the mare. He looked back, and asked: “What happened? What blow was heard?”

The faces of the men had turned utterly pale, nobody replied.

“Surely, it seems some disgraceful act has been committed.”

Jogidās brought the mare behind. Going over he saw a Kanabee dying and floundering at the stroke of the sword.

“Who’s this, brother?”

“Sire! This is Moolā Patel’s son: That Moolā Patel who’d brought the cannons of the state over our Kundalā dragging them right from Rājulā. The son of that ill-reasoned whom Thākor gave our Joonā Sāvar village for his forty bullocks got dead while dragging over the artillery.”

“He was caught as a captive?”

“Yes, but he had got very bitter tongue: He abused all the way, sire! Flowers-- like sparks of the blacksmith’s barn were dribbling from his tongue that couldn’t be endured and so we killed.”

“You killed the captive! Committed wicked act! Now we’re never to enjoy Kundalā. Killed the surety! What to say, brethren! This sin won’t ofcourse exhaust even after seven births. Thākar’d give shelter nowhere.”

They encamped in the hollow of a mountain. There, they’ve brought with them the two sons of Bheem Patel named Narasee and Nāthā as captives. It was the custom of Bahārvatiyās to trample the live coal to the bottom of the captive’s feet so as he might not run away. Barring that, providing excellent food and accommodation to the captive they used to keep them almost as the guest.

The embers got ready, seeing the red-hot burning coals the elder of the two sons of Kanabee named Nāthā began to weep. Finding him weeping younger Narasee spoke “Ho Coward! Go on weeping! We’re of the tradition of Khumān! Sāvariāyās¹ would be disgraced. How’d poor Bahārvatiyās trample the burning coals ofcourse? See here! This way we should trample them ourselves!”
Saying thus, Narasee stood up and putting his feet on the burning red coal, ‘Rap! Rap!’ he went past. The hide of the bottom of the feet got cleaved and the live coals extinguished.

With steady eyes Bahārvatīyā Jogidās went on gazing this Kanabee’s courage. He asked the mate sitting beside, “Why did he say himself the ‘Khumān House’?”

“Aren’t they to be called half Khumāns for his uncle Dharamshee Patel wanders to follow us with five hundred horses, sire? The Kanabees of Kundalā province are ofcourse amazing, sire!”

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1Sāvariyā: It is one of the branches of the family-tree of Khumān sub-clan of Kāthee-darbār. The Khumāns of Kundalā domain (Jogidās and his family) are called ‘Golānee’, while the holders of the estate of Sāvar village are called Sāvariyā. Today the village Sāvar being attached to Kundalā, the town is called Sāvarkundalā.
18. Kāthiyānee’s Message

Māvatar madāipanu kare, jāy bā’rvate je,
Enā chhoru-ne chan de, (tun) vendārachh
Vajapāl de!

[O Vajesang Thākor! Providing nutrition at your home you’re preserving the very little ones whose parents have set out on Bahārvatā making enmity with you.]

Having caught Jogidās’ queen, two sons, and a daughter, Mahārāj had got all the four persons over to Bhāvnagar. The hostages were kept of course in royal etiquette. The abodes of that family were in the regal mansion itself. Today, having received the news secretly over there from ‘Āyee’, the Bahārvatiyā’s man has arrived to Bhāngālā. Jogidās inquires:

“How have you brought any news of the kids, dear?”

“Sire! Today Āyee has conveyed the message while big drops of tears flowing.”

“Flown tears? Why? Has Kāthiyanee become exhausted? Has the hospitality grown weaker in the regal palace of Bhāvnagar? Did Thākor say anything?”

“Sire, nobody’s said or made anything. Nor has Āyee exhausted. But these tears’re to be called very precious.”

“What’s she conveyed?”

“She’s conveyed the message, ‘Kāthee! Against whom are you doing Bā’rvatun now? Mahārāj’s of course the God’s incarnation. Mahārāj himself got our daughter Kamareebāi married at Kotilā household of Dedān. He gave her the dowry of one lakh. Even the enemy got up to become a father!’

“Yes! I know it. Mahārāj consumes our villages, and then why he shouldn’t do the dowry! Anything else?”

“Further ask the Kāthee that both our Lākhā and Harsur were playing with the princes Narubhā and Akhubhā, the while Lākhā slapped prince Nārubhā. While crying the prince went to Mahārāj. Going over he said ‘Lākhā Khumān hit me’. At that time the words came out of Mahārāj’s mouth, O
Kāthee! Mahārāj said ‘My son! It doesn’t matter. His father beats us daily, then what wonder’s there in the son beating you? We too can’t help remain unaffected fondling at the back!’

“Kāthee! Amidst the whole assemblage giving such a reply to his own crown prince Mahārāj laughed aloud. Then he said to Narubhā with affectionate heart, ‘Dear! Why wouldn’t he beat you? Wouldn’t he get annoyed? Having lost the estate of villages today his elders have been straying in the mountains for the last fifteen years. They have stones as pillows. Struck with rage if that son slaps us a little, we’re to stand it, dear! Tremendous distress has come over them.’

“Kāthee! The whole assemblage got stunned; and Mahārāj getting Lākhā in the lap quite the reverse fondling the palm of his hand asked ‘Dear, you haven’t got hurt, have you?’

“O Kāthi! How long are you to struggle with the keeper of such decorum now? We shouldn’t be abashed to leave the sword unto the lap of such a godly rival. And now come up to befriend with Mahārāj.”

The rosary ceased in Bahārvatiyā’s hand while hearing the message, two big tears got hung up to the corners of his eyes. Speaking nothing he remained seated. Darkness prevailed all around.

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1Āyee: Here, the mother queen. Generally the mass call the elderly persons and overlords of Kāthee clan ‘Āpā’ (meaning father ‘Bāpu’ is also used to this effect.) and their women ‘Āee’ or ‘Āyee’. 
19. Sighs of Cows

“How can the lineage go on in this?”

Often the cows of every village are driven away in Bahārvatā. One day having trudged the herd of three-four hundred cows, Bahārvatiyās heaved it in the hollow of Mount Nāndivelā. A big fence was made to block up. Leaving the cows grazing there, they had to flee from Bhāngālā the very next day. While running away they got out through Geer and descended in other region. They didn’t have even a slight hint of the thing that the cows were stuffed in Nāndivelā.

At the end of one year Bahārvatiyās came to Bhāngālā again. Jogidās recalled three hundred cows. As they saw coming over the bounds mere corpses (skeleton) of three hundred cows were lying. The cows had died, beleaguered without grass and water.

“Dear Bhān!”

“Yes, sire!”

“Heinous thing’s happened.”

“It happens, sire! It’s Bā’rvatā.”

“We’ve done Bā’rvatā for many a days, caused many brothers and fathers to be killed, spared nothing in yoking the Kanabees. We’ve got hundred slaughters to our name. And in trudging these cows, the holy mothers, we never felt disgusted. Getting the calves separated from the mothers, we’ve brought upon us the curse of the helpless moans. How will the heredity survive in this situation?”

“Sire, why do you recollect all that?”

“It doesn’t remain contained and that’s why I recall. Justly I recall. Even if consigning this much heap of sin, none amongst Khumāns came beside. Getting their estate mortgaged Sāvariyās have started keeping up as hirelings. Uncles have found the sweetness of their respective six villages dear. How long shall we linger now?” What benefit shall we gain? If caught we’d die the dog’s death.”

“Then, sire! What to do? Leave the sword?”

“Yes.”
“Then let’s move, to Bhāvnagar.”

“No, to Hemāla (the Himalayas).”

“Why?”

“The sword of Jogidās wouldn’t get abandoned at the feet of the lord of Bhāvnagar. It’ll be left at the feet of the lord of Kailāsh.¹”

“Is it determined to emaciate in the Himalayas?”²

“Yes. Without that this sin wouldn’t be absolved.”

Bhān – Possessor of thunderbolt like chest, Bhān – got to weeping.

“Sire! Sire!” Saying thus he fell down to the lap.

“Weep not, dear! Don’t check me. You’re to provide protection to the offspring. And I’m going to wash the filth not mine alone, but of us all. And Bhān! Be sure to see you’re not to be proven slow to look after Jebeleyānee mother and brothers Heepā-Jasā! Bāpu has demised.”

Jogidās went on to get dissolved at the Himalayas: As if one Himalayas moved on to meet the other Himalayas.

The news of Jogidās moving to get melted at Hemālā reached Bhāvnagar. In front of Mahārāj of course are playing the sons of the Bahārvatiyā. Seated in the harem is the Bahārvatiyā’s queen who hasn’t seen her husband’s face since fifteen years. And in case of Jogidās melting in Hemālā, there will be endless ignominy on the heredity of Bhāvnagar!

Mahārāj rushed the men to get the Bahārvatiyā back. He sent the message to Khumān-Dāyarā “Get the squire back by quickly blocking his way; I’ll end the Bahārvatā on his word.”

Khumāns came to senses. They rushed the horses after the squire. They got him back from the border of the other side of Gujarat. Jogidās spoke: “Brethren! Why’re you bringing the corpse in the house now?”

On the way they have stayed at Jasadan. At the time when sitting at the house gate Khumān assemblage is extracting opium liquid, a word came from within the royal manor, “The Āyee from the manor is coming to take ‘Dukhanā’³ of all Khumān Brothers.”

“Well, welcome! It’s the great fortune of Khumāns!”

Making such slow and soft foot steps as if not to offend the earth the old Kāthiyānee* came to the sitting place. Lines characteristic of eighty-ninety years have been marked on the face: Over the body is the black ‘Odhanun’⁴:
In the twinkling of an eye she seems to be a ‘Jogmāyā’\textsuperscript{5}: She speaks so sweetly as if flowers are oozing out of the mouth.

All began to get introduced one by one. Āee would ask, “Who’s he?”

“This man’s this! Such and such!” Receiving such replies Āee takes Dukhanā. While doing thus Āee reached the other extreme, asked from afar, “Who’s this?”

“He’s Jogidās Khumān!”

“This man himself Jogidās Khumān!”

Āee went on gazing steadily. Sitting eastward the Bahārvatiyā is telling the beads. The head is bent downward. The sounds ‘Sooraj! Sooraj (Sun-God)!’ raises from the innermost of the heart, the sounds are not heard, merely lips are slightly murmuring. As if Kāthiyānee saw some Jogandar\textsuperscript{6} descended from Mount Abu.

“Sire!” Spoke someone from the Dāyarā, “Sire! Aee’s come to take your Dukhanā.”

“No, dear!” spoke out the Āee, “His shouldn’t be Dukhanā, he is not a human being, deity he’s. He’s the incarnation of Lakhmanjati. I wouldn’t touch my hand to his head; I’d certainly touch his feet only.”

Sitting at a distance, extending the hem of her garment three times in front of the Bahārvatiyā, Āee bowed her head.

Having seen the woman, Jogidās had ofcourse got the cloth hiding his face. But at the insinuation Āee’s shade appeared to have been bowing down three times. And all the three times Jogidās bowed his head in return. This was such a sight that melts the chest. The whole Dāyarā getting hushed even breathed apprehensively. As if all fell into trance.

In the while Āee broke the tranquillity. Her eye got extended over the whole assemblage. While beholding the faces of all minutely, she uttered the words: “The brethren of Khumān dynasty! What to speak for me? You got the house burnt. You became the axe to your family, getting united you couldn’t strive beside this mystic man, dear! You found the shade at home sweet! Like the bundle of musk melons gets loosened, the entire family of Ālā got scattered! Alas, you got seated quietly having kept five villages of each self?

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\textsuperscript{5}She is said to be Hamir Khāchar’s wife, descended from Ghaghānee (Dhādhal) sub-clan.
Let this god incarnate linger alone on Bahārvatā? Did you hand Jogidās over to the foe by catching the wrist? Didn’t you get enraged until the others came up and dug the claws quite into the belly?”

Drip! Drip! Drip! Āee’s eyes flew out the tears. Said the last words: What else should I speak? But, should the Kāthee really have estate? There will remain the Rāmpātār of course in Kāthee’s hands. And Brother Bhoj Khumān! How would Sun-God allow the sins of those who’d have become the axes of the family of Kāthee heredity? Wouldn’t forgive.”

Saying thus Āee walked into the herum. Here the assemblage remained stunned.

The luster got off the face of Jogidās’ uncle, Bhoj Khumān of Bhamodarā. He heard the call of future in the words of Āee.*

To break the layer of grief from the mind of the Dāyaro the Chāran hallooed aloud a Duhā –

**Angareje malak oontäkeeyo, Mayan ketok mān,**

**Trane parājun Tāliyun, (Emān) bhāre Jogo ne Bhān!**

[Coming over the British got the sorath country weighed up, they assessed how much weighty this land is. They tried the weight of all the three ruling sub-clans of Kāthees, wherein Bhān and Jogidās were proved to be the weightiest (influential)].

Here it is mistaken. Actually, it is right that Bhoj Khumān was responsible for bringing the rule of Bhāvnagar on Kundalā domain, and disgrace. But, as he had his share of some villages and got settled at Bhamodarā village, his heirs are there till today in the villages of Kundalā domain: Bhamodarā and Mekadā.

*Today his lineage is also abolished.*
Kailāsh: Kailāsh is the peak in the Himalayas that is regarded as the dwelling of Lord Shiva. Therefore, the suggestion is that Jogidās doesn’t want to surrender to any worldly authority but to the supreme, i.e. Lord Shiva.

To subject the body to austere penances by wasting the body dissolving in the Himalayas for the atonement of the sinful reactions. According to Hindu mythology the repentance of the dreadful sins and deliverance is possible by getting willingly melted in the Himalayas. In the great epic Mahābhārata Pāndavas reach heaven by this act.

‘Dukh’ means distress and ‘Dukhanā’ is the ritual of removing the distress and evil by touching the temples of the kinsmen performed with curved fingers of both hands as the sign of removing pain by elderly women. Particularly, it was the tradition of Kāthees.

Upper garment worn around the body by women, a short saree. In the tradition of Kātheedarbar the widows and women while mourning wear black saree.

Jogmāyā: A female ascetic or devotee of goddess Ambā; the power of god in the creation of the world personified as a deity ‘Shakti’ (power) form of Goddess, also known by the name of Durgā.

Same as Jogi, a mystic or a great recluse

An earthen vessel to beg alms
20. The Settlement

Two foes seated face to face: In the midst the cup of Kasumbā is brimming over; the enmity of twenty five years has trickled down now from the eyes of both those foes. Vajesang Thākor and Jogidās Khumān have got together to reconcile.

“Have it, sire! Make demand!” Having taken Kasumbā in the Anjali Thakor extended his hand.

“The time of demanding has gone, Mahārāj! Today of course it’s to take what you give, and so speak out,” saying thus holding Thākor’s palm by his own hand, Bahārvatiyā stooped his mouth.

“Then sire! One ofcourse is Kundalā.”

“Kundalā’s not to be taken, Mahārāj!” Bahārvatiyā lifted his hand.

Thākor startled. “What’re you speaking, sire? You have fought this battle ofcourse for Kundalā, and wouldn’t have Kundalā now?”

“Not to have. Since Mahārāj spoke, I presume that Kundalā’s reached me. But now I’ve lost heart from over Kundalā. Becoming the eldest son, Mahārāj got utterly shaved to perform the ritual on the day when my father died. Hence let the eldest have the bank of Nāvalee. Further, the second matter is that I’ve grown wary about Kundalā. There’s a Duhā by a Chāran that –

Keen the tārā Kundalā, bhad Vakhatane bhogyā,  
Ālanakā arogya, hoy nai Kasale Hādāut!

“This Duhā has rendered meuspicious. The meaning is ofcourse apt that

“O Hādā’s son! How’d Vakhatsinhjee enjoy your Kundalā? O scion of Ālā!

Kundalā wouldn’t be enjoyed safe and sound by him!’ But the meaning contrary to this too comes out. And so we won’t ascend the climb of Kundalā. Let Kundalā be to Mahārāj’s possession.”

“Then, one’s Āmbardee, is it approved?”

“Yes, dear lord! Very affluent village.”

“Bagoyā the second.”
“That’s also ageed: glod-like.”

“That’s also ageed: glod-like.”

“Those two to you: Viradee and Rabārikā to squire Gelā’s offspring.”

“Those two to you: Viradee and Rabārikā to squire Gelā’s offspring.”

“Āgariyā and Bhokarvā to squire Bhān.”

“Āgariyā and Bhokarvā to squire Bhān.”

“Reasonable.”

“Reasonable.”

“Thavee and Jejād of brothern Heepā-Jasā jointly. Are you contented?”

“Thavee and Jejād of brothern Heepā-Jasā jointly. Are you contented?”

“Content.”

“Content.”

“Is there any grudge remaining, Apābhāi? Be sure to see! The world might not term Bhāvnagar irreligious even at our hundredth generation.”

“Is there any grudge remaining, Apābhāi? Be sure to see! The world might not term Bhāvnagar irreligious even at our hundredth generation.”

“Wouldn’t call, dear! The speaker’d get thorns pierced in his tongue.”

“Wouldn’t call, dear! The speaker’d get thorns pierced in his tongue.”

“Then Āpābhāi! It seems to me whether your sons wouldn’t foster your old age?” Thākor laughed.

“Then Āpābhāi! It seems to me whether your sons wouldn’t foster your old age?” Thākor laughed.

“Then I’ll come over here to stay, dear lord!”

“Then I’ll come over here to stay, dear lord!”

“No, no here too, may be at times this progeny of mine - Akhubhā, Narubhā - get changed. Today none’s to be trusted; there shouldn’t be anyone’s obligation. The state gives you Jeerā village as the means of pocket money. Utilize it for your maintenance till you live.”

“No, no here too, may be at times this progeny of mine - Akhubhā, Narubhā - get changed. Today none’s to be trusted; there shouldn’t be anyone’s obligation. The state gives you Jeerā village as the means of pocket money. Utilize it for your maintenance till you live.”

The Bahārvatiyā got dazed. Jeerā! Thākor made a present of Jeerā village that provides thirty thousand for maintenance!

The Bahārvatiyā got dazed. Jeerā! Thākor made a present of Jeerā village that provides thirty thousand for maintenance!

Jogidās drank the Kasumbā from the hand of Thākor, and offered Thākor the palmful of it in return. To convey the good news to the population all came to the court.

Regarding not a surrendered but an equal Thākor got Jogidās seated sharing the half of the throne with himself and the minstrels eulogized both of them as ‘Trovad’ (of equal strength):

\[
\text{Vajo Avrangshā vadan, Durango Jogidās; 
Tanā Hādāl ane Vakhatatan, ākhadiya onad.}
\]

[Of the two, whom do I regard more or less? Vajo Mahārāj is brave like Aurangzeb (The Sultan of Delhi) and on the other hand Jogidās is also like Durgādās (A great former king of Rajasthān): One hero is Vakhatsinh’ son, and the other gallant Hādā Khumān’s son: Both heroes performed the fabulous fight mutually.]

Saying ‘Vow the poet laureate!’ While hearing that eulogy Vajesang Mahārāj beams. He had no regret of being regarded the equal of Jogidās. The
generous king gets delighted, and the songs of Jogidās’ merits become more virtuous:

Tun padar Joonā tane, fesaleeo foje,
(Te di) beebadiyun bungale, (tune) jove Jogidāsiyā!

[O Jogidās! On the day when you marched with your army at the outskirts of Joonāgadh, the begums (wives of Muslim courtiers) were gazing intently through the curtains of the windows of the big bungalows.]

“Listen, Āpābhāi! How wonderful your valour and cantour are! Saying thus, the huge-hearted Mahārāj laughs at the Bahārvatiyā in jest. But as if the Bahārvatiyā’s lost his sense of hearing. Stooping his head, he is telling the beads of rosary in the court also. He speaks only this much – “True, good lord! Chārans they’re, they’d praise as they like.”

But the bards had got maddened with joy that day. The Bahārvatiyā was to be rendered utterly soaked in the stream of poetry: The Duhās got on flowing:

Dat Surat teko daee, rakhital prajāran!
Khalabhalati Khumān, jameen Jogidāsiyā!

[O the king of the clans! Getting tumultuous, the land of Kāthees was to be banged; you became the protector of it by giving the support of charity and chivalry.]

Jogo jod kamād, māno Mitalāpar dhanee,
Na thadakyo thobāhl, hukal machee- e Hādāut.

[Strong and stout gate like Jogidās! The lord of Mitiyālā: Not getting startled even slight when the war broke out.]

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* It is also said about this Jeerā that it was not given as the means of expenses but in the Dhotalee* (as a present for the birth of a son) of Jogidās’ sons Lākhā, Harsur. It is said that this Jeerā village continued to be owned in his lineage even after Jogidās’ demise. At the third generation during the time of Ebhal Khumān, a widow of that heredity gave the document about Jeerā village to an official of the court as the cousins did not allow her to enjoy the estate. The officer found that Jeerā was presented only for the life time of Jogidās. He got Jeerā annexed as government property declaring in the state. When asked (for the reason) the statesman of Gagā Ozā (a minister) said, “The cumin seed (the meaning of ‘Jeerā’) got dropped into the curry (of vegetable) of course!”
Karadyo kān-u thiye, paradotarān prajarān!
Dasatal tun daheevān, jhānjhad Jogidāsiyā!

[What was to happen by the sting of other petite serpents? But the lord of Bhāvena was affected by the poison only when the huge hooded serpent like you stung.]

Jogā! Jalam na thāt, ghanamoolā Hādal ghare,
(To to) Kāthee keem ke'vāt, samee vady soobā tanee.

[How'd a Kāthee have been regarded the equal to a big sovereign king, hadn't you been born in the house of greatly worthy Hādā Khumān, O Jogidās?]

And the Chārans raised the last cone of the flame:
Dhruv chale, Meru dage, mahādadh mele mān,
(Pan) Jogo keem jatee kare, Khatreevat Khumān!

[How'd Jogidās Khumān abandon his valour as a true Kshatriya even if Dhruv (The North star) may flicker, the peak of Mount Meru may stir, and the great ocean may give up its limit?]

As if Mahārāj never gets satisfied while hearing on the extolling of the Bahārvatiyā. He's been giving out the responses himself. He beholds at the Bahārvatiyā at every word. As if Jogidās isn't contained in his sight. Comparing to the magnitude of the Bahārvatiyā's merits the magnitude of Gohil's state seemed very small.

When the Mahārāj's heart is rocking this much, of course these praises got flowed down from the solitary heart of the Bahārvatiyā as water rolls down from the leaf of a white lotus. The grandeur of his face didn't lessen a bit. He is fully rapt in the Jāp of Sun-god. And to him ofcourse his own sins gets recalled. Restraining his own mind he undergoes atonement.

As Mahārāj made the sign, there began the merry making in the assembly. With the tender sticks touching upon the violin there raised mild and sweet tunes from within. The throats of the women started to get dissolved with that. Almost with the tap by the master on the pair of Narghā drums the small jingling bells emitted rattling and clanking sound ‘Ranana Zanana’ and the performance by a group of charming ‘Kinnarkanthee’ (sweet-tuned) lady dancers of the court began.
Vajo Mahārāj: Kanaiyolāl: As if the incarnation of Rasarāj: And the gay lad of Maru dynasty: Surely the same in pleasures of life as in battle: Managed to bring precious courtezans plucking up carefully: Since it was certainly a matchless celebration today: The Bahārvatā of Jogidās had ended successfully. The throats of the harlots went on singing sweetly in full swing.

And Jogidās gave his back, fully closed the eyes that were half-closed. The telling of the beads of rosary is already going on.

Vajo Mahārāj didn’t understand anything. He assumed that the Bahārvatīyā would be performing some ritual of changing direction. The music and dancing got on flourishing. As if the court began swimming and melting in the lake of the melodies of the courtezans.

Suddenly standing up Jogidās began walking out. Getting astounded Vajesangjee asked: “Āpābhāi! What’s this?”

“Nothing, dear lord! I take your leave.”

“Why?”

“So you go on with the dance performing calmly.”

“Nothing’s understood, Āpābhāi!”

“Maruvā Rāv! You come from Mārvād, you can afford, but I’m a Kāthee. It’s unbecoming that my mother and sisters dance, and while sitting I watch it.”

“Oh, sire! These’re not called mothers and sisters. These are of course dancing girls: Their profession’s of course this. Is there any objection of harlots’ singing-dancing?”

“Though harlots, they’re the bodies of women: ‘Janetā’ incarnate: The clique of the same mothers whose belley we all get reared in for nine months: All’s one and the same, dear! You Rajpoot won’t understand by far. But to me, a Kāthee, it appears clear as a lamp.”

The dance performances were stopped.*

Mahārāja beheld the ‘Jog’, mystic opulence of the Bahārvatīyā fully. His heart began to get succumbed. Thakor maintained him regarding him as his brother till Jogidās lived.

* Finding the fact that Jogidās began to break his own eyes on this incident improper; it is omitted in this edition.
Other Incidents Heard:

The poet Nhānālāl tells an incident (thus) that there was a big controversy of border (issue) between Gāekwād and Bhāvnagar state. The complication wouldn’t get solved anyhow. Both the states struck with an idea that Jogidās Bahārvatiyā is righteous, uniquely well-aware of borders. He would give perfect justice. Therefore the issue of this controversy was entrusted to him of course. Inspite of his continuous grave enmity against Bhāvnagar the righteous Bahārvatiyā revealed truth: The controversial piece of land got to the benefit of Bhāvnagar.

For the entertainment of that incident the Bahārvatiyā was invited and this event occurred at that time. The poet says that Jogidās went on to break his eyes drawing the dagger at that time. It was narrated in earlier editions, but thinking more and finding such behaviour exaggerated, it has been ommited.

Mr. Dheersinhjee Gohil writes:

While Thākor and Jogidās were sitting together for taking kasumbā outside the tent, suddenly a snake passed. All ran away seeing the snake. Only Jogidās remained seated. The snake walked towards Jogidās.

Thākor said, “Jogidās, run away!”

The Bahārvatiyā said, “No Mahārāj! I can’t afford running away ‘Tag! Tag!’ getting frightened of the (little) serpent in your presence. Bahārvatiyā remained sitting with curved legs. The snake climbed upon his body. Got its hood over his head. Then descended and walked away. Jogidās remained sitting as before.

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1 Liquid taken in the cavity formed by joining the hands; the hollow of the palm here
2 Kinnarkanthi: ‘Kinnar’ means a celestial musician fabled to have the head of a horse and the body of a man; ‘kanth’ means voice. So the reference is to the sweet tuned ladies.
3 Rasarāj: The king of poetical sentiments or Love; the amorous passion as a subject of poetical description or dramatic representation, it also means Mercury: Kanaiyo is the name of Lord Shree Krishna - a Hindu God widely known for his wanton frolicks, a gallant and gay man.
4 The ladies/ matron/ fellow women or respectful women; being the Kshatriya overlord Jogidās believes that he should respect and protect every woman irrespective of caste, class, race, etc.
5 Birth-giver
Historical Ballad

Who is the Chāran to create this song could not be found. He seems to have been the man under the guardianship of Bhāvnagar State. This has been received from the old book of the poet laureate of Bhāvnagar, Shree Pingalsheebai, with his assistance.

The prose rendering of the ballad, as given by the author in Gujarāti;

Jogidās and Peethā Khumān went on to fight. The valiants encountered having swords. The heroes fastened armours upon the body. As if the equal lions began the battle. (Lions are called ‘Tarsing’- having three horns).  

For the battle the Bahārvatiyās rushed to the battlefield. As if lions sprang breaking the chain. Becoming resolved (to die) Khumāns began the enmity. As if it was the line marked on iron! It never gets rubbed out.

But Kāthees lost the province because of disunity. They made family conflict within the house. The enmity got on increasing for Sāvar and Kundalā.

But their reason got bewildered due to their plight. All Kāthees grew persistent. There came Shelā Khāchar of Jasdan and Bhān Khāchar of Bhadalee. At that time Jogidās was fastening arms over the body.

Kāthees couldn’t judge the time. The army of Britishers was moving all around. Yet all the brothers gathered together in Jetpur- Khāchar, Khumān and Vālā, all the three.

Terrific tunes of ‘Sindhudā’ rang brave warriors got ready to scuffle in the battle. All the lords of Pawar (means Kāthees originating from Pawar region) decided that the turban of the chieftaincy was to be tied to Moolu Vālā’s head.
Moolu Vālā gave the right advice Brothers; beginning enmity with Vajesang is as difficult as making circumambulation to Meru mountain.  

O son of Hādā! Hear a word. Now, you men are to bend down becoming women. Because now the British company has got in the side of Bhāvnagar, now our land is about to be lost.

Getting furious the son of Hādā Jogidās spoke, 'O uncle, you keep assured within the heart. If I Jogidās, let the land go off, then our original heredity of Vālā Kshtriya would get dishonoured.'

The lords (Kāthees) came over to Moolu Vālā of Jetpur. They asked, "Say, what to do?" Vālā said, 'You too thump the region as Jesā-Vejā did moving on Bahārvatā.'

O valiants, now be brave and get equipped. Now such a grudge occurred that there’s no other way; of course devastate the provinces of the kings. Raiding, loot them at any rate.

Hearing such a statement of Moolu Vālā of Jetpur Khumāns packed their belongings to move about. Getting packed they went into the valleys of Geer. But on their back Khāchars and Vālās began to intrigue.

[In the very beginning treachery (deception) entered. All got seated keeping their own households. Only one Jogidās said, 'If I let the honour of a Kshtriya, Sheshnāg wouldn’t hold the weight of the earth.]

Youthful warriors tightened the armours. Khumāns harnessed the horses, caused fleeing and flighting. A clamour arose in the whole region.

Diu and Rājulā cities are frightened. As if Sheshnāg couldn’t hale the breath down. As the day breaks Jogidās arrives all of a sudden.
Unā city remains impatient all the time. It goes uproarious up to Joonāgadh. The Bahārvatiyās cause bawling even in the regions of Pātan. Khumāns maintain themselves with the strength of sword.

Such a complaint reached to Vajesang. He brought a huge army, robbed the camp and packs of Kāthees. The dignity of all the three sub-clans of Kāthees got off.

While starving the Bahārvatiyās strayed in the mounts of Geer. They endured a lot of risks. The lives of Gelā Khumān, Hādā Khumān, and Chāpā Khumān were lost and yet the chief of Khumāns Jogidās didn’t bow down.

Vajesang sent the sub-divisions at every place. The neck of Kāthees was caught. There came the forfeiture over Jetpur and Jasdan too and so Moolu Vālā and Shelā Khāchar got afraid.

Both Moolu Vālā and Shelā Khāchar together appealed to the British, ‘This Vajesang Thākor brought the foreign troops, means the army of Ārabs. Hence, how’d our estate survive?’

The British replied thus, “You behave uprightedly giving up your raiding nature. And if you hope for saving the estate, then go and bring Jogidās!’

Approaching Jogidās Shelā and Moolu said to Jogidās with folded hands - ‘Either you bow to the feet of Vajesang. Or let’s go back to our ancestors’ native Pāwar country as we wouldn’t be allowed to live here.’

Jogidās thought that there is no good in stretching about the enmity any more. We are to succumb to Vajesang of course, He may save or kill, he’s the lord.

Abandoning the scuffle Khumāns trusted Vālā (Moolu). Telling the lie the Kāthee (Moolu and Chelā) deceived. Leading Jogidās, they handed him over to the enemy.
Bhān Jogidās said with folded hands, “O Vajesangjee! We’ve already seen the crookedness of our caste. Now you come to succour us as Govind delivered the elephant.

O great King! Though we’ve made defects, we are not afraid of dying by the hands of the man of big heart. A child may be undutiful but how’d parents kill the children?

The lord- the king-accepted (took) the merit leaving the demerit. And today all the kings say that it was of course the son of Vakhatsinhjee, Vajesangjee who rescued Jogidās from going abroad getting in the hands of the British.

[You perceived the anguish of Khumāns and o Powerful lord! You understood your duty as the lord. O Māru (the heir of Sejakjee hailing from Mārvād) Rāv! O Vajesang Mahārāj! You’re like the dignity of Hindus.
Place in History

Only this much reference is there in only following two of the historical books about Saurashtra: Of that too the authenticity is uncertain, as they have depended upon a report of Bhavnagar state itself:

Captain Bell’s statement

[From the book titled *History of Kathiawar*]

Page 168: Now Vakhatsinhjee’s attention got drawn towards the affair of Kundalā. That subdivision was in the hands of the Kāthee named Ālā Khumān. Ālā had six sons: Bhoj, Moolu, Hādā, Lunā, Soorā and Veerā: In 1784 A.D., when Ālā Khumān died the six brothers had dispute in the distribution of the estate. Of them, Bhoj Khumān felt that particularly he himself was at a loss in the distribution. Therefore going to Vakhatsangjee keeping certain rights, he entrusted the whole estate of his share. Having handed over, he came back to Kundalā. At that time he found all his brothers ready to kill him for doing such an act. Bhoj Khumān asked Bhavnagar for help. Vakhatsinhjee sent the army to seize Kundalā city and defend the interest of Bhoj Khumān. But the remaining five brothers went to Joonāgadh and giving the same temptations to Nawāb Hamad Khān as Bhoj Khumān had given to Vakhatsinh Gohil asked the help against their brother Moolu Khuman. Nawāb was also driven away by Moolu Khumān.

Now, Joonāgadh of course was in the disorder after the death of Amarjee. So Nawāb had no circumstances to attack again. So in 1970 A.D. Vakhatsinhjee felt that there is an opportunity of establishing his authority there by taking the army over Kundalā. All the brothers except Bhoj decided to encounter it and after the fierce battle of two days Kāthees counter-attacked at night time; but Vakhatsinhjee had been informed of this thing, so he drove Kāthees back. And on the other side he sent an army to prevent those reaching to Kundalā back, as a result of this fighting skill Kāthees escaped in different directions. And Vakhatsinhjee entered into Kundalā.

In a few days Kāthees assembled at Meetiyālā where a small army of Joonāgadh also reached to their help. But even this united army was not
enough to take possession of Kundalā and on the other hand recognizing the hesitation of Kāthees Vakhatshijee himself stepped forward. They marched over Meetiylā and there too like Kundalā, getting triumphant, seized both Kundalā and Leeliyā.

Page 199: In 1816 A.D. as Vakhatshijee died Kāthees thought the big calamity upon them passed away. And in 1820 Khumān Kāthees of Kundalā burnt Bābariyādhār and Bārabtanā villages and looted Meetiyālā and Nesadee under the command of Hādā Khumān. Hearing this, the chieftain of Bhāvnagar army stationed at Kundalā invaded upon Kāthees with the help of troops of Amareli and Lāthee. But slipping away Kāthees moved into the shelter of Geer. Of them, the son of Hādā Khumān, Gelā Khumān got left behind; he took shelter in Ambā village. And there due to the fight with army of Lāthee he got shot with the bullet.

Page 199: Hearing the news of the son Gelā, Hādā Khumān arranged for the attack on Vandā village under Kundalā. In 1821 they raided Vandā, but while escaping with the looted goods towards Geer, the troops of Kālā Bhat of Kundalā reached them near Dedān Kāthees lost, escaped leaving the looted goods. While fleeing Jogidās Khumān’s son Mānsur Khumān fell receiving the bullet and his brother Lākhā got wounded. Getting furious for such kinds of defeats and losses, the Bahārvatiyās began to plunder coming back over to Kundalā province again with pertinancy and passion. Hence, the hardships increased so much that in 1822 A.D. a political Agent called Captain Barnwell went at Amareli taking an army. And he invited Vajesangjee Gohil and all the other neighbouring Kings to meet, asked for their co-operation for abolishing the Bahārvatiyās and maintain amity and he promised to assist them at the best to punish the criminals.

To this Vajesangjee Thākor went to Kundalā to plan the complete sway over those invaders. Meanwhile he came to know that the Vālā Kāthees of Jetpur, Cheetal instigate and assist Khumāns. He wrote this matter to Barnwell. He summoned Vālā chiefs. They refused to this matter. Nevertheless their bails were taken.

As this much happened Khumāns raided Joonvadar village of Bhāvnagar, and carried away the cattle. They were followed. It came to be known that they had been hiding in Ghugharālā and Vālardi villages of Jetpur
Kāthee. The information reached Vajesangjee and he sent a big army from Kundalā. The same night walking 36 miles the army arrived Valardi unexpectedly and captured Jogidās’ two sons Harsur and Golan and daughter Kamaribāi.

Then, soon the army went to Ghugharālā, but it was late. All the others except Hādā Khumān fled. Hādā Khumān denied to get succumbed; hence killing him his head was sent to Vajesangjee.

He informed Capt. Barnwell. There was nothing lacking of the evidences of Jetpur Kāthees’ involvement in this Bahārvatā. Calling them Capt. Barnwell imprisoned them. Then he released them on such a condition that they would catch the remaining Bahārvatiyās and hand them over to Vajesangjee. They were brought to Bhāvnagar. Negotiations with Vajesangjee went on but no reconciliation being made, taking Khumāns these guarantees returned to their village.

Page 201: As a result of such fentuation of Vajesangjee’s mind, once again at the end of the year Khumāns moved on Bahārvatā, and raided the village of Bhāvnagar, Jesar. The subsidiary forces of Mahuvā and Kundalā reached right upto Meeticālā after these murderers and there Chāmpā Khumān faced death in the combat. Rest of them all fled to Geer and the force of Bhāvnagar had to return.

Page 205: Jogidās Khumān now determined to loot Bhāvnagar city proper. Going over Pālitānā, he prepared the army of Bahārvatiyās of Joonāgadh and Bhāvnagar states. Oghad and Mātrā of Hālariyā too were among them. Pālitānā Darbār Kandhājee gave the big assistance of men as well as equipments. Taking sufficient force, Jogidās, raiding upon Nāgdhanimbā village, burnt the village. But abandoning the intention of looting Bhāvnagar he returned and went on looting all the villages on the way and destroying the crops as well.

To obstruct the way of Kāthees Vajesangjee sent an army to Pālitānā, taking the army of four hundred men he himself mounted to follow the bandits, and came near the Timaniyā village on the bank of Shetrunjee. A face to face combat started here, wherin Kāthees lost but as always according to their scheme, getting dispersed, they went into Geer to prepare for another loot.
Jogidās didn’t remain lying down becoming idle in Geer. After a very few months he departed with his force and invaded upon Haliyad. Once again the army was sent from Shihor but it couldn’t catch Jogidās. Near Samadhiyālā the army of Bhāvnagar of course reached him. Nevertheless the army didn’t succeed even as much as preventing the looted goods.

1827: Once again Khumāns made invasions over the province of Bhāvnagar. Looted Shihor. Defeated the (police) station staying there. But after that they suffered defeat at the hand of the army sent from Tānā. The force of Tana trudged them upto Pālītānā. Such invasions occurring in quick succession made Vajesangjee very exhausted. He desired to reconcile true to heart. So he sent the word to Kāthees, “If you come to Bhāvnagar again, I’m ready to negotiate for reconciliation.”

Kāthees agreed. After the negotiations continuing for a year the agreements were made in 1829. Therin Kāthees accepted to give certain portion of Nesadee, Jeerā, Veejapdee, Bhimodārā, and Meetiyālā to the state as the recompense of the damage they made to the state. These agreements were sent to the political agent of Mumbai Government Mr. Blairne and they were granted.
Chapter 2: page 15: I have made three divisions of the Bahārvatiyās (outlaws) of Kāthiāwād: First Geerasiyā (estate-holder) Bahārvatiyās, second Vāghers and third Miyānā. In the first section many well-known names are regarded, wherein one is Nājā Vālā [That Nājā Vālā is, as in a Duhā, compared to ‘Sādula’ lion who dies while thumping the head hearing the thunder of rain taking it as his rival roaring] and the other is called Jogo Khumān of Āmbardee. This Jogā Khumān was not actually an outlaw, but the chieftain of the revolutionary group of Kāthee, but Jogo Khumān was certainly the valiant depicted in a sublime Duhā obtained by me in my research:

Dhruv chale, Meru dage, Mahādadh mele mān,
(Pan) Jogo keem jātee kare, Khatreevat Khumān!

The stars may fall from heaven’s dome,
The pride of thrones depart:
Yet the valour still will make home;
in Jogā Khumān’s heart.

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1 It should be ‘Mahādadh mele mān’. Mahādadh means ocean, Here Kincaid has mistaken by using the word ‘Mahāpreat’ which means the owner of the Land; Lord, King.
Tale-2: Jodho Mānek: Moolu Mānek
[1857 – 1867 A.D.]

1. They never killed fleeing foes.
2. “O don’t run! Dear, flee not! “Don’t get mother’s milk disgraced!” Challenging with such words they have, on the contrary raised the valour of enemies.
3. They have aptly kept the other lofty vows of Bahārvatā.
4. The historian Rā. Sā. Bhagwānlāl Sampatrām, inspite of being the Agency official, has written, “Undoubtedly a few though, they encountered the big army coming to the forefront, and with praises and challenges dispirited very renowned fighters, as they had become desperate. Only ‘Die or Defeat’ was the resolve they made. ‘Keeping alive out of this we’d sit home’ was not the hope at all.

“Gāekwād made tyranny over them. And for that very reason they had to flee leaving their own households and native of their fathers. A great many people of them got slain. Their brains turned astray enduring hunger and thirst, cold and heat. And Talukdāree as well as government forces never let them sit peacefully at any one place. Hence the thought to revenge and die made very strong hold in their brain. The people of the country too had the deep feeling for Vāghers. They knew that Gāekwād has oppressed the poor ones.

“Now Moolu alone was left and got disappointed by the time. Many times hunger, thirst, exhaustion, and sleeplessness, grief for the death of his troops, the demise of dear great brother and that too in parting: Would he feel less for that? It is said that sometimes Moolu of course went on fasting. And sometimes he didn’t get grain (food) for seven-seven days.

“At the time of the battle of Dwārakā the man who’d enjoyed the chieftainship of one and a half thousand men, remained only with personal five-six men now. It was good that his painful life ended in a little time. Undoubtedly, he was wandering with the business of a scamp, so generally
thinking we should feel happy by such death; nevertheless the tyranny of Gāekwād government forced him to do so!

“He had no reach to understand the way of the era, and so he succumbed to some ill-advice. Nevertheless his great thoughts, his bravery, his generosity and by this kind of his death, seeing the plight occurred over his family, even the man of stone heart wouldn’t escape the feeling of pity. Such were not the acts of Moolu that we compare him with low ranked Bahārvatiyās.

“I don’t feel for the death of any other ‘Dhedh’ (low) and pain giving Vāgher, but the noble family that tolerates for the sake of the whole band. Alas! They all got crushed.

“They were not wholly ignorant but bad company made them commit the error. Degraded Vāghers turned their heads astray. And more, the tyranny of Gāekwād worsened it.

“Soldiers of course they’re. They never hesitated to die or kill. They were not the Vāniyās that they bear the insults, saluting the tyrants.

“It didn’t strike to them that in the passion for revenge calamity would occur. Jodhā’s thoughts were of course nice till the last moment, but the others trapped him forcibly.”

[In Saurāshtra Desh-no Itihas created by Rā. Sā. Bhagwānlāl Sampatrām.]
1. The Ruby from the Fisherwoman’s Womb

The close and tight thicket of Tamarind and jujube trees: The dark thicket of milkhedges: Such a jungle* of two miles as frightening even in sheer day-light: Passing such dreadful paths the pilgrims reach at the bank of Gomateejee. The waves of the sky-blue sea are flaring up to wash the feet of Ranchhodrāy.1 Calling aloud ‘Je Ranchhod! Je Ranchhod!’ the pilgrim goes through the thicket of Okhāmandal, between the elegant sea and formidable forest the Kābās2 loot them out. Going over to their own province the pilgrims sing the songs:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Asee kosakee zādee lagat he!} \\
\text{Kābā kathin kathor, Dwārakā mein rāj kare} \\
\text{Ranchhod!} \\
\text{Dandā kundā chheen let he!} \\
\text{Tumbā dārat fod, Dwārakā mein rāj kare} \\
\text{Ranchhod!}
\end{align*}
\]

[Such a thicket spread through two miles! Kābās are coarse and formidable, rules there but Ranchhod in Dwārakā! They snatch up the sticks and cudgels (stocks of musket)! They break the bowls (of water, etc.) down, rules though Ranchhod in dwārakā.]

No vessel goes safe and sound in water and no pilgrim goes unrobed on land. And that’s why its name is Okho! Okho means difficult: What event was happening in such Okhāmandal one day?

A maiden of sixteen: Walking up fetching water from the brink of a pond: On the head a pair of vessels filled to the brim and in both hands two young stout she- buffaloes of three years each living upon milk: The forceful young buffaloes are coming on leaping widely while bellowing but the pair of bowls on the head of the lady doesn’t get shaken or spilled. To her the buffaloes seem as if small mice are coming along in her hands playfully. There’s been no stir anywhere in her countenance or body.

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*The thicket of Okhāmandal was so thick that it used to rain 34 inches earlier. Today the thicket has almost been cut.
Beholding it the unfamiliar rider remained of course standing afar. Seeing the vigour of this slightly black-coloured water-bearing girl’s wrist, the breath of that Rajput youngman stayed down. He came to know it from the man walking by that the name of this village was Hamosar: Fisherman’s daughter: Father’s name Malan Kālo: She’s still young and unmarried.*

‘Oho! How vigorous would be the ones growing in this woman’s womb! Conquer the desired provinces!’

Thinking thus, without moving the horse round, turning back, the horseman came to his paternal aunt’s manor of Ārambhādā village. Coming up he persisted, “Auntie, If I’m to marry, It’ll be to only that one.”

The queen of Rāthod King was of course Rajpootānee. She was the daughter of Rāv Jeeyājee, the lord of Kutchchh. How’d she bear this? Having pride of the clan she spoke: “O dear! They’re of course Kābās: The robbers of the clothes of Lord Krishna’s associate ladies.”

“But Auntie! These’re the kābās snatching the Gāndeev of the unique archer like Arjuna, breaking the pride of his arms at the brink of Gopee Lake!”

“But dear! They’re the ones doing the business of killing fish: black and ugly their look; and you’re the chief separated from the ruler of Kutchchh Bhuj: The family of Jaduvanshi: Shall we accept that?”

“If anything’s acceptable, that’s the only thing to accept, aunt! Of all the rest in the world- the younger ones are sisters and elder, mothers!”

Having come with the offence at the place of Rāthod of Ārambhādā, the prince of Bhuj Hamirjee devoted his heritage and estate over the blackish fisherman’s girl whom he had seen at the brink of the lake of Hemosar. He established the relation of blood with the Kābās of Okhāmandal. And started to extend his authority over Okhāmandal. He began his rule over Bodakhetree village. His caste was called ‘Vāgher’.

On the day when the stout and strong son of Jaduvanshi blood was born and started to play in the lap of that daughter of Kābā, the people of all

* As Colonel Watson writes in his Kāthiyāwad Sarvasangrah this girl was not of course Malan Kālā’s own daughter, but was the adopted daughter, that means the Chāvadā Rajpoots assassinated the Rajput sub-clan named Herolo In Okhāmandal, and Malan gave shelter to this daughter of the headman of Herolos. (Kathiyawad Sarvasangrah, page 310.)
the villages around came to express delight in scores. While beholding the
elegance of the Vāgher lad, the sweet word of Jādejee dialect came out of the
mouth of people: ‘Oho.., brother! This is of course like the pearl of Mānek³?
Deep red ruby!’

From that day the surname ‘Mānek’ came into existence. Of all the
branches of Vāgher the Mānek branch was estimated the higher.

Okhāmandal means close and tight prickly waste land and deep
formidable ditches. And of course the very origin of Kābā clan was for looting.
They’d kill fish, loot the ships in the sea taking small boats, and loot the
pilgrims on the land rushing on; but from the day when Rajpoots got mingled
with Kābās, the Mānek kings began to protect the place of pilgrimage and
guard the pilgrims.

1Ranchohodrāy: The name of Lord Krishna who moved to Dwārakā later on, ruled there and
that’s why there is the temple of him; and the place of pilgrimage.
2Kābās: Mahommedan pirates in the gulf of Kutchchh. They also move to the adjoining sea
coast of Dwarakā to loot the pilgrims. Some people believe that it is also a shephered-like
Hindu community. It is also said that the Kabas once defeated even the greatest archer and
hero of the great epic ‘Māhābhārat’ on his way to Dwārakā and looted him snatching his
famous bow called ‘Gāndeev’.
3Mānek: Rubby; a crimson or deep red-coloured gem.
2. Samaiyā’s Pledge

There were some invaluable men born within the Mānek branch. They added/ raised the colour of family dignity in the Vāgher sub-clan. Samaiyā Mānek is remembered even today at every home in Okhā. What talks about him are going on!

Coming from Sorath a cart has been unyoked in the rigal manor of Dwārakā in the morning one day. A husband and a wife got down from within. At the bosom of of the woman a saffron flower-like lad is playing.

Finding the cart unyoked at the front gate Darbār Samaiyājee called aloud, “Who’s come dear?”

“A woman’s come. And she says that I’m to break a hundred coconuts on the forehead of Samaiyā Mānek!”

The foreign woman asked to say, “Dear! Mistakingly I’ve made a promise. No son’s getting born, so I made a vow that I’d break one hundred coconuts to the forehead of divine king Samaiyā of Dwārakā, if Shāmalājee\(^1\) gives a son. I of course thought that Samaiyā Mānek would’ve demised and his headstone’d be worshipped!”

“Lo Samaiyā! A pledge to you! Get your head broken now! Provider of sons!” Saying thus the assemblage began laughing at the Darbār.”

Throwing down the chips of ‘Dātān\(^2\) and washing the face, Samaiyā joined hands in supplication to ‘Dwārakādheesh\(^3\). And then conveyed to the woman, “Halle ach! Manzee dhee! Halee ach! Tojee mānatā poori kar. Hee matto khullo ja rakhee Deeānsee!” [Come on, my daughter! Come here. And end your vow successfully. I’ve kept this head of mine already uncovered.]

Making a large heap of one hundred coconuts the woman stood. She left the son playing at Samaiyā’s feet. She lifted the first coconut. Her hand got shrunk to dash the coconut to the live man’s tender head taking it as a stone. The while Samaiyā again asked the woman, “O my daughter! My girl! Don’t have pity on this head. Break properly!”

The woman thrashed the coconut. There was a sound of a crack in the air before touching the head. Two halves of the coconut fell down on the earth.
One hundred coconuts broke in the air of course the same way. Speaking “Bāpā! Bāpā!” the avowed woman fell to the feet of Samaiyā.

“Bāi! Manzee mā! Ānu dev Nāi-ā. Hee to toje dharamsen thiyo āy.”

[O woman! Mother mine! I’m not of course a deity. This’s of course happened because of your own religiousness only.]

Speaking thus Samaiyā gave the present to the woman taken as his daughter. Yoking the bullocks the woman walked away.

Samaiyā’s prince Moolu Mānek is fully involved in bad habits. That haughty prince has started throwing off restraints of decency with population. People took the slander to the head-merchant of the town Indarjeebhāi. With tottering steps old Indarjee went to the court. Hearing the Sheth, Samaiyā rushed, “Oho uncle! You have to come?”

“Yes Samaiyā! There’s no other way.”

“Uncle! Tell, order.”

“Samaiyā! The elephant’s gone refactory!”

“Uncle, I’m getting it tied.”

‘The elephant’s unbridled then I’d fasten it’; only that much occurred.

Indarjee went to the shop and having a bathe Darbār reached into the temple. He went on telling the beads five times. Then joining the two hands in supplication, he spoke:

“He Dhajāwārā! Tunme jo sāch ve, te munjo putar tre dimen mare, nakān āun marān!”

[O God! If there’s truth in you, my son would die within three days, or I’d die!]

On the third day that young son Moolu was taken by ‘Yama’, the God of death.

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1Shāmalājee: Lord Krishna. ‘Shyām’ means black. Lord Krishna being black he was also known as Shyām. ‘Jee’ is the suffix of honour. Here it is Ranchhodrāi, the god of Dwārakā.
2Dātan: A little twig of ‘Babul’, pomegranate or neem tree, a stick used as a tooth brush.
3Dwārakādheesh: The lord (God) of Dwārakā, lord Shree Krishna.
3. ‘Dwārakā Pānjee Āy!’ ['Dwārakā is ours!']

This is the story of the last two upright heirs of such ancestors. Seventy years ago there was a small Gokul like village named Amarāpar. Today there’s not even the elevation of the village. The land is cultivated over the place of the village, only three-four miles away from Dwārakā.

In that village the two brothers named Jodho Mānek and Bāpu Mānek, the two heirs of the crowned family among the Vāghers of Okhāmandal, lived there. The rule has of course gone to the hands of Gāekwad Government; the battalion has encamped in Dwārakā. The sub-stations of the regiment are established at every village. Gāekwad has fixed a pension for Vāgher kings, but the pension has stopped recently to be received by the heads of Amarāpar.

Becoming corpulent the governor of Gāekwad, Bāpu Sakhārām speaks in the palace of Dwārakā: “Kāy Vāgheral – manje kay!” [What! What consideration poor Vāghers are to?]

Carrying the water from the confines the Vāgher women of that crowned family have been putting down the pair of bowls at the verandah, but the radish of their faces has became different today, it appears like blazing copper over their faces.

Their husbands have seated of course in the verandahs, but nobody is asking the women the reason of the flush of the face. Getting irritated the red eyed Vāgher women spoke with driping sweat: “You wear our Ghāgharā and give your turban to us!”

The faces of both the brothers lifted, Jodhā asked in a low voice “What’s reveling today, of course?”

“What new thing’d occur? Day to day it’s happening! The peacocks get killed at the confine of Rajpoots and the water-bowls of Rajpoot women get aimed at with grits: And the men with beard and moustaches would bear all this sitting passively!”

“Who killed peacocks? Who threw pebbles?”

“Who else? The men of the battalion of Dwārakā.”
Jodhā bent his head down. But Bāpu and his son Moolu started getting passionate. As a sudden blaze takes place with the slow blowing of bellows, contemplating gradually the father and the son got enraged: Jodhābhā!
Nothing’s to be done by you. And now we can’t bear. Dwārakā is ours- Our forefather’s, --not of the battalion. Why did they stop our livelihood? We’ll get our village back.”

‘Dwārakā pānjee āy!’ ['Dwārakā is ours!']

Like the dome of a shrine Jodhā’s heart echoed, ‘Dwārakā pānjee āy!’

Ohohoho! How sweet an echo! Over the whole body the hair went standing on end. But proud Jodhā gulped the draught of affection.

In the same patient voice he replied, “Brother! Don’t get instigated by the Vāghers of Vasai. Today we’ve no other cure, but to endure. We’d be shattered in a moment. Move, let’s take the advice of Rāmjeebhā.”

The man name Rāmjee Sheth was the ‘Bhātiya’\(^3\) of Dwārakā. He was a true comrade to the Vāghers of Amarāpar. The wise merchant advised the irritated father and son with judicious tongue, “Brother, today there’s no good in fighting. You shouldn’t be instigated by men of Vasai.”

The crowned Vāghers remained seated while tolerating such pranks by the men of the regiment day by day. But then finally the limit of tolerating came one day.

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\(^1\)Gokul: The childhood abode of Lord Shri Krishna. Krishna lived at the shelter of the head of the village Nandagop, the shepherd who was the headman and herds man. The village was full of peace, prosperity and rejoicing.

\(^2\)Ghāgharā: A petticoat; lower garment worn by women fastened at the waist. Actually Indian women wear fully wide, round taped garment, Ghāgharā under the sari. Symbolically, the women taunts the men regarding their passiveness towards the injustice and tyranny.

\(^3\)Bhātiyā: Bhātiyā is a Baniyā/ Vāniyā (merchant)-like community or one belonging to it. The suffix ‘Sheth’ is also given to them.
4. Under the ‘Teelāvad’

It is the month of January in 1858 A.D. Such a cold, that even the flowing stream gets ceased, is blasting. Midnight hasn’t broken but utter stillness has prevailed. Producing the sound of somebody wailing in the wasteland and rattling, dashing and making the leaves of the jujubes and tamarinds like the children parted from the mother the winds drags them and the plump, stout dogs of Okhāmandal are hearing all this while laying curtailed, but can’t exhibit the strength of barking. Making the cry of roguery quite near the village the cheat jackals are resounding the forest.

At such a time five-six grates are burning in the dark under the banyan tree of Chāmundā¹ called Teelāvad at the outskirts of Dhrāshanvel village of Okhāmandal. Surrounding those grates exchanging about five Hukkāh in the rows; with knees standing upwards fastening the sheets of cloth tightly around twenty five people are seated well equipped. Masks are tied around the faces. The disguise of all the twenty five is of the same fashion as worn by Jādejā Rajpoots but the power and prosperity befitting to the royal dignity appears to have gone off. The rags coming out of the turbans have been hidden into the fold. And the patches of the Survāls² have been concealed beneath the sheet of the cloth girding around. Such was the situation of the kings of Okhāmandal on the midnight.

“All have come?” A Vāgher appearing elderly amongst them looked all around with his leopard-like glistening eye.

“Yes, Ravā Mānek, those who’re to come have all come,” replied another.

“Had the camel been moved to all the villages?”

“To all the villages. No hut even remained.”

“Who’re present from Amarāpar?”

“Me, Jodhābhā, Bāpubhā and Moorubhā: three people.” Proud and least but sweet speaking headman Jodhā Mānek replied.

“Merely three people out of Māpānee group? Well, from Shumaniyā?”

“Myself Kheemo of Ghadechee.”

“Well. Any Jodhānee?”
“I am Bheemo from Mevāsā.”
Wise thing. Who is Kumbhānee?”
“Me Habhu from Makanpar.”
“Who’re the other ones?”

Karsan Jasānee and Dhuno Jasānee from Mulvāpar: Devā Chhabānee
and Rāyde Bheemānee from Shāmalāsar: Dhandho and Sājo Peendāriyā;
and from Vāshee you Ravo, Pālo, Ranamal and Devo, that much Tharānee
family.”

With smiling face Ravā spoke, “Then our brother are more than all.
Such is the case, Jodhā! To get the head cut is not a child’s play. Men of
Vashee have deep feeling of losing Okhā, brother!”

“You said truth, Ravā Mānek!” Jodhā Mānek, having recognized the
wrathful conceit and the line of forceful rudeness of all these four persons of
Vashi answered in short.

“Then bring the liquor now.”

“Here it is, brother!” saying thus the Vadhel landowner of Dhrashanvel
Dādābhāi and Rāmbhāi stood up. All were served the dish.

“You took much trouble, Dādābhā!”

Joining two hands, Dādobhā Vādhel stood humbly before his Vāgher
brothers, “You certainly deserve very big honour, but ours is such a little
wealth of course!”

While fomenting their hands and feet over the iron grate all sat having
dined. And so while scratching the lower lobe of his curved ear Ravā Mānek
initiated the talk: “What have you all thought, then?”

“Now we’ve of course got utterly sick of the thing.” Jodhānee
Kumbhānee encouraged the talk.

“We’ve certainly been terminated from being the lord of Okhāmandal.
But the administrator hasn’t been paying even the fixed pension as much as
making gruel and loaf.”

“We’ve no one to blame but ourselves, haven’t we?”

“Who’s that man? Jodhā Mānek? Jodhā’s always found fault with us
only.”

“I’m not speaking a lie, brother! It’s due to our own habit that we’ve
proved to be thieves out of kings. Go on recalling the last seventy five years:
What acts we committed! Began looting in the kingdoms like Nagar, Porbandar and Gondal: Hence, we got beaten, and left only with five forts and twenty seven villages."

Yes, then what, Jodhābhā?" Ravā began taunting."

"Then what? Fifty years ago getting together our own ancestors looted the merchantile vessel of the Queen government, and threw a white man and a poor Madham into the sea. What's done was done, but after confessing to pay a quarter and one lakh rupees to recompense the loot and the murders, we committed treason and didn’t pay. Thence having lost the repute Vāghers proved to be pirates. What else did our ancestors do than pirating in the sea? It’s only due to our sin that the ships of the men with hats entered into the haven of Okhā."

"Glory to the son of Vāgher! Wear the bracelet of course like women, Jodhābhā!"

"Now the bracelets’ve already been fixed to the wrist, Ravābhā! You and I’re living and Okho’s been annexed. We’d been the lords that became pensioners. The battalions of the army set over us, everywhere the subdivisions got established. Captains, residents and politicaals have overflown like the ants from the ant-hole. And of course the tyranny of Gāekwādee has now become unbearable."

"Let the thing that’s happened go off, Jodhābhā! And now tell what to do?" The submissive Vāghers of Jodhā Mānek put the fire out.

These brothers of Vashee turn whatever we do to dust. What to do of it?” Jodhā said.

“What’s spoiled?” Ravā spoke starlingly.

“You raided Ārambhadā without any reason. Captured the castle of the Bet (Isle) in madness, thus the estate holder of seven small villages went on impatiently to encounter against the Government authority like the water of the ocean. And hence arriving over the formidable cannons of the government are standing with wide open mouths in our harbour. And the pilgrims can’t come to pray Ranchhodrāyjee, what a sin it is!"

“And Jodhā! You’re wise and sane, what have you gained maintaining the credit with government by the way? During the pilgrimage of ‘Kapilā Chhattha’ we’d have seized the wealth of crores from the pilgraims. But you
went on to be the pet of the government. Guarding the pilgrims you earned the tax of four lakh Koris for Gāekwād. What present and honour did you get for it? The bails're taken for you, as if you're a thief. Summoning you in the court, the attempt of getting you badly imprisoned was also made on that day. And now your pension is also ceased. Take, go on having the Gāekwādi turban and dress of honour. Speak, by taking the oath of Ranchhodjee say, haven't you sent the message to the Rājkot agency too?"

“Yes, brother, the time of fifteen days was given.”

“Have fifteen days passed?”

“Yes.”

“Enough, then speak now, Je Ranchhod!”

“Je Ranchhod!” Twenty five throats roared with a terrific patient voice.

“Jodhābhā!” Jodhā’s brother Bāpu Mānek spoke. “I’ve just come back making my everyday demand for the dues from Bāpu Sakhārām of course today. And do you know what answer he gave me? He produced bad word from his mouth.”

“What, did he abuse? His tongue should've been cut, shouldn’t it?”

“What do I do, brother? I feared of you otherwise I’m the son of a Vāgher; would I ever bear the swearing of that low man? He has contrarily conveyed, from his side, ‘At the outskirts of Amarāpar our two Makarānees have been murdered, hence be prepared now, I’m coming over to fire Amarāpar out with a cannon.”

“Makarānees’ murders! What for?”

“Yes Jodhābhā! Makarānees passed hanging guns on the shoulder and fired a bullet on the peacock sitting on the tamarind of the outskirt. The peacock is of course the vehicle of God: Making its curry poor Makās were eating! Rushing over we offered their uncooked meat to kites. To take its revenge poor Bāpu Sakhārām’d drag the carts of cannons over here.”

“Yes today it’s Amarāpar’s turn and tomorrow they’d root out all the other twenty five villages. And in the presence of all the three lamp-like men of Mapānee household, Jodhā, Bāpu and Moolu, the bearer of beard and moustache Okhā would deprive, isn’t it right, Jodhā?” Spoke Ravā.

“Well, just see the more, the cannon balls will dash even on the idols of Ranchhodrāi’s shrine.” Ranmal of Vasai contempted.
Before that there wouldn’t be the head over the body of Moolu Mānek, brother!” Moolu Mānek, who’s seated silently in a corner, uttered the word for the first time touching the moustache with pride. A vibration happened as if the flame arose in the banyan tree with the hissing of some large hooded serpent.

“What are you delaying for, then? Do the ‘Kesariyān’⁵.

Droping the head over the hand Jodhā grew thoughtful, he said slowly, “Still it’s early, brother, don’t be impatient.”

“What?”

“Would it be possible to encounter the sovereignty of Gāekwād?”

“The imperial power of Gāekwād is of course a far, right away at Vadodarā. And here of course the army is seated dissatisfied, being painfully tired of the administrator. We’d squander away the ensign of Gāekwād as dried up leaves float by the whizz of Vāgher.”

“But brother! To the back there’s the goverment like support. Filling up five hundred vessels with cannons they’d render Okhā into a dancing place of Goblins,” throwing his sight into future Jodhā uttered the word of death.

“Company Government’s almost moved from the bank of Hindustān filling up the Hukāh, Jodhābhā!” Moolu beamed.

“What?”

“Why what? A revolt’s broken out. The platoons’ve gone against. The Madams and children of Gorās are perforated through the point of Marahtā’s spear as the pearls get threaded in the needle. Government’s been obliged to leave.”

“Who said?”

“Every single pilgrim is talking as the eye-witness.”

“I don’t believe. English wouldn’t go. Their bolt has of course been fixed on the hood of Sheshnāg, brother, don’t be illusioned and be patient, venture not till you’ve well considered the results.”

“Jodhābhā! We fall down to your feet. Now you don’t make reverse utterances. Don’t obstruct now, it’s unbearable to us.”

“Well, brother, Do what you think. I’m going. I’m coming after gathering the men to protect Amarāpar. Then, Je Ranchhod!”
“Je Ranchhod, Jodhābhā! Now we’re not meeting under Teelāvad again. We’d meet in the abode of Ranrāy, Okay!”

Jodhā rose. The assemblage dispersed. Getting Moolu beside Jodhā gave the advice, “My son Moolu!”

“Tell uncle!”

“Don’t be instigated by these Vasaiwālās, well Theirs’ sinful intentions. What else my son, I’m wherever you’re. Now I wouldn’t bring disgrace to my old age at this hour.”

Striding forward like ‘Hanumānjātee’ Jodhā disappeared in the dark enwrapping the blanket. Going to Amarāpar young Moolubhā ordered his loyal Rayakā: “Rayakā! Move to all the twenty five villages of Vāghers and go on telling that on the dark night of the first day of Shrāvan all the sons of Vāghers who know how to wear the turban remain present at the hinder part of the castle of Dwārakā at the east direction near the headstone of Jasarāj Mānek. Go quick, Je Ranchhod!”

“Saying “Je Ranchhod!” Rayakā caught hold of the string of the camel. Conveying the message within the night he dismounted the camel again at the rigal manor of Amarāpar at dawn.

“Have you conveyed?”

“Yes, brother.”

“What reply?”

“Je Ranchhod!”

“By all?”

“Every single woman’d also come out having the children in the knapsack.”

“Salute! Salute to Ranchhodrāi! Now drag off the cross-beams of the two houses that’re the longest of all in Amarāpar village.”

Taking off the two cross-beams a high sky-reaching ladder was made of them. Going into the manor house after it got dark on the evening of the first day of Shrāvan Moolu exchanged the last words of farewell with the women.
1 Chāmundā: Hindu Goddess; the Shaktee (power) incarnate, also known as Durgā.

2 Shurvāl: The trousers, worn by the men at that time; fastened through the tape at the waist very loose and wide at the top and tight downwards.

3 Madham: The illiterate and village people used to call the British women ‘Madham’ means Madam and the man ‘Gora’.

4 Kapilā Chhattha: The sixth day of both the fortnights of a month according to the Vikram Calender Year. Here, it is the holy day when pilgrim comes in plenty for the Darshana of the lord.

5 Kesariyān: To make a desparate effort. ‘Kesariyā’ literally means ‘of saffron-coloured’; actually people used to have saffron coloured liquid and sprinkle saffron-coloured water over the body before performing any Herculean task or moving on a desparate fight.

6 Hanumānjātee: The great monkey Incarnate of the epic Rāmāyana famous for the performances of herculean tasks.

7 Shrāvan: The tenth month of Vikram Calender Year, the second month of monsoon in India.
5. Attack on Dwārakā

As the stars come out in the sky one after another after the sun sets, in the outskirts of Amarāpar too Vāghers began coming over at the sunset on the evening of the first day of Shrāvan. Arriving on the footpath, the multitude of one hundred and fifty Vāghers got to stand under the banner of Moolu Mānek at the confines of Amarāpar. Mutual tunes of ‘Je Ranchhod!’ ‘Je Ranchhod!’ got resounded and all met embracing one-another. The force set out from Amarāpar and as they stepped to the border a donkey brayed to the left-side.

“Take it as the strokes of bell for your victory, Moorubhā!”

The donkey brayed to the left. It’s the omen of lacs.” Comprehending the omen the Thākor of the port Jethājee congratulated.

“Take Dwārakā as ours at the time of morning, Moorubhā!” A Vasaiwālā instigated Moolu.

“No matter whether we get Dwārakā or not, ours is of course the role of do or die now here or beyond, we’re to sacrifice, brother!” Moolubhā spoke pleasantly.

At the daybreak saying “Je Ranchhod!” from the south-east corner Moolu Mānek got the ladder erected to the fort of Dwārakā.

But the ladder went one and a half feet short. The fort remained that much away.

Moolu roared, “Brother! Who’s the son of Vāgher, fully fed of mother’s milk! Is there anybody to leap?”

Saying “Me!” a youngman named Patarāmal Manyājee climbed. Holding the sword in mouth he jumped over. Speaking “Je Ranchhod!” he went over the fort. Throwing a fāliyā from there he got all the others to climb.

It went secretly till the moment. But as two hundred men with beared and moustache climbed over the fort and yet entire castle was found to be overcome by sound sleep as if they’ve been spell bound with the kidney-beans, the whole Okhāmandal gathered to the head: Every single family of Vāgher came into view. Hallooing of ‘Je Ranchhod! Je Ranchhod!’ rose up. They got tightly closed. The sun God shone over the sea that was striking
against the walls, the sea resounded and Moolu smarted: “Uncle Jodhā’s coming! Our head’s arriving, we’ve succeeded now!”

Jodhā Mānek is walking up. Seeing this note of triumph all of a sudden a cloud has struck over his face. Finding the Vāghers growing mad he began to feel mental gloom like the chief of the drunkard Jādavas, Krishna. But Jodhā conceived the circumstances.

Saying “Je Ranchhod! Munjā pet! Rang rākhi deeno Deekarā!” [Je Ranchhod my child! You’ve kept the honour, my son!] Jodhā climbed up the ladder. The ladder of the cross-beam started crackling. Terrific force like Vāghers obstructed the bazaar.

“Where’s Nārāyanrāv? Reach to his mension someone. Catching the tyrant by the leg let’s make two chips of him. Catch hold of that Mehtā!”

“Nārāyanrāv got the punishment, Moorubhā!” Coming over from the mension a man said.

“Why?”

“He escaped badly through the lavatory.”

“Where’s he gone?”

“In Jāmparā.”

“Will he go alive?”

“Let him go, Moorubhā dear, the retreat shouldn’t be charged.” Jodhā advised patiently.

In the while the fires of the guns began approaching from the opposite direction. The noise is heard and blowing the bugle the governer of Gāekwād Bāpu Sakhārām is approaching with the army.

“Who’s this?”

“Bāpu Sakhārām. The other tyrant. Abusing for the pension. We’re to take off his live skin of course.”

Taking five ten fighters Bāpu Sakhārām is rushing forward to the cloud of Vāghers and Moolu Mānek runs with a gun to cut him short.

Saying “Glory to you! Brother, stay a while!” Jodhā caught Moolu’s arm. “Should we kill him? He’s coming alone to play the game of fidelity against this much force. Leave him alive.”

Moolu stopped and roared from a far, “Go away, you dog of Gāekwad, what to kill you for!”
Then commands were made: “Bheemā! You reach over Varvālu. Don’t show your face unconquered. Die getting sunk into sea.” Taking the troops Bheemā Mānek left for Varvālu village.

“And Devā Chhabānee! You’re to seize hold of Bet (The Isle). Get blown to pieces from the mouth of cannon. But don’t get back to give the news of defeat.”

“Saying “Je Ranchhod!” Devo Chhabānee set out over Shankhodwār Bet.

“But, when’s this Dwārakā vacated? Where’re all the men of government contained?”

Arriving hurriedly the messengers informed, “Jodhābhā, four hundred government people’re seated in Jāmparā.”

“Are they preparing to fight? Or they’re ready to flee leaving Okho?”

“To flee.”

“Oh, they can’t flee. Place cannons over Jāmparā! Fire them out! Don’t let even a child alive to give the news to Vadodarā.”

Such hallooing took place and Jodhā turned pale. He uttered the proud word, “Such words’re not befitting to Vāgher’s mouth. They’re of course poor servants bearing the master’s order! And more, they’re retreating showing the back. Their women, children, old people would get deserted. Let them go, my sons!”

Four hundred Gāekwādi servants, entrusting Dwārakā to the hands of enemies peacefully, got out of the border. Going over the sub-division of Nagar state, Jāmkhambhāliyā, the four hundred men encamped and here in Dwārakā of course-

Khabe Khambhātee dhotiyan, dhadkhe lohee-nee dhār;
Gomatee lāl gulal, Mānek rangee Moolavā!

The river Gomatee became ruddy red with the blood of soldiers.

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1Jādavas: Krishna’s companions and associates, who grew insane later on because of a curse and took to drinking and bad habits and abolished.
6. Ladhubhā’s Tongue

The tradesman Rāmjeebhā is moving about to the support of Vāghers today. Rāmjee sheth has become the ornament of Dwārakā.

To that intimate comrade of Jodhā Mānek came the message of Bāpu Sakhārām from Jāmparā, “We’ve been surrounded. Have been starving! Send some grain.”

Rāmjeebhā informed Jodhā. The generous foe Jodhā said secretly, “Rāmjeebhā! Send the food stuff without anyone’s knowledge. But if the matter reaches to Vāghers, I’ll have no remedy. Varieties of men have gathered like the wood of a number of forests.

There were two godowns of Rāmjee Sheth outside the castle whence the food was being sent. But Vāghers came to know that the stuff is reaching the enemies. Insane Vāghers started throwing the goods breaking the godowns.

In the meanwhile Rāmjee Sheth’s son Ladhubhā came running. His axe-like tongue went on: “O fishermen! Do you deserve the kingdom? You’re casting dust in the well that gives you water?”

“Ladhubhā! You be good as to mind your tongue! This is not the time of a son’s marriage, but the battle.”

This way Vāghers tried a lot to prevent him but Ladhubhā couldn’t stop, he started abusing incessantly. Vāghers in passion: And on the front the same enraged trader: As nothing else could be done, getting Ladhubhā tied and putting fetters to his feet, they blocked him up with the corpses of enemies in the castle of the temple.

Making the arrangement of the castle Jodhā came to have his meal: He used to eat his loaves at Rāmjeebhā’s house everyday. Having his bath today as he sits on the plank, he remembered, “Rāmjeebhā? Why’s Ladhubhā absent?”

“May’ve gone somewhere. You have your meal, dear!”

“How’d I eat? Your son’s not found and how’d I enjoy food? Who knows what may’ve happened in this forest on fire?”
Jodhā got up from the dish, went in search of Ladhubhā. He found that he was locked up in the castle. Jodhā broke the lock of the castle. He saw Ladhubhā fettered, found his feet blooded. On seeing Jodhā Ladhubhā started to speak volubly.

Jodhā prevented him, “O Ladhubhā! You’ll of course bring disgrace upon me, dear! You keep your tongue controlled. This time variety of people different in temper have gathered here.” Jodhā felt that (lest) this noble Bhātiyā family would probably be crushed; let me remove it from here.

Arranging for two-three carts from Amarāpar he made them standing near the headstone of Jasarāj Mānek outside the castle. Getting thirty five people to bear the serolites of coconut in the hands, he managed to get them out of the castle for the excuse of going to stool, and reached them his own house in Amarāpar. Only old Rāmjeeedādā stayed in Dwārakā.

Four- five buffaloes give milk at Jodhā’s place. Jodhā’s women have begun to entertain Rāmjeebhā’s children and family preparing the meal of rice pudding and puris daily.

And the man telling this, Rāmjee Sheth’s grandson of 74 years Ratanshee Sheth who’s living at present at the Isle, says “I remember that milk pudding and puri even today.”
7. The Plunderers Got Embarrassed

The family parted from there: Rāmjee Sheth’s younger brother Jerām, Ladhubhā’s son Ratanshee and the grandmother etc went to the Bet. There was their house in Bet.

Taking together his servants, etc the man of bitter tongue Ladhu Sheth moved towards Jāmkhambhāliyā yoking four carts. It’s the time of night. The carts are moving forward. No-one is even suspicious about the enemy.

The first was Ladhubhā’s cart: It passed on. But as the second cart passed, the men rose from behind the tree. One man out of them caught the nose-string of the bullock.

The cartman cried aloud, “O Ladhubhā, robbers!”

Brave Ladhubhā jumped down. “Ker Ay!” roaring thus he came running, challenging the plunderers he said: “You rogues! Come to my cart!”

Coming over as he sees the men had masks covering their faces: Only eyes were glistening: Watching minutely the man on the lead Ladhubhā spoke, “Oh, Vow! It’s evident from your eyes that you’re of course Varjāng.”

The plunderer got abashed. Laughing with shame he went on to say in piteous voice, “Got ashamed, Ladhubhā! Having run upto eight miles we got almost dead. But now we cannot of course loot.”

Try to loot! He’d have the wealth of of course two to four hundred Korees, but I have certainly two thousand Korees. Come on to take if you want.”

“Now Ladhubhā! We’ve got ashamed. We had to loot these agents of yours, not you. They’ve made many pokes of the pen to our account in the book.”

“Now What now? Ladhubhā asked the Vāgher.

“Now come on, we’d reach you to the other side of the desert otherwise someone else’d come and harass you.”

The Vāgher plunderer got disconcerted. He demanded as a family member does: “Ladhubhā! I’m hungry.”

“Then, I give you to eat. We’ve abundance, thanks to Jodhā Mānek.”
Ladhubhā got the robbers to eat the food: The robber turned to be the escort. He managed to reach all the three carts of Ladhubhā as far as the opposite bank.
What did Rāmjee’s brother Jerām do reaching over Bet?

He saved the castle daringly, encouraged the Gāekwadi soldiers “The men at Dwārakā betrayed but you don’t act the traitor. Don’t give away the castle.” He took the opposite side.

The soldiers said, “But what’re we to do for the food?”

Jerām said, “I’d manage it. There’s no problem in the temple.”

Vāghers led the attack. They saw the castle of the temple closed and found a man guarding with loud calls, ‘Beware! Mind!’ Placing the lamps of caster-oil over the castle whole night.

Vāghers recognized the voice, “This voice’s Jerāmbhā’s. He wouldn’t allow to entrust the castle till he’s there.” Without looting the village the Vāghers went back to Dwārakā. They brought Jodhā and Rāmjeebhā.

Young Jerāmbhā is standing on the castle. While standing beneath Jodhā and Rāmjeebhā began persuading.

“Brother Jerāmbhā! Get down!” Jodhā spoke.

“I wouldn’t descend; the castle’s not to be entrusted thus. You come on to lead the attack with the army of two thousand Vāghers. Take the castle gladly by conquering. But why’ve you come acting the treason, Jodhābhā?”

“Jerāmbhā! Today I’ve of course come to influence you. We’re to bring political revolution. And would a man like you rise to be the enemy of Okhā? Jerāmbhā whose’s Dwārakā? Dwārakā pānjee āy!”

The word “Dwārakā pānjee āy!” stirred the heart of Jerām. To that added the call of Rāmjee Sheth: “Brother Jerām! Now don’t be obstinate.”

Jerām said, “Then give the assurance that you’re not strike a blow over any man of the castle; all’re to be allowed to reach Salāyā safe and sound.”

Jodhā said, “Agreed! To the witness of Ranchhodrāy!” No help of Gāekwad or Government arrived for the soldiers in the castle. It was not possible to defend any longer. Coming out all walked towards Salāyā village under Jerāmbhā’s protection.

As they reached exactly by Shankha Lake, a mob of monkey-like Vāghers reached them from behind and the crowd bragged “Beat! Kill! Kill!”
Blocking them Jerāmbhā, spoke “Mind, Beware of reaching any further? Are you disobeying the promise of Jodhābhā?”

Vāghers persisted, “Jerāmbhāi, these soldiers’ve killed one of our men and so we’re not going back without making one fight.”

There was a stick in Jerāmbhā’s hand. Making a streak to obstruct in the dust on the earth he said, “Vāgher Lads, Jodhā Mānek’s oath to you, if you surpass this streak.”

That much oath was enough. The line of the streak proved to be the wall. Vāghers turned back.
9. Jodhā’s Justice

Jodhā’s ensign has risen over Bet Shankhoddhār. Jodhā examines the ammunition. He asks: “Brother Devā! What equipment came to hand?”

“Nineteen cannons.”
“Glory! Else?”
“Small vessels, filled with salt petre and sulphur.”
“Well Ranchhd! Preserve as you’ve taken Devā! The battles of Bravoes’re still to follow.”

“As is the will of Ranchhodrāy, Jodhābhā!”

Examining the ammunition Jodhā Mānek turned back. But as he passes in the market, seeing Peendārā Vāghers to guard at the gates of temples exercising tyranny over the clergymen, Jodhā’s eye came out. Peendāriyās are getting money out of pilgrims and clergymen and pilgrims are making grumbling like the throng of herons. Silently standing Jodhā is watching. People screamed, “Jodhābhā, save us. Were the Marāthās certainly worse than these?”

Finding Jodhā Peendāriyās bent their heads down. Jodhā said, “Blacken your faces. You brought disgrace to mother’s milk, dear! Are you the offspring of Rajpoot?”

Dismissing every single Peendāriyā from the guard he ordered to leave the coast of the Isle. And Jodhā summoned the court of Justice. It was asked, “Who’s been oppressed upon, dear?”

“Upon the treasurer of the temple Harimal.”
“What happened?”
“He was caught up to be polluted.”
“Who’s the sinner?”
“Ranmal Peendārā.”
“What for?”
“To exact fine.”
“Summon Ranmal. Bring him getting tied with the rope if he denies.”
Ranmal was presented. Jodhā turned his back to Ranmal and uttered the words: “I’d brought Peendāriyās for this, Isn’t it right, Ranmal? Go, you should be fired by a bullet, but now get fled. Where’s the treasurer, brothers?”

“He’s been hiding in the temple of Jāmbuvateejee.”

“Let’s move on to the temple.”

Going to the temple Jodhā Mānek asked the forgiveness of the treasurer and made a resolution that every month the temple bearers have to pay the wages of the Vāghers’ guard one by one.

Making the arrangement in Bet Jodhā returned Dwārakā. Going over as he sees there’s clamour in Dwārakā too. Aiming guns Vāghers are collecting fines as per the wish. Haughty Vāghers’re taking their horses over women and children, and getting everybody’s home emptied for their stay.

Stealthily Jodhā saw the occurrence at one shop. A Vāgher with combed beared and moustaches is sitting at the shop of a trader with seven weapons, a naked dagger is glistening in his hand. To the front the merchant is trembling and the Vāgher threatens with wide open eyes, “Tear the deed of my debt or I’d bore this in the chest.” At that time Jodhā’s throat resounded: “Before that dear, wouldn’t this dagger measure the gravity of your chest? Glory is to the Vāgher woman’s womb!”

Seeing Jodhājee whose check every single Vāgher remained calm, the man with a dagger got disconcerted. All at once the merchants of the village prostrated to the feet of Jodhā getting down the shops. All bawled out: “Jodhā Bāpu! This much of course you witnessed, but do you know what unseen tortures’re afflicted upon us? If you say we’d vacate the palce with household things, or leave the borders of Okhā all alone leaving the property but this much beating is of course unbearable now.”

Jodhā gathered the grandees. On one side the merchants are seated, on the other the Vāghers. Jodhā himself is sitting in the middle. Moolu and Devā, both the nephews are also present. Jodhā began the talk: “Dear Devā! My son, Moolu!”

“Tell, uncle!”

“We’re not thieves and robbers, kings we are. We’ve not come to fill up our belly and boxes from other country like Marāthās. But we’ve come to keep the principles of Rajpoot getting back the kingdom of our ancestors to hand.”
“Right thing.”
“And this population is our sons and daughters.”
“Agreed.”
“We’ve the Lord Ranchhodrāy over us.”
“Glory to Ranchhod!”
“Then the sons of Rajpoot don’t rule without keeping the vow. Hear our vows:

“First: Not to rob even a ringlet of ‘Vāl’ of the population.”
“Second: Women’re to be regarded sisters or daughters.”
“Third: Not to loot the pilgrims, on the contrary collecting the toll that has been prevalent we’re to reach them under careful watching and guarding right up to the border of the desert.”
“Tell dear, what to do of one who disobeys these vows?”
“He’s to be cannonaded.” spoke Moolu.

Then turning to the tradesmen Jodhā spoke: “Say Indarjee Sheth, Heerā Sheth, now you sleep upon the mattress of one and a quarter mound. Inform me, if anyone, even my own nephew Moolu says thowing and theeing to anybody anywhere. I’ll punish.”

“Glory to you, Bāpu!” The merchants got calmed down.

“Wait. Give applause afterwards. Understand your responsibility too. You must provide us with food. You’re to rise only after making a resolve to take food from each home. It’s a battle, not a play. And hadn’t you been paying duty to the barbarians anyhow?”

Saying “Agreed, Bāpu!” the merchants made the resolution. With the sounds ‘Je Ranchhod! Je Ranchhod!’ the assemblage dispersed.
10. Battle in Bet (Island)

At some distance from Shankhodwār Island the warships have been getting disposed since morning today. Four big warships have stood coming near the lighthouse of Samiyānā and three small boats began to guard in the channel. English flags are flying there over all the seven. The mouths of cannons are wide open towards the island from the decks of all the seven.

Fond of fighting, the Vāghers started to speak while dancing and jumping on the shore: “Came, the red-faced monkeys, baboons with the feet of rags came. What’d those poor ones be able to do?”

With the feet of rags means with socks: To Vāghers’ mind these warships and soldiers were nothing but rags-like. With clappings Vaghers commanded their cannonier: “O Versee! Make the cannon ready! Explode and the men of rags would be shattered!”

At the far end of the island exactly at the coast of the big sea there is a Dargāh of Hājee Karmāneeshā Peer. Hājee Karmāneeshā Oliyā is said to have descended to the shore of the Bet right from Khabhāt (Cambay) making a canoe of a slab and hoisting a sail of a long overcoat over a thick-stick.¹ Near that place the Vāgher gunner Versee stuffed his small cannon fully with lead powder, iron crumbs and balls, etc. Targetting the warships he fired the cannon but the balls couldn’t ofcourse reach the warships.

Now the warships started to bombard. The big balls of mounds reached and shattered the cannon of Vāghers. The coast got cracked down.

Inconsiderate Vāghers started to say like the prattle of ignorant children: “We thought that they’d discharge this much small bullets. They’re but throwing these big lumps. We had of course no agreement of such clobs. Now of course flee, dear!” Vāghers fled from the Dargāh of Karmāneeshā Peer. Going to the castle of the temple they got stuffed in. And on this side, the warships came out in the sea of Dwārakā too.

From the shore, the two men Jodhā and Moolu are watching the signs of the destruction of Vāghers with patient eye. Beaming a little Jodhā sees at Moolu. Getting disconcerted Moolu’s face bends.

“Moorubā! Child! How did we invite death down?”
The steamships started the discharge of cannons making reverberating sound from the sea. It started raining the cannon balls one after another. They broke the rampart of the fort. So the Vāgher warriors took the shelter of shops. In a moment the shops got demolished, hence Vāghers stood behind the walls of the ruins. The discharged blots are falling, they explode after falling and with the blast the blazes that can devastate hundreds of people, are emitted. They have no idea what to do now: At that time the old men thought out a knack: Rush brethren, bring the quilts and come. And getting the quilts wet, extinguish the balls (clods) as soon as they fell suppressing with the quilts.

Soaking the quilts in water the Vāghers got standing. No sooner did the ball drop than they started to press the quilts rushing on. Getting extinguished the clods rested where they fell. One whole day the rescue was made that way. As the men on steamboats saw with the telescope, the contrivance of Vāghers was revealed.

At the dawn on the second day the men retreated the steamboats. They changed the ammunition. The fires of the cannons began. Here Vāghers also stood ready moistening the quilts, but this time the quilts proved to be useless. Blasting of course in the air, the cannon balls began to crush the people to death. There was no way for Vāghers. Devā cried out: “Is there any deliverance now?”

“Let’s enter into the temple.”

“Oho…. Alas! Those cow-eaters will bombard on the temple and in which birth shall we get released from the sin?”

There is no other remedy, we’d be consumed in no time. And the enemies wouldn’t bombard on the temple.

Losing the senses the Vāghers entered into the temple. In the meantime two balls exploded in the compound of the temple, and as they go to catch them with quilts a poisonous gas released out of it. Getting suffocated all the eight men who went to extinguish, fell down. The second ball hit exactly the dome of the big shrine. One prop got broken down. At that time getting vexed/troubled Devā Chhabānee roared: “Brothers, now the enemies have crossed the limit. And know that these shrines of God are sure to be shattered by our sin. We can’t witness this situation of Hindwānā with open eyes. It’d be
better we ourselves cease to be before the God’s idol gets broken. Come out.”

“But where shall we go?”

“Dwārakā via Ārambhādā.”

In the while a spy brought the news, “Devābhā, we can’t go by road now. Blocking the ways the artillery is approaching. They’ll blow up on seeing us”. There was a Bhātiyā named Raghu Shāmajee: He was able to speak a little English. He said to Vāghers,” Let’s try to negotiate. There is no other way out.”

On reaching the shore the people raised the white flag. Taking it as the sign of peace the captain of the warship came to the shore. The youth of the Vāghers remained in the castle. Those who were old were brought to the shore.

The captain said, “Give up the armsweapons!”

The old men said, “We won’t leave the arms of course, yes, we’d hand over the castle.”

Meanwhile digging a pit in the narrow lane near the rampart of the castle blocking with cotton sheets four Vāghers got hidden getting the cannon stuffed. Jodhā was not present there.

Five hundred soldiers descended. Arranging the watch at the shore the five hundred men moved ahead. As the Vāghers fired the cannons from behind the cotton sheets, the corpses of twenty five soldiers got piled and the two Vāghers who fired the cannon, rushed into the troop dragging their swords. They made the whole troop take a back. Getting pierced with the bullets the men resounded ‘Je Ranchhod!’ at the end and breathed the last.

Māneke Sinchodo māndiyo, Vāgher bharade Vād,
Sojeer-ni karee Sheradee, Oryā bhad Onād.

[Mānek set-up the crushing machine (machine for pressing sugarcane) in the form of the battle. As if Vāghers started to grind the field of sugarcane. Taking the white soldiers as sugarcane they crushed the big heroes.]

Leaving the western wall of the rapart the army put the ladder at the southern side. As the soldiers are climbing up the stairs the sound ‘Je Ranchhod!’ got heard. Devā Chhabānee rushed with the five Vāghers, knocked the ladder down; dragging the sword, and speaking ‘Je Ranchhod!’
Geegā of Goriyālee leapt in the middle of the soldiers. From over the Vāghers called him aloud, “Brother! Cut the soldiers as we cut the sheep!” Hearing the call, he assassinated thirty soldiers, and only the seven brave men forced the army back to the shore. Thoroughly wounded the guard of Bet, Devā Chhabānee, gazing at the ensign of Dwārakādhish, breathed his last in a while.

“What’d we do staying here now when our chief fell? And the army will come into view getting double in no time.” Saying thus the men in charge of the fort fled. As the bombardment became unbearable the nine hundred men of Dwārakā also left. The doors of the castle got opened. For the fear that the steamers may still bombard, the tradesmen of Bet, going to the shore, informed the captain of the army, Sir Donald, “Vāghers have escaped vacating Bet, and therefore be happy to enter into Bet now!”

1Khambhāt (also called Cambay) is the bay situated at the other end, the south-eastern coast near Broach, very far, and more than 500 km. from Dwārakā. To prepare the boat of the rock and sail the distance suggests miraculous power of the Oliyā (the sage).
11. The Enemy’s Generosity

At the dark night, getting pierced with the bullets of Britishers, Vāghers have escaped saving life. Nobody can see one- another. From where through the thorns Gorā’s bullet would get fired is not certain. Unoccupying Dwārakā heedless Vāghers are running away.

While running in the dark one man stumbled into another man who was lying down. The running Vāgher didn’t get afraid, he stopped and stooped down. He called the lying man aloud, “Who’re you?”

Who, I think you’re Sumarā Kumbhānee of Makanpur, aren’t you? The wounded man recognized the voice of the man who was asking thus.

“Yes, I’m of course the one. But who’re you?”

“Didn’t you recognize me? Sumarā! I am your foe, the Hijacker of your woman. I am Verasee!”

“Are you Verasee? What are you here for?”

“Getting wounded I’m lying. The men of Vasai have run away leaving me, and I’m not able to reach, therefore, you take your revenge by killing me, Sumarā! I’ve done you the wrong.”

“Revenge? Verasee, at this moment you are not an enemy. This time you are of course the father’s son. We’d take the revenge later; the enmity won’t go old.”

Saying thus, Sumarā lifted his enemy on his shoulder. Taking him, he cut the path in the dark. Going right at Vasai and leaving him home safe and sound, he returned.
12. Shelter at Ābhaparā

Unoccupying Bet and Dwārakā Jodhā has escaped with his army. The little children have been heaped on the camel-backs, and hanging the cradles of the sucking infants on the head the women have also fled swiftly within the night with the men. As they moved some distance, they received the news from the opposite direction “Get back brethren. The guard of soldiers has been placed on that way.” As they left that way and went the other one, the news of the blockade is received from there too.

After straying thus for the whole night the troops of Vāghers reached at the outer land of Poshitrā at dawn. The hoofbeats of the government army are also following behind. Jodhā Mānek advised, “We’d be delivered only if we enter into that Dābhālo Khadā there. So rush quickly.”

There is the thick assemblage called Dābhālo Khādo’ and there flows a stream coming from the sea, and there is the place of Dhunā Mātā¹. It was so wonderful a place that the Bahārvatiyās would get to the lap of Lord on reaching there. As Dābhālo Khādo was at some yards’ distance the Bhuvā² who was accompanying said: “Jodhā Bāpu! Now there’s no fear. Mātājee blesses our troops.”

“How did you know, brother?”

“Look this. The Mother’s flag is flying against the wind. Now there is no possibility for the army to reach us. Mother Goddess would have blinded them utterly in the wasteland.

Going into the Dābhālo Khādā the Bahārvatiyās encamped; guards were arranged all around. The Vāgher women sat for grinding the grains setting the stone mills that had been brought together. Jodhā Mānek’s Dāyaro also got on full swing like the king’s court. Recollecting this sudden tumult all the leaders got sunk into the thought of what had happened. As if a dream came and disappeared. Jodhājee asked the men: “Any news of Dwārakā?”

“The news is very distressing. The soldiers have begun oppression over the temples.”

“What happened, brother?”
“They have broken the right hand fingers of the icon of Dakhanāmurti and they have damaged the other idols too.”

Saying “Alas! Alas!” Jodhā closed the eyes.

“Secondly, the soldiers had entered in the Bet the same night we unoccupied the castle. The next day in the morning Donwell Sāhib commanded the soldiers to loot.”

“The command to loot?”

“Yes, Bāpu, he ordered for looting, and so first of all, the soldiers became dead drunk as they found the liquor that was hidden in the vessels of Karānchee. Then with naked sword they began to slay the dogs, cats, cattle and whatever met, the innocent men of the common folk without any reason.”

Saying “Hum!” Jodhā Mānek sighed. The palms of the others seated there at once reached the swords. Looking this Jodhājee spoke, “Be patient, brother! The matter is unfinished yet. Then what happened, man?”

A stall of gold was found from the temple wall which was broken. The Gorās thought that the walls would be full of the planks! So a troop of soldiers came to excavate and blow up the castle the following day. The population made entreaties ‘Herein are our temples and the idols in the temples, hence stop it!’ The chief of the troop spoke, ‘Take away your idols within two hours or there wouldn’t remain even a bit of it.’ Lifting up, the idols were located in the cow- pen of Rādhājee³ and filling the excavation with gun powder from the four sides, the men of the troop blew up the whole castle and all the shrines together. Now of course the ruins terrify even during the daytime. At night it is impossible to stand.”

“And now?”

“Now, of course they’ve started looting. As they get money out of the temples, the robbers are growing more and more enthusiastic. The abundance of the ornaments for the God, the cash…”

“And what of the ornaments and money of the people themselves, put in the temples for preservation?”

“They’d also go together, Bāpu. Who’d care?”

“O Ranchhodrāi! Ranchhodrāi! Our sins overcome. Even the good would also suffer along with the bad! We’ve brought to utter predition, Moorubhā!” While speaking thus the old man gazed in the firmament.
As the talk goes on thus, a camel is coming hurriedly running into the thicket, and the rider, while the camel is half-bent to sit, jumps down to inform the dāyaro breathlessly:

“The troops are wandering in our search in all the ten directions. One troop had gone to Vashee, where of course no Bahārvatiyā was found, so the men of the troop set fire to the village and blew up the caravansary by filling up the excavation with gun powder.”

“Burnt Vashee down? What happened to the population?”

“Some escaped and some of them burned to death. The cattle might have utterly boiled while being fixed at the nail.”

“Then which side did the troop descend?”

“They’re tracing the footmarks. Posheetarā, Shāmasāsar and right upto Rājaparā the clues have been followed. And now for sure that they’d come here in no time, Bāpu!”

“Who would hide us now? There remains only one great place to hide in for a thousand and half people now. Let’s move on brothren, Āphaparo will provide us the shelter.”

On the border of Porbandar and Nagar state, Mount Barādā is outstretched in about forty five kilometres and its higher portion under Jāmnagar is called by the name Ābhaparo. Ābhaparo⁴ is really talking with the sky. Halāman Jethawā’s Ghoomalee town, built by the ghost for the sake of Jethawā kings, where the tears of the separated beautiful woman of Halāman, Sonā got dripped, where the Bābariyā Youngman with coming out moustaches named Rākhāyat asleep forever in the death bed wearing the Mindhol⁵ while getting back the cow herds from the hands of the enemies, and waiting after him the separated lady Sonā, kansāree took the shelter of Baradāi Brahmins to get rescued from the wicked intention of the Jethawā king, and got so many determined Brahmins assassinated by the king that a pound and quarter Janeus could have been collected from the dead bodies⁶, where on the bank of Venu river Rānā Meh Jethawā had accepted to waste away in Leprocy with the curse of the beautiful and hoary Chāran girl named Oojālee by refusing her entreaties of love—

On such a mountain Ābhaparā there are three antique lakes named Kālubhā, Kacholiyu and Sākundo which Shailkumar Jethawā got the ghost to
build. Placing the stone-mills in the bushes and clefts of the hollow stones at the hedge of the lake the Vāgher households populated a village. They began to bring the grain for maintenance getting stuffed on the backs of male buffaloes from the thrashing yards of the farmers from the Barādā region and Nagar province.

And the colour of desperateness began floating on the countenance of Jodhā: Jodhā came into his true form. He instigated great vindictiveness with Britishers. His heart got fixed on God:

Manado molāsen lagāyo
Jodho Mānek roopamen āyo!
Kamarun kaseene Mānek bāndhiyun alā!
Gāyakwādke namāyo — Jodho...
Kesar Kapadā alālā! Māneke rangiyān ne
Taravāresen ramāyo — Jodho ...
Jodhā Mānekjee chadee asavāree alā!
Satīyen-ke sees namāyo — Jodho...
Ooncho tekaro Ābhaparejo alā!
Te par dango rachāyo — Jodho...
Shekh Isāk chaye, suno munjā sājan!
Dātār madate-men āyo — Jodho ...

[Jodho Mānek came in true colour; he got his heart stuck to the lord. He girded up the loins tightly. He came to the notice of the whole world with the striking of the bell. Colouring the clothes in saffron colour the Māneks played with swords. The procession of Jodhā Mānek started the invasion. Bending the head Jodhājee revered (paid obeisance) the head stones (memorials) of the chaste women that had been there in the outskirt. On the high hillock of Ābhaparā he set the battle right. The poet Shekh Isāk says “O my kinsmen! Listen! Dātār came to his assistance.”]
1. Dhunā Mātā: The name of a deity (goddess) whose small shrine is situated at that place.

2. Bhuvā: A worshipper in the temple of a goddess. It is said that the Mother Goddess enters in him when she is summoned by the paens and music. Then he finds out the solution of the problems of people; answer their questions, etc.

3. Rādhājī: The name of the dearest queen of Lord Shree Krishna.

4. Ābhāparo: ‘Ābha’ means sky and ‘paro’ means the part or section. Here, the mountain.

5. Mindhol: ‘Mindhol’ means the emetic nut which is regarded auspicious as it is tied on the wrist of the marrying man. It is untied after the marriage ceremony is over, performing the ritual at the holy place where the marrying man generally renders his worship. Here, as the ‘Mindhol’ being still on, it suggests the man has not fully completed the marriage ritual yet.

13. Madam’s Desire

In the Bungalow of the British Governor of Dwārakā, Madam Mary is seated being obstinate with her husband Sir Barton. The officer is persuading the woman: “Mary, don’t you be persistent. Today we have come here being the government ruler. Here, the Vāghers’ Bahārvatā is blazing. We haven’t come to be amused!”

“No No, do whatever you like. I am to see Jodhā Mānek. After hearing the tales of his bravery, I can’t stay patient.”

“But he is a Bahārvatiyā, a rebel, whose head lies the imputation of the assassination of Britishers. We must not meet him secretly. He should be caught soon on seeing.”

“There was no way out for the officer. He ordered Rāmajee Sheth of Dwārakā for bringing Jodhā down from Ābhaparā. Rāmajee Sheth got perplexed.

“Sir, will you keep true to the word? No deceit would happen?”

“Rāmajee Sheth, call him on keeping faith on my dignity.”

Rāmajee sent the secret information to the peak of Ābhaparā, “Jodhābhā, come on, there is the scope for compromise.”

Jodhā descended. The ruby of Okhā got down. There was no equal of the luster in Sorath: elated broad chest: strong and sturdy shoulders: nice curved moustaches: Jādejee1 beared: big wide eyes full of sweetness: and the body fully equipped: Even today, renowned people talk of the distinct countenance of that Vagher king, having heard from their elders.

Arriving in the deep thicket outside the village Jodhā waited. He sent the message to Rāmajeebhā. Rāmajee Sheth ran to the madam. Madam’s heart was leaping like the young one of the deer since morning. Today her craving to see the model of Kāthiyāwādee valiant is to be gratified. The English daughter has the zeal for beholding the intrepid man.

“Madam Sā’b! Jodhā Mānek has come to hand.”
“Sheth! Don’t bring him here! Bring him not here, perhaps Sāhib may deceive! Not here in the court, but arrange the meeting outside in the jungle of course!”

There was the fright of concern in Mary’s heart. She didn’t have full trust even on her husband.

The officer accepted to meet outside happily. Rāmajee Sheth went to inform his king. On seeing the old pal Jodhā rushed forth. Meeting Bhātiyā with the embrace he spoke with overflowing heart, “Rāmjeebha! Wonder that we’ve met alive! Of course I had no hope.”

Rāmjee Sheth’s heart also became heavy. With him was his ten years old grandson, Ratanshee who went on steadily to watch the affection of this companionship. (Ratanshee is living today in Bet.)

The Sāheb came. Madam came. Both shook hands with Jodhā. The white couple made a steady affectionate gaze at the virile countenance of the wheaten coloured and illiterate rebel. As if they went on soaking every single line of Jodhā. Sāheb looks at Madam and Madam looks at Sāheb. As if the eyes of the two are talking something for Jodhā. As if the inexpressible face of Madam is saying in the merciful language, “The right owner of Okhāmandal is of course this. We have merely usurped. What of his offspring? Where’d his woman go and spend life? Are you thinking of it?”

Madam’s eyes appeared moist. Barton said, “Jodhā Mānek! Would you live under surveillance here with me? I’d bring your Bahārvatā to termination. There’s none of your crime. The crime is of the ones who instigated you. Stay here. I begin the negotiation for you.”

Jodhā looked at Rāmajeebhā. Rāmajeebhā was a man of unyielding self-respect. He said, “No, sir, Jodhābhā is of course the king of Okhā. He shouldn’t be under surveillance. He’d surely get on with freedom. I stand guarantee if you say.”

“Rāmajee Sheth, I am sorry, the law has tied my hands. He shouldn’t be relieved on security. You leave him stay here. I’ll keep him as a king.”

“No! No! No!” Old Rāmajee nodded his head. “In case the deceit occurs to my king who’s come on my trust, my seven generations would sink in disgrace! I don’t accept, Jodhābhā! Turn back.”
Sāheb expressed regret. Madam is beholding of course the colours coming out on the countenance of the Bahārvatiyā. Finally, Jodhā stood up to go; Sāheb-Madam shook hands again. Oozing sweetness from the big black eyes the Bahārvatiyā stood towards the temple of Ranchhodrāi, joined hands in supplication and turned back towards Ābhaparā.

Hearing on the sounds of his footsteps in the thicket Madam remained standing.

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1 Jādejee: Of the style of Jādeja, a dominant Girāsdar (ruling) clan of Sorath. The community of landholders and rulers of Jāmnagar, Rājkot and Kutchh districts.
14. Government Search

People have thronged on the Chorā of Dātrānā village. And a white officer with a sword at the waist on one side and a revolver to the other, the belt of cartridge on the chest, the hat with a golden chain, leather shoes shining up to the knees, rock like horse and only five riders, standing with such equipment he asks the Patel of the village, “Where did the Bā’rvatiyā go?”

Patel hesitates to give reply, his tongue gets stammered. There is a fright in his heart that the Bahārvatiyās would burn him alive in his own heap of grass if someone goes and informs the Bahārvatiyā. The officer spread his influence: “If you get afraid, and don’t speak, we’ll catch you. We’d leave our Bloch people at your house. Hence speak directly, where’re the Bahārvatiyās?”

“Sāheb, Bahārvatiyās have gone over Ābhaparā after the mountain of Bhavaneshwar via the outskirts of Charakalā, Gurugadh and Dātaradā.”

“How many people?”

“Twelve Hundred!”

“Who provides the bread?”

“Sāheb, the owner of the male buffalo of our villager, who went to bring the buffalo back at Ābhaparā, says the thing he witnessed that all the twelve hundred people fill the stomach only with the boiled millet bringing from the nearby thrashing yards. And Jodhā Mānek has said, ‘We are not to rob people till we get food on money in the province of Jām Sāheb. Otherwise we have to raid the big villages.”

“Well! The Government’d take off their skin!”

Saying thus the Sāheb with the reddish face ran his horse away. The officer began thinking on his way: The children, women and men maintain themselves only with boiled millet for their honour, what reach do these rented people have to resist firmly against such people?
1. Chorā: A public place of a village. In Saurāshtrā, every village might have a Chorā. Generally a temple within and attached sitting place comprise ‘Chorā’.

2. Patel: A head of the village; a local administration of the village. The word is also used for the community (or one belonging to it) of farmers.

3. Baloch: One of the Muslim communities (or one belonging to it) originally coming from Baluchistan. Here, the riders, the soldiers on horseback.

15. The Other Negotiation

Over Ābhaparā, while guarding Bahārvatiyās go on with the renovation of the old fort during the whole day and getting the Diaro together play Dāndiārās at night. Forming their squares Vāgherans are singing the Rāsadā in so sweet a voice that even the hearts of mountains get overjoyous. During the time of such merriment, coming near Jodhā a watchman informed, “There has been the message from the lower guard that four men are asking permission to meet you.”

“Who are the ones?”

“The Patel of Devadā Gāngajee, the son of the Sandhee Bāvā Junejā and two Saiyads are there.”

“Are Saiyads together? Then, surely they might be coming for the negotiation. Saiyads are of course said to be the abode of God of Musalmāns. They are regarded as a cow. Let them come, brother!”

Passing one by one entrance and guard, and getting amazed by the strict bandobast of the new kings of Ābhaparā, all the four guests arrived. Touching the legs of Jodhā Mānek and Moolu Mānek they met. They spoke, “Jodhābhā! Your enmity is against Gāekwād, and why do you vex Junāgadh—Jāmnagar? What wrong have we done to you?”

“Brother, first give the reply why your kingdoms have got together with Gāekwād and the British to get us subdued. What wrong have we done to them?”

“But give up the weapons any way. The government is ready to forget the past and gone.”

“Beware, sons of Vāghers!” Veeghā Sumaniyā stood up like a lightening from the corner, “Leave not the weapons, otherwise, as with me, take it as the ‘Kālā Pānee’ punishment. A Vāgher’d give up life, but not equipments.”

Jodhā said to the guests with the folded hands, “Leave that matter. We have faith on none but God. And I have of course prepared my death bad. I won’t spoil my existence now.”
Serving whatever little gruel of food available on the mountain they got the guests to have their meal. Joining hands in supplication he spoke, “Brother! Āp To Ghanā Jog, Pan Asānjee Sampat Etaree!” [You deserve a lot more, but ours is this little a fortune!]

Vāghers went on to leave the guests right upto the guard of the last hollow.

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1 Dāndiārās: A kind of folk dance and rejoicing. ‘Dāndiā’ means small sticks and ‘rās’ means dance in a circle. They move rhythmically striking the sticks together with music and singing. This is the famous folk dance of Gujarāt.

2 Saiyad: A dominant Muslim community or one belonging to it. Saiyads enjoy good influence as they are said to be of the highest class, of holy order.

3 Kālā Pānee: A Rigorous punishment given to very notorious criminals. Here, the criminals are imprisoned far away from the locality, in the midst of water, on an Island, etc.
16. Decision of the Seize

There was the command discharged from the government that the state of Nagar of course knowingly gives the shelter to Bahārvatiyās in Ābhaparā. If the army of Nagar doesn't make them leave Ābhaparā, the kingdom of Nagar will be sunk. Sitting in despair, pressing the hands on the temples the administrator and the chief minister (Vazir) of Jām began thinking. Many an offer of negotiation was sent over the mount of Ghoomalee by Jām king, but the men of negotiations returned with helpless faces.

Jām said in the court, “Bring the men of negotiations, Bāliyā Revādās! What did they ask you?”

“Bāpu! Vāghers are ready to leave the weapons at Jām’s feet, but not at Britishers.”

“Yes, who else had gone.”

“Bāpu, us: Pabajee Karangiyo and Merāman.”

“What news?”

“The same: They say, We won’t leave this place. Promising the matter of our livelihood if Jām gives the security of Chāran- Bhāt, we’ll be ready to come along being the dogs of Jām, but we have no faith of course on government.”

“Why!”

“For they betrayed once after getting them to leave the equipment.”

“How many people are there?”

“Fifteen hundred equipped: Half of them with guns and the half with miscellaneous weapons.”

“What are they doing?”

“Renovating the old fort.”

Giving up the hope of coaxing all big states gathered their own troops. They laid the seize from almost six sides.
After the midnight of the ninth day of the dark half of Māgshar\(^1\) the winter moon was spreading excellent effulgence. The tops of Ābhaparā had become deeply engrossed in that splendour. As if (once) the lost world of the divine ruins of Ghomalee—those lakes, Vāvs\(^2\), wells, shrines and cellars had become alive once again. Having no sufficient clothes for wearing in the shivering cold the Vāgher children were sleeping near the fireside. Covering the clothes as the masks the watchmen were warming their half-naked bodies by making glowing fires. At the time, there were one, two, and three fires from the cannon on the fort of Modapar.

Soon on the cannonade, the armies departed from every hollow. The queue of six hundred men was formed on the foot path of Kansāri in Nagar from the direction of Ghoomalee: Two hundred men of government platoons stepped ahead on both the footpaths of Dādamā and Nalzar. Three hundred from Killesar and five hundred and fifty mounted to capture (seize) Dantālā mount.

Thus about two thousand and three hundred fully equipped men surrounded the Vāghers. Soon on knowing, Bahārvatiyās challenged aloud, “Come on, my dear! Welcome!”

[‘Halyā acho munjo pe! Halyā acho’!]

No other word except ‘Halyā acho munjo pe!’ [Come on, welcome! my dear!] Came out from the mouth of the son of Vāgher in the grave battle even against their bitter and means enemy. Making such ecstatic calls of challenge as to give honour to the guests and encouraging the heroism of friends, fifty five men of Bahārvatiyās encountered the trained and equipped platoons with ordinary weapons; they got pierced with the bullets in quick succession in brave manner. The fortification of the temple of Kansāree, the guard of the Āshāparā Dhadā, Veenun Dhadā, and then one by one the guards went on falling thus.

On the other hand making a Rabāree\(^3\) of Pāstar village Māndā Hon the guide, and getting the cannons of rubber and paper lifted on the shoulders of his hundred rabārees, the government reached them over Ābhaparā. The day
broke and the cannons exploded. The shots fell in Kālubhā and Sākundā lakes. The waters went on flaring. While saluting the sun Jodhā spoke, “Misfortune has already occurred. The balls of poison fell into our drinking water. Let’s escape leaving Ābhaparo now.”

Leaving his seven hundred youth in the slumber forever at Ābhaparā the Bahārvatiyā took shelter at Mount Dantālā for one day. Jodhā divided the groups thus. “Moorubhā! You make pressure over Porbandar towards Mādhavpur with one hundred men.

“Devābhā! Descending in Hālār with a hundred men you cause Gondal and Jāmnagar to pant.

“I myself’s to beat Gāekwād in Geer.

“Verāsee! You let not Okhā sleep!

“Dhanā and Rānājee! You tire out Bārādee harassing greatly!”

Saying “Well!” all obeyed Jodhā’s order with reverence. At the night fall different toops, including women and children walked on their way in the dark, hungry and thirsty.

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1Māgshar: The second month of the Vikram Calender year. The second fortnight of any month is called ‘Vad’ or ‘Krishnapax’, the dark fortnight.
2Vāv: A large well with steps leading down to the edge of water.
3Rabāree: A community (or one belonging to it) of cattle-breadders.
18. Raided Kodinār

*Kodinār māree-ne jāy
Okhejo Vāgher Kodinār maree-ne jāy,
Gomatijo Rājā Kodinār maree-ne jāy.

Āthamane nākethee dhan vælee-ne,
Ugamane nāke laee jāy – Okhejo...

............................................................

Haiyā-nee dhārane bolyā re Nathunāth
Tārā jasadā gāmegām gavāy – Okhejo...

*[Goes there the Vāgher of Okhāmandal, beating Kodinār
Goes there the king of Gomatee.

Trudging away the herd of cows from the western entrance,
He takes away to eastern way – Goes there...

Putting the ladders they descended into the town,
And the fetters of prisoners get broken. Goes there...

No one becomes the lord of Kodinār when
Jodhābhā seated on the throne beating Kodinār.

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*Giving the name ‘Ballad’ to several Kāthiyāwādee songs of battle like this Kincaid Sāheb has rendered them into English language; as he enjoys full freedom in translating, his translations becomes finer than the original songs; and sometimes, the lines don’t match while doing so. The following ‘Ballad’ appears to be the translation of this song, wherin some lines are missing, some more events are described. Perhaps the original lines for those events may be vanished from the song found by me. He writes on page 38 of Outlaws of Kāthiyāwād –
Assembling the Diaro, he offers Kasumbā,  
The plates of sugar-candies get distributed. – Goes there…  
The glories are hailed to Vāgher. – Goes there…  
They looted the bazaars in the day-light of the noon  
And the camels get laden with fortune. – Goes there…  
They donated the Saiyads and Brahmins and,  
Sweets are distributed in the town. – Goes there…  
They placed cotton seeds at the gathering of cows and,  
At the confine the feasts got served to the whole community.  
The letters get written to different lands and,  
At Vadodarā your tales get read. – Goes there…  
With the balancing heart spoke Nathunāth  
Thy glory is sung at every village. – Goes there…]

“I’m coming to raid Kodinār come to defend!” Giving thus the challenge  
well in advance to Gāekwād state, Old Jodhā Mānek arrived at the rampart of  
the fort of Kodinār in the darkness of dawn, passing the hollows of Geer.  
The Gāekwād army had of course escaped from the village, but one man  
was standing firm with courage on the fort at the entrance of the village.  
Firing the gun that lone man was welcoming the Vāghers with bullets from  
the disolated fort. His name was Ādam Makarānee.

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**I have unearthed the following ballad which is written in gay, jingling metre and  
affords relief after the somewhat wearisome quatrains of the Kathi bards:

1

O! Fair Kodinār, she stands on the cursed  
Mahṛatta’s lands,  
In heavens there was neither moon nor star!  
They were Wāghirs strong and tall and  
They climbed the loop-holed wall;  
Then was heard the Baniās’ wail but  
Their tears had no avail.  
When the King of Okhā looted Kodinār.
“Well done, Jamādar!” Vāghers called that brave man aloud while standing below, “Bravo man! Of these many soldiers of Gāekwād only you proved to the salt. Now come out, move on your way, nobody would touch you.”

Ādam Makarānee could not understand such commendation. Brave he was, but didn’t have even a bit of broadmindedness in him. He began abusing.

2
Then a mighty feast he made for the twice-born and the Dhed,
And the sweet-balls they were scattered free and far.
Though each Brahmin ate and ate, yet he emptied not his plate,
When the lord of Gomti looted Kodinār.

3
And they revelled late and longer, and they chanted many a song.
(of his glory there is nothing that can mar)
And the Bhattas for gifts did come and they thumped the kettle drum,
When the prince of Dwārakā looted Kodinār.

4
And he gave with open hand to each maiden in the land.
As she sat bedecked within the bridal car,
Though the sports they scarce could tell,
   Not a single Wāghir fell;
When Jodhā Mānik looted Kodinār.
Vāghers once again warned him, “Jamādār! Hold your tongue and descend. We are not charging, hence be genteel.”

But Ādam didn’t recognize the nobility. He started using mean words. And by deceiving he fired a bullet on Moolu Mānek’s nephew. Jodhā commanded: “Now he is a dog. He is no more a soldier. Now kill him!”

As soon as the words were spoken Meeyā Mānek’s gun fired. In a single shot he rooted Ādam Makarānee out from the fort.

Killing Ādam as they go to climb the wall, there began bombardment from an upper storey exactly in the middle of the village. One by one the balls began to drop. Jodhā remained watching, “Who’s this to arise!”

A familiar one said, “That is the house of the merchant chief of Kodinār, Karsandās, whose vessels move upto Arabastān, Jodhābhā!”

“A Vāniyā placed cannons?”

“Jodhābhā, He is the Vāniyā of Nāgher bank, Rajput-like.”

‘Dhad! Dhad!’ With the repeated peals the balls started to come. At that time Jodhā Mānek’s gaze settled on one comrade of his. The comrade understood. He was a Jādejā Thākor hailing from the royal families of Kāthiyāwād, severe, stout, and of sure shot the Rajput climbed up the tamarind. Fixing the acute sight exactly in the storey having the cannons, he fired. He got the Ārab gunner of the merchant chief pierced.

As soon as the gunner was shot, the Vāniyā showed the white cloth as the sign of surrender. (He showed the white flag.) Then putting a ladder at the fort Jodhā Mānek climbed up with naked sword coming forward; killing the gatekeeper on the spot, leaving the gates wide open, got his equally matched hundred men entered; Getting the guns stuffed with bullets as weighty as half-a rupee coin, filling handful of gun powder, at the moment when the men moved to attack Jodhā stood up raising his finger:

“Listen it, brothers! Go on regarding the sisters and daughters of the population as your own daughters. First find out the clerks and diplomats! Then catch the merchants! And don’t touch the other who doesn’t oppose!”

Entering into the village Vāghers started firing here and there. In the meanwhile, opening the small gate beside an old woman poked her head
forward. Joining the hands she started requesting the Bahārvatiyās, “O dear! Stop the gun fires, my poor family would get broken.”

“What’s the matter, old mother?” asked Jodhā.

“I have the one and only son, whose wife is about to beget a child. Hearing these fires, the dear woman would get frightened to death.”

Raising his hand Jodhā got the firing stopped. It was the home of Kāyasth DesĀ. Bahārvatiyās were looting there. They were taking out the thick anklets from the legs of a little boy of four. The boy was crying.

“Brother, Mādhavrāy!” the boy’s sister called aloud, “Why’re you weeping, brother! We’ll get many an anklets, if you are alive. Don’t weep, Mādhavrāy!”

On hearing the name ‘Mādhavrāy’ the Vāghers stopped. Looking at one another they said, “We’re of course the dogs of Mādhavrāy. Mādhavrāy is certainly our Lord!”

Taking the child as the same name of Mādhavrāy, the dear God of Mādhavpur, the Vāghers touched his feet and went out without looting him.

Seizing the village and summoning the court the Bahārvatiyā went on with the assembly in full swing. He has got the merchant chief Karsandās, seated to the front. Joining hands the merchant said, “We have surrendered unot you. Now maintain our credit and put the figure of fine on blank paper.”

It is said that the Bahārvatiyā put five thousand ‘Rāl” (The Portugeese currency named ‘Rial’ which was in practice among Vāghers as Diu was nearby), means he exacted the amount of Rs.12, 500 as fine. The merchant accepted the fine. Then he requested, “Be kind to come to my home bringing the whole Diaro.”

Keeping trust the Bahārvatiyās became the guest at the merchant’s place. There was nothing at the ground floor of the house, but as he goes up the first storey the Bahārvatiyā found that big huge pans of oil were boiling. When they went the second floor there were the heaps of stones, slings, etc. On reaching one more storey they saw the piles of guns, artillery and swords. They saw three empty cannons on the terrace.

Laughing the Bahārvatiyā asked, “Well! O merchant, what was the intention?”
The merchant chief replied, “Good Lord, Nāgher is of course the land of Somnāthjee³. There have of course been the blood shed of Lacs of heroic ancestors died for the right cause on this land.” To die and get dead is not a big thing to us. To tell you the truth, had we not found religious spirit in you and had we feared of the disgrace to the women of the village – I am not bragging but – we’d have reached upto the fourth floor while fighting and nevertheless had we lost we’d have blasted the building by excavating. But seeing your fair battle, we grew affectionate and so offered the present, Jodhā Mānek!”

“Glory to you, dear! Bravo Vāniyā!” speaking thus the Bahārvatiyā embraced with heart full of affection.

Filling the bags of five thousand Rial the merchant’s sons’ placed before the Bahārvatiyā and prostrated at the feet.

“Sons!” spoke the Bahārvatiyā, “This I give you back as the present.”

Having the meal of pleasure party the Bahārvatiyā walked out. He did not take the fine from the merchant.*

They began looting Government office and shops; Second day they gave feast to Brahmin ‘Chorāsee⁴, placed cotton seeds at the gathering place of cow-herds as fodder; On the third day extracting Kasumbā they assembled the Diaroes; heard the tales from Chārans and Bārots and music of Nāth Bāvā’s Rāvanhatthās⁵. All the three days the Vāgher king’s green flag went on flying over the fort of Kodinār. For three days they ruled there in actual manner: Gave justice, defended and released the prisoners. On the fourth day they moved away. Sitting in some wonderful hollow of Geer they divided the things they looted from Kodinār among themselves. Jodhā asked, “How many of us in total?”

“One hundred and two.”

“Well then, make one hundred and two equal portions, brother!”

“No, No, Jodhābhā! It can’t be that way. You’re our king.” “First let’s set aside the share of your leadership. And then only there will be one hundred and two equal portions of ours.”

*This merchant had been rewarded with Velan village afterwards and in the administration of (D.B.) Manibhāi Jashbhāi Shrimant Sarkār (His Highness) had been to his home.
After taking out the share of superiority equal distribution was made. Three hundred Koris got distributed per head and the Bahārvatiyās came to the mountain of Vānsādhol on the bank of the river Hiranya. The two pools of the river called Leelee (green) Pat and Peelee (yellow) Pāt were full of water. Beside was a thick shadowy tamarind. Jodhā declared his desire to encamp under the tamarind.

Exactly at that time a wayfarer passed there. He advised, “Brother, any thoughtful man doesn’t stay here for night. This is such a place of suspicion, or as you wish!”

Jodhā said, “O brother, for one who moves with the baggage of death, the mother earth is like the lap of mother.”

They encamped. Of course from the next day Jodhā was caught in fever. On the third day foresighted his death. While dying he only said, “I have no fear of Mooru but a suspicion that Devā might lapse somewhere occurs to me. To Devā my ‘Rāmduvāi’ is to be sa…”

As the utterance was unfinished Jodhā’s soul departed unoccupying the body. The last ceremony of burning Jodhā’s dead body was performed at the bank of Hiranya. One hundred and one people wore the clothes colouring in black. Going over the whole battalion accompanied Moolu.

The tamarind where Jodhā breathed his last is called by the name ‘Jodhā Āmbalee’ even today. On the way from Sāsan village to Leemdharā, this tamarind is standing at the foot of Vānsādhol mount on the bank of the river Hiranya.

1 Nāgher: The region around Kodinār is called Nāgher. It is also called ‘Neelee’ (green) Nāgher, as it is very fertile land, full of green, rich fields.
2 Kāyasth Desāi: A community of Hindus or one belonging to it.
3 Somnāthjee: The name of famous Icon of Lord Shiva, Somnāth. The temple and the town are also so named. Somnāth is great palce of pilgrimage for Hindus. It is also famous for many a foreign invasions, and the desperate attempts of Hindus for the rescue.
4 Chorāsi: (Lit.) means Eighty four, here the Hindu ritual or religious ceremony of offering feast to Brahmins and sometimes the whole caste inviting people from wherever they may be. It is considered a very pious act.
5 Rāvanhatthā: A domestic musical instrument.
19. The Uncle’s Last Word

“Did uncle speak anything while dying?”

“Yes, Moorubhā, he’d said, ‘I’ve full faith of Moolu, but Devā wouldn’t remain but loose the way.’

Moolu Mānek sighed. He spoke out, “Devo – True word. Devobhāi had of course been much like God, but the tales of his tyranny have reached my ear. And as the pillar of the true virtue of Vāghers’ ensign uncle Jodhā has gone, my heart doesn’t get settled in this battle now. I’m panicstriken that Devobhāi would perhaps bring disgrace to the flag of Vāghers’ ensign.”

Descending at some excellent place in the foot of Okhāmandal, Moolu Mānek has bathed to perform the ritual of his uncle’s death, put on black clothes, and because of the termination of uncle’s power, the desire of withdrawing the Bahārvatā has occurred in his mind. Sister Devubāi* is also standing beside. She couldn’t stand. The sister who has lost her beautiful elegance lingering with the brother, who has become squeezed, called the brother aloud at the time: “Brother! Has it become so painful to bear the miseries? The old age came upon only at the age of thirty!”

“Dear, Sister! I haven’t exhausted of course by misery. I’m not even perplexed (agonized) for the fact that seven hundred Vāghers gave up the weapons before Gorās, getting tired. I’m afraid of the shadow of God (Devā). Uncle was a man divine. His last words are regarded as of the prophet of course!”

“Don’t worry. If it happens, I’ll cut his head down on the day evenif he is the son of my mother.”

*The information that the sister named Devubāi, remaining celibate had come out encouraging Vāghers in the revolt was received from other place but the Vāghers of Dwārakā deny the existence of any Devubāi like character
As the conversation goes thus the informer arrived. His face was lost.

“What’s the news, dear?”

“Moorubhā! Dhrānsanvel got deprived of the owner. Rāmbhāi’s body fell. Āsobhāi also passed away. Mepā Jasānee of Mulavāsar also got wounded by bullets and Bāpu and Habu Kumbhānee left weapons at the feet of the Government.”

Moolu Mānek bathed again. As he was to think of the recent news, a camel came and stopped down. Coming over the rider said ‘Rām Rām!’

“Ohoh! Dudā Rabāree! How nice of your arrival, dear?” Saying thus Moolu stood up.

“Moolu Bāpu! I’ve come for your good. I have no personal motif. But I feel grieved for the fact that Okhā would linger hence I’ve come stealthily, hiding like a thief.”

“Speak, dear!”

Eyes playing the game of crookedness, black leguminose like, with short neck and curved ears, Dudā Rabāree took Moorubhā away to privacy making a sign. He said in the ears “Barton Sāheb gives solemn promise of security. He promises for handing over the land back. He would keep you away from even a day’s punishment. Therefore get entrusted with. Now is the opportunity. The criminal was of course the uncle. You’re of course young. There is certainly no crime of yours.”

Moolu’s heart satisfied. Rabāree is of course the God’s man: No sin in the heart: and howsoever Gora’s are they keep promise, apprehending thus Moolu took the way of surrrendering to the British. He said his men “Brothers! Now get dispersed. There’s no taste of Bahārvatā now. Take sister Devubāi also to Amarāpar. I am going to the Sāheb directly.”

“Brother, sister says see her face to face once.”

“No, I won’t come; the embers of the sister’s eyes might excite me again.”

“Brother! Sister sends a word that the lord of Okhā would really look gorgeous tempting the look while giving up the weapons to the feet of Gorā servants!”
20. In the Prison of Vadodarā

How have people thronged in Amareli city on that day! The court of four Gorā officers is summoned and the prosecution on Bahārvatiyās is in progress, depositions and witnesses have been heaped up. All the other Vāghers are standing in the box, only Moolu Mānek is not there.

“Why’s Moolu not persuaded?” all the four Gorās ask thus.

The officials answered, “Sir, Moolu Mānek altered after giving the promise.

Suddenly with curved moustaches, Moolu of thirty appeared, grieved and yet splendid his face!

“Glory to you Moorubhā! Here comes Moorubhā!” such words of welcome came out of the mouths of the prisoners standing in the box.

“Sāhebs with hats!” spoke Moolu, “Moolu Mānek may commit one thousand crimes, but never breaks the given promise. I didn’t stay back for escaping. But I was in the confusion of keeping mothers-sisters and women somewhere with a descent shelter. As Okhā is now under the claws of your Balochee platoons; and the Baloches men are bringing disgrace to our sisters and daughters.”

Wrath got displayed in Moolu Mānek’s eye while speaking.

The prosecution went on*. Depositions were taken, writing the judgement the Gorās moved away. The judgement was read afterwards – ‘The punishment of strict hard labour of five years to forty seven Vāghers and fourteen years to Moolu, punishment of seven years to his father Bāpu Mānek. All are to be taken to the Revānkānthā jail of Vadodarā.’

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* It was clear from the prisoners’ deposition of this time that Gāekwād officials stopped their daily wages; and threatened them again and again of attacking upon them and hence they had to make this mischief. Jodhā had once gone to complain at the political section and obtained some consolation from there. But nothing happened afterwards. Moolu went to ask for two thousand Korees as his daily wages for marriage expenses but he was not given.

[Okāmandal –na Vāgher –nee Māhitee.]
Laughing aloud Moolu spoke, “Where’re the ones who call Vāghers unfaithful! Who is faithless – The Vāghers who trusted the Sāheb’s word and gave up weapons or the English who gave promise of safety and then send us to Kālā Pānee?”

Moolu Mānek’s sword was seized in the court. Good weapons had of course been buried in Geer; merely this one rusty sheathless sword preserving self-respect was there. Instead of scabbard adventitious roots were wrapped. Seeing the sword the white officers started laughing. They taunted Moolu, “You were frightening the entire region with such a sword!”

Staring with an intent eye Moolu replied, “You Brownish man! Why’re you raving about the sword? What’s to be seen in a sword? See this wrist of mine, wrist.”

While speaking thus the youthful Bahārvatiyā showed his iron-like wrist, the officers got abashed to silence.

Together with forty seven companions Moolu Mānek moved towards the Revākānthā jail of Vadodarā.
21. Broke the Jail

A horseman is advancing in the waste land. The small horse moves as if counting the steps. Numerous ticks are biting. There is no resting for the tail of the horse: Moving the mouth on both the sides of the body the horse is attempting the bites and the long white-beared addict rider seated on the back, restrains the bridle of the horse with one hand, and hits the reigns turning with the other hand, with the two feet he gives the strokes of the heels under the belley of the horse, himself shakes the whole body and makes gurgling sound of the tongue. Thus inspite of using the six types of skills the horse moves of course with the same motion. The rider coaxes the horse: “Move, my dear, move. Be quick to step ahead. We won’t get the gift on being late.

A robust man was cutting grass in the farm. Hearing these words he asked, “O Bārotjee, where to reach quickly?”

“To reach, brother, I’m to reach to the groom, the king. Going quick I’m to recite Duhās! Oho, Mulavo, utterly miraculous Vāgher Mulavo!

Kesariyā vāghā karee, kānkan bāndhyun Koy,
Jagat Oobhee joy, Mānek parane Moolavo.

[Disguised in saffron, fastening the string of marriage wristlet, (when) Moolu Mānek is getting married and the world remains standing to behold.] And Moolavā, what to say of your glory?

Tun Todā Gopāltan, jo meleene jāt,
(To to) Savakhand chero thāt, Mānek tāhalo, Moolavā!

[Had you gone leaving behind the land of Gopāl (Lord Krishna), Dwārakā, then the whole continent would have been at your service, O Moolu Mānek!]

As the Bārot sang the Duhās aloud, as if the whole waste land got animated. Workers, vegetation, farmers, animals all went on hearing with raised heads. Thus the Bārot’s lean arms got double strength. Extending hands, he went on extolling:

Moolu Moochhe hāth, tarvāre beejo tavā,
Hat jo treejo hāth, (to) nar Angarej āgal namat!
[Glory to you Moolavā, Bravo! Both hands of course got engaged, one hand touches the moustache to feel proud, and the other goes the hilt of the sword. Where’s the third hand to be found! The Brownish men (Britishers) at Amareli asked Moolu a lot to salute. But how’d he salute without the third hand?]

“Oh, but Bārot! Have you gone insane? Moolu Mānek is of course rotting in the jail of Revākānthā at Vadodarā. Why’re you yelling in vain? You’ll get sore throat.”

“Are you an evil spirit or apparition? Don’t you know, you ghost-like man? Can the Moolavo lion ever remain caged? There he’s come getting released.”

“Sure? How did he got released? By begging pardon?”

“May thorns get stuck to your tongue, you black-faced! Would Moolavā ask for forgiveness? O’man he broke the jail indeed!”

“Broke the jail! Broke up the thunderbolt-like prison?”

“Yes yes! as a matter of fact all the friends making the decision together rushed to the gate. As they look, twenty five men of the platoon were standing in front of the window, keeping fourth bayonet. But glory is to Devā Chhabānee of Goraviyālee. Real praise goes to his mother, dear! So that Devā roared aloud ‘O my brethren! Have no mercy on me, I’m blocking the bayonet with my body, you’re to force a passage pushing strongly against my body. Saying thus Devā stood obstructing the window with his body. As the guns of the men of platoon got stuck to Devā’s body, all escaped seeing the opportunity.

“ And Devo?”

“Placing the intenstines around the neck as they were hanging out Devā also moved on”

“Thus Moorubha’s come out then?”

“Yes, yes, and he’s getting the Vāghers together. Forming the big army, he is beginning the Bārvatā again. I’m going to rejoice. Today the news’s from Mādhavpar. Today of course my dear lord would distribute Korees and gold coins with both hands!”

Dal āvyām dakhanee tanān, bhālālā bhopāl,
Sāmā pāg sheengāl, Mānek bharato Moolavo.
[The southern armies with spears came, but lion like Moolu Mānek moved with advancing steps against them.]

And the men of that land!

Moolave Angrej māriyā, (enā) Kāgal jāy Krānchee,
Antar-mān madham oochare, sairun vāt sachee!

[Moolu Mānek killed the Britishers. The letters to this regard reached Karānchee. Frightened in the heart the madams (English women) went on asking their female friends “O sister, is it true that Moolu has killed my husband?”]

Singing such Duhās aloud and resounding the waste lands with his exalted voice the Bārot moved away while beating the small horse with the strings.

Stopping the ploughs the Vāghers started thinking. One said: “This man Bārot’s made good Duhās!”

Fixing the yoke of the plough the other began to walk towards the village. The first asked, “Why?”

“Why should we plough now? Let’s get in the company of Moorubhā. Getting together, let’s form the group of Vāghers again.”

“Let me too move then”

Both the farmers walked on. One Koli who was striving to lift the bundle of grass he had cut, also stopped and remained standing. Thinking for a moment or two he too threw off the bundle, the sickle and moved. The other asked, “Why dear, why this insanity?”

“Let me go with Moorubhā.”

“Why?”

“We’ve got tired out selling the bundles!”

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1Koli: A community (or one belonging to it) of labourers and poachers.
22. Raided Mādhavpur

That way breaking Revākānthā jail on September 26, 1865 A.D. the Bahārvatiyā descended in Kāthiyāwād taking twenty Vāgher prisoners. The talk got revealed in Okhā that Moorubhā has come back.

Coming over he asked the news of Okhā first: “How’s our Okhā?”

The relatives informed: “Moolubhā, the Resident Rice Sāheb has left the Baloches unrestrained over Okhā of course.”

“What are the Baloches doing?”

“As much oppression as possible; catching the wives and daughters of population on public roads they are bringing disgrace to them and when they bowl out for complaint the Sāheb threatens them on the contrary.”

“Since how long it goes thus?”

“Three years passed.”

Hearing this Moolu’s heart got simmered out. He ordered, “Brother, gather the army together, quickly. I am not able to bear now.” In no time the groups of Vāghers and pleasure seekers got formed.

Saffron coloured clothes got on swinging over the body of Moolu Mānek. He asked his men, “Brethren, we are to observe the lucky omen of the Bā’rvatā by raiding Mādhavpur. I had made a vow almost from the prison that I’d pay obeisances to Mādhavrāyajee. Hence first Mādhavpur.”

“Moolubhā! Mādhavpur is the sub-division of Porbandar! And the Jethawā king might be keeping strict watching and guarding.”

“We’re also to pay the obeisances in the midst of careful watching and guarding, dear! Not to go over the unsupported and unowned.”

The coastal region was providing with gold like grains. Tradesmen, Vāniyās and Khojā had got sunk in its abundance. The station of forty Sindhee youth was guarding Mādhavpur. For the fear that Bahārvatiyās may arrive any time unexpectedly, the loud calls ‘Awake! Beware!’ were made throughout the night. One day there was unsupported news that Bahārvatiyā would raid tonight. Right in the daylight the gates of the castle were shut at noon, but nobody came at night. The news came that Bahārvatiyās got back
because of the ill-omen occurring at the village named Gorsher ten miles away.

The month of Māhā is in progress. The days of marriage ceremonies are prevailing. Keeping trust on the dignity of Bahārvatiyā people have started the marriage. The Bārāt of Bhāyā Māvadiyā was stationed at the outskirt of Mādhavpur and the Fulekā of Keshavā Kāmariyā was to ride at the night. On such a night of Wednesday on the second day of the second half of Mahā the band of Moolu and Devā descended at the village of Mādhavpur for the prayer of Mādhavrāya.

Well equipped new youths of ocurse getting joined in the hustle- bustle of the Bārāt and Fulekā first to see, entered into the village at dusk. They enjoyed wandering about the streets. The men of Fulekā thought that these young men have come with the Bārāt and people of the Bārāt considered them to be the part of Fulekā.

The drums and trumpets of the Fulekā got called down. The bazaars got closed. The village fell asleep. At that time the Bahārvatiyās rushed over the police- station.

They stood aiming with the guns. Moolu spoke, “Give up the arms this time or to kill a man is the same to us as to kill a dog.”

Forcing to give up the arms, imprisoning the men in the fort, Moolu appointed watchmen at all the four gates. Setting fire to the windows of the portico in the terrible cold the watchmen began singing while warming themselves. Getting the torches of the Bārāt lifted by the barbers Moolu and Devā climbed to the temple of Mādhavrāyjee.

The men said, “Moolubhā! The temple has been shut up with big locks.”

“Demn the Poojāri, where’s he gone?”

“He’s been hiding out of fear. The keys’re hanging at his waist.”

“Catch and bring that Brahmin.”

The Poojāri was hiding. Finding him out they presented him.

“O Bāpu! Ornaments shouldn’t be taken off the body of Mādhavṛāya!”

“Now keep mum, you pompous devotee! Your’re the only adorer of Mādhavṛāy, isn’t it? Get the doors opened for me keeping quiet. I’m to pray, not to take ornaments.”
As Moolu’s eyes stared the Brahmin threw up the keys. Huge gates of the temple opened. ‘Mādhavrāy! Mādhavrāy! Glory to you my lord!’ Thus repeating the holy Jāps Moolu entered the temple. Rushing up he embraced the idol. ‘Dādā! Glory to you Dādā!’ Bawling thus Moolu burst out weeping. The men got stunned – What’s he doing? Has he gone crackers?

Relieving the heart fully well Moolu got up. Walking backwards and joining the two hands he went out. After taking away the whole piece of silk cloth from the shops, and placing up a new flag over the temple Moolu commanded, “Bring only Luhānā and Khojā traders here quietly without looting or harassing anyone.”

Getting the carpets and mattress spread at the verandah of the temple Moolu assembled the court. He asked the merchants, “We’re to give ‘Chorāsee’ to the Brahmins, and so take out the undressed provisions as demanded by the Brahmins.”

The chorāsee of ‘Sherā’ was prepared. An almoury of Sherā began for all the people.

The flag and eatables were offered at all the places of God of Hindu – Muslim.

Bahārvatiyās enjoyed Dāndiyā- Rās with people, they got the Koli – Patel women sing and play the rās.

They terrorized the merchants only. Inspite of the prohibition of harassment, several free and fearless youngmen got ornaments, etc. by looting at some places; breaking open shops they piled up the heaps of Ghee, treacle, sugar, grain, cotton seeds, etc. on the road and called aloud the village people “Eat as much as you can and take as much as you wish at home.”

Bringing the account-books of merchants they burnt them down.

“Galālchand Sheth”, the Bahārvatiyā commanded, “Your’re our administrator. Exact the figure of fine from all the merchants according to their property and collect, dear! And take the ornament of the same worth only from the one who has no cash. Don’t collect more, dear! Otherwise Lord Mādhavrāyajee would ask you!”

Galālchand Sheth exacted the figures of fine. Keeping ten thousand Korees of Dhanjee Mukhee returned the goods woth six thousand.
While persuading a wealthy merchant named Thakkar Keshavjee Jethā some men of Bahārvatiyās hit over the ear and blood came out at the ear. Soon Moolu roared, “Not even a scratch is to be made to anyone. My heart’s grieved because of the bleeding of this Sheth. Leave him without exacting any fine!”

Having taken her ornaments, etc. an old woman of some trader of Khojā community named Ratan got hidden in a Brāhman’s house. Following her the Bahārvatiyās arrived. They threatened much and inquired; but the Brāhman family said, “This old woman certainly belongs to our home.”

“Then eat with her in the same dish.”

The Brāhmans ate with old Ratan in the same dish. Trusting them the Bahārvatiyās went away.

They entered into a Khojā’s house. No one’s there. “O dear! Good advantage!” saying thus the Bahārvatiyās entered. On entering they saw a woman lying in the childbed. Keeping quiet the Bahārvatiyās went out.

In the midst of beating of drums and playing of Shehnai (trumpet) sprinkling Gulāl, the red powder to express joy and showering Korees left. They caused the loss of one lac Korees in all. The Vāghers emptied the treasure of Jāmshāhee Korees that was carefully preserved as life by a merchant named Devā Vitthal. To refer to this the Merānees of the coastal region coming to the fair of Mādhavpur sing the Rāsado of satire still today. Its one line goes thus:

Devā! tāri joonee jāmshāhee kādhee.  
[O Devā merchant! You lost your long preserved Jāmshāhee Korees (prosperity).]  

On the following day of course Galālchand Sheth disappeared. Nobody knows where he’s gone. Perhaps he would have committed suicide by shame or fear. There has been no clue about him.

The next day the royal forces came. Making tyranny over the village and enjoying they moved away.

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1Khojā: A Mohmedan Community (or one belonging to it) generally involved in trade.
2Sindhee: A community (or one belonging to it) originally coming from Sindh.
Māh (Mahā): The fourth month of Vikram Calendar year, the last month of winter in India. It is also called Mahā or Māgh.

Fulekā: The procession of the bridegroom with relatives and attendants taking place at previous night of marriage ritual.

Poojāri: The worshipper of the God in temples. Generally officially or publicly appointed.

Luhānā: A community (or one belonging to it) generally living on trade.

Sherā: Name of a nutritious sweetmeat. It is prepared from the mixture of wheat flour, Ghee and molasses. It is also called Sheerā.

The women of Mer, a brave community (or one belonging to it) living generally on cattle-breeding and farming.
23. The Dagger of Jālamsang

There was a pipal tree of mother Goddess at the outskirt of the village named Sooee. Because of the heavy rains the pipal tree has fallen today, the small temple is still there.

The Bahārvatiyās are seated at the Mother’s place and their companion Seedee, climbing up the branch of the tree, tosses the coins filling the cavity of two palms together. Collecting and catching up the coins the little children standing below are delighted.

While sitting under Moolu Mānek and Devo Mānek speak, “Dear Seedee! Don’t tease the children for the coins. Shower the Korees fully. Being happy the little ones will give blessing.”

Seeing such merriment of children the Bahārvatiyās get happy, the news came that Rājābahādur Jālamsinhjee* of Sadodad is coming with a big army of Jām Vibhā from Nagar, becoming desperate and has arrived very close.

On hearing the uproar ‘The army’s come! The force’s come!’ the children ran into the village and the Bahārvatiyās escaped towards the waste land.

The Bahārvatiyā on foot and the forces with horses: Rājābahādur arrives very close. Loaded guns are there in Vāgher’s hands, but Moolu ordered, “Frighten the forces, but don’t fire. Whatsoever is, his is the king’s dynasty. He’s regarded as the patron of thousands.”

In the while the forces reached. The Bahārvatiyās got excited. Then Moolu said, “Miyā Mānek! Stop Rājābahādur. But see it for sure that he is not wounded.”

*The grandfather of Late Jam Ranjit (The cricketer) spoke with a smiling face: “It takes no time, Rājabahādur! But you shouldn’t be killed, for you’re the patron of lacs of people!”
The same Miyo Mānek, who was killed at mount Lāmbā afterwards, stood alone against the whole army. Raising the gun to the chest he challenged aloud, “Rājabahādur! I can get you killed this moment but my king has prohibited. But it'll take this little time, if you step ahead now. Check your dagger.”

Speaking thus Miyā fired the gun. The bullet passed stopping at the enemy’s waist. It threw the dagger of Rājabahādur away without making even a mark to the body. Miyā

[Duha]

Jamaiyo Jālamsangaro, bhānjo ten bhopāl,
Deve janjālu chhodiyun, go oode endhān.
Rājābahādur turned back. And the lines got composed:

Jālamsnag rājā Vāgher-sen kajiyo kiyo
Vāgher-sen kajiyo kiyo re… -- Jālam…

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Hedājee dhārane bolyo re Nathunāth
Tojo nam belee madade-men riyo. – Jalam…

[O king Jālamsang you dared the battle with Vāgher, but it proved costly. In the first battle at Piparadee village, Rānājee of your side became martyr being killed in the battle there. You made the second attempt in the waste land, where your dagger had been left. In the third battle at Khedā your police head Alā killed. Fourth battle took place at Māchharadā, where you’re Hebert and the officer Latoor Sāheb ceased to be. The poet Nathunath speaks objectively of the battle between the brave, ‘O patron, your name has been listed in the names of heroes]

When the Bahārvatiyās ran away raiding Rānā’s Advānā village in Baradā, Nāgar warrior Ghelā Baxi followed them with the army of Porbandar. When the force was very close the same man, Miyā Mānek stood up to challenge Ghelā Baxi, “Ghelā Baxi! It’d take this little a time. Check the ‘Dot’ at your girdle.”
Actually the long ‘Dots’ serving as the pot for writing letters, chits, etc. were kept under the girding up of loins. Miyā’s gun had thrown up the ‘Dot’ form Ghelā Baxi’s waist with a single shot without causing any injury to enemy’s limb.

The same kind of sharp shooter shaker Makarānee was there in this band. One day a Hindustānee Purabiyā Thākor came to join with the Bahārvatiyā. To test him, Shakar Makarānee stood fixing a lemon to the dagger tied at his girdle and then he said to the Thākor, “Discharge a bullet and fire out this lemon.”

The Purabiyā Thākor was of course a pearl shooter. He fired the gun fearlessly and dropped the target of lemon. But he asked afterwards, “Shakar Jamādār, didn’t you get frightened? What if my bullet went the wrong way?”

Shakar replied, “The one whose bullet goes the wrong way shouldn’t have such an enterprising chest, Thākor!”
24. Devobhā Departed

“Tell Devā not to show me his face.”

In the midst of the assemblage of three hundred men Moolu uttered these words and the whole assemblage got dumbfounded. It seemed like a sudden breaking of the sky. Nobody dared to make a counter question. Only old Rānājee Mānek asked patiently looking down: “Brother you are wise but are you sure you’re not making haste, dear?”

“Rānājeebhā, instead of haste it would be regarded delay that I leave Devā alive, but what to do? Today, sister Devubāi is not here, otherwise she wouldn’t have allowed the delay.”

“Darling! That big offence!”

“The offence is of course a limit. Don’t ask me to speak more. I see the lamps of Ranchodrāya’s eyes extinguishing. Okhā would be our cemetery. Remembering us time and again the world would spilt over our name. All these for the sin of this disgraceful Devā.”

At the same moment Devā Mānek separated his horsemen and men on foot. While leaving he spoke ‘Let Moolavā who calls sisters to the women of whole world conquer Okhā now!”

“O dog!” Speaking only this Moolu remained seated.
25. Got Sutār Married

“What caste are you, dear?”

“I’m a Sutār.”

“Why have you come here? We’re not to build stories on this mountain.”

“I have come because of the affliction caused to me, Bāpu! I hear that Moolu Mānek removes miseries of all.”

“What calamity are you striken of course?”

“The Sutārs of the village are taking off the lady who’s betrothed with me in advance.”

“So dear, we’ve been out for arranging the marriage of all? Go, gather your caste together.”

“I went to the caste. But the opposite party has enough capacity. They paid money and gave dinner party to the caste-people, hence how’d they defend the poor now?”

“Did the caste also consume bribe? What a knavish caste habituated to gain! Then dear, shouldn’t you go to your king?”

“I had gone there too. But the opposite party offered money, consuming the money the king says ‘We’re not to interfere in the business of your caste!”

“Such is the caste and such is the king!”

“Moolubhā Bāpu! You make the justice to me. I’m the son of a widow: Social responsibility fell on my head from the young age. Working constantly with the adge I collected money penny by penny. Engagement was done with difficulty when I gave five hundred Korees. As I go to decide the marriage with happy heart, pushing me away the in – law said, “Go, go you beggar. Who knows you? That much injustice? And at the time when your Bā’rvatā’s going on?”

“Tell man, whom does the girl prefer? You or the opposite one?”

“Me Bāpu! The opposite one is only the man of credit, not of course handsome like me. The adge doesn’t certainly suit to his hand. And I’m a man
who can work upto midnight. See these arms of mine! Do you know, I cut five
trees only with an axe before sunset?"

“Well then, come out with us on Bā’rvatā if this arms’re strong. Give
your hand. I give you this promise. Moolu Mānek himself promises you that
only you are to get married with that girl. But do you accept one condition?”

“Speak Bāpu!”

“We’d get you married. But you must not stay at home more than one
night. You have to come out with us your single-self. Bahārvatiyās are to be
like jogi and recluse, don’t you know?”

The carpenter hesitated for a while. Only one night of the marriage and
the numerous happy days after it passed swiftly before his eyes. The working
place with the cool shadow of home: the carpenter woman fetching water with
double pots: little children playing on the shoulders: the whole dream
dissolved into a single moment. As if startled, extending hands to Moolubhā’s
feet he said, “Agreed, Bāpu! I have no other way but to revenge against the
wealthy carpenter who irreligiously takes away the engaged woman and the
caste and the ruler who consumed money dishonestly, throughout the life.”

“Glory to you! Say, when and where is the Bārāt to pass?”

The day and place got fixed, the Bahārvatiyās made the blockades
stealthily. Exactly at noon the carts of the Sutār’s Bārāt rattled. Rattling a little
metal pot of salt and seeds over the bridegroom’s head as the sign of
preventing evil, the sister is singing –

Meghavaranā vāghā vararājā!
Kesarbheenān varane chhāntanā.
Seemadī-e kem jāsho vararajā!
Seemadī-e govāleedo roka she.
Govālidā-ne rudee reet ja deshun
Pachhee re lākheree paranshun!

[The sky blue is the disguise of the bridegroom and the shower of cool
saffron-water. How’d you go through the waste-land, where the boy grazing
cows will prevent? We’d offer a nice gift to the boy and then marry the
precious lady!]

And setting the curves of the moustaches upright the bridegroom is
seated with a sword in his hand.
In the while the masked Bahārvatiyās stood up, the carts stopped, there was clamour in the Bārāt. Aiming with the gun the Bahārvatinā spoke: No one’s to stand up. And don’t make uproar, we’re not to loot anyone. Dash only the wicked bridegroom on the ground.”

Catching the arm the men dashed the groom down. Moolu roared, “Now take off your ornaments.”

The ornaments got piled up: Moolu turend towards his comrade carpenter, “put on dear!”

The Bahārvatīyā once again looked at the bridegroom. “Untie the ‘Meendhal’!”

The ‘Meendhal’ got untied. Bahārvatīyas said, “Fasten it to the comrade’s wrist!”

Meendhal, ornaments, the sword, anklets all these getting off the body of the bridegroom, started adorning the body of the comrade carpenter.

“Now get boarded in the cart, dear!”

The comrade boarded the cart. Moolu remained watching, “wow, elegant youngman you’re! This disguise suits you more than this thief of the betrothed lady.O woman! the groom’s sister! Why’re you quietened? Start wawing the little pot of salt and seeds over his head to remove evil sight. And all women begin singing the same way as you were singing, if this thief’s to be kept alive.”

The songs started, the waving of salt began.

“Yes, move on the Bārāt. We’re together.”

Keeping the thief of the betrothed woman imprisoned in the jungle the Bahārvatinā Moolu went on to marry his true comrade. None could move. All performed the marriage ritual swiftly with trembling body. The bride performed the ritual of going round the hymeneal altar with the right bridegroom. The Bārāt returned. In the same cart the Bahārvatīyā took the couple to the village. And at the dusk standing at the border of the village recommended the comrade, “Comrade! Remember our deed. Coming to the mountain over there you’re to meet. Or be sure of your death!”

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1 Sutār: A community (or one belonging to it) of carpenters.
26. How Put to Flight!

O gracious! The offence of pointing the finger? Is this the recompense of giving the news that Bahārvatiyās have stayed in my village? Will you burn the whole village down?"

“There’s no other way. You Sandhees are also involved. We have to clear your village."

At the outskirt of Roghadā village the villager Taiyab Sandhee puts off his turban blocking again and again, and taking the burning bunch of grass the Gorā Sāhebs are setting fire to the village. They couldn’t be prevented. With them there is the army of Baloch.

Of the two Gorās, one is the Resident of Okhāmandal Rice and the other is Assistant Political Hebert Sāheb.

Bahārvatiyās have taken the shelter at the village gate placing the carts. They are bragging ‘Come on! Come on.’

The bunch of grass was put in the fence. The village was on fire. But in front came the bullets of the Bahārvatiyā resoundingy. Three Balooches of the army fell. The army retreated.

Finally the cannon arrived, but after the two fires the cannon went wrong.

“Surround the village”, giving such command the Gorās laid seize to the village. Night fell. Gorās entered into their tents.

The moon set and darkness descended. Sitting curtailed in the cold of Posh 1 month the dogs started barking.

The guards watched with their acute eyes cutting through the dark. They cried aloud,

“Men, the Bahārvatiyās are going.”

Saying, “Keep quiet! Keep quiet! Feeling very cold.” The Baloches of the army remained asleep.

Getting through between the tents of the officers and the guards of the Baloches the Bahārvatiyās left but nobody stirred.

Morning came out and the bravery in the army too. Beugles were blown. The commands were given, “Yes, attack on the village.”
The army looted the village calmly. The Baloches robbed the women of their honour. This oppression lasted till late.

Getting the loot and fornication finished the Gorās came to the tent. They sat to write the report of how bravely they put the Bahārvatiyās to flight.

\footnote{Poshh: The third month of Vikram Calendar year and of winter in India. Cold reaches to its peak during this month.}
In the Darbār-court of Thānādevalee, in the presence of Darbār Lakhaman Vālā a man named Abharām Makarānee said the following incident again and again:

On Mount Ābhaparā, having the shelter of the small temple of Sona-Kansāree Moolu Mānek was staying with seventy five Vāghers. Against him, armies of both Nagar and Vadodarā together, nine hundred men settled the batteries from the lower hollow. The army has the equipment of new style, artillery and ammunition: And the Vāghers are resisting with whatsoever weapons at hand.

The altercation prolonged till late afternoon, but Vāghers couldn’t make the force to turn back. Slowly and gradually the force began coming closer. The ammunition of the Bahārvatiyās exhausted, Moolu became desperate. He ordered, “Descend the women and children at the hinder side of the mountain and greeting ‘Je Ranchhod’ for the last time get parted!”

Pressing the swords between the teeth seventy five Vāghers came down with guns that had the ammunition of last one or two fires. But advancing from the top that rush of seventy five seemed that of fifteen hundred to the army.

The forces ran. Beholding the attack of seventy five desperate men the mouth of the mettle went out of the soul of the force. Getting entangled at the gorges here and there the army fled and Moolu roared “Don’t flee! Don’t run away! Don’t be ungrateful to the salt young men, don’t escape!” But the force ran and ran away.

“Beware!” Moolu asked his men “Don’t charge the fleeing, will you!”

It was the vow of Vāgher Bahārvatiyās not to attack the escaping enemy; accordingly the Vāghers stopped firing the guns. But as the smoke of the firing cleared, the Vāghers saw a man standing in the clear light: He is standing firm and unmoved as if offering Namāj in the mosque. He has no fear of death.

The ammunition and equipments lay spread out on a big cloth. The food provisions are placed; and standing in the middle of all there is a young
man: In his hand is a dagger: The dagger is glittering. The young man has a small short thin beard. He appears to be a Muslim. But not the pretending one, he is the original Muslim: Arab he is: He’s pressed three-four daggers at the girdle.

Pushing forward the Bahārvatiyā stopped. He stopped the men rushing behind raising his palm and commanded, “Give him way, dear: He is brave: Only one out of nine hundred has remained standing, he shouldn’t be wounded. Give him way.”

The men offered him the way out. The direction was given for the enemy to leave.

But the enemy doesn’t move.

He’s of course standing: The raised dagger shining in the hand: Settled eyes: Stout body: rose-like face: Such an enemy is standing in the midst of ammunition and equipments of the deserted force. He’s standing alone.

Beholding again and again the Bahārvatiyā spoke, “Well done, bravo! Young man with bold chest! Go away friend: You shouldn’t be killed! You’re valiant! Walk away!”

Yet the Arab is standing. The Bahārvatiyā is in the haste to occupy the ammunition. The impatient Bahārvatiyā again calls aloud, “Keep aside, young man, move away!”

There came out the sound from the young man’s lips; “I won’t move away!”

“Oh dear! Keep away. You haven’t been here in the Bārāt.”

“I won’t move! I’ve had the salt! I’m not ot leave!”

“Oh man! Leave, we’re to take possession of the ammunition.”

“This magazine and ammunition are for my head; your hands will reach over this equipment after my head falls. I’ll not move away. I’m true to the salt.”

The Bahārvatiyā recognized the true colour of fidelity over the rosy countenance of this foreign young man. Turning towards his companions he said, “Will it be fitting if we kill such a lone braveman getting these many together? Speak brethren!”
The men didn’t speak, they were gazing the man with dagger, the youth was inexpressive, but as if the pride of his appearance was speaking aloud, “I won’t leave; I’m true to the salt.”

Moolu ordered, “Come on, dear! We all sit aside. Stand up one by one out of us and fight with this young man. Otherwise it is forbidden to touch his equipment before he falls.”

All the men sat aside. Rising up a young man battled with the Arab. Playing the game of fidelity finally the Arab fell. Moolu pated the back of the dying enemy.

“Glory’s to your mother, young man!”

The Bahārvatiyā put a covering of brocade over the body of the Arab, fumigated with fragrant benzoin and arranging the funeral according to the Muslim tradition buried the young man.

The man describing this, Makarānee Abharām said, “Bapu! I also belonged to the force of nine hundred men. Having no chance of escape I got hidden in the thicket. While hiding I beheld this whole incident with my own eyes. I say certainly the same as I saw.”

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1Namāz: The Mohmeddan religious ritual wherein the man prays to Allāh (God) with different postures (at different times), generally in the mosque.
28. Battle of Māchharadā

Leaning the head on the precipice of the mountain Moolu Mānek is seated. Weeping too much, the eyes have become red chilli-like. The men sitting beside started to console him

“Moorubhā! Keep your chest steady. Is it now possible any way that dead Devobhā would come back?”

“No brother! I’m not weeping for he is dead. I’d let leave such seven brothers even on the name of Ranchhodrāy. But Devā of course died sinking our clan.”

The Bahārvatiyā got quitened in some time. Then he spoke, “My desire remained in the heart only. How would it have appeased my hands had it been possible for me to cut Devā into pieces! I’d have shown the world that I cut my own brother for irreligion. But now the game’s gone.

“Moorubhā, the Sāhebs have hanged the corpse of Devubhā under the banyan tree at the confines of Māchharadā.”

“Well that it’s been hanged… the world’d see that such plight occurs to the irreligious. Praise goes to the officers. Let crows and dogs eat his corpse.”

“Moorubhā! Devubhā’s soul’s not there in that corpse now; the vital breath committing sin passed away and the dead body is regarded sacred equally to Hindu-Muslim and all. And without burning the dead body performing proper funeral ceremony Devubhā’s soul won’t be at peace in the ‘Pretloka’.”

“Well, then let’s bring it.”

At the outskirt of Māchharadā Devā’s corpse is hanging in the midst of strict guard. Devā had committed dreadful sins. Devā was raiding villages and committing evil acts with his thirty men after Moolu had forsaken. One day the Bahārvatiyās went upon a village named Butāvadar, raided the village and captured the fort of the village. Encouraged by the companions of mean senses Devā became dead drunk. And the companion instigated the ears of that lost-reasonerd man, “Devubhā! The wife of the Āhir’s son. Her beauty deserving you. You’re regarded the king of this village: Command and we’d bring her!”
“Leave it, Devubhā! I give you the oath of Alāh! Don’t commit that evil act! God’s wrath will overcome, leave it!”

Makarānee companion Shakar Jamādār, who joined with Devā from Khambhāliyā discouraged Devā a lot from this evil path, but Devā’s God had got unfavourable.

There was the Āheer called Varavā Chandravādiyā: Picking up the newly married woman of his son Shavā at midnight the lecherous men got her into the fort. The whole night that disgraced fort went on shaking with the wailing of the Āheer woman. Lifting her again in the morning they left her at home.

Midnight fell on the second day. The men of evil deed again came to the Āheer’s house. They didn’t see the Āheerānee in the house. They asked Varavā: “Where’s the woman? Show!”

“I don’t know.”

“Brand him.”

Searing with hot irons the stigmas were made on Varavā’s body. When the agony was unbearable Varavā revealed: “She’s in this big box.”

They lifted the woman. Her half-dead body came back at dawn. Discharging the sighs over the land of Okhāmandal the Āheerānee ceased breathing.

As if the old Āheer Varavā was asking the sky “Where to go?”

“At the mountain of Dhānk. Be quick to reach, the group of officers is there,” speaking only thus with low voice a passers-by went away.

With clutching fists varavā ran. Panting, with darkened eyes he reached Dhānk. Gorā’s guns are playing the game of hunting panthers in the mountain. The British officials of Kāthiyāwād Agency, whose youth is overflowing like a full grown youthful lady. Placing his head to their feet the Āheer started weeping with loud cries. He related the story of the oppression exercised over him. The youthful Gorā’s blood went hot. He asked: “Where’re the rascals?”

“In the fort of Butāvadar.”

The English mounted the horses. It is the 29th date of December month of 1867 A.D. It is the holy day of Gorās, the desire to get big prizes by firing
out the robbers goes in full swing. When'd the day like this come? Such easily available fame might not be sought again.

Major Renold of Kālee Platoon (Bombay Cavallery of 12. No.)
Assistant Political Agent Captain Hebert
Assistant Political Agent Captain Latoosh
Assistant Political Agent Captain Handerson
Captain Harison
Jamādār Alavee
Jamādār Nathu Ālā of Jāmnagar Sibandhee
Rājā Bahādur Jālamsinh of Jāmnagar Sibandhee

With the leadership of all these men the army departed. The horses encircled. The cartridges got stuffed in the guns. The sky became dusky.

From the fort of Butāvadar the tale-bearer saw the dusk and warned Devā, “Devābhā, the force seems to have come.”

Jumping down from the fort Devā’s band fled and the forces followed them. Coming down Vāghers went to Vadālee and hen reached Navāgām. In the field of sugarcane of Navāgām the platoons reached them. The battle took place. Two Vāghers and three men of the platoon fell in the war, and then the army built blockades. The officer ordered, “Rājbahādur Jālamsang! You catch up the mountains of Fagāsiyā and Jāmvālee.”

Jālamsang moved to Fagāsiyā and Vāghers caught the range of Māchharadā.

The range of Māchharadā is of course a small hillock surrounded by the plains. To the east a river flows. No shelter is there on the hill. Digging pits over there Vāghers made a little support.

Three hundred equipped men surrounded the robbers from three sides.

“Sāheb!” an official named Rāv Bahādur Popatjee Velajee warned the Gorā Sāheb Latoosh who was excited to reach over, “It’s no good a risk. Keep patient!”

“Now don’t be a Vāniyā!” giving the quick reply Latoosh hurried the horses up the peak.

The bullets of the Bahārvatiyās rained from over. Wounded at the abdomen young Latoosh tossed from the horse, got thrown down.
The firing from the army piled up the Vāghers too. Evil Devobhā too,
showing utmost bravery at final time remained lying at the support of the
shield, getting thoroughly cut by the wounds. There was a double-barreled
gun beside. He was waiting for Miyān Alavee while dying. To take Alavee with
him was his last desire. Infatuated by the death of Latoosh, Hebert was
moving about with a naked sword at that time. He saw Devā lying at one
place. Taking him as dead the Gorā went to perforate the point of the sword.
Getting ready for the death, the Vāgher picked up the gun at his side while
lying, blow Hebert down on the spot and he also breathed his last with the
shake. (It is said that Latoosh was also killed by Devā at the same place.)

When the corpses of nineteen robbers died in that battle hanged at the
branch of a banyan tree at the outskirt of Māchharadā on the next day a
trembling passed through the province.

At midnight Moolu Mānek arrived, took the brother’s dead body away
from the middle of the guard. He performed the last ceremony of burning the
dead body at Sogathi village.

Māneke māndav ropiyo, vāge trambak toor;
Deve Khāgethee dansiyā, Hebert ne Latoor.

[The Mānek Vāgher erected the structures for the ceremony.Copper
drums and trumpets resounded. Devā killed Hebert and Latoosh both Gorās
with a sword.]

Māchharade Shaktyun malee, parnāle ragat peevā,
Apsar thaeë utāvalee, Var Devo varavā.*

Today over Māchharadā- there are the graves of two officers.

Lying in the jail of Dwārakā old Vāghers wait for the news of battle
every time daily. The head constable gives the information of who got dead to
these old men. In that manner one day the head constable said, “Ravā
Mānek!”

*Kincaid’s translation:
On Māchharadā Hill the Goddess (Kāli)
   Came to drink the blood of men,
And the Apsuras came in haste to wed
   The hero Dev (Mānik).
With wrinkled skin, pale Vāgher prisoner lifted his eyes.

“Ravā Mānek! At the range of Māchharadā your Devā died.”
Smiling with dried face the prisoner shook his head, “Wouldn’t die, Jailer Sā’b! My Devadā might not die easily. Wrong.”

“He also killed two officers.”
On hearing the old man’s eye beamed. Getting upright he asked, “Two Gorās?”

“Yes, Hebert and Latoor.”
Ah! My dear Devadā! Bravo! Glory to you! Well done!”
Speaking thus the old man fell apart in the excitement of the delight on the spot. His chest got swollen with pride and the breath got lost.
29. Okhā Got Orphaned

“Moorubhā! The assemblage of this garden field is nice. Let’s rest here of course.”

“Yes Verasee! Men would refuse us food but would these trees deny shadows?”

Laughing while answering the Bahārvatiyā relieved his body of the arms. He dropped his exhausted body under the shadowy tree of a garden-land in the out field of Vāchharadā village of Baradā. Hunger and sleeplessness had broken him.

Thorough hot wind was blowing. All around mirage, mirage mirage! As if the rivers and lakes are filled, and big cities have grown on the bank!

Other four companions were together; they also put off the equipment and placed at the pillow. Having the support of the trunk of the tree, and keeping the face beaming at any rate the Bahārvatiyā spoke, “Look dear Jagatiyā! Have you looked the mirage? Standing afar as if Okhā is laughing at! O good lord! Tormenting despite being the motherland! At this time!

Moolu smiled: but tears got on glistening in his eyes.

Hādā Kurānee remained watching, “Ugh, Moorubhā! Are you to get afflicted?”

“Oh no, no! I of course went on recalling Jodhā uncle and Devobhā. We were moving with the army of fifteen hundred, out of that five have left today. Isn’t any one of the five thinking of moving away, dear?”

Nāgasee Chāran encouraged delight, “These five left are of course like Pāndavas¹, Moorubhā! Would we move now? How can we leave such a company?”

“Are we to pass many a days now? Many a fastings’re taking place, now of course the lord of Dwārakā will look forward to withdraw the string of our life-span!” Smiling with effort Moolu spoke.

“O…. no problem of hunger, Moorubhā!” said Verasee while yawning: “We can bear hunger but not the sleepless state. No matter if food is not
given! But is there anybody denying sleep? We’d forget hunger by having sleep.”

One by one all yawned.

“Moorubhā! Do you desire giving up arms?” Should I give up arms now? Would I get sunk reaching to the shore? At this time of course the song of Devā comes over my lips.”

With calm voice Moolu began to sing:

Nā re chhadiyān hathiyār alāā belee!
Maranejo hakadee vār, Devobhā cheto,
Moorubhā vankadā, nā chhadiyān hathiyār,

[We won’t give up arms; speak the names of God, o brethren! One has certainly to die once, says Devēbhā, O elegant brave Moolubhā! We won’t leave arms.]

Pelo dheengāno Peeparadeejo kiyo ute,
Keene na Khadhee mār, Devobhā cheto,
Moorubhā vankadā, nā chhadiyān talavār.

[First battle was fought at Peeparadee where no one got wounded.]

Hebat Latoorjee vārun re chadiyun belee!
Zallee Māchharadejee dhār, Devobhā cheto,
Moorubhā vankadā, nā chhadiyān talavār.

[When the army of Hebert and Latoor followed, we climbed up the range of Māchharadā.]

Joto rafal hanen chhātee-e chadāyo nār,
Hebert Latoor munjo ghā, Devobhā cheto,
Moorubhā vankadā, nā chhadiyān talavār.

[Lifting the double-barreled rifle to the chest, Devā said, “See for sure Hebert-Latoor! How goes my charge?”]

Dābe te padakhe bherav bole, juvāno!
Dheengānemen lohenjee ghamasān, Devobhā cheto,
Moorubhā vankadā, nā chhadiyān talavār.

[On the left the bird spotted-owlet has spoken. Therefore thunderous uproar would take place in the battle today. The omen appears that we’d die today.]
All the four took up the refrain joyously. Singing they started forgetting hunger and distress.

While singing Moolubhā went on dozing. He got engrossed in sleep. The eyelids of all the four companions too began getting heavier. They had together a tale-bearer who was made to sit on the tree. Sleep made the five lie down. Because of fasts, lack of sleep and lingering the exhausted bodies got stretched in sound sleep.

The tale-bearer seated on the tree with the gun also started dozing. With the support of the gun he too got asleep.

A man is moving about in the outfield. He beheld these sleeping men, recognized. The army of Porbandar was stationed nearby, going over he informed then.

Hearing the clamour of the army the Bahārvatiyās woke up. Sweet dream was going on: As if Gāekwādee governor Bāpu Sakhārām has given him two thousand Korees: And he’s gone on to marry with the expenses: He’s mounted for Fulekā: As if the pretty Vāgherānee is soothing his forehead at the last period of night.

That sweet dream got broken. Death is standing in front as he wakes up.

The Bahārvatiyā arose. He stepped up in front of the forces. The comrades called aloud, “Moolubhā! That way towards Ābhaparā.”

“No dear, Now towards Ranachhodrāyajee of course!”

The Bahārvatiyā walked towards the army, before the forces reach; all the five men took the support of a house outside the village. That house belonged to ‘Dhedh’².

A command came out from the force: “Throw the sword if you want to live.”

In the reply the Bahārvatiyā roared from the house: All the four pals accompanied the voice together: As if the heroes began the prayer of death hour:

*Nā chhadiyān taravār alālā belee,
Maranejo hakadee vār, Devobhā cheto,
Moorubhā vankadā, nā chhadiyān talavār.*
O dear! We hadn’t come to live. And come forward. If you’re to see the charges of brave come closer. Why’re you challenging standing afar?”

The five men got closed into the house. * But none of the five hundred men of the army had the courage to come close. From a distance the contrivance of guns occurred.

But with the fires of guns the house didn’t fall. Bahārvatiyā also counter-attacked with bullets.

“Set the house on fire!” the talk started within the army. Hanging a bag of gun powder with the bar of a gun, fastening the long match of a gun with the bag, and lighting the match they threw the bar. Soon on dropping on the house the gun powder ablazed. In no time the big glowing flames surrounded the house.

When the Bahārvatiyās got suffocated in the smoke, Moolu gave a call to his Chāran comrade, “Nāgaseebhā! You’re a Chāran. Hence you get my head off, don’t allow my head to be spoiled at the hands of the force. Cutting my head the army would take away and show the world. Then better certainly you Chāran cut it.”

The Chāran got shaken. There was no courage in his chest to cut the head of Moolubhā. Dad! Dad! Dad! Tears went on dropping from the Chāran’s eyes.

“Well! Chāran! My death’s sure to be spoiled? Well then dear, open the door.”

** Five men came out. There was the rain of bullets from the opposite side and here were the last sounds:

“Je Ranachhod!” “Je Ranchhod!” “Je Ranchhod!”

Indar lokathee ootareeyun, rambhāun bole roop,
Mānek parane Moolavo, jyān bhelo thiā bhoop.

[Rambhās (fairies) descended from the planet of Indra (king of demigods) wearing great elegance: at the place where Lords of the land get assembled and Moolu Mānek is getting married- there in the battlefield.]

Nāreeyun natya randāy, nar ke dee randāy nahi,
Okho randāno āj, Mānek marate Moolavo.
[Women become widowed, but man never becomes a widow. And yet as Moolu Mānek died, today Okhāmandal (which is masculine), got widowed, got orphaned.]

*Translating this Kincaid writes: Here is a quartrain that was supposed to have been chanted as the storming party camp up and from its spirit, might have been sung on the banks of the proud Eurotas:

Hear the brothers, Mānik say,
Fame or death be ours today,
Captive we shall never be,
Death may find, but find us free.

** Some learned people say that his companion Haradās Rabāree said when Moolu Mānek was last time surrounded near Tobarā: “Moolubhā! You alone go out; many zeroes will of course get added if you remain free and alive.” After great efforts Moolu Mānek accepted this advice. Wrapping the blanket, untieing the belt of sword he came out. But as the extreme of the blanket got raised, the huge gold anklet as the royal insignia in the left foot getting visible Mākarānee Jamādār Shorāb Vālechhanga fired and got the Bahārvatiyā killed. Then as the news spread in Kāthiyāwād, a Sarvaiyā Rajput being proud of Vāghers came mounting the horse from two hundred miles and finding the killer of Moolu Mānek, Jamādār Shorāb Vālechhanga, he killed him.

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1Pāndavas: The five brothers, sons of King Pāndu, great heroes of the epic Mahābhārat.
2Dhedh: A community (or a member of the community) of untouchables; Dalits. Today it is called Harijan, the name given by Mahātmā Gāndhi.
The army is standing at the shop of Sheth Nānajee Premajee in the bazaar of Porbandar. There lies a dissected head in the middle: Long dark black lock of hair is scattered. Though the blood has spread on the elegant face, the face has not lost the grace. As if it’d respond fltering the lips soon! The men of the army were sprinkling gun powder on such a head.

A Nāgar young man standing near recognized the semblance of that dissected head. The utterance got out from his mouth, “This’s of course Moolu Mānek’s head!”

Some fifty eyes got stuck to that speaker. All wondered. A spy of Miyān Alavee was standing beside. He asked this young man with humbleness, “How did you know, dear?”

In a moment that Youngman got aware. He has seen the man of this head again and again, invited at home, and embraced with heart affectionately. Forgetting all these things he answered that it seemed like that as it is a very elegant face.

The matter ceased. The Nāgar boy got rescued at the critical moment. And seeing that graceful head cut, he moved towards home with breaking down heart.

Gomatee-e ghoonghat tāniyā, royā Ranachhodrāya,  
Motee hootun te rolāi gayun, Mānek dungarmānya.  

[River Gomatee veiled her face to mourn, Ranachhodrāya too wept, as the Mānek like precious pearl got destroyed in the mountain.]
Historical Information

1. Watson’s *Kāthiāwād Sarvasangraha*: Pages 116-117, 313-318: Watson’s description is superfluous written with subjective beaurocratic outlook only.

2. *Okhāmandal- nā Vāghero- nee Māhitee*: authors D.J. Mankodee and H.J. Vyas, Dwārakā, originally written by R.S. Bhagvānlāl Sampatrām. There is the information which is collected with objective effort.

3. Appearing as the protagonist in my description Ratansheebhāi, the grandson of Rāmjeebhāi Sheth, who is the witness of some of the events himself, is still living in Bet. He has seen the greatness of Jodha Manek as an eye witness.

4. Many a facts, small or big which could have been added in this new addition, are mostly received from the still living men who witnessed them. It is not possible to reveal their names.

**Whose memorials get inscribed on?**


William Henry Mariot. Lieutenant in H.M. 67 Regiment and A.D.C. to Elphinstone, Governer of Bombay, 26 years ago, died Dec. 1820; first to ascend on the ladder to the fort.”

Fort: Whose fort? Of Gāekwād state. In whose province? Of the original owners Vāghers’. The Gorā was killed ascending first on the ladder. By whose bullet was he killed? By the bullet of Vāghers who seated inside capturing the fort.

There is the ‘Keerti-Lekh’ (inscription) of a rented Gorā of a rented army, while standing before the grave when I was writing down this inscription in my note-book; the curtains after curtains of a Death Drama of the year 1857 were getting opened before eyes. The inscription of this rented man of the rented army, which was descended at the coast of Saurāshtra to
devastate the domestic young heroes, was filling my eyes up with shame. True ‘Keerti-Lekh’ (memorials) are not inscribed there. Where is the ‘Keerti-Lekh’ of the suffering ragged Vāghers of the motherland who rebelled and put the ladder over the fort of Gaekwad only some months before December 1858? In the heart of public. I went to Okhāmandal in 1828, going over I quoted the following ‘Keerti Lekh’ from the people’s statement.

The rebellion is decided.

All the Vāgher valiants have gathered near the headstone of Jasarāj Mānek at stipulated time. The fort is to be broken. Seeing the book of omen the expert spoke, “Dear, there’s a stroke of danger on young Punjā Mānek. Shutting him in the house they departed. Women taunted Punjā: ‘You better wear our clothes!’

And breaking the door open Punjā set out and climbing the gate way place—‘Saragduvāree’ of fifty six steps reached to break the fort. With the first enemy-bullet of Gāekwādi guard of the fort Punjā fell.

Where has that Keerti-Lekh been carved?

The ladder got short of a ‘hand’s distance’ (about 20 inches). The fort remained just at the distance of one hand. The challenge is called aloud –

‘Whose mother has borne a true valiant?’

In the reply, holding the sword in the mouth Vāgher Patarāmal Minyānee reached the top of the fort springing from the ladder. Where’s his Keerti-Lekh? Not there in the bit of a stone, it’s there on the tongue of the population.

I went to Bet Shankhodwār. People showed me the house of seventy five years old Bhātiyā Ratansheebhāi—small loin-cloth worn with free folds, while waistcoat with strings, folded cloth over the shoulder, Gāndhi- cap on the head: thin tall body and resounding voice I remember even today. He was alone. The son’s in foreign country. For preparing the food, the son- in- law has been living at the in-laws place even if she was in the state of a betrothed virgin. Springing with jeal Ratansheebhāi started to say the eye-witnessed tale of Vāgher revolt in a nice flow. He saw with his own eyes, as he himself, his father Ladhubhā, and his grandfather Rāmjeebhā were the protagonists of that death drama. His childhood of four- five years preserving the details of
Vāgher rebellion was hiding in that old body for the seventy years. That eyes and memory of that child of five spoke out and I noted down.

...Streaming for about three hours the tale of old Ratanshee finished. The thunderbolt like heart required for tolerating that ending portion was lacking in me. I beheld the playland of the rebellion, saw the shrines, watched the sea-shore and picked the small pebbles carved by aquatic insects and the twigs of water shrubs.

I saw the places of pilgrimage of two-rocks named Panjā Peer, Soonee- Mehār-nā Dungarā, the Shankholeo coast from where Vāghers descended without any vessel, the Island named Kyu, Mānmarodee Island, Dhabdhabā Island, Sāvaz Island, Lefāmoordee Island from a far. First sitting in the boat from Arambhadā village when I reached in Bet I also saw the isles called Sātmooru, Pārevo and Dhedhmooru. The name Dhedhmooru is meaningful. It is the last point of Bet Shankhodwār: It was forbidden for people of Dhedh community to set a foot on the land of Bet- from the owners of the temples! The untouchables had to get back of course from that rock named Dhedhmooru only. What have the ones who made God that much of untouchable earned finally? The destruction by excavation at the hands of Gorās! At account book of divine justice of ocurse the compound interest of sin and good conduct are applied.
TALE-3: JESĀJEE: VEJĀJEE
[1473 – 1494 A.D.]

The Bahārvatā of Old Times

In about 1350 A.D. Rā’ Kheangār was rulling over the thorne of Junāgadh: He had a son called Bheemajee.

The king of Idar had sent the coconut for proposing the betrothal of his daughter with prince Bheemajee. Bheemajee asked his father, “Bāpu! What if you accept the proposal yourself?”

Bheemajee might have conceived Rā’s intent.

Rā spoke, “Can the nenphew of Idar remain petty chief away from the rulling power then, dear Bheemajee?

Bheemajee: “No, Bāpu! Not at all, I’d resign my claim to the thorne if new Mother Queen gives birth to a son. It’s my promise, Bapu!”

Rā’ Khengārjee married, got a son, and so accepting four hundred and fifty villages the crown-prince Bheemajee descended to the thorne of Saravā.

Some people say, not four hundred and fifty, but four eighty fours: means three hundred thirty six: R.S. Bhagwānlāl Sampatrām writes of only eighty four.

Bheemajee had two sons – Chhatrasangjee and Surasangjee. Chhatrasangjee’s descendents are called Sarvaiyā and Surasangjee’s descendents Chudāsamā:

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The whole region of Sarvaiyā’s belonged to them. But during the time of Rā’ Māndalik of course much of the estate was pressed by Junāgadh, hence the Bahārvatā began. Gangādāsjee was on Bahārvatā against Rā’.

In 1472-73 A.D. Mohmed Begadā dethroned Māndalik, Musalmān’s sovereignty began. They asked Sarvaiyās to accept their authority. So the Bahārvatiyās began fighting against the new power. The Bahārvatā continued for twenty years.

Finally the compromise was made in 1493 A.D. The Muslim king gave two Tālukās of Chok Hāthasanee, 64 villages in total. In the history book of R.S. Bhagwānlāl Sampatrām it has been written that 144 villages in Amareli province were given.
1. In Cemetery

**Lolāgal lānkāl, grunjachh tun Modal-ne gadhe,**
**(Tyān to) Singaldeep sondhāl, Kampavā lāge Kavitāut!**

[O man with thin waist, the lion swallowing the lumps of flesh! Kavātjee’s son Jesājee! Going over the fort of Junāgadh when you roar the trunked elephant like Pādshāh (Muslim King) starts trembling.]

“Anyone desiring food and water! If hungry, come on dear! First share’s yours.”

A man sitting in cemetery at midnight called out thus and the disolate land got shaken with his roaring voice. The days of Navarāt¹ are prevailing.

The man making the call is a Rajpoot. A shield, a sword and a spear are lying beside. Showing that a corpse has burnt recently a pyre is burning. The fire blazes are not left, but producing a deep red glow the coal of the big logs, severe and unbearable, is burning like a sacrifice pyre. All the three weapons of the Rajput are gleaming in this splendour. And appearing like a ghost sitting in the graveyard that Garāsiyā is roasting a big sheep in the fire.

Roasting it he picked up a dagger, cut a portion from the scorched flesh and seeing over he called aloud, “Anyone without food and water! Anyone on fast!”

As the call was over a hand came out from behind passing over the shoulder of the Rajpoot. Widening the palm as if the hand is demanding food. Nobody speaks. Keeping the face towards the pyre the Rajput spoke, “Have this dear! You would be feeling shy in showing the face even! Well! What’d I do seeing the face of course!”

The Rajpoot is avowed not to see back. He needs not knowing who is extending the hand coming from behind. It was enough to know it would be some hungry soul. He put the first bit of flesh into the palm of that mysterious hand, taking that the hand went back.

Cutting the second bit as the Rajput is about to put it into his mouth again the same hand got extended and opened the palm.

“Again you got tempted? Well! Take! Go!”
The Rajput offered the second bit too in that palm. Taking it that hand got withdrawn. Third bit: Fourth bit: Fifth: Sixth.

Again and again the hand got extended and the Rajput went on to give the bits. Doing thus the whole sheep got exhausted and yet the hand came out again.

“Praise goes to you, dear! Are you to test me? Go on then!”

The Rajput understood. He passed the dagger through on his body, with a sharp cut he sliced the calf of his leg. Cutting it put into that palm with dripping blood; and as he goes on to cut the other calf the sound of negation ‘No! No!’ came out. Tinking the gold bracelets upto the elbow a reddish hand came out and caught the hold of the right wrist of the Rajput. The Rajput roared: “Who’re you?”

“Dear! Shakti² I’m!” saying thus the goddess came to the front.

“Why Mother! Why do you catch the wrist?”

“Dear! Enough now! I got satisfied.”

“Were you to find the limit of the Rajput, mother?”

“It was not to check the limit, but to test. Now speak, who’re you, dear?”

“Mother, I’m a Bahārvatiyā. Why’d any good man have seated here?”

“Name?”

“Jeso.”

“By Surname?”

“Sarvaiyā.”

“Are you a lone hand?”

“No, my uncle’s son Vejā is together. And grandfather Gangādās has seated at the position of Guru.”³

“Against whom are you moving on Bahārvatā?”

“Against the Bādshāh. Against Junāgadh and Amadāvād both.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Our 450 villages have been snatched by Junāgadh.”

“The offspring?”

“Mother Goddess knows. Our religion denies seeing it. We’ve heard they’re straying in disguise in the group of rope-dancers. On knowing it the king would kill the children.”
“Since how long have you been out?”

“Nothing I remember. The grandfather’d black hairs that have grown white.”

“Can the Pādshāh be overcome with Bahārvatā, child?”

‘It’s possible on getting good horses, mother! We may devastate the province upto Amadāvād.’

“Jesājee! The horses wouldn’t do. They would be broken in these mountains and deep rivers of Geer. You’ll find two Rozadān⁴ on the bank of River Somat: Putting the saddle you mount on. They’d jump and cross over the rivers and gorges of mountains, run about in the rocks. Jesājee! As you’ve sacrificed your limb to me, take it as my boon that your flag’ll remain safe nad sound till you don’t swerve from the righteous path.”

Saying thus Shakti disappeared.

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¹Navrāt: Literally means nine nights (‘Nav’- nine and ‘Rāt’- night). It is generally called Navrātari. It refers to the first nine days and nights of the month called Āso, the last (twelfth) month of Vikram Calendar Year. These are regarded the very pious days for Hindus as they are attributed to nine goddesses (Shaktees). People perform various religious rituals and fasts and at night (especially) in Gujarāt the famous folk dances-- ‘Dāndiyārās’ or rās with Garabā songs. [There are two other Navarātris too in the ⁴th and ⁶th months of Vikram Calendar Year, but they are not as popular as Navrātris of Āso.]

²Goddess

³Guru: A bonafide spiritual master. In Hindu culture to have a Guru was a prime requirement and man had to follow the instructions of the master. Here, the special reference is about the Guru, who guides the Bahārvatīyas according to strict regulations.

⁴Rozadā (Rozadu): Name of an animal; Portax, pictus. It is also called ‘Nilgāy’ or ‘Neelgāy’; in Saurāshtra actually its male is called ‘Neel’. It is a deer like animal, lightening quick and agile, generally found in Geer and some other parts of Gujarāt.
2. In the Group of Rope-Dancers

“Gadhavā! Keep up eating! Why’ve you stopped?”

But the Gadhavā is not eating. The rope-dancers’ groups have camped at the village confines. The city gates have been shut as the evening fell and the sun set and a Chāran traveller has remained outside. Two-three boys brought the Chāran in their camp. There were two women who prepared the loaves, and got the Chāran seated for having the meal, but he Chāran is not extending his hand to the dish.

“Gadhavā, are you suspicious?”

“Which caste are you, mother! Mine is a Chāran’s body, hence I’m a bit hesitant.”

“Gadhavā! Would you be a wood? Then we tell.”

“Mother! The bush may of course be shaken by wind: I become of course a stone. Say whatever you’re to say. D’ont forget I’m the progeny of mother divine.”

“Then Gadhavā!

Pe pālatee-en pāt, pand pālatee-en nai,
Ghar olakhee-en ghāt, jagate je jesangatanā.”

“Gadhavā! The plight has overtaken us. And so we’re in this disguise. But we haven’t polluted the body. We are not the rope-dancers; we’re Garāsiyān, the clan of Gangājaliyā Rā’. The wrath of the Pādashā is looming over our men.”

“Who – Aren’t they Jesājee-Vejājee?”

“The same. We’re their women!”

“Such is your state, sisters? Is this Bā’rvatā? No cloth over body, these gruel and buttermilk to eat?”

“It happens, Bārot! Time can do anything. And when the men wearing the crowns of four eighty fours (villages) are bearing great calamity, we should at least be able to observe such austerity! On the day when we’d wonder together with a sword the thing would be different. Today we’re bringing up the offspring of course at the shelter of the sky, Gadhavā!”
The Chāran had his supper. He took the leave at dawn. “Mother! The bard of pādashāh of course I’m. But if I wouldn’t deliver your Thākor then take that this food was given to the insect!”

“The one with thousand hands, almighty will deliver, Gadhavā! Or we are quite ready to break the bracelets (to be widows). But it’ll never happen that the Bahārvatiyās surrender to Pādshāh because of our distress.”

“Would Jesājee-Vejājee surrender to pādashāh? Would they leave arms? Then the Ganges would flow contrary. And Glory to you, Rajpootānees! Even lingering thus you’re encouraging your husbands, glory!”

Hajee soor zalahale, hajee sābat Indrāsana,
Hajee Gang khalahale, hajee parazale hutāshana.

While reciting Chhappas the roam of the Chāran got standing on end and he sang the Duhā aloud:

(Jo) Jeso ne Vejo jāy, ole aharānun tane,
(To to) Pe pāndaru na thāy, Kālee dhene Kavatāut.

[The laws of nature will change, if the resolved Rajpoots like Jesā Vejā surrender to Pādashāh: Then the milk of black cow would turn black, not remaining white.]
3. Sister Huram

Veje Vejalkot, sheeräbandh chanäviyo,
Malemal-nee chot, sävazvälee sondäut

[Sondäjee Sarvaiyä's son Vejäjee got the strong Vejal fort built with limestone. To the Pädshäh the lion-like Vejäjee is playing the stratagem like a wrestler.]

Kalbal beebadiyun kare, pad pad mare Pathän,
Vejo näkke vänyv, sävazvälee sondäut.

[As Vejäjee roars like a lion, the frightened Pathän's die getting dashed (from over their horses), and their women start wailing (clamour).]

Joone hal joote nahi, ke dhätiyä ghade,
Keedhal lai kade, Sarathun levä Sondäut.

[Because of the havoc of Vejäjee the ploughs cannot be yoked in the territory of Junägadh. That son of Sondäjee has captured the whole Sorath (region).]

Arriving on the bank of the river Räval in Geer from the direction of Junägadh two horse-like big Rozadän used to stand many a times and having the riders with bucklers on their back jumping over the precipices reach the other bank. Today also the riders of the Rozadän are standing on the bank of Räval. The army of Pädashähee Pathän's has taken the trails of both the Bahärvatiyä's today. The army is forcing them away right from Junägadh.

Jumping into Uperkot (upper castle) the previous night they made house-breaking in the Pädshäh's bed-room at the upper storey. Catching the swords in the mouth both the brothers climbed up like squirrels. With soft steps like a cat they walked in. They saw two coats: Pädashäh on one and Huram on the other: Agile like a butterfly and proficient in wielding a sword the younger brother Vejäjee was about to draw the sword, but Jesäjee turned his back. Vejä asked, "Why have you shown the back, brother?"

"Not for the fear of Pädashäh dear! For the fear of religion."

“What’s the case?”

“Huram’s clothes have moved aside.”
“No matter. We’re like brothers born of the same mother. Goddess Shakti is the witness. Let me go and cover.”

Vejājee went. He put the silk shawl he had on Huram.

“No brother! Now I cut this Pādashāh into pieces! When would our swords have such a glory?” Wearing the form of death Vejā is turning the eye-balls.

With beaming face Jesājee raised his hand suggesting negation.

“Why?”

I’m thinking of this one whom the shawl has been put on. She’s been called the sister born of the same mother. And who are we, Vejā? We’re of course the water of the Ganges! The offspring of Jadunandan who rescued Pānchalee from disgrace!”

As the little sound happened the eye-lids of the queen of slight sleep opened like the lilies of the lake. “O God!” Such a cry got throttled in her throat of course.

While staring Vejājee put his finger on his nose. Huram stood blocking the Pādshāh’s couch.

“Keep away, sister! You’re a sister, have no fear! Take your honour of a woman as safe and sound in the hands of Rajput. But we’re not to leave this demon certainly today.”

“I’m your sister! You’re my brother: I demand the Kāpadu (the present).”

“Be quick to demand!”

“Give the Kāpadā of my husband- my Pādashāh.”

“It’s over, Vejā! Whatever is our fortune! Get back. Now of course let the Pādashāh remain to sister in Kāpadā.”

Both men went down. The swords pressed between teeth went away gleaming.

Trembling with the fright, not of what had happened, but what would’ve happened Huram woke up her husband twisting the great toe. She said: “Jeso- Vejo in our palace!”

“What!” Pādashāh got frightened. “Where’re they?”

“They’ve left.”

“Why?”
They gifted me the life of Pādshāh in Kāpadā.”

But then of course the Pādshāh’s sleep vanished. He went on to see only Bahārvatiyās over the walls, at the door, near the couch, in the gust of wind and in the flutter of trees:

Modal bhe mate nahi, sukhe no soovāy,
Māmad-nā haiyāmāny, koode haranā kavatāut.

[Modal (Junādāgh) couldn’t stop fearing and sleep happily. And the flutters of trembling take palce in the heart of Māmadshāh Pādashāh as if deer are leaping in it.]

\[1\] The reference is to the great incident depicted in the epic ‘Mahābhārat’. Pānchalee or Draupadee the heroine, the wife of Pāndavas. When the brother of king Duryodhana, Dushāsana was dragging off her saris in the middle of the assembly of great persons, Lord Krishna provided her with many a saris that finally Dushāsan got exhausted and thus saved the honour of Draupadee. Here Jesājee regards himself the descendant of Lord Krishna (Jadunandan).
4. The Chāran Rescued

On the dark rainy night, both the Bahārvatiyās are standing on the bank of the river Sonarakh riding on the Rozadāns. The rain is pouring, so they have covered their heads with the cloth of ragzine sack. They are having the support of the spears and because of the fatigue and waking up of many days the eyes of both have closed. Even in that nip of a moment or two both the men are seeing sweet dreams of their estate having been handed over to them again. As if getting together with the family after the span of twelve years the Rajpoots are unloading the bags of desire and affection of the heart.

In the while they startled. Their ears got awake. They heard the exquisite extalling to their names from a far in the jungle:

**Pad dhrooje pruthamee tanu, kadake nobat koy,**

**Jesā, samun na joy, kāna kān footyā Kavatāut!**

[O Jasā! These layers of the earth are trembling, the drums’re thundering. Aren’t you looking in front yet? Why have your got deaf?]

**Jesā sāmun joy, gadahadee nobat gunje,**

**(Pan) Kālhundee koy, kafaree gati Kavatāut!**

[O Jasā! Look at at least. This drum’s banging. But the ways of time’re very difficult.]

**Trehtrāyān trambāl, (kān) sāmbhal nai sartān-nān!**

**Jesā hajee na jāg, kāna kān footā Kavatāut!**

**Neengartān nishān, (kān) sāmbhal nai saratān-nān!**

**Jesā hajee ne jān, kāna kān footā Kavatāut!**

[O kavatjee’s son Jesā! Why don’t you still hear the sultan’s bells and ensigns following you resoundingly? Why have your ears got deaf?]

Such sounds of warning began to come as if getting refined through the air from afar.

“Brother Vejā! Someone’s warning us. Someone is indicating the problem. It should be no other man but Chāran. Let’s rush to Vejalkothā quickly.”

In rain not being able to see the path in the dark, getting thoroughly wet, crossing the rivers and bridges the Bahārvatiyās escaped.
As the wrathful Pādshāh comes out at the determined place with the army the Bahārvatiyās have disappeared. Giving a call a man from the army had warned the Bahārvatiyās. The Pādshāh’s eyes stared at him, he asked:

“Did you warn?”

“Yes, your highness! I did warn, and I am your Chāran.* To prevent the loss to occur to your credit I warned, Good lord!”

“Turn back the army, let Bahārvatiyās go!”

“O Pādshāh!” laughing the Chāran called:

Ayo na undalmānya, Sarvaiyo sartān-nee,
Jeso jore jāya, pād nahi patshāvaro.

[The Sarvaiyā Bahārvatiyā didn’t remain in the hands of the Sultān and he of course moved away with his strength. It should not be regarded your mercy, Pādshāh.]

“So!” The Pādshāh got reddened “Setting out the army search the Bahārvatiyā at every single gorge of Geer.”

At the command the army descended in Geer.

Dal ave dalavā kaju, heenkarad bhad haiyān,
(Tyān to) Zeenkarad zāle nā, komal dhalun Kavatāut!

[The forces of Pathāns came to crush the Bahārvatiyās, but on the contrary their soft shields couldn’t bear the force of the sword of Kavātjee’s son.]

The battles are taking place on the way. Dashing five-five Pathāns each the hungry, thirsty and wet brothers escape. This way finally they reached the bank of Rāval.

*Some people say that the Chāran’s name was Bhavān Sāu, some say Sānjan Bhangado.
Piercing through Geer lays the river Rāval. Such high precipices of hers have risen as if laying a wager of touching the sky. Over the higher precipices too the hills are standing at places. There is so thick and dreadful wood in the protruding part of the precipices that even a lean man cannot go through. The lions are roaring at every bush of that thicket. As are the mountains, the forest, the lions, the same are the Rabārees, Chārans and Āhirs inhabiting there in the huts: The sam are the grazing buffaloes that can face lions: Thus all turn out mighty in the lap of Rāval. As if the mother of Shādulā\(^1\) has become the river because of some curse in the previous ages. Flowing silently in summer and winter, Rāval streams extremely turbulently today in monsoon in the heavy rain of Bhādarvā\(^2\) overflowing so vigorously that it might crush even the elephant. As if the precipices of Rāval growing clamourous with the splashes of water. She has attachment or pity to none in the world. The thunder comes out of the flood ‘hit hit! Strike strike strike!’ No other thing.

Finding a narrower portion the Rozadāns jumped across. Having reached the other bank, turning back both the brothers stood keeping the faces forward towards the Junāgadh army. Rāval has obstructed the army of course at the opposite bank. Beholding the lustrous countenance of these two desperate Kshatriyas getting reddened in the redish dusk the Pathāns went back.

Such a deep curved Soovarnalo as causing giddiness to eyes and the same like Zerkoshalee river; where there is a small path going along the bank. Nobody knew it except the ones who were accustomed to the place. Driving the Rozadāns on the path both the brothers reach the peak and there passing the guard of Rajpoots with big whiskers at the gate enter into the Vejalkothā. Inside the fort is a mension built on wide land.

Soovarnalo, Rāval and Zerkoshalee: hooking all around as if the three rivers have taken the Vejalkothā in the midlle. From nowhere the enmies can climb up. The precipices are higher as if touching the sky and straight wall-like. Behind is a big pool of water. Bahārvatiyās used to draw water from it
with Pāwarā (horse’s mouth bag) and so the pool’s named Pāwarāvāt. It’s so stiff a slope that even monkeys cannot jump over. Mother Geer would have created such a marvellous place for taking the Bahārvatiyās in the lap.

Directing his finger to an old Rajpoot Jesājee spoke, “Brother Vejā! Did you see grandsire?”

“Yes, fate might’ve decided this plight to him too upto the third generation!”

“Seated with naked back he’s plucking something.”

“What’s he throwing on the shoulder plucking up?”

Both protagonists went beside the grandfather. They saw a big dug in the flesh over the naked back, and the insects are teeming in the pit.

“Well Grandappa! How’s the anthrax?”

“Dear, insects have grown. As I open it they spring out.”

“Then why’re you picking them again?”

“Dear! They shouldn’t die; I put them again in the pit. Should we allow them to loose their home?”

“Oh, grandfather, should the insects be kept alive like this? Wouldn’t they eat-up?”

“But son, the religion of Bahārvatiyā is that of a recluse, the insects shouldn’t be allowed to die. They should be maintained.”

“Then they’ll eat the body up.”

“For that we’re to fill up the pit with the lump of half kilogram flour daily; the insects eat the flour and the body gets saved: facility in both ways.”

The distressed oldman began laughing jauntily.

With the white fluttering beard grandsire Gangādās appeared like a sage. He was the uncle of the Bahārvatiyās’ father. Beginning from the youth he had been striving against Junāgadh- Amdāvād till today at the age of eighty. After preparing the two sons of a nephew he himself was taking a little rest now. He had trained the two brothers of the elevated observances of Bahārvatā from the beginning.

“Grandapa!” Jesā said, “Now certainly have a complete rest. How long can you reach with us with this anthrax? Wheather the flour is availed or not somewhere!”
“How can this body enjoy rest, dear? The mind is leaping over the battlements of Amdāvād- Junāgadh. But the body is not able in keeping pace with the mind’s flight so it gets impatient sitting here, as if thorns are pricked to every roam.”

“Grandsire! Now God’s worship!”

“Dear, I’m to bring away a wreath of true genuine pearls from the bazaar of Amdāvād city once, to go and give challenge to the Pādshāh last time, then enough! Rest forever. I’m not to come on Bahārvatā in the second incarnation.”

Like the coal covered with ash, wrathful within the oldman is stuffing the lump of flour in the dug and putting the stumbling down insects in that big wound again over the shoulder while speaking such words of relief. The insects are biting in the smooth flesh but there’s no little sound of pain from his mouth. As if the brace is getting bored in Bahārvatiyās’ heart seeing this sight.

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1. Shādulo/lā or Shārdool: A kind of great lion. It is said that this lion lives only eight-nine months because of its aggressive nature. According to the belief, on the arrival of monsoon when clouds thunder it becomes unbearable for the lion. Hearing the thunders the lion goes on to fight taking it as the enemy challenging. Finally, not getting the enemy the lion starts to be violent and dashing his head with the things around it dies.

2. Bhādaravā: The eleventh month of Vikram Calender Year. It is said if it rains in this month; it is very heavy and sometimes terrible.
6. Death of Gangādās

Bhad je bhālālā tane, ghaghumbe ghamasān,
Amdāvād aharān, kānyun mānde Kavatāut!

[When the Bahārvatiyās with lances cause scuffle going in Amdāvād, the lamentation and wailing take palce at the Musalmāns’ houses.]

Āve ghar aharān tane, Jesang vāhalee jān,
(Tyān to) Khode lai Kharasān, Kabarun naviyun Kavatāut!

[When Jesājee’s army comes over the demons’- Musalmāns’ houses, the Khurasāns have to dig new graves.]

Ten mārayā Māmad tanā, transen upar trees,
(Tyān to) Vadhiyun veeghā vees, Kabarastānun Kavatāut!

[O Kavātjee’s son! You killed three hundred and thirty Pathāns of Māmadshā Pādshāh, so the graveyard of the city has to be extended twenty veeghās (8 acres).]

A Rajpoot oldman is seated at a shop in the market of diamonds and pearls of Amdāvād city. The reins of the horse are of course in his hand. The shield, the sword and the spear are kept at their proper places.

Having examined the oldman chose the pearls.

The merchant gave the box of pearls in his hand. Jumping over in an instant the Rajpoot reached the horseback. Getting perplexed the jeweler rushed and yelled, “O Darbār! Pay the amount of the pearls!”

“The figure will be paid by Māmadshā Bādshā! Ask him that uncle Gangādās has purchased the pearls; if he doesn’t pay the cost, I’ll destroy his crops.”

Saying thus the oldman leapt the horse which was accustomed to fly at a deer’s flight and cutting the path amidst the clamour of merchants, the oldman left cutting straight through the bazaar. Pulling off the heads of the Pathān watchmen who blocked his way with the sword the oldman went as if playing the game of bat and ball.

The swift going camels and horses of the enraged Pādshāh went after the Bahārvatiyā. All the ways were obstructed. The distance of many a miles
passed over. But the stamping sounds of the horses of the army from behing are n'to ceasing and Gangādās' horse is getting slow.

“Why grandsire, why’s the looseness visible?” Jesā asks.

“Nothing dear, it’s because of the old age. Let’s move on!” Again the oldman gets slow after moving for sometime.

“No no grandsire! Tell the truth, what’s the matter?”

“Dear! The agony, because of the insects, in the back is unbearable.”

“Why haven’t you stuffed flour?”

“I’d filled of course. But many hours passed. The pest would be hungry again.”

“What to do?”

“Is there a little opium? Then the body’d have the support and the agony would be forgotten.”

There is no opium found even a bit in the pots of any of the three. The horses’re flowing swift. It’s not possible to stand. The while Jesājee stuck with an idea.

When they came across the black and slightly wet land he dug his spear into the earth and lifted. Detaching the black mud which had stuck to the spear Jesājee shaped it into opium like globule.

“Have this grandsire, opium! By God’s grace it’s been found from my disposal.”

Taking as opium Gangādāsjee had it. The agony was forgotten for some time. Sitting straight again he made the horse run. But the pain gets unbearable. The pest teeming with in the dug is getting deeper and deeper in the unripe flesh.

Gangādāsjee stopped his horse, dismounting; he sat down on the earth and called the sons aloud: “Jesā-Vejā! Dear, one of you cut my head quickly, then run away taking the head.”

“Alas grandsire! What’re you speaking?”

“Yes, dear! Now this body will spend the night certainly here’ as I can’t move even a step ahead. The enemies will reach in no time. But I won’t get delivered if any unworthy hand cuts my head. Hence you cut the head for my salvation. Delay not. The hoof-beats of horses are stamping behind.”
Jesājee got stunned. The grave sin of ‘Gotragardan’ stood before his sight. He spoke, “Brother Vejā! My hand’s of course been broken. Get it cut if you’ve the courage.”

“Cut, my child!” Gangādās spoke. “It wouldn’t incur a sin; it will be meritorious.”

For a moment Vejā became Parshurām like. Closing the eyes he charged. Putting the silk-like smooth head of grandfather in the mouth-bag of a horse the brothers made the horses run. Even the trees and birds are wailing on the way, “Alas Vejā! Gotragardan! Gotragardan! Gotragardan!”

The Bahārvatīyās went along a long way round. The Pādshāh’s army seemed to have stopped at the dead body of Gangādās. Suddenly Jesājee remembered.

“Brother Vejā! What’d the Pādshāh’s men do with the trunk of grandfather?”

“They’d perform the ritual of burning.”

“But it’d be dreadful if the trunk without head burns in the pyre. Bāpu would go undelivered.”

“Then this doing of Gotragardan would go in vain! What to do?”

“Let’s get back! To offer the head into the pyre is the only way.”

Bahārvatīyas returned. Being desperate they went over the army. Grandsire’s pyre is burning. Offering the head, which was stuck to the top of the spear, into the pyre they disappeared.

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1Gotragardan: ‘Gotra’ means lineage, family, clan. Gotragardan means killing of one’s own kinsman or member of family or clan. It is regarded as one of the grievous sins according to Hindu religion.

2Parshurām: A great Hindu (Brahmin) Rushi (sage). According to the mythology he used to cut the heads of many a tyrant Kshatriyas with his Farasā (a great axe). He is also regarded as the God incarnate.
7. Vanārashee Sheth

Jesānā mārel joy, hodā kek Khālee huvā,  
Redhiyun beebeeyun roy, kek hundee Kavatāut!  

[Many a courtiers (noblemen) did Jesā kill. Hence the howdahs of a numerous elephants got vacant. The begums (wives) of many a Masalmāns remained weeping.]  

Jesā-nā jakhamel, jyān tyān khabarun jāy,  
(Tyān to) Māmad-nā haiyāmānya, koode haranān Kavatāut!  

[Several men got wounded at the hand of Jesājee: from all around reach such news. Hearing that there goes excitement in Māmadshā Pādshā’s heart as if deers are leaping in it.]  

Far bagatar nar fādya, pākhar asa veendhee prathee,  
Nadiyun sensa lalāt, koont tāhalun Kavatāut!  

[O Kavātjee’s son! How forcibly your spears got bored? Charged on the heads of Yavan warriors the spears pierced the helmets of the heads, the bucklers, pierced the men, pierced the saddle of the horse and as if perforating through the earth, that spear stopped the forehead of ‘Sheshnāg’ (celestial wooded Cobra bearing the earth).]  

Māree dal Māmad tanā, Khutaveeā khāge,  
Jesā lobān je, keedho mongho Kavatāut!  

[O Jesājee! You’ve killed so many Musalmāns from the Pādshāh’s army that the benzoin has got dear because of its need for fumigating over the graves of all those.] “Vanārshee Sheth! Put on this overcoat for a while. Today you’re our guest. Wear this cloak, and so you won’t feel cold.”  

“Having been caught as a captive in the jungle, Vanārshee Sheeth of Junāgadh put on the cloak of the Bahārvatiyā in terrible cold; after some time the Sheth’s tender body started stirring. Swellings came up on the rosy skin. Sheth started to put off the cloak. But soon the Bahārvatiyā prevented him: “No Sheth, you cannot put off the cloak thus. Of course the cloak will be off after your chit will be accepted and returned by Shethāne (your wife).”  

“Dear lord! But my body gets punched in this. Almost every roam is burning.”
“Sheth, we haven’t filled snakes and scorpions in the cloak.”

“But Bāpu! O Jesājee Bāpu! I feel much agony.”

“O Vāniyā! Nothing else, our lice’re there, our flea and bugs’re there, man! We wear these cloaks of course daily. But what’d poor lice drink in our body without blood now? Well these lice’ve got your sweet blood today! How’d these poor lice of Bahārvatiyās avail the sweet blood of merchant like you?”

“O Bāpu! It’s a dread! It’s not tolerable.”

“Don’t worry, Sheth! You won’t be dead losing a seer or half of blood. We’re not to bore you with a javelin. We don’t wound or cut you Vāniyās. For nothing you may have repulsion. The better are these lice. You may earn merit and for me also it may be a saving of a little blood.”

“But it is unbearable to me. Let me remain free. I’m ready to stay as many days as you keep me here.”

“Brother Vejā!” Jesā spoke, “Don’t harass the Sheth now. Put the cloak off.”

As the cloak got off the Vāniyā uttered, “Ah the scribbling with the stings of the insects has come out on my body.

“Vanārshee Sheth” spoke the Bahārvatiyā, “We wear this cloak daily. Do you conceive anything about our distress?”

“Why do you pressure the lice, Bāpu !”

“Don’t you know why those sages of yours with white and yellow clothes preserve lice?”

“For them of course the living being is not to be killed. They are called the sages of course. They are to be avowed to observe the principle pf compassion to any living being.”

“Then, Sheth, We too do have the vows of Bahārvatā. We, the Bahārvatiyās are certainly half a recluse. We cannot kill the insects from over the body. Even if it falls down, we should lift them to put into the cloth again. Not to bathe, not to wash, such is the state of ours for the last eighteen to twenty years. The wise Vānok got on thinking. After a while he spoke with a smile on his face, “Why do you captivate merchants and Vāniyās and force them to give money if you preserve lice and dandruff? Why is such a big terror? Why’s pity not there?”
No other should t’ be pity on you. Why should it be? Our rather cutting your heads ornamental archs should be made with them at every gorge of geer."

"Who Bāpu!" the sheth’s roams trembled

"Are you asking why? Aren’t you ashamed? Do you salute the pādshāh who oppresses us? Do you pay him the tax? Earing with Word work the farmers provide food that irreligious man with food! You carry his rule through here! A forginer on one hand and irreilouson the other! Being his dogs you lick the vicious feet, provide with the facilities for oppression over us, and yet we’re to let you go, isn’t it?"

As if the mountains of Geer are accompanying at every utterance of the Bahārvatiyā. Birds got hidden contracting the limbs while sitting on the trees. The Bahārvatiyā spoke again:

Better are these lice, flea and bugs than you of course! They don’t pay the Pādshāh money, not even salute. Where can the poor ones go as God has given them life on over body? They remain lying sucking a little blood. How can we kill them? If we’re to kill, it’s none but people like you.”

As the talks are going on suddenly a chariot resounded. Deep read canopy appeared leaping with a lance the lion with ‘Panchkesh’² Vejājee reached the top of the mountain.

"Elder brother!" Vejā said, “A woman seems to have descended. Together appear five men.”

"Armed?"

“No, each has put a bag on head. Labourer like they are approaching.”

“Vejā! Go to receive them, dear. Bring the sister whomsoever she is, here with care. There’s the fear of wild animals in the forest.”

Accompanying a woman and the five labourers with bags Vejājee came to the gorge. On seeing the countenance of Vanārshee Sheth gleamed like the Aratee of lord on filling the oil. Behloding downward the woman leveled end of her sāri.

The Bahārvatiyās understood. Getting all the five bags placed before Bahārvatiyās the woman moved ahead. Proud, fair and causing the desire to be born of her the woman asked with a glorious voice, “Brothers, are you Jesājee- Vejājee?”
“Yes! We ourselves.”

“Well, let me have your Dukhanā.” Coming forward the Vāniyan touched the temples of the bent heads of the Bahārvatīyās with her fist.

“Who are you, sister?” asked the Bahārvatīyā.

“I’m your sister, brother. And I’ve come to pay the Korees of the fine that you exacted this prisoner of yours.”

The Bahārvatīyās became astonished. “What relation are you to this Sheth, sister?”

“The crown of my head (husband): As you have kept him alive I give the blessing to your women that may God keep their bangles (wifehood) unbroken.”

“Unbroken bangles!” Bahārvatīyās laughed, “O sister, for the last twelve years of course the bangles of the Rajpootānees’re almost broken even without breaking. Now, Rajpootānees might not have the desire of the unbroken bangles.”

All went tongue-tied hearing it.

Jesājee spoke, “Sister! You go out of this mountain now. Vanārshēe Sheth! You’re now free. Get back these bags too.”

“Why Bāpu?”

“We’re returning it as the present to our sister.”

The woman said, “No Bāpu! You keep. You need it.”

“We need not, sister! We have nito to eat in silver plates. Are we to offer meals to the Pādshāh serving rich and dainty dishes? You take it back. To us even your single Koree is forbidden, sister!”

Vanārshēe took the dust of the Bahārvatīyās’ feet. With folded hands he said, “Bāpu! Of course a Vāniyā I’m, fully absorbed in selfishness. But I’d do my best to bring your Bahārvatā to termination.”

“Brother, dear!” Shethānee spoke, “Make it sure to remember the sister when you come to Junāghadh! And take my house as the mother’s belley even in the midst of Pādshāhee of seven Pādshāhs. You’ve given me the new birth. When would I repay of such a debt.

“Glory to you, sister!”
The Hindu Sanyāsee (sages) wear saffron coloured clothes while Jain (a religion, generally observed by Vāniyā or Bāniyā community) Sanyāsees wear white clothes. That is why one of the two branches of ‘Jainism’ is called ‘Swetambar’ (Swet means white and Ambar means clothes). The other is ‘Digambar’ (having no clothes at all). Here, the reference is to the principle of Jainism—comparison onto every living thing, not to kill even little insects knowingly or unknowingly and help preserving creatures.

2 Panch’ means five and ‘Kesh’ means hair. It was a common practice for some recluses and religious people to preserve all the hair on the body; i.e. the hair growing on the five parts of the body, viz. the head, the upperlips (moustache), the beard, the arm-pits and the private ports.
8. The Guests of the Ghost

Riding the horses both the Bahārvatiyās are moving in Geer. The sun's set and darkness surrounds. No man or even a creature is visible in that dreadful thicket. The youngmen have fully exhausted because of hunger and travel.

From one side of the path in the thick jungle a buffalo seated in a pit of mud stood up, and started to walk.

The youngmen went on watching. “How can a buffalo be here?”

Vejā spoke “Brother, we’re to have our dinner certainly with the milk of this buffalo today.”

“Very well.”

Following the buffalo in the dark the riders went on. A Darbārgadh (royal mension) got visible in the dismal forest after sometime and the buffalo walked directly through the gate of that mension.

The riders got off the stirrups of the horses. Dismounting they sat in the Chopāt (premises). The mension is of course big, but no colloquy is heard to the extent. Even no gatekeeper is present.

In a while a handsome young man dressed in white stood coming over. Welcoming the guests silently he got both the horses settled in the stable.

It was the time of supper. Getting the small cushioned sheets spread in the room the young man got the guests seated for dinner. Coming over a woman with abundant beauty served the vegetable curry, loaves and milk. The bedsteads were spread for the guests in the verandah at night.

Without talking anything to anyone all went to bed.

The travellers are stupefied: Who’s got this Darbārgadh built at this dismal place? How’d these two- husband and wife be living in such a big mension? Why aren’t they speaking? Why is the paleness of distress on such elegant faces?

The while the groaning sound of the man slept in the inner room was heard. He is groaning in such a manner that he might be in terrible agony. He groans for the whole night. No rest at all.
Startled the travellers went on hearing. None of the two could sleep. They grew thoughtful. At dawn when the groaning ceased the travellers got asleep.

The eyes of the travellers opened when the sun was well over. And as they see there is no Darbārgadh nor are the cots! Both the men were lying on the land, and both the horses were tied at the jujube bush; over them is a banyan tree and beside is the river Dhātarvadee streaming between high precipices, producing such sounds that can frighten even in broad daylight.

Getting wonder struck both the Bahārvatiyās have of course moved on. Their hearts are throbbing. But at the evening fall Vejā spoke: “Brother! Whoever he may be, but we ate his loaf; should we move away without removing his distress now?”

“True! We shouldn’t. Let’s get the clue reaching there today.”

At night both the brothers stood going at the same place: The same Darbārgadh: The same Chopāt: The same young man: the same beautiful lady serving the meals: one and the same bedding!

As they stood up having the supper both the travellers blocked the youngman’s way. They asked, “Speak who you’re! And why did you groan throughout the night?”

“What’d you gain knowing it?”

“We’re Rajpoots. It’s our sacred duty to remove the grief of one whose loaf we ate.”

“Youngmen!” fixing the sharp lance-like sight the landlord spoke: “young men! Won’t you get frightened?”

“Why should we’ve come, if afraid?”

Producing the chest-rendering terrific sound the young man uttered the words full of agony as if the intestines are getting cut within “young men! I’m Māngadāwālā!”

“Māngadāwālo!” The cry came out of the travellers’ mouths.

“Yes, I’m the lord of Dhātarvadee Māngado: I died unnatural death and became a ghost. Taking the Vāniyā’s daughter Padmā, I’ve stayed here sucking her blood. I fell with the charge of Chādavā Bāyal’s javelin on that day. Getting pierced in my chest- bone a fragment of that javelin got broken. Still that bone and the fragment are lying buried under the hedgeof this
banyan tree. The bit of that javelin pricks day and night in my chest. Hence I groan, brother!"

“What’s its remedy?”

Finding the bone pick out the javelin fragment if it’s possible for you, and send my bones to Dāmā Kund: Otherwise I’d go on bearing the pricks till this body of unfulfilled desire lasts.”

Speaking thus, uttering ‘Oh! Oh!’ the young man went into the room, the doors got shut. The travelers got asleep. The same state was found in the morning.

Digging at the base of the fence the Bahārvatiyās found out the bone as described by the Ghost, separating the bit of javelin they lifted the bones, both the Bahārvatiyās moved to Dāmā kund.**

* Māngadā Wālā’s Story “Bhoot Ruve Bhenkār”: Saurāshtra-ni Rasadhār.

** Dāmā Kund: It’s a big pool of water at the foot of Mount Girnar in Junāgadh. It is considered a very sacred pool of water, where Hindus send the bones of their dead relatives for deliverance/ salvation.
9. Bādshāh’s Guard

On the cloudy night of Bhādarvā month Pādshāh and Huram are seated in the wakeful state at the balcony of the palace of Amdāvād, the flood is growling in the river, the thunder-claps and lightening are crackling in the sky. The lightening has started so tremendous rush that as if the room of the sky gets short for it. Very patiently Huram spoke: “How dark and terrific the night is!”

“Pādshāh said, “Who’d be wandering out of the home on such a night?”

“Who else would be wandering? My poor brothers whose head the enmity of the sovereign like you are looming on!”

“Aren’t they Jesājee- Vejājee?”

“Yes lord! Your Bahārvatiyā of course, but mine are the real brothers, with the committed word.”

“Begum, I can understand their heroism at present. Would they be passing through the forest at such a horrible night? Would be asleep in the clefts?”

“What else they can do, my lord! Have you left them any other place to be asleep?”

“Huram, I’d forgive if both brothers present themselves this time! A desire of terminating the Bahārvatā by handing the villages over back to them occurs in mind.”

“Alas! How can they be here at this time?”

“Just try calling aloud!”

“Oh Lord, teasing?”

“No, no. My oath, just call aloud!”

Going to the window of the balcony the queen called in the dark:

“Jesājeebhāi, Vejājeebhāi!”

From below came the reply, “Say sister! We’re present.”

“Oho…o! Why’re you here at this time?”

“To guard the Pādshāh, sister!”

“Pādshāh- your enemy’s guarding?”

“Yes, sister?”
“Why?’
“For the fear of accusation on us.”
“What accusation?”

‘Pādshāh’s given in present to sister on that day. If any other enemy cuts the head, our names may be given! As we’re Bahārvatiyās, our image is wicked, sister! The disgrace’d come to our head. How can we bear the wrong blame?”

“Brothers! Do you guard daily?”
“No sister! On such a dreadful night only.”

Pādshāh spoke, “Jesājee- Vejājee! Come to the court in the morning. We’re to have kasumbā.”

“Pādshāh Salāmat! You foreigners cannot be trusted. Send from the state someone to be the guarantee: tomorrow at the Boriyā hollow.”

Saying thus the Bahārvatiyās left.*

*Some people say they were not the Bahārvatiyās to reply. But it was the ghost of Māngadā Wālā.

See “Bhoot Ruve Bhenkār”: Saurāshtra-ni Rasadhār.
10. Choice of the Guarantee

Chāvyo chavāno nahi, bhāngyo no bhangāya,
Māmad-nā mukh mānya, thee-o kānkaro Kavatāut!

[As a pebble would come out in the mouthful of corn-food, and as it
can’t be chewed or broken, and it has to be taken out, (the same is true of)
Jesājee has come out to be like the pebble. There is no way out for the
Pādshāh except taking back the part of his estate from the mouth.]

There will be the occasion of bringing the Bahārvatiyās’ Bahārvatā to
successful termination in the Pādshāh’s court in the morning tomorrow.

Both the brothers have set out in disguise on foot hearing the talks of
the city during the first portion of night today. They are walking on at the inner
rampart of the fort. There is not of course much sound of the people’s
footsteps. In the while, Vejājee suddenly spoke out: “Have you seen, elder
brother? People of city have no sense of shame!”

“May be, dear! The women can come out for going to stool this time
only. And feminine in genre! How far the poor ones can go in this abundance
of sheer wicked men?”

“Wouldn’t they even stand up seeing man?”

“Keep mum! Listen, talks about us are going on.”

Standing with the back at a corner in dark both paid attention. They
picked up word by word as the swans pick pearls.

Seated at the rampart of the fort while going to stool Vāniyāns were
talking thus mutually:

“Aha, by God’s grace the Bahārvatā will be over tomorrow!”

“Yes, dear! The God of Dākor¹ instigated good reason to Pādshāh. The
shops had to be closed every evening when there’s still day light for the last
twelve years!”

“May it be that the devil Pādshāh’d catch them by a deceit?”

“No, no! Our diplomats have become the guarantee for Bahārvatiyās!”

“O woman! What can the merchants do! Is there any lord of the lord!
Do the noblemen have army? Arresting, the Pādshāh may imprison the
Bahārvatiyās!”
“How can he imprison? Have you seen our Lālchand Shā and Padamshee Zaveree? On seeing the deceit they’d cause strike in the whole of Amdāvād, strike. No shop of diamonds, pearls and silk would open three days.”

“Yes that’s right! If the merchants force the strike, the state can’t get vegetables, oil or flour anywhere, even for lakh rupees. The Begums wouldn’t get even the garlands of flowers!”

“Then of course Pādshāh Bāpu would come and join hands to merchants for sure, sister! Is strike a small thing?’

Hearing the talks Bahārvatiyās sighed.

“Elder brother!” Vejā spoke, “These merchants’re our guarantees! Our guarantees’ll go on strike if Pādshāh deceives! Closing the shops they’d trade from the back door! Well the guarantee! But there’s no wonder. What else can be done by the sons and fathers whose sisters and daughters go to stool unashamed in such a way? They’d go on strike! Come on brother, let’s go back! Let’s leave safe and sound. The merchants’ll exercise strike if necks’re cut here!”

“Brother! Dear! Be calm. Don’t’ become excited. Observe the things acutely! Let’s see everything and go back, if we’ve come to see.”

With the shelter of darkness the Bahārvatiyās walked ahead. Another locality arrived while wandering. They saw the curtains hanging to the doors and windows. Clad in white Burakhā (veil) as if the ghosts straying in a dismal city, some dumb woman with sounding slippers in the feet was visible somewhere.

“Brother, it seems to be the area of Pathāns.”

In the meanwhile slight confused noise arose in the darkness of the rampart of the fort:

“Some man is coming.”
“Oh, alas! He’d see our face!”
“Where to go now!”
“In these thorns.”
“In this well.”

No sooner did the Bahārvatiyās reach near than the sounds of falling got heard, and they saw five to ten women nose-dividing in the thorny bushes.
Swiftly moving the two brothers went away.

Jesā spoke, “Brother Vejā! Did you see these Muslim women? Did you see their respect and family credit?”

“Yes brother, if the progeny of these women’d become the guarantors, they wouldn’t go on strike but offer their heads. This is called the blood of original Pathāns. I’m not talking of the ones who got defiled for wealth.”

“Then there’re certainly the Pathāns of original blood in the Pādshāh’s army too. All’re not in want.”

1Lord Shri Krishna: There’s a very popular temple of Lord Krishna in Dākor village of Khedā district in Gujarāt.
11. Grandees Assembled

“Merchants! You favoured us a lot. But go and tell the Pādshāh that we won’t come on the guarantee of the grandess.”

“Why, Bāpu?” Joining the hands the merchants with variegated turbans started to ask.

“What would you do if Pādshāh deceives?”

“’What wouldn’t we do? We’d cause strikes: Get the shops locked with Khambhātee locks: We’d get the oil-man’s mill and the potters’ wheel closed. What can we grandees not do? The vegetables getting rot in the vegetable market may stink the city: Do you know, Thākor? What though we suffer the loss of thousands in trade, we’d sacrifice it on your head, Darbār!”

“Yes Merchants, you’re of course capable, but would any new tufts come out of our necks by causing strike? Freshly cut heads don’t grow again, dear!”

“That’s right, good lord! What else can we do? Do we have any arms and men?”

“Sheth! You can’t kill, but are you prepared to die?”

“Are you speaking of inflicting injury on ourselves?

“Alas! Ours is not the community that can get wounded. It is the task of Bhāt-Chāran.”

“Well Sheth! Go! Tell the Pādshāh that the grandees wouldn’t be our guarantee.”

“Then?”

“Either Rāneejāyā or Beebeejāyā”!

“Beebeejāyā! Would the barbarians be your guarantors? Not the grandees and barbarians? Ones whose every hair bears violence! Alas!”

It became clamours. Extending their hands they started to speak aggressively as if they’d struggle mutually. Saying, ‘Alas! Alas!’ they were full of regret.

The grandees dispersed. While winking they went on talking on the way: Hum! Let it be, let’s make the Pathāns guarantees, let them cut one
another. Either their Bahārvatā would be over or the Pathān’d cut them. The impediment would be rooted out both ways."

“Hum! Well happened. Otherwise, dear, this is the matter of Pādshāh! The soldiers would force us to open the shops beating with sticks. And we’re the mild community. We’re not to bear the sticks! Are we terrible like the aggressive communities that we can bear the sticks?”

“Hum! Misfortune gone!

“Hum! Hand the burning house over to Lord Krishna!”

1 ‘Rānee’ means queen and ‘Jāyā’ means born. Here, in Hindus the queen is called Rānee so here the reference is to the Kshatriyas. ‘Beebee’ means the wife of Muslim. Here the reference is to the Pathāns. So the Bahārvatīyas wish the guarantee of either Rājpoots (Kshatriyas) or Pathāns, both aggressive communities.
12. Pathān Guarantee

The chief of five hundred horsemen is the Pathān: fully red face: Dignity’s been dripping from the countenance: knows no expressions no formalities of joining hands. He has fastened a golden stripped black shawl to the head. Only with five riders he descended in the thicket. Going near the Bahārvatiyās without bowing little, without speaking more or less, he informed “I am your guarantee!”

“Jamādār! Pādshāh is your protector, the provider of salt. What'll you do if he plays deceit with us?”

“I'll kill or die.”

“Enough, brother Vejā! The mettle of this man wouldn't get lost, his eyes tell it. Look the blood, his blood! Like the red turmeric powder trickling from the chaste and virtuous woman’s (Satee’s) finger.”

“Let’s move Jamādār!”

Mounting the horse fully armed, resounding the string of little bells Bahārvatiyās moved on getting surrounded by the Pathān’s force. Weren’t the people thronged in the bazaar of Junāgadh to behold the Bahārvatiyās on that day beyond the measure?

The Bahārvatiyās remained standing of course at the square of the palace. They sent Pādshāh the word – “Coming over the balcony you start negotiation. We’ll negotiate from here while sitting on horses. We won’t come into the court.”

Surrounding the Rajpoots the Pathān with five hundred horses stood. The Pādshāh didn’t succeed in the game of cutting the throats in the court beguiling the Bahārvatiyās.

Seated at the balcony the Pādshāh remained beholding with beaming face while seeing the movements of the horses.

The estate was handed over back to the Bahārvatiyās.

The lives of both the brothers ended very ruthlessly and pathetically, untimely and early. Both the brothers had become industrious after attaining the peace.
Jesājee peopled Jesar and Vejājee set up Vejalakā village. But then Jesājee went to Hāthasanee and Vejājee went to Jesar and lived separately. It seems there might be the strife of women.

At the intervention of destiny Vejājee’s son Sangajee died at Jesājee’s house. The suspicion remained to his mother that the prince was killed by deceit. Then the matter was of course forgotten. The marriage ceremony of Jesājee’s son Ranmal began, but the uncle didn’t come from Jesar. The prince himself went to bring his uncle. There the uncle organized his Fulekā at night. Late at night exhausted Ranmal got asleep putting his head at the uncle’s lap. At that time the aunt recalled the revenge of the son’s death. Sending Vejājee out with some excuse she killed Ranmal in sleep:

**Royun Ranmaliyā, māthe kar mele kare,**
**Sarathun Sarvaiyā, tun jokhamte Jesāut!**

[O Jesā’s son Ranmal! The whole of Sorath wept putting the hands on the head when you died.]

Vejājee came to know. He wailed much. Despising his woman he left to live on Vejal-Kānthā, but Ranmal’s maternal uncle who’d come with marriage present set out to kill the murderer of his nephew. Striving to get him back, persuading, appealing, the forbearing hero Jesājee also moved together. When they reached near Vejalkothā, Jesājee asked his fanatic relatives, “Stay a while, let me meet my brother for the last time.”

Demanding that much time, he moved to Vejalkothā. As he saw Vejājee has been out for hunting a hog with his spear near the mountain range called Jesādhār. The hog gets away from the strokes.

“Enough, brother!” Obstructing him Jesā stood, “Don’t kill it now. It would be the soul of Ranmal, and Ranmal’s sitting at your spear now.”

Vejājee came down and embraced his forbearing brother. Jesā spoke, “Brother Vejā! At any cost Ranmal’s uncle won’t leave you alive and how can I live if you die? Hence instead of getting cut down by another’s hand, killing mutually better we both the brothers prepare the ground for our last sleep here. We’d been certainly brothers till we lived; let’s remain the same mother’s sons at the time of death too.”

Stooping the head Vejā spoke, “Well brother, killing me first make your hands cool.”
“No, Vejā! Not that way, first you charge me. Then I'll kill you even while dying.”

“No, you first get my head off. I'll kill you then.”

“Brother Vejā, you’ve two misdeeds on your head: Of grandsire and of Ranmal; and so you can’t kill me after your head is cut. Hence the first blow is yours.”

Spreading a cloth on the earth both the brothers sat, and had Kasumbā. They embraced with love and affection. Then, Vejā charged at Jesā’s neck. Having charged he sat bending the head.

Jesā kept his uprooted head up supporting on the trunk with one hand and charged a blow on Vejā with the other.

Both the brothers breathed their last with such a harmony near Vejalothā.

The tombstones (headstones) of both got set up over Jesādhār. Then Jesājee’s sister came to offer the coconut at the brother’s headstone. As she saw, both were facing eastward. She couldn’t recognize whose headstone was which.

With folded hands the sister spoke: “O brother! How can I recognize you! If mine’s true love I demand that Jesājee is to remain eastward, and Vejājee being the killer of a family member is to turn westward!”

It is said that, hearing the sister’s word one of the two headstones had turned westward.